

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1987 • \$3.50

Back to Campus Issue

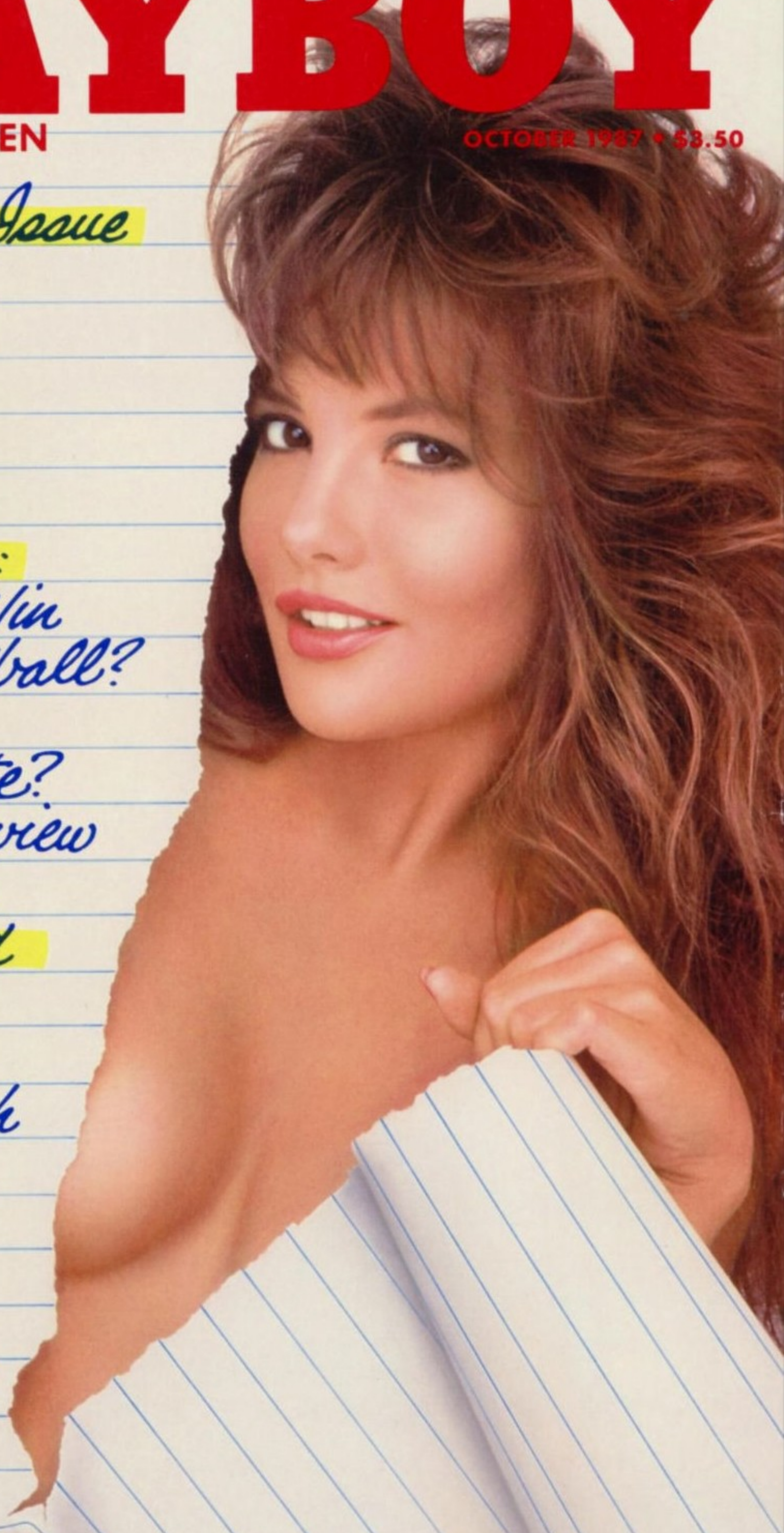
*The Women of
the Top Ten
Party Schools*

*Pigskin Preview:
Who's Going to Win
in College Football?*

*Patriot or Pirate?
A Fighting Interview
with General
Richard Secord*

*Donna Mills
Makes a Smash
Landing*

*Star Appeal:
Who Plays the
Charity Circuit?*





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







Come to where the flavor is. Come to Marlboro Country.

A full-page photograph of a cowboy riding a dark horse. The cowboy is wearing a white cowboy hat, a light-colored long-sleeved shirt, a brown vest, and brown chaps. He is looking directly at the camera. The horse is dark brown with a white blaze on its face. The background is a hazy, golden-brown landscape, possibly a field of tall grass or a desert. The overall tone is warm and rustic.

Country.

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

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bloomingdale's



SHADES OF GREY

PLAYBILL

IF YOU'RE ONE of our thousands of college-age readers, peruse this issue carefully, since it contains many things you'll want to know to broaden your education. The first and, of course, most crucial question is "Where can I find me some women?" Last year, in response to that annual refrain, we sent our roving Contributing Photographer **David Chan** to find the prettiest girls in the Ivy League colleges. This year, Chan and make-up artist **Sherral Snow** visited those colleges and universities whose students' serious devotion to nonacademic activities has earned them reputations as party schools. In the spirit of recreation, we bring you *Women of the Top Ten Party Colleges*, an opportunity for you to meet some young ladies who understand that all work and no play makes Jane a dull girl. Of course, sex isn't all there is to getting an education. If it were, you could skip college and just read *The Playboy Advisor*. No, there's more to college than endless hickies. There's *football*, for instance.

After the death last year of our legendary sports prognosticator **Anson Mount**, we turned to Photography Director **Gary Cole**, a longtime sports fanatic and one of Anson's best friends, to take over additional duties as *Playboy's* Sports Editor. With help from Anson's widow, **Nancy Mount**, who had assisted her husband with his research and understood his system of evaluating teams and players, Cole put together *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*. We think he has done Anson proud. And speaking of writing achievements in which to take pride, we're pleased to announce the winner of the annual Playboy College Fiction Contest. It's a compelling short story (illustrated by **Patrick Fiore**, himself the winner of a contest among students at New York's School of Visual Arts) titled *In Love with Rachel*, by **Steven Ploetz**, a student at Brown University. Take a bow, Steve, and welcome to the world of professional writing. If you're in a quandary as to how to spend your \$3000 in prize money, we suggest you turn to *Hot & Cold*, our fall-and-winter fashion guide by Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne** and buy yourself some new threads.

The Iran/*Contra* scandal has turned just about all of us into armchair students of international politics and intrigue. **General Richard Secord**, the subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*, is as deeply involved with the Iran/*Contra* affair as a man can be whose name isn't **Oliver North**. An interesting side light, says interviewer **Morgan Strong**, was the discovery that the security system at Secord's offices at Stanford Technology didn't work.

Like Iran and Nicaragua, Korea has made front-page headlines during much of the summer, due to its civil unrest and massive demonstrations. But there's another story going on behind the barricades: the emergence of Korea as an economic world power. **Robert Kearney** captures the spirit of Korean enterprise these days in *Korea, Inc.*, illustrated by **David Wilcox**. If you think Japanese industry is intensely regimented, wait till you check out the corporate style in Seoul.

Have you ever wondered how various charities get big-time Hollywood stars to plug their fund raisers? What's in it for the rich and famous personages who choose to host telethons, ride in parades and make personal appearances? **Dick Adler** found out and shares his insights in *Charity Chic*.

To round out this issue, **Merrill Shindler** tells how he coped with being jilted in *Honeymoon for One*, illustrated by **Guy Billout**; Contributing Editor **David Rensin** conducts a very funny *20 Questions* with America's favorite sports fan, **Bob Uecker**; **Andrew Tobias** takes you *Behind the Counter* in his *Quarterly Reports*; and cartoonist **John Jonik** takes a tongue-in-cheek look at *The Bright Side of Star Wars*. Oh, yes, and don't miss our pictorial on the lady who plays one of television's truly great bitches, **Donna Mills**. If, after reading all this, you have eyestrain, turn to the centerfold, where **Brandi Brandt** will soothe those optic nerves. There will be a brief quiz at the end of class, so keep your pencil sharpened.



SNOW, CHAN



COLE



PLOETZ



FIORE



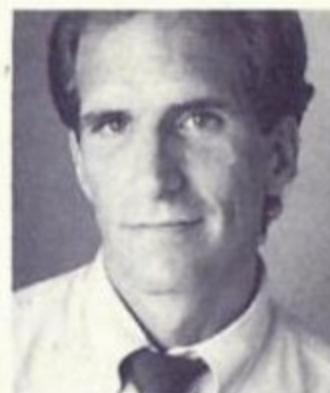
WAYNE



ADLER



STRONG



KEARNEY



WILCOX



SHINDLER



BILLOUT



RENSIN



TOBIAS



JONIK

We interrupt this magazine to bring you an important television announcement.



What's the news? There's a complete line of high-technology Sylvania video equipment with something the competition doesn't have.

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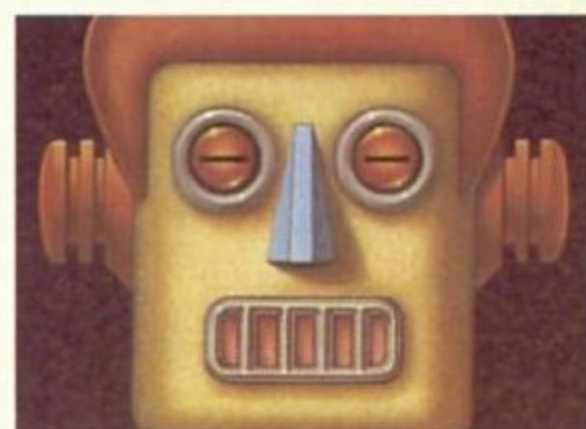
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Donna Mills

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Korea, Inc.

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Brandi Brandt

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Cool Class

P. 92

COVER STORY

Let's face it, college guys. If there's a woman in your class who looks like our October Playmate, Brandi Brandt, it'll be hard to take good notes. So we've done it for you. Feel free to crib. Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda captured Brandi's rosy cheeks with the help of stylist Susan Sawyer and make-up artist Pat Tomlinson. John Victor did Brandi's hair, and Senior Art Director Len Willis designed the whole shebang.



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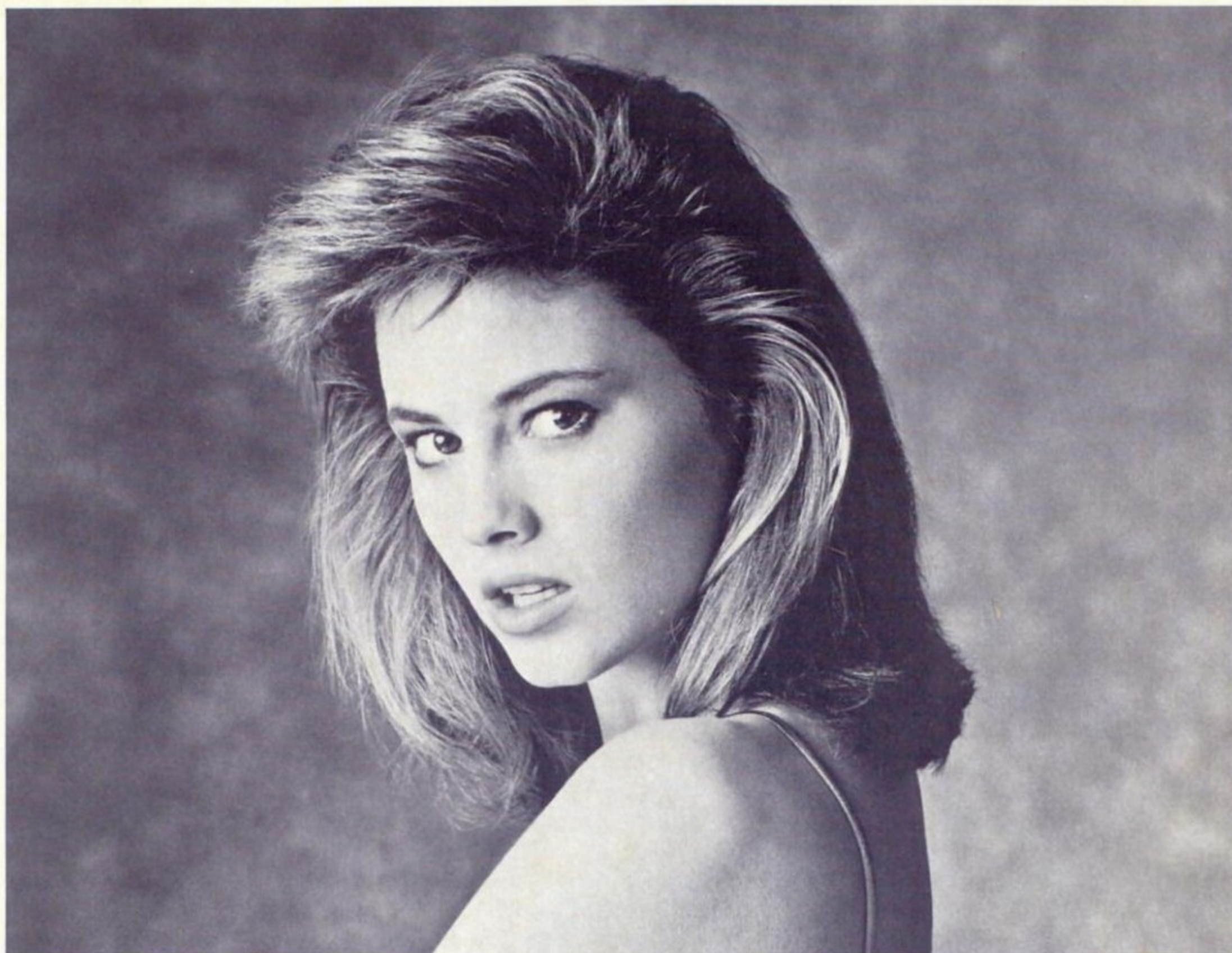
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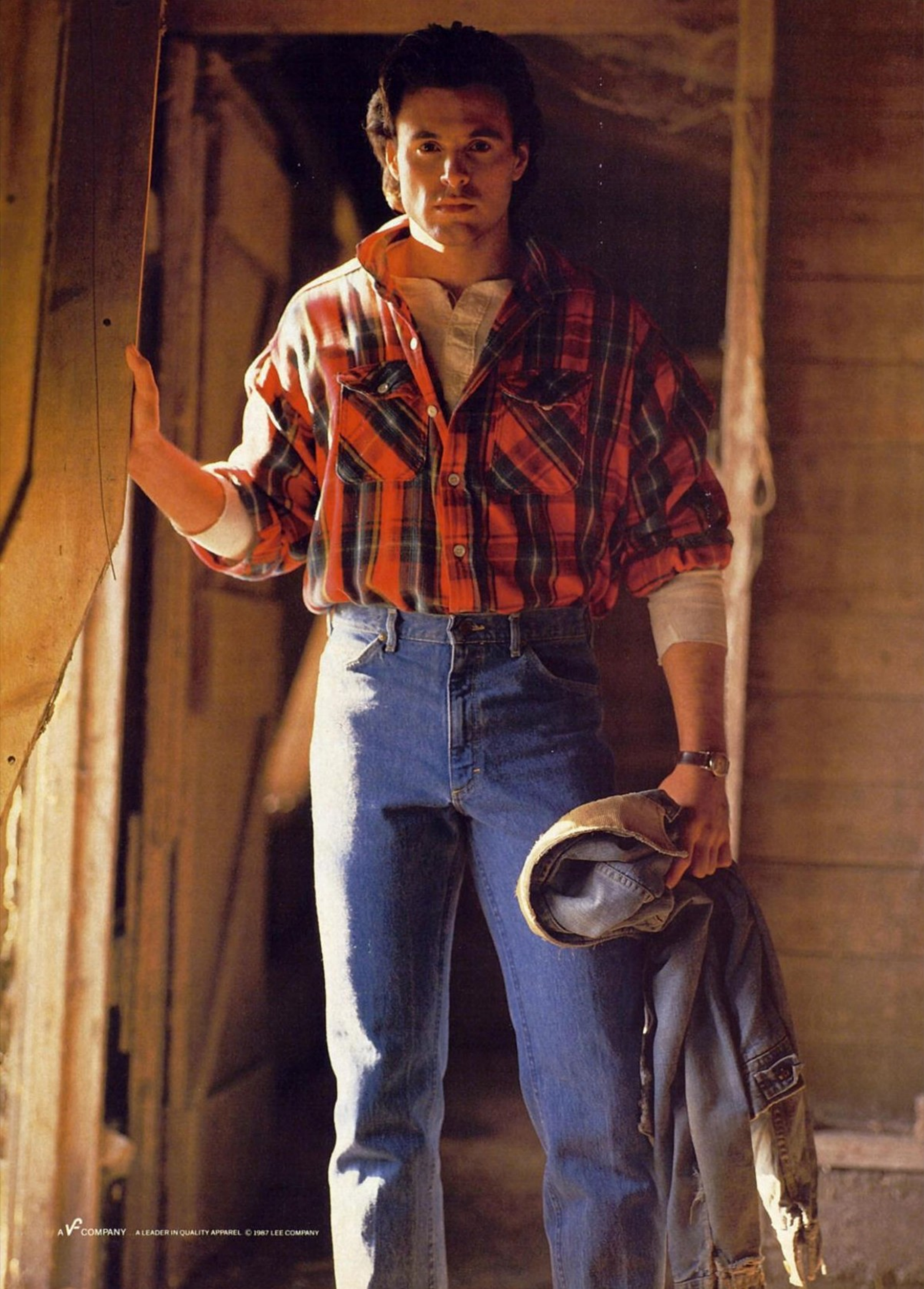
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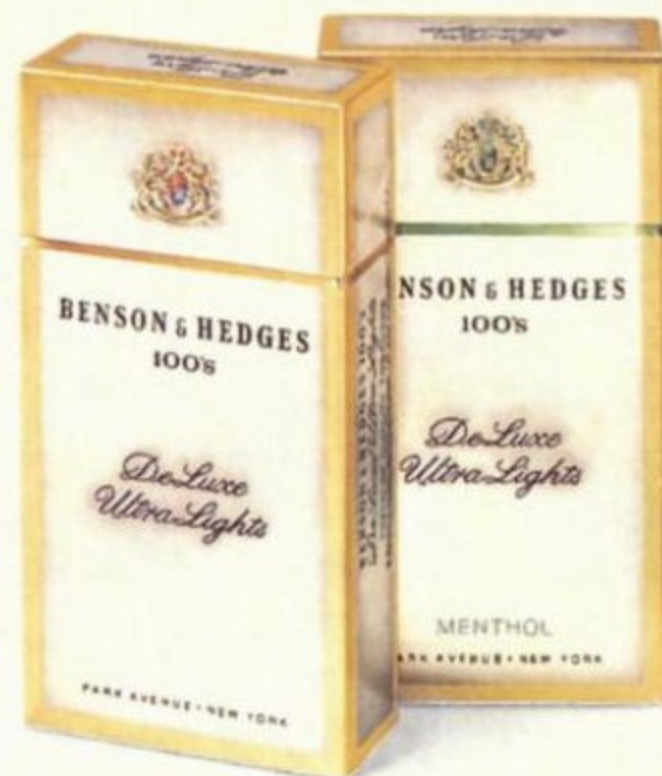
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

PLAYBOY



YES, SIR, THAT'S MY BABY

Above, 1987 Playmate of the Year Donna Edmondson and her parents attend a dinner dance in her honor at Playboy Mansion West. To say that her father is proud of her is a serious understatement. Donna, who leaped from North Carolina into the fast lane, has described the experience as a "dream come true." But don't expect her to go Hollywood. Donna plans to stay in Greensboro and sell real estate.

CHRISTIE AT FORBES'S 70TH-ANNIVERSARY BASH

Our Christie Hefner parties with Jim Korris (left), *Forbes* magazine honcho Malcolm Forbes and a lady named Liz.



ROCK'S BEST GIRLS

Playboy's Girls of Rock & Roll, seen on *Performance* magazine's cover, are now playing in both Reno and Las Vegas.



JAZZ FESTIVAL HITS THE HIGH NOTES

Every June, the City of Angels taps its toes to the Playboy Jazz Festival. Mayor Tom Bradley proclaims it, m.c. Bill Cosby confirms it and Hef and his best girl, Carrie Leigh (inset below), support it. This year, Lionel Hampton let Cosby sit in on his set (below). The fest brings together giants such as Sarah Vaughan and the new kids Kenny G., Charlie Watts and Rubén Blades.



KENNY GAMBLES ON PHOTOGRAPHY

Kenny Rogers' new fall book, *Your Friends and Mine*, boasts photo subjects ranging from President Reagan to our own Mr. Hefner.



ALL ABOUT AVA

Former Chicago Bunny Ava Cherry has an album out on Capitol, *Picture Me*, which comes with this incredible poster (above). We suggest keeping an eye on Ava while she sings. An audio and visual treat.



The sunglasses in question.

Super Surprise

Consumer Challenge TV show picks BluBlocker™ sunglasses as target for investigative report and ends up with surprise.

By Joseph Sugarman

We were upset. Our advertisement for BluBlocker high resolution sunglasses was selected to be exposed by the new commercial TV production, Consumer Challenge.

"Is this advertisement about a major new product breakthrough or a real rip off?" asked the show's host, Jonathan Goldsmith. "We're going to find out."

If you've ever watched 60 Minutes or 20/20 you could understand our fear. We were running the risk of Consumer Challenge taking a great product and ruining it on the air. Sales could plummet and our product could be destroyed by some clever editor or a jealous producer. But we were totally wrong.

TOTAL PRAISE

By the end of the show, the entire staff praised the product in one of the best commercial endorsements any product could ever receive. Said one of the reporters, Don Hale, "We had a difficult time finding anybody who would even consider knocking the product. Everybody liked it. Our entire staff wears them now."

This praise is only the beginning of what has been an outpouring of endorsements for the product. During the show, the reporters interviewed Keith Hernandez, star first baseman of the New York Mets who reported that it was his favorite pair.

"We interviewed movie stars, famous football players, baseball players and hundreds of customers. I have never found a product that had such universal appeal," said Kathy Graf, another reporter on the show.

BluBlocker sunglasses are one of the best selling new concepts in sunglass technology. The lenses on BluBlockers filter out both blue and UV light to produce one of the most pleasing visual effects ever created for any pair of sunglasses. And for good reason.

Ozone is slowly being depleted from our atmosphere by pollution. Without sufficient ozone to fully protect us, ultra violet or UV light is causing a dramatic increase in both skin cancer and eye diseases such as cataracts. "This is not a case of a small increase. It's very dramatic," stated one of the interviews.



"Is it a breakthrough or a rip off? We knew they were serious."

Sunglasses are not the answer either. In fact, it was concluded that some sunglasses could be dangerous because they caused your pupils to open wider and allow more of the UV light to enter your eyes.

FILTERS OUT BLUE

BluBlockers not only block out the dangerous UV light from the atmosphere but filter out the blue light as well. Blue focuses slightly in front of the retina which is the focusing screen in your eye. By eliminating the blue, everything appears to be in sharper focus, clearer and creates almost an enhanced 3-dimensional appearance. The results are impressive.

You see better, clearer and with greater resolution. Tom Brakefield, a famous wildlife photographer was sitting on the front steps of his cabin when he noticed a mountain in the background that he hadn't observed before. "Because of BluBlocker's high resolution, I've been able to see objects, I never even knew existed."

Dave Johnson, the number 2 ranked USA decathlon champion wears BluBlockers when he performs all 10 of his events including the high jump, the pole vault and the javelin throw. "BluBlockers make me feel more relaxed and give me a definite edge over my competition. I actually experience the optical perfection in the lenses."

GREATEST ASSET

The optical perfection is the greatest asset in BluBlocker sunglasses. Each lens is made of Malenium-99™—one of the strongest yet finest lens materials possible for high resolution and clarity. Anybody can produce a lens that approaches the BluBlocker quality, but nobody takes the care that the BluBlocker organization takes in their lenses.

JS&A offers three models of BluBlockers. One is an anodized high-tech aluminum pair with a flexible spring hinge. The second is a polarized version using the aluminum frame and hinge and the third is our precision plastic pair without the spring hinge. All three models utilize the same quality, high resolution BluBlocker lenses and come complete with padded carrying case and a

one year no-nonsense limited warranty. All three are designed to fit both men and women with almost any sized face and all models look identical. There is also a high quality clip-on model that fits over prescription lenses.

EXPERIENCE THE MIRACLE

I urge you to order a pair during our 30-day trial period. When you receive them see how light they are. Then experience the miracle of BluBlockers. Put them on. Everything will suddenly appear clearer, sharper and with an enhanced 3-dimensional look. You will notice a dramatic difference immediately—especially in sunlight.

If, for any reason, you are not pleased in any way with your pair, no problem. I give you up to 30-days to return them in the reusable carton that comes with each pair for a prompt and courteous refund.

If anything happens to your pair during the first year of use, return it to me for a prompt replacement. You won't find that type of warranty on any other pair of sunglasses.

Obviously we are very proud of our achievement with the Consumer Challenge TV show. Whenever you can convey a very positive image of your product on a commercial TV production, it is very encouraging. If you have a chance, catch Consumer Challenge in your area. Check local time and listings. But don't let any more time go by before you buy your first pair of BluBlockers. Order a pair, at no obligation, today.

To order, credit card holders call toll free and ask for product by number shown below or send a check plus \$3 for delivery.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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SHE STOHL THE SHOW

Editor's note: We've seldom received as many encouraging letters as we have in response to our July pictorial featuring Ellen Stohl, a young paraplegic woman. The letters below represent a fraction of those we received on both Ellen's pictorial and the general subject of sex and the disabled.

Playboy has just risen several points in my esteem. Your pictorial on the beautiful and sexy Ellen Stohl (*Meet Ellen Stohl, Playboy, July*) is fantastic. It took a great deal of courage for Ellen to pose for *Playboy*, and also for your editors to publish the pictorial.

I have been involved in medical care for several years, and one subject that is sadly neglected is the sexual needs of handicapped individuals. (I hesitate to use the word handicapped, as Ellen obviously is not!) There is no doubt that Ellen is truly a whole woman. She has put her life together as few women could. She is, without a doubt, one of the loveliest and sexiest women to have graced the pages of your magazine.

David M. Habben, Paramedic
E.M.S. Training Specialist
Department of Health and Welfare
Twin Falls, Idaho

The American Handicapped Association offers a program to make children and adults aware of how people with different types of disabilities can function in society like anyone else.

It's about time that a publication of your stature showed the world that being disabled doesn't mean you're *not* able.

There are many people who, like Ellen and myself, work extremely hard at keeping their bodies in good shape, not just for health reasons but to be appreciated for their physique and beauty, just like people without handicaps.

All those who felt that a pictorial such as this might degrade or embarrass the disabled community were mistaken. What it has done is open the eyes of so many

who were in the dark on the subject of disability.

You have our strong support and hope that *Playboy*, even under opposition, will continue to pioneer causes such as this.

Thanks for taking a stand.

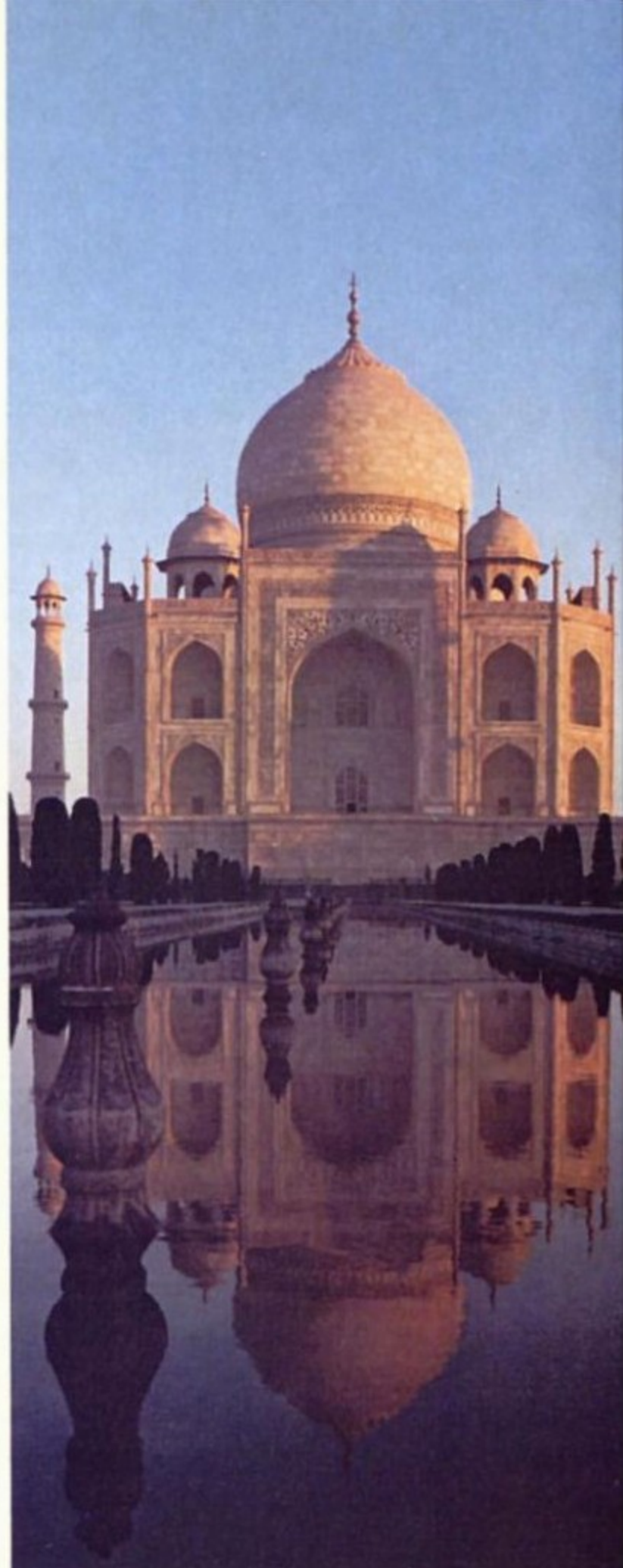
Richard R. Guerra, President
American Handicapped Association
West Chicago, Illinois

As a clinical sexologist, a sex therapist and a handicapped adult, I can't begin to explain the importance of your publication's having done a pictorial featuring a paraplegic woman. In a society where feminists often accuse publications such as yours of exploiting women, you are standing head and shoulders above this accusation by helping a significant segment of the population develop pride in itself, while at the same time helping the rest of the public recognize that handicapped people are sexual and can be sexy. As one of the cochairpersons of the Eighth World Congress for Sexology, being held in Heidelberg, West Germany, and the chair of the session on sex and the handicapped, I feel as though we should dispense with our speakers and instead merely feature your pictorial.

While I would never expect *Playboy* to become the champion of handicapped issues or the primary place for handicapped people to find eroticism in their lives, I do hope that this pictorial will be the beginning of some increased sensitivity on the part of the general public.

Frederick A. Shotz, Ph.D., F.I.C.
Clinical Director
Counseling Associates
Davie, Florida

Your Ellen Stohl pictorial is honorable, educational and provocative in all the right ways. And I am convinced that it can't help opening up some healthy discussion regarding the way we able-bodied folks are so compelled to neuter the handicapped. Of course, there will still be a brouhaha. But my hunch is that your



When Shah Jehan saw the contractor's bid, did he say "Make the pool a little smaller"?

Cutting corners is unthinkable when creating a masterpiece. This is a principle we keep in mind during the twelve long years it takes to create Johnnie Walker Black Label. It has every right to be expensive.

**Johnnie Walker
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effort will be applauded by handicapped women. And I figure that if they don't have any problem with it, that ought to hush some of the folks who are planning to launch into major outrage.

For what it's worth, I applaud you.

Judy Markey, Columnist
Chicago Sun-Times
Chicago, Illinois

The female amputee often dreams about being in the spotlight as an exciting, sexual human being. The pictorial on Ellen Stohl is delightful and, though she isn't an amputee, allows us to realize that to be handicapped and sexy is possible.

We have been advocating this acceptance of one's sexuality for a long time. Unfortunately, success is coming slowly. However, your courage in presenting this pictorial makes us feel good about ourselves.

We are fighting daily for the handicapped to be accepted into the mainstream of society, and we can't thank you enough for this major step in making some of our dreams seem possible.

Bette Hagglund, Executive Director
Amputees' Service Association
Chicago, Illinois

As a person in a wheelchair, a writer and editor for magazines and an adamant *Playboy* fan, I was very pleased when I heard about your Ellen Stohl pictorial. But when I read the text, I was sad to see an error that does a disservice to the disabled community, not to mention to Miss Stohl.

You refer to her as confined to a wheelchair—a term that, though common, is misleading and insulting to many of us who use wheelchairs.

The problem with "confined to a wheelchair" (or "wheelchair-bound," which you use later to describe the other members of Stohl's panel) is that we are *not* confined or bound to our wheelchairs; a wheelchair is a tool that enables us to get around. It is liberating rather than confining.

Consider your own sentence "She's a full-time student, a part-time actress, model and a public speaker; she drives a car, rides a horse, skis, studies martial arts—and is confined to a wheelchair." It makes no sense! The very point is that she is everything *but* confined to her wheelchair!

Still, thank you very much for showing the world that people with disabilities can and do have sexuality.

Ben Mattlin
Los Angeles, California

In all the years that I have been a *Playboy* reader, I have never been more moved than by the Ellen Stohl story. I, too, am handicapped. I have been afflicted with cerebral palsy since birth. Unlike Ellen, I do not require a wheelchair, thanks to several operations I have had

Playboy's newest special edition can help you do it. It's *Playboy's Wet & Wild Women* and it's at newsstands right now. Featuring 112 pages of PLAYBOY's finest, women who really know how to make a splash on a hot summer's day.

TO ORDER BY MAIL:
Send check or money order for \$7.50 per copy (includes postage) made payable to: Playboy Products, P.O. Box 1554, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60009. Canadian residents, add \$3.00, full amount payable in U.S. currency on a U.S. bank only. Sorry, no other foreign orders can be accepted.

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

since I was a child. I am now 29 years old.

All my life, I have had to live with my disability, to put up with people's staring at me in public due to my style of walking; but the biggest frustration is not being socially accepted by most women. I'd like to thank *Playboy* for featuring Miss Stohl and helping society understand the feelings of disabled people. We're human, too.

Robert C. Garavaglia
St. Louis, Missouri

What Ellen Stohl has to say in the July issue has really made me see the light about the disabled. Now I find it hard to believe just how crassly narrow-minded I've been for so long about people in her situation. Before seeing her pictorial, I would not have believed that a woman with her handicap could look so attractive.

Ellen has done a very great service by helping people like me see that a person should never be judged by the kind of chair he or she sits in.

Stephen Citynskyj
Bicester, England

My son has been a quadriplegic since 1984, when the University of Oregon varsity wrestling team had an accident on its way to a meet in Washington.

Paralyzed people are not freaks, nor are they deformed. They are normal people who were unlucky enough to break the wrong bone. My son constantly fights this stereotypical view others have of him. He finds it hard to get a date, because he says girls back away when they think he is interested in them.

I applaud your courage in publishing your pictorial on Ellen Stohl. If spinal-cord-injured people were more visible, more outspoken and more demanding, then public accessibility, job opportunities and equality for them would be much closer to reality.

Caren Topliff
Sandy, Oregon

I saw Ellen Stohl being interviewed by Larry King, so I grabbed my husband's July *Playboy* and turned to her pictorial. I give Ellen three cheers. She has opened my eyes and answered some of my questions about disabled people. She has helped all of us not only recognize the sexuality of people in wheelchairs but recognize them as human beings with feelings.

Jeri Taylor
Morehead, Kentucky

I want to commend *Playboy* for having had the courage to run the Ellen Stohl pictorial and Miss Stohl for her courage.

For too long, people with disabilities have been seen as exactly that—disabled. The blind, the deaf, the retarded are seldom seen as merely men and women, boys and girls, with a disability as *one* of their many characteristics. And as regards



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830 — LOST
A man's gold wedding band with diamond. Inscription inside with initials 'J & M'. Found on tennis court in Cool Park on 6/18. 555-3082.

0840 — FOUND
FOUND. Distinctive men's ultra-slim billfold. Looks like it's from Prince Gardner's CEO Collection. That's why I'm looking for the man who owns it. With taste like this, he's got to have great taste in everything. The look says he's arrived...or soon will. And the full-grain leather says he goes first class. So if he's looking for a real find, he'll find me where he lost his Prince Gardner wallet. Brannegani's Pub. Saturday at eight.

FOUND: Black and white male cat found in Valley Park. Has three white paws and one black. Collar, no tags. Call 555-9042.

Siberian Husky, male, black and white with grey eyes, lost in Parklane area.

male, black and white, lost in Parklane area. REWARD

Prince Gardner
What a find!
Prince Gardner, St. Louis, MO
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sexuality, disability has so many unfortunate connotations—ugliness, sickness, dependency—that sexuality and disability are almost viewed as mutually exclusive terms. Indeed, the families of people with disabilities as well as society in general strive to make people with disabilities asexual.

Therefore, your pictorial is a revolution in the making. On this, as on so many issues, you have shown the way by dealing with stereotypes head on in a way that no one can ignore. I know your effort will spark a change in attitudes that is long overdue. Toward this effort, I have enclosed a booklet I wrote, which you may want to share with your readers so that they may understand better the issues of sexuality and disability.

George Marshall Worthington
International Health and
Development Consultant
New York, New York

Thanks for the kind words. We like your pamphlet, "About Sexuality and People with Disabilities," and recommend it to our readers who may want some general information about the subject. Copies can be obtained by writing to George Marshall Worthington, 345 West 21st Street, Suite 3D, New York, New York 10011.

TUTTI-FRUITY? AW, ROOTIE

I'm glad Little Richard didn't stop the publication of John Waters' article about him, *Little Richard, Happy at Last?* (*Playboy*, July). What a great article: a great film maker talking with and writing about "the Inventor of Rock 'n' Roll." I've seen many pieces on TV about Little Richard but none as informative as the one in *Playboy*. What's next—Father Divine interviewing Bo Diddley?

John D. Bartlett
Santa Cruz, California

TEACH THE CHILDREN WELL

I have been a teacher for 22 years and, naturally, I am always in search of materials that can be used in the classroom. I am also a longtime subscriber to *Playboy*.

I have always believed that we must teach everything we can about sex, drugs and now AIDS. It is time for the people who believe that a little learning is a dangerous thing to get the hell out of education, so the rest of us can give kids—and adults—the accurate and complete information they need to make intelligent choices in our difficult society.

I have read your articles *Drugs: Where We Stand* and *Addiction and Rehabilitation* in the May *Playboy*.

I remember the first time you published the chart "Major Drugs: Their Uses and Effects," in September 1972. It was rather controversial at the time.

I think it would be helpful to me and to other teachers if Playboy Enterprises, Inc., as a public service, were to expand

the 1987 updated chart, clean up the color resolution so that it was easier to see and read and make it available to schools all around the nation, to provide us with yet another tool to use in drug education.

Stanton J. Bringer
Fremont, California

We already have what you need, Stanton. Reprints of the chart are included in our booklet "The Dangers of Drugs," which is available to schools, qualified drug and alcohol centers, athletic organizations, state alcohol and drug associations and education and health-care professionals. To order it, send one dollar per copy to the Playboy Foundation, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

CATCHING UP WITH BABER

Asa Baber's *Men* column in your July issue, "Catch-23," must be the understatement of the past 25 years! Using Yossarian to depict the helplessness of men to defend against the continuous war being waged on our masculinity by feminists is genius.

The suicide rate among young white males is pathetic. So often the blame is easily thrown on alcohol or drugs, but Baber hits the nail right on the head! He has struck the core.

White American males are possibly the largest minority group in the world today. Sexist statement? I think not!

Brian Fitzgerald
Tempe, Arizona

NAKED CAME THE STRANGERS

My girlfriend and I enjoyed your *Beach Ball!* feature in the July issue, particularly "The Best Nude Beaches in the World."

We have been talking about going to a nude beach, but we didn't know where to find one except in Australia and Brazil (a little far to go). Thanks to your story, we now have the names of ten places.

Richard Hooper
Houston, Texas

FAN WADES INTO BOGGS OF DETAILS

The Wade Boggs *Playboy* Interview in the July issue is terrific! But on page 57, he talks of a series in the Seattle Kingdome and line drives to Kirby Puckett. Puckett plays in Minnesota, with the Twins. Wade's memory isn't as good as his eyesight.

Martin Debsky
Forest Hills, New York

How right you are, Martin. But Boggs is paid to remember the strike zone, not where he gets his hits. As for our not correcting his memory, we didn't want to offend him before he autographed our baseball.

TO CARMEN, WITH LOVE

My thanks to *Playboy* and to Pompeo Posar for the wonderful photographs of Miss July, Carmen Berg. Her face and figure are exquisite, and I was delighted to read about her kindness and generosity.

Miss Berg has both types of beauty. And since this was Posar's 56th Playmate assignment, the gentleman may well consider 56 his lucky number!

W. C. Glover
Fresno, California

Yeah, Carmen Berg! Rompin'! Stomp-in'! Yowie, zowie—*Playboy* rings my bell again with another hypnotically celestial centerfold! Hats off to Pompeo—gosh golly gum, what a gal!

John P. Hansen
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Not only is Carmen Berg very beautiful on the outside, her comments reveal a very beautiful person on the inside.

I'm sure my feelings are shared by many men; some of us appreciate a woman not only for her visual beauty but also for the loving qualities that she possesses. Carmen's love, commitment and tenderness make her a very special woman.

A lot of us (both men and women) search all our lives for somebody with whom to spend our lives, to share our happiness and pain and, most of all, to share our love. I have not found this person yet, but I would want her to be just like Carmen.

Samuel L. Torrez
Dallas, Texas

Guys, this time you've outdone yourselves. Miss July, Carmen Berg, must be the closest thing to perfection I've ever seen. Thank God she didn't follow in her father's footsteps! (An *Auctioneer Girls of Bismarck, North Dakota*, pictorial seems rather unlikely.)

I hope we'll be seeing more of Miss Berg in the future; but until then, how 'bout another shot of her and that beautiful smile?

Steve Hamilton
San Jose, California

There is something haunting about Carmen's smile, isn't there? Take it from us,



she's quite a lady. So have another look at that smile, Steve.



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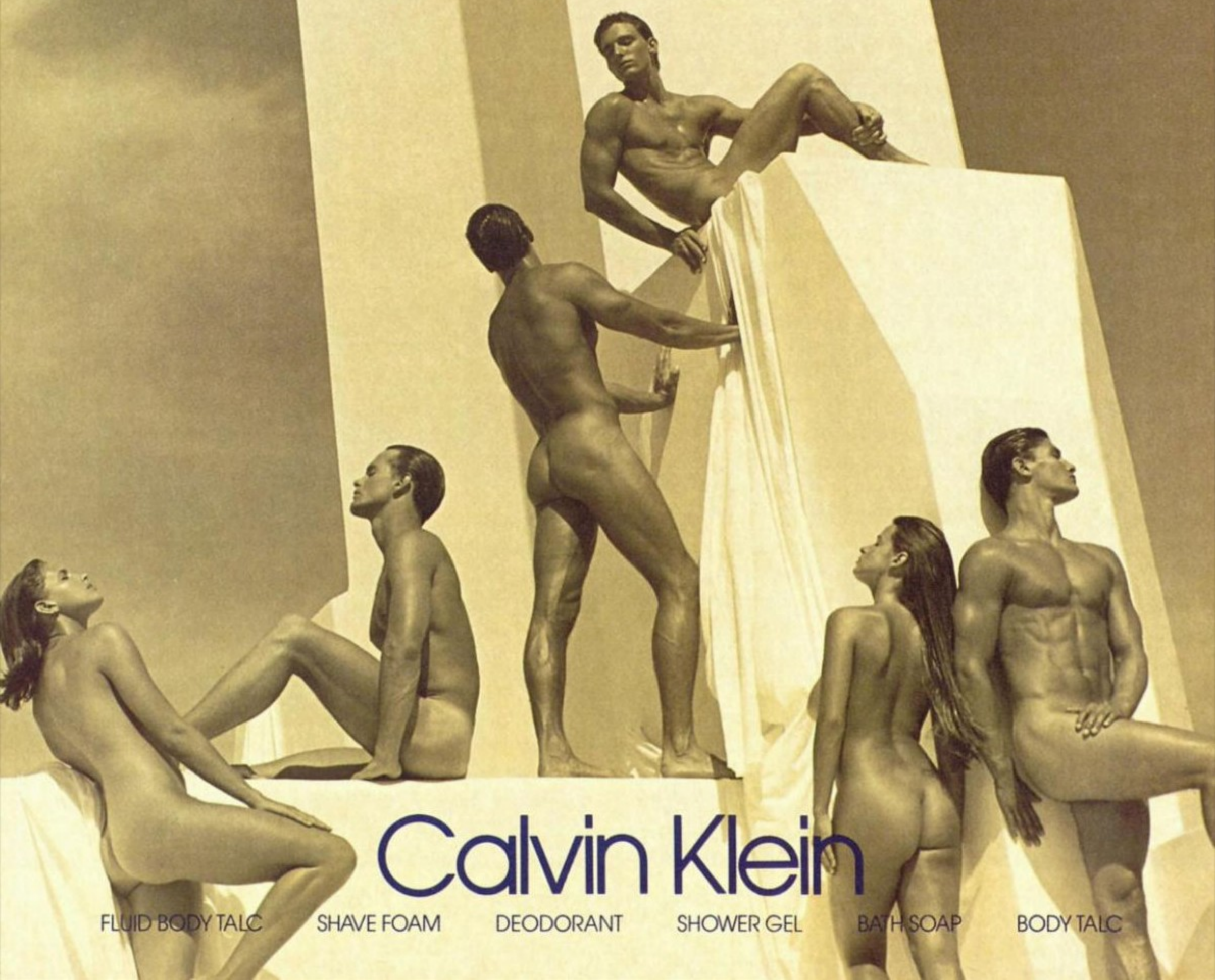
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



HOW TO SPEND \$300

OK, so you've done the No Money Down seminar at the Holiday Inn; you've mastered Penny Stocks at the Ramada. But are you really happy and content, the way Shirley MacLaine is? MacLaine, of course, is not just your run-of-the-screen Oscar-winning actress—she's the *de facto* Pope-ette of the grass-roots metaphysical movement that's turning normal folks into wide-eyed, chakra-friendly reincarnation buffs. And she's now doing it with a traveling road show playing at hotel ballrooms. We caught up with the former belle of Atlantis at L.A.'s venerable Biltmore Hotel, where she was holding her Connecting with the Higher Self weekend seminar. The cost was steep, but as MacLaine herself said, "One hundred dollars for the mind, \$100 for the body, \$100 for the soul. I want to share the alignment of these three, which is what New Age enlightenment is all about." That made it seem like a bargain, not only to us but to 1000 or so other takers, including comedian Rip Taylor (minus confetti and flapping hairpiece) and Rita Coolidge (looking as good as she did in the Sixties). All the proceeds go to a New Age Therapy Center, but the devotees were more concerned with the magic in the room. "We've come all the way across the country and all we found was each other," said MacLaine, citing the day's success. "The moment that happened, personal reality was born." Watch your newspaper; personal reality may be coming soon to a hotel near you.

BUDGET GRACELAND

Music-video news you won't find on MTV: For those of you who missed Paul Simon's Showtime special *Graceland: The African Concert*, there's a tape just out from Warner Reprise Video. The 90-minute show (also featuring Hugh Masekela, Miriam Makeba and Lady-smith Black Mambazo) is priced at \$30. And there's good news even for Simon fans who caught the original. The video cassette comes with hi-fi stereo sound,

something your cable system can't deliver. By the way, if you're looking for really old *Rhyming*, be aware that the only non-*Graceland* tunes performed on the tour (*The Boxer* and *Mother and Child Reunion*) didn't make the tape.

Speaking of *Graceland*, Key Video has come out with a nice little package to commemorate the tenth anniversary of Elvis' death—11 Presley movies (including *Love Me Tender*, *King Creole* and *Blue Hawaii*), all in hi-fi stereo, each at \$20. And so, thanks to video, long live the King.

TV DATES

The wildly successful singles' TV show *Love Connection* enters its fifth season this fall. You know the show—it's the one in which a contestant picks out a date from three prerecorded videos and then gossips about him or her on national television. It's not hard to understand the show's strong ratings. In addition to the juicy tidbits, occasional real-life love stories emerge: Out of more than 2500 matches, 12 couples have married. And who can top

the cozy carnage? When a female contestant claimed she had great legs, her date quipped, "I've seen better legs in a bucket of chicken."

Says host Chuck Woolery, "It's like sitting on a hand grenade with the pin pulled."

But, we wondered, in this anything-can-happen atmosphere, why has there never been interracial dating? On *Love Connection*, as on the "all new" *Dating Game*, blacks and whites never mingle. It's show policy. Interracial dating is too touchy a notion, the producers told us. Their job is to entertain, not change society, they say. But the more likely explanation, according to one industry insider, is that producers fear cancellation in racist markets.

The same ex-officio rule applies to gay dating on television. According to one network exec, "That's what cable TV was invented for." The more things change. . .

FAT MANAGEMENT

Have you ever wondered what happens to all those globs of fat that get vacuumed out of America's thighs and bellies during liposuction surgery?

We figured that guys named Bruno loaded them into rusty barrels and trucked them by night to remote burial grounds, where they promptly leaked out into the water table. Or maybe they were sold to the latest cost-efficient fast-food franchise.

Dr. Julius Newman, founder of the American Society of Lipo-Suction Surgery and chairman of the department of cosmetic surgery at Graduate Hospital in Philadelphia, has a better idea. He "recycles" fat from one part of a person's body to areas that the person may want to have augmented—areas such as chins and cheeks and, yes, breasts.

"This is going to be the hottest thing for breast augmentation," says Dr. Newman, who insists it's safer than implants, even though some plastic surgeons disagree. Newman has performed the surgery with some regularity over the past year. "The



RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"American women don't let themselves go. . . . They want to get married before having pleasure, they want to take something that doesn't yet belong to them; they don't want to take the time to conquer [a man]."—French director Claude Lelouch in *France Magazine*.

Q. AND A.

How many types of cigarettes are there?
More than 300

How much does a two-month ski trip to the South Pole cost? Mountain Travel charges \$69,500.

How many sheep live in New Zealand? For every human living in New Zealand, there are 20 sheep. The human population is 3,400,000. Go figure.

BRIDGE, ANYONE?

Number of possible arrangements of
a 52-card deck: 80,660,000,000,-
000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,-
000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,-
000,000,000.

UPWARD MOBILITY

Amount of time an average city dweller spends per day in elevators: eight minutes.

Estimated number of new passenger elevators sold in the United States in 1986, 11,678; of escalators, 986; of dumb-waiters, 229.

PASS OUT

Number of deaths due to football, according to a survey by the American Football Coaches Association: in 1986, 19; in 1985, nine; in 1984, nine.



FACT OF THE MONTH

Dr. Stephen Kaplan of the Vampire Research Center in Elmhurst, New York, says that 200 vampires live in the United States. How do you spot them? Females are 5'8" tall, blonde and green-eyed; males are 5'10", with brown hair and blue eyes. Most look to be about 20 and live on the West Coast, where not only the vampires want to live forever.

carpentry, 25; used-merchandise stores, 24; eating and drinking places, 12.

The fastest-growing employment fields in large corporations, by percentage: temporary-help services, 173; communication services, including cable TV, 89; electronic computing equipment, 34; photographic equipment, supplies and services, 28; eating places, 27; newspapers, 18.

OUTER SPACE, INNER SPACE

Percentage of Americans who believe that UFOs are really space vehicles from other civilizations: 43.

Percentage who believe in life after death: 71.

Percentage who believe the afterlife is boring: five.

Percentage to whom God has spoken directly: 36.

Of the 1986 fatalities, number resulting directly from play, 12; number from such indirect causes as heatstroke and heart attack, seven.

JOBS

The Small Business Administration reports that in the Eighties, more new jobs have become available in small businesses than in large corporations.

Rates of growth in job areas among small businesses in the Eighties, by percentage: electronic computing equipment, 114; oil and gas exploration and mining, 60; lawn and garden services, 46; security brokers and dealers, 42; periodicals, 29; wine and brandy manufacturing, 27; 5; used-merchandise and drinking places, 12.

beauty about fat is it's your own. You can't get an allergic reaction to it. It's so simple, I wonder why we didn't think of it years ago. With my automatic fat gun, it makes it very quick and easy. In 15 minutes, I can recontour a whole face."

Not only does Newman perform the surgery, he has also conducted three workshops since last December, training about 250 doctors in the fat-recycling technique. "We're going to see an explosion," he predicts.

As with most cosmetic surgery, the majority of patients undergoing the procedure are women. Newman, however, has recycled men's fat as well. "The only thing men aren't coming in for is boobs," he says.

Presumably, they look elsewhere.

IRON MIKE AT THE MIKE

The concert stage was set for a solo artist—a folk singer, maybe. But the 47-year-old tough guy emerging through the curtains was Chicago Bears head coach Mike Ditka. Instead of cheering or applauding, the crowd of 1800 commenced to woof—the official Bears-fan greeting. Ditka, author, restaurateur, product spokesperson and football coach, was about to launch his latest career: entertainer.

Few performers are as intimidating as Ditka. Dressed in an expensive gray suit accented with a red carnation, he strode resolutely to the microphone. "My new video is called *The Grabowski Shuffle*. You're going to like it," he snapped.

Ditka premiered at Merrillville, Indiana's, Holiday Star Theatre, a 3400-seat show place near Chicago. "We invited him," explained TerryAnn Defenser, the theater's publicity manager. "We wanted to diversify our bookings. We told Ditka the show could be whatever he wanted it to be."

The coach evidently wanted it to be part stand-up comedy and part motivational sermon. A sampling of the Ditka wit:

"My relationship with Jim McMahon," he began, "is strange and wonderful. He's strange and I'm wonderful. It's not true that we don't talk. We've both been here six years, and we've talked four times."

"Woof, woof," went the audience.

Ditka dwelled for 30 impassioned minutes on the ramifications of success. "I think successful people live by the golden rule. They do unto others as they would have done unto them," he said. Sure, the same way the Bears' defense does.

Was Ditka a hit? On the one hand, he motivated only two concertgoers to purchase his autobiography, on sale in the lobby. On the other, no one present dared tell him he was anything but sensational. For now, the budding career is on hold for football season.



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If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then Escort and Passport are easily the world's most admired radar detectors.

And if imitation were the same as duplication, then there would be other equally capable detectors. Occasionally you hear of imitations "just as good as" Escort and Passport, usually from someone trying to sell you something cheaper.

The experts are unanimous

No matter what anybody says, there is, in fact, no detector on the market that's "just as good as" Escort and Passport. And you needn't take our word for it. In 1987, three respected magazines have published comparison tests of radar detectors.

What Car and Driver says

In April, *Car and Driver* rated Passport highest of nine miniature models, saying, "At \$295 direct from the factory, it's the most expensive piece of electronic protection in the group, but it's worth every nickel in roadgoing peace of mind."

What Roundel says

In June, *Roundel* ranked Passport and Escort first and second respectively in a comparison of 14 detectors. About Passport the author said, "It remains the State of the Art, a true quality product, American ingenuity at its best." Regarding Escort, "It is an excellent detector in its own right and continues as a pacesetter in the detector market."

What Popular Mechanics says

In July, *Popular Mechanics* rated Escort first and Passport second in a group of 11 brands. The magazine concluded, "Clearly, the Escort is the best radar detector around. The best of the minis was the Passport..."



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Money
MAY 1987

99 THINGS THAT AMERICANS MAKE BEST

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What we say

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Said *Car and Driver*, "While other makers have spent their energy on funny features or zoomy styling, CM has found a way to improve function in a quiet and systematic way. Such innovation is the mark of a leader, and we applaud Cincinnati Microwave for its eagerness to head off problems before they become problems."

Our anti-Rashid circuitry demonstrates our commitment to the highest radar warning technology. We think the fact that the imitators don't have it demonstrates their commitment too.

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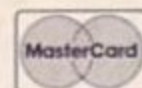
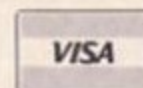
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VIC GARBARINI

LISTENING to Whitney Houston's follow-up to her record-shattering debut album is like biting into a shrink-wrapped Danish without having removed the cellophane. You know there's something good in there, but all you can taste is plastic. To be fair, *I Wanna Dance with Somebody* generates a little heat. But the rest of **Whitney** (Arista) is deadened by a play-it-safe policy of overproduction and high-tech perfectionism that wrings most of the spontaneity and excitement from the album. And the fact that most of these tunes, especially the ballads, come across as pale dittos of the schmaltzy show tunes and watered-down R&B of her debut doesn't help.

Indiana native John Hiatt has long been pegged as a farm-league Elvis Costello with country leanings. But **Bring the Family** (A&M) is one of those unexpected minor miracles that break down musical barriers and reaffirm the vitality of pop music. In contrast to the producers of *Whitney*, Hiatt assembled an all-star pickup band virtually overnight and punched out the entire album in four days. The results, highlighted by Ry Cooder's exquisitely pungent slide guitar, Nick Lowe's solid bass playing and Jim Keltner's sensitive yet forceful drumming, virtually leap off the plastic. Hiatt's impassioned vocals and deft songwriting manage to ignore the differences among Memphis soul, Nashville country and basic rock 'n' roll with a startling facility that recalls early Van Morrison. At times, *Bring the Family* almost convinces you that you're hearing Otis Redding doing *Astral Weeks*—with lyrics even Dylan (or Bruce) might be proud of.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

The Cure has a highly distinctive sound—Robert Smith's cracking, off-key tenor and skewed lyrics layered over eerie psychedelia—and an engaging sense of melody. So why, after 11 years, hasn't the Cure found major stardom? My theory is that the average music fan experiences cognitive dissonance when he tries to hum along with a guy who believes that we are random atoms in an absurd universe and is so depressed that it's amazing he can get out of bed, let alone lead a band. On **Kiss Me Kiss Me Kiss Me** (Elektra), Smith and the Cure continue their exploration of melancholia with an occasional time out for the possibility of love with a girl who's probably insane, so what's the point, anyway? I don't know, but I suspect that if Smith ever finds the point, he'll have a major commercial breakthrough.

Heart has a different problem: a constituency only as large as its last hit single. The Wilson sisters make grand gestures,



Going back to Houston.

Whitney's second take,
Hiatt's all-star pop
and Ornette's masterpiece.

they sing with operatic vibrato, they have interesting hair, but what do they stand for? The same old relationship autopsies that have always inspired popular music. The problem with its latest, **Bad Animals** (Capitol), is that Heart hasn't pulled any new organs out of the cadaver. It isn't cynical schlock, it isn't inspired art, it isn't anything that's going back on my turntable.

NELSON GEORGE

The O'Jays (Eddie Levert, Walter Williams, Sammy Strain) were the dominant black vocal group of the Seventies, with Levert's gutsy lead vocals acting as a bracing counterpoint to the lush arrangements of Kenny Gamble's and Leon Huff's TSOP (The Sound of Philadelphia). But when that string- and horn-laden sound went into commercial decline, so did the O'Jays' status as record sellers. **Let Me Touch You** (Philadelphia International) is the trio's best effort in years, because on songs such as *No Lies to Cloud My Eyes*, *Undercover Lover* and *Don't Let the Dream Get Away*, producer Thom Bell, assisted by protégés Casey James and LeRoy Bell, has again showcased the O'Jays' grit, this time amid slick and clever synthesizer arrangements.

While the O'Jays topped the charts, Stephanie Mills was a bright young Broadway star in *The Wiz* and a steady pop-soul hit maker. But changes in her personal and professional life have made

the Eighties a disappointing period for the still-youthful singer. **If I Were Your Woman** (MCA) is her most focused album in years, largely because Mills has finally found songs that suit her emotional, highly theatrical style. The Gospel ballad *I Feel Good All Over*, a cover of the Gladys Knight standard *If I Were Your Woman* and the AIDS-era anthem [*You're Puttin' A Rush on Me*] all reveal a singer in touch with her voice and herself.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Now 57 and as broadly respected as any musician in America, Ornette Coleman resists an elder statesman's niche as if the possibility had never occurred to him. This impractical, self-taught genius makes Cage and Rollins look as careerist as Mick Jagger, which helps explain how his music retains its irreducible freshness as he flits from marginal label to marginal label. The uninitiated can live without his first two LPs for Caravan of Dreams Productions, an avant-garde consortium in Coleman's native Fort Worth (312 Houston

GUEST SHOT



SINCE HIS *Seventies* hit "*Foiled Around and Fell in Love*" with Elvin Bishop, pop fans have known that Georgia native Mickey Thomas is a singer's singer. Now enjoying an impressive run of chart busters with *Starship*, Thomas took time out from finishing the band's new LP, "*No Protection*," to comment on "*Whitney*," by another singer's singer, Whitney Houston.

"I listen to Whitney and I'm jealous—what an instrument! The duet with her mother is one of my favorite tracks; *Whitney* is a genetic masterpiece. This second album generally adheres to the same formula as the first. *I Wanna Dance with Somebody* is very much along the lines of *How Will I Know*. It doesn't matter that Whitney's not a songwriter—it's just as great to be a dynamic stylist. The production here stays out of the way of her voice. On her third album, it will be time to take some more artistic gambles. That's what will establish her artistic longevity."

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FAST TRACKS



ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
The Cure <i>Kiss Me Kiss Me</i> <i>Kiss Me</i>	5	6	5	4	7
Gloria Estefan and Miami Sound Machine <i>Let It Loose</i>	7	4	6	3	6
Heart <i>Bad Animals</i>	3	7	6	3	4
John Hiatt <i>Bring the Family</i>	4	10	7	5	7
Whitney Houston <i>Whitney</i>	3	6	7	2	7

WILL YOU STILL NEED ME, WILL YOU STILL FEED ME? DEPARTMENT: Where was Ringo during the 20th-anniversary celebration of *Sgt. Pepper* at Abbey Road Studios? Watching his sons, Zack and Jason, play drums at a South London club. Who says there's a generation gap?

REELING AND ROCKING: The Nylons will be heard on the sound track for *Bright Lights, Big City*, starring Michael J. Fox. . . . Look for a theater release of a Eurythmics concert film. . . . Lisa Lisa and Cult Jam will provide at least one song for the new animated movie *Felix the Cat*. . . . Sting will star in *Stormy Monday* with Melanie Griffith and Tommy Lee Jones. . . . Cameo is doing the screenplay for a movie called *Tacky Guy*. . . . Joan Jett is considering a role in Ron Howard's next movie and reading a lot of scripts. . . . Kris Kristofferson says a movie based on his song *Me and Bobby McGee* is being planned, with Dennis Hopper directing. Kristofferson says, "It's definitely a road type of movie . . . set in the Sixties." . . . Heart's Nancy Wilson says that the animated film she has been working on for the past six years, *The Dream Friends*, is about to get off the ground. Disney and other major studios have expressed interest . . . and sister Ann is committed to doing a solo album after Heart completes its tour.

NEWSBREAKS: Five new categories have been added to the Grammy awards: best motion-picture sound-track album, motion-picture song, country vocal duet, contemporary blues recording and traditional blues recording. . . . Frank Zappa has formed his own video company, Honker Home Video. His famous nose will be part of the company logo. The first four releases will be by Zappa, but he hopes to attract video artists who are having trouble

getting distribution for their risky or offbeat work. . . . Willie Nelson is working on his first prime-time TV special, which will star Bruce Hornsby and Ray Charles. . . . The Turtles, a.k.a. Mark Volman and Howard Kaylan, are about to go into the studio to make their first LP in four years. . . . Proceeds of the L.A. concert honoring Bishop Desmond Tutu, which will feature Hugh Masekela, Jeffrey Osborne, The Fat Boys and Fela, will go to an organization that fights illiteracy in South Africa. Promoters hope an album and a TV broadcast will be included. . . . Look for new albums from The Alarm, Depeche Mode, Hunters and Collectors, Michael Henderson, Roy Orbison and Talk Talk. . . . Promoters of Cleveland's Rock and Roll Hall of Fame are fund-raising and hope to sell 100,000 Founder certificates. The museum, to be designed by I. M. Pei, is expected to open in 1991. . . . Former Go-Go Kathy Valentine says about her new band, The World's Cutest Killers, "I really had to wait a couple of years to let being a Go-Go wear off. . . . I was really reluctant to put a band together . . . because I felt like nothing I could do would ever compare to the Go-Go's; but within a week of putting this band together, I realized things could be the same." . . . The English businessman who bought the Beatles Museum in Liverpool plans to keep it there and find a permanent place to house the memorabilia. . . . Billy Joel did his Russian concerts for free with the understanding that he could film the shows for either a long video or a full-length feature film. Said Joel, "I've been told there'll be no restrictions on me; I can go where I want. I hope I end up in somebody's kitchen drinking vodka." *Na zdorovie!* —BARBARA NELLIS

Street, Fort Worth, Texas 76102): *Prime Time/Time Design* and *Opening the Caravan of Dreams*. But *In All Languages*, an ideal introduction to Coleman, is certain to stand as one of 1987's finest albums.

The first disc of the double LP was cut with Coleman's classic Fifties quartet of Don Cherry, Charlie Haden and Billy Higgins. When Cherry and Haden celebrated Coleman's legacy as Old and New Dreams, they played jazz chamber music. Here they're hotter, tighter and faster than in their glory days, yet infectious enough not to intimidate newcomers. The second disc passes many of the same tunes—and one of Coleman's many gifts is for simple, catchy themes—to his electric band, Prime Time. No way is the result rock or funk—Coleman is impatient with the steady pulse. But despite that impatience, the internal sympathy of the group and the brevity of the pieces assure a coherence that coexists with constant surprise as in no other music. *In All Languages* should grab and hold anyone with a taste for electric textures whose ears haven't been totally pickled by convention. "The sound is the music," Coleman likes to say. This is what he means.

DAVE MARSH

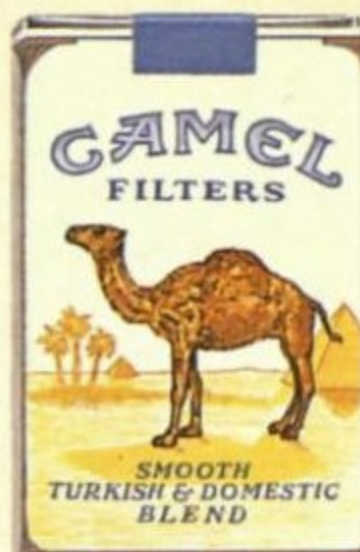
Punk was founded on the premise that only rebellion and amateurism could save rock from the stultification of smooth professionalism. That's not a bad place to start, but it's been a hellacious place to live. Despite punk ideology, careers that last longer than three-minute singles aren't always sellouts; lives that don't burn out aren't necessarily betrayals.

The conflict between staying pure and growing up is deeply embedded in The Replacements' *Pleased to Meet Me* (Sire). And that tension makes it a terrific record. Shorn of lead guitarist Bob Stinson, the group defies odds and ideology to exhibit all kinds of growth. Paul Westerberg's vocals rasp with new authority, his guitar work fills in admirably for Stinson's and his songs are that much more musical. Producer Jim Dickinson offers settings—even soul-based horns and strings—that extend the band's range. Bassist Tommy Stinson and drummer Chris Mars always keep up. From stumblebum beginnings, these guys have become, if not smooth, at least professional.

And that's the problem—punk rockers aren't supposed to grow up. On stage, The Replacements have ranked with The Stooges, The Who and the Sex Pistols among the most self-destructive bands in history. But the best songs here, especially *Alex Chilton*, a tribute to another burnout, *I Don't Know*, in which Westerberg grapples with his soul on the brink of fame, and *Can't Hardly Wait*, in which the bad boys plead to come home, indicate that this band means to survive, even though that's a violation of the rules.

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PACK: 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, FILTERS 100's: 18 mg. "tar",
1.2 mg. nicotine, REGULAR: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per
cigarette by FTC method.

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE UNFORCED screwball pleasures of *Nadine* (Tri-Star) are a treat in this era of slam-bam-pow comedies that grab you by the shirt front and give a hard shake to let you know what's funny. Writer-director Robert Benton knows the gentle and not-so-gentle folk of Texas (*Places in the Heart* was his last dig into those cultural roots). His feel for the place and the people warms up every frame of *Nadine*, with Kim Basinger as a vulnerable, skittish Austin beautician who gets involved with rattlesnakes—real ones as well as the human variety—while trying to retrieve some nude photos of herself. In pursuit of the so-called art studies, she becomes an unwitting witness to the murder of a small-potatoes photographer (Jerry Stiller in a very brief appearance) who conned her into believing he'd been in the Army with Mr. Hugh Hefner. Set back in the innocent Fifties, *Nadine* finally allows Basinger some room to exercise the zany down-home charm and comic flair of which she gave teasing glimpses in *The Man Who Loved Women* and *Blind Date*. Jeff Bridges is a perfect foil as her nearly ex-husband, Vernon Hightower, a likable perennial loser whose efforts to help his wife are hit or miss at best. "You two are living testimony to the fact that it's better to be lucky than smart," roars Rip Torn, high in his saddle as the snaky tycoon involved in a highway scam the couple has accidentally uncovered. Benton's loco dialog doesn't always rise to the lofty standard set by his actors, who could obviously handle snappier repartee if they had it. Still, the chips fall on the side of *Nadine* as an irresistibly romantic and unassuming comedy of errors. ★★★½

A futuristic thriller mounted with high style and cunningly subversive humor, Dutch director Paul Verhoeven's *RoboCop* (Orion) is his first American movie, and it's a dilly. The big-business bad guys and their leering hired thugs are stock villains, of course, but Ronny Cox, Kurtwood Smith and Miguel Ferrer (son of actor José and singer Rosemary Clooney) make consummate evil quite engaging. Peter Weller plays the title role and manages to project some soul as a murdered policeman whose bullet-riddled remains are built into a computerized, incorruptible supercop. As his former partner, Nancy Allen provides the only link to RoboCop's predroid existence. The place and time are Old Detroit some years from now, in a Max Headroomish world so far gone that the TV news flashes—rebels occupying Acapulco airport, star-wars mishaps wiping out ex-Presidents' retreats in California—alternate with commercials for "Nukem . . . another quality home



Nadine gives Basinger a juicy role.

Varied treats: screwball comedy, savvy s-f and a wicked psychodrama.

game from Butler Brothers." Given a tight, snappy screenplay by Edward Neumeier and Michael Miner, Verhoeven deftly avoids the jet lapse that often afflicts European moviemakers when they try to simulate Yankee know-how. *RoboCop* has the same exuberant film smarts that Verhoeven showed in such Dutch treats as *Spetters* and *Soldier of Orange*. ★★★½

When an L.A. detective who moonlights as a successful novelist meets a remorseless hit man with a yen to collaborate on a tell-all biography, what you get is *Best Seller* (Orion). Writer-director John Flynn collaborated with Larry Cohen on a screenplay full of glaring inconsistencies but also rich in opportunities for Brian Dennehy, as the policeman-author, and James Woods, as the vicious, amoral professional killer. Woods is chillingly believable, as always, but both actors are so accomplished and exciting that they could no doubt generate high tension from a recitation of nursery rhymes. Matter of fact, *Best Seller* winds up with a particularly nasty shoot-out at a charity party for underprivileged children. It's a malevolent psychodrama, fascinating as a snake pit but opting for gratuitous violence as better ideas run short. Despite quibbles, the whole bloody show's a piece of cake for Dennehy and Woods. ★★★

Thwarted in his hope of becoming the new James Bond, Pierce Brosnan (a.k.a. Remington Steele on TV) bounces back as

a suave, ruthless K.G.B. assassin in *The Fourth Protocol* (Lorimar). He's a first-rate rotter, just the type with whom 007 might relish locking horns. Brosnan's sworn foe is Michael Caine, displaying his habitual brilliance as the British agent who gets on to a Russian plot to explode a nuclear bomb at an American air base in England. Directed with nice British reserve by John Mackenzie (whose *Long Good Friday* was an unjustly neglected gangland epic) and adapted by Frederick Forsyth from his novel, *Protocol* moves at an assured, stately pace that very few American thrillers would dare attempt. It has holding power, even so, with Cold War intrigues warmed up by Joanna Cassidy, Ned Beatty, Ian Richardson and a well-bred company of connivers. ★★★½

Director Stanley Kubrick is an anointed genius who could undoubtedly teach Oliver Stone a thing or two about cinematic art. Ironically, though, Kubrick's finely wrought *Full Metal Jacket* (Warner), adapted from a novel by Gustav Hasford, comes across as too labored, too little and too late to match the gutsy immediacy of Stone's Oscar-winning *Platoon*. This somber *Jacket* follows a bunch of Marine Corps grunts from boot camp to the brutish reality of Vietnam, with Matthew Modine as narrator, a Corps journalist covering the 1968 Tet offensive. Made entirely in England amid palm trees imported from Spain, the movie is a stunning visual essay in shades of blue-gray, as austere and controlled as a ballet. Death on the screen has seldom looked grimmer. Still, Kubrick squanders his awesome film-making skill on several preachy, self-indulgently mannered segments that serve mainly to recap an antiwar message already written large in his own previous works, from *Paths of Glory* to *Dr. Strangelove*. Here, the director's keen poetic intelligence confronts audiences with a statement rather than the palpable heat and horror of jungle war. ★★★

The film debut of top cover girl Paulina Porizkova (see *Playboy's* August cover) would excite attention, anyway, but Paulina's enchanting presence on camera is not the only good news about *Anna* (Vestron). From a screenplay by Agnieszka Holland, Polish-born director Yurek Bogayevicz' quirky showbiz saga transforms the stuff of soap opera into something rather special. The titular Anna (Sally Kirkland) is a faded movie queen from Prague, down on her luck as a refugee in New York. Her luck worsens with the arrival of Krystyna (Porizkova), a Czechoslovakian peasant who's clearly beautiful despite the handicaps of bad teeth and terrible English. After moving in

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with Anna, whom she idolizes, Krystyna blossoms into a chic Czech butterfly, appropriates bits of Anna's autobiography, along with her boyfriend, and begins the climb to supercelebrity that her role model left behind in the old country. Call it *All About Eve* with a Middle European accent. Anna's worthiest asset is Kirkland, the seasoned star of underground films (*Coming Apart*) and plays (*Futz*), wringing a tragicomic triumph from her role as the brave, befuddled, crackpot actress who wages a futile battle to achieve the American dream. ★★★

Political chicanery inside the Pentagon is the timely subject of *No Way Out* (Orion), a movie likely to banish any residual doubt about Kevin Costner's future as Hollywood's favorite new flavor. His role in *The Untouchables* may have made him bankable but lacked the sex appeal Costner exudes here as a Navy-intelligence hero assigned to handle some top-secret skulduggery in Washington. The hitch is that he's got the hots for a gorgeous brunette he picked up at a reception and boffed in a limo on the way home. Turns out she's also been bedding his new boss, the Secretary of Defense—a role played by Gene Hackman with precisely the blend of arrogant authority and sleaze we have come to expect of Government men. As the girl, Sean Young alluringly fills the bill as well as the limo's back seat. Score extra points for Will Patton, banality of evil incarnate as the Mr. Fix-it who's ever in demand to cover up official misconduct—ranging here from tampering with evidence to murder. Some glaring flaws in Robert Garland's screenplay—especially a surprise ending apt to send half the audience home angry—are helped by Australian director Roger Donaldson's airtight control of the action. Ultimately, though, it's star chemistry that saves the day. ★★★

The mating habits of the English working class at bottom level are studied in *Rita, Sue and Bob Too!* (Orion Classics), a ribald slice of tongue-in-cheek sociology that may get you down with its ruthless accuracy. Siobhan Finneran and Michelle Holmes, in the title roles, are two giddy schoolgirls from Bradford, Yorkshire, who baby-sit together and are usually driven off to the moors on the way home to get boffed, or "joomped," by Bob, a loutish young husband whose wife deplores sex. As depicted here, the girls are as eager and docile as heifers in heat. They are often grossly funny and pathetic, too; yet it's difficult to see what director Alan Clarke and screenplay author Andrea Dunbar mean to tell us, beyond the obvious truth that romance is dead in Bradford's cultural wasteland. ★★½

If merely seeing Clive Barker's name in print starts your adrenaline, *Hellraiser*



No Way Out for Young, Costner.

At last, Kevin Costner gets a juicy leading-man role.

(New World) should be more than welcome. Barker is a spinner of macabre tales, touted as England's answer to Stephen King (who himself acknowledges being an avid Barker fan). In his debut as a writer-director, he shows considerable skill at weaving semisophisticated suspense and eroticism into the usual pattern of bloody things that go whomp in the night. The plot is hardly a trail blazer, though. Another haunted house, this one occupied by an unexciting man, his teen-aged daughter and his second wife (Clare Higgins), who fondly remembers being seduced on her wedding day by her bad-seed brother-in-law, whereabouts unknown. Too many buckets of gore poured on for my taste, but *Hellraiser* offers some evidence of a brain at work beyond the pail. ★★

They don't make movies like *Maid to Order* (New Century-Vista) anymore, and I can think of one or two reasons why they shouldn't. For a start, director Amy Jones's topsy-turvy Cinderella story all too closely resembles *Roman Holiday*, recycled until the wheels drop off. In that airy classic, Audrey Hepburn seemed to be floating on moonbeams. *Maid's* Ally Sheedy has to pedal hard to achieve even moderate buoyancy as a spoiled-rotten little rich girl whose fairy godmother (Beverly D'Angelo) teaches her how the other half lives by booking her temporarily as a household servant. The choicest bits fall to Valerie Perrine and the late Dick Shawn, playing Ally's obnoxiously affluent employers as cartoons: multimillionaires in tinsel from Hollywood's worst designer thrift shop. ★★

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Anna** (See review) Paulina's debut, but save three cheers for Sally. ★★★
La Bamba (Reviewed 9/87) Remembering Ritchie Valens in a musical bio. ★★
The Believers (8/87) Ghouls of Gotham sacrificing tots. ★★★
Best Seller (See review) Crime by the book with Woods and Dennehy. ★★★
The Big Easy (9/87) Quaid scores as a horny, crooked Cajun cop. ★★★½
Dirty Dancing (8/87) Mating games and music in a Catskill resort. ★★★
Dragnet (Listed 9/87) While Hanks has his moments, Aykroyd's spoof of Joe Friday may make your week. ★★★
The Fourth Protocol (See review) K.G.B. intrigue from Frederick Forsyth. ★★½
Full Metal Jacket (See review) Late Vietnam report from Kubrick. ★★★
Good Morning, Babylon (Listed only) Two Italians in Hollywood's past. ★
Hard Ticket to Hawaii (9/87) Armed and dangerous Playmates dish it out. ★★
Hellraiser (See review) Hear that noise at the top of the stairs? ★★
Innerspace (Listed only) Science-fiction fun from Spielberg's shop. ★★★
Jimmy Reardon (9/87) Teen star River Phoenix as Andy Hard-on. ★★★
The Living Daylights (9/87) Durable 007 gets a new lease on life. ★★★
The Lost Boys (9/87) In California, teen vampires hit the beach. ★★★
Maid to Order (See review) Sheedy's updated switch on Cinderella. ★★
A Man in Love (9/87) Peter Coyote as a movie star trying to save his marriage and his mistress. ★★½
Nadine (See review) Deep in the heart of Texas with Basinger. ★★★½
No Way Out (See review) A Pentagon caper has Costner taking heat. ★★★
Radio Days (4/87) Waxing nostalgic with Woody Allen, decades ago. ★★★
Rita, Sue and Bob Too! (See review) Extra duty for baby sitters. ★★½
RoboCop (See review) Wind him up and he acts like Dirty Harry. ★★★½
Roxanne (Listed 9/87) Reappraised, Steve Martin's sprightly *Cyrano* wins by a nose: one more hare. ★★★
Spaceballs (Listed only) Mel Brooks laughable but in low orbit. ★★
Summer Night (8/87) Wealthy Italian lady keeps terrorist for pet. ★★★
The Untouchables (9/87) Chicago when it sizzled—a real blast. ★★★
Wish You Were Here! (9/87) One true-Brit nymphet and how she grew. ★★★
The Witches of Eastwick (9/87) Some quibbles, but Nicholson's magic pulls an extra rabbit out of my hat. ★★★

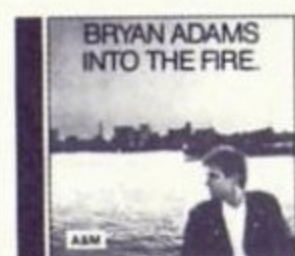
★★★★★ Outstanding

★★★★ Don't miss ★★ Worth a look
 ★★★ Good show ★ Forget it

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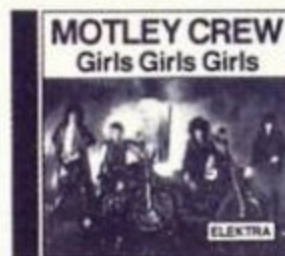
349985. Johnny Mathis/Henry Mancini—The Hollywood Musicals (Columbia)
348979. Tina Turner—Break Every Rule (Capitol)
352633. Dolly Parton/Linda Ronstadt/Emmylou Harris—Trio (Warner Bros.)
336396-396390. Billy Joel's Greatest Hits, Vol. 1 & 2. (Columbia)
346643. Andreas Vollenweider—Down To The Moon. (CBS)
346478. Madonna—True Blue. (Sire)
343319. Janet Jackson—Control (A&M)
349571. Boston—Third Stage (MCA)
355362. Whitesnake. (Geffen)
354100. Crowded House. (Capitol)
257279. Bruce Springsteen—Born to Run (Columbia)
138586. Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits (Columbia)
319541. Elton John—Greatest Hits. (MCA)
342105. Bangles—Different Light. (Columbia)
346536. The Monkees—Then & Now...The Best Of The Monkees (Arista)
287003. Eagles Greatest Hits 1971-1975 (Asylum)
347492. Glenn Miller Orchestra—In The Digital Mood. (Digital—GRP)
293597. Led Zeppelin—Houses Of The Holy. (Atlantic)
350736. Rolling Stones—Rewind. (Rolling Stones Records)
345785. Top Gun—Soundtrack. (Columbia)
346957. Steve Winwood—Back In The High Life. (Island)
344622. Anita Baker—Rapture. (Elektra)
319996-399998. Motown's 25 #1 Hits From 25 Years. (Motown)
291278. The Doobie Brothers—Best of the Doobies. (Warner Bros.)
345777. Peter Gabriel—So. (Geffen)
246868. Jim Croce—Photographs And Memories—His Greatest Hits. (Saja)
334391. Whitney Houston. (Arista)
314443. Neil Diamond's 12 Greatest Hits, Vol. 2. (Columbia)
308049. Creedence Clearwater Revival Featuring John Fogerty/Chronicle. 20 greatest hits. (Fantasy)
343582. Van Halen—5150. (Warner Bros.)
326629. Bruce Springsteen—Born In The U.S.A. (Columbia)
342097. Barbra Streisand—The Broadway Album. (Columbia)
219477. Simon & Garfunkel's Greatest Hits. (Columbia)
348649. Pachelbel Canon & Other Digital Delights—Toronto Chamber Orch. (Digital—Fantasy)
260638. Chicago's Greatest Hits (Columbia)
354167. Dan Fogelberg—Exiles. (Full Moon/Epic)
353771. Bolling/Rampal: Suite #2 for Flute & Jazz Piano Trio (Digital—CBS)
353516. George Howard—A Nice Place To Be (MCA)
348318. The Police—Every Breath You Take—The Singles (A&M)
346312. Billy Joel—The Bridge. (Digital—Columbia)
337519. Heart. (Capitol)
336222. Dire Straits—Brothers In Arms. (Warner Bros.)
341073. Steely Dan—A Decade of Steely Dan. (MCA)
349373. Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Choral)—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Digitally Remastered—CBS Masterworks)
314997-394999. Stevie Wonder's Original Musiquarium I. (Tamla)
348110. Buddy Holly—From The Original Master Tapes. (Digitally Remastered—MCA)
348987-398982. Linda Ronstadt—Round Midnight (Asylum)
352245. David Sanborn—A Change Of Heart. (Warner Bros.)
346544. Kenny G—Duotones. (Arista)
344721. Lionel Richie—Dancing On the Ceiling. (Motown)
355156. Vladimir Horowitz Plays Favorite Chopin (Digitally Remastered—CBS Masterworks)
354035. Dwight Yoakam—Hillbilly Deluxe. (Reprise)
356683. U.N. Benefit Concert—Classic Aid. Maazel, Williams, etc. (CBS Masterworks)
349613. Original Soundtrack—Round Midnight. (Columbia)
323899. The Best Of The Alan Parson's Project. (Arista)
286740. Linda Ronstadt's Greatest Hits. (Asylum)
355115-395111. Prince—Sign 'O' The Times. (Paisley Park)
357186. Hooters—One Way Home. (Columbia)
356873. The Outfield—Bangin'. (Columbia)
356329. Randy Travis—Always & Forever. (Warner Bros.)
355636. Ozzy Osbourne—Randy Rhoads Tribute. (CBS Assoc.)
355529. Philip Glass—Dance Pieces. (Digital—CBS)
290916. The Best Of Earth, Wind & Fire, Vol. 1 (Columbia/ARC)
354829. Lisa—Lisa And Cult Jam With Full Force—Spanish Fly. (Columbia)



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By THOMAS M. DISCH

ALMOST EVERYONE agrees that war is hell, which means—at least for the civilian population that knows war through books and movies—an imaginary land where gruesome punishments are meted out to the just and the unjust alike. For vicarious purposes, World War Two is still the best of all possible hells, since its heroes and villains are clearly defined as Us vs. Them. In *The Berkut* (Random House), Joseph Heywood has put a clever spin on conventional World War Two adventures by pitting Them against Them. Stalin dispatches a Soviet dirty half dozen to hunt down the escaped Adolf Hitler through the postwar ruins of the Axis countries. Hitler is assisted by a squad of teen Valkyries, some minions of the Vatican and Colonel Brumm, a Rambo of the SS. The book's 496 pages are one long schuss to a satisfyingly nasty comeuppance for *der Führer*. This is first-rate irresponsible escapist nonsense—and literate, to boot!

A lot of recent science fiction has mapped the imaginary hells of future wars, usually from a high-tech slant only millimeters to the left of Lyndon LaRouche; but Lucius Shepard's *Life During Wartime* (Bantam) is set not in the never-never lands of *Star Wars* but in an all-too-likely near-future Latin America, where Yanks and "beaners" are mired in an endless rerun of *Apocalypse Now*. Shepard evokes the weird beauties and squalors of jungle warfare with a flair that has already brought him this year's Nebula Award for "R & R," the opening novella-length hunk of this novel. Realists may balk at a war novel in which the hero has such psychic powers that his thoughts can kill; just suspend your disbelief and the big production numbers—the berserker in the jaguar pit, the downed helicopter computer that claims to be God, the killer butterflies, the mined village/museum of the mad War Painter—will blow you away! In the last chapters, the plot collapses under the weight of its wild excesses; but while the fun lasts, who worries about hangovers?

For those who have been there, the hells of war are not imaginary, and *their* war novels are more likely to be acts of exorcism than escapist fantasies. Kent Anderson served in the Special Forces in Vietnam, and his first novel, *Sympathy for the Devil* (Doubleday), tells the archetypal tale of the transformation of a college dropout and would-be writer (who keeps a copy of *The Oxford Book of English Verse* always with him) into an "initiate into the priesthood" of the God of War; i.e., someone who gets high on being a killer. What counts in such a fictionalized memoir isn't originality or entertainment value but the



Americans at war.

Three tough war novels, Elvis memorabilia and a condom guide.

steady authority and intensity of bearing witness, the ability to delve below the bare brutal facts of soldiering and consider its moral and emotional meanings. Anderson is no postwar convert to pacifism, but neither is he hanging bunting on the war memorials. He shows how an ordinary draftee gets warped into such shape; he also makes us feel, as the title points out, sympathy for the Devil.

Truth is sometimes not only stranger than fiction but funnier than humor as well. I experienced downright physical belly laughter reading *Elvis World* (Knopf), "gloriously bound in gold simulated leather." The authors, Jane and Michael Stern, aren't out to do a hatchet job on Presley. There are no new juicy revelations about pills or out-of-wedlock progeny. Even so, the King does end up looking a royal fool, but such an honest, all-American fool that you've got to love him. "He never invested a dime," they report, "and he paid more income tax than any . . . American in history." Once, his "hairstylist and spiritual advisor," Larry Geller, found him crying over his Bible. "Because," Elvis explained, "I'm not Jewish." The 250-plus photos of Elvis and Elvisiana, not to mention that gold simulated-leather binding, make *Elvis World*, even at \$35, an indispensable novelty item for all connoisseurs of kitsch.

George V. Higgins' *Outlaws* (Henry Holt) is a voyeur's—or, strictly speaking,

an eavesdropper's—delight. Reading it is like listening to the bugged conversations of D.A.s cutting deals with defense attorneys, alimony-hungry wives plotting revenge on errant husbands, crooks crying into their beer. With one big difference: Higgins' characters, down to the least sleazeball, are as articulate and self-aware as refugees from a Shaw play. In *Outlaws*, the bad guys are a gang of Sixties radicals whose idealism takes the form of armored-car robberies and mass murders. There are, as usual with Higgins, no good guys, only conniving lawmen and assorted socially acceptable predators among whom love is a bargaining chip and murder a modern convenience carried out by CIA hit men. *Outlaws* makes the average police procedural look like a Nancy Drew mystery, and Higgins remains the attorney general of his genre.

BOOK BAG

The Big Island (Beech Tree), by Jeff Raines: Like a guy who's been doing it all his life, Raines loads rough one-liners into a machine-gun-paced plot involving Hawaiian heroin and Vietnam heroism. The result is explosive. This extraordinary debut sparked to life in last year's Playboy College Fiction Contest.

When Smart People Fail (Simon & Schuster), by Carole Hyatt and Linda Gottlieb: Failure as a positive springboard. Authors Hyatt and Gottlieb supply the anecdotal vignettes on how to pull yourself up; you supply the bootstraps.

The Condom Book (Signet), by Jane Everett and Walter D. Glanze: A very prophylactic guide on use, misuse and abuse of today's safest bet for safe sex, complete with a consumer guide that lists 108 brands, specs, prices and personal accounts of the gut-wrenching process of test-driving Casanova's infamous "English riding coat."

The Harper's Index Book (Henry Holt), by Lewis H. Lapham, Michael Pollan and Eric Etheridge: Lists, lists and more lists culled from the monthly section in *Harper's Magazine*. From the arcane stat revealing 7.3 miles of U.S.-built runway in Honduras since 1983 to the estimated percentage of nuts that squirrels lose because they forget where they put them (50).

A Young Person's Guide to Military Service (Harvard Common), by Jeff Bradley: With foreword by former Pfc. Teddy Kennedy, this Q and A on the joys of being all that you can be is a mixture of honesty and straightforwardness that will probably dissuade as many potential enlistees as it will encourage.



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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

Time now for the college football forecast, which was found on the body of an N.C.A.A. investigator who had dared to ride his bicycle too close to the Notre Dame campus.

THE NATIONAL OUTLOOK

Coaches will instruct their teams to play one game at a time, except for SMU, which has no coaches and will play no games, thanks to an N.C.A.A. investigator found dead near the Notre Dame campus.

The agent of 22 Michigan players will reveal that he has been paying his clients monthly salaries for the past three years, but the N.C.A.A. will ignore his disclosure as idle gossip and hearsay.

A USC running back will be disqualified for attending too many classes.

The Stanford band will be told to wear clothes or else.

The University of Texas will confess to 1278 recruiting violations, but the N.C.A.A. will ignore them, because, as an N.C.A.A. spokesman will state, "It's only their word against ours."

Notre Dame's Lou Holtz will say it's tough to win when you never play a game away from home.

Texas A&M's Jackie Sherrill will hold his annual press conference, with the stipulation that he be asked no questions regarding football or Texas A&M.

An Iowa Hawkeyes booster organization will admit that there is \$367,000,000 in a recruiting fund, but not a penny more.

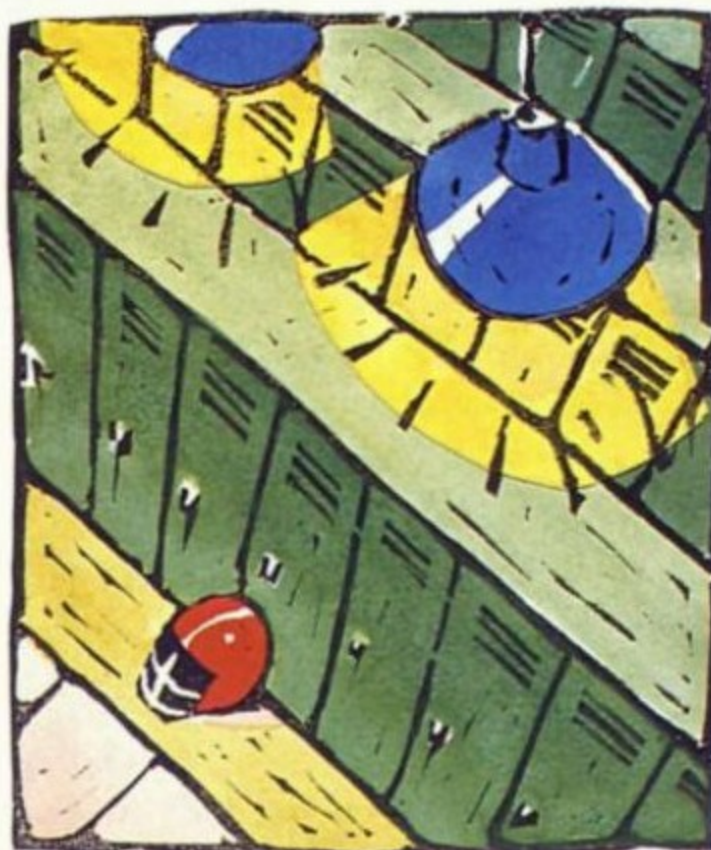
As Government employees, all Service-academy players who score touchdowns will be given raises of \$1000 a month.

On a "need" basis, all Ivy League players who score touchdowns will receive as much as \$6000 a month.

At the same time, a University of Florida halfback who has accepted extra gravy on his chicken-fried steak will be declared ineligible by the N.C.A.A.

Retiring N.C.A.A. executive director Walter Byers will begin writing his memoirs but will fall asleep after reading the first page.

The Cotton Bowl will move to New Year's Eve dawn. The Sugar Bowl will move to New Year's Eve morning. The Orange Bowl will move to New Year's Eve noon. The Rose Bowl will move to February 13. The Gator Bowl will move to March third. This will leave New Year's Day exclusively to the Fiesta Bowl for its glamorous showdown between Idaho (3-8) and Hawaii (4-7).



COLLEGE GRIDIRONY

The Oklahoma Sooners will lose 12 fumbles a game but will go undefeated and be crowned national champions.

The outlook by conference:

THE BIG TEN

Northwestern and Wisconsin will join the Ivy League, but the University of Chicago will return to big-time football. The conference will thus revert to the Big Nine, as in days of old.

The Chicago Maroons will play all of their games in a chemistry lab, causing revenue losses, but a Big Nine spokesman will say it's worth it for the conference's improved academic image.

Two Ohio State offensive linemen, standing side by side on the campus, will be mistaken for student housing, and 700 freshmen will be assigned to rooms inside their sweat suits.

THE SOUTHEAST

National Guard units will surround the Alabama campus throughout the season. Each Alabama fan will be frisked before being allowed to enter a stadium.

Taking advantage of Alabama's de-emphasis on football, Auburn will recruit every good prospect in Alabama and all neighboring states and will become a power for the next half century.

Auburn coach Pat Dye will say, "We

took what they gave us."

THE ATLANTIC COAST

In an effort to boost attendance, all schools will replace goal posts with backboards and rims. The plan will work nicely until midseason, when the DEA, in a highly coordinated raid, will bust every team for the possession and sale of substances that may or may not be drug related but have a playground value of \$6,000,000.

THE PAC 10

Stanford and Cal will be declared ineligible for the Rose Bowl after it is revealed that more than half of their athletes are pursuing studies in courses other than physics and communications.

UCLA and USC will again win 50 percent of their games because of distractions caused by their blonde cheerleaders.

Oregon State will be allowed to stay in the conference if it agrees to move its campus from Corvallis to a town that can be reached by land, sea or air.

THE BIG EIGHT

Athletic directors will be shocked to learn that Colorado, Iowa State and Kansas State are conference members. A committee will be appointed to look into how this could have happened.

Nebraska will recruit the country's top 30 blue-chip prospects, each of whom will turn down Stanford, Miami, Hawaii and USC in order to spend four years in Lincoln, Nebraska.

This will become the only known case on record of 30 kids', all at one time, having a unique affinity for grain elevators.

THE SOUTHWEST

At the N.C.A.A.'s insistence, Leavenworth will be invited to join the conference.

Rice will face an N.C.A.A. investigation, having stunned both itself and the world by winning four games in 1986.

An internal investigation will find no wrongdoing with Texas A&M's recruiting practices. The Aggies will then defeat all conference opponents 89-0.

Leavenworth will go to the Cotton Bowl to play either Notre Dame or Nebraska.

Both SMC and TCU will vow to return to big-time college football by the year 2015. An N.C.A.A. spokesman will say, "Oh, yeah? Well, we'll see about that."





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By ASA BABER

I traveled through Germany a decade after World War Two. The countryside was scarred and the cities were full of rubble. In those days, as Germany crawled out from its ashes, even a very young American was tolerated as he asked questions about Hitler and fascism. "How did it happen?" I continually inquired.

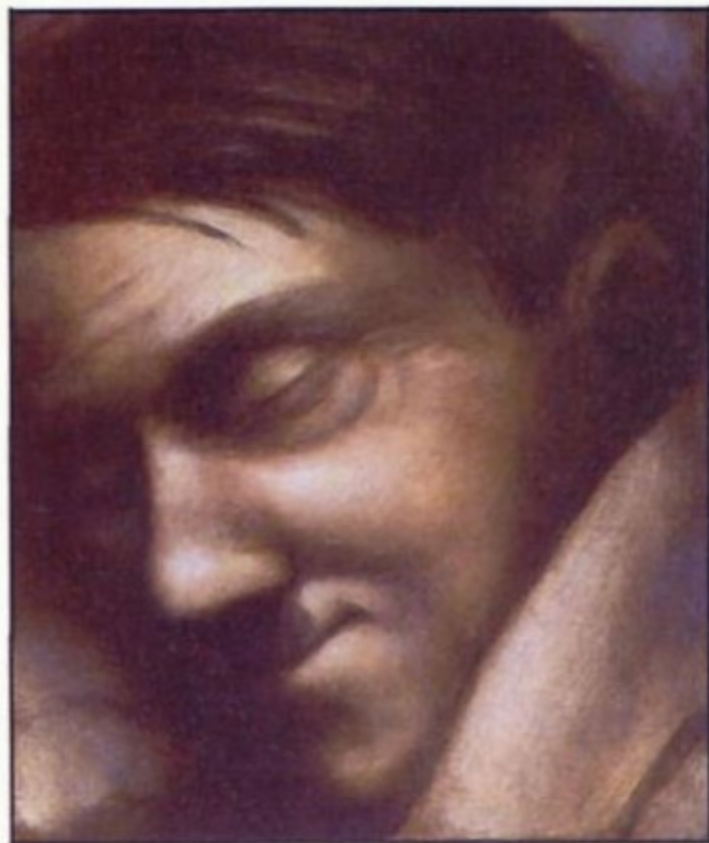
No one with whom I talked accepted personal responsibility for the Third Reich. Evidently, no one had voted for Hitler, no one had wanted him in power, no one had ever cheered for him at rallies and no one understood how a culture that had produced Beethoven and Bernkasteler Doktor had also produced a vengeful, hysterical *Führer*. Where had the spirit of tolerance and mutual respect gone? Hitler had turned dreams into nightmares; but how? People seemed mystified by their own history, almost speechless. But one conversation sticks in my mind to this day, a talk with a former SS officer who ran a café in Berlin. "Hitler divided us and then offered to save us," he said. "That's how fascism works."

If Hitler were alive today, he would have an ideal vehicle for a new fascism—the specter of AIDS. He would convert the problem into a panic. He would orchestrate men against one another, straight against gay, and he would drape the mantle of health and purity over his own strange persona.

Homophobia was an elemental part of Hitler's political code. Homosexuals were thrown into concentration camps and suffered terrible deaths. Hitler's major nightmare was saved for the Jews, a Holocaust that set up the hypersensitive climate in which all nations now live.

The flaw in Hitler's dream had to do with the nature of his scapegoats. They were ordinary people, human beings who were living and letting live, who tended gardens and hiked in the countryside and listened to concerts. Which Jew was the greatest threat? The man playing the violin? The mother in the park? And which homosexual? The man carrying beer kegs? The banker in the fedora?

It doesn't take a lot of imagination to understand how the AIDS problem could be molded into political dynamite. It would require three things: (1) a lack of sufficient education about the disease, so that casual contact could be construed as a cause of infection and homosexuals targeted as the sole cause and carriers, (2)



HITLER'S DREAM

calls for quarantining AIDS cases, as Jesse Helms and others have already done, (3) a fanning of the flames of intolerance between straight and gay males, an intolerance on both sides.

That's a simple outline for disaster. A modern Hitler could have a ball with it. Gays would become the new scapegoats. They would be packed into camps, along with others who might possibly have the virus.

We can make sure this never comes to pass. We can campaign for strong AIDS educational measures to take the mystery out of the disease. We can work to defeat at the polls those politicians who propose fascist solutions to human problems.

Finally, we can work to moderate the divisions that exist between straight and gay men. We can take a tough look at our own intolerance, whether directed toward heterosexuals or toward homosexuals. Gay bashing is a Nazi tactic. Straight snubbing is chilling and divisive. We can ask a basic question: Who are we to judge one another's sexuality? Straight or gay, who is totally pure and sexually pristine?

It is not encouraging in the midst of this burgeoning crisis to encounter the kind of snubbing Congressman Barney Frank used against this magazine. From *The New York Times* after Frank came out of the closet and announced that he was a homosexual: "Mr. Frank . . . received many interview requests . . . and turned

many down, including one from *Playboy* magazine. 'I said I didn't want to be in *Playboy* and they said, 'Oh, but we also want your views on the issues.' I said, 'Why didn't you ask me for my views on the issues last week?'"

Excuse the term, Barney, but I think you blew it. This is a magazine read mostly by straight males, and there is a need for some open dialog between gays and straights. I'm sorry you chose to ice us out. It's our loss; but it's yours, too.

There are a lot of questions I have for the Congressman. I'd like to know more about his life in the closet and how that affected him. I'd like to hear about his history, his struggles, the reactions he received from his electorate after he made his announcement. When did he first know he was a homosexual, how many of his friends tolerated him, who rejected him? What proposals does he have to keep the AIDS crisis free from fascist manipulation?

How can communications between straight and gay males be improved? Is the Congressman really opposed to talking to *Playboy*? Why? Is it snobbery, defensiveness, disgust, moral superiority, fear? Is he in touch with the fact that homosexual men frequently snub straight males, acting as if those who are not gay are somehow inferior, cowardly, dumb? Does Barney Frank have an Ed Meese inside him secretly struggling to get out? I'd like to talk with Frank, man to man, and demystify the myth of homosexuality. He could educate us from his perspective. We could listen. It wouldn't hurt us.

I ran some pretty dumb risks when I was in Germany back in the Fifties. I drove through East Germany, for example, going off the autobahn illegally, dodging Russian troops and East German security police, checking out places that were off limits to Americans: Eisenach and Leipzig and Magdeburg and other cities and towns. I was 19 years old, an adventurous college kid who was checking out a Communist superstate and loving every minute of it.

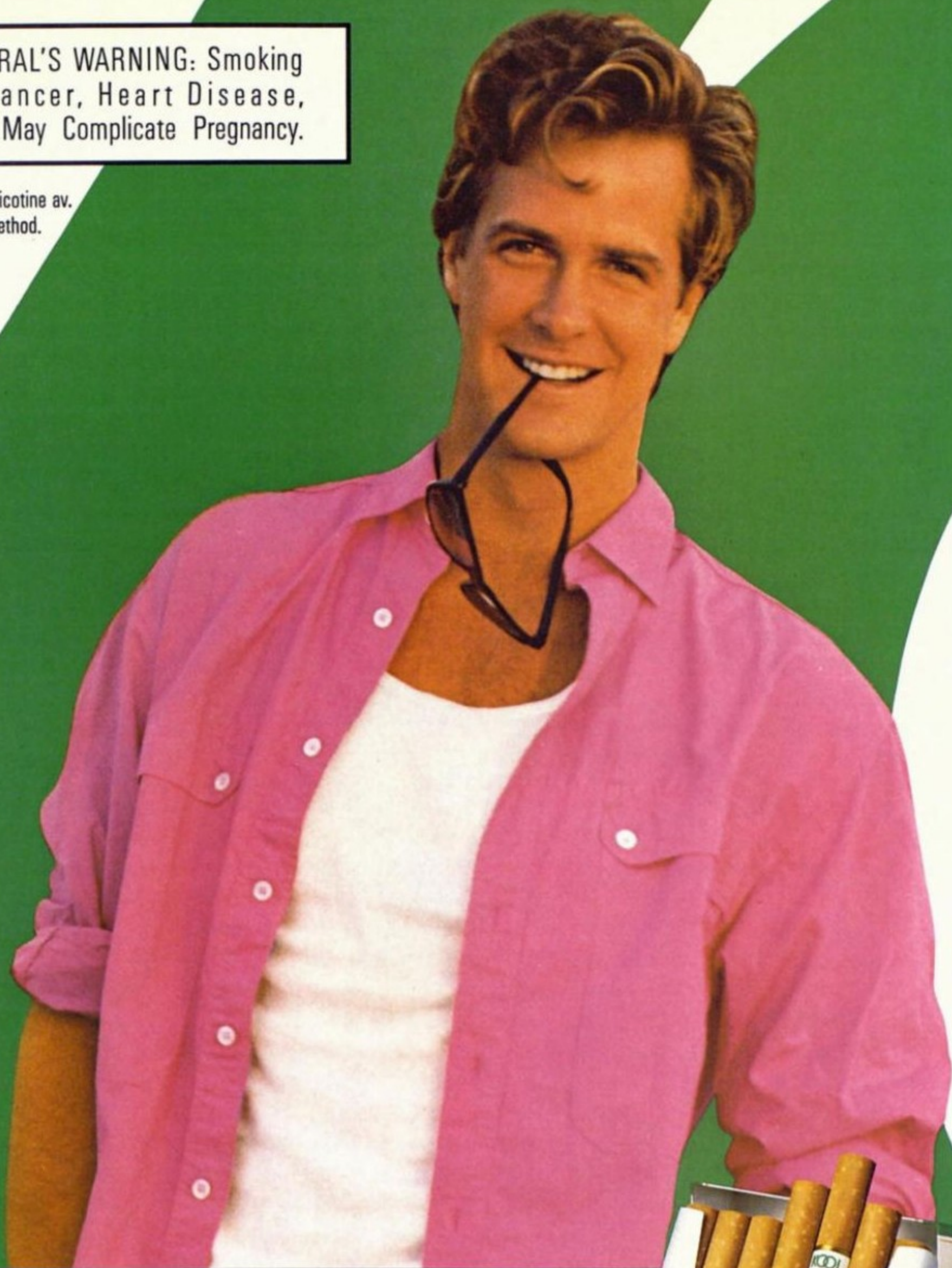
A lot of people were afraid to talk with me, but among those who would, the refrain was the same: We don't know how it happened, we weren't prepared for Hitler, he surprised us.

Let's make a deal, men: This next time, no surprises. We talk with each other, accept each other's lifestyles, live and let live. We choose our dream.



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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

The maneuvering, the strategies are so difficult that I've needed three full-time advisors, plus my shrink. Not, reader, that it will work out. I know it won't—I'm not kidding myself—but I do find it fascinating and dizzying and some of the toughest work I've ever done. To conduct successful courtship procedures, you need the iron will of a four-star general and the flexibility of Baryshnikov.

I'm not talking about dating. We know how I feel about dating: an execrable practice suitable only for teenagers and morons. No, I'm referring to that magical time in a woman's life when a man likes her very much and she likes him very much back. You know, big trouble.

I got through the evening of meeting him and the entire next day without any assistance whatsoever. It amazes me how people are initially attracted to each other because they feel they could tell each other anything, everything, and then, within minutes, this initial attraction frightens them so much that every ensuing syllable and act is fraught to the breaking point with meaning.

I remember nothing much about any of our conversations, besides a certain easiness, until the first time he kissed me. From then on, I remember every word, every gesture, every sigh. So I saw him two nights in a row, then the next day picked up the phone.

"Jane," I said, "I've met someone. I really like him."

"Aaaaaahhh!" she screamed.

She questioned me relentlessly, had to know all details. "OK," she said, "I like the sound of this one. This could be the one. But you've got your work cut out for you. You're seeing him tonight, then going away for a week? Perfect. He'll worry about what you're doing."

"I'm sending him a postcard. I've already composed it."

"Well, of course! Saying what?"

"'Wish you were here.' Eloquent? Should I sign 'Love'? Or just my name?" (This was not an idle question. I spent two hours agonizing over this point. "Love" or no "Love"? Maybe "Love" was too effusive, maybe no "Love" was curt.)

"No 'Love,'" she said. "You don't want to be too available."

Then I told Cleo, who had to know the exact year, day and hour that he was born. "He's 35, born in May? He's a dragon and a snake. Dragon is good, snake is bad for



COURTSHIP

you, since you're a pig." Cleo lives for Chinese astrology. "I have to meet him immediately," she continued. "We want to make sure he knows you have people to protect you."

I told Brendan, who had introduced us, that this guy actually got my jokes; I could talk with him.

"Fuck! What have I done?" Brendan said. "You are in deep shit."

My review board has had daily progress reports. I am beyond unsure; with my track record, I am convinced that every single instinct I have is guaranteed perverse. I've hardly made a move without triple consultation.

ME: What should I wear?

JANE: Do you have a skirt? Look feminine; show your legs.

CLEO: I think it's safe by now to show your upper arms; he must have noticed. Wear the black tank top.

BRENDAN: Some of that, you know, girly shit.

SHRINK: What do you want to wear?

The worst was when he didn't call for a couple of days. I went spare. Couldn't relax, couldn't work, stared into nothingness, hated myself, thought I was mental, found out I wasn't.

"Before I was married, I used to stare at the phone for hours, smoking cigarettes," my bookkeeper told me, "just waiting for it to ring. I was so nervous I

couldn't move. We're all like that."

"Listen, my little kumquat-brain," Jane said, "Larry used to wait four days before calling. It was his policy. I went completely insane! I would run to the store, buy five pints of Häagen-Dazs, go home, eat them all—anything to keep myself together. He'll call you; don't worry."

"I'm going to call him."

"Don't you dare! Look, I'm coming over. Don't do anything until I get there."

She took me to a Mexican restaurant. "Do not call him. I don't care about feminism; men need a chase. And when he does call, which he will, be absolutely adorable and friendly, as if you've been so busy you haven't even noticed he hasn't called. This will drive him insane. Listen to me."

I listened. This is a girl who recently married the love of her life. "But, Jane," I quibbled, "I feel weird about all this game playing."

"Darling, this is *not* a game. This is courtship. Courtship is the hardest job in your life. It's serious; take it seriously."

"Call him and say, 'You asshole, why haven't you called me?'" Cleo said.

"Do not call him; wait," Brendan said.

"What do you want to do?" my shrink asked.

I waited. And this is weird, but every hour I waited, I got stronger. I have always felt that waiting makes you passive and weak. But I waited and felt feminine power grow and settle deep in my bones. (Phew!)

During this process, I discovered what I had been doing wrong all these years. Relationships thrive or die because of power and control. I have always felt powerless (thanks, Mom and Dad) and then tried my damndest to control my romances, to get the power I never thought I had. You guys—go figure—don't like this. My advisors, nine times out of ten, counseled me to do nothing. This was madly difficult. I wanted to make a million phone calls, pick a million fights. But I have learned to control myself, instead of the other person, and now I feel like a goddamned rock with feelings.

Well, kind of a fuzzy rock. Kind of a gelatinous, fuzzy stone with pretensions to being a boulder. It is possible that I am growing up.

It probably won't work out, but what the hell.





"Someone whose opinion I respect has been advising me to use condoms.
He's the Surgeon General of the United States."

"To quote the man directly: 'The best protection against infection right now, barring abstinence, is use of a condom.'

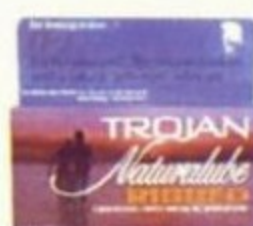
Now, it's not like I haven't heard this anywhere else.

These days, unless you never read the papers, watch TV, or talk to your friends, you're definitely going to hear something about sexually transmitted diseases.

How serious they are. How anyone can get them. How condoms can help protect you. Sometimes you wonder how much is real danger. And how much is just panic. But when the Surgeon General says something about health, I'd give it more weight.

And act on it. Especially in this case. After all, I've got absolutely nothing to lose if I follow his advice. And maybe a terrible lot to lose, if I don't."

Trojan condoms, the most widely used brand in America, help reduce the risk of sexually transmitted diseases.



TROJAN[®]
BRAND CONDOMS
For all the right reasons.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

How do I tell if a girl is interested in me? I go to bars and fraternity parties all the time. I meet plenty of potential dates, but I can't tell where polite repartee ends and serious interest begins. Any hints?—W. M., Madison, Wisconsin.

First, stop thinking and acting as though women aren't interested. If a woman gives you more than 15 minutes of her undivided attention and you are not her lawyer, broker, gynecologist or therapist, you can figure that something is going in your favor. There are more subtle indicators, though. Helen E. Fisher, author of *"The Sex Contract,"* recounts a phenomenon discovered by Eckhard Hess, then a psychologist at the University of Chicago: "Hess discovered that the pupil of the human eye expands when an individual is interested in what he is looking at. In his book *'The Tell-Tale Eye,'* he notes that Chinese jade dealers quote their prices in relation to the extent to which customers' pupils are dilated. Turkish rug dealers wear dark glasses to mask their interest. The pupils of men and women dilate when they see a picture of a nude of the opposite sex. Courtesans have long used belladonna to dilate their pupils, and several 20th Century artists paint their nudes with enormous pupils. Dilated pupils are sexual signals which evolved to encourage copulation." Of course, the same thing happens whenever someone goes from bright sunshine to a dark cave. Fisher provides another clue. A German behaviorist photographed couples flirting, from New Guinea to Africa to Japan to France. "All flirted in exactly the same manner. First the woman smiled at her admirer and lifted her eyebrows in a swift jerky movement. This briefly displayed more of her eyes until she turned her head sideways, looked away and dropped her eyelids." And then fell asleep. Just kidding. If you act interested, you are interesting.

I'm a beach nut who's looking for a change of scenery. I've been to Mexico and the Caribbean, and now some friends have told me that the beaches of Thailand are tops—to say nothing of topless. Any info?—T. P., New York, New York.

When it comes to judging beach resorts, we use what we call our Great Beer Test. After extensive field research, we've noticed a direct relationship between the appeal of a country's beach resorts and the quality of its local beer. Think about it: Mexico has Dos Equis and Cabo San Lucas. Jamaica's got Red Stripe and Negril. We could go on, but the point is that we recently tried a bottle of a Thai beer called Singha at a Chicago restaurant, and it was so tasty that we immediately called our travel agent and packed our Baggies for Bangkok.

What we found in Thailand was a bunch of sensational beaches that live up to any tropical fantasy you might care to indulge.



Want condos and massage parlors by the sea? Try Pattaya, a frenetic enclave a few hours southeast of Bangkok that's packed with tourists and Thai vacationers. For something a lot quieter but still highly civilized, take the one-hour flight south to Phuket Island, which was recently immortalized by Spalding Gray in his film monolog *"Swimming to Cambodia."* Phuket has long, soft stretches of sand lapped by the warm waters of the Andaman Sea, plus enough inexpensive grilled seafood—especially lobster and tiger prawns—to stock an aquarium. If you really want to leave civilization behind, head for Koh Samui, an island in the Gulf of Thailand that can be reached only by a three-hour ferry ride. Although a new hotel or two has recently opened (and an airport is in the offing), most of the accommodations on Koh Samui are in bungalows set on near-deserted beaches. Beyond all of these, there are literally dozens of even more remote islands off Thailand's coasts, places you'll have to hire a boat to reach. The only bad news is that every breast we saw was at least marginally covered. You'll just have to pop your own tops on a few beers.

My boyfriend and I have been together for some time, and we have a healthy sex life. In bed, he is caring, considerate and willing to please—in short, everything I could ask for. Now, I know it is common for the male to reach orgasm fairly quickly, while the female takes much longer to be aroused. In my case, however, the reverse is true. I often reach orgasm just by having my partner kiss or touch me. On the few occasions I experience vaginal orgasm, it occurs almost immediately after penetration. Afterward, until my boyfriend climaxes, I receive little or

no pleasure from sex. This problem is very distressing to both of us. I have never seen this female counterpart of premature ejaculation addressed in any publication. Please tell me what causes this and what can be done to counteract it.—Miss S. M., San Francisco, California.

In a sense, you have a variation of an old problem—how to reach orgasm during intercourse. In your case, the problem is how to reach a second orgasm during intercourse. Think multiple. If you can learn how to orgasm from postpenetration stimulation, you'll have something to look forward to. In *"Sensual Pleasure: A Woman's Guide,"* Eva L. Margolies comments on a problem similar to yours: "How many times have you found yourself on the brink of orgasm during foreplay, only to have all your senses go dead the moment intercourse commences? This experience is common to many of us who have come to rely heavily on direct stimulation of the clitoris or the area surrounding the clitoris for orgasm. Sexplay before coitus frequently includes intense clitoral stimulation, making the switchover into intercourse awkward and frustrating." Margolies suggests learning how to associate clitoral feelings with vaginal feelings. When you masturbate, practice clenching the pubococcygeus muscle. Masturbate with something inside you (a candle, a cucumber, a vibrator, your boyfriend—whatever). Margolies outlines the connection: "Once you begin feeling comfortable using a vaginal insert while you masturbate, you can move on to the next step, which involves moving the dildo in and out as you stimulate yourself. . . . Each time you move the dildo in, use your sex muscle to squeeze as tightly as you can; then try pushing the dildo out by bearing down. Experiment. Learn what kind of movements feel best to you. Do you like short, quick strokes or long, deep ones? If you give yourself the freedom to explore, you'll find yourself infinitely more capable of acquiring new tastes and becoming more sensitive to new feelings." Gradually learn to focus on indirect means of stimulation. After you reach orgasm, concentrate on actively pleasing your partner. You can take pleasure from your competence and his reaction. You might also try for several orgasms before penetration—the more orgasms you have, the easier and more powerful each successive orgasm becomes.

I'm a casual kind of guy. I wear running shoes or sneakers as often as possible. That's precisely my problem. What is an appropriate outfit to wear with them? Can I wear running shoes with trousers or just with jeans or sweats? If it's OK to wear them with trousers, do I wear sport or

dress socks? Can you help me be comfortable and not look like a dork?—B. K., Nashville, Tennessee.

You're not alone in dorkdom. This is a fashion predicament we've encountered before. There's a sort of sliding-scale rule that should be applied: The dressier the outfit, the less likely that you'd wear sneakers with it. So, in other words, you can wear them with a sports jacket and khakis or corduroys, but not with a navy-pinstripe suit. Woody Allen has worn tennis shoes with a tuxedo; for his fashion rule of thumb, get in touch with him directly. Always wear sport socks with sneakers and match the socks to the shoes, not the pants. By the way, cashmere Argyles are not sport socks.

My husband has a thing about high-heeled shoes. He expects me to wear them everywhere we go. He also likes to masturbate while I walk around and/or step on things in them. He claims that most men get off on high heels to some extent, and I guess I do notice men staring at my shoes once in a while. Although my husband does dwell on them too much sometimes, we still have normal sex regularly. I like to please him, but sometimes it seems as if it's all he has on his mind, and it can get annoying. Is he sick? Do a lot of men like high heels, and why? Are there any books that refer to high-heel fetishes?—Mrs. S. F., Detroit, Michigan.

Your husband may be a bit kinky, but he's not necessarily abnormal. A lot of men have a certain fascination with high heels on women. Just look through your back issues of Playboy. Half of our photographers wouldn't be able to focus a camera if there weren't a pair of high heels in the picture. Your high heels provide an extra sexual stimulus for your husband, and as long as you don't mind indulging him once in a while, there's really no problem. However, if you suspect that it's only the high heels he's interested in—or if this becomes the case—it would indicate that your husband had a fetish, which is a psychological dependence on an object. In such a case, counseling might be in order. On the basis of your description, however, we don't think your husband is in need of therapy. Many men admire the effect of high heels on female legs (since such shoes often add shape to the calves), and that's why other men also notice your legs and heels. As long as you wear heeled shoes that are comfortable and aren't causing pain or damage to your feet or legs, we think you should walk proud. If you don't like the attention, wear sneakers.

I currently belong to a mail-order record club. I noticed on one of the record jackets that the record had been manufactured by the club under license of the original label. How do such recordings compare in quality with the original company's pressings?—S. T., Dover, New Hampshire.

The quality of club-manufactured records will, in most cases, be comparable to the original record company's pressing. The record club will sometimes receive demands for

pressings not normally available and will manufacture, under license, copies of original recordings. The record club will, on occasion, reprocess the original recording, perhaps digitally, and the result will be a higher-quality recording than the original. However, in some cases, it's possible the club's recording quality will be inferior, as when a club attempts to put too much information or too many songs on one recording, resulting in poor sound—and, particularly, poor frequency response. This problem is usually found on compilations of songs. Most record clubs allow the return of unsatisfactory products, which enables you to refuse an inferior recording and acts as an incentive for the club to produce and sell high-quality merchandise.

My boyfriend and I have been having a very good sexual relationship for three months now. Sex is never boring, and we try new things all the time. We are also very into foreplay. Before I had sex with him, I couldn't have an orgasm with a man. We have cooperated and found many ways for him to give me orgasms. We have solved my problem, but now we have his problem to deal with, and we aren't finding any solutions. He can come inside of me and while masturbating, but he can't come when I give him head. I know that there is nothing wrong with him physically, and my mouth is in great shape (I've had plenty of experience and it has never failed me before). He wants very badly to come in my mouth, and I would love it if he could. Do you have any suggestions? We really need help. We are desperate!—Miss K. C., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Chances are that your problem stems primarily from a lack of sufficient friction. We think that you and your boyfriend should experiment with different positions, and you—and he—should use more manual stimulation during fellatio to help him reach orgasm. Oral sex is loving hand to mouth. Pick up the tempo. Shift gears. Suck the chrome off a trailer hitch. Solve this problem and the Nobel Prize is yours. Unless he has a psychological block about ejaculating in your mouth, we think it's just a matter of time—and trial and error—before the two of you overcome this difficulty. Keep in mind the fact that the two of you have been sexual partners for only a short time, and it often takes a while for partners to learn the subtleties and other techniques needed to get each other off. Relax, be patient and experiment—and we think your problem will soon become a thing of the past.

All of this talk about safe sex leaves me cold. The clinical alternatives sound like making love in one of those radioactive laboratory setups, with your partner on the other side of a glass screen, your hands in some robot-powered gloves and then a shower afterward for decontamination. Can you put some fun back into my love life?—P. J., Columbus, Ohio.

Last spring, The Boston Phoenix published a special safe-sex kit that included a menu of low-risk erotic activities. For light fare, it suggested "talking to each other about safer sex. Kissing and hugging. Back rubs, foot rubs and body rubs while still partially dressed. Listening to music and/or dancing together. Playing strip poker, strip backgammon or spin the bottle. Stroking, brushing or playing with each other's hair. Caressing, tickling, pinching and nibbling each other through clothes. Reading erotic literature together. Looking at erotic pictures. Watching erotic movies on the VCR. Talking sexy or sharing fantasies. Dry humping. Undressing each other or watching each other undress. Dressing up in erotic lingerie or costumes. Showering together. Kissing or licking or fondling your partner's body (except for the genitals and anus). Rubbing any non-petroleum-based body oil or lotion on each other or yourself. Putting a condom on your partner." For entrees, the paper suggested "petting with no clothes on. Stroking, caressing and fondling your partner's body (including the genitals and anus). Mutual or simultaneous masturbation to orgasm with your hands (with or without condoms, with no exchange of semen or vaginal fluids). Mutual or simultaneous masturbation with a vibrator (no sharing!). Rubbing your penis against healthy, unbroken skin on your partner's body between the breasts, between the lower thighs or against the buttocks, making sure not to ejaculate in or on your partner's body orifices. Rubbing your vulva against healthy, unbroken skin on your partner's body, avoiding contact with your partner's body orifices. Oral sex (fellatio) while wearing a condom. Oral sex (cunnilingus) while using a rubber dam or plastic wrap. Vaginal intercourse with a condom. Anal intercourse with a condom. Vaginal or anal penetration with a sex toy (no sharing!)." For dessert, if you still have any energy left: "Licking whipped cream or flavored non-petroleum-based oil off your partner's body, except for unprotected body openings. Masturbating while your partner watches or holds you. Making sexy video tapes or playing with a Polaroid camera. Body painting with non-petroleum-based body paints. Holding each other. Talking to each other. Sleeping together. Eating breakfast, lunch or dinner in bed. Starting over." These are good suggestions whether or not you are worried about contracting AIDS.

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.



DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

Were you wild in your teens?

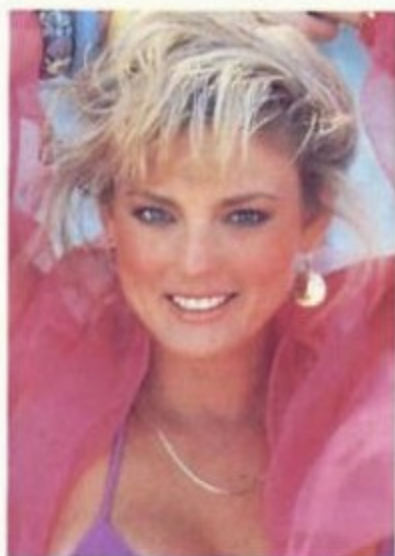
I definitely had my moments. I have an older brother, but my parents were stricter with me. They kept me on a tighter rein. Still, I rebelled. Finally, I realized that I was just hurting myself and that a lot of the things I was doing weren't that much fun, after all. I straightened myself out when I got to college. Before that, I skipped school, smoked, did some crazy things with my friends and experimented with many of the things kids are curious about. But I got through it. I don't think my parents were aware of how wild my wild period was; and it's just as well.



Laurie Carr

LAURIE CARR
DECEMBER 1986

No. I was very straight. I lived in the country and the big thing in my life was being a cheerleader. My parents held that over my head. You know how that goes: "If you do that, I'll take that letter right off your chest!" So I was good. I never did drugs, I never smoked and I was never caught behind a building with guys. I was such a good girl. Did I have goals then? No. I was never sent to the dean's office, either. I went to school; I came home; I watched the horses; I cleaned the pasture. I was kind of boring.



Lynne Austin

LYNNE AUSTIN
JULY 1986

I was basically very energetic, outgoing and sort of a tomboy. I was into all kinds of sports, so I was pretty rowdy. I was also the group loudmouth, but with some intelligence thrown in. So I never really got into trouble. I would be Miss Innocent instead. But I egged the others on. My parents knew I was wild and unpredictable and that I always did pretty much what I wanted to do. *Playboy* is a good example. I didn't tell them anything. I flew them into town after it came out and said, "Mom and Dad, I have to tell you something." They have always accepted the fact that, of their five kids, I was the character of the family. They always said, "Well, what's she going to do next?"



Rebecca Michelle Ferratti

REBECCA FERRATTI
JUNE 1986

I was at boarding school in England in my teens. I had braces and frizzy hair, which I dyed blonde when I was 13. The school told me not to come back until my hair grew out or until I made it my own color again. I didn't like anybody and I didn't do any work. I thought it was very clever to be so stupid, until I was about 15. Suddenly, I realized that it might be clever then, but it wasn't going to help me later in life. So I spent six months studying for my exams and I passed. I haven't been that sensible since then. I think my parents felt I'd have to find my own way and that I'd have to realize I was only hurting myself. I think they understood that I could get away with certain things at 13 that I couldn't get away with at 20.



Marina Baker

MARINA BAKER
MARCH 1987

Yes. I was very wild. I ditched class. I didn't go to school. I stayed out all night. I was very rebellious. I took my mother's clothes. My parents didn't know how to handle me. They thought I was the worst kid ever. I admit, I tried everything. I grew up in L.A. I went to clubs with fake I.D. My parents used to send the cops to look for me at my friends' houses. We just wanted different things for me. My mom wanted me to be a professional tennis player. My dad is the ultimate jock. I was pretty good at sports, but I hurt my knee and I couldn't handle the pressure. I was just being cool, you know, and sports weren't my way of doing it.



Kimberly Paige

KYMBERLY PAIGE
MAY 1987

I wasn't wild at all. I was very conservative. I grew up in North Carolina. There were wild kids there, but I wasn't one of them. I was into my schoolwork and pleasing my parents. I didn't get yelled at much; I didn't smoke or drink; I didn't even go out much. I never gave them any trouble. Why? I wanted it that way. I guess I knew what I wanted in life. I wanted to do well in school. I had a sense of the importance of that time in my life. I was aware that I would never be in high school again. Does this sound boring?




Donna Edmondson

DONNA EDMONDSON
NOVEMBER 1986

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





Jack and Jill
went up the hill
to fetch a pail of water,
Jack fell down
and broke his Crown Royal
and now Jill is dating
some guy from L.A.



PANIC BUTTON

Welcome to the 1988 Presidential campaign. For the first time in American history, sex promises to be a featured attraction of campaign rhetoric, as the candidates, advisors and back-room boys grapple with the volatile subject of AIDS.

Most of the candidates' statements will naturally focus on the issues of testing, sex education, research, health care and quarantine (for the contenders' stands on AIDS, see overleaf). Meanwhile, another debate—just as important, just as influential—will focus on fear. If all goes as anticipated, several candidates and many behind-the-scenes players will do their best to make America push the panic button. Here's what to expect.

Howard Phillips, head of the Conservative Caucus, warns, "Every hospital, every private business, every property owner, every school should have the right to test people who seek to use its facilities. Innocent people who are not AIDS carriers should have the right to be sure their children in schools are not going to be exposed to AIDS carriers.

I think risking death is more dangerous than suffering discrimination. Quarantining is something we have to consider. [It's] medieval, but the job of government is to protect the innocent, and I say there should be a stigma attached to homosexual behavior. It's an abomination; it's a crime against God and it's a crime against laws of most of the states."

Will Phillips quarantine children whose only crime was being born to a mother who received a tainted transfusion?

Senator Jesse Helms warns, "Somewhere along the line, we are going to have to quarantine if we are really going to contain this disease."

Why down the line? Either there is now a medical reason to quarantine or there isn't. Experts say there isn't.

Pat Robertson claims, "The magni-

tude of the problem is so enormous and the risk to the general public so great that state and local governments will be forced to apply some sort of quarantine of AIDS victims similar to those applied in the past to typhoid fever and hepatitis."

To promote this kind of fear, one has to disregard facts. AIDS is not similar to typhoid fever; we do not quarantine people with hepatitis. What about simple solutions? Robertson, whose father pulled strings to keep him from serving in the sexual revolution, is afraid of

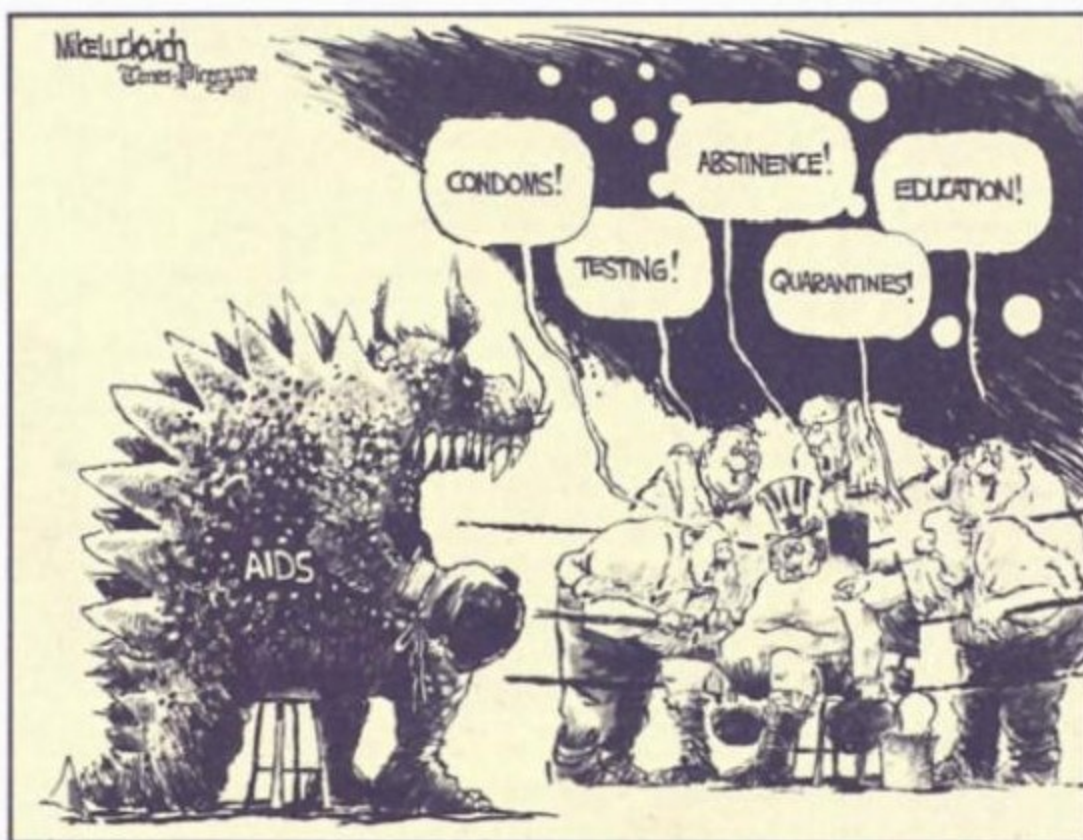
ents wouldn't want a parolee working in a day-care center, period, Ed.

Connie Marshner of the Free Congress Education Fund thinks that commercial pilots should be tested for AIDS. She has read somewhere that one of the symptoms is dementia: The virus can eat away brain cells before other symptoms occur. All right. Let's also test surgeons and Presidents and bus drivers and air-traffic controllers.

More than 20,000 Americans died before President Reagan mentioned AIDS publicly. When he called for testing, he appealed to fear: "AIDS is surreptitiously spreading throughout our population and yet we have no accurate measure of its scope. It is time we knew exactly what we're facing. And that is why I support routine testing." Reagan wanted to test Federal prisoners, the about to be married and immigrants. He was afraid that central Africans who had slept with green monkeys or Haitians who practiced strange voodoo rituals would bring *more* virus to the country and then free-load off our great health-care system. For-

eigners posed a dual threat: harm to our persons and harm to our pocket-books. Such fears are the fulcrum and lever of American politics.

Nor is fearmongering solely the territory of Republicans. New York's Democratic mayor Ed Koch wanted to test all foreign visitors to the city. This is classic xenophobia—a kind of moral and medical isolationism. Perhaps Koch has never heard of the golden rule: Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. New York accounts for one third of the AIDS cases in America. Let's cordon off the city, seal the Lincoln Tunnel, close off J.F.K. and LaGuardia and close down all road-show productions of *A Chorus Line*. And, hey, haven't a lot of those Mets taken drugs? Fuck it; let's nuke New York. Isn't fearmongering fun?



failure. Use rubbers? Never. Robertson claims that "ads promoting condoms are at best illusory and at worst an absolute fraud." Fine. The people who believe that lasers will stop the Russians can't believe that latex will stop a virus. Maybe they think rubbers should be made by the company that made the Challenger's O rings.

Politicians from the Stone Age onward have appealed to our concerns as parents. Conservatives have used purported threats to children to attack adult erotica and gay teachers. Now they are using the same tactics to promote AIDS testing.

Ed Meese suggests that testing Federal prisoners will produce an important piece of information for parole officers, because we wouldn't want a parolee with AIDS working as a counselor in a day-care center. Most par-

WHERE THE CANDIDATES STAND ON AIDS



ROBERT DOLE: We must deal with [AIDS] in a logical and orderly fashion. To make a mistake or even an error in judgment at

this time could interfere with our best efforts to protect the American public and every individual citizen. I say this with good reason—and with specific reference to mandating testing. . . .

There are many false-positive [AIDS] tests. . . . In fact, a full 50 to 80 percent of the initial positive screening tests in a normal group are false-positive results. . . . Will jobs be lost, careers destroyed, families interrupted—all for the sake of a false-positive test? . . .

To mandate testing in high-risk groups may force them to go underground, thus not only avoiding testing but, more importantly, missing the counseling that would accompany testing. . . .

This is not to say there is not or never will be a need for mandatory testing in some areas. I am saying that to take action now is premature and, in fact, may do more harm than good.—Statement on the Senate floor, May 21, 1987.



JACK KEMP: While AIDS is a public-health issue, it includes medical and moral problems which cannot be ignored. Anyone who

claims it is exclusively a medical problem or only a moral question is dangerously fooling himself. . . .

Moral relativism is the AIDS virus of a democracy: It suppresses society's normal immune response, so that a culture succumbs by stages to the infections of self-destructive behavior.

Ever since George Washington, American leaders and the American people have recognized that a strong belief in moral standards is necessary if democracy is to thrive. The Government cannot directly inculcate moral standards; but it can assist those institutions—for

example, the family, the church, the school and other local institutions—which are properly equipped to do so. Separation of church and state does not mean neutrality between right and wrong.

Fortunately, the era of "value-free education"—including value-free sex education—may be ending. We are reevaluating the wisdom of trying to revalue all our values. Whether the problem is teenage promiscuity or drugs or homosexuality, we have learned by experience that noncommittal "values clarification" does not equip young people to make responsible choices.

Part of the problem, though, is that our society has been sending conflicting signals on the choices we make. Columnist William Raspberry has written, "We remain . . . absolute when it comes to illicit drugs, while in matters of sex, we are rapidly adapting what I call normative morality—a tendency to set rules not on what we think proper behavior but on what people actually do."

But, as President Reagan pointed out, "When it comes to preventing AIDS, don't medicine and morality teach the same thing?" All the research we have confirms that the answer to that question is "Yes, they do."

Once we have acknowledged these plain truths, the general outlines of public policy in response to AIDS can be dictated by common sense and the biological and sociological nature of the disease.—Remarks prepared for delivery to the Coalitions for America, Washington, D.C., July 1, 1987.



GEORGE BUSH: Make no mistake about it. AIDS is spreading and killing in every corner of the world. It does not discriminate. It is

an equal-opportunity merchant of death. . . . Ultimately, we must protect those who do not have the disease. . . . We must wage an all-out war against the disease—not against people. . . . If society feels compelled in some circumstances to test its citizens, then it is absolutely imperative that those records are kept appropriately confidential. It is also imperative that help be available on

those who test positive.—Keynote address, Third International Conference on AIDS.



MICHAEL S. DUKAKIS: AIDS is the most serious health threat facing our nation today. In Massachusetts, we are responding

with the most powerful tools we have—education and prevention. [We have] a comprehensive AIDS-education plan that will reach every household in Massachusetts. This effort, combined with our funding for research and services, will make Massachusetts a national leader in the fight against AIDS.—From announcement of a Public Education Campaign on AIDS, June 11, 1987.



JESSE JACKSON: We know that information and education about AIDS can save lives—yet this Administration has less money for mass-media

information in its budget than General Secord has in his secret bank accounts. Why is President Reagan so generous with money to take lives in Central America—and yet so stingy with money to save lives here in the United States of America? Why is the President so reluctant to be guided by morality in his dealings with the immoral racist government of South Africa, yet wants only to preach morality in his response to this deadly disease—which is morally indifferent? Why is Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher of Great Britain willing to carry out a nationwide AIDS-information campaign, while her friend Ronald Reagan is still afraid? Why do we deliberately hold back information that could save lives, speak in code that informs nobody, pretend that young people don't need to know about sex or that if we don't mention it to them, they'll never think of it for themselves? . . .

In their zeal to prove their own morality, [right-wing] crusaders want to deny

lifesaving information to our children. In their racist and homophobic bigotry, they would end the lives of hundreds of thousands—gay and straight, black, white and Hispanic—in their determination to control the moral climate of this nation. They threaten the lives of all of us.—Speech at Northeastern University, Boston, May 13, 1987.



ALBERT GORE: Responding to the AIDS epidemic will be one of the most important challenges our next President must face. History will

deal harshly with the Reagan Administration for its failure to face up to the unprecedented threat of the AIDS pandemic. Not since Hoover has a President done less when he should have known better. We must attack the AIDS crisis directly: First, we must establish the equivalent of the Manhattan Project to find both a vaccine to prevent the spread of AIDS and a cure for those already infected. . . . Second, everyone needs to know the facts about AIDS. Virtually every American with knowledge of how

to prevent the disease can choose not to get AIDS. The more people know about AIDS, the less likely it is to spread. We need a massive education campaign. . . . We must also remove all barriers that discourage those at risk from getting tested and receiving appropriate counseling. We need to enact strong laws that assure confidentiality of test results and prohibit discrimination against those who test positive. Testing and counseling should be available for everyone. But mandatory testing won't help without a cure. Moreover, the limited resources available for testing should not be focused on low-risk groups but should be focused on those at high risk who currently must wait as long as three months to be tested.

A few shrill participants in the emerging AIDS debate have hinted darkly we may have to isolate those who test positive. Once carriers are identified, they argue, the only way to make sure they won't infect others is to force them into modern-day leper colonies. Others, without going that far, make other proposals which ignore the way in which the disease is spread and confuse punishment with treatment. Last week, for example, Attorney General Meese hinted that a positive test might affect parole decisions for Federal prison-

ers. . . . That would be an outrageous and shocking departure from American tradition. And what for? If we lash out in desperation, we will make all Americans prisoners of fear.—Speech to the Jewish Federation Council of Greater Los Angeles, June 14, 1987.



PAUL SIMON: Hardly anyone who knows he or she has AIDS spreads it. But those who do not know they have it do spread it. The wait to get

tested at voluntary centers in Minneapolis is three months; in Chicago, two months; in New York City, about one month. Those waiting periods are unbelievably costly to the nation. For anyone suspecting he or she has AIDS, voluntary and confidential testing should be quickly available. *We do not need massive testing of the entire population or huge portions of it. But testing of prison populations, for example, makes sense. That is in the best interest of the individual prisoner and* (concluded on page 54)

DEMOCRATS	MANDATORY TESTING				QUARANTINE		AIDS EDUCATION IN HIGH SCHOOL		
	IMMIGRANTS?	PRISONERS?	MARRIAGE-LICENSE APPLICANTS?	GENERAL PUBLIC?	PRISONERS?	GENERAL PUBLIC?	TEACH SAFE SEX?	TEACH ABSTINENCE?	TEACH MORALITY?
BRUCE BABBITT	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES	YES	YES
JOSEPH BIDEN	YES	YES	NO	NO	YES	NO	YES	NO POSITION	NO POSITION
MICHAEL DUKAKIS	YES*	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES*	YES	NO
RICHARD GEPHARDT	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO
ALBERT GORE, JR.	YES	YES	NO	NO	YES*	NO	YES	YES*	NO
JESSE JACKSON	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES	YES	YES
PAUL SIMON	YES	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES	YES	YES
REPUBLICANS									
GEORGE BUSH	YES	YES	YES*	NO	NO POSITION	NO	YES	YES	YES
ROBERT DOLE	YES	YES	NO	NO	NO POSITION	NO	YES	YES	YES
PETE DU PONT	YES	YES	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES	YES
ALEXANDER HAIG	YES	YES	YES	NO	YES	NO	NO	YES	YES
JACK KEMP	YES	YES	YES	NO	YES	NO	NO*	YES	YES
PAUL LAXALT	YES	YES	NO POSITION	NO POSITION	NO POSITION	NO POSITION	YES	YES	NO POSITION
PAT ROBERTSON	DECLINED TO PARTICIPATE								

*with qualifications

Based on research by Bari Nash.

DEATH OF A PORN QUEEN

I recently saw a PBS show titled *Death of a Porn Queen*. It was about Colleen Applegate, a sweet, innocent 18-year-old from rural Minnesota. She left home, went to Los Angeles and made money by becoming a nude model. She then turned to pornographic films. Along the way, she got hooked on cocaine. Two years after her arrival in L.A., she was so distraught with her life that she shot herself.

Colleen's story is, no doubt, unusual. Most nude models, no matter how sleazy the work they do, probably don't end up dead or addicted to drugs. But this story does illustrate how young women can be used and manipulated. I'm not sure that 18-year-olds can see the ramifications of their actions. For this reason, it seems that featuring nude pictures of women who are under 21—as *Playboy* does—is not right.

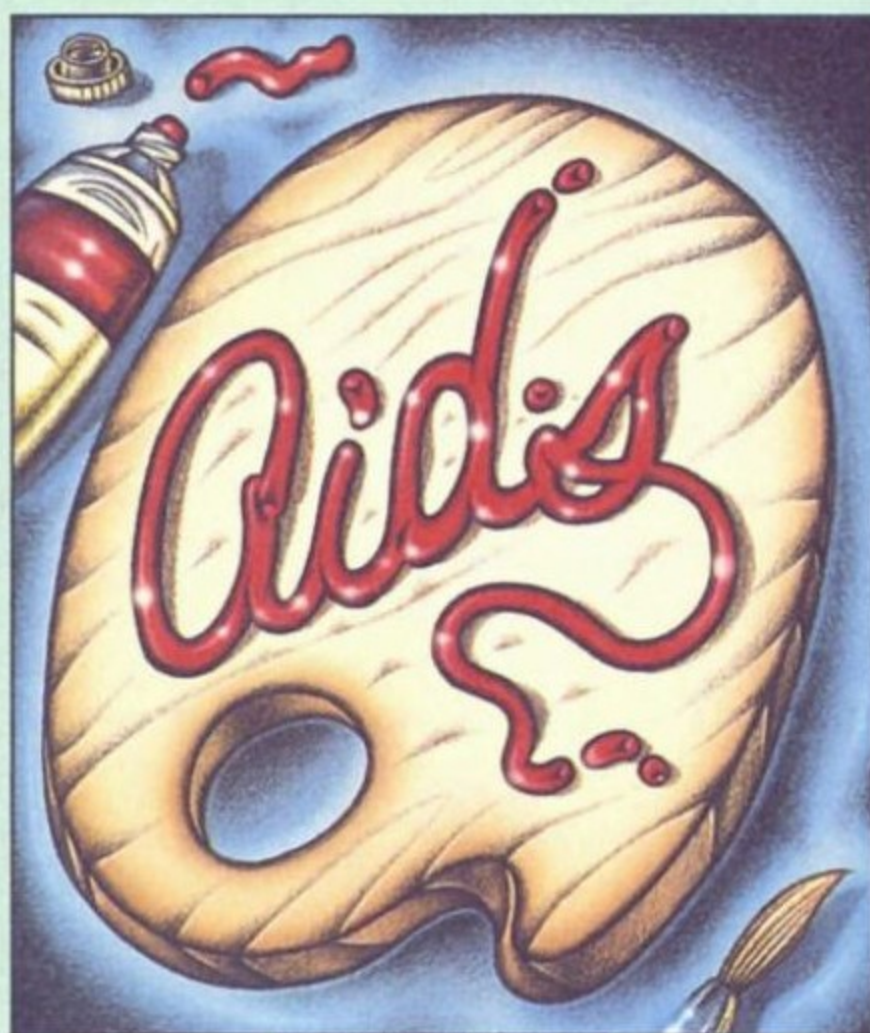
John Bergman Napp
Toledo, Ohio

You have forgotten one important aspect of Colleen Applegate's story: She tried to commit suicide at 16, when she was a small-town girl in Minnesota—before she went to Hollywood, before she started nude modeling, before she became involved in pornographic films, before she got hooked on cocaine. By everyone's account, she was a troubled person while living at home. If her suicide attempt at 16 had been successful, her death could have been used—by an equally skilled film maker—to show the dangers of rural Midwestern life.

We've had many Playmates between the ages of 18 and 21. Their lives have changed, too—for the better. Colleen might not have been able to handle Hollywood at any age.

ANIMAL RIGHTS

I watched the video *Playmate Play-Offs* and was astonished to see that *Playboy*, the champion of many causes, was awarding fur coats as prizes! I reviewed my copies of *Playboy* to see if



FOR THE RECORD

AIDS AND THE ART WORLD

Tragedy has often been the moving force behind creative endeavors—the tragedy of AIDS included.

AIDS, which has claimed the lives of many in the art world, has in turn inspired such works as Alan Bowne's play *Beirut*, Larry Kramer's *Normal Heart*, William Hoffman's *As Is*, Ross Bleckner's paintings, Duane Michals' photographs, even Cyndi Lauper's song *Boy Blue*. Art is perhaps the only way to tap into the deepest emotions and most harrowing experiences of this tragedy.

Edmund White, novelist and critic, comments on what the art world's response to and responsibility about AIDS must be:

If art is to confront AIDS more honestly than the media have done, it must begin in tact, avoid humor and end in anger.

Begin in tact, I say, because we must not reduce individuals to their deaths; we must not fall into the trap of replacing the afterlife with the moment of dying. . . . AIDS generates complex and harrowing reflections, but it is not caused by moral or intellectual choices. We are witnessing at long last the end of illness as metaphor or metonym.

Avoid humor, because humor seems grotesquely inappropriate to the occasion. Humor puts the public (indifferent when not uneasy) on cozy terms with what is an unspeakable scandal: death.

End in anger, I say, because it is only sane to rage against the dying of the light.

you often feature furs with your models. You do. The most ironic case was in December 1985, when Playmate Carol Ficatier of the Chicago Anti-Cruelty Society told of her work for animals while the cover featured Barbi Benton wrapped in a Russian sable coat. You have demonstrated that we can pursue the good life without trampling on the rights of others and, in fact, that life is improved when we take into consideration other people's rights. Isn't the same true for animal rights?

Steve McRoberts
St. Paul, Minnesota

In a word, no. Although we certainly do not believe in inflicting pain on animals, we are not proponents of vegetarianism, nor do we feel that everyone should wear vinyl shoes and jackets.

P.T.L. = PRAISE THE LORD?

I suppose that the correct meaning of the initials P.T.L. will forever be in question. You mention four possible meanings in the July *Playboy Forum*: Praise the Lord, People That Love, Pass the Loot, Praise the Libido. Here's another: Pardon the Lapse. As time passes, I'm sure we'll add more to the list.

Scott W. Himmelein
Kalamazoo, Michigan

The scandal that brought down the empire of Jim Bakker and his wife shows the hypocrisy of the religious right. Bakker and other self-appointed puritans (SAPs) have preached about returning this country to "traditional values." Some example they're setting.

Eric Fuller
Chicago, Illinois

PARENTS AGAINST COMICS

Your readers were understandably outraged by the Concerned Parents Monitoring Comics hit list of popular comic strips ("Sick Humor," *The Playboy Forum*, June). The readers who called the C.P.M.C. headquarters to voice

their concern were appalled by the thought of another conservative censorship organization. Fortunately, there is no C.P.M.C. and there is no Reverend Brian Kirk. "Sick Humor" was an attempt to demonstrate just how easy it is for fringe groups to be taken seriously.

The Reverend Kirk Biglione

a.k.a. The Reverend Brian Kirk
Fresno, California

Given the number of fringe groups, it's no wonder our readers took "Sick Humor" seriously. And "Kirk's" views on comics are not far afield from what some people are thinking. In Texas, an evangelist named Phil Phillips has warned Christian parents to be careful of the toys they buy their tots. He cautions against:

Rainbow Brite. To humanists, the rainbow represents the Rainbow Bridge between man and the Devil.

Cabbage Patch Kids. They are so realistic that "the line separating fantasy from the real world" is distorted.

Care Bears. They establish their own religious order and rituals by portraying angelic characters who help children.

G.I. Joe and Masters of the Universe. They display occult symbols.

Apparently, these days, everything is sacred!

THINK AGAIN

Some people are against what they consider pornography because they are afraid that their children will see it. Why don't people teach their moral values to their offspring, then let the children learn on their own? They will not be children forever and have to learn how to make their own decisions. These fundamentalist "thinkers" are not thinking very rationally.

Steven Neil MacLean
Corpus Christi, Texas

SPARE THE ROD

There have been several reported cases of Baptist schools' wanting to maintain their policy of spanking their students. In fact, one day-care center closed down rather than stop paddling.

I guess that if you teach physical force, you get physical force. In Bethlehem, Georgia, a 13-year-old boy stabbed the principal of his school with a pencil. The stabbing occurred one day after the principal had spanked the boy to discipline him.

M. Maguire
Seattle, Washington

CORRUPTIVE COKE III

I agree with Ed Rist (*The Playboy Forum*, June). Cocaine is a dangerous drug, and the people who use it must have a death wish. However, I would like to point out to Rist that the reason for the bloodletting in Colombia is the illegal status of the drug and not someone's snorting a line of cocaine. After all, we consume coffee, bananas and leather goods—all imported from Colombia—yet people aren't killed while trading these products. It is not the self-indulgence of coke users that corrupts, it is the Harrison Narcotic Act of 1914 and our refusal to repeal it.

Richard Sinnott
Fort Pierce, Florida

Ed Rist's letter and your response to it are incredibly stupid. It is not the user who has created a situation in which the financial rewards from the drug business are so seductive as to corrupt entire nations, any more than it was the users of alcohol during Prohibition who caused the growth of organized crime. The arrogant interference of our leaders in the market place has tempted those willing to circumvent the system.

Jim Brown
Denver, Colorado

You've missed Rist's—and our—point. We didn't say that our drug laws are good ones or that they are effective. We did say that if people realize that cocaine is hurting them—and others—and stop doing coke, they and Colombians will be better off.

CASEY JONES, TAKE IT EASY

I am responding to a letter from D. Ferguson headed "Casey Jones, Better Watch Your Speed" (*The Playboy Forum*, May). Ferguson tells of sitting next to an Amtrak passenger who surreptitiously drank wine and popped pills. When the train reached its destination, the passenger produced an Amtrak pass and declared that he was driving the next train out. Ferguson was understandably alarmed.

At a time when the right to privacy of locomotive engineers and millions of other Americans is under attack from the right wing, with its "Jar Wars" campaign, you publish a letter with unsubstantiated charges that plays right into the hands of those who would wave a specimen bottle in front of our loins every time we turned around. Please note that of the 759 drug and alcohol tests administered by the Federal Railroad Administration in 1986, only 38 detected controlled (concluded on page 54)

BANNED IN FLORIDA

Shoppers at the 157 Winn-Dixie stores in southern Florida can kiss these bare breasts goodbye. The June issues of *Glamour* and *Cosmopolitan*, featuring nude boobs, were banned from the shelves by breastphobic executives. Now, with the public delivered from this shocking sight, can we ban those male boobs heading up Winn-Dixie?

—KIM ERWIN



CANDIDATES ON AIDS

(continued from page 51)

of the general population. . . .

Where an untested drug or treatment shows some promise in treating AIDS, experimentation with human volunteers appears to be a reasonable course. We also need to provide appropriate, compassionate surroundings for dying patients.—*P.S./Washington*, June 7–13, 1987.



RICHARD A. GEPHARDT: It is clear to me that there are some ways in which we should not talk about AIDS. I am referring specifically to the rhet-

oric of those who have seized upon the AIDS problem in the homosexual population to promote invidiousness, discriminatory and moralistic dogma. An example can be seen in a recent fund-raising letter sent out by the Reverend Jerry Falwell in order to rejuvenate his financially failing direct-mail ministry. And I quote: "The homosexuals and the prohomosexual politicians have joined together with the liberal gay-influenced media to cover up the facts concerning AIDS." He goes on in his request for more money by saying, "Homosexuals have expressed the attitude

that they are going to die—and they are going to take as many people with them as they can." Such fearmongering and near hysteria only serve to promote division among people. That is the kind of debate we do not need.

This country wasn't founded by declarations of fear and loathing. It was founded by men and women who went to great ends to build a tolerant and enlightened society. As an American, I cannot in good conscience let the ideal of what it means to be an American get crushed under the heel of hatred and discrimination. I will not allow, without fierce resistance, the extreme views of a few religious fundamentalists to dominate this debate. To merely condemn AIDS victims to the unmitigated pain and suffering this disease has caused is to destroy our own humanity.—Speech on National Nurses' Week, Texas Medical Center, May 4, 1987.



BRUCE BABBITT: You know, it's old hat to talk about voodoo economics, but we really have a voodoo health policy. The Government's idea

seems to be that if you keep sticking needles into people and taking blood tests, the disease will go away.—Speech to Harvard School of Public Health, July 14, 1987.

READER RESPONSE

(continued from page 53)

substances, and of those 38 who tested positive, only six were engineers. Six positive tests are too many, yes, but we are doing something about that. Our union has persuaded Amtrak to join it in Operation Red Block, an early-detection and prevention program. I feel that we are acting responsibly to our passengers. Locomotive engineers deserve an apology.

William G. Hausleiter, Chairman
Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers
Bordentown, New Jersey

Ferguson would approve of Operation Red Block. His conclusion about the encounter on the train was simply that as a responsible citizen, he should have reported the incident. He wrote that letter in response to a recent Amtrak disaster. He was not advocating drug tests; he was simply advocating that people be more actively involved in preventing potentially dangerous situations.

DR. RUTH, WHERE ARE YOU?

The *Chicago Sun-Times* decided to drop Dr. Ruth Westheimer's advice column from its pages when it received a number of complaints from readers who objected to the "graphic sexual issues discussed." The problem with the world is that right-wingers protest, while liberal types keep their mouths shut. Come on, Chicagoans, write to the *Sun-Times* and protest its pulling Dr. Ruth. Then let's see what happens.

B. Mason
Chicago, Illinois

PRETRIAL DETENTION

Once—long ago—President Ronald Reagan wanted to nominate Attorney General Edwin Meese to the Supreme Court. But not even the President could prevent Meese from uttering public statements that ran counter to the Constitution and made Congressmen, even Republican Congressmen, scratch their heads in wonder. His most notable *gaffe* was his statement that anyone who was arrested was most likely guilty.

Happily for Reagan, he already had a *simpatico* servant on the Supreme Court—Chief Justice William H. Rehnquist, who, like Meese, is not troubled by ignoring the Constitution. In the most recent session of the Supreme Court, Rehnquist wrote the majority opinion on a decision that upheld pretrial detention without bail for some criminal defendants.

Rehnquist defended his opinion by writing, "The mere fact that a person is

detained does not inexorably lead to the conclusion that the Government has imposed punishment. . . ." Try telling *that* to people detained in jail without the right to post bail.

That ruling was, naturally, strongly supported by the Reagan Administration and hailed as a victory toward making a "more secure society."

The fact of the matter is, though, that the Government already has the right to detain criminals who are a real threat to society—by denying them their right to post bail—and it has the right to detain mentally unstable individuals and dangerous juveniles.

The new ruling sanctions the detention of a wider range of "criminals" and provides Congress with the rationale to allow detention of individuals who do not conform to its way of thinking.

The far-reaching implications are

frightening and hark back to World War Two, when people who were perceived as a threat to our society (read Japanese-Americans) were detained. The logical extension of this decision is that *any* group that the Federal courts perceive as being a "threat" could suffer detention without bail, without trial, without proof of guilt. For a modern example of detention in action, look at South Africa, where 30,000 anti-apartheid activists have been "detained" since the state of emergency began.

According to American Civil Liberties Union legal director John Powell, this ruling is "completely at odds with our historic tradition that everyone is innocent until proven guilty."

It's bad enough when Meese changes the axiom to "guilty until proven innocent"; it's a tragedy when it's made into law.

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SAFE AT ANY SPEED?

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS—Traffic deaths in Illinois fell from 131 in May 1986 to 106 in May 1987, the first full month of the 65-mile-an-hour speed limit on rural interstates. State police attribute the decline to two factors: They are enforcing the speed limit and they are enforcing the



state's mandatory-seat-belt law. In May, revved-up traffic patrols issued twice as many speeding tickets to motorists as they had issued in April and gave nearly 17,000 more tickets for seat-belt violations. Tickets apparently talk.

OUR WASHINGTON BIG BROTHER

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A Federal advisory committee has revived the idea of adding the names of people suspected of but not charged with crimes to the FBI's National Crime Information Center computer. It has also suggested that the FBI have electronic access to the records of other Government agencies such as the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Internal Revenue Service, the Social Security Administration, the passport office and the Immigration and Naturalization Service. Proponents of the idea say that the proposal will help fight crime, but civil libertarians say that it will pose a serious threat to privacy. California Representative Don Edwards, chairman of the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights, said the proposal

would make "a revolutionary change, permitting law-enforcement agencies to pass around investigative information, much of it rumor and gossip, over a national computer system run by Big Brother in Washington."

CALLING ALL KINSEYANS

The Kinsey Institute is looking for people who were interviewed by the late Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey for his studies of the sexual behavior of men and women. His research, conducted in the late Forties, resulted in the famous Kinsey report. Dr. Kinsey questioned about 18,000 persons; 8000 are thought to be still living. The institute wants to conduct follow-up research and asks that the original interviewees write to The Kinsey Institute, Morrison Hall, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana 47405, and give name, address, telephone number, birth date, year of the original interview and the city in which it was conducted.

YOU WIN SOME; YOU LOSE SOME

NEW YORK CITY—The state's highest court held it unconstitutional to force public school teachers to submit to drug tests without a "reasonable suspicion" of drug use. The court rejected the U.S. Attorney General's argument that a person cannot expect privacy with respect to urine because it is a waste product that is periodically eliminated from the body.

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Supreme Court voted eight to one to let the U.S. Customs Service test for drugs any worker who wants a promotion to a drug-law-enforcement job. The Court agreed with a series of Federal appellate-court decisions that have overturned antitestings rulings from lower courts and has held that such tests do not intrude unnecessarily on workers' right to privacy.

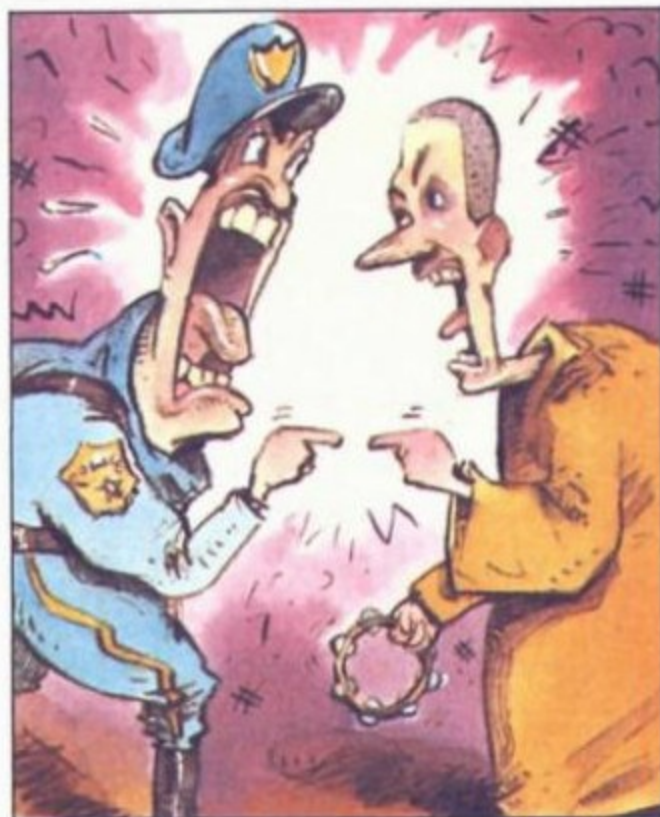
TOP CASH CROP

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) reports that marijuana was the country's number-one cash crop in 1986, with a value of 26.7 billion dollars—more than twice that of corn.

NORML national director Jon Gettman called the Reagan Administration's drug policies "the greatest thing that has ever happened to the domestic marijuana industry," because the higher prices arising from tougher law enforcement now provide an incentive to growers to produce large quantities of the drug. If the pot crop were legalized, he added, it would mean about ten billion dollars to farmers and 16 billion dollars in tax revenue for the states and the Federal Government.

PRO FREE SPEECH

The Supreme Court recently handed down two decisions that involved First Amendment freedoms. The first decision addressed a case in which a policeman was verbally harassed while on duty. Justice William Brennan wrote for the majority that "the First Amendment recognizes, wisely we think, that a certain amount of expressive disorder not only is inevitable in a society committed to individual freedom but must itself be protected if that freedom would survive." The sec-



ond decision addressed an incident at the Los Angeles International Airport in which a religious group was prohibited from handing out leaflets. Sandra Day O'Connor wrote in the Court's opinion that the airport's resolution prohibiting the distribution of religious leaflets was so comprehensive that "virtually every individual who enters [the airport] may be found to violate the resolution by engaging in some 'First Amendment activity.'"

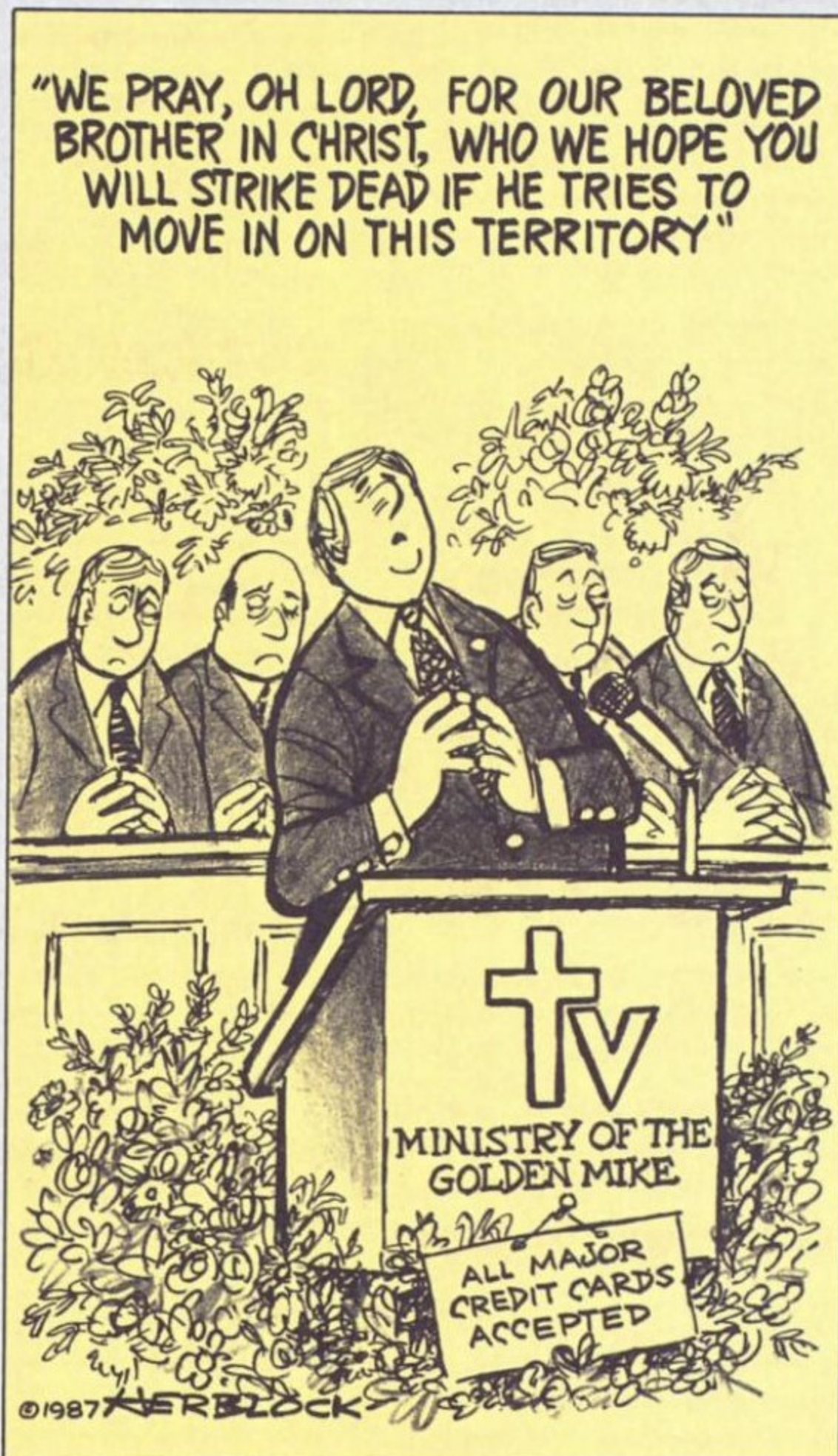
FUNDAMENTALIST FUNNIES



DON WRIGHT, THE MIAMI NEWS



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

GENERAL RICHARD SECORD

a candid conversation about profiteering, patriotism and 25 years of covert adventures with the toughest player in the iran/contra affair

It begins like a Robert Ludlum novel. The President secretly dispatches two of his most trusted aides on a mission to a fanatical and despised enemy regime that holds a number of our citizens hostage. Carrying false passports, they arrive unexpectedly at the enemy capital in an unofficial airplane. Aboard the aircraft is a cargo of lethal missiles that they intend to barter for the lives of the hostages. They also bring a cake.

The rest of the story reads like a Mel Brooks screenplay—"Spyballs," perhaps: Nobody shows up at the airport to meet them, somebody eats the cake, then they go home.

The story, however diverting, is not fiction, and it is not light summer fare at the neighborhood theater. It is, instead, the stuff of a joint committee of the Congress that held the nation captive this past summer with televised hearings on the Iran/Contra scandals. Spies, Presidential advisors, Contra leaders, beautiful secretaries—all have done their part to make this the most significant and colorful Government investigation since the Watergate hearings.

It was no mere happenstance that the Congressional committee's considered choice as its first witness was Major General Richard V. Secord. Perhaps no individual, aside from Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North, was more

intriguing to the public than Secord; it was he who set the stage for what was to follow. Described by the press alternately as a rigid, Strangelovian general and as a slaving arms dealer, Secord has a résumé that reads like a contemporary history of American covert operations, from Southeast Asia to the Persian Gulf.

In fact, from his West Point graduation in 1955 to the present, Secord's life has been an enigma. As part of a top-secret operation in the early Sixties, he was one of the first American combat pilots in Vietnam. He flew an astonishing 285 combat missions during his several tours in Southeast Asia. Detailed to the CIA early in his career, he singlehandedly ran an army and air force for the CIA's secret war in Laos, some details of which have remained secret until this interview.

If that were all, it might be enough for any one career; but Secord managed to squeeze in a few more adventures. He was part of a top-secret American effort to subdue rebellious tribesmen in Iran. It was Secord who was selected by President Jimmy Carter to "go back in and get the job done right" after the United States' failed attempt to rescue the hostages from Iran.

But Secord's military career ended abruptly. He resigned from the Air Force in

1983, embittered, under a cloud of scandal. He says today, at 55, that he was a shoo-in for Air Force Chief of Staff. Instead, his relationship with ex-CIA agent Edwin Wilson, the man convicted of selling arms to Qaddafi and then plotting to murder the prosecutors who brought him to justice, ensnared the once-proud general. Secord says it was guilt by association, but investigators maintain that he got off lightly.

Whatever the truth of the charges against him, Secord embarked on a career dealing legally in arms. Using contacts he had developed over the years, he and Iranian-born Albert Hakim began a business with the lofty-sounding name of Stanford Technology Trading Group. Two years later, in 1985, a young lieutenant colonel working at the White House called Secord about a problem he was having with a confidential arms deal out of the Middle East. When Secord heard the details, he shook his head at the "sloppiness" of the deal but agreed to help out. And cut himself in for a profit. His critics later said that profit—which some estimated at as much as \$8,000,000—was outlandish, not to say illegal. Secord merely says that he and his partner earned it.

Oliver North may have known what happened at the White House, but it was the



"For six straight years, I was a key figure in the military-sales business—first in Iran and then as the head for world-wide Air Force security systems. I was Jesus Christ as far as those defense contractors were concerned."



"I was sitting with North and I told him, 'Look, Ollie, I haven't been down there [Central America], but I've been in the military long enough to know that this whole thing is screwed up like Hogan's goat.'"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDY O'ROURKE

"Oliver North has claimed that our President is a direct descendant of the God of Abraham. 'For God's sake,' said the Iranian, 'we've got to rush back and tell the ayatollah!' We all laughed like hell."

field-smart Secord who turned their vague plans into reality. As he makes clear in this, his most extensive interview outside the hearing room and the special prosecutor's office, Secord implies that had he been in complete control, the Iran/Contra operation would have succeeded without a ripple of public knowledge.

As it was, Secord made possible the Tehran trip by National Security Advisor Robert McFarlane. He personally diverted the money from the Iran arms sale and sent it down to the Contras. He ran the air-supply effort for the entire Contra operation. In fact, whatever competence may be attributed to the Contras as a military force—and even the Sandinistas concede that they have had some victories—it is Secord who is given credit for helping whip them into shape. He is, despite any charges that may be made against him—and his enemies have made many—a capable man. A can-do, no-questions-asked sort of guy. But the question that remains to be asked of him is, simply, Is he a patriot or a profiteer?

To find out the answers to this and other questions, Playboy dispatched journalist **Morgan Strong** to Washington during the weeks following Secord's testimony. Strong has conducted "Playboy Interviews" with such fearsome subjects as Druse war lord Walid Jumblatt (July 1984) and five correspondents and the producer of "60 Minutes" (March 1985). Here is Strong's report:

"Richard V. Secord has a grueling schedule these days. Between his sessions with the committee and the Special Prosecutor, there seemed to be little time for us to engage in lengthy discussions. After a week of waiting by the phone in a Washington hotel, I made my first appointment with him—a preliminary meeting to nail down a commitment. In the midst of the pandemonium of that week, he had to decide on the wisdom of telling all—or, at least, his side. He had his walk-away money, assuming he gets to keep the profit he says is rightfully his from the arms deals; he had been vilified in the press; he had endured months of grilling by the committee lawyers and the prosecutor's office. What did he need this for?

"It was in that first meeting that I had an inkling of how Richard Secord thinks: quickly. After a brief discussion of the interview format—no holds barred, no ground rules, and so forth—I put the question to the short, powerfully built former West Point boxer: Yes or no? He stared off briefly. He got up and motioned me toward the door. 'Tomorrow morning. Ten o'clock. Here at my office.' From then on, he was punctual, nonevasive and cooperative, true to his word.

"Secord is the essence of a covert operative. He has experienced the world not as seen by the policy makers, from a distance, but in ground battles and in the cockpits of fighter planes. And his philosophy of life has clearly been formed from that experience.

"He is a guarded man, of course. But he is not as rigid as he is described or as he appears on television. He is a man who from his teens has spent his life in the military,

including the finishing school for stoics, West Point. He holds a startling number of decorations—the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Distinguished Service Medal, the Legion of Merit and others. He is not a gregarious man, and he has not given much time, it seems, to pondering life's imponderables. He is a man given to action.

"We spent the better part of two weeks, several hours a day, going over his career and the Iran/Contra affair. Up to presstime, with all the breaks in the story, he made time to answer new questions.

"I'll say one thing: He doesn't back off."

PLAYBOY: We've been told that we're about to talk with the ultimate Cold War warrior. True?

SECORD: [Laughs] No, I was never a Cold War warrior. I was a hot-war warrior. But that was just because I was the right age and grew up at the right time and in the right chain.

PLAYBOY: Since there's been so much speculation about you, let's begin with your official biography. Where are you from originally?

SECORD: I was born in a small town in

*"You cannot win
battles without facing
the enemy. You have to be
able to stare him down."*

central Ohio. When I'd finished high school, the Korean War came along and I received my draft notice a few weeks before I heard that I had passed the entrance exams to West Point. I was going one way or the other. [Laughs] I graduated from West Point in 1955.

PLAYBOY: How did you like the Point?

SECORD: Nobody liked it. At least in those days. It was very, very tough.

PLAYBOY: But you experienced the West Point tradition of duty, honor, country?

SECORD: Totally immersed in it. I'm very proud of West Point.

PLAYBOY: From there you went right into flight school, didn't you?

SECORD: Yes, and I was commissioned in the Air Force. Eisenhower presented the diplomas at my graduation. The last two years at West Point, Captain Al Haig was my tac officer. That's like the company commander.

PLAYBOY: What was Haig like then?

SECORD: Mean as hell. Like all of them. Iron men. But we all thought Haig to be pretty sharp. No dummy. I didn't run across him again for many years. Until he was on the National Security Council staff, in fact, many years later. It's a small world at the top of the National Security structure. They tend to be the same guys moving in and out.

PLAYBOY: You took up flying after flight school, right?

SECORD: Yes. I just had normal assignments. I was a flight instructor in Laredo, Texas, for a few years, in jets. Jets were quite new then. In 1961, a top-secret draft—a levy, actually—came down from Headquarters Air Force seeking volunteers for temporary duty. T.D.Y., we called it. It was an assignment that involved combat operations, and they wanted a certain category of people. My name popped up. I volunteered for it.

PLAYBOY: But you didn't know what it was?

SECORD: No, nobody knew what it was. We were sent off for psychological screening in San Antonio. In later years, we joked that they had picked the crazy ones. We also went through a special survival school up in the High Sierras that lasted 22 days. Then we were sent to Hurlburt Field, Florida. By then, we all assumed we were going to Cuba, because—remember the timing—it was 1961, just after the Bay of Pigs disaster. We figured they were putting together some special units to just go and knock over Cuba.

PLAYBOY: And?

SECORD: We were wrong. Obviously. [Laughs] We ended up in Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: All U.S. activities in Vietnam were covert at that time, weren't they?

SECORD: Oh, it was T.S. [top secret] at the time. In fact, our wives didn't even know where we were. We had an APO box. A dead drop, I guess you could call it.

PLAYBOY: You were flying missions against—

SECORD: Viet Cong.

PLAYBOY: Air strikes, right? No aerial combat.

SECORD: Not at that time. A tremendous number of air strikes—285. We operated out of forward operating locations all over the country, from Da Nang to Soc Trang.

PLAYBOY: How long did you spend over there?

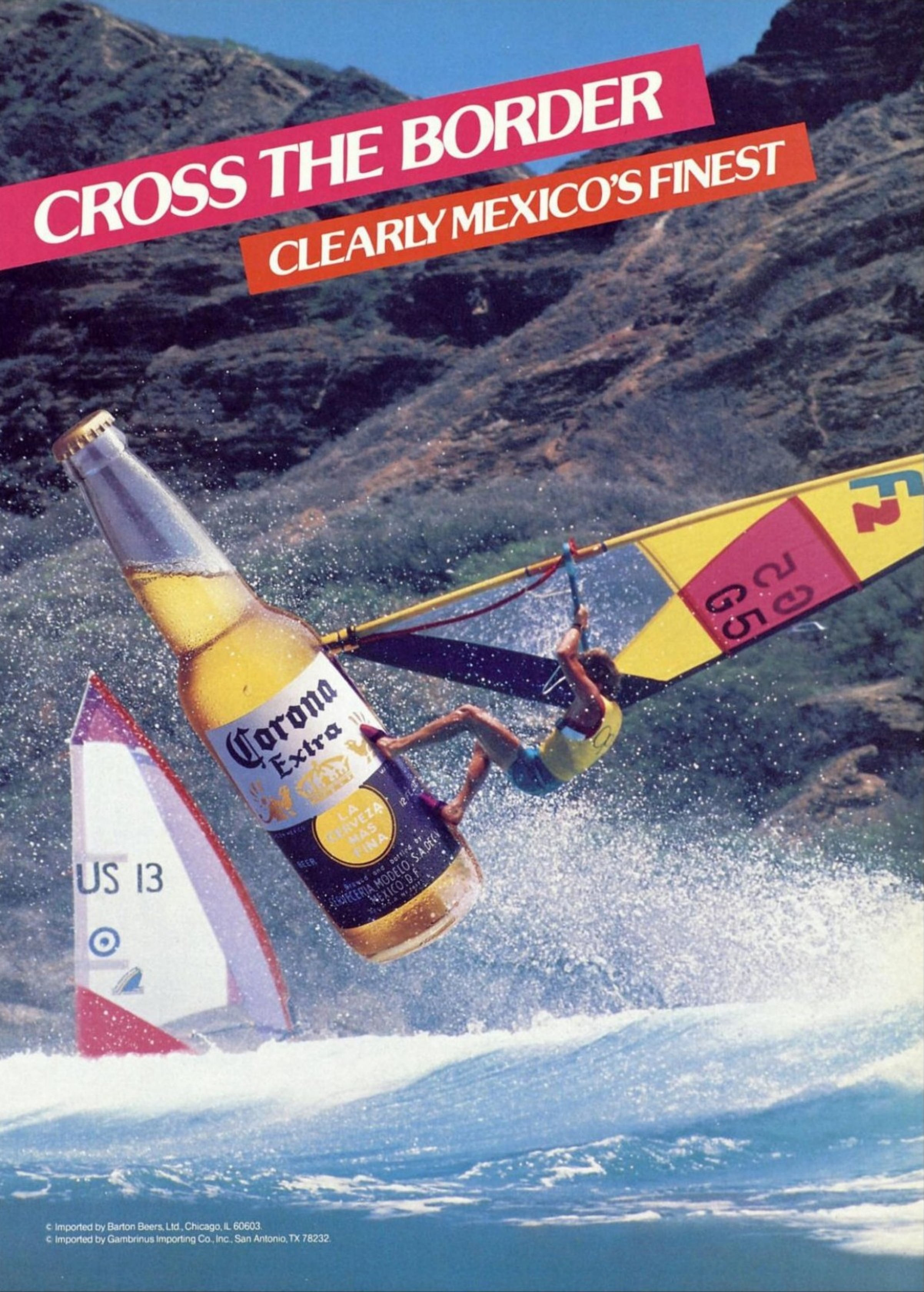
SECORD: The first tour, I was there for six months, and then I went back to Hurlburt, which was then my home. In 1963, I was sent to Iran.

PLAYBOY: What was happening there?

SECORD: A Special Forces team had been sent to the northwestern part of Iran to help the Iranian armed forces combat the Kurdish insurrection. They wanted combat veterans. So, because I'd spent six months in Iran, I became [laughs] an expert. I got to go back again in '64 and '65. Those tours became a major reason I was selected to command the Air Force Military Assistance Advisory Group in Iran in 1975. There were a limited number of guys who had single-engine-fighter attack experience in combat.

PLAYBOY: Your bio says your next assignment involved the Cuban Missile Crisis.

SECORD: Yes. I returned to the States from Vietnam just in time to participate in Cuba II—the October Missile Crisis of '62. And again, because there were only a few combat-ready pilots available, I was



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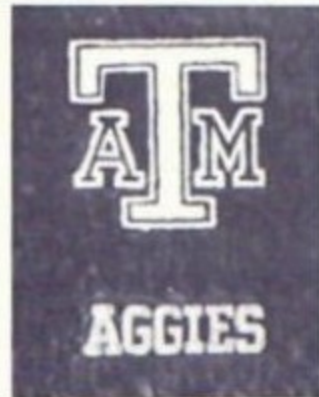
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recalled from leave and told that ten of us would lead an air strike against Cuba.

PLAYBOY: Which never came off.

SECORD: But we were within 11 hours of going. We were briefed in isolation and everything else.

PLAYBOY: But Kennedy canceled the plans.

SECORD: Right. Reached an accommodation with Khrushchev. So. But then I went on to spend a lot of time in Iran, as I said, and finally was sent to the Air Command and Staff College. I made major in '66.

PLAYBOY: Where did you meet your wife?

SECORD: Oklahoma. We were married in '61, just before I went to this special survival school I told you about. I took off immediately. That was my present to her. [Smiles] Then, after the Air Command and Staff College, I went back to Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: For another tour?

SECORD: A couple of tours. I was detailed to the CIA.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you object to that at first?

SECORD: Yes, because I was just a driver, a high-class driver for one of the CIA's so-called living legends, an old China hand who was down there in a senior position.

PLAYBOY: Who was that?

SECORD: Well, I can't give the names. But he was head of all CIA air, which was all logistics stuff in Vietnam. You know, Air America, and so forth. The CIA had a big, big presence in South Vietnam, as you know, and they had their own support and supply mechanisms. Didn't use the U.S. military. So that was the situation that I was in there. But I was there for only a short time. I was misplaced.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SECORD: I was a warrior. I wasn't a driver.

PLAYBOY: So you went to headquarters and complained.

SECORD: Yes. And they decided that I was, indeed, correct. So they sent me to Laos.

PLAYBOY: Your biography says Thailand.

SECORD: It may show that I was in Thailand, but I was assigned to Laos. After a few months, I was in charge of all the tactical air operations in support of the CIA.

PLAYBOY: Same fellows who wrote your biography?

SECORD: [Smiles] Yes. We were supporting guerrillas all over the country [Laos], north and south. And that included all the infiltration and exfiltration missions by helicopter, the night airdrops to the troops, the coordination of tactical air support, the fighters—we actually used U.S. fighters in support of guerrillas. The first time that's ever happened on a sustained basis.

PLAYBOY: So it was just luck that you got involved in the CIA.

SECORD: It was pure luck. I fit the right age group and flying-hour profile. Laos was probably the most challenging assignment I ever had. It was a ferocious war going on in Laos. The CIA's mission was to run that war.

PLAYBOY: The U.S. was never officially in Laos, of course.

SECORD: Well, I lived there. You talk about

a cuckoo war—all these artificial barriers we erected. To say that we couldn't go into Laos was asinine. We had a lot of Americans on the ground in combat in Laos. So why we just didn't take a couple of divisions and drive across to the Ho Chi Minh Trail and interdict their support lines, I don't know. With air support, we'd have shattered the North Vietnamese army.

PLAYBOY: You knew what to do?

SECORD: We knew *exactly* what to do. You didn't have to be a West Point graduate to figure it out. It was very simple. The terrain was easily understood, and we had plenty of intelligence. Ground troops and air support, interdiction of the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Instead, we just kept it all



THE PILOT: Secord in Da Nang, where he was sent after volunteering for secret bombing raids against North Vietnam in 1961.

divided up like pieces of pie. Laos belonged to the CIA. North Vietnam belonged to the MACV [Military Assistance Command, Vietnam]. Cambodia, oh, when that opened up—we ran that like it was Guatemala.

PLAYBOY: Were you frustrated by not being able to do things the way you wanted to?

SECORD: All of us were tremendously frustrated. There were some really good CIA officers there. These were the old paramilitary types. They'd been around a lot. But some of them were cuckoo, of course. They just liked it because a fight was going on. But those I classify as pros—I count myself as one of those—always knew we were going to lose on this course.

PLAYBOY: Then you feel that the war was lost by the politicians. What would your solution have been?

SECORD: I teach a course at the Special Operations Staff School these days. One of my pitches to them is that you cannot win battles without facing the enemy. You have to be willing to step up to them. All the focus on high technology as a way of reducing casualties is mistaken. Vietnam proved this. Despite [former Secretary of Defense Robert] McNamara's high-tech barriers and all our equipment, in the long run, we lost 50,000 K.I.A. [killed in action]. That's a lot of people. You've got to be willing to look at the elephant. You have to be able to stare him down.

PLAYBOY: You took a desk job in the Penta-

gon after your Vietnam tours. How did you feel about what you found?

SECORD: Well, it wasn't until I had served awhile in the Pentagon that I finally came to understand why we are so inept. It's such an enormous problem that it's hard to understand. It has to do with the interplay of the press, now aided by TV, which has become so important, and the Congress. Today, the Congress is virtually a tool of the press. There are exceptions, of course, but mostly the key to politics is a good press and as much free television as you can get.

PLAYBOY: The Air Force made you a full colonel in 1972.

SECORD: I was exactly 40 years old. Normally, in the Air Force, you would not be promoted to full colonel until about the age of 45. And I was selected for brigadier general in 1975.

PLAYBOY: That year, you went back to Iran a general and became chief of the Military Assistance Advisory Group. What did you do?

SECORD: I was responsible for training and assimilation of all the Air Force and for some Navy and Army equipment the Iranians bought.

PLAYBOY: There was supposedly billions of dollars' worth of equipment, most of which Iran could not use.

SECORD: It was an enormous problem. And I was supposed to slow down the pace of the deals, so that adequate training could take place, and so forth. I came onto the scene in 1975, just when the stuff was being delivered. All the really big-buck programs were done in those days.

PLAYBOY: That must have been where you first saw the kind of money that was being made by the middlemen, right?

SECORD: They were bribing everybody, just everybody. The defense contractors were my greatest critics there. They always complained about me, because I was on their case all the time. It was a scandal; you should have seen it: just to fly over all this equipment on the docks, the loaded tankers in the harbor, billions of dollars' worth of arms—startling.

PLAYBOY: Did you profit from anything in that period, as has been alleged?

SECORD: Listen, I could have become *enormously* wealthy. If I wanted to beat my own drum and produce *bona fides* that I am not a crook, all I'd do is refer to that period.

PLAYBOY: Still, a lot of military people end up working for the defense contractors and make a lot of money. Didn't some of the officers who left the Service use your name to get their jobs?

SECORD: [Excitedly] Hundreds of them, hundreds. They used my name everywhere, no question about it. "Secord? Oh, yeah, he's a good friend of mine." And they continued to use my name after I left Iran. You see, for six straight years, I was a key figure in the military-sales business—first in Iran and then as the head for world-wide Air Force security

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systems. I was Jesus Christ as far as those defense contractors were concerned. And anyone can tell you I didn't come out of there with any money. But it would have been so easy.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you tempted? A general's salary compared with those millions?

SECORD: The defense contractors did not like me. Most of their chief executive officers were so pissed off at me that they couldn't see straight. They claimed that I cost them tens of millions of dollars. No one could bribe me. When they tried to hit me, they hit a brick wall. It just infuriated them. [Smiles broadly] I knocked an American defense contractor's proposals for a three-year contract in Saudi Arabia from 1.4 billion dollars to \$900,000,000 with the stroke of a pen. Just like that. *Whish!* I had so many of their vice-presidents calling me about contracts. And that really used to piss me off. I threatened to send auditors out to look over their factories. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Were you offered any jobs after you left the military?

SECORD: You know how many of them offered me a job? None. Not one. I was known as a very conservative guy, and I grew to hate our industry leaders. I mean literally to *hate* them. Because they were always taking the short-term buck, even though they knew that down the line, it would be to this country's detriment.

PLAYBOY: The shah was known to be a generous man to his friends. Did he ever reward you for your efforts?

SECORD: [Laughs] The only thing the shah ever gave me was his son to take care of. I had to oversee his pilot training in Texas, toward the end of the shah's reign.

PLAYBOY: What was your personal opinion of the shah?

SECORD: I liked him. I thought that he was very intelligent and a good leader.

PLAYBOY: Do you dispute claims that his regime was a brutal one?

SECORD: I'd been watching Iran since '62 or '63, when the shah announced the White Revolution. That gave the women the vote and redistributed land among the peasants. There were dramatic liberal innovations, not just notions, things actually implemented. So I don't call it a brutal regime. I personally never saw any signs of it.

PLAYBOY: You never saw any signs of the shah's secret police, the *Savak*?

SECORD: The *Savak* were supposed to be particularly brutal, and I suppose they were from time to time. Police forces around the world are sometimes brutal. But, in any case, I'll flatly state it wasn't on any large scale in Iran.

PLAYBOY: Even though the revolution that overthrew the shah was precipitated by his government's excesses?

SECORD: If you had spent any time at all in Iran in those days, you'd have come away with the idea, I think, that there should have been *more* regimentation, not less. Iran was almost anarchic. There were swarms of people everywhere, driving was

unbelievable and nobody was regulating. So I always react negatively when I hear it described as a brutal regime.

PLAYBOY: After three years in Iran, you returned to the Pentagon in 1978 as director of military assistance and sales in the Defense Department. What happened next?

SECORD: Well, after the Desert One failure—the attempt to rescue the American hostages in Iran in '80—I was assigned by the chairman of the Joint Chiefs to another top-secret operation. President Carter had directed that a new task force be formed to go back to Iran and get the job done right.

I was appointed deputy commander of



THE CADET: West Pointer Secord during amphibious training at a naval base in Virginia Beach, Virginia, during the summer of 1952.

the new joint task force, and I also commanded all aircraft. The Army officer who had commanded Desert One was kept on. I served as his deputy, but he was testifying and being investigated about the failure of Desert One, so I was acting commander a good deal of the time.

PLAYBOY: The operation never came off, but we understand you assembled a formidable force.

SECORD: [Gleefully] We ended up with 95 helicopters, both existing battalions of Rangers, the Delta Force and the entire First Special Operations Wing of the U.S. Air Force under our command: four F-14s from the Navy, AWACS, a squadron of AC-130 gunships, tankers—you name it. All kinds of goodies—plus a little extra.

PLAYBOY: What little extra?

SECORD: We had *another* force besides Delta Force. Quite good, specialists. And their existence has not yet been blown.

PLAYBOY: Didn't that constitute a small full-scale invasion of Iran?

SECORD: On more than one occasion while I briefed the Joint Chiefs, they questioned the slow expansion of our force. I told them it was necessary because of the expanding options we came up with. But in no case were we going in without what we regarded as overwhelming force. A small invasion? Exactly!

PLAYBOY: Where were you going to invade?

SECORD: We wanted to seize Mehrabad Airport in Tehran.

PLAYBOY: The principal airport in Iran? You thought you could do that?

SECORD: We could do it like gangbusters! We practiced in the Western mountains for that and a dozen other scenarios. I tell you, we would have shattered anything that got in our way. We had the best light infantry in the world and we had tremendous air support. We were just going to cap three of their airports—circle them with the AC-130 gunships, and if anybody started to taxi, he'd be shot down. And if Murphy's Law got in the way and planes did get airborne, the F-14s would get them. [Flies the mission with his hands] They wouldn't have a prayer; we would just kick the *crap* out of them!

PLAYBOY: You were really into it, eh?

SECORD: [Loudly] We had our knives sharpened, I'll tell you! Everybody wanted to get even. But we couldn't go without targets. We had to know where the hostages were. Can you imagine the catastrophe if we'd gone against a dry hole and lost a few men?

PLAYBOY: But with all its resources, the U.S. intelligence community didn't know where the hostages were?

SECORD: The intelligence was awful. There was a flash in October by the CIA; I call it the Eureka Briefing. Suddenly, they had found the hostages. But our own intelligence people couldn't accept the CIA findings, and they turned out to be bull-shit. Later, the hostages were debriefed after they came back and it was clear that the CIA report had been false.

PLAYBOY: You also dealt with Saudi Arabia during that period.

SECORD: I headed the drive for the sale to the Saudis of the AWACS aircraft in 1981. And I was also appointed Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for the Near East, North Africa and South Asia, a big chunk of territory.

PLAYBOY: Your career was on the fast track. In fact, some thought you might someday command the Air Force or, perhaps, head the Joint Chiefs.

SECORD: Yes, it still haunts me that some people have said I would have been Chief of Staff of the Air Force. It would have been either me or Jim Ahmann, and he had a heart attack. There were no others who had my experience. I was only 43 when I got my first star. So I outranked the current Chief of Staff, Larry Welch. And [smiles] Larry Welch couldn't hold my goggles.

PLAYBOY: But it all ended suddenly in May 1983, when you retired—or were forced to—from the Service. What happened?

SECORD: If there's ever been a casebook study of guilt by association, this is it. And, of course, I'm so biased that it's hard for me to give an unemotional appraisal of the whole thing.

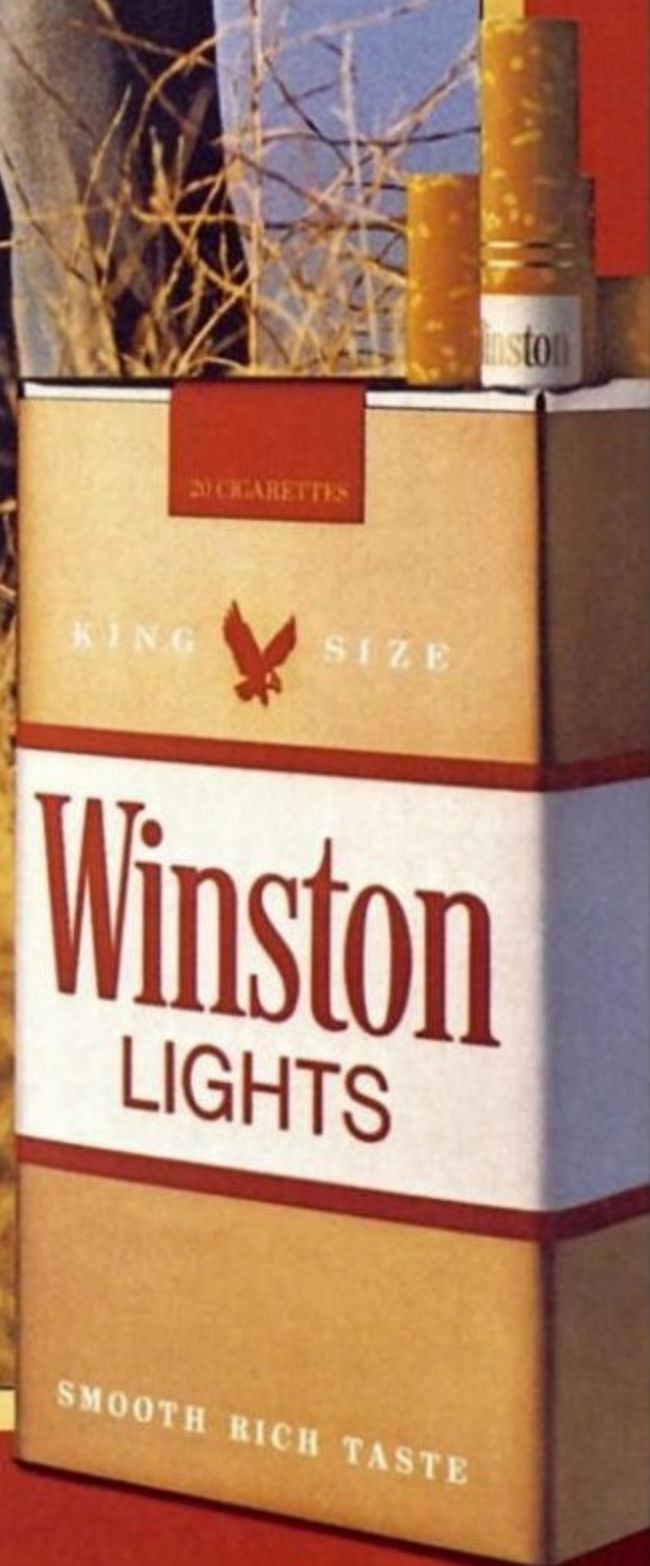
PLAYBOY: The "thing" being your alleged connection to Edwin Wilson, the ex-CIA agent sentenced to 52 years for selling arms to Qaddafi and plotting to kill U.S. prosecutors. How did you meet Wilson?

A man and a woman are in a field of tall, dry grass under a clear blue sky. The man, wearing a red and black plaid shirt, is pouring water from a silver thermos into a cup held by the woman. He is also holding a lit cigarette. The woman, wearing a red and white plaid shirt and blue jeans, is smiling at him. In the background, there is a large haystack and a fence.

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SECORD: The facts are that I first met Wilson, I think, in the late Sixties through CIA operative Tom Clines. They were longtime close associates. I don't know where they started, but it was back in the agency. Wilson was still in the agency and was, as far as I could determine, a highly regarded operative. Clines and Wilson had been involved with some pretty interesting things.

PLAYBOY: You began to visit Wilson's estate in Virginia frequently.

SECORD: I—like half of Washington, as it turns out—went out to his farm. But no more than a couple or three or four times in a period of two years that I lived there. In the book Peter Maas wrote about Wilson, *Manhunt*, he had me out there every weekend lounging around the pool. There was no pool at Wilson's. I told Maas that and he said, "Oh, that was just cosmetic."

I know I didn't go out there after '74, ever again. We just weren't that close; he was a casual acquaintance.

PLAYBOY: Wilson claims you were a silent partner, along with others, in a company Clines formed and headed—EATSCO, the Egyptian American Transport and Services Corporation. That was the firm Clines later admitted was used to defraud the Government of some \$8,000,000 by overcharging on shipping military equipment to Egypt. Your position in the Pentagon during this time—1978—would have placed you in an ideal position to award the contract for the shipping to your old friend Clines.

SECORD: Tom borrowed several hundred thousand dollars from Wilson to start his company, but he repaid him. It wasn't the first time he had borrowed money from Wilson. Tom then asked me about shipping things to Iran, because he had heard that there was a shipping contract going up for weapons for the Iranian air force. He asked me how the Iranian air force worked. This was in 1978, and things were a little unsettled there. I told him to talk with Dick Helms [former director of the CIA] and get his advice, because he was highly respected there. [Helms was formerly Ambassador to Iran.] He was then a consultant.

PLAYBOY: Helms is a friend of yours?

SECORD: Yes, he is. I used to see him from time to time.

PLAYBOY: As you said earlier, it's a small world at the top. Clines saw Helms?

SECORD: He did, yes. Then I advised him to get an appointment with the commander of the Iranian air force, General Rabi'i. I told Tom I didn't mind his using my name but not to say I was in business with him or anything like that, because I wasn't. My name was being used by every damn aerospace manufacturer in the country, anyway. And Tom did that. He went to Iran and took along with him his joint-venture partner, who runs a very large freight-forwarding outfit.

PLAYBOY: Did they get the contract?

SECORD: No. They were prepared to com-

pete for the contract, but then the lid came off in Iran, so nothing ever came of it. Then the Justice Department people, who were investigating the EATSCO case, kept asking how in the hell Clines could suddenly be involved in freight forwarding with no experience. Well, he had a lot of experience. He had worked several deals, including the one in Iran.

PLAYBOY: The Justice Department charged that you interceded for Clines from your post at the Pentagon.

SECORD: When I was first accused of being implicated in this thing, I laughed, because the Pentagon *can't* pick the forwarder and had nothing to do with it. Since the days of lend-lease, our Government policy has always been that it is the recipient country's responsibility to pro-



THE STRATEGIST: Secord earned President Reagan's thanks for helping sell Congress on the 1981 sale of AWACS to Saudi Arabia.

vide transportation. The Justice Department didn't know that when they came after me. But it's a regulation.

PLAYBOY: You're saying you couldn't have given the contract to Clines and company even if you'd wanted to?

SECORD: Every country in the world hires its own freight-forwarding contractor. And, by the way, it's one of the dirtiest businesses in the world and always has been. There are things that are illegal in other businesses that are perfectly legal in ocean shipping. Kickbacks are legal in the ocean-freight business.

PLAYBOY: Yet the episode ended your career.

SECORD: Yes, it was a nice conspiracy and it got into the press, and then along came this piece on *CBS Evening News* and *bam!*

PLAYBOY: You retired under a cloud, washed up. Why, if you were innocent, didn't you stay on and fight it out? You're a warrior.

SECORD: I was terribly compromised. It bothered me so much that I decided to retire. Plus, I owed a lot of lawyers a lot of money that I couldn't pay without going out to work. I owed about \$22,000. Plus, I was totally disgusted with the Pentagon defense counsel, Will Taft.

PLAYBOY: You've said you felt that the Pentagon abandoned you when the charges

were made. Why do you think your colleagues turned their backs on you?

SECORD: They're pansies, I guess. They just dropped me. I don't know; they don't think loyalty is a two-way street. How can you work for guys like that? That's the way I look at it. I was very discouraged.

PLAYBOY: Nobody encouraged you to stay and fight?

SECORD: [Defense Secretary] Cap Weinberger asked me six times to stay on during one-on-one meetings in the months before I left. I kept putting it to him, "You get rid of Will Taft and I'll stay."

PLAYBOY: But Weinberger played hardball and refused to get rid of him?

SECORD: Weinberger just talks a good game. He ain't that tough, I'll tell you. I said, "Let's step up to the plate." But he wouldn't. Anyway, that's why I chose to retire. After months had gone by, the Justice Department had produced no evidence that I was involved with the scheme. I told them to put up or shut up.

PLAYBOY: Then—Deputy Secretary of Defense Frank Carlucci—now NSC advisor—reinstated you pending a polygraph test, right?

SECORD: I offered to take a polygraph test if they promised to put me back to work when I passed it, but Federal prosecutor Theodore Greenberg objected to that. There's an exchange of letters on the subject. And the Maas book on Wilson inaccurately reported the whole thing.

The Wilson affair ruined me, as I saw it, and I wasn't going to stick around. Because every time somebody wanted to smear me, he would pull Wilson out of the hat. When the Iran/*Contra* scandal broke, Maas saw the opportunity to really pin the rose on me and market the book.

PLAYBOY: But, as Maas points out, it's very curious that you testified in Wilson's behalf at his trial. Why do that if you had so limited an involvement with him?

SECORD: I was subpoenaed. Both the defense and the prosecution subpoenaed me for the trial. I was really appearing as a Government witness, not as a witness for Wilson, and Maas twisted that around.

PLAYBOY: You gave Clines a check for \$30,000 to help pay his \$110,000 fine. Wilson alleged that that was the one third of the fine for which you were responsible as the silent partner. How do you explain it?

SECORD: Clines came to me for a loan. He needed the money and I lent it to him. He paid me back, and I have the canceled check. And he paid me back with interest. Clines will tell you that.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't it have been better just to have stayed away from Clines after the scandal broke?

SECORD: We served together in the war in Laos. We were foxhole buddies. I won't leave my friends hanging if they need help.

PLAYBOY: In any case, you left the military and went to work for Albert Hakim, forming a business called Stanford Technology Trading Group International—an arms dealership. When did you meet Hakim?



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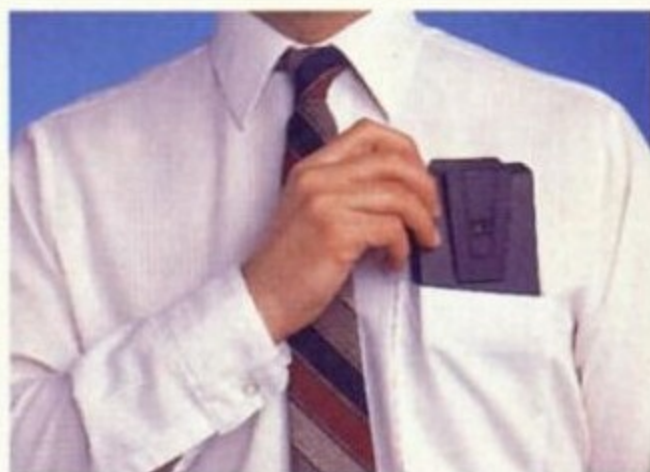
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SECOND: I had met him in Iran. That's how he knew to look me up—he had observed some of my operations in Iran.

PLAYBOY: And you went into the arms trade to make money?

SECOND: I told the Congressional committee that I was in the arms trade to make money. But when I first went into business with Hakim, we didn't deal in arms. We dealt in security systems.

PLAYBOY: Meaning what?

SECOND: To me, arms are the things that go "Bang!" We broadly defined security to include not only security devices but aircraft shelters, ammunition, and so forth.

PLAYBOY: Did you make any money before the Iran/Contra deal?

SECOND: You seldom do immediately. It was going to take a long time for start-up.

PLAYBOY: And how, finally, did you get involved in the Iran/Contra scandal?

SECOND: It's a complicated story. I was one of several special-operations experts that [Oliver] North contacted after the May 1984 phase-down of the *Contra* operation—

PLAYBOY: Before we go any further, did you personally support the *Contra* movement to overthrow the *Sandinista* government of Nicaragua?

SECOND: Before I left the Pentagon, I was sitting in on all the meetings and I was well aware of what was going on down there militarily. Yeah, I felt that they were trying to do what was right—that is, supporting the *Contras*. I did not feel it was the CIA's job to do it. You should not have a covert operation that is actually overt.

Anyway, later, when I was in business, I was just one of several people Ollie North contacted. He arranged for me to meet with [*Contra* leader] Adolfo Calero. Calero asked me to broker weapons for him. It had never occurred to me to try to broker weapons to the *Contras*.

PLAYBOY: Why would that surprise you? You were in the arms trade.

SECOND: Not then. I was dealing only with security systems.

PLAYBOY: But you agreed to broker weapons and made arrangements with Calero?

SECOND: By our second meeting, he brought up his big problem: He had very limited funds and he wanted to spend the money for high-quality weapons and ammunition. He had already bought some hand grenades from Brazil, and the *Contras* were having a problem.

PLAYBOY: What was the problem with the Brazilian grenades?

SECOND: They were blowing up in the faces of the troops. There was a well-known quality-control fault in the fusing. And sometimes just by pulling the pin, not even releasing the handle, the things would go off. How would you like to be carrying those around?

PLAYBOY: And you corrected the problem?

SECOND: Now, Calero had gotten some advice from a former U.S. Army general and *Contra* supporter. The great infantryman—and this really gives you

something to think about—had suggested putting tape around the grenades! He said they could fix the problem simply by taping around the handles and the pins. [Laughs] Can you imagine that? And when they needed to throw a grenade, they should just unwind the tape and toss the grenade! Even as an airman, I stood gasping in disbelief.

PLAYBOY: At the Iran/Contra hearings, Calero claimed that you made incredible profits from this trade, with as much as 60 percent markup, and that you had sold hand grenades for nine dollars when they could be bought for three.

SECORD: Even department stores mark up things 100 percent. But, no, we did not. The markup was in the vicinity of 30 percent. And if you calculate freight and other expenditures, the markup was less, about 20 percent, which is a very good deal. We never sold hand grenades for nine dollars. The first ones we sold were for \$8.50 and later for \$7.95, never for nine dollars. And you can't buy a hand grenade for three dollars, not even the ones that blow up in your face. Calero was fed this information by Felix Rodriguez, who worked for a rival arms dealer.

PLAYBOY: His testimony before the committee was that he would have nothing to do with you once he discovered you were running the operation, because of your past involvement with Wilson.

SECORD: He was trying to pressure us by threatening to withhold his influence with the Salvadorans so he could take over the operation and make some more money. Talk about amateurs! He was a walking security violation. Here we had this top-secret life-or-death operation, and he took his cousin down from Miami on what amounted to a guided tour. Then he took the mayor of West Miami down. These guys talked to every Cuban in Miami about the operation. This guy is nuts.

PLAYBOY: In your experience, are all covert actions this haphazard?

SECORD: I don't know. Not many are as screwed up as this was.

PLAYBOY: You didn't end up thinking much of the Contra leadership, did you?

SECORD: That's a fair statement. It didn't take me too long before I realized that Calero, the head guy, didn't know what he was talking about. He wanted to buy a lot of ammunition—some of this kind, some of that. The Contras had a hodgepodge of rifles and ammunition. Some Russian AK-47s, some M16s, Belgian rifles, a smattering of Jewish submachine guns—

PLAYBOY: You mean Israeli-made Uzis?

SECORD: Yeah, they had a mixture of East and West Bloc stuff and no spare parts for the guns, and they had little training in using the weapons.

PLAYBOY: Why was Calero so insistent on a variety of weapons?

SECORD: I was always saying, "Look, Adolfo, you've got all this crap. Why not stick with one weapon, say, only Russian AK-47s?" He'd say, "No, no, because this

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rifle is good for *this*, and this rifle is good for *that*." I said, "Wait a minute; a rifle is a rifle." And what he had was a logistical nightmare of broken weapons and different brands and spare parts.

PLAYBOY: So you suggested that he get some expert advice.

SECORD: I got Tom Clines to help. In addition to being an infantryman, he was familiar with the racket from his CIA days. And he got Rafael Quintero to assist him. Quintero was a Cuban who had been with the CIA since the Bay of Pigs. He was an expert on guerrilla warfare. His mission was to get close to Calero and into the *Contra* organization. It was like an intelligence operation. He started checking around and, after some months of work, came up with a complete list of weapons the *Contras* needed.

PLAYBOY: And you agreed to provide them?

SECORD: I was working with the Canadians and the Portuguese and came up with a list of prices. This was a pure business transaction as far as I was concerned. So we fooled around until November or December '84, when I made the first deal for a shipload of stuff—from the Far East, rather than from Europe, because we found some tremendous prices.

PLAYBOY: Meaning Taiwan? When you testified in committee, you referred to the country by only a number.

SECORD: It was China. The People's Republic of China. At just about this time,

the People's Republic made the decision to enter the international arms market.

PLAYBOY: The *Sandinistas* should be happy about that.

SECORD: Yes. Before this, the Chinese weren't in the arms market for money, but they had a lot of good stuff and cheap. They even had NATO ammunition that they had made for American M14 rifles. High-quality stuff. Anyway, we finally assembled a boatload.

PLAYBOY: And your involvement deepened from there. Did Calero realize that you were making a profit?

SECORD: Calero came back to me for more weapons, in spite of being unhappy with the first deal with respect to delivery. He says he didn't know we were making a profit, but he knew I was dealing with dealers and that it was a business for me.

PLAYBOY: At that time, you also were in close touch with North, weren't you?

SECORD: I'd developed quite a close relationship with North by that time. I was feeding him information. I didn't have to; he asked me if I would and I did. He was trying to monitor the whole thing and provide some guidance to Calero. North was supposed to be watching the *Contra* account till the CIA took it over again.

PLAYBOY: Did you report any of your reservations about the *Contras* to North?

SECORD: Well, the CIA had been running the show. I didn't get into this to criticize the CIA. But after many months, I was

sitting with Ollie and I told him, "Look, Ollie, I haven't been down there, but I've been in the military long enough to know that this whole thing is screwed up like Hogan's goat. You can get it firsthand. I'll introduce you to Clines and Quintero." I continued, "If we want to have any chance of scoring some victories over the *Sandinistas*, who I understand are well organized and well led, we've got to get these boys' acts together."

PLAYBOY: How did North react?

SECORD: In July of '85, we had this famous meeting down in Miami—which Calero seems to have had amnesia about. It was a very tough meeting. Ollie arrived late, and Enrique Bermudez, the *Contra* military commander, was there, as well as Clines, me and Quintero. Ollie started the meeting by heavily criticizing Calero in front of Bermudez about recent reports of corruption in the *Contra* organization. He all but pistol-whipped Calero. Ollie can be volatile at times. I thought it was a bad move.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SECORD: The *Latinos* have a big *macho* image, bigger than ours. None of us said anything—we just sat there while North went on—but you could tell that Calero was tremendously embarrassed. That's possibly why he forgot about the meeting.

PLAYBOY: But wasn't North's point that the *Contras* were ripping off the money supplied by Congress as well as being militarily inept?

SECORD: See, not only had I told North that it was falling apart where the rubber meets the road but he had gotten reports about the corruption and all sorts of bad stuff. All this stuff was just falling on Ollie's head. He raised the subject of Calero's brother, Mario, who was the procurement official in New Orleans, buying all sorts of nonlethal stuff, from boots to belts; you name it. Some of the stuff was rotten—unusable ponchos and boots. This kind of thing really pisses off the troops in the field, giving them crappy stuff like that. Mario Calero was just rotten; everybody knows that. Adolfo denied it, of course. I've got my reservations about Adolfo, but I can't prove them.

PLAYBOY: Was North reporting this unsettling information up to the White House?

SECORD: It did go up. And also, I think, it went up to the intelligence community.

PLAYBOY: This was also the meeting at which you became involved in the *Contra* air-supply operation, wasn't it?

SECORD: Well, we got around to the fact that the most important problem was the lack of airdrop capability, because by December of '85, the last of the *Contra* air force had been junked. They had seven or eight pilots and they could operate only in daylight. They couldn't get into the drop zones in Nicaragua. So they had no air capability. If their capability didn't improve, the troops would soon disappear from the field.

PLAYBOY: What did North recommend at the meeting?

SECORD: At dawn, Ollie jumped up, went out to his Air Force jet and flew to Washington so he could be back in time for the staff meeting, having been awake all night as usual. We were left in Miami. Calero and Bermudez went their ways, and it was just me, Clines and Quintero.

PLAYBOY: The old crew that had run the secret war in Laos.

SECORD: [Smiles, bemused] Yeah! I'll never forget it. . . . If there is one moment I can point to as when I got sucked into this whole mess, that was it. I was talking about how to get this airlift going, and they said, "Don't get involved, don't get involved. It will be nothing but misery. There's no money to be made there." And I said, "I know there's no money to be made there, but that's not the point. Shit, the whole thing is going down the tubes."

PLAYBOY: Altruism rears its head. And so you decided you should run the airlift?

SECORD: Well, it was some time later that Ollie was pushing me about it. I said, "Look, if you can find the money, I'll do it." He said, "How much money?" I said, "It will cost a lot of money." He asked, "How much is a lot?" He always wanted quantification. I said, "I don't know. We'll have to study the matter."

PLAYBOY: And he said he'd find funds for the operation. How?

SECORD: Private donations.

Anyway, I didn't want to operate the airlift. I agreed with Clines that it was going to come to grief and cause a lot of trouble. I didn't want anything to do with it other than be sort of a founding father.

PLAYBOY: But you became more than that; you ended up running the *Contra* supply line at the same time that you were caught up in the Iran side of the operation—all of which was masterminded by Ollie North. Although you don't share the view of him as a mastermind. You seem to describe North as a little hapless.

SECORD: I got to know Ollie North, especially in 1986, very, very well. Ollie was a bit disorganized, but mainly he was overworked. He worked superhuman hours. I couldn't do the things he was doing. And he had far too many responsibilities assigned to him.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he's stable?

SECORD: Some people are trying to paint him as a loose cannon. That's not the impression I got. No one who saw him in action day in and day out would say that. He was an energetic workaholic. He was one of the few people around who got things done. He gained more and more power, because he was always given more responsibility.

Ollie got responsibilities because he got things done. Like tracking down those terrorists after the seizure of [the Italian cruise ship] *Achille Lauro*. Everybody knows it was only because of Ollie North

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that the U.S. pulled off the operation. And I knew other things he got done that seemed superhuman at the time. So his bosses, Poindexter and McFarlane, just kept piling it on.

PLAYBOY: Until he failed.

SECORD: Yeah. He was like a mule—and you know how the Army treats mules. You load him up and load him up until pretty soon his back breaks. Then you eat him.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't he get help?

SECORD: Ollie didn't know how to delegate very well. He wanted to get involved in everything down to details, nuts and bolts, and that burns up time like crazy. I counseled him like he was my own son a couple of times. Once, we were at a critical strategy meeting and he said, "I've got to run, I've got to run." I said, "Ollie, Ollie, for Christ's sake, calm down." He said, after another of those all-nighters, "I've got to be at an Inspector General's meeting." I said, "Ollie, I've been to eight million Inspector General's meetings. Not *one* has been important. We're talking about life and death here; are you crazy?" "Oh, I've got to go; if I don't go, they'll fuck everything up." It was no use. He was that way.

PLAYBOY: You obviously admire North.

SECORD: He was very bright—a quick study on the kinds of things we're talking about, clandestine operations. He was not as experienced in international affairs as you might think.

PLAYBOY: No? With the whole new meaning he gave to American foreign policy?

SECORD: [Laughs] Well, I mean, if you look at his background, you will see he hadn't served in the field. His knowledge of diplomacy was derived from sitting in meetings in the interagency arena.

PLAYBOY: You watched North's committee appearance. What did you think?

SECORD: It's been like a goddamn soap opera. But great theater—old-fashioned melodrama, the kind Americans love.

PLAYBOY: Was he evasive?

SECORD: I think one of his tactics was to pontificate on a point and not answer. He was filibustering; he'd make a great Senator.

PLAYBOY: You had the same experience. What was your reaction?

SECORD: You have to sit in that chair to experience it. It's the most intimidating thing I've ever experienced. North didn't seem to be intimidated at all. I got a couple of thousand letters and telegrams of support. North got what, 100,000? He's the *real* Clint Eastwood. [Laughs] Still, Ollie is the kind of guy I would like to keep on tap—but not on top. I think he's a great guy, but I don't think he's *real* tough. Still, he has demonstrated his physical courage a number of times; he has now demonstrated his bureaucratic courage. A lot of generals and colonels who have proved their courage in the air or on the ground fall apart when they have to fight the bureaucracy in Washington. They just can't cope with it. I think North has both kinds of courage.

PLAYBOY: Some people think that his

actions in this affair were those of a hot dog, a showman.

SECORD: I never saw him in that role, but he could well be a sort of hot dog. Maybe he's the smartest bastard in town. If you are going to be a charismatic leader, then you have to behave like that on occasion. You know, General Patton had his ivory-handled revolvers. I'm a little bit envious of North, to tell the truth. Although I achieved much higher rank than he ever did, I never had that kind of reputation when I was in the military. I guess I was kind of invisible.

PLAYBOY: But you were supposed to be, as a covert-operations specialist.

SECORD: Well, half of the time. The other half, I was in the highest-profile jobs that you could get. How much higher profile could you be than Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for the Near East? Most people who didn't know of my covert career just saw me as a tough bureaucrat. But North is different from most officers I've known in the Army or the Marines—self-effacing, low-key, unremarkable types who try to stay away from center stage.

PLAYBOY: Melodrama aside, did you have any quarrel with North's testimony?

SECORD: Everything he said, as far as I am concerned, was pretty high fidelity. His story tracked right along with the facts as I recall them. He knows a lot of things I wasn't involved in—his relationship with [the late CIA director William] Casey, and so forth. And I have to say that I always checked with McFarlane and Poindexter on things Ollie told me. I didn't leave it to *his* word entirely.

PLAYBOY: When Poindexter testified, he said the President did not know what your group was doing. You say he did. Why?

SECORD: Oh, he did, he did. Poindexter himself told me that the President knew about the airlift and was very pleased with what I was doing.

PLAYBOY: Poindexter's testimony on that point makes you out to be a liar, though.

SECORD: *Naturally*, the President knew what was going on. I testified that McFarlane told me the President had cleared it in July of 1985. McFarlane *did* tell me that. I did not dream that up!

PLAYBOY: Still, there seems to be some vagueness on that point.

SECORD: [Heatedly, leaning forward, fists clenched] I know how they would like it to seem. They would like it to seem that this guy Secord got his hooks into Oliver North and manipulated him. Secord and his scummy pals really made out and the poor President didn't know anything. So if we clean out the scum—Secord, Hakim, North—everything will be all right.

PLAYBOY: What personal knowledge do you have of what Reagan knew?

SECORD: In November of '85, I became involved in the Iranian side of things. North came to me because I had undertaken the airlift program and I had gotten closer to him. He had gotten a call from McFarlane, who was with the President at

the Geneva summit. McFarlane had gotten a call from the Israeli minister of defense, Yitzhak Rabin. The Israelis had run into trouble in Portugal trying to move the HAWK missiles to Iran through there; they couldn't get flight clearance from the Portuguese. The Israelis were stymied.

PLAYBOY: So . . . North?

SECORD: Right. McFarlane called Ollie at the White House. Ollie called me. He said, "Can you come down here? I want to talk to you." I went down and he laid out part of the program for me. I was amazed.

PLAYBOY: Of course, North knew that you had been buying weapons from Portugal and you knew your way around.

SECORD: Yes, he thought I had developed a pretty good relationship with the Portuguese government, which was true. The Portuguese were supportive of what we were doing in Nicaragua. I said, "I'll do what I can; I don't know." I mean, this was a tall order, getting the Portuguese to swallow a story. I never got clearance. The missiles finally went through Israel. But that's how I was drawn into the whole thing.

PLAYBOY: So you're saying you know the President had personal knowledge because McFarlane was with him in Geneva when the call from Rabin came in.

SECORD: That's right. There is no question that he knew. Bud McFarlane personally told me, standing on the ramp in Tel Aviv, that the President had approved the shipment of the missiles in July of 1985.

PLAYBOY: Whose idea was it originally to ship the missiles?

SECORD: The idea came from the Israelis. The Israelis were always getting caught dealing with Iran. Many times, selling our stuff, it would come out because of the requirement to notify Congress. Under U.S. law, any sale of military equipment has to be cleared with Congress before it can be transferred.

PLAYBOY: According to your testimony, this was your introduction to the Iran operation, and the middlemen in this were arms dealers Manucher Ghorbanifar, who put up the money for the original antitank-missile deal, and Adnan Khashoggi. The group was referred to later as the first channel. You eventually argued successfully to cut both the Israelis and the arms dealers out. Why?

SECORD: Hakim did not trust them, and neither did I. Ghorbanifar is totally corrupt. But he is up front about it. He made no secret that he was trying to make money. He's a typical Iranian rug merchant. He won't back off. Much later, in June, I learned that Khashoggi was a part of it. That just floored me. There was the snaky Ghorbanifar, who we discovered was lying to both us and the Iranians, and Khashoggi and God knows who else. How long could it stay secret?

PLAYBOY: What was the Israeli government's interest in dealing with Iran?

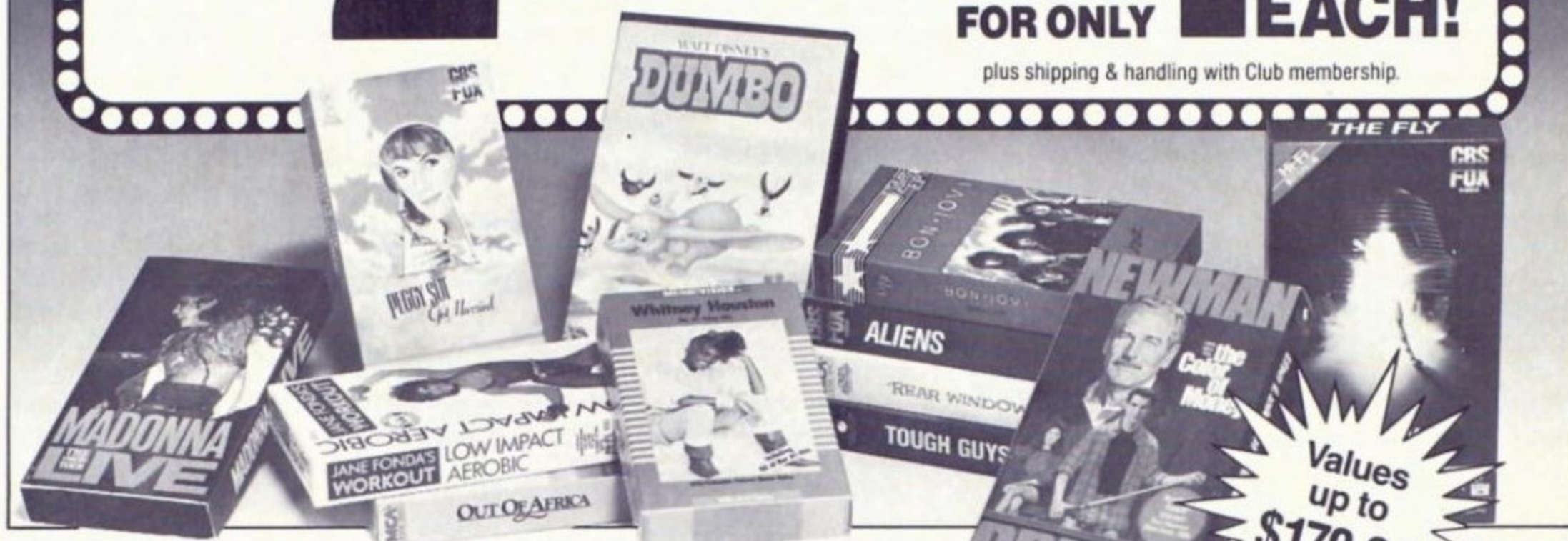
SECORD: I think the Israeli government was interested strictly in the intelligence aspect. But they were so cheap that they

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wouldn't even pay for the 508 TOW anti-tank missiles. They wanted the U.S. to pay for them. If I had to do it all over again, I would have insisted that the Israelis foot the bill totally and we could have cut out Ghorbanifar immediately. After all, it was peanuts.

PLAYBOY: So everyone was making money except the U.S. What did you say about your own motives?

SECORD: I told them I was in the arms trade for money, but then I forswore my share of the profits a year later, because I thought I might want to re-enter public service. And that is true. And what really irritates the shit out of me is that the records show that Hakim said that at the hearings, except that he put the date up a couple of months.

PLAYBOY: There is also the famous matter of the Porsche you supposedly bought out of the profits.

SECORD: As I've said, the Porsche was a loan of \$31,000 from Hakim. He claimed before the committee that he didn't think it was a loan, but Hakim has lent me money a number of times.

PLAYBOY: Yet initially you saw a way to make a good deal of money.

SECORD: I said that the opening of Iran presented opportunities for really big business in the future. I discussed this with Hakim, George Cave, the CIA Iran expert, and North.

PLAYBOY: And there was never any objection to your making money?

SECORD: No, at the time, there was no objection.

PLAYBOY: Did the President know of your involvement and of your motives?

SECORD: Sure. Why do you think the term third parties was inserted in the Presidential finding of January, which retroactively authorized the shipment of the TOW missiles?

PLAYBOY: Why?

SECORD: "Third parties" referred to me.

PLAYBOY: Elaborate on that.

SECORD: The Presidential finding said that this operation was to be executed using normal means and third countries, and so on. The CIA lawyers checked this out after they were briefed on how it was going to be implemented, using me as the commercial cutout [a term used by the CIA for a diversionary corporate cover]. They said that they would cover me by using other language. And so they inserted the term third parties.

PLAYBOY: The finding went to the President for his signature. Do you know if he knew what it was for?

SECORD: He knew what it was for. Either that or he's in the habit of signing blank checks.

PLAYBOY: Whose idea was it to transfer the proceeds from the Iran sales to the *Contras*?

SECORD: Well, that's another matter entirely. That came up after the Iran initiative got under way. The donations were not coming in to support the airlift operation as Ollie had promised. We didn't

think the sending of some surplus money from the Iran deals to keep the *Contra* project going was such a big deal. It seemed not to affect the President one way or another. So I never gave it a thought at the time. Now it seems to be the central issue of the investigation.

PLAYBOY: How *did* you first divert the funds to the *Contra* airlift?

SECORD: Ollie was saying, "You can't just send money down to the airlift operation." I talked with Hakim about this. He never wanted to do it, because he didn't have any particular brief for the *Contra* airlift. He was in the Iran operation body and soul, but I don't think he knows where Nicaragua is. He wasn't overjoyed about sending the money down to this ragtag operation. But I made him do it.

It was either that or cancel out—just walk away from it. I could have done that. I could have said, "The hell with you. I've had it." But that's not my style. I usually bulldog it on through. This was one case where I shouldn't have. But I don't know. . . . I'll tell you, when we started delivering the goods last summer—and if we hadn't, there would not have been a southern front, and a lot of troops would not have been supplied on the northern front. . . . We sent money down after the February deal, and then again after the May deal in Iran. But I don't know if they're still there or not. Because when we began to drop the *Contra* operation, we dropped it very fast. [Smiles]

PLAYBOY: Earlier, you mentioned your concern for secrecy. By all accounts, the operation wasn't very secure.

SECORD: By my standards, we had lousy operational security on both the *Contra* operation and the Iran deals. I talked with Ollie about this several times. As early as July of last year, I was urging him to go to the President with a pre-emption—long before the second channel was developed. I anticipated this because the way Ghorbanifar was acting, he was threatening to make the deal public. It was a real mess. It was the messiest operation I had ever been involved in. It's a miracle it wasn't blown in July.

PLAYBOY: Ghorbanifar was upset about not being paid back the money he had advanced for the missiles, wasn't he?

SECORD: We had a lot of money in our accounts, but it wasn't what it seemed. This really blew my skirts up, as they say. After the May trip to Tehran failed, in theory, we had an awful lot of money in our accounts, because we charged something like \$15,000,000 for something like \$6,000,000 worth of stuff. So, in theory, we had \$9,000,000 surplus.

PLAYBOY: A nice round sum.

SECORD: Except for \$2,000,000 the Israelis insisted on for additional insurance.

PLAYBOY: But you had the rest of the money in the bank.

SECORD: So what? If you were in my place, wouldn't you be worried about having to refund the money? But I already had sent

some of the money to the *Contra* airlift operation. I couldn't repay Ghorbanifar. You see the mood he was in.

PLAYBOY: Threatening to go public?

SECORD: He wasn't being paid by the Iranians. And we hadn't delivered the goods, right. And he was screaming at Israeli intelligence agent Amiram Nir, and Nir was giving him the cold shoulder, because Israeli intelligence wanted the operation to go on. And I'm sitting here like the meat in a sandwich, because, you know, I don't have \$11,000,000 to pay him back.

PLAYBOY: But this money and the profit from other sales to Iran were kept in your Swiss account. You claimed before the committee that this money was yours; weren't you, in fact, hanging on to the profits—profiteering, in other words?

SECORD: This really gets me, and I told the committee that. Senator Rudman claimed it was all Government money, the money in the Swiss accounts. When we couldn't repay Ghorbanifar, I explained all this to the people I was dealing with in the U.S. Government. I told them I desperately needed the money to pay Ghorbanifar back. I said, "You guys screwed this whole thing up; what am I supposed to do?" They said, "That's your problem." So that's why I say now it's the enterprise's money. They just dropped this whole thing on me to deal with as I could.

PLAYBOY: In his testimony, North claimed that the profits from the enterprise were not Hakim's and yours. He claimed that given five minutes with Hakim, he would get the money back. What's your reaction?

SECORD: I think that was just a little bravado on his part. Ollie said at the time that I owned the HAWK parts. He said, "That's Dick's problem, not the U.S. Government's problem."

PLAYBOY: What do you intend to do with the money?

SECORD: I have already stated for the record that I intend to have the money donated after we've paid all the bills. We have \$1,000,000 or more in outstanding bills. We have a lot of lawyers' fees, too. But whatever money is residual, I will talk with Hakim and try to get it donated. And I can only try, because the money is his; technically, he controls it. I will try, but I can't put a pistol to his head. In reality, \$8,000,000, under the circumstances, isn't much. We were dangerously low on capital. A businessman would understand.

PLAYBOY: What was your role in setting up the famous Tehran meeting?

SECORD: I was in charge of setting up the logistics for the meeting. I was the one who furnished the airplane and crew and did the planning for the clandestine mission in Iran. That was a direct result of the February 24 meeting in Frankfurt, which I attended along with North, a CIA official, Hakim, Ghorbanifar and Nir. On the other side were two officials from the Iranian prime minister's office and one from the Iranian military.

PLAYBOY: This was when you disguised

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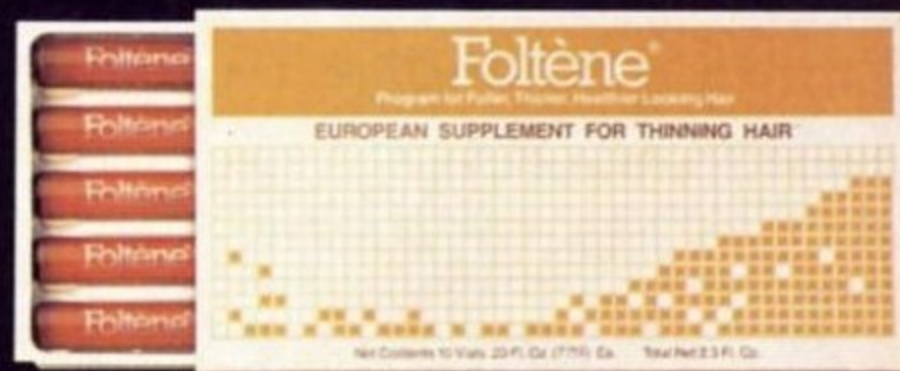
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Hakim with a wig and glasses?

SECORD: Yes, because Ghorbanifar didn't trust Hakim, but also because we couldn't get a translator. The CIA didn't have anybody available who could speak Farsi.

PLAYBOY: That and other meetings were the setup for North and McFarlane's visit to Tehran with the cake and the Bible from President Reagan—which took on farcical overtones. For starters, no one showed up to meet McFarlane and North and the others when they arrived, right?

SECORD: Yes, and the reason there was no one to meet them was that the Iranians thought that the whole thing was bullshit. They didn't believe they were actually coming.

PLAYBOY: You mean that, in effect, they were just dropping by Tehran with cake and Bible?

SECORD: [Laughs] Yes. The people Ghorbanifar was talking with didn't trust anybody, so they hadn't made any arrangements. As a consequence, the high personages who were supposed to meet them weren't there. They didn't even hear of the meeting until after McFarlane got there. And, by the way, they didn't take a Bible on that trip—just a cake.

PLAYBOY: We'll get back to that, but why did McFarlane go if it hadn't really been set up?

SECORD: I don't know what McFarlane was thinking. He thought he was going to a meeting of the UN or something. There wasn't even an agenda. McFarlane just wasn't thinking straight. He went into Tehran with the notion that as soon as he arrived, the hostages would be released. That was a new thought to me. I had never heard anything about that.

PLAYBOY: Why hadn't all this been ironed out beforehand?

SECORD: There just wasn't enough discussion. North didn't pay a good deal of attention to detail. Nir and I had told him there should be more meetings before McFarlane went to Tehran. A lot of things were screwed up.

PLAYBOY: If you protested, why weren't more meetings held?

SECORD: It was decided by Poindexter, McFarlane and maybe the President that there had been enough meetings, so that was it. Anyway, after that failed trip left us in the hole financially, as I described, Hakim finally established contact with what he thought would be the right channel—the second channel. So we had a two-day meeting in Brussels in August.

I was impressed by the second-channel group, much more so than by the first group. Not because they gave me all the answers I wanted to hear but because they gave me all the answers Americans don't want to hear. They talked a great deal about the tremendous difficulty in dealing with us and how secrecy had to be maintained. And they gave me a lot of information, inside information that to me established their *bona fides*. In the end, the agency was excited about them as well.

PLAYBOY: And you arranged with North and the others to proceed with the deal?

SECORD: I talked with North and others, and we arranged to test the Iranians. The test was whether or not they would come to Washington secretly. They surprised me by accepting if we could guarantee secrecy.

PLAYBOY: They hadn't yet met North?

SECORD: They hadn't met any Americans since the revolution.

PLAYBOY: Then came the famous meeting that included a tour of the White House.

SECORD: Yes. I didn't take the tour myself, but I was there.

PLAYBOY: When Hakim and Stanley Sporkin [then CIA legal counsel] testified about those meetings, they said you presented as a primary motive of the arms sales the release of the hostages before the U.S. elections. Is that true?

SECORD: No. The hostages were on the agenda, of course, but they were not the paramount issue. The Iranians themselves brought up the issue of the hostages. I will tell you this: The Iranians also brought up the issue of the elections. They talked about how the French had negotiated in the past to get hostages back before elections, so they assumed that was our motive, too. North and I corrected them on this, saying, "No, our President is not up for re-election."

So I will dispute Hakim and the testimony of Sporkin on that. We can accuse the President of a lot of screw-ups, but that ain't one of them. If you look at the tapes and listen to the audio tapes of the meetings, that much is clear.

PLAYBOY: All of the meetings were taped? Video and audio tapes?

SECORD: Yes, all but one. I facilitated the taping for the CIA. The meeting in Frankfurt was taped, the subsequent meetings in Europe with both channels were taped, all except one. The idea was to have an accurate record when the investigations came. As they always do. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Would the tapes demonstrate who had knowledge of the operation? Perhaps the President?

SECORD: I don't think so. But in the meetings, the President's name was invoked by North many, many times.

PLAYBOY: There was a lot of criticism about North's use of the President's name.

SECORD: I think the tapes would show the true context of how the President's name was used. And they would show that this whole thing wasn't a cowboy operation. Ollie has been attacked as misrepresenting it; the tapes would show he didn't.

What Ollie said to the Iranians was that this President is also a man of God. Don't forget, the Iranians were calling us Great Satans, and we had a lot to live down before we could ever do business with them. They sermonized to us on numerous occasions. Ollie said, "Now, look, there are a couple of things that we have to get straight on this religion thing: The President himself is a man of God; the

President constantly makes reference to religious themes; the President prayed all night about the meeting."

PLAYBOY: Did they believe all this?

SECORD: He used a little poetic license, because this was the world *they* lived in. But his message was to persuade them that the President is a man of God. "Look," he said, "we have a Bible here inscribed for you. And don't forget it's the God of Abraham, which covers us all."

PLAYBOY: The famous Bible that was taken to this meeting, not to Iran.

SECORD: Right. It wasn't taken to Iran with McFarlane, as many believe. But the Bible *was* inscribed by the President.

PLAYBOY: Weren't those Iranians taken aback by all this Bible thumping?

SECORD: [Laughs] Yeah, they really were. We gave them the Bible because they had given us a Koran. It wasn't inscribed. So Ollie wanted to one-up them and gave them the inscribed Bible. Not a bad tactic.

PLAYBOY: But how did they react to all of North's religious references?

SECORD: One of the heads of the Iranian delegation took me off to the side when we took a break in the meeting and said, "What's with this guy North? We just left a country full of mullahs and what do I find here but a goddamn mullah!" [Laughs] North has claimed that our President is a direct descendant of the God of Abraham. "For God's sake," said the Iranian, "we've got to rush back and tell the ayatollah!" We all laughed like hell. But I don't think any of this was complimentary to the President.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like the Iranians were just regular guys.

SECORD: Yeah. When they made their trip to the Washington area, their handler made 44 calls to escort services until they got some girls to go to the Virginia hotel where they were staying.

PLAYBOY: How do you know?

SECORD: The CIA bugged them. I saw the transcripts. The CIA was pissed because they had to pay for the phone calls. On the other hand, some of the Iranians wouldn't hesitate to blow your brains out. We weren't dealing with boy scouts. Some of them were bloody murderers.

PLAYBOY: Then how could you trust them to get whatever you agreed upon done?

SECORD: How do you trust them? You don't. You have to trust in their performance and dispense with all the hot air. There were a couple of mullahs floating around as titular heads of the delegations, but most of the members of the delegations were technocrats who had been well educated. And they understood what we meant when we spoke of our bureaucracy as being cumbersome to deal with. We'd talk about that during meals. One of them said, "You think you have trouble? You don't know what a bureaucracy is until you've lived in a theocracy."

PLAYBOY: Did the second-channel Iranians promise to release the hostages in return for the weapons shipments?

SECORD: I said that one of the things that made me believe the second channel was legitimate was that they didn't tell us what we wanted to hear. They laid it right out on the table that they didn't necessarily command the Hezbollah [The Party of God, which is holding the American hostages in Lebanon] and couldn't automatically get them released.

PLAYBOY: You're saying that they claimed they couldn't get the hostages out at all?

SECORD: No. Just that they couldn't do it by flipping a switch. They said they thought they could do *certain* things. And they did get hostage David Jacobsen out. But they said that they had to work very, very cautiously. And it was going to take time. In a gross sort of way, they were saying that they had to pay off the Hezbollah.

PLAYBOY: You mean, the Iranians were saying that, in effect, *they* would pay the ransom for the U.S. hostages?

SECORD: This is very important and no one has brought it up, especially North. I think he felt that it was too sensitive. I don't feel that way.

You know, the second channel said to us that the best way to clear up the problem—because it was a problem for them as well as us—was to give *us* the location of the hostages and let us deal with it.

PLAYBOY: Then the Iranians were willing to compromise the Hezbollah by helping the U.S. in an armed rescue operation to get the hostages out. That's rather astonishing, isn't it?

SECORD: They brought this up to North and myself several times. And I talked to Ollie's chain of command. I'm certain that George Cave will back me up on this. I said, "Ollie, listen to these guys. They may be giving us the best present we will ever get. Think what it would mean if we could have a successful hostage raid after all this time. What a signal to the whole world: Ah! The Americans have come back to life."

PLAYBOY: Do you think that's how we should deal with hostages from the outset?

SECORD: Well, when William Buckley, the CIA station chief in Beirut, was captured, the CIA should have gotten him out. The K.G.B. would have gotten *its* man out. When the Hezbollah took some Soviets hostage, the K.G.B. didn't waste any time. I know for a fact that the K.G.B. hired the Druses—Walid Jumblatt's people—to imprison the sons of the Hezbollah leaders. The K.G.B. came down on the Hezbollah like a ton of bricks. In a matter of minutes, the Hezbollah knew they had made a mistake. If I had been the director of the CIA when they picked up my station chief, I would have had their ass.

PLAYBOY: Then why didn't you try it? In retrospect, if you'd succeeded in a hostage raid, the entire Iran/*Contra* affair would never have happened.

SECORD: I wanted to badly. I said to Ollie, "You may think I'm bloody crazy and people are going to get killed and all that. But I'm telling you that if we could get

these guys to give us their intelligence and we could get some supporting collateral intelligence, there would be no better place to run a hostage raid than Beirut. It's flat land, beautiful for helicopters at night, and we could bring in ships off the coast." So to me, this was tremendous. Ollie saw that it was possible, but I don't think he or his superiors wanted to push it. They thought they could get immediate results by negotiation.

PLAYBOY: How would the Iranians have benefited from an armed raid by the U.S.?

SECORD: They would have made speeches about the Great Satan, gone to prayers and had a wonderful time. At the same time, they could have rested assured that we had knocked off quite a few of those bastards that *they* couldn't stand, either. And they could have regained control over the Hezbollah. The guys we were dealing with were not stupid.

PLAYBOY: Thinking back, if North knew that the *Contra* movement was as corrupt as it was and that the Iranians couldn't secure the release of the hostages, why didn't he shut down the operation? In his zeal, wasn't there a fair amount of self-delusion?

SECORD: To an extent, I think that is a fair statement. North was under great pressure from the President to get the goddamn hostages out of there. Reagan mentioned them every day. And I think North always saw the *Contras* as being better than I thought they were, always. Tom Clines, who is an expert on that part of the world, was more cynical about them than I. My general impression was that even with first-class support, they would never win militarily. Maybe they could put pressure on the *Sandinistas* to force some sort of political accommodation—but militarily, no.

As far as the hostages were concerned, North was schizophrenic about that. He is a smart guy and realized that the real game was a strategic one—opening up Iran. He saw that the hostages were an obstacle to that. Now, my belief is that Reagan saw it differently. The President just wanted the hostages out.

PLAYBOY: You don't think he saw the geopolitical advantage in the long term?

SECORD: That's too complex for the Reagan mentality. I don't think he could handle it. But I think he knew the outlines of what we were up to and was standing firmly behind it. He is still responsible, and that is the thing that really irks me. How people think he can evade responsibility is beyond me.

PLAYBOY: There has been a good deal said about your formulating American foreign policy in the meetings. For instance, you were supposed to have promised the Iranians that the U.S. would fight the Russians if Iran were invaded.

SECORD: During the meeting with the second channel—[Iranian Parliament speaker Hashemi] Rafsanjani's people—in Brussels, I did say we'd fight the Russians if

they invaded Iran. It made the headlines in *The Washington Post*. But what I said was that the United States had spent millions of dollars to deter the Soviets from invading Iran. We had created a whole new unified command for that purpose. It's called the Central Command, and it is very clear from our public statements, and so forth, that we are prepared to face the Russians if they go into Iran. This is not news.

PLAYBOY: Then you deny any attempt to form American foreign policy?

SECORD: Yes. And the fact is, I was simply helping execute foreign policy.

PLAYBOY: You say you were executing policy. That's a theme running through all of this—the privatization of American foreign policy. Do you think it's a dangerous way to run a country's foreign affairs?

SECORD: I have mixed emotions about that charge. Historically, of course, everyone knows that private individuals and companies have been used for various purposes by various governments to do things that official governments can't do.

But what people are saying in this case is that private individuals, more or less led by me, have seized control of this piece of foreign policy. And that's not true. I was working under the watchful eye of the White House and in accordance with U.S. policy that was described for me.

PLAYBOY: We should ask you again: Did you ever say you went into this for purely, or exclusively, patriotic motives?

SECORD: No. Nor did I say that to the committee. I testified for the record that we were going to make money. And I said at meetings that the opening of the door to Iran presented opportunities for really big business in the future.

PLAYBOY: Hakim implied in his testimony that you took money out of the enterprise for your own use.

SECORD: I don't know why he said that, but he'll have to be confronted with it. I think he was led into it. And he was afraid that what he said in his deposition would be in conflict with what he said publicly. The account they were talking about is owned by Hakim and another Iranian, the Coral account. And according to the records, Hakim was drawing on the account for various expenses. So if it was my personal account, as he claimed, why was he drawing on it?

PLAYBOY: But Hakim had a grant of immunity; why would he lie?

SECORD: I think he was scared to death.

PLAYBOY: Because he's Iranian? You think he had visions of being led out to the courtyard?

SECORD: [Smiles] Right. Terrified.

PLAYBOY: Well. . . . Another person you may feel needs confronting is Attorney General Edwin Meese. You didn't speak particularly kindly to the committee about his role in bringing this to light.

SECORD: When I scored him in front of the committee, I meant every word I said. And he will go down in history as the biggest fool of this entire operation. Had

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he not panicked—had he taken the time to be educated—this whole thing wouldn't have happened the way it did.

PLAYBOY: Why did Meese panic?

SECORD: I think they were in a meeting and they said, "Look, we're being criticized left and right by the press; let's conduct an internal investigation to make sure our skirts are really clean." And they stumbled across some dumb memo that Oliver North had. You know, North must have written 8,000,000 memos while he was in office.

PLAYBOY: The memo that described diverting money to the *Contras* from Iran?

SECORD: Yeah. To issue a report based on that, inside of two days, is by definition foolhardy. Who in the world could conduct a complex investigation over a weekend about anything as complex as this?

PLAYBOY: Meese seemed a little nervous when he announced his discovery.

SECORD: You bet, but why? I mean, it's a desperation born of ignorance. When you panic and look for ways out, you generally stumble into the wrong exit. And Meese takes these steps like an elephant. This is how you criminalize things, with just a snap of the fingers.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there a cover story you concocted in the event the story broke?

SECORD: Originally, the Israelis were going to take the hit. But as we got more and more into the operation, I realized it wasn't going to work. I'm not against plausible deniability, but in this case, it wasn't even plausible. U.S. fingerprints were all over this one. I urged the White House to go public with this thing in July of '86, before the second channel was developed. But they built a Chinese Wall around the President, and that's where they're sitting to this day, hoping the wolves will be satisfied with North, Poin-dexter and me.

PLAYBOY: If what you say is true, how do you feel about being the fall guy?

SECORD: I feel I was betrayed along with my guys.

PLAYBOY: Why did you decide to testify without immunity?

SECORD: I spent a lot of time going over every aspect of the thing with my attorneys, and we concluded that we hadn't broken any laws, that we were acting in good faith every step of the way. We were trying to carry out our private—but Presidentially directed—jobs. So why should I continue to suffer tremendous pressure from the press when I hadn't done anything wrong? I guess I just got mad and decided I would go up. Then I got an invitation to be the first one to testify. I never expected that.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

SECORD: Why would anybody think I would be invited up before Bud McFarlane? I guess the committee thought I was the most knowledgeable besides North. I had as much knowledge as North. If the

committee had gotten North to go voluntarily, then he would have gone first.

PLAYBOY: If you feel the committee has political motives, and you have evidence to clear your name, wouldn't your best bet be a court of law?

SECORD: Why do you think we've been cooperating with the special prosecutor? We didn't have to talk to him, but we have.

PLAYBOY: For how long?

SECORD: Since before the committee met. Their radios are on receive now. [Smiles]

PLAYBOY: Do you ever think back and wish that you hadn't answered the phone when Ollie first called?

SECORD: That's it; you finally broke the code: Do nothing and stay out of trouble.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think you and your guys were called rather than the CIA?

SECORD: One of the problems with the CIA is that they don't have experienced people running the show. You have shoe clerks running the railroad. The Carter Administration eviscerated the CIA; it was just wrecked. And the clandestine branch, which was very small, was finished. I think Casey was trying to do a good job, but he was too old to really be effective.

PLAYBOY: Throughout much of this interview, you often sound as if you want people to know that the rest of the world doesn't operate according to the standard you're being held to now—and you resent it. Is that fair?

SECORD: The American standard is not observed anywhere else in the world. What you've said is probably a fair statement. You have to know what the U.S. laws are and live with them, but you also have to know what the local laws are and live with them and not get caught in between.

PLAYBOY: How is the arms business since the Iran deal broke?

SECORD: Terrible, just terrible. It's almost killed it. Few of our clients want to be caught in the glare of publicity.

PLAYBOY: And your family?

SECORD: This sort of thing is always toughest on the family. They just sit there holding their breath until the next newspaper comes out or the next jerk knocks on the door with a TV Minicam.

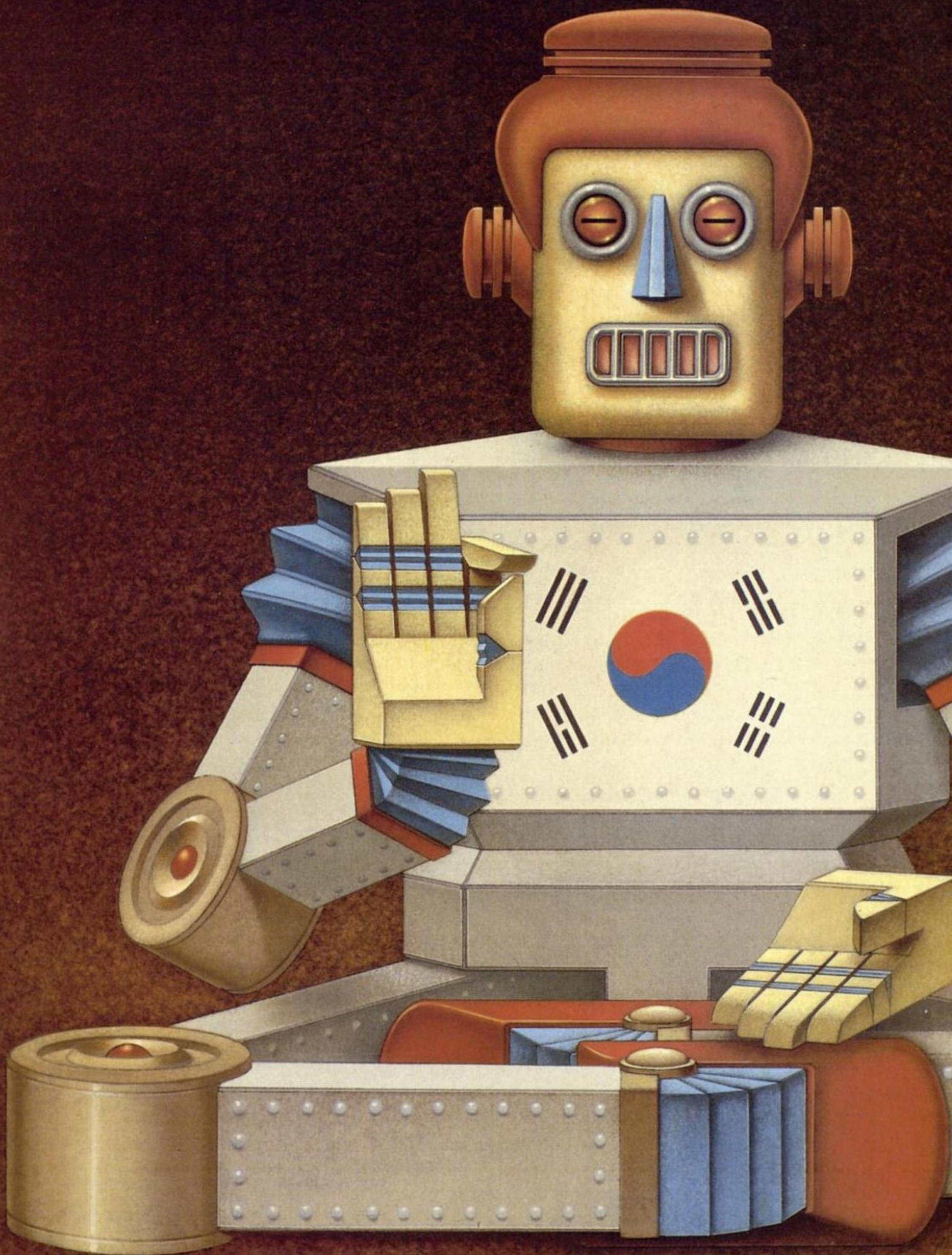
PLAYBOY: With all the charges made about you, would you say you've just had bad luck or—

SECORD: I've had good luck and bad. It's the American way: No good deed goes unpunished. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: You're just going to be stoic about it all? Be a tough guy and shrug it off?

SECORD: No, I haven't shrugged it off. I expect to win this one. I may have to leave a few dead bodies behind me—figuratively speaking, of course—but I expect to win this one. I will not lose this one! I took the other one—having to retire from the Air Force—lying down, but I will not lose this one. I'm a fighter.





KOREA, INC.

article by

**ROBERT
KEARNEY**

forget what you read in the headlines—
this politically troubled industrial giant
is poised to eat the rest of the world alive

DOWN THE BLOCK from Seoul City Hall, on the tower of the King Sejong Cultural Center Annex, hangs a huge electronic signboard. Each morning this past winter, over the scuttling commuters and shiny Hyundai cars and purple Daewoo buses, through the snow and frigid winds sweeping down from Manchuria, the sign was ticking off the days to the 24th summer Olympics: 619, 618, 617. . . .

Korea is throwing itself a bash next summer. The hosts may be more inclined toward precision (616, 615) than toward exuberance, but make no mistake—the Koreans see the Olympics as an important party, a national debutante ball, a presentation to the world of the industrially mature Korea. The spotlight will be on the nation and its collection of multibillion-dollar conglomerates, the top ten of which account for a third of the country's G.N.P. Visitors will watch replays on Korean-made Samsung televisions, be ferried around Seoul in Hyundai taxis and call home on Lucky-Goldstar telephones. Most of the running shoes worn by athletes and spectators will have MADE IN KOREA sewn into them.

But who can really blame Korea's leaders for wanting to show off? In 30 years, they've transformed their country from a nation of bombed-out rice paddies to one of booming factories. Since 1960, per-capita annual income has soared from a pathetic \$80 to more than \$2000. The 1986 G.N.P. growth was estimated at 12 percent, not only one of the most impressive economic performances on the planet last year but nearly five times the growth of the U.S.

Just as important—to the Koreans, anyway—they've established themselves as genuine contenders against their



historic archrivals in Tokyo: When the Japanese look over their shoulders these days, they see the Koreans bearing down on them. Fast.

Of course, everything that Korea has gained, it also stands to lose. The country's basic lack of democratic rights has long sparked protests, which the various military regimes have simply squashed with a characteristically heavy hand. But Korea's recent economic successes have made the government cautious, the dissidents bold and the military nervous. Now, when students riot in the streets—as they have done so fiercely in recent months—or the opposition party demands reforms, the stakes are high. Korea is finally a major economic power, and the Olympics are one long commercial selling the country's rice-paddies-to-riches story. But if the political problems plaguing Korea worsen, 30 years of accomplishments could disintegrate.

The world waits to see if Korea can solve its internal problems. If stability is maintained and the Olympics go off without tear-gas clouds floating over the track-and-field events, the Americans and the Japanese will still have special reason to be nervous.

While American athletes are winning medals on the balance beam and the running track, Korean workers will be taking home the real pocketable, spendable gold in the shipbuilding and electronics and economy-sedan competitions. In those events—despite their small population, political insecurity, lack of resources and a dozen other hurdles—the Koreans have already shown themselves to be true contenders. If you're skeptical, consider that in 1986, when Korea started shipping inexpensive front-wheel-drive Hyundai Excels to America, sales quickly exceeded 168,000, making the Excel the most popular first-year foreign model in the history of the auto industry. Within 17 months, it had topped VW, Mazda and Subaru to become the fourth-largest-selling import in the U.S., despite the fact that it had only limited geographic distribution.

Other telling examples can be pulled from the shelves of your local computer store, where Daewoo's Leading Edge has been seducing customers with high-end IBM-PC compatibility at a low-buck price. Go to your local car dealership and test-drive either the new Ford Festiva or the Pontiac LeMans, both built in Korea. Or check your VCR or stereo. Ignore the brand name, turn it around and check the plate on the back: There's a good chance it was made in or around Seoul. Ditto for small appliances and audio and video tapes. Often, you'll find the Korean goods in discount stores, significantly underpricing their more established rivals, much in the same way

the Japanese did in the early Sixties. You remember the days when the words MADE IN JAPAN meant shoddy, tacky and, mostly, very, very inexpensive.

Today, of course, those words mean something entirely different, and that's one of many lessons that have not been lost on Korea. One Korean company, Lucky-Goldstar, already owns seven percent of the microwave-oven market in the U.S., with its low-end, dirt-cheap models; but the company has already started branching out, leaving behind the discount ghetto with a new line of flashy, upscale microwaves.

It's a trend we've seen before, and if it continues, a great many workers in Detroit and California and the Carolinas may come to sense—without the benefit of an electronic signboard—that their days are numbered.

•
Around American business schools, people tell the story about a Korean executive who was complaining about his workers. "Those on the day shift," he said, "are so much more productive than those on the other shift."

"Two shifts!" his American friend yelled. "If you're worried about productivity, the first thing you should do is add a third shift, like we do in the U.S."

"How wonderful," the Korean replied quizzically. "But doesn't that require a 36-hour day?"

It's a story, but it's no joke.

At the heart of the Korean miracle is a group of multibillion-dollar corporations called *chaebol* (literally, "financial clans"), and the success of these *chaebol* is based squarely on Korean laborers, the hardest-working men and women in the world.

Meet Chung Seong Yul: It's four P.M. on a Saturday in the Hyundai Motor Company assembly plant in Ulsan, a port town on Korea's southeast coast. Conditions are far from ideal. The plant is unheated despite the crisp Korean winter. The noise in the press shop, where doors and panels are punched out, is deafening and the men wear no ear protectors. But the plant is nevertheless efficient. Electronic signboards overhead track production against goals: 347, 348. . . . Today, a new car is being minted every 57 seconds.

Chung is a trouble shooter, chasing down a bad connection on a red Excel GL, one of 250,000 cars that Hyundai intends to export to the U.S. this year. When he quits work at eight P.M., Chung—like all his fellow workers on the assembly line—will have logged 60 hours for the week, just as he had the week before and the week before that. He will earn \$600 for the month, plus bonuses.

He's not eager to be interviewed. His job is to chase ghosts out of cars, not

make small talk. Only at the urging of a company interpreter does he slide into the open, his screwdriver remaining poised in the air. Since his \$600 a month is good money by Korean standards, I ask how he's spending it. He saves almost everything, he replies. Single and 29, he'll spend Saturday night in his dorm room—provided by the company, a five-minute walk from the plant. He'll read, then sleep. On Sunday, he'll visit his family, a short bus trip away. Come Monday at eight A.M., he'll be under another Excel.

I tell him that by American standards, he works long hours. He shrugs. I ask him if he'd like more work. He shrugs again, then admits that he gets tired on his current schedule. "But if the company needs me to work more hours," he says, "I'll work them." He nods impatiently toward the car, indicating that he has work to do, and crawls back under the bumper.

As I start to walk away, his head pokes out by the front wheel. "You must remember," he calls after me, "not every worker has the privilege of working overtime."

In short, Chung is the perfect employee: diligent, disciplined, dedicated to country, family and, of course, the Hyundai Motor Company. And he is hardly an isolated case. The average work week in Korea is more than 54 hours, and most work for less pay. Much less.

Some numbers must be crunched, others can be swallowed whole, but some can only be choked on. According to recent U.S. Bureau of Labor statistics, Korean auto workers such as Chung average \$1.82 an hour, compared with \$8.04 in Japan and \$19.99 in the U.S. Overall, an American worker expects to pull in \$12.97 an hour. His Japanese competitor makes \$6.45. And Koreans, at \$1.41, provide more than just bargain-basement muscle. Unlike their counterparts in Bangladesh and India, Koreans are educated—they boast more than a 95 percent literacy rate, among the highest in the world.

And it isn't only the Chungs of Korea who put in the long hours. White-collar workers commonly work *more than* 60 hours a week. At Daewoo, which in addition to computers produces ships, pianos, T-shirts, components for the American F-16 fighter jet and thousands of other products, office workers get Sundays off. Period. They also have an annual vacation of three days, one of which is a Sunday. While there's a company policy granting them one additional day off each month, most workers decline the holiday, opting instead for a cash bonus.

As Daewoo executive S. B. Lee puts it,
(continued on page 148)



"There's a two-cart pile-up on Gallows Hill; avoid that area! Trolls are causing a slowdown at the bridge, and the twilight rush is shaping up about as usual!"



oh, Donna!

*in tonight's
episode, one
of the
sexiest
women in
prime-time
tv, donna
mills,
exposes her
evil twin,
abby ewing
of "knots
landing"*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Donna's Abby
(below with Gary,
played by Ted Shack-
elford) generally
plays for keeps.

WAKE UP, Gary Ewing! You had a wife—the sexy, hazardously curved Abby Ewing, the best thing to hit *Knots Landing* since *Knots* landed there—and couldn't keep her. This year, according to Abby's best friend (the sexy, hazardously curved Donna Mills), Abby just may fall for the new guy on the Landing, a—hint, hint—high-cheekboned ex-swordsman and *Cabaret* star.



Abbby and I are just like sisters," says Donna. "I can call on her whenever I need her."

We hate to tell you, Gary, but Donna knows Abby better than you do. "Playing her turns me on," Donna told us. "She just—comes out. She's not really evil. Abby needs understanding. Abby has a good side. She gave a kidney to her niece a few years ago." Your wife, Gary, needs T.L.C. And if you don't give it to her, she'll give this (left, right and below left) to the aforementioned new guy in town.





Ballet training
has suited Donna
well. "Posing, like act-
ing, has to be spon-
taneous," she says.

Maybe you'll be better off with Jill, Gary. But you should've learned. Why not try someone a little more domestic, someone who prefers planting roses in the back yard to hatching schemes in board rooms and boudoirs. Someone like Donna, who happens to be smart, sexy and *nice*. She feels for you, Gary. Donna thinks it's terrible that Abby posed for *Playboy* without telling you.





HONEYMOON FOR ONE

article

By MERRILL SHINDLER

a tale of modern romance in which the
author's better half turns out to be himself

IS THIS where Hemingway used to sit?" I asked the bartender, who threw me the hairy eyeball and replied, "Yeah, that's where Hemingway used to sit. He'd come in here and make a point of sitting on all the barstools, so years later, Americans could rub their butts on the same sacred spot where he used to park."

"How do you like that?" I said to the young couple standing near me in the bar at Harry's in Venice. I threw back another Bellini, a stupid drink made with peach nectar and champagne. It was maybe my third or fourth; I wasn't counting. "How do you like that? I'm sitting where Hemingway used to sit. Hey, I bet you're on your honeymoon. Am I right?"

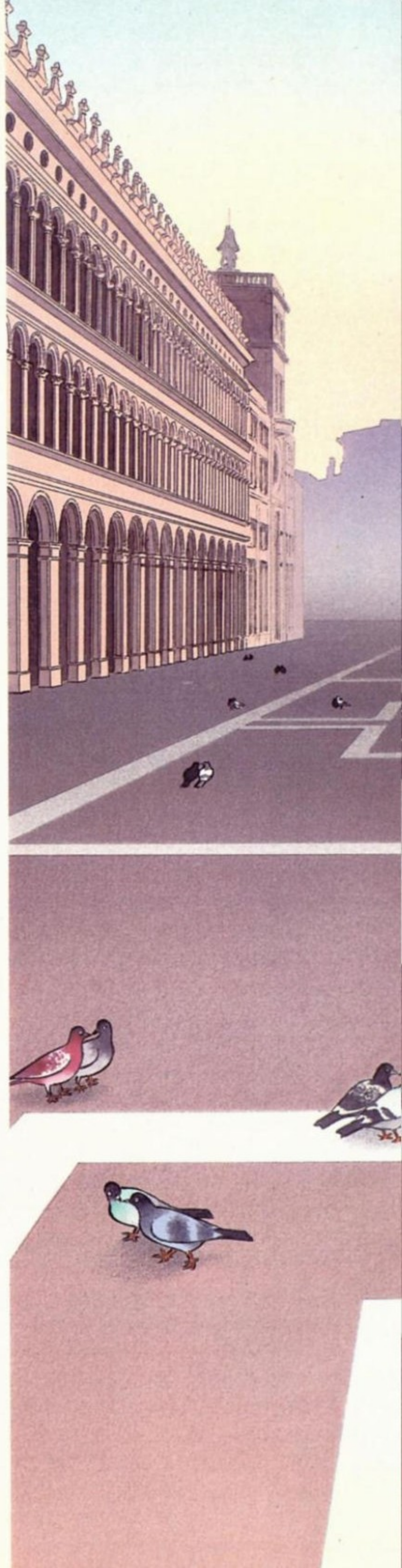
They told me I was right and edged away from me a little.

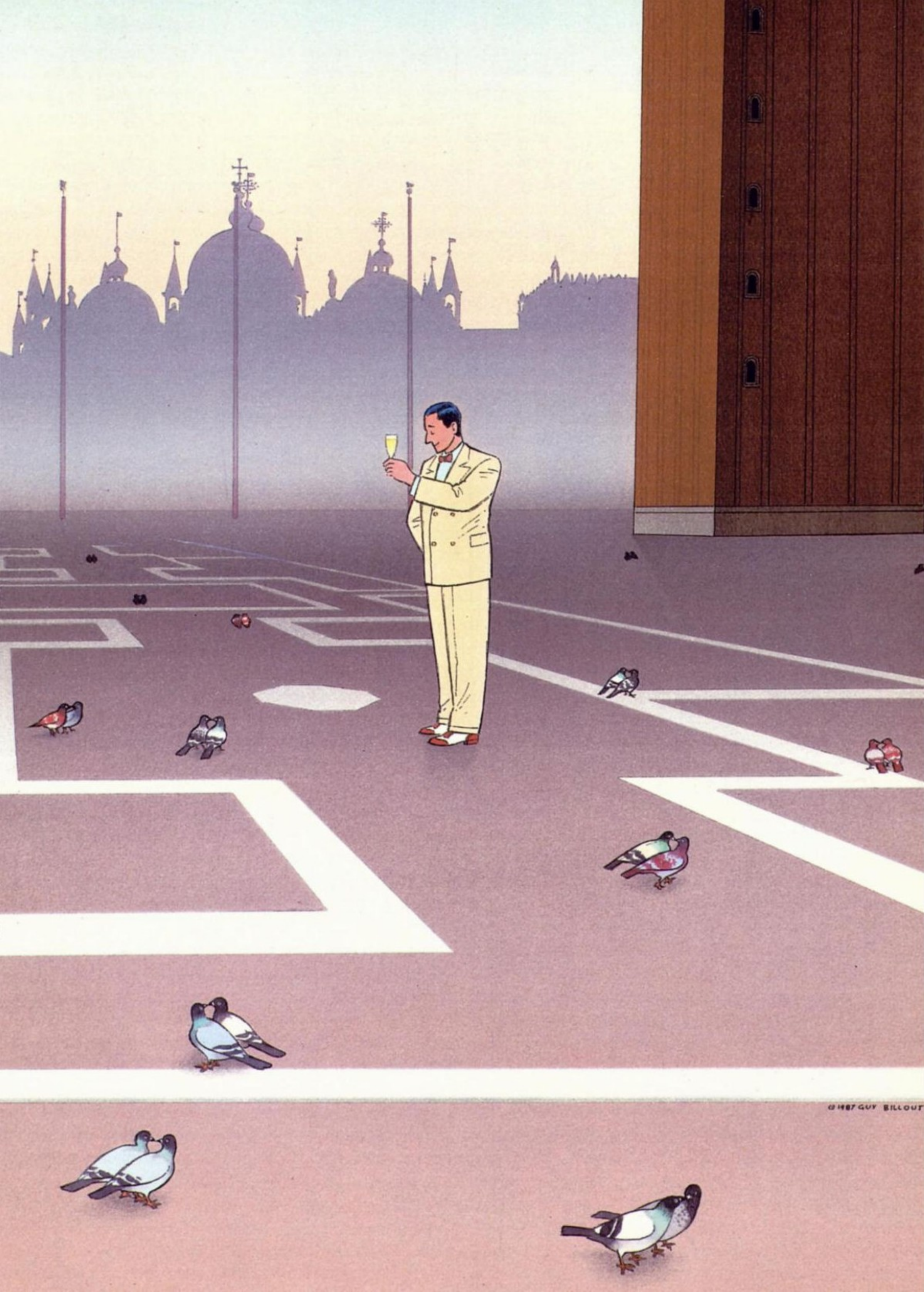
"No reason to get worried," I said. "I'm on my honeymoon, too."

That's nice, they said. And where's your wife?

"She couldn't make it," I told them. "So I came by myself." I laughed the laugh of a man who's on a brief leave from a halfway house, and they edged farther away, giving me a look of mild horror as they climbed to the second-floor dining room. I lifted my Bellini and toasted their happiness and my own joy at being on my honeymoon. It was a good honeymoon, even if it was a honeymoon for one.

I hadn't planned to go on my honeymoon by myself. Actually, I had planned to go on my honeymoon with a wife—*my* wife, to be exact, a perfectly wonderful woman I had lived with for some five years. We were perceived as being the ideal couple. People invited us to dinner parties because, they told us, we made the evening so much fun. And fun was something we had a lot of—I've got boxes and boxes of slides to (continued on page 155)







HOT & COLD

playboy's wardrobe guide
for fall and winter '87
fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE
Part One

Expect suits and

sports jackets in the coming months to be tailored and tapered, with broader shoulders, narrower waists, wider lapels and more double-breasted models. Slacks will remain pleated with a slight taper, while dress shirts with straight long collars will be teamed with slightly wider ties. Left: Wool-plaid sports jacket, \$425, wool slacks, \$175, cotton shirt, \$90, and silk tie, \$45, all by Hugo Boss. Right: Wool-tweed suit, by Yves Saint Laurent, \$365; striped cotton shirt, by Gitman Bros., \$60; silk tie, by Format, \$50; and wool-tweed balmacaan overcoat, by Bill Kaiserman, \$700.





T

he best of fashion grooming includes (left) a wool-plaid four-button double-breasted suit, \$700, striped cotton shirt, \$135, and silk tie, \$40, all by Giorgio Armani; plus cotton-blend socks, by Interwoven, \$5.50; and cap-toe shoes, by Salvatore Ferragamo, \$260. Following the numbers at right: 1. Cotton-broadcloth striped shirt, by Geoffrey Beene, \$32.50; and silk tie, by Hathaway, \$19. 2. British tab-collared dress shirt, by Eagle Shirtmakers, \$52; and silk-crepe tie, by Ike Behar, \$40. 3. Oxford-cloth buttondown dress shirt, by Van Heusen, \$25; and woven silk tie, by Italo Piccolo, about \$40. 4. Buttondown dress shirt, by John Henry, \$25; and silk-satin woven tie, by Gianni Versace, \$55. 5. Striped-broadcloth dress shirt, by Van Laack, about \$110; and Italian silk tie, by Cecilia Metheny, \$50. 6. Windowpane-plaid dress shirt, by Cesarani, \$53.50; and silk tie, from Kenzo Boutique, New York, \$65. 7. Cotton-broadcloth shirt, by Ike Behar, \$85; and silk Jacquard tie, by Claude Montana for Superba, Inc., \$65. 8. Medium-spread-collared dress shirt, by Gitman Bros., \$52.50; and silk foulard tie, by Savoy, \$30.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY
BOB FRAME AND RICHARD IZUI

L

eft: Wool chalk-stripe six-button double-breasted suit, \$665, striped-broadcloth shirt, \$80, and silk tie, \$40, all from Polo by Ralph Lauren; plus linen pocket square, by Polo/Ralph Lauren Scarfs, \$12. Right: Cashmere one-button sports jacket, \$980, tropical-wool-flannel slacks, \$220, buttondown tab-collared shirt, \$170, all by Ronaldus Shamask; plus silk tie, from Andrew Fezza by Zanzarra, \$50; black *nabuk*-leather slip-on, from Aldo Brué by Nancy Knox, \$220; wool-blend socks, by Interwoven, \$4.50; and gold-plated double-face watch, by Breil from Complements, \$900.



**PLAYBOY'S
COLLEGE FICTION
CONTEST WINNER**

**IN
LOVE
WITH
RACHEL**

**"IT'S YOUR
TURN,
TAYLOR,"
SHE SAYS.
"TELL ME
A STORY"**

TAYLOR ORDERS a vodka martini. Made with Finlandia vodka, he specifies. He is late, but Rachel, as he has known she would be, is later. He watches the barman mix his drink and admires the skills—the quick, sure movements, handling the bottles with ease, putting them back

without looking, the spill-less pour. The making of a vodka martini is a comforting routine, something Taylor knows he can depend on. There is a story that goes with the bar. Taylor knows this from talking to the present owner. He told him the man who originally opened it did so in 1912. He sold it in 1918, though, after his son was gassed and died in the third wave over the top at Ypres. Mustard gas, Taylor remembers.

Hanging on the wall opposite a picture of Cole Porter in a tux and slicked-back hair is a gas mask. It is old—its leather peeling, hoses cracked, eyepieces thick and cloudy like the glasses of someone with very bad vision. Taylor doesn't know if he believes the story about the bar. Probably, it has been there long enough, though. He doesn't know where

By STEVEN PLOETZ
Brown University
Providence, Rhode Island





Ypres is or what mustard gas does to you.

The barman puts a napkin down and then puts the drink in its frosted glass on the napkin. Taylor's money, including a dollar tip, is already on the bar. Taylor takes his drink to an overstuffed red-leather booth at the back of the room, where he can see the entrance. His feet rise off the floor as he sinks into the sagging springs. He touches the breast pocket of his blue blazer for the envelope, then pulls it out to be sure. After drinks, Taylor has planned dinner and a play for himself and Rachel. He has made the dinner reservation for 7:15 at a new restaurant he has heard is very good. He checks the tickets' date and the time and seat numbers. The play is also new and it received a very good review in the *Times*, though Taylor, not trusting the reviewer, called an actor friend, who assured him it should not be missed. Taylor puts the tickets away and takes a sip of his drink, holding it on his tongue. It is well made, the proper mix of vodka and vermouth, chilled just right.

It is 4:15 when Rachel walks in, searching the room for him, while Taylor watches her from behind. Other men in the bar look at her, too. They turn away from their talk and drinks and look. Taylor understands. She is beautiful—tall and thin, with a girlish figure and thick, curly light-brown hair she tries to keep tied back with a slim black ribbon. No make-up. Dressed in a simple but expensive white-cotton dress, her legs stockingless, long and slightly tanned, her shoes open-toed and red.

Those shoes. Taylor has seen those shoes before, those ugly shoes. He was with Rachel when she bought them. They were walking and the shoes in a store window caught her eye. Immediately, Rachel ran into the store. Later, she explained that she had felt sorry for the shoes. They were so ugly no one else would have bought them. And if she didn't, little children in Ecuador would starve. Starting at the age of four, they are forced to leave their homes in the barrio and go out into the jungle and trap anteaters for the leather. They leave their mothers and fathers, everyone they care for, and travel alone. They don't want to, they are frightened in the jungle, it is dark and scary, but they have no choice. It is what they have always done. The anteaters are big, with bristly fur, sharp claws and long, rough tongues that feel like sandpaper on the skin. They live in holes dug deep into the earth. Sometimes the children have to crawl down into these to catch them. Sometimes the children meet another child already in the hole and they hunt together, clinging to each other. Either way, alone or in pairs, it is very dangerous work. Fire red, two straps hugging the instep, heels too

sharp—Taylor hates those shoes.

Rachel turns around and searches the back of the barroom. Taylor admires the way she moves—light, graceful, her dress flaring out at the hem like a dancer's. And she did used to be a dancer, when she was younger. She dreamed of being a great ballerina, of traveling all over the world. But then one day she was warming up, just moving slowly across the floor, and she fell. She never danced again. It was her medial collateral, a very important connection, she told him. The one that holds everything else together. Taylor has seen the small scar on her right knee. The orthopedist brought in a plastic surgeon to close the incision. He knew she was a young girl with pretty legs and did good work. It barely shows.

Rachel catches sight of Taylor, waves a big wave, as if she has just come back from a long trip, and walks toward him. He does not wave back. "I'm sorry I'm late," Rachel says, standing before him at the edge of the booth.

She captures his hand in mid-air and slides into the opposite side of the booth. The bartender comes over and she orders a drink, like Taylor's, and smiles again, soft pink lips sliding over hard white teeth.

The drink arrives and Rachel takes a sip. "Do you want to know why I'm late?" she asks. Taylor clears his throat to answer and Rachel pulls his hand across the shiny black table toward her, wrapping it up tightly with her other hand. "Well, I had trouble with a cab. At first I couldn't find one and when I finally did, it had the most peculiar driver. Do you want to hear about him?"

With his free hand, Taylor fidgets with his drink, drawing a careful grid in the condensation clinging to the cold glass. "OK," he says. "Tell me about this cabdriver."

Relaxing her grip on his hand, Rachel leans back into the heavy red upholstery. "To begin with," she says, "he was foreign. But they all are nowadays, aren't they? I don't know exactly where he was from. From the East, definitely, but not Arab or Chinese. From somewhere in between—one of those little mountain countries where it snows all the time and the men all carry rifles on their backs because there are bandits everywhere. His English was good, though; very practiced, I guess you could call it. But not schoolish. More like he had learned it from watching old movies and speaking along with a dialog."

"He sounded like Cary Grant?" Taylor asks.

"No," Rachel answers, "but he did have an accent. Not like Cary Grant's but one that was very thick and rich, like cream. That's not what you notice most about him, though."

"No?"

"The shaved head, that's probably what really gets your attention. Smooth and shiny. That and the mustache. The mustache was definitely hard to ignore."

"A mustache that can't be ignored?"

"Well, it was so big, how could you?" Rachel says. "Anyway, I flagged him down in the Village and told him I had to go uptown. I told him I was late. Traffic was heavy, but he drove very fast, with great skill, weaving in and out, making pedestrians jump back onto the curb. We hadn't gone very far, though, when he suddenly pulled over. I gave



him the address again, thinking that maybe he had forgotten it and was lost. But he just shook his head. 'Is there something wrong with the cab?' I asked, but he didn't answer. I sat there for the longest time, not knowing what to do. It was very strange."

"How long?" Taylor asks, concerned.

"I don't know," Rachel says with a small shrug of her narrow shoulders. "A long time. And when I finally reached for the door handle, he turned around quickly and grabbed my hand. 'Don't worry,' I told him, 'I'll pay what's on the meter.' It was then I noticed he was crying. Heavy tears rolled down his face and collected in his mustache."

"No," he said, shaking his hairless head but letting go of my hand. 'Do not worry about money. All I want from you

is for you to listen. I have a story to tell, a very sad story. I must tell someone. I cannot ride around all day with people close enough to me to touch and not tell them. It is too hard to keep it inside me. Please, would you listen?" Really, Taylor, I didn't know what to do. It was scary, so I told him I would listen. What else could I do?"

"You could have got out of the cab and hailed another one," Taylor says. He glances over at the bar quickly. It is crowded, not a seat open, and people are beginning to drink with their sleeves rolled up.



Rachel's thick hair is coming free from its ribbon and falling down over her shoulders. Taylor notices how even in the dim light of the bar, the loose ends shine.

"He was a hard worker," she continues. "Days, nights, holidays—no shift was too long. He even started to sleep in the garage so he could take over for any of the other drivers who were sick or just too tired to go on. And he was really close to getting what he wanted when something happened and ruined everything."

"Someone checked his immigration status."

"You see, one night, after he had been out driving for hours," Rachel says, "he went back into the garage to get some rest before going out for the morning rush hour. This was during the very

same week that everything he had worked for was to come true. That's important to know. He was going to get his own medallion and he was going to be reunited with his wife. He had already sent her the airline ticket.

"Anyway, he was so excited he couldn't sleep. So, to pass the time, he started playing backgammon with some of the other drivers. He really loved backgammon, used to play it all the time back in his native country; but after he came to America and started working, he never allowed himself to play. He didn't want to waste the time. This night was



It seemed only fitting that *Playboy's* annual Fiction Contest be illustrated with the best and brightest artwork from one of the country's finest art schools. Award-winning *Playboy* artist Marshall Arisman, chairman of the master-of-fine-arts program at the School of Visual Arts in New York, cooperated with us by encouraging his students to illustrate Steven Ploetz's story *In Love with Rachel*. It was so difficult to select a winner that we are presenting the other finalists' illustrations, too. The winning entry (overleaf) came from Patrick Fiore, with these runners-up: Larry Davis (top left), Ill-Hyung Kim (top center), James Stonebraker (above), Andrew Chang (far left), Kelynn Alder (bottom center) and Patrick Pigott (right).



an exception, though. He felt he could relax.

"He started to play with a new driver and the games were very difficult and close. The new man played recklessly, relying more on luck than anything else. My driver knew he was a better player, but he still kept on losing. He lost game after game."

Resting her slim, tanned arms on the table, Rachel leans toward Taylor. "It was not so much that he lost that bothered him but the way he lost. All his clever gambits and patient plans were swept aside by his opponent's impulsive gambles and lucky throws of the dice. He became very angry. When the other driver suggested they bet on the games, he accepted."

"Even though he kept on losing?" Tay-

lor asks.

"That's right," Rachel says. "The thing is, the other driver kept on winning. His luck never ran out. This only made my driver even angrier and he kept on increasing their wagers."

"That was a very foolish thing to do."

"Maybe, but he couldn't quit."

"Why not?"

"Because he had already started to play, and once you start, you can't quit," Rachel says. "But listen, things got even worse. Gradually, he realized he was being tricked. The new driver wasn't just lucky. He had seen it before with other very good backgammon players. They pretend to be lucky fools, but all the time they are really playing a very subtle and sophisticated game. Now it was he who felt like a fool, but he couldn't back down. It was too late. As the stakes grew, the dispatcher called in the other drivers from the road and the garage became filled with men straining to see the action on the board, the movement of the dice."

"Why didn't one of them stop him?" Taylor asks.

"Because. . ."

"Because why? Weren't they his friends? It doesn't make sense."

"Because they couldn't, that's all," Rachel says. "He wouldn't have let them. The game went on and in time, everything he had worked so hard for was lost. This man whom he barely knew had won the good life that was going to be his and his wife's."

"Then, still sitting over the board, he took out his wallet, Taylor, and pulled out a picture of his wife. An old black-and-white picture showing her standing next to a fountain in a garden in a country thousands of miles away. He showed it to the other driver, who was impressed by her beauty, and suggested that they play one more game. If he lost, he would give him his wife."

"They started to play for this guy's wife?" Taylor asks. "What kind of thing is that to do?"

"He had to keep on playing. He didn't even really know why. Part of it was that he had lost and wanted to get even. He wanted to show he was the better player, that he was in control. But there was something else, too. He just couldn't seem to quit, even though he knew he should. They started another game, but he couldn't concentrate. The dice felt so heavy he could barely lift them, the black and white pieces blurred together and he couldn't tell them apart. Of course, he lost."

"As you can imagine, he was destroyed. He left the garage and was certain he would have to kill himself. Back where he came from, he would have put the rifle that had belonged to his father—and his father before him—in his mouth (continued on page 138)



FINE

BRANDI

BRANDT



PRESENTING CALIFORNIA COOL, VINTAGE '68

At 18, Brandi Brandt is an intriguing combo of classic and New Wave. "I'm New Wave in the way I dress and the music I like," she says, "but old fashioned when it comes to men. I like a man who pampers me."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA



'm an outdoor girl," says Brandi, "so Playboy took me to a kayaking rodeo—and I almost wound up under water. That was a test of nerves. I didn't feel too sexy—I was pretty much trying to stay alive—but it was an adventure."

Y

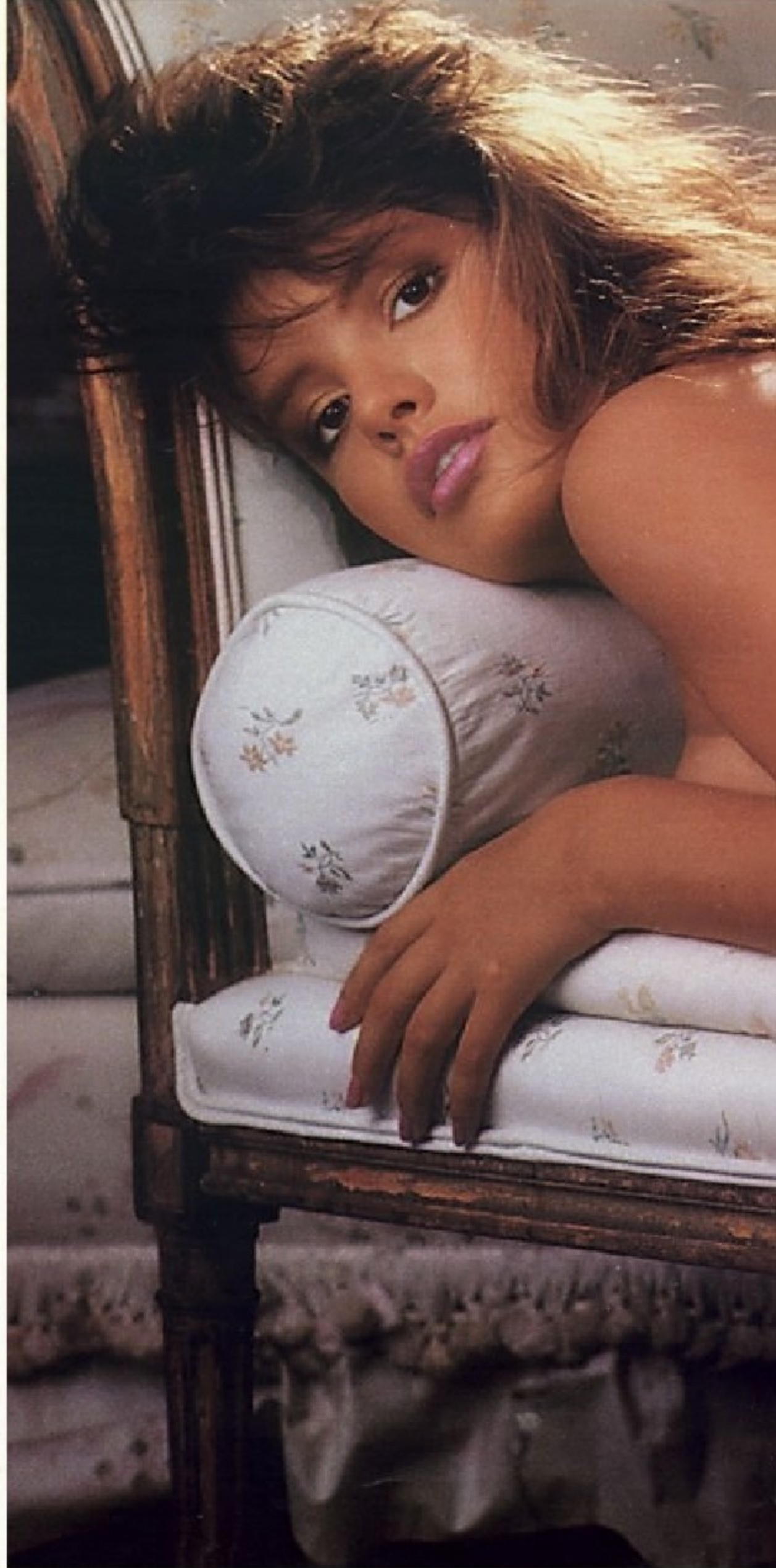
ES, she knows the Looking Glass golden oldy *Brandy*. Yes, she thought the song was cute the first million times someone sang it to her. But if one more person approaches her and sings "Brandi, you're a fine girl/What a goooood wife you would be," Brandi Brandt is going to break a bottle over somebody's head. "I never want to hear that song again," says Miss October, who was three years old when *Brandy* hit the charts. Never mind that by all accounts she is a fine girl, a sweet, striking Filipino/German/Irish/Cherokee miss with a sparkle that makes men want to sing about wedding her. Brandi has ambitions that reach far beyond becoming somebody's goooood wife. Fame, fortune and fabulous beach-front digs in Malibu, just for starters.





B

randi has always been attracted to bright lights. Her mom, Brie Howard, a veteran L.A. rocker, introduced her baby to the music scene. "I first saw her play when I was one," says Brandi. "When I was a baby, I slept on her bass drum. When I was two, she took me to an Alice Cooper concert. Alice pulling a lady out of a trunk is one of my earliest memories." At home, Brie sang Brandi to sleep with *Bridge over Troubled Water*. Brie recorded with Ringo Starr, The Electric Light Orchestra, Bruce Willis and The Pointer Sisters—and can now be seen on MTV putting down the back beat on Robbie Nevil's videos. Brandi, who spent her formative years in Sacramento ("the slow lane") with her dad, dreamed of returning to L.A., becoming a star—and a *Playboy* Playmate.





One unforgettable romantic experience . . . why did I know you'd ask that? It was in a cave. Outside Sacramento, there's a river, the Cosumnes. It got sidetracked by a quake a long time ago. It runs through the rocks and makes natural whirlpool baths. You hike and climb through the rocks to get there. It was hot that day. The water was cold. We made love in the mist. Afterward, I leaned back and thought, *I will never forget this. And I never have. I never will.*"



could never be a guy," says Brandi, understating the obvious. "I mean, guys hate shopping! I don't like doing my hair and my make-up, but shopping is important—guys just don't understand that."

*M*y dad always told me I was going to be a Playmate," says Brandi. "I guess Father knows best." Back in L.A., lured by the hot lights and the bright promises that city holds out to the young, talented and indisputably fine, she savors a quiet moment in her little house in the San Fernando Valley. "I want serious success," Brandi says, smiling. "I want to act. Being Miss October is a thrill. I feel so *sexy*. But I hope it's just the first thrill. I have a small part in a new movie, *Boy Rents Girl*, and I think I have a lot of thrills ahead of me." What a goood wife she would be. She wants kids—and has already named them—but Brittany and Bradley, for now, at least, will have to wait. This Brandi is on the brink of a brilliant career.



MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







Brand Brand

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Brandi Brandt

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 105

BIRTH DATE: 11-2-68 BIRTHPLACE: Santa Clara, CA.

AMBITIONS: By 1990, I would like to be a huge star!! (With a house in Malibu)

TURN-ONS: SHOPPING! Dancing, Acting, Good Music, Jon Bon Jovi

TURN-OFFS: An empty bank account, waiting at stop lights

ROLE MODEL: Brie Howard (mom) - She works very hard at her career & gives great advice.

MY MUSIC: Jefferson Starship, Bon Jovi, David Lee Roth, Lynyrd Skynyrd

A GOOD MAN IS: Good hearted, motivated, funny, honest, hard to find!

BRANDI'S NIGHT OUT: Dining out, driving along Mulholland Dr. & partying with many friends

SECRET FANTASY: It wouldn't be a secret if I told!



The mad fly killer!



Van Halen Fan



Me & my friend Renee



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Three men were trying to guess the professions of their respective dates of the previous evening, judging by their bedroom performance and conversation.

The first insisted that his date had been a nurse, because she had said, "Lie back and relax. This won't hurt a bit."

The second concluded that his must have been a schoolteacher, because she had said, "Do it over and over until you get it right."

The third figured that his date must have been a stewardess, because all she had said was, "Put this over your mouth and nose and continue to breathe normally."



What's the best thing about Alzheimer's disease? You meet so many new people.

A newly installed preacher arrived at the church and found only one man sitting in the congregation, so he went out to meet him and asked, "Should I go through with it?"

"I'm jist a lone cowpoke from Oklahoma," the man drawled, "and I don't know much 'bout that kinda thing, but I do know this: If I hauled a wagonload of hay out onto the prairie and only one cow showed up, I'd surely feed her."

Satisfied with the reply, the preacher returned to the pulpit and began the service. After an hour and a half of fervent sermonizing, he asked the man, "What'd you think?"

"Well, I'm jist a lone cowpoke from Oklahoma and I don't know much 'bout that kinda thing," he replied, "but I do know this: If I hauled a wagonload of hay out onto the prairie and only one cow showed up, I surely wouldn't feed her the whole load."

We've heard that IBM has come out with a new Presidential Selectric typewriter. The model has no memory and no colon.

The little boy kept imploring his grandfather to make a sound like a frog, but the old man, busy repairing a pipe, refused.

When the child persisted an hour later, the grandfather finally poked his head out from under the sink and snapped, "All right, Brian. But why all the fuss?"

"Because Grandma said when you croak, we're all going to Hawaii."

A hunter and his guide were deep in the mountains when they stopped to rest. The hunter gazed at his companion and mused, "You know, I'm a pretty big fellow. If I had a heart attack or broke a leg, how would you get me out?"

"Last year, I shot a sixteen-hundred-pound moose way back there and got it out all right," the guide replied.

"How'd you manage that?"

"Twelve trips."

What's the difference between Jimmy Carter and Gary Hart? Jimmy only lusted after women in his heart; Gary cut out the middleman.

A field camera crew from a local TV station was relaying live man-on-the-street interviews regarding the use of prophylactics.

Stopping a young woman, the reporter asked, "What do you think about using condoms?"

"Condoms?" she said, looking into the camera. "Depends on what's in it for me."



Wally McInnis

Two friends met by chance on the street after many years. "So, Tillie, how's by you?" Sadie asked.

"I'm ashamed to tell you that at the age of sixty-five, I'm having an affair."

"Really?" Sadie replied. "So who's the caterer?"

The sexy young woman had handled herself well on the witness stand during the accident case. In an attempt to rile her into giving a contradictory statement, the insurance-company lawyer began asking insinuating questions. "And I suppose, Miss Williams," he sneered, "as the elevator was falling, all your past sins flashed before your eyes."

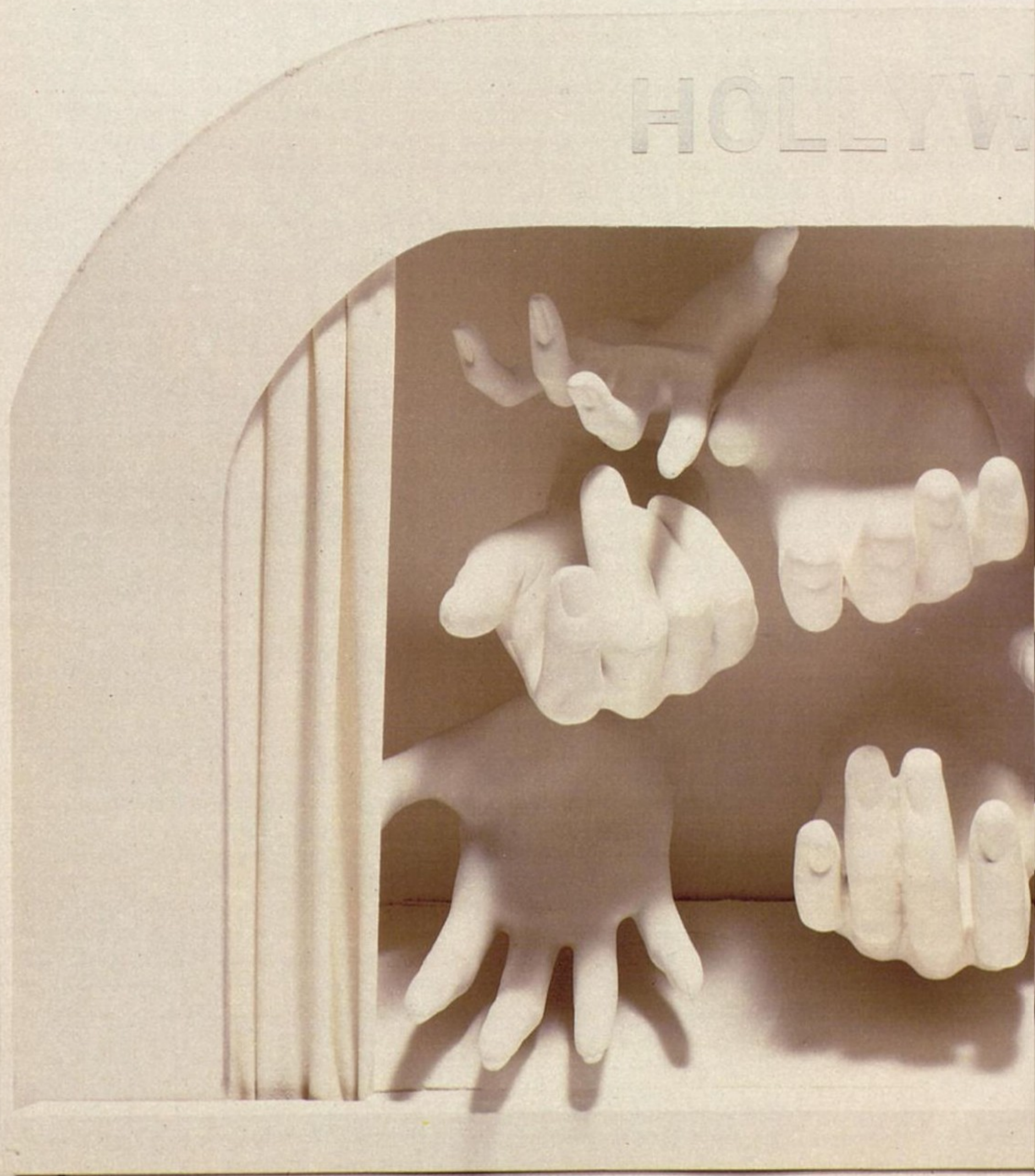
"That's ridiculous!" she snapped. "The damn elevator only fell forty floors."

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.



"Screw, you little bastards, and get lots of babies so you won't be endangered anymore and we can build the dam."

HOLLYW



Why, in the land of star appeal, hollywood loves to hype malady

Charity Chic

HERE'S A TRIVIA quiz for *Today* show buffs. Was actor Cliff Robertson up at dawn to pitch (A) his new flick, (B) a sleeping disorder or (C) the phone company? If you answered (A) and (B), go to the head of the class. Mind you, there was nothing crass or even concocted about the actor's stumping for narcolepsy, the disease whose victims doze off in midsentence. The wife of Robertson's oldest pal is afflicted, and the group considers it the hard-core test of Robertson's jokes if she's asleep before the punch line. But it did seem a first to be hyping, simultaneously, both cause *and* career—and thus raised the usual prickly questions. Was Robertson using his Hollywood clout to rev up interest in charity? Or was narcolepsy itself an excuse to hype *Malone*, his new film? Even Jane Pauley seemed a tad unsure when the sleeping disorder had had enough play ("Is there really anything that can be *done*?" she gamely inquired after the 800 number flashed) and when it was time for commercial fare. "In the meantime," she finally managed, "your career continues apace. You're starring with Burt Reynolds. . . ."

All things considered, celebrities and charities would seem to be a match made in heaven. The Jerry Lewis Telethon for muscular dystrophy, on Labor Day weekend, raised \$34,000,000 in pledges last year alone for M.D. and made something of a hero of Lewis and those stalwarts who last through the night. Indeed, appearing for M.D. is not a bad way to flog a flagging career. For that matter, stumping for heart, lungs and

article **By Dick Adler**

kidneys has rescued more than one flickering star. After all, celebrities achieve and maintain their status through publicity; and since most of them plan to remain celebrities until something better comes along, why shouldn't they spend a few evenings a month helping out—and being helped by—a worthy cause?

But it's not that easy, especially when dealing in the show-business world of inflated and fragile egos. The Hollywood Christmas Parade, an annual benefit for various charities that is carried live by a local Los Angeles TV station, offers a valuable lesson on just how the system works. "Because of the insurance and the time available, we had to limit the number of cars and floats," explains Rita Tateel, who, as president of a firm called Celebrity Connection, was deeply involved in arranging last year's parade, "and, hence, the number of people who could participate. So we had a lot more celebrities who wanted to be in the parade than we had room for."

"We had one top network show where the main lead agreed to be in it if the only other person in the car with him was his wife. Then we got a call from the publicist for the second lead in the same show, wanting to have his client in the parade. So we had to tread lightly. We approached the star first, asking him if he'd consider having the second lead in the car with him but not wanting him to look like a bad guy if he said no—which he did. But we finally got the second lead in anyway—in somebody else's car."

A shortage of stars is rarely the problem for charities that feed on Hollywood. More often, it's the battle of the A and B lists, with so many events scheduled that celebrities can be picky about their largess. Sometimes, there is even that dreaded occurrence: charity conflict. Last year, a \$500-a-plate dinner for the Betty Ford Center at a new Los Angeles hotel competed with the Princess Grace Foundation Awards being doled out that same night in Dallas. Dinah Shore, Julio Iglesias, Ernest Borgnine and Leslie Uggams chose the Los Angeles event; Frank Sinatra and the late Cary Grant, even though they were on the dinner committee for the Ford gala, opted for Texas. Mrs. Ford herself, as able a milker of charitable cows as has ever worked the circuit, not surprisingly picked the charity she founded, though not without regrets. "It's a competitive world," she acknowledged to a reporter. "You know how many dinners there are."

Why do charities care so much about celebrities? Survival is one simple answer. "You can't have a charity event without stars or you don't get planted in the papers," says Corinne Entratter, a Beverly Hills publicist whose job it is to whip up interest in such occasions. "Entertainment Tonight will not send a

camera crew without stars. And donors always ask, 'Who's coming?'"

Who's coming—which star is hitched to which affliction—results from a sometimes obscure matchmaking process. Certain stars are attracted to diseases or causes because of a personal connection or a political conviction: Barbra Streisand and Jane Fonda support liberal and Democratic causes; Charlton Heston works for conservative and Republican groups; Mike Farrell and Doris Day, among others, will lend their names to almost any organization involved in animal rights. Larry Hagman hates smoking, so he does antismoking spots; Victoria Principal's mother has a form of arthritis, so she agreed to be the celebrity spokesperson for the Arthritis Foundation; Jill Ireland went to work for the American Cancer Society after developing breast cancer; and Michael J. Fox asked to represent the Spina Bifida Association of America when a nephew was born with the disease. Frank Sinatra—still the busiest and most sought-after star on the charity circuit—will always say yes to a telethon for his wife's favorite cause, a hospital for abused children; and Hollywood husbands from Milton Berle to Dean Martin have performed for SHARE (Share Happily and Reap Endlessly), a charitable group that helps the mentally retarded, founded by their wives.

But there are other forces at work. Back scratching among friends and colleagues on a movie set or a TV series also plays a large part in which charities some celebrities will pitch. The *Hill Street Blues* crew was known to turn out almost en masse for events supported by individual cast members; for a long time, wherever you saw Tim Conway on the charity circuit, you also saw Harvey Korman (both from *The Carol Burnett Show*). Such mutual do-goodism is so commonplace that on Mike Farrell's first day as a regular on *M*A*S*H*, or so the legend goes, Alan Alda walked into his dressing room and said, "Look, let's make a deal. I won't ask you to work for any of my causes and you won't ask me to work for any of yours."

Causal attraction often begins on the job; playing the role of an afflicted or disabled person, for instance, has inspired more than one actor to devote time to a similar charity. David Birney did several public-service announcements for the handicapped after playing a policeman who loses a hand on an episode of *Police Story*; his wife, Meredith Baxter Birney, made what seemed to be daily TV appearances to talk about eating disorders when she starred in a TV movie about bulimia. Kirk Douglas and Mickey Rooney became champions of the aged and the mentally handicapped when they starred in TV movies on those subjects.

Occasionally, of course, the involvement is baldly self-promotional. When pictures from a Playmate test shooting of Suzanne Somers first ran in *Playboy* in 1980, Somers was the biggest star of one of TV's hottest sitcoms, *Three's Company*. Concerned about possible damage to her image, her publicist suggested that some highly visible charity work might help present a revirginized face to the world and arrangements were made for Somers to host an Easter Seals Telethon. But there was a catch—the telethon was 20 hours long. Somers decided to work just the first three hours, then appear again for the last three; in between, she caught some beauty sleep in her dressing room.

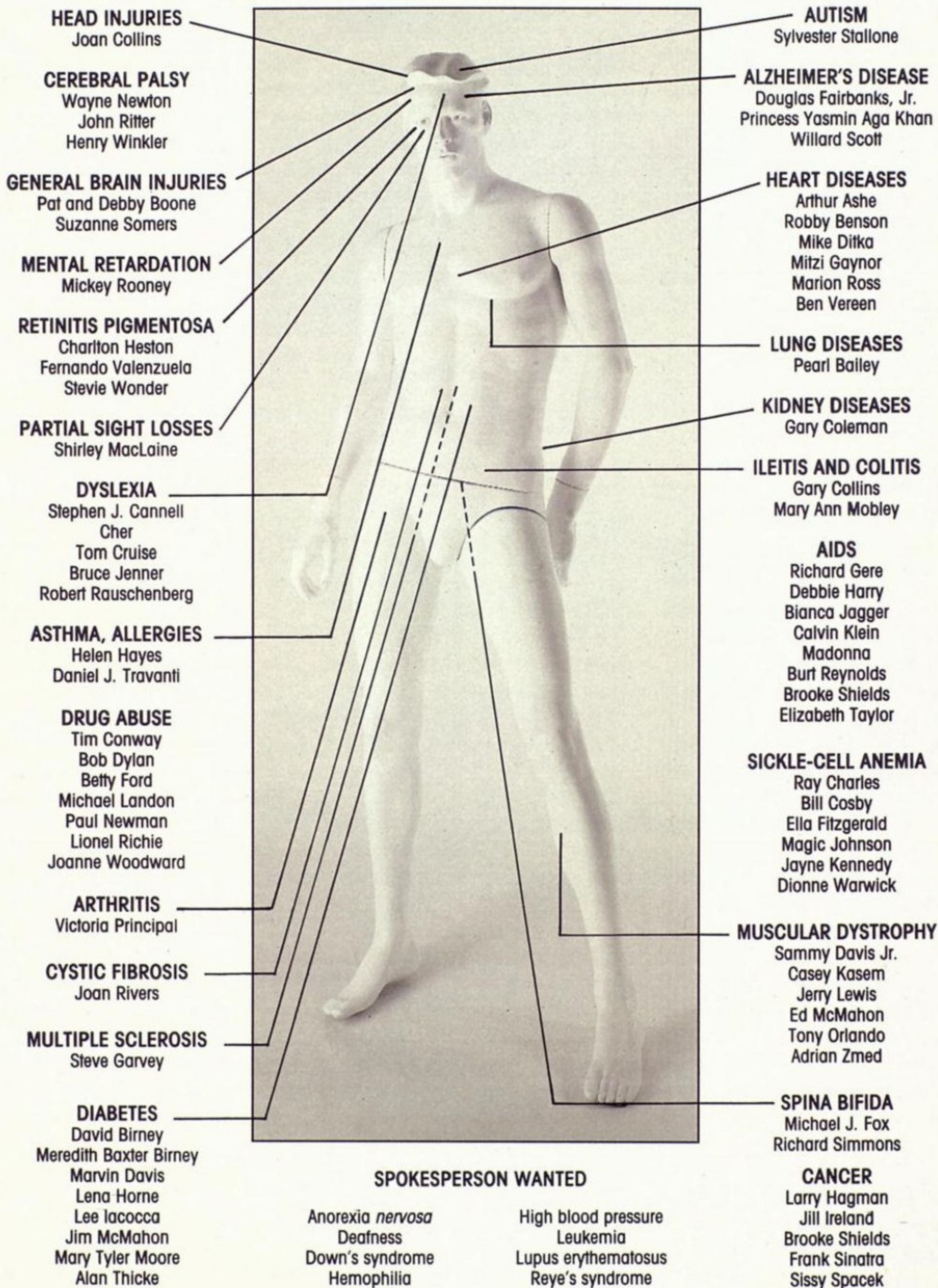
A year later, Somers' career had again run into serious trouble. Her contract demand had grown too big for the producers of *Three's Company*, and she was bounced from the show in a torrent of bad press. Once more, Somers' publicist turned to the Easter Seals Telethon to restore her tarnished image. It didn't work. For whatever reasons, the Easter Seals executives opted not to use her a second time.

Think of celebrities on the charity circuit and two distinct sets of images appear. On the one hand, there's the Old Glitz: an endless Jerry Lewis Telethon, Dr. Joyce Brothers sharing billing with the Berosini Orangutans, Charlie Callas and Gary Collins cheek by jowl in the cast list, opera star Leona Mitchell being followed by the McDonald's All-American High School Jazz Band. Such showbiz flash was typified by a recent full-page ad in *Daily Variety* headlined "SAMMY'S CHECK PUT US OVER THE TOP!" above a color photograph of the ubiquitous Sammy Davis Jr. caught in mid-telethonic hysteria. "Only minutes before our 1987 telethon on KSDK, channel five was to leave the air with \$1,997,100," said the ad's copy. "Sammy stopped the music. 'I personally am giving this money. Nobody can take this away from me.' And St. Louis' first \$2,006,983 telethon was in the bag. . . . Is it any wonder the St. Louis Variety Club Telethon is now the *Sammy Davis Jr. Telethon*?"

The flip side is the New Glitz, with Elizabeth Taylor and a few thousand intimate friends raising money for AIDS in the name of Rock Hudson, or Rae Dawn Chong narrating a film for teens on safe sex. Phil Collins and Michael Jackson join hands to feed starving Africans; Robin Williams, Whoopi Goldberg, George Carlin and Garry Shandling joke to benefit the homeless. You won't see the Berosini Orangutans at any of those more trendy—though obviously worthy—functions, and it's almost as unlikely that any of those stars would be caught dead on the Jerry Lewis Telethon.

Who's Got What

charting the stars and their favored afflictions



In fact, in an era of David Letterman-honed cynicism, the younger, hipper stars and their advisors are exhibiting an obvious antitelethon, anticharity bias. "I can't think of one good reason why I'd ever advise a client of mine to get involved in something like that," says a publicist who specializes in the painfully hip, "Brat Pack" type of actors. "It sounds cruel, but it's really not the proper image for certain actors, unless they want to spend the rest of their careers doing guest shots on *Hotel*." Although Billy Crystal did a taped appearance on last year's Jerry Lewis Telethon, he was a rare exception—you're unlikely to see Jerry introduce his "good friends" Madonna and Sean Penn, or Tom Cruise and Molly Ringwald.

Whatever category stars fall into, any celebrity can potentially hurt his or her career by being too generous, a process Barry Greenberg of Celebrity Connection has dubbed "Asnerization" in honor of actor Ed Asner, who, until his career started to stall, was a fixture at a dizzying variety of political and charitable galas. Another recent victim of Asnerization was *St. Elsewhere*'s Ed Begley, Jr. "He's very sincere and wanted to help as much as he could," explains Tateel, "but he wound up spreading himself much too thin. There was a time when you could go to an event any night in this city and see him. Whoopi Goldberg had the same problem; so did Steve Garvey. They all had to be gently advised to say no occasionally—make themselves harder to get."

All of this can make the process of matching celebrities with charities as tricky and challenging as casting a movie. Peter Mathon of the Arthritis Foundation likes there to be some rationale for choosing a celebrity, some credible connection to the cause. With limited knowledge of who's afflicted with what, they enlisted the aid of a broker—often crucial in matching stars to diseases. "One of the agencies we contacted was Celebrity Connection; they knew that Victoria Principal was looking for a cause to commit to and that her mother had lupus—a form of arthritis. It was a perfect match. Victoria has been our chairperson for four years now—one two-year term and two one-year extensions. And she has definitely been the most active in recent years, at least since Jane Wyman. Of course, a Victoria Principal can't do the definitive education job about arthritis, telling people what kind they might have and how to live with it. But she *can* catch someone's attention, get people to make that first telephone call."

For Principal, the Arthritis Foundation was a chance to channel her available time and good intentions toward a cause directly connected to her life.

David and Meredith Baxter Birney agreed to become celebrity chairpersons for the American Diabetes Association not so much because of any direct involvement with the disease ("though we later found out that people on both sides of our family had it," David says) but as a way to be able to say no to the hundreds of other requests that came in. "With all the other things we've done, I never had a real sense of making a difference," admits David. "Working for the A.D.A. takes up more time, but it's a much more effective use of our resources."

The Birneys aren't alone in putting a limit on their charitable involvement. Actor Tim Matheson, of such films as *Animal House* and *Fletch*, turns down celebrity golf tournaments and telethons by the score. "What I do now is concentrate on a couple of pet projects, things that mean something to me," he says. "I love white-water rafting, so Friends of the River gets a lot of my time. And there's the End Hunger project, something I got involved with because of Jeff Bridges."

Not surprisingly, celebrities tend to go with the latest flow, getting caught up in trends, jockeying to work for what Greenberg calls "the charity *du jour*." Different eras bring different celebrity causes: Twenty years ago, it was civil rights; ten years ago, it was migrant farm workers; five years ago, it was the environment. AIDS is undoubtedly and understandably the entertainment industry's favorite cause at the moment; last year's AIDS Project Los Angeles Commitment to Life Award to Elizabeth Taylor took in almost \$1,000,000 and filled the Wilton Theater with a crowd that equaled or beat the Academy Awards. But in the crush, some other hot charities from the recent past—the homeless, the hungry, the farmers, the Betty Ford Center, Children of the Night—have been forced to take a seat farther back on the bus.

"It started with the celebrity-owned-and-operated charities such as We Are the World and Farm Aid and Comic Relief," Greenberg explains. "They did a lot of good work, sure—nobody wants to deny that. But they also took up a lot of time and attention and gave celebrities the excuse not to do their things. As a result, some of the older, more established charities, such as heart, lungs and cancer, have had stars' time and attention taken away from them."

R.P. (for retinitis pigmentosa) International is a cause that has benefited a great deal from celebrity support. Founder and president Helen Harris, who is losing her sight to the disease and whose two sons also suffer from it, says that when she decided to start the organization 14 years ago, she first tried to

get help from the medical establishment. When that didn't work, she wrote to several celebrities, including Charlton Heston. "Three weeks later, Heston agreed to help, and right away we began to get media attention," says Harris. Since then, many other stars, from Stevie Wonder to Fernando Valenzuela, have given their time and effort to R.P.I. But because of the crunch of charities competing for celebrity attention, Harris decided to take out an ad in *Daily Variety* this past April, to invite Hollywood to a press conference. "Remember, as you celebrate Hollywood's 100th anniversary, none of the fabulous history of Hollywood would have happened if everyone had R.P.," the ad said. "There would be no HOLLYWOOD sign, no Mann's Chinese Theater, no *Wonderful World of Disney*, no Walk of Fame and no Oscars."

Although Harris stops short of admitting that she wrote the "Open Letter to Hollywood" because R.P.I. is no longer "the charity *du jour*," she does agree that it is getting harder and harder to compete for celebrities. R.P.I. has put on several successful telethons but had to give up its October slot last year when it couldn't raise the approximately \$50,000 it needed in time to firm up the date. "October was perfect for us, because Halloween night is the best time to get an early diagnosis on a child who might have R.P.," Harris explains. "Now the October slot has gone to the March of Dimes and we've been offered time over the July fourth weekend. It could work—I've come up with a slogan, 'Liberty, justice and eyesight for all.' But putting together a telethon takes time. I work 12 to 14 hours a day, seven days a week, as it is, and a lot of it isn't fund raising or calling celebrities. Just today, everything came to a halt because a woman called and said she was going to kill herself. We got her medical and psychiatric help."

Harris admits that it is embarrassing to have to rifle through her Rolodex of celebrity names—specially printed in large block letters so that she can read them—and call to ask for help. "But then I think about things like that call from the suicidal woman and I say to myself, 'If we don't keep the line open, who will she call?' So I make my calls and write my letters, knowing that at least half of the replies will say 'Unfortunately' or 'However. . . .' When I get to that point, I just throw them away."

Smaller charities, naturally, may land a star only with luck or cunning, and even perseverance may not pay off—especially when aiming too high. Greenberg tells the story of the woman from some small community who writes to Frank Sinatra six months ahead of time to say that her organization "is having its annual chili cook-off on September
(concluded on page 145)



Oklahoma, led by quarterback Jamelle Holieway (4), topped the nation last year in rushing offense. This season, the Sooners are the odds-on favorite to win the national championship.

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

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

sports by

GARY COLE

with research by **NANCY MOUNT**

THE ISSUE in college football today is integrity. Can the major programs be run honestly? Can players resist the temptations of early signings for under-the-table payoffs? Or, as Norby Walters would say, are we just deluding ourselves that college football is anything more than the minor leagues for the N.F.L. and a money machine for the big universities?

Unless you've been on a long vacation to Samoa (by the way, they turn out some excellent linemen down there), you know that Walters is the agent of no conscience who signs football stars to contracts while they're still in college. That's a violation of N.C.A.A. rules and teeters on the brink of turning Saturday's heroes into the professionals they're not yet supposed to be.

A typical unscrupulous agent scam goes something like

this: The agent picks out a kid with big pro potential and gets his attention with, "Hey, kid, you got insurance? You know, you're going to be worth millions; but if you break your leg tomorrow in practice, you won't be able to afford the price of Gatorade." And the kid says, "Gee, insurance would be nice,

but where do I get the money to pay for it?" "Sign on the dotted line and, by the way, what are you driving these days?"

A significant number of players have been persuaded to sign in this way. However, some of them later change their minds and sign with other agents when they get out of school. Then the first agent may sue for breach of contract. It has been alleged that some stronger tactics have been used in this game. One player from Texas allegedly had a tape recording of somebody threatening

TOP 20 TEAMS

1. Oklahoma11-0	11. Miami8-3
2. Auburn10-1	12. Washington8-3
3. Clemson10-1	13. Arkansas.....9-3
4. Michigan9-2	14. Texas A&M.....8-3
5. Florida State9-2	15. Arizona State8-3
6. Nebraska9-2	16. Colorado.....8-3
7. Louisiana State8-3	17. Penn State7-4
8. Mississippi8-3	18. Syracuse.....7-4
9. UCLA.....8-3	19. Boston College.....7-4
10. Ohio State8-3	20. San Jose State9-2

Possible Breakthroughs: Tennessee (8-4), Pittsburgh (7-4), Arizona (7-4), Georgia (7-4), Air Force (8-4), Georgia Tech (7-4), Maryland (7-4), South Carolina (7-4), Iowa (7-5), Stanford (7-4), Brigham Young (8-4), San Diego State (9-3).

THE 1987 PLAYBOY

DEFENSE: Left to right, top to bottom: Curt Koch (95), defensive lineman, Colorado; Ken Norton (41), linebacker, UCLA; Greg Montgomery (23), punter, Michigan St.; Daniel Stubbs (96), defensive lineman, Miami; Chris Spielman (36), linebacker, Ohio St.; Deion Sanders (2), defensive back, Florida St.; Broderick Thomas (89), defensive lineman, Nebraska; Marcus Cotton (58), linebacker, USC; Clifford Charlton (56), linebacker, Florida; Riccardo Ingram (47), defensive back, Georgia Tech; Billy Owens (1), defensive back, Pitt; Kip Corrington (10), defensive back, Texas A&M; Bennie Blades (36), defensive back, Miami.



ALL-AMERICA TEAM

OFFENSE: Left to right, top to bottom: Chris Kinzer (4), kicker, Virginia Tech; Keith Jackson (88), tight end, Oklahoma; John Phillips (61), offensive lineman, Clemson; Paul Gruber (62), offensive lineman, Wisconsin; Wendell Davis (82), wide receiver, LSU; Harry Galbreath (76), offensive lineman, Tennessee; Randall McDaniel (62), offensive lineman, Arizona St.; Brad Muster (25), running back, Stanford; Barry Switzer, Coach of the Year, Oklahoma; Stacy Searels (60), offensive lineman, Auburn; Bobby Humphrey (26), running back, Alabama; Gaston Green (44), running back, UCLA; Kerwin Bell (12), quarterback, Florida.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

THE PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICAS

OFFENSE

KERWIN BELL—Quarterback, 6'3", 210 pounds, Florida. A walk-on in his freshman year, Bell wound up becoming S.E.C. Player of the Year.

BOBBY HUMPHREY—Running back, 6'1", 187 pounds, Alabama. Only a junior, last year he set the single-season Alabama rushing record of 1471 yards.

BRAD MUSTER—Running back, 6'3", 226 pounds, Stanford. Offensive Player of the Year for the Pac 10 in 1986.

GASTON GREEN—Running back, 5'10", 190 pounds, UCLA. Set a school rushing record of 1405 yards.

JOHN PHILLIPS—Offensive guard, 6'5", 260 pounds, Clemson. Had more than 100 knockdown blocks against opponents last year.

HARRY GALBREATH—Offensive guard, 6'1", 267 pounds, Tennessee. Coach Johnny Majors predicts that Galbreath will be the finest offensive lineman Tennessee has ever produced.

STACY SEARELS—Offensive tackle, 6'6", 270 pounds, Auburn. Provided much of the blocking for Bo Jackson and Brent Fullwood at Auburn.

PAUL GRUBER—Offensive guard, 6'4", 291 pounds, Wisconsin. One of the best-kept secrets in the Big Ten, Gruber is a punishing run blocker.

RANDALL MCDANIEL—Offensive guard, 6'5", 260 pounds, Arizona State. National collegiate record holder in the dead lift (620 pounds).

WENDELL DAVIS—Wide receiver, 6'0", 189 pounds, Louisiana State. Last year third in nation in receiving, with 1244 yards.

KEITH JACKSON—Tight end, 6'3", 242 pounds, Oklahoma. All-America last year, with 49 catches for 1112 yards to date.

CHRIS KINZER—Place kicker, 6'0", 217 pounds, Virginia Tech. Successful on 22 of 27 field-goal attempts and 27 of 27 points after touchdown.

DEFENSE

BRODERICK THOMAS—Defensive lineman, 6'3", 240 pounds, Nebraska. Big Eight choice as sophomore.

CURT KOCH—Defensive lineman, 6'8", 270 pounds, Colorado. Mainstay of defense.

DANIEL STUBBS—Defensive lineman, 6'4", 241 pounds, U of Miami. Has 29 quarterback sacks over past two seasons.

KEN NORTON—Linebacker, 6'2", 220 pounds, UCLA. Led the Bruins with 106 tackles last season. Son of ex-heavyweight champ Ken Norton.

MARCUS COTTON—Linebacker, 6'4", 220 pounds, Southern California. Has 39 career tackles for minus 258 yards.

CLIFFORD CHARLTON—Linebacker, 6'3", 232 pounds, Florida. In '86, 23 tackles for minus yardage.

CHRIS SPIELMAN—Linebacker, 6'2", 234 pounds, Ohio State. One of the best defensive players in school's history.

BILLY OWENS—Defensive back, 6'2", 195 pounds, Pittsburgh. Had 106 tackles, four interceptions last year.

RICCARDO INGRAM—Defensive back, 6'0", 195 pounds, Georgia Tech. Ferocious tackler.

BENNIE BLADES—Defensive back, 6'0", 217 pounds, U of Miami. Led nation with ten interceptions last year.

DEION SANDERS—Defensive back, 6'1", 180 pounds, Florida State. Perhaps the best all-round athlete Florida State has ever produced.

GREG MONTGOMERY—Punter, 6'4", 215 pounds, Michigan State. Averaged 47.9 yards per punt last season.

TIM BROWN—Kick returner, 6'0", 195 pounds, Notre Dame (not pictured). Premier kick returner in nation; 25 returns for 698 yards and two T.D.s.

Playboy's College Football Coach of the Year is BARRY SWITZER of the U of Oklahoma. Enters 1987 as the nation's winningest coach, having posted a 14-year record of 137-25-4.

to break his hands if he didn't live up to his contract. Who are these guys who are so tough that they threaten 275-pound linemen?

Then, of course, there's the scandal at Southern Methodist University. You've heard the story—illegal payments, cars, maybe even girls supplied to recruiting prospects. And SMU isn't alone. The N.C.A.A. is looking into alleged violations at every Texas school in the Southwest Conference except Baylor and Rice.

How can things be cleaned up? First, the N.C.A.A. has to find a way to balance ethics with realism. As it exists, the system is not fair to the athlete. Once an athlete signs a letter of intent to attend a school, he is committed to that school. If he wants to transfer, he has to sit out an entire season. Meanwhile, his coach, who may have been the reason he chose the school in the first place, is free to change schools with no penalty.

The student receiving an athletic scholarship that pays for tuition, room and board is prevented by the N.C.A.A. from holding a job during the school year. This is supposed to stop boosters and alums from handing out phony jobs. But where does the athlete, especially one from a family without means, get his pocket money? The system, supposedly designed to promote honesty, encourages athletes to break the rules with penny-ante schemes such as selling their allotted game tickets. Meanwhile, schools, coaches and the N.C.A.A. profit mightily from their labors.

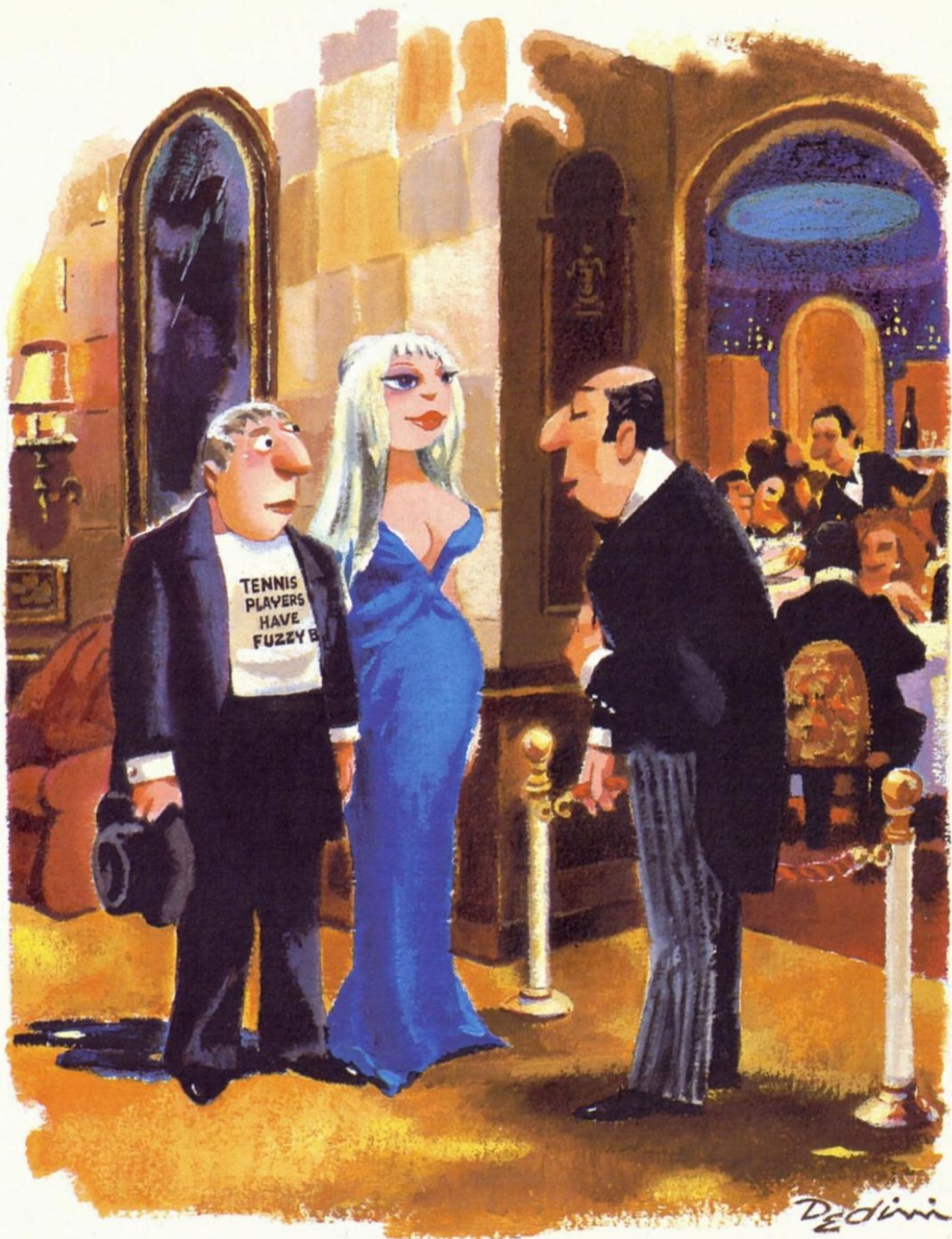
Until the N.C.A.A. wises up to the real problems of the college athlete, the system is condemned to falter and fail. Maybe Dick Schultz, who will replace Walter Byers as executive director of the N.C.A.A., will find a way to make the rules fairer and more flexible.

Enough of the problems of college football. Let's get to the fun. Here's our rundown on this season's college football favorites.

There hasn't been a repeat national champion since Alabama went back to back in '78 and '79. There won't be one this season. Penn State has lost 15 starters, plus its kicker and punter from the team that won the Fiesta Bowl and the number-one spot in '86. Suddenly, the Nittany Lions' schedule, which looked like a cakewalk last year, appears formidable. Bright spots will be fifth-year senior Matt Knizner at quarterback, plus the usual superb linebacking, led by Pete Gifopoulos.

Coach Mike Gottfried called last season, his first at Pittsburgh, "a transition year." This year's improved team may provide another transition to even better teams in the next year or two. Junior running back Craig Heyward and

(continued on page 166)

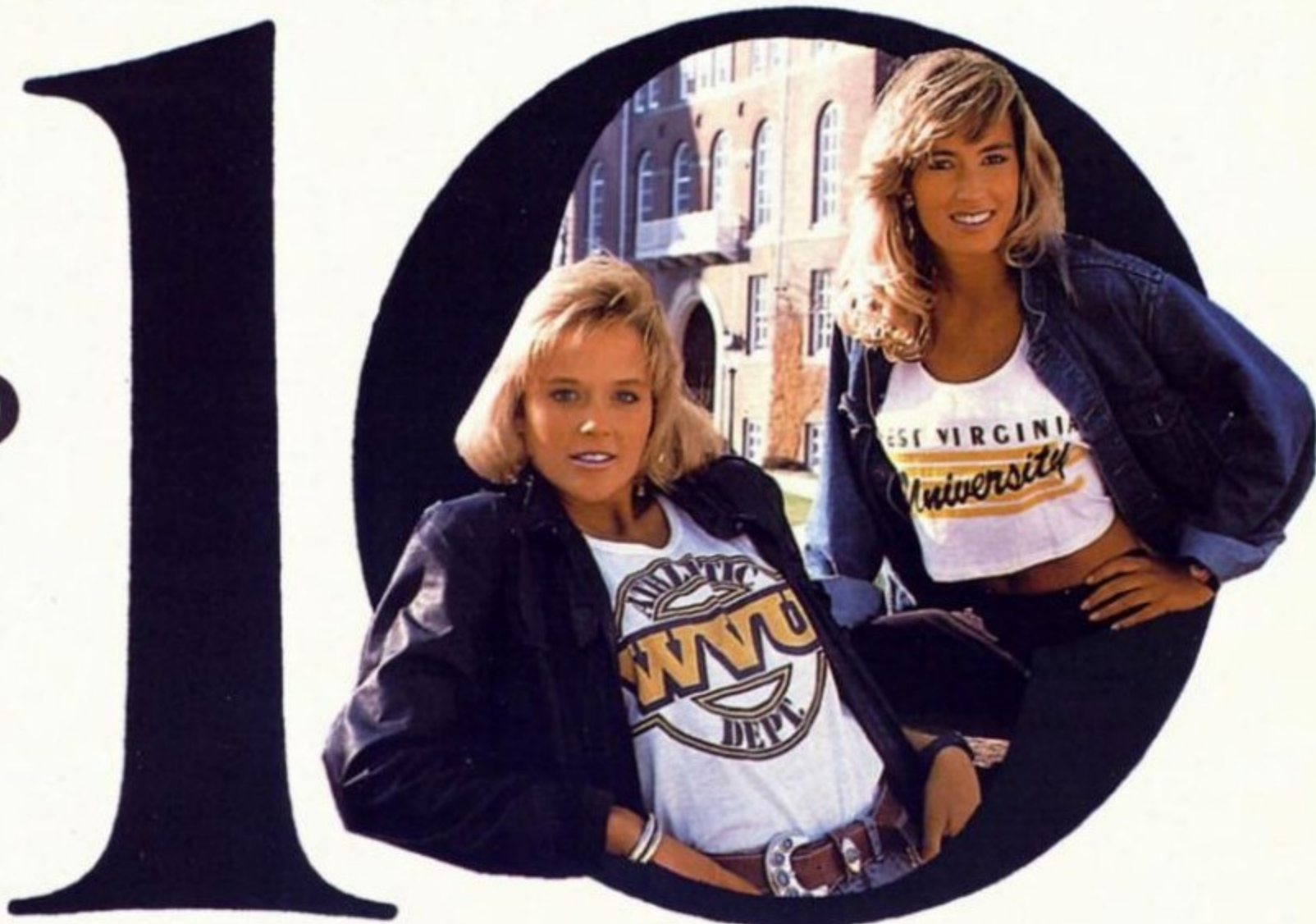


"I'm sorry, sir, but you must wear a tie."



WOMEN OF THE

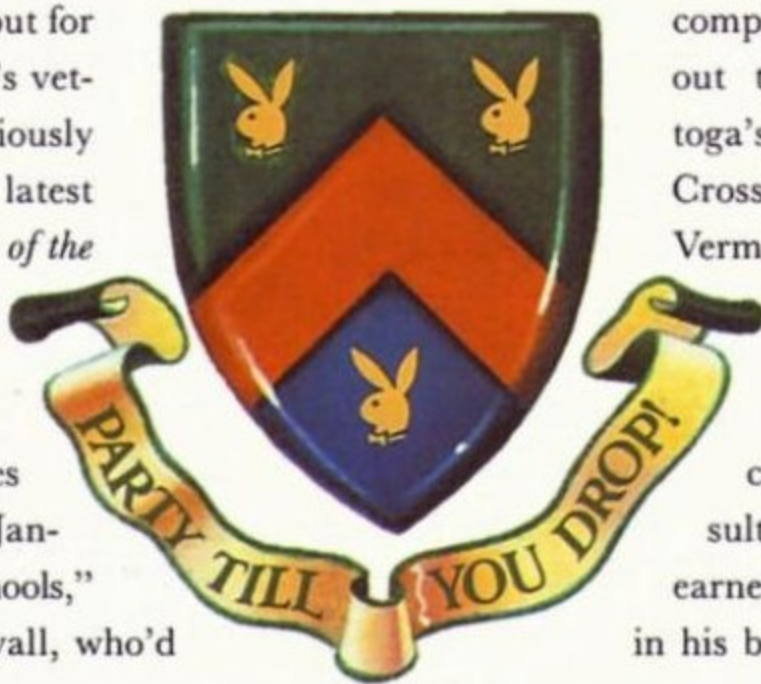
TOP



PARTY COLLEGES

so what if they're not ivy leaguers? they still get terrific grades in our book

THIS TIME, David Chan had his work cut out for him. It was just a year ago that *Playboy's* veteran Contributing Photographer victoriously returned from the Northeast with his latest campus pictorial, the scintillating *Women of the Ivy League Revisited* (October 1986). But this next assignment was going to be even tougher: to seek out and uncover ladies from the top ten colleges listed in *Playboy's Top 40 Party Colleges* (January 1987). "These aren't your ordinary schools," warned college-party expert Wayne Duvall, who'd



compiled the survey for us. "It's a jungle out there in Partyland. I just hope your toga's intact." Undaunted, Chan hit the road. Crossing the continent—and we're talking Vermont to Southern California—his intrepid crew followed the party-campus trail for four months, sandwiching photo sessions between frat-house luaus and campus-wide blowout bashes. And the results? Well, turn the page and see why Chan earned an A plus on his report card and an egg in his beer. Ah, the beauty of higher education.

Our top ten party schools greeted us with the expected razzle-dazzle. Opposite (rockin' around the page clockwise from upper left): A University of Connecticut car wash, featuring Robin Mentzinger, Leslie Motter and Jeanette Gianoni as chief scrubbers; partying the good ol' American way at the University of Vermont; Mercer University's

Mary Snyder taking a deserved study break; a typical lazy afternoon in a California State University, Chico, quad; some nice vice at the University of Miami, Coral Gables; University of Vermont's Aimee Lee, proving yet again why the school has been dubbed Groovy UV. Above, in the 10, are West Virginia University's Rebecca Robinson and Donna Booker—two tens themselves.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN



UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA (#10), Charlottesville

"If you come here, you're expected to party."

If you think you're feeling strong vibes from UVA's Anita Bevans (above), that's nothing new: In her lifetime, she has somehow found herself in the middle of five earthquakes, one hurricane and three tornadoes. A little less turbulent than Anita is Angela Harris (right), a globe-trotter who hates beer, has studied French and Italian and is partial to "intellectually stimulating men."



UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT (#6), Storrs

"We're New England's
most uncontrollable partiers."

Two's company, but three's a party—that is, if your party pals are Anne Jacobson, Calverley Beaulieu and Audrey Scussell (left), three excellent reasons to attend the University of Connecticut. Being nibbled by a mysterious stranger (below left) is Jeanette Gianoni, a U Conn junior who—as you can see by her mode of transportation—loves life in the fast lane. And no party would be complete without Sheena Grand (below), a South American coed who has a weakness for blond North American men.





UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI (#2), Coral Gables

"We have sex in hot tubs.
Preferably in groups."



As you can see above left, things really swing at the University of Miami—especially when you're with the likes of Tory Rae Rundus (above right), a fun-in-the-sun lady who hails from Lincoln, Nebraska. While Lester Kerstetter (right) prefers a more intimate type of party—beneath a sunset on a Key West beach, for example—Elizabeth Zulick (below) considers herself the daring type, listing scuba diving, sky diving and karate as hobbies. "I'll try anything—almost anything—once," she says.





MERCER UNIVERSITY (#9), Macon, Georgia

"We get 'em from all over—sunny Florida, lusty Georgia, you name it."

When *Playboy* arrived at quiet, Baptist-affiliated Mercer University, Macon residents inundated their local newspapers with protests and condemnations. Meanwhile, life in the dorms (below) went on as usual, and students such as Jules Holland (bottom) showed us that true Southern hospitality. Jules is a gourmet cook who doesn't cotton to guys "who talk to my chest."





WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY (#7), Morgantown
 "People think we're drunken hillbillies. They're probably right."



Even though West Virginia University students love to rock, roll and, er, mud wrestle (left), there are those, such as Justine Connors (above), who consider themselves shy and soft-spoken. "Still," says Justine, "I like to take chances and try new things." Well, Justine, we're awfully glad that you gave us a try.



SLIPPERY ROCK UNIVERSITY (#5), Pennsylvania

"People here like to get naked and run around."

When she's not busy shaking things up on Pennsylvania's Slippery Rock University campus, Rose St. Regis (right) can usually be found riding her horse or shooting her gun. You might also find her hiding out in the woods with fellow outdoorswoman Juleigh St. Pierre (on the right below)—soaking up sun and giving new meaning to the word wildlife.





**PLYMOUTH STATE
COLLEGE (#8),
New Hampshire**

**"Instead of doing something
constructive, we party."**

Climbing the academic ladder (and an enviable rock, at left) is Plymouth State's Denise Cummings—an admitted pushover for "muscular men with small, tight buttocks." While Plymouth frats (above) keep the school's party rep alive, don't forget dorm dweller Jessica Rogers (right), a future lawyer who still prefers a good beer to an eight-A.M. class.



**SAN DIEGO STATE
UNIVERSITY (#3),
California**

**"School is a nice thing to do
between parties."**

If you think that partying and schoolwork don't go hand in hand, think again: Judy Roberts (above) is a confessed midnight-oil burner who also happens to be a member of the San Diego State Honor Society. Then there's Alexa Adams (below), an SDSU coed whose ambition is "to be independently successful."



**UNIVERSITY OF
VERMONT (#4),
Burlington**

**"We'll make
any excuse
for a
party."**



Partying at the University of Vermont isn't only raucous head banging and carefree beer guzzling. Just ask part-time student Peggy Brady (above), who found time enough away from her duties as a local health instructor to enjoy the oh-so-refined champagne crowd at the Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity house (right).





CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY (#1), Chico

"It's so hot here that it'll make your skin bubble."

Finally, we come to the nation's primo partiers: the gang from top-ranked California State University, Chico (chanting the well-earned "We're number one!" at left). Representing the school is Shauni Greenlaw (above), a classical pianist originally from Salt Lake City. If Shauni's throwing a party, you can bet the bill o' fare will include her favorites: lasagna and Eskimo Pies. Another energetic party gal is Josette Brooks (below), an exercise enthusiast and future model. Josette's only beef these days is that there's not enough time to experience all that she'd like to. And, last, we come to senior Renée Caldwell (right), who made the trip to our Chicago studio to pose for this special year-book picture. "A lot of us on campus were proud that *Playboy* chose us as the nation's top partiers," she says. "It feels good to be number one at something."





"Taylor looks at her. He doesn't know what to think. Her story may or may not be true."

and pulled back the trigger with his toe. Or he would have thrown himself into some snowy mountain gorge. Obviously, he couldn't do those things in New York, but there are plenty of bridges and tall buildings and subway platforms to jump off of. It is easy to kill oneself in New York. But then he realized that would not be good enough. He owed his wife even more.

"So, for the longest time, he walked the streets. He was in a daze. It had been cold but had turned warm suddenly and he was covered with sweat. All the people on the street were in good spirits, their faces bright and happy, and the cabdriver looked at them and couldn't understand how they could be that way when he was so miserable. Late in the day, after wandering around for hours, he found himself in front of a tattoo parlor in the Bowery, on a street filled with boarded-up hotels, dark storefronts, alleys blocked with razor wire."

Rachel stops telling the cabdriver's story to take a sip of her drink, holding the cold liquor in her mouth. She pushes some of her stubborn curly hair behind her ears, smooths her dress in her lap and smiles. "Do you know what happened at the tattoo parlor?" she asks. Taylor shakes his head, looking at her lips wet from the martini. Slowly, he raises his hand and glances down at his Rolex.

"I thought we'd go to dinner," he says. "There's this new restaurant. I was told it's very good. The *Times* gave it two stars."

"The Cajun one?" Rachel asks. "The one where the chef went to Harvard but then dropped out to study cooking with some old woman in a swamp. He lost an arm hunting alligators."

"I don't know," Taylor says. "Maybe it's a different one. I made reservations for seven-fifteen." He looks up at Rachel, catching her bright green eyes.

"Do you want to know what happened in the tattoo parlor?" she asks again, and this time Taylor nods slowly. "Good," she says.

"You see, all the time the cabdriver was telling me his story, he kept on wiping away the tears on his cheeks with the back of his hand. It was strange. Some of the tears wouldn't go away, no matter how hard he seemed to rub.

"You have noticed!" he said to me, very excited. 'These tears on my face that will not be wiped away. Yes, they are tattoos!' Those are what he had done that

first night in the tattoo parlor. He called them reminders of his pain, tears that will last forever. But they were only the beginning. Since then, he has gone back to the tattoo parlor every day."

"He was probably in prison," Taylor says. "I saw something about that on TV, tattoos of tears. The reporter said it was some kind of initiation rite. They do it with ballpoint pens."

"I saw that, too. The reporter got his wife to claim he had raped her so he'd be sent to Attica and could see what it was really like. She was supposed to recant her story in a few months but started to have an affair and decided she didn't want him back. So she kept silent. He tried everything to get out—wrote letters to newspapers, his Congressman, the President, even went on a hunger strike. . . ."

"Anyway," Taylor says, "you should really be more careful. Are you sure you didn't get his name or number?"

"No, Taylor," Rachel says. "You aren't paying attention. Listen. The cabdriver undid a bright-blue scarf that he had wrapped tightly around his neck and unbuttoned the collar of his shirt. What I saw were slim, delicate fingers—a woman's fingers—curling around his neck. They were the most amazing color: pale gold, as if lighted by the sun, with nails of flaming red. On one finger, there was a wedding band that was a sick, tarnished green. Farther down his neck, I could see the hands that these fingers belonged to, hands that rose up out of his shirt. And on his chest, I could see the top of a head—thick, wavy black hair, wild and unkempt, the beginning curve of a forehead. It was exactly as if a woman were on top of him, resting her head on his chest, making love to him or struggling to hold him down and choke out his life."

"He had a whole woman tattooed on him?" Taylor asks.

"That's right."

"Everything? I mean . . . in color?"

"In the tattoo parlor, he gave the artist a picture of his wife and told him that he wanted it done life-size, just as if she were on top of him."

"All done with those needles?" Taylor asks. "Like they do hearts on sailors' biceps? One prick at a time. That would be—"

"Excruciating," Rachel says. "And slow, too. The artist warned him about that. He also told him it would be very expensive. He did not work cheap. But

the driver said that was not a problem. He welcomed the pain and no longer had anything else to work for. Now he drives his cab and takes whatever he earns down to the tattoo parlor. The artist stays open for him and they work through the night. The cabdriver is his greatest creation. The picture of his wife is almost finished: When it is, the cabdriver said there will be no escape. His wife went with the other driver, just as he said she would. He has not seen either of them since. He heard they moved to Florida. When he stands before a mirror, she stands in front of him. When he makes love to another woman, she lies between them. He can always feel her fingers on his throat."

Rachel is finished. She smiles at Taylor. It is a small smile, but it grows. "So, that's why I'm late," she says. "What do you think?"

Taylor looks at her. He doesn't know what to think. He never knows. The story about the cabdriver may or may not be true. That hardly matters. It is the story that matters, and that's all. A story is a story and it is the duty of the teller to make it as interesting as possible. Those are the rules Rachel plays by.

The bartender brings over a second round of drinks without being asked. Taylor takes a quick sip and then looks at his watch again. "We can still go to the theater," he says. "There's still time. It's supposed to be a fine play."

"I heard about that play," Rachel says. "The playwright is from South America somewhere and he was imprisoned for years by the ruling junta. They tortured him, beat his feet with rubber hoses, worked him over with a cattle prod."

"A cattle prod? The electric kind?" Taylor asks. He takes a gulp of his drink.

Rachel picks up her glass, holds it up to her mouth and then bites gently down on the rim with her front teeth. She sticks the tip of her tongue down into the glass until it just touches the surface of the liquor. "Hmmm . . ." she says, setting the glass down. "No, I don't think I want to go to the play." She reaches across the table and touches his arm. "Now it's your turn, Taylor," she says, playing with the cuff of his shirt. "Tell me a story."

Rachel knows she is a good storyteller. It is something she has worked very hard for. She also knows that Taylor is not. Despite this, Rachel is not willing to give up. She cares too much for Taylor and feels that, with her help, there may be some hope for him. In the pursuit of a story, she is both uncompromising and relentless. Taylor has known this about Rachel since the time they met. He had been taken to an art opening by a friend

(continued on page 162)

VANTAGE

ULTRA LIGHTS

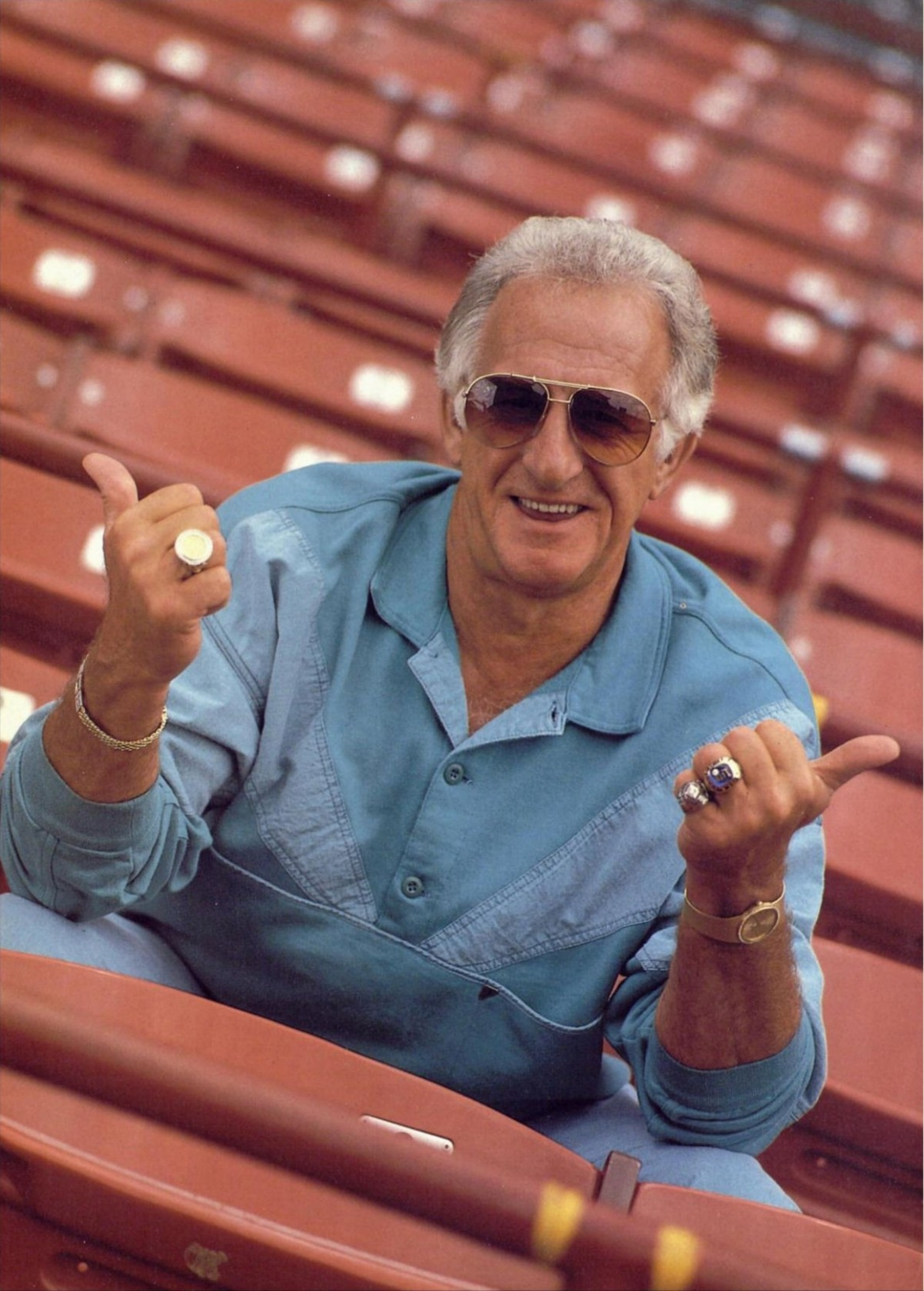
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BOB UECKER

If Bob Uecker had batted .300, not .200, he'd probably own Bob's Ball Park Bratwurst today instead of a franchise on media penetration. He acts ("Mr. Belvedere"), sells beer (Miller Lite), does radio play-by-play for the Milwaukee Brewers and hosts "Bob Uecker's Wacky World of Sports." And, because of his soft-centered-blowhard TV character, Uecker also has to stand still for all the autograph-seeking, failed macho boys who clutch his head in an arm lock, elbow him in the ribs and want to play beer commercial. Sometimes, he'd rather be fishing in Lake Michigan on his boat, *The Front Row*; but, hey, sports fans, everything's got a down side. Contributing Editor David Rensin recently met with Uecker before a Brewers home game. Said Rensin, "It was a perfect afternoon. The stadium was empty. Bob suggested that we talk in the stands. He gazed toward the upper deck. Bingo! We sat in the expensive seats as long as we pleased."

1.

PLAYBOY: Once and for all, "less filling" or "tastes great"?

UECKER: [Sincerely] I'm a tastes-greater. Yeah. I love the taste of Miller Lite. I guess it is less filling, too, but I've never gotten to the point where that's important to me. Actually, we don't get to choose which side we're on. They tell us where to go. But, yeah, I've been on the less-filling side, too. Once, our director, Bob Giraldi, said we needed more bodies on the less-filling side. He said, "Uecker, go over there." I said, "No, I'm tastes great." He said, "No, go over to less filling now." I said, "No problem."

2.

PLAYBOY: Is beer the main lubricant of male bonding?

bingo! mr. baseball takes a few swings at umps, slumps and records that will never be broken

UECKER: I don't think so. I believe it's coconut oil. And Krazy Glue.

3.

PLAYBOY: Since your .200 batting average is responsible for your current success, what do you suggest that today's best hitter, Wade Boggs, do when he retires?

UECKER: He's going to end up a major

chicken supplier to the world. We're worried about enough food to feed the world. Wade Boggs is a chicken freak and he will solve that problem. I don't think he'll do it out of eggs anymore. Because of his knowledge, Boggs will be able to grow a chicken out of the ground.

I have a garden, too. Right here in Milwaukee. I plant canned goods. All of this stuff about putting seeds in the ground and dusting the plants for bugs—for what? I just take the cans themselves, stick them in the ground. It requires a little spadework, but, hey! Dig a hole, bang down a can. Make nice even rows. Then, at each row, put a sign telling what's there. And it's good year round. How many people do you see in the wintertime going out into the garden and getting vegetables? I go out in December, January, February, move some snow away, take a shovelful—bang!—you got yourself a can of peas, you got carrots. And there's no pest problem, either. Ever see a rabbit chew through a can? Not yet, anyway.

4.

PLAYBOY: You've made a lot of your memorable career at the plate. What was the highlight behind it?

UECKER: Phil and Joe Niekro pitching against each other in Atlanta. Joe was with Houston, I was catching Phil. Their parents were in the stands. It was on a Friday night; and I got to see their folks more during that game than the boys got to see 'em the whole weekend—just chasing Phil's knuckle ball back to the screen. I used to go back and say, "Hi! How're ya doing? Be back in a minute."

Generally, as a catcher, I was one of those guys who, if an umpire missed a play at the plate, if he called a runner out and the guy was safe, would tell him. I didn't care if we lost the game. When the other manager came out, screaming and hollering, I'd argue along with him. I'd admit I missed the tag. We lost a lot of games like that; but I'd rather be honest.

5.

PLAYBOY: Compare today's protective equipment for catchers with yesterday's.

UECKER: The protection today is probably a little bit better. Shin guards are much longer and there's better protection for your private area. When I was catching, I used to wear a glass cup. I really hated that. When it shattered, I'd have some doctor picking glass out of me. Catchers

wear metal cups today. I tried catching a game without a mask a couple of times. The mask always impeded my vision. I didn't always look like this, you know. I got hit a couple of times. Then I gave up the macho stuff.

6.

PLAYBOY: What's the hand signal for a brush back or a bean ball? Who has the best hands in baseball and whose signals are unintelligible?

UECKER: If a manager gestures across under his chin with his hand, that means a brush-back pitch. Pointing to his ear means stick one there—a definite brush back. If you see that, you should let your friend in the batter's box know—unless you don't like him. But no one gets hurt anymore. They've got the batting helmets now, with the flaps over their ears and everything.

Bob Boone's got nice hands. I'm not talking about his signals—just very nice hands. B. J. Surhoff, a kid on the Brewers, too. And Mike Scioscia of the Dodgers. But the guys you've got to watch out for are those who don't put the signal down between their groin. They hold it out to the side. Way out here, like this [demonstrates]. I used to do that sometimes, so I could remember what I called. Between my legs, I couldn't see it. Also, I hate to look down there, because people think you're a pervert.

7.

PLAYBOY: You had a lot of nicknames when you were playing. What do they call you now?

UECKER: When I was a player, my nicknames were Garbage and Stinko. Now it's Mister. Pretty much Mister. Or Prince.

8.

PLAYBOY: We hear that you do a play-by-play routine that is rarely heard in public. How about a command performance?

UECKER: OK. It's a parody of the late Bob Elson, an announcer in Chicago. He would always talk about people who came into the booth but would never tell you their names. [On-air voice] "Well, it's good to see an old friend of ours stopping by here this afternoon—here's a swing and a miss by Nelson Fox and the inning is over. And we say goodbye to our old friend and thanks for stopping in. And, fans, I wish you had a chance to see this guy, a guy (continued on page 160)

QUARTERLY

article

By ANDREW TOBIAS

BEHIND THE COUNTER

THERE IS OVER the counter and under the counter, of course, but my favorite is behind the counter—getting a look at the world through soda-jerk eyes. Two jerks who've allowed me behind the counter are my stockbroker and my pawnbroker. Although they serve opposite ends of the financial spectrum—from the wealthy to the penniless—they are equally quick-witted and warm-hearted. Neither is, in fact, a jerk, and I've learned a lot from both.

I have learned, for example, what rich is.

"Rich?" laughed my stockbroker, when I suggested that he was. "You want to know what rich is? I have this one guy, Forbes 400, who——"

"Wait. *You* have a client who's in the Forbes 400?"

"No matter what stock it is, practically, he's got some of it."

"You have a client who's in the Forbes 400?"

"He's got so many stocks, he can't even remember them all. One day, I asked him what he thought of Texaco."

(This is how my broker does research. He asks his clients what they think. He gets them to do research for *him*.)

"How did you get a client like this?"

"So I ask him about Texaco and he says, 'Texaco. I think we got some of that. I can't remember. Sid, get the book.' That's what he says—'Sid, get the book.' So Sid comes over with the book and the guy goes, 'Texaco, Texaco'—you know, paging through it. 'Oh, yeah. We got 15,000.' Can you imagine not remembering you had 15,000 shares of Texaco? *That's rich. I love it—'Sid, get the book.'*"

But how does a lowly stockbroker with no fancy credentials—just a desk and a computer terminal out there on the floor with a couple of dozen other brokers—*get* clients like that?

LESSON NUMBER ONE:
JUST SHOW UP FOR WORK

"I have this one client," says my broker, "who does, like, \$1000 in commissions a day——"

"A day?"

"Yeah, and he——"

"So you make \$100,000 a year from that one client?" My broker makes vastly more

"Can you imagine not remembering you had 15,000 shares of Texaco? That's rich. I love it—'Sid, get the book.'"

money than he would have you think.

"No, it couldn't be that."

"A thousand a day for 250 days——"

"Stop counting my money!"

"Is \$250,000, and you get 40 percent of that—that's \$100,000."

"Nah—no—anyway, it's only been a couple of months. So he——"

"A thousand dollars a day in commissions? Who is this guy?" I ask.

"What difference does it make? What I was telling you is that——"

"How'd you get him as a client?"

"Gu-hah!" He brightens, suddenly willing to talk. "You wanna know?"

I want to know.

"The day of the hurricane, he wants to do some commodities business. He calls here, I'm the only broker who's come in—everybody else is staying home; a lot of them live out on the Island or someplace. He says he knows the stock market's closed, but the commodities are trading out in Chicago, and he says he's called every brokerage firm in the Manhattan

phone book—like, 20 of them so far—and I'm the first one who's answered. So he gives me the account."

All my broker had to do was be there.

"So you do his commodities business and his regular broker does his stocks and bonds?"

"I don't think so," he chuckles contentedly. This is a phone conversation, but I can see the creases of amusement in his eyes. He has apparently landed this man's *entire* account. It amuses him that he has had this success not by being so smart—everybody is smarter than he is, he insists—but by being dumb enough to take the bus to work, as usual, in a hurricane. Other big brokers have their limos; mine takes the bus.

LESSON NUMBER TWO:
DON'T TELL CLIENTS YOU'RE
SMARTER THAN THEY ARE

"You're so smart!" my broker is always telling me. "What do I know?" he's always shrugging. "You've got so much money, the banks are charging you storage." All that, while doubtlessly chuckling in the knowledge that he hasn't done badly himself (not smirking; chuckling). This, it has been pointed out to his amusement, is the Stepin Fetchit school of broker/client relations.

Even as a child, he played dumb. Only his college-board scores gave him away.

"I'll never forget how mad everybody was," he says. "All the kids were lined up outside the headmaster's office to get their scores and talk college. When it was my turn, the headmaster was so angry he was shouting—everybody could hear him."

His parents were furious, too. Seven eighty-one on his math aptitudes and 691 on his verbals—they were really pissed. Here he'd been getting mediocre grades all these years, distinguishing himself not at all, and it turned out he was a damn genius.

"Oh," he remembers asking defiantly. "If I had gotten 300s, you would have been happy?"

But back to the hurricane.

"I get home that night and my wife says, 'You went in to the office today? In a hurricane? You're out of your mind. You're crazy! You must have been the only broker in New York who went to work today.'"

R E P O R T S

tales of brokers, both stock and pawn

Yep—and it added \$100,000 a year, or at least \$40,000 or \$50,000, to the cookie jar.

LESSON NUMBER THREE:
DON'T JUDGE A LITTLE OLD LADY BY
HOW OLD OR HOW LITTLE SHE IS

"Do you have a lot of widows?" I once asked him. Widows are generally a large part of any retail broker's business.

"Well, I used to," he surprised me, "but not so much now—I don't have the patience. I have a friend here in the office who helps me with that—she's incredibly patient; she's great with these people. But have I ever told you the story about ——— [not her real name]?"

"My parents had given me season tickets to some concerts and every month we sat next to this little old lady. That was the only way we knew each other, from sitting next to each other, but she was very nice. She was about 85 years old and two feet tall. And at some point, she asked, 'What do you do?' and I told her and she said, 'That's very interesting. I like to trade options.' She wanted to open an account with me, and I told her I was sorry, but I wasn't really eager for that."

"You didn't want a new account?"

"With a person of her age, if she makes money trading options, she keeps it; if she loses, she complains she didn't understand what the broker was doing, and the brokerage firm has to give it back."

"But she said, 'That's OK. You don't have to worry about me.' So we went back and forth a little bit—I really wasn't very keen on this—and she kept saying, 'It's OK. You don't have to worry about me.'"

"So she came in to the office and I had her meet the office manager and we took lots of notes about her financial position and all and then opened an account and let her trade options. She was a riot. She'd call up, two feet tall, with a voice [he imitated her hoarse, willowy voice]—I always knew instantly who it was—and she'd say, 'I'd like to buy some options.' Or she'd say, the way you picture a grandmother asking a little boy if he'd like some candy, 'Could you send me Du Pont's 10-K [the detailed annual report companies file with the SEC]?' And, boy, was she smart!

"But most people lose money on



options, and I was worried about how it would look, us letting an 85-year-old lady do this—we're supposed to protect our customers from inappropriate investments—so even though she had about \$1,000,000 and beautiful houses, and so on, we pretty well kept it down to positions of, you know, maybe \$2000 bets.

"Eventually, I came to find out who she was—she was ———'s aunt. You know, the big arbitrager."

"Oh! You mean he was giving her tips?"

"No! I think she was giving *him* tips! She was so smart. But that's why I don't want you to use the real names. There was no connection between the options she was trading and the deals he was doing—she just liked to follow the market and trade options—but some people might immediately assume there was a connection. There wasn't."

"Anyway, she never made a killing, but she did make money, and with options, that's unusual. She died not long ago, well into her 90s. She was really great."

LESSON NUMBER FOUR:
240 PERCENT INTEREST NEEDN'T
BE USURIOUS

Not all nice old ladies are so financially sophisticated.

"I had this one customer named Ruthie," my pawnbroker was telling me. "She came into the shop the first time with a huge old black-and-white console TV—I practically herniated myself getting it out of her car and into the shop—and I gave her \$15 for it. The way it works, she would have 30 days to come in and buy it back for \$18, or we'd be free to sell it, probably for a lot more."

"So the extra three dollars she pays to get it back is interest?"

"Heavens, no!" erupts my pawnbroker in mock horror. "That would be usury." (Three dollars on \$15 is 20 percent; 20 percent a month is 240 percent a year simple interest, 791 percent a year compounded. On the other hand, it is also only three dollars.) "We don't charge interest; we enter into purchase-repurchase agreements."

If the customer repurchases the pawned item, the pawnshop makes 20 percent in a month (well, three dollars). If she doesn't, it makes an even bigger killing, selling the item not for what it paid (\$15 in this case) nor for the repurchase price (\$18) but for \$35 or \$40 or more.

Ruthie retrieved her TV by the end of the month, having, in the meantime, used her \$15—"bridge financing," Citicorp or Merrill Lynch would call it—to pay her electric bill. Not long afterward, she showed up with the TV again.

"Every few weeks, I was loading and unloading that huge thing, and finally I said, 'Ruthie, look. I'll give you the \$15. You don't have to bring in the TV. Just don't sell it to anybody else. We trust you.'"

My pawnbroker is a bighearted young man, razor-sharp, who just happened to start a pawnshop. Some college juniors take pictures for the yearbook, some audition for the all-male revue; my pawnbroker and a couple of partners found a conveniently seedy off-campus location and started a pawnshop. I've yet to have to hock anything myself, but when I do, his will be the (concluded on page 154)

The Man's Diamond.



Charity Chic

(continued from page 120)

25, to raise money to build a new bathroom for the local church, and they'd love to have him there. Three months later, a letter arrives from Sinatra's office, saying they're very sorry, but Mr. Sinatra won't be available on September 25. Without missing a beat, she writes back and says, "How about the 26th?"

Some groups, on the other hand, have trouble recognizing a potential star when they're offered one. "You can't imagine the trouble I had convincing the Spina Bifida Association to accept as its celebrity spokesperson some kid who had the third lead on a little-known series called *Family Ties*," says Greenberg. That kid was Michael J. Fox, before *Back to the Future* increased his visibility.

"The irony is that the lesser-known stars often work harder, do better and make a greater contribution than the bigger names," says Greenberg.

"When I was working with the American Diabetes Association, a publicist would often say, 'I'll give you one big name if you'll take two of my unknowns.' We'd usually say yes, hoping that the unknowns would remember us and come back when they were famous," adds Bob Oettinger of the Motion Picture and Television Fund.

Hollywood publicists exhibit a classic case of schizophrenia when it comes to urging their clients to do charity work. They're glad to offer a young, up-and-coming TV-series regular who hasn't had his or her face on a *TV Guide* cover yet to virtually all takers, especially for an event where lots of celebrities will appear. "You never know who they'll be standing next to when a picture's being taken," says a top flack. "They could wind up in the same shot with Joan Collins!"

Once that client starts to move up the ladder, though, the ground rules change. "I tell my people that it's better to do too little charity work than too much," says a partner in a large public-relations firm. "It's like sex—if they say yes to everybody, pretty soon they stop getting asked."

Why do some stars who don't need the publicity continue to pitch and pitch for their causes, expending precious free time that could easily be spent in more self-indulgent pursuits? Experts cite the guilt factor, and many stars freely admit that being paid lots of money because of fortuitous body parts—voice box, teeth, chiseled chin, breasts, dancing feet—does give them an occasional twinge.

Others, of course, stump for money: Bob Hope works his favorite charities for free, but he has been known to charge other causes \$50,000 for the pleasure of his company. Some celebrities are suckers for certain kinds of sports activities (golf, skiing and tennis are perennial favorites) or

cultural events or causes associated with their home towns. Still, the charities have to be willing to cough up a first-class airplane ticket and a limo from the airport in order to get a name. Indeed, the prospect of freebies has lured more than one star—even wealthy ones. "You never want to be out in the open at any event where celebrities are being given a free gift," says Greenberg. "You could get killed in the rush. Offer them a limo and a triple *filet mignon* dinner for a good cause and you'll get some acceptances. Throw in a free sweat suit or a T-shirt or a pair of running shoes or a camera—things they could buy for themselves out of pocket change—and you'll have to beat them off with a stick."

His colleague Tateel adds, "I worked last year's Betty and Jerry Ford Ski Tournament for the Vail Valley Foundation and got them some good names. But if I'd known in advance that the celebrities were getting free pairs of skis, I could have signed up anyone in the business."

Often, there are stars in waiting, with bumpy careers, who'd love to work the charity circuit for a PR boost but never get a call. "Lots of charities have A-team celebrities as their national spokespersons. They know how hard it is to get those stars out to the local branches that want a Victoria Principal or a Mary Tyler Moore," explains Greenberg. "Those groups should be grateful to get somebody from the B team—and they usually are. So there is certainly a place for everybody."

"The key here is the multicelibrity function," Greenberg continues. "If one star has to carry an event, then you have to turn people down. But at a function where you're throwing quantity at a cause—hey, we'll put McLean Stevenson on the dais. Or take him on the road: McLean in Topeka, Kansas, is great marquee value."

Even controversy has its up side. "Sure, some celebrities can put themselves out of the running for certain causes by their past actions," says Greenberg. "You wouldn't book Vanessa Redgrave for the United Jewish Appeal or Jane Fonda for the Republican Convention or Jerry Falwell for the A.C.L.U. But certain stars can do no wrong. Frank Sinatra is still the number-one charity attraction, no matter what Kitty Kelley or anyone else says. And controversy in and of itself isn't a bad thing. If Al Campanis had been booked for an NAACP function the week he made that remark on *Nightline* about blacks in baseball, it would have been the most successful NAACP function of the year."

"In fact," he adds, idly thumbing through his Rolodex of stars and their agents, "I've just been sitting here wondering how to get Imelda Marcos to host the March of Dimes Gourmet Gala in Houston."

It finally happened. We faced each other in court. I told the judge my case was airtight. She told him it didn't hold water. She won. I told her I was glad she was on my side in everything else. I said, "How about a partnership?" She said, "We already have one." Then she handed me a man's diamond. Well, counselor, win or lose, I guess it's how you play the game.



The diamond rings, cufflinks and tie tack shown here are just a few of the exciting new designs in men's accessories.

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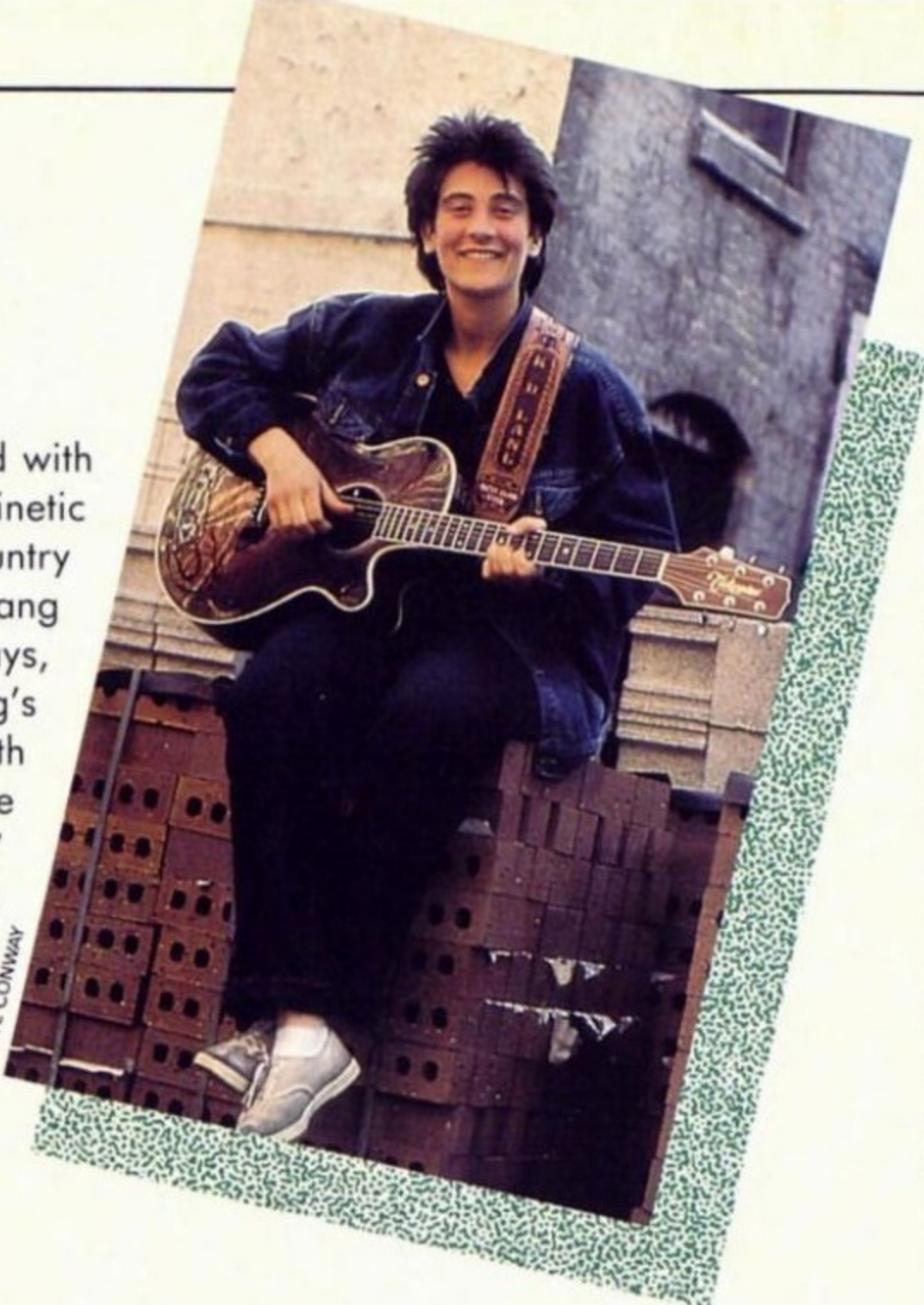
FAST FORWARD

TORCH 'N' TWANG

I love working places where the audience gets sprayed with your sweat when you spin around," says Canada's kinetic and kookie **K. D. Lang**, 24, who is revamping country music in an edgy, offbeat style she calls torch 'n' twang. "Twang is a part of country that's starting to happen again," she says, "and I love the country torch singers, like Patsy Cline." Lang's major-label debut, *Angel with a Lariat* (Sire), displays both vocal prowess and unusual wit. "Humor and realism are really close," she says, "and that's what I strive for in lyrics." That combination raised eyebrows in Nashville, which hasn't had much experience with a woman who's both a crack rifle shot and an ex-performance artist. "I've never been worried by barriers," says Lang. "I just do what I do, and if that means creating your own market, so much the better."

—MARK HUMPHREY

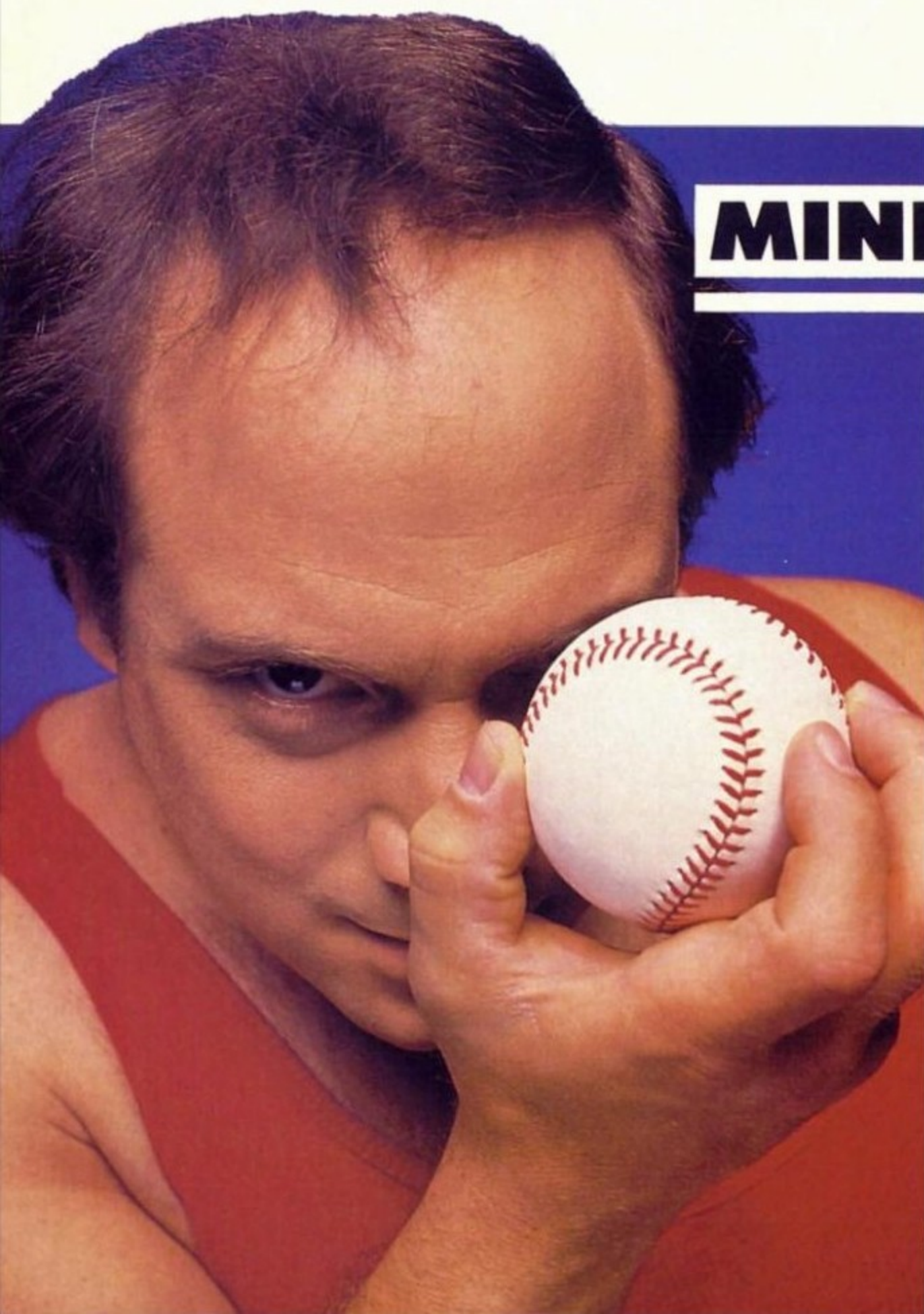
STEVE CONWAY



MIND OVER BODY

In pro sports these days, when the going gets tough, the tough get hypnotized. And the sports hypnotherapist of choice is 32-year-old **Peter Siegel** of Marina del Rey, California. "Every athlete I work with improves radically, demonstrably, immediately—without exception," boasts Siegel, who is never at a loss for a self-aggrandizing word. Siegel honed his craft on weight lifters and bodybuilders, but his big break came when New York Mets pitcher Sid Fernandez approached him and Siegel helped transform the struggling left-hander into a consistent winner, National League All-Star and key player in the Mets' seventh-game world-series victory last year. "He wasn't a human being when he went onto the mound—he was an unchained lethal gladiator," claims the ebullient Siegel. "That was the imagery we used." Siegel's past and present clients include Kansas City Chiefs' Pete Koch, Dallas Cowboys' Bill Bates and Kevin Brooks, Cleveland Indians' Rick Dempsey, plus players from football's Los Angeles Rams and baseball's Los Angeles Dodgers and San Francisco Giants. Siegel uses hypnosis to bypass the doubting conscious mind and imbue the subconscious with confidence and an indomitable will to prevail. Says Siegel: "David didn't look at Goliath and say, 'Oh, shit! How am I going to kick this huge guy's ass?' He just said, 'All right, no problem. See you later, pal.'" Obviously, Siegel samples his own wares: "There has not been one sports psychologist who can even come close to rivaling what I've done," he claims. "Never. And there never will be."

—LEE GREEN



FROM CARNAGE TO COURTROOM

Michael Biehn, the gunsling hero of both *The Terminator* and *Aliens*, is pulling himself out of the carnage of s-f movies and into a presentable tailored suit. Biehn, 31, stars as a handsome district attorney pushing for the death penalty in *Rampage*—"a very misleading title," he says. "It is more of a courtroom drama than a Rambo type of thing." Biehn

FRANCAIS DUHAMEL



dropped out of acting school in the late Seventies, thinking it was a waste of time. Instead, he moved to L.A. and, after a dismal string of odd jobs, was launched into a series of villainous roles that led to *The Terminator*, in which he starred as a rippling good guy opposite Arnold Schwarzenegger's killing machine. "I was never in the same scenes with Arnold," says Biehn. "By the time we were fighting one on one, he had turned into a robot." The next time out, Biehn found himself in combat with the gooey, toothy *Aliens*. Grateful for the exposure of those two hits, he has moved on to more demanding projects. "Before *The*

Terminator and *Aliens*, no one would let me star. Now if people ask, 'What have you been in?' I can say, 'Where have you been, under a rock? Don't you go to the movies?'"

—AMY ENGELER



KINGS OF THE JINGLE

They've never hit the Top 40 nor been nominated for a Grammy. In fact, they've never sold a single record. Yet millions of people every day listen, even sing to music written and arranged by **Joe Lubinsky** (left) and **Ron Hicklin**. Their four-year-old firm, HLC, has created an impressive trail of nonhits that includes the original Levi's "501 Blues" series, the spunky Wheaties "What the Big Boys

Eat" spots and the Devoistic Honda Scooter ad. "There are hundreds of pop hits from the past that nobody can remember the music or words to," says Lubinsky, 35, who writes much of the firm's music. "But the really great jingles stay with you forever." Of course, in an era of VCRs and remote controls, writing music that won't be zapped into electronic oblivion is a bit of a challenge. "The only way you can overcome the public's feeling that they are being pestered with another stupid commercial is to offer something of exceptional quality," argues Hicklin, 47, a

singer, arranger and producer who has worked with such artists as the Beatles, Linda Ronstadt and Frank Sinatra. Using that formula, the pair has cranked out about 3000 tunes, which has piqued the interest of record-company execs who would like to see the two put together a record and assault the charts. "We've told them we're flattered but not interested," says Lubinsky. "We truly feel comfortable with an esoteric sort of recognition. It's fun to hear somebody humming your song in a restaurant and not have to worry about being mobbed." —SAMUEL GREENGARD



Actress **Kim Myers** is getting used to contradictions. Yes, she was born in L.A., but she swears she's not a California Girl. "No, oh, please," she protests, "I'm not that at all." And while she grew up in a musical family (her father composes the weekly scores for *Dynasty* and *Falcon Crest*), "I didn't see a lot of Hollywood glamor," Kim claims. The biggest contradiction of all is that Hollywood insiders consider the 21-year-old Myers one of the best of the new breed of actors, but the public has barely had a chance to learn her name. Her first role, in *A Nightmare on Elm Street Part 2*, turned some heads, but it was a guest shot on *L.A. Law* (she had to describe, in detail, her brother's death in a car crash) that made studio execs take notice. Her following should grow over the next few months, when three of her movies hit the screens, including *Illegally Yours*, with Rob Lowe. "The thought of Rob Lowe was more intimidating than the actual person," Kim says. "He's very down to earth and extremely funny. But those eyes—in the beginning, I had a hard time. He certainly knows how to use those eyes."

—MERRILL SHINDLER

"The destruction of family life occurs due to immoral conduct, when there is too much free time."

"We all feel very responsible for the company's performance, so—if we have nothing else to do—most of us prefer to take our holiday at our desk."

Nothing else to do? If the concept of leisure doesn't spring to mind, perhaps it's because Koreans don't have a tradition of free time. For young men and (rarely) women in and around Seoul, after-hours activities are usually limited to eating and drinking.

It's not just the workers who sacrifice. Kim Woo-Choong, Daewoo's chairman and founder, is a Spartan of commerce who works 12-to-15-hour days and travels more than 200 days a year. He reportedly has not taken a holiday in the 20 years since he started the company. And for that, he draws a salary of about \$100,000 a year—no stock options, no bonuses. Profits, according to Kim, are for reinvesting.

The company always comes first, even if Kim has to find some surprising rationales for that policy. "Daewoo people, including myself, believe that working diligently does not harm the family," he once said. "Indeed, I feel that the destruction of family life occurs due to immoral conduct, when there is too much free time."

It would be swell if Americans could treat this as nothing more than a cultural peculiarity—Indians let their cows run loose in the streets, the English drive on the left and Koreans work like pack mules. Unfortunately, like the Japanese before

them, the Koreans have a direct impact on American jobs. While Hyundai puts affordable cars in driveways all over the U.S., other Korean companies have teamed up with American firms—Daewoo is making cars inexpensively for G.M. and Kia is churning them out for Ford. That may be a smart move for Ford and G.M., but it's one that makes Detroit auto workers nervous. Very nervous.

"Why do the Koreans put up with it?" is the normal gut reaction to all this. In modern business parlance, the query becomes "What is it about the Korean style of management that motivates workers so profoundly?"

Ask Y. K. Kim, a 27-year-old technician on Samsung's VCR line at Suwon, an hour's drive from Seoul. Enjoying a cigarette during his afternoon break, Kim laughs at the idea that his 11-hour workday is unusual. He's happy because he makes \$300 a month and expects to move into the company's free dorms soon. Even more important, Samsung offers on-the-job training that could bring him raises, promotions and more exciting work. "This is a good job," Kim says emphatically. "You can never be sure, but it's very likely that I'll stay with Samsung forever."

Like the 50 or so other young men on break, Kim is dressed in a dark-blue uniform. The office staff has its own uniform. And on the color-TV line, the young

women building JC Penney and Curtis Mathes television sets wear blue jumpers and tan scarves. The scarves also serve as a subtle indication of rank: Workers' are trimmed in blue, supervisors' in white.

The uniforms, the subsidized housing, the assumption that a job is a job for life—it all has a familiar ring. Look around other Korean corporations and you'll see the morning exercises, the singing of company songs, the quality circles. It's no surprise that Korean management looks a lot like a scale model of the Japanese system.

The similarities are not accidental. Lying a little more than 100 miles apart across the Sea of Japan, the two countries have had more than a millennium of interaction. Typically, that has meant war, rape and plunder, but there have been other relations as well. From 1910 to the end of World War Two, Japan occupied Korea and introduced 20th Century industrial practices; and since then, Japan has served as an example of manufacturing prowess. Most Koreans—even though they are chauvinistic as a rule and fiercely so when it comes to the Japanese—proudly admit that they've borrowed wholesale the Japanese management style.

They're not alone. Americans have also crammed at the school of Japanese management, but many of its practices are obviously ill suited to the U.S. This approach flourishes in Korea, however, for the cultural reasons that it works in Japan: The workers share a common history and common values.

"It isn't necessary to motivate Koreans," says Shin Young Chul, managing director of the Korea Management Association. "We are all alike. We all understand that we must work hard, very hard, if we are to survive."

It's easy to watch news reports of students demonstrating in the streets and assume that Korea is a divided society. But the ties that bind Koreans go beyond political differences. Because they have the same roots and they understand one another, because Confucian traditions include an abiding respect for authority and a love of harmony, they basically get along with one another. And they have other strong reasons for minimizing their differences.

"We have to have a warm atmosphere here in the office," Lucky-Goldstar's Choi Young Taek says. We are relaxing in a cozy meeting room on the 17th floor of the Lucky-Goldstar building. The office next door, however, is a different world. It's crowded and chaotic. Choi, who is a manager for public relations, does not enjoy a separate office or even a low partition. He has two subordinates' desks flanking his and six more just a couple of feet away. Another bank of desks lies beyond and others beyond that—perhaps 30 desks in all.

"Korean workers select a company, first of all, on the basis of office atmosphere," Choi claims. "Money comes second."



"And sensitive! So many things can make him cry: old movies, sunsets, a blow job."

Why? "Because we spend so much time in the office, we see our fellow workers more than we see our real families. So the office must be like a family, too."

That sense of family doesn't end with the office. It extends over the entire country of 42,000,000 people. Granted, there is genuine opposition to Chun Doo Hwan's dictatorial policies, and that opposition is growing increasingly bold. But overarching all the debates and demonstrations, there is the threat of North Korea, a military giant by Third World standards, with which the South is still technically at war.

Thirty-four years after the fighting stopped, South Korea remains on a military footing. The daily papers carry word of the latest North Korean provocation. Posters in Seoul's bustling restaurants exhort citizens to report suspected spies. The military and security police are on duty not only along the DMZ but also on city street corners and freeway toll booths. And even the civilians ape military protocol: Hotel doormen salute patrons. Shipbuilders at Hyundai Heavy Industries salute a new ship as it is christened. Executives at Daewoo salute chairman Kim.

A defensive mentality even runs through Seoul's new development. City expansion has been heavily concentrated in areas south of the Han River, according to a long-time American resident of Seoul, "because people here still remember what happened when the North Koreans invaded in 1950. They blew up the bridges, and anyone caught on the north side of the river went through hell."

The threats don't come from just one direction. "Ironically, we owe much of our success to the North Koreans," Korea Management's Shin claims. "But also the Japanese. We are eager to work hard, because we want to beat the Japanese."

The Koreans are fixated on competing with their island neighbors. They view the North Koreans as powerful and a little wacko—a genuine short-term threat. But recalling what has happened to their country over the centuries, they see a long-term danger in Japanese economic domination.

And they are passionate about it. "We are poorer than the Japanese," says a Hyundai spokesman. "Our technology is less advanced. If we are to beat them, we must work harder. When they work eight hours, we must work more. Much more."

Although it may sound strange to Americans, Koreans can rebel against the government and still remain loyal to their employers. "SOUTH KOREANS RIOT IN NIGHT, THEN GO DUTIFULLY TO WORK," noted a *New York Times* headline in June. The Korean commercial family—welded together by a common heritage, common enemies and common poverty—remains tightly knit.

But any therapist will tell you that a close family is not necessarily a healthy

Government interference in private business is staggering by American standards. Bureaucrats control imports, exports, loans, wage levels and take-overs. Perhaps the most legendary example of Korea's state-controlled capitalism came about in the Seventies, when the late president Park Chung-Hee asked Daewoo chairman Kim to take over a shipyard that was half finished and deeply in the red. Kim demurred. Undeterred, Park announced the take-over anyway while Kim was out of the country.

Korean officials and the *chaebol* seem to have reached an accommodation, with the government wearing the pants in the relationship. But in any family, not everyone gets to be Mom and Dad. Put government and the *chaebol* and labor together and guess who becomes the kids. And, as in families everywhere, Korean parental authority is based on a murky blend of love, understanding, gentle cajoling, brute force and terror.

Day to day, the *chaebol* looks after the workers. At the Samsung industrial park at Suwon, employees have a clinic with two doctors in attendance; they enjoy lunchrooms with free hot meals and a soccer pitch that they can use in their minimal free time. Across the highway are the subsidized apartments and dorms. The conglomerates also show a certain sensitivity to the events that are important in a Korean's life. In those companies that have labor contracts, there are

often relatively liberal vacations for family occasions: For his own wedding, an employee gets seven days off; for a grandparent's 60th birthday, one day; for the death of a grandparent, five days.

At the same time, though, *chaebol* control often translates into petty intrusions on workers' lives. Hyundai men are instructed to keep their hair trimmed above the ears. Women who work for Korea Air, part of the Hanjin group, are forbidden to wear blue jeans—even off the job. Workers at both Hyundai and Daewoo have been forced to take part in company-sponsored savings programs, which is painfully like having your father invest a quarter of your allowance in

You can't hurry love or bourbon. Especially bourbon.

WILD TURKEY

8 years old, 101 proof, pure Kentucky.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY AUSTIN NICHOLS DISTILLING CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KY © 1986



family. And Korea's clans show clear signs of pathology.

Harry Kamberis, who heads the Seoul office of the Asian-American Free Labor Institute, part of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s International Affairs Department, is familiar with the peculiar psychology of the Korean economy. "Managers here like to talk about the entrepreneurial spirit in Korea and about how one guy created Hyundai out of nothing," he says. "Well, he didn't create it out of nothing. He created it out of personal contacts with people in power. I've seen the kind of government incentives they have to do things or not do things. The government decides how these guys are going to act."

savings bonds.

But those are only lightweight trappings of what Americans consider inalienable rights, a sort of economic "tough love." For other workers, especially those in the smaller factories, the Korean commercial family is nothing short of abusive.

Young people entering the work force undergo the worst exploitation. "The companies use a system that was popular in the U.S. in the early days of the Industrial Revolution," Kamberis explains. "They have dormitories so that they can keep the workers—typically young girls—entrapped on the compound. They have forced overtime, so that they work 12 to 14 hours a day, six and sometimes seven days a week. They don't leave until their supervisor leaves, and if he decides to stay and stay and stay, then they stay."

The garment industry is among the

most notorious in Korea. Those fashionable Korean-made clothes so common in U.S. stores are often made in sweatshops using the two-tier system. "You take a regular-size room with an eight- or nine-foot ceiling," explains a labor economist, "and put in a second floor, so you get twice as many people in the room. That's real common."

The North American Coalition for Human Rights in Korea, a watchdog group formed by Protestant and Catholic mission agencies, has a list of other abuses. Executive director Pharis J. Harvey says that for the past two decades, South Korean workers have suffered from the highest rates of job-related accidents and deaths. "Child labor still exists. And wages remain very, very poor. It's not uncommon for wages, even in *chaebol*-related companies, to be less than 100,000

won [roughly \$120] per month, which is considerably below subsistence level."

Harvey also cites problems with rampant lung and other occupational diseases. Working long hours, with few breaks, handling hazardous materials in poorly ventilated areas, some laborers become permanently handicapped. "As of a few years ago," he says, "most workers in electronics manufacturing were losing their eyesight within four or five years. That is, they lost so much eyesight that they couldn't continue working. And then they lost their jobs."

Another group, Washington, D.C.-based Asia Watch, has detailed even more horror stories of Korean management: laborers forced to work 24-hour shifts, company stores that charge more than off-site retailers, workers docked three days' wages for a one-day absence, factories so cold that workers suffer frostbite.

It's also part of the system that workers are seen and not heard. If they raise their voices, they run up against a vicious tradition of labor repression—one that seems to have more in common with America circa 1910 than with modern Japan.

Labor activists in Korea risk harassment by promanagement workers or by company thugs. Gripping workers have been kidnaped, beaten with lead pipes, sexually abused, taken on long car rides, dumped at the edge of town. They are also likely to be fired and blacklisted from employment at other companies. "The government maintains lists of known labor-union activists, which are made available to companies for use in their personnel offices," Harvey explains.

And the government is not shy about inviting itself into labor negotiations, playing the role of disciplinarian. In some cases, activists have been arrested *after* an agreement has been reached with the corporation. But arrest is too neutral a word when the result is beatings, electric shocks, cigarette burns, water torture. Organizers can also be pressed into the army for extended periods of "purification."

The punishment can be even harsher if the activist has some advanced education. "The government is freaked out by the idea of the students and workers' joining forces," explains a priest who has worked just outside Seoul for the past three years. "So they've made it illegal for university students and graduates to take jobs as laborers." But there are not enough jobs for graduates, so many are forced into blue-collar jobs, where they are known as "disguised workers."

"It's OK if they're not exposed," Kamberis explains. "But if they're caught, they can be fired for falsifying their work documents. And if they've been caught organizing, it can be an automatic two years in prison."

The *chaebol* are publicly sensitive to the subject of workers' rights, because they have an embarrassing record and because they stand to lose crucial trade preferences



"Hold on; I think there's something here about the museum's appointing some new whiz-kid curator."

from the U.S. if Congress finds them in violation of internationally accepted labor standards. When asked, the *chaebol* will explain that unions aren't necessary. When difficulties arise, management-worker committees resolve them.

But in a country where (low) wages and (long) hours are set by the government, what kinds of problems do such committees tackle? At the Hyundai Motor Company, workers on the assembly line complained only about the company policy stipulating military-short hair for men. Too much money and too much of their free time was going toward haircuts. After deliberating, the committee announced a new policy: A company barber would roam the assembly line, providing subsidized trimming. End of controversy.

Unions do exist in Korea, and some have limited clout. But when collective bargaining takes on a political cast, when it is tied to the opposition or affects a favored export industry, President Chun takes a very hard line.

"This government is totally paranoid," Kamberis claims. "These guys decide how the economy is going to be operated, where the emphasis will lie. They have a mania about controlling every detail. They want a predictable inflation rate, a predictable G.N.P. growth, a predictable political situation. But labor is a variable they can't predict, and it angers them."

Many Koreans have learned to love their work, and most of the rest have learned to keep their mouths shut. But Korea is facing a crisis. Because a technological society requires education, because it's very hard to make people both smart and docile, times are changing.

Behind the move toward democracy are the students, who have ideas and the organization to do something about them. In these turbulent days, they are also very vocal, which, in a country where torture is an everyday event, shows unusual courage. In its ham-handed and paranoid way, the government takes the students seriously. During the 1980 riots in the southwestern city of Kwangju, the military killed—depending on who tells the story—between 200 and 2000 people, mostly students. If that seems like a very skittish reaction on Chun's part, it's not entirely without reason: Massive student demonstrations brought about the downfall of Syngman Rhee in 1960.

If Chun thought that the threat of massacre might act as a disincentive to further protest, he was mistaken. This past summer, students throughout the country were taunting the man responsible for Kwangju. On the quiet days, thousands were marching. On the other days, they were throwing gas bombs, blocking traffic and tearing up pavement to bombard the police. They were mixing it up with the security apparatus, even at the risk of another Kwangju.

All that makes for a very anxious pros-

perity in Korea. And the anxiety builds with every tick of the Olympic clock. The world-wide focus on Seoul is being exploited by the opposition, which is pressing for democratic reforms and a direct presidential election in 1988, when Chun is scheduled to step aside. But the police and the military and the *chaebol* have ample reason for holding tenaciously to traditional labor and political relations. After you rail against their methods, you must return to one bright, hard truth: They have succeeded, with a vengeance.

From an American standpoint, it would be lovely if the Korean economy exploded from all the forces welling up inside it. In the short term, it would mean one less strain on the balance of payments, and Americans would not have to compete against qualified laborers who work grindingly long hours for subsistence wages.

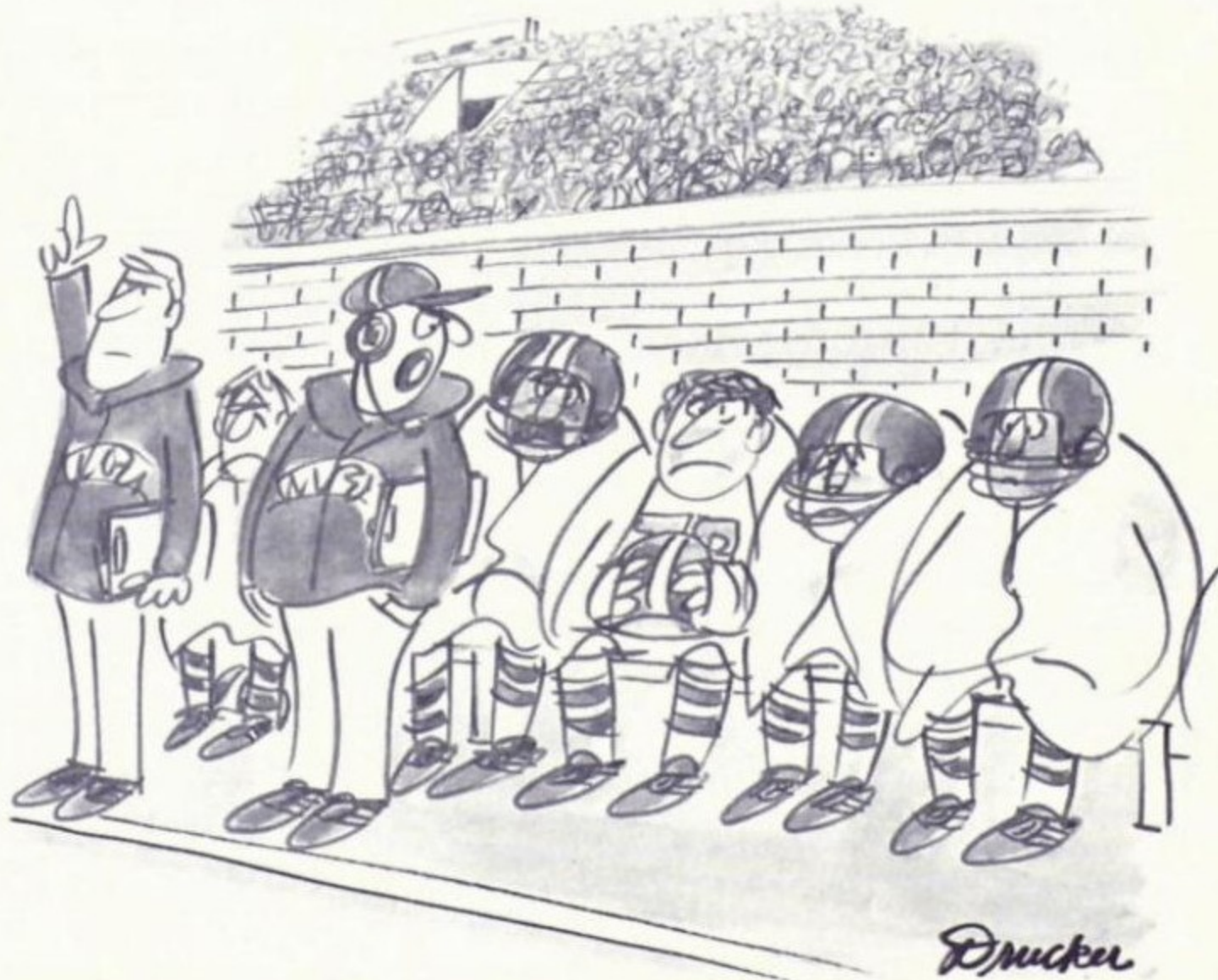
But that relief would pass quickly. Korea matters most not as an industrial powerhouse, not as a magnet for American jobs, but as a harbinger of a bleak new season in international business. If (or, in some minds, *when*) the lid blows off in Seoul and Korea's economy falters, the American worker will still be facing tough new competition. In fact, many Korean companies complain that Korean workers are already too expensive. At the huge Hyundai shipyard in Ulsan, they say that in ten years or so, the Indians and Pakistanis, who work for a fraction of Korean wages, will be taking away ship and oil-rig contracts, in the same way that, a decade

ago, the Koreans took contracts away from Japan. Taiwan is a contender in electronics and the manufacture of small appliances. Open a personal computer sometime and see how many chips are labeled EL SALVADOR OF MALAYSIA.

And, the Koreans say, if you want to see a real economic specter, look to their north, past their feuding cousins. The People's Republic of China has a billion people who work very, very cheaply. Not only do they share a common heritage but they also respond very well to the slightest capitalistic incentives, as changes in their agricultural output have shown. Recent retrenchment notwithstanding, the old hard-liners are dying off, and the industrial base is improving. The Chinese have been exporting quality garments for some time; and now, as a Samsung employee anxiously points out, they're exporting television sets.

The Chinese won't threaten too many American jobs next year or the year after. But they're coming, and they'll be hard to shake. And it's worth noting that Peking has announced that it may want to host the Olympics in the year 2000. Maybe the Chinese just want to invite the world over for the usual orgy of sports and flag waving. On the other hand, maybe they think it'll be time for a coming-out party, a presentation to the world of another industrially mature nation—only this time, that nation will be backed by the muscles and brains of one fifth of the human race.

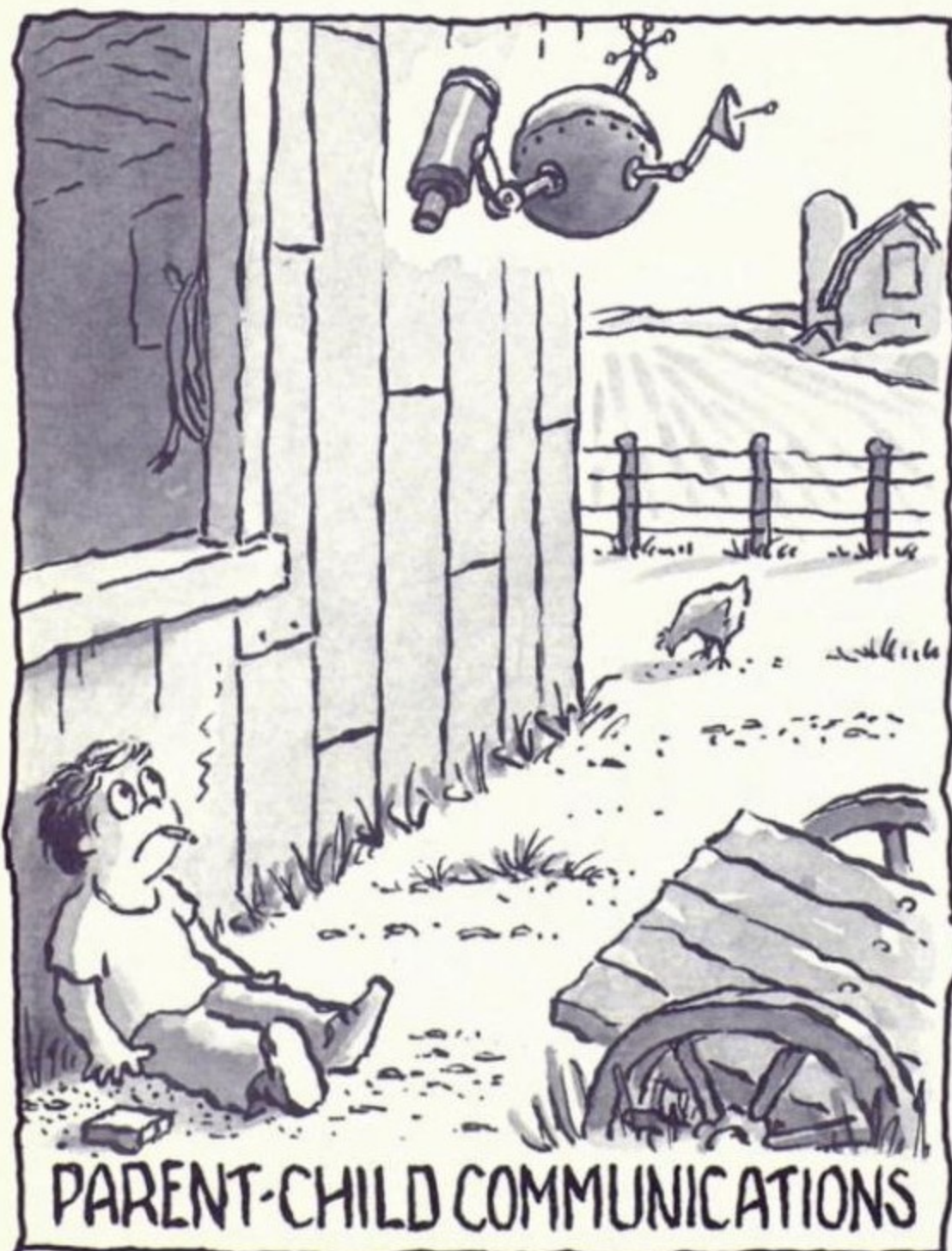
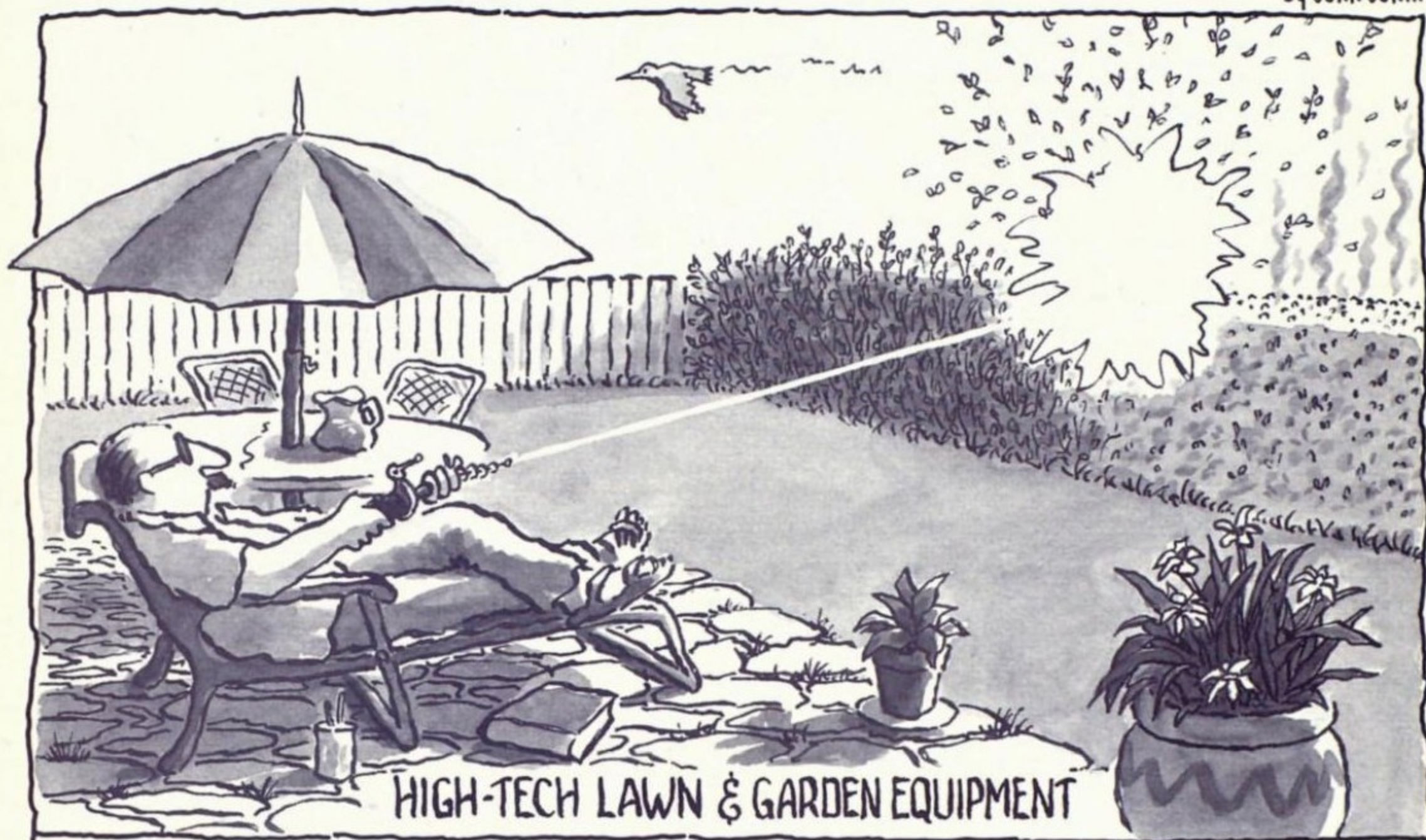
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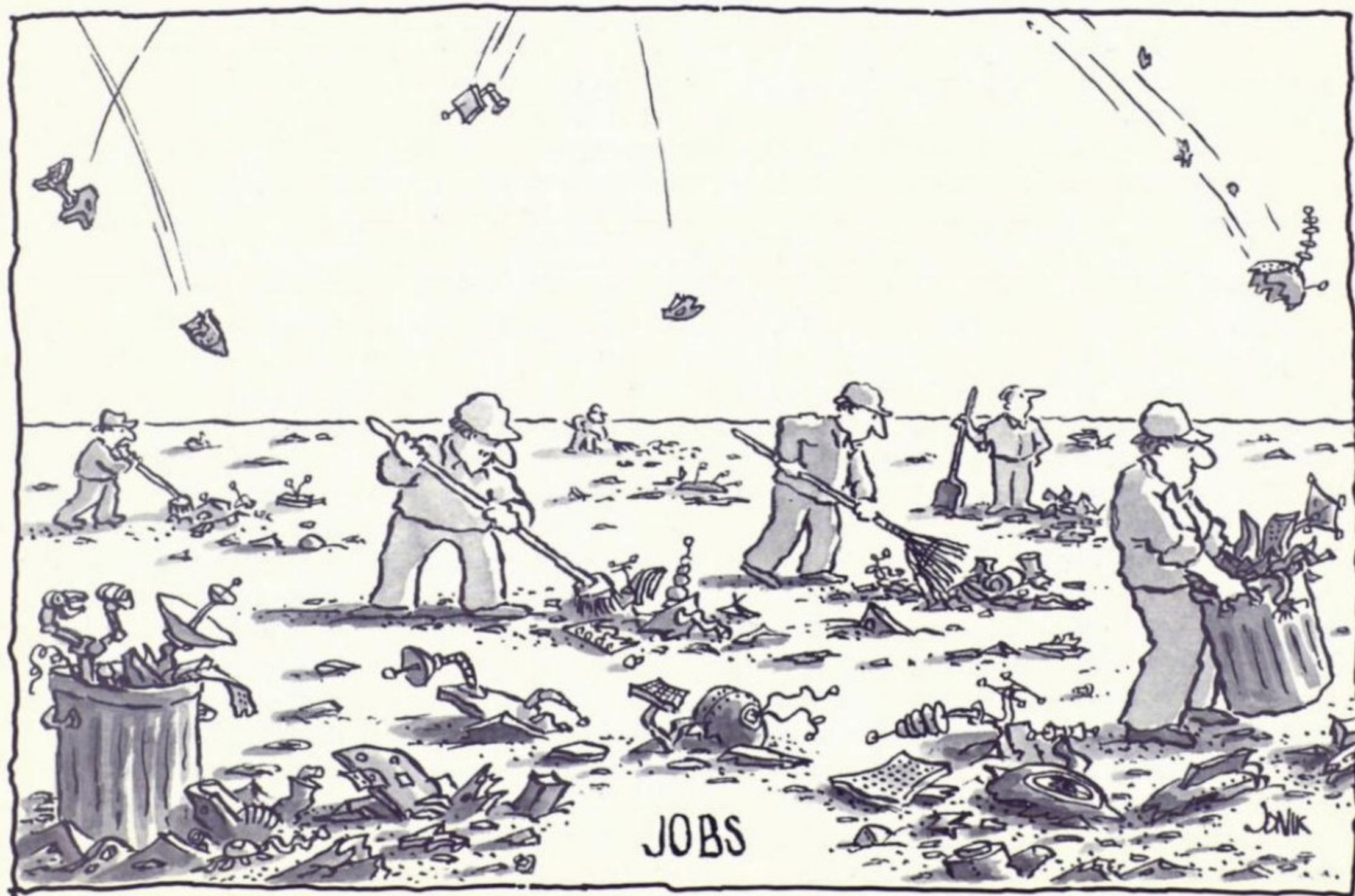
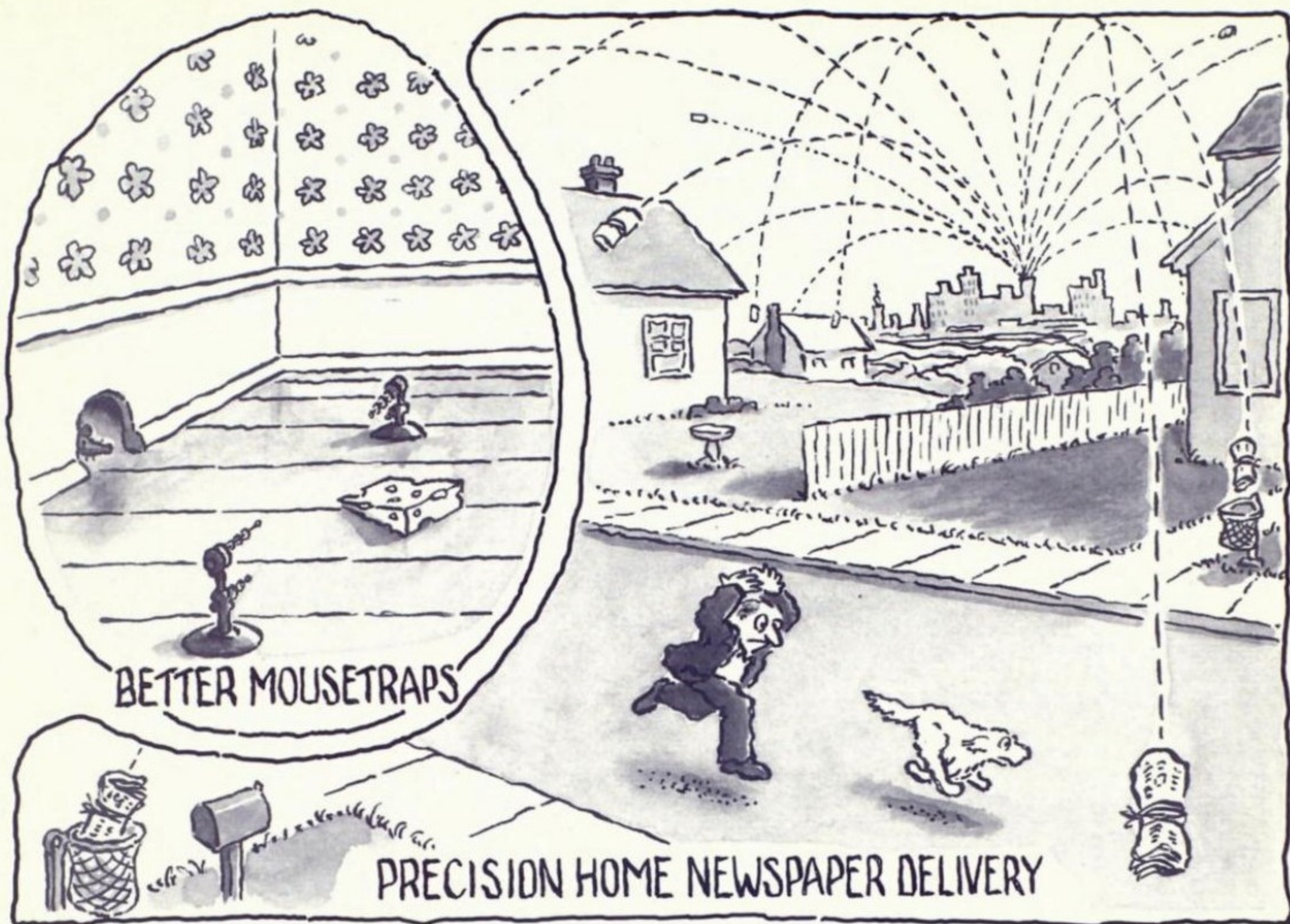


"A lot of you guys who are being penalized for holding aren't holding well enough."

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF **STAR WARS** - THE SPIN-OFFS

By JOHN JONIK





"Most full-service brokers offer discounts when prodded, even if they won't make you more money."

place I hock it.

Suddenly, pawnshops are chic. *The Wall Street Journal* had a story about the good deals you could find shopping there. *The New York Times* called pawnshops "the latest business to discover the benefits of upscale marketing." A chain of pawnshops went public at the start of the year (stock symbol PAWN) at a stratospheric multiple of earnings. If you think we're in for really bad economic times, here's a great way to profit from the hardship. "Twenty-five years ago, the customers were winos and the down-and-outers," *The New York Times* quoted Jon R. Boyd of the Texas Pawnbrokers Association. "Today, we are seeing more middle-class and even upper-class people needing the services of a pawnshop. You can't go to a bank anymore and borrow \$100."

Anyway, Ruthie would go in month after month for more money. There were a couple of other people working behind the counter, but she wouldn't talk with them; she'd go in and sit down and wait until my

friend was free and then talk with him. He'd make her little loans, knowing it was money down the toilet but not having the heart to disappoint her. (No Rod Steiger, he.) She told him not to worry, she'd be getting a big government check one of these days and she'd pay it all back. Sure, thought my friend.

"She was into us for \$2000 or \$3000 and, well, I just couldn't say no to her. Thirty dollars here, \$20 there—you know. She'd pay the interest when she could, but basically, this was just, well, I couldn't say no to Ruthie.

"One time, she asked to borrow \$100 and left me a personal check for \$120 as security. If she didn't come back in 30 days to repay the loan, she said, I should cash the check. She didn't come back, so I was going to deposit the check, but I figured I'd call first to make sure it was good. The bank put me on hold and then said the account had been closed five years earlier. So we just added the \$120 to her tab.

"This went on for, like, a year and a half. 'Don't worry, Steve,' she'd always say; 'I'll pay you when I get my big government check.'

"Well, one day, she came in and said she'd like to pay us off. She had her government check. I looked at her like, you know [my pawnbroker squints and raises his left eyebrow until his head tilts, to show me how he was looking at her]. But she handed me a check, and I thought as I took it, Gee, maybe she's actually got \$3243.81 from something or other—you know, some amount like that, which would certainly seem like a big government check to somebody like Ruthie. Well, the check was for \$70,000. Apparently, it was her pension or something after 50 years as a cafeteria employee in the Florida school system. I couldn't believe it. We had this sign, WE CASH CHECKS—that was one of our side lines [they also offered photocopying at 50 cents a page]—and she wanted us to cash the check.

"Ruthie, I said, 'we don't keep that kind of money lying around the store. Anyway, what are you going to do with so much cash? It's not safe.'

"Well, you keep it for me,' she said. Can you imagine? I said, 'Ruthie, no,' and I took her over to a friend at E. F. Hutton and he put her in a Ginnie Mae fund."

E. F. Hutton would get four percent of Ruthie's \$70,000, but the rest would be safe and would throw off a nice income.

"A couple of months later, she came in with her first check from E. F. Hutton. She was upset. 'What's wrong, Ruthie?'

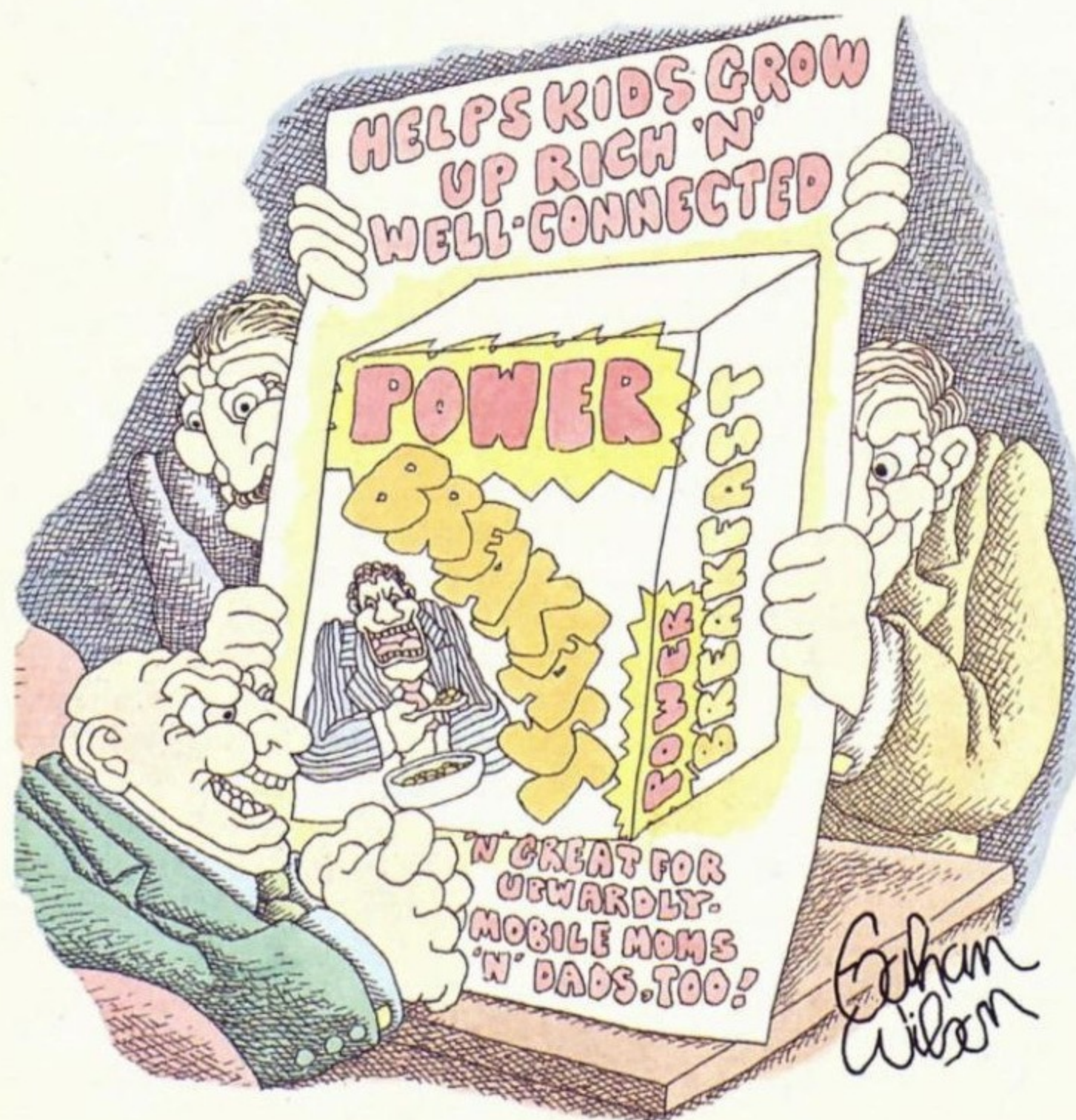
"She said, 'I didn't want none of my money back, Steve.' She didn't want to touch that \$70,000.

"I said, 'Ruthie, this isn't your money back, this is your interest!' All her life, she had known about interest only as something you pay others. I had to explain to her that this was interest that was for her.

"I haven't seen Ruthie in a while, but she was great."

To recap:

1. Never let a little old lady buy you a soda in a hurricane.
2. Pawnshops are better places to shop than to borrow.
3. Discount brokers are fine (I use one also)—indeed, they are often more efficient than full-service brokers and may even offer more services. But most full-service brokers offer substantial discounts, too, when prodded (go ahead, prod); and the good ones, even if they won't make you more money—and generally they won't—add a human touch you may not mind paying for (and from which you can contract no known disease).
4. Sure, you'd be better off in a couple of no-load mutual funds. But when was the last time one of your no-load mutual funds told you a good joke?



"I can't imagine why no one ever thought of it before!"

"Blinded by love, I stumbled forward, ignoring every danger sign along the path to mythical bliss."

prove it. The slides show us in Spain and Portugal, in Mexico and Hawaii, in Japan and Hong Kong, in New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles, having one heck of a good time.

After five years of living together, I developed the foolish idea that marriage would be a good thing. It would cement our already perfect relationship. It would allow us to grow together even more. It would give us a reason to start a family. And so, for her 35th birthday, I gave her an engagement ring, which she tearfully accepted. We went out for dinner, where we ate caviar and drank champagne. Life was good and all was right as far as the eye could see. This perennial bachelor was getting hitched.

Unfortunately, this perennial bachelor had also set up a fine bit of infernal machinery, which would become my undoing. I had helped support the wife-to-be as she had gone through a major career change, which had resulted in her becoming a marriage-and-family counselor. Suddenly, a cigar was no longer just a cigar and a relationship was no longer just a

relationship. Things had to be probed, poked, investigated, looked into, hashed over. Soon after we became engaged, she revealed to me the fact that there were a number of aspects of my personality with which she was unhappy.

"You've never been unhappy with any aspects of my personality before," I told her. "But I'm only too glad to make myself perfect for you. What changes would you like made?" Product of the Sixties and Seventies that I am, I felt that change was no problem. After all, Alan Alda was my role model, and I knew that in this situation, he'd do all he could to be tender and understanding. Little did I know that in just a few weeks, my new role model would be Rambo, mixed with not a little Norman Bates.

She told me that there were just a few personality defects that made her uncomfortable. I was impatient, she said. "No problem," I told her. "I'll be more patient." I didn't spend enough time talking with her about my problems, she told me. I had too strong a personality, she told me. I overwhelmed her, she said. "No

problem," I told her. "Meek-and-Mild is now my hyphenated middle name." She looked at me sadly and said that that just might not be enough. A chill began to spread up my spine.

She insisted that we go to a marriage counselor. "No problem," I told her. The marriage counselor suggested that I be more patient, spend more time talking about my problems and get a weaker personality. "Great," I said. "I'll do whatever I have to do to make this relationship work. We're the perfect couple, after all—everybody says so. I'm deliriously happy—I'm getting married."

"Just work on it," he told me, and the chill grew worse.

Still, when you're focused on what you want, you tend to be blind to the simple realities of the world. I didn't think anything was strange when my fiancée found reasons not to meet with the caterer, not to go shopping for a new house, not to buy a wedding dress (even though she helped me choose a very nice seersucker wedding suit). Blinded by love, I stumbled forward, ignoring every danger sign along the path to mythical bliss. I even made all the necessary plans for our honeymoon, including first-class plane tickets and a full set of reservations at honeymoon suites all over Italy. It was going to be one hell of a trip.

Six weeks before the wedding date, after many delays, we went out to eat Chinese



"You should have bought a LeBra[®]," she hissed!

As the first drops hit the windshield, I cringed.

Like most no-name car bras, mine was a loser. It had to come off when it got wet. Or it might ruin my paint. Janie gave me a puzzled look as I pulled over.

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food. We talked about what sort of dog to buy after we got back from our honeymoon. We ate chocolate ice cream. Then we went home to address the wedding invitations. She addressed two, then stood up and announced that she couldn't do it. I tried to be understanding and spoke to her of the naturalness of being nervous. She told me that it had nothing to do with being nervous; she just couldn't do it. Her reason was simple—she didn't *feel* like it. It's considered rude to cancel a dinner invitation for any reason less than the death of a close family member. But in the case of a marriage, "I don't feel like it" is perfectly acceptable. Miss Manners says so. I know; I checked.

In the next few weeks, my life fell to pieces and then continued to crumble into particles. Thanks to a careful regimen of throwing up five times a day, I lost a quick 20 pounds (proof that every cloud has a silver lining). My former fiancée moved out the day after she called off the wedding, neatly ending a five-year relationship because she didn't feel like it. Like a flagellant carrying a cross, I staggered from friend to friend, relative to relative, grocer to garbage man, telling anyone who'd pause for a moment about the grief that had befallen me. Total strangers were accosted on the street and regaled with my tale of gloom. And then, when things seemed their very worst, two things my daddy had told me came back, like klieg lights in a very dark night. One was "Never get involved with a woman who has more problems than you have." The other was "Living well is the best revenge." It was too late for the first; but the second—now, there was a High Concept for the Eighties.

At first, living well meant trying to fornicate myself into a coma. But that got boring—after all, I had just been chucked out of a deeply meaningful relationship. Sex was not what I was looking for. In time, and not a very long time, at that, living well came to mean eating and drinking. And drinking some more. I began to drown my sorrows at the bottom of a bottle. And I came to realize that in only a few days, that bottle was going to be filled with Italian wine, for the departure date for my honeymoon was drawing nigh.

When I told people that I was planning to go on my honeymoon by myself, they sympathetically informed me that I was a lunatic. And they were probably right—but, then, I had good cause to be crazy. My life had gone to hell in a U-Haul. And anyway, the more I thought about it, the more it became obvious that I had no alternative but to go on my honeymoon in the style of one hand clapping. I'm a practical sort of a guy—I had already booked one heck of a trip, and I hated the idea of letting all that effort go to waste. The idea of staying home, spending two weeks refinishing an end table, really didn't appeal to me, either. Neither did the concept of

going someplace else. "Go to Hawaii instead of Italy," people told me. I told them I didn't like Hawaiian food, that I had an aesthetic problem with Don Ho and that, anyway, no people on earth deal with heartbreak better than the Italians.

And so I found myself, one bright and sunny July day, seated in first class on Alitalia, with an empty seat next to me. I was wearing a very smart white suit with Reeboks, which seemed a reasonable alternative to the sort of white shoes worn by used-Bible salesmen from Des Moines. I had decided I'd wear white suits on the trip (I had another one in my suit carrier), because they'd give me an air of rakish abandon. They'd make me seem like a man with a secret. They'd attract women to me in sidewalk cafés. And, of course, they'd let me pretend that I was a gigolo, which is no small trick when you look like a cross between Wally Cox and Toulouse-Lautrec.

On the table in front of me in first class was a glass of *asti spumante* and some bread sticks. In the seats in front of me were another couple on their honeymoon. (I was doomed, on this particular voyage of discovery and introspection, to run into dozens of couples on their honeymoon, not one of which deserved to be married as much as I did.) As soon as the door of the plane closed, the couple in front of me started necking frantically, rooting about like gerbils in heat. I sublimated by eating my bread stick. I began to get an undeniable creeping sense that maybe I should have stayed home to work on that end table, after all.

As the plane taxied down the runway, I also began a diary of sorts to my former fiancée, which I thought I'd give to her as a snippy present upon my return. On one level, I was letting her know about the fabulous trip (and, by extension, the fabulous person) she had missed; on another level, though, I was also trying to work out with her—in *absentia*—just what had happened. This being the beginning of the trip, I felt that I should be feeling awfully sorry for myself. I opened the diary by writing, "The people around me are all very happy. They chatter constantly, saying '*Bene, bene, bene*' and '*Prego, prego, prego.*' They sing. They tell jokes in Italian. I don't understand the punch lines, which must be why there are these hot, sad tears coursing down my cheeks. Can you imagine any other reason?" When it comes to milking a situation, I'm one of the Guilt Masters of the Universe.

My sense of gloom grew throughout the flight. The happier the people around me became, the more miserable I grew. I truly came to understand the meaning of the old saw "Misery loves company." I longed to be surrounded by miserable people. Perhaps I should have gone to someplace like Funeral Peak, California, out in the middle of the stinking Mojave Desert, where people have no reason to be

happy. Maybe I should have gone to Chernobyl. Or perhaps, it occurred to me, this would be a good excuse to go to the town of Assisi and become a helpful brother to the oppressed and gloomy. An act of selflessness would be sure to make my former wife-to-be miserable because she had left me.

By only the merest strand of good fortune, that whole concept was wiped away by my very first bottle of Pinot Grigio in my very first genuine Italian *trattoria*. The wine cost a couple of bucks, the meal just a little more. But the meal, and the *joie de vivre* with which I ripped into it, let me in on one of Italy's most hedonistic secrets. In *Italia*, the good eater is a creature beloved, a man or a woman whom small children seek to emulate, a blessed soul. As the restaurant-reviewing duo of Gault and Millau once observed, "Italians would sell their beds just to eat. Not at home, but at the *trattoria*. . . . The *trattorias* play the role of Italians' second homes."

And so it was that, within hours of dropping my bags at the Hotel Excelsior

on the Via Veneto (where I stared disconsolately at the waiting basket of fruit, the flowers and the bottle of *asti spumante* with two glasses), I found myself howling at my waiter for more *vino*, more *acqua minerale*, more pasta and more oblivion. I was in a great *trattoria* in the heart of Rome, not far from the Piazza Navona, called *Trattoria da Luigi*. The place was a mishmash of mismatched tables and chairs, sprawling across the cluttered, homely Piazza Sforza Cesarini—a lovable dump of a restaurant. It was the last place where you might expect to find even the vaguest edge of trendiness. Yet seated there was an assortment of Americans working at the nearby Cinecitta film studios. They had all learned the fine art of *trattoria* etiquette, which I was quick to pick up on. The first rule is that it's essential to yell and wave your arms a lot—that sort of thing is expected of you. The second rule is that wine is the first thing you order; if you have a good bottle on your table, all else will follow with ease and simplicity.

So it was that I found myself seated at a table about three o'clock in the morning,



"Now they're talking! This semester, the list of courses mentions how much each could add to your income after graduation."

utterly besotted and surrounded by the remains of a stewed baby goat, assorted pastas and meats and cheeses. I have some vague recollection of having a conversation with my former fiancée (who wasn't there, of course) about how good the parmesan was. I recall being poured into a cab by a kindly streetwalker and sent packing back to my hotel. The next morning, with my brains turned to *rigatoni*, I discovered why Italians regularly drink a foul herbal concoction called Fernet Branca. For better or worse, it returns hangovers to the hell whence they came.

And so went my honeymoon for one. I would spend my mornings recovering from what I had done the night before, wobbling on rubbery legs through an endless string of museums and cathedrals, where I would often pause to beg forgiveness for whatever sin I had committed that had led to such an abominable pounding in my skull. I'd spend the afternoon eating and drinking enough to get me through my afternoon nap. And I'd spend the evening eating and drinking enough to get me through the night.

Even the most pained and wretched of souls can spend only so much time avoiding the inevitable. And so it was that what I was going through finally caught up with me in Venice. I was doing a fairly decent job of drowning my heartache until I wandered into a stuffy, rather nasty restaurant, where the singularity of my situation led to my being given the full Lonely Guy Treatment. In other words, the res-

taurant's personnel behaved as if what they had seated at one of their tables was nothing more or less than human garbage wrapped in skin. While other tables laughed and sang, I was seated at a little table in the shadows near the kitchen door. No bread arrived. My wine, appetizer, soup, pasta and entree all came at once. I was made to feel as if I were a leper, dressed in sackcloth and ashes, ringing a bell and crying, "Unclean, unclean!" as I made my quasi-tragic exit from the restaurant. I didn't look like Camille, but I sure as heck felt like her.

After that, I collapsed into a canal of despair, filled with self-loathing and unremittent mortification of the flesh. I left Venice in a torrent of tears and was stopped just out of town by a member of the local constabulary. He pointed out to me that, while blubbing like a fool, I had gone through what passes in Italy for a red light. I think the light was sort of a bluish-amber, an amusing joke played on tourists by the locals. Actually, it took a while for me to discover that I had been stopped for going through a light and not for being a weepy terrorist, simply because the policeman went through his entire song and dance in Italian. Since my Italian consists mostly of *spaghetti* and *vino*, it took a while for me to get a word in edgewise and let him know that Italian was a 37th language for me, and I was only up to language number one in my studies.

When I told him that I didn't speak Italian, he started speaking pretty good English—good enough for him to read me

the riot act. After he finished bawling me out, he stopped himself and asked, "Wait a minute! Why are we speaking English?" I told him it was because I didn't speak Italian. He told me, "But you must speak Italian." I asked him why. He told me it was because I was driving an Italian car. And people ask me why I love Italy.

I explained to the officer that I hadn't seen the light because I was swimming upstream through a river of tears. I told him of my love for my past-tense fiancée and of my tragic jilting. I explained to him that I was on my honeymoon by myself, that I was a soul roasting over a barbecue in the lower depths of perdition. By the end of my oration, he was on the verge of tears. He told me he had a cousin in San Francisco who ran a restaurant and that I had to look him up when I got home. Then he took me to his home to meet the wife and kids and have some wine. He wanted me to know that a family could be happy, that marriage was an honorable estate, that life had meaning. He never did give me a ticket.

Probably the worst part of going on my honeymoon in the singular was that all the experiences I wanted to share with a wife in the course of the honeymoon, I had to share with no one. Sometimes, I'd pretend I had imaginary beings with me, and I'd share the experiences with them. Not with six-foot-tall rabbits, which is someone else's fantasy, but with imaginary creatures such as Pia Zadora, Bo Derek and Traci Lords. Traci was especially good company, though I swear on every bottle of chianti I consumed that I never knew she was underage. I may go on my honeymoon by myself, I may fantasize about porn stars such as Traci, but my own weirdness stops when it comes into close contact with the age of consent. Honest.

Of course, I found that even my imaginary companions didn't give me quite the solace I sought. I mean, what kind of a conversation can you have with Pia Zadora—an imaginary Pia Zadora, at that—when you want to muse upon the strange horns growing out of the top of the head of Michelangelo's *Moses*? Or why Michelangelo's *David* isn't circumcised? He was the king of Israel, which implies that he was a nice Jewish boy. So why was his foreskin still intact? This was not the sort of question either the real or an imaginary Bo Derek was going to have any luck dealing with.

In the end, my honeymoon for one was what might best be described as a deeply bittersweet journey through me. I was glad I had gone on my honeymoon; I needed some time to myself. I needed to be away from the matchmakers and meddlers who looked upon me as a prime steak, ready for the marital griddle. It was also a unique way to come face to face with some of the shortcomings my ex-wife-to-be found so alarming. I realized that I'm a real pain in the butt, that you can't bully people into living lives they don't



"We believe that without physical fitness, there can be no salvation."

want to, that patience may, indeed, be the greatest virtue of them all. I learned that being a highly obsessive type-A personality can exact a rather high price on relationships and that sometimes the price of being self-absorbed is having no one to be absorbed with but yourself.

But there was good news mixed with the bad. I reaffirmed the simple fact that I'm an OK guy. I can entertain myself pretty well, I can change my socks with reasonable regularity and I can strike up decent conversations with people with whom I share no common language. I liked being one of Bruce Jay Friedman's Lonely Guys—at least for a while—and I liked being one of P. J. O'Rourke's Bachelor Disaster Areas. Women inspire men to be neat, clean and upstanding. Every once in a while, especially when the occasion calls for it, it's fun to be a mess.

My favorite bit of honeymoon madness came late one night after a two-bottles-of-wine meal in the fine old city of Verona, home of Romeo and Juliet. It was after one in the morning; I was nattily attired in my white-linen suit, with matching white shoes. Heading back to my hotel, I stumbled through a dimly lighted medieval square, packed with locals eating and drinking in a clutter of outdoor cafés. I stood there, listing ever so slightly to starboard. And all of a sudden—*mirabile dictu!*—right out of nowhere, the voice of Gene Kelly popped into my head. He was crooning the title song from *Singin' in the Rain*, which had been our favorite movie musical. I wanted the music to go away, but the wine had ensured that it wouldn't.

And so, to appease whatever demon had gotten into my noggin, I started to dance. I danced my way around the piazza, once, twice, three times, maybe even four times. Diners and drinkers, late-night carousers every one of them, would look up at me and smile as I did a workaday soft shoe, interspersed with the occasional buck and wing. Looking into their eyes, I could read their thoughts as they blessed me for the divine madness that had afflicted me and for the divine comedy that had become my life. I danced for close to an hour, dancing away the pain and hurt, the misery and self-doubt, the devastation to my soul and havoc wreaked upon my psyche. I danced like a man possessed. And I know it was during that dance in Verona that I began to heal. I could hear Scarlett O'Hara going on about how tomorrow was another day, as the closing music from *Gone with the Wind* replaced the voice of Gene Kelly within my well-addled mind. I knew I was going to be all right. I had also made myself powerfully hungry. And that reminded me of one of the best things about going on your honeymoon in Italy. When you make yourself hungry, you can always get a pizza, at any time of the day or night. And in my case, I didn't even have to share it.



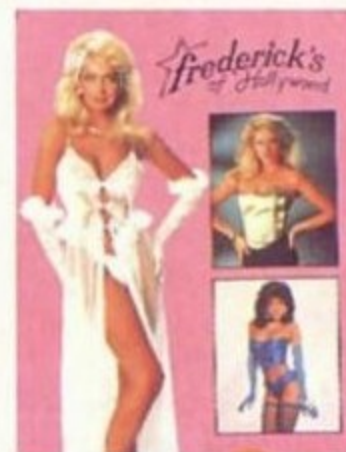
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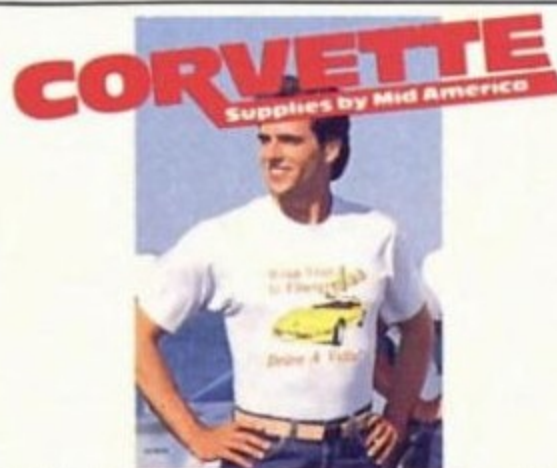


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BOB UECKER (continued from page 141)

you'll remember from many, many years here in the Chicagoland area and, well, he's gone now, and we thank him for stopping in."

He would do that constantly, so I just made up that thing about a Russian missile attack on Chicago with him never missing a play. He didn't care how many bombs were dropped. It would be [on-air voice] "A swing and a miss, the White Sox haven't won in 21 days, bases loaded here and nobody out. And the Yankees leading two to one." Meanwhile, the engineer keeps trying to get his attention. "Wow! Our engineer keeps telling me that we have a public-service announcement, but more important, the White Sox have a chance to win this game."

"All right, we'll read this thing. Here's a swing and a foul off the bat of Gene Freese and it's nothing—one. It seems the Russians have launched an ICBM attack—here's a ball, low and outside—against the Chicagoland area, and the attack is due to hit here around—here's a swing and a line-drive foul to left—4:30; that is, Central time; but right now, the White Sox with a chance to win this game. Here is the windup and the next pitch. Strike three called, and this game is over. And the White Sox leave the bases loaded. And as we look out over the right-field area here in Comiskey Park, we see some of those missiles exploding in the downtown Chicago area. Now, for those of you who are looking for an escape route out of Chicago, I-94 North seems like your best route. But don't forget, the Red Sox are in for a weekend series starting tomorrow. That's Friday, Saturday and Sunday. And Sunday is going to be Jersey Day here at the ball park. Everybody entering the park gets a free cow. So come on out Sunday afternoon, when the White Sox take on Boston. Boy, look at those bombs

exploding. There go the right-field seats. So long, everybody."

9.

PLAYBOY: Statistics have become such a big part of the play-by-play and color broadcasts that it seems you guys have a personal computer in the booth. True? Or do you really *know* all that stuff?

UECKER: A lot of it is memory. If you asked me about a particular game a year ago, I could tell you what somebody hit, what pitch he hit for a home run that beat you. You remember things that hurt you. We do rely on stat sheets, but generally, I don't need notes to do a broadcast. Filling 20 seconds between each pitch is no problem. In fact, there's too much information. We probably get six or seven sheets a day. How can you use all that stuff in a game? But I don't know if any of it means anything. You can't convince the players that it does.

10.

PLAYBOY: What's your all-time baseball-trivia stumper question?

UECKER: Why didn't Sandy Koufax pitch the opening game of the '65 world series against Minnesota? It was a Jewish holiday.

11.

PLAYBOY: What major-league record will never be broken?

UECKER: DiMaggio's hitting streak. Pete Rose came close, but he was still a long, long way away. And maybe the home-run record. That depends on longevity. Hank Aaron stuck around long enough to beat it. I don't think it will happen again, because of player salaries. Why hang around that long, when there're so many other things you can do with that kind of money?

12.

PLAYBOY: You're in conference with the commissioner. He has asked your opinion on the designated hitter, electronic umps and AstroTurf. What do you tell him?

UECKER: I'd go for an electronic ump. Just dress it in black. Give it a beer belly. Put a little beanie on it or a beret. [Pauses] Of course, who would you scream and holler at if you didn't have those guys? I like the D.H. I'm not too excited about watching pitchers hit. Just the way they weren't that excited about watching me hit, you know? I probably didn't mention to you that when I got released, all the pitchers in the National League wanted to pay my salary just to keep me in the league. It was going to be a pool, with each guy contributing a little money to keep me on the club. I'm not a big AstroTurf fan. If horses can't eat it, I don't think it's any good.

13.

PLAYBOY: Are the sunny seats superior to the shady seats?

UECKER: No. Look at where you have to walk up there [points to upper deck]. What's fun is getting down. People buy those cheap seats and as the game progresses, they move from seat to seat. That's the only way to go. I saw somebody fall out of the upper deck in Philadelphia one day. What a thrill. People booed the guy when he got up and walked away. Those people in Philly, they're tough.

14.

PLAYBOY: You were born a Robert, but somewhere along the way, you chose Bob. Can you give us a few words on being Bob?

UECKER: I think Bob means getting away from patent-leather shoes. Roberts are into that. Also pants with a stripe. Robert has always sounded tuxedoish to me. Robert McFarlane. Robert Morley. Bob's one of the guys, you know. For instance: "Bob on up and kiss my ass." You couldn't say, "Robert up and kiss my ass." It's got to be Bob.

15.

PLAYBOY: What's the best Bob Uecker joke you've ever heard and who tells it?

UECKER: Johnny Carson. It was during one of those Karnak routines. The answer was, "Catch-22." The question was, "What Bob Uecker does with a hundred pitches."

16.

PLAYBOY: Among your lesser-known jobs is hosting *Bob Uecker's Wacky World of Sports*. What are the craziest stories you ever did?

UECKER: We had a guy who caught cannon balls. He must have been about 5'6". He looked like Tony Galento, the fighter. He stood six to eight feet away and caught a shot the size of a bowling ball. There was a wall behind him that was supposed to stop him. It didn't. There was plaster



everywhere. The guy got up, though.

There used to be another guy who'd get into a coffin in center field. Then his helpers would put dynamite around the thing and blow him up. You don't see stuff like that anymore.

We also had a guy from the Flying Wallendas who'd walk on a high wire stretched from the top-deck roof in right to the top-deck roof in left. I'd stand on the pitcher's mound. He'd take a baseball with him, do a handstand up there and drop the ball down to me. He's dead now.

Finally, there was The Great Zucchini. They fired him out of a cannon. In Cleveland, he had too much of a charge in there, and he went over the left-field wall—out into Lake Erie someplace. Nobody ever saw him again.

17.

PLAYBOY: How do you keep the fans interested when the outlook is dismal?

UECKER: You don't give the score as much—maybe twice during the game. Then people will keep listening.

18.

PLAYBOY: Is it a good idea for catchers to talk with batters while they're at bat?

UECKER: Guys used to tell me all the time to shut up. But some hitters it doesn't bother. I could ask about the family, "How's your kids?" "How's the road trip?" "I saw your car at the ball park—nice car." And while they're answering, they're hitting a ball out of the ball park. Usually, it was because they'd tricked me into telling them what pitch I'd called. I guess I got too involved with those guys. They'd say, "Jeez, you got a great guy on the mound. What's he got?" I'd say, "Yeah, he's throwing pretty good today." "No kidding?" "Yeah. Watch his fast ball."

19.

PLAYBOY: Is the drug problem over in baseball?

UECKER: Yes; Peter Ueberroth's done a heck of a job. And each club has done its part by bringing in drug- and alcohol-rehab programs, not only for the players but for front-office people, too. That's a common thing now. It has to be. I can't remember anybody dying of an overdose of anything when I was playing. An overdose of curve balls, maybe. Or going back to the minor leagues.


20.

PLAYBOY: When you were playing, how seriously did you take your baseball career?

UECKER: I took it very seriously. I wanted to do good when I was out there. I did do good sometimes. Sometimes I sucked. But I never went out there with the idea of doing badly. But I like to laugh. I didn't screw around when I played. Just because I went onto the field with no pants on didn't mean I didn't care.



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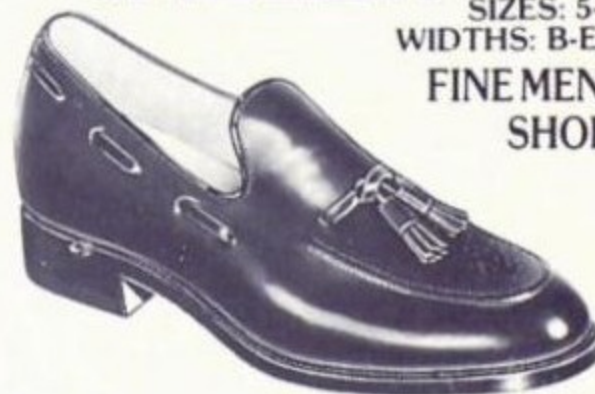
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"Rachel heard the sound of zippers being pulled and snaps being undone and the bedsprings' squeak."

and noticed Rachel standing at the edge of the crowd. She looked out of place and a little silly to him, dressed in a black-silk dress and rubber beach sandals. She was very beautiful, though, and on his way out, he asked if she would like to share a taxi with him. It was snowing, not the best weather for beach sandals. Rachel said she would and during the ride uptown, she told him about herself. She worked at another gallery, so went to lots of openings. She didn't care for her job, though, and made no secret of it. She supposed they might get around to firing her, but that didn't bother her. She lost jobs all the time, it seemed. It was her tenth job since leaving college. What she really wanted to do was to be a painter herself.

Obviously, she was very confused. Taylor had seen women like her before—at college, at parties, walking down the street. They always seemed to work in galleries, sell flowers from street carts with bright umbrellas, go to Europe to study and have affairs with married Frenchmen or German anarchists from wealthy families. He understands women like her and usually they don't interest him. But there was something else about Rachel. In the cab, he listened to her talk, slid closer to her on the hard seat. And when, right before the cab reached his building, Rachel asked him to tell her a story, he told the driver to keep driving. That first cab ride ended up costing him \$72.40.

Once, Taylor recalls, after he and Rachel had been going out a few months,

she grabbed hold of him and wouldn't let him get out of bed and go to the bathroom until he told her a story. He had tried and tried. Finally, in desperation, he dredged up what he knew was a rather lame anecdote about Rusty, a calico cat he had had when he was seven.

Almost in disgust, Rachel had let him get up. While he was in the bathroom, though, standing over the bowl, she stood outside the door and told him another story of her own. She was just a little girl, no more than five or six. Standing in the back of her big sister's closet, enjoying the dark, the lingering smell of perfume on the clothes, the delicious danger of being in a place that was forbidden to her, Rachel was surprised by the sound of footsteps coming up the stairs. The door to the room opened and she heard the voices of her sister and her boyfriend. Boys were forbidden in the bedroom. Rachel would have loved to tell on her, but their parents were out and she was trapped, afraid to move.

The two of them giggling, the sound of the window being pushed open. She could smell cigarette smoke, another thing her sister was forbidden to do. Then Rachel heard the sound of zippers being pulled and snaps being undone, her sister's vague protests, which soon gave way to laughter, and the bedsprings' squeak. Suddenly, Rachel had to go—*really had to go*—to the bathroom. There was no escape. She waited and waited, but they were still out there—the bed rocking up

and down, a few soft, whispered words, the Beatles' album *Rubber Soul* playing over and over again on her sister's small phonograph. Rachel began to cry. She wiggled and cried. The dark closet frightened her now. She was afraid of what would happen when she was found out. Her parents would punish her. Her sister would hate her. And what was her sister doing, anyway? Was she OK?

As the first drops began to trickle down her legs, Rachel crawled into the very back of the closet. There she found an old can of moth balls. She had always loved the smell of moth balls. In the dark, tugging down her panties, she squatted, held the can between her legs and peed.

The smell filled the closet, clung to the clothes. It made Rachel's skin feel electric and prickly, made her eyes water. She had never smelled anything quite like it before, anything so strong and intoxicating. It was strange, though. She suddenly felt faint and began to cough. She tried not to—her sister would hear—but she couldn't help herself. Something was wrong. Her throat burned and she collapsed on the floor. There were loud voices in the room, her sister's and her boyfriend's; they had heard. Then there was a long, long scream.

She awoke in the hospital. Her mother was there and her father, standing around the bed. Her sister was there, too, sitting in tears in a chair near the door. A thin sheet of plastic separated Rachel from all three of them. Later, Rachel learned there had been a chemical reaction between the moth balls and her urine. Some sort of gas had been created that had made her pass out. It spread into the bedroom and made her sister's boyfriend pass out, too, when he was still on top of her sister. She had thought he died and screamed so loud that the neighbors called the police. That was how the police found them when they burst through the door.

After hearing this story, Taylor came out of the bathroom and was unable to sleep. He sat up that night in a chair, watching Rachel sleep peacefully. Whenever he felt himself drift off, he slapped himself hard across the face.

Also, since that night, Taylor has become convinced he has exhausted his life's resource of stories. Every sadistic football coach, lecherous baby sitter, outrageous roommate and senile relative he has ever encountered has been put to use.

Recently, Taylor has even tried to recycle stories he has already told Rachel. He has shifted them around, changed some names, switched locations. But Rachel sees right through their flimsy fabric. She takes his deceit rather badly, too. It is almost as if he has betrayed her. Taylor knows he could make something up, something completely fictitious and outrageous, and Rachel would be pleased. That is what she is after.

Each evening, he looked back on his day, saw it stretched out behind him and



shook his head. What happened was what he had expected to happen. It did not beg comment, let alone retelling. Taylor began to feel for the first time at a loss, strangely helpless. Maybe it would be possible for him to borrow some stories from his friends and co-workers. David, who worked in Research, two floors below Taylor's, had been in Vietnam. He had flown in B-52s, a navigator, so he knew the country only from a long distance away, looking through a tiny window. But he still knew many things that he would talk about when asked. He knew the sound the bombs made when they exploded: thunder, as if somewhere it were going to rain. Actually, he had never really heard that sound. They dropped the bombs and were already on their way back home to Thailand by the time they hit the ground. But once, while sitting in a restaurant in Bangkok, David talked to a Marine who had heard the bombs. He told him what it was like. Taylor was too young to have been in Vietnam, and Rachel knew it. Still, he thought he might be able to use some of David's stories. He would change the specific details, but maybe the principle would still apply.

Taylor looks at Rachel, who sits waiting patiently. He sighs deeply. "How would you like to go to a movie?" he asks.

Someone has left behind a newspaper in the booth, the *Post*. Taylor picks it up and looks for the movie listings. Before he finds them, he passes articles about how coffee causes cancer, certain vegetables prevent cancer and a woman in New Jersey whose husband has been locked up in a Russian prison since 1918. "Here," he says. "Around the corner, there is one about pirates who get sent into the future and teenagers who get sent into the past. Down the block, there is one about a woman who kills her child in a concentration camp."

Rachel shakes her head. "No, Taylor," she says. "It's your turn."

She waits. Taylor clears his throat. He begins one story and stops. Then another.

Rachel waits, carefully shredding her napkin and then trying to fit all the pieces back together again. As he struggles, she

absent-mindedly runs her index finger along the rim of her glass. There is an unseen chip and on the third pass, the finger is cut. A drop of blood appears. Rachel holds the finger over the glass. The drop grows heavier and heavier and then falls into the drink. The cool, clear liquor is infused with streaks of bright red. A new drop appears on the finger replacing the old. Rachel holds it up to her face and looks at it casually. She sticks it into her mouth and gently sucks.

Taylor watches Rachel's glass. The tiny drop of blood spreads easily throughout the drink. It does not float to the surface or sink. No part is safe from it.

"Do you remember that story I told you?" Rachel asks.

then holds it out on the table in front of Taylor. It is the index finger of her left hand.

"See," she says. "There's no great damage."

Taylor takes Rachel's hand. "This place should be more careful," he says. "Someone could be seriously hurt. They could sue. You should really be more careful, too." He dabs at the tiny cut with his napkin, looks at the spot of blood on the white paper and then presses down on the finger until its tip turns purple.

Rachel tells another story. It takes place in the not-too-distant past, a story about her going up to Boston for what was to be a guiltless abortion. She never told Taylor she was pregnant. Her trip to Boston was

to visit friends, that was what she did tell him. Everything was going to be taken care of.

The clinic was very clean, the staff friendly. In the waiting room, all the plants had somehow been made to bloom at the same time. The doctor introduced himself and shook her hand. He told her to call him Bob. In the "procedure room," as Bob called it, there were problems. She already had the gown on, had already been put on the table, her feet were in the stirrups, but they had to wait. There were problems with the machine. Bob said there wasn't enough suction. He would have it taken care of, would see to it personally.

She was led into a small adjacent room

to wait. Marge, the nurse, told her that was where she would recover, after it was over. The door to the procedure room was partially open and it was not long before she could see Bob and a man wearing blue chinos and a blue shirt with MURRAY written above the left pocket enter the room. Murray was carrying a big toolbox and Bob told him there was definitely a suction problem. Murray assured him that it would be no problem, it happened all the time, and he would take care of it. He pulled out a big wrench.

Back on the table again, legs apart, Rachel counted her breaths, one to ten, one to ten. Now it would be over. Bob apologized for the delay and Marge took

The advertisement features a man with dark, wavy hair, wearing a blue shirt, leaning over the railing of a boat. He is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. In the foreground, on a dark surface, sits a bottle of Amaretto di Saronno Original. The bottle is clear with a gold label and a black cap. The background shows the boat's railing and a blurred view of the water and sky.

Amaretto di Dack

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"I remember," Taylor says, still staring at the drink, his voice loud enough for people at the other tables to hear. He does remember: the summer she turned 16, out all night on the beach with her boyfriend, huddled under a blanket, kissing and drinking strawberry wine, the fight with her father when she got home that ended up with his calling her a slut. Twenty-nine stitches in her left hand. That was how Rachel had replied to her father's accusation. Ever since she told him, when they hold hands, Taylor catches himself carefully examining her palm. He looks for the long, thin white line.

Rachel's finger starts to bleed again. She sticks it into her mouth for a second and



PLAYBOY COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST

First prize, \$3000 and publication in the October 1988 issue; second prize, \$500 and a year's subscription; third prize, a year's subscription. The rules:

1. No purchase necessary. 2. Contest is open to all college students—no age limit. Employees of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., its agents, affiliates and families are not eligible.
3. To enter, submit your typed, double-spaced manuscript of 25 pages or fewer with a 3" x 5" card listing your name, age, college affiliation, permanent home address and phone number to Playboy College Fiction Contest, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Only one entry per person. All entries must be original works of fiction and must be postmarked by January 1, 1988. Mutilated or illegible entries will be disqualified.
4. Prizes will be awarded to those entrants whose stories meet *Playboy's* standard for quality. *Playboy* reserves the right to withhold prizes if the submitted entries do not meet its usual standards for publication. All decisions of the judges are final.
5. Winning contestants will be notified by mail and may be obligated to sign and return an affidavit of eligibility within 30 days of notification. In the event of noncompliance within this time period, alternate winners may be selected. Any prize-notification letter or any prize returned to Playboy Enterprises, Inc., and undeliverable may be awarded to an alternate winner.
6. *Playboy* reserves the right to edit the first-prize-winning story for publication.
7. Entry authorizes use of any prize winner's name, photograph and biographical information by Playboy Enterprises, Inc., without further compensation to the winner.
8. *Playboy* reserves the right to publish the winning entries in the U.S. and foreign editions of *Playboy* and to reprint the winning entries in any English-language or foreign-edition anthologies or compilations of *Playboy* material.
9. Contest is subject to all Federal, state and local laws and regulations. Taxes on prizes are the sole responsibility of winning contestants. Void where prohibited by law.
10. All manuscripts become the property of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., and will not be returned. For a list of winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Playboy Enterprises, Inc., College Fiction Contest, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

her blood pressure and pulse. Not records but close. This would make her feel better, Bob said, taking a syringe from Marge and putting it in her vein, and he was telling the truth. Immediately, she felt better. She felt great, warm and relaxed. She felt just like she was coming, right there on the table, and that struck her as being funny. She even began to laugh. Something had to be reversed, mixed up and confused.

Later, on her way back from the clinic, she stopped at a toy store in Cambridge. It was having a sale, things left over from Christmas. She bought a big German Teddy bear that cost so much she had to use her American Express card. Spring had not arrived yet. The wind was blowing hard and cold. Bob had given her three little white pills "for the pain, one now, two later." He had told her to go right home and lie down, but she took a long walk instead, her collar turned up against the wind, the bear held tightly to her breast.

She walked for hours. Night came and she still walked. She felt that she wanted to cry, or at least that she *should* cry, but she couldn't. The big German bear was supposed to help; it had big soft ears and sad brown eyes. Standing alongside the Charles, she said goodbye to the bear. It had failed her and she was going to throw it into the dark, icy river.

There was something wrong. She began to shiver. Her coat was heavy and warm, but she felt so cold. And she hurt. All three of Bob's pills were gone and she still hurt. She began to walk again, trailing the Teddy bear behind her. It began to snow, a soft, late-season snow. The flakes hung in the air, caught in the light from street lamps. The snow muffled every sound, cars glided by, moving silently, like sleds on invisible runners. She couldn't even hear her own footsteps. She knew that if she called out for help or screamed, there would be nothing. Not a single sound.

Stopping for a moment, she looked down at the snow beneath her feet and saw spots. Deep red, they clung to the top crust of snow and then slowly began to spread out at the edges, soaking in.

On Mass Avenue, she found a cab, slowly disappearing under the snow, and got in. Blood was everywhere. She didn't want the cabdriver to see, though, didn't want his cab to be covered with her blood. She took the German bear that cost \$117 and wedged it tightly between her legs. She was sure it could absorb every drop of blood she had in her. It was a big bear.

In the emergency room, they took the bloody bear away from her. She held tight, but it slipped away. A little boy who was waiting with a bag of ice held over one eye saw the bear and began to cry. It was given to a black orderly wearing a white T-shirt with yellow stains. She watched as he shoved it through a little door in the hall marked INCINERATOR. She began to cry.

Rachel and Taylor slide out of the booth and meet at the end of the table. Rachel smiles at him, touching his shoulder. "It's OK," she says. "You can give me one later." Rachel fusses with her hair, trying to keep it back, but gives up. Taylor sets down a \$20 bill for the bartender.

It is late. They have been in the bar for a long time. It is too late for dinner and the theater. Too late for movies. Outside it is warm, though. Spring. Several cabs pass by with their lights on, but neither Taylor nor Rachel raises a hand. They decide to walk back to Taylor's apartment. It is a long distance, but they decide to walk, anyway. They have each other for company.

Across the street, a new building is being constructed. It is just a skeleton of cement and steel, but already it is very tall. At the four corners, there are very bright lights and on every floor, workmen are busy. They walk back and forth across the thin girders, in constant motion. The building grows higher and higher. Taylor didn't even notice it when he walked into the bar.

"Was this here before?" he asks.

"What?" Rachel asks, taking Taylor's arm and guiding him down the street.

"This building. I've never seen it. Was it here before? I want to know."

"Oh, that," Rachel says, still walking. "Haven't you heard? About the Brazilian industrialist. And his wife who disappeared in the jungle while collecting butterflies. It was thought she had gone to live with this tribe of cannibals. Anyway, he swore that if she ever came back—"

"Never mind," Taylor says, looking back over his shoulder and counting the floors.

Rachel and Taylor make love. Rachel sits on top of him, rocking her hips. With his eyes closed, Taylor thinks of being on a ship far out at sea. With the index finger of

each hand, Rachel traces the outline of Taylor's body on the bed. She starts at the top of his head and pulls the fingers down slowly, until they are past his knees. Then she pulls them up until they meet at the beginning. Later, Taylor and Rachel lie in each other's arms. Rachel falls asleep, but Taylor cannot. He reaches over to the nightstand and grabs the remote control for the TV. He turns on the VCR but keeps the sound off. A movie he does not recognize fills the 25-inch screen. Such colors. They are so bright he has to squint. A woman dances with a Dixieland band in the streets of Las Vegas, but her husband is far away. He stands out in the desert and watches a young girl walk a tightrope under a million bright stars.

Taylor turns off the VCR and turns on the TV. He goes through the many channels. They flash before his eyes. Wars are being fought, loves falling apart, drains unplugged right there in front of him. He wonders which one he should watch but can't decide.

Taylor places the remote-control unit under his pillow and lies back down on it. The pressure from his head keeps the channel-changer button depressed and the channels whirl by, a continuous electronic scroll. He watches the pictures. The constant flash and flicker begin to make him dizzy.

Watching the TV, Taylor becomes confused. He tries to concentrate, but there, before his eyes, wars are being unstuck, drains heroically conquered, stubborn loves dissolved and washed away. He reaches under the pillow to find the remote control. He wants to turn the TV off, but it's not there. It must have slipped down between the mattress and the headboard, he decides. Taylor wedges his hand into the narrow space but can't reach it. The button is still depressed and the channels continue to whirl.

Taylor turns over onto his stomach and sticks his hand farther down in search of the remote control. He sticks it in up to the elbow and then, getting up on his knees, jams it in all the way up to his shoulder. He still can't find it. His finger tips crawl

slowly, methodically over every inch of the dark space. Taylor sits up. Below him, he can see part of the outline of his body that Rachel traced. Most of it has been wiped out, but the heavy cotton sheet still holds parts—a broad shoulder, a bony hip, a left elbow. Pushing hard, feet kicking, Taylor tries to force his arm down ever farther into the narrow space, but his legs become tangled up with the blanket. Falling forward, he hits his head on the smooth oak headboard with a crack.

Lying on his back again, Taylor tries to fit back into the outline. It is almost completely gone now, but he tries, thinks he can make out some faint lines—the thigh here, the hand there—thinks he can remember how it all was. He stares at the

from the TV. Rachel is still asleep beside him. Taylor is so sick he doesn't know what to do. He's adrift in an angry ball of blue light and there's no escape, no other place to go. Taylor and Rachel are so close, the tips of their noses touch. He touches Rachel gently on the shoulder and she opens her eyes slowly, by fractions.

"Rachel," Taylor whispers. His throat is dry, he can barely speak. He swallows hard, but it does not help. "I have a story to tell you." Rachel smiles and Taylor sees between her lips not teeth but a thin, hard band of blue light.

"I'm listening," she says.

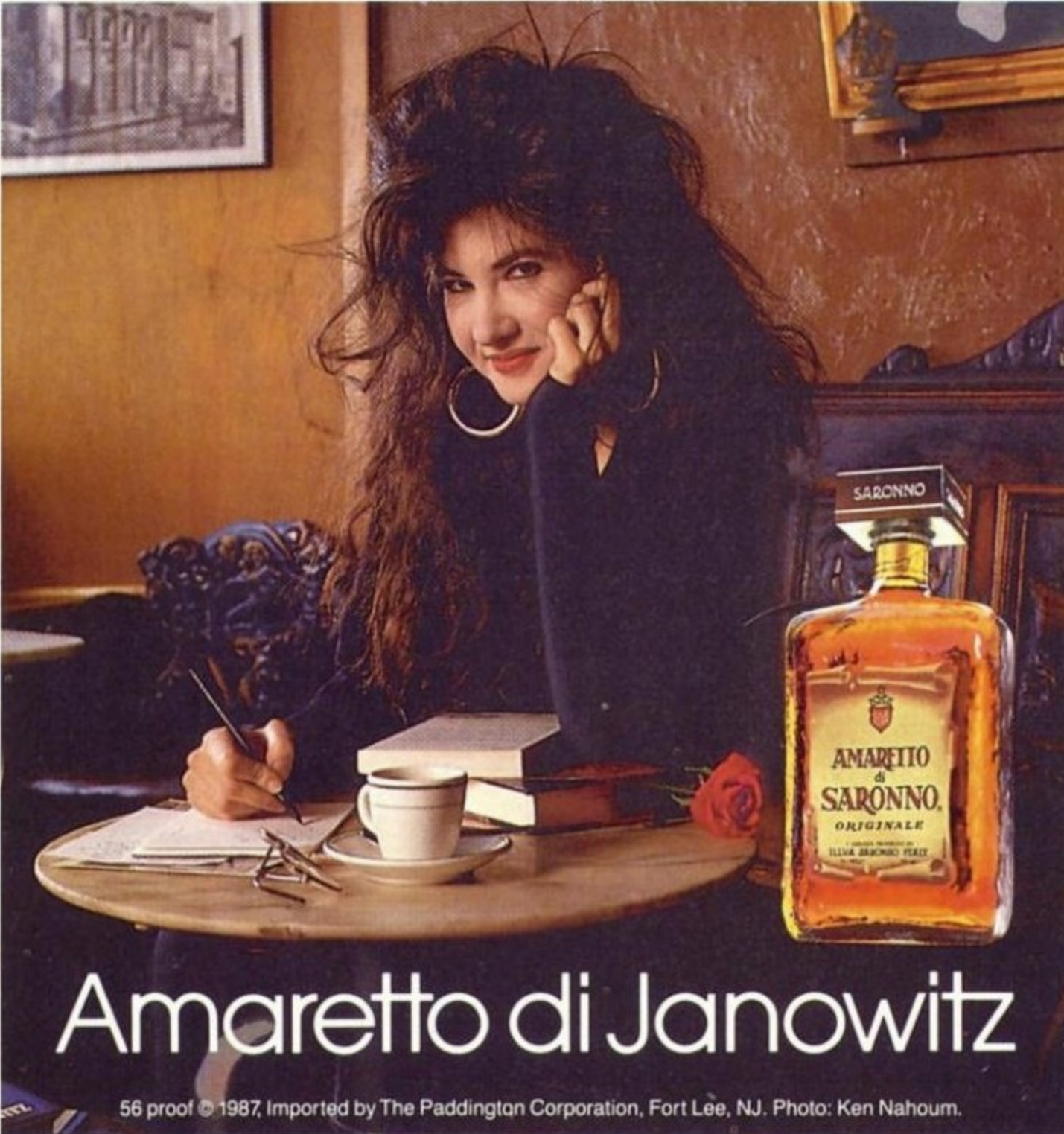
"I am not of your world," he continues. "My people came to earth thousands of years ago and assumed human form. We

have waited. We are patient as a race. But one day a message, too faint to be heard by any ears except our own, will come from our ruler and our plans will be put into effect. Some of your people will be enslaved, some sent back to our galaxy as food; most will simply be destroyed. This was a secret, but I just thought you should know."

Rachel's smile broadens. She throws a leg over Taylor, pinning him to the mattress with a warm, soft thigh. "Oh, Taylor," she says. Her mouth is filled with blue light, her breath so hot it burns his face. "I'm so glad you told me. Because, you see, I'm not from this planet, either. It is an alien and strange place. My people came here a very long

time ago. We've been at war with your race since the beginning of time." Rachel puts an arm around Taylor and holds him in a tight embrace. "And you see, Taylor, I've been waiting right here for you. I've been waiting for a million years."

Other prize winners in Playboy's College Fiction Contest: second prize, "Looking for Johnny," by Amy Michael Homes, University of Iowa; third prizes, "Object Permanence," by Marshall Boswell, Washington & Lee University; "The Grease Man," by Stephen Coyne, University of Denver; "Life's Big Adventure," by Robin D. Lewis, University of Alaska.



Amaretto di Janowitz

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TV, bright colors and patterns twisting back on one another as in a kaleidoscope. He breathes hard. Outside the window, Taylor hears a siren, fast and shrill, go by, and then another. He tries to concentrate again, not on the TV but on other things. He counts heartbeats, then the drawers in the dresser, the bricks in the wall.

The only thing to do, Taylor knows, is to get up and turn off the TV by hand. He feels too dizzy, sick. Desperate, he slowly lowers an exploratory foot to the floor, but he can't find it. It's not there. Suddenly, the floor, the walls, everything that used to make up the room is gone, replaced by flashing, flickering, whirling blue light.

He turns onto his side and faces away



"First-year coach Elliot Uzelac at Navy may be in line for one of those above-and-beyond-the-call medals."

offensive guard Mark Stepnoski head the offense. Pitt's defense, always good, is especially strong in the secondary, where Playboy All-America Billy Owens leads the way.

If the Orangemen and coach Dick MacPherson can put together an offensive line this season, they may make Syracuse fans forget basketball for a while. Led by the top quarterback in the East, Don McPherson (no relation to the coach), and boasting an excellent running game, the Orange should have no trouble putting up points. And if nose guard Ted Gregory can find his form of two years ago, before he broke his leg, the defense will improve.

The only team able to beat Boston Col-

lege last season by more than two points was national champion Penn State. The house that coach Jack Bicknell built and Doug Flutie made famous has continued its winning ways—four bowls in five years. It still has a Flutie—wide receiver Darren. Boston College will be good again, but its schedule is murder.

Last season was the first time since coach Don Nehlen took over West Virginia in 1980 that the team finished under .500. Convinced that his players were too heavy and a step slow, Nehlen prescribed "an excruciating" winter workout session. The Mountaineers benefited from two transfers: A. B. Brown, a runner from Pitt, and

defensive back Terry White, from Ohio State. If West Virginia can achieve consistency from freshman quarterback Major Harris, the team will be tough.

Rutgers returns with most of its running backs and receivers from last year, but the key will be the development of sophomore quarterback Scott Erney. The defense is young but has good bloodlines: Linebacker Chris Pickel's brother is Bill Pickel, defensive tackle for the L.A. Raiders; Mike Conlan's brother, Shane, was an All-America last season at Penn State. Rutgers will need two major upsets to get post-season consideration.

Temple coach Bruce Arians' main problem will be finding someone to replace Paul Palmer, the leading rusher in the nation last season. The Owls also lost their quarterback, fullback and leading

THE EAST

INDEPENDENTS

Penn State	7-4	Rutgers	6-5
Pittsburgh	7-4	Temple	4-7
Syracuse	7-4	Army	4-7
Boston College	7-4	Navy	2-9
West Virginia	6-5		

IVY LEAGUE

Pennsylvania	9-1	Dartmouth	5-5
Cornell	7-3	Princeton	3-7
Brown	6-4	Yale	3-7
Harvard	5-5	Columbia	1-9

ALL-EAST INDEPENDENT: Bauer, Curkendall, Thomas, Coates (Penn State); Olsavsky, Grossman, Osborn, Siragusa, Williams (Pittsburgh); Gregory, Bednarz, Drummond, Frase, Johnston, Kane (Syracuse); Wolf, Flutie, Lindstrom, Thompson, Lowe (Boston College); Brown, Baumann, Hunt, Haering (West Virginia); Cobb, Campbell, Austin, Young (Rutgers); Hinnant, Gloster, Parker, Jones (Temple); Crawford, Conner, Griffiths (Army); Brennan, McGoldrick, Saunders (Navy). ALL-IVY: Flynn, Novoselsky, Lista, Wilson, Hippenstiel (Pennsylvania); Raich, Rinkus, Rehman, Hahn, Hawkins (Cornell); Cataldo, Watts, M. Donovan (Brown); Yohe, Eilers, Williams (Harvard); Morton, Drury, Matthews, Russell (Dartmouth); Baker, Cain, Goodwin (Princeton); Athanasia, Brice, Ryan (Yale); Pollard, San Filippo (Columbia).



"I would like to level with you, but I can't, since I'm running for office."

receiver. Toss in a schedule that features seven road games, five against very tough opponents, and it could be a long season for Arians and the Owls.

Coach Jim Young knows how to make the most of the limited football talent available to the Army team. A successful head coach at Arizona and then at Purdue, Young loves coaching but not recruiting. The job at Army is an ideal solution, and Young's wishbone offense is perfect for the try-hard Cadets. Quarterback Tory Crawford returns to lead the charge. Young's biggest problem is finding enough defense to keep the wishbone on the field.

First-year coach Elliot Uzelac may be in line for one of those above-and-beyond-the-call medals. After all, he volunteered to direct a Navy team that, after going 3-8 last season, lost all 11 starters on defense. The only certain returning star is running back Chuck Smith, who gained almost 1000 yards last season. The Midshipmen

will be big on courage, short on talent.

With only six starters held over from last year's team that dominated the Ivy League, **Pennsylvania** may relax its strangle hold and let somebody beat it. But with running back Chris Flynn and plenty of talent waiting to emerge, the Quakers will more likely extend their string of consecutive Ivy League titles to six.

The Big Red of **Cornell** can make their season by winning their first game against defending Ivy League champ Pennsylvania. Head coach Maxie Baughan will have to replace several starters from last year's 8-2 squad, including the entire backfield and much of the defensive line. Cornell doesn't appear to have quite enough to catch the Quakers.

When John Rosenberg switched from the coaching staff of the Philadelphia Stars of the U.S.F.L. to the head coaching job at **Brown** back in 1983, he managed to satisfy the school's more sensitive attitudes toward athletics and build a winning record at the same time. Brown returns senior quarterback Mark Donovan and offensive tackle Joe Madden, son of TV commentator John. Brown would love to make it a three-way race in the Ivy but doesn't quite have the horses.

Harvard will try to use its size and strength in the offensive line to improve on last year's scoring attack. But the key to an improved season for coach Joe Restic and the Crimson will be the

recovery of running back Rufus Jones, the only speed threat in the Harvard backfield.

First-year coach Buddy Teevens inherits a **Dartmouth** team that managed only three wins against weak opponents last season. The team lacks a quarterback and defense. The notable bright spot is at wide receiver, where Ivy League Rookie of the Year Craig Morton averaged an amazing 24.2 yards on 44 catches last year.

Princeton will attempt to recover from a disappointing 2-8 season last year by relying on quarterback Jason Garrett and a corps of consistent running backs. Garrett and his two brothers, John and Judd, all transferred to Princeton from Columbia, where their father was football coach.

The **Yale** Bulldogs have talent on the offensive side with quarterback Kelly Ryan, junior tailback Kevin Brice and tight end Dean Athanasia. But especially since there is no spring practice allowed in the Ivy League, coach Carmen Cozza will be scrambling to find a defense. Some tough out-of-conference games won't help.

No one enjoys watching a college football team break losing-streak records. **Columbia** has its best chance to break the streak, now at 31, against Lafayette in the second game of the season. If it loses, coach Larry McElreavy will spend the rest of the year simply trying to keep chins up.

The football power in Alabama this year rests in **Auburn**, not Birmingham. The

America wide receiver Wendell Davis. The match-up between the Tigers and Ohio State at Baton Rouge in late September will be pivotal in determining the national standings for both teams.

The quality of **Mississippi** football has been improving over the past four years under coach Billy Brewer. The Rebels were a surprising 8-3-1 last year, including a win over Texas Tech in the Independence Bowl. With 18 starters returning, Ole Miss may be the sleeper team in the country to make a run at the national championship. Returning quarterback Mark Young and wide receiver J. R. Ambrose are outstanding. A schedule of only four road games will also help.

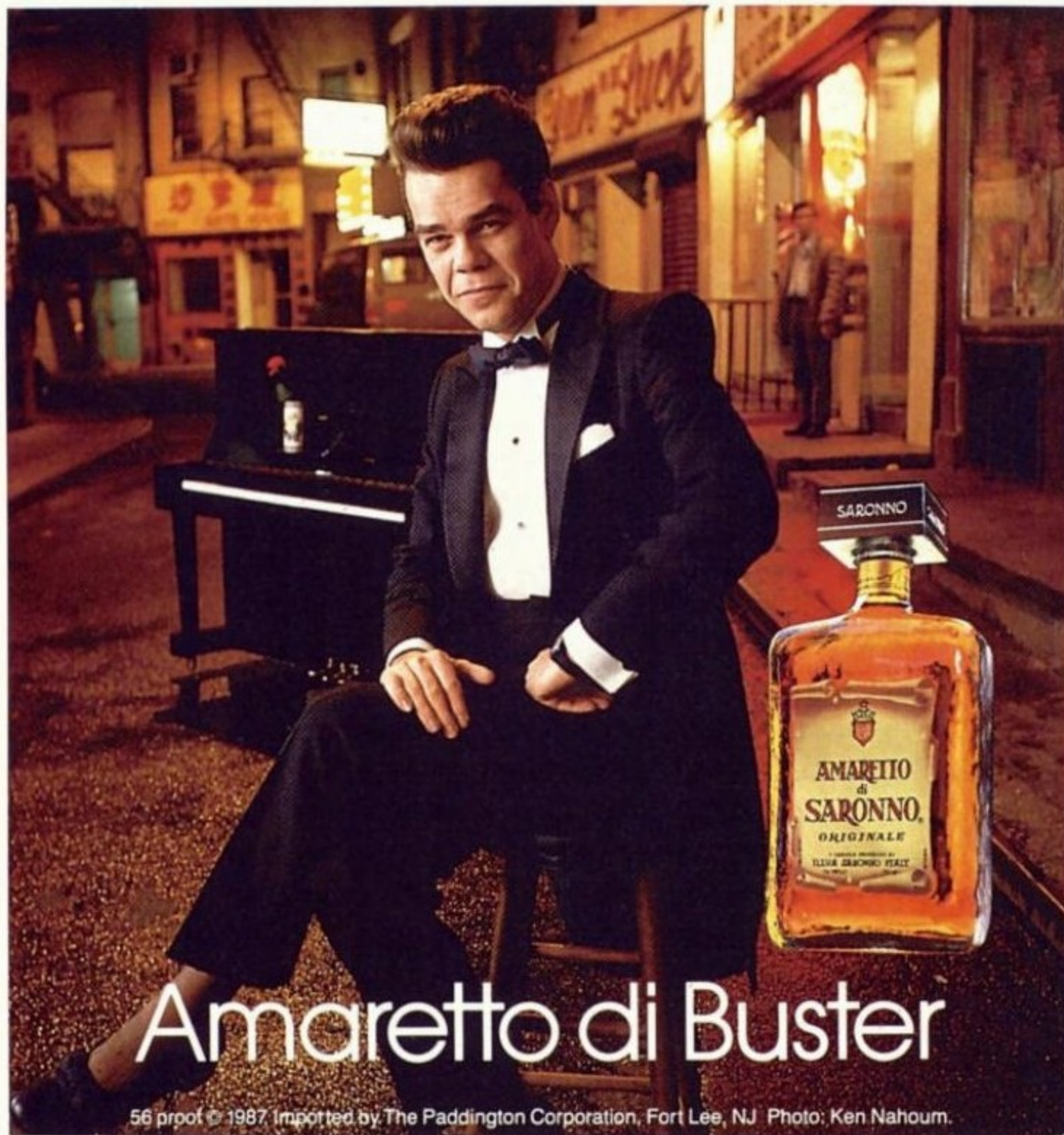
Tennessee got off to a horrible start last season, losing five of its first seven games. But once quarterback Jeff Francis settled down, the Volunteers closed with five straight victories, capped by their 21-14 win over Minnesota in the Liberty Bowl. The Vols have plenty of offensive talent back this season. If they can get by Iowa in the Kickoff Classic and avoid some of the injuries that plagued them last year, coach Johnny Majors and his crew will be in the major-bowl hunt.

Alabama surprised everyone by picking Bill Curry—not a Bear Bryant disciple but a Georgia Tech man—as coach. He starts his 'Bama tenure with a quarterback lottery that has six contestants. A relatively easy early schedule will give

Curry a chance to find a passing game to complement the running of Playboy All-America halfback Bobby Humphrey.

Vince Dooley has been working his magic at **Georgia** for 25 years, the longest tenure at a major school of any active coach in the country. In Dooley's past nine years, the Bulldogs have lost only eight games in the S.E.C. Lars Tate, the first Georgia back to lead the team in rushing, receiving and scoring in the same season, returns, but the running corps behind him is thin. Georgia is also weak at the defensive corners.

Two years of N.C.A.A. probation are over for **Florida**, but the effects, in the form of fewer players on scholarship, still



Amaretto di Buster

56 proof © 1987 Imported by The Paddington Corporation, Fort Lee, NJ Photo: Ken Nahoum.

Tigers return 15 starters from the team that went 10-2 last year and beat Southern California in the Florida Citrus Bowl. Despite the loss of All-America running back Brent Fullwood and a much tougher schedule, Auburn figures to be as good as or better than last year. The defense is back almost intact. James Joseph and redshirt Curtis Stewart will try to fill Fullwood's shoes.

When Bill Arnsperger left **Louisiana State** at the end of last season, he handed new coach Mike Archer a team loaded with talent. Tom Hodson, the top-rated freshman quarterback in the country last year, will team up with Playboy All-

BEST OF THE REST

(These players have a chance to make someone's end-of-the-season All-America team)

QUARTERBACKS: Chris Chandler (Washington), Don McPherson (Syracuse), Todd Ellis (South Carolina), Todd Santos (San Diego State), Mike Perez (San Jose State), Tom Hodson (Louisiana State), Danny McCain (Cincinnati), Jamelle Holieway (Oklahoma)

RUNNING BACKS: Craig Heywood (Pittsburgh), Chuck Smith (Navy), Lars Tate (Georgia), Jamie Morris (Michigan), Tony Jeffery (Texas Christian), Darrell Thompson (Minnesota), Lorenzo White (Michigan State), Lydell Carr (Oklahoma), Keith Jones (Nebraska)

RECEIVERS: Anthony Miller (Tennessee), J. R. Ambrose (Mississippi), Nasrallah Worthen (North Carolina State), Ferrell Edmunds (Maryland), Azizuddin Abdur-Ra'oof (Maryland), Michael Irvin (Miami), Sterling Sharpe (South Carolina), Marc Zeno (Tulane), Andre Rison (Michigan State), Hart Lee Dykes (Oklahoma State), Aaron Cox (Arizona State), Jeff James (Stanford), Ken Henry (Southern California), Ray Roundtree (Penn State)

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: Mark Stepanoski (Pittsburgh), Eric Andolsek (Louisiana State), David Williams (Florida), Pat Tomberlin (Florida State), John Elliott (Michigan), Mark Hutson (Oklahoma), Anthony Phillips (Oklahoma), Joel Porter (Baylor), Louis Cheek (Texas A&M), Dave Cadigan (Southern California), Doug Fiala (Colorado State), Joe Tofflemire (Arizona), Chuck Lanza (Notre Dame), Eric Moore (Indiana)

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: Tracy Rucker (Auburn), Michael Dean Perry (Clemson), Mark Messner (Michigan), Mark Nichols (Michigan State), Neil Smith (Nebraska), Jerry Deckard (Oklahoma State), Chad Hennings (Air Force), Al Noga (Hawaii), Gary Hulsey (Utah State)

LINEBACKERS: Pete Giftopoulos (Penn State), Bill Romanowski (Boston College), Aundray Bruce (Auburn), Jeff Herrod (Mississippi), John Brantley (Georgia), Paul McGowan (Florida State), Eric Kumerow (Ohio State), Van Waiters (Indiana), David Rill (Washington), Galand Thaxton (Wyoming)

DEFENSIVE BACKS: Terry White (West Virginia), Kermit Kendrick (Alabama), Jarvis Williams (Florida), Mickey Pruitt (Colorado), James Washington (UCLA), Chuck Cecil (Arizona), Ron Cortell (Colorado State)

PLACE KICKERS: Tom Whelihan (Missouri), Gary Gussman (Miami of Ohio), Dan Plocki (Maryland), Joe Worley (Kentucky), Tim Vesling (Syracuse)

PUNTERS: Barry Helton (Colorado), Monte Robbins (Michigan), Scott Cepicky (Wisconsin)

linger. The Gators have some outstanding players: Playboy All-America quarterback Kerwin Bell is a Heisman Trophy candidate; linebacker Clifford Charlton is another Playboy All-America. Lack of depth and a very tough schedule are the obstacles to overcome.

The Kentucky Wildcats will have a strong running and kicking game this year but are vulnerable at quarterback and in the center of the offensive line. Junior college transfer Glenn Fohr and senior Kevin

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Auburn	10-1	Georgia	7-4
Louisiana State	8-3	Florida	6-5
Mississippi	8-3	Kentucky	4-7
Tennessee	8-4	Mississippi St.	3-8
Alabama	7-4	Vanderbilt	2-9

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

Clemson	10-1	Duke	6-5
Georgia Tech	7-4	North Carolina	
Maryland	7-4	State	4-7
North Carolina	6-5	Virginia	3-8
		Wake Forest	3-8

INDEPENDENTS

Florida State	9-2	Southern	
Miami	8-3	Mississippi	5-6
South Carolina	7-4	Tulane	4-7
Virginia Tech	5-6	Memphis State	3-8
		East Carolina	2-9

ALL-SOUTHEASTERN: Crain, Porter, Reeves, Tillman (Auburn); H. Williams, Albergamo, Kinchen, Sancho, Carrier (Louisiana State); Schimmel, Goff, Walls, Price, Moore (Mississippi); Ziegler, Howard (Tennessee); Thomas, Rose, Gilbert, Mohr (Alabama); Stephens, J. Jackson, Sadowski (Georgia); Roth, Oliver (Florida); Baker, Higgs, Barnett (Kentucky); Hadley, Corse (Mississippi State); Gaines, Parker, Crawford (Vanderbilt). ALL-ATLANTIC COAST: Bak, P. Williams, R. Williams, Johnson, Stephens, Woolford (Clemson); Weaver, Lee, Massey (Georgia Tech); Walker, Henning, Hughes, Amend, Milling (Maryland); Maye, Donald, Rudolph, Crowley (North Carolina); Green, Slayden, Diminick (Duke); Agnew, Massaro, Page, C. Johnson (North Carolina State); S. Scott, Mattioli (Virginia); Mann, Elkins, McGill, Purnsley (Wake Forest). ALL-SOUTH INDEPENDENT: Smith, Gainer, Schmidt, Carter (Florida State); Bratton, Sileo, Mira (Miami); Little, Fryer, Philpot (South Carolina); Agemy, C. Wiley, Chapman, Keeffe, S. Johnson (Virginia Tech); P. Ferrell, McGee, Williams, Baylor, Knighten (Southern Mississippi); Jones, Harrison, Lockley (Tulane); Dill, Gatewood, Palmer (Memphis State); Dillahunt, V. Smith, Applewhite (East Carolina).

ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE

Playboy institutes the Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award this year to recognize achievements both in the classroom and on the field. Nominated by their universities, the candidates are judged by the editors of Playboy on their collegiate scholastic and athletic achievements. The award winner attends Playboy's pre-season All-America Weekend, this year held at Disney World/Epcot in Orlando, 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.

The first Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award in football goes to Kip Corrington of Texas A&M University. Corrington is one of the finest defensive backs in the nation. He was a first-team All-Southwest Conference player last year and was credited with 93 tackles and three interceptions. Kip, a senior this year, is a philosophy major in the college of liberal arts and currently carries an over-all cumulative grade-point average of 3.967.

Honorable mentions: Ron Duncan (Ball State), Mike Diminick (Duke), Eric McCarty (Colorado), Jon McMaster (Cal State-Long Beach), Mark Roberts (University of the Pacific), Don Odegard (Oregon State), Ignazio "Nacho" Albergamo (LSU), Kim Stephens (Georgia), Kermit Kendrick (Alabama), Michael Musser (Navy), Mark Stepanoski (Pittsburgh), Todd Ellis (South Carolina), Craig Morton (Dartmouth), Steve Huffman (Toledo), Mike Otten (Bowling Green), Tom Whelihan (Missouri), Anthony Phillips (Oklahoma), Robert Foster, Jr. (Kansas), Troy Wolkow (Minnesota), Michael Baum (Northwestern), Chuck Cecil (Arizona), Brad Muster (Stanford), Keith Davis (Southern California), Chad Hennings (Air Force), Matt Clark (Baylor), Rick Saunders (Hawaii), Arnie Adkison (Texas-El Paso), Matt Garver (Kansas State), Clint Hailey (TCU).

Dooley will try to replace UK-record-setting quarterback Bill Ransdell. Without an adequate passing attack, opposing defenses can gang up on the Wildcats' running game.

It may be a difficult year for coach Rocky Felker and the Mississippi State Bulldogs. The most pressing problem is finding a successor to quarterback Don Smith, two-time S.E.C. total offensive leader. The running game is unlikely to improve, and the MSU defense ranks near the bottom of the S.E.C. Field-goal kicking is another problem. Chin up, Rocky; things can only go up from here.

At Vanderbilt, they play for the pure

pleasure of the sport, because the wins are spaced very far apart. Watson Brown, in his second year as coach, is trying to build a team around quarterback Eric Jones and flanker Carl Parker. The star on defense is linebacker Chris "Popeye" Gaines. Spring-practice injuries have already complicated what looks to be a difficult season.

Over in the Atlantic Coast Conference, **Clemson** football brochures proudly announce CLEMSON—HOME OF THE NATION'S BEST LINEMEN. This year, that may not be hyperbole. In addition to Playboy All-America John Phillips, there's William "The Fridge" Perry's little brother, Michael. Just a large cooler at 270 pounds, Michael has more tackles for loss going into his senior year than big brother had. Coach Danny Ford says that Clemson's main strength, with 51 lettermen returning, is depth. The question is which of the six inexperienced running backs on the roster will be the number-one man. Behind this offensive line, it may not make a difference.

Bobby Ross is a man who recognizes his mistakes quickly. After five successful seasons as coach of Maryland, he accepted a job as assistant coach with the Buffalo Bills of the N.F.L. One month and four days later, he quit to accept the head coaching job at **Georgia Tech**. Maybe Ross realized he doesn't like snow. This Tech team will challenge his considerable skills as an offensive coach. The offensive line is inexperienced, there's no clear choice at quarterback and star tailback Jerry Mays injured a knee in spring practice and is out for the season. Most of the talent and experience lies on the defense side, where Playboy All-America free safety Riccardo Ingram provides the leadership.

Last year, three games were decided for **Maryland** (two losses, one tie) on the last play of the game. New coach Joe Krivak returns nine offensive starters, including quarterback Dan Henning. Remember this name: Azizuddin Abdur-Ra'oof. Although he missed most of last season with an injury, this speedy wide receiver is likely to become a household name, at least in Maryland households.

The story last year at Chapel Hill was the resurrection of **North Carolina** quarterback Mark Maye. A severe shoulder injury threatened to end his career in 1984, but surgery and a year of recuperation enabled him to emerge in midseason as the A.C.C.'s most efficient passer. Maye will be back, but star tailback Derrick Fenner, charged in June with murder in a shooting that was reported to be drug related, will not.

The new offense at **Duke** has been dubbed airball. Quarterback Steve Slayden will be the thrower; wide receiver Doug Green and tight end Jason Cooper the catchers. The defense will be strong against the run, not as strong against the pass. New head coach Steve Spurrier has injected fresh enthusiasm into the Duke program. Whether or not that will translate

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into wins remains to be seen.

The Wolfpack will be hard pressed to match last season's 8-3-1 record, which earned **North Carolina State** its first bowl appearance since 1978. Graduation losses included all-A.C.C. quarterback Erik Kramer. Gifted wide receiver Nasrallah Worthen will be ready to catch the ball this season, but who is going to throw it?

Virginia finished 3-8 last year after three consecutive winning seasons. But for the second consecutive year, Virginia won the College Football Association Academic Achievement Award for graduating within five years the highest percentage of football players on scholarship. Even though 16 starters are returning, it looks like another rough year for the Cavs on the football field. Keep those scholastic awards coming.

Wake Forest took a step toward respectability in college football by hiring Bill Dooley, former head coach at North Carolina and Virginia Tech. The Deacons have had only one winning season in the Eighties. Dooley has some rebuilding to do.

It looks as though the Miami Hurricanes may not be the dominant team of the Southern Independents. With 18 starters returning, talent and depth at every position and a slightly easier schedule than last year, coach Bobby Bowden and the **Florida State** Seminoles appear ready to make a run at the national championship. Tailback Sammie Smith, who doubles as a sprinter on the track team, will run behind 300-pound offensive guard Pat Tomberlin. Playboy All-America defensive back Deion Sanders also plays outfield on the Seminole baseball team, which finished second to Arizona in last season's College World Series. Florida State will be looking to pick the oranges when bowl time rolls around.

Will **Miami's** string of premiere college quarterbacks who graduate to the N.F.L. as instant millionaires go unbroken? The next one to follow Jim Kelly, Bernie Kosar and Vinny Testaverde is Jeff Walsh. He will have one season to establish himself before highly touted Steve George, who transferred from Purdue, becomes eligible. Walsh will have plenty of talented targets to throw to in Miami's complex passing offense: speedsters Brett Perriman and Brian Blades and wide receiver Mike Irvin, who will probably own all of Miami's receiving records by the time he's finished. The overlooked strength of the Hurricanes is their defense, fifth overall in the nation last year. Playboy All-Americans Daniel Stubbs at defensive end and free safety Bennie Blades are the leaders.

Last year's season (3-6-2) was a major disappointment for coach Joe Morrison and **South Carolina** fans. The lowlights included three losses by a total of nine points and two missed field goals that would have turned ties into wins. Todd Ellis, who last season emerged as one of the top quarterbacks in the nation, returns and is only a sophomore. He'll throw to wingback Sterling Sharpe.

Coming off the most successful season (9-2-1) in its history, **Virginia Tech** tries to keep it going with a new coaching staff and lots of new faces on the field. Head coach Frank Beamer will have Playboy All-America place kicker Chris Kinzer ready if the offense, led by quarterback Erik Chapman and a nucleus of good receivers, can get the ball down the field.

Coach Jim Carmody's biggest problem with his **Southern Mississippi** squad this year is finding a quarterback. Graduation also left holes in the rest of the offensive backfield. Last season, the Golden Eagles managed a 6-5 record. This year, Carmody

will be lucky to do as well.

Coach Mack Brown's option attack rolled up impressive numbers (an average of 403.5 yards per game) last season for the Green Wave of **Tulane**. The key man in that offense, quarterback Terrence Jones, will be back, as well as Marc Zeno, Tulane's all-time leading receiver. However, the size and strength on both sides of the line are not sufficient to handle the tough opponents on Tulane's schedule.

Coach Charlie Bailey took on one of those formidable challenges when he accepted the head coaching job at **Memphis State** last year. His first season featured inexperienced players, lots of injuries and a 1-10 record. This season, the Tigers will have a little more experience but no more talent.

East Carolina has been trying to make a go of it the past three years with small-school talent and a big-school schedule. The result has been the same each year: 2-9. This season's team may be slightly better than last season's in terms of size and experience, but it won't improve enough to win any more games.

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

Michigan	9-2	Northwestern	5-6
Ohio State	8-3	Illinois	5-6
Iowa	7-5	Minnesota	4-7
Michigan State	6-5	Wisconsin	3-8
Indiana	6-5	Purdue	3-8

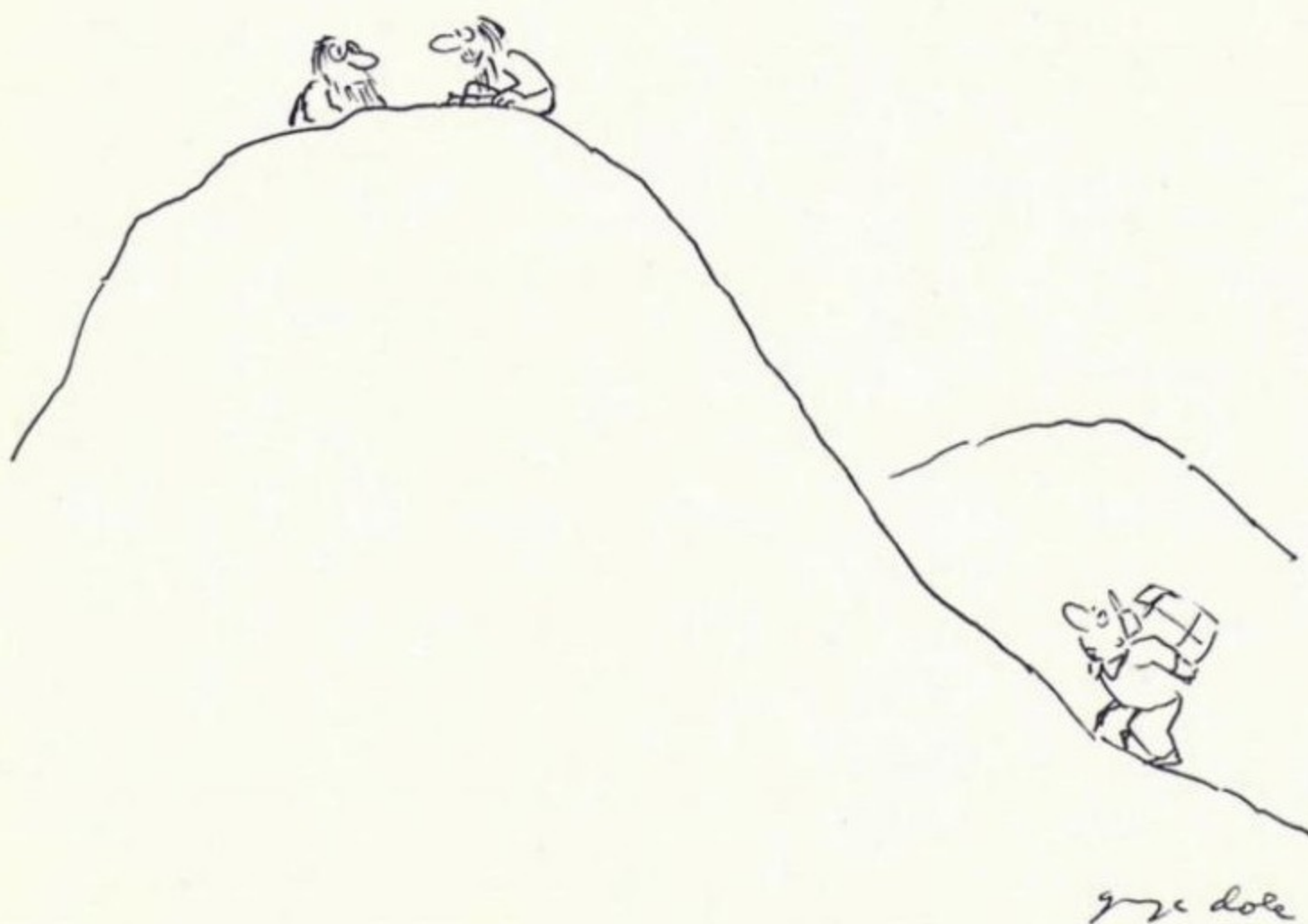
MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Kent State	8-3	Bowling Green	5-6
Miami of Ohio	7-4	Central Michigan	4-7
Ball State	7-4	Western Michigan	4-7
Toledo	6-5	Ohio University	1-10
Eastern Michigan	6-5		

INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	6-5	Louisville	5-6
Cincinnati	6-5	Northern Illinois	5-6

ALL-BIG TEN: McIntyre, Harris, Gillette (Michigan); Tupa, Uhlenhake, White, Rogan (Ohio State); Bayless, Haight, Houghtlin, Kratch, Quast (Iowa); Moore, Mandarich (Michigan State); Thompson, T. Moore, Stryzinski, Stoyanovich, Jones (Indiana); Greenfield, Davenport, Hofmann, Kaukialo (Northwestern); K. Jones, Davis, A. Williams, Dawson, Glasson, Piel (Illinois); Wolkow, Foggie, Lohmiller, Hadd (Minnesota); Gregoire, Nowka (Wisconsin); Visco, Strickland, Briggs (Purdue). ALL-MID-AMERICAN: Young, Wilkerson, Stephens, Howell (Kent State); Schillinger, Marlatt, White (Miami of Ohio); Duncan, Kantner, Schultz, Garnica, Kosakowski (Ball State); Huffman, Tim Olsen, Todd Olsen, Sandor (Toledo); Patton, Hicks, Adams, Miller (Eastern Michigan); G. Johnson, Hunter, Foley, Kramer (Bowling Green); Stevenson (Central Michigan); Kramer, Robinson, Howard (Western Michigan). ALL-MIDWEST INDEPENDENT: Spruell, Pritchett, Figaro (Notre Dame); Hice, Lewis (Cincinnati); Thieneman, Booker (Louisville); Karamanos, A. Davis, Graham (Northern Illinois).



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the unenviable trip to Pasadena to face the second part of the psychodrama: the annual trouncing of the Big Ten champ by the Pac Ten winner.

In his 18 years as head coach at **Michigan**, Bo Schembechler's team has finished in the nation's top ten 15 out of the past 18 seasons. The Wolverines aren't likely to miss this year, either, despite the departure of quarterback Jim Harbaugh. There are several aspirants to Harbaugh's job, but Schembechler hasn't decided who will get the nod and may not decide "until five minutes before the first game." The offensive line is experienced and huge, the biggest of the big being tackle John Elliott, at 6'7" and 306 pounds. Running back Jamie Morris, brother of New York Giant Joe Morris, is back in the backfield.

The Buckeyes return 14 starters from last year's Cotton Bowl-winning team.

Tom Tupa, until this season the **Ohio State** punter, will assume the quarterbacking duties. The linebacking corps, led by Playboy All-America Chris Spielman, is the best in the nation. At the end of spring practice, Ohio State appeared to have a light talent edge over Michigan. However, with All-America Cris Carter losing his last year of eligibility because of another of those agent prepayment plans, Michigan is the solid favorite to win the Big Ten title.

It appears that **Iowa** will again have to play bridesmaid to Ohio State and Michigan. The Hawkeyes, who lost ten starters from last year's 9-3 team, still have four first-team all-Big Ten players: tailback Rick Bayless, kicker Rob Houghtlin, nose guard Dave Haight and offensive lineman Bob Kratch. Coach Hayden Fry will try to fill the quarterback hole with 6'8" Dan McGwire, who should, at least, have no

trouble seeing over the defensive line. Fry says, "McGwire has the strongest arm of any quarterback we've ever had at Iowa."

Much of **Michigan State's** success depends on the comeback of running back Lorenzo White. In 1985, White was the leading rusher in the nation. Last year, knee and ankle injuries severely reduced his effectiveness. The Spartans still managed a 6-5 year, with four of the losses by just three-point margins. MSU returns most of its offensive line and Playboy All-America punter Greg Montgomery. Uncertainty about the quarterback and a grueling schedule make an improvement over last year's record unlikely.

Indiana has increased its victory total by three each year (0,3,6) since Bill Mallory took over as head coach. While the Hoosiers continue to improve, the numbers get tougher. Indiana will be strong offensively with the return of tailback Anthony Thompson, who started five games last year and had more than 100 yards rushing in each. The defensive secondary is thin and inexperienced, perhaps Indiana's most significant weakness.

Once upon a time, an assistant coach at **Northwestern**, the door mat of the Big Ten and perennial favorite for everyone's worst-team list, was made interim head coach when former head coach Dennis Green couldn't stand losing anymore. The interim coach, a strong man of few words, taught mediocre-to-average football players how to block and tackle, showed them where the weight room was and convinced them that there didn't have to be a direct correlation between high academic standards and lousy football. The Wildcats responded by winning four football games, and the interim coach, Francis Peay, after a little squabbling over the commitment of the university to its football program, became simply coach. NU will not be a contender for the Big Ten title this year; but with a little luck, it may win six games and land in one of the minor bowls. Then everyone will live happily ever after, or at least until Peay becomes the first black N.F.L. head coach.

Illinois coach Mike White, stung by the Illini's 4-7 showing last year, has gone for the quick fix: 27 redshirts and ten junior college transfers. He has also brought in six new assistant coaches. Nine starters from last year's defense return, but it was a defense that yielded 59 points to Nebraska and 69 to Michigan. The coaching staff says it will design a system to fit the talent—but is there enough this year?

Last season, **Minnesota**, under new coach John Gutekunst, took two steps forward; this year, after losing 14 starters from that team, it will take one step back. Darrell Thompson, last year's top freshman running back, will try to top last season's 1240 yards. But only two starters return from a defense that gave up an average of 30 points per game last season.

Wisconsin's new coach, Don Morton, will have to start from scratch. The Badgers,



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3-9 last year, return only eight starters, with safety Pete Nowka the lone returning defense man. It's a good moment for Morton to install his new veer offense. Most of the running will be behind Playboy All-America guard Paul Gruber.

Purdue has gone Texas, hiring former Longhorn coach Fred Akers and a passel of Texas assistant coaches. The first result of Akers' arrival was the departure of highly touted sophomore quarterback Jeff George, who high-tailed it for Miami. Akers will build from the bottom up as Purdue tries to pick itself up from a 3-8 finish last year.

The Mid-American Conference is the most balanced in the nation, with seven of its nine teams having a legitimate shot at the title this year. **Kent State**, which puts a heavy emphasis on the run-oriented triple option, returns M.A.C. Freshman of the Year quarterback Patrick Young and 17 other starters from last year. Its nonconference opponents may not be quite as tough as those of the other M.A.C. contenders, so Kent State should get the six conference victories needed for the title.

Last year's Mid-American Conference champion, **Miami of Ohio**, needs a quarterback to separate itself from the pack. The two leading candidates are Mark Kuzma and junior college transfer Mike Bates. Place kicker Gary Gussman is one of the best in the nation, with 80 consecutive P.A.T.s without a miss.

Ball State appeared to be moving for the top conference spot by winning five consecutive games in midseason last year. Then quarterback Wade Kosakowski was injured and the season unraveled. Kosakowski is back, as well as tight end Ron Duncan, a two-time Academic All-America. The Cardinals could surprise.

Toledo finished strong last season, with five consecutive victories to close out the year. The offensive line returns, as well as all-M.A.C. linebacker Steve Huffman. This season, however, will hinge on coach Dan Simrell's success at finding a capable quarterback and tailback.

Eastern Michigan has struggled into the

middle of the pack of contenders for the M.A.C. title. The Hurons still have first-team all-M.A.C. tailback Gary Patton and second-team all-M.A.C. quarterback Ron Adams. However, since wide receiver Don Vesling was selected in this year's pro baseball draft by the Detroit Tigers, Eastern is left with a receiving corps that has never caught an intercollegiate pass.

In addition to the very competitive week-to-week schedule in the M.A.C., **Bowling Green** has the unenviable job of playing two very strong out-of-conference opponents, Penn State and Arizona. The Falcons defend well against the pass but have lots of trouble stopping the run.

Last season, **Central Michigan** suffered through its first nonwinning season since

at least an outside chance at the league title. But for the Bobcats, 1-10 last year, it's a few wins, not a championship, that would make the season.

Last year, **Notre Dame** lost five games by a total of 14 points; this year's team will win some of the close games. Senior Terry Andrysiak has won the quarterback job, and Playboy All-America and Heisman Trophy candidate Tim Brown will again be running, receiving and returning kicks. Coach Lou Holtz is making strides toward restoring Notre Dame's winning image.

Cincinnati plays a major schedule and yet never seems to get much attention. Last year, the Bearcats had 1000-yard rusher Reggie Taylor, linebacker Alex Gordon and promising quarterback

Danny McCain. Taylor and Gordon are gone, but McCain is back and is regarded by Cincinnati as a legitimate Heisman candidate. However, the team needs a bigger and stronger line to be competitive with its major opponents.

Coach Howard Schnellenberger's teams rely on star quarterbacks. At Miami, they were Kelly, Kosar and Testaverde. Schnellenberger thought he had a pro-style quarterback in the making at **Louisville** in Jay Gruden until Gruden went down in game seven last season with a severe knee injury. Gruden is trying to make a comeback this season, and there is an assortment of freshmen and junior college transfers also vying for the Q.B. spot. But things aren't settled, and

that will be unsettling for the Cardinals.

Northern Illinois has taken a giant step toward improving on its 2-9 record from last year. The team has dropped opponents such as Iowa, West Virginia and the University of Miami and replaced them with Lamar, Cal State-Fullerton and Southwest Missouri State. Coach Jerry Pettibone will have a chance to get his newly installed wishbone attack into gear, led by offensive guard Ted Karamanos.

In college football, no team has a greater winning tradition over the past four decades than the **Oklahoma Sooners**. And this year's team, under Playboy Coach of the Year Barry Switzer, is once

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1972. However, the Chippewas still managed to win four conference games, leaving them only two victories short of the conference title. Developing a passing attack would improve Central's chances of winning more than four.

Western Michigan's hope for a successful season depends on how quickly quarterback Dave Kruse fits in with the team. Kruse transferred from Wichita State after it dropped its football program last year. His success is critical, since coach Al Molde's offensive strategy calls for an average of 40 passes per game.

It can't feel very good for coach Cleve Bryant and his **Ohio University** team to be the only members of the M.A.C. not given

again poised to claim the national championship. The offensive machine, much of it returning from last year's team, which amassed an incredible 5210 total yards, is led by option quarterback *extraordinaire* Jamelle Holieway. Playing behind him is freshman redshirt Charles Thompson. As good as Holieway is, Thompson may someday be better. Then there is the best collegiate tight end in the nation, Playboy All-America Keith Jackson. If there is any chink in the armor, it is in the defensive line, the one place on this team not two and three quality players deep. Unless a very strange combination of injuries and bad karma enters the picture, the Sooners will not be beaten.

Only with teams such as **Nebraska**, where the third team is nearly as good as the first, could the expectation of an improved offensive line exist when four out of five of last year's starters have departed. Coach Tom Osborne will feature the running game with I-back Keith Jones and junior quarterback Steve Taylor. There are several good receivers available for the Cornhuskers' occasional flirtation with the forward pass, including wingback Hendley Hawkins, a converted quarterback. The defensive line is led by Playboy All-America Broderick Thomas, who contends that the man who lines up next to him, defensive tackle Neil Smith, may be even better than he is. The Cornhuskers are slightly less talented than the Sooners at the skill positions this year and have a tougher nonconference schedule.

After its fourth loss in the first four

weeks last year, **Colorado** appeared on the brink of a disastrous season. Then the defense and coach Bill McCartney's wish-bone offense came alive. Colorado won six of its next seven games, including a spectacular 20-10 victory over Nebraska. Sixteen starters return from that team, including Playboy All-America defensive tackle Curt Koch. The biggest problem Colorado has is that it is in the same conference as Oklahoma and Nebraska.

Despite tailback Thurman Thomas' knee surgery in the pre-season, **Oklahoma State** managed to go 6-5 last year. Thomas should return to full strength, and sophomore Mike Gundy looks solid at quarterback. The offense will score points, but the defense, thin in the secondary, will determine the success of the season.

It isn't that **Iowa State** doesn't have a pretty good football team. It's just that it's not good enough to get out of the middle of the pack in the Big Eight. Iowa State does have massive tackle Keith Sims (6'3", 309 pounds) back on the offensive line. And the opposition will have trouble tackling the extremely quick sophomore tailback Michael Brown. The Cyclones need more blue-chippers, though, to break the cycle of being also-rans.

When you've won only three games the previous season and your returning talent does not appear to offer significant improvement over last year, you change your game plan. That's what coach Woody Widenhofer has in mind with the new flex-bone, triple-option offense he's installing at **Missouri** this season. The

Tigers, formerly a Big Eight power, seem to be losing too many recruiting battles.

Last year, **Kansas State** fans expected to see the air filled with passes; but by season's end, it was the running of tailback Tony Jordan that netted the most results. KSU should get some improved passing offense out of junior college-transfer quarterback Gary Swim, and Jordan is back. But the team doesn't have enough talent to beat most opponents on its schedule.

Kansas returns 15 starters from last year's team. The only problem is that last year's team averaged only 73.3 rushing

THE NEAR WEST

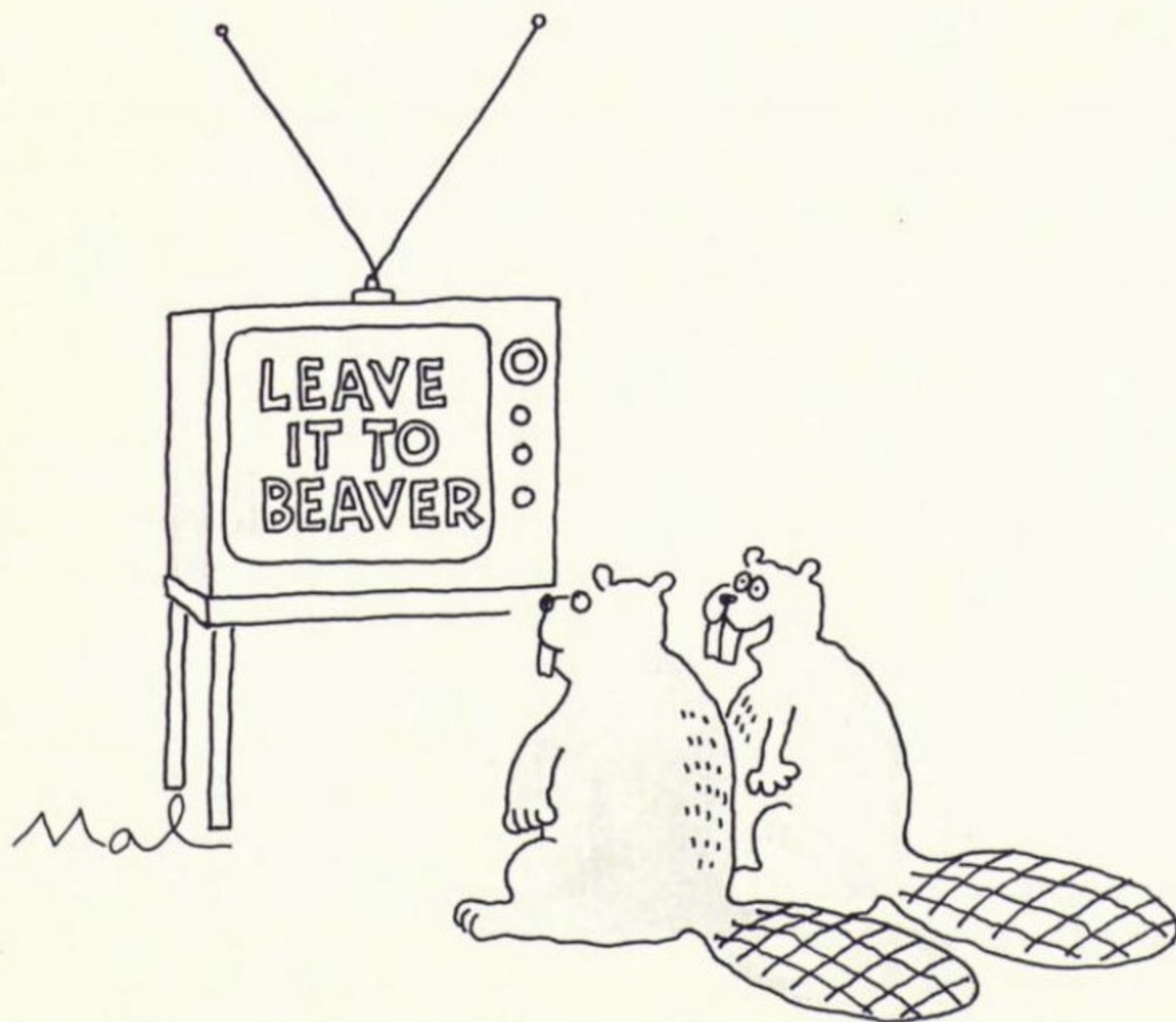
BIG EIGHT

Oklahoma	11-0	Iowa State	6-5
Nebraska	9-2	Missouri	4-7
Colorado	8-3	Kansas State	3-8
Oklahoma State	6-5	Kansas	3-8

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Arkansas	9-3	Texas	4-7
Texas A&M	8-3	Houston	3-8
Baylor	7-4	Texas Christian	3-8
Texas Tech	7-4	Rice	3-8

ALL-BIG EIGHT: Jones, R. Dixon, Reed, Vickers, T. Johnson (Oklahoma); McCormick, Lightner, Taylor, Pete, Etienne, Fryar (Nebraska); Oliver, Rappold, DeLuzio (Colorado); Thomas, Wolfe, Drain, Gilliam (Oklahoma State); Sims, C. Moore (Iowa State); McMillan, Wallace, Jones (Missouri); Jordan, Harper, Newton (Kansas State); Vaughn, Snell, Newman, Bredesen (Kansas). ALL-SOUTHWEST: Cherico, Thomas, Atwater, Childress, Rouse (Arkansas); M. Wilson, Woodside, O'Brien, Slater (Texas A&M); Francis, Clark, Sheffield (Baylor); Johnson, Walker, Thurman, Keith, Scurlark (Texas Tech); Metcalf, Waits, Hager (Texas); McGuire, R. Jones, Brown, Dacus (Houston); Tramel, Jeffery, Simien, Brazil (Texas Christian); Moses, Thomas, Comalander, Lewis (Rice).



"This is still my all-time favorite program."

yards and seven points per game. With the quarterback position open and the quality of both the offensive and defensive lines uncertain, the prospects for second-year coach Bob Valesente and the Jayhawks do not appear very bright.

The **Arkansas** Razorbacks will be strong again this year in the S.W.C. The defense will be anchored by Tony Cherico, a small (238 pounds) but extremely quick nose guard. Coach Ken Hatfield needs a full-back and hopes that running back James Rouse is fully recovered from last year's leg injury. He's also counting on offensive guard Freddie Childress, who played at 350 pounds last season, to slim down to a trim 320. Even with all the talent at hand, a tougher schedule will make an improvement on last year's 9-3 record difficult.

The big blow to **Texas A&M's** planned assault on the Southwest Conference and, perhaps, the national championship this year came when quarterback Kevin Murray decided to forgo his last year of college eligibility to turn pro. Murray's backup, Craig Stump, will try to fill the slot. The Aggies have also lost some of the key defenders who helped take them to the Cotton Bowl the past two years. With coach Jackie Sherrill signing the best

recruiting class in the nation, the outlook is extremely promising for the Aggies over the next year or two. Right now, though, the quarterback transition may be enough to stop them just short of the S.W.C. championship.

There are only five starters returning from the **Baylor** powerhouse that went 9-3 last year and beat Colorado in the Bluebonnet Bowl. Coach Grant Teaff is particularly concerned about developing a quarterback or two. But Baylor's over-all talent is good, and the nonconference schedule is soft. The Baylor Bears will be respectable even in a rebuilding year.

The bumper stickers in Lubbock, Texas, read **I LIKE SPIKE**, even though Spike Dykes, **Texas Tech's** new coach, hasn't won a game. Dykes took over after David McWilliams headed for Texas, two weeks before Tech's Independence Bowl game with Mississippi (Ole Miss won 20-17). Dykes should remain popular this season, since Tech returns 17 starters from last year's 7-5 team. Tech's tiniest asset, Tyrone Thurman—at 5'3" and 130 pounds the nation's smallest Division I player—will try to improve his 13.5 punt-return average, fifth best in the country last year.

David McWilliams, installed this spring as **Texas'** coach, played center with the Longhorns' 1963 national champions and served as an assistant coach under Darrell Royal and Fred Akers. Unfortunately for McWilliams, the football talent at Texas is a lot thinner now than in the old days. McWilliams will call for a wide-open style of play, trying to establish the pass first, then the run. There is little experience in the offensive line and unresolved problems at defensive tackle.

Jack Pardee has a long history of courage combined with a gambling spirit. He not only beat cancer during his playing days as a linebacker for the Los Angeles Rams, he returned for seven more N.F.L. seasons to finish out a 14-year pro career. Then he did some coaching-job gambling. First, he took over the reins for the Florida Blazers in the old World Football League. Next, he moved to the then-anemic Chicago Bears. After a stint with

the Redskins, he rolled the dice as head coach of the U.S.F.L. Houston Gamblers. Now Pardee is at it again, accepting the job of head coach of the 1-10 **Houston** Cougars. Houston has little offense and only a little more defense; but given a year or two, Pardee will probably find a way to turn it into a winner.

Texas Christian returns more starters (28) than there are available positions because of redshirts and players recovering from injuries. And yet coach Jim Wacker has plenty of cause for concern. The Horned Frogs finished 3-8 the past two years. Their defense was the worst in the S.W.C. last year. This year's nonconference schedule is tougher than last year's. In TCU's case, experience will not win out.

especially if you ask any of the teams in the Big Ten. And now **UCLA** appears to be ready to lay claim to the conference championship. Not that UCLA hasn't done well in recent years: top-20 finishes and a bowl victory in each of the past five years. Coach Terry Donahue has recruited an amazing array of football talent and has sprinkled it with an Oklahoma transfer quarterback, Troy Aikman and two players picked up from the temporarily canceled SMU program. Aikman has tremendous potential, and former SMU offensive tackle David Richards, at 6'5" and 305 pounds, will reinforce an already impressive front line. Then consider Playboy All-Americans Gaston Green, a leading Heisman-candidate running back, and linebacker Ken Norton, Jr. In fact, the Bruins are strong everywhere except in the defensive secondary.

Coach Don James always seems to be able to put together a **Washington** team that at one point or another during the season looks like the number-one team in the country. This year's Huskies squad may be a little thin on the defensive line and doesn't possess the kicking talent usually associated with James's teams, but there is still enough talent for it to make a run at the top rankings. The main man for Washington is quarterback Chris Chandler. Chandler, who completed 58 percent of his passes last year, is another candidate in the race for the Heisman and a blue-chip pro prospect.

Speed was an important ingredient in the **Arizona State** 10-1-1 record last season. Some of the speed is back, but not quarterback Jeff Van Raaphorst. Daniel Ford, John Walker and Paul Justin are the leading candidates for the job, but Ford is better suited for an option offense and Walker has an arm problem. Whoever the quarterback is, his job will be to throw the ball to wide-out Aaron Cox. Playboy All-America Randall McDaniel will lead the offensive rush.

At **Arizona**, they don't say that former coach Larry Smith quit to take the head coaching job at USC, they say he defected. Arizona fans, excited about the Wildcats' 9-3 finish last year, were stung by Smith's

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In the midst of the scandal at SMU and hints that the N.C.A.A. was investigating five other Southwest Conference football programs, the folks at **Rice** were wondering if maybe the reason they hadn't fared better in the Texas football wars was that they weren't cheating. But the fact is that Baylor and Arkansas, both top S.W.C. contenders, have escaped charges. Under coach Jerry Berndt, the football fortunes at Rice are actually on the upswing. Just keep in mind that the swing started way down yonder.

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departure. Arizona promptly hired away Hawaii's charismatic coach, Dick Tomey. Tomey finds himself with that most common of problems: no quarterback. There are some talented players, however, such as defensive back Chuck Cecil.

Stanford's offense will revolve this season around Playboy All-America running back Brad Muster. According to coach Jack Elway, not a loose guy with a compliment, "Muster can do it all." Stanford also has wide receiver Jeff James, who is being compared to some of the great Cardinals receivers of the past. Quarter-

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC TEN

UCLA	8-3	Southern Cal	7-4
Washington	8-3	Oregon State	4-7
Arizona State	8-3	Oregon	3-8
Arizona	7-4	California	3-8
Stanford	7-4	Washington State	3-8

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

San Diego State	9-3	Texas-El Paso	4-7
Brigham Young	8-4	Colorado State	4-8
Air Force	8-4	New Mexico	4-7
Wyoming	5-6	Utah	3-9
Hawaii	5-7		

PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE

San Jose State	9-2	Pacific	4-7
Fresno State	7-4	New Mexico State	3-8
Nevada-		Utah State	3-8
Las Vegas	5-6	Cal State-	
Cal State-		Fullerton	3-9
Long Beach	5-7		

ALL-PAC TEN: Tomey, Smith, Anderson, Henley, Aikman (UCLA); Zandofsky, Weathersby, Franklin, Habib, Yates, Zackery (Washington); Harris, Clark, Harvey, Williams (Arizona State); Coston, Greathouse, Hill, Rinehart (Arizona); Sinclair, Archambeau, Huckestein, Colehower, McKeever (Stanford); Davis, Moore, Peete (Southern California); Wilhelm, Orndorff, Northington (Oregon State); Loville, Putzier, Newman, Berry (Oregon); Harvey, Whiteside, Richards, Hardy (California); Rosenbach (Washington State). ALL-WESTERN ATHLETIC: Hicks, M. Mitchell, DesRochers (San Diego State); Futrell, Thomas, Borgia (Brigham Young); Steed (Air Force); Sargent, Abraham (Wyoming); A. Amosa, Nua, Johnson (Hawaii); Harvey, Castellanos (Texas-El Paso); Wills (Colorado State); Mathis (New Mexico); Johnson (Utah). ALL-PACIFIC COAST: K. Jackson, Liggins, G. Cox, Olivarez, Diehl, Kidney (San Jose State); Belli, Franklin, Webster, Withycombe (Fresno State); Thomas, Dimry, C. Davis, Cook (Nevada-Las Vegas); Graham, Aikins, Roberts, Alexander (Cal State-Long Beach); McGowan, Roberts, McMaster (Pacific); Vinson, Campbell, Williams (New Mexico State); Long, Mandel (Utah State); Gillies (Cal State-Fullerton).

back Greg Ennis will try to replace John Paye. If the chemistry is right between Ennis and the rest of the offense, Stanford will again be formidable.

Arizona's loss is Southern California's gain. New head coach Larry Smith couldn't resist the chance to put Trojan football back on the national-ratings map. Smith has instilled a lot of enthusiasm, and there are some first-rate football players returning this season. The best of the Trojans is Playboy All-America linebacker Marcus Cotton. Just about everybody

who played against Cotton last year thought he was the best in the country at his position. USC also returns quarterback Rodney Peete and offensive tackle Dave Cadigan, the latest in the long line of great USC linemen. Smith thinks that the Trojans need more speed and that the offensive line, except for Cadigan, needs improvement. With five of its first seven games on the road, USC needs a quick start to have a successful season.

The problem with being in the Pac 10 is that you can have a pretty good team and get absolutely lost in the shuffle. The Oregon State Beavers, under Coach Dave Kragthorpe, improve each year and still wind up 3-8. Kragthorpe, not satisfied until the numbers improve, fired two coaches at the end of last season and helped coach the offensive line himself this past spring. He is determined that the Beavers will score more points this year and will do a better job of protecting quarterback Erik Wilhelm. With any kind of year, Wilhelm will have broken all the quarterbacking records at OSU.

Oregon has to do something about the guy who makes up the schedules. Its opening seven games are against Colorado, Ohio State, San Diego State, Washington, USC, UCLA and Stanford. Those teams had a combined record of 54-29-2 last year, and all figure to be nearly as good or better this year. Coach Rich Brooks lost quarterback Chris Miller to the pros, along with 11 other starters from last year. Bill Musgrave, a redshirt freshman, and Pete Nelson, a backup last year, will try to fill Miller's shoes.

New California head coach Bruce Snyder is planning a three-receiver, wide-open brand of football for this season. The pressure will be on sophomore quarterback Troy Taylor to make the plan succeed. Taylor, who completed 57 percent of his passes before he broke his jaw in the next-to-last game of last season, unseated three-year quarterback Brian Bedford, who has been moved to wide receiver. Bedford is a good enough athlete to make the switch work. The defense will have to improve to make the new offensive strategy flourish.

Last year, coach Dennis Erickson turned Wyoming's fortunes around, and so Washington State promptly hired away the native son to work his magic for the Cougars. Erickson's formula is simple: Pass, and if that doesn't work, pass some more. He has the perfect trigger man for his brand of football: Timm Rosenbach, a converted javelin thrower. Brian Forde, at linebacker, will try to lead a defense that has some significant weaknesses.

In coach Denny Stolz's first season at San Diego State last year, his team won its first ever Western Athletic Conference championship. Stolz was helped by star quarterback Todd Santos, who's back this year and likely to lead the Aztecs to another W.A.C. title. He'll also have a shot at becoming only the fourth passer in N.C.A.A. history to exceed 10,000 career

yards.

Last year, **Brigham Young** found out for the first time since 1975 what it feels like *not* to win the Western Athletic Conference championship. Last season was also the first time in recent memory that BYU did not have a quarterback who measured up to its usual flame throwers (Jim McMahon, Steve Young, Robbie Bosco). Coach LaVell Edwards doesn't have Mr. Right at Q.B. this season, either.

While the **Air Force** football team is marked by the discipline and effort that also characterize the other Service academies', its one major difference has been more talent. Coach Fisher DeBerry has coached Air Force to a four-year record of 26-10. This season will be more of a challenge than usual. Only two starters return on defense, though one of them, defensive tackle Chad Hennings, is outstanding.

Last season, **Wyoming** pulled itself up to a respectable 6-6 record. With 15 starters returning, the prospects for this year looked bright. Then, after only one season, coach Dennis Erickson left for Washington State. Cowboys athletic director Paul Roach now finds himself doubling as football coach. Roach will stay with the basic passing game that was effective last year.

When you're **Hawaii**, the world comes to you. Hawaii will benefit from nine home games this season. However, the quality of the opposition is tougher than last year, and unless opponents get lulled to sleep by the swaying palm trees, Hawaii will have trouble winning more games than it loses. Al Noga is a terror at defensive tackle.

At **Texas-El Paso**, the wins have been so scarce over the past decade that last season's four-win debut by new coach Bob Stull was seen as a tremendous success. Stull needs a new quarterback, but young players such as Eddie Dixon, who broke all of Herschel Walker's high school rushing records in Georgia, promise to keep the Miners competitive.

After a rebuilding program that last year brought **Colorado State** its first winning season since 1980, coach Leon Fuller has another rebuilding job at hand. Career passing leader Kelly Stouffer and career rushing leader Steve Bartalo are gone. The best of the returnees are offensive lineman Doug Fiala and safety Ron Cortell.

At **New Mexico**, it's another case of a new coach's trying to improve a weak football program. Coach Mike Sheppard has some talent returning on offense, but the Lobos' defense, which allowed an average of more than four touchdowns per game last season, must improve if New Mexico is to compete with its stronger opponents.

Utah suffered through a dismal 2-9 season last year, a bitter disappointment after its 8-4 campaign in 1985. Coach Jim Fassel will install a 4-3 defense and promote senior Chris Mendonca to the quarterback job to help turn things around.

San Jose State has the three most important players returning from the offensive machine that averaged better than 33

points per game last year: quarterback Mike Perez, who led the nation in offense; tailback Kenny Jackson, who rushed for more than 1000 yards and caught more than 50 passes; and wide receiver Guy Liggins, who caught 80 passes for the season. The Spartans are the odds-on favorite to repeat as Pacific Coast Athletic Association champions.

Last season, **Fresno State** was only a step away from the P.C.A.A. championship. It posted a 9-2 over-all record and went 6-1 in the conference, losing to San Jose State by four points. But Fresno has lost 17 starters from that team, including quarterback Kevin Sweeney, the all-time Division I passing leader. Jim Sweeney, whose teams have won 70 percent of their games in his ten years as head coach, will have difficulty competing for the title this year.

Nevada-Las Vegas will show a new offensive scheme designed by second-year coach Wayne Nunnely. It's basically a short passing game designed to get the ball into the hands of wide receiver George Thomas, who has excellent ability to run the ball after he catches it. The defense is established only at the linebacker positions and at the secondary position held by Charles Dimry.

At **Cal State-Long Beach**, the question this season was not how good the team would be but whether or not there would even be a team. University president Stephen Horn issued an ultimatum to the community to raise \$300,000 by December 31, 1986, or see the football program dropped. In the midst of the turmoil, coach Mike Sheppard and five assistants quit for more secure jobs at New Mexico. Then the Long Beach community responded by raising the cash, the program was continued and

a new coach, Larry Reisbig, was hired. Can the football season be anything but anticlimactic?

The **University of the Pacific**, according to Bob Cope, has its most talented team in his five years as head coach. It is also a very young and inexperienced team. A murderous early schedule featuring California, Arizona State and Washington will give the youths their baptism under fire.

When a team has won only two games in its past two seasons, as **New Mexico State** has, the coach can afford to take chances. So coach Mike Knoll has switched three-year starting quarterback Jim Miller to free safety to make room for sophomore quarterback Phil Vinson. Knoll hasn't figured out what to do with a defense that allowed opponents an average of 38 points per game last season.

Utah State managed to win three games last year while having the least productive offense in major college football (192 total yards average per game). Now coach Chuck Shelton has to find a new quarterback, fill several holes on defense and contemplate the prospect of playing Nebraska in the first game of the season. Only huge (6'6", 310 pounds) defensive tackle Gary Hulsey appears ready for the task.

Cal State-Fullerton may not get many wins this season, but it will accumulate lots of frequent-flier miles. The Titans, a travel agent's dream, play away games at Hawaii, LSU, Florida and Northern Illinois in addition to their regular conference schedule. Cal State's defense allowed opponents an average of four touchdowns per game last year. Let's hope the Titans are good packers.



A FRESHMAN'S MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM COMES TRUE



"Room 218? Hi, I'm Cindy Jones—your new roommate."



Why draft beer is real beer.

The best things in life are the real things, and there's no better example of this than a mug of cold draft beer.

Draft Beer: The Essence of Beer

Draft beer is real beer because it is the original beer. Long before there were bottles or cans there was only draft beer. It was not pasteurized. It was not tampered with in any way. It was just pure beer.

Today, draft beer is still the richest, smoothest, freshest-tasting beer, a taste that beer in bottles or cans just can't seem to match.

Pasteurization: Cooked Beer, Anyone?

The basic difference between draft beer and packaged beer is pasteurization. Most beers



in bottles or cans are pasteurized—or cooked—to preserve them. But the high temperatures of pasteurization

can compromise the original, genuine taste of the beer. Which is why many discriminating beer drinkers feel that draft beer is fresher, richer and smoother than bottled beer.

Cold-Filtering: A Long-Awaited Breakthrough

Now, at last, there is a real draft beer in bottles and cans: Miller Genuine Draft. Thanks to a process called cold-filtering, Miller Genuine

Draft does not have to be pasteurized—or cooked. Utilizing a super-fine ceramic filter, cold-filtering purifies beer much like spring water is purified in nature when it is filtered through layers of clay, gravel and sand. Because Miller Genuine Draft is not pasteurized, it retains all of its original genuine taste so it's as rich and smooth as beer ever was.

We invite you to enjoy this exceptional beer. We think you'll agree that Miller Genuine Draft is as real as beer gets.



Miller Genuine Draft. As real as it gets.

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

A TOUCH OF CLASS

Maybe it's the return of the double-breasted suit, with its wider lapels and classic lines, that sparked the revival; but men's accessories such as stickpins, tie clips and, of course, cuff links are resurfacing as upscale additions to a gentleman's wardrobe. Cuff links can be personalized to a particular interest, if you like (check

the elegant sterling-silver airplanes pictured here), or can just be ornamental. And even lapel pins and tasteful signet rings (not worn on your pinkie, please) have found a place in men's jewelry boxes, nestled up against a fine antique pocket watch with a gold chain and a fob that simply reek of class and old money. Somewhere, Adolphe Menjou is smiling.

Top row, left to right: 18-kt.-gold oval cuff links with cabochon garnets, by Ted Wolter, \$1150; and an 18-kt.-gold signet ring with a lion symbol, by Asprey, New York, \$985. Below it, left to right: Sterling-silver rippled tie bar, from Sointu, \$50. Gold-filled antique stickpin, from Sentimento, about \$100. Sterling-silver-airplane cuff links, from Bizarre Bazaar, New York, \$150; and sterling-silver-pyramid cuff links, from Complements, \$125. Gold lapel pin, by A.B.L. Jewelers, \$250. Antique pocket watch, \$495, and a gold watch chain with a fob, \$175, both from Faces of Time II.

STEVE CONWAY



S U P E R S H O P P I N G

Neon clocks have been around since the early Thirties, usually as an advertising medium that hangs in a bar, a restaurant or a store. Now a company named Whistling Oyster in North Hollywood, California, is bringing back the clocks in a variety of custom designs. This one, which measures 26" in diameter, can be used indoors or out and features a baked finish and a brass electrical movement, about \$995.



Bowling Green, with essence of spearmint, lavender and orange, suggests a quiet country rendezvous, by Geoffrey Beene, 8 ozs. cologne, \$40, 2 ozs. after-shave lotion, \$15.



DirectED, a personal moviemaker home-video editor for VHS, Beta or 8mm, aids you in marking and arranging your own tapes into a finished production. Add titles, colorful graphics or special effects and make Woody Allen envious, by Videonics, Campbell, California, \$499.

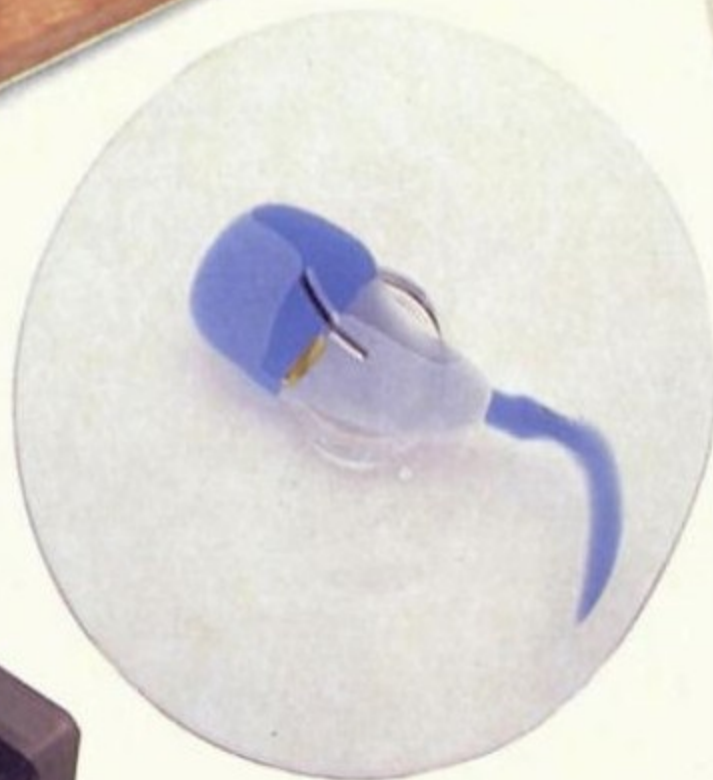
Right: Sony's Italian-designed MDR-A60 digital headphones conform to the shape of the ear for better sound, maximum comfort, \$69.95.



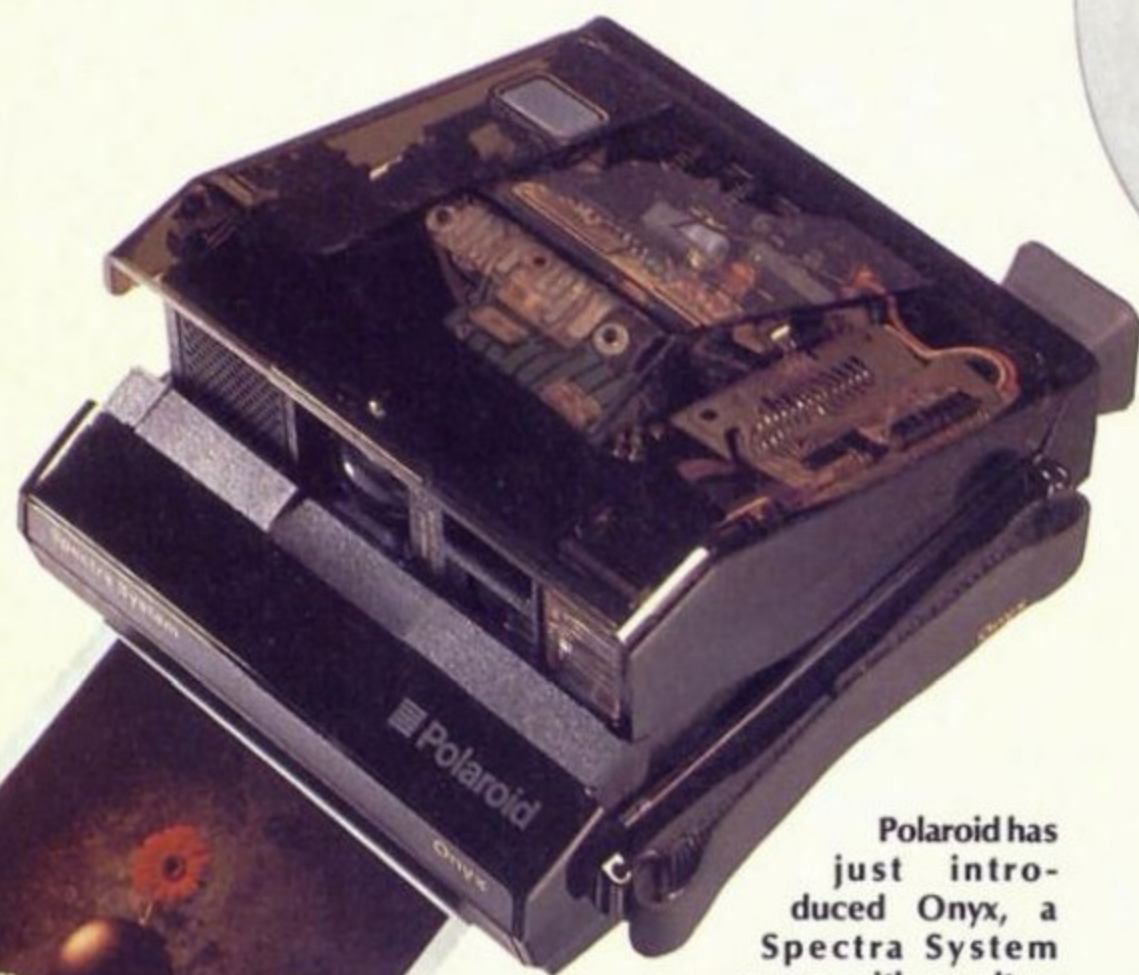
A 6/8" dynamic speaker in each of the inner-earphones makes Panasonic's EAH-Z70 digital mini stereo headphones (above, with carrying case) a sound audio investment, \$49.95. Sennheiser's HD 540 Reference headphones (below) bring clean, noise-free music to purists with acoustical silk dampening in open-air headphone design, about \$170.



The *sushi* board and *sushi* plate and glass bowl create a tasty table setting for Oriental dining. The 13" board, of blond bird's-eye maple, with a wooden dish for mixing wasabi paste, comes with two pairs of chopsticks in your choice of Hawaiian koa, Mexican bocote or African vermilion, \$60. The glass plate, \$40, and rice bowl, also \$40, have bits of Kugler glass fused into them, creating one-of-a-kind designs, all from Somerstown Gallery, Somers, New York.



This nubby ball is designed for Roll-Aerobics, a type of exercise popular in Denmark using the bumpy surface for a massage, from Roll-Aerobics International, Bellingham, Washington, \$19.95.



Polaroid has just introduced Onyx, a Spectra System camera with an ultra-thin see-through body, which reveals the inner workings of this complicated fully automatic camera that makes more than 30 focusing and exposure decisions within 50/1000 of a second, \$280.



Sharp's new Euro-style compact music system CMS-F500 features an AM/FM stereo receiver, dual cassette recorder, semi-automatic belt-drive turntable, graphic equalizer and matching bookshelf speakers. The system, measuring 14 3/8" wide, 10 1/8" high and 14 3/16" deep (excluding speakers), comes in such jazzy colors as Bordeaux red and twilight blue, \$229.95.

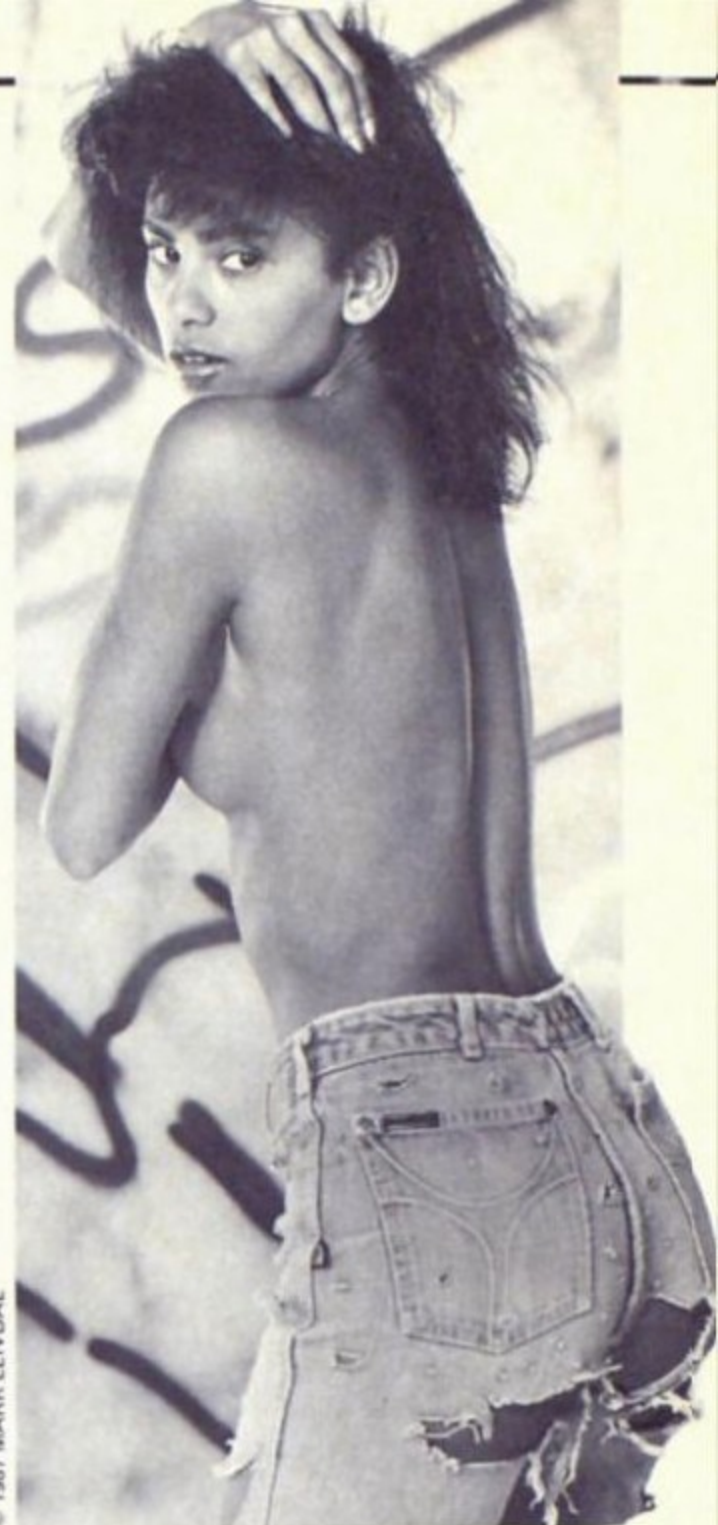


Do You Wanna Dance?

How do we know the dancer from the dance? Easy. We keep our eye on CATHY KING. The English model and dancer knows the right way to make ballet interesting to the average guy. We will leave the leaping to others and keep our eye on Cathy.



© 1987 PIP / LGI



© 1987 MARK LEIVDAL

Sassy Kathy

Can actress KATHY SADIK wear a pair of jeans? You bet! The Europeans got first dibs on Kathy when she made movies in France and Italy. Now we have the pleasure of seeing her on the big screen in *The Princess Academy*. Meanwhile, we've got our jean dreams.

PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE

Floored by Fame

RICHARD BUTLER and The Psychedelic Furs are on a roll. Their fifth album, *Midnight to Midnight*, had mainstream success and you can expect to see them in your city sometime this winter. Most people know the Furs from the *Pretty in Pink* soundtrack, but a lot of people don't know that Butler chose the band name to poke fun at punk. He's made his point.





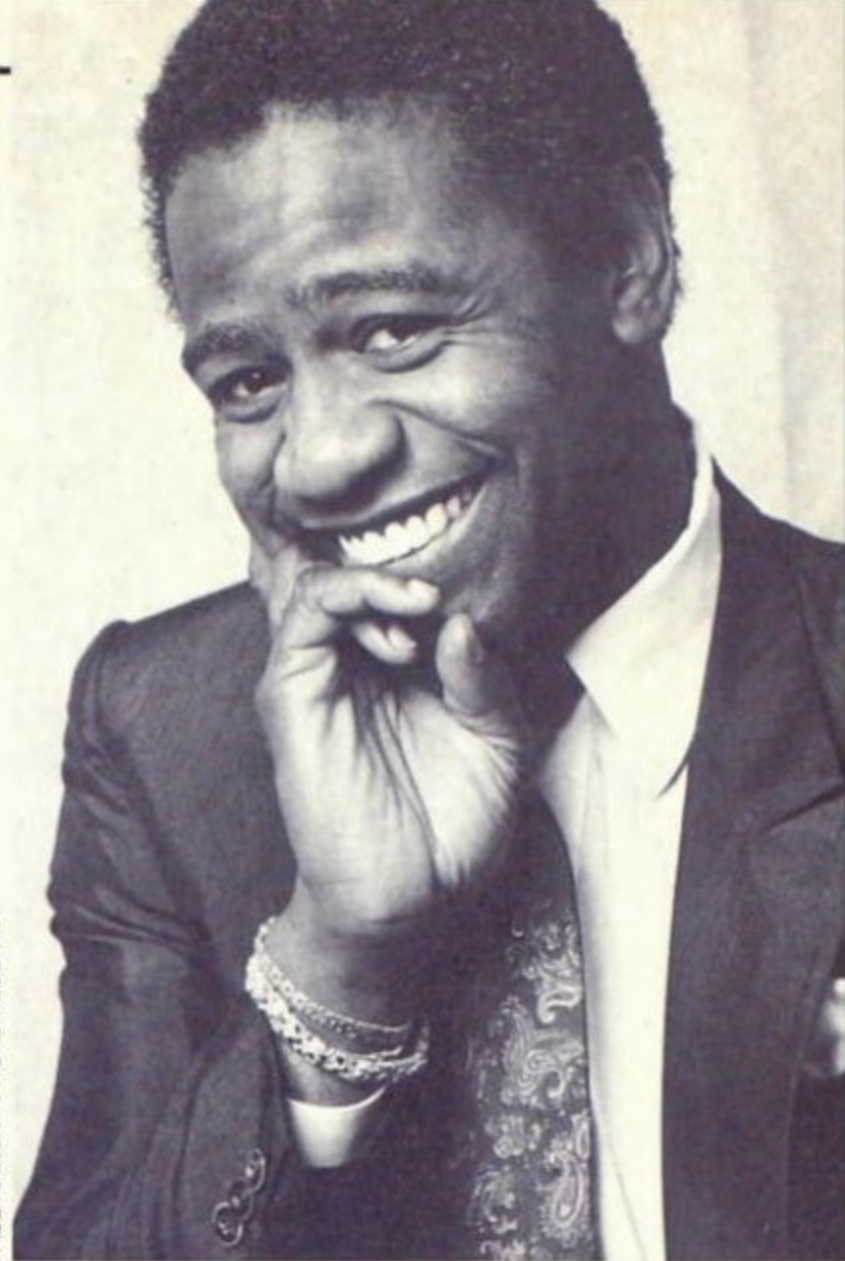
Wish They All Could Be California Girls

MICHELLE PHILLIPS (left) and her daughter CHYNNA make a spectacular duo. Chynna will play her mom on the big screen in Michelle's bio *California Dreamin'* and Momma is making a TV movie, *Assault and Matrimony*. Double pleasure.



She Sheds Not Shreds

When sexy Brit SARAH HOLLETT shed her clothes, she certainly got our attention. We're convinced that Sarah, a former secretary and current model, *can* type. But after carefully checking her out, we do not expect her to take any dictation. Remember, you saw her here first.



Reverend Soulful Survives

AL GREEN can sing your socks off, no matter what he sings—about wayward women or for the Lord. His voice can really hit *all* the high notes. Reverend Al's recent album, *Soul Survivor*, reached out to both his Gospel and his secular fans. Try to catch him on the road this fall, and when you do, say "Amen!"

MAP OUT YOUR STRATEGY

Old CIA maps never die, they end up at Best Press Services, P.O. Box 27073, Phoenix 85061, a company that recycles them to anyone who needs intelligence on a region's industries, crops, land utilization, population density, rail lines, roads, airports and seaports. The maps are ten dollars each, but you may want to send a stamped, self-addressed envelope first for a list of available regions. No, Disney World isn't one of them.



MAGNETIC ATTRACTION

"Simply pour your beverage through the ring and—voilà!—taste the difference," say the people at The Magnetizer Group, P.O. Box 1000, Gardenville, Pennsylvania 18926, who—get this—are marketing a magnetic ring that "changes the molecular connections of the liquid, resulting in a change that can be seen and, yes, tasted." The FlavoRing softens and "magnetizes" drinks to create a smoother, less tart taste. Champagne, wine, beer, coffee. . . . Oh, what the hell; it's only \$39.95, and, hey, that includes postage.



POURNOGRAPHY AT ITS BEST

For those of you hankering to make a maiden blush or have a slow, comfortable screw up against the wall, Mexican style, there's *X-Rated Drinks*—a softcover publication represented as "the first refreshing book on pournography" and containing more than 150 dirty-drink recipes, from an angel's tit to a wet-dream cocktail. Foley Publishing, P.O. Box 158, Liberty Corner, New Jersey 07938, sells the book for \$6.90, postpaid (yuk! yuk!); and the author, Hymie Lipshitz (yeah, sure!), tells us that after trying the fuzzy balls on page 31, "you'll be itching for another." Watch it! Those tears of mirth rolling down your cheeks are watering your drink.



THE SIGN OF SCORPIO

In our May *Cars '87: The Best* feature, Arthur Kretchmer comments that the Merkur XR4TI is "arguably the best all-round car with a Detroit label." Now comes the XR4TI's big brother, the Scorpio, a sleek, sexy German-made five-passenger luxury touring sedan that won the European Car of the Year award for 1986. We spent a week with the Scorpio, trolling Chicago's Rush Street district to rate its head-turning potential and tooling on the tollways to check out its reported autobahn-bred roadworthiness. Our conclusion: top marks in both categories. We *like* the Scorpio. With optional leather interior, it's a roomy men's club on wheels powered by a 2.9 V6. An antilocking brake system and four-wheel discs contribute to its gentlemanly manners. The price: \$26,405 loaded. Vroom!

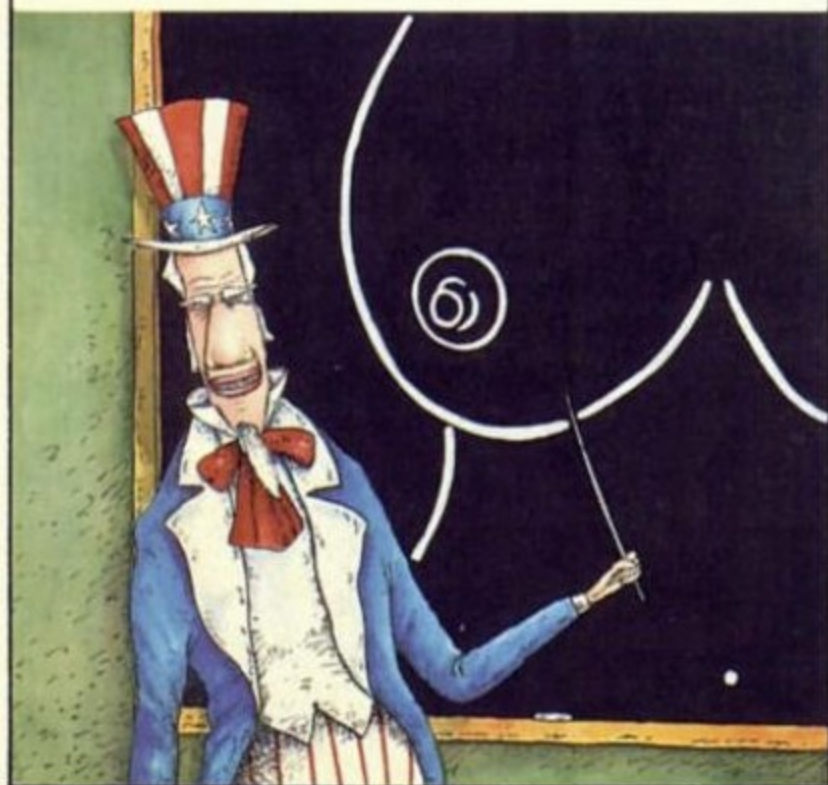
MASKED BALL!

For this year's collection of latex Halloween madness, we turned to Death Studios, 431 Pine Lake Avenue, La Porte, Indiana 46350, and they came through with some real screamers. Yes, the large rubber rodent is Big Daddy Roth's classic character Rat Fink (\$75); the Bozo gone berserk is Mad Jack (\$40); the cadaverous-looking fellow is a Jeeves that Bertie Wooster never met (\$58); and for \$11, a monster-make-up handbook is yours. Death Studios phone number is 219-362-4321. They're dying to hear from you.



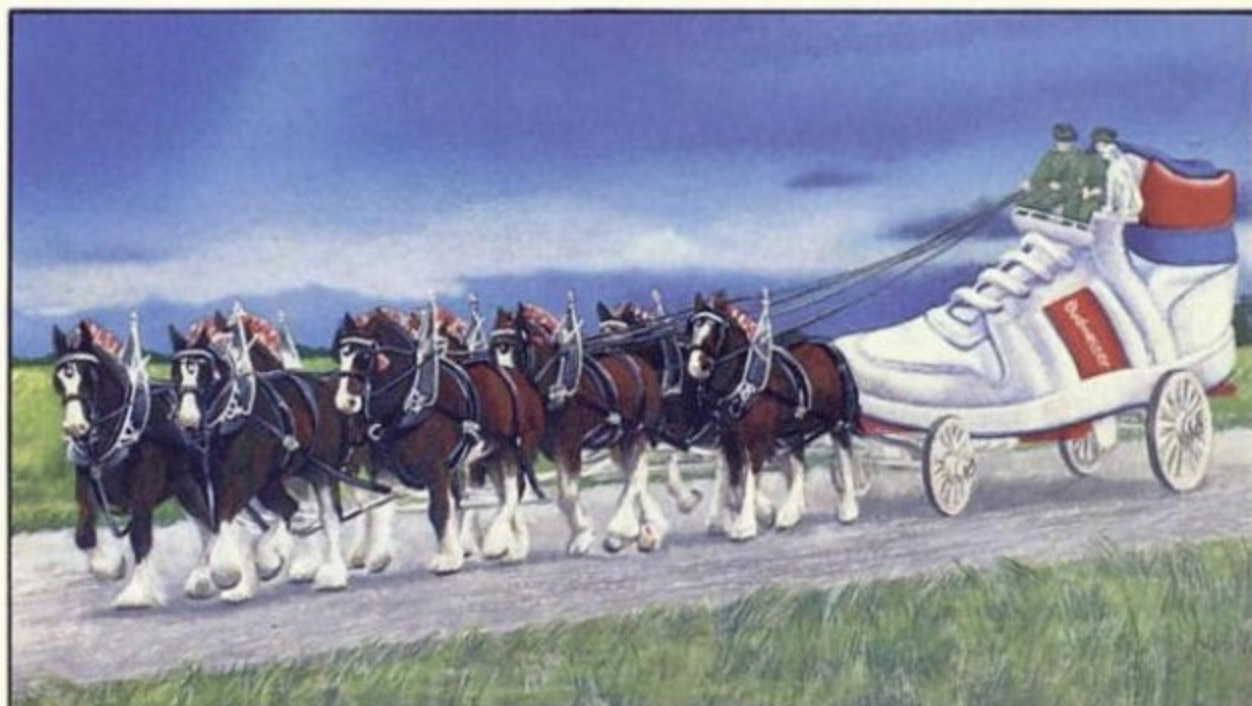
PLAY IT AGAIN, UNCLE SAM

Want to spend an evening at the movies watching Big Government at its cinematic worst? Order a video tape of *Federal Follies*, a collection of short, Government-funded films from the Forties to the Eighties covering topics from sex, drugs and latrines to brunettes and atomic bombs (learn how to survive a holocaust by slamming into a wall). Brookville Productions, P.O. Box 1505, Gracie Station, New York 10028, has all the info on the six-tape series, which sells for \$24.95 each, postpaid. Roll 'em and roar.



STRIKING NEW PRODUCT

High tech has mated with the martial arts and the offspring is the ReflexMaster—a training tool that integrates a striking target pad with a single-chip computer, thus providing athletes with a professional method to monitor and speed up reaction time. Tennis, racquetball, football and basketball players also will benefit from the ReflexMaster. Test conditions can match the trainer's level. And the ReflexMaster's price of \$169.95, sent to Martial Sciences, P.O. Box 620006, Woodside, California 94062, isn't a ball buster.



THIS SHOE'S FOR YOU, BUD

Anheuser-Busch has put its best foot forward and teamed up with the Brown Shoe Company to produce the Clydesdale, one of a series of colorful, contemporary-looking footwear emblazoned with the Budweiser logo. The Clydesdale is a leather padded hightop that is equally at home in a Saturday-morning game of one on one and belled up to the neighborhood bar for a stein or two of you-know-what. The Clydesdale is \$33 a pair. That's a kick, too.

CALL OF THE WEIRD

The Halloween Society describes itself as "the world's first and only organization devoted exclusively to the appreciation and preservation of the make-up artist's craft." And if you're a horror-movie fan, a mask collector or into s-f and fantasy, boy, is this a club for you! Twenty dollars sent to the society at 560 South Vermont Avenue, Suite 1313, Los Angeles 90020, gets you four issues of *The Halloween Gazette* (a recent issue included a biting review of vampire masks), a membership certificate and notification of society projects. These guys take Halloween seriously.



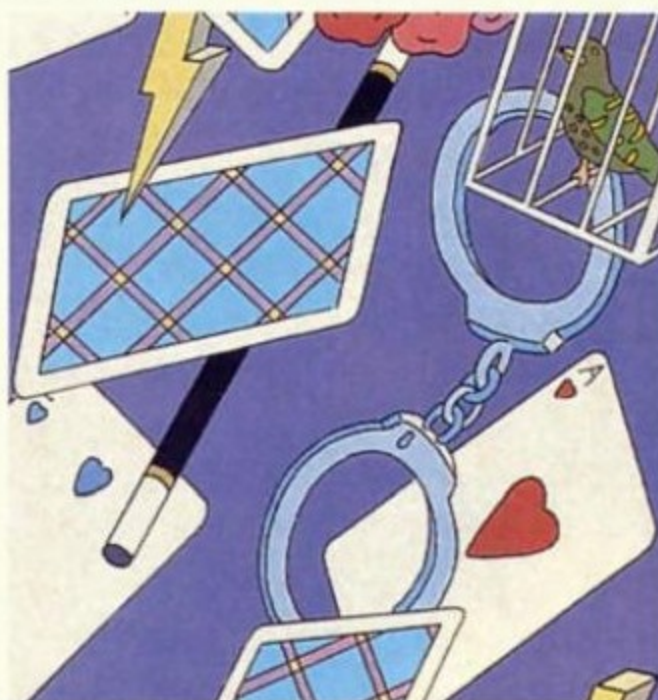
NEXT MONTH



CINEMA SEX



FOOTBALL MARKET



MCBAIN'S TRICKS



FASHION FORECAST

"MEAT AND MONEY AT FOOTBALL CAMP"—MEET THE COACHES, THE AGENTS, THE WOULD-BE PROS AS THEY SIZE ONE ANOTHER UP IN THE HOOSIERDOME. A REPORT ON THE N.F.L.'S ANNUAL TALENT AUCTION—BY **GEOFFREY NORMAN**

"TRICKS"—ON THE TRAIL OF A MISSING MAGICIAN, THE BOYS FROM THE 87TH PRECINCT DISCOVER THAT A DISAPPEARANCE ISN'T NECESSARILY A VANISHING ACT—BY **ED MCBAIN**

KELLY MCGILLIS, TOM CRUISE'S CO-STAR IN TOP GUN, DISCUSSES HER NEW FILMS, HER PASSIONS FOR CHILDREN'S BOOKS AND SEXY UNDERWEAR AND WHY LEAVING *BACHELOR PARTY* WAS A SWELL CAREER MOVE IN A BRISK **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"SEX IN CINEMA 1987"—THERE'S LIGHT ON THE HORIZON AS EROTICISM, MAKING A HESITANT SCREEN COMEBACK, IS REWARDED WHERE IT COUNTS: AT THE BOX OFFICE—BY **BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

DANIEL ORTEGA, THE *SANDINISTA* PRESIDENT OF NICARAGUA AND RONALD REAGAN'S ARCHADVERSARY, TALKS FOR THE FIRST TIME ABOUT HIS REVOLU-

TIONARY PAST AND THE IMPACT OF THE YANQUI LEGACY ON HIS COUNTRY'S PSYCHE IN A HISTORY-MAKING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"ROCK: 33 1/3 REASONS TO LOVE IT OR HATE IT"—WHAT'S HAPPENING IN MUSIC TODAY, INCLUDING NEWS ON YUPPIE BLUES AND NAUGHTY ROCK, PLUS *PLAYBOY'S* MUSIC-POLL BALLOT

"A CELEBRITY TELLS ALL"—YOU'VE SEEN HER NAME IN THE HEADLINES, WONDERED ABOUT HER STORY, SPECULATED ABOUT HER SEX APPEAL. AT LAST, SHE REVEALS WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

"ELECTRONICS: THE LATEST LOW-DOWN"—*PLAYBOY* UNRAVELS THE CONFUSION SURROUNDING NEW VIDEO FORMATS, THE DIGITAL-AUDIO-TAPE WARS AND COMPACT-DISC VIDEO—AND RECOMMENDS SOME CDS THAT'LL TEST YOUR STEREO SYSTEM

PLUS: *PLAYBOY'S* FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST, PART TWO; "BEST OF THE BROWNS," A LOOK AT THE WORLD'S BEST WHISKEYS AND WHISKIES; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE IN AN ISSUE WE GUARANTEE YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO PUT DOWN



When they want you
to play it again.

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COGNAC
Hennessy
The world's most civilized spirit



Of these brands...



4 mg

tar, 0.4 mg. nic.



6 mg

tar, 0.6 mg. nic.



3 mg

tar, 0.3 mg. nic.



9 mg

tar, 0.7 mg. nic.



7 mg

tar, 0.7 mg. nic.

Carlton is lowest.



Less than
1 mg
tar, 0.1 mg. nic.

Carlton Box 100's

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**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '85.

Lowest of all brands is Carlton Box
King—less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic.