

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1988 • \$4.00



SPECIAL COLLEGE ISSUE

GIRLS, FOOTBALL, FASHION,
PRIZE FICTION, BEER

INTERVIEW: BASEBALL'S ROGER CRAIG

EXCLUSIVE
THE FIRST REAGAN-IRAN ARMS DEAL

TV'S HOT HELLION,
MORTON DOWNEY, JR.

MAJOR NEW WORK
FROM STUDES TERKEL

PLAYBOY EXPOSES THE
NUMBER-ONE PLAYGIRL



PLAYBILL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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K. KELLEY



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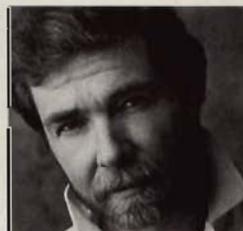
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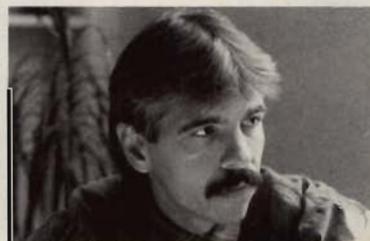
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PLAYBOY®

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COVER STORY

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



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DEAR PLAYBOY



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UP FROM DOWN UNDER

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

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

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

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

C. V. Compton Shaw
Reno, Nevada

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

Dreux DeMack
Tulsa, Oklahoma

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

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

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

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

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

Gary S. Meade
Los Angeles, California

THERE GO THE JUDGE

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

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

James L. Minetti
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

RUNNING DOWN JESSE

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

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

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

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

Lanny R. Middings
San Ramon, California

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

Dave Saalfeld
Vancouver, Washington

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

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

Nathan Calfey
Irving, Texas

JELLY-BEAN JARS

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

Walter S. Ingram
Vail, Colorado

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

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

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

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

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

Eric T. Houghton
Plainsboro, New Jersey

MORE OF CINDY, PLEASE

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

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

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

Gene Stevens
Austin, Texas

AMATEUR VS. PRO?

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

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

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

Bill Crewe
Quebec, Quebec

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Be fair, Cynthia.

Jon R. McKenzie
Bellflower, California

WORLD-CLASS LASSES

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

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

Byron J. Oler
Houston, Texas

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

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

Joe L. Baldwin, Jr.
Norton AFB, California

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





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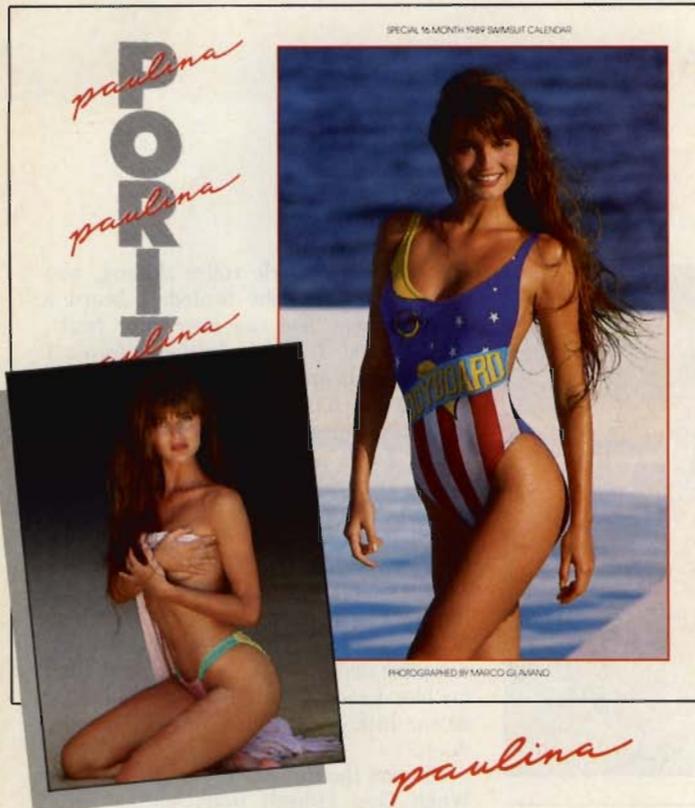
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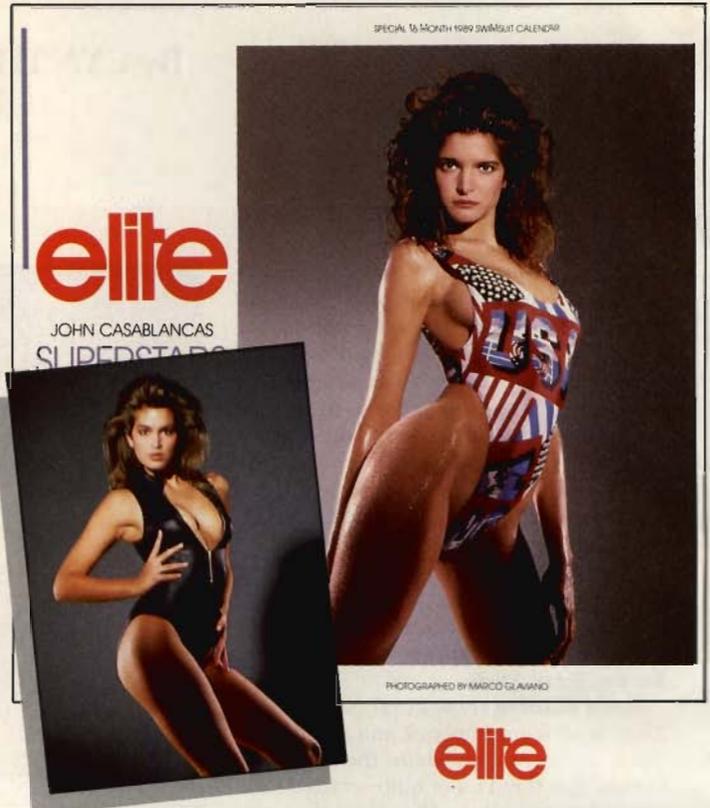
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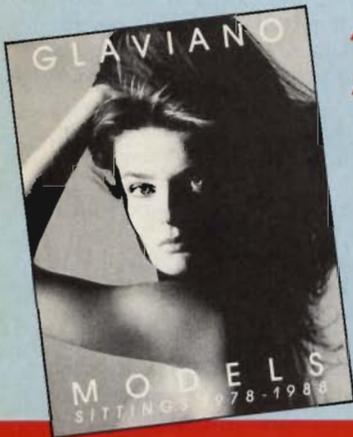
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

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

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



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



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



Anna Clark

ANNA CLARK
APRIL 1987

Cher Butler

CHER BUTLER
AUGUST 1985

India Allen

INDIA ALLEN
DECEMBER 1987

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



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



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



Julie Peterson

JULIE PETERSON
FEBRUARY 1987

Laurie Carr

LAURIE CARR
DECEMBER 1986

Rebecca Ferratti

REBECCA FERRATTI
JUNE 1986

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



THE BIG LIE: REISMAN REVISITED

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The study appears to be an official

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

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

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

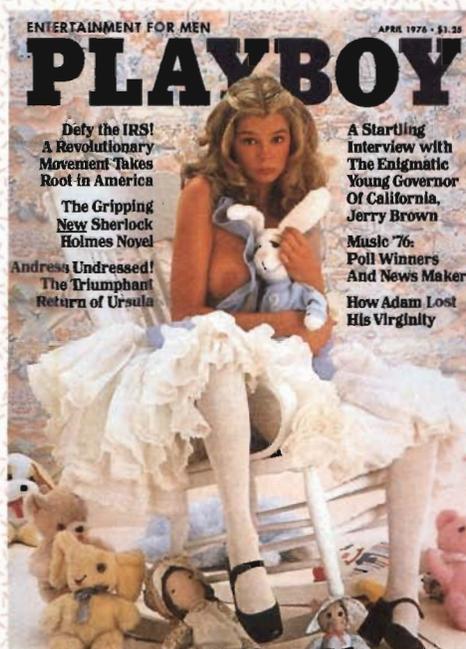
The report is supposedly the authorized summary of a 2000-page Government-funded study. It seems to carry the Federal imprimatur, but that is a careful deception.

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

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

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

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



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

—THE EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

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

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

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

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

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

If the study was rejected by the officials who had commissioned it, and repudiated with some embarrassment by the peers who reviewed it, why is it now in circulation? How can Reisman pass it off as an official report when the original was so resoundingly ridiculed? She simply denies that she wrote the original. The Justice Department shelved a report "ostensibly written by Dr. Reisman." Figlio criticized "the unauthorized American University draft" and was "unable to review and evaluate this final technical version written by the Principal Investigator." We are always leery of people who refer to themselves in the third person and use capital letters. Who, if not Reisman, wrote the original? Judith Bat Ada? Captain Kangaroo?

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

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

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

THE NUMBERS GAME

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

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

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



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

—THE EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

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

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

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

FORUM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE AGE OF MAJORITY

Here's another sample of the Execu-

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



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

—THE EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We won't bother with an involved defense of the Ffolkes cartoon. A man can enjoy gallows humor without being in favor of capital punishment, or relish the *Reader's Digest* Humor in Uniform without being a warmonger. Only someone willing to fondle the budding breasts of a cartoon image

would see it as an endorsement of child sexual abuse. But Reisman claims that *Playboy* associates sex and violence by running an article on, say, organized crime or war in the same 300-page magazine as a pictorial on lingerie. In contrast, she associates sex and violence, in the space of a paragraph, directing the reader's fantasy to the morbid, actively inviting viewer participation throughout the report.

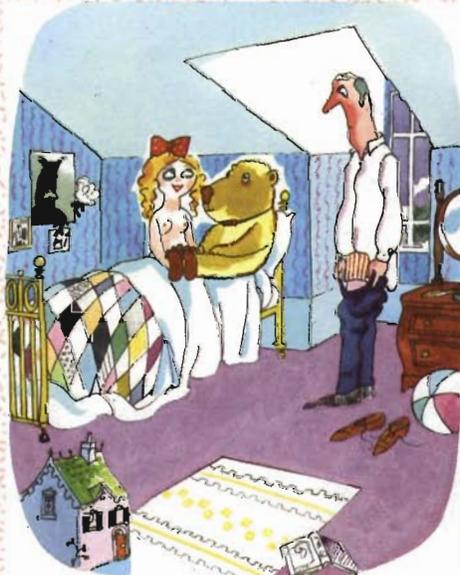
CHARACTER ASSASSINATION

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

Correlation is not cause and effect, nor is it sufficient. Reisman wants you

to believe that because there are images in the magazine, and behavior in the world, the one causes the other. That is called magical thinking; it's the kind of science that led Asians to believe that if they consumed the horn of a rhinoceros, it would serve as an aphrodisiac. That belief has led to the endangerment of the rhino; Reisman's magical thinking has put men's magazines on the (concluded on page 52)

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



"But five of all, we have to ask Teddie's intentions, and that costs \$40!"

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

—THE EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

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



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

'BOY MEETS 'GIRL

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



Playboy. Playgirl. Now, there's a pair.

Needless to say, there's no chicken-and-egg question here; we know which came first. But squatters' rights and circulation figures

aside, we thought it was time to check out the "Entertainment for Women" magazine, and what better tour guide than Playgirl's own editor in chief, Nancie S. Martin?

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

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

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

PLAYBOY: So we meet at last.

PLAYGIRL: Playboy meets Playgirl.

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

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

PLAYBOY: Myth two: The models are all gay.

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

PLAYBOY: Angry girlfriends?

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

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

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

PLAYBOY: Wet shorts?

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

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



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



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



shirt contest?

PLAYGIRL: Yes.

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

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

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

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

PLAYBOY: Like a dent.

PLAYGIRL: It *is* a dent.

PLAYBOY: Hunk.

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

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

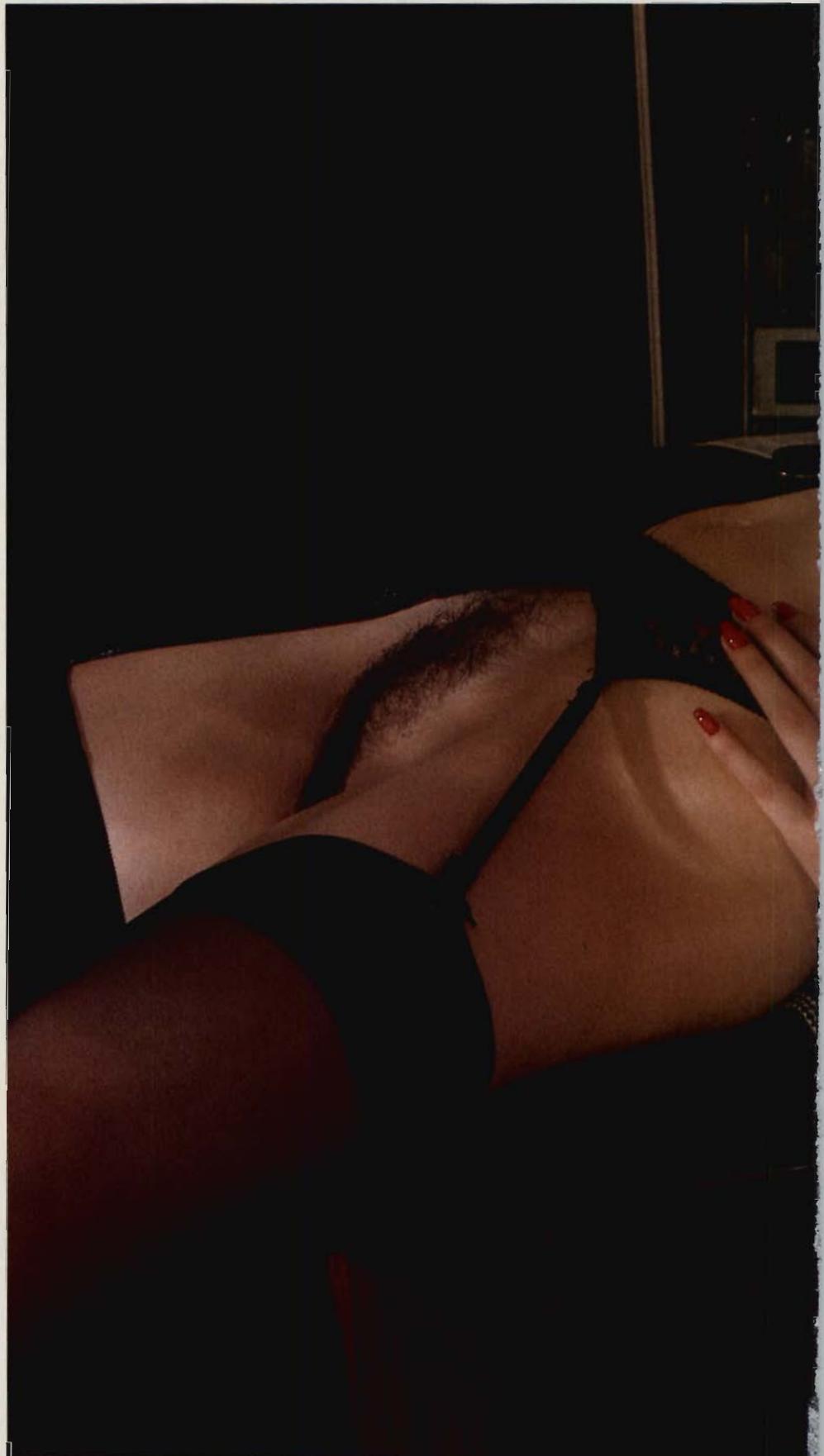
PLAYGIRL: While I was in school, I worked full time in the state assembly in Albany, New York. That was interesting, but there was a lot of "You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours" stuff going on and I decided that I didn't really want to be a part of it. So I came back to New York City and started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

