

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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**GIRLS OF THE
SOUTHEASTERN
CONFERENCE**

**KEITH
RICHARDS
INTERVIEW**

**JULIE
MCCULLOUGH
PICTORIAL
YOU WON'T
SEE HER LIKE
THIS ON
GROWING PAINS**

**PLAYBOY'S
FEARLESS
PIGSKIN PREVIEW**


**COLLEGE WOMEN
TALK STRAIGHT
ABOUT
CAMPUS SEX**

**BOLD
BACK TO
CAMPUS
ISSUE**



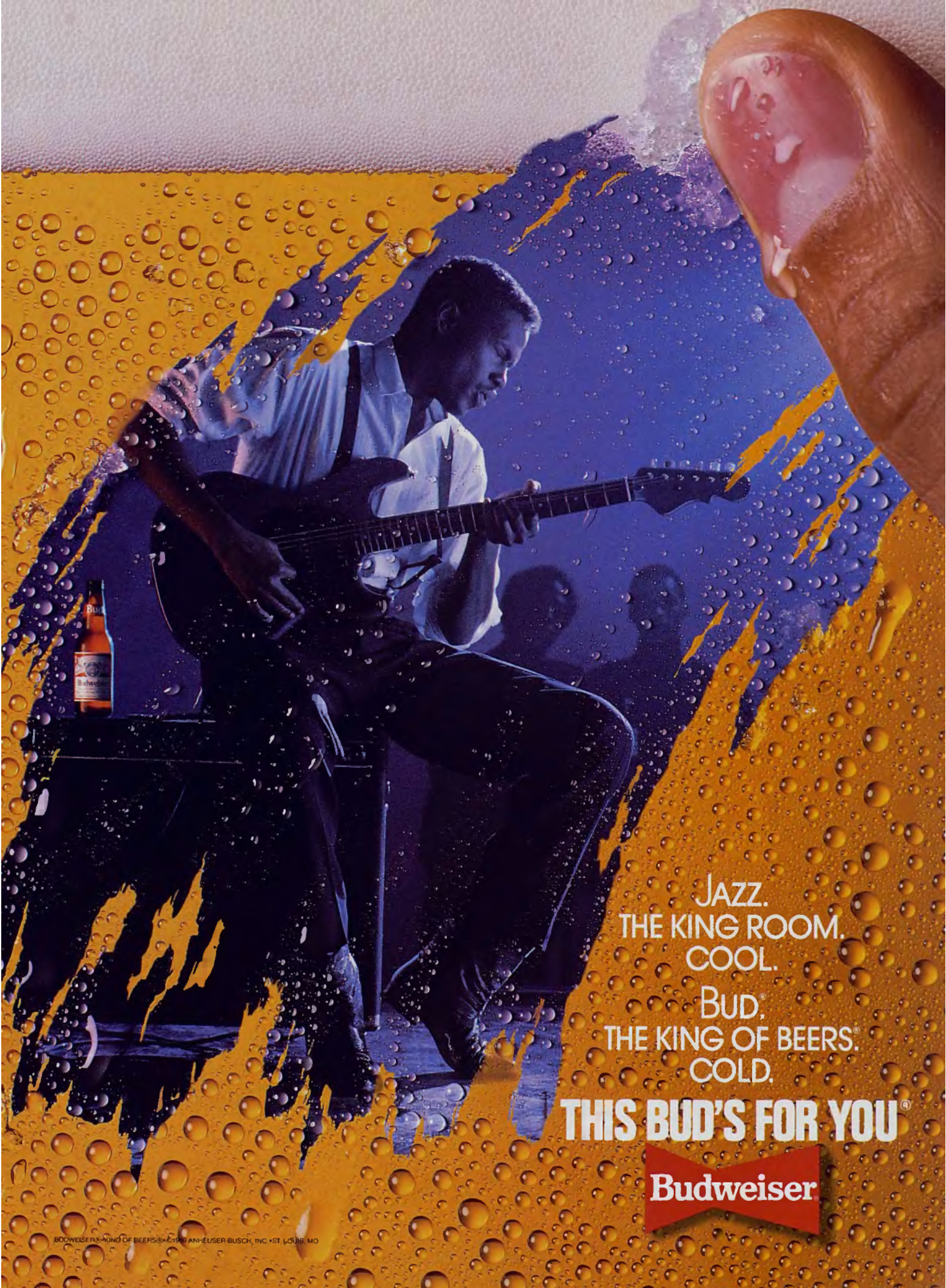


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WELCOME TO OUR ANNUAL back-to-school issue—in preparation for which we ship our bravest writers and editors off to assorted quadrangles and campus towns all over the country in search of signs of intelligent life. The beauty of *our* academic focus is that it explores what the standard curriculum guides don't. For example, you may ask: Is there sex after high school? Your college catalog skipped that, right? That's why you'll want to read *College Women Talk About Campus Sex* (illustrated by **Guy Billout**), in which sociologist **Janet Lever** and *Playboy* Associate Editor **Barbara Nellis** engage in girl talk of the most instructive kind with six female University of Wisconsin students. Our own noted campus-sex lecturer, Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen**, reports further on the sexual *Zeitgeist* in *The Playboy Advisor Goes (Back) to College*. For the ultimate collegiate testosterone test, head coach (armchair division) **Gary Cole**, who in his other life is *Playboy's* Photography Director, prepared *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*, our yearly look at the undergrad gridiron—complete with really cool charts, our list of the *Top 20 Teams*, plus Cole's own cure for what ails N.C.A.A. sports in *Corruption in College Athletics: Cole's Quick Fix*. Contributing Photographer **Richard Izui's** photos include our annual all-star team portrait.

One indispensable component of collegiate life—bacchanalia—was exquisitely documented by the all-time top campus gross-out movie, *National Lampoon's Animal House*, a few years ago. For *Return to Animal House*, one of that film's screenwriters, **Chris Miller** (Dartmouth, '63), replanted himself at inspiration point (Dartmouth's Alpha Delta house) and discovered that, despite the fact that frat houses now have to register with the police for beer parties, a boot is still a boot, or a Technicolor yawn, or, well, read it—you'll see. The artwork is by **Arnold Roth**.

Since its inception in 1986, the *Playboy* College Fiction Contest has yielded first-, second- and third-place winners—who among them have already had three novels published. Two more books are due out next year. Not bad, we'd say. This month, we proudly present 1989's first-prize winner, *The Madison Heights Syndrome*, for which **A. M. Wellman**, a Troy, Michigan, house painter and sometime student at West Virginia's Potomac State College, won \$3000. Naturally, Wellman told us we ought to read his unpublished novel. We will. In the meantime, we also recommend this month's other fiction selection—veteran contributor **Chet Williamson's** *Reece's Chair* (illustrated by **Robert Giusti**).

Our most famous campus fixtures, Contributing Photographers **David Chan** and **David Mecey**, have been up to their old tricks again in order to document *Girls of the Southeastern Conference*. This time, they canvassed Auburn, Vanderbilt, MSU and LSU, plus the universities of Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi and Tennessee, for a sizzling look at the new South. And if you want still more ya-yas, try **Stanley Booth's** interview this month with Rolling Stones immortal **Keith Richards**, who has a few choice words concerning fellow glimmer twin **Mick Jagger**. Our *20 Questions* with Academy Award-winning earth girl **Geena Davis** is an easy winner. Turn to *Up in Smoke* for **Richard Carleton Hacker's** epicurean appraisal of cigars. Hacker is the author of the forthcoming *Gourmet Smoke: The Ultimate Cigar Book*. And check in with Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne**, who has found just the shirts, ties and other furnishings you'll want this season in our annual *Fall & Winter Fashion Forecast*.

Sure, **Julie McCullough** is a household word now—especially to teen throb **Kirk Cameron's** fans. Julie's the one who has stolen his heart on TV's *Growing Pains* over the past year. And *Playboy* readers know why—McCullough premiered on *Playboy's* cover and its accompanying pictorial, *The Girls of Texas*, in 1985 and later was named Miss February 1986. Don't miss this month's fatally hot shots of McCullough, plus those of our stunning October Playmate, **Karen Foster**. Obviously, this issue demands serious study. We think we've provided you with a terrific reading list—time to hit the book, gentlemen.



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COVER STORY

It's not just academic: Model Pamela Anderson Llic is breath-taking when she dons her sexy school uniform to join us in our special back-to-campus issue. Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda shot the cover, which was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski. Thanks go to stylist Lane Coyle-Dunn for her expertise and to Tami Morris for her work on Pamela's hair and make-up. The Rabbit rides the crest.



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THE ROAD FROM AFGHANISTAN

As a former Green Beret who fought in Vietnam, I was astounded by Larry Heinemann's article *The Road from Afghanistan* (*Playboy*, July). Those "poor" Soviet soldiers were in Afghanistan because their leaders *wanted* to invade that country to bring a free people under subjugation to their Communist rule. How can that in any way compare to our being in Vietnam in hopes of *defending* a free people from Communist rule? It's time for us to focus on the suffering the Soviets were causing instead of being told how difficult life was for them in Afghanistan!

Clarence B. Santos
Los Angeles, California

I was very moved by *The Road from Afghanistan*. There should be sympathy and understanding for combat veterans who served and fought, suffered and died in wars based upon lies, whether they were Americans in Vietnam or Russians in Afghanistan. It is important to remember the futility of these wars and the horror and agony they caused for the participants as well as for those at home, victims even at a distance. But I would urge you also to remember the students and other young people who weren't willing to go to foreign lands and kill or be killed for lies masked in patriotism. They, too, have suffered, and some remain expatriates to this very day. Particularly now, when another generation of idealistic students is standing up for ideals of peace and democracy against an unresponsive and militaristic government—this time in China—we ought to remember the veterans of the peace movement. Their stories are worth telling again.

James F. Thompson, Ph.D.
Montgomery, Alabama

The article by Larry Heinemann in your July issue is interesting to me, a U.S. Marine with an Afghan ancestry.

Heinemann forgets to mention, even

once, that besides 15,000 Soviet casualties, there were 1,000,000 to 1,200,000 Afghan casualties. The Afghantsi have a monument; the Afghans, a ravaged country of blood and tears.

We all welcome *glasnost*; at least I do, for the sake of the earth, if nothing else. But one must never forget that it was in the time of Mikhail Gorbachev that most Afghans died. Gorbachev tried to win the war, did not succeed; then he called it a "bleeding wound" and looked for a way out.

Amin H. Tarzi
Flushing, New York

WATCH THE BIRDIES

I don't play golf, but I got a kick out of your package *By Golf Possessed* in the July issue. I want to ask you guys a question: During those long, long hours you spend plowing the green, do you resident golf fiends have any idea where your girlfriends are?

I love golf! I really love it!

Martin Musick
St. Louis, Missouri

In more than 40 years of playing golf with thousands of people on hundreds of golf courses throughout the United States, I have never seen a Nassau defined as you have defined it in your "How to Bet on Golf" feature in the July issue.

In my experience, a Nassau is a bet on the front nine, a bet on the back nine and a bet on the total match. Your description of presses is correct. However, a Nassau is definitely not played for amount per hole.

David M. Guinee
Decatur, Georgia

You're right; most people play a Nassau the way you describe. But our variation makes each hole a little more interesting. Try it!

DESIGNING WOMAN

The Return of the Designing Woman, by Marcia Froelke Coburn (*Playboy*, July), begins with the horrors of books that seem to promote womanly manipulation of men, yet the author (interestingly, a woman) fails to see that her article is simply a



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male-oriented treatise cut from the same cloth. The specter of womanly manipulation is answered with the specter of manly paranoia. The fact is, both of these ideas are detached from reality and seem to be based on the idea that it's us against them, no matter *who* you are. What a cynical diatribe!

Mike Good
Santa Rosa, California

Maybe I'm too sensitive where marriage is concerned, but I found *The Return of the Designing Woman* disheartening. If people are looking at marriages as business deals these days, it doesn't surprise me that 50 percent are ending in divorce.

The bottom line is, no two people should be joined in marriage unless it's love, not income, that brings them together.

Beth Ellen Gualda
Marshalltown, Iowa

If the women of the Nineties have a list of qualifications for men, then men can have a few qualifications for the Nineties woman:

1. Has proof of fitness and healthy eating habits for one year prior to first date and a doctor's certificate verifying that total body fat is less than 17 percent and average daily hormone level is normal.

2. Wears bikini underwear with no hair showing.

3. Can buy and prepare from scratch

two ethnic menus, choose wine and clean up afterward.

4. Does not need or expect maid service.

5. Will maintain present level of buying seasonal clothes and learn to sew anything.

6. Has at least 30 percent expendable cash after paying her bills and at least one year's salary, before taxes, in cash and investments.

7. Is sexually attractive and can pass a sexually transmitted-disease blood/urine test.

8. As part of dowry, has at least 75 percent of all toys she can't live without (examples: hair drier, curling iron, food processor, microwave, car, TV/VCR and stereo/CD player).

9. Can pass a polygraph test that she hasn't been overexposed to the sun (i.e., not likely to get skin cancer).

10. Is knowledgeable about current news.

11. Does not have a family history of depression, alcoholism, unusual/excessive cysts or aversion to sex.

Martin R. Kullins
Athens, Georgia

ERIKA

I picked up a copy of the July issue of *Playboy* magazine ostensibly to read *A Sleep and a Forgetting*, by Robert Silverberg. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that I'd gone to high school with your centerfold.

Erika Eleniak and I both attended Van Nuys Performing Arts High School in the San Fernando Valley, where we graduated in spring 1987. In our junior year, we were in the same American literature/contemporary-composition class. Truth to tell, I had a rather large crush on her, though she never knew.

Thank you for reacquainting me with a vision from my past. Needless to say, I'm vexed with myself for not getting to really know Miss Eleniak when I had the chance, but even so, I wish her the best of luck.

Eben Rosenberger
Canoga Park, California

I loved the pictorial on Playmate Erika Eleniak, but I have one complaint. Any *true Brady Bunch* fan knows that it was Bobby, not Marcia, who saw skyrockets during a kiss.

Mark Borowicz
Zion, Illinois

TV NEWS KNOCKOUT

Shelly Jamison (*TV News Knockout*, *Playboy*, July) presents a tremendously convincing body of proof that a woman of prodigious physical beauty may possess an equal portion of intelligence, professional savvy and good humor. On all counts, I applaud Miss Jamison and thank her for sharing these glimpses of her voluptuous beauty with us. Kudos are due *Playboy* as well, this time for recognizing feminine

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Winston

FILTERS

WINNING

comeliness in the midst of the desert (apologies, Phoenix).

John Lauricella
Ithaca, New York

I used to work with Shelly at KTSP, channel ten in Phoenix, and found her to be very ambitious and deserving of more than the station would give her. I really admired her creative news-writing style.

I recall our mutual frustration after investing four years of education in broadcast journalism in hopes of becoming great reporters, then watching the overpaid bubblehead read the news we wrote. I always thought Shelly had more creativity and balls than were allowed in the bureaucratic bullshit of the news industry. I wish her all the luck in the world.

Mari Scott
Phoenix, Arizona

Shelly Jamison adds new dimension to the term blonde bombshell. KTSP's loss is America's gain. The photos are exquisite. My only regret is that there aren't more. Since Miss Jamison is already a TV personality, the next logical step would be a video.

Joe York
Jersey City, New Jersey

KTSP TV in Phoenix was stupid for forcing Shelly to quit. What a loss.

John Durr
Portage, Indiana

Do you use subliminal messages in your cartoons (page 73, *Playboy*, May 1988)?

Kurt Howe
St. Louis Park, Minnesota



"A new survey just released turns up some interesting facts about what people would like to see on TV."

Pure serendipity, Kurt.

As a former Phoenix resident, I always felt that Shelly Jamison was not only a strikingly beautiful woman but a consummate professional in her field, worthy of

network exposure. *Playboy* has given the world beyond Arizona a chance to appreciate her physical beauty, and I hope her talent and skill as an anchor person will also receive wider attention.

Robert Moore
Berkeley, California

I must say, as a woman, I am in awe!

I wondered why my husband was spending an inordinate amount of time with his July issue of *Playboy* and talking about moving to Phoenix, but after I saw Shelly Jamison, it became quite clear. He'd always told me that anything more than a mouthful was just wasted—I guess he changed his opinion. If I, as a woman, was impressed, I can imagine how he must have felt. Someone as pretty as Shelly should not have a body that good.

Renee Jones
Pasadena, California

If I were Shelly's boss at KTSP, channel ten in Phoenix, I would have given her a raise and a promotion.

Kim Johnson
Coquille, Oregon

If ever Shelly Jamison returns to TV reporting, she'll certainly keep the viewers abreast of the news.

Lloyd Clark
Phoenix, Arizona

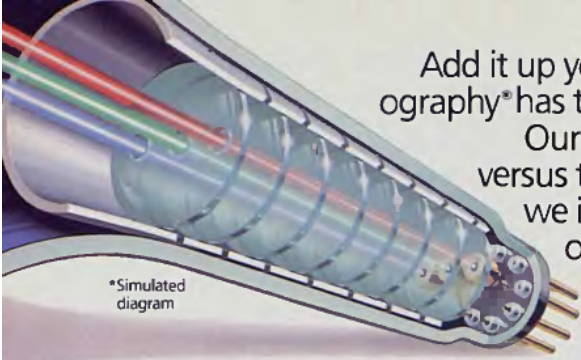


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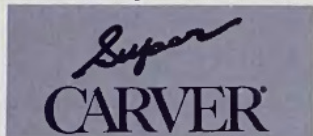


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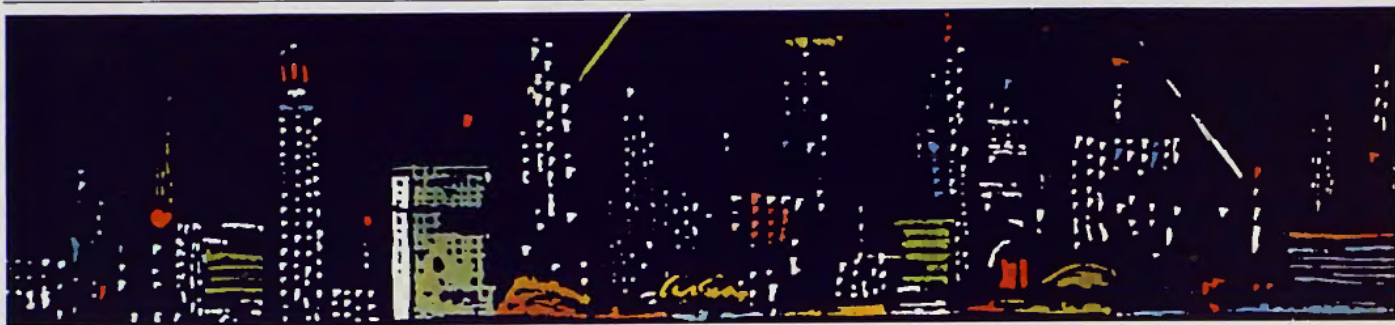
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



OUR KIND OF GUY

Our vote for best TV hero goes to the heavy-lipped, heavy-lidded Vinnie Terranova of CBS' wildly popular *Wiseguy* (ten P.M., Wednesdays). Its third season starts this month and we can't wait.

So what is it about Vinnie? Is it that his eyebrows touch? Women we know find Ken Wahl, who portrays him, achingly sexy. But he hits us in a different way.

We like his job. Vinnie is a field operative in the O.C.B. (Organized Crime Bureau, which may or may not be a division of the FBI). He is placed under deep cover to infiltrate crime. The inevitable happens: His enemies are often more interesting and more consistent than his friends. Crime in *Wiseguy* is pure entrepreneurial capitalism. It doesn't have a bureaucracy to assuage or answer to; it doesn't have to fill out forms. Hit men don't requisition their equipment. Vinnie gets to frolic in this dangerous playground.

Also, by virtue of being undercover, Vinnie has fulfilled that secret desire all of us harbor: to be secretly doing good even though it seems we are being bad. This is a bulletproof excuse for the sort of little sins we all commit every day.

We would like to have a friend like Vinnie. He is seduced by people, not by what they do. He sees the good in everyone, realizing that good people do bad things nearly as often as bad people do.

But there's something else. Vinnie's a family guy. He loves his mother. In the first year's episodes, his mother complains that one son is a priest (he is killed off) and the other, a criminal. Eventually, Vinnie breaks all the agency's rules to let his mother know he is on the right side of the law after all. The black sheep of the family gets Mom's approval after it turns out he has merely been misunderstood. And isn't that what we all hope for?

WHO WAS THAT ONE-EYED MAN? I WANTED TO THANK HIM

If there's one thing men enjoy more than objectifying women with stupid nicknames for their breasts, it's objectifying themselves by thinking of *really* stupid nicknames for their penises. That's why

our hearts were gladdened when we heard about *The International Dictionary of Names Men Call Their . . . Vol. 1*. Sadly, this woefully inadequate first installment of a planned trilogy turns out to be limp and short on imagination. Moreover, it contains not a one of our own favorites: the old Spam javelin, the pocket possum, lap ham and Honk the Magic Goose. We think your trouser trout deserves better.

TOYS

We checked out the summer Consumer Electronics Show in Chicago—all 13 miles of exhibit aisles—and found some cool—as in the cool medium—new toys. In VCRs, there are the new compatible decks that play both VHS and VHS-c format tapes without an adapter, plus the high-end, high-priced video recorders with editing capabilities. Palm-sized camcorders and 70-inch televisions also bode well for sales in the slightly soft electronics market place.

Keep your eye on the new dual-deck video-cassette recorder from Go-Video. The VHS VCR-2 can copy tape to tape, which is great news for home dubbers but raises some sticky legal questions concern-

ing copyright protection. The beauty of the Go-Video VCR is that it can record a TV signal on one drive while you play another tape in the other drive. You'll be able to buy it at Christmas for about \$1000.

Judging from its huge display, Nintendo's 80 percent share of the video-game market would seem to have knocked everyone else out of the box. But while its new Game Boy (\$90) portable video system is fun to play and the sheer quantity of Nintendo products is inspiring, the fat lady has not yet sung for the competition.

Atari, in the shadow of Nintendo's hype, offers a spectacular hand-held video game—its Portable Color Entertainment System (\$149), which features color graphics (Game Boy does not) and a sleeker design. Also in the running are Sega Genesis and TurboGrafx from NEC. Both are full-sized game systems with added color, large graphics and great audio.

SKI PATROL, THE MOVIE

There are problems shooting a movie on the slopes of a ski resort: Your set constantly slides downhill, your actors have to learn how to ski and you just can't let 150 people go to the bathroom in the snow.

At least that's what executive producer Paul Maslansky found out while shooting *Ski Patrol*, the first major motion picture on the sport since the perennial ski-town classic *Hot Dog* was released six years ago.

Filmed last spring at Snowbird, Alta and other Utah ski resorts, *Ski Patrol* will be released this fall. "It's a good commercial film," says Maslansky, who, as the producer of *Police Academy I, II, III, IV, V* and *VI*, should know. "There could be sequels—or a television series," he speculates.

Created in the *Police Academy* mold, *Ski Patrol* is half talk, half action, with just a few shots of girls in bikinis (wearing body make-up to cover up their cold blue skin) for balance. The plot is good guys versus bad: The heroes—the ski patrol—are cruelly sabotaged by the ski school, which is aiding the evil developers. A neon-haired snow-boarder, a newlywed couple and a burping bulldog also figure prominently.

But if the plot is basic, the skiing is not. Using top stunt skiers—many of whom are



RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I saw the new Italian navy. Its boats have glass bottoms, so they can see the old Italian navy."—PETER SECCHIA, President Bush's choice to be American Ambassador to Italy.

HOME EC

Percentage of American households that have checking and savings accounts: 89.2. Average value of those accounts: \$7445.

Percentage of American households that own CDs or money-market accounts: 27.9. Average value of those accounts: \$31,575.

Percentage of American households that own stocks: 19.3. Average value of those stocks: \$81,367.

PAC PICKS

Senator who received the greatest amount of money from political-action committees (PACs) in 1988: Lloyd Bentsen of Texas (\$2,361,795).

Senator who received the least amount of money from PACs in 1988: Herbert H. Kohl of Wisconsin (\$91,766).

Congressman who received the most money from PACs in 1988: Richard A. Gephardt of Missouri (\$610,107).

Congressman who received the least money from PACs in 1988: Eni F. H. Faleomavaega of American Samoa (\$250).

PAC that contributed the most to Federal candidates in 1988: National Association of Realtors (\$3,000,000).

Percentage of Americans who believe that most members of Congress care



FACT OF THE MONTH

Between 1982 and 1987, the percentage of sexually active women who relied on condoms for contraception nearly doubled, increasing from nine to 16.

more about special interests than about people like themselves: 75.

BUY AMERICAN

Total direct foreign investment in American companies in 1988, \$304,200,000; in 1980, \$90,000,000.

Largest foreign investors ranked by percentage: the United Kingdom (29), the Netherlands (17) and Japan (16).

Firm granted the most United States patents in 1978, General Electric (820); in 1988, Hitachi (907).

CALL ME A DOCTOR

Median number of years of college study required to earn a Ph.D. in engineering, 5.8; in social sciences, 7.2; in humanities, 8.4.

Median number of years it takes to earn any doctorate: 6.9.

DRUGGED MONEY

Number of currency notes found to have a trace of cocaine on them in a survey done with bills from 12 American cities: 131 out of 135.

Average amount of cocaine found on each bill: seven millionths of a gram.

Number of bills that would be required to accumulate one line of cocaine: 5000.

Amount of cocaine in circulation if every bill had seven millionths of a gram of cocaine on it: 84 kilos.

Street value of 84 kilos of cocaine: \$7,500,000. Face value of bills that would be required to accumulate 84 kilos of cocaine: 230 billion dollars.

SPOTLIGHT



Hoopster Marsalis.

Four-time Grammy nominee **Branford Marsalis**, saxophonist *extraordinaire* and actor (*School Daze*, *Throw Momma from the Train*), stopped in Chicago last May during the N.B.A. play-offs. We did our best to get him to talk about music, but he wanted to talk only about the Detroit Pistons, who were, at the time, tied with the Chicago Bulls at two wins apiece.

"How can you call the Pistons thugs?" he asked, outraged at the suggestion that half of Detroit's team would be in prison for assault if they weren't playing basketball. "The Pistons don't win games by beating up on people. They win games because they put the ball in the hoop. Well, OK, Bill Laimbeer's a thug. But how many thugs his size can pop a three-pointer with confidence? He's got a bad, *nasty* J. Plus he's rich and he doesn't even have to play ball. To have money, to have juice and to say, 'I want to play ball and beat mother-fuckers up,' I like that in him. And Rick Mahorn [now playing for the Minnesota Timberwolves]—I *love* Mahorn, man. He's got that big butt, and he just clears out under the boards by bumping guys with that big *gluteus maximus*. The guy's butt is a weapon. I like that.

"See, I'm a Southern boy. I never really understood how physical basketball was, because in the South, you bump a guy and you get a foul called on you. Then I went to the University of Minnesota and got into a game of basketball one day. A cat put a body on me that almost knocked my brains out. Now I *love* that kind of contact in basketball.

"But, listen, all this is neither here nor there. The Pistons will beat the Bulls. And then the Pistons will beat the Lakers. Let's put five bucks on it right *now*."

Branford, you win. The check's in the mail.

Challenge The Gods.



APHRODITE

ZEUS

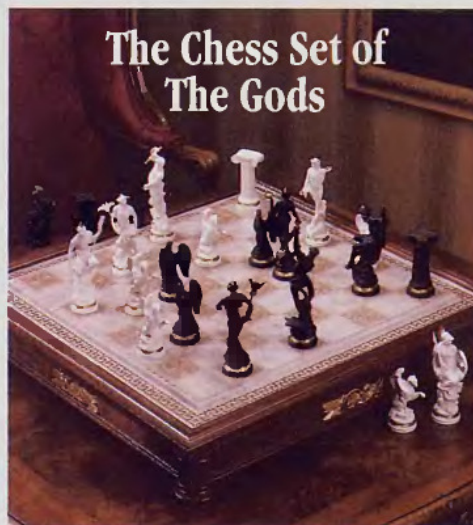
JUPITER

VENUS

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

SET IN 1957, when civil rights activists were beginning to shake things up in the Deep South, *The Heart of Dixie* (Orion) replays history as it might have seemed to three comely Alabama coeds. They're all white, with impeccably proper draws, and appear to have the intellectual depth of Dixie cups. Delia June (Virginia Madsen) wants to get pinned and marry well; Aiken (Phoebe Cates) wants to go to Noo Yawk; and Maggie (Ally Sheedy), the college journalist, feels serious thoughts churning in her pretty little head after she sees a black man beaten up at a Presley concert. Treat Williams takes her there—he plays a photographer assigned to cover trouble spots. Shot in and around the University of Mississippi, the same Ole Miss where troops were called to quell civil rights violence in 1962, *Heart of Dixie* bumbles a golden opportunity to say something cogent. Instead, the movie flails around in the shallows of sorority life, giving greater weight to the election of a campus queen than to the first black student's first day at a lily-white school. If they're as smart as I think, bright Southern belles will be ringing in protests. ♪

Consider a sophisticated comedy about a guy and a gal who sometimes date over the phone, on one occasion while watching *Casablanca* on TV in their respective apartments. They're friends, see, not sleeping together, at least not until years and years later. Which is the whole point of *When Harry Met Sally* . . . (Columbia), a knowing, contemporary comedy written by Nora Ephron and directed, with his usual zing, by Rob Reiner. In the title roles, Billy Crystal and Meg Ryan are both beguiling and believable, and likely to boost their stock as bankable stars. Right up there with them, as close chums struggling out of the singles scene, are Bruno Kirby and Carrie Fisher (the latter ready to cinch her claim as Hollywood's savviest wise-cracking dame since Eve Arden). From their testy first encounter to the final clinch, there's no question about where Harry and Sally are headed, but getting there turns out to be deliciously good fun. One nice light touch: Aged couples, like the "witnesses" in *Reds*, interrupt the narrative with testimony about how they tussled with the ties that bind. ♪♪½

More "witnesses" pop up in *Heavy Petting* (Skouras), a droll docucomedy about sex and our furtive stabs at it during the faraway Fifties. Celebrities of every stripe—from Laurie Anderson and David Byrne to Sandra Bernhard and Spalding Gray—reveal how they weathered their youth past puberty. Bernhard, for example, confesses to having played "doctor,"



Virginia (center) goes to Alabama.

Nostalgia, a wry and wise comedy and a powerful drama about martyrdom.

while monologist Gray wonders whether self-abusers of his generation had a special liking for Davy Crockett hats. Add to this glimpses of TV, feature films and sex-education epics of the period (*Ozzie and Harriet* followed by *High School Hellcats* and *How to Say No* should indicate the breadth of the inquiry), and it's clear that producer-director Obie Benz knows his business. His business is jolly entertainment, along with a reminder that we've come a long way since the days of the circle jerk. ♪♪

Britain's formidable Pauline Collins wowed London and Broadway theatergoers with her prize-winning portrayal of *Shirley Valentine* (Paramount). She was a one-woman show as a loquacious Liverpool housewife who simply pulls up a kitchen chair, knocks back quite a few sips of wine and regales the audience with personal anecdotes, making everyone feel like a neighbor who has just popped in for a chat. On stage, it worked as sure-fire soap opera about a drudge who packs away her troubles for a Greek-island holiday and reappears, at least partially liberated, in the second act. On film, in an adaptation by playwright Willy Russell, directed with somewhat literal T.L.C. by Lewis Gilbert (who also directed Russell's *Educating Rita*), our heroine shares the screen with the cast of characters who were the off-stage subjects of her monolog in the play. Best of the lot is Tom Conti as Costas, the Greek who takes Shirley for a boat ride, then a nude swim, kisses her stretch marks and

makes her believe, at the age of 42, that she'd better start living life to the full. As her obtuse, angry husband back home, Bernard Hill is the compleat boor. Of course, director Gilbert tries to have it both ways, opening up the play and preserving Collins' showstopper performance at the same time. Despite awkward moments, she'll reward your patience. Not even redundant asides and flashbacks can dull *Shirley Valentine's* radiance. ♪♪½

Given the state of the world, *Romero* (Four Seasons) ought to be hailed as the most meaningful movie so far this year. Seekers of cotton-candy cinema will ignore it—and will miss a grand, beautifully reserved but heroic performance by Raul Julia as Archbishop Oscar Romero, assassinated in El Salvador in March 1980 at the very altar where he inveighed against right-wing oppression. In his finest screenwork to date, Julia masterfully reflects the evolution of a churchman from bookish detachment to passionate militancy. As Father Rutilio Grande, the close friend whose brutal murder by a death squad accelerates the archbishop's political education, Richard Jordan contributes his own telling vignette. Australian director John Duigan, under producer Ellwood E. Kieser (who is a Paulist priest), keeps his main man in tight focus throughout, letting him, as our surrogate, reel back from the worst horrors. Even so, prepare to be shamed and moved when Romero declares, "I wrote a letter to the President of the United States to send no more arms to this country. . . . They are only being used to kill our people." The answer comes back in gunfire. ♪♪

Mocking the Mafia has become a favorite sport for film makers. Director Susan Seidelman registers her sly poke at Mob amorality in *Cookie* (Warner), starring England's Emily Lloyd, the teenaged actress whose buoyant debut in *Wish You Were Here!* made her the new darling of Hollywood. Sounding smartassily all-American in her title role, she plays the precocious daughter of an ex-con (Peter Falk), who aids and abets, but more often hassles, her old man while he engineers power plays with several senior crooks. Comedian Jerry Lewis, uncharacteristically cast, Lionel Stander and Michael V. Gazzo strut their godfather stuff in the gangland hierarchy, while Dianne Wiest, as Falk's marriage-minded blonde doxy, steals every scene that isn't already plainly spoken for. Not much new here, all in all, but Wiest picks up the pieces whenever *Cookie* starts to crumble. ♪♪½

A mugging and strutting Dennis Quaid plays rocker Jerry Lee Lewis in *Great Balls of Fire!* (Orion). His performance may look

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Pieface, 11.

Baker today.

OFF CAMERA

Special-effects make-up is the name of the game that **Rick Baker** yearned to play when he was a kid of ten, watching *The Wolf Man*, *Dracula* and *Frankenstein*. Baker, 38, is an acknowledged master of his trade who won the first annual make-up Oscar in 1981 for *An American Werewolf in London* and took home another for 1987's *Harry and the Hendersons*. A professional artist's son born in Upstate New York, he has relished making people believe in nightmares since he first got into mischief with pie-dough masks and grease paint. "I used to paint a gash on my hand to scare my mother. I made up every kid in the neighborhood with third-degree burns or gashes. . . . They'd scare the shit out of their parents, who wouldn't let them play with me anymore." He went pro at 17, disguising his pal and colleague, director John Landis, as a prehistoric ape man for a monster-movie spoof called *Schlock*. While he has done his share of blood-and-guts shockers, Baker deplores the trend toward "gross-out slasher movies. It doesn't take any great gift to dump blood all over someone." The most fun he has had? "Working with Eddie Murphy, making him up as an old Jewish guy in *Coming to America*. Nobody recognized him until Arsenio Hall made him laugh. . . . that Murphy laugh gave him away." Baker calls *Greystoke*, the Tarzan epic, and last year's *Gorillas in the Mist* his masterpieces. "I feel I can't get much better than that. Even primatologists couldn't tell the real apes from the actors." Clearly, the element of surprise is part of Rick's kick. "Right now, I'm working with a crew of seventy on a real state-of-the-art project. Top secret. I can't tell you what it is, but you'll know when it happens." Sounds like another Baker recipe for goose bumps; our spies suggest it's *Gremlins II*.

like ham, but it's premium ham, and a reasonable facsimile of Jerry Lee himself. Director Jim (*The Big Easy*) McBride co-authored the screenplay, a fairly flimsy tale about a good ol' country boy topping the charts until he gets some bad publicity about his marriage to a 13-year-old girl (Winona Ryder) who's also his second cousin twice removed. "Take 'em from their momma when they're real young" is Jerry Lee's recipe for a happy marriage. To which someone adds, "Raise 'em just like you do a bird dog." Another of Jerry Lee's cousins, in fact and on film, is Jimmy Swagart (Alec Baldwin), who keeps denouncing rock and roll as the Devil's own music. McBride belts it all out in a nonrealistic pop-art style—the emotional equivalent of primary colors—with a bang-up sound track (vocals credited to The Killer himself) in tune with Lewis' huge Fifties hit *Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On*. That seems like the way to go. ★★★

Brian De Palma's raw and chilling *Casualties of War* (Columbia) goes miles beyond *Platoon* in its depiction of how normal young men may become beasts in combat. There's some needless moralizing toward the end of a strong dramatization by playwright David Rabe of a book by Daniel Lang, based on a true incident during the war in Vietnam. The story speaks for itself: A squad of GI grunts on a reconnaissance mission rashly decides to abduct and gang-rape a very young Vietnamese girl (played by Thuy Thu Le with wounding vulnerability). Sean Penn, his famous brute force at boiling point, plays the squad leader. You won't be surprised to find Michael J. Fox evenly matched with Penn as the obligatory good guy suffering a crisis of conscience—he doesn't do enough to stop the outrage, but he does retain a residual sense of decency under extreme duress. Until it goes softheaded with preachments, *Casualties* is compelling rather than entertaining—a grim Guignol about man at his worst. ★★★

Batman (Warner), screened too late for a more timely review, is a triumph for production designer Anton Furst. Looking great, the movie is a true spectacular, though pretty dull in patches and with a curiously flat story line, considering its source in decades of Batman comics. Michael Keaton in the title role presents a problem for me—a hugely talented actor playing it so straight that the Bruce Wayne mantle never quite seems to fit him. Kim Basinger is gorgeous and then some in a routine role as the beauty who brings Batman down to earth in bed, and Jack Nicholson—waaay over the top—is a flamboyant Joker, his performance a vaudeville act that oddly succeeds in stealing the movie and trashing it at the same time. ★★★

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Batman* (See review) Spectacular, but Michael Keaton seldom soars in a dark, curiously flat screenplay saved by Jack Nicholson's stupendous Joker. ★★★
- Casualties of War* (See review) More from 'Nam, with Fox and Penn. ★★★
- Cookie* (See review) OK, but the tastiest tart is Dianne Wiest. ★★★½
- Do the Right Thing* (Reviewed 8/89) Black comedy about racism, from Spike Lee. ★★★
- Field of Dreams* (7/89) Costner meets an all-star team in an odd, imaginative baseball fantasy. ★★★
- Great Balls of Fire!* (See review) Hot and hammy musical bio. ★★★
- The Heart of Dixie* (See review) Look away, look away from them belles. ★
- Heavy Petting* (See review) The way we were . . . well, horny. ★★★
- Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* (9/89) Connery, Ford beat sequel odds. ★★★
- The Last Warrior* (9/89) Tense World War Two encounter between the samurai, the GI and the novice nun. ★★★½
- Lawrence of Arabia* (5/89) Peter O'Toole in David Lean's masterful epic, and you may never see anything like it. ★★★★★
- Licence to Kill* (9/89) Thrills to spare, even if it's not Bond's best. ★★★½
- The Little Thief* (Listed only) A precocious delinquent (Charlotte Gainsbourg) comes of age in a poignant, bittersweet drama co-authored by the late François Truffaut. ★★★
- Little Vera* (5/89) Our *glasnost* cover girl—ripe, ready and Russian. ★★★½
- The Music Teacher* (9/89) Familiar stuff, indeed, but the music hath charms. ★★
- Road House* (8/89) Some dump, until Swayze clears out the riffraff. ★½
- Romero* (See review) Powerful ode to a martyred priest. ★★★
- Scandal* (5/89) Ladies of the night and red-faced English lords. ★★★
- Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills* (8/89) Everybody's doin' it on a fun weekend with the overprivileged. ★★★
- sex, lies, and videotape* (9/89) Yuppies in love play hypnotic truth games. ★★★
- Shirley Valentine* (See review) A housewife and how she grew. ★★★½
- The Tall Guy* (9/89) Jeff Goldblum as a Yank actor in London. Fogged up. ★★
- Weekend at Bernie's* (9/89) He's dead but gets around, mostly for laughs. ★★½
- When Harry Met Sally . . .* (See review) Fun from the word go, so go. ★★★½
- Worth Winning* (Listed only) Harmon as a stud about town. Not your best bet. ★½
- Young Einstein* (9/89) Madcap fun down under, courtesy of a wild and crazy Aussie named Yahoo Serious. ★★★

★★★★ Outstanding

★★★ Don't miss

★★ Worth a look

★★ Good show

★ Forget it



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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT



Actor-director Peter Fonda spends a lot of time in front of his VCR. Currently at the helm of projects for Viacom and MPI, he says that "part of the job is watching all kinds of movies—usually one or two after dinner every night." Naturally, his collection includes a few of Dad Henry's films (*My Darling Clementine* and *The Grapes of Wrath*) and his own *Easy Rider*, but he also likes to rewind newer vid fare, such as Spielberg's *Empire of the Sun* ("Beautifully done in every way") and the 1987 thriller *White of the Eye* ("I'm mind-fucked by that one"). Classics are also a Fonda favorite; namely, Fellini's *8½* and Welles's *Citizen Kane*. And then there's *Great Expectations*. "I saw that when I was a sexually active thirteen-year-old kid going to an all-boys' boarding school," he says. "Jean Simmons' performance knocked me flat, but I also really wanted her."

—LAURA FISSINGER

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

Illumination: An electronic montage of "kinetic visual syntheses and kaleidoscopic mandalas." In other words, 30 minutes of

pretty colors set to soothing music. New Age meets the VCR (Immediate Future).

Easyriders Video Magazine: Just what you'd expect: guys on motorcycles, naked, tattooed women and music by Top Jimmy and Rhythm Pigs (Paisano Publications).

Minute Movie Masterpieces: Thirty film classics condensed to 60 seconds each. Includes *The Birth of a Nation*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and *It's a Wonderful Life*. Great for the movie buff on the run. (Rhino).

An Evening of Erotic Poetry: Live performance of nine offbeat poets reading their haughty verses aloud at a funky Chicago bar. An eerie trip into the land of verbal taboo. Favorite ditty: *White Panties*. (Available for \$25 from C&M Productions, Box 14418, Chicago 60614.)

THE HARDWARE CORNER

High Five: Hitachi now gives new meaning to personal video with a VHS hi-fi VCR combo (VT-LC50A). It's battery operated, portable and tunerless and features a five-inch, pop-up LCD-TV screen. Stereo headphones are available. You can take it with you anywhere—for \$1699.

Laser Days: Laser-disc technology keeps getting better—picturewise and soundwise. Pioneer has a new top-of-the-line "combi" player (CLD-91) that boasts two-sided play, SVHS capability, visual scanning and 18-bit audio. But will there be software? Yep. Coming up: *Rain Man*,

Coming to America and *Dangerous Liaisons*. **Right On:** Video lefties no longer need feel left out. Panasonic's ambidextrous VHS camcorder (PV-510) has controls mounted on a center handle and a view finder that flips to either eye.—MAURY LEVY



COUCH-POTATO VIDEO OF THE MONTH:

Hops to it, guys—into the kitchen and on with the VCR! The Video Guide to Homebrewing is a suds lover's dream, complete with lessons from the experts and a tour of a microbrewery (Producers Studio).

COUCH-TOMATO VIDEO OF THE MONTH:

You'll hear more than just traveling-saleslady yarns in Elizabeth Wolynski's *The Businesswoman's Guide to Dirty Jokes*—30 minutes of wonderfully unladylike yuks (VCAI; available from the Playboy catalog, 800-345-6066).



VIDEO OF THE MONTH

Just as we were going to press, we had an opportunity to screen Rob Lowe's purported pornie tape—courtesy of Al Goldstein's *Midnight Blue* cable-TV program. We have to give it a thumbs up: While the video's technical quality leaves something to be desired, the dialog is crafted with honest simplicity ("Did you come?"). Kudos to Rob for finally shedding a cushy Brat Packer image and projecting the kind of *machismo* you'd expect from a Warren Beatty or a Patrick Swayze. Only thing is, of course, *they* wouldn't be silly enough to allow themselves to get taped. We think.

VIDEO MOOD METER	
MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING INTENSE	<i>Rain Man</i> (on the road with Tom Cruise and Dustin Hoffman; deserves every Oscar it got); <i>The Last Temptation of Christ</i> (Scarsese's controversial depiction of a Christ burdened with second thoughts; long but worth it); <i>Devil in the Flesh</i> (the 1987 Italian sizzler, available in X or R; put the kids to bed first).
FEELING ROMANTIC	<i>Jacknife</i> (De Niro as violent Vietnam vet tamed by high school biology teacher Kathy Baker; superb performances); <i>Crossing Delancey</i> (Amy Irving as stunning New York single hounded by matchmaker; o sweet vid-shelf sleeper); <i>Gigi</i> (Vincente Minnelli's delightful love letter to French romance—take another look).
FEELING INHUMAN	<i>The Fly II</i> (typical fly-meets-girl story; inferior to Goldblum version but gooey special F/X worth the rental); <i>Bad Taste</i> (aliens eat earth people, vomit them up, drink them down again; bon appétit); <i>An American Werewolf in London</i> (John Londo's offbeat spin on the popular guy-bays-at-moon yarn; still holds up).
FEELING FUNNY	TV-to-vid double bill: <i>The "I Love Lucy" Collection</i> (CBS/Fox's four-tape batch of fon favorites; includes "Lucy and Harpo Morx" and "Lucy Does a TV Commercial") and <i>The Best of Eddie Murphy—Saturday Night Live</i> (Buckwheat, Stevie Wonder, Mr. Robinson et al.; 30 hysterical sketches—the perfect Eddie fest).

SHORT TAKES

Best Ain't-Life-Easy Video: *The Palm-Aire Spa Seven-Day Plan to Change Your Life*; **Most Useful Everyday Video:** *How to Fly the B-17: Emergency Procedures and the Airplane in General: 50-Hour Inspection of the B-17*; **Best Thrill-a-Minute Video:** *America's Hottest Bass Lakes*; **Most Intriguing B-Video Title and Teaser:** *Cannibal Women in the Avocado Jungle of Death* ("These women are serious about their taste in men"); **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *How to Build the Nutshell Pram*.



Everything else is just a light.®



MUSIC

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

FOUR NEODISCO best sellers off the top of my head: Paula Abdul, Vanessa Williams, Karyn White, Sa-Fire. Who are these women? As a professional listener who has played all their albums, I could tell one from the others on a dare, but only if I were getting paid. To characterize them as bimbos would be both sexist and inaccurate. How about ciphers?

Given the two options, you might prefer to be a bimbo, but some try to have their meaninglessness and eat it, too. The original bimbo/cipher was Jody Watley, a nonentity so convincing that she won the new-artist Grammy for 1987, even though she'd already enjoyed long and honorable success as one third of the black pop group Shalamar. Whereas her "debut" presented her as, well, a sex object, on *Larger than Life* (MCA), she pretends she's a normal person. In dance cipherdom, this is called artistic growth, and to some extent, it actually is—producer Andre Cymone's grooves have improved, and several of the songs are neither silly nor anonymous. Gosh. For professionals and the platinum millions only.

Coming off the U.K.-spawned house/rap novelty hit *Buffalo Stance*, 25-year-old Neneh Cherry might seem to fit the neodisco mold. But her *Raw Like Sushi* (Virgin) lives up to her slogan: "Survival. Attitude. Sex. Have fun. Stand strong." Half-African, half-Swedish, raised in New York by trumpeter Don Cherry, resident of Britain for most of this decade, she sings and raps with equal verve. Although her change-of-pace follow-up single, *Manchild*, may be a little *too* compassionate, she commands an impressive variety of vocal moods. She knows a good beat when she rocks one, too. More than zero—much more.

NELSON GEORGE

Boogie Down Productions' leader KRS-One claims he's a teacher. On the group's *Ghetto Music: The Blueprint of Hip Hop* (Jive), the Bronx native proves his point with the most political black pop album since Public Enemy's first. Lyrically, KRS-One is biting and often brilliant. *Why Is That* uses Biblical quotations to bolster his argument that Christianity's key figures were black. *Who Protects Us from You?* is a question aimed at urban policemen accused of brutalizing minority youth. Another track (an outgrowth of B.D.P.'s catalytic role in the Stop the Violence Movement's 12-inch *Self-Destruction*), *You Must Learn*, is a challenge to young listeners to overcome obstacles and concentrate on education. Musically, KRS-One and B.D.P. deejay D-Nice use samples effectively on the aforementioned tracks, as well as on such boastful raps as



Cherry: No bimbo?

Divas, diaphanous
and otherwise,
plus new Bowie.

Jack of Spades and *The Style You Haven't Done Yet*. *Hip Hop Rules*, *Jah Rulez* and *Bo! Bo! Bo!* demonstrate this group's commitment to forging a hip-hop/reggae blend. *Ghetto Music* is easily one of the year's best efforts.

Chuckii (Atlantic) is a promising first step for Los Angeles-based keyboard-vocalist Chuckii Booker. Booker's fresh sound is epitomized by *Turned Away*, a lushly melodic, beautifully arranged mid-tempo concoction. Much of his material draws upon Gospel (*Heavenly Father*) and funk (*Res Q Me*, *Hotel Happiness*), without slavishly reproducing the formulas of either. Booker's high tenor is carefully produced, which may suggest a limited range, but it is nurtured by a sharp musical mind. Booker will be around.

DAVE MARSH

Almost all the reasons that David Bowie has been the most influential Anglo rock star of the past two decades are extramusical, a fact that Bowie has now dealt with by forming his first steady band since his late-Seventies heyday. *Tin Machine* (EMI), as both the group and its debut album are called, represents a grungy gamble for Bowie, because it eschews his piss-elegant fake soul for loud, raucous noises: The opening track reworks the riff from the Doors' *Roadhouse Blues*.

Bowie's risk garners a full-scale payoff, because bandmates Hunt Sales and Tony Sales and slashomatic guitarist Reeves

Gabrels not only batter his proper British stiffness into submission but apparently have refused to let him rewrite and obscure his lyrics. Because Bowie is first-draft metaphoric, the result here is often more pointed and less obscure than anything else he has ever done. Which doesn't make this his best record so much as his most rock-and-roll one.

Too Long in the Wasteland (Columbia), the debut album produced for James McMurtry, author Larry's son, by John Cougar Mellencamp, has no lack of wordcraft. That must be why Mellencamp claims that McMurtry's already a better songwriter than he'll ever be. Unfortunately, we buy records for music, and compared with McMurtry, Leonard Cohen is a melodist. And Cohen's the example who comes to mind,

GUEST SHOT



EX-ROCKER *Michael Des Barres* now focuses on acting, having co-starred with Clint Eastwood in "Pink Cadillac." He also appears in "Midnight Cabaret," playing the Devil as a nightclub singer. If Des Barres could play the Devil, we figured he could play a critic. So we asked him to spin Rob Jungklas' newest, "Work Songs for a New Moon."

"Work Songs is wonderful—how many artists can pull off a spiritual kind of pop music? It's so refreshing to see someone in love with a girl and with a god. It's like the Old Testament meets Little Richard. Especially strong are *New Moon Shall Rise*, *Water into Wine* and *Something Special*. If I have to compare, Jungklas resembles Bruce Cockburn, early Cat Stevens and a bit of an ephemeral Bruce Springsteen. *Something Special* in particular has a terrific melody, but where Jungklas really shines is lyrically—the *Work Songs* theme is so complex, but it's put across very simply. Lyrically, in fact, this is a pretty flawless record—and it's so personal. That's why Tracy Chapman was successful—she talked personally to each listener. When you talk about the best albums in the racks at any given time, it's a matter of people buying records that talk to them in that way."



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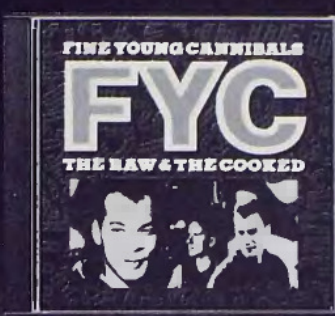
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Polson—Open Up And Say... Ahh! (Capitol/Enigma) 388-888

New Kids On The Block—Hanging Tough
(Columbia) 368-423

Joan Jett And The Blackhearts—Up Your Alley (CBS Associated/Blackheart) 368-340

Cheap Trick—Lap Of Luxury (Epic) 368-050

Karyn White (Warner Bros.) 375-394

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FAST TRACKS

R

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Boogie Down Productions <i>Ghetto Music: The Blueprint of Hip Hop</i>	7	8	9	7	8
Boris Grebenshikov <i>Radio Silence</i>	2	5	6	5	5
k. d. lang <i>Absolute Torch and Twang</i>	7	8	8	5	8
Stevie Nicks <i>The Other Side of the Mirror</i>	2	6	5	3	6
Tin Machine	4	8	8	7	7

DO-BE-DO-BE-DO DEPARTMENT: How do you know when you've finally arrived? This past summer, at the University of Arizona, professor **Jerry Kirkbride** taught two sessions of Sinatra 101 (really called American Pop Music: Sinatra Era).

REELING AND ROCKING: **Bon Jovi** has a feature-length movie in the works that combines concert footage with behind-the-scenes stuff. Whether it will be sold as a long-form video or as a movie for theaters is still up in the air. . . . **Was (Not Was)** will do the score and appear in the **Marlon Brando/Matthew Broderick** film *The Freshmen*. . . . Plans are in the works to turn the unauthorized **Phil Spector** bio, *He's a Rebel*, into a feature film. . . . **Joey Ramone** is playing himself in the Canadian movie *Roadkill*. . . . **Danny Sugarmen's** screenplay for his book *Wonderland Avenue: Tales of Glamour and Excess* will still be made into a movie, despite the death of director **Hal Ashby**, who was working on it. Now **Oliver Stone** is set to produce it.

NEWSBREAKS: A new store on Melrose Avenue in L.A. (where else?) is selling all kinds of rock memorabilia, from **Beatles** hair pomade to **Duran Duran** pencil boxes to **Bee Gees** lunch pails. . . . New York University, *Rolling Stone* magazine and music publishers BMI are sponsoring a yearly **Ralph J. Gleason** Music Book Awards. Each year, three authors will be awarded a \$5000 prize named after Gleason, a well-known jazz critic and a cofounder of *Rolling Stone*. The books may be in any field, but they must be published by a commercial publishing house. The first award ceremony will be held in February. . . . Good news for music-on-TV fans: NBC's *Sunday Night* has been renewed. . . . The upcoming **Aerosmith**

album has a tune called *F.I.N.E.*, which, say **Steven Tyler** and **Joe Perry**, stands for "Fucked Up, Insecure, Neurotic and Emotional." In short, the perfect rock lyric. . . . Members of **Three Dog Night**, the Sixties group, are fighting in court about which of them has the rights to the group's name for the purpose of touring. . . . Producers of the new TV series *Rollergames* plan to have heavy-metal bands provide the half-time entertainment. We're not talking about a fictional show, we're talking about roller derby, for real, which will air opposite *Saturday Night Live* in many cities. . . . San Francisco rock columnist **Joel Selvin** is writing a bio of **Rick Nelson**. . . . If you were amused by *TeeVee Toons: The Commercials*, volume two will be out any minute. . . . Look for albums soon by **Bobby McFerrin**, **Tracy Chapman**, the **Sugarcubes**, **Mötley Crüe**, **Gypsy Kings**, **Jerry Lee Lewis** and **Teddy Pendergrass**. . . . Our favorite alternative music rag, *Rock & Roll Confidential*, reminds us that Home Boy Videos, Box 6800, Grand Central Station, New York 10163, is offering an instructional video called *Learn How to Scratch*, featuring **Salt-n-Pepa's Spinderella** and **Dana Dane's Clark Kent**. So if you're looking for the perfect beat to your home rap or for a career as a rap deejay, this video is for you. . . . Finally, we're starting to feel like **Mojo Nixon** on the **Elvis** watch, but every month, there seems to be another piece of news about the King that's too weird, or too silly, to pass up. This month's chuckle comes from the new "Mexican Elvis" impersonator, **Señor El Vez**. He's really **Robert Lopez** and he's working the club circuit with a backup group called the **Elvettes**. It's Elvis music with a Latin beat. Really. We're serious.

—BARBARA NELLIS

because the new J.M. is no singer, either. Even stories this vivid need vocals that can bring them to life. Although singer-songwriters are making a comeback now, there's not enough juice here to get non-folkie ears past the lyric sheet.

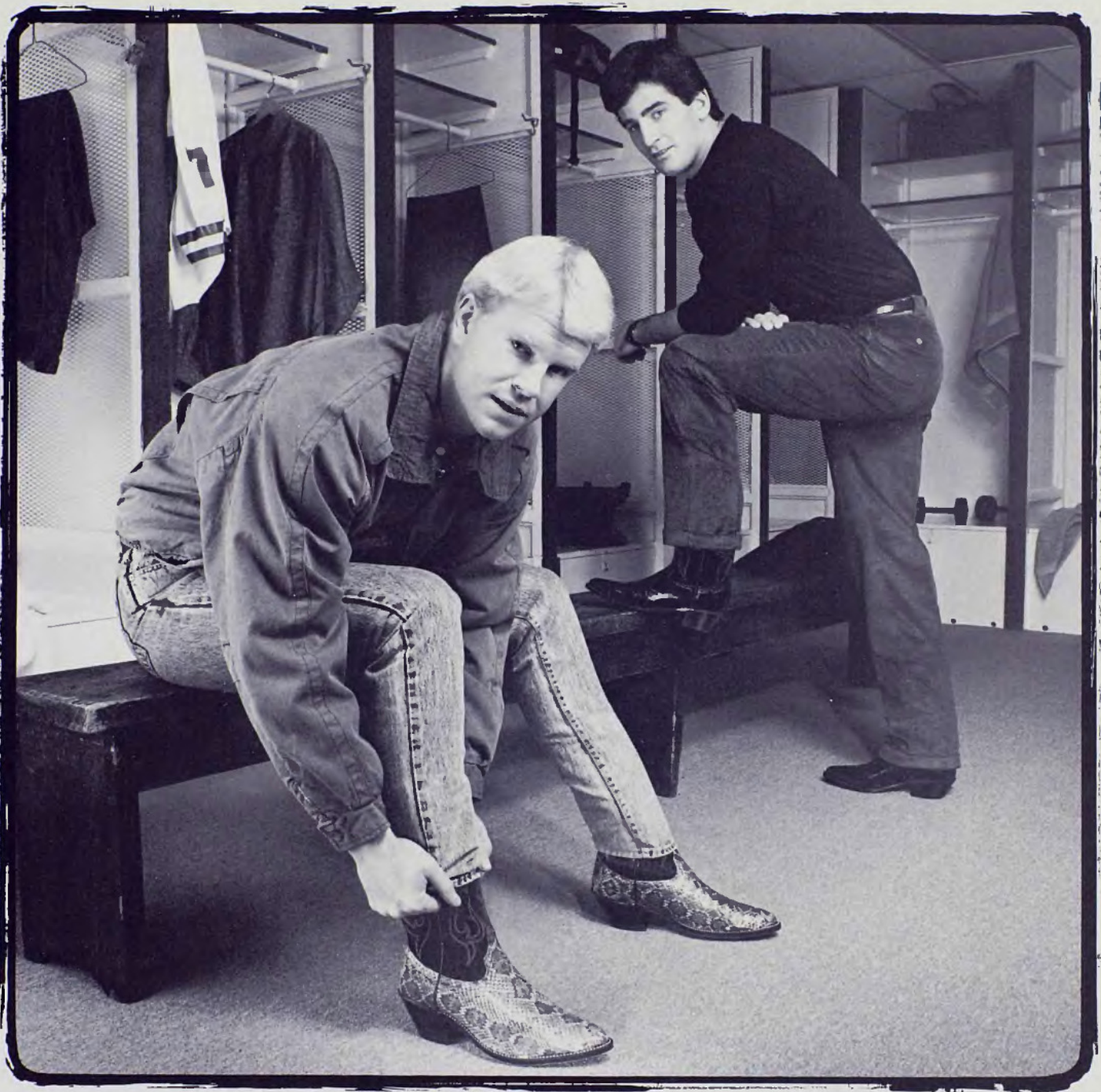
CHARLES M. YOUNG

Stevie Nicks prefers the diaphanous both in gown and in song. For those enamored of mid-tempo swish, no one does it better than Nicks, and her latest, *The Other Side of the Mirror* (Modern), will not disappoint. The problem with diaphanous, however, is that you cannot sweat and swish at the same time. You end up squishing. For those enamored of Stevie Nicks the rocker, circa *Rhiannon* and *Edge of Seventeen*, the album suffers a dearth of squish. The closest it comes is on three songs co-written by Mike Campbell, Tom Petty's second fiddle/lead guitarist, who doles out an astonishing store of catchy riffs to friends in the Los Angeles rock aristocracy when they need a hit. Yet even here, the potentially kick-ass guitar gets buried in the mix, where it can't even squish with the clichés of mid-tempo production.

VIC GARBARINI

Like the blues, country music is so simple that if you don't put your heart into it, it all falls apart. On *Absolute Torch and Twang* (Sire), Canadian space cowgirl k. d. lang proves again that she has the depth and technique to pull it all together. She may have the best voice in country music—a near-miraculous alto that croons, caresses, corkscrews and belts through Patsy Cline-style ballads and guitar-driven stompers alike. Lyrically, she reflects her Alberta roots, a quantum leap from the female clichés of Nashville. And now that she's back to using mostly her own material, she should continue to conjure up compelling melodies along the lines of the mesmerizing *Trail of Broken Hearts*.

Meanwhile, Lone Justice's ex-lead singer has been marinating in everything from Hank to Tennessee Williams, Dylan, rock and Gospel. On her first solo album, *Maria McKee* (Geffen), the young woman with the finest pipes in rock today impressively distills, integrates and makes sense of all her influences. Think of a more controlled Janis doing The Band's *Basement Tapes*. On the country-flavored material, she's loose and authentic but gets a bit entangled on such Dylanesque epics as *Panic Beach*, where she sounds melodramatic and strident. Still, she takes gutsy risks, and on ballads such as *Nobody's Child*, *Breathe* (featuring Richard Thompson's exquisitely barbed guitar lines) and *More than a Heart Can Hold* (a young, Nineties Aretha), she comes straight from her feelings, guts intact, on some of the most gorgeously haunting and moving tunes of this decade.



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SWEEPSTAKES

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Alive with pleasure!

By DIGBY DIEHL

PERHAPS the most shocking book of the fall is *Shadow Warrior* (Simon & Schuster), subtitled "The CIA Hero of a Hundred Unknown Battles," by Felix Rodriguez and John Weisman. Rodriguez was a 19-year-old anti-Castro refugee from Cuba when he was recruited by the CIA. From then on, he showed up everywhere there was trouble in the world. As he describes in this unapologetic memoir, he returned to Cuba undercover and worked with the resistance forces until the Bay of Pigs disaster. In Nicaragua, he ran a communications network.

In Bolivia, as a CIA advisor, he was the last man to interrogate Ché Guevara, gave the order to execute him and delivered his body to the Bolivian authorities. In Ecuador and Peru, he trained troops in counterinsurgency and basic intelligence work. In Vietnam, he flew more than 250 missions during his 25 months as an advisor. In Washington, D.C., he presented Oliver North with a plan for attacking guerrilla forces in El Salvador. In the year that followed, he flew more than 100 helicopter raids on Salvadoran guerrillas. He ended up in the middle of North's illegal Iran/*Contra* resupply pipeline and, eventually, in front of a Congressional committee, where he gave damaging testimony about the profit scams of Richard Secord and Albert Hakim.

Rodriguez has been portrayed in some news reports as a Latin G. Gordon Liddy with close ties to President Bush. In this book, he denies any relationship to Bush other than some polite social visits. But his courageous, single-minded lifetime war on Castro and communism does suggest a hand-in-the-fire dedication typical of Cold War veterans. You don't have to agree with Rodriguez to admire, however grudgingly, his soldier's patriotic resolve.

On one level, *Shadow Warrior* is an exciting nonfiction Ludlum-style thriller, the ultimate real-life spy story. But Rodriguez' detailed examination of CIA operations and his history-making revelations about American activities in Latin America are profoundly more important than mere entertainment.

When he died in 1959, Raymond Chandler, author of classic detective novels such as *The Big Sleep* and *Farewell, My Lovely*, left four chapters of a new book called *Poodle Springs* (Putnam). Now, 30 years later, it has been completed by Robert B. Parker, author of the Spenser detective novels, with a Chandler plot and style so perfect it could make you believe in reincarnation. For example, consider a little gem of hard-boiled poetry such as this: "Hollywood was empty, the houses blank and aimless, all the colors altered by the moonglow. Only the neon lights along Sun-



Unapologetic memoir of a *Shadow Warrior*.

The ultimate real-life spy story; blockbuster fall books.

set were still awake. They were always awake. Bright, hearty and fake, full of Hollywood promises. The days come and go. The neon endures." Is it Chandler, Parker or Memorex?

More than just an impressive homage, this is a first-rate detective novel with all the suspense, action and human drama that we have come to expect from the best of this genre. Ironically, Chandler starts this story very atypically by having Philip Marlowe, a romantic loner in the seven previous novels, married and heading off to Poodle (really Palm) Springs with a wealthy new bride. Parker meets the challenge by pitting the lure of an intriguing case against the demands of marriage. Several murders, a collection of nude photographs, some blackmail, a few tough thugs and a busy bigamist are swirled roughly into this intoxicating brew. Savor this one; it's probably the only Chandler/Parker collaboration we'll ever get.

When the United States Senate rejected the nomination of Judge Robert H. Bork to the Supreme Court by a vote of 58 to 42, it was a stunning defeat for this century's most popular President and a victory for the impassioned protectors of individual and civil rights. The ramifications of that historic moment are explored with fairness and insight by Ethan Bronner in *Battle for Justice: How the Bork Nomination Shook America* (W. W. Norton). In this compelling book, Bronner studies how the conflicting forces of the New Right, angry black intellectuals, the Presidential candidates, pub-

lic opinion whipped by media images and the personal pride of the President all affected the decision.

In the final analysis, however, as Bronner states so eloquently, the Bork nomination became a national referendum on civil rights: "Bork would hardly have been the first Justice lacking passion for the plight of black Americans. But the harsh nature of his writings, the well-established aims of his sponsors and the political circumstances of the moment conspired to elevate his nomination into a Rorschach test of American values. . . . Like the Lincoln-Douglas debates of a century before, the Bork debates forced the nation to stare into its soul."

For the 50th anniversary of *The Wizard of Oz*, John Fricke, Jay Scarfone and William Stillman have compiled an exhaustive collection of photographs and memorabilia that will boggle the minds of even the most devoted fans in *The Wizard of Oz* (Warner), subtitled "The Official Fiftieth Anniversary Pictorial History." With more than 200 color and 300 black-and-white photographs, this history takes us from L. Frank Baum's prophetic glance at his lower file-cabinet drawer, labeled o-z, to the Sotheby auction last December, where the Witch's hat went for \$33,000. This is a definitive trip down the Yellow Brick Road, filled with five decades of movie history and nostalgia.

Finally, two new books delve into similar aspects of the Vietnam war. Rick Atkinson's *The Long Gray Line* (Houghton Mifflin) is a massive nonfiction saga of the dark journey traveled by the West Point class of 1966, the generation of officers who fought the Vietnam war. President John F. Kennedy had exhorted these young men to "ask what you can do for your country" and many of them gave their lives in answer. Atkinson employs novelistic techniques to give us a picture of the larger social history, to examine the complex institution of the academy and to share the emotional experiences of individuals. Focusing on three classmates, he tells the intimate stories of the 579 men in the graduating class, from boyhood dreams of heroism to cadet training to the sobering realities of a terrible war and its aftermath. Through these brilliant and moving portraits, *The Long Gray Line* gives us a fresh perspective on 25 years of American life.

Lucian K. Truscott IV's *Army Blue* (Crown) is a powerful fictional evocation of the experiences explored in Atkinson's study. (Just to keep the colors straight, Truscott's first book, adapted as a TV miniseries, was *Dress Gray*.) His hero, Lieutenant Matthew Nelson Blue IV, is the third generation of a Southern military family.

When the novel opens, Blue is 23 years old, lying on the floor of his M-113

armored personnel carrier, listening to Jimi Hendrix and wondering if he can endure 131 more days of trying to keep himself and his platoon alive. Blue is a West Point graduate whose idealism about the Army is fueled by a family tradition, and by the end of *Army Blue*, we learn a lot about the comparative war experiences of his family from World War Two to Vietnam. Without giving away too much of the story, the pivotal event is Blue's court-martial for desertion, at which disturbing revelations about Army activities in Vietnam emerge as he fights for his honor. This is a vivid and dramatic novel that will take an important place in the literature of war.

If you want a panorama of the new books being published each fall, the best place to go is the annual American Booksellers Association meeting, which was held this year in Washington, D.C. There—vying for the attention of 24,000 publishers, editors, authors, booksellers and critics—the hottest titles of 1989 were partied, ballyhooed and hyped.

Three books headed for blockbuster status this fall appear to be James Michener's historical opus of the islands, *Caribbean* (Random House), Stephen King's horror tale *The Dark Half* (Viking) and Ken Follett's adventure story set in medieval England, *Pillars of the Earth* (Morrow). Other best-seller-list contenders include Larry McMurtry's *Some Can Whistle* (Simon & Schuster); Martha Grimes's latest mystery, *The Old Silent* (Little, Brown); Len Deighton's second part of the "Hook, Line and Sinker" trilogy, *Spy Line* (Knopf); a witty novel about an alcohol-rehab center by Peter Benchley, *Rummies* (Random House); a psychological thriller by Jonathan Kellerman, *Silent Partner* (Bantam); and *Wasted* (Simon & Schuster), subtitled "The Preppie Murder," by Linda Wolfe.

Very promising fall fiction includes Allan Gurganus' *Oldest Living Confederate Widow Tells All* (Knopf); *The Ancient Child* (Doubleday), by N. Scott Momaday; *Dirty Work* (Algonquin), by Larry Brown; Robert Crais's second Elvis Cole novel, *Stalking the Angel* (Bantam); and Thomas McGuane's *Keep the Change* (Houghton Mifflin/Seymour Lawrence). I'm eager to read Barry Miles's biography of Allen Ginsberg and Miles Davis' autobiography, written with Quincy Troupe, both from Simon & Schuster.

BOOK BAG

Let's Blow Thru Europe (Mustang), by Thomas Neenan and Greg Hancock: Finally, a funny, lighthearted nonguidebook look at where to go and what to do while traveling abroad. A book by two guys who just want you to have fun in Europe.

Hot Blood (Pocket), edited by Jeff Gelb and Lonny Friend: Two dozen tales of horror by some of the medium's best yarn spinners. Read this one late at night... when the wind is blowing hard and the moon is full.



Ask any bartender about the Tennessee Wyooter. He can give you the whole story, too.

OCTOBER IN TENNESSEE is when the hills grow darker and the stories taller.

The man in the wide-brimmed hat has a good one about the Tennessee Wyooter, a barn-big critter who roams these hills under October moons. And though there are those who question his story, he'll have you hanging on every word. Of course, these same old hills are legitimately famed for good whiskey. Drinkers call Jack Daniel's the smoothest there is. And, after a sip, there aren't any questions about that.

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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

OK, I've seen all the baseball movies that have been perpetrated lately—*The Unnatural*, *Eight Men Embarrassed*, *Bull Diddley*, *Major Disaster* and *Fields of Precious*. Now I think it's time for an authentic baseball movie. It should be called *The Last Baseball Movie* and, like those others, it should star several famous leading men portraying actors making a baseball movie. I happen to have a script handy.

FADE IN: Interior. Supermarket. Day.

Three big-league superstars sit at a table, signing autographs for crippled children, senior citizens and paraplegics. The ballplayers are WILEY AVERAGE, a consistent .300 hitter; SLUGGER CONTRARY, a notorious home-run hitter and TURF COUTH, the greatest R.B.I. man who never played on grass.

Each player is charging \$25 for an autograph, even though their salaries are in the \$9,000,000-to-\$12,000,000 range.

The line of autograph seekers is long and the players are getting testy.

A LITTLE KID in a wheelchair confronts WILEY AVERAGE.

LITTLE KID: Are you really Wiley Average?

WILEY: Cash. No checks, no credit cards.

The LITTLE KID hands WILEY the money.

LITTLE KID: Make it out to my dad.

WILEY: I write my name. You want a novel, go to a fucking bookstore.

CUT TO: TURF COUTH, who's signing his name as fast as he can while talking to DAWN at the same time. DAWN is a serious bimbo who stands behind him.

DAWN: You said you loved me when you were in L.A.

TURF: Yeah, well, it's part of the deal.

DAWN: Have you told your wife about us?

TURF: Are you kidding?

DAWN (angrily): If you don't get divorced like you promised, I'll write a magazine article about us.

TURF (busy autographing): Fuck it. Who reads?

CUT TO: Interior. Locker room. Ball park. Night.

SLUGGER sits on a bench in his street clothes. In the background, the other players are suited up for the game. SALTY SPARKS, the manager, approaches.

SALTY: Better get suited up, Slugger. Full house tonight.

SLUGGER is sorting through his mail.

SLUGGER: I'm busy.

SALTY: They're all here to see you.

SLUGGER: Tell 'em I got to call my broker.

SALTY: Could you be ready by the fifth inning?



COVERING ALL THE BASENESS

SLUGGER: Are you gonna get off my ass or what?

CUT TO: Exterior. Ball park. Night.

WILEY is at the plate. Between pitches, he talks to the CATCHER.

WILEY: Have you seen that bitch behind our dugout?

CATCHER: The blonde?

WILEY: Yeah.

CATCHER: Some tits, huh?

WILEY: I got to get a better look. Tell him to walk me.

CATCHER: OK, but you owe me one.

CUT TO: Interior. Dugout. Night.

TURF is on the phone.

TURF (into phone): I want Auburn, plus three. Duke, give the two. I like Notre Dame, minus twenty and a half. Gimme the under on USC-Stanford.

CUT TO: Exterior. First base. Night.

WILEY chats with the FIRST BASEMAN.

FIRST BASEMAN: Lot of cunt out here tonight.

WILEY stares at the BLONDE behind the dugout.

WILEY: I ain't seen tits like that since the last time I was in the Alps.

FIRST BASEMAN: I just got the signal. You're supposed to steal second.

WILEY (staring at BLONDE): I ain't leaving here.

FIRST BASEMAN: You have to.

WILEY: Why?

FIRST BASEMAN: Because we're betting on

you assholes!

CUT TO: Interior. Dugout. Night.

SLUGGER thumbs through his stock portfolio. SALTY comes up to him.

SALTY: We're behind four to two. I really need a pinch hitter.

SLUGGER: Ask Eddie. He ain't doin' nothin'.

SALTY: The crowd wants you.

SLUGGER looks out on the mound.

SLUGGER: I don't hit against left-handers. It's in my contract.

SALTY: Just this once? For me?

SLUGGER: Go fuck yourself.

CUT TO: Interior. Dottie's Bar. Night. A week later.

WILEY is joined at the bar by MISTY, the blonde he admired behind the dugout. MISTY looks irritable.

MISTY: You think you can just make it with me and never call again? What do you have to say for yourself?

WILEY: I love you.

MISTY slams a handful of photos down on the bar.

MISTY: We'll see what your wife thinks of these! I'm selling them to a magazine along with the article I'm writing.

WILEY studies the nude photos of himself with MISTY.

WILEY: Well, for one thing, she'll think it's trick photography.

MISTY: Oh? Why's that?

WILEY: 'Cause she ain't never seen me get a bone like that.

CUT TO: SLUGGER, who has moved to a quiet corner for a meeting with IRVING, his agent.

SLUGGER: Let me get this straight. You're upping your fee from ten percent to fifteen percent?

IRVING: Right. Considering the income I've generated for you. . . .

SLUGGER takes out his gun.

SLUGGER: Irving?

IRVING: Yes?

SLUGGER: You're a dead man.

CUT TO: Exterior. Ball park. Night.

It's the world series. The team is lined up along the third-base line, listening to the national anthem.

SLUGGER: This fucking song sounds familiar, for some reason.

WILEY nudges SLUGGER to take off his cap. TURF speaks into a cordless phone.

TURF (into phone): Trust me. We got no fucking chance. Lay it all in on them.

And we

FADE OUT.



By ASA BABER

So there you are, a man with the best of intentions, ready to please women and ready to love, but something happens. You strike out a lot is what happens.

Ever wonder why? Ever think that maybe you're alienating your potential partners without meaning to do so? There are rules of protocol in the bedroom, fellas, just like anyplace else. So check them out. They are universal and mandatory and you should know about them.

1. *Always take the condom nearest you.*

This is the most recently established rule of sex etiquette, and for good reason. Today, many women are buying condoms and providing them for their partners at bedside. Unfortunately, many men are bewildered when this happens. "It screwed me up completely," says Ron G. of White Plains, New York. "We were naked, I was almost home, but then she stopped me, pulled out a bunch of condoms on a tray and told me to pick one. I never saw such a selection in my life. They came in all sorts of colors, and they had ribs and feathers and bangles and beads. I think that one of them had a whistle on its tip. But when I picked out a condom that was on the back of the tray, she went crazy. She even kicked me out of bed. 'You jerk, I'll never sleep with you. Don't you have any manners?' she screamed. I was totally trashed."

Well, Ron G., of course you were trashed, but you brought it on yourself. There are rules for everything, even sex, and it's your job to know them. Rule number one? Always take the condom nearest you—unless your partner coughs twice, turns toward the east and asks, "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" (That is a signal that she is ready for anything and you can choose any condom you wish, even the one with the whistle.)

2. *Choose the appropriate music for the particular activity in which you are engaged.*

In my upcoming book, *Sound Tracks for Sex*, I make it clear that there are rules for background music during sex. Yes, most people like music with their sex and, yes, certain songs fit certain moods. For example, everyone knows that 69 will be divine if accompanied by *Tea for Two* (an oldy but goody) or *Younger than Springtime* (from the musical *South Pacific*). But beware of the theme from *2001!* What a chestnut that has become in the bedrooms of America! Try Moussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition* for a refreshing change during your oral chorale.

In addition, now that the vibrator has



TAKE THE CONDOM NEAREST YOU

made such inroads into the national psyche, and now that no bedroom in America is considered complete without at least two vibrators per couple, don't forget that either *Dueling Banjos* or *Lá Ci Darem la Mano* (a duet from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*) is the currently approved musical standard for mutual masturbation with vibrators.

3. *Never use a dog whistle during phone sex.*

This is one of those rules of sex etiquette that most people intuitively understand but few articulate. Phone sex is a way of life now, and "Reach out and touch someone" is possibly the most cunning motto the phone company ever invented.

Anything goes in phone sex. You can spin any fantasy, manipulate any part of the body, weave any erotic dream, include any number of partners and avoid all diseases. But even in our new national pastime, some rules exist: (A) It is considered highly impolite to call someone collect for phone sex, unless you are on the verge of orgasm yourself and won't waste that person's money; (B) it can be ruinous to use a dog whistle during phone sex.

"I was just testing her hearing," Lonnie M. of Berea, Kentucky, says. "We was going at it like gangbusters, moaning and groaning, slipping and sliding, and I had this dog whistle that I use to train my good old hunting dogs, so in the middle of all our carrying on, I used it. I was just curious as

to what would happen, understand? Well, sir, I caused a commotion, I truly did. My own dogs went crazy out in the back yard and just about tore the kennel down, and her German shepherd came trotting into her bedroom and all hell broke loose. So I'm here to tell you: Just don't use a damned dog whistle while you're doing it on the phone. It can cause humongous complications, indeed it can."

4. *Foreplay should never last more than a week or two.*

In this glorious New Age, most men are trying to be considerate and unselfish lovers. But current research shows that they are now being tolerant to excess. Reports indicate that men are overdoing their thoughtfulness and are ignoring rule number four.

Martin Z. of Tucson, Arizona, married Zenovia D. of Needles, California, on January 2, 1989. "My problem is," he writes in a very shaky hand, "that we've been in bed for almost ten months now. We've gone through 400 tubes of K-Y jelly and an ocean of massage oil, we've burned out six vibrators and she still isn't quite ready to let me do it all the way. It's really hard to explain to my boss why I haven't been going in to work, the neighbors think we're hermits and I've got a case of lover's nuts that won't quit. Hey, I understand that the female sexual response is slower than the male response, but this is ridiculous. What should I do?"

Wake up and smell the coffee, Marty. You've shown Zenovia that you understand her needs; you haven't concentrated on your own pleasure first; you may even get the Mr. Nice Guy Award next year (if you're out of bed by then). But somebody has to make a move. So just sock it to her, champ. She'll probably thank you later. And if she doesn't? Hey, you'll know you really have problems.

5. *Whatever you're doing in bed, if she likes it, don't change it or stop it.*

This is the most important rule, according to a woman I call Strawberry. "For men to be successful in bed," says Strawberry, "just tell them to keep doing what works. If you're dressed like a poodle and she likes it, stay in your poodle costume. If you're hanging from a trapeze and she loves it, keep hanging. Don't change things, don't chicken out. For us, if it works, it's magic. So quit worrying and start loving."

Now, *that's* the advice we want to hear!



By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I can't even find my diaphragm anymore. Should the opportunity present itself, I've got some condoms stashed in the back of my underwear drawer. You have to be safe, and so I'm back where I started.

With condoms. Fourteen years old and gasping with terror, lying in the middle of a football field under my boyfriend. It's midnight and he's fumbling with . . . what? What's he unwrapping? Chewing gum? What . . . oh, my God. This can't be happening to me. This must be a movie.

I got used to the sound of ripping foil in the dark—in a stairwell during a night basketball game, in the playground of my elementary school, the building looming all white and eerie and subversive in the moonlight. Once even in the back seat of a speeding car. Wow.

But I never saw one. I didn't know what they looked like. Until one day, I left the house to go to school, all scrubbed and carrying a million books, my hair shoved out of my face by a big barrette wielded by my mother (removed as soon as I hit the corner), when I saw something in the gutter and I just knew that shape. Just lying there in the gutter. And I realized what it was and where it had been and where it was now and I was sick and dreadful with shame. Then, when I was 18 and living in one commune after another in crazed hippie fashion, I went on the pill. We all did.

And I bloated up and my breasts went all sensitive and globular and I wept bitterly at the drop of a joint. My mood swings verged on the psychotic.

"Why do all you girls burst into tears all the time?" my boyfriend complained.

"You don't love me anymore!" I whimpered.

"And you're all getting kinda chubby," he added.

"I will knife you in your sleep," I whispered.

What was it? The migraines, the constant nausea, maybe a threatened blood clot? Anyway, the doctor took me off the pill and inserted my first I.U.D. She called it a coil and it looked like one. Plastic and curly. She put it in my uterus.

"This will hurt a little," she said, and then there was an intense, burning pain deep inside my belly until I blacked out for a second or two, then went home to bed.

I'll always remember lying there in that room for two days, having menstrual cramps times ten, sweating and bleeding and staring at the ceiling. Occasionally, some hippie or other would bring in iced



BIRTH CONTROL: THE FACTS

tea and brown rice and wipe my forehead.

Then I got better and hardly noticed the I.U.D. at all, except during my period, when I was always certain I was hemorrhaging and about to die. But so what? I had lost all that pill weight.

Things were fine until I got pregnant.

"Don't be an asshole; I've got that I.U.D.," I told the doctor.

"Don't call me an asshole," he said. "Babies have been born with I.U.D.s clutched in their fists." And he showed me a picture.

So my boyfriend and I decided to get married.

The next day, I miscarried. Because of the I.U.D. I was assured as I went into full-throttle labor that this was to be expected; it was very common. They took me to the hospital and gave me painkillers and my mother sat with me all night. I'd wake up and look for her. "I'm here, honey," she'd say. In the morning, they scraped my uterus of debris and sent me home.

Well, we got married anyway. And I don't remember what we did. I think the famous *coitus interruptus*. I remember a lot of sticky stomachs. And then, one night while doing it, we whispered and decided he wouldn't pull out and we would have a baby. So we did, and I did.

I didn't know I needed birth control while nursing, but eventually, on medical advice, I got another I.U.D. They were allegedly improved. This lasted through

beginning parenthood, the breakup of my marriage, living for years in England, coming back, becoming a writer, falling in love and becoming very, very ill.

"You've got a uterine infection, pelvic inflammatory disease, caused by the I.U.D.," said the gynecologist. "It'll have to come out, but unfortunately, it can't come out. Somehow or other, it has turned upside down and I'd have to operate."

So he gave me massive doses of antibiotics off and on for more than a year, because the infection kept recurring. I was lucky, because I didn't have to be hospitalized. And finally, the I.U.D. decided to right itself, the doctor took it out and I tried contraceptive foam.

Which was delightful and fun, like filling your innards with whipped cream. And I got pregnant right away. My boyfriend wanted to kill me. He thought I'd done it on purpose. He was horrified at the thought of a baby, so I had an abortion. My gynecologist told me Jewish-American princess jokes as he vacuumed out my insides. It didn't hurt much, just a few rampant twinges. What did hurt was that my boyfriend, still livid, took me home, put me to bed, snuck out to spend the night with an old girlfriend and let me find out about it. And, of course, I had nightmares.

Then my beloved gynecologist fitted me with my beloved diaphragm. At first, I was afraid of it. At first, I would smear it with spermicide and try to put it in and it would madly shoot across the room and land in the bathtub. Or I'd put it in wrong and discover I couldn't walk without agony.

But eventually, I got the hang of it and it was fine. No pain. No strange bloating. Just the feeling of constantly being awash with spermicide. Just wondering if the six hours were up and whether or not I could take the festering thing out. Just having to excuse myself and spend five minutes in the bathroom before every sex act. Just the yeast infections.

I'd heard the new pill was infinitely better than the old one. But my friend got pregnant with it. She had double vision, intense migraines, painful contractions. The doctor told her that if the child were born, it could have birth defects and if it was a boy, he could be somewhat feminized. I'm getting so tired.

Will there ever be a male contraceptive pill? What do you think?





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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I've been dating a girl who approaches sex like improv night at some repertory company. She likes to play make-believe games in bed, assuming different roles. One night, we'll be a professor and a student; another night, a hired killer and a witness held hostage, or maybe a porn director and an aspiring actress. She gets into this, but I'm a little lost. What's going on? Any suggestions?—T. W., Seattle, Washington.

Maybe she got hold of a copy of Rolf Milonas' "Fantasex," which contains a collection of roles and sexual plays for couples to perform. The man has a choice of characters ranging from TV anchor man, Arab sheik, Nazi officer, blind genius, delivery boy and hunted guerrilla leader to gynecologist; the woman may choose from roles such as branch librarian, drill sergeant, high school cheerleader, Senator, prison matron, wanted terrorist and suburban housewife. Depending on the mood, you and your lover can choose roles, or just one of you can pick the role. Then you get to pick a play: Milonas has scenarios such as two people dancing together or the woman kneeling on a chair while the man enters her from behind. We guess the thrill comes from trying to imagine how an Arab sheik would enter a branch librarian. It sounds to us like you need a course in Method acting or maybe character motivation. Ask yourself what quality your girlfriend is getting at in her choice of characters—is it submissiveness, assertiveness, tenderness, roughness, drama? Fantasy games can be profoundly silly or incredibly liberating—it depends on the power of your imagination and a willingness to suspend disbelief.

Occasionally, I read about wine futures in newspapers or magazines, and the idea sounds good to me. I like wine and I don't mind saving money on my purchases. How do futures work?—G. E., Boston, Massachusetts.

Futures are just what the term suggests—buying wines at discounted prices for delivery two to two and a half years hence. Wine futures are usually limited to first-growth Bordeaux and other distinguished, expensive labels. All things being equal (which they never are), the release price will be somewhat higher than the original purchase price. As an example, the 1985 Robert Mondavi Cabernet Sauvignon Reserve, offered in the spring of 1987 at \$22.50, went into general release in the fall of 1989 at a shelf price of \$40, about an 80 percent increase over the two-year period. Note that this is an unusual jump: Nineteen eighty-five was considered a superior vintage and the wines judged capable of improving over a long time. The aging-ability factor is why futures are rarely offered for white wines. Actually, for serious wine people, pinning down an allotment is of equal or greater importance than the savings. When a superior vintage is released, the wine



goes fast. The easiest way for a consumer to get into wine futures is through a top-notch wine-and-spirits retailer. Buying wine futures as an investment in the hope of reselling them at a profit is not advised. In addition to the normal vicissitudes of business, there are many legal proscriptions.

Here's a great sexual technique to share with your readers. My girlfriend and I were painting our apartment not long ago. I was getting off on watching her climb up and down the stepladder, and finally, when the painting was done, I interrupted her descent by tearing off her panties and performing cunnilingus on her while she was on the ladder. When we moved into round two, she simply turned around and arched her back against the ladder, holding on to the rung above her head. It was incredible. Have you ever heard of sex on a ladder?—D. F., Atlanta, Georgia.

Sure, from a guy who dated a woman basketball player. It was the only way he could have sex. Once you start thinking about it, ladders are everywhere. You can sneak into a playground after dark and use the ladder on the slide. You can haunt the stacks at the public library and send your girlfriend to find obscure texts located at the top of the racks. (Maybe this is how the Arab sheik enters the branch librarian.) And it sure takes the pain out of household chores. Thanks for the tip.

Why is the audio signal on video tapes so inaudible? When I put the sound signal from either my television set or my video recorder through my amplifier, I have to crank the volume way up to get decent sound. Then, if I change over to cassette, CD or FM receiver without turning the volume down, the blast nearly takes out my

apartment wall (as well as trashes my speakers). Is there something wrong with my equipment?—T. G., Glencoe, Illinois.

The problem is with carrier waves: FM signals (as well as CD, tape and LP) use an audio level that is much higher than the level of broadcast TV or prerecorded video tapes. If you record a TV show, you get the same pissant signal. Not only that, if you try to tape a TV/FM simulcast and you feed the audio signal from your FM receiver into your VCR, an automated gain control will say unhh-unh and will reduce the level to what the video recorder's circuitry says is right. Some integrated units juggle output voltage on the audio so that there is less discrepancy between sources; but if you've put together your own system, you may have to live with caution and an occasional earache.

Some years ago, I dated a woman who was very athletic in bed. She lifted weights and liked to put her muscles to use on the dance floor, on the tennis court and on the water bed. We would sometimes wrestle as a prelude to having sex, and the actual sex act was closer to pumping iron than anything I'd ever experienced. I would reach incredibly intense total-body orgasms. I now go with a woman whose sexual style is tenderness, gentle caresses, massage and relaxation. I miss the old vigor. When I try to work up a sweat, she complains that I am too aggressive, and, yes, she has even used the I word—insensitive. Any suggestions?—N. B., Chicago, Illinois.

We were rereading a copy of Alex Comfort's "More Joy—A Lovemaking Companion to the Joy of Sex," and came across a fascinating discussion of the sexual language of muscles: "Involving the whole musculature in the act of ejaculation is about the nearest men normally get to the whole-body sensations women experience in orgasm, though theirs is of a different kind. Most men get a partial experience of this through exertion in intercourse—a passive or totally relaxed orgasm is quite possible for men, but obviously, it doesn't make use of this particular body language." Comfort notes that violent physical activity during intercourse can be seen as hostility but that muscle dynamics shouldn't be confused with motive. "Actual struggle, if it's under control, turns many men on . . . and it may be because abortive movements are effective and reminiscent of infant sensuality experiences that they often wish the woman were the stronger. Bondage (i.e., binding someone so that muscular tension is maximal but they can't move or get loose) is another traditional method, and the only one which maintains the tension right up to and through actual orgasm: You can't have sex while wrestling. Skillfully done, it can give a man an orgasm in which nearly every muscle of the body takes part, making him, in one informant's words,

“feel like one huge penis. . . .” In short, bondage is a kind of isometric exercise that lets you use your full strength without bringing down the temple. Comfort seems to address your problem with one parting remark: “Observe, after what we’ve said, that both wrestling and bondage as sexual extras terrify (or fascinate) some anxious people as violent, aggressive or sadistic. They’ve got far more to do with body image. At the other extreme, total muscle relaxation is sexual (in both sexes) and doesn’t have any symbolisms alarming to man, because it’s a statement of total nonaggression. All the same, it can produce all-body orgasm in males who learn the knack, though more rarely than tension, because it’s not a positive effort and isn’t boosted artificially.” It is hard for two conflicting styles to coexist in the same bed. We think you ought to explain the physiology and alternate: Some days she will wrestle in your weight class, and some days you’ll relax in hers.

Is it possible to rent a sports car in Europe? My girlfriend and I would like to take a few weeks and drive through the old country. Since we’ll be on the autobahn, it would be nice to have one of those cars designed and built for autobahn speeds. Do you have any leads?—T. P., New York, New York.

Auto Exclusiv has provided luxury and sports cars to travelers in Europe for more than a decade. You can rent a BMW, Porsche or Mercedes for about what a deluxe hotel suite might cost. Look at it this way: You give up room service, but then, how many rooms have a view that changes at 275 kilometers per hour? A Porsche 911 Cabriolet, a BMW 750iL and a Mercedes 560 SEL each rent for about \$2020 a week, depending on the exchange rate. A Porsche 928 GT will set you back about \$2605 per week; a Mercedes 190/16V about \$1360. Auto Exclusiv can help you with customized touring and hotel plans (for those of you who can tear yourselves out of the car), including factory tours and visits to car museums. You can contact the firm through its North American office. (Write to P.O. Box 22292, St. Petersburg, Florida 33742, or call 813-526-6191.) Now, if you can survive the fight over who gets to drive, you may even have a romantic week.

Someone stole all of my old Nikon FM2s, with the assorted lenses. The insurance check came in, and when I went to the store, I was stunned by all the technological innovations. It seems that the entire world has switched to autofocus cameras—with models ranging from cheap point-and-shoot happy-snap cameras to computerized megacameras that do everything except airbrush the finished print. I used to think of myself as a purist, but I want an expert’s advice on the new equipment. Has Playboy’s staff switched to autofocus cameras?—A. A., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

We have been slow to accept the new technology, but that is changing. Senior Staff

Photographer Pompeo Posar went to Italy on vacation last summer with one camera—an autofocus with a 35–75 zoom. Contributing Photographer David Chan picked up a state-of-the-art autofocus that he plans on learning how to use (they are far from simple) when he has a break from work. Galen Rowell, a world-class nature photographer, says that autofocus takes some getting used to—it’s the difference between flying by visual reference (what the eye sees) and flying by instrument (what the computer sees). There are four things you can do with a camera: set the shutter speed, set the lens aperture, take a through-the-lens exposure reading and focus. Seems pretty simple, right? The most famous photographs in the world are taken by hand, so it’s hard to argue against the purists’ position. But let’s look at what the autocameras do. For years, we found that autoexposure lenses did not focus as quickly or as well as we did by eye-hand coordination. That is no longer true. The state-of-the-art models are faster, more accurate (especially in certain light conditions) and, in top-of-the-line models, such as the Nikon F4, are able to track a fast-moving subject better than we can. Admittedly, fast-moving subjects are not a major problem, since very few of our models run wind sprints during a shoot, but if you do sports photography, state-of-the-art cameras are a must. The metering on the better autoexposure cameras has reduced years of experience to a couple of microchips that seem to make as good an educated guess as we do. You can move from center weight to spot metering to patterned readings all with one switch. We still double check with hand-held meters and probably will for years to come. That leaves shutter selection and aperture: Most of the new cameras can be set to give priority to either. The only drawback to the autoeverything approach is battery life: When the power dies, the camera dies. A backup manual body for location shooting is a wise idea.

Help! I suffer from premature ejaculation. Most of the sex manuals I’ve read talk about the squeeze method—something you do with a cooperative partner. But I don’t want to sleep with a sex therapist. I mean, I want to cure myself without enlisting the help of a new lover on our first night together. Got any suggestions?—T. E., Chicago, Illinois.

Pick up a copy of “PE: How to Overcome Premature Ejaculation,” by Dr. Helen Singer Kaplan. (It’s available for \$13.95 from Brunner/Mazel, 19 Union Square, New York 10003.) Dr. Kaplan writes that “the immediate ‘here and now’ cause of PE is always a lack of sexual sensory awareness.” She describes a start-stop method that will teach you the sensations of orgasm and what it feels like just before you come. When you masturbate, “stop stimulating yourself when you reach a high level of arousal, near orgasm. Stop for a few seconds—not long enough to lose your erection but long enough for your excitement

to go down a little. Then start the rhythmic stroking of the shaft and tip of your penis again. Interrupt three times. Let yourself come on the fourth time as fast and as freely as you can. During this whole experience, try to concentrate on your pleasurable penile sensations. Do not try to hold back.” The method involves moving on to a wet masturbatory technique (using petroleum jelly or soapsuds) to simulate the vagina. You focus on your own sensations, learn to stop and then to let go. To make this easier, Kaplan suggests learning to rate your sexual arousal: “Rate the degree of your sexual excitement (not your erection) on a subjective scale which runs from zero to ten. Zero is when you are feeling absolutely no excitement at all and ten is when you reach orgasm. You should have been stopping penile stimulation when you were at about eight and a half. If you tried to go until nine and a half, you went a bit too far, and if you stopped at four or five, you ended the stimulation a bit too soon. Remember, the aim of this program is not to keep your excitement down until you want to come. That is no fun at all, and besides, that doesn’t work. The objective is for you to learn not to ejaculate while staying at the intensely pleasurable sexual plateau stage which precedes orgasm and to be able to relish the delicious sensations of being highly aroused instead of trying to hold back. During real-life intercourse, most men stay somewhere between five and seven, except for brief peaks of eight or so, until they are ready to go all the way.” The scale is useful for gauging your behavior during intercourse. For example, if you reach an eight and a half during foreplay, don’t try to penetrate. Let yourself cool down (refrain from rubbing or thrusting against your partner’s body). The pace you adopt to keep yourself at six may be just the kind of luxurious lovemaking your partner desires most.

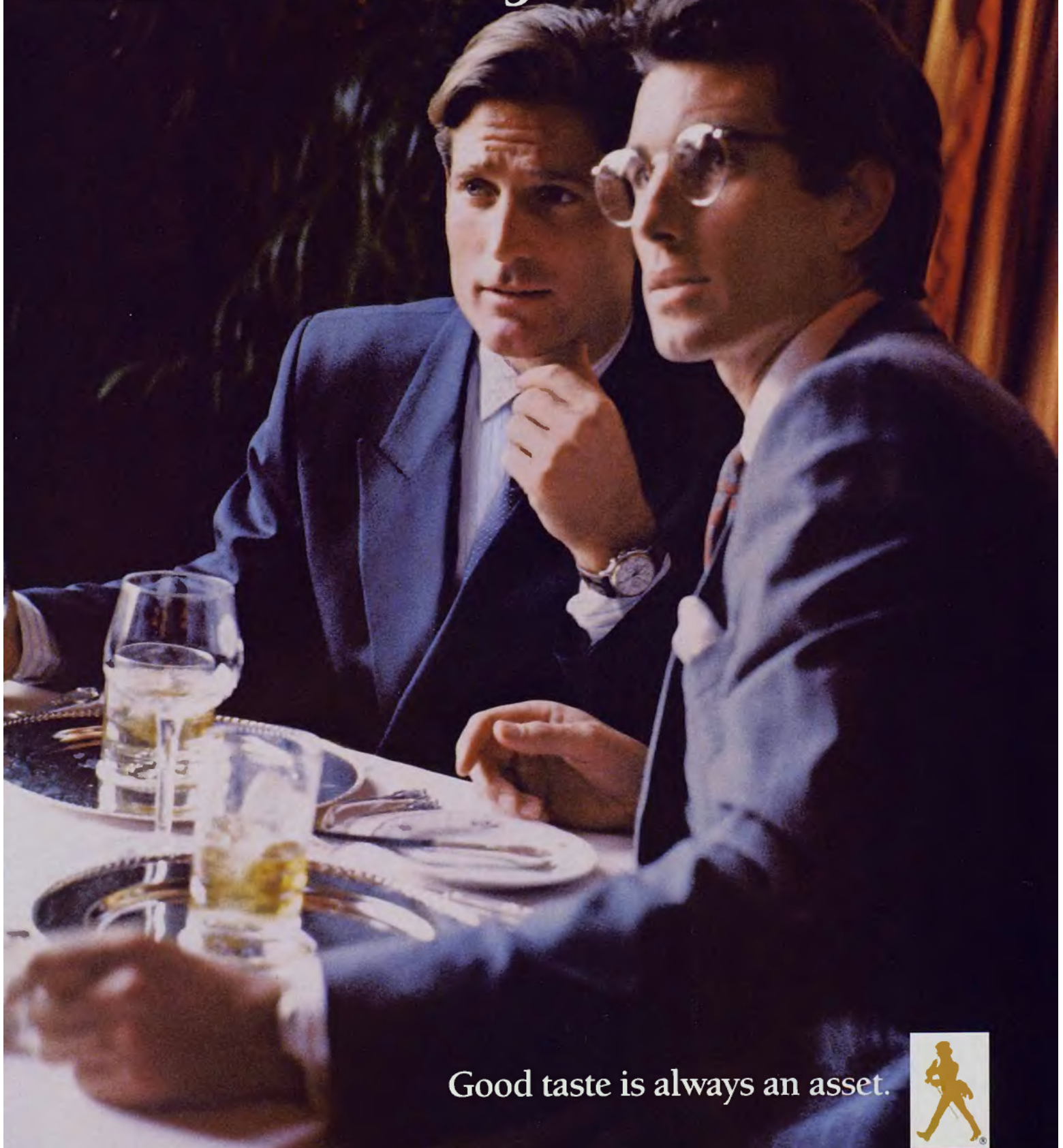
I’ve heard from secondhand sources that sperm has a moisturizing effect if used as a face cream. Word has it that if applied around the eyes, semen causes wrinkles, crow’s-feet and other lines to disappear. Any truth to this, or is someone pulling my leg?—T. M., Albany, New York.

Were you looking forward to opening your own cosmetics counter at leading fashion boutiques? Sorry, but semen has no magical restorative powers. Look at it this way: What’s the most wrinkled part of your body? The one that comes into contact with semen most frequently, right? Check out the porn stars in the next X-rated video you rent. You’ll see character lines.

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.



“She was Law Review.
And she drinks Johnnie Walker.”



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WHAT DO DON WILDMON AND DON CORLEONE HAVE IN COMMON?



FAMILY VALUES

THEY WANT TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER YOU CAN'T REFUSE

America so loves the underdog that it seldom checks to see if it is rabid.

That is why the Reverend Donald Wildmon, self-professed underdog, is getting such good press this year. *The Wall Street Journal*, *People*, *The New York Times* and *Time* magazine have all sent reporters to profile the Tupelo ayatollah. Writers take the man at face value, calling him "a scrappy preacher," "the avenging angel of the airwaves," "the arithmetician of media morality."

The media bought Wildmon's account that he sat down to watch television one night with his family and, seeing only adultery, profanity and violence, launched a crusade for quality television and family values. No one dug deep enough to discover that Wildmon is an underdog with a \$5,000,000 budget who taps the same right-wing coffers that helped Jerry Falwell fund the invisible Moral Majority. Or that the family he sought to protect from this filth now has jobs in his organization reviewing video tapes of offensive shows and writing summaries of them for the *AFA Journal*.

Here's an example of how he and his family work. They counted the number of times that the word penis was mentioned (23) on a *Saturday Night Live* skit that celebrated the reduction of censors. The *AFA Journal*, assembled by Wildmon's brother, son and daughter, reprinted the skit (along with the usual accounts of rape, bestiality and porn addiction so lurid they would make Geraldo blush). The newsletter went out to the faithful—thus inflicting the dread P word on 380,000 readers who may have missed that episode of *S.N.L.* Then, claiming to represent the offended masses, Wildmon made the sponsors of *Saturday Night Live* an offer they couldn't refuse: Drop the ads or have 380,000 followers boycott the adver-

tised products. When *S.N.L.* says "penis," people laugh. When Wildmon says "penis," people pull ads.

People who have watched Wildmon operate, first as executive director of the National Federation for Decency, then, when that well began to go dry, as executive director of the American Family Association and now as the architect of the CLear-TV boycott, don't call him a scrappy preacher. They call him a demagog as dangerous as Senator Joe McCarthy (whom the press once labeled "a scrappy Senator"). They call him an economic terrorist, a politically savvy front man or, simply, the panhandler of the year.

They know Wildmon's crusade is not for quality television and family values. He has another agenda. He wants to create a theocracy based on a "Biblical ethic of decency." His ethic of decency has been referred to as anti-Semitic, antifeminist, antiblack, antihomosexual and antifreedom.

Is Wildmon anti-Semitic? When he protested the film *The Last Temptation of Christ*, he did not criticize the author or the director (both of whom were Christians) but, rather, the president of

MCA, claiming Sidney Sheinberg "would never allow a film to be released as offensive to Jews as this film is to millions of Bible-believing Christians." He called Universal a company "whose decision-making body is dominated by non-Christians."

Is Wildmon antifeminist? He despises Bea Arthur's feminist politics and asks followers to go after the sponsors of *The Golden Girls*. He says that the show is "sex, sin and sacrilege in the sun time again, as the aging series starts, as usual, spewing out crude put-downs, anti-Christian humor and profanity."

Is Wildmon antiblack? He sits on the board of directors of Christian Voice, a watchdog organization of the religious right. Among the objectives of the Christian Voice: to oppose sanctions against South African apartheid. Is it possible that Wildmon's model of a Christian society is South Africa?

In one of his many rampages against *Playboy*, Wildmon noted a Ken Kesey story "with a nonwhite hero" in which "difficult feats are accomplished under massive drug influence." Who, other than Wildmon, notes the race of a fictional character? Is he trying to suggest that the story provided Len Bias—nominated to our all-America team in the same issue—with a role model? Or is it something more revealing? Is this the same tactic that made Willie Horton a household hysteria? Nothing like the image of a drug-crazed nonwhite to pluck racist heartstrings.

Wildmon threatened Pepsi with a boycott if it did not drop an ad featuring Madonna, claiming that viewers might confuse it with the "sacrilegious video" that featured the rock singer embracing a black saint (*The Playboy Forum*, September). What exactly was the sacrilege—the stigmata or the race

of the saint?

Is Wildmon antihomosexual? He criticizes networks that portray gay characters in a positive light. Perhaps he would much prefer to see them as murder victims. In a recent issue of his newsletter, he expressed dismay that a gay-rights organization had had the clout to talk Hollywood into rewriting an episode of *Midnight Caller* in which an AIDS carrier was to be killed in cold blood. In the same breath that Wildmon says "God loves homosexuals," he seems to whisper, in a paraphrase of the Vietnam T-shirt, "So let's kill them all and let God sort them out."

Study the history of demagogos. America finally realized that McCarthy was a paranoid psychotic when the numbers of Reds in the State Department escalated to the absurd. Wildmon, too, keeps naming names, seemingly to keep the money rolling in. And as Arthur Kropp, head of People for the American Way, points out, "Wildmon can find an antifamily conspiracy in a test pattern."

We learned long ago to suspect everything that resembles a statistic when uttered by the scrappy preacher. He believes that the Bible is God's truth, the only one Americans need. This position frees him from the necessity of recognizing the truth in any other context. When CBS investigated a previous incarnation of CLeaR-TV, called CBTv, it found that one third of the 60 organizations listed as sponsors disavowed any connection with the group. The *Detroit Free Press*—one of the few to actively challenge Wildmon's pose—asked Archbishop Edmund Szoka—one of 223 Christian leaders who allegedly endorsed Wildmon's National Federation for Decency—what, if any, connection the two had. Szoka said through a spokesperson that beyond a general statement of concern about television, "he has signed nothing else, nor does he endorse the organization."

In a *Time* magazine interview, Wildmon adopts an odd, chameleonlike protective coloration: He claims that he is only doing for Christians what the

Anti-Defamation League does for Jews. "I could probably count on one hand, or certainly two hands, the number of programs in which a Christian depicted in a modern-day setting is shown in a positive manner. They're usually depicted as con men, rip-off artists, adulterers, murderers, rapists, thieves, liars.

"A person who is wearing a cross, carrying a Bible or standing behind a pulpit is usually mentally deranged, at best incompetent."

An article in *Manhattan, Inc.* challenged Wildmon's champion-of-the-oppressed pose, stating that an analysis of television programs by a research firm had found that the clergy are overwhelmingly presented positively. The lie is a wonderful defensive strategy: If you criticize Wildmon, you are, by his definition, part of the anti-Christian conspiracy. If you criticized McCarthy, you were anti-American or, worse, a pinko.

A large part of Wildmon's act is smoke, mirrors and lies—but only a fool would label him a harmless underdog.

MEDIUM FOOL

"Wildmon can find an antifamily conspiracy in a test pattern."—Arthur Kropp, president, People for the American Way

Houston Knights, Murder, She Wrote, Knots Landing, Kate and Allie, Amen, L.A. Law, Hooperman, Cheers, Mr. Belvedere, Moonlighting, Miami Vice, Night Court, Wiseguy, Highway to Heaven, ALF, My Two Dads, The Golden Girls, Jake and the Fat Man, In the Heat of the Night, Hotel, Mighty Mouse, Magical World of Disney, Johnny Carson 26th Anniversary Special, Dear John, The Wonder Years, Growing Pains, thirtysomething, Midnight Caller, Tattinger's, Murphy Brown, Saturday Night Live, 60 Minutes, Lonesome Dove, A Man Called Hawk, Father Dowling Mysteries, The Smothers Brothers' Comedy Hour, A Different World, Head of the Class, Just the Ten of Us, West 57th, Heartbeat.

Do you want a man who finds these shows offensive telling you what your family can watch?

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CONGRESSIONAL GRAFFITI

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Corcoran Gallery of Art canceled a retrospective of the photographs of Robert Mapplethorpe, saying that the photos might offend those on



Capitol Hill who monitor its Federal financing. Meanwhile, the National Endowment for the Arts, which partly financed the show, is under fire from Senator Jesse Helms because it contributed funds to that show and other shows that he finds objectionable. A number of other legislators are considering cutting NEA's grant money. Representative Sidney Yates, in order to defuse the situation, is working on an amendment to the NEA's appropriation bill limiting its ability to give grants, while Representative Dick Armey wants written guarantees from the NEA that it will not fund any artwork potentially offensive to the majority of people. According to one art collector, "The atmosphere right now is pretty poisonous for arts funding."

PRISONERS AND POLICE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Supreme Court unanimously ruled that police-brutality suits need show only that officers acted "unreasonably" under the circumstances, rather than "maliciously and sadistically." The Court also upheld Federal-prison censorship regulations "reasonably related to legitimate penological interests," meaning that wardens may

ban any publication they believe "detrimental to the security, good order or discipline of the institution . . . or might facilitate criminal activity."

THANK GOD I FLUNKED

TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA—Teachers and union representatives are criticizing school-district administrators for using writing-proficiency exams to determine which students need drug counseling. Two thousand students were asked to write essays about drugs. Those who seemed exceptionally knowledgeable were recommended for visits to a school counselor or psychologist.

CONSTITUTIONAL VICTORY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. District Court struck down as unconstitutional major portions of former Attorney General Edwin Meese's Child Protection and Obscenity Enforcement Act ("The Playboy Forum," June 1988). The ruling held that the law violated the First Amendment rights of publishers and film makers who deal in legitimate erotic material.

COMMUNITY SERVICE

DELRAY BEACH, FLORIDA—Southern Bell officials report that a hacker got into the company's computer system and programmed it to route overflow calls intended for probation officers to a dial-a-porn line, where they hear sex talk from Tina. According to a Southern Bell spokesman, "We're very alarmed."

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

UNITED NATIONS—A State Department official says that the United States will withhold its \$19,000,000 annual contribution to the United Nations Population Fund because it subsidizes (though it does not endorse) abortions in China.

CONDOM LESSON

MONTREAL, QUEBEC—The Canadian Public Health Association released a video tape that instructs high school students how to use a condom. The 27-minute video was released after a survey of high school students revealed that 52 percent of them are sexually active.

JAVA ALERT

ATLANTA—Pregnant women have been warned to go easy on caffeine for the sake of the fetus. Now men are being warned to go easy on caffeine for the sake of fertility. Researchers at Emory University found that some men who drink too much coffee experience chronic infertility; caffeine apparently impairs their sperm production.

OOPS!

"Right-Wing Revenge" ("The Playboy Forum," August) noted that the Internal Revenue Service had cut off the tax-exempt status for some liberal organizations—including People for the American Way. Our source, The Wall Street Journal, was apparently engaging in wishful thinking. The IRS has assured us that contributions to organizations such as People for the American Way are tax-exempt. Send those checks.

NO BUTTS ABOUT IT

NORTH MYRTLE BEACH, SOUTH CAROLINA—This waterfront town has fought its share of battles over nudity on the beaches, and now it's trying to repel an invasion of



young women wearing the thong bathing suit. "We have had a city ordinance since 1976 against revealing certain parts of the body—including the buttocks," says one city official. Thong-clad women are asked to find another beach.

ABORTION

The Supreme Court's decision in *Webster vs. Reproductive Health Services* is another act of violence against women and children. Where are the pro-life positions, plans and programs for mothers and their children who are fighting poverty, homelessness, poor education, joblessness and an imperfect health-care system?

I will pressure my elected officials to vote *against* limiting abortion rights and to vote *for* human-needs programs. I urge other *Playboy* readers to do the same. Please tell them how they can find out who their state legislators are.

Julia Middleton
Chicago, Illinois

The easiest way to find out who your state legislator is is to call your state's Board of Elections—or you can always call your local library's reference department.

Big Brother is here in the form of the Supreme Court and its intrusion into the moral and medical decisions that women face. Why should our judicial system legislate morality? That is *exactly* what the founding fathers were against.

T. Chapman
San Diego, California

The Supreme Court's ruling on the Missouri abortion law is discriminatory. Not only does it allow for state legislators to make abortions too costly for poor women, it also allows them essentially to eliminate abortion as an option by forbidding public employees to even mention the A word to pregnant women seeking counseling. This is exploiting poverty and ignorance for the sake of some unrealistic Platonic ideal.

C. Greene
Trenton, New Jersey

The Supreme Court's recent abortion decision may, indeed, cut down the number of "murdered unborn children" (as pro-lifers say), but it will increase the number of murdered *born* children. Forcing women to carry



FOR THE RECORD

A CHILL WIND BLOWS

"The plurality would clear the way once again for Government to force upon women the physical labor and specific and direct medical and psychological harms that may accompany carrying a fetus to term. The plurality would clear the way again for the state to conscript a woman's body and to force upon her a 'distressful life and future.'

"Every year, many women, especially poor and minority women, would die or suffer debilitating physical trauma, all in the name of enforced morality or religious dictates or lack of compassion, as it may be.

"To overturn a constitutional decision is a rare and grave undertaking. To overturn a constitutional decision that secured a fundamental personal liberty to millions of persons would be unprecedented in our 200 years of constitutional history.

"Today's decision involves the most politically divisive domestic legal issue of our time. By refusing to explain or to justify its proposed revolutionary revision in the law of abortion, and by refusing to abide not only by our precedents but also by our canons for reconsidering those precedents, the plurality invites charges of cowardice and illegitimacy to our door. I cannot say that these would be undeserved.

"For today, at least, the law of abortion stands undisturbed. For today, the women of this nation still retain the liberty to control their destinies. But the signs are evident and very ominous, and a chill wind blows.

"I dissent."

—JUSTICE HARRY BLACKMUN, from his dissenting opinion of *Webster vs. Reproductive Health Services*

pregnancies to term cannot force them to want—or love—their children.

D. Jenkins
Bismarck, North Dakota

POLITICAL WIVES

The Republicans were ready and eager to hang former Speaker of the House Jim Wright because his wife, Betty, held an \$18,000-a-year job with someone they found unacceptable. Well, I have some problems with the activities of Susan Baker, wife of James A. Baker III, President Bush's Secretary of State. Susan Baker is cofounder of the music watchdog organization Parents' Music Resource Center and is a board member of Dr. James A. ("Pornography made Ted Bundy do it") Dobson's group Focus on the Family. This group includes anti-abortionists, anti-gay-rights activists and advocates of censorship, prayer in school and the teaching of creation science. I'm sure Susan Baker would say she is pro-family; I'd say she is anti-human.

M. Morris
New York, New York

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE . . .

The following is a quote from *The Law Giveth . . .*, by Barbara Milbauer: "[In the late 1800s] *American* meant white Anglo-Saxon Protestant, and that definition was intended to exclude everyone else [Italian and Irish Catholics and blacks]. *Traditional values* were Anglo-Saxon values. . . . The values [they] held dear were well known and consistent . . . home and family, Christian values, order, male and female destiny. . . . In such an atmosphere, those who ran for office could and did rely heavily on moralizing in their speechmaking. . . . The evangelical fervor that swept the country during this period was sternly moral. Birth control, let alone abortion, was not countenanced, and sin was everywhere."

How little things have changed.

S. Carpenter
Denver, Colorado

R E S P O N S E

MAD ABOUT MADD

Several years ago, I tried to get the MADD organization in suburban Philadelphia to broaden its outreach in behalf of safer highways ("One for the Road," *The Playboy Forum*, April). I proposed that it seek legislation requiring severe penalties for drivers who, for example, stop dead in expressway-acceleration lanes because they lack the ordinary driving skills to merge into traffic at highway speeds using only the rearview mirror, who drive in the left-hand lane without passing, who fail to move left to allow other cars easier access to expressways, who block intersections during traffic tie-ups, etc.

MADD was not interested in seeking mandatory jail terms and license suspensions for such drivers even though thoughtless and unskilled people may be responsible for as many traffic deaths in a year as drinking drivers are. Unfortunately, since such people are rarely involved in the accidents they cause, we do not have statistics to prove them to be vastly more dangerous than drinking drivers.

As a social drinker, I may, on occasion, consume two or three cocktails and then get behind the wheel of my car. Not only am I a better driver than the incompetent motorists I described—even with two or three drinks under my belt—but also, I drink and drive only once or twice a month at most, while lousy, unsafe, unskilled drivers are lousy, unsafe and unskilled every day of the week.

It's a sobering thought.

Paul R. Hollrah
Locust Grove, Oklahoma

CHRISTIAN REVERENCE FOR LIFE?

In the June *Playboy Forum*, anti-abortionist Phillip B. Snow comments in "Reader Response" that "reverence for human life is a hallmark of Judaeo-Christian thought and Western ethics." On the contrary, Christian religions have a long tradition and history of hatred and intolerance toward anyone who holds views contrary to theirs. A great deal of suffering, death and persecution can be directly attributed to Christianity: the Crusades, the Inquisition and the harassment and persecution of scientists and freethinkers who sought to improve the knowledge and lives of mankind.

American history is not one of reverence and tolerance by Christians, either.

Women were burned at the stake as witches simply because they were thought to be un-Christian. Listen to broadcasts by some TV preachers and you'll find that intolerance is alive and well in the U.S.

The abortion controversy also shows just how much reverence Christians have for human life. Some pro-lifers harass, threaten and use physical violence against pro-choice advocates with the same religious fervor and piety that the Moslems in the Middle East have dis-

played toward Salman Rushdie.

Religion is a primary source of hatred, fear, intolerance, persecution and human suffering. No religious group can claim to be better than any other.

Willard T. Wheeler
(Address withheld by request)

A CONUNDRUM

If pornography caused violence, wouldn't our Armed Forces use it to condition American troops for battle?

George Wall
Hyattsville, Maryland

AIDS FACTS

- Despite rumors to the contrary, AIDS is not going to college, at least not in great numbers. The American College Health Association checked 16,861 blood samples from students on 19 campuses and found that the HIV-infection rate was two per 1000—similar to the rate of infection in other groups not at particular risk of contracting the disease.
- A study of 169 homeless men at one municipal shelter in New York City found an AIDS-infection rate of 62 percent. The city's health commissioner called the rate "very high" but was not surprised by the results, given the high rate of I.V.-drug use among the homeless. AIDS experts are calling for a broader study—and for more city services for homeless people with AIDS.
- As of February 28, 1989, 88,096 AIDS cases and 51,310 AIDS deaths had been reported to the U.S. Centers for Disease Control. An estimated 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 Americans are infected with the HIV.
- Three hundred and fifty-two of those infected with AIDS are teenagers, 46 percent of whom are white, 34 percent black, 18 percent Hispanic and two percent other races.
- In New York City, AIDS is the leading cause of death for women from the ages of 25 to 34 and the fourth most common cause of death for women from the ages of 15 to 24. Women are more likely than men to contract the disease from their opposite-sex partners.
- In 1989, Federal spending for AIDS research and prevention will total 1.3 billion dollars; Federal spending for cancer research and prevention will total 1.5 billion dollars; for heart disease, one billion dollars; and for diabetes, \$267,000,000.
- Approximately 65 percent of hemophiliacs are HIV-positive; there are between 15,000 and 20,000 hemophiliacs in the United States.
- Sixty-one percent of AIDS cases are homosexual or bisexual men, 20 percent are I.V.-drug users, seven percent are homosexual or bisexual men who also use I.V. drugs, three percent have received blood transfusions, one percent are hemophiliacs, one percent are infants born to infected mothers and four percent are heterosexuals who have had sexual contact with someone infected with HIV. The remainder are people with no known risk factors.

A FORMERLY FEARLESS FEMINIST, ERICA

the author of "fear of flying" and "fanny" responds to

How ironic to be accused in the glossy, garter-strewn pages of *Playboy* of having "trivialized sex"! Thank the Goddess I haven't lost my sense of humor!

Your series of articles titled *Burning Desires: Sex in America* (*Playboy*, April, May, June and July) makes some good points but utterly misses others. Your over-all analysis of sex and feminism is shallow and wrongheaded.

Here's how I see it:

Yes, feminists, like other human liberationists, thought that a free person ought to have a free body. Then we embraced "free" sex and discovered that in our puritanical, misogynistic culture, there was no such thing. We were thinking of freedom, but our partners were thinking of scoring—an ethos your magazine has done everything to perpetuate.

We were thinking of love and equality, but our partners were thinking of their Don Juan lists. We were thinking of creating a truly androgynous culture, but our partners were thinking of putting us into meat grinders. We discovered that in a culture that worships the whore/Madonna complex, we had merely become whores.

We had started out wanting to rewrite that script. We ended up having it shoved down our throats (and other parts).

We still want to rewrite that script. That is where Andrea Dworkin, Anne Rice, Germaine Greer and I probably do agree. But our books, our interviews, our quotes are received into an environment that warps and twists them—as you have done.

I don't agree with Dworkin about legal censorship, but I do agree with her that violence toward women is omnipresent and must be stopped. Even as I write, women are being raped and thrown from rooftops. Even as I write, violent men are being set free while their victims lie maimed or dead. A society that cannot protect its daughters from rape and abuse is in deep decadence. Feminists recognize that. Why don't you?

The question is: What to do about it? The question is: Does the culture subliminally (and not so subliminally) encourage rape? The question is: Can men be potent without violence? *Playboy* would do well to address these issues rather than pretend that they don't exist.

We are not just a bunch of silly women who changed our minds. We are passion-

ate liberationists who started out thinking that the pen is mightier than the sword and discovered, after nearly 20 years of public life, that things are not quite so simple. We need to change our culture so that sex can be beautiful, free, loving, equal, sensuous, an expression of connection rather than of fragmentation. What is *Playboy* doing to further that cause? Not bloody much.

Erica Jong
New York, New York

Playboy replies:

Shame. Erica, after having had a relationship with *Playboy* for almost 15 years, we would think that you would have a clearer understanding of an author's task and an editor's task. The analysis of sex and feminism is that of the authors, Steve Chapple and David Talbot: They successfully show the diversity and internal contradiction of the feminist movement.

As for twisting words, the quotes attributed to you by Chapple and Talbot contain many of the same points you make in your letter. They quote you as saying that men who write to you take what should be a "feast of life, and put it in their meat grinder." And that,

for males, sex is acquisitive (hence, scoring) and that "our society is in deep denial about the violence toward women." Now you say our society is in deep decadence. Well, clearly, as George Bush would say, we stepped in deep doo-doo.

We've heard the charges you make before, but from people we respect less.

Our guess is that you feel betrayed by Chapple and Talbot's statement that you "trivialize sex." Yes, you trivialized sex—but so did we. And that was a revolutionary act. We took sex out of the sacred/profane, marital/premarital, moral/immoral dichotomy and looked at it as "that which may be found everywhere, common, ordinary."

Kinsey was accused of reducing sex to statistics, Masters and Johnson of reducing sex to mechanics and *Playboy* of re-

ducing sex to objects. All are false accusations. We simply broke sex down into something that could be studied, discussed, written about and photographed. We realized that sex isn't a single thing and celebrated its diversity. We embraced free sex, the notion of a free spirit in a free body. But we never said that sex was meaning-free, or memory-free, or wisdom-free, or responsibility-free, or consequence-free.

Here's what one of our women editors



says: "In the Sixties, women who wrote about sex were trying to take it from its lofty place—only in marriage and commitment—and bring it to a more real place. Women could be just as lusty as men. Women had the same right to enjoy sex for its own sake as men did; sex didn't need a lifetime commitment and it could be good fun. So what happened?"

"When sex and disease became hopelessly tied together, the same people who had said they enjoyed sex at its most trivial level now had to beat the typewriter about the danger of uncommitted sex.

Playboy, too, has published articles about the need for caution. We do not endorse irresponsible sexual behavior. But we have still tried to celebrate sex in all its wonderful, goofy, yes, even trivial flavor. Sex is still fun. Trivial doesn't

JONG, SHAKES HER FINGER AT PLAYBOY

our four-part series "burning desires: sex in america"

mean meaningless and caution doesn't mean boredom."

We have always addressed the consequences of sex: pregnancy and disease. But our words of caution are not words of condemnation.

Does *Playboy* perpetuate scoring? Well, if by scoring you mean a concatenation of crude conquests, we think not. If you mean the keeping of an account or a record of indebtedness, perhaps. What saddens us is the revisionist view of expe-



rience that you have adopted. You apply a double standard to desire itself. How simple-minded to claim that all that men are interested in is scoring, that a sequence of partners adds up to a winning figure for men and a loose definition of serial gang bang for women. Men do carry a list—called memory. For some men, the list is long; for others, it's a long list of one. In every sexual encounter, we learn a little something about ourselves, a little something about our partner. You may regret some of the partners you chose, but, remember, they were your choices.

You imply that as a result of the sexual revolution, men have acquired a swaggering confidence, while women are ravaged with self-doubt. There is empirical evidence to the contrary. When the *Playboy Readers' Sex Survey* compared

number of lovers with sexual self-esteem, men reported that the more lovers they had, the greater their self-esteem. Women reported the same. Still, for some, the specter of being promiscuous, easy, a slut and a whore raises its head. The double standard is alive and well, but we are not guilty of it. You carry the enemy within.

Your feelings about the sexual revolution are shared by some very strange bedfellows. Joseph Sobran, noted conservative twit, believes, as you do, that "the sexual revolution is great for men. . . . A man no longer has to fear moral censure now for regarding women as fair game for his randy appetite, provided he's tactful enough to stop short of rape or sexual harassment. That's what the sexual revolution was all about." But he continues: "The sexual revolution tore away all the moral and social protections women used to enjoy against the wrong kind of men. As of the early Sixties, the rats and wolves were running loose."

The moral and social protections to which Sobran refers are the very chains the feminist movement attempted to unshackle: In order to protect women from the freedom to make mistakes, men will shelter them in the convent, keep them barefoot and pregnant at home. *That* kind of protection is exploitation. The true disease of the Madonna/whore or virgin/slut dichotomy is that it creates a class of protected women (those who don't like sex) and a class of unprotected women (those who do). It also puts men into the strait jacket of polar roles: father/playboy, hero/villain, saint/rat.

In *The Playboy Philosophy*, Hugh Hefner wrote: "Sex exists—with and without love—and in both forms it does far more good than harm. The attempts at its suppression, however, are almost universally harmful, both to the individuals involved and to society as a whole. This is not an endorsement of promiscu-

ity or an argument favoring loveless sex—being a romantic fellow myself, I favor sex mixed with emotion. But we recognize that sex without love exists; that it is not, in itself, evil; and that it may sometimes serve a worthwhile end."

Playboy's contribution to the revolution was the insight that the girl next door was neither Madonna nor whore but a sexual being like ourselves.

Hefner quoted Dr. Roger Wescott: "The case for sexual freedom is the same as the case for any other kind of freedom—political, social or religious: Liberty releases and fulfills human potentialities, while restriction cramps and distorts them. Let us therefore no longer refuse free rein to that immense potential for good which resides, too often mute and unrealized [within each of us]."

You were thinking of love and equality; we were thinking of potential. You wanted to create an androgynous culture; we wanted to create a culture androgynous in every area but sex. Sorry, but some of the differences are the very heart of desire. There are parts of culture that still label women Madonnas and whores, but when you start doing it to yourself, you've joined the enemy. The sexual revolution was about labels; the other side has never exhausted its arsenal.

If you want an analogy closer to home, we viewed sex and sexual partners the same way you view a stack of blank paper. Some of the stories you write are best sellers; some stay in your desk drawer forever; some go straight to the wastebasket. You would not be a writer without failure; you would not be a lover without regrets. But do you give up? Do you accept someone else's label for you (hack, trivial, hopeless romantic)? Would you like a society in which women couldn't be writers, or lovers? Of course not.

You ask how *Playboy* can photograph women in garters when women are being thrown from rooftops. First, let us start with what we are not doing. We may trivialize sex; we don't trivialize violence.

We did not publish the picture of a woman being fed to a meat grinder. That, dear Erica, was *Hustler*. It has become the most successful recruiting poster in the history of the feminist movement. If Larry Flynt hadn't conceived it, Andrea Dworkin would have. She believes that all sex is rape; you come dangerously close to mouthing her

rhetoric when you say you've had liberation shoved down your throat. Sexual hatred in any form is vile.

We do not promote or condone rape or stand idly by while other men perpetrate it. We are baffled at a court system that releases violent males. We are as horrified by cruelty as you are.

Readers of *Playboy* know that our record on sexual violence is clear. We abhor it. But beware of the wrongheaded, simple-minded, cant-spouting sisters of the feminist fringe who claim that we associate violence and sex because we show naked breasts within

pages of an article on rape, that we tickle the dragon's tail.

Women *are* a target for certain types of men—men who are possessed by sexual hatred the way whites who lynched blacks were possessed by racial hatred. Do you address the problem by labeling all men rapists or all men racists? No. We accept the fact that violence is a male problem—but it is a problem of power, not sex.

Studies of rapists indicate that they do not rape for sex. They yearn for the display of power and control the way a stick-up artist yearns for the moment of

the drawn gun. Some experts suggest that the need to assert this kind of inappropriate power comes from a childhood history of powerlessness and abuse.

What *Playboy* has written for years is that sex is itself a route to empowerment—confidence, self-esteem, identity. This was a thought shared by many feminist writers. Maybe we should suggest that schools start power-education programs to instill respect for self and others in young men before they reach fighting weight.

But we can't even get them to teach sex education.



Bruce Oren © 1989, Houston Chronicle

CARTOONISTS' SKETCHBOOK



Abortion rights questionnaire

Do you think abortion should be made illegal?

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 yes

If yes, would you favor an exception if a woman's life is endangered?

- no
 yes

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PLAYBOY'S FALL & WINTER FASHION FORECAST

a touch of classic highlights the latest looks in menswear
fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN GOOMAN

FASHION FADS come and go, but some styles are so classic and right that their return is like greeting an old friend who has only grown better with age. Case in point is the double-breasted suit, a timeless item of apparel that never fails to give the wearer a Cary Grant cachet. Peak lapels, a ventless back and double-pleated trousers are just some of the details to look for. The traditional three-button sports jacket that has been worn on Ivy League campuses probably since the ivy began to grow up the walls is also back in kinder, gentler fabrics such as soft wools that drape rather than hold a rigid shape. Broader shoulders and a lower button placement also give the jacket a more urban look. And, yes, there's one more retro fabric to consider adding to your shopping list. It's corduroy—but the good news is that today's cloth bears almost no resemblance to the stiff stuff that wore and felt like a suit of armor when it was popular 15 years ago. The corduroy of today is

a new softy, with wider wales for a better fit and a richer look.

Vests remain a permanent fixture in the male wardrobe, whether worn with a three-piece suit or just as casual-



wear—as do shirts featuring stripes, patterns or woven looks. Ties for this season have a classic bottleneck-shaped look with three and one half inches to three and five eighths the norm when it comes to picking the right width. On the sportier side, sweaters in bright colors with flat-knit or patterned weaves are paired with fall's palette of browns, khakis, deep forest greens and rusts. Top off any ensemble with either an oversized stadium jacket or a rugged shearling overcoat and you'll stay warm when old man winter comes knocking at your door. Happy shopping.

Left: The classic touch—wool six-button double-breasted suit with double-pleated trousers, about \$1100, worn with silk dress shirt, \$275, both by Verri; plus silk Jacquard tie, by Garrick Anderson, \$65; linen pocket square, by Ashear Bros., \$15.



Left: Cotton/wool corduroy three-piece suit with double reverse-pleated pants, \$850, plus tab-collar cotton dress shirt, \$135, both by Bill Kaiserman; silk tie, by Daniel Craig, about \$60; gold-tone watch, by Tourneau, \$295. **Right, clockwise from 12:** Striped cotton dress shirt, by LAZO, \$145; silk satin tie, by Feuerman Cravats from X'Andrini, \$45. Ticking-striped cotton dress shirt, by Kenneth Gordon, \$60; silk tie, by Cecilia Metheny, \$75. Striped cotton dress shirt, by Hugo Boss, about \$85; silk tie, by Daniel Craig, \$60. Striped cotton dress shirt, by Ike Behar, \$95; silk crepe tie, by Andrew Fezza Neckwear from ZanZara, about \$55.





Left: Black nylon duffel coat with zipper front, detachable drawstring hood and cobalt rayon quilted lining, \$265, is worn with wool/Lycra/spandex/nylon mock biker sweater with ribbed striped front and tapered waist, \$145, cotton wide-wale-corduroy trousers with double-pleated front and tapered legs, \$125, all by Bill Robinson. (His Persol plastic-frame sunglasses, from Optical Exchange, New York, \$169.95; sterling-silver watch, by Lisa Jenks, \$650.) Right: Shearling coat with raglan sleeves, by La Matta, about \$2100; wool/viscose crew-neck sweater, \$500, wool polo-collar shirt, \$250, and wool trousers, \$285, all by Byblos; handsome alligator belt, by Trafalgar, \$295.







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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

KEITH RICHARDS

a candid conversation about music, drugs and jagger with the rolling stone who has been on the longest, strangest trip of all

"If you want to learn an instrument, sleep with it near your head," bluesman Mississippi John Hurt used to say. That is what Keith Richards was doing the night in 1965 when he dreamed and awoke to record (and fell back to sleep to forget) what would become the best-known riff in rock and roll and the immortal words, "I can't get no . . . satisfaction."

Imagine waking to discover you'd written a song. Imagine that song becoming the anthem of your generation. Imagine living from your teenage years onward in a pressure cooker of adulation and condemnation. Imagine making millions of dollars, taking unimaginable amounts of drugs and having friends drop dead by your side. Imagine Altamont, arrest and jail in Britain, your marriage in the tabloids, the celebrated rumbles with your Stonemate Mick Jagger, more touring and adulation, the breakup of "the greatest rock-and-roll band in the world," licking your drug problems, starting over solo in your 40s, and then returning to the studio and the road again with the Stones. A series of narrow escapes, the life of Keith Richards.

One afternoon in 1944, when Richards was about a year old, he left with his mother on a shopping errand in Dartford, the London suburb where he was born, and went home to a house demolished by German

bombs. It seems a proper introduction to international society for someone whose life would be characterized by, among other elements of war, loud noises. As a slightly older Dartford citizen tooling around on his tricycle, Richards became aware of another young man about town, Michael Jagger. But it was not until they were both about 17 that Richards, an art student by default, and Jagger, a scholarship student at the London School of Economics, had their fateful meeting at the Dartford train station. Richards, a guitar apprentice, and Jagger, who was trying to wrap his suburban English accent around Afro-American blues, began rehearsing with some like-minded schoolmates, in time venturing to London, where they met other emerging members of the music scene.

Over the next year or so, Richards, Jagger, Charlie Watts, Ian Stewart, Brian Jones and a bass player named Bill Perks became the Rolling Stones. Stewart, a boogie pianist from Scotland who died in December 1985, remembered that early on, the Stones had rented a club in the London borough of Ealing on two successive Tuesday nights and "We got not a soul; not one person would come to Ealing to see the Rolling Stones." Undaunted, they carried on, found club dates and a manager-producer (Andrew Loog Oldham), signed a contract with Decca Records,

toured England, had a small hit with an old Chuck Berry song and a bigger hit with a song they were given by two writers from a new group called the Beatles.

By this time, Stewart was no longer an official band member, having been asked to step down because he didn't fit Oldham's concept of the lean, mean Rolling Stones. Oldham also insisted that Richards and Jagger learn to write songs and locked them in a room from which they emerged with "As Tears Go By," a hit for Oldham's new artist Marianne Faithfull. Although the Stones eventually recorded the song, months passed before they began to write true Stones tracks. Their next single was Buddy Holly's "Not Fade Away," with its Bo Diddley rhythms.

On their first tour of the United States, the band played to perhaps 150 people in a Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, arena designed to hold thousands. They played on the network-TV show of a highly amused Dean Martin, following an elephant act.

A few months later, Richards and Jagger wrote "The Last Time," their first song released by the Stones as the A side of a single record. To some music fans, it was imitative of a public-domain Gospel tune. "A good composer does not imitate," Stravinsky said. "He steals." The Stones' next release was "Satisfaction." By the end of 1965, they were



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

"The Rolling Stones are inevitable. The process is inexorably predictable, whether I like it or not. What can I say to Mick, to the Rolling Stones, except, 'This thing is bigger than both of us, darling?'"

"I was a choirboy at thirteen. We sang at Westminster Abbey. All my gigs have gone right downhill since then. Me and two other guys sang soprano—the worst three hoods in the school, but we had angelic voices."

"Musicians don't start off thinking, 'We're rich and famous; let's get high. It's a matter of making the next gig, like bomber pilots. But people started to sing about it and advocate it. We went, 'Oh, man, unhip!'"

installed along with Bob Dylan and the Beatles as gods in their generation's pop pantheon.

Just over a year later, Richards, Jagger and Jones were arrested in England for drug offenses. The Stones did not launch another major tour for nearly three years. By the time they returned to America in 1969, Oldham had left their management to Allen Klein, and Brian Jones was dead, drowned in his swimming pool less than a month after being asked to leave the band. That year's tour ended with a free concert at Altamont Speedway in Northern California, where Hell's Angels killed a young black man in front of the stage.

The Stones retreated to Europe under their customary cloud of bad publicity. In 1970, they fired Klein; in 1971, they became tax exiles in France; and in 1972, they again attacked America's amphitheaters, this time with an entourage including, at times, Princess Lee Radziwill and Truman Capote. On the Stones' next U.S. visit, in 1975, Keith and guitarist Ron Wood—who had replaced Brian Jones's replacement, Mick Taylor—were thrown in jail in Arkansas on weapons charges, a comic event foreshadowing Richards' unfunny arrest in Toronto in 1977 for possession of heroin.

Once that problem had been resolved (by giving public-service concerts for the blind), Richards tried to settle his private life. Separated from actress Anita Pallenberg, the mother of his son, Marlon, and daughter Angela, Richards married—on his 40th birthday, December 18, 1983—the American model Patti Hansen.

The Stones signed a new contract with CBS, leaving Atlantic Records, their label since 1970. The situation was complicated by Jagger's new-found vision of himself as a solo artist. The first Mick Jagger album, "She's the Boss," was released in 1985. By the time the Stones' most recent album, "Dirty Work," appeared a year later, relations between Jagger and Richards had reached an all-time low. Jagger refused to tour with the Stones in support of their album, choosing instead to perform on his own with a rented band. Richards, hurt and angry, completed projects with Jerry Lee Lewis and Aretha Franklin, coordinated the music for the Chuck Berry film "Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' Roll" and settled down at last to make his own solo album, "Talk Is Cheap," released in late 1988. Then, earlier this year, the Stones announced that they would kick off a U.S. tour in September.

Richards, when asked whether there were any book about the Stones he particularly liked, replied, "Stanley Booth's book"—"The True Adventures of the Rolling Stones"—"is the only one I can read and say, 'Yeah, that's how it was.'" We asked Booth, a Playboy award-winning author and companion to the Stones at intervals over the past 20 years, to talk with Richards. He reports:

"It now costs Keith about one one-hundredth what it used to for him to get through an evening. He still takes the occasional sip of bourbon, but he has backed far away from the 'frequent medications' of the 'True Adventures' era. Being with Keith these days is like

it used to be hanging out with the late blues singer Furry Lewis—one maintains a mild buzz in a pleasant, jovial atmosphere. Against all odds and expectations, Keith may turn out, unlike numerous friends, to be a long-distance runner.

"We began our series of talks in Los Angeles, where Keith was taping the video for 'Take It So Hard,' the first single from 'Talk Is Cheap.' The whole scene was strange: a different band in the dressing room, some indefinable difference in the music. The band sounded great, but the Stones sound great. During the first take on the day of the taping, it became obvious: Keith's singing was better than any I had ever associated with his musical milieu. His choirboy past had caught up with him.

"The next night, in the first session of this interview, Keith and I talked for a couple of hours in his rooms at his hotel on Sunset Strip until Patti came back from the beach with Misses Theodora and Alexandra, the baby beauties.

"Then Keith excused himself. 'I'm expected.' After a meeting at A&M studios, he came back with Jim Keltner, the born-again drummer extraordinaire for the likes of Ry Cooder

"The Stones haven't worked on the road for seven goddamn years. Name me another act that can lay off that long."

and Bob Dylan. Keltner's third mention of Jesus within his first two minutes in the room brought an exhortation from Keith to 'leave that stuff at home when you come to see me.'

"What'd I say?" Keltner asked.

"You brought it up three times already, and it's gettin' on my tit—I mean, a guy hangin' on a cross, what a logo.' (Once, in London, Keith had silenced a Keltner sermon with the words, 'I love God. But I hate preachers.')

"Our conversation began with personalities but soon developed a somewhat philosophical tone. It ended in New York a few weeks, a few thousand miles and a few dozen cassette tapes later. Our last session, at Keith's office five stories above the Broadway theater district, ended only when Keith fell asleep, giving me—and Playboy readers—his last waking gasp. Our final tape ends with the classic snore that followed the original take of 'Satisfaction.'"

PLAYBOY: It's a challenge following the plot line of the Rolling Stones' story: The Stones have broken up; the Stones have gotten together; Mick is off Keith; Keith is off Mick; the Stones are touring again. . . . What part will the Rolling Stones play in your immediate future?

RICHARDS: The Stones are inevitable. The process is inexorably predictable. I don't want to disappear into a bubble just because it's the Rolling Stones, but I think that 1989 will be virtually a Stones year—whether I like it or not. What can I say to Mick, to the Rolling Stones, except, "This thing is bigger than both of us, darling"?

The reasons for gettin' back together at this particular moment? Is it the bread? I would say, yeah, a lot of it, of course, but the Stones haven't worked on the road for seven goddamn years. Name me another act that can lay off that long. We've become Frank Sinatra. It's almost like the longer you leave it, the more people want it. I can't go down the street without somebody saying—guys on garbage trucks sing out—"When are the boys gettin' back together, man?"

Having to make a record without the Stones was a failure in itself for me. As I was finishing the solo album, I got a call from the Stones, saying, "Band meeting!" about getting together. Just at the time I'd managed to forget this stuff!

PLAYBOY: Even throughout the time that you guys were apart, the demand for the Stones was still pretty intense, wasn't it?

RICHARDS: Yeah. [Pause] That there should be so many people who want to see the Stones is an absolute miracle. But do the guys in the Stones realize what a miracle that is? The Stones are kind of selfish bastards. They don't answer their fan mail, except for Bill [Wyman]. They've never done anything to suck up to the public. This is it: You want it or you don't. It's like the band's philosophy.

It's all gravy to us. This is a band that expected to do four club gigs a week in London for a year or two, to make a point about other people's music. But the longer you stay away, the more intense it gets, the more people want to see you. If we can just keep it together.

PLAYBOY: Which brings us to Mick Jagger.

RICHARDS: The biggest problem I have with Mick is, I say, "I'm the only one who will scream at you and get emotional, and that's what puts you off me."

PLAYBOY: On the other hand, you were out of it for years, on drugs.

RICHARDS: I managed to make the gigs and write some songs, but, yes, Mick took care of everything through most of the Seventies. The cat worked his butt off. He covered my ass. I feel I owe Mick. This is why I get mad at him. When I did clean up my act in '77—"OK, now I'm ready to shoulder some of the burden again. God bless you for taking it all on your shoulders when I was out there playing the freaked-out artist and getting busted." He supported me every fucking bit of the way. I ain't knocking the cat at all.

But when I came back, I didn't want to believe that Mick was enjoying the burden. He could now control the whole thing; it



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became a power trip. I've heard the shit from the John, like, "I wish he was a junkie again."

PLAYBOY: But when you told him off, you no doubt told him forcefully. Some of your friends would even say obnoxiously.

RICHARDS: I know. I got a big mouth—I know. But I'd think the guy I have known and worked with longest would be able to deal with that. By now, he should know my style and he shouldn't take it too hard. It shouldn't be so personal. It's my way of expressing myself; it's not a personal attack.

It *does* disappoint that Mick thought he could hire that ersatz band for his solo tour and do the Stones' songs—if you decide to do something by yourself, then do it by yourself. You got two albums out, do them. But I don't think Mick feels he can trust himself so much.

PLAYBOY: Earlier, before we turned the tape recorder on, you were talking about the period of coming to blows—or worse—with Mick. Want to talk on the record?

RICHARDS: It was about the time of the album *Emotional Rescue* when it suddenly became him and me. I don't understand how it got like that. Mick waited until he was three thousand miles away and just sent a telex, saying, "I'm *not* going on the road." I mean, he could have *told* me this, in person, two days earlier, before he flew away!

Mick is a weird mixture of people. He's still trying to live with 'em all. He's *very*, *very* possessive. When I was with Gram Parsons—Gram was special; if he was in a room, everybody else became sweet—I first noticed Mick's reaction to anybody who wanted to be a friend of mine. He was rude to Gram. It didn't matter whether he wanted to be Mick's friend; Mick's attitude was, "You can't have him."

Not that Mick and I ever hung out that much. One of the ways we've managed to work together for so long is that we have different tastes in the way we live, but we can always work together. I just wish Mick could find a few guys that he got along with. A friend, to me, is one of the blessings in life. And I don't agree with that

anybody get too close, or I'll get really confused." It's hard going for that front-man gig like Mick does. It's hard being out front. You gotta be able to make it work; you gotta be able to actually believe you're semidivine when you're out there, then come off stage and know that you *ain't*.

And that's the problem: Eventually, the

reaction time gets slower. You still think you're semidivine when you're in the limo and semidivine at the hotel, until you're semidivine for the whole goddamn tour. Mick happens to be an incredible entertainer. Without Mick, the Stones would never have gone anywhere.

PLAYBOY: Mick has also written some classic song lyrics. When he changed the lyrics of your song *Wild Horses*, your reaction was, "He's changed it completely; it's fucking beautiful."

RICHARDS: He's got a bit of Shakespeare in him, no doubt about it. We've had fun arguments, writing songs. I would say, "I think this should be an instrumental," and meanwhile, he'd written an *opera*. But it's become hard to get into an argument with Mick without its spilling over into other areas. At times, Mick is a great arguer, but it got to the point that every argument became—at least from my point of view—a personal attack. And then it becomes difficult to talk about anything. Especially if you're gonna write songs. To me, writing songs



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saying "You can count your real friends on one hand." If that's so, then you ain't farming the right acres, because friends are everywhere.

PLAYBOY: Is it Mick's attitude toward friends that bothers you?

RICHARDS: My battles with Mick are on many levels. I understand the desperation of somebody like that, the insecurity that says, "Until I am sure of myself, I can't let

is like making love: You need two to write a song. I've known Mick forty years, longer than I've known anybody except my parents.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about those early days; neither you nor Mick has discussed them at much length. Mick has said that his earliest memory is of hearing the guns on Dartford Heath shooting at the German

planes. You must have heard the same guns.

RICHARDS: Yeah. Today, if I'm walking down a hotel corridor and somebody has the TV on and it's playing one of those blitz movies, English war movies, and I hear that siren, the hair goes up on the back of my head and I get goose bumps. I don't know if it's a memory—it's a reaction, something that I picked up in the first eighteen months of my life.

My first actual memory was after the war was over—not more than a few months—looking up in the sky and pointing and my mom saying, "That's a Spitfire." After that, I guess the memories start when I was three or four years old; I remember London, huge areas of rubble and grass growing.

PLAYBOY: And rationing lasted until 1954 in England.

RICHARDS: Right. World War Two went on there for another nine years after it finished everywhere else. That's when candy finally came off rationing. Suddenly, you could buy as much as you wanted. When I first went to school, for months and months, you got a medicine bottle of concentrated orange juice to prevent scurvy—that was the only time you saw it.

PLAYBOY: Did you live in public housing?

RICHARDS: No, it took us to 1953 or 1954 to get a new house after the old one got blown up by a VI, a buzz bomb. Adolf was on my tail. We went up the road and lived with my auntie. Dartford is a few miles from the Thames. We used to go down to the river and play in these machine-gun bunkers where weird hobos would be living; that was our playground.

PLAYBOY: And it was in Dartford, at the Wentworth County Primary School, that you met Michael Phillip Jagger.

RICHARDS: Yes, that's how long we've known each other. He also lived around the corner from me, so we'd see each other on our tricycles and hang around here and there. Later, we started going to different schools, but I'd still run into him now and again. I once saw Mick outside Dartford Library selling ice creams from a refrigerated trolley—summer job.

PLAYBOY: It may come to that again.

RICHARDS: I hope he remembers the moves.

PLAYBOY: When you were a bit older, you became a ball boy at a nearby tennis court, didn't you?

RICHARDS: That's what I did on weekends, in nice weather. I'd go with my father. From the age of eight until thirteen.

PLAYBOY: And when you were thirteen, you became a choirboy.

RICHARDS: Yeah, I used to wear the cassock and everything, the whole bit. The choir-master's name was Jake Clair. At that age, being a choirboy is just a trip away from school; later, I found we'd sung in the Royal Festival Hall and Westminster Abbey. All

my gigs have gone right downhill since then.

PLAYBOY: It's hard to see Keith Richards singing hymns in Westminster Abbey.

RICHARDS: Me and two other guys, just a trio, sang soprano, walking down the aisle. It was about 1956 or 1957. We were the three worst hoods in the school, but we had angelic voices. Jake Clair had been working on us for a couple of years by then, and what I didn't realize until very recently was how good that guy was. He was tough, really tough. I was in the choir two or three years, but once the voice broke, no more choir. I'm sure it broke Jake's heart, because sopranos only last so long when they're boys.

PLAYBOY: How did you react to your voice's changing?

RICHARDS: At first, I was sort of resentful at being thrown out. So immediately, I fucked up royally in school. Had to repeat that year. Next year, I was expelled, but as a sort of final gesture, they sent me to art school, like "This is your last chance."

I had by then lost all formal contact with music and might have lost interest in it except for my grandfather Augustus Theodore Dupree. He'd been a saxophone player and master baker, but in World War One, he got gassed, and after that, he couldn't play the sax anymore—his lungs were gone—so he took up fiddle, guitar and piano. I used to think his guitar lived on top of the piano. In fact, it was always in



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its case, and when he knew I was coming over, he would for some reason take it out, polish it up, display it. Never pushed it on me. He never said, "You should do this." He would just leave it there as a sort of icon, just resting against the wall, on top of the piano.

PLAYBOY: Gus survived having seven daughters, didn't he?

RICHARDS: Yeah. With his wife, that's eight women in the house, enough to drive any guy balmy. The only way around that is a sense of humor, which he had in abundance. He's been dead a long time now, Gus, fifteen or twenty years, but I still sit here realizing things that he did.

First off, he'd feed me, then I'd just look at this guitar. He waited years for me to say, "What is that?" and "Can I?" I guess he caught me at the point where I had to transfer any interest in music from singing to playing. He'd say, pleading, "Play this for me," as if I were doing *him* a favor. I had just started playing, but he would say, "Play *Malagueña*. If you can play that, you can play anything." And no matter how badly I played it, he would sit back in his chair, keep his eyes closed and nod. I mean, it must have been just *appalling*. But every time, he would say, "OK, OK!" and pretend he liked the way I played it. It was like, "Wow, I'm turning my granddad on." Which is an amazing way of teaching.

He would take me around London; we'd be in Charing Cross Road in the back of Ivor Marantz' guitar store. I used to sit for hours and hours, with the glue boiling and bubbling away, and they're patching guitars, fixing fiddles; I'm smelling the varnish; it's like Santa's workshop. These guys would take a mashed-up old violin apart, and you'd watch it come alive again in front of your eyes. For me, at the time, it was like some alchemist's laboratory.

At the same time, once I started learning guitar, I began attending art school, second year. The atmosphere there was very free. You'd walk into the john to take a pee and there'd be three guys sitting around playing a guitar, doing Woody Guthrie and Ramblin' Jack Elliott stuff. I was getting into the blues—Big Bill Broonzy, Jesse Fuller—by hearing these guys play.

PLAYBOY: Then you met Mick again.

RICHARDS: Right. In a town like Dartford, if anybody's headed for London or any stop in between, then in Dartford station, you're bound to meet. The thing about Mick and my meeting was that he was carrying two albums with him—*Rockin' at the Hops*, by Chuck Berry, and *The Best of Muddy Waters*. I had only heard about Muddy up to that point.

So we're on the train and I say, "Man, I know *all* Chuck Berry's licks." Mick says, "You play guitar?" He had a little youth-club band, doing Buddy Holly and Eddie Cochran stuff. He was very heavily into blues, already had his connection—you couldn't get that music in England. The guy he would write to was Marshall Chess at 2120 South Michigan Avenue in

Chicago, 'cause Marshall filled Chess Records' international orders.

PLAYBOY: The man who would later become the first head of Rolling Stones Records.

RICHARDS: Yeah. Very soon after Mick and I met, there was an ad in the music papers: England's first rhythm-and-blues club was opening up. But it was in Ealing, in West London. If I ever got away from Dartford, it was just to ride my bike to go to Sidcup, or to go to my granddad's in London for a few days. Mick came from a better part of town than I did, a fairly swanky area, a house all by itself with a garage. Mick's dad, Joe, was very well respected, used to go to America to referee basketball games, quite a big wheel in physical education. Mick had a far broader earlier education. I was workin' class and meeting Mick's friends and the chicks he knew was like, "Wow, I'm really movin' *up* in society."

When the Ealing club opened, Mick actually managed to borrow his dad's car. It was my first trip into the big town just to have some fun. It was a revelation because it was a small joint and the band was cooking—it was Alexis Korner's Blues Incorporated, with Jack Bruce on bass, Charles Watts on drums, Alexis on guitar, Cyril Davies on harmonica. Long John Baldry was there, also Ian Stewart, and Brian Jones played some Elmore James shit that was sheerly electrifying, absolutely amazing. I was hooked from that minute on.

I was already hooked on the music, but this was like a musicians' club; suddenly, I was in the union without a card. Alexis and I talked, and the next week, he invited Mick and me to come up and play. Even though it was a total dump, ankle deep in water under a subway station, it became the hip place, the debutante slumming joint. All these chicks, Lady So-and-So—you got a quick education on what a lady was.

PLAYBOY: You eventually left art school, right?

RICHARDS: Yeah, and I can understand what a disappointment I must have been to my dad. He spent his life in a goddamn warehouse, getting up at four-thirty in the morning to go all the way to London and get back at seven at night, working day in and day out until retirement. According to him, I should have gone through that, too. *This* is what I was workin' my butt off for, he must've thought, this creep in rock-and-roll luminous socks at the top of the stairs, bashing away at a guitar when he should be doing his homework? My old dad was gonna put me through the wall. I made a few phony attempts at getting a job as a teaboy in an advertising agency, then I took the easy route—I got out.

I *knew* what I wanted to do: get this band together. I knew that I wasn't taking the obvious route if I wanted to impress my parents, to make something of myself. Instead, I was becoming this very unlikely sort of missionary for a new kind of music.

That's what Jimmy Reed, Chuck Berry, Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf did to me. Elvis, Buddy, Eddie Cochran, Jerry Lee [Lewis], Little Richard, Bo Diddley—it's what *all* those cats did to me.

Now Brian [Jones], who was a little older than me, moved up to London with his chick and his baby. He got this pad in Howard Square, very decrepit place, mushrooms and fungus growin' out of the walls. Mick went round to see Brian one night. Brian wasn't there, but his old lady was. Mick was drunk and he screwed her. This caused a whole trauma with Brian, but it really put him and Mick very tight together; they went through a whole emotional scene and became very close.

The chick split, Brian found an apartment out in the suburbs of Beckenham and I started to live there, too. This was an intense learning period, figuring out Jimmy Reed and stuff. You have to remember, at this time—'61, '62—Elvis is just out of the Army, Buddy and Eddie are dead, Chuck's in jail, Jerry Lee is disgraced and Little Richard has thrown his rings in the water. But to us in England, this thing made our world go into full Technicolor, CinemaScope, where before, it was a drab existence, scraping by. Even though the first wind had gone out of rock and roll, we were not about to let this motherfucker go.

I'm only eighteen, and already people ain't hearin' this music anymore, and it had lit my life up! Now, one way or another, I've got to keep the flame alive, just for myself, very selfish. I didn't expect anybody else to get lit up by it. We thought, Sure, we'd love to make records, but we were not in that league. We wanted to sell records for Jimmy Reed, Muddy, John Lee Hooker. We were disciples—if we could turn people on to that, then that was enough. That was the total original aim.

PLAYBOY: You had no thought of attaining rock-and-roll stardom?

RICHARDS: If you wanted *that* in England, you had to go the ballroom route, where you came under the influence of the big promoters, the strong-arm boys. Which meant that you played three or four ballrooms a night, forty-five minutes on stage, get off, jump into the car, you're driven to another one, back to the other one for the second show, and you wear these shitty little suits that they advance you money on and charge you for later, plus wear and tear, and if you don't make the gig, they break your fucking leg. [*Heavy accent*] "Because Moe is not going to stand for any fookin' nonsense, my boy, I'm telling you. This is Lou, this is me bruvver Johnny; don't ask this bloke's name."

So the only way out of that was to go into the *other* zone, which in England happens to be the students—who are *not* gonna go to ballrooms. It's a class thing; university and art school kids don't go to a ballroom, where there are all these chicks with beehives and tight miniskirts and guys looking for a fight. But at the same time, something else was goin' on. Suddenly, the

kids from the ballrooms were coming to these R&B joints.

For the best part of a year, we had been putting the Stones together, not playing any gigs but rehearsing. By now, we were living together, Brian, Mick and me, in this flat in Edith Grove with this cat Phelge, who's worth a brief mention 'cause he was as horrifyingly disgusting as Brian and myself at the time. It was the most *incredible* scene: Mick was going through his first camp period. He would wander round in a blue-linen housecoat, wavin' his hands everywhere—[*high-pitched voice*] "Oh! Don't!" A real King's Road queen for about six months, and Brian and I used to take the piss out of him. While Mick was on that kick, this guy Phelge was going through his *phase*, being the most disgusting person ever. You would walk into this pad, and he would be standing at the top of the stairs, completely nude except for his underpants, which would be *filthy*, on top of his head, and he'd be spitting at you. It wasn't a thing to get mad about; you'd just collapse laughing. Covered in spit, you'd collapse laughing.

And this pad is getting *so* screwed up—for, like, six months, we used the kitchen to play in, just rehearse in, because it was cold, and slowly, the place got filthy and started to smell, so we bolted the doors and the kitchen was condemned.

At that time, I was into making tapes. I had a tape recorder with a microphone wired through the window in the cistern of the bog [toilet]. The tape recorder was at the foot of the bed. I had reels and reels of tapes of people goin' to the bog. Chains being pulled. On cheap tape recorders, if you record the flushing of a john, it sounds like people applauding. So Brian and I would put on a kind of show, like with the chick from downstairs: "And now, folks, Miss Judy What's-Her-Name." Every time somebody would go into the bog, I'd switch the tape recorder on and go round to the bog door and knock, and they'd say, "Wait a minute," and you'd get these conversations going through the door, followed at the end by applause. *That's* the sort of thing we were into. Real down-home.

Anyway, Brian was just about making enough—he had a job in a record store, after being fired from the electrical department of Whitely's for stealin' cash out of the till—to keep from being chucked out of this place. It was winter, the worst winter ever. It was down to taping our pants up, Scotch tape across the rips.

Then the Beatles' first record comes out. They've got harmonica. We'd heard they did Chuck Berry songs—but we were really brought down; it was the beginning of Beatlemania. Then, suddenly, everybody's lookin' round for *new* groups, more and more groups are being signed, and Alexis Korner gets a recording contract. He's gotten so big he splits from this club gig, and

who gets his spot? None other than . . . the Rolling Stones. Now we start makin' just about enough bread to stay alive. And we're gettin' this place raving. And there was another place, called Eel Pie Island, down on the Thames, we used to play regularly. It's really jumpin' at these places.

PLAYBOY: The publicity attracted Andrew Oldham, your first record producer. He thought your guitars should be plugged in to the wall sockets, didn't he?

RICHARDS: Andrew was very young, even younger than we were. He had nobody on his books, but he was an incredible bullshitter, fantastic hustler, and he had also worked on the early Beatles publicity. He'd got together those very moody pictures of the Beatles that sold them in the first place, so he did have people interested in what he was doing. He came along with this other cat he was in partnership with, Eric Easton, who was much older, used to be an organ player in that dying era of vaudeville after the war, in the Fifties, when the music hall ground to a halt as a means of popular entertainment. He wasn't making a lot of bread, but people in real showbiz sort of respected him. He had contacts—one chick singer who'd had a couple of top-twenty records; he wasn't completely out of it—and he knew a lot about the rest of England, which we knew nothing about; he knew every hall.

They said they had a Decca contract for us. But we had cut a few tracks at I.B.C. Studios, where Stu's friend Glyn Johns was working as an engineer, and had signed a recording contract with I.B.C. They had no outlet and they couldn't get any record company interested in them. Our I.B.C. contract, though it was nothing, was still a binding contract, so Brian pulled another one of his fantastic get-out schemes.

PLAYBOY: Meaning what?

RICHARDS: Before this cat at I.B.C. could hear that we were signing with Decca, Brian went to see him with a hundred quid [pounds] that Andrew and Eric had given him and said, "Look, we're not interested, we're breaking up as a band, we're not going to play anymore; but in case we get something together in the future, we don't want to be tied down by this contract, so can we buy ourselves out of it for a hundred pounds?" After hearing this story, which he obviously believed, this old Scrooge took the hundred quid. The next day, he heard that we had a contract with Decca, that we were gonna be making our first single, that we were London's answer to the Beatles, folks.

PLAYBOY: That was also when Oldham decided that there should be only five Rolling Stones.

RICHARDS: That was when Brian started to realize things had gone beyond his control. Before this, everybody knew that Brian considered it to be *his* band. Now Andrew Oldham saw Mick as a big sex symbol and

wanted to kick Stu out, but we wouldn't have it. Eventually, because Brian had known him longer than we, and the band was Brian's idea in the first place, Brian had to tell Stu how we'd signed with these people, how they were very image-conscious and how he didn't fit in. If I'd been Stu, I'd have said, "Fuck it. Fuck *you*." But he stayed on to be our roadie, which I think is incredible, so bighearted. Because by now, we were star-struck, every one of us. The Beatles had been to see us play and we'd been to see them at the Albert Hall, and we'd seen all the screaming chicks, the birds down in front, and couldn't wait to hear them scream for *us*.

PLAYBOY: You then went on the Stones' first big English tour.

RICHARDS: With Little Richard, Bo Diddley and the Everly Brothers. This was our first contact with the cats whose music we'd been playing. Hearing Little Richard and Bo Diddley and the Everly Brothers every night was the way we'd been drawn into the whole pop thing. We didn't feel we were selling out, because we were learning a lot by going into this side of the scene—where audiences sat and listened and watched, instead of just dancing to it. That was when Mick really started coming into his own.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you bop Brian one during this tour?

RICHARDS: Yeah. One night in my dressing room, the stage manager sticks his head in the door and yells, "You're on!" So we're picking up guitars and heading for the stage, and as we're walking downstairs, Brian passes me and I say, "You cunt, you et me chicken!" and I bopped him in the eye. We went on stage, and as we're playing, Brian's eye starts to swell and change colors. In the next few days, it turned every color of the rainbow—red, purple, blue, green, yellow.

PLAYBOY: And shortly after that tour, you experienced your first early-Sixties pop hysteria.

RICHARDS: Yeah. *Not Fade Away* came out, and it was just like the Beatles again—Stonemania, incredible scenes every night. We would never finish a gig. It was impossible; the chicks would swarm on stage with the first two numbers. The kids forced you to stop playing these places, ballrooms and clubs, because the chicks were going crazy. The minute you walked on stage, they'd be ripping you to pieces. You took your life in your hands just to walk out there. I was strangled twice. I used to wear a chain, and the chain would get crossed, one chick pulling that end and one the other. They could kill you in a second—I'd rather be in a *fight* any day.

PLAYBOY: And within a few months of your album's release, the Stones made their first visit to the United States.

RICHARDS: We thought, This is the payoff. We got to fly to America. Just to *get* there! To cats like Charlie and me, America was

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fairlyland. Nobody in our lives had a way of gettin' there, even once, just for a visit! Forget it, no way. To be *paid* to go there and play to Americans, we were shitting ourselves!

PLAYBOY: Did the tour sell out?

RICHARDS: Uh, no. In Omaha, I remember about six hundred people in a fifteen-thousand-seat auditorium.

PLAYBOY: That was where you had trouble backstage over illegal alcohol.

RICHARDS: It was the days of Scotch and Coke, if anybody can remember back that far. A couple of the Stones, I dunno who, were drinking whisky and Coke, and I was drinking just Coke. A cop looked in the dressing room, saw the whisky bottle and told them to pour their drinks down the bog. I refused to pour mine down. I said, "Why the fuck is an American cop telling me to pour the national drink down the bog?" Cop pulled a gun on me. Very strange scene to me, a cop ordering me at gunpoint to pour a Coke down the john.

PLAYBOY: You had trouble in the Midwest, but you did very well on both coasts, didn't you?

RICHARDS: In the middle of the country, forget it. The second tour, even the next year, early '65, we were *still* playing to empty places. After *Satisfaction*, the arenas filled up, but those empty towns, that's where you learn your craft—how to put on a show when there's a hundred people in a place that seats five thousand. You play to those few and the joint's rocking, and everybody has forgotten about all these empty seats, this vast cavern that we can see as we're looking at this wedding party down front. You manage to create this whole new environment.

PLAYBOY: In a sense, *Satisfaction* and the Jagger-Richards hits that followed created your audience.

RICHARDS: That's where Andrew Oldham came back into the picture. After the first album, Andrew said, "We've got to find somebody to write songs and then lock them up and keep them to ourselves or else whaddaya gonna do? Just some more cover versions? You can do it for another album or two, but without a source of new material, you can't make it." I said, "That's not *my* job."

So what he did was lock us up in the kitchen for a night and say, "Don't come out without a song." We sat around and came up with *As Tears Go By*. It was unlike most Rolling Stones material, but that's what happens when you write songs; you immediately fly to some other realm. The weird thing is that Andrew found Marianne Faithfull at the same time, bunged it to her and it was a fucking hit for her—we were songwriters already! But it took the rest of that year to dare to write anything for the Stones.

PLAYBOY: Then, one night, a song, or part of a song, woke you up. Where were you?

RICHARDS: To the best of my recollection, the London Hilton. I dreamt this riff—I don't do that very often—and that was the

first time it had happened to me. I had my guitar next to the bed and the first Philips cassette recorder, and I just woke up, picked up the guitar and . . . "I can't get no . . . satisfaction. . . . I can't get no . . . satisfaction. . . . [snores]"

The only way I found it again was, the next morning, I checked out my gear, and the tape was at the wrong end; it had played all the way through. How had that happened? Had somebody come in during the night—Mick or one of the boys—and said, "Fuck you, Keith Richards, piece of shit"? I rewound to find out what had happened, and there was thirty seconds of *Satisfaction*—and sixty minutes of me snoring.

PLAYBOY: As the string of Stones hits lengthened in the Sixties, some people, such as Brian Jones, were getting bent out of shape, weren't they?

RICHARDS: Brian was a weird kind of guy. He was a manipulator of the first order. He had to create a schism. He needed some sort of conspiracy—he and Mick against me—which is fine; when you have plenty of time, you can deal with it. But on the road, when everybody's working, tryin' to make the next gig, like three hundred and forty-odd gigs a year for four or five years, you don't have the patience to take it. Also, I realized that *I* was becoming very much like Brian—Mick and I were being merciless on him. The harder the work got, the more awkward Brian got, and the more fucked-up he would get himself when he didn't get his way, until we would be workin' three weeks in the Midwest with one guitar player; namely, me. That was when I learned what the Rolling Stones were all about. You can't cover what you want from the Stones with one guitar.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think Brian had a feeling of insecurity once you and Mick started to write together?

RICHARDS: That was the first . . . alienation. Brian and I were at odds from, oh, '65 through '66. At the time, Brian was in bad shape, far away from the rest of the band. He was a suitable case for treatment. He needed to be in a fucking hospital. He needed help. Then he turned up with Anita. I still have to check myself as to whether I decided to become friends again with Brian because of her. Did I do that? I'm bein' honest, I'm trying to figure it out—I think it's fifty-fifty. Because as fascinating as Anita was, she scared the pants off me. She knew everything, and she could say it in five languages.

We—Mick, Brian, Anita, me, some others—we're all in Marrakesh. Just about everybody's dropping acid. The air is getting thick. Brian tried to beat Anita up and broke his ribs in the process. That shows you how tough Anita is. It's like *The Sheik of Araby*. Anita and I then split in the camouflaged Bentley in the middle of the night and make a dash for Tangier. . . .

PLAYBOY: And Brian, left behind, attempted suicide.

RICHARDS: [Pause] Mmm. I made friends

again with Brian and then stole his old lady. So I really screwed it up.

PLAYBOY: After that, Brian was never really healthy again. He destroyed his own physical stamina, which was considerable.

RICHARDS: The psychedelic era sucked Brian right in. Without realizing it, he passed it on to Jimi [Hendrix]. The embrace of death.

PLAYBOY: Brian's death was one of a number of things that could have destroyed the Stones.

RICHARDS: Brian was already effectively dead when he died; he was already out of the band. A few weeks before, Mick and I went down to see Brian and say, "Look, this is not going to work. We're gettin' *Beggar's Banquet* together and you ain't there and you're not in the band really. You're better off followin' your own nose." What we were trying to say was a difficult thing. After all, Brian was the one who kicked Stu out of the band. In a way, it was like the script started to take shape after that.

PLAYBOY: After the low point of Brian's death, the Stones kept sliding until they hit an even lower point: Altamont. That concert ended an era. A young black man brandishing a gun was killed by Hell's Angels in front of the stage as Mick sang *Under My Thumb*. Why were the Angels there in the first place?

RICHARDS: We had wanted to do this free concert in San Francisco, in the spirit of the times. We left it all to the Grateful Dead. We just said, "You cats do free concerts in this town all the goddamn time; how's it done?" But there is no blame attached to anybody, including the Angels. The guy who got knocked off, in a way, he asked for it.

PLAYBOY: He may have done a dumb thing when he pulled a gun on the Angels, but then again, didn't *you* ask for it also by getting tough with them?

RICHARDS: I asked for it by opening my goddamn trap. It's amazing, in retrospect, that it wasn't far worse. I ain't very prudent. I jeopardized everybody there at Altamont, but it was something that had to be said or all control would have been lost. Mick was sort of begging, "Please, please." I'd seen the way things were goin', pointed to a Hell's Angel and said, "That guy there, make him stop." I knew the retribution of the Hell's Angels would have been immediate—some motherfucker would have just turned around and shot me. My thoughts went out the window. Actually, I don't give a shit about a few guys who ride Harley-Davidsons. Why should I? I'm a guitar player.

PLAYBOY: What about the cops?

RICHARDS: The cops had disappeared; they didn't wanna know shit. There were too many people and they weren't prepared for it. As far as they were concerned, one kid got born there, one died there, so there was the same amount of people who came out as went in. They said, "Well, we look at

(continued on page 114)



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College Women talk about Campus Sex

article

By JANET LEVER

university of wisconsin coeds dish
the dirt on sex, dating,
aids and attitudes

THE FIERCEST BATTLES in the sexual revolution were waged on college campuses nearly 25 years ago. We decided to return to the front and see what effect, if any, the new, more conservative climate has had on campus sex. With risks far greater than "Will you respect me in the morning?" is there such a thing as hot and healthy sex? This time, we decided to go directly to the students. No surveys, no statistics, no charts or graphs—just real, live people full of contradictions, experiences and attitudes.

To find a suitable cross section of small-towners and urbanites, we headed for the heartland and a public school that attracts students from all over the country, along with the local crop. We selected the University of Wisconsin's idyllic lake-front campus in Madison because it is as renowned for the quality of its education as it is for the quality of its parties.

"Can you talk about sex? Playboy wants to know how undergrads feel about sex on campus." That's how our ad began in the *Daily Cardinal*, a student newspaper. It specified that we were interested in all points of view. We hired a campus coordinator to screen via telephone those who responded to ensure inclusion of sophomores, juniors and seniors, sorority members and independents, apartment and dorm dwellers, urbanites and small-towners and the gamut of family backgrounds. We asked about their reactions to the sexual scene around them so that we could bring you the beginners and the traditionalists, as well as the warriors, from the sexual frontier.

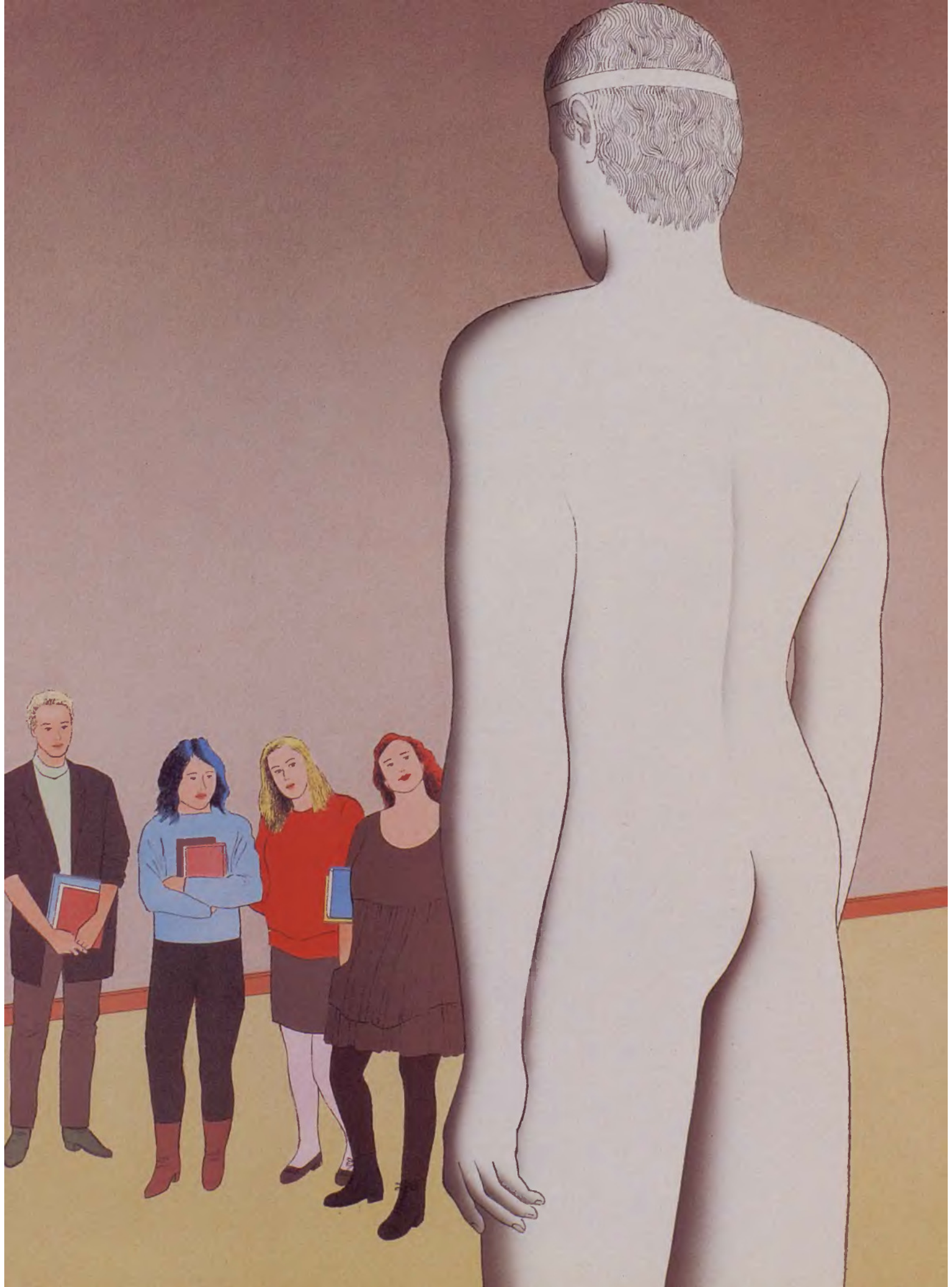
On a Friday night in a large hotel suite overlooking the state capitol, six attractive young women arrived and were greeted by the panel moderator, sociologist Dr. Janet Lever, and Playboy Associate Editor Barbara Nellis. The only other person in the room was a woman sound engineer. It was a girls' night, from start to finish.

The women included the following:

Gail, 21, a senior from a Chicago suburb. Smart, sassy and cute, with dark curly hair. Independent and self-supporting, she lives in an apartment. She has opted for a temporary commitment to a "nice guy" to escape the meat market; her fear of AIDS helps sustain an "easygoing" relationship in which sex is satisfying though not exciting.

Lynn, 19, a sophomore from a town in Minnesota. Quiet and tall, with





straight blonde hair and a Lutheran upbringing. In a celibate holding pattern while she lets one guy chase her until she catches him. She'd like him to pick up the pace.

Emily, 19, a sophomore from a small town of 12,000 in northern Illinois, now living in a co-op. Her bright-yellow blouse suited her sexually aggressive style. Admittedly hardened and self-protective, she believes she uses men before they can use her.

Debbie, 19, a sophomore from Wisconsin. A latterday flower child. Warm, adventurous, sexually experimental. Dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, with no make-up. She's in an open relationship with a smooth Romeo who, she knows, sleeps with just one other woman . . . or so she thinks.

Nicki, 20, a junior from a suburb of Minneapolis, a sorority sister who lives off campus in an apartment with four other women. Blonde, dressed in a smart black jacket, self-described as "mad as hell and not going to take it anymore." Feeling used and powerless, she is on sabbatical from sex until she can figure out how to be more self-protective.

Carolyn, 20, a junior from another Chicago suburb, a roommate of Nicki's but a member of a rival sorority. Classically beautiful and an economics major, Carolyn is bewildered by a social system she finds degrading to women. She is stuck on a guy who, she says, mistreats her. Vulnerable, an "accident waiting to happen"; as you will see, there are lots of Carolyns on campus.

PLAYBOY: Are you in a relationship now?

CAROLYN: Right now, I am dating someone. He was dating this other girl while I was dating him, and he was lying about it. I'm, like, this most naïve girl. I just totally believe it when he says, "Trust me this time. Everything is going to be different." If something bad happens, I'll be seriously devastated.

NICKI: I don't even know how to describe my current situation. I went out with a guy for about three and a half years, on and off. That started out in high school. He just didn't give me the time of day and I put up with that for a long time. When we weren't going out, I'd go for the exact same type of guy. This year, I've been meeting guys and they'll call and that's the last I'll hear of them. There's three guys who have called me, twice each, but they never ask me to do anything.

GAIL: I've been seeing someone for about sixteen months. I met him shooting a game of pool and the rest is history.

PLAYBOY: Did you let him win?

GAIL: Let him win? He whipped my butt two games in a row. Anyway, I broke up with him—well, in words, not action—at the beginning of the school year because he couldn't understand my having friends who were guys. He's finally getting to
(continued on page 88)

The Playboy Advisor Goes (Back) to College

By James R. Petersen

Today in America, it is still easier to have sex than it is to talk about sex. I write an advice column for people who have nowhere else to turn. You can't go to your dad and ask, 'Dad, does Mom get on top?' You can't go to your mom and say, 'Mom, do you swallow?' You do that and they'll send you to a

school like this. AIDS was the best thing that ever happened to sex education. Nowadays, the conversation we have about sex has been reduced to just three words. 'Just say no.' Surgeon General C. Everett Koop would get on TV and say, 'Just say no.' Easy for him. He's been saying yes for fifty-some-odd years. Do you think those sideburns chafe his wife's thighs? The problem is, what do you do when you want to say yes?"

The Playboy Advisor's Traveling Road Show is off and running. I do stand-up sex therapy for a living. In the past five years, I have spoken at more than 150 colleges, almost always at the request of students. Administrations are not always delighted. Some allow the dates to proceed but will not allow students to put up posters announcing a lecture on sex. Other colleges think the lecture should be heard by all, even those who cannot hear.

The University of Pittsburgh hired two interpreters for the deaf to sign the lecture. It is something the college does as a matter of policy; there is no indication that the roomful of college students intent on learning secret Oriental sex techniques from the Playboy Advisor are hearing impaired.

The interpreters had asked for an outline of the lecture and had figured out most of the words. I talk about blow jobs and jerking off; their hands move, knitting without needles. I feel



like Gladys Knight and the Pips.

Conducting a one-man sex lecture is a cross between being a Rorschach ink blot and the modern equivalent of the Dow Chemical recruiter. Students tell me stories. My appearance provides a chance for the campus to decide what it thinks about sex. And today,

sex is an issue of political, religious and medical significance in a way that is unprecedented. As a veteran of the sexual revolution, I am unapologetically pro-sex. I try to describe it without the baggage of adjectives like premarital, marital, sacred or profane, moral or immoral.

When I started lecturing, I was struck by how conservative and career oriented the students appeared to be. Two students in three-piece suits took me out drinking. They struck me as larval Yuppies, or Michael J. Fox clones. What kind of man, I wondered, would go to a sex lecture in a three-piece suit? I asked if they ever had fun.

One student opened his vest, undid his tie and unbuttoned his shirt to reveal a mermaid drawn on his skin with a felt-tip pen, a souvenir of the previous weekend. "She was an art student from another college. I read her the *Dear Playmates* column on how to kiss. The way she reacted to the first answer, I knew I was in for a good time. She rubbed ice cubes on my neck. She drew tattoos all over my body, in what appears to be indelible ink. Do you think I should see her again?"

College is where appearance and passion duke it out.

At Ithaca College, I met a student who would have fit right into the Sixties. He (continued on page 138)



"That's funny, my grandpa was always raving about sex in the back seat."



All Grown Up JULIE McCULLOUGH

teen throb Kirk Cameron's co-star started out in *playboy*. today, as the romantic lead on tv's *growing pains*, she's a new sensation

"THE MOST ENVIED GIRL IN AMERICA"—that's what the tabloids call Julie McCullough, 24, who plays teen idol Kirk Cameron's heartthrob on the hit sitcom *Growing Pains*. Julie joined the show a few months ago, cast as the Seaver family's nanny. Her gold hair, hazel eyes and gamine grin—plus the way she kept bending sexily near Mike Seaver, Cameron's hormone-crazed character—made such an impression, she was quickly signed up as a regular. "We just seemed to have that *chemistry*," said Kirk. The season ended this past spring with a cliff-hanger episode in which he proposed marriage to Julie. To legions of jealous Kirkomaniacs, she said, "Don't hate me. I'm only acting!" Hate Julie? Naah. "I wish I could be that girlfriend on *Growing Pains*," one Kirk fan told *Good Morning, America*, "but as long as he's happy. . . ." Julie first made *Playboy* fans happy in February 1985, appearing as "the pride and joy of Allen, Texas," in *The Girls of Texas*. She rode a rising star on our cover that month. As Miss February 1986, laughing at the thought of Julie as beauty, she said, "I have little eyes, a mouth full of teeth and ears that I call elf ears." Her *Playmate* Data Sheet mentions a single ambition: to be an "actress—because you can be anything you want to be—or at least 'act' like it." Her *Playboy* springboard led to *Star Search*, which led to a guest shot as Tony Danza's fantasy girl on *Who's the Boss?* and a movie debut in the bullets-and-bosoms classic *Big Bad Mama II*. There was also a romance with TV's Scott Baio, who played Chachi on the old *Happy Days* series—Julie is the answer to the trivia question: "Who helped teach the facts of life to two of the tube's most eligible hunks?"—and a couple of controversies. One involved a Texas preacher who, decrying sin, sex and *Playboy*, said in all seriousness, "The easiest thing to do is jump on Julie." Another rocked the sleepy town of Wilmington, North Carolina, where Julie was stripped of her crown as queen of last spring's Azalea Festival. A few Wilmington bluenoses waved her centerfold at fest officials, who promptly caved in to the Stop Julie brigade. "I was very upset and



On ABC's hit sitcom *Growing Pains*, Julie plays nanny to teen icon Kirk Cameron's Mike Seaver. Mike, all boy, is feeling the first pangs of young lust. Julie, all girl, plays hard to get. At least till the next episode.



Julie was our Lone-Star State cover girl in February 1985 (above left). Her rising star led to another cover in September 1986 and then to her current role opposite Cameron (top left), whose female fans are a jealous lot. Julie tells Kirkomaniacs she's just an actress playing a part but admits that her co-star is "so cute."







hurt," she said. She soon got over the snub. The first lady of *Growing Pains* has her hands full with Kirk and little room left for azaleas. A frequent guest at Playboy Mansion West, Julie keeps in touch with her *Playboy* roots. She once shared a Los Angeles apartment with Miss August 1986, Ava Fabian, and Miss May 1987, Kym Paige. Getting on *their* guest list was the dream of Southern California's male population. Julie even makes an appearance on the new *Playboy* pinball machine, as an all-American blonde seated poolside. When fundamentalists and floral-fest organizers scold her for going all natural in a famous men's magazine, she stands her ground. "I have nothing against sex," she told our readers. Puritans cringed; *Playboy* readers cheered. Julie knew even then that a girl can be wholesome *and* sexy at the same time. Not to mention intelligent and charming—which is how Kirk Cameron describes the Julie of *Growing Pains*.

Born in Honolulu, Julie was "a military brat" who has lived in Hawaii, Louisiana, West Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, Missouri, Texas and California and now has fans in the 42 other states as well.





Sexy, wholesome and newly secure (after signing on for a four-episode stint, she was quickly made a *Growing Pains* regular), Julie has begun to enjoy some of the perks of stardom. She will dare the high wire on *Circus of the Stars*. Meanwhile, every Wednesday night, she tempts Kirk Cameron's hormones, while millions of his fans writhe in teen envy.



fiction
By A. M. WELLMAN
Potomac State College
Keyser, West Virginia

T · H · E MADISON HEIGHTS SYNDROME

■
on the 36th day of captivity,
the beer ran out—and then we had
to come up with a plan
■

THERE'S THIS TAPE I have that I watch from the 11-o'clock news, Bernie Smilovitz doing the sports, talking about the Tigers down at the stadium tonight taking on the White Sox. "We have highlights," he begins, and there's Cliff Spab standing on the pitcher's mound, about to toss out the first ball to Mike Heath, standing by the backstop. "Now watch this," Bernie says as all of a sudden Spab takes off for center field, the camera catching him from behind as he runs with that ball, focusing on the SPAB 15 on his back, a real jersey the Tigers made for him, and when he gets out in center field, he rears back and flings that ball, just pegs that motherfucker into the upper-deck bleachers.

The crowd goes nuts. I remember walking back to the infield, across the greenest grass in the tricounty area, and it felt good. Watching it makes me feel good.

■
But I'm not in Tiger Stadium now, I'm in Colwood, Michigan, living in the R Street Theater. It's a pretty cool building. They don't show movies here anymore, though the place is intact. The seats are still all here, facing a big blank white screen.

My room is on the second floor, above the lobby, across the hall from the projection booth. The owner, Streeter, promises to show me how to run the projector someday. He thinks he has some old stag movies, smokers, sitting around somewhere.

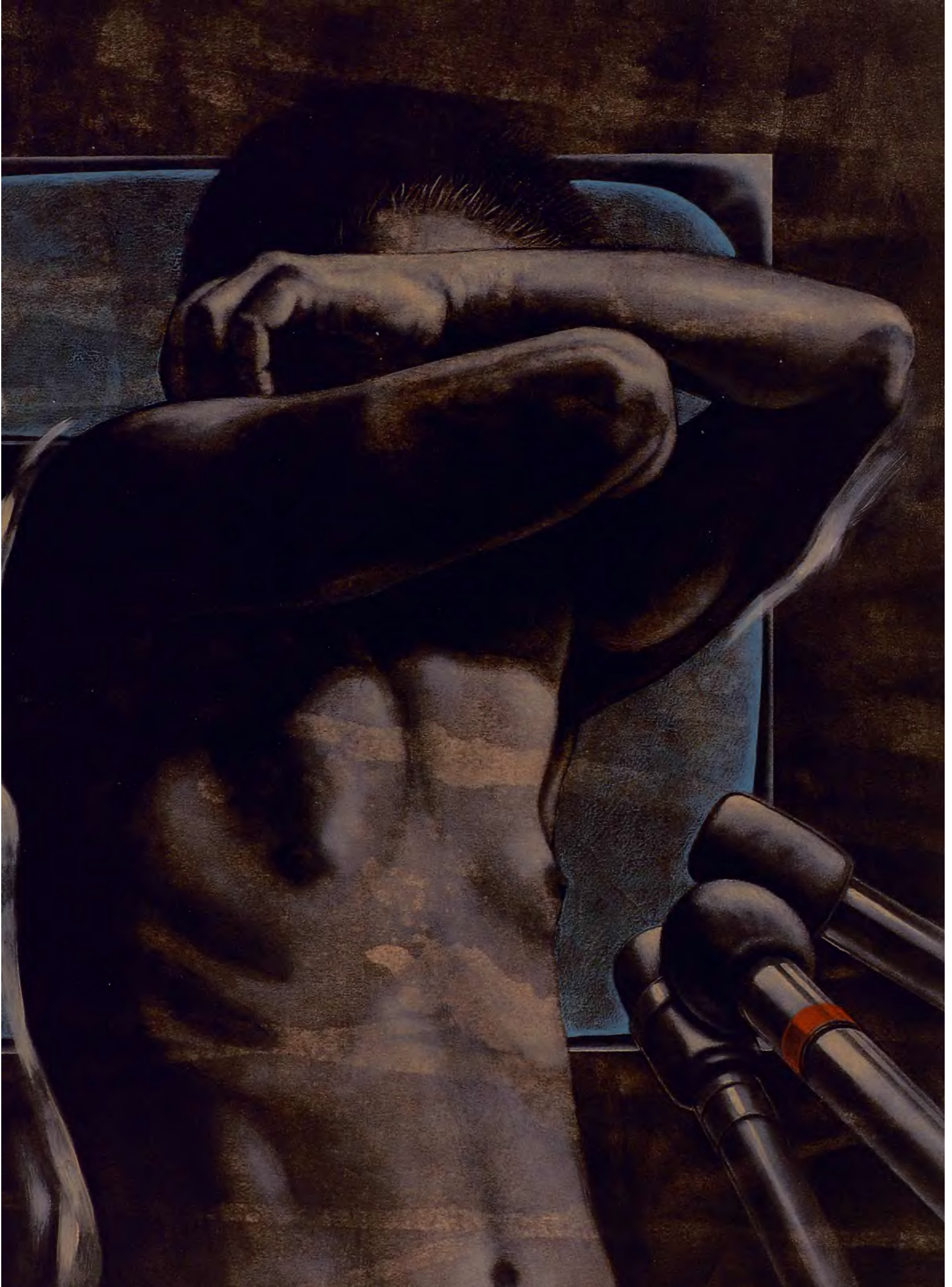
The window in my room overlooks the theater marquee. At night, I turn on the blank sign from a nearby switch and lie down and watch the lights move across the ceiling.

I don't leave the building. Streeter brings me food. The other day, he brought me a newspaper. The *Detroit Free Press*. Headline, page 1A: "CLIFF SPAB STILL MISSING." I barely glance at it before going to the sports. As I do, I look up at the old man and he's grinning at me. "What the fuck," I mutter. "I ain't missing, I'm right here."

■
I don't know what's going on anymore. There's nothing wrong with that. That was cool once, back when my life was simple. Working at the Oakland Mall Burger King, I spent my days waking up, punching in, slopping up, punching out. I
■

PLAYBOY'S
COLLEGE FICTION
CONTEST WINNER





didn't give a shit, and on a job like that, that's the only way to go.

Then came the weekend and me and my buddy Joe Dice would go out cruising the northeast suburbs of Detroit in my green '73 El Camino. We'd be out there, driving around, picking up chicks, cranking up the radio, laughing our asses off.

Working and cruising. Like I said, things were simple.

And that's what we were doing, Joe



and I, the night of the now-famous hostage crisis in Madison Heights, Michigan. Friday night, the two of us punched out at the Home of the Whopper and hit the streets. Two A.M. or so, we figured on getting some beer and heading home, so we stopped in that 7-Eleven on John R between 13 and 14 Mile.

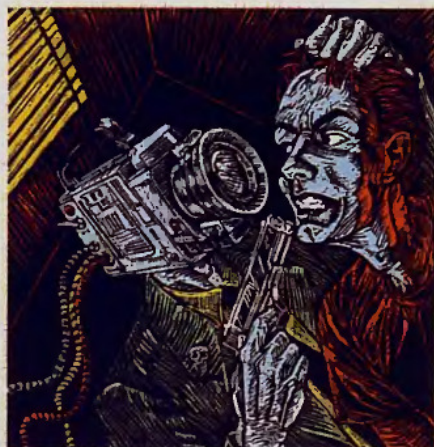
Inside, they got us. Stuck guns to our heads, handcuffed us. It would be 36 days before I left that goddamn store.

I know Streeter's daughter, that's how I know Streeter. Stacy Streeter. Nice chick, good-looking, she's got a decent apartment, makes some decent money; she's a few years older than me, no big deal.

Let's just say we met at a party.

Stacy, having seen the whole thing on TV, knows more about the Madison Heights hostage crisis than I do, but I can't get her to believe that. I haven't seen her since I got out, but I've talked to her on the phone.

"What happened in there?" she asks me. "Nothin,'" I say.



"Bullshit," she tells me.

Well, what the fuck am I supposed to tell her? That I drank a lot of beer, ate a lot of burritos? "What happened in there?" she asks. I think I went nuts in there, that's what I think happened, but I'm not sure.

Now Streeter's bringing me a copy of *Time* magazine with my picture on the cover. Again. Not a photo this time—but a goddamn *painting*. "WHERE IS CLIFF SPAB?" the cover reads.

I read the article about America's newest folk hero and his cult following; I read their analysis of the Spab phenomenon. They say I'm "indicative of the growing dark side of the Pepsi Generation." Gee, I can't wait to show this to my grandkids.

I'm watching TV with Streeter now and a commercial for *Time* comes on. When they flash an 800 number, I dial it.

"Yo," I say. "Cliff Spab here. Tell your bosses they can have an exclusive interview for one million dollars cash."

The operator hangs up. Streeter snickers at me as I stare at the receiver. I sort of shrug, hang up, get myself another beer.

In the 7-Eleven, they had a video camera, these guys with the panty hose on their heads. Every day or so (though none of us knew what day it was or even if it was day or night), they'd come in with that camera and we'd sit there and say something. I don't know how, but the cops would get the tape and then they'd show it on the news.

Eventually, Joe and I and Wendy Pfister, this Hazel Park chick stuck in there with us, started cutting loose for the camera. Joe would reel off a couple of dirty jokes. Wendy might talk about how wonderful this whole experience was, how she was finally at peace with herself. I did lots of weird shit, but the tape that caught everyone's fancy was when I dared the panty-hose guys to blow my head off.

I don't know why I did it, I just did. Look at that tape. There I am in that now-famous black Doors T-shirt, my left wrist handcuffed to the metal folding funeral-home chair I'm sitting in, screaming into the camera, "What's the matter, you chickenshit or something? Come on, ya fuckin' pussy, kill me, I fuckin' dare ya. Blow my fuckin' brains out, come on. You chickenshit or something?"

That made the evening news, of course, and when one of the panty-hose guys hit me, hard, in the mouth and I'm spitting blood all over the place, it didn't hurt my standing in the public eye.

Streeter tells me those black Doors T-shirts are selling out all around the country.

(continued on page 144)

ILLUSTRATION CONTEST WINNERS

The graduate students of the School of Visual Arts in New York, under the direction of award-winning *Playboy* artist Marshall Arisman, entered their artwork in a competition for illustrator of our winning story. The first-place winner is Thomas Thrun (overleaf). The runners-up (clockwise from top) are Michael Thibodeau, Donald David, Kimberly Tryba, Kim Drew and Gayle Hegland.



"Now, darling, it isn't nice to moon the Wolf Man!"

PLAYBOY
C O L L E C T I O N

things you can live without, but who wants to?



Vespa's zippy Italian-made PX-150E motor scooter totes a load of as much as 670 pounds on an all-steel body and features electric or kick start, from Vespa of Chicago, \$1895. Add a few options and accessories, such as a wind-screen, shown here, a back rest and saddlebags, and this hot little red scooter costs a cool \$2307. Aitsa nice.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

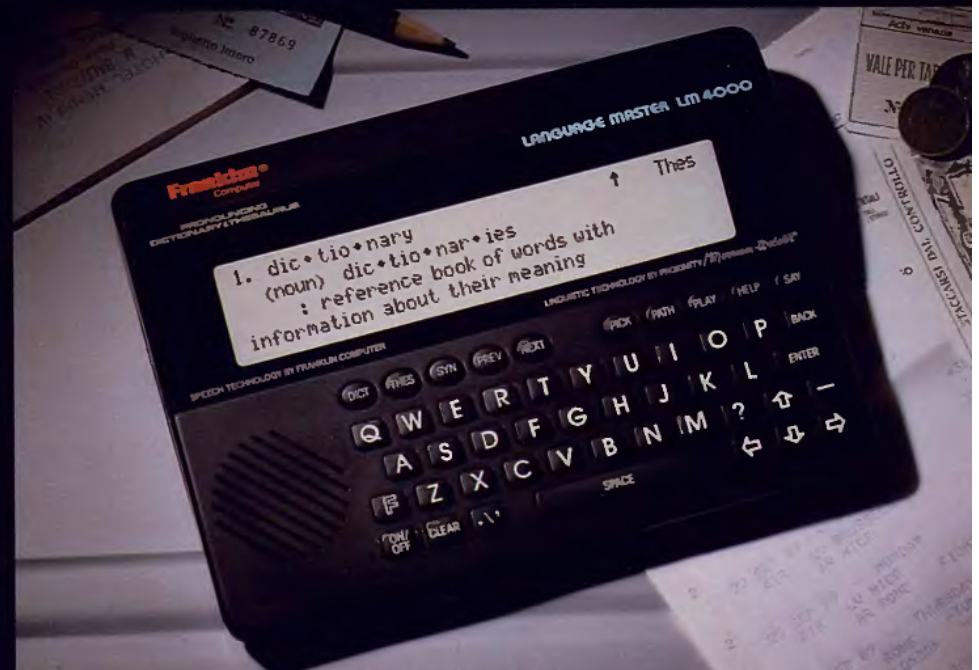
This 9½"-tall sterling-silver-and-vermeil limited-edition ice bucket, from the Cleto Munari Collection, designed by architect Boris Siper, is a functional work of art, from Primavera Gallery, New York, \$2900.



Canon's 8mm E808 video camcorder features a rotating electronic view finder and grip that turns 180 degrees for low- and high-angle shooting, autofocus, power zoom and hands-off, wireless remote control, \$1799.

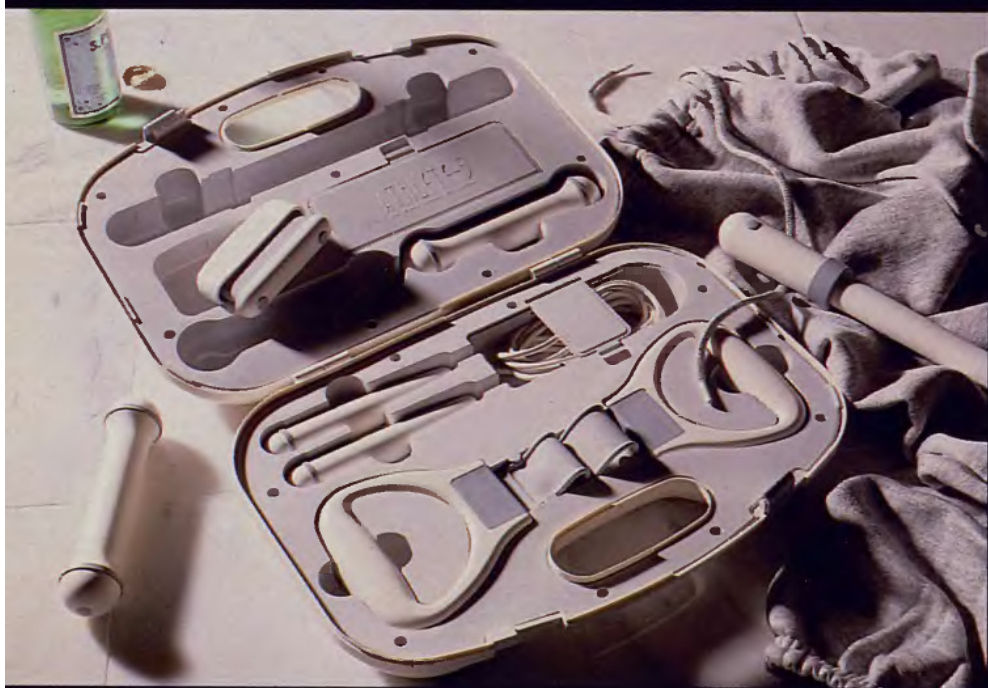


Move over, Mr. Webster. The Language Master 4000, an electronic speaking dictionary, thesaurus and phonetic spelling corrector, pronounces and defines more than 83,000 words, by Franklin Computer, \$399.





Roger & Gallet of France has recently introduced Open, a sophisticated citrus-based line of toiletries. Prices range from \$10 for a deodorant stick to \$35 for an eau de toilette spray. Let the games begin!



Make it one order of muscles to go, as this tough 16" x 11" polypropylene travel case houses chest pull, handgrip, tension bar, jump rope, dumbbell set and sweatbands, from Trend Pacific Inc., Los Angeles, \$79.95.



The adjustable visors on Threds sunglasses can be dialed to a perfect fit. The impact-resistant shield is 100 percent UV filtering and interchangeable, from JT Sport Optics, Chula Vista, California, \$99.95.



Mitsubishi Electric's new E-5200 audio system with Dolby Surround Sound includes preamp, tuner, CD and cassette decks, optional turntable, floor-standing speakers and an interactive programmable remote, \$2299.

College Women (continued from page 72)

“Don't put up with games. Just do what you want to do. If you want to talk to him, just call him.”

understand that I'm allowed to have guy friends and hang out with them. So I guess we're "committed" again [*grin*].

LYNN: I'm not currently seeing anybody, but I am in hot pursuit.

PLAYBOY: Does he know you're in hot pursuit?

LYNN: I think it's kind of mutual, but he's just moving really slowly.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel funny about calling him?

LYNN: Well, I don't want to, but then again, I'm not going to totally stop and wait, because I'd just lose the momentum that we're building.

EMILY: I have not really been involved with anybody for a long time. It's hard for me to start now, because I don't know how to go about having a relationship. I'm kind of insecure about myself. I'm backing away, but then the other side of me is saying go for it. At the beginning of the year, I ruined something that was getting started at the end of last year. It was totally my fault. It's up to me to call him and let him know I'm sorry.

DEBBIE: Well, I'm with a guy I've been close friends with for about four years. Last year, we started getting more intimate with each other. We both are free to see other people. He's got a girlfriend right now and I'm not currently seeing anyone else. We talk about other people we sleep with, and it's really great that we can be so open with each other. I just love it, because I know how this one guy feels; he's real honest with me. If I'm in a relationship where a guy cheats on me—and I have had those—that's when I get really upset. But if seeing others is OK for him, it's damn well going to be OK for me, too, as long as that's understood in the beginning.

PLAYBOY: Does anyone actually date any more?

GAIL: I don't think I've ever gone on a date. We always just sort of hung out. That was it. People ask, "Are you seeing each other? Are you dating?" Both of us say, "No, we're just hanging out."

CAROLYN: I say dating, but I don't mean it.

NICKI: I can't remember the last time I met somebody who called me, came to my house and took me to a movie. I mean, there's almost zero exclusive time at the beginning of a relationship.

PLAYBOY: So you "hang out"; maybe you're friends, maybe there's more. How do you let somebody know that you want romance, that if he comes on to you, he won't be rebuffed?

NICKI: See, you meet each other on a flirty basis. They're obviously attracted to you and they come up to talk to you, but from that point on, you don't know what is right and what is wrong. It's the biggest puzzle to figure out. If you do one thing that in their eyes is not what they want, you're blown off.

PLAYBOY: Then how do you know if you're going to see somebody again?

NICKI: You don't. It's just a big game. My sister advised me, "Don't put up with games. Just do what you want to do. If you want to talk to him, just call him." That's what I'm trying to do this year.

PLAYBOY: When you meet a guy, what do you look for?

LYNN: Intelligence.

PLAYBOY: Looks?

ALL: Yes. Yes.

GAIL: The first thing you notice is his looks. There are times when you say, "Oh, my God, he's really good-looking," but it's so disappointing so much of the time. He turns out to be dumber than a rock. I went through a stage where I saw a lot of good-looking, dumber-than-rock guys, then I met the guy I've been going out with since. And he's not a Greek god. Somehow, it didn't really matter, because it was comfortable and easy.

PLAYBOY: Do you rate bodies?

ALL: Yes.

DEBBIE: My guy has the best kind. He's kind of short, with nice broad shoulders and a little, teeny, tiny waist.

PLAYBOY: What about honesty? Debbie, do you think your boyfriend is being honest with his other girlfriend?

DEBBIE: I don't know. He's usually not as open with other girls.

NICKI: I've heard and seen every trick in the book from guys.

PLAYBOY: What kind of tricks?

NICKI: I've heard the dumbest lines and lines that make me want to fall for them.

I'll give an example. I was at a fraternity party and there was a girl who was holding something. This guy says, "Here, let me go put that up in my room for you." She says, "Oh, OK." He tells her, "Yeah, I'll just get it for you at the end of the night." You know, she's a freshman. It was her first party. My God. After being here, you learn about offers like that. This year, I'm not going to be taken in by guys who are out to scam for one night.

CAROLYN: Guys say the stupidest things, like, "Why don't we go to another bar?" You know, like, leave your friends. That's so obvious.

GAIL: But it's usually after you meet some-

one who really interests you: He pops the line and you fall for it.

CAROLYN: Yeah, you get suckered in.

PLAYBOY: Do you know guys who complain about girls who do these same things?

GAIL: Absolutely. As much as we don't want to admit it, women do exactly the same things guys do, in their own way. You can't tell me that none of us has ever walked into a bar and thought, I really want to meet a guy tonight. I mean, why do we go out and put on make-up and perfume and wear our best clothes and try to look so cute if we're just going out to be with our girlfriends?

PLAYBOY: What are you looking for on that kind of night? To meet somebody and get to know him better, or are you looking for someone to sleep with for a night?

GAIL: Girls, when they go out and get dressed up nice, are expecting something to come of it. I personally do not want to meet a guy and just sleep with him and never see him again, but guys are perfectly happy with that. I've heard a lot of guys say, "I don't want to pick up a girl in a bar or meet her at a party when she's drinking." They think, God, she'd be a slut if she came with me. That's their big test. If you fall into their trap, then you're out of the picture.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that a lot of your friends do fall for it, though?

ALL: Oh, yes, yes.

GAIL: I think girls are stupid. Stupid, stupid. See, we can all sit around this table and be completely sober, but if you started us drinking now and in two hours talked with us after we'd slammed pitchers, like you would in a bar, I bet our attitudes would be different. I drank a lot in my freshman and sophomore years and I slept with guys I'd just met. I mean, I once met a guy in the afternoon, slept with him that afternoon, didn't even see him that night, never saw him again. He called me a year later, obviously thinking, I remember this girl in Madison. She was a good time.

CAROLYN: So typical.

GAIL: Yes, but it's just sick. Of course, it was my own fault. He was in my room. He was in my territory. I knew it was going to happen as well as he did, but I didn't do anything to stop it.

PLAYBOY: When you first leave home, how do you know how to manage your own social life unless you make mistakes?

NICKI: But do you know how long that learning process is? I swear it's like two years. It's a hell of a long time to be doing things that make you feel bad about yourself. I'm so sick of dealing with the way guys treat girls. They get off

(continued on page 120)



"Actually, we are quite amused at the house's being haunted."



KARATE KID

KAREN FOSTER HAS A SUN BELT IN SELF-DEFENSE
AND A MAJOR IN COMPUTER SCIENCE

HERE'S A SAYING about the beautiful women of America that goes, "If they haven't moved to California, they're still in Texas." This little wisdom is courtesy of Karen Patricia Foster, our Miss October, who is proof that at least half of the truism has merit. We had asked Karen what she would tell a newcomer to Texas, how she would sell the state. "You don't have to sell any town in Texas. People here are friendly. We talk to people." And she proceeded to talk, about growing up in Lufkin, a town of about 28,000, two hours from any major city, your basic blue-jean, cowboy-boot and pickup-truck kind of town. She graduated in the top ten in her class (about 500 students, your typical 5A-football-league school). Some of the stories sound like those of a typical Southern upbringing: Karen went to twirling camp, traveled to twirling competitions with her sister and mom, collected a roomful of twirling trophies. "It's close to rhythmic gymnastics—it has the elements of dance and acrobatics, plus you've got the baton to worry about. But what it teaches you is that you just don't become a twirler. You learn to be responsible, to organize your time, to work toward a goal." The skills came in handy when she enrolled at the University of Houston—she worked as a cheerleader with the Houston Rockets basketball team. Parts of her childhood seem unique: She grew up riding dirt



She's a sport, from bats to batons: When Karen moved to the big city, she roomed with her sister and took up the family trade (her sister was a cheerleader for the Oilers and the Rockets). "The Rockets' fans are much more loyal than those in high school or college. They are there because they want to be."



bikes. "It's a neat family thing, sort of like taking a hike together, except you're on motorcycles. My brother had one with training wheels." She also studied karate for seven years. "When I was eight or nine, I was real skinny. In sixth grade, I weighed the same as my brother in kindergarten. My dad thought I should learn something to hold my own." She fought in tournaments, against boys, never placing less than third. "It's not just kicks and punches. It's not just a body sport but a mind-body thing. It's concentration—and a lot of knuckle push-ups."

When asked about childhood dreams, Karen had one that may have been typically Southern—for an older generation. "I thought I would grow up and marry Elvis. I know; he died when I was twelve. But he always meant something special to me. My dad would say, 'There's an old Elvis movie on TV,' and we'd sit together and

"I'm one of those people who remember over-all feelings but not things in particular. The delight, not the details. I could never get those essays right—you know, 'What did you do on your vacation?'"









watch." And now that Elvis is back, anything is possible, right? Wrong. Beyond the day-dreams, there is a clearheaded young woman. At U of H, she has combined classes in computer science with accounting courses, while pursuing modeling on the side. "I'm always going to have a brain, but now is the time to see what I can do with these looks." She is obviously comfortable with her body, and with the idea of posing for *Playboy*, but is aware of the public's mixed reactions to nudity. "I went to Europe and visited the topless beaches there. I was a tad uncomfortable at first, but then, when you see seventy-year-old women sunning sans tops, you wonder at your own embarrassment. But if you tried a topless beach in Houston, it would take the rest of the century for people to get through staring at one another." If Miss Foster were sunning herself on said beach, it might take longer than that.

"I've never had a mad passion. The men in my life are friends I can call twenty times a day and still find things to talk about. I look for companionship—on a date, it's the person, not the packaging."

MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Karen Foster

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: KAREN FOSTER

BUST: 36 WAIST: 21 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 105 LBS.

BIRTH DATE: 4/21/65 BIRTHPLACE: LUFKIN TEXAS

AMBITIONS: TO ACCOMPLISH ALL THE GOALS I'VE EVER SET FOR MYSELF AND TO NEVER BE SAD OR LONELY.

TURN-ONS: LEATHER CLOTHES, FAST CARS, TRAVELING, READING A GOOD BOOK.

TURN-OFFS: WAITING IN LINES, WAKING UP EARLY, COLD WEATHER, RUDE DRIVERS.

FAVORITE BOOKS: PRESUMED INNOCENT, THE STAND

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: 60 MINUTES, USA TODAY, LEAVE IT TO BEAVER

FAVORITE MOVIES: CASABLANCA, ALL JAMES BOND MOVIES

FAVORITE PERFORMER: ELVIS PRESLEY, HE WAS SO GOOD-LOOKING AND TALENTED, TOO!

FAVORITE COUNTRY: USA, OF COURSE! BUT FRANCE IS MY FAVORITE FOREIGN COUNTRY BECAUSE OF ITS HISTORY AND WORKS OF ART.

DESCRIBE YOURSELF: DEDICATED, INTELLIGENT, AMBITIOUS AND FAMILY-ORIENTED.



16 YRS. WITH MY BATON-TWIRLING TROPHY



18 YRS. AS AN NBA. HOUSTON ROCKETS CHEERLEADER



21 YRS. AT THE LOUVRE MUSEUM IN PARIS



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

I can let you have this top-of-the-line stereo for four hundred dollars, minus six percent for cash," the salesman said.

The customer, not able to figure the calculation, said he would think about the deal and return the next day.

That evening, the fellow asked his female friend, "If you were offered four hundred dollars minus six percent, how much would you take off?"

"Everything but my earrings," she purred.



Wade Boggs, Steve Garvey and Pete Rose were sitting together in a bar. A beautiful woman walked in and Wade said, "I'm going to make love to that woman all night long; yes, I am."

"Ha!" Garvey said. "She's carrying my baby." Rose turned to them and said, "Wanna bet?"

A truck driver parked his semi outside the diner, walked in and ordered a steak. Just as he was served, three huge bikers swaggered in, picked up the trucker's steak and took it to their table. The driver paid his bill and walked out.

"Either that bozo is chicken or he can't fight," one biker snickered to the waitress.

"Can't drive, either," she said. "He just ran over three motorcycles."

Two psychiatrists with offices in the same building rode the elevator together every morning. Each day, the elevator operator would watch in amazement as one of the psychiatrists spit in the other's face, while the victim did nothing in return.

Finally, the operator stopped the second man after the other had exited. "Excuse me, sir, but for three years now, I've been taking you and that other gentleman to your floors, and each day, that man spits in your face. Why don't you ever do anything about it?"

"Well," the shrink replied with a shrug, "it's *his* problem."

There's good news and bad news for Oklahoma football fans. The good news is, the Sooners have been ranked tenth by the A.P. The bad news is, they've been ranked third by the FBI.

A koala bear broke into a prostitute's apartment and proceeded to vigorously perform oral sex on her. After he had finished and was heading for the door, she stopped him and demanded payment. The koala bear was bewildered.

"See," she said, "it's right here in the dictionary. A prostitute is 'a woman who sells sex for money.'"

Unfazed, the koala bear told her to look *him* up in the dictionary. There she found this entry: "Koala bear, an Australian native mammal that eats bushes and leaves."

How many men does it take to steer an Exxon oil tanker? One and a fifth.

The judge looked suspiciously at the fellow accused of peddling "Fountain of Youth" tablets that, he promised, would reverse the aging process.

"Bailiff," the judge asked, "does the accused have any prior arrests?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, referring to his notes. "He was arrested for the same offense in 1983, 1974, 1965, 1941, 1911, 1869 and 1841."

How does a New Yorker give C.P.R.? He points to the person on the ground and yells, "Get up before you fucking die!"



What does Dan Quayle think *Roe vs. Wade* is? Two ways to cross the Potomac.

Two retired New York businessmen were in Miami commiserating about their careers.

"So what happened to your business?" one asked the other.

"Fire. Destroyed everything. What happened to yours?"

"Flood," the first one replied.

"Really? How do you arrange a flood?"

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.

PERSONNEL



"The 'Phi Beta Kappa' card is helpful, but what really grabs them is the 'allover tan.'"

return to animal house

the man who wrote the movie revisits the scene of the crime—and finds he can still boot with the best of them

article

By CHRIS MILLER

iT'S MAGIC MONDAY at the Alpha Delta house and the brothers have been drinking since six A.M. They have worked their way through Sunrise-Service Hour (tequila sunrises), Cartoon Hour (Kool-Aid punch) and Lonely-Guy Hour (Thunderbird and Mad Dog, straight from the bottle). Now it's ten o'clock, and that means it's . . . Naked-in-the-Tube-Room Hour!

Seventy naked guys cram into the TV room, which is about as large as a small one-car garage. Beers are distributed by dick size—those with big ones get king cans of Bud; those with small cocks drink from shot glasses. The worst, most repellent, vile and disgusting porno tape available is popped into the VCR. The brothers keep checking one another out—anyone who gets a hard-on faces rigorous punishment. No one's quite sure what the punishment might be, since in the history of Magic Monday, no one has yet *gotten* a hard-on during Naked-in-the-Tube-Room Hour, but they keep checking anyway, just in case.

There's a knock on the door. It's the delivery guy from the pizza place—he steps inside and freezes. Good Lord, what has he walked in on here—a bunch of *preverts* or something? Oddly enough, despite the large number of guys present, no one has the money to pay for the pizza—because no one has any *pockets*. On the screen, the cast is urinating on one another, sodomizing dead animals, all sorts of neat stuff. “If you could wait till the end of this sequence,” says the guy who made the order, “I’ll run upstairs





and get some money."

The pizza guy looks around, swallows and says, "Never mind. This one's a freebie." He makes the quickest getaway ever seen from a Dartmouth fraternity house.

Magic Monday is a tradition going back at least two decades at the AD house, or Adelpian Lodge, as its members affectionately call it. The hourly themes proliferate over the years: Volleyball-in-the-Living-Room Hour, with Beach Boys music and piña coladas; Ex-Athlete Hour, with Schlitz beer (because that's what washed-up old athletes drink); Blues Hour, when they listen to Elmore James and drink bourbon; Christmas Hour, when they chop down a tree, plant it in the living room, decorate it with condoms and panties and drink eggnog; and, finally, New Year's Hour, when they cut the tree up and burn it, drink champagne and sing *Auld Lang Syne*. It's a good time and an important annual event.

The common belief is that the first Magic Monday occurred the day John F. Kennedy was shot. After all, is it not carved on the pillar by the tap system in the basement, NOVEMBER 22, 1963—J.F.K. DEAD—EIGHT KEGS? I could tell them different. You see, I was *there* on November 22, 1963. First, it was a Friday, not a Monday, and, second, what happened was less a celebration of surreality than a wake; though, actually, it *was* a pretty good time. No, the first Magic Monday occurred a few years later, when a brother named Don chanced to stay up drinking one Sunday night, and in the morning, the brothers were so impressed that they blew off classes for the day and joined him. But why muddy the underpinnings of a cherished Adelpian tradition? Myths are more fun than facts.

Let me tell you another AD tradition: the Night of the Seven Fires. This is the Hell Night that, in one form or another, has marked the transition of more than a half century's worth of AD pledges into brothers. The early Sixties version: You had to hike out to the snowy woods in the middle of the night and find, with the aid of a mimeographed map, the Seven Sacred Watch Fires. At each of these would be a complement of brothers waiting to demand demented acts of you. You had to drop trou and sit in the snow, consume impossible quantities of beer and wine and vomit repeatedly, sometimes on one another.

It was one of the greatest nights of my life.

This is difficult for some people to understand. Fraternity high-jinks are a most particular form of behavior and are regarded with neither sympathy nor affection by much of the world, especially mothers, police officers, campus administrators and other societal voices of

moderation and control. It's hard to explain to those who have missed the fraternity experience how richly satisfying mooning or booting (that's Dart-talk for recreational vomiting) or eating your underwear can be. People just don't get it.

Which is why, about ten years after graduating, I decided to write a book about fraternity life in which I would present America with the straight skinny—the reverse value systems, the fascination with the repugnant, the cheerful flouting of authority. The book never found a publisher, but portions of it, converted to short stories, appeared in *National Lampoon*, where their popularity prompted editor Doug Kenney to propose that he, Harold Ramis and I write a movie based on them. The movie was *Animal House*.

Now, I'm aware that a lot of people thought that Delta Tau Chi in *Animal House* was somehow based on their fraternity. Sorry, guys—now it can be told—the house that launched the legend was AD at Dartmouth. And although, to the best of my recollection, no one at Dartmouth ever put Fizzies in the swimming pool or offed a horse in the dean's office, someone *did* once boot on the dean (and his wife), and there was, in a house today known as the Tabard, a mermaid with goldfish-bowl breasts, and, in the AD house, there were guys named Otter, Flounder and Pinto, and a "Sex Room," and numerous black R&B bands that played *Shout* and *Louie, Louie*. There was also a guy named Turnip, who placed a phone call to a dead Smithie, identifying himself as her boyfriend. Unlike Otter in the movie, he didn't get himself and his fellow road-trippers dates with her roommate and friends. In fact, that idea had never occurred to Turnip—he'd made the call out of sheer joy of sickness.

"Sickness Is Health, Blackness Is Truth, Drinking Is Strength." That was the house creed, and we tried to live up to it. Pledges were taught power booting. If you drank enough beer and jumped up and down a few times, it was no big deal to boot your height—the trick was in keeping a tight stream and hitting the target, a photo of Connie Francis, say, tacked to the basement wall. There was a fellow who used to snooze atop the bar, naked but for a beer cup over his dong. When a lady would enter the basement, he would tip his cup. We built lewd snow statues, got laid in a hearse parked out back, pledged a dead raccoon and once mooned the governor of New Hampshire. We had fun.

But how much fun, I wondered, were they having up at Dartmouth today? After all, it was the Eighties now, the era of AIDS, religious fundamentalism and the conservative backlash against the indulgent Sixties and Seventies. What was more, to those of us alumni who followed

the news out of Dartmouth, it often seemed as if the college had declared *war* on its fraternity system.

The opening gun was fired in 1978. An English professor, James A. Epperson, circulated a petition among the faculty to have fraternities abolished for "interfering with college life and the health and well-being of students." The real stunner came when the faculty voted 67-16 in favor of the proposal. Obviously, there was serious resentment harbored against the fraternities at Dartmouth.

To a degree, fraternities were under serious scrutiny nationwide. College faculties had always tended to view them as elitist, sexist, racist, anti-intellectual and overly involved with alcohol. Now, in the Eighties, with their ranks swelled with veterans of the Sixties—who by and large hated fraternities—they were on the attack. At many schools, especially the smaller, private ones in the Northeast, boards of trustees formed study committees. In 1983, Amherst and Colby abolished fraternities outright. Gettysburg came close to doing the same, and at Middlebury, there's a continuing controversy over the fate of their fraternity system. Indeed, aspects of Greek life have been under some form of study at approximately a third of the 650 colleges where fraternities exist.

At the same time, though, fraternities have never been more popular. On the rebound from their Vietnam-era doldrums, undergraduate fraternities grew in membership from 230,000 in 1980 to more than 400,000 in 1986. This was widely regarded as a reflection of the return to establishment values and conservatism on campus, though it may have had more to do with the resurgent desire of college men to raise hell and have fun with their buddies, which, after all, is what fraternities are all about. In any case, it seems unlikely that larger schools, such as USC or the University of Illinois, will ever do away with them—they're simply too popular among both students and alumni.

Meanwhile, back at Dartmouth, the proposal to abolish the houses was ultimately voted down by the board of trustees, but there did ensue a period of crackdown that resulted in many houses' being put on probation and given shape-up-or-ship-out ultimatums. Then, in 1983, came the instituting of "minimum standards" for fraternities and sororities. Since this program called for, among other things, expensive renovations to the deteriorating houses, most of which had been built in the Twenties, it was widely perceived as an attempt to do away with the fraternities by breaking them financially.

Then, in 1987, the board of trustees released a Residential Life Statement

(continued on page 150)

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

our pre-season picks of the top college teams and players

HAVE YOU NOTICED that they don't show many of those great old crime movies on TV anymore—Cagney in *Angels with Dirty Faces*, Paul Muni in *Scarface* or our personal favorite, *10,000 Years in Sing Sing*? Our theory is that the networks believe that the public's appetite for this kind of stuff is being satisfied by the sports report on the late news. You know the stories. An East Coast football player accused of murder. A coach down South up on tax evasion. A couple of linemen out West charged with rape. An offense lost to drug busts: simple possession. Possession with intent to sell. Conspiracy.

In case you missed the TV news, there was the *Sports Illustrated* cover featuring Oklahoma's Charles Thompson. Not Thompson the option quarterback in his orange Sooner jersey but Thompson the accused drug dealer in his orange jail jump suit. Cagney just doesn't hold up against this kind of stuff.

Our first reaction to these stories is disenchantment. Then anger. Who's to blame? The N.C.A.A.? The coaches? Sports agents? College presidents? The truth is that college athletes are no better or worse than any broad spectrum of Americans; no greater percentage of college athletes flout the rules than do businessmen on Wall Street or politicians in Congress. At least the athletes can plead youth.

While we hope for the day when the sports report will be all scores and no jail sentences, let's take a look at the brighter side of college football—the action on the field. Here's how we rank the winners and the losers.

1. NOTRE DAME

Believe it or not, Notre Dame will have a better football team this season than last. Coach Lou Holtz, of course, understands that that doesn't guarantee another national championship. The Fighting Irish were good, but they were also lucky, eking out victories over Michigan (19-17) and Miami (31-30). Notre Dame's offense revolves around quarterback Tony Rice, who passed for 1176 yards and rushed for 700 yards last season. Perhaps the only notable Notre Dame weakness is the lack of backup for Rice. When asked to detail his strategy in the event that Rice is injured, Holtz answered, "Punt and then pray." Ricky Watters has been switched from flanker to tailback,

sports By GARY COLE
with research by NANCY MOUNT



Quarterback Tony Rice, a leading candidate for this year's Heisman Trophy, will lead Notre Dame in its attempt to win back-to-back national championships.

TOP 20 TEAMS

1. Notre Dame	12-0
2. Miami	10-1
3. Michigan	10-1
4. Nebraska	10-1
5. Florida State	9-2
6. Southern California	9-2
7. Louisiana State	9-2
8. Syracuse	9-2
9. Auburn	9-2
10. Alabama	8-3
11. Houston	8-3
12. Oklahoma	8-3
13. UCLA	8-3
14. Penn State	8-3
15. Texas A&M	8-3
16. Colorado	8-3
17. Clemson	8-3
18. Arkansas	8-3
19. Wyoming	9-2
20. West Virginia	8-3

Possible breakthroughs: Georgia (8-3), North Carolina State (8-3), Brigham Young (8-4), Hawaii (8-4), Virginia (8-4), Duke (7-4), Boston College (7-4), Washington (7-4), Arizona State (7-4), Illinois (7-4), Indiana (7-4), Southern Mississippi (7-4), South Carolina (7-4), Oklahoma State (7-4), Louisville (7-4).

his original rookie-year position, where he'll alternate with Tony Brooks. Sophomore tight end Derek Brown is one of the best young receivers in the nation and Raghbir Ismail, a flanker and kick returner, is a burner. On defense, the Irish lost four starters but have an abundance of talent to fill the holes. Linebacker Michael Stonebreaker, the team's leading returning tackler (105), is questionable because of a dislocated hip suffered in an off-season auto accident. Holtz is fond of saying, "Everybody's 0 and 0 right now." With a wee bit of luck, the Irish could be undefeated again come January. 12-0

2. MIAMI

There's not much argument that Miami has been the dominant team in college football this decade. With 41 victories under Howard Schnellenberger and 52 wins and two national championships under Jimmy Johnson, the Hurricanes have come to epitomize pro-style-passing sophistication and aggressive defense. When Johnson left to replace Tom Landry at Dallas, Hurricanes athletic director Sam Jankovich skipped the obvious successor, assistant coach Gary Stevens, and picked Dennis Erickson, a man Jankovich described as "the best possible coach to take Miami into the Nineties." Erickson, who had performed quick program turnarounds at Idaho, Wyoming and, most recently, Washington State, obviously relished the thought of coaching a team in the running for the national championship year in and year out. The departure of star quarterback Steve Walsh, who passed up his final year of eligibility in favor of the N.F.L.'s supplemental draft, did little to dampen Erickson's optimism. He promptly designated Craig Erickson (no relation) as heir to the hallowed Q.B. spot previously occupied by Jim Kelly, Bernie Kosar, Vinny Testaverde and Walsh. Jimmy Johnson and the Miami recruiting machine also left Erickson with a defense made up of great athletes who, as Erickson says, "like to run all over the field." The national championship may very well be decided when Notre Dame goes to Miami on November 25. 10-1

3. MICHIGAN

Michigan has a chance to be the first school in N.C.A.A. history to win back-to-back national championships in

THE 1989 PLAYBOY



OFFENSE

Left to right, top to bottom: Mike Pfeifer (75), offensive lineman, Kentucky; Robbie Keen (10), place kicker, California-Berkeley; Jake Young (68), center, Nebraska; Darrell Thompson (39), running back, Minnesota; Doug Glaser (70), offensive lineman, Nebraska; Pat Crowley (51), offensive lineman, North Carolina; Clarkston Hines (12), wide receiver, Duke; Don Nehlen, Coach of the Year, West Virginia; Bob Kula (63), offensive lineman, Michigan State; Darren Lewis (25), running back, Texas A&M; Chris Oldham (2), kick returner, Oregon; Major Harris (9), quarterback, West Virginia; Emmitt Smith (22), running back, Florida.

ALL-AMERICA TEAM



DEFENSE

Left to right, top to bottom: Lester Archambeau (72), defensive lineman, Stanford; James Francis (38), linebacker, Baylor; Bobby Lilljedahl (14), punter, Texas; Dennis Brown (79), defensive lineman, Washington; Tim Ryan (99), defensive lineman, Southern Cal; Don Davey (91), Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete, Wisconsin; Percy Snow (48), linebacker, Michigan State; Mark Carrier (7), defensive back, Southern Cal; Robert Blackmon (21), defensive back, Baylor; Keith McCants (86), linebacker, Alabama; Adrian Jones (2), defensive back, Missouri; Aaron Wallace (23), linebacker, Texas A&M; Alonzo Hampton (3), defensive back, Pittsburgh.

THE PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICAS

Playboy's College Football Coach of the Year is DON NEHLEN from West Virginia University. Now beginning his tenth year with the Mountaineers, Nehlen has a career record of 69-36-1. Last year, West Virginia recorded a perfect 11-0 record before losing to Notre Dame in the Sunkist Fiesta Bowl. Nehlen is the recipient of numerous coach-of-the-year awards, including the prestigious Bobby Dodd Award for "a higher and more noble aspect of college coaching."

OFFENSE

MAJOR HARRIS—Quarterback, 6'1", 207 pounds, West Virginia, junior. East Coast Athletic Conference Player of the Year. Passed for 1195 yards and 14 T.D.s; had highest passing-efficiency rating in N.C.A.A.

DARREN LEWIS—Running back, 5'11", 207 pounds, Texas A&M, junior. Southwest Conference Offensive Player of the Year. Rushed for school-record 1692 yards last season.

EMMITT SMITH—Running back, 5'10", 205 pounds, Florida, junior. Reached 2000 rushing yards in fifth game of last season, second earliest of any sophomore back in collegiate history (first was Herschel Walker).

DARRELL THOMPSON—Running back, 6'1", 220 pounds, Minnesota, senior. First Big Ten player to rush for more than 1000 yards in each of his first two seasons.

CLARKSTON HINES—Wide receiver, 6'1", 170 pounds, Duke, senior. Caught 68 passes for 1067 yards and ten T.D.s last season. Should set all-time A.C.C. record for receptions.

GREG MCMURTRY—Wide receiver, 6'3", 197 pounds, Michigan, senior. Caught 27 passes for 470 yards last season. Greg is not pictured because he was playing for the Wolverines in the Big Ten baseball play-offs at time of photo.

PAT CROWLEY—Offensive lineman, 6'3", 280 pounds, North Carolina, senior. Led the way for two 1000-yard rushing backs in three years as starter.

DOUG GLASER—Offensive lineman, 6'7", 295 pounds, Nebraska, senior. Part of line that paved the way for the Cornhuskers' national rushing title (382.3 yards per game).

JAKE YOUNG—Center, 6'4", 270 pounds, Nebraska, senior. Referred to by his coaches as "the finest technician we've seen at his position." Also an Academic Big Eight.

MIKE PFEIFER—Offensive lineman, 6'7", 305 pounds, Kentucky, senior. Should be back at full strength (bench-presses 465 pounds) after knee injury last season.

BOB KULA—Offensive lineman, 6'4", 282 pounds, Michigan State, senior. Switched from left guard to left tackle to replace Tony Mandarich.

CHRIS OLDHAM—Kick returner, 5'9",

180 pounds, Oregon, senior. Led nation in kickoff returns last season with 29.4-yard average.

ROBBIE KEEN—Place kicker, 6'3", 215 pounds, University of California, junior. Kicked 21 out of 25 last season, 11 of 12 from 40 yards or more.

DEFENSE

TIM RYAN—Defensive lineman, 6'5", 250 pounds, Southern California, senior. Fourth year as starter; had 75 tackles, 13 for losses last season.

DENNIS BROWN—Defensive lineman, 6'4", 300 pounds, Washington, senior. Already ranks fifth at Washington in career tackles for losses (29).

LESTER ARCHAMBEAU—Defensive lineman, 6'5", 260 pounds, Stanford, senior. Second-team Pac Ten last year; one of most improved defensive linemen in nation.

AARON WALLACE—Linebacker, 6'4", 230 pounds, Texas A&M, senior. All-Southwest Conference last season; already has 31.5 career sacks.

KEITH MCCANTS—Linebacker, 6'5", 252 pounds, Alabama, junior. In mold of former 'Bama linebackers Cornelius Bennett and Derrick Thomas; has 4.5 speed in the 40.

PERCY SNOW—Linebacker, 6'3", 240 pounds, Michigan State, senior. All-Big Ten last season; finished in top five for Butkus Award for best linebacker.

JAMES FRANCIS—Linebacker, 6'4", 236 pounds, Baylor, senior. Had 82 tackles last season, including eight for losses.

ROBERT BLACKMON—Defensive back, 5'11", 195 pounds, Baylor, senior. All-Southwest Conference last season, second year in a row.

ADRIAN JONES—Defensive back, 6'0", 184 pounds, Missouri, senior. All-Big Eight two years in a row; 44 unassisted tackles last season.

MARK CARRIER—Defensive back, 6'1", 180 pounds, Southern California, junior. Had 114 tackles last season and 17 pass deflections.

ALONZO HAMPTON—Defensive back, 6'0", 190 pounds, Pittsburgh, senior. Second-team all-America last year; 14th nationally in punt returns.

BOBBY LILLJEDAHL—Punter, 6'5", 220 pounds, Texas, senior. Ranked sixth in nation last season with 42.6-yard average.

basketball and football. To accomplish that feat, coach Bo Schembechler and his Wolverines must find a way to beat Notre Dame in the season opener at Ann Arbor on September 16, then pull off a win in Pasadena, where they'll meet UCLA. It's a tall order, but the Wolverines are loaded with talent, returning 17 starters from last season's 9-2-1 squad. Michigan has two of the finest running backs in the nation in Tony Boles and Leroy Hoard. Schembechler also has two talented quarterbacks (Michael Taylor and Demetrius Brown), plus *Playboy* All-America receiver Greg McMurtry. Greg Skrepanek, a 6'8", 322-pound junior offensive tackle, is the most physically awesome football player in Michigan now that Tony Mandarich lives in California. 10-1

4. NEBRASKA

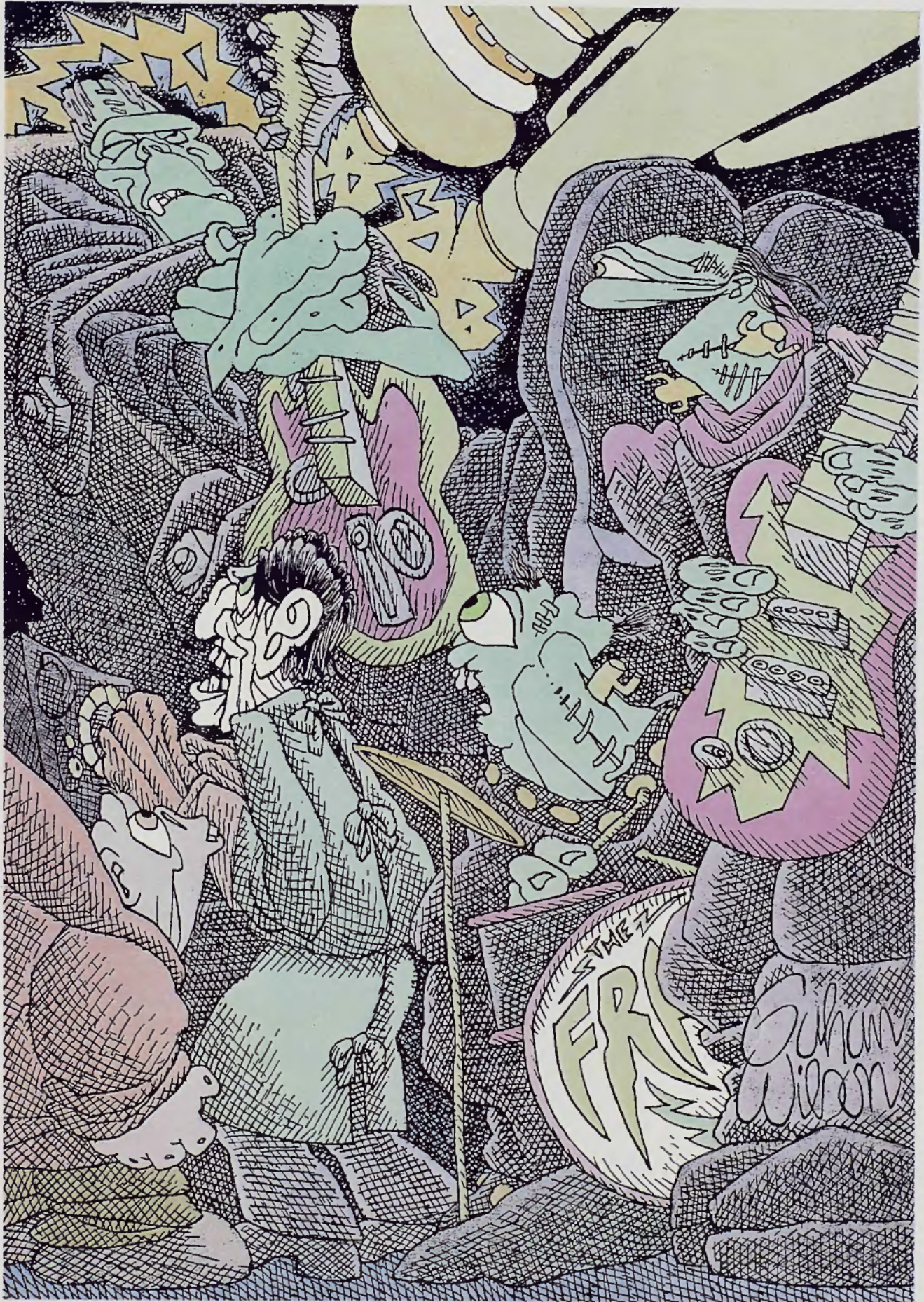
This is Nebraska's centennial football season and coach Tom Osborne's 17th. Each of Osborne's teams has finished in the top ten and gone to a bowl game. The Cornhuskers have won or tied for seven Big Eight titles in that time, including last year's conference crown. As usual, Nebraska is loaded with talent. *Playboy* All-Americas Jake Young and Doug Glaser anchor one of the biggest and best offensive lines in college football. Running back Ken Clark, who rushed for 1497 yards last season, is back for his senior year. Expect some fall-off at quarterback, where Gerry Gdowski will replace Steve Taylor. Not even the loss of seven starters from last season's defensive unit should keep Osborne's talent-deep Huskers from winning big. 10-1

5. FLORIDA STATE

If it weren't for Miami, Florida State would be laying claim to the title "Team of the Eighties"—or at least the late Eighties. The Hurricanes are the only team to have beaten FSU in its last 24 outings (they did it twice). The Seminoles, who had stars in their eyes and lead in their pants when they lost 31-0 to Miami in last season's opener, were dominating the remainder of the season. This year, forgoing the pre-season hype, they may be even more dangerous. Quarterback Peter Tom Willis returns to lead the offense; on defense, watch for nose guard Odell Haggins. The schedule, featuring home games against Miami and Auburn and away games against Syracuse and LSU, is tough. 9-2

6. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Coach Larry Smith set some challenging goals for his Trojans team last year: Be a class team (it was), beat UCLA (it did) and win the Pac 10 championship (it did). However, Smith's dream of a national championship came to an
(continued on page 154)



"If he has any talent whatsoever, I'll be rich!"

WORKING GIRL

our lady from cleveland is on the cutting edge

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

WHO, REALLY, is the girl next door? What we've been trying to say all these years is that great-looking women are everywhere, going about their business, and this new pictorial series, *Working Girl*, is further proof. Meet Bravina Trovato. Bravina is a barber, like her brother and grandfather. When the family got together on Sundays, Grandpa would give haircuts, and to Bravina, it looked like fun. So she went to barber college and for the past nine years has been working at making men look good. "A man goes to a woman barber because he wants to be talked to and pampered," she says. "I have customers who have been coming to me for ages." Trovato, 29, can be reached for an appointment in Cleveland's historic landmark building Terminal Tower. Yes, folks, we did say Cleveland. Furthermore, she loves it there. "Cleveland is going to be the

"The average guy is very concerned about how he looks," says Bravina, at work at right, "so I try to take into consideration his build, the shape of his face, his profession and his hair texture whenever I recommend a particular hair style."



BRAVINA TROVATO: BARBER



comeback city of the Nineties and I want to be here to share in it, one day in my own barbershop," she says. When asked if men are especially vain, she smiles and says, "The ones who are losing their hair are very vain. I have lots of suggestions for them, from special products to different hair styles. Guys with a full head aren't nearly as concerned, but they all ask for advice. I'm doing a lot more perms now." Bravina admits that being a woman in a barbershop is a great way to meet men, but she tries to keep things businesslike, even when the guy in the chair is confiding in her. What do barbers do to keep the adrenaline pumping? Occasionally, they race. Bravina told us a story about herself and her brother, a good barber and a fast one. One day they both were working on customers and she tried to cut faster. That time, Bravina won one with the clipper.

"Sure, I'm an amateur psychologist. I want my customer to be relaxed in the chair. He'll talk to me about his family, business, sports and the news. But I also want him to leave the shop happy with his haircut and come back to me regularly."



KEITH RICHARDS (continued from page 68)

"What children do is grow you up, make you think, What the hell am I gonna leave behind?"

the ticket numbers—you mean you didn't charge for the baby?" It was chaos.

PLAYBOY: You may have been a civilizing influence at Altamont, but many judges have thought you the Devil incarnate. You were arrested for drug possession at Redlands in 1967 and in Aylesbury in 1973. In 1977, you were arrested in Toronto. Do you think it was because of the drugs or because of your popularity that you were arrested?

RICHARDS: The drugs were the excuse. The reason was the effect they felt we had on the rest of the population. To me, before 1967, drugs had been grass or hash and amphetamines.

They're nothing I'd recommend to anybody, drugs, but a musician's life—It's very difficult to get anyone to understand. It's an underworld life, anyway. Musicians start to work when everybody else stops working and wants some entertainment. If you get enough work, you're working three hundred and fifty days a year, because you want to fill up every gig. And you reach a point very early on where you're sitting around in a dressing room with some of the other acts in the show and you say, "I've gotta drive five hundred miles and do two shows tomorrow and I can't make it." And you look around at the other guys and say, "How the hell have you been making it for years?" And they say, "Well, baby, take one of these."

Musicians don't start off thinking, We're rich and famous; let's get high. It's a matter of making the next gig. Like the bomber pilots—if you've got to bomb Dresden tomorrow, you get, like, four or five bennies to make the trip and keep yourself together. And then it was legal. That's how it starts out and it's usually speed. But the audience got into the same bag, and not for the same reasons. The musicians would be very happy if it were still elitist, dressing-room shit.

But it became an issue. People started to write songs about the stuff and sing about it and advocate it. And the rest of us are going, "Oh, man, unhip!" You don't let that shit out of the dressing room. But suddenly, in a matter of a few months, it's become a major way of life. Then they want to look for somebody to blame and, of course, we set ourselves up. "Would you let your daughter marry a Rolling Stone?" We were easy meat. At least they thought we were.

PLAYBOY: And you showed them you weren't by attacking your own judge. What was jail like?

RICHARDS: First off, neither the accommodations nor the fashion suited me a-tall. I like a little more room, I like the john to be in a separate area and I *hate* to be woken up. So a jail's nowhere to be.

PLAYBOY: You were kicked out of England on tax-evasion charges. If you were living in England, would they still try to bust you?

RICHARDS: Aw, no, no. I think the reason we got forced out was they realized it was pointless. They were showing their own weakness, a country that's been running a thousand years worried about a couple of guitar players and a singer. Do me a favor! They started to look bad. Specially when they hit John Lennon. After they'd given him an M.B.E., they tried to bust him! That's when you realize how fragile our little society is. But the government allowed that fragility to show. They let us look under their skirts—ooh, just another pussy, you know? Sending the Stones out to fend for themselves was like, "Pay up and go broke and live here, or fuck off."

To me, there was no choice; I'd rather fuck off. Why not? I mean, I love England, and it's my country. If you're forced to stay out too long and you go back, you feel like D. H. Lawrence. He said, "I feel more an alien here than anywhere else." I go back to London now, I see fuckin' Nelson's column and it's *white marble*. It was always covered in soot and shit. I don't mind—it's wonderful, clean it up. But, to me, it's such a shock to see Nelson's column white instead of fuckin' charcoal gray and black. It's unbelievable.

PLAYBOY: Your involvement with drugs was well known. Did you ever think you were going past your own point of no return?

RICHARDS: I always felt I had a safe margin. But that's a matter of knowing yourself—maybe just on a physical level. I come from very tough stock and things that would kill other people don't kill me.

In the Sixties, we were actually trying to *do* something by taking a few chemicals and making this historical wrench. It came down to mundane things like hair and clothes and music—but the ideal behind it was very pure. Everybody at that point was prepared to use himself as a sort of laboratory to find some way out of this mess. And it was very idealistic and very destructive at the same time for a lot of people.

The down side of it now is that people think drugs are entertainment. But the

cats they look up to who died of drugs—and even me, who was *supposed* to die but didn't, yet!—we weren't takin' drugs just for fun, for recreation. *Creation*, maybe. It's all too complicated for me.

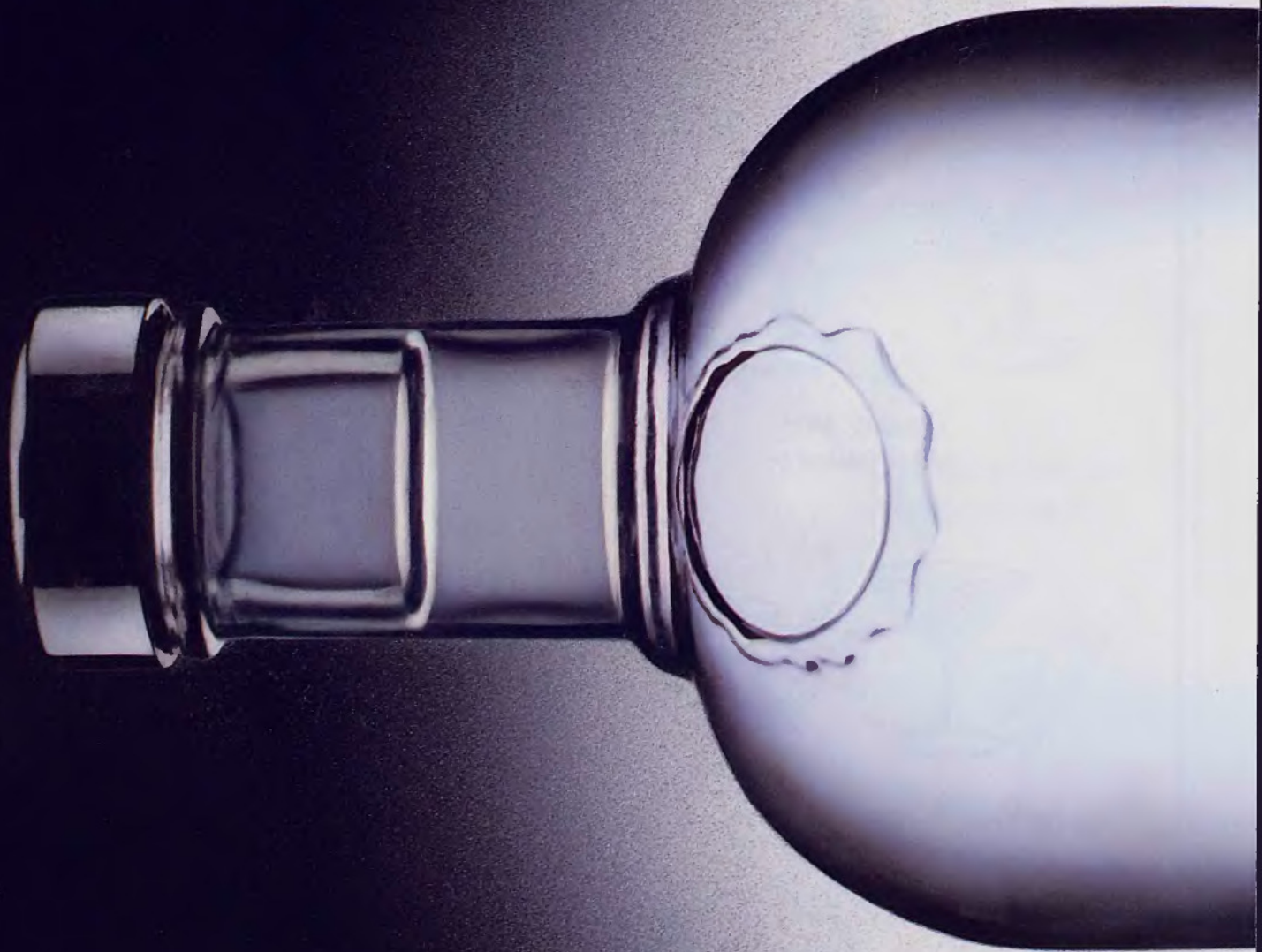
PLAYBOY: A lot of people in our generation who did drugs are now terrified that their own kids may do the same. It scares them to see their kids taking those chances, thinking of themselves as—

RICHARDS: Indestructible. You have to when you're young. That's the drive that gets you *into* life. But when you grow up and *have* a kid, you think about a lot of things. It changes your life, your thinking. The kid is your little thing, and you think, Goddamn, I helped make that. And it's all full of purity and innocence, and it's just smilin' at you and wants to kiss you and hug you, and all it wants to do is just feel you and touch you, and you never felt so loved in your life. It's that bit of love you gave your own parents, the bit you don't remember—your kid gives that back to you. And you realize, "I've just been given the first two or three years of my life back."

It's a vital piece of knowledge; it's like a missin' piece in a jigsaw puzzle. You should keep that, instead of showin' them off—"Hey, I made this"—because they made you. It's a reverse thing, because they give you that little bit, that important bit of living when you absolutely don't know shit about nothing. Everything's a positive. 'Cause once you start to remember things—from that moment, you've gotta start makin' judgments. But in that early period, that first year or two, you can be whoever you want to be, the freest bird on this planet, just as if you were born a mole or an eagle, a jackal, a lion, a gnu—gnash yer teeth—or anything.

What children do to you is grow you up, make you think, What the hell am I gonna leave behind when I'm gone? It's throwing them into a fucking cauldron of pollution and fear. But a lot of people don't take any notice of their kids; they just think of them as a possession, or something like, "I fucked up that night; I forgot to pull out," and, "OK, we can do plenty more; if that one fucks up, we can have another one." We can be incredibly callous about ourselves. There are so many of us, and the forces of nature are relentless.

You watch ants work—any other form of life—if we weren't here, this ball would roll very neatly and smartly for a lot longer. Which makes you think that maybe you don't belong here. We've put everything into gettin' off. Even though it's probably paradise. None of the other choices so far look to me as attractive as this joint, but we're ready to suck it dry and shit on it in order to get a few off. We're just bigger ants. We're all gonna self-destruct, so put Adam and Eve out



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PHYSICS DEPARTMENT
1950-1951

1. The first part of the course is devoted to the study of the properties of the electron and the positron. The second part is devoted to the study of the properties of the muon and the pion. The third part is devoted to the study of the properties of the neutrino and the photon. The fourth part is devoted to the study of the properties of the proton and the neutron. The fifth part is devoted to the study of the properties of the deuteron and the alpha particle. The sixth part is devoted to the study of the properties of the nucleus. The seventh part is devoted to the study of the properties of the atom. The eighth part is devoted to the study of the properties of the molecule. The ninth part is devoted to the study of the properties of the solid. The tenth part is devoted to the study of the properties of the liquid. The eleventh part is devoted to the study of the properties of the gas. The twelfth part is devoted to the study of the properties of the plasma. The thirteenth part is devoted to the study of the properties of the star. The fourteenth part is devoted to the study of the properties of the galaxy. The fifteenth part is devoted to the study of the properties of the universe.

2. The first part of the course is devoted to the study of the properties of the electron and the positron. The second part is devoted to the study of the properties of the muon and the pion. The third part is devoted to the study of the properties of the neutrino and the photon. The fourth part is devoted to the study of the properties of the proton and the neutron. The fifth part is devoted to the study of the properties of the deuteron and the alpha particle. The sixth part is devoted to the study of the properties of the nucleus. The seventh part is devoted to the study of the properties of the atom. The eighth part is devoted to the study of the properties of the molecule. The ninth part is devoted to the study of the properties of the solid. The tenth part is devoted to the study of the properties of the liquid. The eleventh part is devoted to the study of the properties of the gas. The twelfth part is devoted to the study of the properties of the plasma. The thirteenth part is devoted to the study of the properties of the star. The fourteenth part is devoted to the study of the properties of the galaxy. The fifteenth part is devoted to the study of the properties of the universe.



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ABSOLUT DATA SHEET



NAME: Absolut Vodka

BUST: 11 1/4" WAIST: 11 1/4" HIPS: 11 1/4"

HEIGHT: 11" WEIGHT: 1 Liter

BIRTH DATE: 1879 BIRTHPLACE: the fields of southern Sweden

AMBITIONS: To always be cool, with or without ice

TURN-ONS: Swedish massages, ice, olives, tonic, tomato juice, a twist of lemon, a wedge of lime, orange juice, mixers

TURN-OFFS: drinking and driving

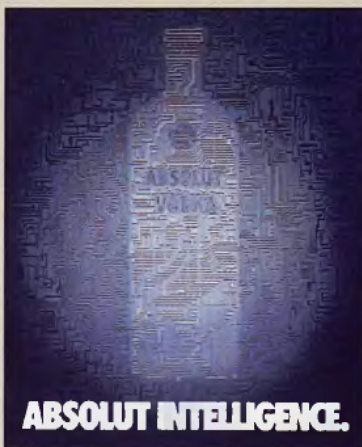
FAVORITE BOOKS OR PLAYS: The Iceman Cometh, The Glass Menagerie, The Spy Who Came in from the Cold, Soul on Ice

THE PERFECT NIGHT: At home with my closest friends, Sven, Bjorn, Ingmar, while jumping back and forth between the sauna and the ice baths, we exchange our favorite Gravlox recipes.



ABSOLUT RUSCHA.

When guys first started noticing me!



ABSOLUT INTELLIGENCE.

When people started respecting my mind!



ABSOLUT L.A.

My first visit to the coast!

◦ THE HAPPY HOUR ◦

*did you hear the one about the talking martini and
the pimiento-stuffed olive? sure you did*

humor **By DON ADDIS**



BEGINNER'S MARTINI



NOW, THAT'S WHAT I CALL
A DRY MARTINI!



I HEAR HE GIVES
GREAT PIMIENTO!



DON'T GET EXCITED.
IT'S ONLY MY
TOOTHPICK.



STOP PUTTING
ON AIRS, MAX!



there on another trip. We've managed to perform this act in a few thousand years, the blink of an eye in evolution. You can look at it two ways: We're the joker in the pack or we're the little grain of sand that makes a pearl out of an oyster.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that the function of art, to make a pearl out of the oyster?

RICHARDS: But no other form of life on the surface of the planet needs art. That already makes us weird, as if it points a finger: "This place doesn't need them." This is why we're the only form of life on this planet that needs religion, that will actually kill one another over some abstract idea. We are totally at odds with the plants—apparently, they like a bit of music now and again; they've grown to like it—but we're the only ones willing to destroy the whole joint. We're sucking everything out of the ground, pushin' all this shit up in the air. We're lucky if the jet stream comes back next year and if the fuckin' ozone layer doesn't close itself over real soon. We've all had it, anyway; this is a global problem now. It's not like we don't know it. We know it. We're so fucking smart. We know it, but we can't stop ourselves. It's better to us to beat the other guy than it is to make things comfortable.

That's the dichotomy between this planet and ourselves. We own it, we think. So did the dinosaurs at one time, and look what happened to them. This thing's gonna beat us, if we think we own it. I don't see any hope for us, quite honestly. And I'm saying to myself, I love my kids, what the hell am I puttin' them on the face of this planet for? Cut my dick off. And at the same time, I look at those girls in the morning when they wake up: "Good morning, Daddy, give me a big kiss"—I need this now, but what am I really giving them?

We're fucking up not only the earth but the layers that circle the earth, the bits we don't understand. They've made holes with all that pollution—what's gonna warm us up? And even if you stopped it now—and they're not gonna stop it now; it'll probably be, like, twenty years—it's like permafrost, it seeps down, keeps warming and warming for years and years. So that's not my problem, it's God's—"I love thee, Ocean."

PLAYBOY: We may be God's problem.

RICHARDS: Yeah. The only thing about the in-His-own-image thing is, who'd want to look like this?

PLAYBOY: Do you think the problem comes down to original sin?

RICHARDS: If I knew what the original sin was, I would do it and let you know.

PLAYBOY: We meant original sin in the sense that people seem so perverse, so naturally willing to hurt one another. How can anything stop it?

RICHARDS: The interesting thing about
(concluded on page 143)

And a Few More Riffs from Keith. . . .

further thoughts on mick, friendship and self-defense

The long arm of Playboy caught up with Richards again in New York at the end of his solo tour—before his recent reteaming with Jagger. This time, it was journalist David Longsom, interviewing Richards for our Australian edition, who put the arm on him. Here's a quick once-over from down under.

PLAYBOY: How do you walk around Manhattan?

RICHARDS: If someone says, "It's him!" I either run for it or ease through, giving thanks and an autograph. There's a tremendous amount of good will for me in this town. I've had muggers come up to me and suddenly stop. "Er, can I have your autograph? We don't want to fuck with you, man." Because I also have this fearsome image, which worries them. They never know if I'm going to pull out an Uzi.

PLAYBOY: Do you have an Uzi?

RICHARDS: No, I don't like semi-automatics.

PLAYBOY: What do you carry with you for a gentle walk down Broadway?

RICHARDS: A big stick. My preferred weapon is a Smith & Wesson .38.

PLAYBOY: The relationship between you and Mick—currently off—continues to puzzle the entire world.

RICHARDS: You don't think it puzzles me? Our difference is that we can't get divorced. Even if Mick and I never did another stroke of work together in our lives, we'd still have to live with each other. Just on a business level, we'd still have to face each other. . . . I'll always be his friend . . . but to me. . . . You see, Michael, he doesn't put as much store by friendship and loyalty as I do. To me, one of the best things you can get out of life is to have friends. If you can count more friends than you've got fingers, then you're really lucky. Luckily, I can start on my toes. And I don't know if Mick can. I don't know if Mick can fill a hand.

PLAYBOY: Mick helped you through your bad patches. Do you think he may need your help now?

RICHARDS: I don't think he thinks he needs anybody's help. But I wonder if he's realized that he's way out on a limb. I feel like I'm his only friend. I know the way he lives. I know everybody else who knows him. I know that Charlie Watts dished him out a great fucking right hook and that was Charlie Watts saying, "You and I have had it." It was '84 or '85, and Mick was wearing my jacket at the time. It really pissed me off. Charlie punched him

into a plateful of smoked salmon and he almost floated out the window along the table into a canal in Amsterdam. I just grabbed his leg and saved him from going out. Meanwhile, my jacket, my favorite jacket, got ruined. Why did I lend him that jacket?

PLAYBOY: What was the fight about?

RICHARDS: It was about absolutely nothing. I had taken Mick out for a drink in Amsterdam, so at five in the morning, he came back to my room. He's drunk by now. Mick drunk is a sight to behold. Charlie was fast asleep. "Is that my drummer? Why don't you get your arse down here?" Charlie got dressed—in a Savile Row suit, tie, shoes—shaved, came down, grabbed him and went boom! "Don't ever call me 'your drummer' again. You're my fucking singer."

That was Charlie's way of saying, "It's over, man." It went really downhill after that. If there was one other friend Mick had, it was Charlie. On top of that, Mick was very stupid. He forgave Charlie. There's nothing to forgive. Nothing left to forgive.

PLAYBOY: Did you see Ron Wood's art exhibition in London? He has a portrait of Jagger that's terrible.

RICHARDS: Hey, Ronnie does a good job, man.

PLAYBOY: No, he doesn't. There was a picture of Jagger that could have been done by anyone off the sidewalk. He worked with Jagger for ten years and he has no character in the picture.

RICHARDS: There's very little character in Jagger. It's very lifelike. He captured him. Nobody at home.

PLAYBOY: Are the days of the Rolling Stones' making the top ten in the charts behind us?

RICHARDS: I don't know. Let's find out. To me, the interesting thing is the not knowing. I think the Stones have some great records left in them. As long as they want to put their backs into it. As long as they don't approach it from the last-big-kill or superstar-arrogance angle—I don't think I could stand it. I don't see Charlie Watts or Ronnie Wood approaching it like that. I have certain reservations about Mick and Bill Wyman in that respect. I think they take it for granted that people love the shit that comes out of their arseholes, quite honestly. And that makes me feel very squeamish. It's horrific to me that I could think that I'm above and beyond anybody else. I'm just a guitar player.



REECE'S CHAIR

where there's a will, there's a way... to get even

WHEN HOLLANDER heard the terms of Reece's will, he giggled. It wasn't the most appropriate response, but Hollander had never liked his partner. That wasn't, however, why he giggled. He giggled because now he had Reece's chair.

Reece's chair was a wonder, an ergonomic and cybernetic beauty made of chrome and wood and leather, wires and chips and relays blended into one gorgeous hunk of furniture. It was one of a kind, and only a scientist of Reece's genius could have designed it.

For Reece had been a genius, as much as Hollander hated to admit it. Although Hollander had been the money behind R & H Bionetics, Reece had been the brains. He had been so spectacularly the brains that when he died, he was just as wealthy as Hollander, another fact that didn't endear him to his partner. Reece's idea of animal bionetics had come from s-f stories about putting computer chips in people's brains to improve their performance. Reece had had the much more practical idea of implanting chips into the pituitaries of livestock to stimulate growth hormones. There was no way the European Common Market could have complained about this chemical-free procedure. In the process of implementing effective methods of production, Reece had lowered the cholesterol content of the meat. Now the country was gobbling more beef, lamb and hogs than ever, all of it as additive-free as any food could be in the Nineties.

Reece was smart in other ways. For example, he had never gotten married, as Hollander had. Hollander suspected that

more had gone on than met the eye between Reece and his secretary, Marla.

But Marla, tall, cool and aloof, was Hollander's secretary now, and Reece's office was his as well. It wasn't really any better than Hollander's; what made it wonderful was knowing it had been Reece's. And what made it *more* wonderful was the chair, into which Hollander now sank with a delighted sigh.

Surprisingly, it seemed better tailored to his tall, lanky frame than to Reece's short, stubby one. He pushed a button on the right armrest and the monitor swung into place before his eyes. He pushed another and the computer, connected to every essential station in the R & H complex, went on line. *Damn*, but it was neat.

Reece had known how much Hollander had envied his chair, but Hollander was surprised that Reece had willed it to him, since Reece had disliked Hollander as much as Hollander had disliked Reece. The antagonism had been years in the making, stemming from Hollander's early claims of creative collaboration, denounced by Reece as a definite lie. Reece was brain, Hollander was business, and the twain did not meet. Businessmen, Reece had frequently told Hollander, were a pain in the ass. Scientists, Hollander always graphically replied, were a pain in an even more sensitive region of the male anatomy.

Still, the will was clear. Perhaps, Hollander thought, this was Reece's way of making up.

Hollander dabbled with the computer, pulling up livestock prices, chip produc-

tion and graphics of pituitary implants. He entered Reece's files and marveled at some of the ideas on the man's electronic drawing board, including a chip to increase milk production in dairy cows while lowering the fat content of the milk.

One file was named CHAIR. When Hollander tried to retrieve it, he got the message FILE IS LOCKED. He was in the middle of a halfhearted attempt to unlock it when Marla entered with his lunch. He thanked her warmly but was rewarded by only the thinnest of smiles.

Early that afternoon, when he finally got up to use the private bathroom (Reece's, he noticed, had a double shower stall—maybe Marla wasn't as cold as she seemed), he noticed a pain that spread from his coccyx down around his buttocks to the backs of his upper thighs. It was a dull, persistent ache, like nothing he had ever experienced before.

At home, his wife suggested a hot bath, but it did nothing to alleviate the pain, and the next morning, Hollander shuffled into his new office, straightening up just long enough to greet Marla. Although Hollander was not a brilliant man, it took him only until 10:30 to figure out that Reece's chair was responsible for his pain. Wincing, he got up and examined the seat of the chair. Sure enough, there were tiny grills masquerading as upholstery buttons.

"You bastard," Hollander whispered. "You prick."

The son of a bitch had booby-trapped the chair. *That* was why he had left it to Hollander. (concluded on page 154)

fiction

By CHET WILLIAMSON



GIUSTI





U P

I N

S M O K E

a puffer's guide to
selecting a fine cigar

modern living

By RICHARD CARLETON HACKER

GENTLEMEN, you may smoke. . . .” Those immortal words—music to the ears of cigar connoisseurs everywhere—were first spoken by King Edward VII in 1901 upon assuming the throne of England. Thus ended the 64-year antitobacco reign of Queen Victoria, and the 20th Century was destined to become a more enlightened era in which to live. And some years are even better than others.

The cigar is a symbol of the good life and of people who know how to live it. Contrary to popular myth, the Cuban embargo of 1962 did nothing to slow down the manufacture of premium smokes. The cigar makers of Havana simply took their brands and Havana seeds to more hospitable surroundings. Soon, the legendary cigars of old Havana's Vuelta Abajo growing region were being created anew in areas such as Jamaica, the Dominican Republic and the Canary Islands. Here the soil and the climate were equal to the best that Cuba had to offer.

This means that cigars, like wines, have vintages and can be aged so that their tastes will deepen and mellow. Like wines, cigars also should be stored in a cool, dark place. But unlike wines, cigars do not peak and then lose their flavor. Even if exposed to air over long periods of time, they can usually be rehumidified and brought back to life. By contrast, once a 1973 California cabernet has been opened to the elements over a weekend, it is gone forever. (Not everyone shares the connoisseur's appreciation of a good

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College Women (continued from page 88)

"When you first start having sex, it's a game. Sex is a toy. It's something new to play with."

scot-free because it's the girl who gets the reputation, not the guy. I'm not saying that there aren't guys out there who are good, but I'm so sick of getting down on myself for falling into traps. I'm not going to take it anymore.

GAIL: And what are your chances of getting some sort of disease in those two years? It's not a joke. I was a virgin when I graduated from high school, and before I came to college, a friend of my mom's said, "There are a lot of sexual diseases on campus." I said, "Well, thank you. Nice send-off."

NICKI: My grandpa sends me articles about AIDS and I just look at them and think, That's in another part of the country, not here.

PLAYBOY: What do the rest of you think when you read about AIDS?

GAIL: I think I'm not going to break up with my boyfriend and start going out with random guys, like I used to. But if I do break up with my boyfriend, my judgment is going to be very different than it was when I was younger and just having a good time. When you first start having sex, it's a game. Sex is a toy. It's something new to play with [laughs], in a manner of speaking. First you're curious, then the reality settles in. I have friends who have gotten chlamydia. It's not a joke anymore.

PLAYBOY: Do you have more oral sex now because it seems less dangerous than intercourse, or do you have less oral sex because everything seems more dangerous?

GAIL: There's still less of it. I mean, how many people go out for one-night stands and end up giving a guy a blow job, because what are you going to get in return? No, I don't think it's more.

NICKI: I think there's a lot more oral sex. I've had one-night stands like that four times, since I've gotten to the point where I refuse to have sex with people I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Do you decide not to have sex because it's not meaningful or because your partner may have a disease?

NICKI: Because I don't want to get rejected again.

DEBBIE: I would have intercourse before I would do oral sex. That, for me, is much more intimate.

EMILY: With my first and only steady boyfriend in high school, we had oral sex as an alternative, because he didn't think I was ready for sex. I didn't think I was ready for it, either, so we did oral sex.

After a couple of months, we really enjoyed it. Then we had sex, so I'm just saying that oral sex came first.

DEBBIE: I like performing oral sex. I feel comfortable doing it. I won't do it with a pickup, but for someone I know really well, it's my way of showing how much I care about him, because I know it's really pleasurable for a man. A lot of men like to have blow jobs because they don't have to worry about their performance that way. They can just lie back and let you do something to them for a change, and I like that. I don't like to always be the one who's just lying there, going, "Do it to me, baby." I want to make him feel good, too. I feel that I enjoy sex a lot more if I get a chance to be on top once in a while.

PLAYBOY: Is oral sex something that you want? Are you comfortable with it?

NICKI: Well, the guy I went out with for three and a half years, we kind of learned from each other, and I didn't know any better. But it got to the point where I finally said, "I'm not feeling anything and I should be." So then we started more experiments. We tried everything, but it never worked.

PLAYBOY: Was it because you never felt one hundred percent comfortable?

NICKI: That was probably the major factor. I was always trying to please him, and I wanted to make sure that he was always happy. I felt like it was a burden on him to perform oral sex and I was always tense. It's sad to say, but it never got to the point where I felt equal to him.

PLAYBOY: That's a woman's lament—"I don't want to inconvenience him."

NICKI: But that's socialization.

DEBBIE: I still feel kind of uncomfortable with it, just because we've been socialized all our lives to think that vaginas are gross. They drip and they smell and nobody wants to be near them. It's so hard to overcome that.

NICKI: Exactly.

DEBBIE: And I still think, Oh, God, does he really like it? He must be hating this. This is probably so gross for him, and you're uncomfortable.

GAIL: It's hard not to feel stressed when you're lying there and looking at the ceiling, going, How long is he going to do this [laughs]? You've got to psych yourself into it. But you know what helps? This is going to sound silly—it's called the Oil of Love, the flavored stuff. I'm not joking. Make it tasty. Let's face it, sucking on a man's penis is not any more pleasurable. You still come out going [gestures picking

pubic hair from front teeth]. [Laughs] As a matter of fact, there was an article recently in *Playgirl* on how to give the perfect blow job. I don't know that I've ever seen an article on how to perform oral sex perfectly on a woman, ever. I don't think people care.

NICKI: But that goes back to whether women get any pleasure in a one-night stand. You don't know the person well enough to ask for what you want. It's just going to end up a pleasure for him and you're just going along with it.

GAIL: Even when you have a boyfriend, you get pressure to go along with it. There are times when you have to talk yourself into having sex. I mean, I get up at eight in the morning, go to work, go to class all day, come home, study, and my boyfriend's saying, "Let's play." I think, Get out of my face. I'm going to sleep.

EMILY: I like my situation. I have no attachments. I go out and find someone and have sex when I really want to. Then when I don't, I have no boyfriend to deal with.

PLAYBOY: Do you find that most guys are sexually considerate?

NICKI: I let my first boyfriend do whatever he wanted to do, and I never knew that there could be more pleasure in it for me. And the guys I have slept with since have done the same things. I've never had a boyfriend who's tried to figure out what makes me feel good.

DEBBIE: I've gone out with guys who weren't very good in bed, but if you said, "If you did this, I would feel a lot better," at least they'd be willing to listen. But if you feel uncomfortable saying, "Touch me here," you have to find a way to say whatever you can.

PLAYBOY: Can you do so comfortably?

DEBBIE: I can now. I feel a lot more comfortable, especially with the guy I'm dating now. He's great. He'll say, "Do you like this? Should I keep doing this? Should I do something different?" And he says, "Touch me the way you want me to touch you."

NICKI: But you have to be in a relationship before you can feel comfortable saying, "Here, do this."

GAIL: I definitely know what I like and what I don't like, and my boyfriend happens to be the most considerate guy I know. My roommate's boyfriend—she lived with him for three years—never did stuff that she really wanted, like oral sex. She performed oral sex on him, but he never performed it on her. Never. Well, maybe once in a drunken stupor. My boyfriend—even if he comes when he can't control himself—always makes sure that I'm satisfied, too.

PLAYBOY: Do you all know about your friends' sex lives?

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"Get rid of the flower, Janice—it makes you look like a tart."

GIRLS OF THE SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE



FROM THE SULTRY BAYOUS TO
 BLUEGRASS COUNTRY—THE
 MOST BEAUTIFUL BEVY OF
 BELLES YOU'VE EVER SEEN

FACE IT; we all love the South. So maybe we were just looking for excuses when we noted that Atlanta and New Orleans had hosted the 1988 political conventions, that Universal Studios had decided to move in on Florida and that Kim Basinger had actually *bought* her home town in Georgia. Well, we buckled under. Clearly, the South was on some sort of rise, and we wanted to get in on the action. But how? "Why don't we do another Southern-girls pictorial?" someone piped up. "Remember the hit we had in '81?" Indeed, that was the year our photographers descended on Dixie, marching through the ten universities that make up the N.C.A.A.'s Southeastern Conference—Auburn, Vanderbilt, Mississippi State, LSU and the Universities of Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi and Tennessee. That little trip yielded us not one but *two* pictorials (*Girls of the Southeastern Conference*, September and October 1981), as well as enthusiastic whoops and hollers from Confederates and Yankees nationwide. But that was then and this is now. Could we actually pull off a successful encore at the very same schools—eight years later? We conferred with two of our most trusted generals—Contributing Photographers David Chan and David Mecey, whose last mission had been the scrappy but gloriously victorious *Girls of the Big East* (April). No sooner had we posed the idea to them than Chan and Mecey were suited up and headed South. And did they fare well? Did they ever!



Over the next 12 pages, you'll see 45 ladies who could melt even the stoniest of Northerners with little more than a bat of their longlashes. "I've said it before and I'll say it again," concludes Mecey in his own soft Texas drawl, "Southern women are consistently the most exquisite in the country, with perfectly chiseled features and bodies they're *proud* to show off." Don't believe him, eh? Then just keep turnin' the pages, y'all.



Hello from the Southeastern Conference! Your pedal-powered welcome wagon features coeds (opposite, from left) Lisa Blumen, Yvonne Davidson, Debra Evans and Laura Hayes Meadows—four beauties from the University of Tennessee. Less attired but no less lovely is LSU's Elizabeth Tucker (left), a native of Shreveport, Louisiana. A sports enthusiast with a slight crush on Mel Gibson, Elizabeth plans one day to have her own talk show. Meet Lin Lumpuy (top) and Stacey Newsome (above), a dynamite duo from the University of Alabama. Originally from Caracas, Venezuela, Lin is determined to take on the American dream and become a successful corporate executive. Stacey, meanwhile, is a born-and-bred Alabamian with one very *un-Southern* quality: She can't stand country music.



When not target shooting, canoeing or tearing around Baton Rouge on a motorcycle, LSU's Marcella Duke (left) can be found keeping an eye peeled for her dream man—"especially one with long hair." Stand up and cheer for Kelly Love Krajewski (above), a member of LSU's national-championship cheerleading squad. Kelly spends her nonpompon hours booking modeling gigs or catching up on the latest Stephen King novel. Here's a tip for gentlemen callers of Tennessee's Michelle Bradley (below): she likes to be courted the old-fashioned way—*courteously*.





Meet Maria Valens (above), an Army brat from Auburn University. Born in Frankfurt, West Germany, and raised for a while in Korea, Maria digs the idea of digging for a living—archaeologically, that is. Also from Auburn is Amy Eckman (below), a junior with a penchant for the outdoors. Torn jeans notwithstanding, Amy is bent on becoming a “reputable fashion designer.” And here’s U of Alabama’s Sharon Lissa Bare (right), a would-be television broadcaster originally from Heerlen, Holland. Tempting as it may be, let’s skip the puns and just say that Sharon lives up to her surname quite nicely.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN AND DAVID MCECY



UT's Annie Johnson (above) is a gymnast who fancies late-night breakfasts and early-morning bed lounging. Her only peeve is something we can't quite figure out: "I get tense when people spray cold water on me." Hmmmm. Below left is LSU's Laura Whittington, an art enthusiast determined to become a tycoon on the gallery circuit. Her other dream: "To put an end to the dumb-blonde stereotype." Below Laura is Vanderbilt's Katherine Hands, a clubhopper working toward her M.B.A. Just to make sure a future in the finance world isn't too sobering, Katherine is on the lookout for "a man who can make me laugh." Also aiming at a business career is LSU's Jennifer Adams (below right). While she dreams of owning an ad agency, the German-born sophomore likes to bide time with guys who enjoy doing special things for her—"like bringing me flowers for no reason."





Above left is the U of Alabama's Nancy Ree. We asked Nancy what she liked most in life (try to find our favorite part of her answer): "Friendly people, nice smiles and vanilla body cream." At the ripe old age of 20, the U of Georgia's Kelly Gilstrap (top right) has done it all—from helping recruit football players for the Bulldogs to winning a stereo on *The Price Is Right*. What's next for the energetic senior? "To move up the corporate ladder." Rainy days and poetry delight Squeak Foster (above right), a U of Florida student originally from Connecticut. Her philosophy of life delights us: "Do what makes you happy—no matter what anyone else says!" From the U of Mississippi comes Anna Rolf (below), a 5'11"-and-still-growing math honor-society member. Scholastic excellence and intense figures seem to run in Anna's family: Her dad is an Ole Miss math professor.





You name it and Vanderbilt's Paula Piskie (above left) likes it—sun-bathing, traveling, golf ("Even though I can't play"). But what does she enjoy most? Her "best friends" relationship with her mom. From Kentucky are (above right, from left): Kristy Santos, Janna Abell and Mary Courtney Elam. Talk about ambitious: Kristy's going after her medical degree, Janna's headed for PR and Mary plans to practice law. Then there's Nichelle Busch (below), arguably Florida's prettiest finance student. It's refreshing to note that, when not crunching numbers, Nichelle prefers the simpler things in life: sunsets and pizza.



Should Georgia's Lisa Riente (left) realize her dream of becoming a journalist, you can bet she won't be among the tabloid gang. Says Lisa, "I don't like gossiping people." From Canton, China, to Mississippi State comes Keri Taylor (right), a business student who's a pushover for men in uniform. Fair warning, though, to overaggressive suitors: Keri also knows her martial arts.





Once you catch your breath from the U of Tennessee's Kimberly Iles (left), catch this: The Knoxville knockout loves "surfer dudes and soccer players with long, strong legs." Anyone qualify? Don't overlook Ole Miss's young miss Michelle White (above) and Georgia's Christy Beavers (below). Both native Southerners, Michelle likes romance books and French fries, while Christy gets jazzed at the idea of becoming a TV sportscaster.



UK's Danielle Daine (below) comes from a "deeply religious family," but she's no Bible Belt conservative. A lover of "nice cars and sexy men," Danielle hopes to become a rock-video star. Mississippi State's Jennifer Mackey (below right) also loves music—not to mention wine, chocolate and her boyfriend. Her goal: "To become a judge." And Connecticut Yankee Louise Santopolo (bottom right) has adapted to the Florida scene: A diehard beach girl, she's crazy about scuba diving.



Be honest: Whom would you rather watch on Saturday afternoon: the *real* Mississippi State Bulldogs or the beautiful minisquad assembled here (opposite, top)? For the record, the members of this lively quintet are (from left) Kimberly Kowalke, Shanen Dean, Marcella Baker, Lesley Warwick and Carla Crudup. Back at the U of Florida, journalism major Michelle Ashley (near right) has put in time as a reporter for a local cable-TV station. More accustomed to being the interviewer, Michelle did reveal the answer to the question most often put to her: "Yes, I *am* a real redhead." Also from the U of F is Laura Fairchild (far right), a research chemist working toward her Ph.D. in pharmacology. We think her shot here is the perfect Rx.





Jennifer Fauver (right) arrived at UK from Wyoming, and instantly won the hearts of Kappa Sigma fraternity, which named her its Sweetheart. Still, Jennifer's best pals are her kid brother and a pet iguana. Georgia's student model Wendy Christine (below) is also a model student—going after a master's in marketing. Her dad should be proud: *He's veep of Borden's Snack Division.*



The sky's the limit for Auburn's Erica Duh (below). Planning on opening her own bar or weight gym, the Chicago native likes to busy herself at the beach—water-skiing and trying not to study. Finally, meet Melissa Evridge (right), who's a model from Kentucky—at least for the moment. She's going for broke—"soaps, music videos, the works"—and if she gets her big break, it's bye-bye, books, hello, fame.







G E E N A D A V I S

Oscar-winning actress Geena Davis met with Contributing Editor David Rensin wearing a yellow dress with a tiny print, her long, curly locks, seen in "Beetle-juice," "The Accidental Tourist" and "Earth Girls Are Easy," replaced with a new haircut in a singular shade of red. When lunch arrived—a turkey sandwich and potato chips—Geena set it on the carpet in front of the couch. From time to time, she cast an eye in its direction. "I bet you'll write, 'She kept staring at the turkey sandwich,'" she said.

1.

PLAYBOY: America got its first peek at you in *Tootsie*—in your underwear. Is that how you imagined your big break?

DAVIS: When I went to the audition, they said, "It's a movie with Dustin Hoffman" and I said, "Right, fat chance." So I was just fooling around. I had no idea that it would pan out. It was one of those fabulous life experiences. [Pauses] It's not been the same since. I've had great parts, but that was the only time in my life that I'd wake up every morning and say, "Oh, yeah, I get to go work on the movie!" It was absolutely like when you're in love and you're just floating and everything is wonderful and your whole life is perfect.

2.

PLAYBOY: After studying acting in college, you went to New York to make your fortune. What can a gal see in the big city?

the uneasy earth girl brags about her parallel parking, explains the "you're welcome" note and describes the glamour of a las vegas wedding

DAVIS: I'd always wanted to see a play on Broadway. I'd had some idea that it was going to be mind-blowing, that I would just go nuts and it would be the most fabulous thing ever. And I was so disappointed. I thought, It's boring and regular and I've already seen plays that were as good as this. Broadway itself seemed crummy and dirty. Of course, I'd never been to New York before. After I'd

lived there awhile, I loved it and everything about it. [Pauses] There have been a few things that I'd fantasized would be so fabulous and so ga-lamourous that I'd be blown away. Las Vegas was another. I had some image from the movies that there would be people in evening gowns throwing dice and stuff, but it was more like a Greyhound bus station.

3.

PLAYBOY: Describe the magic of a Las Vegas wedding—yours, for instance, to actor Jeff Goldblum.

DAVIS: It was Jeff's birthday a few days before and we wanted to go somewhere we'd never been and have this fabulously exciting time that would blow our minds. We got there and were instantly and unutterably depressed about how it looked: It wasn't even groups of people having fun and betting and screaming; it was single people not speaking to anybody, just grim and very depressing. Then we had this very depressing dinner and we couldn't think of what to do next. Should we see a show, or would that depress us, too? And then some friends we were with said, "Why don't you get married? Or at least we'll go see what the wedding place is like." Later, when they started leading us to the altar, I started crying [smiles]. But at the time, it seemed the thing to do to try to whip some excitement into this weekend. Then we became terrifically excited and ended the evening just screaming.

4.

PLAYBOY: Your home decor includes life-sized-cow and giant-chicken sculptures. Explain your barnyard obsession.

DAVIS: I'm fascinated with large things and funny things, things that look like cartoons. I got the cow first. Jeff gave it to me for Christmas. One Christmas morning a couple of years ago, I was looking for my present. It wasn't under the tree. Jeff said it was being delivered. And I started thinking, Oh, boy, it's big, and I love large presents. Pretty soon, this big cow's head started coming through the door. I'd seen this fiberglass cow when I was driving about six months before and I'd said, "Guess what? There's this cow on the street and you can buy it." Jeff didn't seem that enthusiastic, but he remembered. Then another day, we were driving down Melrose in two cars, and in front of one store, I saw the big chicken. It's about eight and a half feet tall. I started honking at Jeff: "Hey, hey, hey!

Pull over." I said, "That chicken—we gotta go buy it." I don't know what Jeff was thinking about, but I was very determined.

5.

PLAYBOY: Any other animals you want to add to the collection?

DAVIS: I've seen horses, but I don't know; it's got to have a certain something that strikes me. A big duck or something would be good [smiles]. Actually, there's a dinosaur I've seen on the Columbia [Pictures] Ranch [used for location shooting]. It's about two stories high, a Tyrannosaurus, and it's all messed up. But I had an idea how to get it and told Jeff, "I bet if we told Columbia we'd fix it up if they'd lend it to us, and they could borrow it back any time they wanted, we'd get it. We could put it behind the guesthouse so it's rising over the top. It would really scare the shit out of people."

6.

PLAYBOY: You're a confessed catalog freak. Which are your favorites?

DAVIS: I like the ones with gadgets, like Hammacher Schlemmer. Once I got some pasta forks—and this is not a gag item, which is the sick thing—that you stick into the pasta and you turn this little crank on the top and it spins the fork part around. And it says in the catalog, "Helpful for people who are not that coordinated." Well, who can't spin a fork around? I don't keep catalogs. I get them, I look, right away, I chuck 'em. Now that I've become an expert, I know immediately which ones I don't want. I literally get about twenty-five catalogs per day—a giant stack. If there's something I like, I hit the speakerphone and order with the eight-hundred number, because I know my credit card by heart. Then I trash them. It's very demoralizing to Jeff, because he feels that he gets no mail. It seems like every day, the U.P.S. guy, Nick, comes around ten and there's something that I ordered several weeks before—and by then, I've no idea what it is. So it's like presents every day; it's really fun.

7.

PLAYBOY: What's your secret vice?

DAVIS: I like scaring people. I like scaring Jeff. I can remember scaring people a lot growing up. I have an elbow that bends the wrong way, and I'd do things like stand in an elevator and the doors would close and I'd pretend that my arm had got caught in it and then I'd scream, "Ow,

ow, put it back!" I enjoy shocking people. They, possibly, expect me to be sort of nice or ladylike. So I like to try to turn that around. My favorite thing that happened, ever, was when Jeff and I were in an elevator and he had the hiccups. You know how you always go "Boo" at somebody who has the hiccups and that never works? But I took him completely by surprise. I was leaning very casually against the wall, and then I *threw* myself in his face, screaming "Boo," and he almost had a heart attack and it cured his hiccups. And that's the truth.

8.

PLAYBOY: You and Jeff met on the film *Transylvania 6-5000*. How did you know it was love and not just another on-the-set fling?

DAVIS: I'd never fallen in love with anybody on the set before, so I didn't know. There was something about Jeff—beyond its happening on a set. It was the one time in my life that I looked at somebody and instantly thought, Well, fine, this is The Guy. It was kind of remarkable. And he claims that the same thing happened for him. He says that he took one look at me and was instantly mad—thinking, Here's somebody I could really like and I know she's not going to like me and I'm furious. So he was very cool toward me in the beginning, which, of course, I found very attractive. I was having fits of terrific shyness. Crippling shyness. I couldn't even carry on a conversation with him and it was very embarrassing, because I was thinking, God, I really like this guy, but I was just mumbling into my chest all the time, and he was probably thinking, See, she *doesn't* like me. Finally, when I was just stammering and trying to answer something he'd asked me, I said, "Please bear with me, because I'm not always like this. You'll see." Now he says when I said that, he didn't realize how different I'd be. "Remember those days you were so completely different, honey?"

9.

PLAYBOY: As a two-actor family, how do you handle the long separations when one or both of you are on location?

DAVIS: If I'm free, I sometimes go where Jeff is and try to spend as much time with him as I can. But it also makes me crazy. I have fits that last weeks. All day long, I'll wear my bathrobe and sit around the hotel room. I'm not one of those people who want to uncover a city, someone who buys the guidebooks and hits all the art galleries. Nope. I order room service and watch foreign game shows and get very depressed.

10.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever bought the hotel bathrobe?

DAVIS: Yeah. I have one from the Savoy and one from the Ritz Carlton. I buy them only if they have long sleeves; I hate it when they're really short. Or high waisted.

When the belt loops are too high, it's very annoying.

11.

PLAYBOY: What movie do you think best describes your life with Jeff?

DAVIS: Isn't it obvious? *Pee-wee's Big Adventure!*

12.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you sometimes alter yourself to make others like you. Do people make you nervous?

DAVIS: People who appear terrifically self-confident make me feel insecure. If I meet somebody who's terrifically self-possessed, I start feeling embarrassed, like, Oh, no, they're not going to think that I'm self-possessed like they are. I'm going to seem like a *jerk*. So in case you run into me at the store and want to intimidate me, just start acting very self-possessed [*laughs*].

13.

PLAYBOY: When is it best to lie in Hollywood?

DAVIS: If it's job related, constantly and as much as possible. Whatever will help. If there's a way that you think will help you get a part, then use it. I've done all that. I've said I can do anything. [*Pauses*] Of course, I haven't actually had to lie too much to get parts. In fact, I've had to do it less in acting than I did in modeling. I lied a lot in modeling; I learned right away that you should say anything—make up height or age or weight or size. I remember I was trying to get into runway modeling and hadn't had much success. Then I went to a meeting for a fashion show. They said it would have a Western theme, so I said, "That's fabulous, because I did a play in college about Western stuff"—which I had—"and I know how to twirl guns." Which was very far from the truth. I could spin it once and flip it into the holster, but twirling guns is a whole thing. But these people said, "Oh, my God, that's fabulous!" and called my agency and hired me. Turned out I was working with the top models, Iman and Jerry Hall. And the only reason they took me was that I said I could twirl guns. I was going to be the big finale. So I rented a gun and with only a week left before the show, I tried to learn to twirl. I practiced and practiced—until I finally wore all the skin off my finger and it was a bloody, blistered mess. But then I thought, Maybe this is good. I can say, "See my finger? I can't twirl a gun. Ordinarily, I can, but now I can't." I showed them my finger, but they said, "Forget it; you're doing it anyway," and they put some tape around it. So I went out. I wore this outfit of white fur chaps and a Lone Ranger mask. They'd put blanks in the gun. I spun it a couple of times and I shot it off and whooped a bit and got by. Fortunately, nobody said at the end, "So what's this about twirling guns?"

14.

PLAYBOY: We're always hearing how tall girls—and future beauties—don't get dates in high school because they're so much bigger than most of the boys. Tell us what tall girls do with time to kill.

DAVIS: [*Sighs*] Yeah. I was the tallest girl in my high school, without even a tall friend with whom to commiserate. Actually, there was one girl—a friend—who was almost as tall, but she was *very* popular with the boys, so go figure. It really wasn't fair. She knew how to wear make-up and had that really thick straight hair that was so popular back then. I was disappointed; I felt bad. I did a lot of stuff in my room to keep myself entertained. I made things. I had all these projects that I was constantly starting and never finishing. For a while, I thought I wanted to make leather belts, so I got one of those riveter machines and a hole puncher. I made belts for a few months. I also painted—on my wall—a copy of a Peter Max poster. It's still there, at my parents' house.

15.

PLAYBOY: If you meet someone at a party and you know you know him, yet you've forgotten his name, what do you do?

DAVIS: That's my worst nightmare, because it happens all the time. If I'm walking down the street and I hear somebody behind me say, "Geena," my heart sinks, because I know it's going to be somebody whose name I don't know. I almost don't want to go out. It's gotten to a point now where, since I know this about myself, I panic—and that *definitely* makes me forget people's names. The other day, I was having lunch with a girlfriend and somebody came up to the table and I started panicking and I thought, OK, I know who this is, calm down. And by the time she got there, I'd remembered her name. I was so happy. And I said to her, "Oh, so-and-so, how nice to see you . . . and this is my friend. . . ." And I'd forgotten my luncheon companion's name. And this was someone I'd gone to college with. A very good friend of mine.

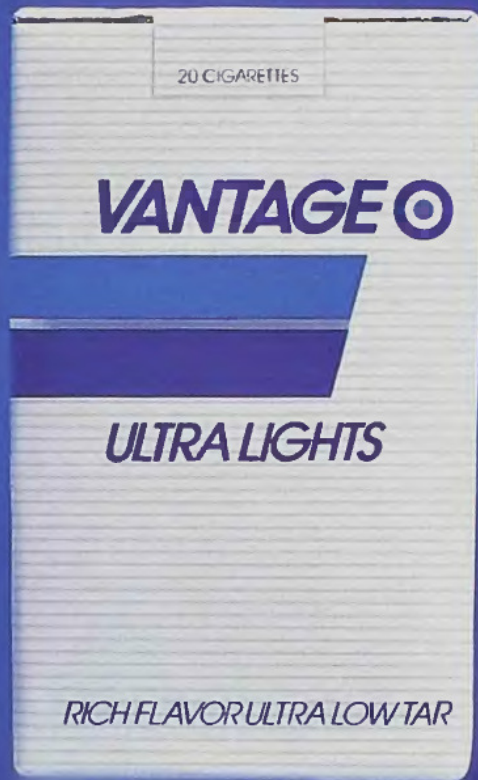
16.

PLAYBOY: You once said that *The Accidental Tourist* was your favorite book. Has anything taken its place?

DAVIS: *A Brief History of Time*, by Stephen Hawking. I even wrote him a fan letter; the first fan letter I've ever written. I was hoping he'd write me back. [*Pauses*] OK, now I know how it feels when people write me a letter. Anyway, I wrote because of something he says in the book: When you want to find out where a particle is, you have to shine a light on it; and by shining a light on it, it moves. So you'll never know where it was in the first place. So I wrote, "But don't you think you will be able to figure it out someday, because if the only way you have to measure it is by shining a light on it, maybe you'll think of another

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way to measure it? Maybe there'll be something you can't even think of at this point; a different way to measure it by, oh, say, a radiation it gives off? Don't you think?" [Laughs] I must have had a fantasy that he'd write back and say, "Oh, my God! You have done it! Now it's all coming together for me!"

17.

PLAYBOY: What do you get about life that others don't?

DAVIS: I'm not so sure that I have stuff figured out that other people don't. Gee, life, for me, is just getting better all the time, and I'm getting happier all the time. It's growing up. Maturity, for me, is happiness, somehow. I never thought it was going to be that way when I was a kid. I felt like childhood was supposed to be fun; you have a cool bike and stuff. But a lot of it wasn't fun. A lot of it was unattractive and hard. I [heavy sigh], I felt a lot of pressure. And responsibility got me down a lot. It all seemed kind of hard. But people would always say, "Wait until you're an adult; it's hell; you'll have a lot more responsibility." And I thought, Man, I'm not sure I want to grow up, because it's gonna be just like this, *only worse*, and I'm not looking forward to it. It will be like this, plus I'll have to write checks and balance my checkbook. But, in fact, just the opposite thing has happened. Adult life is exciting. I just want more. I want to be more aware and responsible and alive and involved and in charge of making things happen for myself and steering my life.

18.

PLAYBOY: How well can you parallel-park?

DAVIS: How did you know? Why did you ask

this question? I would enter a contest with anybody, because I am a brilliant parallel-parker. There's no thumping around and trying again in my parking. In fact, I can parallel-park brilliantly on the opposite side of the street, too. I am also the best perfectly straight backer-upper. When I took driver's ed in high school, my teacher said I was the best student he'd ever had. So I told him my parking and backing-up secrets, which he then used for the rest of his career—I guess. I haven't kept in touch with him. He hasn't written me any thank-you notes.

19.

PLAYBOY: To whom did you write your last thank-you note, and why?

DAVIS: I wrote a "you're welcome" note recently—I like to think of little inventions that could form a catalog, and this was one idea I had. So I sent one to somebody who had sent me a thank-you note. Do you want to hear the verse? OK. It reads YOU'RE WELCOME on the front in fancy script. And on the inside, it reads, "Your thank you gave such pleasure, / A lovely thing to do, / That I must say, 'Twas nothing, / And you're most welcome, too.'"

20.

PLAYBOY: What else do we need that you're dying to invent?

DAVIS: The kind of stuff I invent nobody needs at all. But maybe this one is a practical item. For milk cartons, I have invented a design where there are plastic—soft but firm—spikes coming out of the spout to discourage the unsanitary habit of drinking from the carton.



Playboy Advisor

(continued from page 72)

believed that the point of life was collecting stories. "I tell girls that I want to be an epic poet. I try to convey an ability to be sensitive for prolonged periods." He'd traveled through Germany with a buddy, trying to pick up women with a phrase book. They would sit in a car rehearsing the three lines that seemed to work: "Can you help me change the oil?" "Do you live alone?" "May we follow you home?"

Did it work? A girl had heard them rehearsing, interrupted and invited them home.

Sometimes things just happen. "You want to hear about my hottest sexual act? Two girls had been drinking downtown and stumbled into my room by mistake. I put on some music and we started making out. I knew I had to control myself. The minute I came, it would be over. I paced myself."

So how did it go?

"I lasted an hour and a half, long enough so both girls had time to go to the bathroom and throw up."

Who says romance is dead?

The lecture tour has taken me through the Bible Belt, through the Midwest, the Northwest and places I can't find on the map. There are regional differences in how Americans treat sex and sex roles.

In the Seattle airport was a soldier whose lower face had been horribly burned in a recent accident. The skin was still molten rivulets of plastic. Freddy in *A Nightmare on Elm Street*. I had to ask. He had gotten into a bar contest that involved tossing back shot glasses of flaming alcohol. His hand had slipped. It was a warning that I was headed into the seriously *macho* region of the country.

That night, at a university in Bozeman, Montana, a student scoffed at the AIDS epidemic. "We don't like gays here in Montana. We kill 'em."

"What do you do? Shoot them?"

"Hell, no. We lynch 'em. We save our ammo for important things."

"Such as?"

"Road signs."

If you came of age in the counterculture, surfing the wave in the population curve known as the baby boom, there seemed to be a single sexual culture, a sense of shared adventure. That moment has passed, and in the resulting ebb, I've encountered all sorts of eclectic sexual attitudes. I met a woman who had learned sex at her parents' commune, by watching the baby sitters couple in front of a fire. Another woman had been forbidden to play touch football, because her parents did not want her to become accustomed to touch.

In southwest Minnesota, I walked past about 20-year-old brick dormitories with names such as Ocean Boulevard and



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Charisma. Two guys were parking motorcycles in front of a dorm. I asked if they had named the dorms. "No, the first occupants did. Why?"

"Well, you have a dorm named after the *Kama Sutra*."

"What's that?"

"It's a two-thousand-year-old sex manual, the record label that the Lovin' Spoonful recorded on or a body oil used for erotic massage."

"Oh, neat."

I had found the high-water mark of the sexual revolution, laid bare by a receding tide. "It was twenty years ago today, Sergeant Pepper taught the band to play."

College is where you escape parental supervision for the first time. If there is weirdness, this is where it reveals itself, the psychic baggage your parents packed when they sent you away. At Butler, in Indianapolis, a flasher had been working the dorms and sorority houses for the first few weeks of school. He would stand outside a window, holding a flashlight on his erection, masturbating. I told the women to sleep with a flashlight so they could yell, "Wait a minute. I'll get my light and help you look for your penis, too."

At the University of Arkansas at Little Rock, a student asked, "What do you think of hypnosis and sex?" I gave a skeptic's answer, that some therapist used it to plant the suggestion that sex was desirable, but if he were doing amateur hypnosis, then probably all he was doing was giving his dates a chance to preview the evening with their eyes closed.

"No, you don't understand. I use hypnosis to help me fulfill my sexual fantasies. I also use black magic."

I was still flippant, riding the adrenaline from the lecture. "Hey, you don't need hypnosis or magic to get what you want sexually. I've gotten by on good manners and decent dinner conversation for years, and there are some people who would question the manners."

And then I looked at his eyes: your basic Charles Manson, Ted Bundy laser discs. The kid walked away with a shrug that said I would never understand. I woke up the next morning thinking of those eyes and wondering what fantasies he had in mind.

When I say that I am like a Rorschach ink blot, consider something as simple as the poster that usually announces my lectures. I send a copy of the illustration that accompanied my first campus-tour article. The poster is based on circus posters: I am shown in a ringmaster's outfit stepping through a hoop with Rabbit Heads on either side, with a microphone in hand. The copy across the bottom proclaims: LEARN THE CHINESE BASKET TRICK AND OTHER SECRET ORIENTAL TECHNIQUES. THE G SPOT THE Y SPOT THE WET SPOT. Some colleges consider it too flamboyant and refuse to use it. It's all right to talk about sex; you just can't laugh about it. Other colleges censor the poster,

for one reason or another. A community college president in Spokane was offended by the references to the G spot and the Y spot—though he couldn't have possibly known what the Y spot was, since I'd invented it. In Appalachia, a feminist professor woke from a troubled sleep and roamed the campus at three A.M., tearing down my posters. She thought that the illustration was subliminally sexist—that I was emerging from a vagina, that the cord of the microphone symbolized a bullwhip. In New Orleans, an Asian feminist censored the reference to the Chinese basket trick, claiming that it used her ethnic tradition to sell a lecture on sex, that it celebrated a stereotype that Oriental women were somehow exotic, a tradition that had led to the exploitation of her sisters.

The poster wars came to a head at Louisiana Tech University, in Ruston. The local Campus Crusade for Christ was concerned about my visit. It had gone around campus covering my poster with one of Amy Grant. While I am just as happy as the next guy to have Amy Grant plastered over my face, her posters were a different size. The bottom line of my poster, the one that announced that my lecture was R rated, was still visible, producing an event that boggled the mind: Amy Grant, R rated. Was America's vestal virgin into strip Gospel?

The Campus Crusade for Christ had gone into the lecture hall, placing Gideon Bibles and little recruiting pamphlets on the seats:

The real purpose of Life. A person goes to school and he eventually graduates, marries, gets a job, has a family, buys a house, sends his children through school, continues to work, eventually retires, dies. Is this all there is to life? Something seems wrong. What is it?

The Chinese basket trick? I thanked the members of the Crusade for the gesture, told them I would return on Sunday to place Gideon condoms in the pews of the local church.

All of this would have been simply amusing, except that before the lecture, students had milled around outside the hall, discussing whether it was safe to be seen at a lecture on sex. "I can't go in there. What if there are cameras? What if someone takes pictures?"

At SMU in Dallas, I heard a story that put my own views of sex into perspective. A group of students took me to a burger-and-cheese-fries place, jammed into a booth and talked. One of the students had arrived in an immaculate 1967 powder-blue Mustang.

"That's some car."

"It was my grandfather's. He gave it to my father. My father gave it to me."

I was impressed. "A car like that comes with some responsibility. Have you ever had an accident?"

"Senior year. I did six hundred dollars'

worth of sheet-metal damage to the front fender. My father, brother and I decided it was an excuse to restore the car. We spent all summer bringing it up to cherry."

"Do you adopt?"

That night, the lecture was picketed by two women. Since the school has a policy that lecturers should not have to cross picket lines, the women handed out their literature in the restroom outside the lecture hall. They had, at least, a room of their own. Here's what they passed out:

Are we really so blind? We are flocking to listen to a speaker from a soft-porn company and at the same time crying out in pain and anger at child abuse and women being raped. There is a connection between a person's thoughts and his or her actions. The women and children will eventually be the victims of this freedom to pollute our minds. . . . I believe that if every man who loved at least one woman would make the connection between that woman and the person portrayed in the pornography, we would see a change. The loved one, be she aunt or daughter, could be the next victim. . . . If the straight people would stop giving their dollars and time to pornography, maybe the perverts could not support the industry sufficiently to enable it to be readily accepted as a source for an education speaker on a college campus. The choice is always ours, but maybe the same people who shouted "Die, Bundy, die!" will someday shout "Die, apathetic listener, die!"

"Die, apathetic listener, die"? It does have a certain ring to it, don't you think? The author wanted to punish curiosity with 50,000 volts.

I'm driving to the University of New Orleans, down Airline Highway, where Jimmy Swaggart came to play. My hostess is the stand-up improv energy queen of New Orleans. We cruise past posters for David Duke for state representative. Down here, the K.K.K. is as much of a stain on your past as four years in the boy scouts. We talk about the telegenic little twerp taking pride in how normal he can make himself appear. Ten years after being Grand Wizard of the K.K.K., Duke is one of the boys.

We talk about AIDS: I tell her that oral sex does not seem to transmit AIDS. My guide replies, "Good. I don't like going down on Tupperware."

She is a fabulous character who likes to hang out at gay cabarets, where performers sing *The Streetcar Named Iguana Doesn't Live Here Anymore*. She spoke of a Mardi Gras ball where "I had so many rhinestones you could have melted me down for a sliding glass door." The original heterosexual poster child, she spots a nice-looking guy and screams, "Be still, my gonads." She says that the one way to appreciate New Orleans is to go with the

pageantry of it all.

The student center is a concrete cathedral. As I walked around the mezzanine to my room, I passed a small classroom, darkened. A slide of Job wrestling with an angelic being flashed on the wall. The lecturer stood silhouetted. The next slide was a Smokey the Bear illustration of the tree of sin. The roots were original sin, the trunk biological sin, giving way to historical sin, then community sin before finally branching into individual sin. It was a disturbing image: shadows in front of a brightly lit image of man's inherent badness. I looked at the tree and thought, Great place to have a picnic. I spread a blanket and gave my lecture.

Outside the lecture hall at Xavier University, a Jesuit institution in Cincinnati, girls wear green T-shirts with the slogan ASK ME ABOUT SEX. Green, I am told, because certain well-known chocolate candies, at least the green-coated ones, are considered aphrodisiacs. Oh. At a small table, three feminists conduct a slide show. The projector flashes images of child-abuse victims, images from ads, while the sound track blares quotes from rapists, quotes from Sister Gloria, Sister Robin and Sister Judith. Watching the parade of violence is like sticking a cattle prod in your eye, which is the point. The feminist victim rap is the toll-booth you have to pass before you get an unapologetic lecture on sex.

I have to laugh: The only mention of *Playboy* in the slide show is a shot of a cover. The narrator says, "Look how *Playboy* juxtaposes images of sexy young women with the cover line BLOOD! GORE! GOO!" The cover line promotes a Stephen King interview.

"Sort of stretching it, aren't you? If you think that reading an interview with an author within a few dozen pages of a picture of a nude girl is dangerous, why not go all the way and say that your male companions can't have sex within twenty-four hours of reading a Stephen King novel or within five hours of watching the six-o'clock news, or would that strike even you as profoundly silly?"

I usually start the lecture by asking the

students, at the count of three, to make the noise they make when they reach orgasm. The students of Xavier maintain complete silence. Welcome to the monastery.

The school had arranged for me to be part of a sex-exploration week, with segments on date rape, venereal disease, acquaintance rape, AIDS and, finally, me. The driver's-ed approach to sex ed: Scare them with pictures of highway fatalities, and then teach them how to find first gear. But I was controversial enough that the school felt obligated to have a deprogramming session immediately after the lecture.

One guy asked the victims of my lecture, "Why such an emphasis on pleasure? I counted words. He said orgasm thirty-six times, masturbation thirty-one times,

Today, it exists in relationships."

A feminist, quivering with anger, was outraged that people were calmly accepting my appearance. "The neutrality is dangerous to women. When there is so much violation, when date rape is on the increase, we can't be neutral."

A female student, quivering with courage, stood up: "I personally voted for him to come. It was never as an expert; it was as a writer of advice. I feel that the week should be devoted to sexual awareness, not to the pornography debate. The two are separate issues."

Afterward, a young woman cruised past and sniffed, "What kind of animals read your magazine?"

"Ask your father. Ask your brother."

"How dare you say anything about my father? He exists on a moral plane you can't even comprehend."

"Oh, he reads *Hustler*."

She shattered and ran from the room.

Another woman took her place: "I think your speech trivialized sex and trivialized women."

"Quick, use the word trivialize in a sentence that does not include sex or women. Show me what you mean by the word in another context. Show me that you aren't just parroting feminist rhetoric."

She shattered. Pull. An older woman suggested that I was showing hostility toward women.

"Why must I handle slander with kid gloves? It's not that I treat women with hostility; the question is whether I

treat men who are gullible, imbecilic, cant-spouting cretins differently. And the answer is, I don't." Pull.

Penn State: After the lecture, we played Sex in the Lobby. I had heard about this from a director of student activities at Northern Illinois University. Students get together in their dorm, the women on one side, the men on the other. Any student can ask any member of the opposite sex a question about sex. I wanted to see if it worked. About 20 students sat in a circle. A guy asked, "How would you like to be treated the morning after?"

The responses ranged from "It changes something. You have shared something

Some guys know.

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The advertisement features a romantic scene of a man and a woman in a car, with a bottle of English Leather cologne in the foreground. The text is arranged in a large, bold font at the top and bottom of the image.

chastity zero times, love once and monogamy once, in the context of AIDS."

Here, for his benefit, is the Chinese chastity trick. You hang a basket from the ceiling. The woman takes off her clothes and climbs into it. You place the basket over the favorite part of your body and slowly raise the woman to the ceiling, where she remains for the rest of her life.

The school's sexuality instructor was next: "I don't believe there was a sexual revolution. It was a hoax. No one is happier because of what happened. The percentage of men who experience premarital sex hasn't changed since 1900. The percentage of women has increased slightly. It used to be that sluts serviced whole fleets of men.

that is very much like a secret, and something in your glance should show that" to "You don't always have to say something. Sometimes, you sleep with someone as an experiment. You've found out what you wanted to know, then it's a matter of having to pretend you're asleep until they leave."

A third woman said, "Yeah. Sometimes I wake up and say, 'How am I going to party with these guys again?'"

Guys? From that moment, every guy in the room was auditioning.

There are some students who are not afraid to talk about sex in public.

The College of DuPage is a white-collar commuter college, servicing some 30,000 suburban kids. The front row was filled with punk rockers, guys with purple mohawks, six inches of razorback hair sticking out of shaved skulls. "Tell me," I asked, "when you're going down on your girlfriend, doesn't the hair get there six inches before you do?"

"Ask my girlfriend."

The girlfriend just smiled.

Later, one of the punkers stood up in front of a couple of hundred classmates and asked, "Why, when a woman pulls away during a blow job, can you have an orgasm—contractions and everything—but the rest of your body is numb? You don't feel anything. The orgasm doesn't reach your head." His voice had a poignant tone that enlisted great sympathy and, possibly, changed behavior. Someone willing to say what sex felt like for a guy.

Last fall, Dr. Gary K. Noble, deputy director of the Atlanta Centers for Disease Control, had lunch with a bunch of reporters from the Gannett newspaper chain. He mentioned that in the preliminary findings of a study of 20,000 blood samples taken from 20 colleges, about three out of 1000 college students tested positive for HIV. The figure found its way

to campus newspapers, in some cases rising from three in 1000 to three in 100. What surprised me was how quickly the figure became engraved in stone. (Months later, the official finding was 1.7 in 1000.)

At Knox College, a small conservative institution in western Illinois, three women fiercely debated my assessment of the odds of getting AIDS, culled from C.D.C. figures and a report to *The Journal of the American Medical Association*. They were sure that one could get AIDS from oral sex (quoting Masters and Johnson and Kolodny's warning that flossing increases one's vulnerability to the virus while ignoring the less publicized study of gay men who practice only oral sex, which concluded that oral sex was a *highly unlikely* route of transmission). I had the sense that for the people who wanted to say no to sex, AIDS had given them a bullhorn and a supporting choir. Flinging down the key to their chastity belts, they delivered the *coup de grâce*: They knew for sure that there were several students on campus with AIDS.

(I asked the dean of students if this were true. He said it was absolutely false but that the rumormongering was indicative of gay bashing, a problem that had cropped up on campus.)

I allowed the three women to challenge my assessment and tried to respond with state-of-the-art studies. Finally, one of the other women in the audience raised her hand and said, "You could go on debating this all night. Could you move on to the other questions, the fun stuff?"

Part of this country wants very much to get back to the fun stuff.

That polarization cropped up again and again as I traveled through the South. There were some people who embraced the scare stories as reason to say no to sex forever. They had a sense of righteousness that could not be swayed with science. Sometimes the stories were clearly apoc-

ryphal: At Kearney State College, students knew of two cases of AIDS. One was a 21-year-old virgin who had slept with the wrong guy once. (This information was supposedly from a gay activist who had traveled the state administering blood tests—he had reportedly found seven HIV-positives in Kearney, two of them students. It was his job to tell them—he hadn't told the 21-year-old woman yet.) I allowed as how these cautionary tales probably had no basis. After instructing students in safe sex, condom usage and spermicidal foam, I try to put AIDS into perspective.

"Look at your lives. Nowadays, they say that because of AIDS, when you sleep with someone, you sleep with every person that person has slept with for ten years. Ten years ago, most of you were sleeping with your Teddy bears. Unless Teddy was getting butt-fucked in San Francisco, or was shooting up smack with the cool dudes in the South Bronx, he was clean. And if he was, he deserves your compassion, not your fear or wrath. Most of you can count your partners on one hand; for some of you, the only partner you've had is your hand. Do you know where your hand was last night? Be careful, but don't be carried away. About fifty thousand people die in traffic accidents a year. We don't say, 'Just say no to driving.' We say, 'Here's what you need to know to drive safely.'"

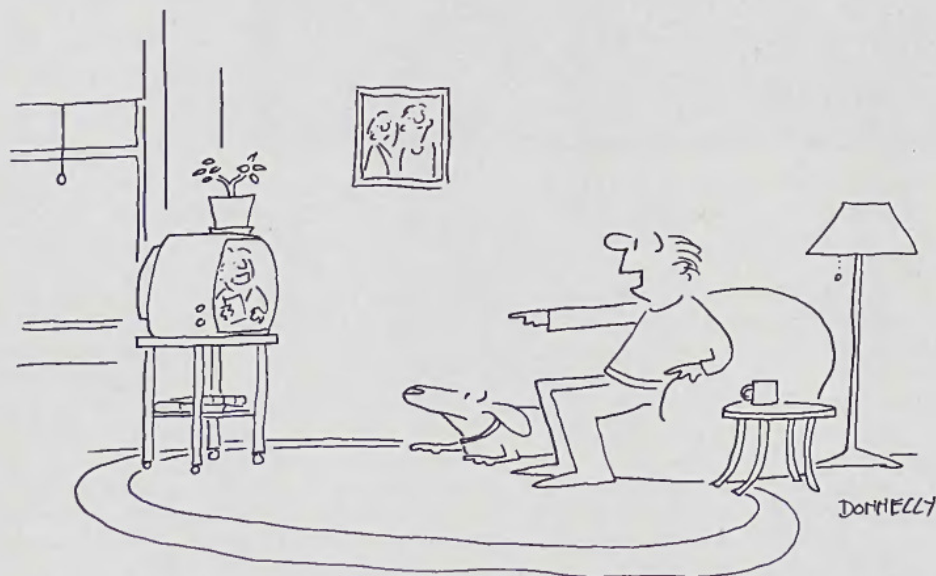
At the University of Northern Colorado at Greeley, the student committee re-enacted the condom song it had performed at the college vaudeville show. To the tune of *Under the Boardwalk*, the group had crooned, "Don't be silly / Don't be a sleaze / Wear one to prevent disease." One woman showed me the condom dance—arms tight against her side, neck hunched, waving back and forth like a safe-sex penis. I can't wait for these kids to have to answer their kids' question, "What did you do in college, Daddy?"

At one school, two members of the Campus Crusade for Christ sat in the back row, heads bowed, praying audibly for my soul. "Don't pray for my soul," I said, "pray for my hair."

At some point in the lecture, one member rose and walked to the front of the stage. The school security forces were at his elbow, just like that, in the slow-motion replay of Secret Service films. They had sensed a threat and acted.

It turned out that the guy wanted to read passages from the final report of the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography. Both hands were clutching the book as though it were the Bible, which, to these guys, it is. And I am the Salman Rushdie of sex.

As for me, it took about five minutes for the adrenaline to subside. Of all the risk sports I pursue, I never expected talking about sex to be one of them.



"By gosh—that commercial is aimed directly at us!"



KEITH RICHARDS

(continued from page 115)

music is that it has always seemed streaks ahead of any other art form or any other form of social expression. I've said this a million times, but after air, food, water and fucking, I think music is maybe the next human necessity.

The myth in the Sixties was that it was more than entertainment. But music is the best communicator of all. And I doubt that anybody would disagree, if they thought about it, that a lot of the reason you've got some sort of—I don't know whether you wanna call it togetherness—anyway, some major shifts in superpower situations in the past few years probably has a lot to do with the past twenty years of music.

PLAYBOY: There always is that wonderful subversive quality about rock and roll, isn't there?

RICHARDS: It's like the walls of Jericho again.

PLAYBOY: You had the honor of inducting Chuck Berry into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. What stands out in your mind from that night?

RICHARDS: Watching the jam at the Hall of Fame after the awards with Chuck Berry. I went down to St. Louis to meet with Chuck and talk about our deal over the movie I helped him with—*Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' Roll*. You know, don't hit me again, Chuck, because this time, you ain't gonna get away with it. There's a limit to hero worship.

PLAYBOY: When did Chuck hit you?

RICHARDS: Oh, a couple of years ago, Chuck was leaving a New York night club. I walked up behind him and said, "Don't rush off." He turned and sucker-punched me. I'd known Chuck for twenty years before the movie and the best thing he'd ever said to me was, "Fuck off." So when he hit me in the eye, I thought, Maybe he's really serious.

PLAYBOY: He had something serious to communicate?

RICHARDS: Yeah. So at his pad, Chuck played me a video tape that he and a friend had shot of the whole Rock and Roll Hall of Fame jam session. Now, in his house, Chuck Berry has one of those video projection machines with two big screens. One constantly plays the Playboy Channel—these chicks leaping around with their tits out, throwing custard pies at one another and, like, falling over logs and shit—while the other screen plays whatever Chuck wants to look at. But the Playboy Channel is always there; he can always go to the white tail.

PLAYBOY: The man has taste.

RICHARDS: The cat's got stereo. On one side, he put on this hall-of-fame video and it's rocking. Chuck said, "Listen to that, Jack!" He always called me Jack.

PLAYBOY: You did the musical work for the movie partly at your house in Jamaica. How did Chuck like your house?

RICHARDS: He almost went into contortions, like heart attacks. Very nervous. If you're not on Chuck's patch, baby, if Chuck ain't in control of every situation, he's like a fish out of water. It started at the airport when I picked him up. He can't stand even not driving; that's why he drives himself everywhere.

If it's his patch, he'll maneuver and manipulate anything, 'cause he can pull the switch at any time. It was very like workin' with Mick: that siege mentality, like, "Nobody is gonna get the better of me, even if I don't have fun." That's the price you pay for saying, "Nobody is gonna smirk behind my back thinking they ripped me off." Fuck, millions of people ripped me off, and I don't give a shit. If you can't get over that, you have a problem. So in a way, I was well equipped to deal with Chuck. Even afterward, the cat still fascinates me. I find him more appealing now that I know him better than just hittin' me in the eye or sayin', "Fuck off."

I was given the opportunity to fulfill my own selfish teenage dreams. If I could just be the cat playing the guitar behind Chuck Berry, I thought. I'll have to swallow a lot of shit, probably on camera, to do this. But if I can do it, I'll show that about myself. If I can go through that fire, it will harden me up to the point where I can do my own record alone.

All those things—if you dream them, they'll come true, if you stick at it and hang

in for the course.

PLAYBOY: Looking down the line, what changes would you like to see in the Stones?

RICHARDS: I would like to see a little more energy and balls out of the boys. I would like to see a little more happiness out of all of them just to be one of the Rolling Stones. Either you is or you ain't. If you is, you're gonna work with the Stones, and if you ain't, then forget it.

PLAYBOY: The work you've been doing appears to agree with you, and so does marriage.

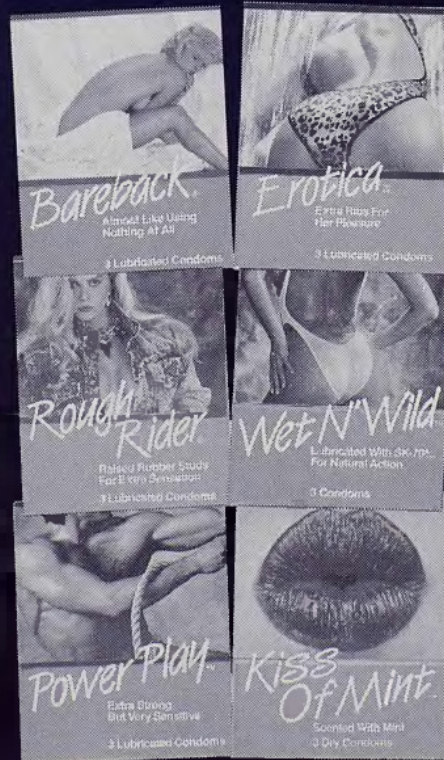
RICHARDS: Patricia is an amazing girl. When I met her, I was reliving a second rock-and-roll childhood. I could have gone back. Easy. It could have gone either way for me, life or death.

PLAYBOY: The future looks encouraging. It's nice we had this little chat. We've sat here and killed a whole bucket of ice.

RICHARDS: Yeah, but there is a terrible tendency nowadays—I'm sounding like an old man now—to pose. All of us. It only reaffirms my belief that the music business, in any given era, is ninety-eight percent crap. If you know that and can avoid the posing bit, it's not going to hurt you. You might not get anything much out of it, you might totally fail making it, as they call it. But it's not going to hurt you to go for that two percent. But go for the other ninety-eight and you're lost. Bye-bye, brother.



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"One of the panty-hose guys whips out his gun and blows Kim Martin's brains out. Just like that."

At the beginning, there were five hostages, including myself. I got to know them all pretty good, I guess, which isn't to say I liked all of them. Kim Martin was a bitch. Not just a bitch, either, but a whiny bitch. She was the one working at the store the night the panty-hose guys showed up. Oh, Christ, she drove everyone nuts; she just didn't know how to shut up. She didn't like the guns or the cigarette smoke or the language or the beer or the handcuffs, and she didn't deserve to be in here, because she was a woman and she had a husband and a kid and on and on. . . .

We must've been in there a week when a couple of the panty-hose guys came into the little office where the five of us were sitting in a circle and announced that they were going to let a hostage go. We got to pick who it was, we were going to vote on it; we just couldn't vote for ourselves.

Kim Martin received four votes, I got one.

So one of the panty-hose guys all of a sudden whips out his gun and blows Kim Martin's brains out. Shot her three times in the left ear. Just like that.

They brought the video camera in then and took some pictures of her body, then they stuck her in the freezer.

Another guy, this rich old white guy named Milton Morris, lasted about another week. Oh, he was cool enough, for an old guy. Smoked three free packs of Vantage 100s a day and drank his fair share of beer.

Then, one day, Morris is just sitting there with us, just hanging out, and he drops dead. Natural causes, a heart attack, probably. The panty-hose guys went nuts, whining about how it wasn't their fault, and finally they figured, Fuck it, and shot him like they did Kim Martin, three bullets in his now-dead brain. Dragged in the video camera, took some pictures, then stuck him in the freezer.

That left three of us.

Stacy calls me, seeing if I'm doing OK, telling me she's coming up to Colwood next weekend. Asking me when I plan to return to the public eye.

I'm happy where I am, I tell her. Someday, sure, I'll put the black T-shirt back on and do the Cliff Spab bit for everybody, but not now.

When?

Never?

I tell Stacy about how when I went home after I got out, when the cops were through with me, they drove me to my house and everybody on the fucking block

is there and all the trees got these fucking yellow ribbons all over the fucking place. And at my house, the mayor of Madison Heights is standing there on the front porch, waiting to give me the key to the city or some bullshit. I say to him, "Who the fuck are you?" and then blow him off, go into the house. Go into my room, put on a Stones album I've been craving for the past month, lie down on my bed, and then my old man comes storming into my room and he's pissed.

He's going on about what the hell am I doing in here, don't you know that's the goddamn mayor standing out there, get your ass out there and hold a press conference, now.

I'm, like, Hey, guy, fuck you. I don't need this shit. If I don't go out there, what're ya gonna do? Send me to my room without dessert? Why the fuck don'tcha just stick a gun to my head, handcuff me to a chair? That'll accomplish a hell of a lot.

The motherfucker hit me. In the mouth, same as those panty-hose guys did. I started spitting blood like I did that time.

My old man just left the room after that, just left me alone.

The neighbors went home, but those fucking reporters stayed in the street, waiting for me to come out.

I saw Wendy Pfister being interviewed by Barbara Walters last night. Now, Wendy Pfister is, like, the all-American girl, an extremely courageous young woman, role model for teenagers everywhere. It also helps that she's willing to talk to the media, unlike some ex-hostages I could name.

Oh, Jesus, yeah, it's the scam of the century, Wendy sitting there looking good, really good, sitting across from Barbara Walters in a comfortable chair, legs crossed, hair fluffed, smiling behind a \$1000 make-up job or whatever, talking about God, country, telling kids to "Just say no," with a perfectly straight face. Acting so fucking wholesome you just wanted to puke.

Streeter's watching this with me, wondering why I'm laughing. "Look at her." I'm saying, "look at her. Do you realize this chick listens to Zeppelin albums, that she put away two packs of menthols a day, drank at least as much as I did?"

"No," Streeter says.

"Do you know what she had in her purse when she walked into that store? Huh? I'll tell ya what she had; she had two ounces of marijuana in her purse. Two fucking ounces. I'm talking teenager on drugs and she's probably gonna get a medal next week from Nancy fucking Reagan or something."

"What's the point?" Streeter asks.

"I'm sayin' I heard America's newest sweetheart use the F word, that's what I'm sayin'."

"I know what you're saying, Spab. I'm asking you what's the point?"

"Who gives a shit what the point is?" I say.

So I stayed in my house for a week or so, my parents pissed at me, all those reporters outside, and then I went to that ball game. My brother took me. Scott Spab. He set the whole thing up with the Tigers, got them to make me that jersey.

He was cool about keeping me away from the reporters. Hustling my ass out of the stadium before the game started, before anybody could catch us. The reporters really pissed him off when I was in that store, the way they kept on sticking cameras in his face, expecting him to cry for them or something.

After that game, I stayed in his apartment for a few days. He lives in Center Line Gardens, in Warren, which is cool, because the whole complex is private property and the cops would keep the reporters at the gate if they ever found out I was there. Which they did—my parents told them.

But eventually, I got sick of it, so one night, I got into the trunk of my brother's car and he took me out to the Somerset Mall parking lot in Troy, where Stacy had left a car for me. The keys were in the ignition and I shagged ass getting to the R Street Theater, driving up to Colwood.

My brother went back to his apartment, found I wasn't there and called the cops.

Stacy's with me now, here in Colwood for the weekend, and we're watching *Nightline*, a special show on Cliff Spab. First up was FBI special agent Shawn Parsley, the Fed who took my statement at the Madison Heights police station after I got out of captivity. "We are treating Cliff Spab's disappearance with the utmost seriousness," he said. "Mr. Spab is a disturbed young man in desperate need of help."

The prick.

Then my parents came on and I'm thinking, What is this, *This Is Your Life* or something? They gonna have on my second-grade teacher or some shit? So my folks are saying how much they miss me, mentioned as how they thought I needed help and how all is forgiven, as if this is anybody's business to show on network TV and all.

Then they brought on some shrink who talked about the Stockholm syndrome, how I was probably fucked up because I missed my old panty-hose buddies from the store. Then he started on about stress. And then he explained the Spab phenomenon, how kids look up to me because I got to live out my fantasies of youth and I represent something to this country and whatever. Huh?

And then, oh, Jesus, Wendy Pfister came

on. Oh, God, she was looking good. Every time I see her, I think, Goddamn, she's looking good. Smiling at the fucking camera, oh, God, she looked good.

"Spab, if you're watching this," she says, and I blink, surprised—I've been watching her, not listening to her—"call me. Your brother has my number. Call me, we'll talk and I won't tell anybody we did."

Oh, God, oh, God, oh, God, and at that point, Stacy and I go down to my room and I turn on the lights of the marquee and when we finish, I fall asleep watching those lights move across the ceiling.

Do I trust her? I know Wendy Pfister, I was in that store with her for 36 days and I see her on TV now and think, That's not Wendy Pfister, that's just a character on TV, just like Archie Bunker or Lucy Ricardo or Hawkeye Pierce. But then, what about this enigmatic, larger-than-life guy from Madison Heights who made those wacky videos in captivity, tossed a baseball into the bleachers? Now I worry, What if that asshole really is the real me?

I'm starting to feel like I'm in over my head. Suppose I did come out of hiding. Would I be able to keep the scam working? Could I act like the mythical figure I've become? Do I want to?

Stacy knows me. She says the Cliff Spab they know is the real me. So does Streeter. He reminds me about the time I called *Time* magazine, how that's just the sort of thing Cliff Spab would do.

Stacy talks about the FREE CLIFF SPAB NOW T-shirts and the SPAB RULES bumper stickers, shows me a copy of my first *Time* cover, me in that black Doors T-shirt daring a panty-hose guy to blow my head off.

"Enjoy it while it lasts," she tells me, "and, for Christ's sake, at least make a few bucks out of it."

"I can't support you forever," Stacy says, "even if I can afford it."

I'm nuts, Stacy. I can't take this shit. Oh, God, anonymity would be so sweet right about now.

But now Stacy's pissed at me. There's a story in the *National Enquirer*, a chick say-

ing she fucked me in the ladies' room at the Ram's Horn in Warren, on Dequindre between 12 and 13 Mile. This story is, fortunately or unfortunately—take your pick—true. After Tiger Stadium, my brother and I stopped by the Ram's Horn because it didn't look too busy. It wasn't; the waitresses, three of them, were standing around doing nothing. They recognized me, went nuts, asked for autographs, and then I took one of them back to the ladies' room and she yanked up her brown polyester skirt and we had two and a half minutes of decent sex. Something like that, I was pretty drunk. What the fuck do I know?

So now this chick's made more money off my name than I have.

Dequindre or Van Dyke or some shit, passing beneath those yellow streetlights, we owned, *owned* that fucking town. It was ours for the taking.

Those nights were the best. Madison Heights was the greatest city in the world to me. I could feel it in the night, that charge in the air. Cruising was the only thing I ever wanted to do, cruising all night long.

I say that and I turn to Joe, sitting in the passenger seat of the Camino, and he gives me that goofy Joe Dice grin and says, "Hey, guy, fuckin' you know it."

I call Wendy late one night, waking her up. I'm drunk, again, and as it turns out, so is she. Her mother went to bed early, leaving Wendy to scarf her vodka.

"You're fulla shit," I tell her.

"Yeah, right," she says. "Look who's talking. Mr. I Am God, Fuck All of You."

"That shit wasn't my idea."

"Yeah, right. You think this was my brain storm, this Miss Apple Pie bullshit? Christ, my mother's the one behind the whole thing, running my life, picking out my clothes, telling people I'll be on their sorry-ass TV show."

"That's too bad. How much they pay you for that Pepsi ad? Or was it Coke?"

Wendy sighed. "Two hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars, plus some change every time they show it."

"Sounds cool. Come on up and visit me. You can buy the beer."

"I'd like to."

"Of course, I'll need a note from your mother."

"No problem. I got my own car now. I'll do what the fuck I want. I think you got the right idea, Spab, disappearing like that. Don't these people realize I just want to forget the whole thing, the whole fucking thing?"

I say nothing. Jesus Christ, I think, she's hit it right on the head.

"Spab?"

"Sorry, Wendy."

"No problem."

"I've finally figured it out," I say, "you know? I mean, Jesus, Wendy, why didn't I think of it before? All I want to do more



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Stacy's left Colwood, told me to fuck off. Streeter's being cool, but I think he's pissed at me, too, fucking around on his daughter like that. So I guess I can't stay in Colwood much longer. I don't want to, either. I need to find a new hiding space.

Joe's the one guy I need to hang out with for a few hours. The two of us need to go out cruising all night. Need to cruise the northeast side until the Camino's out of gas, need to find a chick or two and feed lines of bullshit out into the world in general.

That's the way it was, back when things were simple. We owned that goddamn city. Joe and I. Three A.M., all alone cruising

than anything else is forget the whole thing. It all goes back to being in that goddamn store. I keep dwelling on it; I'm sitting here whining about everything else and, Jesus, Wendy, it's driving me nuts. . . ."

"You remember that shrink on TV the other night?" she asks.

"On *Nightline*?"

"Yeah," she sighs. "Spab, he got it all wrong when he started going on about the Stockholm syndrome. That's bullshit. What we're talking about here is something new, a disease only two people in the world have, and do you know what it's called?"

"What?"

"It's called the Madison Heights syndrome. The only people who caught it were the people in that store. That means you and me, Spab."

"Oh, Christ, Wendy."

"And that asshole shrink, he'll never know what the Madison Heights syndrome is, because he wasn't in that store with us, and if you weren't in that store—"

"You can shut the fuck up," I say.

"Right," Wendy says.

Nobody says anything. "I want to see you, Wendy," I say finally. "I gotta see you."

"If I come see you, they'll follow me and find you, wherever you are."

"Let 'em," I say, and I realize that the scam, the fame, the hiding, none of it matters.

I tell her how to get to R Street, say good night, hang up, open another beer. Put on my black Doors T-shirt and cue up that video tape of me at Tiger Stadium. It feels good. Oh, Jesus.

On the 36th day, the beer ran out.

Joe, Wendy and I, when we were in that

store, if we weren't drunk, we were stoned, and often we were both. And then the beer ran out and we had to come up with a plan.

On the 35th day, Wendy had asked one of the panty-hose guys one more time when we were going to get out of there, and he said, again, "When there is total nuclear disarmament in the world."

So we weren't the only lunatics in that store.

So the three of us came up with a plan. And it worked. Sort of.

They came in with that video camera on the 36th day. Wendy's sitting there across from me and she's talking to the camera and all of a sudden, I stand up, dragging my chair from my wrist, I turn around and pull down my pants. Just yanked 'em down. Yeah, guy, there they are, motherfuckers, both cheeks of the famous, hairy Spab ass. In your face. Kiss 'em, why don'tcha?

The panty-hose guys go nuts, Wendy's talking, my ass is hanging out, the camera guy doesn't know where to point the camera, all this out-of-control shit going on, and nobody's paying attention to Joe, and then Joe picks up his chair, chained to his wrist, picks it up and brings it down on the head of one of the panty-hose guys. The panty-hose guy goes down, Joe Dice grabs his gun. The panty-hose guy starts bleeding, blood seeping through the nylon covering his head.

Now the other panty-hose guy, the one with the video camera, is reaching for his gun, can't get to it; he doesn't want to drop the camera, and Joe shoots him in the head, kills him, just like that. Oh, Christ.

Joe's going to the door of the office now, the office he hadn't left in 36 days, stopping

to kill the guy that he hit with the chair, shoot him in the brain. Wendy and I are freaking and Joe's at the door, firing shots into the store, and I grab the cameraman's gun and Joe sees me with it. "Give it to me!" he screams, and I'm about to hand it to him when—bam!—he doubles over, falls back, shots coming from inside the store and Joe's bleeding on the floor now, on his back, and like a fucking idiot, I'm still trying to hand him the gun, but he just looks at me, grins and shakes his head no. Just gives me that goofy Joe Dice grin and shakes his head no.

He's fucking *smiling* at me. Oh, God. Oh, shit.

I get a good look at his stomach then as it begins to leak all over the floor, Joe Dice's intestines, and then I look at Wendy standing over Joe and the two dead panty-hose guys and then the police knocked on the door, asking if everything was all right.

And then Joe Dice died.

Things change when the reasons for doing them change. That's what happened when we were in that store for 36 days. The rules of the game were tossed out the window; survival no longer depended on working, learning, morals, values, none of that. Survival depended on eating, drinking, sleeping, shitting, pissing. Thinking.

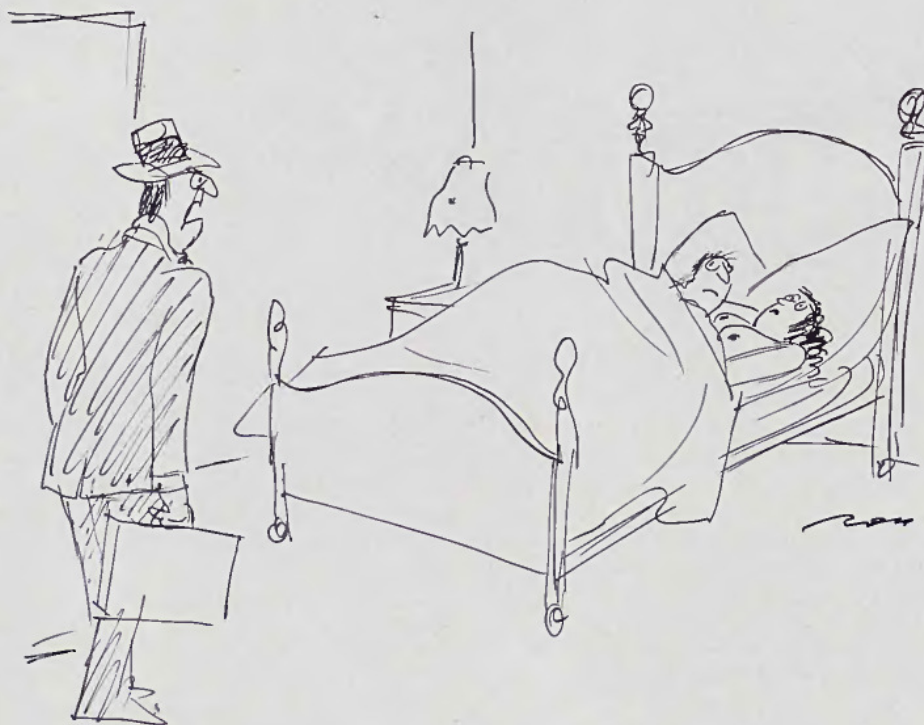
That's what I learned in the 7-Eleven. That's what you gotta understand. The rest of my life, I'll play that life game I learned in school, also from my folks; I'll be lying, just bullshitting.

Sure, I wish things could be the way they were. Like I said, waking up, punching in, slopping up shit, punching out. Cruising. Simple shit like that.

Sometimes, after cruising all night, Joe and I would walk over to this schoolyard and hit rocks with a baseball bat as the sun came up. I'd swing and really connect with one of them stones and I'd imagine that I just cranked one over the 365-foot mark in left center field down at Tiger Stadium.

But now I've been to Tiger Stadium, I could have really done that, cranked one over the 365 mark. I could be doing that today, hitting a home run to win the world series or whatever, but even if I did, as I did it, I'd be imagining, just wishing I was back in that Madison Heights playground, knocking a pebble into the rising sun.

Other prize winners in Playboy's College Fiction Contest: second, "Claims," by John McNally, University of Iowa; third, "Dead Horse Blues," by Lee Durkee, University of Arkansas; "Night Sound," by Robert Schürmer, University of Arizona; "Audience," by Tsvia Susan Cohen, University of Iowa; "The Answering Machine," by Paul Lawrence Tremblay, Columbia College, Chicago. Would you like to enter next year? See page 150.



"Cynthia! What are you doing on the bottom?"



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UP IN SMOKE

(continued from page 119)

cigar. Thus, it's considered good form to ask if anyone minds your lighting up. Since most restaurants prohibit cigars in the dining area, save your fresh panatela for the lounge or your favorite easy chair.)

Three distinct elements are hand-rolled into every premium cigar: the filler (always long leaf in the better grades), which forms the thick "body" of the cigar; the binder, a separate leaf that holds the filler together; and the wrapper, the outer leaf that gives each cigar its visual appeal and contributes about 30 percent to the cigar's taste.

Although there are many categories of cigar classifications, you have to know only three variations in order to make a selection. Each refers to wrapper color and taste. The lightest in color and mildest in taste is claro (sometimes referred to as American Market Selection or AMS), a delicate greenish brown in hue. Next comes colorado, or English Market Selection (EMS). These cigars possess a medium-full taste and their wrappers are rich brown. Finally, we have the maduro, or Spanish Market Selection (SMS), a deep dark-brown cigar, very strong and robust in flavor. First-time or occasional smokers who

want a satisfying cigar that is not too strong may want to start with a good claro, such as Dunhill's Montecruz Number 210 Natural Claro, an especially mild variation of the more robust Number 210 Natural. Seasoned cigar smokers may find more satisfaction in some of the new medium-heavy Dominican Republic cigars such as the Pleiades or the Juan Clemente. And finally, for the man who wants a hefty-tasting cigar, the Honduran Punch Rothschild or Hoyo de Monterrey Excalibur Number 1 is the perfect way to gracefully end an evening of fine food and wine.

In selecting a cigar, remember that taste is determined by thickness—called ring gauge—rather than length. (Ring gauge is measured in increments of $\frac{1}{64}$ of an inch.) The cigars we've included in this article were chosen with taste and shape as primary considerations. However, we also took into account convenience, and thus added the Jose Benito Havanitos, for the man who wants a thick, flavorful repast yet does not have the pocket space or the time for a large cigar. Based on the same criteria, we

included the relatively new Upmann Pequeños, a short four-and-a-half-inch premium cigar that comes in 42, 46 and 50 ring gauges, for the man who resents having time to smoke only half of his three-dollar cigar before the curtain goes up.

Preparing to light your cigar involves a certain amount of ritualistic foreplay. First, the head, which has been sealed with a leaf



Top left: Crystal-and-sterling-silver ashtray, by Daum for Davidoff of Geneva, New York, \$1900. In the ashtray: Peñamil No. 17, \$2. Cigars, from left to right: Punch Rothschild, \$1.65; Macanudo Baron de Rothschild, \$3.40; Juan Clemente Churchill, \$4.50; Hoyo de Monterrey José Gener Excalibur No. 1, \$4.35; Partagas No. 10, about \$4; Pleiades Sirius, \$4.50; Arturo Fuente Hemingway Classic, \$4.65; Dunhill Montecruz No. 210 Natural Clara, \$2.95; H. Upmann 2000, \$3.40; and an H. Upmann Pequeñas, \$2.55. Sterling-silver sleeve for cigar matches, \$510, and stainless-steel cigar scissors, \$250, both from Davidoff of Geneva. Most of the cigars pictured can be purchased at the Up Down Tobacco Shop, Chicago; the Century City Tobacco Shoppe, West Los Angeles; Gus's Smoke Shop, Sherman Oaks, California; and at Tinder Box stores. (Prices may vary from store to store.)

of gummed tobacco, must be clipped. Be sure to use a properly shaped cigar cutter designed to make either a V cut or a full ("guillotine") cut so that the end of your cigar will not feather or unravel. (Tearing off the end of your chosen smoke with your teeth and spitting it across the room is definitely not part of the ritual.) Next comes the light. For this, only a wooden match or a butane lighter should be used; anything else will impart a rancid chemical undertaste to the delicate tobacco blends of the filler. First, rotate the end of the cigar slightly above the tip of the flame without actually touching it to the tobacco. The end of the cigar will quickly darken as the moisture and oils are dried out. Suddenly, the flame will actually leap to the cigar as the tobacco is kissed by the fire. Then a thin whiff of smoke will indicate that the cigar is ready to smoke. Place it to your lips and, if needed, light it again to make sure that the entire end is aglow. Then sit back and sip the rich, full flavor.

The following is a connoisseur's guide to a variety of premium smokes.

• Juan Clemente Churchill: The aroma is deceptively light, but the cigar itself has a rich, lingering undertaste that many smokers find appealing.

• Arturo Fuente Hemingway Classic: A top-of-the-line Dominican Republic cigar with a sweet, heavy aroma and a tapered foot for easy lighting.

• Hoyo de Monterrey José Gener Excalibur Number 1: This Honduran cigar is a full, rich smoke.

• Macanudo Baron de Rothschild: Hand-rolled in Jamaica, this cigar has a light aroma, a pleasant undertaste and a mellow flavor.

• Montecruz Number 210 Natural Claro: A new and popular variation on Dunhill's standard Number 210; the wrapper indicates an exceptionally light taste.

• Partagas Number 10: Hand-rolled in the Dominican Republic, this robust cigar provides a full, rich taste.

• Peñamil Number 17: A superb Canary Islands smoke with a strong but not overpowering flavor.

• Pleiades Sirius: Another rich Dominican Republic brand with a bouquet that blends nicely with its heavy, full-bodied flavor.

• Punch Rothschild: This rich Honduran sports a classic short, thick shape.

• Romeo y Julieta Monarcas: The size of this Dominican Republic cigar disguises its delicate, medium-full flavor laced with a mellow undertaste.

• Te-Amo Toro: One of the best Mexican cigars, with a mild flavor that lingers on the palate.

• H. Upmann 2000: A classic cigar with a medium-full flavor, now produced in the Dominican Republic.

• The need for many of today's high-grade-cigar smokers to condense rich flavor into a short smoking time has led to the creation of premium minicigars. These two brands are prime examples:

• Jose Benito Havanitos: These five-inch Dominican Republic cigars pack a surprising amount of flavor in small hand-rolled



Red hot,

White bread and

Blue jeans.



PLAYBOY FASHIONS

AMERICA AT PLAY

packages for a hefty 25-minute smoke.

Upmann Pequeños: These four-and-a-half-inch cigars from the Dominican Republic come in three ring sizes: 42, 46 and 50. A short smoke that's long in flavor.

Smokers may also want to pick up the following brands to round out their humidors. Davidoff of Geneva: Look for these fine cigars in shapes from the Mouton-Cadet to the Classic. Tinder Box La Reserva: A newly introduced cigar that has already become a much-sought-after commodity, combining Cuban seed with the finest Dominican tobacco leaf. Primo del Rey: A high-quality Dominican cigar with a variety of ring gauges to suit a total spectrum of taste. Veracruz: One of Mexico's classic cigars. Each is individually humidified in a sealed glass tube and encased in its own cedar box. Royal Jamaica: Made

in Jamaica until a year ago, this flavorful smoke is now expertly hand-rolled in the Dominican Republic. Don Diego: A favorite from the Dominican Republic. Some sizes are available in tubes (Monarchs, Corona Major, Royal Palmas) and a humidified jar (Amatista). Don Tomas: A Honduran cigar, capable of delivering a full taste in all of the ring gauges. Ramon Allones: A Dominican cigar that delivers a medium-full taste. La Regenta: A handmade cigar from the Canary Islands, for the smoker who prefers a medium taste. Kiskeya: Introduced only two years ago and not yet widely found, its shade-grown Connecticut wrapper and Dominican Republic leaf have created a cigar worth seeking, especially in the large Presidente size.

Now, gentlemen, you may smoke!



return to animal house

(continued from page 106)

calling for a reduction in the fraternity system's dominance of social life on campus, and shortly after that, the Hanover police conducted their notorious undercover sting operation, deputizing an 18-year-old girl and sending her, with an out-of-town policeman posing as her boyfriend, on a round of fraternities during the big spring party weekend known as Green Key. Naturally, she was served beer, and eight fraternities and two sororities faced the possibility of criminal charges for serving alcohol to a minor. The college got them off the hook, but it made it clear that next time, the houses would be on their own. This had a chilling effect on the admission of nonmember guests to parties.

Finally, in 1988, the administration announced that starting with the class of 1993, rush would be delayed until sophomore year. Since this would decrease fraternity membership—and their already pinched treasuries—by 25 percent, there was bitter resistance to the measure, all the more so because it was a dictate from on high that ignored heavy student opposition.

After all this, you had to wonder if fraternity life at Dartmouth was any fun at all any more. Specifically, I was curious to see how the boys were doing at the house that had inspired *Animal House*. I decided to find out.

I enter the lodge with trepidation. What am I going to find, 25 years and all those regulatory institutions later? A skeleton crew of intimidated weenies, sipping oolong and discussing Proust?

But no. The first thing that hits me is the smell. It's the *same smell*; it hasn't changed in two and a half decades! Mainly beer, with certain miscellaneous nuances. The place *looks* pretty much the same, too. A bit more wrecked-up, maybe, but it's the same tube room, the same tap system and, running the perimeter of the basement, the same beloved AD gutter (today known as "the gorf"). In the erstwhile basement bathroom—converted to a broom closet a few years back after a brother tore out the toilet to mix a punch in it—I can still make out the carved names of brothers from my era: Y BAGS, LAPES, SNOT, MAG F PIE, HYDRANT, DUMP TRUCK. . . .

Having recently concluded a very successful rush, the house has nearly 100 members, and it looks as though most of them are here tonight. They seem a little cool; I wonder if I'm welcome. Or maybe it's just a generational style—they don't make a big deal of things. There are so *many* of them, though, more than *twice* the number we had! The living room is like a subway car! And, God, how'd they get to be so *young*?

I have brought with me, on video cassette, an assemblage of eight-millimeter movies taken back in my era. As I show the

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PLAYBOY
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FICTION
CONTEST

The Rules:

1. Contest is open to all college students—no age limit. Employees of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., its agents, affiliates and families are not eligible. 2. To enter, submit your typed, double-spaced manuscript of 25 pages or fewer with a 3" x 5" card listing your name, age, college affiliation, permanent home address and phone number to Playboy College Fiction Contest, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago IL 60611. All entries must be original works of fiction and must be postmarked by January 1, 1990. 3. The decisions of the judges are final. Playboy reserves the right to withhold prizes if no submitted entries meet its usual standard of publication. 4. Winners will be notified by mail and may be obligated to sign and return an affidavit of eligibility. 5. Playboy reserves the right to edit the first-prize-winning story for publication. 6. Playboy reserves the right to publish the winning entries in the U.S. and foreign editions of Playboy and to reprint them in any English-language or foreign-edition anthologies or compilations of Playboy material. 7. Void where prohibited by law. 8. All manuscripts become the property of Playboy and will not be returned. For a list of winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Playboy, College Fiction Contest, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago IL 60611.



old flicks—glimpses of forgotten snow statues, of the brothers cavorting on the lawn, of parties and our great perennial R&B band Lonnie Youngblood and the Redcoats—pledges are periodically sent to “run a rack.” They return with lengths of plank covered with brimming beer cups, so that the brothers may indulge their taste for malt beverage. As the tape proceeds, the crowd especially appreciates the sequence in which several old ADs eat the shirt of Bert Rowley, '61, off his back. When the show concludes, they signify their appreciation with a round of snaps and sing a friendly (albeit obscene) song to me. Then one of them hands me a full 12-ounce beer cup, and I see all these faces looking at me with expectation.

Good God, I think, can I still chug one of these things? Well, it takes a little longer than it used to, but, yes, I can! All right—still got my chops! The ADs cheer, the ice is broken. We repair to the basement, where fine music is played, multifarious brews are demolished and laughter fills the room. Sometimes, it occurs to me, despite the passage of much time, the essence of things remains the same.

I stay at Dartmouth for ten days. I check out the sororities, the coed houses and, in addition to Alpha Delta, several “mainstream” houses. I go to parties, drink off kegs, hang out in small groups in fraternity rooms, doing a little herb and getting philosophical. I find out two things.

First, fraternity life at Dartmouth is a lot more complicated than it used to be. Parties must be registered; you have to fill out a form at the campus police station before five P.M. on weekdays and noon on weekends. Since a party is defined as any time you go on tap, that means that you can no longer drink a keg without registering with the police. Furthermore, since the sting operation, the houses have had to post guards at all entrances to their tap rooms during parties to check I.D.s and make sure no underage nonmembers slip in. In addition, house presidents and social chairmen, aware that they risk \$25,000 fines and even jail sentences if persons drunk on their beer crack up a car, say, take great care to prevent such drunks from departing, at least with their car keys. Meanwhile, there's the ongoing paranoia that Dean Wormer—like authority figures are out to get them, that any time now, fraternity life as they know it will be banished forever, the way the samurai were abolished in Japan in the 1870s.

That's a pretty tough row to hoe, compared with the relatively laissez-faire early Sixties. But the second thing I notice is that, despite the many modern complications, the peculiar Dartmouth genius for having fun is undiminished. And although much is different at the Big Green, what's more interesting is how much has stayed the same.

Take the AD house. We had nicknames, they have nicknames; the house currently

contains the likes of Goon, Chubber, Turd, Hedgehog, Cowpie, Merkin, Mule, Gator and, in a nice link with the past, a new Snot. We had a house lexicon; they have a house lexicon. In 1962, we invested much of our neological energy on descriptives for throwing up—there was “power booting,” “spray booting,” “nose booting,” “sick booting” and the “Technicolor yawn,” the last of these resulting from the preboot consumption of food colorings. We also spoke of “wind tunnels” (when your date breaks wind while your head's up her skirt), “reлтneys” (hard-ons so big they stretch your skin until your head flips backward) and “hooded hogs” (uncircumcised penises). The current ADs have two great terms for an uncircumcised penis—“turtleneck” and “covered wagon.” Also from today's vocabulary: Dorky people are known as “lunch meats.” Drinking is “hooking.” “Sweet!” is an expression of approval. (“Hey, we just went on tap.” “Sweet!”) Smoking a bong is “pulling a tube.” Doing mushroom is “shrooming.” A “chode” is a dick that's wider than it is long. “Piling” and “strapping” are fucking. And a “spank sock” is the thing you keep by your bed to beat off into.

We did weird things to our pledges; they do weird things to their pledges. In my day, as a sort of nod to AD's past (it started life in 1843 as a literary society), the pledges had to compose and present papers to the brothers with titles such as “My Sensations at Birth” and “How to Use Afterbirth in a Garden Salad.” After one fellow—Seal—left a notebook containing his pledge paper (“The Last Time I Sucked My Father's Cock”) at Smith, where it fell into the hands of the dean, we got in a bit of trouble and the practice was discontinued. And then, of course, there was boot training and the Night of the Seven Fires.

These days, the pledge period is shorter than it used to be but correspondingly more intense. The threatened punishment for pledging infractions is the “Rack of Gnarl”—as many as a dozen 12-ounce cups containing a mixture of catsup, soy sauce, dog food, mouthwash and whatever other unappetizing liquid or semiliquid substances happen to be on hand. You're supposed to drink every cup and, sorry, it's bad form to boot too soon.

One thing you must know for this next pledging story—the ADs have always been big on dogs. It's still true today. In the current Alpha Delta composite, there are pictures of no fewer than four of them, including one that's deceased. So, OK; one of the current pledging practices is that if the pledges can take over the house and prevent a single brother from coming inside for 24 hours, they don't have to go through Hell Night. Well, a few years ago, the pledges managed to take over the house, throw out the brothers and actually held the place for 12 hours. The brothers were getting worried. No pledge class had ever pulled off what that one seemed on the way to pulling off; how would the

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brothers ever live it down? Then one of them had an idea. They grabbed one of the house dogs, taped him up, wrapped him in a rug and hurled him through a living-room window. That was it—the takeover was ended, the pledges had to go through an even worse Hell Night than usual to compensate for the inconvenience they'd caused everyone. For, you see, in AD, the dogs are considered brothers.

There are some interesting hazing stunts at other houses, too. One fraternity drops its pledges a few miles out of town, naked, with an ax. The point is to get back to campus. Ever try hitchhiking naked with an ax? The pledges of another fraternity must participate in an event called Boot-on-Your-Brother Night. The kicker is, you can't change your clothes for 24 hours afterward; you have to wear them to bed, to class, to meals. . . .

A last pledging story: Some brothers in one house drove a pledge to New York City, divested him of his clothes and money and left him there to make his way back to Hanover. The pledge found a dime in the street and called the Dartmouth Club, where he made contact with a sympathetic alum who'd been through some of the same shit himself. The guy set the pledge up with fine new clothes and plenty of bucks, the pledge *flew* back to Dartmouth, and when the exhausted brothers finally made their return to the fraternity, they found the pledge, resplendent in his new duds, waiting on the front porch with a glass of champagne for each of them.

Of course, one thing about Dartmouth that is different today is that between then and now, the Sixties happened. And so now, in addition to the standard types from my day—stoic jock, cool stud, conservative zealot—you have introspective hippies, crazed psychedelic pranksters and fire-breathing radicals. You tend to find these folks, when they join a Greek society at all, in a couple of the coed houses, where they believe that, rather than changing members to fit the house, you change the house to fit the members. You also dispense with a lot of the hazing and hierarchy—things are more communal. You are also, by definition, nonsexist. But what I love about these folks is that although they're Sixties, they're Dartmouth, too. Each year, one of these houses holds something called a Decadent Decathlon, which includes 12 events: Keg Throwing for Distance, the Tap Suck, and so forth. One of the events perfectly symbolizes the Dartmouth-Sixties fusion—the Bong Chug. In this event, you must take a full hit from a bong, chug a beer, and only then do you get to exhale.

There are other differences. Although there are three fraternities and two sororities that are predominantly black, the mainstream houses seem genuinely unconcerned about their racial or ethnic composition, which is a nice change from my day. The AD house has black brothers, Hispanic brothers, Jewish brothers, even a Moslem brother. It's not a big deal.

Also not a big deal is sex. I mean, they *like* it and everything, but it's more or less taken for granted. There were stories about getting laid on a pool table, and in the 1902 Room at Baker Library, and even in bed, but, as I say, these were no big deal. In the early Sixties, of course, sex was a *very* big deal. But that was before coeducation and the sexual revolution. With greater availability comes a blasé attitude, I suppose. But it's odd how things turn around—in 1962, as far as the deans were concerned, *drinking* was no big deal, but if you and your date were caught with your pants down, you were in deep shit. Today, they couldn't care less what you do sexually, as long as it's consensual and you're being careful about AIDS—but drinking infractions can get you in *serious* trouble.

One thing that definitely has *not* changed is the high quality of partying at Dartmouth fraternities. In the early Sixties, parties were mainly free-form, though I do remember Phi Gamma's Fiji Islands Parties and a real good End-of-the-World Party during the Cuban Missile Crisis. Strange alcoholic concoctions with names such as fogcutters, or gin and juice, or purple Jesus punch were served, and people got even more blown out than usual.

The AD house, it was generally conceded, threw the best parties. We introduced R&B music to campus with such luminaries as the Flamingos, the Five Royales, Red Prysock, Joey Dee and the Starlites, the Crystals, and Little Anthony and the Imperials. And the brothers put on behavior displays that foresaw performance art by two decades. The moment in *Animal House* when John Belushi pours mustard on himself was inspired by Seal—the fellow whose pledge paper so amused the dean of Smith—who at one party covered himself with yellow mustard and crawled about on hands and knees on the dance floor, biting dates' asses and shouting, "I'm the Mustard Man, I'm the goddamned Mustard Man." Another time, Doberman or Dump Truck or Troll or someone skied down the stairs naked, just as the band went into *Shout*.

Nowadays, theme parties are the rage. One house has something called the Party Without a Cause; everyone dresses as James Dean and Natalie Wood. Theta Delta Chi throws a Louie Lobster Party, wherein the guys wear lobster costumes, and there's a live lobster crawling around in the punch. Gods and Goddesses, another Theta Delt party, involves everyone dressing as Zeus or Aphrodite—it's basically a toga party. SAE is known for its annual Saigon Party (recently renamed Welcome to the Jungle), in which the house is filled with trees and live monkeys. And Alpha Chi Alpha throws Beach Parties, for which vast quantities of sand are trucked in and dumped all over the house.

The Medieval Banquet, a joint party thrown most years by the Alpha Chis and Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority, started life

as a Fifties Party, but one year, the guys showed up dressed in the fashion of 1050, and it stayed that way; the celebrants go as wenches, serfs, knights, and so forth, sit around big tables and eat with their hands. King Arthur and Guinevere order people to chug and the party always turns into a huge food fight, with tankards of ale poured on people's heads, roast turkeys flying through the air and everyone soaked and ripped to the gills by 9:30.

Now, at the AD house, they're not too big on theme parties. The more usual thing is get a deejay, invite a bunch of people over, order a lot of kegs and see what happens. But each spring, during Green Key Weekend. . . .

Saturday, my last day; tomorrow it's back to the freeways and smog and mortgages and the diaper changings of real life. Turns out the ADs have their major annual party this afternoon on the front lawn. They have this terrific funk band on the porch, wailing away, and the yard is packed with partyers. But I'm not dancing—I'm feeling grumpy about having to go home tomorrow and, hell, a little burned out from trying to keep up with these 20-year-olds all week.

Thanks to last night's killer rain, much of the yard is a mud puddle today. After a while, predictably enough, the brothers decide to do a little mud diving. In fact, half the guys in the house quickly join in, as do many of the dates and friends and onlookers, and suddenly, it looks like *Return of the Mud Monsters* out there. And then—uh-oh—I spot seven or eight beslimed pledges headed straight for me with crazed, demented smiles.

Well, I don't feel like going in any mud, that's for sure. Later for that, Jack. I put on my most persuasive smile. "Come on, you guys, let's just forget it, OK?" They blithely ignore me; I barely have time to toss my wallet and shades to my amused wife (who has been egging them on), and then I'm being carried across the yard by all these guys—Donk and Oddjob and Mulch and Scurvy and Snot II and Toast and Remus and Spock—and they find a particularly juicy mudhole. . . . and plop me into it!

And—whaddaya know?—it's great! Suddenly, I'm not tired and I'm not grumpy—it's as if I've just had a burst of adrenaline. And, man, I'm dancing my ass off, exchanging high fives and whooping like a maniac, and it all comes back, that total party feeling, where time is suspended and you're in an eternal, fun-filled *now*. This is it—the thing people join fraternities for—one of those peak bacchanalian moments that know no equal. My sense of closeness and connection with these boogieing mud maniacs could not be greater, and I feel more in touch with the me I like most than I have in months.

Ah, fraternities.

Sweet.



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REECE'S CHAIR

(continued from page 116)

"Goddamn it!" Hollander said, wondering what the hell Reece had put into him. Some lousy drug, probably, through microscopic hypodermic needles that Hollander wouldn't even feel. How long would the pain last? Would it go away at all?

All right, then, all right. Hollander tried to calm himself. Just sit down again, be a man and beat the *putz* at his own game. Crack his stupid password in the CHAIR file.

Or passwords. Hollander sighed. A password could have as many as 120 characters. That left a lot of room for trial and error.

He sat down gingerly, entered the file name CHAIR and started guessing. First he typed names (his password for his own locked files was HOLLANDER, one he knew he wouldn't forget). He tried REECE, MARLA, R&H, R AND H, BIONETICS, SECRET and, in an explosion of imagination, PASSWORD.

By midafternoon, he had tried several hundred words and phrases, and the pain in his buttocks had slowly worsened. Anger and frustration dug a pit in his stomach, and he had to tell himself again to relax and keep trying. He could beat Reece. Besides, it wasn't cancer, was it? Reece wouldn't have done *that*. It was just a pain in the ass, that was all, just a . . .

Hollander froze. Then, very precisely, he entered PAIN IN THE ASS.

The file remained locked.

He took a deep breath, said a little prayer and revised it to A PAIN IN THE ASS.

The indefinite article worked. The letters on the screen read:

CONGRATULATIONS, HOLLANDER. THE CHAIR IS YOURS. THE CHIPS IMPLANTED IN THE SEAT ARE SHUT OFF, THE HORMONE THAT REDUCES CIRCULATION IN AND ENDORPHIN DELIVERY TO THE AFFECTED

AREAS HAS CEASED TO ENTER YOUR BODY AND THE PAIN WILL NO LONGER INCREASE. UNFORTUNATELY, WHAT IS THERE NOW IS PERMANENT. THE SOONER YOU GUESSED THE PASSWORD, THE LESS PAIN YOU HAVE TO LIVE WITH. BUT THE "PAIN IN THE ASS" WILL BE THERE FOR GOOD.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN, MY REMAINS REMAIN.

REECE

"Ha!" Hollander said as the letters vanished from the screen. A little pain in the rear, even a *big* pain, was well worth it to have beaten Reece at last.

"I knew you'd do it," came a silky voice from the doorway, and Hollander saw a smile on Marla's face as she walked over to him. "I knew all along that you were just as smart as he was . . . and ever so much more attractive."

It seemed, thought Hollander, that he had won more than a chair in this deal.

Afterward, when Marla declined to share the shower, Hollander was secretly relieved, for his belly appeared protuberant when wet. Humming to himself, ignoring as best he could the ache in his buttocks, he stepped beneath the hot spray. As he scrubbed his stomach and moved farther down, he noticed a pain in the area of the most recent activity.

"Ow," he remarked as he explored. "Ouch."

Then sweat sprang out on his flesh faster than the hot water could wash it away. He thought about chip implants, Reece's chair. . . .

Reece's woman.

And he remembered what he had always told Reece about scientists.



PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 110)

abrupt halt when, after starting 10-0, his team fell to Notre Dame and then again in the Rose Bowl to Michigan. Southern Cal and Smith have the talent to resurrect their dreams again this year. The Trojans' biggest problem will be finding a replacement for departed quarterback Rodney Peete. Junior Pat O'Hara and redshirt freshman Todd Marinovich have only seven collegiate career passes between them. The heart of this Southern Cal team is its defense, where ten of 11 starters return. This dominating unit was number two versus the run and tenth in total defense in the nation. 9-2

7. LOUISIANA STATE

Last year, coach Mike Archer guided Louisiana State to a share of the Southeastern Conference crown and an 8-4 record while playing one of the toughest schedules in the country. With a slightly easier schedule and a lot of offensive firepower returning, the Tigers could fare even better this year. Senior quarterback Tommy Hodson will likely become the S.E.C.'s all-time leader in passing yardage and passing touchdowns by season's end. Flanker Tony Moss is the conference's best receiver, and tailback Harvey Williams, who missed the entire 1988 season with a knee injury, appears to be fully recovered. 9-2

8. SYRACUSE

After Syracuse's great 1987 season, when quarterback Don McPherson led the Orangemen to a perfect 11-0 regular-season mark, most people, us included, thought Syracuse would fall back into the middle of the pack after McPherson graduated. But Syracuse found a new set of heroes and finished 10-2 last year, giving it the best back-to-back seasons (21-3-1) of any team except Miami (23-1) and Florida State (22-2). Syracuse's victory run doesn't appear to be over. Coach Dick MacPherson has one of the best offensive lines in the country, two outstanding wide receivers in Rob Moore and Bobby Carpenter and a defense that may be better than the 1987 squad. 9-2

9. AUBURN

Last year, Auburn's defense led the nation in rushing defense and total defense, allowing opponents only a fraction more than a seven-point average per game. Since eight starters have departed, to be that good on "D" again, the Tigers need an entirely new cast. The offense, led by quarterback Reggie Slack, is good enough to keep Auburn in the win column until the defense acquires some experience. The S.E.C. championship could be decided on October 14, when Auburn takes on LSU. 9-2

10. ALABAMA

When running back Bobby Humphrey and defensive back Gene Jelks were lost



"Frankly, I never dreamed the take-over would be half this friendly."

THE JOY OF SIX.



TASTES GREAT.

last season to injuries, the Tide had a perfect excuse to fold its tent. But coach Bill Curry rallied his forces and led them to a 9-3 record, good enough to quell the 'Bama boo birds so abundant in the post-Bear Bryant era. Alabama's premiere player this season is Keith McCants, the heir apparent to the linebacking legend started by Lee Roy Jordan and most recently continued by Cornelius Bennett and Derrick Thomas. 8-3

11. HOUSTON

The Houston Cougars will definitely be on the prowl for the Southwest Conference championship and a national ranking. Coach Jack Pardee's team, which finished 9-3 last year, returns a full complement of starters. Junior quarterback Andre Ware is back after setting a Southwest Conference season record for touchdown passes (25). Running back Chuck Weatherspoon, who averaged eight and a half yards a carry, also returns. Houston's potential Achilles' heel is the injury bugaboo, since the Cougars have little depth. 8-3

12. OKLAHOMA

To say that it has been a year of turmoil for the Oklahoma football program just doesn't do the situation justice: stories of a machine gun fired on campus, steroids, a three-year N.C.A.A. probation for multiple violations, the shooting (not fatal) of one teammate by another. Three players were charged with committing a dormitory rape; the team's star quarterback pleaded guilty to a charge of conspiracy to distribute cocaine. It appeared for a while that coach Barry Switzer, referred to on campus as "the king," would miraculously survive the storm. However, the fourth-winningest coach in college football history (157-29-4, including three national titles) finally resigned in June, saying, "It's just not fun anymore." The university promptly named defensive coordinator Gary Gibbs as new head coach. Gibbs inherits a team that was banned from TV and post-season play, lacks a quarterback and has every excuse to turn in a bad season. However, the Switzerless Sooners still have a ton of football talent, including a strong group of linemen and a speedy crew of running backs headed by sophomore Mike Gaddis. If Gibbs can find a new Q.B. to run the option, Oklahoma will make headlines on the sports page for a change. 8-3

13. UCLA

The Bruins and coach Terry Donahue set a college football record last season when they won their seventh consecutive bowl game, a 17-3 win over Arkansas in the Cotton Bowl. Even with golden-boy quarterback Troy Aikman gone to the Dallas Cowboys, the Bruins will likely get a chance to add to their bowl streak at the end of this season. While there is little experience at quarterback, talented running

backs and receivers are in abundance. The defense lost six starters from last year but still figures to be strong. Playing four of their first five games in the friendly confines of the Rose Bowl should get the Bruins off to a good start. 8-3

14. PENN STATE

The Nittany Lions, after suffering their first losing season (5-6) ever under coach Joe Paterno, are not likely to repeat the mistake. Paterno, who has been a coach at Penn State since Harry Truman was President, cracked the whip in spring drills, and the Lions appear ready to respond. Running back Blair Thomas, who missed last season with a knee injury, hopes to return to his form of 1987, when he gained 1772 all-purpose yards. Penn State's always-solid linebacking corps is headed by Andre Collins and Brian Chizmar. Tough games against Alabama, West Virginia and Notre Dame are all at Beaver Stadium. 8-3

15. TEXAS A&M

Texas A&M coach R. C. Slocum is the new, improved breed of Southwest Conference coach. A man of simple words and simple clothes, R. C. stands in sharp contrast to the urbane image of Jackie Sherrill, the coach who resigned in the midst of an N.C.A.A. probe. Formerly the Aggies' defensive coach, Slocum has understandably devoted much of his recent attention to the offense, where he has installed drop-back passer Lance Pavlas as quarterback. He need not worry too much about the Aggies' ground attack because of Playboy All-America running back Darren Lewis, second only to Barry Sanders in yards gained rushing last season. 8-3

16. COLORADO

Coach Bill McCartney has his best team in his eight-year tenure at Colorado. The Buffaloes have a Heisman candidate in junior running back Eric Bieniemy (1243 yards last season) and lots of muscle up front. McCartney has switched the Colorado offense to a power-I scheme that he thinks will give the Buffaloes a better passing attack than they had out of the wishbone. Quarterback Sal Aunese, fighting a life-threatening battle with stomach cancer, has not yet surrendered his starting spot to backup Darian Hagan. A rough nonconference schedule that includes Illinois, Washington and Texas will prepare Colorado for the Big Eight battles but will hold down its national ranking. 8-3

17. CLEMSON

Coach Danny Ford's Clemson Tigers have won the Atlantic Coast Conference title and a bowl game and have been rated in the top 20 for three consecutive years. The loss of 13 starters will make a repeat of that hat trick tough. Ford's first problem is deciding on a quarterback; he has three candidates. He also has to replace several talented linemen, plus fill the shoes of

Playboy All-America defensive back Donnell Woolford. Luckily for Clemson fans, Ford's well of talent is deep. The Tigers' best returning players are junior running back Terry Allen and receiver Gary Cooper, who has already collected more than 1000 career reception yards. 8-3

18. ARKANSAS

Last year, Arkansas was undefeated until its last regular-season game, when the Razorbacks pushed Miami to the brink before falling 18-16. While coach Ken Hatfield's squad has lost eight starters on defense, there's enough offensive talent back to keep Arkansas in the national-championship picture until the end of the season. Junior quarterback Quinn Grovey, who Hatfield thinks is the best option Q.B. in the nation, will be joined in the Razorbacks' backfield by running backs Barry Foster and James Rouse, who hopes to regain his 1000-yard-plus form of 1987, before he suffered a series of injuries. Defensive tackle Michael Shepherd will anchor a talented but inexperienced defense. The schedule, with almost all the tough opponents going to Arkansas, is definitely in the Razorbacks' favor. 8-3

19. WYOMING

Paul Roach has turned in one of the best coaching jobs in the nation at Wyoming the past two years. The Cowboys have not lost a conference game on their way to consecutive Western Athletic Conference championships. They've made two Holiday Bowl appearances and garnered a top-ten ranking. Now Roach's problem is to keep the Cowboys winning. Last year, he pulled quarterback Randy Welniak out of a hat and Welniak promptly responded with 2791 passing yards and 21 touchdowns. The candidates for the job this year are understudies Bobby Fresques and Tom Corontzos and transfer Peter Rowe. The Cowboys must find help on the offensive line and at several defensive positions. Roach has proved that he knows his magic. 9-2

20. WEST VIRGINIA

Last season was the fulfillment of more than 20 years of effort as a coach for West Virginia's Don Nehlen. Until the Mountaineers' Fiesta Bowl loss to Notre Dame, everything went perfectly as Nehlen's charges, led by Playboy All-America quarterback Major Harris, racked up 11 straight victories. Even the loss to the Irish didn't dampen Nehlen's enjoyment of his team's achievements. This year, however, he admits, "We're starting over." Harris, still only a junior, is back, as is 6'6" wide receiver Reggie Rembert. But the entire offensive line has graduated, as have several key players on defense. Nehlen has a solid core of young talent, however, and the step down from last year's success may not be as big as most people expect. 8-3

Here are some other teams that have a chance to break the top 20:



"Of course I love you. I love everybody!"

REST OF THE BEST

QUARTERBACKS: Scott Mitchell (Utah), Tommy Hodson (Louisiana State), Tony Rice (Notre Dame), Todd Ellis (South Carolina), Troy Taylor (California), Jeff George (Illinois), Mike Gundy (Oklahoma State), Cary Conklin (Washington), Neil O'Donnell (Maryland), Brett Favre (Southern Mississippi)

RUNNING BACKS: Anthony Thompson (Indiana), Tony Boles (Michigan), Blair Thomas (Penn State), Rodney Hampton (Georgia), Eric Bieniemy (Colorado), Ken Clark (Nebraska), Steve Broussard (Washington State), Mike Mayweather (Army), Blake Ezor (Michigan State), Carlos Snow (Ohio State), Chuck Weatherspoon (Houston), Johnny Johnson (San Jose State), Jon Volpe (Stanford), Terry Allen (Clemson), Harold Green (South Carolina), Derek Loville (Oregon), Jerry Mays (Georgia Tech), Curvin Richards (Pittsburgh), Tommie Stowers (Missouri)

RECEIVERS: Reggie Rembert (West Virginia), Tony Moss (Louisiana State), Tony Jones (Texas), Derek Brown, Raghib Ismail (Notre Dame), Calvin Williams (Purdue), Chris Gaiters (Minnesota), Charles Arbuckle (UCLA), Tim Stallworth (Washington State), Patrick Newman (Utah State), Marcus Cherry (Boston College)

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: Frank Cornish (UCLA), Dean Caliguire (Pittsburgh), Eric Still (Tennessee), Ed King (Auburn), Tim Grunhard (Notre Dame), Jeff Davidson (Ohio State), Joey Banes (Houston), Ray Brown (Virginia), Mike Sullivan (Texas Christian), Steve Tardy (Rutgers), Charles Odiarne (Texas Tech), Mark Tucker (Southern Cal), Steve Slay (Wyoming), Grant Lowe (East Carolina), David McKinnon (Cal State—Long Beach)

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: Odell Haggins (Florida State), Chris Zorich (Notre Dame), Mike Lodish (UCLA), Bill Goldberg (Georgia), Shane Collins (Arizona State), Greg Mark (Miami), Morris Gardner (Illinois), David Rocker (Auburn), Oliver Barnett (Kentucky), Rob Burnett (Syracuse), Ray Agnew (North Carolina State), Ray Savage (Virginia), Mitch Donahue (Wyoming), Michael Shepherd (Arkansas), Joel Smeenge (Western Michigan), Pellom McDaniels (Oregon State)

LINEBACKERS: Brad Quast (Iowa), Mark Sander (Louisville), Terry Wooden (Syracuse), Kanavis McGhee (Colorado), James Williams (Mississippi State), Huey Richardson (Florida), Maurice Crum (Miami), Lamar Lathon (Houston), Jon Leverenz (Minnesota), Darrin Trieb (Purdue), J. J. Grant (Michigan), Jeff Mills (Nebraska), Loranzo Square (Temple), Mitch Lee (Cornell), DeMond Winston (Vanderbilt), Rob Hincley (Stanford), Brian Chizmar (Penn State), Michael Stonebreaker (Notre Dame), Kevin Singleton, Chris Singleton (Arizona)

DEFENSIVE BACKS: Cleveland Colter (Southern Cal), Todd Sandroni (Mississippi), Ben Smith (Georgia), Nathan LaDuke (Arizona State), James Lott (Clemson), Jesse Campbell (North Carolina State), Eddie Moore (Memphis State), Reggie Cooper (Nebraska), Bob Weissenfels (Navy), Patrick Williams (Arkansas), Alton Montgomery (Houston), John Hardy (California), Gene Jelks (Alabama), Junior Robinson (East Carolina)

PLACE KICKERS: Jeff Shudak (Iowa State), Collin Mackie (South Carolina), David Browndyke (Louisiana State), Pat O'Morrow (Ohio State), Alfredo Velasco (UCLA), Roman Anderson (Houston), Carlos Huerta (Miami), John Ivanic (Northern Illinois), Cary Blanchard (Oklahoma State)

PUNTERS: Tony Rhyne (Nevada—Las Vegas), Shawn McCarthy (Purdue), Simon Rodriguez (Houston)

Ray Goff, Georgia's new head coach, must wake up in the morning wondering what he has got himself into. At only 33, he has been chosen to replace Vince Dooley, a guy who won 201 games in 25 years with the Bulldogs and who people assumed was leaving his post to run for governor. Dooley then declined to run, evidently deciding governing wouldn't be as challenging as trying to win football games in the S.E.C. He also left Goff a little less experience than the Bulldogs are used to, with only ten starters returning from last season. Sophomore Greg Talley is Goff's best bet to take on the quarterbacking duties. Georgia's most potent offensive weapon is tailback Rodney Hampton, who was probably the nation's best backup rusher (to Tim Worley) in 1988. Nose guard Bill Goldberg and cornerback Ben Smith are Bulldog standouts on defense. 8-3

NORTH CAROLINA STATE

While coach Jim Valvano and North Carolina State's basketball team get all the national publicity, football coach Dick Sheridan has quietly slipped the Wolfpack into national contention as a football power. Last season's squad went 8-3-1, finishing the year with a 28-23 win over Iowa in the Peach Bowl. Sheridan has lost about half his starters to graduation but has enough talent to keep the Pack in contention for another bowl bid. The best players from the nation's eighth-ranked defense return, as well as dual starting quarterbacks Shane Montgomery and junior Charles Davenport. 8-3

BRIGHAM YOUNG

The fans at Brigham Young are still having a hard time accepting the fact that the Cougars, perennial W.A.C. champs, have failed to win the championship the past two years. Last year, not only did Wyoming knock them off for the second year in a row but BYU also fell to Utah and San Diego State. It's not that the Cougars aren't as good as they usually are; it's just that, as coach Lavell Edwards says, "Everyone else seems to be getting better." However, this year's team, led by the quarterbacking tandem of Sean Covey and Ty Detmer, is improved. If Edwards can fill holes on the offensive line and in the secondary, BYU may teach those upstarts a lesson. 8-4

HAWAII

Hawaii coach Bob Wagner has a winning formula: Schedule as many games as possible at home and lull the opposition to sleep with swaying palm trees, hula skirts and lots of Don Ho tunes. The Rainbows are up to their tricks again this year, with ten of 12 games on the slate at Aloha Stadium. And, to top it off, Hawaii has a good football team. The Rainbows return nine starters on defense, plus kick-return specialist Larry Khan-Smith. If Wagner can find a quarterback and solidify the

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 Bol 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 Don Davey of the University of Wisconsin. Davey, a starter in the Badgers' defensive line for the past three seasons, is a senior majoring in mechanical engineering. His over-all grade-point average is 3.81; last year, it was 3.98. Don hopes to earn a master's degree in biomedical engineering.

Honorable mention: Pat Jackson (Bowling Green), Jeff Hunsaker (Utah State), Jon Volpe (Stanford), Louis Riddick (Pittsburgh), James Edwin Lyle (Auburn), Todd Sandroni (Mississippi), Curt Lovelace (Illinois), Andy McCarroll (Vanderbilt), Donzel Leggett (Purdue), Ira Adler (Northwestern), Eric Still (Tennessee), Chris Willertz (Michigan State), Mork Kamphaus (Boston College), Bill Musgrave (Oregon), Mark Tingstad (Arizona State), John Jackson (Southern California), Mork Fryer (South Carolina), Smith Wilson Holland (Kansas), Greg Gornica (Ball State), Donald Wayne Hollos (Rice), Sean Mulhearn (Western Michigan).

offensive line, Hawaii may find the bowl bid that eluded it last year. 8-4

DUKE

Coach Steve Spurrier has one of the best offensive minds in college football. Last season, he took Anthony Dilweg, a fifth-year senior who had previously started in only two games, and turned him into the A.C.C. Player of the Year. This year, he'll try to work the same magic with Alabama transfer Billy Ray. And with Playboy All-America wide receiver Clarkston Hines to throw to, Ray will likely succeed. Duke's problem remains a weak defense. If Spurrier figures out defenses as well as offenses, look for Duke in a bowl game. 7-4

BOSTON COLLEGE

The Boston College Eagles are accustomed to playing one of the nation's toughest schedules, regularly taking on Penn State, Notre Dame and the like. They aren't, however, accustomed to winning only three games, a career low for nine-year coach Jack Bicknell. With 13 starters returning and Notre Dame off the schedule, the Eagles and Bicknell should turn it around this year. However, BC will need the quick development of some young linemen in order to crack the top 20. 7-4

WASHINGTON

Last season, Washington lost five football games by a total of 15 points. The result was that the Huskies failed to receive a bowl bid for the first time in nine years. Washington has been accustomed to having its way with the bottom half of the conference, but now that the Pac 10 is the toughest in the nation, the Huskies have to worry about more than USC and UCLA. Coach Don James may have a secret weapon this year in quarterback Cary Conklin, a 6'4" strong-arm passer in the mold of former Huskies standouts Chris Chandler and Steve Pelluer. However, Washington returns no proven running backs or wide receivers. The defense, last in the conference against the rush last season, will rely on Playboy All-America tackle Dennis Brown. 7-4

ARIZONA STATE

If you play in the tough Pac 10 and aren't one of the two conference dominators (USC and UCLA), how do you get an advantage? How about eight home games? That's the schedule that coach Larry Marmie's Sun Devils team is looking at this season. Last year, Arizona State managed a 6-5 record despite losing 23 players to injury for part or all of the season. At one point, Marmie played a safety at linebacker because five linebackers had been sidelined. This year's squad hopes to have better luck. The defense is led by Shane Collins, a 6'4", 272-pound tackle who is only a sophomore. Mark Tingstad at linebacker and Nathan LaDuke at defensive back are also standouts. 7-4

ILLINOIS

Illinois coach John Mackovic earned his Big Ten Coach of the Year Award last year. He took over a losing program (7-14-1 the previous two seasons) on the brink of scandal and turned in a 6-5-1 record and a third-place finish in the Big Ten. Illinois rewarded Mackovic by making him athletic director as well as coach. Now he is faced with the challenge of equaling or bettering last season's success. On the plus side, he has returning quarterback Jeff George. The much-heralded and well-traveled Q.B. finally found a home in Champaign last year and seems ready to fulfill his earlier press releases. However, the Illini passing attack will suffer from the graduation of running back Keith Jones, who gained 1108 yards and kept opposing defenses honest. 7-4

INDIANA

There's not much doubt about Indiana's being able to score points this season. Quarterback Dave Schnell (1877 yards and nine T.D.s passing) and wide receiver Rob Turner (36 catches for 814 yards) add up to a potent aerial attack. And Anthony Thompson, the first Hoosier consensus all-America in 43 years, will try to surpass last season's awesome stats (1686 yards rushing and 26 T.D.s). But the offense, which averaged 33 points a game last year, actually has lost ten of 11 starters. If coach Bill Mallory can get a young defense to gel, the Hoosiers could surprise. 7-4

SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI

Not many college football fans up North follow the fortunes of Southern Mississippi. But after the Golden Eagles went 10-2 last season, losing only to Florida State and Auburn, they may want to start. Junior quarterback Brett Favre, rated very high by those teams that played against him, returns to lead an offense that averaged almost 29 points a game. Some new faces on defense and a tougher schedule will cut down the wins, but coach Curley Hallman's team still bears watching. 7-4

SOUTH CAROLINA

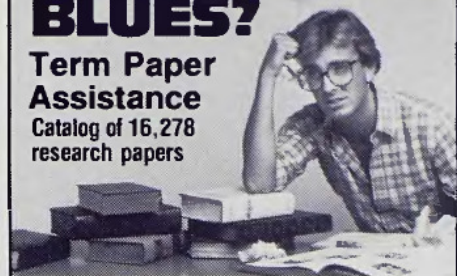
The South Carolina football program has suffered a number of setbacks in the past year: the *Sports Illustrated* story about player Tommy Chaikin's steroid abuse, the indictment of four assistant coaches (three subsequently pleaded guilty to lesser charges, one was acquitted) and the passing of coach Joe Morrison (Playboy Coach of the Year in 1985). New coach Sparky Woods inherits some talented position players in quarterback Todd Ellis, who has already passed for 8579 career yards, and running back Harold Green, who is capable of a 1500-yard season. The Gamecocks are not deep, particularly on defense, so staying healthy is a priority. 7-4

OKLAHOMA STATE

When the N.C.A.A. placed Oklahoma State on probation at the end of last season,

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it cost the Cowboys more than TV and bowl appearances. It cost them the best running back in college football, maybe ever, because Heisman Trophy winner Barry Sanders decided it was better to play for the money in the spotlight of the N.F.L. than in the obscurity of a blacked-out program in Stillwater. OSU still has an abundance of good football players, headed by quarterback Mike Gundy, who is only 800 yards short of becoming the Big Eight's all-time passing leader. Sanders' heir apparent is junior Gerald Hudson, who rushed for more than 100 yards in each of three spring scrimmages. 7-4

LOUISVILLE

Louisville's Howard Schnellenberger is fond of saying, "The most exciting thing today in college football is happening in Louisville." The head coach's hyperbole may not be completely unfounded. The Cardinals were 8-3 last season, and the entire defensive team is returning. But Schnellenberger's dreams of glory for this team may be spoiled because of the lack of a trigger man. Five candidates wait in the wings to replace departed quarterback Jay Gruden, but none as yet have caught the coach's fancy. Nevertheless, Schnellenberger predicts a top-20 finish and a major-bowl bid for his team. 7-4

PITTSBURGH

Coach Mike Gottfried thought he finally had all the pieces this year to put together a big season for the Panthers. His highly touted recruiting classes of the past three years were reaching maturity. Players such as defensive tackle Marc Spindler and center Dean Caliguire are ready to provide Pitt with solid line play. East Independent Rookie of the Year Curvin Richards (1228 yards) is one of the best sophomore backs in the nation. But then last season's starting quarterback, Darnell Dickerson, was ruled academically ineligible and backup Q.B. Larry Wanke transferred, leaving the Panthers with a lot of horses but no jockeys. 6-5

CALIFORNIA

Coach Bruce Snyder is high on quarterback Troy Taylor, giving him a chance to be the best in the country and linking his name with guys such as Joe Montana. High praise, but Taylor will surpass the Q.B. records of Golden Bears alums Craig Morton and Steve Bartkowski by season's end. While Snyder may have the man he needs at quarterback, he is still looking for running backs and an offensive line, positions that will have to be filled by freshmen and junior college transfers. If California can survive an early schedule that includes Miami and UCLA on the road, it may develop into one of the surprise teams of the Pac 10. 6-5

ARIZONA

Arizona is another of the tough Pac 10 teams hoping to finish third behind USC

and UCLA. But in this competitive league, one key injury can drop a team several notches, because the rest of the league is so closely matched in terms of talent. The Wildcats' strength is their running game, best in the Pac 10 the past two seasons. The offensive line will be inexperienced, while the defense, which lived through six sophomores in the starting line-up last season, should be improved. 6-5

OHIO STATE

When coach John Cooper took over the Ohio State program after the dismissal of Earle Bruce, he expected to have a tough first season. He was bringing in a new system and the Buckeyes had graduated a host of talented seniors. Cooper, however, didn't anticipate that Ohio State would go 4-6-1, its worst finish since pre-Woody Hayes days. Cooper's team was beset by injuries and ineligible players. This year's team, led by tailback Carlos Snow and junior quarterback Greg Frey, should get back on the right side of .500, though there aren't as many Big Ten patshies as there used to be. Cooper needs another year or two to get his program and recruits in place. 6-5

EAST INDEPENDENTS

Syracuse	9-2	Army	6-5
Penn State	8-3	Rutgers	4-7
West Virginia	8-3	Temple	3-8
Boston College	7-4	Navy	3-8
Pittsburgh	6-5		

ALL-EAST INDEPENDENT: Wooden, Burnett, Moore, Flannery, Bednarz, Bavaro (Syracuse); B. Thomas, Collins, Chizmar, Duffy, Schonewolf (Penn State); Harris, Rembert, Turnbull, Haering, Whitmore (West Virginia); Cherry, Lowe, Caesar, Labbe, Kamphaus (Boston College); Hampton, Caliguire, Richards, Tuten, Riddick, Spindler, Siragusa (Pittsburgh); Mayweather, Miller, Barnett, Thorson, Frey (Army); Erney, Tardy, McQueen, Udovich (Rutgers); Square, Johnson, Haynes, Beck, Rush, Armstrong (Temple); Weissenfels, Grizzard, Kirkland, Lowe (Navy).

Syracuse and West Virginia appear to again be strong contenders for top-20 honors this season. Penn State will almost certainly rebound from an uncharacteristic losing season, as will Boston College. Pittsburgh, its top-20 aspirations stymied by the academic ineligibility of star quarterback Darnell Dickerson, still has a lot of talent. And Army, under coach Jim Young, promises to continue its winning ways. The three remaining East Independents will fight through tough schedules in search of winning seasons. Rutgers had some big moments last season, knocking off Michigan State and upsetting Penn State, the Scarlet Knights' first win over the Nittany Lions in 70 years. Quarterback Scott Erney, who holds virtually every Rutgers passing mark, returns for his senior season. Temple coach Jerry Berndt is unhappy with an Owls schedule that features seven road games. "We're sort of a traveling road show," he quipped as he was trying to find the same magic that he used to

turn around Penn's football program in the early Eighties. Navy's chances for a successful season may have sunk during spring drills, when a rash of injuries struck the Midshipmen. Fortunately, Navy's best player, free safety Bob Weissenfels, was held out of the drills because he was still recovering from a shoulder injury he suffered last season. Coach Elliot Uzela's prescription for winning: "We have to be overachievers."

IVY LEAGUE

Pennsylvania	8-2	Brown	4-6
Dartmouth	6-4	Yale	3-7
Cornell	6-4	Harvard	3-7
Princeton	6-4	Columbia	3-7

ALL-IVY: Keys, Johnson, Glover, Moshayed, Whaley, Poderys (Pennsylvania); Johnson, Clark, Casturo, Hibbard (Dartmouth); Lee, Mannings, Parks, Monago, McNiff, Field (Cornell); Garrett, Pagnanelli, Lutz (Princeton); Geroux, Clark, Burke, Tauber, Harrison (Brown); Reese, Huff, Brown, Perks, Verduzco, Callahan (Yale); Reidy, Gicewicz (Harvard); Paschall, Pollard, Bess, Johnson (Columbia).

Pennsylvania got back on top of the Ivy League last season with a 9-1 mark. Coach Ed Zubrow, who led the Quakers to two league titles in three years and a record of 23-7, resigned to take over the antidrug and drop-out-prevention programs for the Philadelphia public school system. Assistant Gary Steele stepped in as head coach. Although Penn lost 13 starters from last season's squad, it still has an excellent chance to win the league title because of returning players such as running back Bryan Keys (116.5-yard average per game) and quarterback Malcolm Glover. Dartmouth coach Buddy Teevens has done a good recruiting job the past two years and his team has spent a lot of the off season in the weight room. Quarterback Mark Johnson has a strong arm and good mobility. Ivy League co-champion Cornell has a new coach, Jack Fouts, and only seven starters returning from last season. The Big Red hopes it can pick up enough experience in early out-of-league games to have another run at the title by the time the league schedule begins. Princeton coach Steve Tosches lost quarterback Jason Garrett to graduation but still has his running-back brother Judd. Tosches also has most of his starters back on defense, led by linebacker Franco Pagnanelli. The Tigers are on the upswing but still a year away from contending. Brown would like to find the winning feeling it had back in 1987, when it finished 7-3. Last season's 0-9-1 record was a downer. Coach John Rosenberg is hoping that the playing time he gave to underclassmen last year will pay dividends this season. The situation appears grim for the Yale Elis, who managed only a 3-6-1 record last season and have since graduated their three best players: linemen Art Kalman and Jeff Rudolph and running back Buddy Zachery. Quarterback Bob Verduzco, who was lost in the

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opening game last year because of a knee injury, will try a comeback. Last year, we predicted that **Harvard** would win the Ivy and that coach Joe Restic would get his 100th career win. Harvard fell on its face and left us red in the face. The Crimson won a paltry two games and Restic is still three wins short of 100. **Columbia** broke college football's longest losing streak and appears to have enough talent not to start another one. Running back Solomon Johnson was Ivy League Rookie of the Year last season.

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Louisiana State	9-2	Tennessee	5-6
Auburn	9-2	Vanderbilt	5-6
Alabama	8-3	Mississippi	5-6
Georgia	8-3	Mississippi State	3-8
Florida	6-5		
Kentucky	5-6		

ALL-SOUTHEASTERN: Hodson, Moss, Browndyke, Rodrigue, Fuller, H. Williams, Dunbar, Boutte (Louisiana State); King, Rocker, Ogletree, Riggins, Slack, Danley, Lyle (Auburn); McCants, Jelks, Ozmint, Mangum, Wyatt, Doyle (Alabama); Hampton, Goldberg, Smith, Lewis, Mull, Douglas, Marshall (Georgia); E. Smith, Richardson, Francis, Simmons, Durden, Miles, Paulk, Fain (Florida); Pfeifer, Barnett, Massey, Holleran (Kentucky); Still, Hobby, Warren, Woods, Harper, Kline, Elmore (Tennessee); Winston, Gromos, Law, McCarroll, Reese, G. Smith (Vanderbilt); Sandroni, Bennett, Cobb, Coleman, Green, Childers, Pritchett (Mississippi); J. Williams, Fair, T. Robertson, Logan (Mississippi State).

Louisiana State and **Auburn**, co-champions of the S.E.C. last year, could repeat the feat again this season. They both have experienced quarterbacks, explosive offenses and excellent coaching. **Alabama** has the defensive weapons but may lack offensive punch. **Georgia** has a new coach and a young, inexperienced team. **Florida** has some great players, such as Playboy All-America running back Emmitt Smith and wide receiver Stacey Simmons. However, the Gators lost a lot of talent and experience on defense to graduation. **Kentucky** has its strongest team in coach Jerry Claiborne's eight-year tenure. Lack of experienced players at quarterback and punter, plus a tough schedule, will stop the Wildcats' bid for a winning season. They should, however, pull off at least one major upset along the way. **Tennessee** suffered through a Jekyll-and-Hyde season last year, losing its first six, winning its last five. Coach Johnny Majors will look to Sterling Henton to replace the departed Jeff Francis at quarterback. **Vanderbilt** continues to recruit well under coach Watson Brown. The Commodores should be tougher on defense this season with the return of eight starters. The offense will shift to a drop-back pro-style attack to utilize the strong arm of quarterback John Gromos. **Mississippi** is still chasing the memory of its 1986 campaign, when it finished 8-3-1. Coach Billy Brewer will install John Darnell at quarterback and look to some young players to supplement Todd

Sandroni, the S.E.C.'s interception leader the past two seasons, in the defensive backfield. **Mississippi State** coach Rocky Felker revamped his staff, bringing in seven new assistants. Top running back David Fair has recovered from a knee injury that kept him out of the line-up last season, but the Bulldogs don't have much of an offensive line to open holes for him.

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

Clemson	8-3	Georgia Tech	5-6
N. Carolina St.	8-3	Wake Forest	5-6
Virginia	8-4	Maryland	4-7
Duke	7-4	N. Carolina	3-8

ALL-ATLANTIC COAST: Lott, Allen, Hammond, McDaniel, Gardocki, Cooper (Clemson); Agnew, Campbell, Davenport, Adell, J. Johnson, Vinson, Houston (North Carolina State); Brown, Savage, Covington, Finkelston, McMeans, Moore, O'Connor, Toliver (Virginia); Hines, Boone, Colonna, Metts, Peterson, Port (Duke); Mays, Jenkins, Lester, Thomas, Burks, Swilling (Georgia Tech); Proehl, Hoyle, Ferguson, Mayberry, Lingerfelt, Young (Wake Forest); O'Donnell, Agent, R. Johnson, Saylor, Webster (Maryland); Crowley, Martin, Gray, Hollier, Dorn (North Carolina).

Clemson again appears to have enough talent to dominate the conference, though **North Carolina State** could surprise. **Virginia** has the next best chance for a winning season. It has 18 starters returning from its 7-4 team of last year, including outstanding offensive guard Roy Brown. **Duke's** defensive weaknesses will cost it in its crunch games with the Tigers and the Wolfpack. **Georgia Tech** was better last year than its 3-8 record would indicate. Coach Bobby Ross's charges lost six games by a total of 32 points. This year's team will fare better if Ross can find a quarterback. Redshirt freshman Kevin Battle, already dubbed "The new Refrigerator," will make his 6'5", 332-pound presence felt at nose guard. **Wake Forest** will have trouble equaling last season's 6-4-1 record because of the loss of quarterback Mike Elkins and a veteran secondary. Watch for tailback Anthony Williams to make an impact in a more conservative game plan. The Demon Deacons have a weaker schedule than last year but a weaker team to go with it. **Maryland** returns an almost-intact high-impact offense, including quarterback Neil O'Donnell, who has a better completion percentage than former Terp Boomer Esiason. Its biggest problem is a schedule that includes Penn State, Clemson and Michigan. Last year, **North Carolina** was simply too inexperienced defensively to stop anyone. A tough early schedule shattered the young team's confidence and it never recovered, finishing 1-10. This year's team has more experience but still lacks over-all speed and depth. Playboy All-America offensive guard Pat Crowley is one of the nation's best.

Not only are **Miami** and **Florida State** the strongest teams of the South Independents, they are as good as any other football

team in the country. **South Carolina** has great talent but a new coach and less depth. **Southern Mississippi** will fare well against all but top-20 competition. **Virginia Tech** returns 19 starters and hopes to improve on last season's 3-8 record. Quarterback Will

SOUTH INDEPENDENTS

Miami	10-1	Virginia Tech	5-6
Florida State	9-2	Memphis State	4-7
South Carolina	7-4	East Carolina	4-7
Southern Mississippi	7-4	Tulane	4-7

ALL-SOUTH INDEPENDENT: Mark, Crum, J. Jones, Maryland, Sullivan (Miami); Haggins, K. Smith, Carter, Willis, Lewis (Florida State); Ellis, Mackie, Green, Hinton, Price, Brooks (South Carolina); Favre, Williams, Bradley, King, Tillman, Watts, Ryals (Southern Mississippi); Moronta, Hill, Roger Brown, Paviik, Jeffries, Richardson, Cockrell (Virginia Tech); Moore, Epps, Wilson, Pryor (Memphis State); R. Jones, A. Thompson, Robinson, Lowe (East Carolina); Price, Pierce, McIntosh (Tulane).

Furrer will try to cut down the interceptions (16 last year). **Memphis State** has to regroup after coach Charlie Bailey's resignation amid reports that one of his players was overpaid for a summer job by a school booster. The Tigers' best player is free safety Eddie Moore, who was second in the nation last season in pass interceptions. At **East Carolina**, new coach Bill Lewis hasn't very high aspirations: "I just want an offense like Florida State's and a defense like Georgia's." Lewis has a lot of successful recruiting to do before that can become a reality. The bad news at **Tulane** is that quarterback Terrence Jones has graduated after leading the Green Wave to three consecutive record-setting seasons. More bad news is that most of the defense that allowed an average of more than 30 points per game over the past two seasons is back.

BIG TEN

Michigan	10-1	Iowa	6-5
Illinois	7-4	Minnesota	5-6
Indiana	7-4	Purdue	4-7
Ohio State	6-5	Wisconsin	2-9
Michigan State	6-5	Northwestern	1-10

ALL-BIG TEN: McMurtry, Skrepanek, Boles, Grant, Brown, Taylor, Walker, Hoard, Welborne (Michigan); George, Gardner, Brownlow, Primous, Agee (Illinois); A. Thompson, Schnell, Turner, Vargo, Dumas (Indiana); Ellis, Snow, Davidson, O'Morrow, Staysniak, Dumas, Brown, Gurd (Ohio State); Snow, Kula, Ezor, Davis, Langeloh, Vanderbeek, Barnett (Michigan State); Quast, Stewart, Anderson (Iowa); D. Thompson, Gaiters, Leverenz, Herbel (Minnesota); Trieb, Williams, Kelson, Jackson, McCarthy (Purdue); Pierce, Magazzeni, Banaszak, Hunter, White, Davey (Wisconsin); Christian, Vest, Griswold, Adler (Northwestern).

The Big Ten has been much maligned in recent years, failing to win impressively in its early out-of-conference schedule or in bowl games. **Michigan** took a major step toward rectifying that situation by finally winning the Rose Bowl last season against a strong Southern California team. Michi-

gan again looks like the class of the league, with **Illinois** and **Indiana** having a legitimate shot at the number-two spot. **Ohio State** should get on the right side of .500 this year under the guidance of coach John Cooper. **Michigan State**, which has been one of the Big Ten's top rushing teams over the past two seasons (271.2-yard average per game), will feel the loss of five of six starting offensive linemen. Coach George Perles is intent on developing a better passing game, utilizing new quarterback Dan Enos. The Spartans have a tough early schedule with games against Notre Dame, Miami and Michigan. Hayden Fry's **Iowa** team is looking at a down year because of the graduation of 13 starters, including quarterback Chuck Hartlieb, tight end Marv Cook and linemen Dave Haight and Bob Kratch. Tom Poholsky will try to fill Hartlieb's shoes, while linebacker Brad Quast will lead the defense. **Minnesota** boasts a few great players, such as Playboy All-America running back Darrell Thompson, receiver Chris Gaiters and linebacker Jon Leverenz. But questions at quarterback and on both sides of the line will plague the Gophers. **Purdue** has switched defensive linemen to offense in an effort to improve an anemic ground attack. Flanker Calvin Williams is a deep threat but is often double-covered. A strong 1988 recruiting class will help but probably not until next year. **Wisconsin** coach Don Morton has abandoned his much hyped "veer" offense after the Badgers finished ninth last year in the Big Ten in offense and won only one game. Morton's problems were compounded when quarterback Tony Lowery opted to drop football in favor of basketball. The Badgers have the unwelcome duty of opening against Miami. **Northwestern's** reputation as the Ivy League school of the Midwest will not be tarnished by a winning record from its football team. Coach Francis Peay has recruited some better talent for the Wildcats, but they are still a couple of years away from being able to contribute. NU has some beautiful S.A.T. scores, however.

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Ball State	8-3	Ohio University	5-6
Central Michigan	8-3	Eastern Michigan	5-6
Western Michigan	6-5	Bowling Green	5-6
Michigan	6-5	Kent State	4-7
Toledo	5-6	Miami of Ohio	2-9

ALL-MID-AMERICAN: Riley, Parmalee, Garnica, Stucker (Ball State); Dennis, D. Johnson, Wierenga, Bender, Riley (Central Michigan); Smeenge, Agema, Kraus (Western Michigan); Spidel, Saunders, Trotter, Evans (Toledo); Garrett, Terry, Cross (Ohio University); Wyka, Towe, Foster, Sullivan, Schmidt, Gordon (Eastern Michigan); Thornton, Shale, Addie, Wilson (Bowling Green); Massimiani, Harmon, Hartman, Stratton, Stroia (Kent State); Ondrula, Hanks, Napoli (Miami of Ohio).

The Mid-American Conference doesn't get as much air time as the other Division I

football conferences and it doesn't turn as many college players into pros. It does, however, feature well-coached and closely contested games every week of the season. Three teams appear to have a strong shot at the conference title this year. **Ball State**, 8-3 last season, lost 12 starters but still has a solid nucleus of talented players led by linebacker Greg Garnica and tailback Bernie Parmalee. The Cardinals have tough out-of-conference games against West Virginia and Rutgers. **Central Michigan** would be the strongest team in the conference if running back John Hood were not questionable because of a knee injury. Tailback Donnic Riley, all-M.A.C. last season, will have to carry the load alone. **Western Michigan**, last year's conference champion, will have trouble replacing conference M.V.P. Tony Kimbrough at quarterback. The best part of the Broncos' game will be their defense, which returns eight starters. **Toledo** coach Dan Simrell is talking aggressive defense because of the return of eight starters on that side of the ball. The Rockets' best offensive weapon is tailback Neil Trotter, who rushed for 783 yards last year. **Ohio University** coach Cleve Bryant is gradually turning around a losing program. Last season, the Bobcats finished 4-6-1, a record they might have improved upon this season were it not for nonconference road games with Iowa State, Vanderbilt and Louisiana State. **Eastern Michigan** also returns the bulk of its defense, but the Hurons' top player is offensive tackle Eric Towe (6'6", 280 pounds). **Bowling Green** has two of the best receivers in the conference in Reggie Thornton and Ron Heard. The big question for the Falcons is whether or not quarterback Rich Dackin will be completely recovered from the broken wrist that sidelined him last season. **Kent State**, which was a pre-season conference favorite last year, suffered a rash of injuries that left it at 5-6. This season may be even tougher with the loss of running back Eric Wilkerson, now with the Pittsburgh Steelers, and the questionable status of quarterback Patrick Young, who may not return for his junior year. **Miami of Ohio**, which suffered through a 0-10-1 season last year, faces Purdue, Michigan State and Cincinnati in its first three games this year. It promises to be a long season for the Redskins.

MIDWEST INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	12-0	Northern Illinois	7-4
Louisville	7-4	Cincinnati	2-9

ALL-MIDWEST INDEPENDENT: Rice, Grunhard, D. Brown, Ismail, Alm, Zorich, Bolcar, Stonebreaker, Terrell (Notre Dame); Sander, Douglas, Fortune, Alexander (Louisville); Delisi, Dach, Ivanic, Tucker (Northern Illinois); Brusciannelli, Traut, Bowman (Cincinnati).

Notre Dame is, of course, the best team of the Midwest Independents and probably in the entire nation. **Louisville** will have

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another fine season, though a more difficult schedule and the lack of an obvious starting quarterback could hurt its

CORRUPTION IN COLLEGE ATHLETICS: COLE'S QUICK FIX

TOO MANY COLLEGES bribe their star athletes. Drive by the football-team parking lot full of Jags and ZXs next to the practice field. Check out the Rolexes and gold chains some of the players wear. Call the bank to see if the mortgage on the family home was paid off just after the blue-chip football prospect decided which college to attend. Count the college players who have agents before the season has even begun.

Not all standout players take money in even the dirtiest of programs. There are still some people in the big-time game of college athletics who play by the rules. But their numbers dwindle as big money corrupts some of the nation's most gifted athletes.

The system needs to be changed. First, pay the players. Give them a fair living allowance in addition to their tuition, room and board, so that they can pay for a movie, buy clothes, make a car payment or send money home, if that is where it is most needed. The allowance need not be high—\$500 a month, or \$6000 a year, to a prescribed number of athletes at each school. A percentage of gate and television receipts should be set aside by the N.C.A.A. to create a fund for these payments. Second, throw the cheaters out of the game. If clear violations of the rules are proven, the perpetrators—players, coaches, college administrators, alumni—must be banned from further contact with the sport.

What is at stake is not the game of college football. It thrives remarkably well in terms of attendance figures and TV ratings. What is at stake is the integrity of too many young men who are taught by the system that cheating is OK, that the rules apply only to the less talented. The players deserve a system that offers them some minimum compensation and a better opportunity to remain honest.

cause. **Northern Illinois** will miss Marshall Taylor, its wishbone-wizard quarterback, who has graduated after starting for four seasons. Fullback Adam Dach, who gained 906 yards as a freshman last season, will carry the rushing load on his shoulders, which shouldn't be too big a burden, since Dach (six feet, 200 pounds) can bench-press 336 pounds. The Huskies will get a brush with the big time when they play Nebraska at Lincoln in September. Tim Murphy takes over a beleaguered **Cincinnati** football program. The Bearcats, 3-8 last season, return just four starters from last year's offense, plus they face some scholarship restrictions for N.C.A.A. rules violations. Murphy hasn't experienced a losing season in ten years as an assistant or head coach. This year will likely break his string.

BIG EIGHT

Nebraska	10-1	Missouri	4-7
Oklahoma	8-3	Iowa State	4-7
Colorado	8-3	Kansas	1-10
Oklahoma State	7-4	Kansas State	1-10

ALL-BIG EIGHT: Young, Glaser, Clark, Mills, Wells, Cooper, Gregory, Calienco (Nebraska); Evans, Perry, Manning, Gaddis (Oklahoma); Bieniemy, McGhee, Williams, Young, Vander Poel, Walker, Muilenberg (Colorado); Gundy, Blanchard, Green, Colbert, R. Smith (Oklahoma State); A. Jones, Stowers, Bruton, Miller, MacDonald, L. Johnson (Missouri); Shudak, Busch, Shane, Sims, Robertson (Iowa State); Donohoe, Q. Smith, Lohsen (Kansas); Washington, Yri-guez, Henry, Miller (Kansas State).

Nebraska has the edge this year in the Big Eight, as **Oklahoma** will feel the loss of quarterback Charles Thompson. This could be the year **Colorado** will upset one of the big two. **Oklahoma State** has another excellent team, but it is probably not good enough to finish higher than fourth. New **Missouri** coach Bob Stull will bring the pro-style attack he used so successfully at Texas—El Paso. He inherits some reasonable talent from Woody Widenhofer's regime, but it will take time to switch the Tigers over from their wishbone habits. Missouri's first-half schedule, with games against Indiana, Miami, Arizona State and Big Eight opponents Colorado and Nebraska, is murderous. **Iowa State** will miss the talents of running backs Joe Henderson and Curtis Warren. Cyclone place kicker Jeff Shudak (29 out of 33 from 49 yards or closer) is a factor in tight games. **Kansas** coach Glen Mason says, "If it ain't broke, don't fix it. If it's broke, try anything." That's what Mason and the Jayhawks, 1-10 last season, will do. The problem is that Mason doesn't have enough talented players with whom to try. The situation may be even more critical at **Kansas State**, which failed to win a game last season. New coach Bill Snyder must be an optimist just to take the job. Both Kansas schools will point to October 28, when they meet, knowing at least one of them will come away with a victory.

●
Houston, Arkansas and **Texas A&M** are the Southwest Conference's strongest teams.

Baylor will rely on its defense, which coach Grant Teaff thinks can be the best in the conference, in its bid to improve on last season's 6-5 mark. The Bears will also try to stay away from injury, which caused 33 of its 44 best players to miss at least part of last season. Coach David McWilliams continues his rebuilding efforts at **Texas**. The Longhorns return 15 starters from last season and should improve over last season's 4-7 record. **Texas Tech** will miss quarterback Billy Joe Tolliver, now with the San Diego Chargers. Tolliver set 16 school

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Houston	8-3	Texas Tech	5-6
Arkansas	8-3	Texas Christian	4-7
Texas A&M	8-3	Rice	2-9
Baylor	6-5	Southern	
Texas	6-5	Methodist	1-10

ALL-SOUTHWEST: Lathon, Montgomery, Banes, Ware, Weatherspoon, Oglesby, Forsythe, Rodriguez (Houston); Shepherd, Grove, Mabry, P. Williams, Foster (Arkansas); Lewis, Wallace, McCall, R. Wilson, Webb, Washington, G. Jones (Texas A&M); Francis, Blackmon, Bass, Turnpaugh, M. Jones, Kinne, Welch (Baylor); Lilljedahl, T. Jones, Cunningham, B. Jones, Richard, Clements (Texas); Gray, Odiome, Harris, Simmons, Richburg (Texas Tech); F. Washington, Sullivan, Darthard, Crump (Texas Christian); Hollas, Brigrance (Rice).

records on offense in his career. Sophomore quarterback Jamie Gill will try to fill the void. **Texas Christian** coach Jim Wacker has amended his run-and-shoot offense and renamed it the "triple shoot." It's supposed to give the Horned Frogs a better passing attack. The problem is that TCU is short on good quarterback talent. **Rice** has the unenviable position of holding the nation's longest current Division I-A losing streak (18). Last year, the Owls had so many problems on defense that starting quarterback Donald Hollas was switched to safety. "This year, we're going to forget he ever played defense," vows new coach Fred Goldsmith. The **Southern Methodist** football program is reborn this season after suffering through an N.C.A.A. death penalty for repeated infractions. Coach Forrest Gregg, who became well acquainted with adversity as coach of the Green Bay Packers, faces another awesome challenge, as the Mustangs have only 41 players on scholarship, 39 of whom have never played in a college football game. In an effort to put football back into an appropriate perspective at SMU, the Mustangs will play their home games at renovated Ownby Stadium, capacity 24,576.

●
Lack of national-television exposure is the major reason that the nation's media constantly overlook and underrate the Pac 10. After a selection of late-morning and early-afternoon East and Midwest contests, the airwaves and viewers' eyes east of the Rockies are exhausted. Too bad, because the Pac 10 is clearly the nation's strongest football conference, boasting a combined nonconference record last season of 29-7.

Last year's conference champ, **Southern California**, should win again based on its superior defensive unit. **UCLA**, **Washington**, **Arizona State**, **California** and **Arizona** all have strong teams and will take turns beating one another after they have pummeled their nonconference competition. **Oregon** returns its offense almost intact, including quarterback Bill Musgrave, who returns after suffering a broken collarbone last October. The Ducks also return tailback

PACIFIC 10

Southern California	9-2	Arizona	6-5
UCLA	8-3	Oregon	6-5
Washington	7-4	Washington State	5-6
Arizona State	7-4	Stanford	5-6
California	6-5	Oregon State	5-7

ALL-PAC 10: Ryan, Carrier, Colter, Tucker, Ross, Jackson, Holt, Galbraith, Emanuel, Owens, Gibson, Chesley (Southern California); Cornish, Lodi, Velasco, Arbuckle, Turner, Farr, Meyer, Davis, Darby, Moore (UCLA); D. Brown, Conklin, Burkhalter, Brostek, Lang, Harrison (Washington); Collins, LaDuke, Tingstad, Justin, McReynolds, Perkins, Underwood (Arizona State); Keen, Taylor, Ortega, Hardy, Ford, Tagaloa (California); C. Singleton, K. Singleton, Bandom, Greathouse, Eldridge, McGill, Lewis (Arizona); Oldham, Loville, Musgrave, Obee, Kearns (Oregon); Broussard, Stallworth, Hanson, Savage, Gray (Washington State); Archambeau, Hinckley, Volpe, Papatianassiou, Hopkins, Tunney, Grant, Scott (Stanford); Chaffey, Ross, McDaniels, Bussanich, Tualo, Bailey (Oregon State).

Derek Loville, who rushed for more than 1200 yards last season. **Washington State**, coming off a spectacular 9-3 season, has lost 14 starters, including quarterback Timm Rosenbach, plus coach Dennis Erickson, who cross-countryed to the University of Miami to replace Jimmy Johnson. New coach Mike Price will try Brad Gossen at quarterback and stay with Erickson's wide-open offensive style. Dennis Green, former receivers' coach for the 49ers, takes over the reins at **Stanford**. He has already landed an impressive recruiting class and Cardinals fans smell a winner. **Stanford**, however, has a bumper schedule that includes Notre Dame as well as conference bullies UCLA and USC. **Oregon State** is easily the nation's best team picked to finish last in a conference. Coach Dave Kragthorpe has three candidates vying for the quarterback position vacated by graduated Erik Wilhelm. The Beavers will fill the air with footballs regardless of which one takes the snaps.

While **Wyoming**, **Brigham Young** and **Hawaii** have identified one another as the enemy, **Air Force** will try to use its wishbone offense to capture the conference crown. Ironically, the Air Force's forte is its ground game, second last season (377.5-yard rushing average per game) only to Nebraska. The Falcons' problems were and still are on defense, where they yielded opponents an average of 32.7 points and 462.8 yards per game. **Texas-El Paso** will try

to recover from the loss of coach Bob Stull, who took over at Missouri, and nine assistants and the graduation of starting quarterback Pat Hegarty and UTEP all-time rushing leader John Harvey. New coach David Lee, formerly an assistant at Arkansas, will have a hairy first year. **Utah** returns the nation's leader in total offense (4299 yards) and passing yards (4322), junior quarterback Scott Mitchell. The 6'6" southpaw already has pro scouts drooling. The big story at **Colorado State** is, of course, its new coach Earle Bruce. Unceremoniously dumped by Ohio State after years of winning, Bruce perched temporarily at Northern Iowa before migrating to CSU. He doesn't have much talent to work with but has already introduced the Rams to discipline, both on and off the field. If he stays put, it will take him three years to turn things around. **San Diego State**

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

Wyoming	9-2	Utah	5-7
Brigham Young	8-4	Colorado State	4-7
Hawaii	8-4	San Diego State	4-7
Air Force	8-4	New Mexico	3-8
Texas-El Paso	6-6		

ALL-WESTERN ATHLETIC: Donahue, Slay, Dawson, Fleming, Gilmore, Harris, Addison, Schlichting (Wyoming); Covey, Detmer, Davis, Bellini, Whittingham, Elewonibi (Brigham Young); Khan-Smith, Maeva, L. Jones, Roscoe, Tresler, Directo, Briggs, Elam (Hawaii); Dowis, G. Johnson, Bell, Gladney, Walker (Air Force); Sale, Morgan, Barrett, Iakopo (Texas-El Paso); Mitchell, D. Smith, Harris, Edwards (Utah); Thompson, Epley, Willis (Colorado State); Gilbreath, Fortin, Mao, Rowe (San Diego State); Bell, Leach (New Mexico).

has two big candidates for its quarterbacking position: Junior Dan McGwire, the brother of Oakland A's first baseman Mark, is a 6'8" transfer from Iowa; freshman Cree Morris is 6'7" and still growing. First-year coach Al Luginbill's biggest concern will be improving an Aztec defense that held only three opponents under 30 points last season. If that statistic doesn't improve, the Aztecs might consider challenging opponents to a game of hoops. Lack of depth is **New Mexico's** number-one problem. The talent-thin Lobos have fewer than 80 players currently on scholarship. Coach Mike Sheppard will look to the junior colleges for help.

This year's race in The Big West could wind up a carbon copy of last year's. **Fresno State**, conference champion and winner of the California Bowl (35-30 over Western Michigan), is a heavy favorite to repeat. Coach Jim Sweeney's Bulldog team will be led by quarterback Mark Barsotti, who, as a freshman last year, rang up nearly 1800 yards and nine T.D.s. Barsotti will look to wide receiver Dwight Pickens and backs Myron Jones and Aaron Craver, a junior college transfer with 4.29 speed in the 40. Linebacker Ron Cox may be the best defensive player in the conference. **Cal State-Fullerton** coach Gene Murphy has been

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busy raiding the junior colleges for football talent to try to rebuild a defense that graduated all but three starters. Since J.C.s can't participate in spring drills, Murphy's success can't be measured until fall. Run-

THE BIG WEST

Fresno State	9-2	Utah State	5-6
Cal State-Fullerton	7-4	Cal State-Long Beach	5-6
Nevada-Las Vegas	7-4	Pacific	2-9
San Jose State	6-5	New Mexico State	1-10

ALL-BIG WEST: Cox, Pickens, J. Williams, Jones, Ruggeroli, Martin, Craver (Fresno State); Pringle, Palamara, Schaffel, Speltz, Redding (Cal State-Fullerton); Rhynes, Jackson, Reinohl, Wise (Nevada-Las Vegas); J. Johnson, Evans, Muraoka, Moss, Rasnick, Colar (San Jose State); Newman, Hunsaker, Clark, Lyles, Hansen (Utah State); McKinnon, D. Washington, Ryan, Jenkins (Cal State-Long Beach); Koperek, Brown, Hampton, Thompson, Barlow, Williams (University of the Pacific); Ly, Dickey, Thomas, Singleton (New Mexico State).

ning back Mike Pringle, who rushed for more than 100 yards against West Virginia last season, is the Titans' most potent offensive threat. Nevada-Las Vegas will likely move up in the conference standings. Coach Wayne Nunnely's team returns 17 starters, including Tony Rhynes, whose 44.02-yard average makes him the second leading returning punter in the nation. Nunnely has yet to decide which of three underclassmen will take on the quarterbacking duties. San Jose State has the hands-down offensive player in the conference in running back Johnny Johnson. Johnny Jr. will likely surpass the rushing records of his San Jose State alum dad,

Johnny Sr., before the end of the year. Johnson nearly became the first player to average in double figures in two sports when he walked on to the Spartans' basketball team after the midseason defection of a number of players. He averaged 11.2 in basketball, 9.7 points in football. The Spartans should finish second in the conference, though their over-all record will suffer because of tough nonconference games against Miami, Stanford, California and Arizona State. Utah State has the problem of finding replacements for both its departed quarterback Brent Snyder and Big West Offensive Player of the Year Kendal Smith, one of the nation's premiere receivers last year. Smith's departure will mean double coverage for the Aggies' other talented receiver, Patrick Newman. A murderous nonconference schedule includes Southern Cal and Illinois. Cal State-Long Beach shifts gears as run-oriented quarterback Paul Oates replaces graduated three-year starter Jeff Graham. What the 49ers do on offense won't matter much unless they can shore up a defense that allowed 385 points last year. New University of the Pacific coach Walt Harris will switch the Tigers from a wishbone attack to a pro-set offense that will feature more passing. Unfortunately, Harris doesn't have an experienced quarterback around whom to build the offense. New Mexico State has won just five games in the past four years, including last season's lone victory over Kansas (42-29). Place kicker Dat Ly, a Vietnamese refugee, set school records for accuracy and field goals made (17 out of 21) last year.

Here's hoping your team wins.



College Women

(continued from page 120)

ALL: Yes. Yes.

PLAYBOY: In detail?

ALL: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Do your friends know the size of your boyfriends' penises, for example?

GAIL: No, it's not like that. It's not bragging talk. I mean, we've actually talked about humorous situations during sex, like funny noises that happen. We get into some really funny conversations, and it really makes you feel better that your sexual habits are not unusual.

PLAYBOY: But the conversations are not clinical, right?

NICKI: And they're not degrading. We were talking to the group of guys who live upstairs from us, and we asked, "What do guys talk about when they come home after being with a girl? Do they talk about it in detail?" One guy goes, "Yeah, we quiz them and stuff." When girls talk, they say, "Yes, I fooled around," but they won't sit and talk about details unless it's something funny. They don't say, "Yes, I scored" or "It was great." But the guys talk about women's bodies and what happened in detail. The way guys talk about girls after sex seems so degrading.

PLAYBOY: What about sexual problems? They're not all funny noises. Becoming orgasmic is part of that learning cycle that you were talking about, and guys come too quickly because they're learning, too. Would you talk about liking a guy who just wasn't making it in bed?

GAIL: I did with my old roommate all the time.

PLAYBOY: And the rest of you?

EMILY: I was comparing. There were two guys I had been with in a very short period of time, and I was talking about them with my roommate. She was helping me decide which one to concentrate on. I was very confused and said, "Well, he's fun and he's good in bed, so maybe I should stick with him." This other guy was not that good in bed, but he was a nicer guy, so...

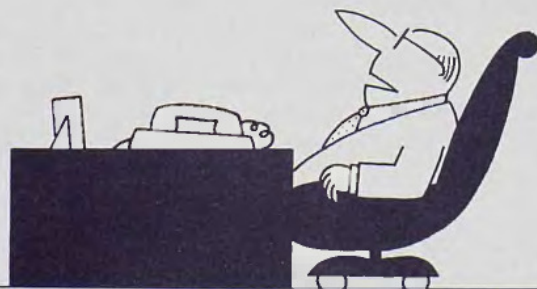
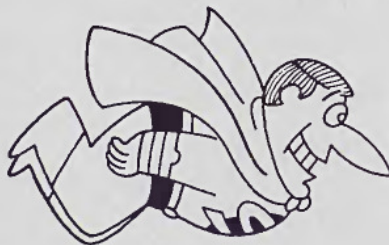
PLAYBOY: Does girl talk include discussions of the night you lost your virginity?

GAIL: Yeah. Can I ask a question? Who here lost her virginity on a one-night stand? Anybody?

DEBBIE: Yes. It was the summer after I turned sixteen. I had been dating a guy for a couple of years and he was asexual. He had no interest whatsoever in sex.

PLAYBOY: I bet your mom was happy.

DEBBIE: Actually, my mom's real liberal and she says as long as you protect yourself, go for it and have a good time. So one weekend, when my mom was gone, I had all these big plans for a romantic evening and my boyfriend stood me up. So I went out and I met this guy and he just jumped on me. He was so passionate; I had never had that experience before. I said, "I've got to go," then I sat home that night alone, eat-



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ing chips and crying to my cat. The next day, I saw the guy again and we went to his apartment and had sex.

PLAYBOY: Was it fun or disappointing?

DEBBIE: Well, he started kissing me and touching me, and I was so highly aroused. I never even knew that could happen. My head was just reeling. But then, I don't know, I didn't really enjoy it the first time. For one thing, I was feeling a little guilty because I was cheating on my boyfriend, who I was so truly in love with, even though he was asexual.

NICKI: See, my background is completely different. In my family, I never saw my parents do anything besides give each other a peck on the cheek. My parents did not talk to me about sex at all. I went to a Catholic school. They had sex classes, but the girls were separated from the guys. In my head was the Catholic morality, "I'm not going to have sex until I'm married." My first serious boyfriend was the one I went out with for three and a half years. We were at a party one night—we'd been going out for about half a year—and we had been drinking and he tried to have sex with me. He already knew that I didn't want to go that far. I'd had a rule with my previous boyfriend that only one of us could have our underwear off, because I thought I could get pregnant if both of us had our underwear off at the same time. I mean, I was very, very naïve. So here I am and he's trying and I'm saying no. The next time I was with him, the same thing happened and he tried and I said no. Ten minutes later, he tried again. I said no. Ten minutes later, he tried again. I was thinking, Why does he keep on trying? Well, I really, really like this guy. I may as well let it happen. And I did and from then on, we had a sexual relationship.

PLAYBOY: How old were you then?

NICKI: I was in eleventh grade. I just accepted it and then I started to like it. But I didn't even know what an orgasm was until I was in college. And here I had been having sex with this guy for a year and a half!

GAIL: The reason I asked is that I lost my virginity on what I guess was a one-week stand. I was on vacation.

PLAYBOY: And what age were you?

GAIL: I met him on my nineteenth birthday. It was second semester my freshman year. I didn't realize how completely set up the situation was; talk about naïve. I mean, why would he have a rubber in his CD player above his bed? Why would he only have to press the EJECT button on the player to have the tray come out and have a rubber on it? I thought, That's really cool. They're convenient and they're near his bed. It only occurred to me later that it was a set-up situation. After I came back from spring vacation, he called me every day and sent me letters saying he was in love with me. For sure; I had known the guy for a total of maybe seventy-two hours. He flew here to visit me for a weekend, and I absolutely shat on him. I couldn't deal with it. I couldn't believe that it meant so much

to him. But I've never regretted it.

PLAYBOY: How many other people came here as virgins?

LYNN: I did.

PLAYBOY: And was there pressure to lose your virginity or was the pressure to keep it?

LYNN: I grew up in a Lutheran home. All through high school, I thought that sex was not that big a deal. Why was everybody getting so riled up about it? I thought I could hold out until I was married. I told my first few boyfriends, "There's going to be no sex and don't even ask me, because I'm not going to do it." Then I started college and I started drinking, which I hadn't done before, and I started to become so loose and I thought, Why not? And it happened one night when I was really drunk. I wish it hadn't happened on a one-night stand, but there's not much I can do about it now.

GAIL: I had sex because that was my choice at the time. I didn't feel like there was so much pressure. Nobody ever said, "Oh, my God, you're a virgin! I can't believe it!"

CAROLYN: I did come to school as a virgin, and maybe I felt a little pressured. At first I thought, like, It's going to happen, just ease back; but as time went on, I was beginning to feel more and more like an outsider, because my girlfriends would talk.

NICKI: When we were sophomores, a group of girls would sit around and drink and talk about sex. There were two girls who had never had sex. It got to the point where they did feel like outsiders. Then each girl slept with a guy on a spring-break trip. It was evident in all of our eyes that it was a goal for them. They didn't realize the bad points to it. There are things that we've done that we've regretted, maybe the first time, even. There are lots of girls on any college campus who would love to raise their hands and say, "I'm still a virgin." I mean, I would. I would love to go back and do everything over because of the way it happened. You look back at it and it didn't mean anything. Sex is supposed to mean something.

GAIL: But why? Why does sex have to mean something? Someone told you it means something. It doesn't. How many times have we had sex that really, truly meant nothing? Yes, you felt guilty. You felt stupid for doing it, but it meant nothing to you.

CAROLYN: Yes, but I don't want to walk around and see some guy on a street I was with the night before and he doesn't even acknowledge me.

EMILY: I can deal with that.

NICKI: I can't.

DEBBIE: Freshman year, I was going to one of the football games and saw a big banner hung up on one of the fraternity houses that said, FRESHMAN GIRLS WILL FUCK ANYTHING. Everyone had been warning me to watch out. Guys will try to take advantage of you because they all know you're away from home for the first time, and they play on your need to know someone in this huge place. But then, when I saw this



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banner, I was so shocked and angry. I wanted to throw a rock and hurt somebody. It just made me feel so degraded.

NICKI: There's zillions of beautiful freshman girls arriving here on campus every year, and it's a perfect opportunity for a guy to say, "Hey, I can have a good time and not have to worry about being committed." When you come here the first year, you have in mind that the first guy you sleep with is going to be your boyfriend, because that's the way it was in high school. Well, it isn't that way here. But that's why the freshmen are looked upon as being easy.

PLAYBOY: Why do guys act that way?

EMILY: If they were more sure of themselves, they could go out and meet a girl, talk to her all night and say, "OK, I'm not going to sleep with her tonight. I'm going to see what happens next weekend and the weekend after that." But the guys have their own insecurities and think they may as well just sleep with a woman for a night because a relationship will never develop.

PLAYBOY: When can a guy make his move and be neither wimp nor animal?

DEBBIE: Well, I really prefer not to sleep with someone the first time I meet him. It makes sex a lot easier to deal with when I can get to know someone a little bit. I love to have someone touch me, but he doesn't have to attack me and rape me the first time he meets me. I appreciate a guy who's comfortable with just closeness to start out and goes very slowly. Then you can talk about sex before you ever get to the bedroom. For example, I'll say, "I love it when a guy nuzzles my neck. It just totally turns me on." I'll say, "I don't really like it when a guy grabs me, because it hurts." Guys like to be grabbed. They can handle a little bit more stimulation, but I find that most of the girls I've talked to who like direct clitoral stimulation would prefer to have a

little more gentleness. You can say stuff like that when you're outside the bedroom. When you're in bed with someone and you're saying, "Oh, don't do that" or "I wish you'd do this," it's like you're commenting on his performance.

PLAYBOY: Debbie, you say you like to get to know a guy first and then decide whether you want to be intimate. Is sexually transmitted disease ever in the back of your mind?

DEBBIE: I would certainly think about that. Last year, I wasn't too concerned about it, but now I'm starting to be a little more aware of it. My mom's going to school right now and she wrote a term paper on AIDS and we talked about that a lot. I would never sleep with anyone who had big sores on his penis or anything.

PLAYBOY: Do you ask potential partners any questions, such as whether they've been with another man?

EMILY: Before sleeping with them? No, I don't.

PLAYBOY: Do you ask if they've seen a prostitute in the past five years?

CAROLYN: No.

DEBBIE: No.

EMILY: No, I don't.

PLAYBOY: Have guys become more selective because of AIDS and other diseases?

ALL: No. No.

PLAYBOY: Do you talk about condoms? Would you have that conversation before you got to bed?

DEBBIE: Yes. I have condoms in my room and I am willing to supply them. And if a guy would not use them, I would say, "Get out."

PLAYBOY: Is your concern birth control or disease?

DEBBIE: Disease. I'm on the pill, but I would tell a guy that I didn't have birth control if I thought that he would be unwilling otherwise to use a condom.

PLAYBOY: Now, this boyfriend of yours who's seeing someone else, do you use a condom with him or does the birth-control pill take care of the situation?

DEBBIE: The pill takes care of that. We're both careful, though. As far as I know, he's not going out and getting one-night stands. He's got one other girlfriend right now he sleeps with.

PLAYBOY: And do you know whom she sleeps with?

DEBBIE: She's faithful to him. He's really good-looking and he's got a nice body and he's real sensitive. He just doesn't want a commitment. I've learned to handle that.

PLAYBOY: But you're free to have other relationships, so if you meet somebody else, how do you decide when to insist he use a condom and when to let it pass?

DEBBIE: This year, I haven't picked up anybody at a party. Last year, I made the mistake a few times of having guys at a party say, "I'll walk you home. I don't want you to walk home all by yourself."

NICKI: That's another line.

GAIL: You're a lot safer to walk home alone and take your chances with whoever may be walking down the street. The rapist is often someone you know.

PLAYBOY: How about date rape? Some campus surveys show that as many as one female out of five feels as if she has been victimized, but she doesn't always think of it as rape. She may think of it as misunderstanding. "He thought because I went to his apartment, we were going to have sex, so then I sort of felt obliged." Is that a familiar scenario?

CAROLYN: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Are you aware that date rape is happening?

A FEW VOICES: No.

PLAYBOY: Maybe you don't call it rape. Maybe you think it's a situation in which a guy makes a woman feel like they had an "understanding" that sex was on the agenda. Does that kind of pressure happen?

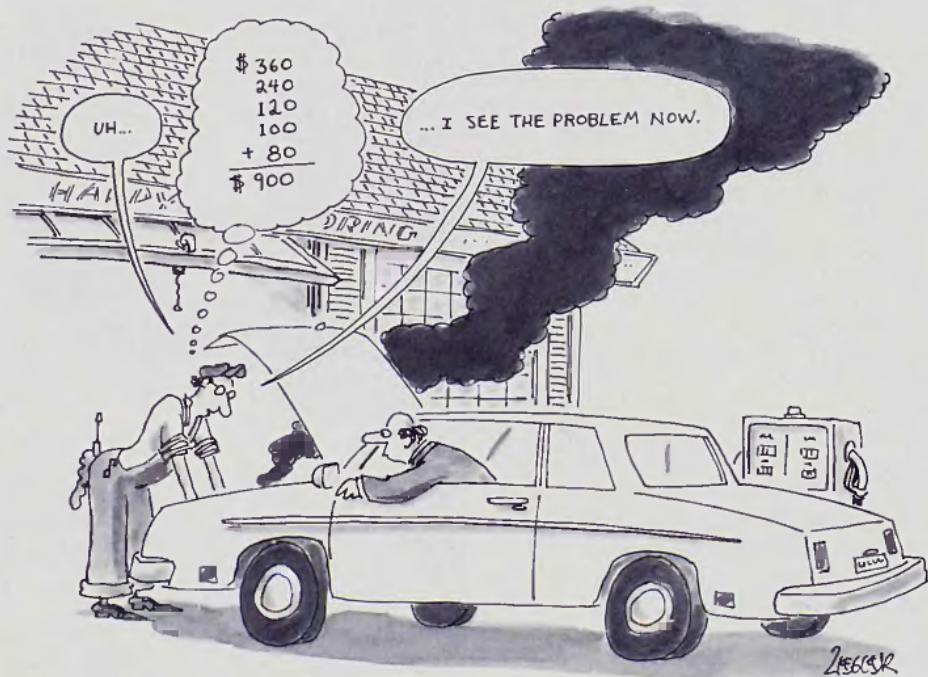
DEBBIE: Yes, like when I lost my virginity. The guy was like that. He was sitting there trying to take my clothes off and I was going, "No, no. I don't want to do this. I'm a virgin." He didn't believe I was a virgin until I bled all over his bed, and he just wouldn't stop. I was feeling really good, too, and I was enjoying it, but my mind was going, No, I can't do this.

NICKI: That's happened to me, too, where I've said no and pulled away, but then I went along with it because I felt like I had no choice. So I would never call it a rape, but, in actuality, it probably was.

GAIL: I think it's mental rape.

PLAYBOY: Why did you think you had no choice? Was he going to use force and overpower you?

NICKI: Well, no. It was a friend of my boyfriend, and I felt that if I didn't go along, then he would bad-mouth me. I didn't want to take that risk. Rumors are a big thing on this campus. You have no way of defending yourself, even when nothing happened. I went sailing with two guys last



summer. They needed a woman to steer the boat in order to qualify for a Ladies' Day race, so I went. We had a great time. A casual friend confronted me three months later, saying, "Yeah, well, I heard you fooled around with both of them."

PLAYBOY: We have liberated women at this table. Where is the line between being liberated and being loose?

EMILY: I think you have to be in control of what you're doing. I don't feel guilty for anything I do. I have one-night stands and I don't care, as long as I enjoyed them. I don't care what other people think. I don't care even what the guy thinks sometimes. If I see him down the street and he walks past me, I don't care, because I know he knows we had sex. As long as I enjoyed it, I feel like in some way, I have control over what I do.

PLAYBOY: You don't feel that you were used?
EMILY: No, I really don't. I'm not sexually aggressive and I won't be the one who initiates it, but if a guy starts to kiss me, maybe I'll get a little more intimate than I should. But I'm pretty picky, so it's totally up to me.

PLAYBOY: Can you have two sexual relationships at the same time?

EMILY: I can.

DEBBIE: Yes, I can.

GAIL: I can't.

EMILY: It depends on how emotionally involved you get. My parents were divorced when I was in sixth grade. I'm scared of all of that, so I just don't get emotionally involved with the people I sleep with. If you get emotionally involved with somebody after sleeping with him maybe one or two times, it's harder to break up and go with someone else.

NICKI: I have the opposite problem. My parents were happily in love and I never saw the bad side of anything. Here I am, getting hurt every time I make the mistake of sleeping with a guy. You're saying you can walk around seeing a guy and not care. I feel upset every time, physically hurt every single time. Even if I've been with a guy more than once, I still feel hurt because of the fact that there's been no relationship initiated.

EMILY: We feel flattered any time a guy pays any sort of attention to us. I'm flattered. That's why I have one-night stands. It feels good even if the guy is faking it or lying.

PLAYBOY: Is he also endangering you while he's flattering you? We've got to go back to the subject of condoms. Do you ask your partner to use a condom if it's a one-night stand?

EMILY: I'm, like, a fifty-fifty person. I'm in the marching band with two hundred and thirty people and I know everyone. There's been two or three guys I've slept with in the band, and I didn't ask them, because I felt like I knew them. But guys I have just, you know, picked up, I will say, "Hey. Use one."

PLAYBOY: Do you get resistance?

LYNN: I use it kind of as an excuse, because I am not sexually active and I don't really

want to be. I say, "Well, I don't have any protection and I don't want to do it."

PLAYBOY: And if he pulls out a condom and says, "Well, luckily..."

LYNN: They don't.

PLAYBOY: Have any of you ever lusted for somebody you just met, considered having sex with him, but somehow decided it wasn't worth it?

DEBBIE: I have. Condoms weren't available. I was on the pill, anyway, but I just said no. He was real attractive, but it wasn't worth the risk. We were having a good time, but I said, "Do you have a condom?" and he said no. I said, "Well, I don't, either, so put your pants back on."

PLAYBOY: Well, we have a little gift for you, so you can be prepared. These are key chains and compacts that contain a condom [displays a variety of colors and styles]. [Laughter] Let's say a guy has this key chain. He opens it up and pulls out his condom. What do you think of him? Do you think he's being chivalrous and responsible, or presumptuous?

DEBBIE: I would respect him. It really wouldn't matter whether he was doing it to protect himself or to protect me. The important thing is that he thought about it.

PLAYBOY: What do you think a guy would think of you if you opened a condom-carrier key chain?

GAIL: It's probably the greatest conversation piece ever. It states what you're all about.

CAROLYN: It says you're prepared. You know it's going to happen. Why try to deny it?

PLAYBOY: Are you comfortable buying condoms?

LYNN: Well, I would be embarrassed, but if I had to, I would.

GAIL: I think the most ridiculous thing is having them hanging on the back wall at the pharmacy. "Excuse me, can I have the extra-large ribbed ones in the back?" That's the rudest, most uncomfortable thing and ninety-nine percent of the time, a guy is at the cash register, like when you're buying tampons.

EMILY: Now I don't think I'd mind it at all, because sex is so much out in the open. AIDS is out in the open. We go to male gynecologists. We talk about sex.

PLAYBOY: Well, you all have good attitudes about condoms, so we must ask you whether you actually used one the last time you had sex.

GAIL: Yes.

DEBBIE: No.

NICKI: No.

CAROLYN: No.

EMILY: I did and it was surprising. It was a freshman guy and he pulled one out. I was being a little careless about it. I thought, Wow, he did it!

PLAYBOY: So you thought well of him?

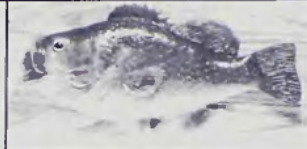
EMILY: Yes, I really did.

GAIL: Since I've had this boyfriend, I've always had some form of protection. If it's not there, we don't have sex. I don't care how bad it hurts him. I'm sorry, but he knows as well as I do that neither of us

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NICKI: Every time I've had a one-night stand, I've worried about the consequences. But then, you've got to realize, every time I've had a one-night stand, there's been alcohol involved. I don't think I could have a one-night stand if I were sober.

PLAYBOY: We talked with one of your deans, and he said that students here don't just drink, they get smashed. Does your resolve to use a condom fall by the wayside when everybody is drunk?

NICKI: Exactly.

EMILY: Yes. After it happens, the one thing I feel guilty about is not having used a condom.

CAROLYN: I make the most irrational decisions, and it stinks. The next morning, I know I should have had my head on, but...

PLAYBOY: Carolyn, what percentage of the time would you say you used a condom in the past year?

CAROLYN: Never, because I have never used any protection.

PLAYBOY: No birth control?

CAROLYN: No, nothing.

PLAYBOY: Have you been lucky?

CAROLYN: Very.

PLAYBOY: Carolyn, we have to talk after this session.

NICKI: I'm the same. I've been the same because of my first boyfriend. We didn't know anything about contraceptives. I didn't even know how to get hold of the pill. We never used a contraceptive in our entire relationship. He withdrew before ejaculating and it worked without any problems. That was really stupid of me, but I didn't know any better. After we broke up, I felt that if

I went on the pill without a serious boyfriend, it would be an excuse for me to have sex. But then, every time I have had a one-night stand, I've lacked the nerve to come out and say, "Do you have a condom?" But I've always said something like, "Be careful" or "I'm not on the pill." I've said that and that will cause him to withdraw. But that's still stupid thinking. And now, because I'm sick of this whole scene, I am holding back with guys, but I'm also getting more knowledge about the way I'm going to protect myself if it occurs again.

PLAYBOY: Carolyn, when you're ready to have sex with a guy, does he ask if you're on the pill or have a diaphragm?

CAROLYN: Listen, I was very sexually active last year and I didn't ask anything and not once did anyone ask me anything beforehand, but twice they asked me afterward. "Oh, you're on the pill, aren't you? No! What? See ya." And they would be out the door.

PLAYBOY: Did they assume you were on the pill because you didn't ask them to use a condom?

CAROLYN: Right.

PLAYBOY: And why weren't you on the pill?

CAROLYN: Maybe it's because I didn't think I was going to have sex, and then it just happened.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you afraid?

CAROLYN: Yes, I got really scared, but in the back of my mind, I'm thinking, Good. Maybe they're going to feel bad about this. Maybe I've trapped them and I'll make them suffer.

PLAYBOY: Do guys ever bring up the subject of birth control?

ALL: No, no. Never.

GAIL: My senior year, my mother took me by the hand to a gynecologist and said, "Get some form of birth control before you go to college." She knew I was a virgin. I thought it was kind of funny, but all right, I went. Of course, she expected me to walk out with a diaphragm, but I walked out with the pill. The gynecologist was this blunt woman who told me, "Look. The fact is, you're going to be sexually active, and you're not going to say, 'Excuse me while I put this in.' You're not going to feel that comfortable. And if he doesn't use a condom, you damn well better take responsibility, because, let's face it, that guy is going to be out the door and you'll be stuck. It's your body. It's your decision." I chose the pill, but I remained a virgin for a good portion of the freshman year.

PLAYBOY: Even though you were on the pill?

GAIL: I wasn't on the pill. I wasn't ready. I wasn't interested. I didn't feel comfortable enough to do it.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel that your mom was pushing you into anything? Were you embarrassed or grateful?

GAIL: I wasn't embarrassed. I mean, I'm totally up front with my mother, always have been. That's been a real good thing. It was just, "All right, I'm leaving the house and it's going to be my decision from here on."

PLAYBOY: Yours is the kind of mother everybody should be or have.

NICKI: My mother was like that. She sent me to a gynecologist before I had had sex and I didn't really think anything of it. Then, when it did happen, I was afraid to confront her. After I had been going out with my boyfriend a long time, she said, "I'm really worried that you're sleeping together and I just hope you're doing something to protect yourself." I said, "Oh, don't worry. I am." That was at the point where we had already been together for so long without using protection that I just didn't even bother to do it.

EMILY: My parents, I feel, led me to my promiscuity, because my mom left when I was in sixth grade. I lived with my father when I started to hit puberty. I knew that my parents had had a very bad sex life for the last six or seven years of the marriage. Dad started seeing another woman right after my mom left. I used to sneak in and read his letters, so I knew that he was having a very active sexual life with his girlfriend, who I barely knew because he always went to her place. I didn't think they had an emotional tie with each other. Now I feel that if I had lived with my mother, I wouldn't be like this. It's been six years since they've been divorced and she will not go out with a man. She won't talk to me about sex. I have to bring it up.

PLAYBOY: Did your dad talk to you about birth control?

EMILY: No, he didn't. He never did. He's kind of conservative.

PLAYBOY: Did he say, "Be careful; don't get pregnant" or anything?

EMILY: He never said that, even though,



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"I was the only guy on the team who really had that killer instinct."

looking back on it, he must have known that I was having sex with my boyfriend, because we would sneak down into the basement and he would have heard us. But my parents never brought it up, so I felt like if they didn't care, why should I care?

PLAYBOY: Lynn, you say that you have a Lutheran background. What kind of message did you get at home?

LYNN: Well, my parents were divorced. I don't even know my father, so it was just my mother and me. My brothers were so much older that they were off to high school or college. My mother had been molested when she was growing up, so all I heard all my life was, "Just tell me when some boy is touching you there." I had no idea what she was talking about. She'd always put me on the spot and ask, "Are you having sex?" And I would always be really offended, because I hadn't, and it really upset me that she was even asking. She never talked to me about birth control. She said, "Don't even get in that situation. You shouldn't be sexually active." It was my brothers who said, "If you're going to have sex, why don't you get something?"

PLAYBOY: Debbie, what did your mom say? And when did she say it?

DEBBIE: She was pretty liberal. We still talk about sex a lot now. She's dating a guy and they give each other baby-oil massages all the time and she says, "You should try this. It's really great." But when I started to be sexually active, she told me that I could talk to her. But I still felt uncomfortable about actually saying, "Mom, I want to go on the pill," so I went to Family Planning and I took it for about nine months before she found out. Then she said, "You've been on the pill that long? Well, I'm really glad that you've been responsible." She didn't get mad at all. My mom got pregnant when she was seventeen and had to get married, so she would much rather make sure I was protected.

PLAYBOY: And your dad?

DEBBIE: My dad never talked to me about sex. He gave me a drug talk, but he didn't talk to me about sex. That was Mom's scene. A lot of my sexual information came from my grandfather, my mother's father. He was just amazing. He was a university professor, and he was so loving to everyone. He talked to me about masturbation, which was really uncomfortable for me, but it was a good source of information. He said, "It's OK to do that. Don't feel like it's bad. And I want you to know it's OK if you want to have sex with someone, if you love him."

PLAYBOY: Carolyn, we'll bet your mom never told you about birth control.

CAROLYN: No. She didn't.

PLAYBOY: Did she tell you anything?

CAROLYN: My mom was this staunch woman. "No sex until you're married" and "You can wait."

PLAYBOY: The "Just say no" message. But what if you had chosen to just say yes?

CAROLYN: I never had the option. There was just no way I could ever talk to my

mom about birth control. I just said, "OK, I'll hide it." I really wish I could talk to my mom, but to this day, I can't.

PLAYBOY: Are you more worried about getting pregnant or getting a disease?

CAROLYN: Pregnant.

PLAYBOY: And do you think condoms are reliable?

GAIL: No. Absolutely not. I've had them break more times, and it's so unnerving. Every five minutes, you do a condom check: "Is it still on?" Then you get wrapped up in the heat of things, and you don't check. Afterward, my boyfriend has said many times, "Oh, no," and I just lie there in bed and I don't want to hear it. Three days in a row, that happened to us. What are the odds of that?

DEBBIE: Switch brands.

GAIL: I did. They were from Planned Parenthood and they were cheap. I went back there and told them.

PLAYBOY: Do you help put the condom on or leave that to the guy?

DEBBIE: I help. I offer to put it on. Make it part of the act.

EMILY: You're doing something that's going to make a difference for both of you, basically for your own well-being, but obviously, he feels responsible for it also.

GAIL: My old roommate said the same thing about the diaphragm. To this day, she doesn't know how to put it in herself. From the time she got it and tried it at the doctor's office, her boyfriend always put it in. It was always part of sex. She dealt with it in the morning when it was gross, but he dealt with it then and it was fun.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like a couple comfortable with their sexuality. Do any of you have performance anxiety about sex, or is that just a man's anxiety?

CAROLYN: I do. Basically, I'm an insecure person, so I'm always wondering what they're thinking. It's always on my mind.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that you're a good lover?

CAROLYN: I'm not sure, because I've never really gotten any feedback.

GAIL: But once you get into sex with someone you know really well, you want feedback, not constantly, but regularly. If you do something different, "Is that good? Do you like that? Is this position good? Do you want to do a different position?" When there's dead silence, you ask, "Is there something wrong?" Or having sex watching TV—and we've done that—it's like, "Excuse me, will you look at me?"

PLAYBOY: Earlier, you said you don't feel comfortable being a traffic cop, telling a guy what to do. Do men communicate? Do they give you feedback?

DEBBIE: The guy I sleep with does. He says, "Oh, that feels so good," and when he does something I like, I say, "Keep doing that. I really like that." I don't give him negative feedback. I don't say, "Move over a little bit," or "Do it a little softer," not during sex.

GAIL: Oh, I do. I do, like, let's expedite the situation and get to the heart of the matter.

Once again, it all depends on how long you've been sleeping with the person, but the person is not going to hit it right on the head every time. You're just wasting time.

PLAYBOY: Do some men lack finesse and just push a woman's head down?

GAIL: Yes.

DEBBIE: Yes.

CAROLYN: Absolutely.

NICKI: Yes.

EMILY: If you feel uncomfortable doing it, don't, but most of us, I guess, don't mind giving blow jobs, so we'll do it.

PLAYBOY: But offering to do it is different from somebody's pushing your head down.

GAIL: See, I had that experience and, as a result, I was completely turned off to oral sex. It's been my boyfriend's greatest struggle to make me feel comfortable, because I had bad experiences. It was degrading. It was disgusting. I was gagging and the guy I was with didn't even care. He couldn't possibly be unaware of the fact that I was choking to death, but he didn't worry, because he was having a good time. I'm sorry, that is just the most physically inconsiderate thing you could ever do to somebody.

PLAYBOY: You're all shaking your heads. It looks as if it has happened to almost everybody here.

DEBBIE: The first time I performed oral sex, my boyfriend said, "You're going to give me a blow job" and he lowered his pants. He pushed me down and I was kneeling on the floor doing it. I felt so degraded. And then he wouldn't kiss me. He wouldn't kiss me after I did it. He said, "That's gross. I'm not going to kiss you," and I said, "I don't believe this," and I left. That was the last time I had sex with him.

GAIL: Really, if that's all they want, they can do it themselves. That's really my attitude. I have no patience with self-serving people. They say you can do it for me, but (A) I'm not going to kiss you afterward and (B) I wouldn't dream of doing it on you, because that's weird. And it's not only a couple of guys.

EMILY: What do you think? Are men always the dominant force in sex?

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if you take control of your sexual experiences.

EMILY: It just depends on whether or not you've gotten over stereotypes of men, and also how you feel about yourself.

NICKI: Your situation is completely different. You have a different head on your shoulders, and you don't let men be dominant. But in my case, I've always let men be dominant, because I've learned that way and because that's the way it's always been in my sexual relationships. That's something that I'm trying to get over right now. GAIL: But I think by saying, like Debbie has, "I'm sorry. You don't have a condom and I'm not having sex," that's ultimately being dominant. Deciding whether or not to do it at all is the ultimate control.



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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

SNEAKIN' AROUND

Still think a sneaker is a sneaker is a sneaker? Guess again. Shoes with built-in protection tailored to your sport of choice are hotter than a play-off game between the Lakers and the Celtics and, no, that isn't just industry hype. Function now precedes fashion and the result is a new breed of footwear that not only does a superb job of

protecting your feet but also looks great. Technology includes specialized sneaks for such diverse activities as aerobics (built for lateral and medial stability and shock absorption) and cycling (nonskid soles), as well as hiking, jogging, basketball and, of course, tennis. Topside, the shoes are colorful and fun; down under, they're the sole of discretion. Foot the bill!

Clockwise from top left: Leather Stealth basketball high-top with X-Cell Powercore forefoot and heel, by Puma, \$90. Azura ST running shoe with padded tongue and collar, by Saucony, \$70. Synthetic-leather SC-X cycling shoe with removable sock liner and molded Phylon pads to relieve toe-strap pressure, by Nike, \$55. Leather aerobics shoe, by Adidas USA, \$85. GSV-Supreme tennis sneaker with Energy Wave heel and forefoot, by Converse, \$80. At center: Yukon Rebellion hiking shoe with bellows tongue and removable insole, by Reebok, \$65.

STEVE CONWAY



Susanne's Grand

Actress **SUSANNE LAVELLE** is holding up the left side of this page beautifully, don't you think? If you go to the movies, you may have seen her in *Scrooged* or *Cocktail* or in that great moment in film, *Smash, Crash and Burn*. We like Susanne best here, where we can find her easily. In case we need a quick pick-me-up.



Dressed in Less

We salute the classic black dress! So does actor **MARK LINN-BAKER**, who hung out with **RAE DAWN CHONG** at a celebrity event. It was a welcome break from hanging out with Balki on TV's *Perfect Strangers*. You can see more of Rae Dawn in two fall movies, *Far Out, Man!* and *The Borrower*. Come to think of it, you'll probably see less.

© ROBIN KAPLAN-LFI-URK



Getting the Right Info

Minneapolis band **INFORMATION SOCIETY** just finished a tour with Club MTV, along with Tone Lōc and Paula Abdul. The debut album, *Information Society*, went gold and you can hear the group on the *Earth Girls Are Easy* sound track. File these guys under hot.

© MARK LEVDAL

© 1989 VICTOR MALA FRONTE 'CELEBRITY' PHOTO

Putting a Spin on His Grin

Singer/songwriter HENRY LEE SUMMER is a Brazil, Indiana, country boy whose latest album, *I've Got Everything*, is making good on the charts. Henry Lee says, "You have to do what you do naturally or end up being a parody." We say amen to that.



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Getting a Leg Up on Things

Here is MICHAEL STIPE, R.E.M.'s lyricist, kicking out all the jams and readying the band for a U.S. tour through November, while the *Green* album climbs the charts. This is music you can dance to. Grab a partner.



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Patti Cake

Everyone who watched *Wiseguy* last season knows that this fabulous face belongs to actress PATTI D'ARBANVILLE. She'll be cavorting with Vinny again when the new TV season kicks off and, eventually, you'll be able to see her in *Wired*, the movie about John Belushi. Patti rocks.



© PHIL LOFTUS LFL-PL



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Tough Enough

VANITY took off her shirt and put on gloves. A fashion statement, or preparation for her film *Bodily Force*? Catch her next in *A Heartbeat Away*. We will.

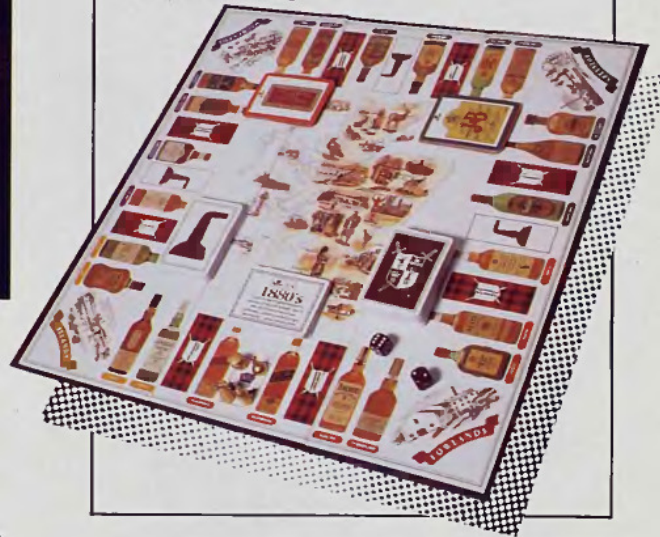


RAM IT HOME

Did you know that a New Zealand ram can provide his services about 15 to 20 times per night? At least that's what the people at The New Zealand International Sheepskin Centre Ltd. say. And to further get the point across, they're selling ultrathick 72" x 45" RamRugs that are made from four sheepskins sewn together. Each RamRug is washable and quality guaranteed. The price: \$380, including postage, sent to The New Zealand International Sheepskin Centre Ltd., Mail Order Division, P.O. Box 73-110, Auckland International Airport, New Zealand. Go for it, you horny devil!

THE WHISKY-GAME TRAIL

When world-famous liquor writer Michael Jackson (who, incidentally, is a *Playboy* contributor) plays a game, you know it's going to involve spirits. So it's no surprise that Jackson is the editor of The Scotch Whisky Game, in which players wheel and deal to become Scotland's most powerful whisky baron. You can order it for only \$39.50, postpaid, from Villa Games Ltd., 109 Union Wharf, Boston 02109. It's your move, J&B.



NO MORE SPLITTING HARES

Over the years, *Playboy* has probably contributed more to the care and feeding of Bunnies than any animal-rights group has, but the powers that be heading up a Phoenix-based effort named Save the Rabbit may be the winners. Save the Rabbit is dedicated to stamping out the use of rabbits' feet as good-luck charms affixed to key chains, etc.; and to finance its quest, it has created an amusing lapel pin sporting Ralph, a peg-legged, pissed-off rabbit. Ralph sells for \$9.95, postpaid, sent to Grand's of Prescott, 2216 East Belmont, Phoenix 85020. Hop to it.



UP FROM THE GRAVE THEY AROSE

Just when you thought it was safe to venture out, along comes our annual selection of the most ghoulish—and goofy—Halloween masks money can buy. The Freddy Krueger full-head mask with foam-rubber hat at center is \$47, postpaid, and Krueger's nasty-looking glove is \$23. Both are available from Morris Costumes, 3108 Monroe Road, Charlotte, North Carolina 28205-4598, as are the plastic skull Krueger's holding, \$23; Ghost (lower right), \$31 (we all know what it *really* looks like); and Psycho Delic (upper left), \$67. The weredragon Corastin (upper right), \$78.50, and Thrash, the skull with a mohawk (lower left), \$68.50, are both from Death Studios, 431 Pine Lake Avenue, LaPorte, Indiana 46350. Go ahead and scream.



I'VE GOT A SECRET

Hef had a secret passage in the Chicago Playboy Mansion that was revealed when you touched a piece of molding. And now Library Doors, at 4850 Lake Ejord Pass, Marietta, Georgia 30068, is creating beautiful birch doors fitted with actual book spines featuring authors' names and book titles etched in gold leaf. The doors come in standard sizes and begin at \$595 (custom work is also available). They're perfect when you want a wet bar or a TV to do a disappearing act. A color brochure is available for two dollars.



A MIXED BAG OF BLESSINGS

Sure, author Owen Edwards waxes ecstatic on such predictable examples of good design as the Porsche 911SC in his new softcover book, *Elegant Solutions*, but it's the simple yet ingenious featured items that caught our attention. Among the "classic inventions," Chiclets, egg slicers, Q-Tips and the eternal light bulb are shining examples. "An elegant solution accomplishes its task in what we know instinctively is the most admirable way," writes Edwards. Our favorite: Black Flag's Hitchcock-worthy Roach Motel. "The roaches check in, but they don't check out."



RAISING CANES

There are probably about 100 varieties of exotic woods from which walking sticks can be made, but the craftsmen at Classics Ltd., a company at P.O. Box 226656, Dallas 75222, that specializes in upscale custom canes, prefer ebony for its "exquisite beauty, rarity, color, texture, grain, attractiveness, weight and durability." Prices range from \$295 for a simple cocobolo cane to \$3000 for an ebony model with an engraved gold head. (The company's favorite cane is a \$595 ebony Royal Stuart style with a domed silver head and tip.) A pamphlet with all the information is available.



TALON SCOUTING

The Jeep/Eagle division of Chrysler has recently introduced the Eagle Talon TSi AWD, a sporty two-door that's as good-looking as it is fun to drive. Under the Talon's hood is a 2.0-liter turbo engine that will deliver 195 horsepower, and under its sleek body panels is a sure-footed all-wheel-drive system. And the cockpit, as you can see, is ergonomically smart. The price: \$16,500. A two-wheel-drive Talon is about \$13,000.



THIS IS AS REAL AS IT GETS

When you consider the fact that the latest *Fodor's* doesn't tell where to buy condoms in Paris, we're not surprised that the new *Real Guide* travel series, published by Prentice Hall, is being sold as "the guides for the Nineties." Current guides include Amsterdam, Paris, Greece, Spain, Portugal, New York and Mexico, with more in the works. The texts are witty, the facts are straight and the price is right—only \$9.95 each.

THE REAL GUIDE NEW YORK



NEXT MONTH



MYSTERY CELEBRITY



INSIDE JOB



PLAYBOY COLLECTION



SEXY CINEMA

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