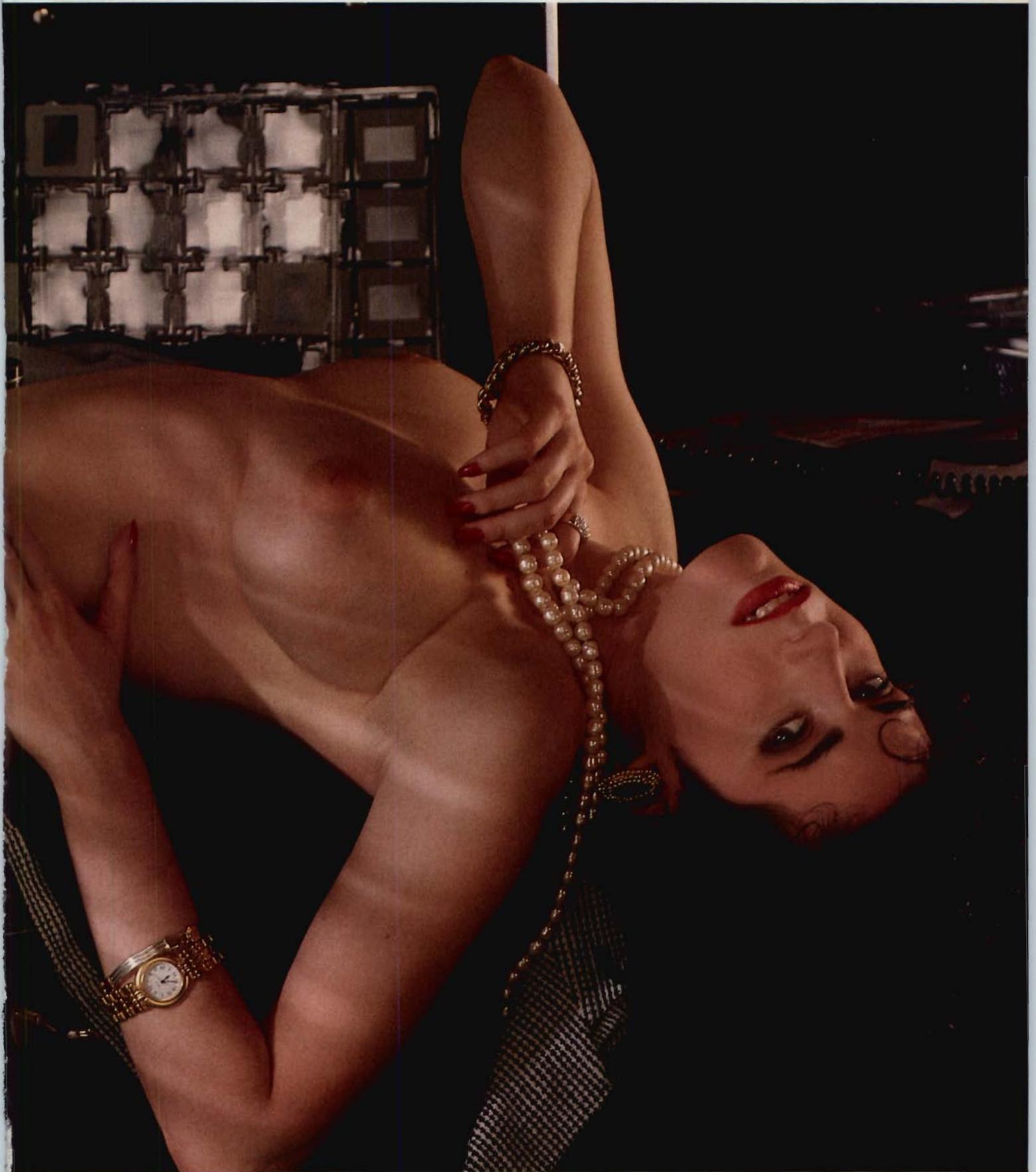
Before long, I ended up at *Look* magazine, which folded within a month but gave me enough magazine experience to decide I really liked it. Eventually, I became the editor of *Tiger Beat*.

PLAYBOY: The teen magazine?

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

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







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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PLAYBOY: In 1973?

PLAYGIRL: That is correct.

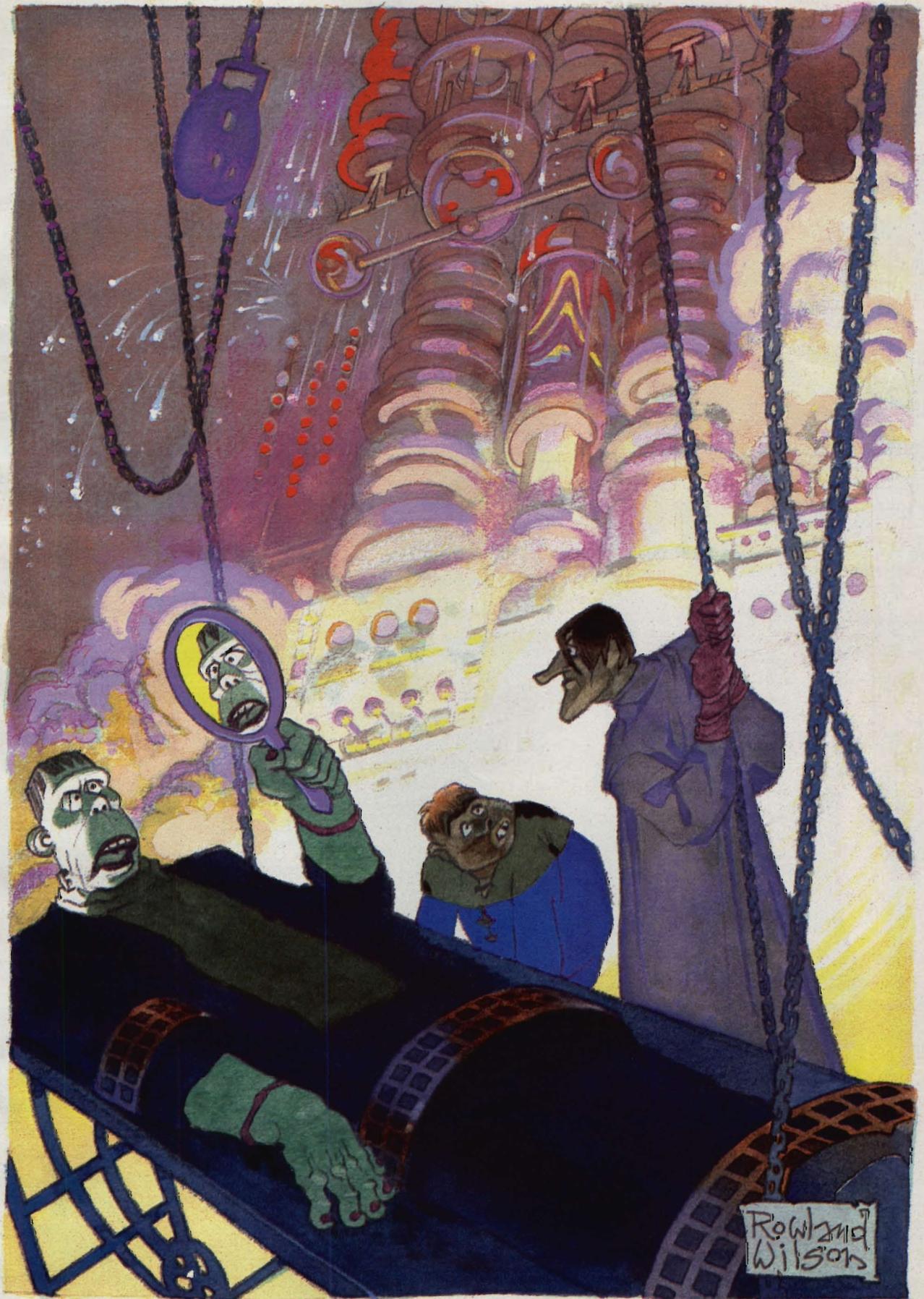
PLAYBOY: Wait a minute.

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





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



Rowland
Wilson

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



SAUCY AUSSIE

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





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



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





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



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

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



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

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

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

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: SHANNON LONG

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

HEIGHT: 5' 3" WEIGHT: 94 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 1st FEB, '69 BIRTHPLACE: GLAOSTONE, AUSTRALIA

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

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

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

FAVORITE BOOKS: JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL

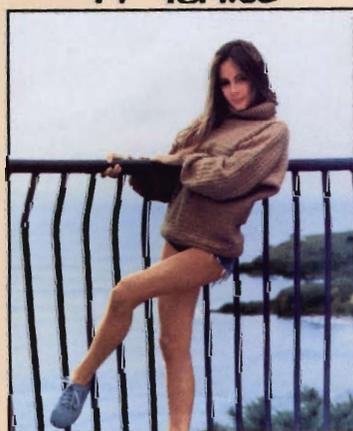
FAVORITE MOVIES: WITCHES OF EASTWICK, SUSPECT

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: JACK NICHOLSON, BRYAN FERRY, CHER

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

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

14 YEARS



OVERLOOKING MY FAVOURITE BEACHES IN AUSTRALIA.

16 YEARS



PROMOTING PLAYBOY IN AUSTRALIA.

17 YEARS



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

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

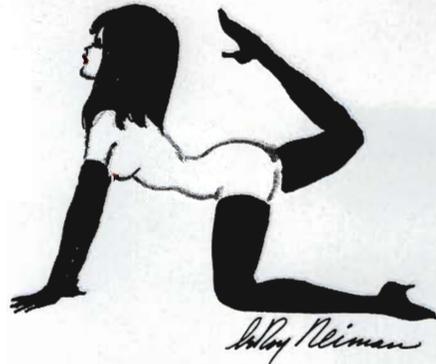
"Sounds great," Corky said. "Why'd you ever come to the U.S.?"

"I like to bark once in a while."

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

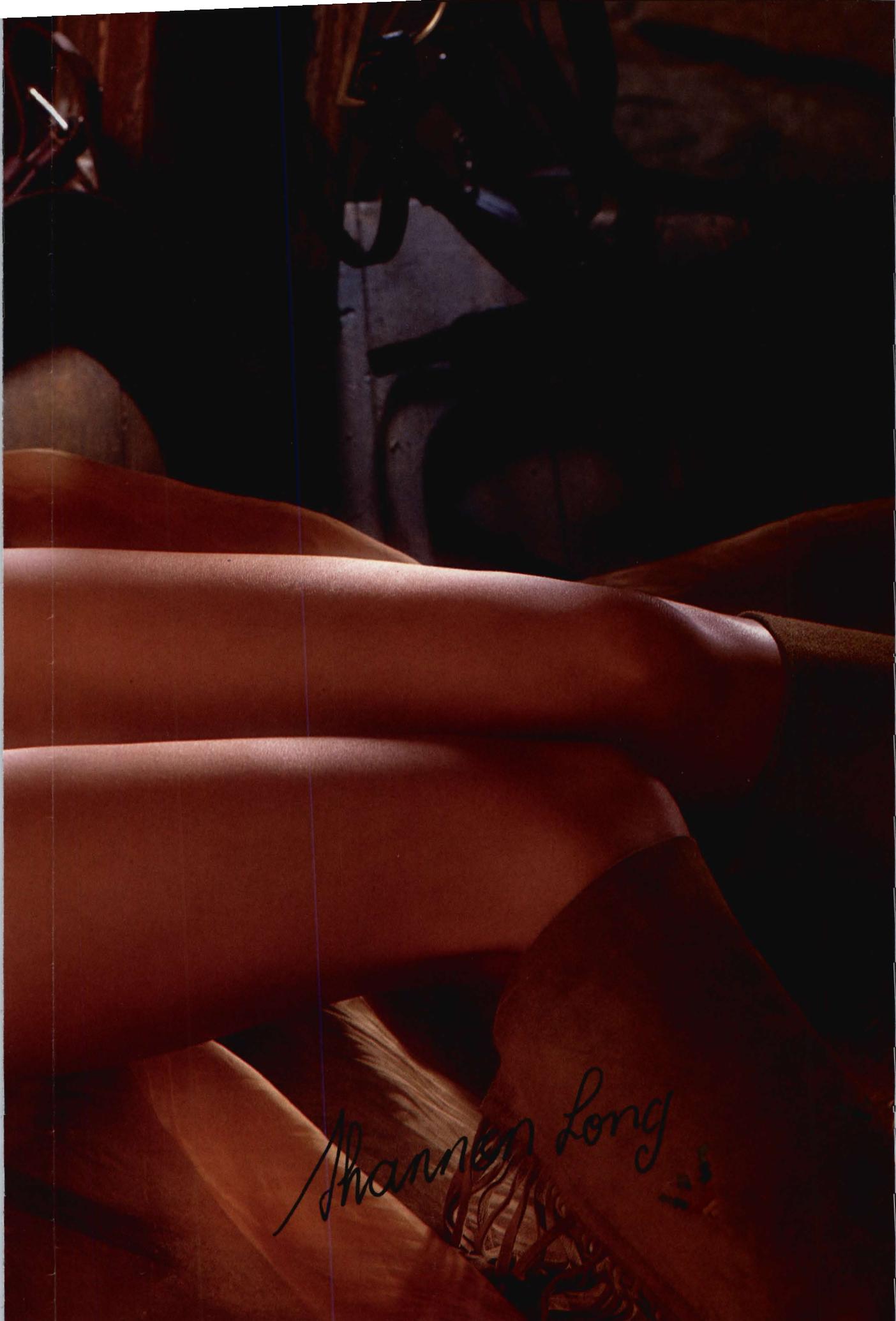
Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a post-card, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



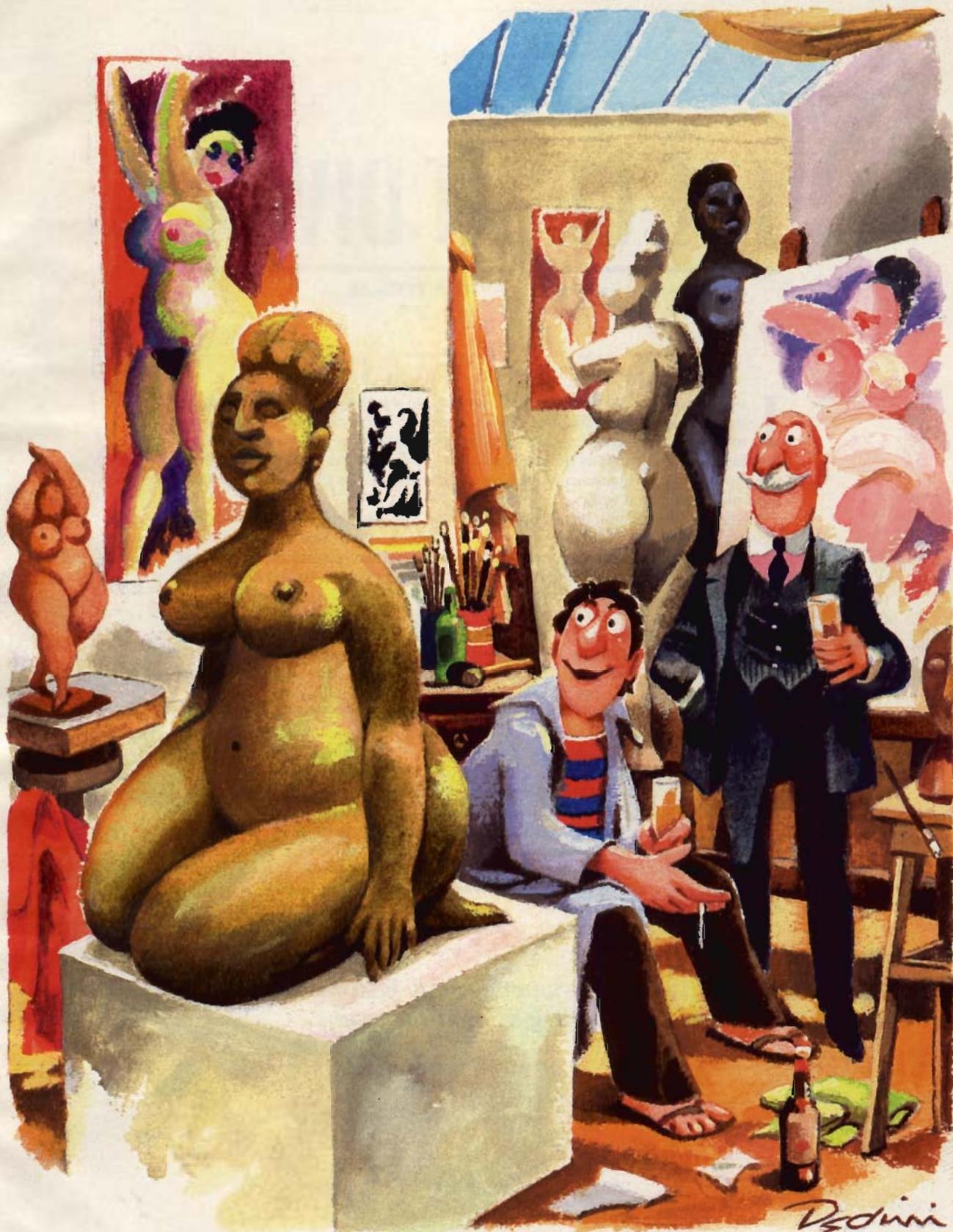
MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

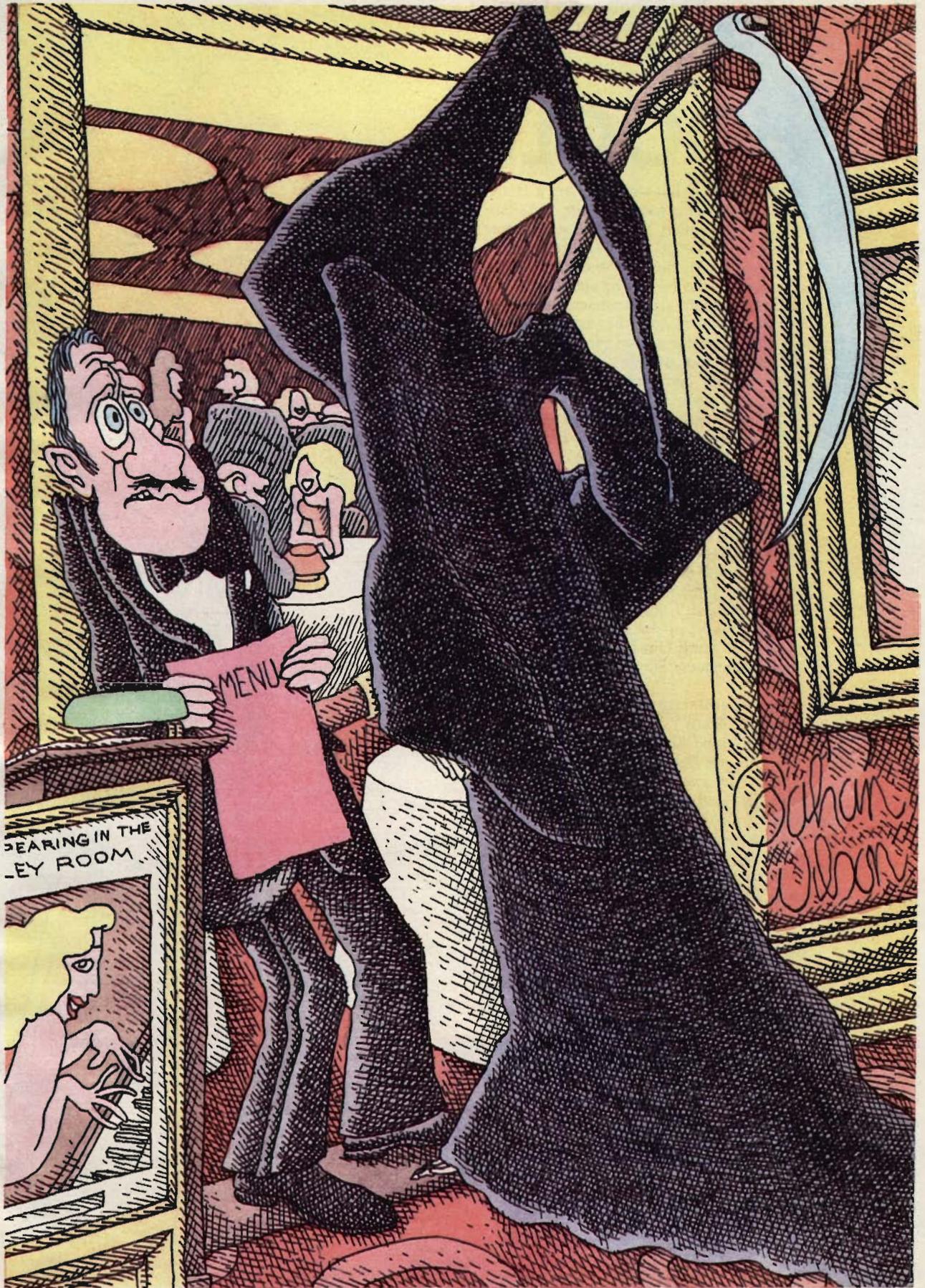




Shannen Long



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



"Relax—all I want is a good table."

fasten your sun belts, guys, and meet the

GIRLS OF THE SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE



Out for a typical Texas joy ride (above) is this line-up of lovely ladies from Lubbock. From left, meet Kristi Farquhar, Pamela Brewer, Lun-nitta Myers, Connie Swinney and Laura Barrington—five excellent reasons to attend Texas Tech University. Opting for an indoor setting is Texas Tech's Dawn Rudkins (below), an aerobics devotee and future physical therapist. (By the way, fellas, Dawn doesn't go for the macho-man routine: "I like men who are honest and down to earth," she says, "men who aren't afraid to show emotion." Read it and weep!)

ALMOST a decade ago, when *Playboy* was hopping about the country in search of college ladies who best ignited our national school spirit, we decided to peek in on a popular cluster of nine campuses—eight of them in Texas, all of them part of the Bible Belt—dubbed the N.C.A.A.'s Southwest Conference. To our delight, what began as a photographic shot in the dark turned out to be a winner: Be-jeaned and bounteous, the *Girls of the Southwest Conference* (*Playboy*, September 1980) brought city boys to their knees and set men everywhere dreaming of one-way tickets to the Sun Belt. Well, we figured eight years was enough time for y'all to cool down—so we decided to go back. We asked *Playboy* Contributing Photographers David Chan and David Mecey (whose last pictorial collaboration was *Women of* (text concluded on page 133)





Don't let the name fool you: All are not techies at Texas Tech. For instance, here's Shannon Imle (left), an Oklahoma gal who likes rock and roll, a good back rub and zipping around on her scooter. While you may think Lisa Hyde (below) is an eye-ful, she's also an earful: a d.j. at the school's KTXT radio station. Carin Blackmon (bottom) is a feisty go-getter—especially when playing powder-puff football.





When asked about future plans, the University of Arkansas' Tracy Barton (left) doesn't have to think twice: "I want my name to be inside every man's pants," she says with a smile, "as a briefs designer, that is." Designer labels are less appealing to Tracy's classmates Dawna Rodgers-Early (below) and Joan Moore (bottom). Joan's a philosophy major who relaxes with comic books; Dawna just loves to smile.



Hold on to your ten-gallon hats, guys—here's a trio of determined beauties from Southern Methodist University in Dallas. Ann Adair (opposite, top) wants to "reach a level of professionalism unmatched by most women and, at the same time, maintain my femininity." No problem there, we say. As for Dawn Perdue (right), finding time to relax is the only task she has yet to master. A "compulsive studier who thrives on accomplishing new things," Dawn is headed for a career in marketing. And although Missy Mitchell (far right) is also hoping to make her mark on the world, she's not exactly sure in what field that will be: She's had five majors in only two years at SMU.



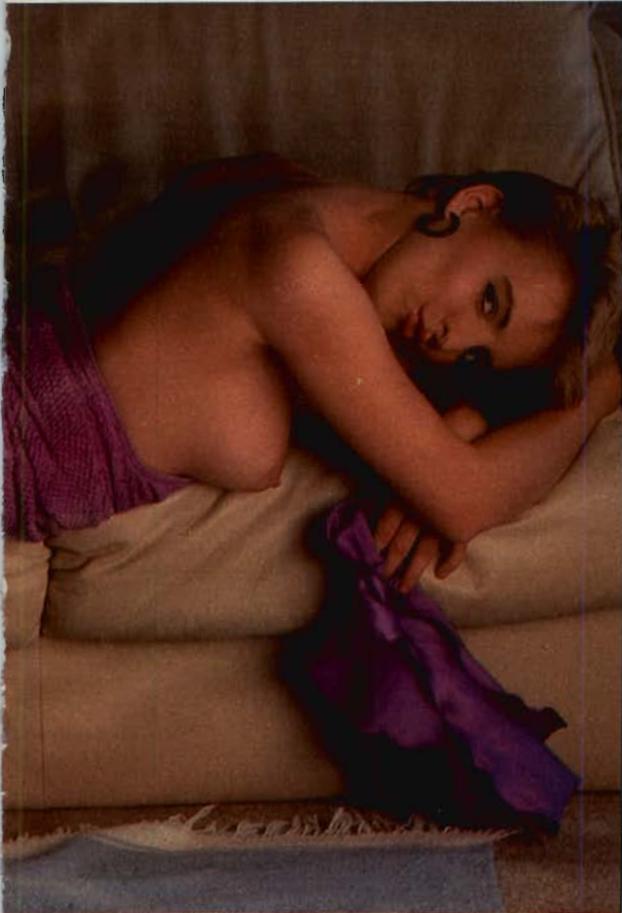


Our hearts weren't the only things recently won by U of Houston's Debra Garcia (cooling off before the camera, below): She also boasts victories in local bikini and wet-T-shirt contests. Surprised? We didn't think so.



On the subject of men, Baylor University's Mary Katherine Brannon (top) and Tia Boretti (above) know just what they want—and don't want: While Mary Kate's future mate won't be "one of those guys who think with their sex organs," Tia's Mr. Right is easy to spot—he's the tall, muscular one who owns a fast car and likes to dance.





University of Houston coed Kathrine Albright (left) says she has longed to be in *Playboy* since before she could read. "I wanted to look just like the girls in Daddy's magazines," she says. Intent on becoming her family's first "third-generation chemistry professor," Kathrine is an admitted pushover for flowers and secret-admirer notes.



Houston's Stacey Hawkins (left) knows the perfect way to pass time before passing the bar: by hitting the beach, watching the soaps and eating junk food. Schoolmate Sharyl Rudin (above) spends most of her off-study hours going to auditions and gearing up for the big move to L.A., where she intends to become the next Donna Mills.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN AND DAVID MECEY



Planning one day to open her own enterprise, the U of Texas' Sharon Elliott (left) is already showing signs of business savvy: "The one thing I dislike about studying," she says, "is that I'm not paid for my time."



According to the U of Texas' Tina Bockrath (above right), all that's needed for the perfect evening are three basic elements: "rock music, a bottle of wine and a good-looking man." Then again, schoolmate Mary Plasket (below) prefers things just a little livelier. A skiing/sailing/Frisbee fanatic, Mary eventually plans to follow in her dad's footsteps and become an undercover agent.





Lounging through study hour above is Terri Higgins, an amusement-park enthusiast from the U of Texas. Once she graduates, Terri will jump to the other side of the desk and teach high school biology. Also Texas coeds are Alexandra Hathaway (below left)—a sophomore who's into white wine, red lipstick and Pink Floyd—and Vanessa Hicks (below right), a future lawyer who confesses to an inexplicable crush on Ollie North.





Talk about the wonders of genetics: Not only does Texas Christian knockout Laura Pearse (below left) have a twin brother, she also has 16-year-old twin sisters. Laura's aiming to become the president of a large bank. And from Texas A&M, meet Heather Marion (below right), a song-bird who has her eye set on a "big-time" recording career. Originally from San Antonio, Heather likes to cuddle but can't stand cold sheets.



Also from TCU is Caitlin Thomas (above), an ex-teacher from Las Cruces, New Mexico. Determined to break the stereotype that "tall blondes are dumb," Caitlin plans to become an ace writer-reporter. And while Texas A&M's Leah Sternbaum is bent on opening a seafood restaurant in the heart of Dallas, the 97-pound Miami native says only one thing stands in her way: "convincing people I'm old enough to write checks."

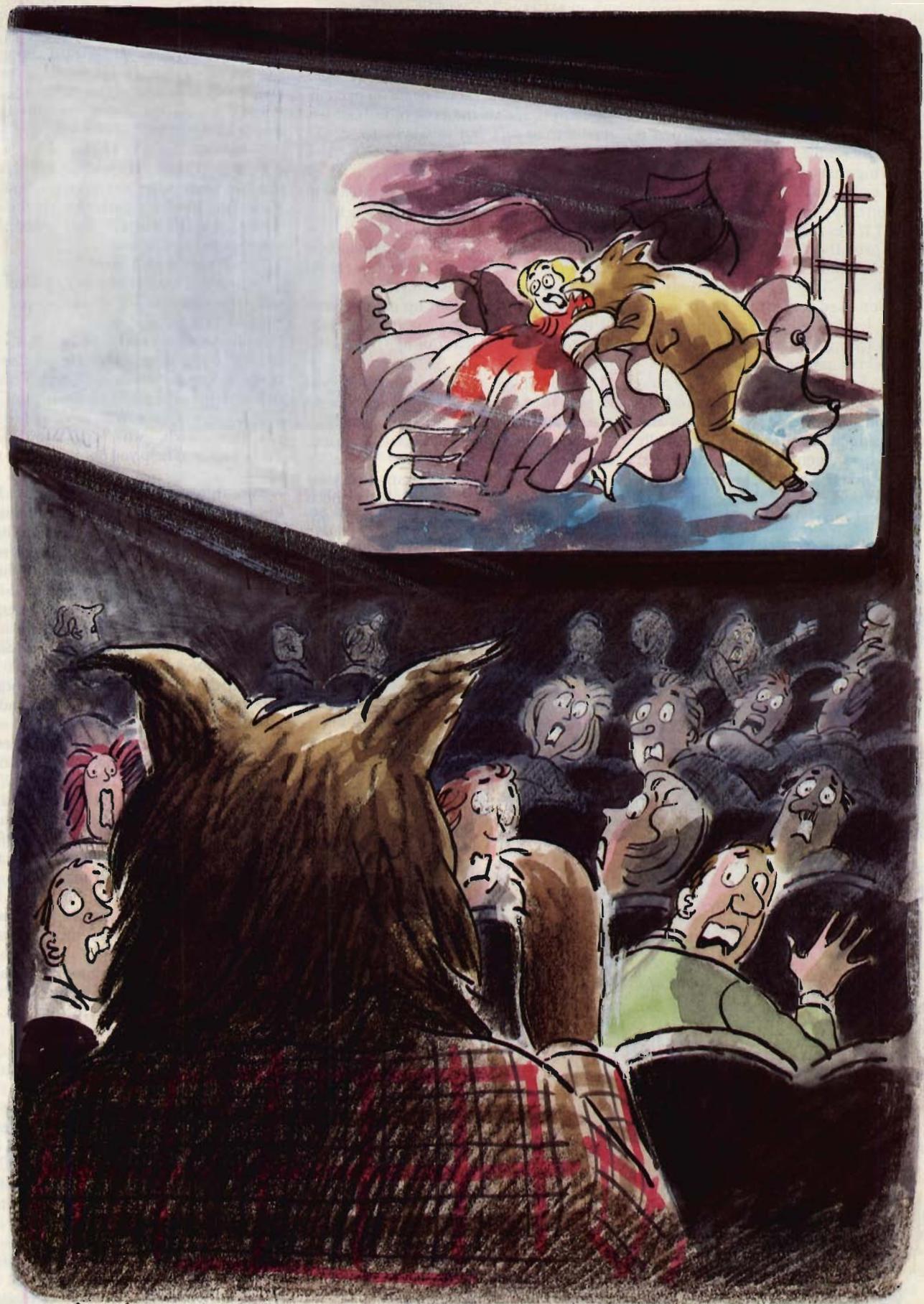
the Ivy League Revisited—October 1986) to high-tail it to the heart of Texas—with a little side step into Arkansas—and they came back with a hot-blooded cowboy fantasy. “The thing that separates the women of the Southwest from some of our other college-women features,” says *Playboy* Managing Photo Editor Jeff Cohen, “is that out there, *everybody's* a hard body. That and the fact that there are more all-over tans. The body consciousness is unbelievable.” Well, start believin’, pardners, as you say howdy to the women of the Southwest Conference.

From Rice University in Houston, here's Lisa Jaskolka (right), an “art stuff” student from New Orleans. Lisa isn't sure what line of work she'll head into, but she does know it will be “creative and reeeeeeal different.” Finally, meet another Owl partisan, senior Barbara Anne Noelle. Partial to risqué jokes, white-sand beaches and lace underwear, Barbara Anne has chosen a profession perfectly suited to her sparkling beauty: gemmology.





"Gosh, Delilah, I suddenly feel kinda weak. I don't know if it was the haircut you gave me or the blow job."



Mike Williams.

"What an amateur. I always go for the tits first."

the martini. He tried to concentrate on what she was saying about the zoo, but whenever he focused on her face, he stared, and his brain took stock without permission—white skin, almost as pale as his, but flecked with gold-dust freckles, and the hair a mesmerizing red, more hair than could possibly be on one head, yet there it was, soft and bouncing slightly as she spoke. He found it difficult to speak; his lips felt swollen and he pressed the cold rim of his glass against them. He strained to re-enter the conversation. Something about the gestation period of elephants.

"The door was wide open." Ted was standing in the room. A woman with short black hair and a long white skirt leaned against his arm. Her shoes were in her hand, along with an unlit cigarette, and her feet and the bottom of her skirt were splashed with mud.

"Hello, Liz, Iz, Ellen, Irene." He paused to wink at Iz. "This is Aunt Evil, but I'm afraid she's not at her best today. We've just finished up the Invisible Man Run."

"I thought you liked this woman, Ted," Iz said.

"What's the Invisible Man Run?" Irene asked.

Ted grinned boozily. "What it is is getting into a cab and heading for the sleaziest bar we know of in Southern California—the Lone Eagle—and having a drink, traditionally a straight shot of tequila. Then you go from tavern to tavern, guzzling a drink at each establishment as you methodically and drunkenly work your way home. What's our record, Iz?"

"I don't remember," he answered too quickly.

"C'mon, Daddy. We know you know," Liz said.

"Something like three hours and forty-

five minutes," Iz answered reluctantly.

"Yikes. How many bars are we talking about?" Irene asked.

"Twenty-three. Am I invisible yet?" This was the first and last thing Aunt Evil said. Ted led her to a chair and gave her a light.

"Yikes," Irene repeated, "I think I'll wait to sign up until I see if she survives."

"I think we need some food," Ellen said, and Iz felt incredibly happy as she and Liz ran off to the kitchen. Perfect hostesses in the face of this nonsense. Once they were gone, Ted and Irene watched Iz. Ted grinned madly and Irene's clear green gaze made his lips tingle again, so he distracted himself with a demonstration of the new ice crusher. Half the cubes in the freezer were pulverized before Liz and Ellen returned with pizza rolls and clam dip.

"We weren't expecting a party," Liz said apologetically, though she looked pleased, gray eyes sparkling.

"Neither was I," Iz said in Ted's direction.

"But it certainly is festive," Irene said and smiled.

"Festive," Ted repeated, and everyone laughed.

"The door was wide open, so I didn't ring."

Iz's shoulders tensed; he knew without looking that the voice belonged to Amy. Who invited her? He wanted to giggle—no—he had to deal with this situation thoughtfully, if not entirely soberly.

"Amy, what are you doing here?" He decided to stall. Amy didn't look good, sort of crushed. Her spiky short hair drooped, waiflike, and her lips were taut, as though she hadn't laughed in a long time. She even slouched. But her gray eyes were clear and stern as she snapped her gaze almost audi-

bly from her daughters to Ted to the disheveled Aunt Evil to Iz and back to Liz and Ellen.

"Amy must've heard we were having a party," Ted said jovially.

"Amy," Izard shot a warning shot to Ted. "You're certainly welcome here."

"May I speak with you privately?" Amy's voice was low. Iz wobbled to his feet and followed her to the kitchen.

"I didn't plan on barging in," she began.

"Well, I must say your unprecedented appearance is along rather unexpected lines."

"Are you drunk?" Her voice raised half an octave.

"You were about to explain your barge, were you not?"

"As if I should do the explaining." She looked over her shoulder at the door to the living room. "Shit, Iz, this is just too much. This isn't a home, this is a playpen."

"You haven't even seen it."

"It's gross." Now her volume increased.

"I don't need to see any more."

He set his glass down on the countertop and reached his hands toward her shoulders. "But, Amy, it's all in fun."

She shrugged his hands away. "Oh, sure, booze and food and games and a bunch of goddamned drunks." Her voice was loud enough to be heard in the other room.

"Be reasonable. Please."

"What I just walked in on is reasonable? Besides, I don't feel reasonable—I got laid off."

"Maybe it's for the best. I mean, you were miserable——"

"Oh, shut up."

Iz was afraid to say anything more. He knew he wasn't thinking clearly about anything except wanting Amy to relax, wanting to be back with the others. Amy was silent for a moment as her eyes flicked over the gleaming appliances, the hand-painted countertop tiles, the monolithic side-by-side refrigerator-freezer.

She sighed. "I just don't think I have the strength to look for a job right now."

"Why don't you take a little time off first?" Izard hurried to the sink and rummaged in a drawer beside it.

"You want me to take a vacation? I lose my job and I'm supposed to go lallygag on a beach somewhere?" Her voice rose again.

Izard pulled his checkbook from the drawer with a flourish.

"Why don't you at least think about it? I'll write you a check and——"

"No!"

His hand froze.

"What does it take to——" She took a step forward and grabbed his martini from the countertop and hurled it toward the sink. Beside him, the heavy glass exploded against the stainless steel; Iz watched a lone olive bounce off the edge and land on the floor.

"Amy, I'm sorry. We'll work it out later, OK? Please?"

"No. It's not OK. Not OK at all." She



"Is he expecting you?"

FAST FORWARD

CAUSE CELEBRITY

For an actress who is associated mostly with comedies (*The Sure Thing*, *Spaceballs*), Daphne Zuniga takes life very seriously. "Whenever I get too caught up in my career, I wonder, What are you doing for the world?" For Zuniga, it's not an idle question—she's a cofounder of Young Artists United, a group of New Wave Hollywood activists, and a member of both Network, Jane Fonda's political-action group, and CISPES, the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador. Zuniga, 26, comes from a family steeped in involvement. She grew up in Berkeley and vividly recalls the antiwar riots and "clinging to my mom for dear life." Her mother, a Unitarian minister, schooled her on the women's movement, and her father, a professor, took her on yearly trips to his homeland in Guatemala, which exposed her to the turmoil in Central America. Her commitment hasn't slowed down her career, and she has recently scored major roles in *Last Rites*, *Boys and the Fly II*. "Life is scary, my next movie is scary—I'm ready to do a musical," she says, "like *Oklahoma!*"

—JAN GOLAB



AMBER TOTT

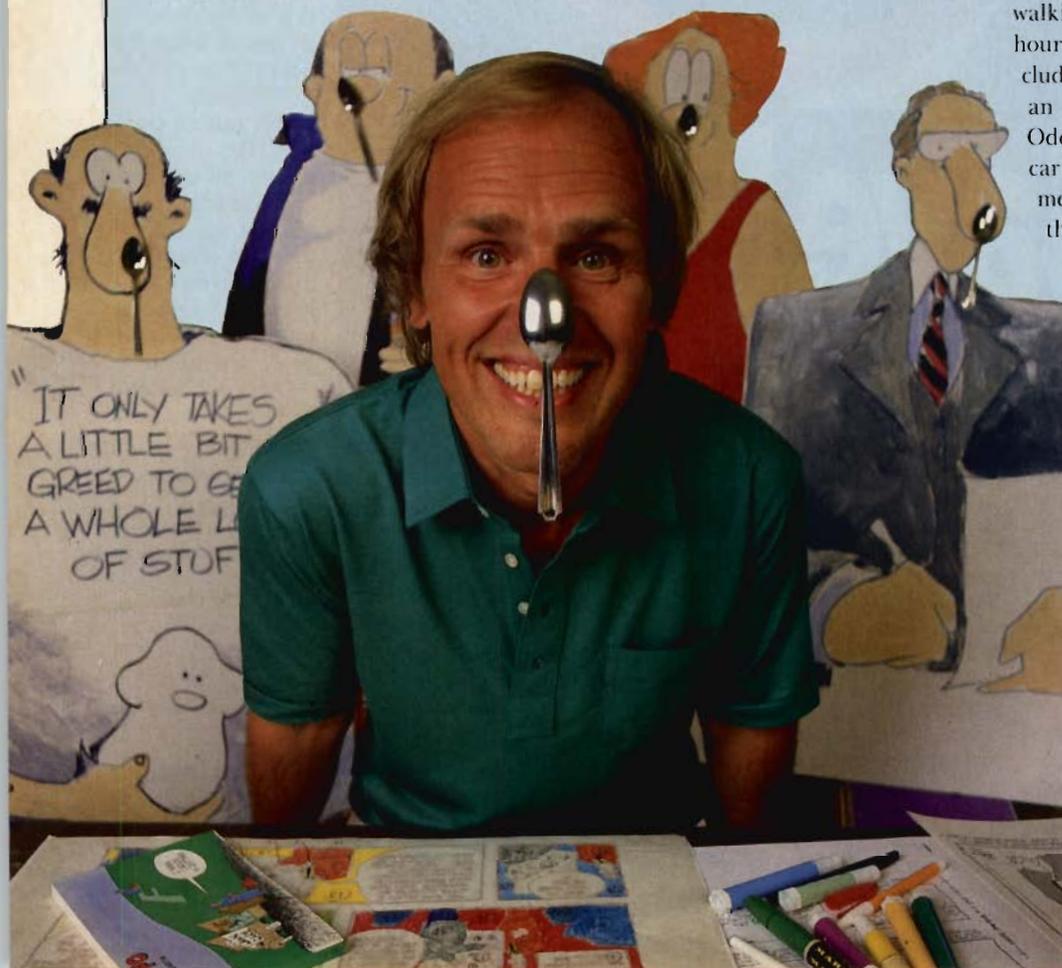
Beyond Boffo

Joe Martin has always been prolific. By the time he was 20, he had four children; now, at 41, the Wisconsin-based cartoonist produces three daily strips

that appear in 300 newspapers: *Willy 'n Ethel*, *Porterfield* and the two-year-old, highly successful *Mister Boffo*. "I invent 24 jokes a week, 104 a month, or 1248 a

year," Martin says, casually adding that he's also scripting a *Mister Boffo* movie and building a home television studio. Martin, who comes up with his jokes by walking aimlessly every day for seven hours, has also written four books, including *How to Hang a Spoon*, about an art he has obviously mastered. Oddly, he almost didn't make it as a cartoonist. "In the Seventies, they told me I was too close to another strip that was failing—Gary Larson's *The Far Side*," he explains. But Larson took off, and soon after, Martin followed. The two share a bizarre sensibility, but Martin's work may be even more warped, one day featuring household hints from Mr. Gross-Man, the next day bare-breasted Gauguinlike amazons called The Tit People. "A lot of my ideas don't make it into the papers," he admits. Like the one about a man talking with his shrink. "All my friends think I'm crazy," the patient complains. The psychiatrist suggests thoughtfully, "Why don't you kill them?"

—GENE STONE



JAMES SCHNEPP

ELECTION HELD HOSTAGE

(continued from page 74)

"Reagan had informants at the CIA, the NSC, even inside the White House Situation Room."

Debategate. The Subcommittee on Human Resources, chaired by Democratic Representative Don Albosta of Michigan, spent nearly a year reviewing internal Reagan-campaign operations. Its definitive report, "Unauthorized Transfers of Nonpublic Information During the 1980 Presidential Election," was released in May 1984. It shocked the few who read its 2400 pages. What had begun as a routine inquiry into the alleged theft of a debate briefing book exploded into a damning indictment of a campaign staff that employed unethical—if not illegal—tactics whenever convenient. The subcommittee didn't mince words: "As the documents and witness statements show, Reagan-Bush campaign officials both sought and acquired nonpublic Government and Carter-Mondale information and materials."

The subcommittee's greatest wrath was reserved for the October Surprise group. William Casey had constructed a vast surveillance network that collected internal White House data. Richard Allen estimates that perhaps 120 foreign-policy and national-security consultants were affiliated with the Reagan campaign; many had military or intelligence backgrounds. (In comparison, the Government's National Security Council employs only 65 foreign-policy professionals.)

U.S. district court judge Harold Greene, reviewing a motion for a Special Prosecutor, had only criticism for "an information-gathering apparatus employed by a Presidential campaign that uses former agents of the FBI and the CIA." The Jus-

tice Department, run by Reagan appointees, saw no need for a Special Prosecutor.

The complex October Surprise apparatus was admirably staffed and structured. At Meese's urging, Admiral Robert Garrick, a retired naval-reserve officer, created a network of loyalists—retired, reserve and active-duty Servicemen—at military bases around the country. They were instructed to report any aircraft movements that might be related to the hostage situation. It proved effective. For example, Brigadier General Johnny Grant, of the California National Guard, apparently telephoned Admiral Garrick with news of aircraft maneuvers near "where the spare parts are," implying that the Carter Administration was preparing to exchange military aid for the hostages.

Allen, Iklé and Lehman monitored White House policy decisions for the camp. "We had two firm and enduring rules," Allen said recently. "Do not interfere with the hostage situation. Deal with no classified information."

Allen apparently had difficulty enforcing those guidelines. The Albosta subcommittee discovered that by October 1980, senior Reagan advisors had informants at the CIA, the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA), the NSC, even inside the White House Situation Room. Moreover, those informants had security clearances ranging from "Confidential" to "Eyes Only." Several NSC staff members later testified that they had "close friendships" with Reagan aides.

Those friendships often resulted in the sharing of confidential documents. Four-star generals gave the Reagan camp details of the Stealth-bomber project. Secretary of State Ed Muskie's agenda for SALT II talks landed on Meese's desk. Allen received staff reports intended solely for National Security Advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski. "These documents were sometimes extraordinarily sensitive material of the highest nature," Brzezinski told *The Washington Post*.

The Reagan team was not above paying for information. The informant who allegedly delivered Carter's debate papers to Casey was paid \$2860, ostensibly for research papers that he apparently never prepared.

While those bits and pieces were undoubtedly useful to the Reagan campaign, its primary concern was getting data on the hostages. Here, too, the quality and quantity of its espionage was exceptional. Between official State Department briefings, leaks and their purchases, Reagan advisors may have known as much about the crisis as the President. "Top Secret—Eyes Only" and "Secret/Sensitive" documents from the U.S. embassy in Tehran were found in Ronald Reagan's personal campaign file. Reagan said he didn't know how they got there. Angelo Codevilla, a Senate Intelligence Committee staff member, probably passed to Reagan headquarters details on the hostages' whereabouts in Tehran. One entry in Allen's telephone log reads, "13 October 1980. 1151 Angelo Codevilla—938-9702. DIA—Hostages—all back in compound last week. Admin. embargoed intelligence. *Confirmed.*" Allen could not offer an explanation, though the message—written in his handwriting—is hardly cryptic. Another Allen memo dated October 10, 1980 ("F.C.I.—Partial release of hostages for parts"), suggests that the Reagan campaign knew the White House was evaluating an arms swap with the Iranians. (F.C.I. are the initials of Fred C. Iklé.)

Many of Reagan's best moles were motivated less by devotion to the Republicans than by animus toward Carter. That was especially true of those in the intelligence agencies. Shortly after the shah was deposed, Carter chewed out the CIA for misinterpreting the unrest in Iran. He chastised the Director of Central Intelligence, Admiral Stansfield Turner, and reorganized or fired much of the Middle East division. Not surprisingly, relations between the White House and the CIA grew increasingly hostile. "There was no doubt that the CIA was more Republican and didn't like the Democrats," says Admiral Turner. "And I'm certain that many hoped a Republican would return to the White House."

CIA operations virtually collapsed in Carter's last year. "The Carter Administration had made a serious mistake," noted Charlie Beckwith, the colonel in charge of the Desert One rescue team. "A lot of the



"And we ask you, Lord, to guide and protect us as we maim, commit bodily harm and tear our opponents' heads off."

itinerary. Theoretically, however, a round-trip journey to Paris could have been accomplished within a day's time.)

In exchange for keeping the hostages until Inauguration Day, the Americans pledged that Iran would receive U.S. military supplies. Representatives of the Reagan campaign assured the Iranians that "third parties—independent arms merchants, friendly foreign governments—would handle delivery of specific parts and weapons," says Bani-Sadr.

Bani-Sadr concedes that much of his intelligence comes second-hand. "As president, I knew that a deal was under consideration, but I was unaware that it had been consummated until after the arms arrived." He didn't learn more details until a year after he was exiled. Friends and loyalists within the Iranian military began sending him photocopies of secret Islamic Revolutionary Party documents, several of which are said to describe the hostage deal. Throughout our interview, he consulted official-looking papers written in Farsi. "These documents are extremely sensitive," he says. "I don't want them circulated. It would seriously endanger my sources. If a Congressional investigator came here, I would take the risk and give him copies."

Mansur Farhang, a former UN ambassador from Iran, also believes that some arrangement was made with the Reagan camp. "Khomeini did not make distinctions among American politicians," says Farhang. "He regarded them all as dangerous. But in October [1980], I noticed an abrupt change in his attitude. He became accommodating, very relaxed about the prospect of a Reagan Presidency."

Farhang regards Bani-Sadr's intelli-

gence as sound but fragmentary. "Bani-Sadr puts the bits and pieces together himself and constructs something that he regards as the truth," he cautions. Still, many elements of Bani-Sadr's story have been corroborated.

Mansur Rafizadeh, a former SAVAK chief and CIA asset, insists that a Paris meeting took place in mid-October, as Bani-Sadr described. Representing the Reagan-Bush campaign were Donald Gregg, a former CIA official (later Bush's National Security Advisor), and an authority on Iran who served as a translator. Rafizadeh has also stated that elements within the CIA endorsed Reagan-Bush covert efforts: "Some CIA agents [in Iran] were briefed by agency officers to persuade Khomeini not to release his prisoners until Reagan was sworn in. . . . The CIA now sentenced the American hostages to 76 more days of imprisonment." (Seventy-six days is the time between the election and the Inauguration.)

Additional evidence lends credence to Bani-Sadr's account. When Tabatabai resumed talks with the State Department in September 1980, military equipment headed his list of demands. But, unaccountably, on October 22, Iran dropped all references to these supplies. "This occurred because Iran had been guaranteed another source of U.S. arms," explains an Iranian journalist.

Whether or not an agreement was reached between Khomeini and the Reagan-Bush campaign, the fact remains that the ayatollah achieved all of his objectives by the time the hostages were released. He humiliated the U.S., got rid of Carter and "the criminal shah," secured the transfer of four billion dollars in assets to Iran and

ensured a steady flow of U.S. arms to his military. The faithful might praise Allah, but the glory was all Khomeini's.

ISRAEL AND ARMS

On July 18, 1981, a cargo plane returning to Tel Aviv from Tehran strayed into Soviet airspace and was shot down by a MiG-25 along the Soviet-Turkish border. According to the London *Sunday Times*, the plane was chartered by a Swiss arms broker, who intended to send 360 tons of military hardware—worth \$30,000,000—to the Iranian military. Three shipments of American-made spare parts for M-48 tanks (which formed the bulk of Iran's land forces) had made it through before the cargo plane was shot down. The Israeli foreign ministry denied any involvement, but several officials quietly conceded that their agents had sold Iran parts and arms shortly after Reagan took office.

As early as February 1981, Secretary of State Alexander Haig was briefed on Israeli arms sales to Iran. In November, Defense Minister Ariel Sharon asked Haig to approve the sale of F-14 parts to Tehran. While the proposal was in direct opposition to publicized Administration objectives, Sharon pitched it as a way of gaining favor with Iranian "moderates." According to *The Washington Post*, Haig was ambivalent but gave his tacit consent, with the approval of top Administration officials, notably Robert McFarlane.

Israeli ambassador Moshe Arens later told *The Boston Globe* that Iranian arms sales had been discussed and approved at "almost the highest levels" of U.S. Government in spring 1981. In fact, Reagan's Senior Interdepartmental Group agreed in July 1981 that the U.S. should tacitly encourage third-party arms sales to Iran as a way of "advancing U.S. interests in the Middle East." The initiative was such a significant reversal of U.S. policy that it's unlikely that Haig would have given his consent without the President's knowledge and approval. Haig refuses to comment.

In November 1986, the Administration finally allowed that the Israelis had delivered U.S. military supplies to Iran in the early Eighties. The State Department downplayed the sales, claiming that the amount of arms Iran received was trivial, that only \$10,000,000 or \$15,000,000 worth of nonlethal aid had reached Iran. That figure was hotly disputed. *The New York Times* estimated that before 1983, Iran received 2.8 billion dollars in supplies from nine countries, including the U.S. A West German newspaper placed the figure closer to \$500,000,000. Bani-Sadr said that his administration alone received \$50,000,000 worth of parts. Houshang Lavi believes Khomeini got at least \$500,000,000 in military supplies.

Lavi is in a position to know. In 1981, he and Israeli arms dealer Yacobi Nimrodi reportedly sold HAWK missiles and guidance systems to Iran. In April and October



LEO
GAREL

"Can't I ever comment about your cooking without your reminding me why I married you?"

HOOGLY MOOGLY (continued from page 134)

"I'll never understand your generation," she says, smiling as she hikes up the tweed lawyer's skirt."

her bouts with the bottle. For a person hooked on life's luxuries, she works like a maniac on her bodily unit. Before the limo comes to fetch her at six A.M., Sasha has already done 100 laps in the pool. I admire that.

"Do I find *you* attractive? Isn't that the real question?" I ask. "Yes. Yes, I do. Sasha, you drive me batshit."

"I'll never understand your generation," she says, smiling now as she hikes up the tweed lawyer's skirt. "Come to my little wet bottom."

And I do.

Tony has proved himself more of a diplomat than I gave him credit for. Shrewd. By the time we're ready for take number two on the hall-of-justice scene, he has done a job worthy of Kissinger. We do seven retakes in all. Throughout, Debbie stands there and gets slapped, taking her lumps like a good soldier. Personally, I sense that four of those seven retakes are gratuitous, and I'll be interested to see the rushes.

Afterward, Debbie and I head for a little Thai place up Topanga way, where my crib

happens to be located. Over garlicky prawns in lemon grass, my best friend sulks, pushing the little stir-fried creatures hither and thither about her plate. For a week now, she has been out of the Holmby Hills palazzo she shared with the cad, and temporary lodgings at the Chateau Marmont depress her—they've given her the same room John Belushi checked out of feet first.

"Did you plink her in the trailer?" she finally asks.

"What a question," I say, trying to be blasé.

"I thought I detected a caviarlike aroma when you got back on the set."

"I had a tuna sandwich," I lie. "By the way, why *did* Achilles drag Hector's body around the city of Troy?"

"Because he was just that *pissed*," Debbie says.

How could you not be crazy about such a clever girl?

Later still, we find ourselves up the canyon at my establishment, a modest aerie with a distant view of the Pacific, except, of course, at night. Without, all is terrifying blackness. I realize that she has

never been here before after dark, and it makes me weak with anticipation. We build a fire.

I have been working on the place between jobs—trying to remind myself what normal work is—and the interior walls are mostly knocked out, so it's all like one big room. Somehow, we wend over to the bed. The house warms up rapidly. We both sit Indian style on the bedspread, an absurd thing made of more than 100 genuine coyote muzzles. I rather regret the purchase—made after the whopping success of *Crybabies*, my first flick. I think about those poor little wild pups often, and something catches in my throat. But as a practical matter, I hesitate to get rid of it, you know, give it to the maid or the Salvation Army. After all, the damn thing cost more than \$10,000. In any case, with surprising suddenness, Debbie whips off her clothes, as if to prove a point in some kind of argument that hasn't even taken place. Physiologically, the stress is so awful that I fear some kind of medical disaster: an aneurysm, perhaps cardiac arrest—rare in fellows under 35 but nonetheless possible.

"Give her up," she says.

"Huh? Who?"

"The fucking queen of Norway."

"I can't believe you said that."

"I can't believe you said 'Who?'"

"You just said that, right? That thing about the queen of Norway?"

"I've been rehearsing it for eleven years, saying it over and over again in my head like a mantra, just waiting for exactly the right moment to spring it, and here we are, Buddy, here we are."

"This is one of the problems with sarcasm," I point out. "It's a very inefficient means of communication."

"Take your clothes off this very minute," she says. "Is that direct enough for you?"

For the second time that day, I disport myself upon another of the world's most desired female bodies. We go on and on for hours. The convulsions of love barely even satisfy my desire for this extraordinary maiden. Then, afterward, we lie side by side as our breathing slowly returns to normal. Overhead, stars twinkle coldly through the skylight. Somewhere out there, I think, the poor lost Wiffleheads are wandering.

"Now will you give her up?" Debbie asks.

"She's fragile," I say. "She'll feel rejected."

"Who cares?"

"She could flip out, hit the bottle, attempt suicide again. Down the drain goes this picture, along with our profit participation."

Debbie considers this for a few moments. She is no child. You can see the wheels turning, hear the digital bleeplets as she racks up her calculations.

"I'd have to let her down gently. . . ."

A look of transport suddenly lights up Debbie's face as though it contained a 150-watt bulb.

"I've got it," she says. "Ask her to marry



"No, Rosamund, it's not Halloween that fills you with a nameless dread. It's Christmas."

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'BOY MEETS 'GIRL (continued from page 80)

"You can feel it in your body. Every nerve ending in your skin is communicating with the camera."

it was about. And that's why I love doing what I do, because I'm sort of on a mission to tell our readers that their sexuality is a wonderful thing to enjoy. And I'd like to go *beyond* our readership. I'm working on my first novel, which has a sexual theme, and on an idea for a TV show about women's sexuality.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself a hedonist?

PLAYGIRL: Yes. And I think that part of me is also a major sensualist. If I could have a massage every morning when I woke up and every evening when I went to sleep, I would be a very happy person. And it doesn't have to have anything to do with sex. Many women want to be touched and stroked and massaged and rubbed. Some of the most sensitive parts of my body are not in any of your standard erog-

enous zones.

PLAYBOY: What's an extremely sensitive part of your body?

PLAYGIRL: The back of my neck. So, you see, it's not all breasts and genitals.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever get hot on the job?

PLAYGIRL: Sure; every now and then, a guy sends in a picture, and I'll go, "Oh, my God! Wait one second here!" And, yes, that makes me a little crazy. But in terms of twitching and squirming, I would say I get turned on by the stories and the fantasies the readers send in to us. Because words create pictures in my head, and I find myself thinking, What a good idea.

PLAYBOY: Is it frustrating to get turned on in the middle of the workday?

PLAYGIRL: Sure; it makes it a little hard to concentrate.

PLAYBOY: What do you do about it?



"This evening's program consists of Brahms, Mozart, Strauss and a rap piece commissioned for this occasion."

PLAYGIRL: Nothing. I wait until I get home to my boyfriend. Then I attack.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about the *Playboy* shoot. What did you do beforehand to get yourself psyched?

PLAYGIRL: I was staying at this wonderful hotel in Los Angeles with a Jacuzzi on the roof—heated, of course—and this beautiful view of the city. So I went up there, got into the Jacuzzi, got out my Walkman and listened to Sade—new album, very L.A., very sexy—and I let the water bubble up around me until I said, "I'm ready. I can do anything now."

PLAYBOY: Once you were in front of the camera, what was the sensation?

PLAYGIRL: You can feel it in your body, in your mind, in the way that your clothes or lingerie feel on you. You're ready and moving toward something. Every nerve ending in your skin is communicating with the camera.

PLAYBOY: Did you fantasize about anything?

PLAYGIRL: I pictured men getting hard, OK? It's the equivalent of *Playgirl's* women readers' seeing our guys and getting wet; the idea that just looking is enough to turn you on. That's what I was trying to convey.

PLAYBOY: How do you deal with the hard-on in your pictorials? What can you get away with?

PLAYGIRL: OK. Here's the way it works: We show men with partial erections but not with full erections, simply because you cross that so-called fine line between photography and pornography.

At one point, *Playgirl* was doing serious hard-on shots; stuff that looked like this [angles arm upward]—like a hatrack. But a lot of retailers got pissed off and closed themselves off to us. They said, "We can't carry this magazine. This is filth."

PLAYBOY: So how do you work around it?

PLAYGIRL: We'll have the guy sitting down or lying down. That way, he can have a very lovely erection that, because of its position, won't be so obvious. I think it's unfortunate that we have these kinds of rules, but it's necessary.

PLAYBOY: How do you think your readers are going to react to your being in *Playboy*?

PLAYGIRL: I think they may be upset that I've done something that most of them won't have the opportunity to do. I think they may be jealous of me; they'll say, "My boyfriend was looking at pictures of you in *Playboy*. How dare you?"

PLAYBOY: And that worries you.

PLAYGIRL: Yes. I have a tremendous sense of responsibility to them and I don't want them to feel that I'm in competition with them, because I'm not. Posing for *Playboy* was a fantasy for me. And I want my readers to know that I did it because it was a thrill. And, yes, it's all right to do something just because it's thrilling.



OLYMPIC TRAINING TABLE

(continued from page 96)

Prazmark points out that T.O.P. funds go to the national Olympic committees, not to the governments. And the companies, he says, "don't treat themselves as American corporations. They treat themselves as global corporations."

Donn Osmon, marketing-and-public-affairs V.P. for 3M, which does 40 percent of its business overseas, differs slightly with Prazmark's observation. "Oh, we do see ourselves as an American company," he says. "That's why we're supporting the U.S. Olympic Committee. But at the same time, the people in our Canadian company see themselves as Canadians supporting the Canadian Olympic Committee."

Although 3M does business in the U.S.S.R. and some of its products there are branded with the Olympic logo, the company is not openly pursuing Soviet-team

sponsorship for marketing gains. But 3M is promoting itself as a team sponsor in Japan, where its Scotch brand tape has taken over the number-one slot in video-cassette sales, outselling TDK and Sony.

All of which points up another irony. While Americans infected with Olympic fever tend to view the games as a U.S.-vs.-them confrontation with the Russkies, in the Olympic marketing area, them's the Japanese. Eight of the nine companies entered in this year's Olympic sweepstakes are based in the U.S. and Japan. Given the current world-trade situation, it seems fitting that in this, the first Olympics of global marketing, the anchor relay of the race for market share is being run in South Korea. And with I.S.L. already soliciting entry fees for 1992 (don't say Dick Gephardt didn't warn us), can Hyundai be far behind?



"I have to leave before midnight, but I have time for a quickie."

GREAT DIVIDE

(continued from page 114)

"When I got back, I was scared and grateful and ashamed that I had lived, 'cause I was getting letters: So-and-so got hit, so-and-so burned to death. I had been given my life back; I felt a tremendous energy. At the same time, I felt like shit.

"The summer of '68, I got a job driving a C.T.A. bus. The streets were crazy. One night, I'm driving a bus down Clark Street, past Lincoln Park. I look out under the trees to see what's happening. You can see the silhouettes of cops, cop cars and kids. I heard there was tear gas and cops beating up kids. When I was in Vietnam, we used tear gas to flush people out of tunnels.

"As we got closer, I pulled the brake and said, 'I'm sorry, we're not goin' anywhere.' The passengers hollered, 'Go on, go on!' I said, 'No, no, no, no!' I fully expected people were gonna get killed.

"I think the police riot was the next night. I came to a stop light at the south end of the Loop. All four curbs were bumper-to-bumper buses, which each held maybe 60 guys. They were just filled with cops and all the lights were off. All I could see was riot gear: helmets and billy clubs. I knew exactly what was gonna happen. These guys were gonna do the same thing I had done overseas. They were just gonna smash people. I turned my bus around; the hell with it."

REX WINSHIP: *He deals in futures. In fact, he deals in just about anything: grains, metals, livestock, bonds, bills, currencies, interest rates. "Anything you can buy, we can trade." His estimated net worth is more than \$400,000,000.*

"I'm sure we're close to another change. I don't know if it'll come next week or ten years from now. Nothin' is forever. You always have to stay flexible, so you can change. That means education.

"There's a business we should go into: training people to be in the service business. Give them basic skills: math, speaking, diction. You can't be in the business world and not be able to communicate. It wasn't as important when you had a screwdriver in your hand.

"Back in the Fifties, when you went in for a job, the guy said, 'How old are you?' 'Twenty-six.' 'Married?' 'You bet.' 'Boy, that's good. What a guy, you're married.' Stabilizing force, right? Today, you don't want the kid married. You want to be able to send him to Singapore for two years, Sydney, Australia, for a year, and then back to Chicago. Two, he's gotta go to school nights. He's gotta learn math, statistics; he's gotta learn Fed policy. When he goes to work at six and gets home after school at 9:30, what's his new wife gonna say to him?

"It's very hard to make a profit in a free market. Look at the airlines decontrolled. With controls, you're simply smarter than the controllers. Christ, if you can't out-smart one little Government staff, you

shouldn't get to work in the morning."

If you're called a pirate, a robber baron, is that an insult?

"It's a compliment. Absolutely. I wish I had their money. Who developed America? The regulator? The President? Or was it Andrew Mellon, John D. Rockefeller? I mean, *tell me what they did that was bad. Seriously, what did they do that was bad?*"

DOUGLAS ROTH: *He is that rarest of birds, a defrocked American Lutheran minister; only the second in the church's history. En route from the Pittsburgh airport to the steel-mill town of Clairton, where he had his parish and where he still lives, we pass other such communities: Munhall; Duquesne; Homestead, of bloody labor history and lore; McKeesport; Hazelwood. It is impossible to distinguish one from the other: the same rows of smokeless chimneys, remainders of what were once furiously engaged steel mills; the same gray landscape, superimposed on the obstinate green of the trees; the same silence.*

"It began as an ordinary mill-town ministry. Our first call. In '78, the mills were working pretty good. Our plan was to stay three years and head back to the Midwest. Then prophetic things began to happen [laughs]. The city of Clairton went bankrupt. They had no money for police or firemen or any other city workers. In our research, we discovered that the chief cause behind everything was a massive disinvestment. The money was leaving this valley at a fantastic rate, going overseas, to the Third World and cheap labor.

"The number-one culprit is the Mellon Bank. It runs Pittsburgh: every institution from the churches to the schools to the various corporations across the board. All

roads lead to the Mellon Bank.

"The church is real good about writing up all kinds of statements on economic justice, wonderful words. We said we have to go beyond that. So we devised a whole series of actions.

"We put out a whole series of fliers. The most famous dealt with the closing of Mesta Machine Company. It makes the equipment that goes into a steel mill. The bank foreclosed on Mesta for \$13,000,000. At the same time, it was lending millions to Sumitomo in Japan. It's a huge conglomerate that makes the same product.

"The Mellon Bank holds a lot of pension money for these men and is using their money against 'em. We had a pledge D day, June 6, 1983. It was disinvestment day, and we organized massive withdrawals.

"In October came the penny action, with about 100 union workers. They went into the bank with ten dollars each and said, 'I want ten dollars' worth of pennies. I wanna count them, make sure they're here.'

"The next time, our guys took out safe-deposit boxes: 'We want to do business with you.' The workers would then bring in frozen blocks of fish and deposit them in their boxes. Before that, we'd had hours of meetings with the executives of the Mellon Bank. They just kept telling us how they had this fiduciary responsibility to their stockholders. They were just bankers and had no real power. That's when we decided to take the fishes and loaves, give them to the Mellon Bank and see if they could feed the multitudes."

THE REVEREND BILL HYBELS: *At 34, he is senior pastor of the Willow Creek Community Church. He also acted as chaplain of the*

Chicago Bears until 1988. Several of their star players are among his parishioners.

We're in his expansive office suite on the second floor. It's shortly after the early service, attended by a full house, 4500. In about an hour, the second service will get under way. Another full house is expected.

"We have a Yuppie crowd, upper-middle. We say, 'Once a Yuppie has bought his second BMW, then what?' They're 34 years old, they're investment bankers, they've got their home and two BMWs and they're empty. They're saying, 'I'm only 34, what is this all about? I don't need a third BMW.' That's when they start looking.

"They come here and they perceive me as their peer. They say, 'There's another Yuppie.' I don't have two BMWs, to be sure [laughs]. They say, 'There's a guy who could qualify, but he has some direction to his life. I think I'll listen to him.' They see other people their own age singing songs about direction. They see a creative drama about it on stage. There's a band playing that could play at any lounge anywhere. They have to take this seriously.

"There's never been an age more ripe for the message of hope in Christ and love in God than right now. As for the danger of war and the bomb, I am concerned as a citizen of the planet. Have I lost one wink's sleep over it? No. I have peace, in spite of the fact that the world may not have peace. I would love to see it."

MARK BECKER: *He is 17, a senior at a private school in New York. He is captain and cleanup hitter of the school's baseball team; he heads the hockey team—"It's really rough, I love it"—and the math team, as well.*

"I run a mutual fund for the students in the school. My father runs his own Wall Street firm, and I guess that's where I learned. He's an arbitrage; it's the hottest thing on Wall Street these days. Those are the guys who are getting caught for insider trading. I'm sure my dad's not one of 'em.

"When I was a freshman, this fund was started. We formed a business club; we were gonna invest in the stock market, put our money together. It's called BIC, Business Investment Club. I was made chairman when I was 14. We have 135 investors. We make a lot of money. We started with \$1600 and we now have \$8000.

"A lot of our fathers are in the market. But everything we do is strictly our decision. We don't ask them for advice.

"I read the paper every day. The sports section and the business section, that's it [laughs]. I look at the funny page, too. I read a little column about companies, three-sentence stories about what's happening. You can't just read about it and buy it. I get the Standard & Poor's sheet. I know what to look for a little bit. That's why I'm goin' to business school, 'cause I'm still only a high school kid.

"I watch the news on TV, but the only show I really watch is *Dallas*, every Friday. It fascinates me, 'cause I like J. R. Ewing. He does everything he wants. I love him—



"That was great! Are you sure you're a Republican?"

he kicks butts. I like to do it in sports. That's why I play hockey. I'm very physical. I'm known as an intimidator."

SUGAR RAUTBORD: *She is a member of Chicago's young social set. It is difficult to point to any one magazine or tabloid where her face and story have not appeared.*

Her horizons have extended to Washington, where she tossed a dinner for President and Mrs. Reagan.

"I think of myself as an upper-class working girl. The handle the press has given me is 'socialite.' A socialite in today's world is a well-dressed fund raiser. Socialite women meet socialite men and mate and breed socialite children so that we can fund small opera companies and ballet troupes, because there is no Government subsidy. And charities, of course.

"The party I gave in Washington was for Nicaraguan refugee children. It wasn't for the *Contras*, though I'm sure that would be fun. I did meet an awful lot of *Contras*, all sorts of interesting people.

"I had a briefing at the White House given by a very interesting gentleman, a Marine lieutenant colonel named Oliver North. And then I had another briefing with a very interesting gentleman named

Robert McFarlane. Then there was a knock on the door and it was a gentleman by the name of Adolfo Calero, who had come to see me. Patrick Buchanan was another one I spoke to. I learned a lot about political science, just by osmosis.

"In the political world, people are out there trying to make a difference. Adolfo Calero, for one. He was charming. So many of those from the Somoza regime are so Americanized.

"God knows where the funds for the dinner went. I asked for some accounting figures.

"I hope the President and Mrs. Reagan remember me. I've been to dinner once or twice at the White House. I worked on the Blair House restoration this year, which I thought was nice.

"You must remember that fund raising is my work. Sometimes you have to be a little dramatic if you're trying to solicit. It's hard to separate people from their money. As I was riding around New York in a limousine during a hotel strike and there was no place to go, I said, 'Now I know what it feels like to be a bag lady.'

"You can't pick up every homeless person and bring them home. But if you can

help by saying something entertaining, you bring a light into their eyes. Maybe that's what the word socialite means.

"It may be naïve, but I still think we can soothe savages with Beethoven. If we can learn to laugh at the same comedy, to cry at the same tragedy, to be moved by the same arts, we've moved closer to an understanding. If you don't understand people, then you bring out the bullets.

"Someone's got to raise money for the arts. Sometimes corporations do it. Sometimes the Government does it. Sometimes it is left to us ladies running around with our Tiffany cups out."

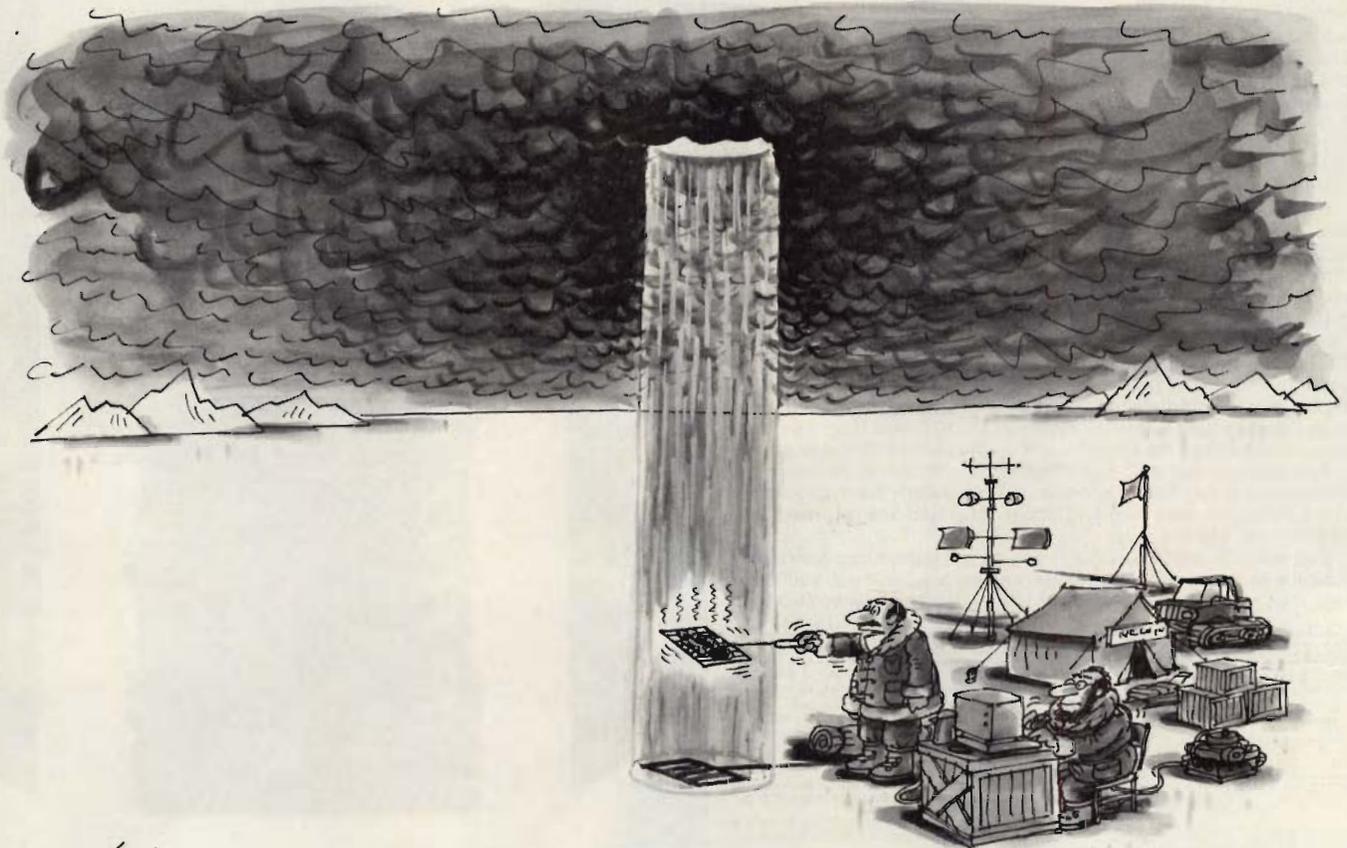
Tiffany what?

"Cups out. Panhandling, you know."

JEAN GUMP: *A grandmother and a mother of 12, ranging in age from 22 to 35. She and her family have lived in a middle-class western suburb of Chicago for 32 years.*

For something she did on Good Friday, 1986, she was arrested. Along with her, four other Catholics, young enough to be her children, have been sentenced to terms in prison. Their group is called Silo Plowshares.

"We commemorated the Crucifixion of Christ by entering a missile silo near Holden, Missouri. We hung a banner on the



W.C.

"We've got to make certain our report gets across the full severity of an increasing hole in the ozone layer!!! . . . How do you like your hamburger cooked, professor?"

PIGSKIN PREVIEW (continued from page 118)

"One of the great traditions was resurrected last year. Notre Dame re-emerged as a national power."

5. NEBRASKA

You have to go all the way back to 1961 to find the last time Nebraska had a losing season (3-6-1). The arrival of coach Bob Devaney started the Huskers on a winning tradition that Tom Osborne has done nothing but enhance. Nine wins this year would make 20 consecutive seasons with at least nine victories for Nebraska. With quarterback Steve Taylor and Playboy All-America Broderick Thomas returning, the Husker string will likely go unbroken.

Thomas has been switched to outside linebacker, giving Nebraska perhaps the strongest linebacking crew in the nation. The defensive secondary, led by Mark Blazek, is also excellent. The offensive line may be a little thinner than in recent years. However, there is an abundance of running backs, including Terry Rodgers, son of Nebraska's legendary Johnny Rodgers. 9-2

6. IOWA

Iowa will be awesome in 1988. Quarterback Chuck Hartlieb, who led the Big Ten in passing efficiency and was the first Hawkeye to throw for more than 300 yards five times in one year, returns for his final

season. He has an excellent target to throw to in tight end Marv Cook. Dave Haight, the Big Ten Defensive Lineman of the Year last season, is also back. Coach Hayden Fry is concerned about depth at running back and the lack of a proven kicker. Iowa's schedule, softer than its rivals' for the conference crown, gives the Hawkeyes a slight advantage. 9-2

7. NOTRE DAME

One of the great traditions of college football was resurrected last year. Notre Dame re-emerged as a national power, winning eight of its first nine games and breaking into the final top-20 rankings for the first time in seven years. The Irish owe their success not to luck but to their cocky and clever little coach, Lou Holtz. And Holtz isn't satisfied yet. "Our objective in 1988 is perfection. Anything short of that is unsatisfactory."

Notre Dame returns ten starters from last season. Mark Green, last year's leading rusher, returns at tailback, while Ricky Watters will fill Tim Brown's spot at flanker. Junior Tony Rice has a slight edge at the starting-quarterback spot over Kent Graham. The schedule is tough, as always, but the Irish do play seven home games this year. 8-3



"This may sound heartless, but if you learn to program the VCR, I'm outa here!"

8. WEST VIRGINIA

Last year, Syracuse put an end run on the other Big East Independent competitors. This year, it may be the Mountaineers of West Virginia who push past Penn State, Pittsburgh and Boston College in the national rankings. Coach Don Nehlen has 17 starters back from last year's 6-6 team, including Major Harris, one of the nation's best freshman quarterbacks. 8-3

9. MICHIGAN STATE

Michigan State had a storybook season last year. A 9-2-1 record, wins over Michigan and Ohio State, a trip to the Rose Bowl, where, lo and behold, the team actually beat Southern Cal 20-17. Coach George Perles gets the credit. He calls the MSU job "the finest coaching job in America" and backed that statement up when he turned down a \$2,250,000 five-year offer to coach the Green Bay Packers.

Running back Lorenzo White is gone, but 15 other starters are back. The most imposing offensive lineman in the country is 6'6", 315-pound Playboy All-America Tony Mandarich. Quarterback Bobby McAllister will throw to outstanding wide receiver Andre Rison. The Spartan defense, best in the Big Ten last year, returns stalwarts Percy Snow at linebacker and strong safety John Miller. 8-3

10. TENNESSEE

Tennessee's season will be decided before September is over. Three of its first four opponents are Georgia, Louisiana State and Auburn, tough conference rivals.

Coach Johnny Majors' biggest assets are quarterback Jeff Francis, who needs only 194 yards to surpass Tennessee's all-time career passing mark of 3823 yards, and Reggie Cobb, who ran for 1197 yards and scored 20 touchdowns in his freshman season last year. Playboy All-America linebacker Keith DeLong is the defensive leader. 8-3

11. MICHIGAN

Most college football coaches would be pleased with an 8-4 record, including a trip to a bowl game. For Michigan's Bo Schembechler, whose Wolverine teams have been ranked in the top 20 for 16 of his 19 seasons, last year was a disappointment. Part of the problem was the slow and inconsistent progress of quarterback Demetrius Brown, who should be better this year. Brown has two excellent receivers to throw to in Greg McMurtry and John Kolesar. Playboy All-America defensive lineman Mark Messner is the best of the tough Michigan defense. 8-3

12. AUBURN

Nothing much has changed at Auburn. Sure, quarterback Jeff Burger is gone, but Reggie Slack is ready to replace him. Aundray Bruce went as the number-one pick in the N.F.L. draft, but Craig Ogletree, a ferocious tackler, will fill his spot. Playboy All-America Tracy Rocker will again

the Rose Bowl. Become the national champions." Smith's penchant for goal setting has already paid off. The Trojans beat UCLA last year to win the Pac 10 and a berth in the Rose Bowl.

The Trojans' biggest asset is charismatic quarterback Rodney Peete. He can drop back and pass, roll out and pass or run the option. Peete will have some familiar faces in the backfield, as USC's top five rushers from last season all return. Southern Cal's biggest problem is a schedule that features Boston College, Oklahoma and Notre Dame as nonconference opponents. 7-4

TEXAS

It took only one season for coach David McWilliams to put Texas football back on track. The Longhorns, who had floundered in recent years, wound up last season with a 7-5 record, including a win over Pittsburgh in the Bluebonnet Bowl. Texas' best player is Playboy All-America tailback Eric Metcalf, one of eight offensive players returning from last season. Linebacker Britt Hager is a standout on defense. The Texas secondary, however, is young and inexperienced. 7-4

BOSTON COLLEGE

Coach Jack Bicknell obviously believes in the axiom "If you want to be the best, you have to beat the best." BC again has one of the toughest schedules in the nation, seven of its opponents having made bowl appearances last season. Standout

players are guard Joe Wolf, returning from an ankle injury, tailback Jim Bell and wide receiver Tom Waddle. In the first Division I college football game ever played in Europe, Boston College will take on Army in Dublin on November 19. 7-4

BRIGHAM YOUNG

Perennial Western Athletic Conference power Brigham Young has suffered a taste of reality since beating Michigan in 1984 for the national championship. Not that it hasn't done well since, but consecutive bowl losses to Ohio State (Florida Citrus Bowl in 1985), UCLA (Freedom Bowl in 1986) and Virginia (All-American Bowl last year) have left a bitter taste. This year's BYU team is good, but the conference competition is getting better, and there are some tough out-of-conference opponents (Miami and Texas) on the schedule. Quarterback Sean Covey and safety Troy Long are the Cougars' best players. 7-5

OHIO STATE

If you don't win as a coach in major college football, you get fired. Unless you're Earl Bruce. He compiled a record of 81-26-1 at Ohio State and still got fired. Maybe the Ohio State brass didn't like those new suits Earl introduced into his side-line wardrobe or his porkpie hats or the fact that he was too short to see over the Buckeye marching band. Whatever the reason, he is gone. If the OSU gurus showed questionable judgment in letting him go, they showed remarkably good

sense when they replaced him with John Cooper, former coach at Arizona State. Cooper inherits a team that lost 11 starters from last year. Sophomore Greg Frey will claim the quarterback spot, while Vince Workman and Carlos Snow will split the tailback duties. 6-5

INDIANA

Indiana, a Big Ten door mat only four years ago (0-11 in 1984), is typical of the new parity in the conference. Coach Bill Mallory, who deserves all the coaching kudos being thrown his way, still has 15 starters from last year's squad. Unfortunately, wide receiver Ernie Jones and linebacker Van Waiters are two of the departed and will be missed. Quarterback Dave Schnell (1707 yards passing and 13 T.D.s) and tailback Anthony Thompson will try to take up the slack. 6-5

MEMPHIS STATE

Coach Charlie Bailey did an admirable job with Memphis State last year, taking a team that was 1-10 in 1986 to 5-5-1. With 18 starters back from last season, the Tigers will continue to improve. Bailey's best player is Marlon Brown, a 6'4", 228-pound linebacker who went to Memphis State after serving four years in the U.S. Army. 6-5

EAST INDEPENDENTS

West Virginia	8-3	Rutgers	5-6
Pittsburgh	7-4	Temple	5-6
Penn State	7-4	Army	5-6
Boston College	7-4	Navy	4-7
Syracuse	7-4		

ALL-EAST INDEPENDENT: Harris, Brown, Warren, Orlando, Haering (West Virginia); Stepnoski, Spindler, Olsavsky, Osborn, Caliguire, Grossman (Pittsburgh); Thomas, Wisniewski, Karpinski, Johnson (Penn State); Wolf, Bell, Waddle, Lowe, S. Williams (Boston College); Paul, Wooden, Stoeppel, Johnston, Burnett (Syracuse); Erney, Young, Henderson, Tardy, Baker (Rutgers); McNair, Wright, Pappalardo, Drayton, Johnson (Temple); Rambusch (Army); Holland, Pimpo, Fundoukos (Navy).



"Before we were married, you never said you were against oral sex."

In addition to the five Big East powers—**West Virginia, Pittsburgh, Penn State, Boston College** and **Syracuse**, there are three other teams that appear to have an outside chance at winning seasons. **Rutgers** has some good talent but a murderous schedule that includes the top five East Independents and Michigan State thrown in for good measure. **Temple** returns running back Todd McNair. Success for the Owls, however, hinges on the recovery from injuries of several key players. **Army** coach Jim Young thought he had a replacement for departed quarterback Tory Crawford in Mark Mooney, but Mooney is out with a separated shoulder. Army will continue its run-run pattern of recent years. **Navy** lists only six seniors as probable starters. After a 2-9 season last year, the Midshipmen will try to make it on *esprit de corps*.

Harvard coach Joe Restic will get his 100th win this year (he's currently 95-60-5).

S U P E R S H O P P I N G



Designed to fit over a ski parka or sweater, the Timex Skiathlom watch has oversized control buttons (for use with gloves), a Fahrenheit/Celsius thermometer with bargraph and digital display, chronograph, count-down timer, alarm and hourly chime, \$65.



Top: Look, Ma, no focusing wheel! These Perma Focus 2000 7mm x 35mm binoculars, ideal for sports viewing, hold the focus from 40 feet to infinity, by Jason Empire, Overland Park, Kansas, \$90. Above: Camouflage binoculars designed for low-light viewing, by Coleman, East Bloomfield, New York, \$125.



Say aahhh! The Thumper body massager may never put Inge, your Swedish masseuse, out of work, but it will provide a relaxing massage to tired muscles with a steady, percussive stroke from ball bearings sealed inside rubber and plastic. Thumper operates on A.C. current, by Wellness Innovations, Markham, Ontario, about \$300, including an instruction manual.



Above: Handmade of ultrasmooth vegetable-dyed cowhide, this travel bag measures a roomy 20" x 14" x 10", from The Bree Store, New York, \$685. Below: A 15" x 9" x 3" leather-lined nickel-silver briefcase with expandable leather sides. The lid and front pieces are hinged, from Accessories in Metal, New York, about \$500.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE CONWAY

Nakamichi's AM/FM Stereo Clock Radio is a two-piece design for stereo sound or a single clock-radio unit. The main unit (below) features a clock-radio with digital tuner and dual alarms, \$139. Its optional stereo companion, \$89.

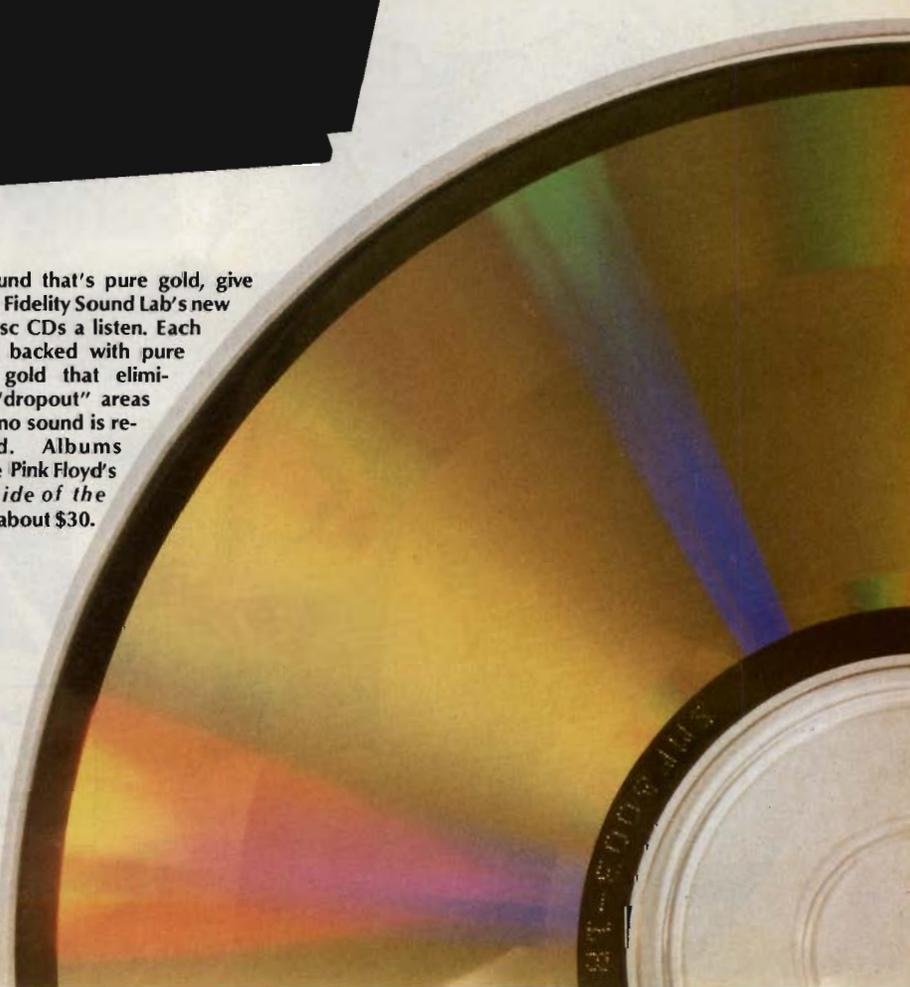


Created by fashion designer Jacques Fath, Green Water cologne has not been available in the U.S. for years. Now it's being imported again, and Mr. Guy in Beverly Hills sells the scented eau de toilette in 4½-oz. bottles for \$45.



The superlight-weight Infinity SuperZoom 300, by Olympus, captures the moment with autofocus, motorized 38mm-105mm autozoom, spot metering and framed-portrait mode. Other nifty features include automatic film advance and rewind and a large LCD readout panel, \$600.

For sound that's pure gold, give Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab's new Ultradisc CDs a listen. Each disc is backed with pure 24-kt. gold that eliminates "dropout" areas where no sound is recorded. Albums include Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon*, about \$30.



**Roxanna Defies
the Laws of Gravity**

Actress ROXANNA MICHAELS can be found on the big screen in *Angel III: The Final Chapter* and *The Newlydeads*. She will also be featured in a TV pilot called *Dawn of Promises*. We can make you a promise that Roxanna won't show up on the tube dressed like this any time soon. So feast your eyes, guys!

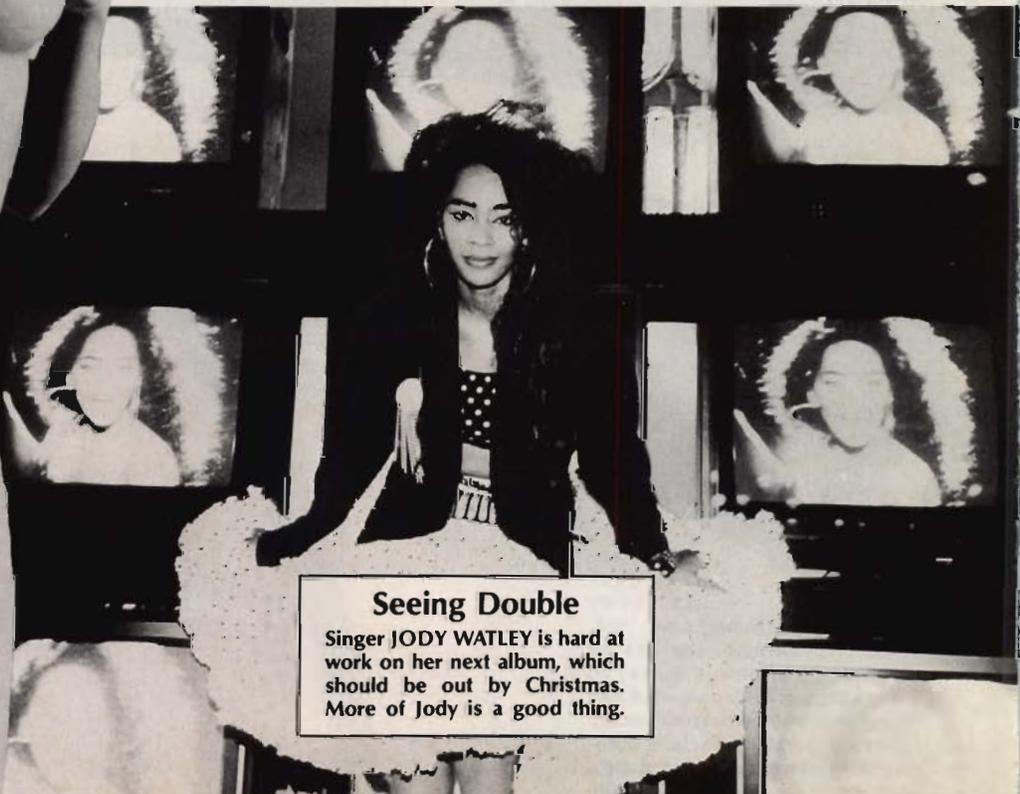


© PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Blues News

When ZZ TOP went to Mississippi to spearhead a fund raiser for the Muddy Waters exhibit at the Delta Blues Museum, they presented a guitar to the museum made out of cypress salvaged from the cabin in which Muddy was raised.

ROBERT MATHEU



Seeing Double

Singer JODY WATLEY is hard at work on her next album, which should be out by Christmas. More of Jody is a good thing.

© PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.



Pigging Out

Big Pig has three drummers and no guitarists. It's percussion heaven for SHERINE (left) and OLEH WITER, two of the seven-member band. If you haven't caught them in concert, get a copy of *Bonk*. There's nothing poky about Big Pig.

© PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.



Dance Master

Instant memories for all those people who can do the funky chicken. Singer RUFUS THOMAS dusted off his cape and boots for Atlantic Records' 40th-birthday bash this past spring.

© PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.



Great Balls of Fire

In the world according to TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY, he'd like to be the Jerry Lee Lewis of his time. The way things are going, he just may make it.

Foreign Body

SABRINA is Italian. She's also a sensation in France and Italy, where her singles *Boys* and *Hot Girl* were on the European charts. Bringing Sabrina to you in *Grapevine* is our version of a cultural exchange. Let's hear it for culture!



© DE ROOS / LFI

P O T P O U R R I

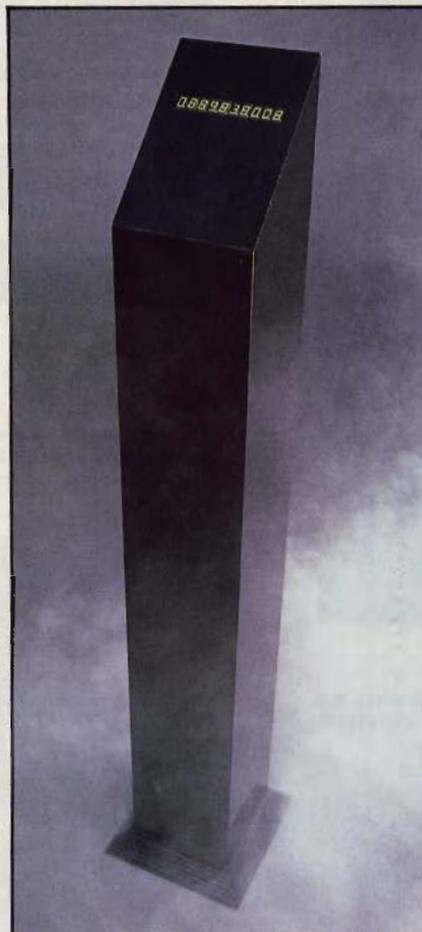
GETTING TO KNOW YOU

Now that you've memorized every obscure fact imaginable playing Trivial Pursuit, there's Personal Preference, a game in which you secretly rank four topics in order of preference and then let other players reason how you ranked the subjects you chose—and why. Mussolini, mosquitoes, the National Rifle Association and even Hef are subjects to be reckoned with. (We know how *we'd* rank that list.) Personal Preference is available nationwide for about \$30. Fun!



HAPPY HOWLOWEEN

Just when you thought it was safe to go trick-or-treating again, along comes Death Studios, 431 Pine Lake Avenue, La Porte, Indiana 46350, with the kind of masks nightmares are made of. Mangler (below left) is a dental assistant's scream come true and only \$65, postpaid. At \$100, Wolf! (below right) should be a howling success. But the real flesh in the pan is Ed Gein—Murderer (below center), a \$37.50 half-mask depiction of the famous Wisconsin ghoul. Call 219-362-4321 for fast, fast, fast Halloween relief. Arrrrrh!



THE FUTURE IS NOW

The Fluxion clock is the world's first personal life-span chronometer. Inside the 52-inch black acrylic tower is a microchip that contains a time-conversion program that displays your life number (the quantity of time, in seconds, that has passed from the moment of your birth to the present) in ten LED readouts—and then continues to count second by second into the future. To program the Fluxion clock, you simply enter your birth date (year, month, day, hour, minute, second) or any date and time within the past 300 years, along with the present date and time. The clock does the rest. It's available for \$520, postpaid, from The Fluxion Corporation, P.O. Box 267921, Chicago 60626. By the way, *Playboy* magazine is about 1,096,243,210 seconds old.



TELL THEM JOE SENT YOU

The marriage of Isuzu automobiles with "Handling by Lotus" has given birth to its first baby boomer—the I-Mark RS Turbo, a three-door hatchback with body-colored bumpers, rear spoiler and body side moldings and skirts. It's a nice-looking little package that becomes even nicer with black Recaro front bucket seats, a leather-wrapped steering wheel and a four-speaker stereo/cassette system. The guts of the Isuzu I-Mark (would we lie to you?) are a 1.5-liter, 110-hp turbocharged engine, five-speed transmission and Lotus-engineered suspension that, for only \$9829, provide an exciting—yet economical—combination of performance and handling that we test-drove in Palm Springs. Don't believe us? Ask Joe Isuzu.

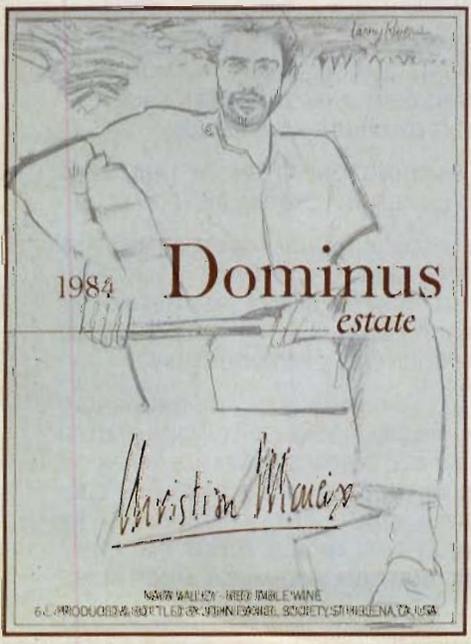
VROOM SHTICK

For the automotive hot-shot who wants to monitor his machine's performance but can't afford megabuck equipment, there's the Vericom VC200, a device that plugs into your car's cigarette lighter and gives you readouts for measured speed, elapsed time, lateral and longitudinal *g* forces, distance, horsepower, braking and more. The price: \$430, postpaid, sent to Vericom, 6000 Culligan Way, Minnetonka, Minnesota 55345. *Adios, A. J. Eat our dust.*



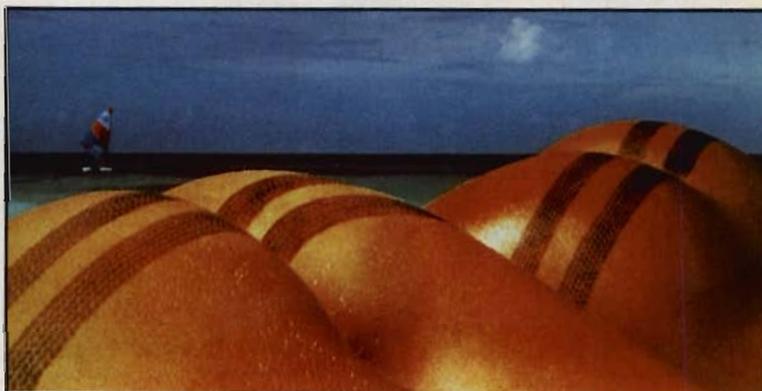
IN VINO DOMINUS

Seagram Chateau & Estates Wines Company has announced the introduction of Dominus, a limited-edition Napa Valley wine resulting from the partnership of Christian Moueix (he oversees the wine making at the legendary Chateau Petrus, among others) with the John Daniel Society of California. Dominus is made from the Bordeaux varieties *cabernet sauvignon*, *merlot* and *cabernet franc*. The 1984 vintage is available—if you can find it—for \$40 to \$45 a bottle. Start looking.



SHOW TIME

Years ago, vintage movie posters were the kind of disposable art with which you'd paper your bathroom. Today, you put them in a bank vault and call your insurance agent. So if you'd like to invest in original cinema posters, Miscellaneous Man, P.O. Box 1002, New Freedom, Pennsylvania 17349, is offering, for only \$5, two catalogs listing about 1200 posters. The 27" x 41" *Manhattan Cocktail* at right, for example, goes for \$900. Others are priced from \$50 to \$6000. We're saving our pennies for number 172, *Gentleman Joe Palooka*. At \$75, it's a steal.



FOR ROADS SCHOLARS ONLY

A limited number of Pirelli calendars are printed each year, and they are sent out primarily to top executives and heads of state. (John Lennon once visited Pirelli and begged for one.) But to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the calendar, Salem House is publishing the *Pirelli Calendar Album*—every photo that has ever appeared in a Pirelli calendar, all housed in a \$40 coffee-table book. It's a collection of sexy pictures that you won't tire of.

WHEN YOU DON'T CARE TO SEND THE VERY BEST

Poison Pen cards are just the thing to ease the pain caused by broken promises and annoying assholes. "Pardon my French . . . but fuckez-vous!" is always nice for someone formerly special, as is "Life's a bitch . . . and so are you." Then there's "Sorry to hear you're sick . . . but we always knew that" and "Let's make love . . . I need a laugh." What fun—and all for about \$1.50 a card. Joss Productions in Albany, New York (518-462-7094), can tell you who your nearest retailer is. Do call them with a cheery hello.



NEXT MONTH



WASHINGTON WOMEN



SCINTILLATING CINEMA



WEIRD TIMES



DUELING DUKE

"PLANET OF THE LOSERS"—A KLUTZY ALIEN MAKES AN EMERGENCY LANDING ON THE PLANET EARTH AND ENDS UP ACTING AS A MEDIATOR FOR A BICKERING COUPLE. FICTION BY **THOMAS BERGER**

"DUKAKIS AND BUSH DUKE IT OUT"—AMERICA WATCHES AS THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES FOLLOW THEIR HATS INTO THE RING. IN-DEPTH PROFILES OF BOTH OPPONENTS BY THE REPORTER WHO GAVE US A GLIMPSE OF **JIMMY CARTER'S** LUSTING HEART—**ROBERT SCHEER**

"TITANIC TRAVEL"—WHAT REALLY HAPPENS ABOARD A 74,000-TON FLOATING PALACE, THE BIGGEST CRUISE SHIP IN THE WORLD? MAINLY, YOU EAT AN AVERAGE OF SIX AND A HALF MEALS A DAY. A DISPATCH DIRECT FROM THE HIGH SEAS—BY **LEWIS GROSSBERGER**

"1989 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL"—IT'S TIME AGAIN FOR YOU TO PLAY MUSICAL CHAIRS WITH US. PARK YOURSELF IN THE JUDGE'S SEAT AND DELIBERATE ON THE YEAR'S TOP PERFORMERS. WE PROVIDE THE BALLOT, YOU PROVIDE THE VOTES

"MONDO WEIRDO"—THEYYYYYY'RE HEEEEERE! ODD-BALLS ARE TAKING OVER THE WORLD, INFILTRATING EVERY PROFESSION AND MAKING LUNACY THE NORM. A CLOSE-UP LOOK AT THE STRANGEST OF THE STRANGE—BY **JERRY STAHL**

"SEX IN CINEMA 1988"—FEARMONGERS SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE, BUT CELLULOID PASSION STILL HEATS UP THE SCREEN. A SIZZLING TEN-PAGE PICTORIAL, WITH TEXT BY **BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

"WOMEN OF WASHINGTON"—**PLAYBOY** UNCOVERS D.C.'S CHOICEST LADIES IN A CAPITAL PICTORIAL

JOHN (A FISH CALLED WANDA) CLEESE REVEALS WHAT MAKES HIM LAUGH, IDENTIFIES A SEVENTH CHARACTER WHO DIDN'T MAKE IT TO THE **MOINTY PYTHON** GANG AND PONDER'S WHAT HE'LL DO AFTER HE'S DEAD IN A VEDDY WITTY **"20 QUESTIONS"**

PLUS: THE LATEST ADVENTURES OF THE UNQUENCHABLE **WICKED WILLIE**; MORE FALL AND WINTER FASHION, WITH AN EYE ON CASUALWEAR, BY FASHION EDITOR **HOLLIS WAYNE**; THE SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS AND OTHER FINE MEN'S FRAGRANCES, BY **NANCE MITCHELL**; THAT **BRUCE WILLIS** INTERVIEW YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE