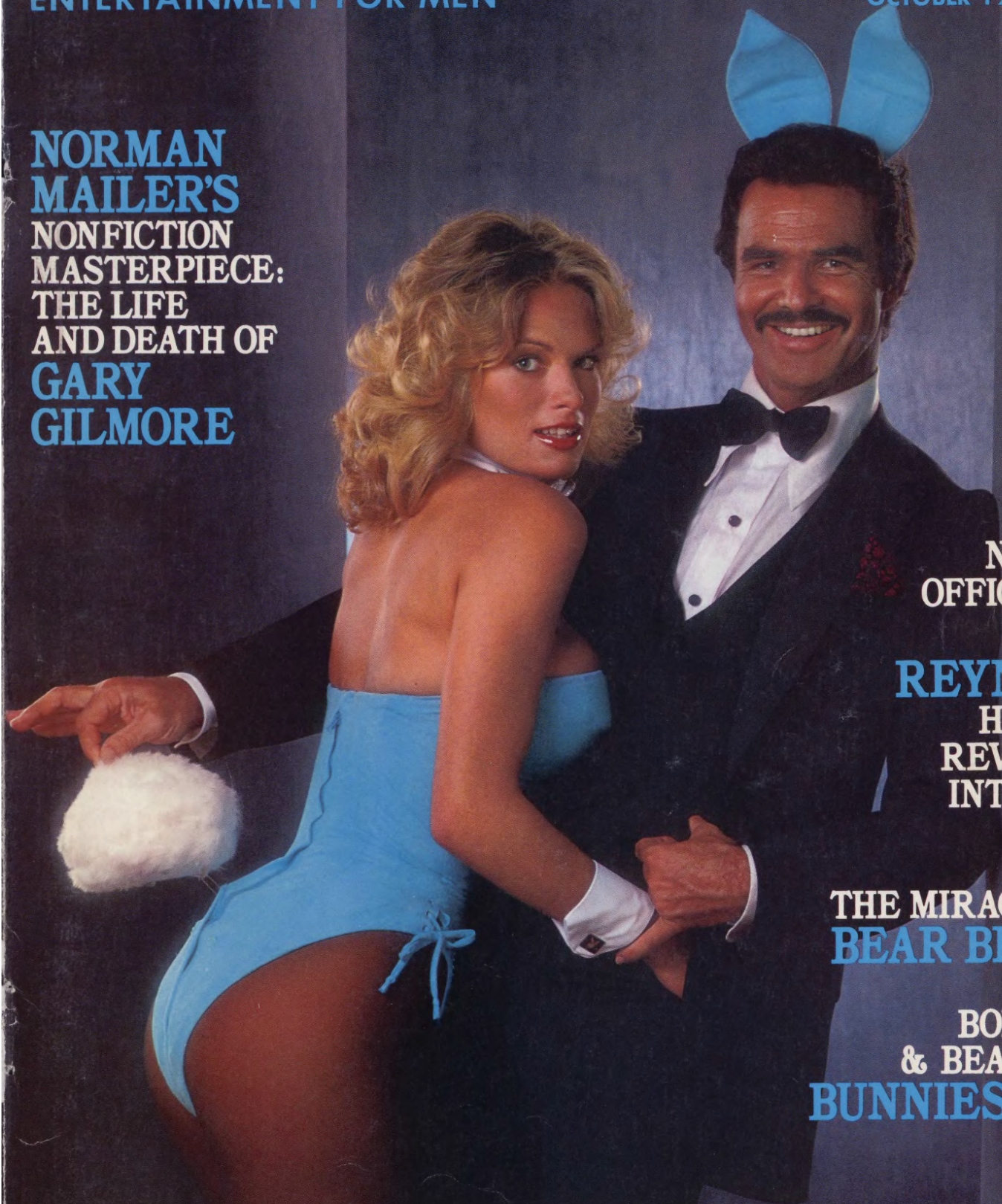


# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1979 • \$2.50

**NORMAN  
MAILER'S  
NONFICTION  
MASTERPIECE:  
THE LIFE  
AND DEATH OF  
GARY  
GILMORE**

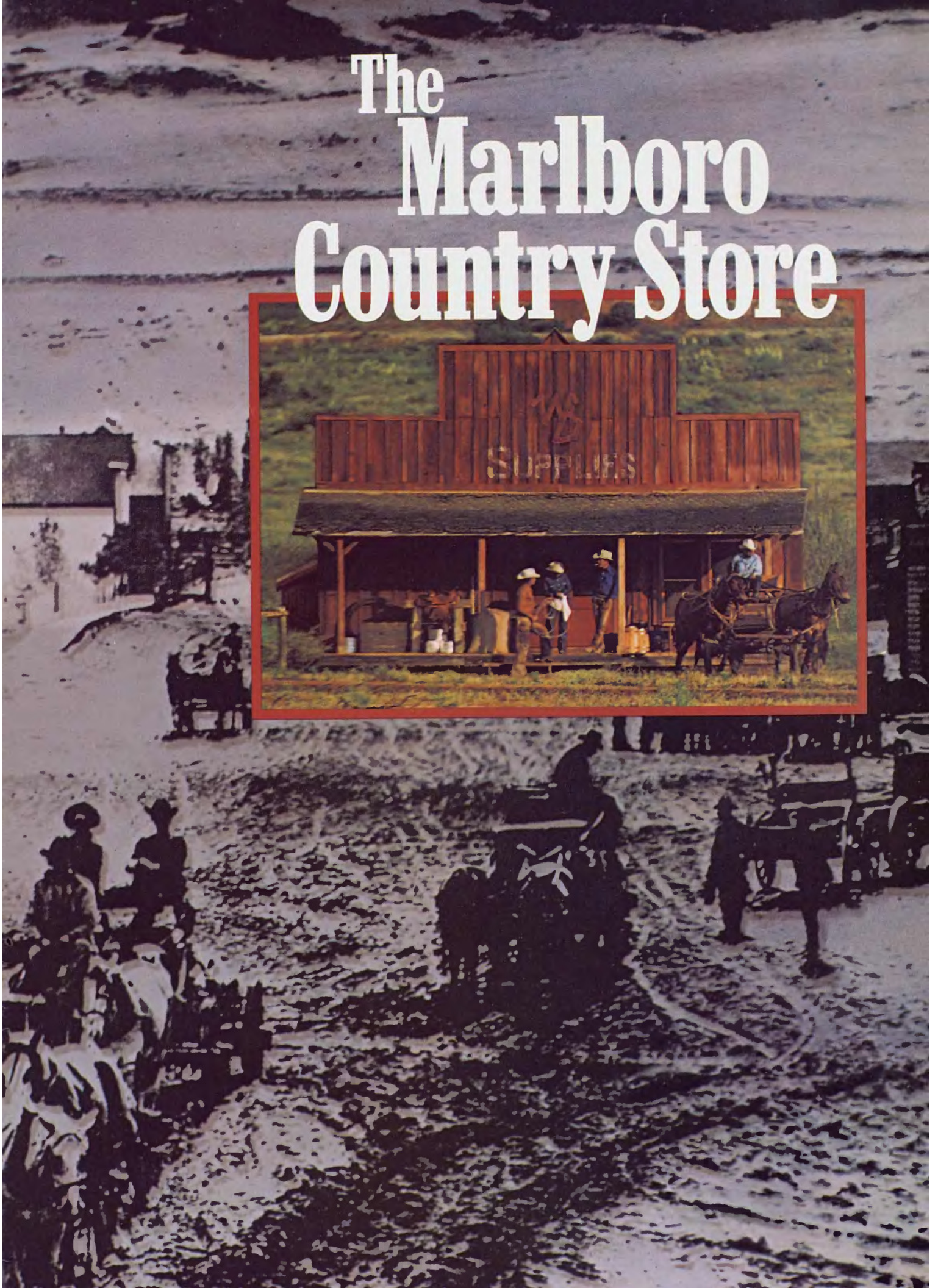
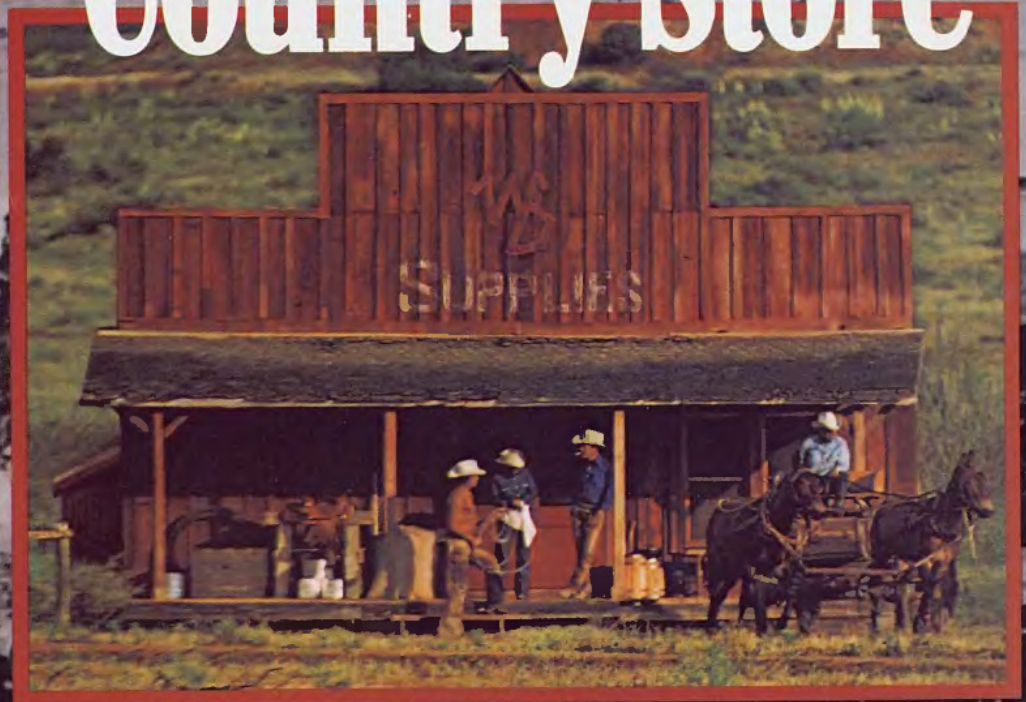


**No. 1 BOX-  
OFFICE STAR  
BURT  
REYNOLDS  
HIS MOST  
REVEALING  
INTERVIEW  
EVER**

**THE MIRACLES OF  
BEAR BRYANT**

**BODACIOUS  
& BEAUTIFUL!  
BUNNIES OF '79**

# The Marlboro Country Store



**Range Coffee Pot and Mugs.** Just the smell of coffee brewin' is enough to warm a cowboy in the chill of the morning. The Range Coffee set includes an 8-cup steel pot, with porcelain enamel finish, and four stoneware mugs. \$15.00 for the set.



**The Spur Buckle.** This solid brass buckle is a reproduction of an authentic dress spur. Fits belts up to 1<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>" wide. \$10.00 each.



**Boots.** Specially made for Marlboro. Western toe, double-stitched side seams, and cowboy heel. Sizes: Half sizes from 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> to 11; also 12 and 13. All D width. \$65.00 per pair.



**Western Shirt.** Warm traditional cowboy cut closures. Color: Midn  
 Sizes: Small  
 Medi  
 Large  
 X-Lar  
 \$32.00



**Neckerchief.** No cowbo  
 a workin' day in the sac  
 without a bandana to p  
 him from swirling dust  
 burning sun. This red b  
 is screen-printed, 100%  
 cotton and measures  
 approximately 22"x 22."  
 \$4.00 each.

**Special Edi  
 Marlboro  
 Lighter.** Sc  
 case, antique  
 with a brass m  
 of the l  
 Longhor  
 \$6.00

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



and rugged in the  
Wool blend with snap  
t Blue.  
approx. 14-32),  
(approx. 15-33),  
approx. 16-34),  
(approx. 17-35).  
each.

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**The Marlboro Coat.** A Western classic. Soft, double-stitched sheepskin on the outside. Inside, warm shearling lamb's wool. Mid-thigh length, with cuffs that turn up for sleeve adjustment. Antler tip buttons. Color: Natural Brown.  
Even Sizes: 36-46.  
\$250.00 each.



**The Trail Blanket.**

Gray with red, green and black striping. The kind of blanket that keeps the chill off a cowboy when he sleeps in the open after a day of drivin' cattle. Wool blend: 66" x 84". \$30.00 each.



**Horsehair Hatband.** Hand made of double braided horsehair. Adjusts to fit any size hat. \$17.00 each.



**"The Wrangler."** The spirit of trail-driving days is etched into every line of this cowboy's windburned face. This contemporary poster is printed on linen textured paper and measures 24" x 36," unframed. \$3.50 each.



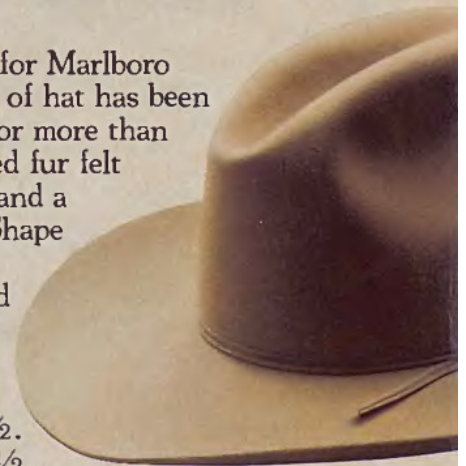
**The Marlboro Belt and Buckle.** The buckle is solid brass. The belt is latigo leather, 1 3/4 inch wide. Available in Small (30-34), Medium (34-38) and Large (40-44). \$18.00 for both.



**Cowhide Vest.** Men's extra-long, lined, split cowhide vest. Five snap closures. Color: Beaver Brown. Sizes: 38 to 46. \$35.00 each.

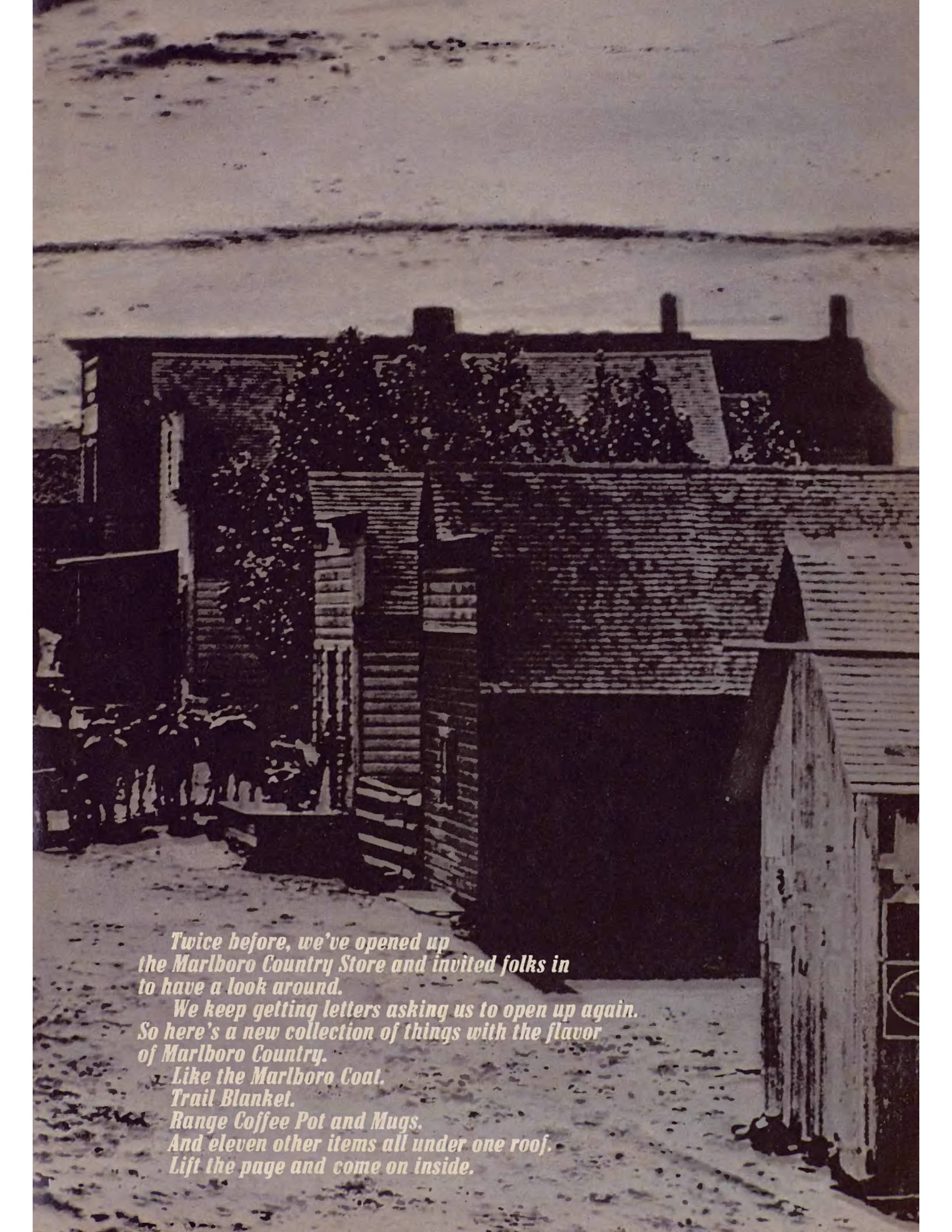
**Professional King Lariat.** This all-purpose ranch lariat is made of hand-stretched nylon and comes ready to use. \$16.00 each.

**The Montana.** Made for Marlboro by Stetson. This kind of hat has been a Western tradition for more than 100 years. Handcrafted fur felt with a 7-inch crown and a brim 4 inches wide. Shape and crease it to suit yourself — an enclosed leaflet tells you how. Color: Silver Belly. Sizes: Reg. Oval, 6 5/8 to 7 1/2. Long Oval, 6 7/8 to 7 1/2. \$40.00 each.



**Come to where the flavor is. Come to Ma**





*Twice before, we've opened up  
the Marlboro Country Store and invited folks in  
to have a look around.*

*We keep getting letters asking us to open up again.  
So here's a new collection of things with the flavor  
of Marlboro Country.*

*Like the Marlboro Coat.*

*Trail Blanket.*

*Range Coffee Pot and Mugs.*

*And eleven other items all under one roof.*

*Lift the page and come on inside.*

**"I'm as sure of myself  
on the back court..."**

**...as I am when  
choosing my  
scotch."**

"I can afford to pay more. But, why should I?"

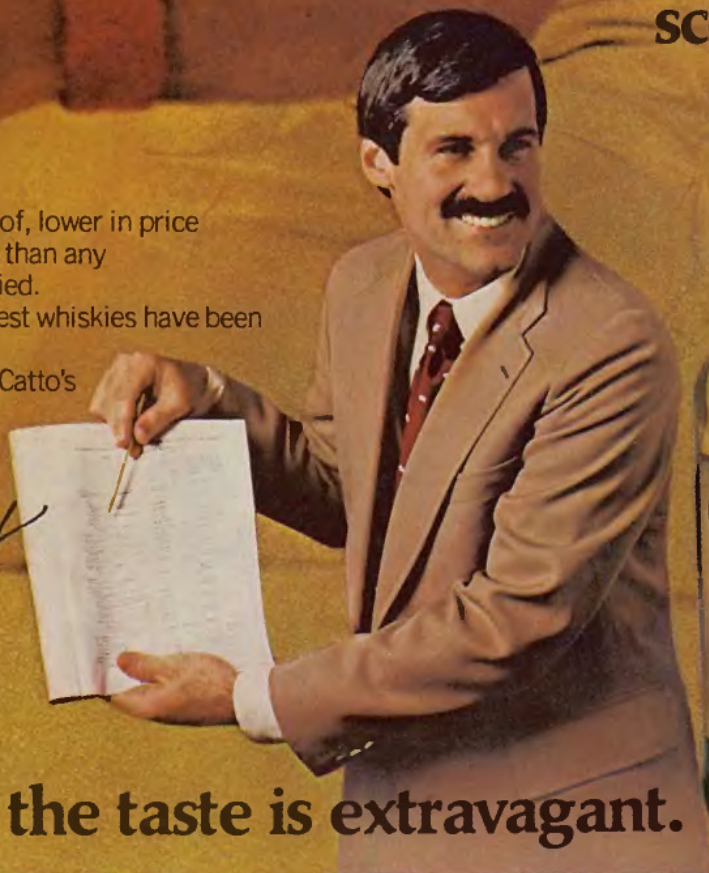
Catto's is higher in proof, lower in price and more mellow in taste than any pretentious scotch I've tried.

Since 1861, only the best whiskies have been good enough for Catto's.

And, since 1976, only Catto's has been good enough for me."

*Art Murphy*

Art Murphy  
Bond Trader.  
Squash Player.  
Catto's Drinker.



**Catto's. Only the taste is extravagant.**



# PLAYBILL

THIS IS THE MONTH of Halloween, when, for 24 hours, we each have the right to try on a strange face without being called schizoid. But there are those who need no masks to change faces abruptly, horrifically. One such person was the late Gary Gilmore, whose life seemed destined from the start to end before a firing squad. The redoubtable **Norman Mailer** spent two and a half years researching and writing Gilmore's life story and the result is his forthcoming book, *The Executioner's Song* (Little, Brown). The first installment of our three-part excerpt (illustrated by **Marshall Arisman**) tells of Gilmore's transformation from polite child into psychopathic, homicidal adult.

If the journey through Gilmore's mind leaves your nerves a bit jangled, loosen up with **Burt Reynolds**, the subject of our *Playboy Interview*. Veteran PLAYBOY interviewer (he's done more than a dozen) **Lawrence Linderman** says of Reynolds, "He is one of the most consistently nice, clever and frank people I've met. He's enormously likable." Then again, when you work around people like Jill Clayburgh and Candice Bergen, with whom Burt co-stars in his latest, *Starting Over*, it's easy to grin a lot.

Speaking of men who have a way with women, **Irwin Shaw's** hero Michael finally comes to grips with his marriage in our concluding segment of Shaw's newest novel, *The Top of the Hill*, to be published by Delacorte. Also in the fiction department, we've a little Allhallow's Eve special for you: *Snake Head*, by **Lynda Leidiger** (illustrated by **Philip Castle**), a tale about a woman who becomes a bit too attached to her Halloween costume.

Well, a new fall television season is before us, and if you don't think much of the programing, don't (to paraphrase the Jacksons) blame it on the boogie, blame it on Fred Silverman. At least that's the opinion of the *Chicago Tribune's* syndicated television critic, **Gary Deeb**, who predicts in *The Man Who Destroyed Television*, illustrated by **Alan E. Cober**, the death of TV as we know it.

One thing you're sure to see a lot of on the tube this fall is football, and a perfect way to get back into the pigskin mood is by reading *Bear Bryant's Miracles*, reverently described by **Richard Price**, author (*Bloodbrothers*, *The Wanderers*) and native New Yorker. Another thing you'll see is girls, but none so fetching as our *Bunnies of '79*. Associate Photography Editor **Janice Moses** coordinated the efforts of seven talented photographers, plus their teams of stylists and assistants, to produce this tribute to the loveliest of our cottontails. It was a busy month for Moses, who also produced photographer **Peter Weissbrich's** layout on Munich-born Playmate **Ursula Buchfellner**.

Apprehensive about the Eighties? Try a dose of *And That's the Way It Was, 1980-1989*, by **Christopher Cerf**, **Tony Hendra** and **Peter Elbling**. It's an excerpt from their book *The '80s: A Look Back at the Tumultuous Decade 1980-1989*, due in October from Workman. Some of the same guys put out *Not the New York Times* during last year's New York newspaper strike. **Shel Silverstein's** name is surely familiar to all, and he's back again with another poignant poem about human frustration, *The Diet*. If you've ever tried to shed a few pounds, you'll understand.

If all that doesn't make you warm and cozy this fall, we have two final suggestions: 1. Drink hard-cider drinks until you begin to feel like a glowing fireplace. 2. Wear an overcoat. If you aren't hip to cider drinks, read *Sauce from the Apple*, by **Emanuel Greenberg**, photographed by **François Gillet**. No overcoat? Read **David Platt's** *Playboy's Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast* and you'll know what to shop for. That's about it: no tricks, just treats.



MAILER



ARISMAN



PLATT



DEEB



COBER



CERF, HENDRA, ELBLING



SILVERSTEIN



SHAW



LEIDIGER



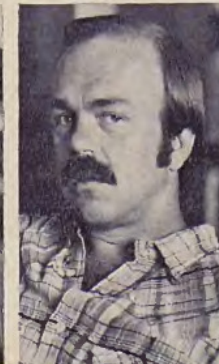
GILLET



CASTLE



PRICE



LINDERMAN

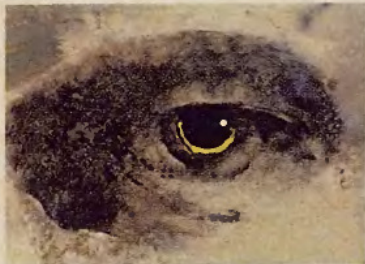


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# PLAYBOY®

vol. 26, no. 10—october, 1979

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**COVER STORY**

Recognize the hand on the cottontail thief on the left? Right! It's Burt Bunny, a.k.a. Reynolds, the subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*. Mr. Bunny's detailed companion is Gig Gangel, a forthcoming Playmate of the Month. If you like our cover picture of Burt goofing off (photographed by Mario Casilli), you can see more on page 69.

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77 rate a 9.

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music by  
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written and directed by  
BLAKE EDWARDS

zu 2  
ff  
zu 2  
p

This system contains the first two systems of a musical score. It features two systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and includes dynamic markings such as *ff* and *p*. The score is decorated with colorful landscape illustrations, including trees, hills, and a sun, which are integrated into the musical notation. The text "zu 2" appears above the first and third staves.

ff  
ff  
ff  
ff  
p  
p  
p  
ff

This system contains the third and fourth systems of the musical score. It features two systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and includes dynamic markings such as *ff* and *p*. The score is decorated with colorful landscape illustrations, including trees, hills, and a sun, which are integrated into the musical notation.

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# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



## JAZZING IT UP PLAYBOY STYLE

Some 30,000 fans jammed into the Hollywood Bowl for the two-night Playboy Jazz Festival—making it one of the most successful jazz extravaganzas ever produced. At left, Sarah Vaughan belts out a number. Below, Joni Mitchell sings her lyricized version of Charles Mingus' *Goodbye Porkpie Hat*. At right, Hef unveils a sign renaming Hollywood Boulevard in honor of the festival. Those who were unfortunate enough to miss the 14 acts—plus an incredible all-star jam—take heart: The festival may possibly become an annual celebration.



Above, Benny Goodman and the Young Tuxedo Brass Band (Ellyna Tatum, grand marshal) take over the Los Angeles City Council chambers for a ceremony proclaiming Jazz Festival Week. Below, a panorama of the capacity crowd; m.c. Bill Cosby gives Lionel Hampton some unneeded help on vibes (inset).



## THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY



### PLAYMATE UPDATE: SHARON JERKED AROUND

Sharon Johansen, our October 1972 Playmate and Hef's former dog trainer at the Playboy Mansion West, is shown above in a scene with Jackie Mason from Steve Martin's forthcoming film *The Jerk*. At left, Sharon defies gravity momentarily as she breaks water during her Playmate shooting. *The Jerk* is expected to be released at the end of this year.



### HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL

Bob Hope is treated to a little surprise during his opening of the summer season at the Lake Geneva Playboy Resort & Country Club. A group of Bunnies surprised him by coming up onstage with champagne and cake in honor of the entertainer's 76th birthday.

### RUB-A-DUB-DUB, TWO IN A TUB

It seems that wherever photographer David Chan goes these days, the media are always interested in what he's up to. Here, a crew from WFAA-TV in Dallas covers Chan shooting the bubbling Thressa Raliff and Suzanne Miller for the *Bunnies of '79* feature elsewhere in this issue.



### TUBIN' AND GROOVIN'

At left, Tom Snyder seems, oddly enough, to be at a loss for words as he listens to Hef talking about the past 25 years of Playboy on a recent *Tomorrow* show segment. On the show, Snyder explained that he saw his first naked lady in our pages in the Fifties. Below, Hef—with pipe and backgammon game in hand—poses with parachutist Chevy Chase during the filming of Chase's *National Humor Test*.



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### HOME, SWEET PLAYBOY

Let me thank you for your role as one third of a terrific trio that has kept me informed about North American happenings and points of view for the past year. I am a Canadian, exchange-teaching in France, and have relied considerably on *Time*, *The International Herald Tribune* and *PLAYBOY* since last September to keep me in touch with the world back home.

L. Girard  
Bonneville, France

I am a native California girl, born in San Francisco and raised in one of its delightful suburbs. Recently, I have been living in Italy, and since my command of the Italian language is still limited, I crave the few American publications I can get at the newsstands. I find I have become incurably addicted to *PLAYBOY*. Each month, it has become my ritual to haunt my local *giornalaio* in search of the latest issue and, upon finding it, snatch it up gleefully, pay my \$300 lire and rush home with my treasure to some isolated spot where I can savor its contents. As I travel ten months of the year for my work, there is nothing like *PLAYBOY* to bring back the vivid sparkle of life in America. *Viva PLAYBOY!* Congratulations, and thank you.

Jan E. Beardsley  
Walnut Creek, California

### WAMBAUGH'S WORLD

The interview with Joseph Wambaugh in the July *PLAYBOY* proved very interesting. His works are excellent and show a very real part of police life.

Marc A. Smith  
Baltimore, Maryland

I have been in law enforcement for about six years, from New York City to the military, and now in a small town in Georgia. Wambaugh's works have put into print feelings that just about every cop would like to express. Although the

book *The Onion Field* is a fictionalized account of a true event, it is played over for real too many times each year when a police officer is shot or killed. I have not had the experience of having my partner shot, but I have been to other officers' funerals, and it is a bad feeling to see one of your brothers going away, while somewhere in the crowd is another brother who is going to pieces over it. Thank God for such a man as Wambaugh, so that people can come to realize that cops and robbers is not a game, it is real, and I or the next guy *can* be next.

Henri R. Nolin  
Swainsboro, Georgia

The Joseph Wambaugh interview is a gem of introspection. Wambaugh (along with other Hollywood mavericks such as Harlan Ellison, Howard Rodman and Stirling Silliphant) should be lauded for giving *PLAYBOY*'s wide audience a view of chickenshit Clow Town and its Machiavellian indigenes. No wonder we're tube boobs.

Tony "Denny" Daley  
Chicago, Illinois

### RX FOR SEX

I read with much interest *Where Sex Is Concerned, the Doctor Is Out*, by Morton Hunt (*PLAYBOY*, July). I taught human anatomy and physiology at the junior college level for 15 years until 1977. The individual who taught before me skipped the reproductive system completely, yet the school was known for its basic training of many local doctors. In 1976, one teacher, who lives from her neck up, thought she would enlighten me when she informed me that, when she taught the reproductive system, she always told her students that it was the one system the human body could live without. I actually had students who came to class believing that the male had one less rib than the female. But what can we expect when human sexuality,

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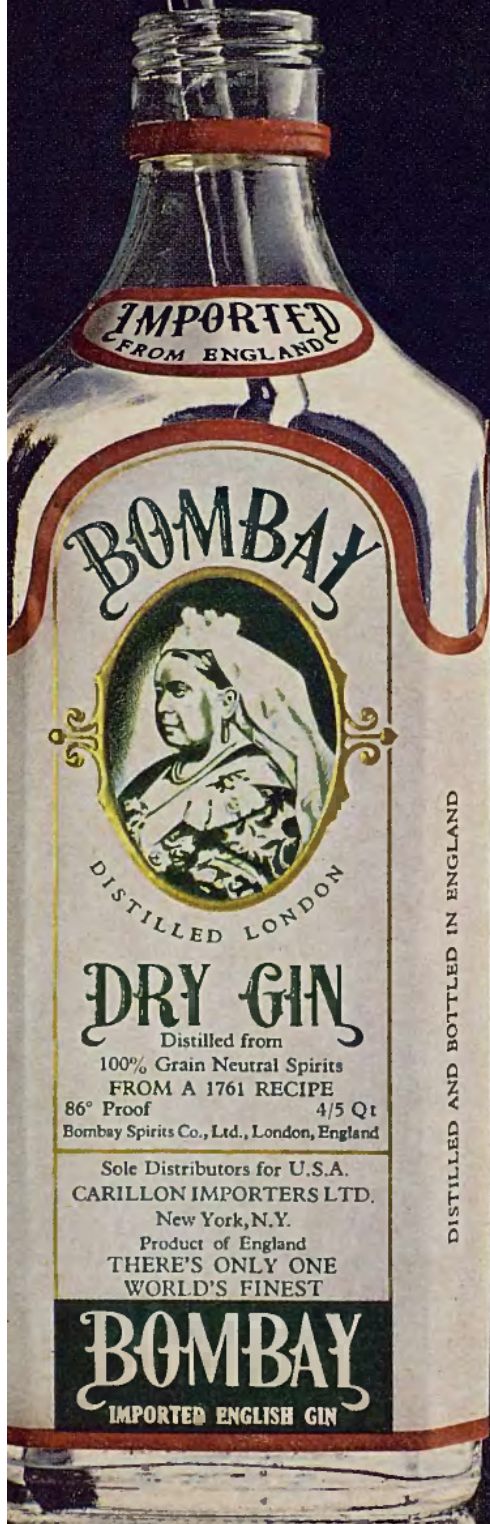
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the human body, is denied over and over, even with such doctrines as the Adam's-rib bit, the Immaculate Conception, the virgin birth and the Trinity? Minds that are cluttered with such intellectual garbage wouldn't feel love if it grabbed them with the force of lightning right in the genitals.

Betty Mayoral  
 Chatham, Illinois

I have long been an admirer of Morton Hunt, so I find myself troubled and disappointed that what might have been an excellent critical piece is marred by an oversight that, in another writer, would generate nothing more than "So what else is new?" How is it that attention is focused entirely upon male medical school faculty members? If you were to look carefully, you might be surprised to discover that a very considerable number who have been and are heavily invested in the teaching of sexuality and in the clinical and research activities of medical school-based centers for human sexuality are women. Why protest this oversight? Because, inadvertently, you perpetuate the myth that sex is essentially a male preserve, even as you detail the resistance of male professors to open it up and let the light shine in.

Dorothy Strauss, Ph.D.,  
 Associate Director  
 Center for Human Sexuality  
 State University of New York  
 Brooklyn, New York

In reading about the SKAT survey that showed 15 percent of med students (before substantial training in human sexuality) believed that masturbation can cause mental illness, I rolled with laughter at that ludicrous statistic. It seems that the real problem is not the direct lack of knowledge but the apparent inhibitions or prejudices exhibited by some doctors. I know of an instance in which a doctor purposely deferred rectal examination of a suspected homosexual for fear of initiating sexual arousal in the patient and not knowing how to handle it. (No pun intended!)

Zell F. Malcolm, Jr.  
 Troutman, North Carolina

**PAPAL POLITICS**

Andrew M. Greeley's article *The Making of a Pope* (PLAYBOY, July) is a revealing, well-written presentation of what most of us have known for years but couldn't satisfactorily substantiate. Perhaps, however, there is a more profound conclusion to his marvelous research: The Church is only another human institution and the priesthood but another job, no more intrinsically holy than farming or stockbroking. I, too, love the Catholic Church. Like my Irish heritage, it is my own rite of passage and I am rather proud of it. But, frankly, I don't really care whether the Pope was elected

by the Holy Spirit or with Mafioso money. I only wish he would emerge as a charismatic leader for the whole suffering world and not for some docile group of orthodox conformists. If not, Andrew Greeley will also be a "traitor" and a mighty cultural institution will continue to destroy itself.

James Kavanaugh  
 Nevada City, California

**BOND'S BACK**

I think the pictorial on the new James Bond film (*"Moonraker": New Perils for 007*, PLAYBOY, July) is outstanding. Being a devoted Bond fan, I always look forward to the articles your magazine has when a new film is released.

Scott A. Breitmaier  
 Rochester, New York

Your pictorial on *Moonraker* is fabulous. The ladies are lovelier than ever, especially that French beauty Françoise Gayat.

Joel Shapiro  
 Bronx, New York

Was it the *Potpouri* reporter or just his martini that was shaken in your July issue? Any bartender that has served the Great Bond knows that the martini was ordered stirred.

Randy Gleason  
 Houston, Texas

Au contraire, Randy; 007's order (check "Dr. No," page 174) was a medium-dry vodka martini, using Russian or Polish vodka (he preferred grain vodka to potato), with a slice of lemon peel. And it was to be shaken, not stirred.

Regarding your July cover photo, the spy-film favorite is the Walther PPK, not the P38.

Gene Lieb  
 Red Bank, New Jersey

Sorry, Gene, the P38 was used in a modified version by Napoleon Solo, the man from U.N.C.L.E. And although Bond was issued a PPK, he preferred a Beretta.

**PHILLY FOLLIES**

I am writing to comment on Maury Z. Levy and Samantha Stevenson's article *The Secret Life of Baseball* (PLAYBOY, July). I was especially concerned with the paragraph on "Usherettes Out for Action." As an usherette in the Phillies organization, I was appalled to read such untruths. My motives for becoming an usherette were very simple: I love baseball and have followed the Phillies for over a dozen years, I enjoy working with the public and I needed a summer job to help pay my tuition in September. I most certainly am *not* "out for action," and I feel safe in saying that my 142 co-workers had similar reasons for taking this job. (And it is just that—a job.) Unfortunately, the image of the Phillies' Hot Pants Patrol (named for the



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uniforms we wear) has been somewhat tarnished by your misstatements. As a native of the City of Brotherly Love, I should be willing to forgive and forget. However, in this case, I am not.

Dana Pisanelli  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

*Our apologies to those usherettes who were mistakenly accused of extra-inning hanky-panky. And our best wishes to those who weren't.*

I would like to call your attention to a single error in the otherwise impeccable July issue. Maury Z. Levy and Samantha Stevenson's report on *The Secret Life of Baseball* states that 80 percent of the players polled said they had never read the rules of baseball and saw no reason to do so. It should have read 80 percent of all major-league umpires polled. . . . But don't blame the umpires—copies of the rules transcribed into Braille are harder to get than a new contract.

Jeff Miller  
Macomb, Illinois

#### DOROTHY IN TOTO

Neither of us has ever written to you before about a pictorial; in fact, we might have made the occasional disparaging comment about "one of those jerks who write to PLAYBOY about the Playmates." But, in going over the July issue, we discovered something amazing: Dorothy Mays. She is without a doubt the most beautiful and sexually alluring gatefold wonder since Marilyn Cole. The photographs on pages 121 and 122 are certainly among the best we have ever seen, and between us, we've been reading PLAYBOY for 24 years (we're each 21).

Richard Schenkman  
Alan Epstein  
Yonkers, New York

My sincere congratulations to Richard Fegley. Absolutely the sexiest piece of art ever to unfold in three pages. You see, I'm an ass man myself.

David Shealy  
Gallatin, Tennessee

Our mayor has been saying that "Baltimore is best." With Dorothy Mays representing us, who can say that it isn't?

Joseph Hilton  
Mayor's Advisory Committee  
on Art and Culture  
Baltimore, Maryland

What a fantastic coincidence it is that three recent Playmates were born in West Germany: 1979 Playmate of the Year Monique St. Pierre—Wiesbaden; March 1979's Denise McConnell—Wiesbaden; and now July's Dorothy Mays—Nuremberg. Way to go, PLAYBOY.

Paul Brandus  
Rockville, Maryland  
*Check out this month's Playmate, Paul.*

Congratulations! What a fox! Despite our lack of concern for our neighbors

and our failures in acting responsibly as a group. EKY fraternity is proud to reveal its cohesiveness and unanimity in electing beautiful Dorothy Mays an honorary little sister of Epsilon Kappa Psi. In compliance with our charter, all initiation rites have been waived, due to rare circumstances of total agreement. Could we please have one more photo for our scrapbook? She does wonders for combating apathy.

Epsilon Kappa Psi Fraternity  
Alpha Beta Chapter  
George Mason University  
Fairfax, Virginia

*We are deeply moved by your penitence. Having seen the error of your ways, you're entitled to another look at*



*Dorothy. As to her honorary induction into your fraternity, well, we weren't moved that much.*

#### HEF ON THE TUBE

Having watched your esteemed Editor-Publisher on the *Tomorrow* show with Tom Snyder, I feel compelled to write this letter to you. In the past, I thought of Hef as a man to be admired only for his lifestyle. But watching him handle with both candor and aplomb the questions put to him by Snyder made me realize the type of individual he truly is. Hef has turned the name PLAYBOY into an institution that is instantly recognizable to all. I have found some of the most informative and entertaining articles and features in your magazine and I salute both Hef and PLAYBOY for an outstanding job that I am sure will continue for the next 25 years.

Corky Cole  
Newport News, Virginia

#### HIP STRIPS

As a true-blue reader of PLAYBOY for the past decade, I must give you a pat on the back for your recent addition of the

*Playboy Funnies*. What I am especially impressed with is the work of Lou Brooks. I'd buy PLAYBOY just for a bit of heaven from him each month.

Kirk Muspratt  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I have noticed while reading your letters column that not too many people congratulate you about your *Playboy Funnies*. Well, I would just like to say that the strip *Singlewoman*, by Judy Brown, McLeod and Sherman, is as funny and well drawn as *Little Annie Fanny*. Since I first encountered the strip in your December 1978 issue, I have been hooked on it and it has been one of the main reasons for my buying your magazine. I have just one complaint, the fact that it is featured only once in a while. So could you please make the strip appear more often?

Cram Reisset  
Drummondville, Quebec

#### HIGH STYLE

Shel Silverstein's style may have been colloquial-modern when he wrote *The Perfect High or the Quest of Gimmesome Roy* (PLAYBOY, July), but his message is timeless. Wrapped in hip clothing, he has presented a truth we must all accept if we are ever to climb any higher up the evolutionary ladder. The foundation of civil societies rests upon truths like this.

Dennis P. Treece  
FPO New York, New York

Someone help me stop laughing, please. After I read *The Perfect High*, I just went whoa! It was fantastic. Shel Silverstein is great and, as always, PLAYBOY does it again with a super story for the poetic head.

Budie Osborne  
Lebanon, Oregon

#### UNDER NEWTON'S FIG LEAF

With exams over and graduation a few days off, what better pastime could we engineers find than to occupy ourselves with the July issue? However, we were amused to see the cartoon (Erikson, page 211) of Sir Isaac Newton (inventor of the calculus and discoverer of the laws of universal motion, among other things) getting laid under the apple tree. Unfortunately, poor Isaac never got laid; he died a miserable death that the doctors of the time attributed to his virginity.

Michael Jones  
John Kent  
Tony St. Clair  
Blacksburg, Virginia

*Frankly, we've never heard of anyone dying of virginity, though it seems a particularly gruesome way to go. Perhaps the gravity of his discoveries caused his sexual inertia;  $F = G \frac{M_1 M_2}{R^2}$  over, say, six inches, is a little discouraging.*





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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



The reason you weren't able to enjoy the talk "Suicides in Nevada" at the International Association of Coroners and Medical Examiners was because speaker Ralph Bailey, the Washoe County coroner, shot himself in the head a month before the convention.

Here's something perfect for the executive sweetie. Vladimir Kagan, a New York furniture designer, has come up with a women's executive desk—complete with a pull-out vanity compartment. "This is an *haute couture* desk," explains Kagan. He figures that a lady exec may want "to look at herself before she receives a guest without running to the ladies' room." And how much will this step-saving desk cost? A whopping \$13,500.

## TAKE MY LICENSE, PLEASE

Have you ever been pulled over by an irate traffic cop for speeding? And have you ever gotten the sneaky suspicion that while you're attempting to babble your way out of a ticket, the cop is secretly laughing at your misery? Well, no need to feel paranoid about it. He is. In Michigan, local cops went so far as to take down outstanding speeding excuses and enter them in competition. This year, the Michigan Fraternal Order of Police held a friendly contest, honoring "the most creative excuse for speeding."

Among the finalists: a man who pleaded, "Officer, my wife is going to get pregnant tonight, and I want to be there when she does."

A driver of a car caught speeding on a highway in the center lane reserved for left turns who told a trooper he thought the center lane was designed for Volkswagens that wanted to go faster.

A frenzied driver who, after leading police on a 100-mile-an-hour chase, pulled over and explained, "I'm in a hurry to get to the garage to get my brakes checked."

And this year's big winner: A fellow who claimed he was speeding because a group of stuttering summer-camp children had given a farewell party for their cook, his wife, and their expressions of appreciation had lasted a very long time.

## CHECKS AND BALANCES

The Bank Secrecy Act of 1970 requires every bank in the United States to make and keep a microfilm copy of every check you write. Which means no secrecy at all, according to the North Carolina firm of Liberty Graphics. That's why Liberty is manufacturing a line of completely legal, universally acceptable, virtually repro-proof checks suitable for all debts, public and private. And for \$10 per dozen, Liberty will also sell you its No. 150 Copy-Not Pen—a handsome felt-tipped instrument that will *not* reproduce on most copying equipment. If ever there were a business with a philosophy of telling the Government to mind its own, it's Liberty.



So much for *your* checks—what about checks payable to you? Liberty offers (strictly as a novelty item) a humdinger of a rubber stamp for the face of any check you write or endorse, which reads, in part: "No copy permitted without signed permission of signer(s). Up to \$10,000 fine and 10 years in prison."

But, because there can be presumed to be a record somewhere of any check you do cash, and because you, as an honest citizen, would report any monetary income to the Government, anyway, Liberty suggests that you neither fold, spindle nor mutilate but endorse any check with its special CONSTITUTIONAL MONEY stamp: "In accepting and endorsing this check, the endorser in no way acknowledges having received lawful money," which confronts the IRS with the bitter truth that since the Constitution clearly defines money as gold or silver in the amounts specified, you have received no lawful money and are not required by law to pay taxes on the "legal tender" you *did* receive. The constitutional-money argument hasn't stood up in a Federal court yet (despite some success in state and local jurisdictions), but when spring and tax time come around, can Howard Jarvis be far behind? For a complete catalog of privacy-enhancing products, write to Liberty Graphics, Box 3614, Charlotte, North Carolina 28203.

## BUN WARMER

Vacationers who frequented Narragansett, Rhode Island, beaches last summer were able to get a view of the future from the driver's seat via the introduction of what is being described as "the United States' first solar-powered public bathroom." The \$21,000 Close Encounter commode is covered with rooftop solar panels. These panels, absorbing the rays of the sun, heat the water for the hot-water taps on the sink and help keep

the building toasty warm. Presumably, anyone caught in the john after sundown will have to squeeze Charmin to keep warm.

### FLYING FEATHERS

Everyone has heard the expression "His goose was cooked." Well, one decidedly deceased, albeit uncooked, goose has earned Dr. Sherman A. Thomas the label dead duck in the eyes of the United States Fish and Wildlife Service. Last May, avid golfer Thomas *birdied* on the 17th hole at the Bethesda, Maryland, Congressional Country Club in a big way. When the feathers stopped flying, there was one very dead goose on the ground . . . beaten to death by the golf-club-wielding Thomas.

Now, at this point, only Perry Mason or, perhaps, Donald Duck can straighten out the facts. The doctor claims he accidentally beamed the bird with a Gerald Ford specialty shot. He then bludgeoned the bopped bird to death in order to put it out of its misery. Another version of the story, offered by concerned bystanders, is that the goose's verbal razzing caused the good doctor to miss a shot. In a rage, he turned on the goose, club in hand. The goose honked and saw Jesus.

The matter is still up in the air, with the country club thinking of expelling the bird man of Bethesda and the Wildlife Service charging Thomas with two misdemeanor counts that could cost him up to \$500 and six months in the hoosegow. Just goes to show you how valuable a good goose can be in today's society.

### REFRESHING, AND THEY ARE PILED

"Horse Shit Cigarettes," read the label. "Made from the finest grade of domestic and imported horse shit obtainable. Only [*sic*] fresh midd [*sic*] horse shit is used. NOT MULE SHIT. And they are roasted to keep that mild, sweet taste." The cigarette that cares more about good flavor than about good spelling admonished, "Do not look for premiums or coupons, as the cost of the horse tirds [*sic*] blended in our cigarettes prohibits the use of them. Not touched by Human Hands. Not a Fart in a Carload."

Unable to verify these extravagant claims with the manufacturer, Horse Shit Cigarette Company of Shitville City, we turned to the usual informed sources. The Federal Trade Commission, Food and Drug Administration, General Services Administration and the Treasury Department's Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Division didn't know shit. Neither did the American Cancer Society, but its representatives said they were opposed to smoking anything. But a Drug Enforcement Administration agent in Chicago remembers having come across Horse Shits in 1968 and believes they were some sort of anti-establishment

put-on perpetrated by the *Berkeley Barb*. And a Customs official in El Paso said he's been seeing them for 50 years, that they are available in Mexico wherever particular tourists congregate, that he doesn't know if they contain horseshit and would not be willing to spend so much as a dime to find out.

We continued the investigation using the techniques we know best. Holding the pack gently but firmly, we unzipped the band, tenderly peeled off the cellophane wrapper and stripped away the label to expose, alas, an ordinary two-*peso* *hecho en Mexico* cigarette. Alas, besmirched by the appropriate tax stamps and health warnings, the ill-manured impostor was revealed as containing nothing more exotic than black tobacco. No shit.

### CHECKING IN

*We asked Theodore Fischer to turn the tables on Burt Bacharach to record his own answers to some of his musical questions.*

PLAYBOY: What's new, Pussycat?

BACHARACH: An album, *Woman*, recorded with the Houston Symphony.



When I was writing it, I looked back and asked myself where most of my success had come from. Most of my music that has made it big has been sung by women and it appeals to women. I know women very well. I've known some great women. *The Look of Love* was written right off Ursula Andress' body, right off her face, right off the way she walked. I used to stay up at night, watching *Casino Royale* on my Moviola. I'd stop the machine, look at her again—Angie [Dickinson] would be asleep in the next room—I just kept running it. It was one of my biggest kicks to finally meet her at a party and say, "I don't know whether you know this, Ursula, but that song was born from your whole being. It just came out of you."

PLAYBOY: What's it all about, Burt?

BACHARACH: One thing that's really es-

sential is affecting people's sex lives with your music. I remember a girl on a plane from California to New York. We had a drink and she asked me for an autograph and after she had another drink, she confessed that she couldn't make it unless she had one of my albums on. That really made me feel terrific. You feel like you're there and that you're contributing to their sexual happiness. Another girl told me she could get off just by listening to *New York Lady* on the new album. That made me feel good, too. That's even a little different from having your music contribute to two or three or four people having a good time in bed. Here there's one person who comes listening to your music.

PLAYBOY: What do you get when you fall in love?

BACHARACH: All the dynamite elements associated with love—you can't sleep, you can't eat, you can't write at the piano, you can't even go to a movie, you don't know how to get through a night without that person. The sad thing is that we're no longer equipped to have love the way we thought it was. When I was in college, I slept with a girl and I thought because she slept with me, she must be in love with me. It was a rude awakening when I saw her with somebody else the next day. Things are looser now, and easier. There's nothing wrong with that, but we don't hang in anything too long. I'm still married to Angie and have no desire to get a divorce. We're sort of separated. I've gone out with other people and so has she. I also go out with her a lot and I'll tell you this—it's a lot better since we've been separated than it ever was in the last three, four years we were living together.

PLAYBOY: I hear the music coming out of your radio: Are you there with another girl?

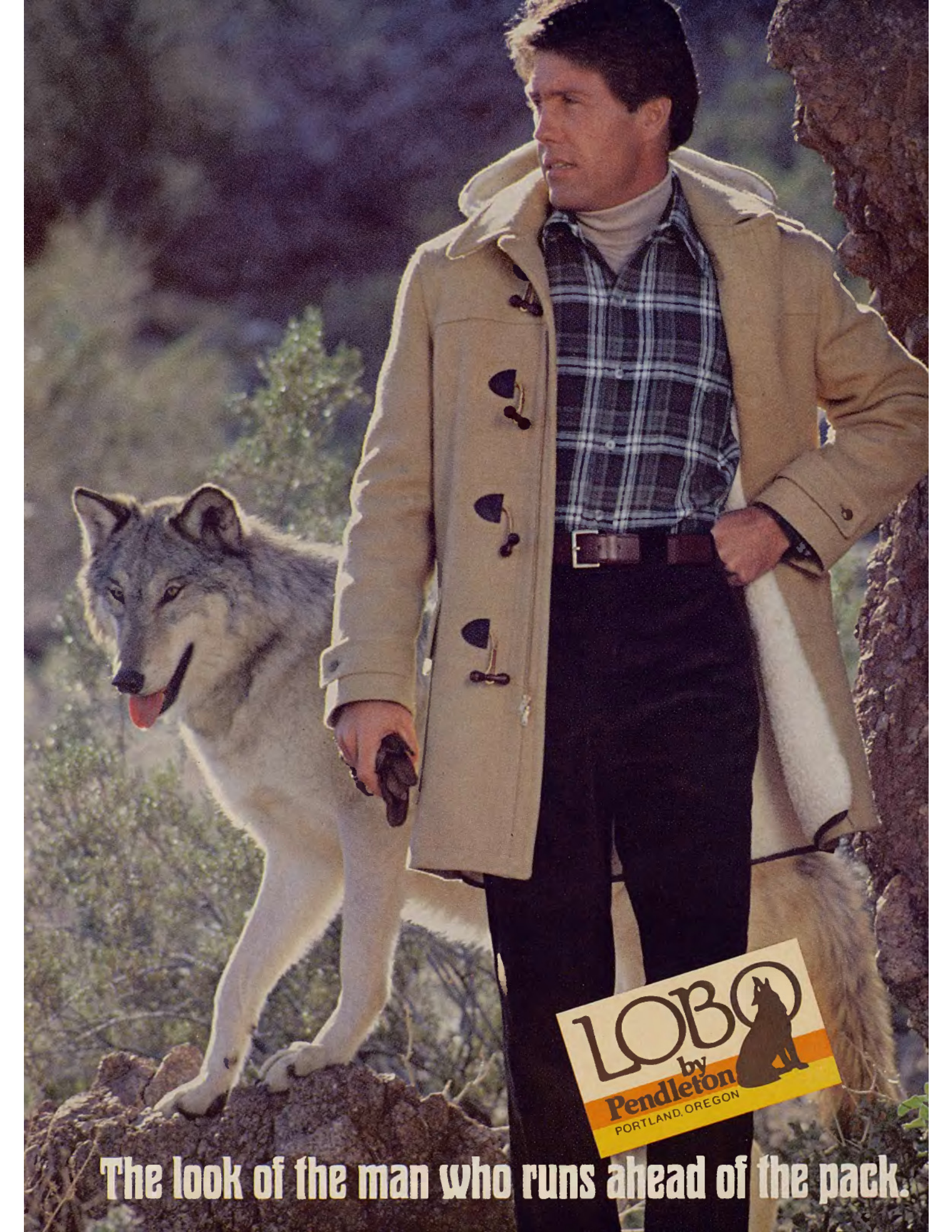
BACHARACH: Probably not. When I'm in bed, whether it's my music or Brazilian music or any music, I want it off. I figure what the band's playing and what the drummer's doing and I get distracted. I don't want any music on, because I want the music to be made in *bed*.

PLAYBOY: Do you know the way to San Jose?

BACHARACH: Are you talking about logistics? We just used San Jose as the synthesis of a small town you left to make it in L.A. It could have been Bakersfield or Fresno, but they don't rhyme. St.-Tropéz rhymes, but you probably wouldn't want to leave there.

We know one candidate in the recent primary election for mayor of Covington, Kentucky, who wasn't afraid of losing the feminist vote: Foster "Woody" Raper. His running mate was not Betty Kant.

Remember, it's not the meat, it's the motion. A lawyer friend told us about a



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**The look of the man who runs ahead of the pack.**

## GREAT THOUGHTS FROM THE FAMOUS ABOUT LOVE, SEX AND THE HUMAN CONDITION

Bob Schneider, a freelance writer, and Art Spiegelman, the creator of "Ed Head" in "Playboy Funnies," are also students of les mots justes. Here is an uplifting selection from their archives.

In war, just as in loving, you've got to keep on showing.

—GENERAL GEORGE S. PATTON

With women, I've got a long bamboo pole with a leather loop on the end of it. I slip the loop around their necks so they can't get away or come too close. Like catching snakes.

—MARLON BRANDO

One is very crazy when in love.

—SIGMUND FREUD

Man's only weapon against a woman is his hat. He should grab it—and run.

—DAMON RUNYON

Everything we do in life is based on fear, especially love.

—MEL BROOKS

There are a lot of weirdos running around who don't need anything more than an exposed belly button to set them off.

—DEAR ABBY

If you've got it, bump it with a trumpet.

—SUZANNE SOMERS

In the sex field, you can be totally stupid and still make money.

—AL GOLDSTEIN

I like clean ladies and nice ladies.

—LAWRENCE WELK

Frigid people really make it.

—ANDY WARHOL

Maybe I'll make a *Mary Poppins* movie and shove the umbrella up my ass.

—MARILYN CHAMBERS

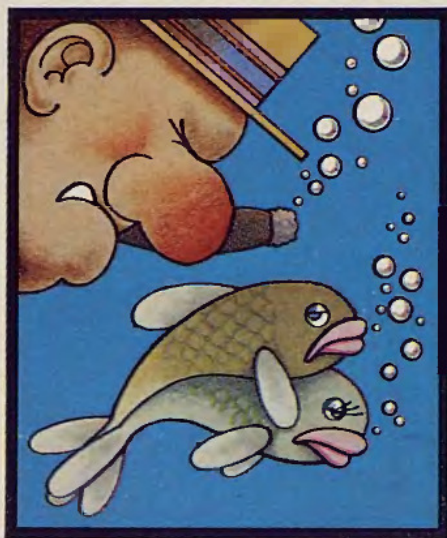
I have an intense desire to return to the womb. Anybody's.

—WOODY ALLEN

A single strand of a woman's pubic hair is stronger than the Atlantic cable.

—DUSTY, IN SAMUEL FULLER'S

*The Naked Kiss*



Personally, I like sex and I don't care what a man thinks of me as long as I get what I want from him—which is usually sex.

—VALERIE PERRINE

Apparently, the way to a girl's heart is to saw her in half.

—VICTOR MATURE

WHAT IF LINCOLN HAD BEEN

A WOMAN? Chances are she would have never appeared in public or run for office. Even today, too many women still suffer with the problem of unwanted facial hair, letting it keep them from a full and happy life.

—CHICAGO HAIR SPECIALISTS AD

Only Tammy Wynette and Alice Cooper knew how hard it is to be a woman.

—ALICE COOPER

A pedestal is as much a prison as any small space.

—GLORIA STEINEM

Blondes make the best victims. They're like the virgin snow that always shows up the bloody footprints.

—ALFRED HITCHCOCK

As far as I'm concerned, being any gender is a drag.

—PATTI SMITH

You're not really drunk if you can lie on the floor without hanging on.

—JOE E. LEWIS

Don't drink the water; fish fuck in it.

—W. C. FIELDS

Crème de menthe and come in my mouth—they go well together.

—JODY MAXWELL, PORN ACTRESS

Behind the initiation to sensual pleasure there loom narcotics.

—POPE PAUL VI

Cocaine isn't habit-forming. I should know—I've been using it for years.

—TALLULAH BANKHEAD

Reality is for those who can't face drugs.

—TOM WAITS

I'm for anything that gets you through the night, be it prayer, tranquilizers or a bottle of Jack Daniel's.

—FRANK SINATRA

young man who collapsed on the dance floor of a suburban Chicago disco. He was rushed to a nearby hospital and in the process of finding out what the trouble was, an emergency-room staffer discovered that he had an Italian sausage strapped to his upper thigh.

### TURNING A DEAF EAR

When MGM released *Voices*, a celluloid melodrama about the romance between a deaf woman and a rock-'n'-roll singer, it managed to offend a theretofore unheard-from minority group: deaf moviegoers. When the movie opened in San Francisco, a coalition of deaf residents of the area started a boycott that forced the film to close after a one-week run. The deaf coalition claimed that the movie was unfair to its members because it was not captioned, further charging that the film exploited the deaf because the heroine was portrayed by actress Amy Irving, who can hear just fine.

"We did everything we could to make it a movie for deaf people," retorted MGM vice-president Al Newman. "In truth, we went to all ends to find a qualified deaf actress for the role and we could not. We hired Martin Sternberg, a deaf professor at New York University, as a technical advisor. And there were a number of deaf people who acted in the movie."

MGM withdrew the film and spent some \$30,000 to come up with a captioned version of *Voices* designed specifically for deaf moviegoers. Two months after the initial protest, *Voices* was again released in San Francisco . . . this time with captions. No one showed up and the movie, again, closed within a week. What went wrong? Says Albert Walla, an employee of the Deaf Counseling and Referral Agency of Oakland: "It was a lousy movie."

We'll whip his ass, too, while we're at it. When White House lobbyist Frank Moore called New York's Representative Thomas Downey to urge him to leak to the press President Carter's "I'll whip his ass" comment about Ted Kennedy, the White House retaliated by giving reporters Downey's unlisted home phone number.

According to the Charles City, Iowa, *Press*, "The so-called Sunbelt states will nearly double their copulation and have almost half the nation's population by the end of the century if current trends continue." And if they don't, fuck 'em.

For those of you who like chicken delight, this recipe from the Raleigh, North Carolina, *News and Observer*: "Add chicken and cook, turning, about ten minutes or until brown on all sides and dork can be inserted in chicken with ease."

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## MOVIES

The debates about *Apocalypse Now* will rage for a long time to come. After an enormous outlay of time and energy, is producer-director Francis Coppola's monumental drama a masterpiece or is it not? Does it *have* to be? Because of deadline pressures, I was able to view *Apocalypse* only as a work in progress, precisely the way it was shown at the Cannes Film Festival. The final prints shipped to theaters will have revised narration written by Michael Herr (author of *Dispatches*). There'll be minor changes in the opening scenes, some revisions of the music and a definite decision about how to end the movie. By now, at least half the world must know that the ending had been Coppola's stickiest problem. It's still his problem, no matter which of several climactic shots he chooses. His problem is the penultimate Brando sequence—some murky, pretentious dialog and the stolidity of Brando himself during the last 20 minutes of the film, when the legendary Colonel Kurtz is finally tracked to his lair by Captain Willard (Martin Sheen), the Special Forces man sent to assassinate him. Here's where *Apocalypse* gets tangled with its complex roots in *Heart of Darkness*. By the time he gets to the pure Conradian profundity of Kurtz's last words—"The horror! The horror!"—Coppola seems to be out of his depth and into his doldrums.

That's the bad news: Not everything works. But let me quickly add that *Apocalypse Now*, all in all, is an amazing and marvelous piece of work, with the kind of larger-than-life operatic splendor that Coppola at his best manages better than anyone but Fellini. Credit Coppola, Italian cinematographer Vittorio Storaro and production designer Dean Davoularis with igniting the screen with unforgettable images of war's dehumanizing hell-fire not seen since *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Compared with *Apocalypse*, *The Deer Hunter* looks absolutely hawkish. And five'll get you ten that Robert Duvall will earn an Oscar nomination for his portrayal of Colonel Kilgore, the wild jingoist jock. Duvall—whose most telling line is "I love the smell of napalm in the morning"—sends a couple of his men out on surfboards while he demolishes a Vietnam village with helicopters wired up to blast Wagner's *Valkyrie* battle music over the jungle at top volume.

*Apocalypse* boasts some stunning secondary highlights, too: the Playmate sequence; the senseless massacre of a boatload of peasants by Willard's crew; scene after scene of GIs, high on anything they can smoke or sniff, experiencing war through a psychedelic haze. This is unmistakably Coppola's movie, not an actors' showcase. Yet Sheen moves to



Duvall, Coppola filming *Apocalypse*.

Heroism onscreen: *Apocalypse's* long-awaited debut, another Camelot and *Rocky's* sequel.



Streep, Alda star in *Seduction*.



Stallone and friend in *Rocky II*.

ward new major-star status as Willard, while Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms and Larry Fishburne add strong

support. The antithesis of that well-balanced cross section of American guys you'd encounter in a standard World War Two movie, these are dope fiends just hoping to save their own asses. *Apocalypse Now* begins in a seedy Saigon hotel room, where Sheen wakes up and says, "Shit." His head is spinning, he sees life as "a bad fuckin' dream." That's the dream Coppola launches brilliantly—and sustains most of the way. Well, nobody's perfect.

Alan Alda, making an auspicious debut as a screenwriter, has created a strong starring role for himself in *The Seduction of Joe Tynan*. It's a Kennedyesque political drama, or appears to be at first; actually, *Joe Tynan* develops as an intimate, touching and deeply subjective portrait of a man corrupted by power—a New York liberal Senator, "hot" with the media, tempted into a liaison with a labor lawyer, a drawing daughter of the Deep South whose daddy taught her the political ropes. "When I want somethin', I go git it," she says with a smile that might alter the course of history. *The Seduction of Joe Tynan* has more to do with behind-the-scenes politicking, however, than with Washington sex. Rip Torn and Melvyn Douglas portray his most formidable opponents.

Alda's solid performance as *Joe Tynan* is nearly upstaged by his sensitive writing of damned good parts for women. As the ambitious Southern lady, Meryl Streep has the best role of her career so far, more fuel for her growing reputation (helped by an Oscar nomination for *The Deer Hunter*) as one of the rrrreally big movie stars of tomorrow. Barbara Harris also rates ovations as *Tynan's* wife, who stubbornly tries to preserve some sense of herself while her home, husband and children are either slipping away or going public. Harris manages to become a synthesis of all those incumbents' wives who end up telling *People* magazine about their self-doubts, their psychotherapy, their drinking problems and their face-lifts. Of course, much credit for the emotional impact of *Joe Tynan* goes to director Jerry Schatzberg, somewhat better known abroad than he is at home for such films as *Scarecrow*, *Panic in Needle Park* and *Sweet Revenge* (which was more or less buried alive). *The Seduction of Joe Tynan* should mark a significant professional turning point for Schatzberg, his writer and his stars.

*Rocky II* is not so much a sequel as a remake of *Rocky*, with a couple of wrinkles ironed out. *Rocky* gets married and consents to a rematch with Apollo Creed (Carl Weathers). He also becomes a father and begins to make a little



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money, which someone suggests he ought to invest in condominiums. "I never use 'em," Rocky answers. That's probably Sylvester Stallone's best line, though he's in fine form again as a big lovable lummoX. Talia Shire and Burt Young do what they can with their roles in a one-man show that is manipulative, shamelessly sentimental and virtually guaranteed to make the crowd roar.

Boxing and the battle between the sexes, for my money—or maybe just more to my taste—are handled better in *The Main Event*. Barbra Streisand and Ryan O'Neal share the spotlight, often with hilarious results, in a comedy produced by Barbra and Jon Peters, directed by Howard Zieff. Barbra's a bankrupt big-business woman, embezzled out of everything but full ownership of a fighter (Ryan) who actually thinks of himself as a lover and prefers to run a driver-training school. Their script has some bumpy sections, but both stars scintillate, especially when they get into sexual role switching. *Main Event* also boasts a deliciously demented character sketch by Patti D'Arbanville, as a tough-as-nails chick with a terrible cough.

James Bond movies are practically beyond criticism by now, though *Moonraker* can hold its own with any previous adventures of 007. Matter of fact, judged for speed and style and inspired space-age gimmickry, this may be the biggest Bond issue ever floated. Roger Moore and Lois Chiles—along with Michael Lonsdale as the evil Drax, and Richard Kiel in a return appearance as the dentally deadly Jaws—hop from L.A. to Venice to Rio de Janeiro, encountering enviable dangers at every turn. You saw the best bits previewed in our July issue; on the big screen, it's even better.

Tunneling out of a jail cell to freedom has been done—and done pretty well—in dozens of movies before *Escape from Alcatraz*. Jailbreaks, slugfests and such macho-man activities come naturally to producer-director Don Siegel, which is your assurance that the latest Clint Eastwood adventure is bound to be technically almost flawless. Based on known and imagined details of the one and only successful, unsolved breakout in the famous prison's history, *Alcatraz* achieves a high degree of verisimilitude at the expense of excitement. So this outing may be limited in appeal to that rather large circle of Eastwood addicts, millions strong, for whom the Great Stone Face is as meaningful a symbol as the silent slabs of Stonehenge.

There is precious little to get excited about in *Sidney Sheldon's Bloodline*, director Terence Young's movie version of the schlocky best seller, in which Audrey Hepburn, Ben Gazzara, James Mason,



Barbra leans on pugilist Ryan.

For love or money:  
taking punches and  
pulling strings.



The divine Miss Piggy.

Michelle Phillips and a slew of international stars prop up a story about murder in the family of a European tycoon. The only memorable moments in *Bloodline* are several kinky scenes about the making of snuff movies—with unsuspecting prostitutes as the oncamera victims of a bald strangler. No relevance to the main plot or to anything else except Sheldon's unerring instinct for merchandisable mediocrity.

Among the comedies I have sat through lately, there's really only one that brought humdrum daily cares to the point of meltdown. Of course, I mean *The Muppet Movie*. I'm no ardent fan of Punch and Judy shows or puppets in any form (if they're spindly marionettes mouthing grand opera, watch my dust en route to the exit), and the Muppets

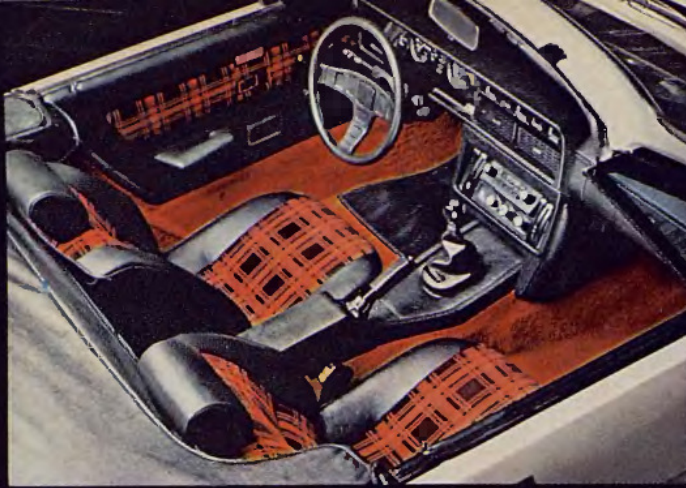
on TV were nearly strangers to me. Call this my apology to Muppetman Jim Henson, director James Frawley and his scriptwriters. Their *Muppet Movie* is a charming showbiz fable about "how the Muppets really got started," and I believe every word of it. Kermit the Frog was discovered in a swamp by an agent (Dom DeLuise) and urged to try his luck in Hollywood. Long before he conquers Tinseltown, he meets Fozzie Bear and Miss Piggy ("the divine swine") and is kidnaped by mad scientist Mel Brooks, who threatens Kermit with an electronic cerebrectomy ("Turns the brain to guacamole"). Charles Durning, as a wicked fast-food tycoon, tries to persuade poor Kermit to become a pitchman for French-fried frog legs. A lot more happens; there's just no letup—with James Coburn, Madeline Kahn, Elliott Gould, Steve Martin, Richard Pryor, Orson Welles and Telly Savalas leading the corps of guest performers unafraid to share screen time with the Muppets, scene stealers supreme, who have reportedly whittled many a flesh-and-blood superstar down to size. In this jolly company, everyone scores.

Susan Anton, in the title role of *Goldengirl*, plays an Olympic track star who has been pumped full of growth hormones by her ex-Nazi father and the consortium that owns her. A damaged pancreas, diabetes and a chest full of gold medals at Moscow are her rewards for a job well done. James Coburn co-stars in what is actually a monster movie—and quite an original, provocative one—with Anton (fresh from her Muriel Cigar promotions on TV) as the kind of freak they don't make every day. Frankenstein, eat your heart out.

*The Frisco Kid* is an overlong Jewish joke featuring Gene Wilder as a Polish rabbi on his way to San Francisco during the gold rush. When the rabbi teams up with a gunslinger (Harrison Ford), *Kid* begins to blow its comic possibilities in a whirlwind of brotherly love. Wilder can be funny, but he wants so much to be charming and Chaplinesque and vulnerable at the same time that he ends up smiling through the schmaltz. What this movie needs is Mel Brooks as an Indian.

Dom DeLuise, still another Mel Brooks alumnus, directed *Hot Stuff* with the rambunctious exuberance that is his hallmark as a performer. Jerry Reed and Suzanne Pleshette co-star with DeLuise as members of a police burglary squad who open a store for "hot" merchandise—hoping to trap a bunch of petty thieves by pretending to be fences. Nothing can shake my conviction that *Hot Stuff* was originally a TV pilot, stolen from its crib by gypsies.

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON



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Its bold wedge shape cheats the wind at every turn. It handles the open road with competition-proven performance. Response of the 2-liter overhead cam engine is instantaneous and the 5-speed transmission is precision itself. For those who prefer not to shift, a 3-speed automatic is optional (not available in California).

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TR7's list of sports car features will warm any purist's heart: MacPherson struts . . . rack and pinion steering . . . front disc brakes . . . and wide steel-belted radials. Refinement of the TR7 has led to numerous changes, from a modified cooling system to a new Triumph emblem. Triumph engineers even developed a unique front bumper for the convertible which helps filter out harmonic vibrations.

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# BOOKS

**P**reviews: Among the hot fiction offerings for fall are a new novel by Anne Rice called *The Feast of All Saints*; a first novel by Susan Cheever (John's daughter), *Looking for Work*; and Harold Robbins' latest saga, this one about the American labor movement, *Memories of Another Day*, all from Simon & Schuster. Viking has Dalton Trumbo's last work, *Night of the Aurochs*, a novel about a Nazi officer; and Farrar, Straus & Giroux is bringing out a new collection of Isaac Bashevis Singer short stories, *Old Love*. Another story collection, *On the Edge of the Cliff* (Random House), coincides with author V. S. Pritchett's 80th birthday. Jessamyn West's *The Life I Really Lived* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) is billed as a novel, but it's also a confessional memoir; and John le Carré's new espionage novel, *Smiley's People* (Knopf), gives the reader Smiley's final confrontation with Karla, his mortal enemy and opposite number inside the Soviet Union.

When it comes to nonfiction, the talk of lit-biz circles is *The Brethren: The Supreme Court Under Chief Justice Warren E. Burger* (Simon & Schuster), by Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong; we suspect these two very competent investigators have found a "Deep Bench" who's ready and willing to talk. Harper & Row has scheduled two important works, *Mao: A Biography*, by Ross Terrill, and *Moneypower: How to Profit from Inflation*, by Ben Stein and his father, Herbert (former chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors). Scheduled for November by Little, Brown is Norman Mailer's big book on Gary Gilmore, *The Executioner's Song* (we have it, too, in three installments, starting with this issue). Michael Korda's *Charmed Lives*, a memoir about his famous theatrical family, is coming from Random House, which will also be publishing *Philip Johnson/John Burgee: Architecture*, with text by Nory Miller, a major study of their own buildings.

It's always best to end with a laugh, and we have one in *Playboy's Kliban* (Wideview), a collection of the popular cartoonist's best from our pages.

In *The Mangan Inheritance* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), Brian Moore gives us a novel about a writer who after his wife's death goes back to Ireland to trace his roots. The style of the book is lyrical at times, but the plot becomes predictable; the judgment here is that Moore grew too infatuated with himself and structured a story too precious for this busy world.

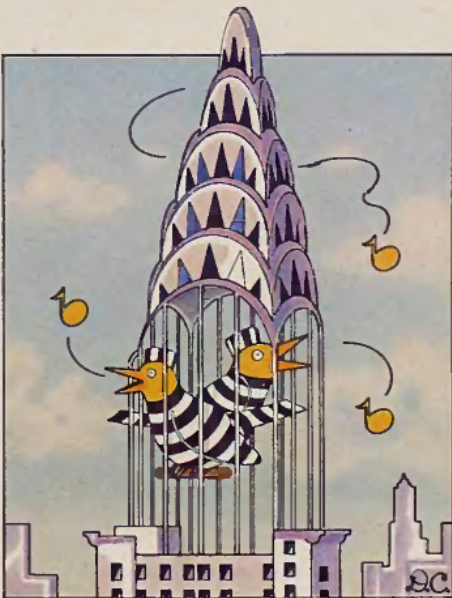
Kurt Vonnegut's *Jailbird* (Delacorte) is a mature, imaginative novel—possibly the best he has written. After a decade of indulgence, the man has delivered a gem. Walter F. Starbuck, the narrator, is



"Not tonight, dear... I have a headache."

From Kliban, with love.

What to look for at your bookstore this fall; Vonnegut surpasses himself.



Warbling *Jailbird*.

one of the victims of Watergate—an advisor on youth affairs in the Nixon White House who goes to jail for concealing the identity of the owner of a suitcase that contains some of Uncle Sam's greenest. Starbuck spends his time in jail meditating on former loves, the role of Harvard men in American history, early labor disputes, Sacco and Vanzetti, the McCarthy era, the state of the economy and a certain bit of doggerel about flatulence. Upon his release from

prison, Starbuck runs into a woman who bears a passing resemblance to Howard Hughes. Mary Kathleen O'Looney is the head of a vast conglomerate, the RAMJAC Corporation, which seems to own everything in America. (We were surprised to learn that *PLAYBOY* is a RAMJAC magazine. Oh, well, as long as the payroll is met.) Vonnegut's glimpses of American business are wiser and more amusing than the *roman à clef* constructions of Harold Robbins; his creative use of history rivals Ed Doctorow's *Ragtime*. Vonnegut at his best takes us places we've always wondered about—the catacombs beneath Grand Central Station and the top floor of the Chrysler Building, which houses, of all things, a harp company. *Jailbird* is a guided tour de force of America. Take it.

The title character of Michael Blodgett's novel *Captain Blood* (Stonehill) wants revenge on some L.A. dope dealers—and also wants to release his extraordinary sexual energy. He does both in a book that holds your attention like the howl of a wolf in the dark of the night.

Peter Maas once wrote a book about a policeman named Frank Serpico. Now, in his novel *Made in America* (Viking), Maas concentrates on another kind of person—a poor Irish kid from Manhattan who has turned into a middle-aged dreamer. Richie Flynn is like a lot of us: He has visions of glory and he thinks he is smart enough to beat the system. He is also willing to go into debt to finance his scam—the conversion of empty buildings into day-care centers under the guaranteed sponsorship of New York City.

"Richie, the city doesn't know what it's doing anymore," one of Flynn's friends tells him. The friend is right, of course, but Flynn doesn't know what he's doing, either. He borrows the money he needs from a loan shark named King Kong Karpstein. That's only his first mistake.

The strength of this novel lies not in its prose style or its philosophical stance but in its hard-nosed understanding of how a city works, who pays the piper, how Mafia bosses function, what ambitious Federal prosecutors are after, how the FBI can bug you and not be found out, how real-estate deals play into the hands of bureaucrats and banks, and what the chase for the Almighty Dollar can do to a typical American male in these days of inflation. Maas's writing is sometimes awkward but the picture he paints is never inaccurate. He knows his territory, and in choosing a limited ruse as practiced in a special city, he somehow creates a very modern novel about our primitive society.

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**Lava hot enough to boil water.**

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of Pele's anger rose up hot enough to boil water in places.

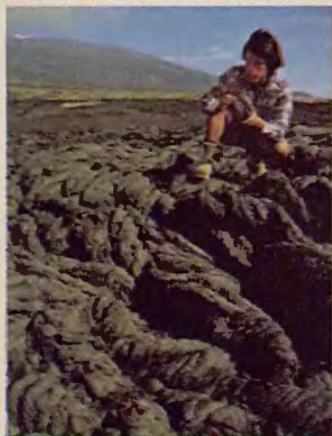
**The beach looked like shining coal.**

Later, we cooled off while searching another of Pele's works. In a dark temper, the fire goddess had sent black lava coursing into the sea. But the surf had pounded it into a fine, coal-black sand to create one of the world's most beautiful beaches.

**Climbing up to one of Hawaii's strangest sights.**

Finally we packed our C.C. up 13,796-foot-high Mauna Kea volcano. A surprise awaited us at the peak. Snow! A sight we never expected in Hawaii! Along our trail up Mauna Kea, we buried a surprise for you, the case of Canadian Club. One clue: you don't need to reach the top of the world's highest island volcano (you won't even need to enter the state park) to find the world's finest tasting whisky. Be careful though, Pele thinks that C.C. is hers.





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# TELEVISION

**R**ound and round we go, in smaller and smaller circles. First there were films about film stars (such bombs as *Gable and Lombard*), then a plethora of TV "docudramas" about contemporary people and events (*Ike* and *Blind Ambition*) and, finally—full turn—a television movie about a television sitcom star who committed suicide just two years ago. *Can You Hear the Laughter?* which traces the short, unhappy life of comedian Freddie Prinze, is a valiant attempt to tell some painful truths about sudden success, drugs and Hollywood as they affected a talented young man. The film, which will be aired by CBS in the fall, has some affecting moments, but a successful combination of realistic drama, physical resemblance and accurate impersonation may be too much to ask of any film—let alone one produced under the limitations of TV.

*Laughter* is based on an award-winning article published in this magazine in June 1977 (though *Playboy* has no involvement in the film version). The author, Peter S. Greenberg, decided to produce the movie himself, and although it lacks some of the grit and hard edge of his original reporting, the movie comes closer than most television fare in depicting how Hollywood—and the tube—can devour its own young. Ira Angustain, a regular on CBS' *White Shadow*, plays the part of Freddie, and the physical resemblance is uncanny: There are times when you swear some old TV tapes of Prinze have been slipped in. (They weren't. The entire set of *Chico and the Man* was reconstructed for the movie.) Angustain does a creditable job in the later scenes, when Prinze's self-destructive urges begin to mount, but he is green and awkward in many early portions, where he needs the support of his able fellow cast members. These include Kevin Hooks, who plays Freddie's black pal from New York, and Randee Heller (from *Soap*), in a scene-stealing performance as Freddie's long-suffering secretary. The movie's major flaw is in its re-creation of Prinze's stand-up-comedy routines: As any comedian will attest, it's all in the timing and delivery, and Freddie's famous lines emerge flat and unfunny from Angustain's mouth. Still, it's definitely worth tuning into CBS to see what was happening to Chico behind the scenes—especially since Chico may still be making you laugh on reruns elsewhere on your dial. (For TV buffs, one more spin of the circle: The man who portrays actor Jack Albertson in the *Chico* scenes is Fred Carney, brother of *The Honey-mooners'* Art Carney.)

Every September, after a pregnant summer of puffery and promise, the major



Prinze clone Ira Angustain.

Fall network picks: a tragedy revisited, a myth recycled and some super pop science.



*Vampire's* Kathryn Harrold, Richard Lynch.



James Burke makes *Connections*.

networks start premiering their new season's progeny—an inbred bunch of weekly series that sound a lot like kissin' cousins of the packaged product we studied for signs of life the same time last year. Specials like the Prinze story—and the, as usual, excellent offerings from PBS, which this year intends to act like a real network and schedule many of its prime-time programs on the same nights across the nation—may provide the best viewing opportunities again this season.

The hot-shots at ABC plan to offer such specials as *S.O.S. Titanic* (David Janssen as John Jacob Astor at the top of an all-star cast) and *Valentine* (Mary Martin and Jack Albertson co-starred in a romantic comedy about a couple of septuagenarians). Ushering in the first chill of September is *Vampire*. In this two-hour TV movie, a low-key suspense drama, Jason Miller plays a brooding modern architect who enlists the help of a retired police officer (E. G. Marshall) to avenge his wife's death. Richard Lynch plays Voytek, the bloodthirsty billionaire recluse, as if his transfusions were a privilege taken for granted by the rich.

Over at PBS, the class acts are warming up again. The initial offering on *Masterpiece Theatre* will be Jean-Paul Sartre's *Kean*, to air two successive Sundays in mid-September. Anthony Hopkins plays the great 19th Century Shakespearean actor Edmund Kean, reputed to have had "2000 mistresses." What Sartre wrote (in French, originally) was neither a biography nor a sex comedy but a poetic tour de force about a man whose entire life was an illusion. The performance by Hopkins is the whole show, and he's never less than devastating.

Following *Kean*, *Masterpiece Theatre* will spend the next 12 weeks on *Love for Lydia*, a thoroughly English romance based on the novel by H. E. Bates. Mel Martin stars as Lydia in this atmospheric period piece, which ought to provide a fix for Anglophiles nurtured on PBS imports.

Jot down the starting date of *Connections* (PBS, Sunday, September 30), an enthralling ten-week series that ranks as the most informative and enlightened TV event since Kenneth Clark's *Civilisation*. The witty host, narrator and author of *Connections* is James Burke, an erudite snoop and raconteur who travels around the world, forward and backward in time. Shortly after noting in the first episode, "The Trigger Effect," that something done by a doctor at the 16th Century court of Elizabeth I made television watching possible, Burke guides his audience into "the technology trap" and New York's 1965 power blackout. In episode



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two, "Death in the Morning," he skips purposefully from Ptolemy's star tables to Germany's V-2 rockets and a modern Munich beer festival without dropping a stitch in his over-all design. In episode eight, titled "Eat, Drink and Be Merry," Burke declares that "Charles the Bold of Burgundy, in 1470, set off a series of events that were to end, 500 years later, with a landing on the moon." Before he's done, he has introduced the inventor of canned food and cited an "absolutely awful" recipe for chicken marengo. Before *Connections* runs its full course (with repeat telecasts on Wednesday evenings in most locales), the dryly professorial Burke, a pop scientist par excellence, is apt to become a media superstar.

Meanwhile, back on the weekly series schedule, there's bound to be a hit or two among the 20-odd fall contenders, though only time and the public's unpredictable taste (or lack of it) will tell which.

Judged by a sneak preview, there's a smidgen of promise in ABC's *Nobody's Perfect*, with England's Ron Moody (he played Fagin in *Oliver!* on stage and screen) as a bungling Scotland Yard man who comes over as part of a foreign-exchange program, and in the *Thin Manish* high-jinks of *Hart to Hart*, co-starring Robert Wagner and Stefanie Powers as a rich, beautiful couple who appear to be turned on by danger.

NBC has bet some big money on *From Here to Eternity: the War Years*, a weekly series that picks up where last season's highly successful miniseries left off, with William Devane, Roy Thinnes and beautiful Kim Basinger back in their original roles. *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century*, starring Gil Gerard, is a continuation on the tube of the outer-space fantasy that's already been introduced as a high-grossing summer movie.

Still with us? CBS will offer a broad mixture of series programming. *Trapper John, M.D.* is its doctor show, with Pernell Roberts as the legendary *M\*A\*S\*H* medico, in private practice 28 years after Korea. Jim Belushi and Michael Keaton, in *Working Stiffs*, try for upward mobility as a couple of inept janitors; while James Earl Jones covers the L.A. police beat as *Paris*, a captain of detectives. CBS tries to rekindle some old black magic in *Struck by Lightning*, an updated comic spin-off of a classic thriller, with Jeffrey Kramer as Dr. Frankenstein's great-great-grandson, and Jack Elam as the monster he inherits along with a decrepit inn.

If you find something here to your liking, tune in soon. The way networks have been lopping off series lately, your show may be gone by next month.

## DINING & DRINKING

An evening at **La Folie** (21 East 61st Street) brings immediate results," confides a young Manhattan member of our staff. He didn't elaborate on what kind of results he meant, but if you're partial to fresh sturgeon caviar at bargain rates, truly distinctive fare and berserk disco—all under one splendid roof—then an evening at La Folie will be sufficient reward.

The place was created by George Lang, aided by teams of showbiz decorators working on an unlimited budget—which they obviously exceeded. La Folie is a combination of sleek chic, high camp and early *enfant terrible* that somehow works because of the wit, ebullience and good will it projects.

With variegated marble floors, green malachite walls, shimmering mirrors and stained-glass windows, La Folie does not lack for dazzle. This heavy stuff is leavened by such tongue-in-cheek effects as the lushly lashed orbs peering up from the bowls in the ladies' room. This eye does not twinkle, according to our female spies, but the mind that conceived it surely must. The gentlemen's john is similarly bedizened. You can nestle in the palm of a giant silver hand to adjust your toupee or make a phone call. Mirrors line the ceiling and just below are gleaming outlines of male genitalia . . . a sort of neon graffiti.

La Folie is a come-early, stay-late spot. Make your first stop (any time after 4 P.M.) the Caviar Bar. It's a smashing concept: four varieties of caviar, with all appropriate trimmings, including hot blini, served from an elegant white-marble bar. Prices are smashing, too—less than you'd pay in a retail shop. Iranian Beluga, Osetra and Sevruga are, respectively, \$16.50, \$14.50 and \$12.50 per one-ounce portion; that's with garnitures. To chase the caviar, La Folie presents a variety of imported vodkas, including fragrant Zubrówka at \$3 per serving and nonvintage Lanson *brut* champagne at \$25 a bottle.




Nothing's fishy about La Folie: affordable caviar and classy disco.

In an environment of such conspicuous glitter, you'd expect the fare to be secondary. *Au contraire*. Chef Bernard Norget, lured from London's noted Connaught Hotel, has brought the standards of that estimable house with him. You won't find the usual laundry list of choices—which is all to the good. A dozen main-dish selections, plus a daily special, offer patrons ample variety, yet allow the kitchen to concentrate on the fine details of a dish. Among the regular entrees, Le Confit de Canard, a savory dish, is unusual on local menus. It's duck-

ling marinated in mixed spices, cooked and preserved in its own juices. A treat, albeit a mite salty. Veal Madison is *plume de veau* in a zesty sauce—mushrooms, slivers of ham and tongue, scented with truffles and laced with madeira. Fillet of striped bass is another winner; moist and delicate, napped with a tart, sorrel-flecked cream sauce. And if you dig quenelles, this is the place. The mousse of pike is totally enchanting. Daily specials include sweetbreads in puff paste, galantine of chicken with morels, *côte de boeuf*—served for two—and, with luck, lobster soufflé; a hefty three-pound critter, flambéed in Armagnac, anointed with sauce *américaine* and served *en carapace*. It's pricy: \$38 à la carte, and worth it!

La Folie's homemade ice creams are very good and the fresh-fruit sherbets, particularly peach, pear and kiwi, exquisite and handsomely presented in nutty cookie shells.

Part of the dining area converts to disco at 11 P.M., and it's not your usual hustle. The exhibitionists are absent. Nondiners pay a \$5 cover charge. Dinner is from 6 P.M. to midnight, and dancing to 3 A.M. There's a special \$15 pretheater dinner from 6 to 7:30 P.M. Monday through Saturday. Closed Sunday. All major credit cards are accepted. Reservations are recommended (212-765-1400).



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Why not, they said, take everything we've learned about cigarettes, and push that technology farther than we've ever pushed it before.

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We found, for example, that combining two types of filter fiber produces the best combination of taste and draw.

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In short, everything we could find that might *intensify flavor* at 3 mg. tar, was built into Triumph.

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What it all comes down to is this: Triumph is not one of those ultra low tars that spoil your pleasure by short-changing you on taste.

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# MUSIC

**BABY, LET ME DRIVE YOUR CAR:** Our Hot Wax Award for cover art beyond the call of duty goes to our very own Alberto Vargas for *Candy-O* (Elektra), by last year's overnight sensation, **The Cars**. The vinyl's not as hot as the group's double-platinum debut, but it's good new rock.



**SAY IT AIN'T SO, JOE:** Joe Jackson is a natty English rocker and social commentator who frets a lot about things like "pretty women out walking with gorillas down my street." He wears broad-striped jackets with polka-dot ties and distinctive pointed shoes. He calls his music *spiv* rock. A *spiv*, he explains, is a "shady character who avoids honest work." Joe's first album is "Look Sharp" (A&M), and he does. A mere youth, he is already one of history's two most famous Joe Jacksons. We asked him about the other one.

**PLAYBOY:** Joe Jackson, like Joe Jackson the baseball player.

**JACKSON:** Who?

**PLAYBOY:** Joe Jackson of the Chicago



White Sox. He holds the American League record for most triples in a season—26.

**JACKSON:** What are triples?

**PLAYBOY:** He has the third-highest batting average of all time, .356, but isn't in the Hall of Fame.

**JACKSON:** I don't know about that. I play cricket.

**PLAYBOY:** He helped throw the 1919 world series. The Black Sox scandal, remember?

**JACKSON:** Sorry, never heard of it. I don't know baseball. I'm a musician.

**PLAYBOY:** He was called Shoeless Joe Jackson.

**JACKSON:** I doubt we're related. I'm wearing shoes.

**PLAYBOY:** Yes, and they're real spiffy.

—PETER GAMBACCINI



**KN U RD THS?** The poster above has been on one of our editors' walls—no names, please—for five years or so. In that time, no one, no matter in *what* condition, has been able to read the fucking thing. Not even Hunter Thompson. This is serious illegibility we're talking about. It's a real tribute to acid art, but *we* don't know what it says, either. One line seems to be ALLMANJOYSSOMETHING, and we argue about whether part of another is NEWYEARS OF DENVER. It's definitely announcing a concert starring someone, somewhere, sometime. Responsible guesses should be sent to Nostalgia Quiz, care of the Music Editor. We'll give the winner a Big Brother album and Owsley's address or something.

**HAIL TO THE DUKE:**

Big John may have moseyed off into the big sunset, but single records eulogizing him linger on—five at last count.

Titles include *The Duke*

by Dean Charles, *Big Duke—the Man* by

Debbie Ettell, *A Salute to the Duke* by

Paul Ott, *The Super Cowboy* by Wayne

Jered and *God Bless John Wayne* by the Kimberlys. So you listen up and listen tight, hear?



## WITH A BULLET!

This bulletin just in from Neva Friedern, our postbebop watcher in L.A.:

Serious culture is destined to arrive on the California Coast, even if by surfboard. This may be a groundless faith, but it's been as simple and comforting for me as a dumb hobby. It's also why, ever hopeful, I dropped off Pacific Coast Highway at Pasquale's Malibu jazz boite the other night—and was stone-stymied to find Mr. Alto Madness, alias Richie Cole, up to his new tricks.

I'd heard Cole with the late Eddie Jefferson and found that those two generated a relentless joy. This time out, even impromptu onstage turns by the sophisticated Manhattan Transfer did little to calm the oddly populous mid-week audience. The prognosis for snob art grew dire as I watched: On all sides, ordinarily sensible adults were helplessly corrupted by the dollops of humor flung from young Richie's horn.

Since breakneck articulation is Cole's homage to former teacher Phil Woods and the Berklee College of Music, I had



to speed up my ears to catch the complicated lines of Parker, fleeting intonations of Diz, wily goofiness of Monk. These elements are at play with melodies inspired by the altoist's beloved Trenton, New Jersey, home town; I'm certain I picked up the rhythm of swing shift at the foundry and the blues of bottom of the pot at the diner. But I'm no longer sure the mix is inelegant. When I'm looking for elevation, I'll go for the high kicks of Cole's latest release, *Keeper of the Flame* (Muse). The boy is irredeemably buoyant, and although he freely admits his grandest aspiration is a *Gong Show* win, I've been swayed. This is as serious as culture needs to get; this is sunshine bebop that Richie Cole is blowing right in the face of the intermittently blasé, sometimes strutting and fretful art of jazz improvisation.

Down Texas way, girls melt like butter over hot-from-the-oven, home-baked bread at the sound of honky-tonk music. When Delbert McClinton stands center stage at the Soap Creek Saloon in Austin, the club fills early with local University of Texas coeds, dressed in jeans stitched tighter than horsehide on a hardball. To them, Delbert is everything a man should be, and then some. Flanked by the hottest dance band in all of Texas, he wails on vocals and howls on mouth harp, swaying his hips just right and smiling boyishly on the roomful of bodies he's driven into a full-throated, rhythmic frenzy—an audience of females so totally devoted he could have sold them the next day at a slave auction.

But, like it or not, Delbert is destined to move out of those bars. Simply put, McClinton may be the best white R&B/rock-'n'-roller in the world, and given the events of the past 18 months, his overdue recognition seems inevitable.

McClinton turned the corner last year when he signed with Capricorn Records (a label that cares about him) and released his sixth album, *Second Wind*. The title accurately describes what the record did for him: It provided part of the inspiration for The Blues Brothers, who recorded Delbert's *B Movie* and then invited him to appear on *Saturday Night Live* last February. Suddenly, the likes of Kris Kristofferson, Elvis Costello, Tom Jones, Enmylou Harris, Doc Pomus and Jimmy Buffett were showing up at his gigs in New York and L.A. After going virtually unnoticed for over two decades, Delbert is hot. *Very* hot.

Born 38 years ago in Lubbock, Texas, Delbert grew up in Fort Worth and began his career at 17. In 1960, he made his recording debut with *Wake Up Baby*, which became the first record by a white singer to be played on KNOK, Fort Worth's black R&B station. By then, he was already the most highly regarded

harmonica player in the area. Two years later, when his harp helped make Bruce Channel's *Hey! Baby* an international hit, he toured the U.S. and England with Channel. During the Sixties, McClinton fronted a half-dozen bands, recorded for as many labels, but mostly



Delbert's onward and upward.

played backup for such legends as Howlin' Wolf, Lightnin' Hopkins, Jimmy Reed, Joe Tex, Big Joe Turner and Junior Parker.

In 1972, Delbert split for California, "with this gal who just got a divorce and had some mad money. I went out there on her money and her car—neither one lasted very long." But in L.A., he and Glen Clark recorded two commercially unsuccessful albums, now regarded as progressive-country landmarks. In '75, McClinton signed as a solo artist with ABC Records and made three modest-selling albums in three years.

I caught up with McClinton in Los Angeles, where he was recording his new album, *Keeper of the Flame*. After the night's session, he and longtime guitarist Billy Sanders shared a quart of Canadian whiskey while trading "war stories"—reminiscences of pegged pants and busted guitars; pimps, whores and strippers; gun fights, puking on mikes and waking up in the jailhouse. In other words, tales of tried-and-true friendship.

MC CLINTON: Years ago, Bill went home with this pimp's gal one night. He—the pimp—was supposed to be outa town. Well, sure enough, he came home carryin' a shotgun behind his back and passed Bill on his way out. . . . The next day, I saw this guy, the pimp. I noticed right off he was straight, which was unusual. He said, "Where's that guitar player of yours?" I said, "He went home." He said, "I'm gonna break his fuckin' fingers." I said, "What?!" And he ran it all down to me. We got off at five in the morning and I spent the entire fuckin' day contacting the underworld all over town, to save Bill's life.

SANDERS: We laugh about it now, but it was serious business. This guy was somebody who would shoot you. I didn't know who this gal was—shit, she was just some old dirty-leg laying over there. I knew I was in trouble the next night when I went to leave and my coat was cut to shreds.

PLAYBOY: Someone recently called you the "best white nigger singer in Texas."

MC CLINTON: Well, I'm the oldest. [Laughs] No, really, that's great. It's a good title.

PLAYBOY: Who were some of your early influences?

MC CLINTON: When I was a kid living in Lubbock, it was nothing but country music—Lefty Frizzell, Hank Williams, Hank Snow. From that to Elvis, Chuck Berry, Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis, all of them monsters at the time. I draw all my influences from the first two or three years we played, from Jimmy Reed, Bobby Bland, and so on. Last night, I was listening to my old tapes, looking for a song for the new album, and I said, "Goddamn, I can't help it, the old ones are just better." I'm not saying I'm right and the world's wrong, I just wanna create what inspired me in the first place, because it still moves me.

PLAYBOY: That explains why your new album, like your last two, mixes original material with fresh interpretations of old R&B tunes.

MC CLINTON: What I'm trying to do has an urgency down inside me, and I feel it's important. Black music has just about gotten lost. I think that the way I'm trying to do the old songs is as good a way as there is. Do 'em like they're new songs. Do 'em without trying to copy the old arrangements. A lot of people have the attitude of, Got to have new songs. There is no such thing as a new song. The only thing new is interpretation.

PLAYBOY: The Blues Brothers album, which is your style of music, is a platinum seller twice over. Do you think you have a chance to see that kind of success?

MC CLINTON: I hope so, but I've been thinkin' that since I was 17. Only, if I'd had it then, I'da been dead seven or eight years by now. [Laughs] But we do feel hopeful. Seems like we're on the verge of something, because today's music can't go any further. It's too shallow.

I mean, I like the sound of a guitar player who makes that sound come out with his fingers, not with seven boxes he's got on the floor. A motherfucker who can make it fuzz without a fuzz tone is a guitar-playin' motherfucker. That's real—coming straight outa your blood stream into the strings and out the amp.

PLAYBOY: We saw the extension of that philosophy in the studio tonight, as we watched you record the rhythm and vocal tracks on the same take. At this rate, you'll finish the album in a week.

MC CLINTON: I believe in making two or three albums a night. [Laughs] I like



# Medical breakthrough reduces baldness

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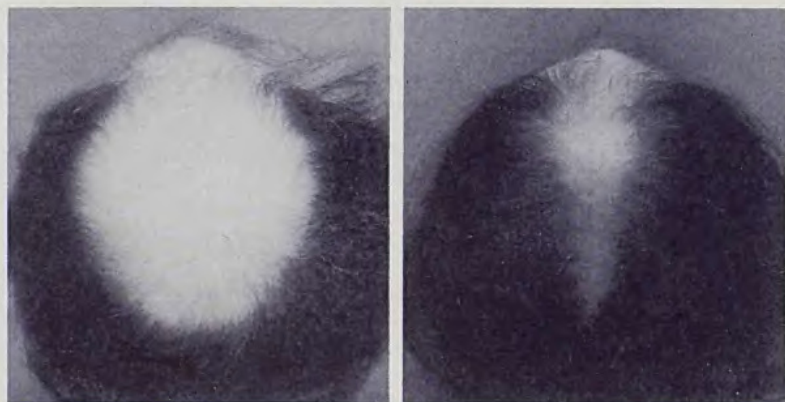
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the element of human flaw in it. Not just plain fucked up, but I don't mind hearin' a flaw. I can't understand why in the world it would take a year and a half to make a record!

I think a lot of people can't relate to my music because, maybe, it's so much more real than anything else around. I feel like I'm leaving something when I die, something that can never be taken away. . . . That sounds like braggin' and I guess maybe it is, but I'll be god-damned if I don't think it's true. I've written a lot of songs I'm real proud of, and that *there* is a lot of satisfaction. Whether I ever make a goddamn nickel or not.

—JUDSON KLINGER

## REVIEWS

Isn't there *anything* left to believe in? Not even Kiss? Our favorite killer metal space creatures? A last secure bastion of teenage barbarism? You'd think at least *they* would be among the last holdouts, continuing to carry unwaveringly the loud, brutish banner of Dinosaur Rock. But no. Most of Kiss's new *Dynasty* (Casablanca) is old *Marshall Amps vs. Godzilla* stuff, the best a version of the Stones' *2000 Man*. But sadly, reptile fans, Kiss has joined the stampede for disco dollars with not one but *two* disco tracks here. It's almost enough to make us in the Kiss Army come down and defect. Is nothing sacred?

The flavor of Jimmy Buffett has always been a light blend of country, soft rock, whiskey humor and Caribbean sea stories. In *Volcano* (MCA), he has made the transition from pedal steel to steel drums. With his tight Coral Reefer Band—ace sidemen Mike Utley and Russell Kunkel, island musicians on home-made instruments and half a family of Taylors—Buffett has made an album full of potential hit singles and the best of what has carried his wide appeal. And the raucous showman is, indeed, capable of a pretty song: Both *Sending the Old Man Home*, a World War Two short story, and *Survive* are goose bumpers.

### SHORT CUTS

**Gerry Rafferty / Night Owl** (United Artists): The moody *Baker Street* man is back with nothing to give a hoot about.

**Dr. Strut** (Motown): Instrumental soul-jazz with echoes of the Crusaders, Eddie Harris and Steely Dan; it's in the pocket.

**Fats Waller / Fine Arabian Stuff** (Deluxe): Fats's singing and playing prove that fat men *do* have more fun.

**The Mind of Gil Scott-Heron** (Arista): He's a poet, he's a picker and he's damn good, too.

**Art Ensemble of Chicago / Nice Guys** (ECM): High seriousness and high silliness combined to make great music.

**David Bowie / Lodger** (RCA): Not in *our* boardinghouse!

## FAST TRACKS



© 1979 EBET ROBERTS

**AND NOW HEERE'S ROBERT:** Comic Robert Klein turns into the Johnny Carson of the airwaves for an hour every week on his syndicated (to 250 FM stations) radio show, *The Robert Klein Hour*. He talks to musicians and, surprisingly enough, a lot of them talk back. These two gentlemen pictured here don't talk much, but they do paint by numbers. If Carson can play straight man to a couple of visiting tiger cubs from the San Diego Zoo, Klein can do as much with a couple of Kiss.

**NEWSBREAKS:** Talk about rising expectations—we hear the latest **Paul McCartney** and **Wings** album, released last summer, had to sell over 5,000,000 copies before CBS Records could make any money on it. McCartney's new contract stipulates that he earn a large share of early proceeds. We're not too worried about CBS—Paul is the ex-Fab Four's main money-maker. . . . *Rolling Stone's* new magazine aimed at college students, *Rolling Stone's College Extra*, is being edited by **Jann Wenner's** sister **Kate**. Other news from *Rolling Stone*: A TV pilot tentatively called, of all things, *Rolling Stone, No Holds Barred* is in the works and Wenner has signed a production deal with Paramount for three movies. . . . Although **The Who** have had a very high profile in recent months, **Pete Townshend** has told reporters he's still opposed to prolonged touring because the stress "has killed thousands of other people. Why kill me?" . . . Syntonic Research, Inc., famous for its unique Environments series of nature recordings, has been attacked as "sexist" by women's groups who object to three recent covers featuring nature images superimposed on the back of a nude woman. Two mail-order companies have also canceled orders for the three new releases, citing the covers. Footnote: One of the three albums includes sounds of a raging blizzard that, Syntonic claims, have a significant effect on body temperature. We wonder why *anyone* would want to pay cash for that. . . . A California firm called Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab gets high marks from rock groups like **Supertramp** and **Fleetwood Mac** for something called half-speed mastering, which reportedly cuts distortion and captures more high and low notes on records. The company plans to recut two classics, **The Grateful Dead's** *American Beauty*

and **Pink Floyd's** *Dark Side of the Moon*, at a steep \$15–\$16 per album.

**RANDOM RUMORS:** **Bill Graham**, dean of the rock promoters, has been looking for a night club or a small concert hall in the San Francisco area ever since the demise of Winterland. He's offered to construct one in the new Levi Strauss Building going up near Fisherman's Wharf: blue-jean rock. . . . *Starart*, a special collection of artwork done by a number of music personalities—**Joni Mitchell**, **Commander Cody**, **Ron Wood**, to name a few—will sell in a special leather-bound limited edition for \$1000. . . . Conversion or no conversion, that is the question: **Pat Boone** says absolutely not. **Bob Dylan** did not get baptized in the Boone family pool. A fundamentalist minister in Southern California says Dylan joined his Christian Vineyard Fellowship Movement. Columbia Records refuses to comment. Dylan's chief PR man says he's not reborn. The answers to these pressing questions are allegedly coming to us on his next album. Stay tuned. . . . Our sources tell us that the new road romance is between **Gregg Allman** and **Bonnie Bramlett**. Bonnie recently referred to him as her "new heartthrob."

**REELING AND ROCKING:** Singer/songwriter **Laura Nyro** has been signed to do the score for the sequel to *The Graduate*. **Dustin Hoffman** will not recreate his role; **Jeff Bridges** will star in Part Two. . . . **Robert Stigwood** and *Star Wars* creator **George Lucas** have announced a collaboration on *The Empire Strikes Back*, the sequel to *Star Wars*. But the big news is that Stigwood is trying to convince **Mick Jagger** to score the movie, says *Variety* columnist **Army Archerd**. A Stigwood spokesman denies the Jagger story, but then, what PR flack wants a hot story scooped by a gossip column?

—BARBARA NELLIS



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Technically, designing a suspension system includes selecting springs, shock absorbers, bushings, tires, and steering.

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open Autobahn. On narrow, twisting country roads. And on crowded city streets. We fine tuned and balanced variables such as ride rate, suspension travel, and roll resistance (see diagrams at right). For example, when a vehicle's body rolls (A) about a longitudinal line (B), it is resisted by the suspension. The 924's roll resistance is 922 Newton meters/degree.

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Negotiating a 100-meter radius curve, at 41.5 mph, the 924 generates 0.35 g lateral acceleration with only 2° body roll.



# ☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

**NBC NEWS:** Rumors have been circulating around Hollywood that **Johnny Carson's** replacement will be either **Richard Dawson** (host of *Family Feud*) or comedian **David Letterman**, but my sources assure me that the decision has been made—and that it's definitely going to be Letterman. Letterman got his first big break as a guest on *The Tonight Show* some time ago and has been guest-hosting on a fairly regular basis throughout the summer. Although NBC recently signed Letterman to an exclusive contract, the network has not, as we go to press, officially confirmed that he would be Carson's replacement.

**IDOL GOSSIP:** As predicted some months ago in this column, **Warren Beatty** and **Diane Keaton** will star together in *Reds* for Paramount. The film is based on journalist **John Reed's** *Ten Days That Shook the World*, a view of the Russian Revolution. Beatty will produce, direct and has co-authored the script with **Trevor Griffiths**. If the Russians don't permit filming in Moscow, Beatty's plan B



Beatty

Keaton

is to shoot in Finland. . . . **Martin Mull** and **Tuesday Weld** will star in *The Serial*, based on **Cyra McFadden's** best seller. **Gary Weis** was originally set to direct, but the standard "creative differences" got in the way, so director **Bill Persky** now has the assignment. . . . **Jerry (Scarecrow) Schatzberg** will direct *Honeysuckle Rose*, with **Willie Nelson** in his starring debut. Nelson will pen some new songs for the feature. . . . Actress **Nancy Walker** (she played Rhoda's mother, among other roles) will direct **Allan Carr's** new musical, *Disco-land*. . . . *Where the Music Never Ends*, starring (how's this for a cast?) **Valerie Perrine**, **Bruce Jenner** and the *Village People*. The story is apparently a *roman à clef* based on the real story of how the *Village People* began as a group.

**REMAKES DEPT.:** **Walter Matthau** takes on a dual role in the remake of the **Damon Runyon** classic *Little Miss Marker*. In front of the cameras, he plays Sorrowful Jones, the bookie; offscreen, he's the film's executive producer. All that power, he claims, has gone to his head. "Oh, yes,



Matthau

I've become more ruthless, hard, demanding, severe, strict and ornery," says Matthau, who conducts business from the disarray of his trailer on the Universal lot. His telephone calls have taken on a CIAlike quality: "National Guard, Captain Morrison here. . . . You've got the rifles? Stick 'em up your ass." The film also stars **Tony Curtis**, **Julie Andrews** and newcomer **Sara Stimson**, age six, in the *Shirley Temple* role.

**NOTES FROM CANNES:** The following is a summary of some of the more intriguing gossip I've gleaned from the Cannes Film Festival: **Mick Jagger** may star in a remake of *The Threepenny Opera* to be called *Mack the Knife*; this one involves Las Vegas corruption and, apparently, Mick wants it to be called *Mick the Knife*. We'll see. . . . **Sidney Poitier** will direct the next *Pink Panther* film, with **Peter Sellers** taking up once again as the inimitable Clouseau. Previous *Panther* director **Blake Edwards**, who recently returned to Hollywood, hopes to get other projects going, including *S.O.B.*, described as the *Network* of the movie industry. . . . **Barbra Streisand** is supposedly still deciding whether or not she'll make *Yentl*, the *Yeshiva Boy*, the story of a female rabbinical student. . . . **Paul Newman** will make *Stand on It*, based on the "Stroker Ace" book about a crazed race-car driver, for his First Artists group. (You read part of the story, *I Lost It in the Second Turn*, in *PLAYBOY's* October 1973 issue.) "Racing cars are my passion," says Newman. "This way I can combine business with pleasure."

**HALEY'S NEXT PROJECT:** **Norman Lear** is developing **Alex Haley's** first TV project



Haley

since *Roots*, the story of two nine-year-old boys—one black, one white—growing

up in a small Southern town in the Thirties. The film—which will consist of a two-hour pilot and six one-hour episodes—will air on CBS next spring. Haley is currently scripting the pilot and will exec-produce with Lear.

**MINISERIES:** ABC is gearing up to shoot what one executive calls "the biggest dramatic production ABC has ever done"—the story of the siege of Masada in the First Century A.D. Starring **Peter O'Toole** as Silva, leader of the Roman army, and **Peter Strauss** as Eleazar, leader of the rebelling Judeans, *Masada*, planned as an eight-hour miniseries, will re-create the heroic resistance of 960 Judeans against an enslaving Roman army. An \$18,000,000 production, *Masada* will be shot on location in Israel and aired in April of 1980.

**ANIMAL OUTHOUSE:** **Elliott Gould** claims he's making his first Disney film, *The Last Flight of Noah's Ark*, because he feels



Schroder

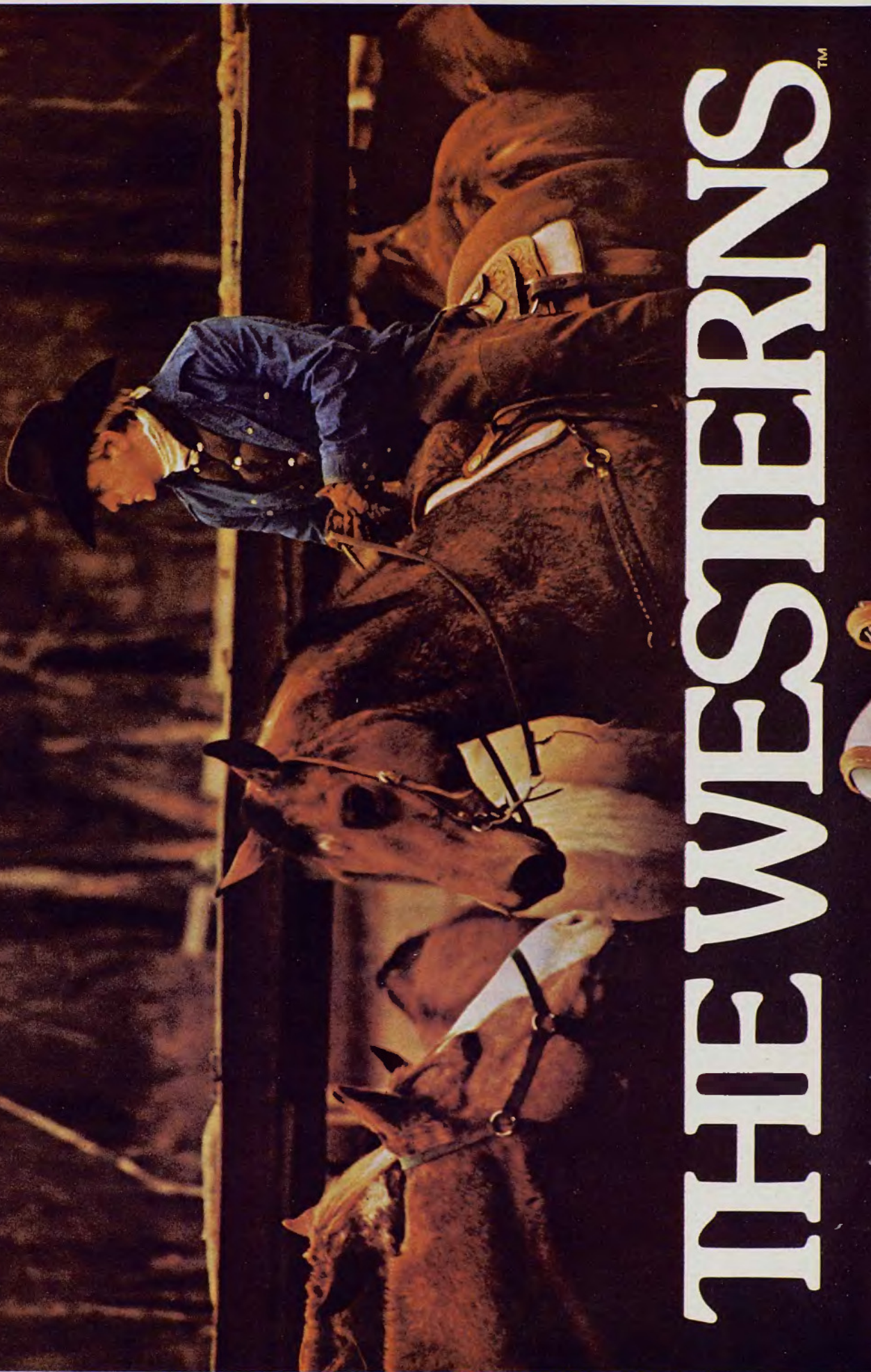
Gould

it's important for him to make a movie his children can go to see. Co-starring **Ricky (The Champ) Schroder**, **Genevieve Bujold** and **Tammy Lauren**, the film is about the hazardous journey of a broken-down B-29 loaded with animals. Gould has one major complaint: "The animals aren't toilet trained."

**LAUGH TRACKS:** *National Lampoon's* next two film projects for Universal will be, respectively, *Jaws 3*, *People 0* and a yet untitled movie based on the mag's small-town-newspaper parody, *The Daron Democrat-Republican*. The *Jaws* parody will be produced by **Richard D. Zanuck/David Brown**, who gave us the two *Jaws* films. The idea of making the parody came up during discussions on the viability of doing another serious *Jaws* sequel. Rumor has it that *Jaws* author **Peter Benchley** will have a role in the *NatLamp* version, budgeted in the vicinity of \$11,000,000.

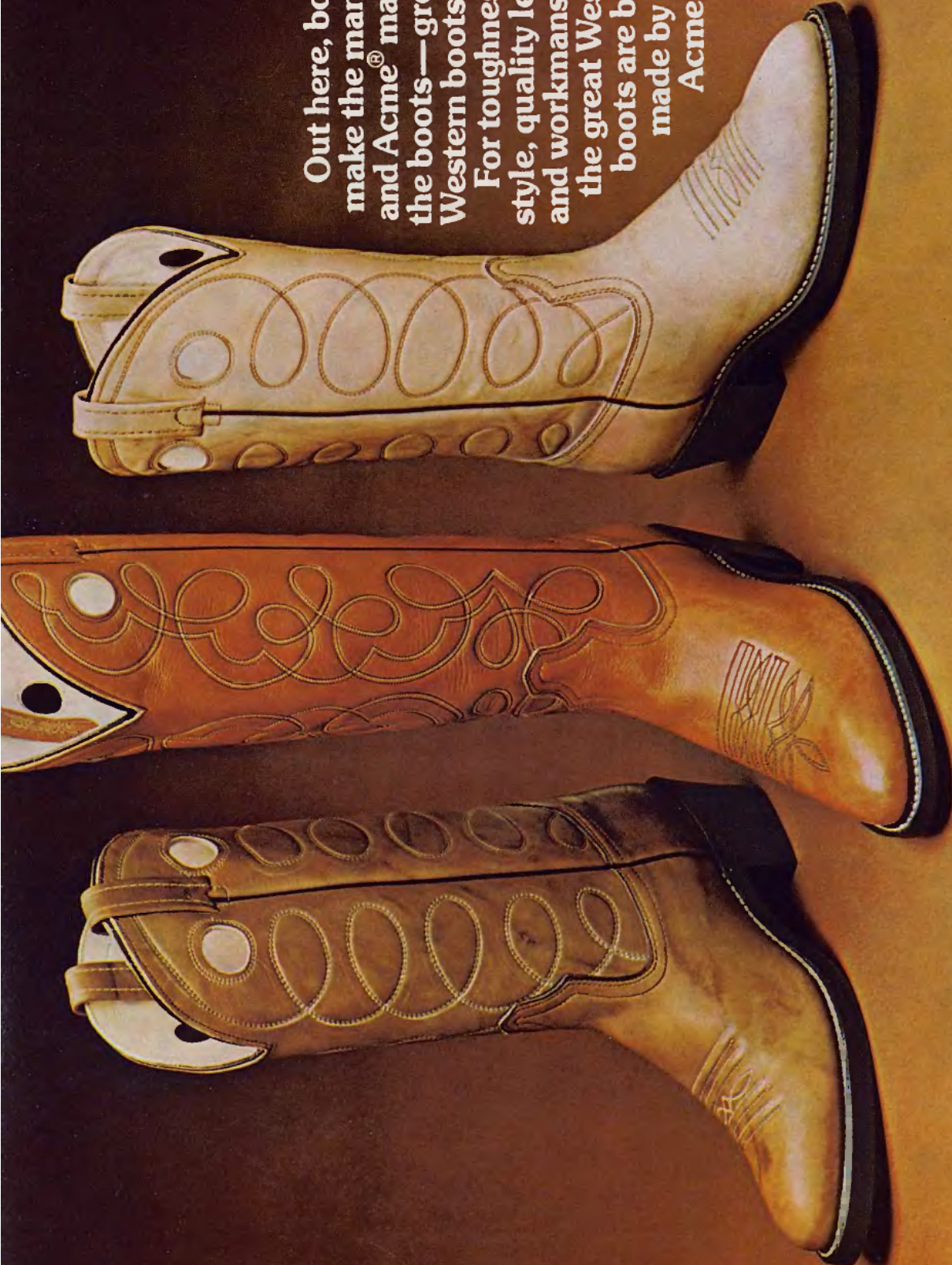
—JOHN BLUMENTHAL





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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Several months ago, I became involved in a bizarre situation. I met a lovely little blonde and commenced to fall in love with her. Unfortunately, it wasn't a totally reciprocal relationship. Oh, she liked me quite a bit, but she happened to be involved with another person at the same time and tried to conceal it from me. About two and a half months ago, she went on an exchange program to the East Coast. Shortly after that, I started seeing her best friend and former roommate. One thing led to another, and now I find myself deeply involved with that girl. Looks good so far, right? Now comes the catch. The blonde's other relationship was a pain in my side while I was dating her, and that same relationship is still a pain. If you haven't guessed, the two girls I have been messin' with have been messin' with each other and they're in love! Hold it! I know what you're thinking and I have already asked, but it won't work. Both girls enjoy their time together and their time with me too much to have it ruined by jealousy trips. I have a feeling that in a month and a half, when the blonde comes back home, I'm going to be out in the cold. Both girls are so mixed up they don't know what's coming off, and, consequently, neither do I. Please help me keep my sanity and at least one of these lovely ladies. My heater doesn't work and a few blankets and your foldouts just won't make it.—P. F., Chico, California.

If you are as good at courting women as you are at courting disaster, you shouldn't have a problem. Consider your choices. You can walk away from the situation and find someone new (and hope that the blonde doesn't come after you with a straight razor for fooling around with her best friend). You can choose one of the women and say that you would like to keep seeing her on essentially the same basis. The girls don't seem intent on excluding you. They may just be experimenting with bisexuality. As long as you don't hold their relationship against them, you should have access to one (or both) of them. Then again, you might go for broke. Get the girls together and say that in these inflationary times, you think it best that the three of you pool your resources. It's worth a try. With three in one bed, you could forget about the blankets and the foldouts. Unfortunately, a ménage à trois can be very tricky. You might not even make it through the winter.

I am an amateur photographer. Every month, I receive PLAYBOY and devour the pictures. I've been wondering how your photographers get such soft-looking



photos. I've tried to no avail to duplicate the effects I see in some of the layouts. I've tried several different filters—but even using them, I can't seem to get that soft effect. What's the secret?—C. J., San Francisco, California.

Well, first, we use very soft girls. Other than that, there is no simple formula. You'll have to experiment. It may take time. Bob Guccione's been trying to learn our secrets for years, and he's not even close. Filters are only the beginning: Diffusion, or "fog," filters come in varying strengths—they soften skin tones and break up hard lines. In a pinch, you can stretch a piece of nylon stocking over your lens. (Don't do this if you're shooting in a bank.) One photographer suggested using petroleum jelly—but we're not sure he was talking about his camera equipment. If you do use the stuff, smear it on a filter or a gel, not on the lens. The other major variable is lighting. Direct lighting produces hard lines and harsh, flat surfaces. Try bouncing the light off a reflecting umbrella, a piece of cardboard or a white wall, or place the lights behind a diffusing screen, such as a sheet or, on a smaller scale, a handkerchief.

A question in the Advisor gave me the idea that I might be an exceptional case. If so, I'd like to know what I can do about it. I am 18 and it takes me a long time to come. I'm always extremely involved with my girl and what we're doing, and I'm extremely excited both physically and mentally; but sometimes after, say, ten minutes of steady, full thrusts (the expression is not for effect; I think it's essential to good sex that one

applies full thrusts), I still feel no indication of impending ejaculation. After ten minutes, my girlfriend is complaining that I'm rubbing her raw, she's tired and why don't we go to a movie? Such sessions are, to say the least, extremely embarrassing and ego deflating. Occasionally, after a week of abstinence, I get it off after a minute or so. She apparently enjoys those encounters more than my other, more time-consuming efforts. I thought girls went for staying power! She says she likes to go to bed with me, but I don't know. I also don't know how to make it more exciting; we use different positions, but I reserve the proverbial whips and spiked heels for when I get bored with straight screwing, if and when that happens. What'll I do? I'm thinking of leaving her for greener pastures, but she's kind of special, so I'd appreciate advice.—L. B., Nashville, Tennessee.

Your friend sounds terminally bored. Anyone who punches a time clock or takes time out to read movie reviews in bed is in serious trouble. Her "less is more" attitude might be OK for poetry, but when it comes to sex, the opposite is true: If you like it, you want it to last forever. Our guess is that she hasn't yet learned to achieve orgasm during intercourse—therefore, the longer it goes on, the greater her sense of failure. Talk it over. Don't assume that you know what turns her on (i.e., the full thrusts). You might suggest that she set the pace: If she wants you to reach your destination quickly, let her move her tail for you. A final note: Lubrication diminishes with time or as the woman's interest declines. Try some K-Y jelly, scented oils or plain old 40 weight. If that fails, it may be time for the whips and spiked heels.

I've recently taken to riding motorcycles—both for gas economy and for the thrill of performance. I've been discussing riding technique with several experienced riders and I've got some questions. One of my friends says that I should sparingly use the rear brake on a motorcycle, since the front brake does all the work. He also tells me that to initiate a high-speed turn, I should push the handle bars in the opposite direction from where I intend to go. That advice sounds a bit farfetched. Is he trying to kill me? I've been wondering if there's a motorcycle school equivalent to the Bob Bondurant School of High Performance Driving, where I can go to learn from the masters.—J. M., San Francisco, California.

You have a good friend. When you hit



**One good beer...**

the brakes on a motorcycle, the weight shifts forward onto the front wheel. Consequently, the front brake ends up doing about 75 percent of the work. If you use just the rear brake, or use it too much, the rear wheel will lock and the bike will go squirrely. Your friend is also correct about high-speed turns. To initiate a left on a motorcycle, you cock the handle bars to the right (push the left handle bar away from you and/or pull the right handle bar toward you) and lean to the left. The tire patch moves out from under the bike and it falls in the direction you want to go. It may sound strange, but you've probably been doing this unconsciously when you shifted your weight for a turn. But it's better to have conscious control. A lot of beginners when encountering an obstacle have found that the instinctive maneuver to steer away from the obstacle swerved them into it. Scratch a lot of beginners. If you are looking for a high-performance school, try The Keith Code Rider Improvement Program (6416 La Mirada Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90038). Code races Superbikes—very well, thank you—and has distilled the competitive experience into an informative course. For \$200, he will give you a one-on-one seminar, then take you out to the track on the second day for the time of your life. (You have to supply the bike and leathers.) We've taken the course, and one of these days—when we tire of blowing suckers off back roads—we'll tell you more about it.

**M**y girlfriend and I have been having an argument about her breast size. She says that when I fondle or otherwise munch out on her tits, it keeps them from growing naturally. Her argument is that while I was away for a week, her breasts grew in size. But when I started back to my old habit, they stopped growing. Is there any evidence to support her argument?—J. B., San Antonio, Texas.

*None. Breasts increase in size slightly when stimulated; they also wax and wane with the menstrual cycle. Tell your girlfriend she'll have to come up with a better story than that.*

**H**ey, coach: You've helped with our sex life; maybe you can help with our sports life. One of the girls I play tennis with recently sprained her ankle. She wanted to go home and soak in a warm tub. I thought that the standard treatment these days was to pack the injury in ice. Who was right? We opted for the tub, for other reasons, but I wonder.—P. R., Washington, D.C.

*First, may we suggest some reading. Start with Alex Comfort's "The Joy of Sex." That might get you both off the court and back into bed, where you belong. But if you insist on pursuing pleasure in its more high-risk forms, you*

should pick up "The Sportsmedicine Book," by Gabe Mirkin and Marshall Hoffman, and/or "What to Do About Athletic Injuries," by Thomas D. Fahey. According to Mirkin and Hoffman, the immediate treatment for almost all athletic injuries is the same, whether you've pulled a muscle, strained a ligament, hurt a joint or broken a bone. They call the program RICE—for Rest, Ice, Compression and Elevation. You should stop what you're doing as soon as you feel you're hurt, pack the injured area in ice (use a towel; don't permit the ice to contact the skin directly), wrap a bandage around the ice and elevate the injured limb above the level of the heart. These steps serve to keep blood from entering the injured area. (The more blood that collects, the longer it takes to heal.) You can reapply ice for several hours—30 minutes on and 15 minutes off. If the pain and swelling increase, you should check with a physician. Most experts do not resort to heat treatments for at least 48 hours, if at all. Ice is also used to rehabilitate injuries. For example, if you are trying to restore movement to an injured joint, you massage the area with ice, stretch it with the appropriate exercises, then reapply the ice. The cold serves as an anesthetic and, again, reduces swelling. And don't overlook the most important use of ice—as in "on the rocks."

**A**lthough I broke up with my fiancée more than a year ago, we still keep in touch by mail and by phone. We had good sex for a period of two years prior to our breakup, which was caused by nonsexual factors. I find that we have fallen into a pattern of behavior that is a source of both pleasure and perplexity to me. We exchange detailed accounts of our sexual activity with other partners, complete with comparisons and critiques of the various partners. Instead of becoming angry or jealous, I am turned on tremendously by this activity, even to the point of wanting to resume my relationship with my ex-fiancée, when I should actually be repulsed by her. I have never felt this way about another woman. Am I sick or what?—B. R. S., Kansas City, Missouri.

*One man's meat is . . . uh, wrong analogy. We've heard of men who get turned on by accounts of their partner's extracurricular activities. In your case, we'd have second thoughts about getting back together. Why let a renewed friendship ruin a good thing?*

**I** suffered through the worst winter in history, and some of the problems caused by it are just surfacing. I left a few cases of wine in my unheated garage during the winter months and now I've noticed that the corks have pushed through the metal sealers. The wine is muddy and



**...deserves another.**

Holland's Heineken, America's year round dark beer.



## Why the tape company with the most liberal return policy has the fewest returns.

If anything ever goes wrong with a Maxell cassette, we'll replace it. Free.

We can afford to make such a generous offer because so few people have ever had to take us up on it.

You see, we go to great lengths to put together a cassette that won't fall apart.

For example, we use high impact styrene in our cassette housing, so it'll stand up to years of constant use and abuse.

We use steel screws to hold our cassettes together and keep them from warping.

We've even designed a special

anti-jamming rib to make sure you never get stuck with tape that sticks.

It's because of features like this that we have such an extremely liberal return policy.

A policy you'll rarely, if ever, have need of.

**maxell** 

Maxell Corporation of America, 60 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074.

tastes strange. What should I do?—A. K., Skokie, Illinois.

*Your wine must have frozen; the cork-popping phenomenon is not unusual in that circumstance. Exposure to air through broken seals may have caused the wine to overoxidize. Our office wine expert suggests one of two things: Push the corks back into the bottles and (1) sell it to some unsuspecting fool; or (2) give it to someone you don't like.*

**M**y husband and I have been married for three years. We are in our late 20s. We have had a good sex life, or so I thought until last year, when I found out by accident that he secretly masturbates. He does it right next to me in bed when he thinks I am asleep. I wouldn't mind if he needed more sex and I were unable to fulfill his needs, but on about half of the occasions, I find him doing it the morning after we have made love. He doesn't approach me first for sex—he just takes it on his own. In the beginning, his doing that made me excited. I would make believe that I had just awakened, and then I would initiate lovemaking. Sometimes he would be willing, but sometimes he would not. Please tell me if I am doing something wrong. I love my husband very much and I find myself getting jealous because he doesn't come to me first. (He does this several times a week. Am I married to a satyr?)—Mrs. D. D., Dallas, Texas.

*You seem to be laboring (or is it loving?) under a couple of misconceptions about sex—notably, that intercourse is the only officially sanctioned form of release and that once a night is enough. Masturbation is a perfectly normal adult activity. It is a great way to get the heart started in the morning. The fact that your husband enjoys the autoeroticism in no way reflects on your skills as a lover. His timing does leave a bit to be desired (you should discuss your feelings with him on this matter). If watching him excites you, you might seize the occasion to experiment with a little solo work on your own. Hey, you could even stage races: First one to finish makes the coffee. In some ways, masturbation is more liberating than intercourse—the individual is not responsible for another person's pleasure and can do as he or she pleases. There is no reason to get jealous—after all, the only competition is the person you love.*

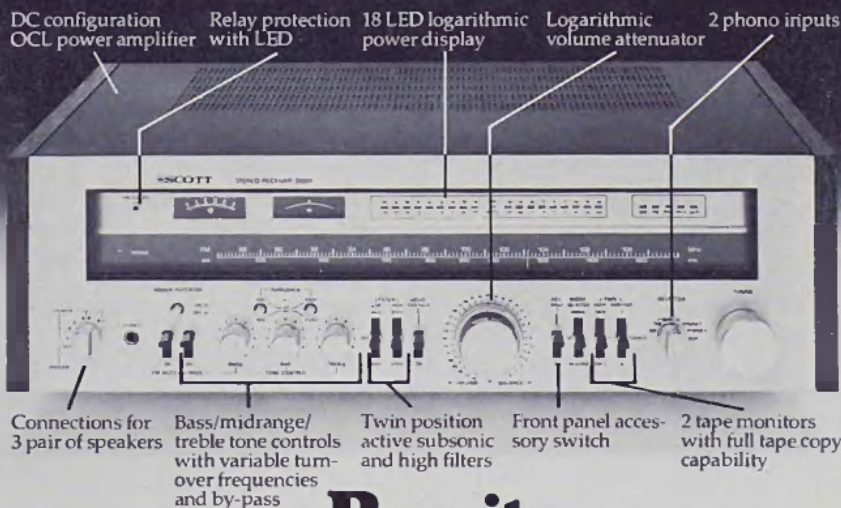
*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois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



**After dinner magic.** Sambuca Romana, the spectacular liqueur, imported from Italy and the favorite Sambuca in the entire New World. Serve it with coffee beans *Con Mosca*, as a cordial, in espresso or American coffee. For 57 other ideas, get our new recipe booklet. Write Palmer & Lord, Ltd., Syosset, NY 11791. 84 Proof.

**Sambuca Romana. The Sambuca of Rome.**

## If you can find a receiver that does more.



Scott's new 390R is perhaps the most complete receiver ever made.

A professional control center for your entire sound system, the 390R delivers a full 120 watts per channel min. RMS, at 8 ohms from 20-20,000 Hz with no more than 0.03% THD. And it offers more options, features and flexibility than you'll find on most separates.

Compare the Scott 390R with any other receiver on the market today. If you can find one that does more... buy it.

**Buy it.** For specifications on our complete line of audio components, contact your nearest Scott dealer, or write H.H. Scott, Inc., 20 Commerce Way, Dept. HR, Woburn, MA 01801.

**SCOTT**  
The Name to listen to.  
Makers of high quality high fidelity equipment since 1947.

# There is only one real pioneer

## It's Sony.



**1957:**  
The world's first pocket transistor radio.

In 1954, a fledgling Japanese tape recorder manufacturer visited America to investigate a new device called the transistor.

At first, things were less than encouraging.

"Transistors are only good for hearing aids," they were told. "And besides, they can't be mass produced."

Undeterred, the Japanese representatives returned to Tokyo.

Thirty-six months later, the world saw its first pocket transistor radio.

Followed by the world's first all-transistor FM radio.

And, partially as a sign of their continuing dedication to audio, the Tokyo Telecommunications Engineering Corporation adapted the Latin word for sound—"sonus"—and changed its name to Sony.

In the years that have followed, Sony has never faltered in its dedication to technological innovation. And we'd be loathe to estimate how often our advances have ended up on the circuit boards and front panels of our competitors' equipment as "technological breakthroughs."

But enough of the past. The hi-fi components featured here stand as eloquent proof that Sony—the

company that virtually founded the era of transistorized high fidelity—is still at its very forefront.

**The V5 receiver:**  
To this day, only Sony offers Sony quality.

Unlike hi-fi receivers designed to impress you with a facade of magic buttons and switches, Sony receivers are designed to impress you with rich sound.

Case in point: the V5.

In technical terms, the V5 delivers 85 watts per channel at 8 ohms from 20 to 20,000 hertz with no more than 0.07% total harmonic distortion.

In human terms, this means the receiver can reproduce every note of music any instrument can play with no audible distortion. And it can power two sets of speakers without straining.

But that's only the beginning.

Instead of using the mundane power transformers found in competitors' products, the V5 utilizes more expensive toroidal core transformers that provide richer bass.

### A few Sony Audio firsts:

- 1949:** Obtained patent on the basic magnetic tape-recording system.
- 1952:** Developed stereo broadcasting in Japan.
- 1954:** Introduced condenser microphone.
- 1955:** First consumer stereo tape recorder in Japan.
- 1959:** Invented "Tunnel Diode"; basis of all high-speed, low-distortion semiconductors.
- 1965:** First all-silicon solid state amplifier.
- 1966:** The first servo-controlled turntable. Forerunner of quartz-locked turntables.
- 1968:** First electronic end of record sensor.
- 1969:** First digital-synthesized FM tuner.
- 1969:** Invented the ferrite tape head.
- 1973:** Invented the V-FET: Opened era of high-speed transistors.
- 1973:** First to manufacture ferrichrome tape.
- 1973:** Dr. Esaki wins Nobel Prize in Physics for "Tunnel Diode."
- 1975:** First turntable with carbon-fiber tone arm.
- 1977:** The world's first consumer digital audio processor.
- 1977:** First consumer amplifier with pulse power supply.
- 1978:** Patented liquid crystal recording meters.

**1954:**  
The first Japanese transistor.



**1950:** Japan's first tape recorder, the "Type G."



**1979:** The V5 receiver: Designed for people who appreciate value as much as they appreciate sound.

# in high fidelity.

Instead of cutting corners by using a flimsy pressboard bottom, we've cut interference by encasing the *entire* receiver in metal.

And for better FM reception, instead of using the standard three- or four-gang variable-tuning capacitor, we've opted for a higher quality five-gang model.

All of which explains why if you pay a few dollars less for one of our competitors' receivers, it's probably because you're getting less receiver.

## The new Sony cassette decks: The state of the art, from the people who invented it.

Since we introduced tape recording to Japan in 1950, Sony has sold millions of tape decks.

A quick look at our new TC-K65 cassette deck will explain why.

Like all two-motor cassette decks, the TC-K65 is designed for low wow and flutter. Unlike others, however, we feature "brushless and slotless" motors that reduce this problem to the point of being inaudible.

Instead of using just any tape head material, the TC-K65 features Sony "Sendust and Ferrite" heads that combine wide response with extreme durability.

Instead of using an ordinary metering system, we've developed a 16-segment LED meter whose life expectancy far exceeds the fancy blue fluorescent models other companies are currently touting.

And there's also a "Random Music Sensor" for preprogramming tapes, settings for metal

**1979:**  
The new TA-F40 integrated amplifier and ST-J60 digital synthesized FM tuner. Separate components that sound as sophisticated as they look.

tape, remote control and timer capabilities, and the kind of high-quality D.C. tape head amplifier you'll find in almost no one else's tape decks.

## But you really haven't heard anything yet.

Unfortunately, we don't have enough space here to tell you the complete Sony hi-fi story.

Like the way a recent dealer survey rated our turntables #1 in value and performance.

Or the way our new separate tuners and amplifiers (not to mention micro components) utilize highly advanced light-weight pulse power supplies whose levels of distortion are virtually unmeasurable.

Or how they use a NASA developed "Thermo-Dynamic Cooling System" that eliminates heat, excess wire and the distortion and interference that normally accompany them.

If you'd like to hear more about the complete line of Sony hi-fi components (or if you need the name of your nearest dealer) write us at 9 W. 57th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

In the meantime, if somebody makes noise about innovations

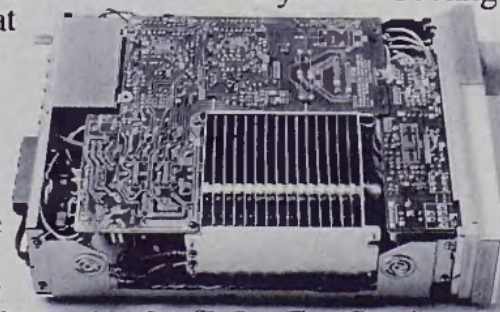
in high fidelity, think of the biggest pioneer in audio. And remember Sony.

## SONY AUDIO

We've never put our name on anything that wasn't the best.



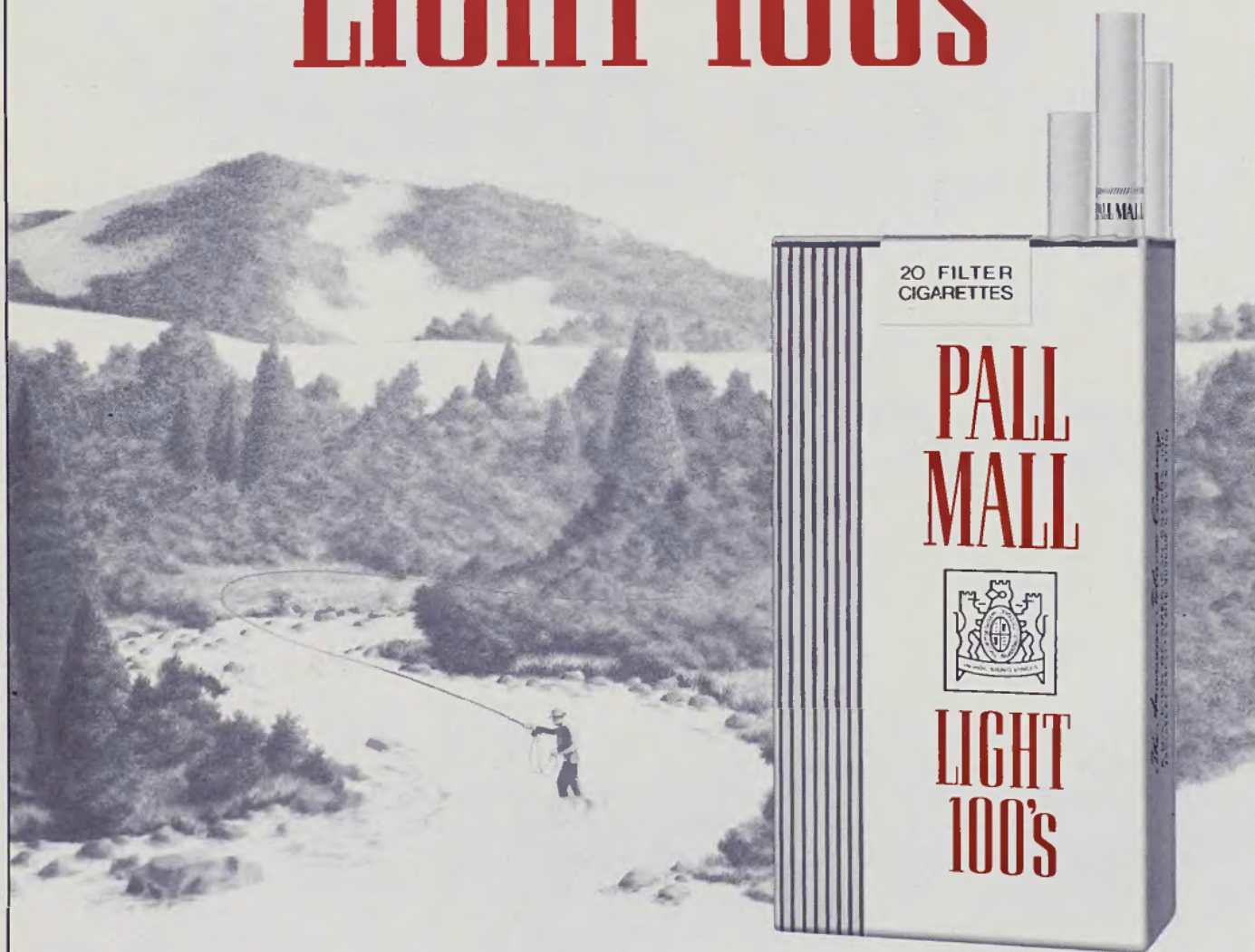
**1979:** The new TC-K65. Sony remains one of the only hi-fi companies to produce our own tape transports, motors, meters, heads—even the tape itself.



**1979:** The Sony "ThermoDynamic Cooling System." Until now, only available in satellites.

Decisions...decisions...Make your decision

# PALL MALL LIGHT 100's



**The most flavor you can get in a low tar cigarette!**

**Only 12 mg. tar  
1.0 mg. nic.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers*

## EROTIC ENTROPY

I teach physics at a large Midwestern university. Every spring, attendance at my lectures drops sharply, for a reason that is obvious: The students are more interested in asses than in classes.

According to the second law of thermodynamics, the universe is gradually declining, in a process called entropy, to a state in which all order has disappeared and all energy has been used up. I can't help but think the universe is becoming more erotic, as well as chaotic.

My hypothesis is supported by my observations of the many absences from my classes, which are due to the explosive force of sexual energy. My students can't study because stored-up sexual tension forces them to find relief somewhere in the environment. This typical reaction to erotic stimulus keeps them in motion until the pressure is released.

This parallels the second law of thermodynamics with uncanny precision. The universe is becoming more erotic. Now, if I can only get a Federal grant to pursue my studies further.

Professor I. M. Pangloss, Ph.D.  
Warrensburg, Missouri

*There is, of course, a character named Pangloss in Voltaire's "Candide," who keeps insisting this is the best of all possible worlds. Any relation?*

## CONSENSUAL PHONE CALLS

A decision has been handed down by the Florida Supreme Court that I think will be of interest to your readers. I was the attorney for the defendant and had the pleasure of arguing the case before the court earlier this year.

In a five-to-two decision, the court struck down as unconstitutional a statute that made unlawful the use of obscene language over the telephone. It held that the wording of the statute was so overly broad that it "criminalizes telling an off-color joke to a willing listener or forbids a sexually oriented conversation between lovers." It held that the First Amendment right to freedom of speech "prohibits the punishment of the mere use of obscene language in a telephone communication."

In other words, here in Florida, it now is safe to use whatever language one pleases during telephone conversations when the other party is a willing listener.

Steven G. Brady  
Assistant Public Defender  
Orlando, Florida

## BLISTERED BOTTOM

As a television cameraman in San Francisco, I quite often see and hear some incredible things. The story I remember best happened last July 4, when I was assigned to shoot the fireworks victims who were brought into the local hospital. Over the police radio, I heard that a young woman was being brought in and I arrived just as the ambulance backed in and its doors swung open. A beautiful blonde stepped out, stopped in the doorway and then turned her rear

---

*"What her boyfriend  
tried to 'blow off'  
I found to be  
a great pleasure."*

---

toward my camera. She lifted her skirt so high we all could see her perfect little bare ass, which was marred with a white burn on the left cheek. When the reporter asked the girl what had happened, she smiled and told us the story.

"My boyfriend was playing with firecrackers and I accidentally happened to sit on one."

"Does it hurt much?" asked the reporter.

"Only my pride," she said.



"And what does your boyfriend think?" questioned the reporter.

"Oh, I don't know," she sighed. "I was hot to sleep with him tonight, but if he wants a piece of ass now, he'll have to go back to the park and find it."

Needless to say, the editors didn't use my footage and even lectured me for wasting film. I didn't care. I had waited for her to be treated at the hospital, and then I drove her home. What her boyfriend had tried to "blow off" I found to be a great pleasure.

(Name withheld by request)  
San Francisco, California

## BETWEEN THE SHEETS

For the past six months, I have read some terrific letters in *The Playboy Forum* from your female correspondents.

I am constantly amazed that women cannot be feminists to the bone in their public life and do what they damn well please between the sheets. Isn't it true that major advances have been made in the arenas of freedom throughout the world because individuals took the chance to make a radical stand?

I revel in my own freedom. Thanks to my personal liberation, I have become more assertive (we must be polite and nonaggressive) and I have developed horns (previously known only to men). I haven't noticed that my man suffers from a bruised ego, nor has his prong reduced in size; similarly, other than horns, nothing new has grown on my person.

B. Davis

Los Angeles, California

*Do not—repeat, do not—confuse "horns" with "horniness." In some parts of the world, the growing of horns afflicts only men whose wives are screwing around with somebody else.*

## DO UNTO OTHERS

An incident that I recently witnessed illustrated to me how personal frustrations can often manifest themselves in intolerant behavior toward innocent individuals.

While driving, I spotted a young Serviceman accepting money from a teenager prior to entering a liquor store. I debated whether or not to take action by hailing a nearby sheriff's patrol car, but finally decided not to when I realized that the only reaction I could possibly evoke from the two would be enmity—not at the act for which they would be caught but for me, armed with all my

invincible righteousness, doing nothing to alter their actions, trying only to punish them. Later, I understood that my own personal frustration at being separated from the woman I love (I'm in the military and we're several hundred miles apart) had nearly caused me to vent that frustration on two strangers. If I had been at peace with myself and others, I wouldn't even have considered the action I nearly took.

From my own experience, I wonder if certain prominent social crusaders are so caught up in their own frustrations that that causes them to constantly interfere in the lives of others. I'm thinking of all the anti-abortionists, antihomosexuals and even many "liberal" reformers. Are their personal lives so secure that they can meddle with the lives of total strangers? If a common person like myself can realize the effect of my indiscriminate emotions upon my conscious activities, why can't those often talented individuals do the same?

(Name withheld by request)  
Woodbridge, Virginia

#### RENDER UNTO CAESAR

From time to time, you have had small items about the Universal Life Church. These, for the most part, have been treated tongue in cheek. Here in New York, we have a serious problem. The state has been fighting us for the past three and a half years, just because I ordained everyone in the town of Hardenburg and made them tax-exempt. Governor Hugh Carey is trying to stop our religious beliefs. I hope you find this story interesting enough to follow up on.

Cardinal George McLain, Ph.D.  
Universal Life Church  
Liberty, New York

*We'll probably continue to report the adventures of the Universal Life Church with tongue somewhere in cheek, but we like your style. Much evil has been and is being done in the name of religion, and it's nice to know that somewhere out there is a cardinal of a church who is teaching legislators, bureaucrats, even governors how important it is to maintain a separation of church and state. What you may eventually accomplish is the taxation of church-owned property. Good luck!*

#### SEXUAL CUTUPS

I was both amazed and appalled when I read that a bill had been filed in the Maine legislature providing for the removal of the ovaries of female child molesters, presumably as a sexual deterrent (*Forum Newsfront*, May). Not only do the ovaries have nothing whatever to do with female sexual response but also that kind of legislative bunk may scare thousands of women out of necessary hysterectomies for fear they will lose all sexual interest.

Let me assure all women that that is

# FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

#### HORSE LOVER

GOLDEN, COLORADO—A woman employee at a local mental-health center notified the sheriff's office that she had just witnessed a man petting a horse and fondling its genitals. The investigating deputy wrote in his report, "After checking through my criminal-code book, I was unable to find a charge to file," and the alleged horse molester presumably is still at large.

#### MEDICAL MYSTERIES

SWEETWATER, TEXAS—A four-inch-long calcified fetus that may be 70 years old has been surgically removed from the abdominal wall of an 83-year-old woman and sent to a medical school for study. The fetal remains were discovered by X ray after the woman went to a doctor complaining of abdominal pains and nausea.

Meanwhile, in San Francisco, a University of California Medical Center team of seven spent four and a half hours removing a 30-year-old woman's ovarian tumor that in 15 years had grown undetected to a weight of 200 pounds and measured a yard in diameter. The woman's weight at the time of the operation was 380 pounds.

#### SATURDAY NIGHT FERVOR

CHICAGO—Three graduate psychology students from the University of Wisconsin at Oshkosh have found that male

of the Midwestern Psychological Association, the researchers reported that they observed 101 men at four discos and noted that 42 of 48 liquor drinkers but only 17 of 53 beer drinkers approached a woman within the first hour of their arrival. The study notes that liquor ads tend to include women, while most beer ads do not.

#### THE PRESS AND THE POLITICIANS

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA—The latest skirmish between the press and the politicians of Louisiana has resulted in the introduction of a bill that would require newspapers in the state with over 200,000 circulation to proclaim in large letters that their contents "are not necessarily the truth." There happens to be only one paper with that much circulation—the New Orleans Times-Picayune—one of whose readers quickly wrote in to propose that the same warning accompany all political speeches, proposed legislation and government reports.

#### BY ANY OTHER NAME

CHICAGO—"Marihuana" is just as illegal to smuggle into the country as marijuana, a Federal appeals court has ruled. In upholding the convictions of three men charged with conspiring to smuggle some 15 tons of pot from Colombia, the judges held that the defendants' arguments over statutory spelling and dictionary definitions were "incredible" and that the trial jury had based its verdict on "an ordinary measure of common sense."

#### CASTRATION QUESTION

OKLAHOMA CITY—After a narrow house defeat of a bill that would have allowed castration of certain sex offenders, the co-authors of the proposal say they will reintroduce it in the next legislative session and, failing that, may try to get it placed on the state ballot and put to a popular vote. The bill would have permitted "incapacitation of the external male genitalia" by a surgeon for persons convicted of first-degree rape or oral sodomy under certain conditions.

#### NEW HEROIN TREATMENT

PHILADELPHIA—A drug now taken by millions of Americans to reduce high blood pressure may prove to be a relatively easy and painless treatment for heroin addiction. Dr. Mark Gold, a



disco patrons who order mixed drinks are more likely to try to pick up women than are those who order beer. In a paper submitted to a Chicago meeting

researcher from Summit, New Jersey, told a drug-abuse conference that the Food and Drug Administration has expressed considerable interest in his discovery and predicted that the German-made drug clonidine would soon be approved for use in drug-treatment clinics.

#### BIG BROTHER

Two out of three Americans questioned in a national survey expressed concern that various Government agencies and private organizations have been violating their right of privacy. The poll, conducted by Louis Harris Associates, found half the respondents fearing that within ten years the American people "will have lost much of our ability to keep important aspects of our lives private from the Government," and one out of three respondents said



the U.S. had already reached a point or was "very close" to the time described by George Orwell in "1984" when the Government "knew almost everything that everyone was doing."

#### LEGAL DILEMMA

CHICAGO—A local college teacher has caused some confusion in the legal community by suing to have a court declare him the lawful father of a five-year-old boy he claims was born out of wedlock to a former girlfriend who was married to and living with another man at the time of conception. The stated purpose of the action is to secure visitation rights, and attorneys aren't sure whether to call it a paternity suit or something else, since present Illinois law refers to the rights of women, but not of men, in establishing paternity. The judge in the case also is puzzled: "There's a strong presumption in the law that a woman who conceives dur-

ing marriage was in fact impregnated by the husband. But, of course, that can be rebutted by a showing of strong evidence that the husband did not do so." To complicate matters, the traditional blood tests generally work only to determine who could not be the father; and there is some question of whether or not the mother or her now-divorced husband can be required to undergo those or other more sophisticated tests. If the plaintiff succeeds in establishing paternity, that would create the additional problem of establishing the child as illegitimate under law.

#### OPIUM WAR

Several Chinese-American organizations and antidrug groups are raising a stink over the name of Yves Saint Laurent's popular \$120-an-ounce French perfume, Opium. Opponents of the name argue that it not only glamorizes a dangerous drug but, through advertising pictures and statements, perpetuates the image many people still have of the Chinese as opium users.

#### UNHAPPY OVER GAY WEEK

HARRISBURG—The Pennsylvania house of representatives has voted 180 to 14 to censure Governor Richard Thornburgh for proclaiming a state-wide Gay Pride Week. One representative told a reporter, "I don't care who's deviant. Why the hell should we have a week for them?" Another said that the governor's action "contributed to the moral and spiritual decadence which is upon us." A spokesman for the governor said he has refused to withdraw the proclamation.

#### VIRGINITY PAYS

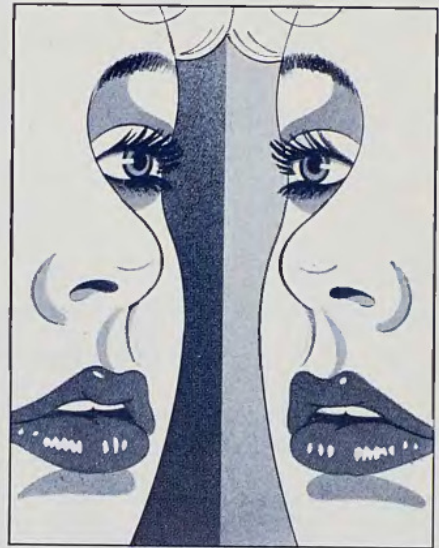
DETROIT—A young Sicilian-American woman has been awarded \$250,000 in damages because her husband claimed she had not been a virgin on their wedding night. The jury found that the public accusation—the husband dumped his new bride on her uncle's doorstep and left in a huff—had spread through the Sicilian communities in Detroit and California, causing the woman and her family to become social outcasts. An annulment of the marriage is pending.

#### A ROSE IS NOT ALWAYS...

OXNARD, CALIFORNIA—A large greenhouse full of unusually tall and uniformly shaped rose bushes aroused the curiosity of Oxnard police officers, who decided to take a closer look. They found the roses to be plastic and concealing some 3000 marijuana plants, which led to the arrest of a 24-year-old man on charges of pot cultivation and possession with intent to sell.

#### "VISUAL RAPE"

UTICA, MICHIGAN—Invasion-of-privacy charges have been filed against a roller-rink operator by a woman patron who objected to the establishment's practice of monitoring rest-room activities through one-way mirrors. The complainant, who learned of the system



after she and her daughter had used the facility, called it "visual rape" and said, "If I want somebody to watch me, I'll invite them." The rink's owner said the rest-room ceiling mirrors were installed to combat vandalism and that all monitoring was done by employees of the appropriate sex.

#### THREE IS A CROWD

MACON, GEORGIA—A Federal district judge has threatened to jail a 20-year-old woman if she bears any more illegitimate children. In sentencing her to five years' probation for stealing a neighbor's Social Security check, the judge told the defendant that her three illegitimate children were more than enough already and that if she becomes pregnant again, her probation would be revoked. The woman still faces 11 state charges of fraud.

#### PRICE OF POPULARITY

AALBORG, DENMARK—A 31-year-old Italian hairdresser who claims he's had sex with more than 2000 Danish girls in the past seven years has been sentenced to a year in prison for "procur-ing" and for illegal sex with a minor. In insisting he would appeal, the defendant argued that teenage girls had kept his beauty parlor under virtual siege, offering to scrub floors, wash windows or perform other services in order to seduce him. "These Danish girls simply could not leave me alone," he told the judge. The judge responded, "I'm glad I'm not as charming as you."

not the case. I recently had a complete hysterectomy as a lifesaving procedure. The second night at home, I popped a pain pill and spent an evening in bed with my husband. I had as good a time as ever and am now confident that I will be interested in sex as long as there's blood coursing through my veins. So, ladies, don't hesitate to get whatever needs fixing fixed. Then get into bed with your guy and hang up your hang-ups!

(Name withheld by request)  
Portland, Maine

#### ABORTION RESPONSIBILITY

I am writing with regard to the letter "More on Abortion" and your response that appeared in the June *Playboy Forum*. The letter itself is, I think, a reasonably clearheaded, logical defense

of the point of view of intelligent anti-abortionists. Your comments following the letter, however, suggest a lack of understanding of the relationship between freedom and responsibility. The point is that women and the men they are having sex with should have enough sense of responsibility to make use of the variety of birth-control methods available to them, rather than depend on abortion or the "morning after" pill. Human beings have the intelligence to understand the laws of cause and effect, and if they do not use that intelligence to provide birth control *before* conception, they are simply irresponsible. Please reconsider your position. There is no argument as to a woman's right to control her own body, only the expectation that she also exhibit the degree of

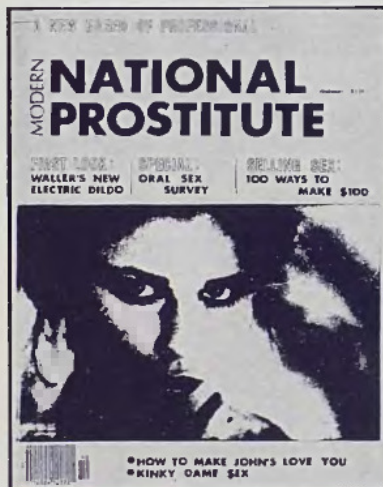
responsibility for her actions that all people should be expected to show toward one another and their children. Make every child a wanted child—but through birth control, not abortion.

I. Barber  
Gimli, Manitoba

*We published the letter to which you refer because we also considered it an articulate defense of the anti-abortion position. And we limited our response to the issue that was raised. You raise a different issue—one with which we partly agree: Contraception is always preferable to abortion. This leaves us with two problems. One is that no ordinary form of contraception is so desirable or effective that it will avoid all unwanted pregnancies. The second problem is that people, being human, are not perfect, and some are plain stupid. But that would be no reason to make abortions illegal or for taxpayers to support more unwanted, unloved children.*

## FORUM FOLLIES

**Introductory Offer on the most exciting new magazine to appear in years!**



*National Prostitute* is the first and only magazine edited exclusively for the professional prostitute.

The card enclosed brings you the current issue *free!* It also guarantees important Introductory Subscriber privileges.

Dear Reader:

There was, as it turns out, a great big hole in the prostitution scene.

But nobody knew just how big it was until, in the summer of 1978,

*It's not our policy to promote prostitution or weird publishing ventures, nor is it our policy to deceive readers. But when the above material arrived in the mail, we blinked and then learned, through an attached letter of explanation, that our leg was being pulled. It seems that Sparkie Waller, as a senior at the University of Ala-*

*National Prostitute* came along and filled it.

You see, prostitutes with ambitions and aspirations—prostitutes like *you*, I trust—soon outgrow the established prostitute magazines. You can only go over the ABCs of prostitution so many times.

But what happens next? You look for a magazine for advanced prostitutes, a magazine that will help you explore the creative frontiers of prostitution—and you find nothing. A hole. There isn't any such magazine.

Or, more properly, there *wasn't* any such magazine. Now there's *National Prostitute*, the gorgeous new magazine that is edited exclusively for advanced creative prostitutes—the amateur stars, the skilled hobbyists, the seasoned professionals.

We've been working on *National Prostitute* for years, and we confidently expected to make a splash with it.

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Sincerely,  
Sparkie Waller, Publisher

*bama, took a marketing class in which he was given an assignment to promote—as merely a student project, of course—"an illegal product or service." We've decided to share his interesting promotional material with "Playboy Forum" readers and we hope he got an A in his marketing class, or maybe a P—for put-on.*

#### LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT

I've rarely been so pissed off as I was tonight after reading the letter from the jerk in Granite City, Illinois (*The Playboy Forum*, May). I refer to his remarks about the Wisconsin park ranger who arrested him for pot possession.

We in Wisconsin live in a climate most people would consider intolerable. We pay taxes second to none. We do so not because we are all crazy but because we enjoy our relatively crime-free, stable quality of life.

Each year, I see more and more people from Illinois and other nearby states come to Wisconsin to enjoy the recreational areas we, the taxpayers, provide. Then some shithead outsider complains about our laws. I submit that anyone who cannot abide by our laws should stay out. If not smoking pot or breaking any of the laws that our legislators enact is too much to ask, stay in corrupt Illinois, where anything goes.

(Name withheld by request)  
Brookfield, Wisconsin

#### VICTIMLESS CRIME

What perfect timing. You published letters in May from two Tampa attorneys complaining about local vice busts in the same issue in which you printed Jules Siegel's article *Working the Street*.

As Siegel points out, vice is not a victimless crime. But these Tampa lawyers seem to disagree and want to defend a man's right to beat off in public rest rooms. Maybe that's not a particularly heinous crime, but where do we draw the line? If we let people masturbate at night in that rest room, do we let them do it during the daytime, too? According to our liberal lawyer friends, we probably do. Until they walk into that rest room with their kid in hand and that kid asks, "Daddy, why is that man pulling his thing?" Then Daddy turns red, hauls the

kid out, calls a cop and complains that morality is going to hell.

I'm amazed at how cops and lawyers support themselves on human misery, yet remain antagonists.

David L. Schmidt  
Tampa, Florida

*The attorneys were hardly advocating public masturbation, just commenting on police priorities (no children were or could have been involved under the circumstances). But you are right. "Victimless crime" is a misnomer, in that most illegal activity, even when as harmless as brewing a bottle of bootleg beer during Prohibition, begins to generate social problems, and soon "victims," once it becomes a source of criminal profits. But, as we've explained before, victimless is a law-enforcement term meaning that the illegal act is consensual—as in a drug transaction or a prostitution case—and there is no "complainant" other than the police themselves. Perhaps a better term would be "consensual crimes," to distinguish them from crimes against people and property.*

#### SPEEDY TRIAL

Just a short note to let you know what an honor it has been to work with such a fine group as the Playboy Foundation. I wrote "The Right to a Speedy Trial" (*Forum Library*, May), and the response has been excellent. The manual, which was printed with the help of the Foundation, has been distributed nationwide to more than 1000 lawyers, judges, legislators, prisoners and others.

Many people expressed appreciation that Playboy took an interest in this important constitutional right, which is often violated due to vague and unenforced laws. Hopefully, this situation will change as others become involved.

Noal Solomon, Director  
Speedy Trial Law Project  
Atlanta, Georgia

#### BIBLE BELTERS WIN

I must compliment Dave Uhde on his sensible comments in the June *Playboy Forum*.

I agree that the 1978 Kentucky General Assembly passed an unconstitutional bill requiring the posting of the Ten Commandments in public classrooms.

There's an old adage that seems appropriate: "Many a man has followed the Ten Commandments all his life but never managed to catch up with them."

Such legislation can best be described as typical American governmental bigotry of the most repulsive sort.

Charles Garian  
Richmond, Virginia

#### KILLING WITH KINDNESS

Anyone who would state that a lethal injection is no better a mode of dying than boiling in oil or burning at the stake, albeit the end is death, is either a

hopeless ignoramus or a deliberate liar. Scott Christianson should not have wasted a whole page of *The Playboy Forum* in condemning a specific method when his passion is undoubtedly anti-capital punishment, in which case no method of execution would satisfy him (see "Killing with Kindness," April).

Christianson is without doubt one of those high-minded theoreticians who have no intimate personal contact with brutal cold-blooded murderers, killing senselessly a lot of innocent people, and who have no qualms about repeating their crimes. He is typical of those who seek personal glory by championing the cause of murderers, while completely forgetting the devastation inflicted on the victims and their families.

There is abundant evidence that an impressive percentage of murderers are unrepentant. That fact aside, the increasing clamor to reinstate the death penalty is an indication that the majority feels that justice is not being done by the present soft method of incarceration. This loss

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*"The mere thought of  
'humane' execution  
is appalling."*

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of faith in the effectiveness of our justice system does more harm to our society than the doubtful benefits of preserving our unregenerate murderers. The cliché that states that an executed murderer has never been known to kill anyone again is a comforting truth to reasonable people.

J. D. Serabjit-Singh, M.D.  
Amherst, New York

The mere thought of "humane" execution is appalling. Has anyone ever bothered to assess the magnitude of the mental and physical stress a murder victim must undergo prior to his or her death? The long waiting on death row, the agony of uncertainty and the eventual execution, however painful, seem fitting justice for the crime committed.

Charles Cusumano  
Sterling, Colorado

If the eye-for-an-eye folks insist upon extracting the ultimate price from capital offenders, then they should have to continue to do it in the old gory, agonizing ways. If there's even a shred of conscience or guilt left in you toward killing a fellow, albeit antisocial, member of society, I, for one, am not in favor of making the event any easier for you by adopting the so-called humane need.

Arthur Gordon  
New York, New York

I'm impressed that PLAYBOY has the courage to oppose capital punishment in the face of overwhelming public support of any frustrated society's favorite form of barbarism. I particularly like the question Christianson raised: Why do we kill people who kill people to show that killing people is wrong? For the simple-minded who think the state has a God-given right to take life, their patron saint should be the Ayatollah Khomeini.

Withhold my name to spare me any flaming crosses in my front yard.

(Name withheld by request)  
Orangeburg, South Carolina

If the whole matter weren't so tragic, the renewed enthusiasm for capital punishment via the needle would be laughable. Why do proponents think that the speed or economy with which we murder our murderers makes the act any more palatable, or moral or humane? Gas, bullets, gallows, electricity or injections: Dead is dead, killing is killing.

(Name withheld by request)  
Biloxi, Mississippi

I see that PLAYBOY is opposed to the death penalty. Only a twisted mind could consider killing a good thing, but there are times when it is the only answer that makes sense.

There is an old-fashioned concept called justice. It means a person gets what he deserves. If he demonstrates by his actions that he is willing and able to kill, he must receive the treatment he deserves. Justice would concern itself only with reasonable proof that he had committed murder. It would recognize that he had forfeited all rights because he chose to destroy the rights of another. It would recognize my rights and those of his potential next victim.

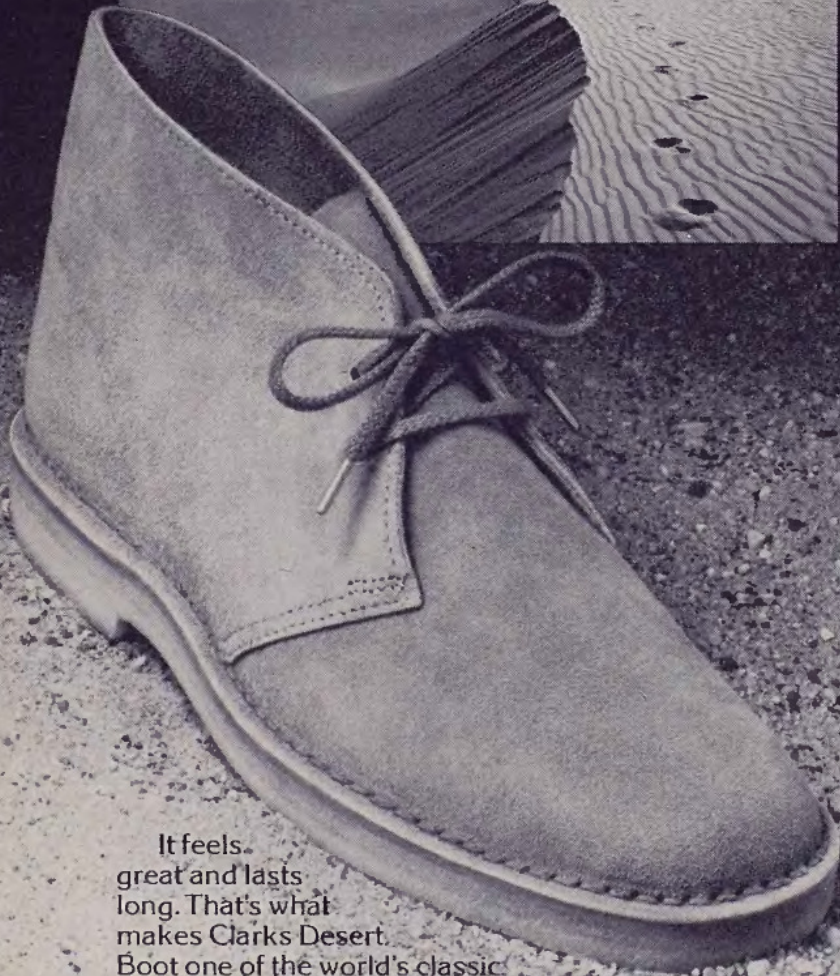
Everett DeJager  
Cincinnati, Ohio

*We oppose the death penalty on too many grounds to list here, but if you care to read the editorial in our January 1977 issue, we think you'll find our reasons more practical than humanitarian. Basically, we believe that what state executions really do is provide a certain moral respectability to killing, virtually condoning murder as an appropriate response to certain grievances, instead of holding human life to be inviolate under any circumstances.*

#### THE LAW'S THE LAW

Perhaps R. H. Rutowski's opinion (*The Playboy Forum*, June) that we should let American prisoners in foreign jails "rot" rather than spend taxpayers' money to attempt to obtain their release is based on his own limited travel experience. If so, an educational trip to Tijuana, Mexico, might be in order. There he would encounter what is perhaps the most corrupt law-enforcement agency in the world. He may be arrested and jailed

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simply for jaywalking or for complaining about a crooked shopkeeper. Should he have insufficient funds to purchase his freedom, he may be submitted to the atrocities and humiliation documented in these pages and elsewhere by the thousands of foreign prisoners before him.

In fairness, Mexico does not hold a monopoly on corruption; indeed, Americans are still prime targets for corrupt officials everywhere. But Rutowski shouldn't take my word for it. I hear Tijuana is great this time of year, pal. Just be sure to take plenty of pesos or be prepared to "rot" with the rest of the "cruds" down there.

Michael Furlong  
San Diego, California

It is appalling when an individual blindly supports the letter of the law (anybody's law) without regard to possible infringement of personal rights. That is just what Rutowski does in his letter.

Rutowski displays his naïveté of frequently fickle foreign laws and judicial systems when he suggests we let Americans rot who are guilty (or not) of "breaking someone's law." It is just that kind of "good citizen" who will tolerate any adventure or harebrained scheme, as long as it's "the law"—good stuff like Prohibition, the draft, pot laws, the Japanese internment during World War Two and even the income tax.

I have to conclude that by good citizen Rutowski's own reasoning, he should himself be imprisoned, for surely, somewhere, sometime, somehow he was also guilty of breaking someone's law.

Michael S. Ramsey  
Voorhees, New Jersey

## MONTANA DRUG LAW

This is to advise you of the Montana Supreme Court's latest ruling on the state's drug law.

In *State ex rel. Zander vs. District Court*, the court ruled that the Montana statute that provides that a person commits a criminal sale of dangerous drugs by cultivating marijuana is unconstitutional on its face. The court held that the statute created a "conclusive and irrebuttable presumption of 'sale' of marijuana from cultivation thereof." The court relied on a case cited to it in our Red Lodge appeal for holding that a statutory presumption cannot be sustained if there is no rational connection between the fact proved and the ultimate fact presumed.

In applying this test to the Montana law, the court wisely decided that cultivation (the fact proved) bears no rational connection to sale (the fact presumed) and said that:

Marijuana cultivators are not *ipso facto* marijuana sellers. Common experience indicates that many marijuana users cultivate the plant for

their own use, particularly, where, as here, small amounts are cultivated within the confines of one's closet.

Justice Daniel J. Shea did not think the court went far enough in its ruling and his dissent may prove to be a classic treatise on the present state of marijuana laws in relation to the right of privacy. Still, it is heartening to see that the court took a small step in resolving the idiocy of laws that equated the growing of marijuana with the sale of heroin and other dangerous drugs.

It would have been more personally satisfying to have seen this decision rendered in the Red Lodge appeal, but it is encouraging to me as an attorney to see that rationality and justice prevail occasionally in this state. I think that Playboy's support throughout the Red Lodge case softened the ground and was instrumental in preparing the way for this sort of decision. However, Montana citizens should not yet come out of the closet, as Zander has now been charged with felony possession.

Patrick G. Pitet  
Attorney at Law  
Billings, Montana

*Pitet was a court-appointed defense attorney in the Red Lodge "pot plantation" case, which we covered extensively in "The Playboy Forum" (February 1977, July 1977, September 1977, December 1977, September 1978). That case did not reach the Montana Supreme Court, because the prosecution ultimately dropped charges when the defendants agreed to withdraw their civil rights suits against several law-enforcement and other state officials. A paragraph from Justice Shea's opinion deserves quoting:*

*I can think of no law that is more oppressive to a significant percentage of the citizens of this state than one which singles them out and subjects them to searches and seizures in the home, where the conduct proscribed has not been shown to be injurious to the public or, for that matter, injurious to the individual when compared to alcohol or tobacco. It cannot be a compelling state interest for the state to attempt to protect an individual from his own folly by subjecting him to invasions of his privacy and criminal sanctions, simply because he has chosen to possess or use marijuana in the privacy of his home.*

*"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BURT REYNOLDS

*a candid conversation with hollywood's box-office champ about acting, television, jealousy, success and—repeatedly—the women in his life*

By now, the fellow smiling impishly on this month's cover needs no introduction; but in case you've been away for the past ten years, his name is Burt Reynolds and he's a movie star. In fact, he's the world's biggest movie star, even though he stands only 5'5", weighs 122 pounds and likes sheep and young boys. Only kidding there, Burt. Reynolds is actually about six feet tall, weighs around 175 and likes women. Boy, does he like women. His reputation as a hyperactive Lothario has been fueled by rumored romances with everyone from Catherine Deneuve and Lauren Hutton to such non-Hollywood types as tennis ace Chris Evert and country singer Tammy Wynette. But that's only rumor. The documented loves of his life have been ex-wife (and former "Laugh-In" comedienne) Judy Carne, Dinah Shore and his current flame, Sally Field.

For most of this decade, Reynolds has labored in low-level action films that critics have hated but moviegoers have loved. Now firmly entrenched as the screen's leading box-office attraction, Reynolds reportedly gets \$3,000,000 a picture, and that's just when he hires out as an actor. Reynolds is also a director,

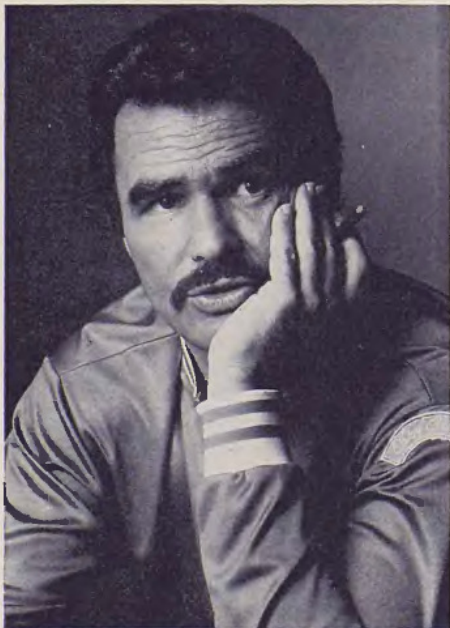
and has lately taken a fling at producing his own films. "The End" and "Hooper," the two movies he coproduced, between them will gross about \$100,000,000.

Reynolds has vaulted to superstardom on the strength of his charm and comedic skills. In most of his roles—including his detective duties in "Shamus," "Fuzz" and "Hustle"—he portrays a kind of macho pixy who often doesn't take himself or even the film he's in very seriously. Thus, in "Smokey and the Bandit"—the "Gone with the Wind" of good-ol'-boy movies—the film's biggest laugh comes when Reynolds breaches cinema's third wall by winking at the audience. And it's an audience he has shrewdly built for himself through frequent appearances on "The Tonight Show" and other TV talk fests. For a man intent on becoming a pro-football player 25 years ago, life has sure taken a couple of funny bounces.

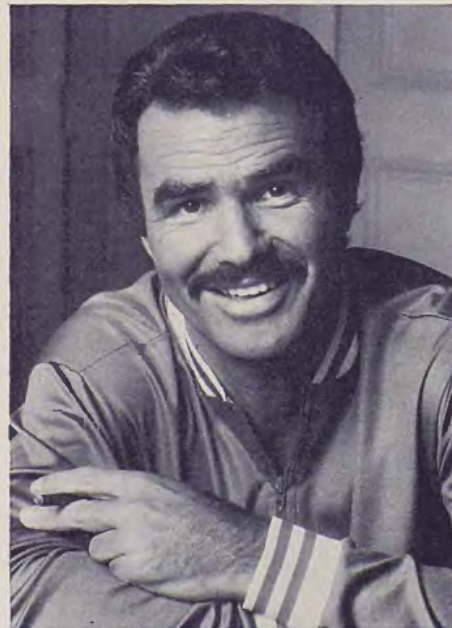
Born on February 11, 1936, Reynolds grew up in Riviera Beach, Florida—not far from Palm Beach. He was the son of the local police chief. At Palm Beach High School, he lettered in baseball, basketball, track and football, his favorite sport. A speedy, all-state running back, Buddy Reynolds received scholarship

offers from 26 colleges and eventually settled on Florida State when its then-head coach, Tom Nugent, pointed out the obvious advantages of attending a school whose student body was 75 percent female. The highlight of Reynolds' freshman season came against Auburn, when he ran 54 yards from scrimmage before being knocked cold on the one-yard line by a War Eagle tackler named Fob James, who has since succeeded George Wallace as the governor of Alabama. The following season, a knee injury put an end to Reynolds' football career, and left him in a state of despair. "I didn't want to end up sitting in a bar and talking about the good old days, like a lot of old jocks do," he recently told a visitor. "It's shattering when you've been someone for a brief period in your life, and then suddenly it's over and you're nothing."

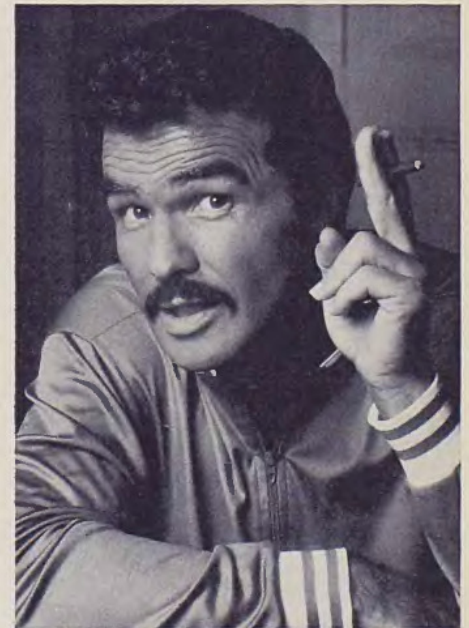
Reynolds left Florida State and enrolled at Palm Beach Junior College, where, at the suggestion of an English teacher, he tried out for—and got—the role John Garfield made famous in "Outward Bound." "At that point, I realized I needed to be better than everybody else at something, but I didn't know what,"



"I know this really isn't the PLAYBOY philosophy, but I don't screw around: When I'm involved with one woman, I'm involved with one woman, period. [But] between romances, I am carnivorous."



"I wanted the Cosmopolitan thing laid out like a Playmate story. Behind the centerfold, I wanted to be shown pushing a shopping cart and saying, 'My favorite colors are blue and pink and yellow.'"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

"I've become the number-one box-office star in the world not because of my movies but in spite of them. Critics told people they'd be fools to see the movies, but people went to see them anyway."

he recalled. "Athletes are performers, and when I got the part, I realized acting might be exactly what I was looking for."

After a year of junior college, Reynolds worked in summer stock and then moved to New York City, where he studied acting under Wynn Handman of the Neighborhood Playhouse. He then became a stunt man on TV dramas, which led to a Universal contract and featured roles in "Riverboat" and "Gunsmoke." Following a period during which he played bad guys on innumerable TV series, Reynolds landed a series of his own in 1966, when he starred in "Hawk." Since then, he hasn't often been out of the public eye.

To interview Hollywood's reigning male sex symbol, PLAYBOY sent freelancer Lawrence Linderman to meet with Reynolds at his home in the Holmby Hills section of Los Angeles. Linderman reports:

"When he's not on his ranch in Florida, Burt Reynolds lives in a handsome Spanish-style home that, thanks to California's insane real-estate spiral, is now worth several million dollars. The two-story house contains a number of expensive and exquisite Western paintings, a recent enthusiasm of Reynolds', and outside there's an \$80,000 tennis court and what appears to be an Olympic-size tiled swimming pool.

"When I met him, Reynolds was wearing tapered white-satin swim trunks and black Nike running shoes. Without too much in the way of preliminaries, I followed him out of the house, down a steep flight of stone steps and around back to the pool, passing a garaged Rolls-Royce and a Trans Am on the way. Reynolds is built like a tall middleweight boxer, well muscled but thin. 'You can never be too rich or too thin,' he told me when we got to the pool. He then lay back in a chaise longue, spread sun lotion on himself and proceeded to work on his tan. Bruiser, his huge Rhodesian Ridgeback, sat at his feet. I sat at his feet. I'm very good at sitting at the feet of celebrities. I felt like I was back interviewing Muhammad Ali, except that Muhammad's got the game down to a science: He whispers.

"Reynolds, as it turns out, is a highly candid man who's a lot friendlier than he lets on at first, especially to people bearing tape recorders. After a rather stiff first meeting, Reynolds and I wound up talking for more than 13 hours, and the resulting interview will, I think, surprise a number of readers. Before meeting him, I'd been struck by the number of times he'd talked about wanting to be known as an accomplished actor. It provided the opening subject for our interview."

PLAYBOY: For almost two years now, you've been publicly campaigning to be

taken more seriously as an actor. Is it paying off?

REYNOLDS: Yes, I think it is. For a long time, I've felt that inside this well-paid movie star is a starving artist, which makes me want to run in the other room and throw up—but does sum things up in a Sidney Sheldon sort of way. If you want to be a serious actor, you have to have serious material. I'm seeing better scripts now, and I've heard from three of the directors I'd like to work with, but that's only just starting to happen. The kind of serious material I'm looking for is something like *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*. I don't think I could have done that wonderfully crazy character better than Jack Nicholson, but that character was not out of my range.

PLAYBOY: Did you want that part?

REYNOLDS: Desperately. As a matter of fact, Milos Forman, who directed the picture, came to talk to me in Nashville about it, and it was between Jack and me as far as Milos was concerned. The problem I usually run into is that when

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"Let's face it,  
when I made 'Smokey,' I  
did not go out and  
buy a tux for the  
Academy Awards."

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I finally find a screenplay I like, the director feels that if he signs Burt Reynolds, he's selling out because he's signing the most commercial actor in town. If he wants to be known as an *auteur* and stay in good stead with the New York critics, he'll instead hire one of the darlings—Robert DeNiro, Al Pacino or Dustin Hoffman. A lot of directors in this town don't realize that the hardest thing to do in movies is to make chicken salad out of chickenshit, and I've done that a lot. In fact, I've done that more often than not. Out of all the movies I've been in, I've had maybe three wonderful scripts to work with—*Deliverance*, *Starting Over* and *The Longest Yard*, the only one that was written for me.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that people in the movie industry don't think you can act your way out of a paper bag?

REYNOLDS: No, because that sounds like I'm sitting in this huge mansion in Beverly Hills, making a ridiculous amount of money and poor-mouthing my life and my career. At the same time, it *does* make me unhappy that this industry doesn't realize what I've done to become a movie star. This isn't the first time I've said this, but it bears repeating: I've become the number-one box-office

star in the world not because of my movies but in spite of them. These were movies critics told people they'd be fools to see, but people went to see them anyway.

PLAYBOY: Were the critics right?

REYNOLDS: Of course they were right! But they were wrong in the sense that they didn't know what the public wanted to see. They weren't wrong about the material, which was rather lightweight, but why didn't they mention that I rose above the material? You know, if I were wonderful at playing a one-legged goose, I would get 1000 one-legged-geese parts. I happen to be really good at throwaway comedy, and so that's what typecasting comes down to in my case. I've done a Southern accent in at least a half-dozen films, but I also do a great Irish accent, a great Indian accent—I do a lot of accents, because I have a good ear, but I haven't been offered a chance to use any of the others. Let me give you an analogy: O. J. Simpson was drafted by the Buffalo Bills, and as an actor, I was drafted into certain movies. Other guys were drafted into other types of movies. They had better blocking, better management and better coaching. Incidentally, if some people are reading this interview right now and saying, "What an ungrateful asshole Reynolds is," let me remind them that I'm not ungrateful, that I care very much about the public and have tried to show it in every way I know how.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like you're doing a little grandstanding. If you feel that what critics call your good-ol'-boy pictures—films like *White Lightning*, *Gator*, *W.W. and the Dixie Dancekings*, *Smokey and the Bandit*, and so forth—are lightweight, why do you appear in them?

REYNOLDS: Because I love them. I equate them with Chinese food: They're wonderful, but an hour after you leave the theater, you want to see another movie. People are not going to sit around a party intellectually discussing a movie like *Smokey and the Bandit*. It is not a monumental, history-making film. You've got to call it what it is: a Saturday-afternoon rainy-day movie that will make you laugh, feel good and have a lot of fun, which is why you may want to see it more than once. But there aren't any awards for that type of picture, and it's not going to be the highlight of any film festivals. Let's face it, when I made *Smokey*, I did not go out and buy a tux for the Academy Awards. The reason I'm mentioning *Smokey* is because it's a phenomenon: *Smokey and the Bandit* has made more than \$200,000,000 and is one of the five top-grossing movies ever. [Official film-industry sources believe Reynolds' figures to be high—Ed.]

PLAYBOY: What made that particular Reynolds good-ol'-boy film work so well?

REYNOLDS: A lot of it was luck, because



Burt Reynolds and forthcoming Ploymate Gig Gangel were so inspired during their photo shooting that we wanted you to see what we couldn't use on the cover. Of the last shot, Burt says, "That's my number-three supercool look. I've never managed more than a two before."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

the script for *Smokey* was one of the worst I'd ever read. I really think it was the chemistry of the people involved and that it was time for somebody to do a C.B. picture, although there'd been a picture out called *Citizens Band* and it had bombed. Hal Needham, my roommate, was the highest-paid stunt man in the world at that time, and he came up with the idea for *Smokey* and wanted to direct it. I took him over to United Artists and they said if I'd be in it, he could become a director—but that he'd have to direct *Convoy*, another C.B. movie that later went right into the toilet. Hal then went to Universal, and they gave him a go-ahead. I had only four weeks available before my next picture, but Hal ingeniously figured out how I could do it in that little time, and after that, we went to work. And we just improvised everything. Gleason pretty much ad-libbed his entire part, Sally Field—who was ready to happen—is a terrific improviser and I'm real good at it, too. And for a country singer, Jerry Reed is phenomenal. We'd all just sit around and do shtick together, and somehow it all kind of fit. *Smokey* was a Happening, and it will never happen again like that.

**PLAYBOY:** Perhaps not, but your next good-ol'-boy film, *Hooper*, was also an enormous box-office success. Why do you think you're able to draw people into theaters?

**REYNOLDS:** I think it's because I have the ability to make people happy and to have them say, "I like him." People are tired of getting screwed by everything and everybody, and in my pictures, I like to play this character who's not quite all there, who steps down from his truck and scrapes the manure off his boots and who's always fighting for his dignity. He's anti-establishment, he's funny and he's somebody to cheer for—a hero. It's one thing to do that kind of film and quite another to do a film for the Bel Air circuit and the New York film critics. Films are made for them, and the successful ones make all of \$3,000,000.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you care to name a few?

**REYNOLDS:** Oh, there's lots of 'em, but some have been made by friends of mine, and they are friends, so I'd rather not mention them.

**PLAYBOY:** How about giving us the titles in French?

**REYNOLDS:** Some of those films are French. I remember that period when France used to send us all these crumpled-up black-and-white movies that looked as if the negative had been deliberately scratched up and jumped on, and I always thought they ran the film backward. People would actually yell and scream how wonderful those things were, and somebody would always tap me on the shoulder and say, "Isn't this brilliant?" And I would say no. I freely admit that I'm not an intellectual. I will also tell you that my movies don't play

the Bel Air circuit, which is where you get Academy Award nominations, but I have an underground following there: Movie executives can't wait to get a copy of *Smokey and the Bandit* for their kids, and they end up loving it themselves. It really was the most popular movie in this town for two years, but nobody thought of it in terms of prestige or awards. Right now, whatever film I do, the movie-industry response is, "Oh, it's just another one of those movies." I promise you that if I'd just come out of Greenwich Village and had been acting off-Broadway and nobody knew who Burt Reynolds was, I would have been nominated for my work in *Semi-Tough*. There's no question in my mind about it. I think it was a good performance, and I got the best reviews I've ever gotten. The same thing happened with *The End*. It was ignored by the film industry because, "Oh, it's a Burt Reynolds picture and he directed it, so it's probably one of those kinds of movies."

**PLAYBOY:** What's responsible for that?

**REYNOLDS:** I don't know. I think they were too busy running around seeing

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*"I have the ability  
to make people happy  
and say, 'I like him.'  
People are tired of  
getting screwed by  
everything and everybody."*

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*Autumn Sonata* or something. Clint Eastwood has the same problem I do: He also has a reputation for making the same kind of movie over and over again. But I remember when Clint made a film called *The Beguiled*, and no matter how brilliant Geraldine Page may have been in that movie, it didn't mean anything, because it was a Clint Eastwood movie. That kind of thing really gets me angry, and it also spreads to the people working with me in a movie. Dom DeLuise gave a terrific performance in *The End*—and he was totally overlooked for a Best Supporting Actor nomination because most members of the Academy didn't bother to see the film until well after they could've nominated him. But people like Mel Brooks thought Dom was brilliant, and on the basis of that film, Dom has really gotten hot. He's now co-starring in a movie with Anne Bancroft and he was asked to direct another film. *The End* shot him into a new area entirely.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you expect it to do the same for you?

**REYNOLDS:** Yes, but it didn't. I've now

directed two films; both came in on time, both made money and the second one made a lot of money. I went from directing a redneck Southern picture called *Gator*—which made back the price of the negative in Georgia alone—to a really dangerous thin-ice film that everybody had turned down for six years. *The End* was a black comedy about a man dying of a rare blood disease, and the film will wind up grossing about \$40,000,000. I think it took great courage to do that movie, but nobody ever mentions that.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you telling us you directed and starred in *The End* as an act of courage?

**REYNOLDS:** What I'm telling you is that *The End* was about a very dangerous subject, and I've always felt that if you want to move quickly from last place to first, you have to do it the most dangerous way possible. Instead of tunneling my way through, I prefer being shot out of a cannon. Somebody's gotta say, "Jesus, he got shot out of a cannon!" But nobody did. Meanwhile, I did the best job I could with a very difficult subject and made an entertaining, successful film that I'm really very proud of. And if I had to do *The End* over again, there're only two things I'd change: I'd take out a lot of the profanity and all of the Polish jokes, because they weren't necessary. But otherwise, I wouldn't change a thing.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you now planning to abandon the good-ol'-boy films in favor of weightier roles?

**REYNOLDS:** No, and that's a misconception everybody seems to have. Those films don't chafe me in any way. If I could do a *Coming Home*, I'd go right back and make *Smokey Goes to Paris*. Let me put it this way: I saw Burt Lancaster in *The Crimson Pirate* on TV the other night, and I enjoyed every minute of it. I'm sure that Burt got to the point in his career where he said, "I'm not gonna do that crap anymore." So he formed Hecht-Hill-Lancaster and suddenly he was in films like *The Devil's Disciple*. I love Burt's work, but when I sat there watching *The Crimson Pirate*, I found myself jumping up and down and enjoying him 1000 times more than watching him in some of his later films. And 100 years from now, who's to say whether, if I did my *Coming Home*, people wouldn't say, "What do you want to see tonight? God, let's not see anything heavy. Let's look at *Smokey and the Bandit*." I am really in the business of being an entertainer, not like those guys who live in lofts.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you referring to the actors you mentioned earlier—DeNiro, Pacino and Hoffman?

**REYNOLDS:** Sure I am, but my jealousy isn't directed at them, it's directed toward the Coppolas and other directors who won't give me a shot because I'm a movie star. So they keep going back to

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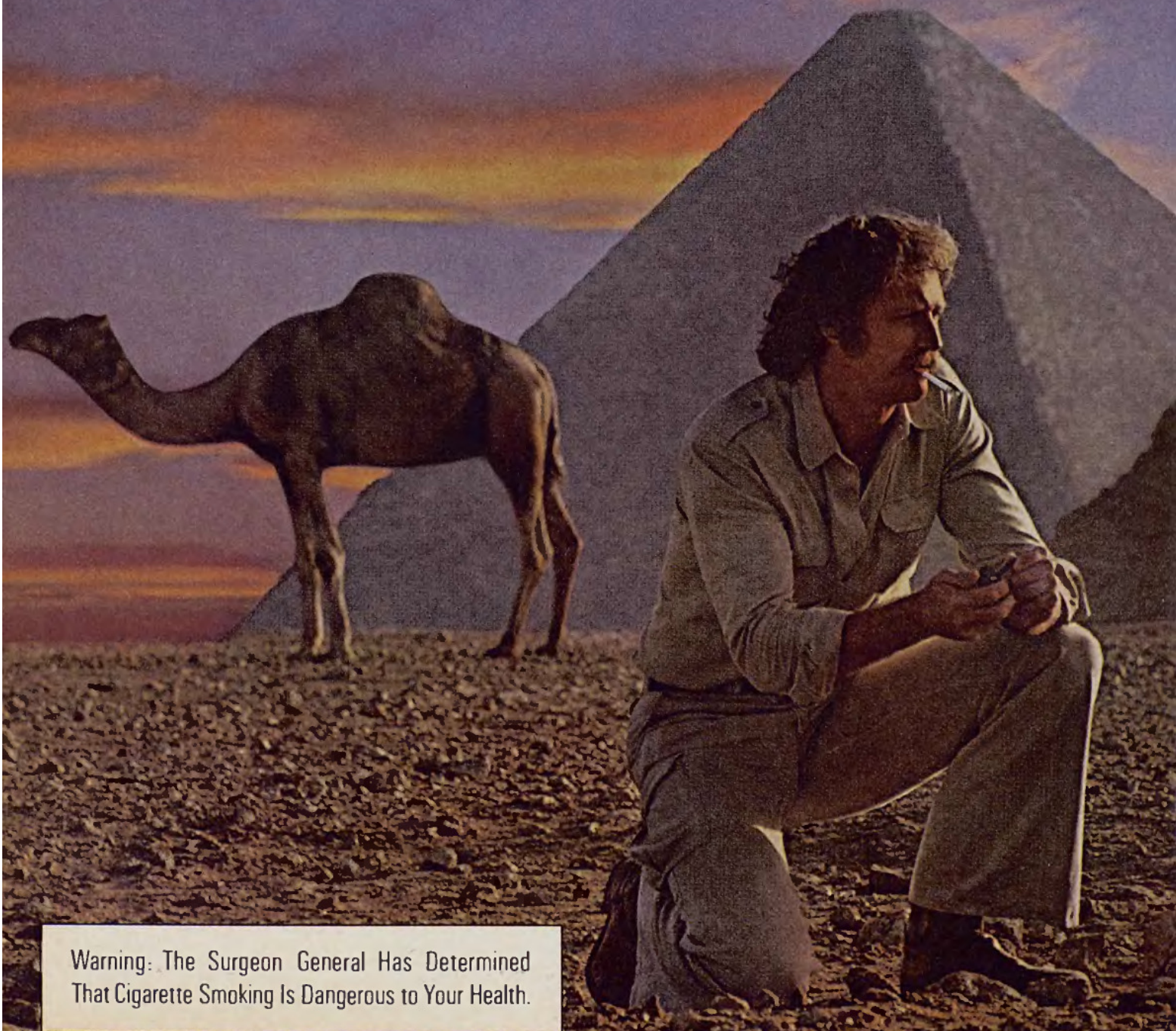


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the guys who hide in their lofts and who come out to act and then go back into hiding. But they don't *have* to hide, because nobody knows who they are. When was the last time you heard someone say, "Let's go see DeNiro?" In New York, *maybe*, but in Iowa or Alabama? Name the most respected actors in America and you'll be shocked at how many people don't know who they are. I mean, people will know about a movie that won six Academy Awards, and they'll say, "Hey, we better go see that thing, Martha, hot damn!" But they don't know who those people *are*. Those guys can walk right down the street, and if anybody recognizes them, he thinks they're one of the two other guys. And that really pisses all three of them off, which is probably why they hide. I must get off this by saying that I don't know DeNiro or Pacino, but I like their work. I know Dustin only because a few years ago I went over to him and told him I thought he was the best actor in America. I'm not sure that's true now, but at that time I think it was. Anyway, I met him, he was wonderful and charming and funny, and I liked him a lot.

**PLAYBOY:** If you don't have any animosity toward those guys, why do you do numbers on them?

**REYNOLDS:** Because I think they "safe" it a lot in terms of who they are, not in terms of their work. They have this

mystique about them and they own the New York critics. I mean, they *own* them. You know, I think it would be very interesting if the four of us were to have an acting contest. I would like to see me doing *The Deer Hunter* or DeNiro's new film, *The Raging Bull*, and I'd like to see him play Billy Clyde Puckett in *Semi-Tough*. I would like to play Lenny and see Hoffman do *W.W. and the Dixie Dancekings*. I'd like to do *Dog Day Afternoon* and see Pacino do *Smoky and the Bandit*. And then we'd really see who came up to the standards of the other actors.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you suspect the outcome would be?

**REYNOLDS:** I think I'd be able to do pictures *they've* done better than they could do pictures *I've* done. To put it another way, I can do bad material better than they can, and I can do good material almost as well, and some of it *as* well. I don't really think I could do *Dog Day Afternoon* better than Pacino—he *was* brilliant in it—but I think I'd shock people with how good I'd be. I'd do it differently, but I'd blow some people away with my performance.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it possible not to resent actors who get roles you'd like to play?

**REYNOLDS:** I resent it only when somebody gets a chance to do something wonderful and screws it up. Otherwise, no. For instance, I like Jimmy Caan a lot,

and I wanted the part of Sonny in *The Godfather*. Jimmy did it well, so how can I resent him for that? What I do resent is that I absolutely could not get in the door. As far as those other actors go, the fact that I'm jealous of the parts they've played—in spite of the success I've had—is the highest compliment I can give them. If Robert Redford went around saying, "Why didn't I get *W.W. and the Dixie Dancekings*?" I'd be so thrilled I'd write him a fan letter.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you know Redford?

**REYNOLDS:** No, never met him. People say that he's perfect. I'm told that he's very businesslike, has a good mind and is really smart about Bob Redford, and I believe it. And until I did this interview, I thought I was real smart about me.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you worried that you won't come off as the funny guy people see on *The Tonight Show*?


**REYNOLDS:** I just find that my humor comes out of inflection and timing, and doesn't really translate all that well in print. I mean, I can sit around and say what I think are amusing things and people will laugh and then, when I read what I've said, I haven't been funny at all, just biting and bitchy, so I have to be careful. You know, people usually come to interview me with the idea that it'll be *The Tonight Show*, and when I don't do it for them, it pisses 'em off and they write, "He's a sullen, pseudo-intel-

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lectual man." I don't believe in being on all the time, and when I want to do *The Tonight Show*, I'll do it on TV.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it unreasonable for people who've seen your films and who've watched you on *The Tonight Show* to assume that that's who you are?

**REYNOLDS:** It's not unreasonable at all, and they're right, that is me, but that isn't all of me. I mean, I go into the crapper, too, and it doesn't come out in a little plastic bag once a month. And I actually get sick and I cry at movies and I sometimes have trouble breathing. I guess what I'm saying is that I can step back and talk about Burt Reynolds the movie star and the *Tonight Show* guest and the rest of who I am, and sometimes they're all three combined and sometimes they're not. But it doesn't cause me to go to a shrink, because this kind of thing is true of most actors, and the ones who've destroyed themselves—like Marilyn Monroe—are people who haven't been able to step back and look at that.

**PLAYBOY:** How important has *The Tonight Show* been to your career?

**REYNOLDS:** It's been more responsible for my success than anything else. The first time I was on the show was about 1971, and after the first commercial, Johnny Carson asked me if I wanted to be a guest host and I said yeah, mostly because I was too dumb to be scared. I did maybe ten guest shots on *The Tonight*

*Show* before I finally hosted it, and by then I'd made a study of what Johnny does. He's really a genius, you know, but you only find that out when you sit in that chair and have four people with you who won't talk or will talk too much, and somehow you have to make them all comfortable and you also try to make them look good.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you do that?

**REYNOLDS:** By trying to have fun and sometimes by getting people into areas no one connects them with. For instance, one night Roy Rogers came on and I told him I'd heard he was a swinger before he married Dale Evans and he said no, he wasn't. I told him, "Look, Dale won't be mad if you tell me about those days. She's not here and she's probably not even watching the show. And, besides, all those adventures you had with the ladies came before you met her." And Double R, as I call him, said things like, "That doesn't matter with her. God, she blames me for everything," and suddenly, you're not dealing with Roy Rogers, king of the cowboys, but with a married guy who's defending himself, and it was fun, and Rogers is fun.

I heard a wonderful story about him, and if it's true, there's nothing really sacrilegious about it. So I'm sorry, Roy and Dale, but I really want to tell it. One Sunday, a friend of mine went out to the nonsectarian church Roy and Dale

belong to, and when the service was over, he walked out, saw Roy standing under a tree and went over to say hello. And Roy said, "Hi, did you like the service?" My friend said yes and Roy said, "I'm glad you did. You know, it's wonderful for all types of people to come under one roof and talk to God, each in his own way. And then, when you come out here and look at the sun shining and the white clouds, you just know that there's a Lord. It makes me feel so good that you know what I'm going to do now?" My friend asked what and Roy said, "I'm going to go home and fuck Dale." Well, this guy fell down laughing and he swears that the story's true—and the little bit of time I've spent with Double R doesn't make me totally doubt it.

Obviously, you can't put that kind of humor on *The Tonight Show*, but I do try to get people talking about things no one suspects they're involved in. Anyway, the first night I finally hosted the show, well, it was unbelievable. I mean, even today, people still talk to me about it.

**PLAYBOY:** What was remarkable about it?

**REYNOLDS:** Well, when they asked me to do it, I told them to get Judy Carne, my ex-wife, to be a guest on the show, and they asked me if she and I were still good friends. I said, "No, I haven't spoken to Judy in six years and I don't want to speak to her until she walks out

onto the stage. It will be a Happening—and it'll either go right into the toilet or it will be sensational." There was still a lot of hostility between us, and there's a lot of comedy that comes out of hostility—especially my kind of comedy, and, knowing Judy, her kind of comedy as well. She telephoned me the day of the show and asked, "What am I doing here?" I said, "You're going to be on the show tonight, but I don't want to talk to you now, so I'm going to hang up on you." She asked if I had any advice for her and I said, "Yes, just show up and have fun," and that was it.

That night, Judy and I were on for more than a half hour together, and it was explosive, frightening and beautiful. She cried and laughed and made me laugh and it was just fabulous, especially for me, because practically every line she threw me was a straight line. I mean, the first thing she said when she sat down was, "God, you look good," to which I said, "I'm sorry to say, so do you." She asked me what I'd been doing and I said, "Oh, just sitting home with my Burt and Judy towels. Anybody want any?" She then told me she'd been married about a month before in Central Park, and when I asked how the wedding went, she said, "Well, it rained. I should have known right then." Her marriage was already in trouble.

The audience loved her and wanted us to get back together, and there really were a lot of sparks flying. You know, a lot had happened to me in the six years since we'd been divorced. I'd grown up, I'd gotten a lot of confidence and I'd become an adult, so I told her all that and said, "You know, whatever problems we had, the divorce was my fault." She said, "No, it was my fault," and all of a sudden we were going back and forth about whose fault our divorce was, and we forgot where we were and it was very funny. But then she did a dumb thing. She asked me who I was dating, and I said a very nice woman, and Judy said, "Oh, yeah, I forgot—you like older women."

The audience immediately left her—because of Dinah. I mean, you do not spit on the American flag, and you do not say bad things about Dinah Shore. Ever. I really had to let Judy know what a dumb thing she'd said—I mean, she didn't even feel the audience leaving her—and I also had to protect somebody I cared about. So I went for her and said, "Not older, Judy, just classier." At which point the audience applauded.

**PLAYBOY:** Did things deteriorate from there?

**REYNOLDS:** No. Judy teared up and said, "I was a fool to say that and I'm sorry. I really respect her. I was just going for a joke." And I said, "I know that and they know that, too, and they still love you. Don't you still love her?" And the audience applauded and she had them again.

I took her out and I brought her back, which is the m.c.'s job. I just didn't want the audience to leave disliking her. In fact, the rest of the time it was pure loving, but very funny and very sad. Judy was talking about how she'd screwed up her life, but not in a real I'm-sorry-for-myself way. And afterward, we went to The Plaza and had a few drinks with her mom and dad, whom I really like a lot. But I knew it just wasn't a good idea to go any further than that.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you ready to?

**REYNOLDS:** I think it could have happened, but I was in love with another lady. I know this really isn't the PLAYBOY philosophy, but I don't screw around: When I'm involved with one woman, I'm involved with one woman, period.

**PLAYBOY:** You've never had little lapses?

**REYNOLDS:** Only between romances, and then I am carnivorous. I mean, there are certain parts of the country where I could get a most-valuable-player or best-all-round-athlete award, but when I was

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*"After my marriage to  
Judy broke up, I dated a  
lot of girls, to the point  
where I woke up one morn-  
ing and had absolutely no  
idea who that was in  
bed with me."*

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involved with a woman—and I'm involved now, with Sally Field—no.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the longest time you weren't involved with a woman?

**REYNOLDS:** Probably the first few years after my marriage to Judy broke up. I dated a lot of girls and it finally got to the point where I woke up one morning and had absolutely no idea who that person was in bed with me. I mean, I couldn't even remember her face and I recall crawling around on my hands and knees to look in her wallet and find out her first name. I hoped to God that she hadn't borrowed Betty Somebody's driver's license.

**PLAYBOY:** So you were just hopping from bed to bed?

**REYNOLDS:** Oh, it was hectic. In 1966, I was in New York, doing *Hawk* on TV and having a great time. New York is a terrific city filled with beautiful ladies and I was meeting them all over town—and usually in bars, because I was then drinking about a fifth a day. There was a lot of action, and it was almost a running joke with the crew: Whenever a girl came to visit me on the set, we

used to have to get her out the door before the next one came on. I also met a lot of women through actor friends, and things often happened with actresses who came on the show. I never really made any overt moves with the actresses, because I didn't have to. Women would report to work having been told, "Watch him, he'll take a run at you," but I wouldn't, so by the fourth day of filming, they'd begin wondering why not, and one thing would lead to another. I was easy. And then there were airline stewardesses who kept flying in and out of my life. I'd like to sum this up by saying I was just an average guy.

**PLAYBOY:** At what point did this average guy begin confining his activities to one woman?

**REYNOLDS:** It was after *Hawk* ended. I fell in love with a beautiful Japanese girl named Miko and we lived together for about four years. God, she was wonderful. During the time we were together, this very nice, gentle girl saw me in the pits and she was there when things started to break for me. When we met, I was off making some of those movies that play at three in the morning or three in the afternoon. Did you ever see any of those movies that TV stations show when they announce, "It's Burt Reynolds Week"? All week long, you won't see *Deliverance* or *The Longest Yard*, only garbage like *Angel Baby* and *Skullduggery* and other films I've tried to buy so I can burn the negatives. I was then making the worst pieces of shit, including a spaghetti Western called *Navajo Joe*.

**PLAYBOY:** Was Eastwood then doing his spaghetti Westerns?

**REYNOLDS:** Yeah, he was. When I got to Italy, Clint was doing *For a Few Dollars More*. His salary had jumped from \$15,000 for *A Fistful of Dollars* to a fast \$150,000. Clint's director was named Sergio Leone, mine was named Sergio Corbucci, and if we somehow could've switched Sergios, the road up might've been a lot shorter for me. Corbucci felt he was in a contest with Leone, and I remember our first script conference. He said, "Listen, he killa five guys inna first five minoots; we gonna be more beeg. You gonna killa hundred guys first five minoots." He meant it, too. I remember saying, "Sergio, I've shot a guy, I've strangled a guy, I've garroted a guy, I've ripped a guy's balls off, I've pulled a guy's eyes out, I've torn a guy's nose off—I'm tired, Sergio. How many ways can I kill?" Corbucci got real quiet, and then his eyes lit up and he said, "Dynamite!" So the last five days of filming, I killed about 10,000 people in the movie with dynamite.

My costume was really terrific. Dino De Laurentiis was the producer and I don't know what I expected, but I know

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what I got. The wardrobe guy was a little old man who showed me a drawing of Indians at Plymouth Rock who were wearing long robes. He said only one word to me: "Indiano." His assistants then covered me with feathers until I looked like a float for the Rose Bowl parade. I'd go in every day and this little old man and his assistants would stick all those goddamn feathers on me and I'd complain that they were making me look ridiculous. And every day, he'd step back, look at me and say, "Indiano." Finally, after about a week of this, De Laurentiis came striding onto the set and when he did, I just went crazy. I started screaming and ripping all the feathers off until I was standing there with just my jockstrap on. Dino looked at me and said, "Perfecto!" And so I did that picture wearing a Japanese slingshot and a Natalie Wood fright wig.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you at least being paid well for it?

**REYNOLDS:** No, I was making terrible money and feeling miserable. I went on to do some more bad pictures and when I finished one called *Impasse*, I realized I'd come to an impasse in my career, so I told myself I'd better get back into TV.

**PLAYBOY:** Was that easier said than done?

**REYNOLDS:** No, I was hot as far as TV went, because *Hawk* had gotten great reviews and I'd done only movies since then. Quinn Martin was then the ace producer in television, so I went to see him with my agent, Dick Clayton, and told him, "Quinn, I'm picking you to work with, I'm not waiting for you to pick me. Get me a series." He said, "Great, the networks love you." I told him I'd play anything but a cop, because Quinn Martin's cops weren't exactly famous for having a sense of humor. Quinn thought about that for a second and then said, "Who's the highest-paid actor on television today?" I told him it probably had to be one of the guys on *Bonanza*, because their show had then been on the air for something like ten years. They had to be making anywhere from \$12,000 to \$20,000 a show. Martin said, "If you play a cop, I'll pay you whatever *they're* getting." Suddenly, it dawned on me that I'd always *wanted* to play a cop. I sold out completely and went to work on *Dan August*, which lasted 26 episodes. By the time it was finished, I was finally on my way, mostly because I'd kidded around for 12 nights in a row on *The Merv Griffin Show*. Everyone in Hollywood was sure I'd gone somewhere and had a personality transplant.

**PLAYBOY:** Why? Did people think you were a hard case?

**REYNOLDS:** Well, between *Hawk* and *Dan August*, I'd been playing characters who weren't exactly laugh-a-minute guys, and ever since my days in acting class in New

York, I'd had a reputation for being somebody who liked to fight.

**PLAYBOY:** Was that the truth?

**REYNOLDS:** When I first went to New York, yeah, that *was* true. I remember getting into beefs with actors, and fighting with drunks and panhandlers, and pulling cabdrivers out of their taxis, which was really no big deal, because cabdrivers aren't tough and aren't usually in shape, and I was. I would just about fight anybody at the drop of a hat, mainly because I didn't know that I could *lose*. I've since realized that not only can you lose a fight, you can also lose a lip, a nose, an eye or an ear. If I'd gotten beat up a few times, it would have straightened me right out, but that didn't happen.

**PLAYBOY:** What did?

**REYNOLDS:** Well, my fighting days pretty much came to an end after an incident that I'm not very proud of. I mean, it's just the kind of horror story that could happen to a jock asshole who thinks he's really tough, which was me when I first went to New York. I was then in acting class, and before classes, me and this

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*"I just went crazy. I started screaming and ripping all the feathers off until I was standing there with just my jockstrap on."*

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guy from California would sometimes have a couple of drinks in a place called the Theater Bar on 44th Street. I remember one afternoon when we ducked in there around 5:30 to get out of the rain. The Theater Bar was long and narrow, about the size of a stretcher, and on a rainy day, it would be real dark inside. The bar was on the left, and as I went to sit down, I passed a big, big guy with *huge* shoulders. I sat two stools away from him, my friend was on my right and I was drinking a beer and tomato juice when the big guy all of a sudden started saying, "Motherfucker . . . cocksucker . . . motherfucker." He was directing that to a young couple sitting at a table, so I turned to him and said, "Hey, there's a *woman* in here." Being from the South, I mean, in those days, it was not at all surprising for me to tell my friend, "Can you imagine that? The guy is drunk and is insulting that couple for no reason at all. If he says one word to me, I'm going to *naïl* him."

Well, right on cue, the guy turns to me and says, "Hey, asshole," and starts to reach for me. I remember looking down and planting my right foot on this


brass bar rail for leverage, and then I came around and caught him with a tremendous right to the side of the head. The punch made a ghastly sound and he just *flew* off the stool and landed on his back in the doorway, about 15 feet away. And it was while he was in mid-air that I saw . . . he had no legs. Well, there was dead silence in the bar, but then the bartender went right on shining glasses, the young couple went right on talking and no one would acknowledge what had just happened. The guy I hit, meanwhile, was like a turtle who'd been turned upside down, and he was making a noise like, "Eeaaahhh. Eeaaahhh." I had to get out of there. I stepped over him, looked down and said, "Sorry," and then saw his wheelchair folded up and tucked in next to the doorway. I then realized the reason for his enormous upper torso. My friend from California never talked to me after that, and to this day, whenever my name is mentioned, he says, "That Reynolds is just the *meanest* man I ever met."

**PLAYBOY:** Did that convince you to stop fighting?

**REYNOLDS:** No, but for years afterward, I got the shit kicked out of me because every time some guy would choose me out, I'd be checking to see if his legs were OK while he'd be pounding me into the earth. No, that's not true. Actually, I didn't get into a fight for a long time after that, but I still had that reputation years later. As I said, though, when I went on the Griffin show, everybody did a double take, and then my life changed very quickly. That's when Carson invited me on his show, and that's when I started seeing Dinah Shore.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you meet her?

**REYNOLDS:** That also came about as a result of the Griffin show: She'd seen me on it and thought I'd be good as a guest for *her* show. Her staff invited me to come on, but she taped during the daytime and I was still shooting the last few episodes of *Dan August*, so I couldn't make it. Besides that, I really didn't know what the hell I could do on her show, because I'm not a cook and it was a cooking show. But Dinah really wanted me to be a guest—and I don't want this to be confused with anything sexual, because that just wasn't the case. Anyway, it got to be a huge joke with her crew and producers, because every day they would tell her, "Burt Reynolds will be on tomorrow." Well, one afternoon her producers came over and told me this whole story about how they kept kidding her about me. They asked if I'd come to the show and hide in a closet on the set, and then, when Dinah opened the closet—on camera—I'd step out. I told them I'd do it, and also told them to build me a breakaway table and let Dinah do her cooking on it. Well, they sneaked me into the closet and after the show started, Dinah opened the closet for mustard



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or something and I popped out and we just immediately started laughing and giggling. The chemistry was terrific. And so, just before I made my exit, I said, "Will you come to Palm Springs with me this weekend?"

**PLAYBOY:** You propositioned her while the show was on the air?

**REYNOLDS:** Yes, and she was completely flustered by it. She started going, "Umm, uh . . . you're crazy . . . umm . . . no." I said, "Look, I'm going to ask you just one more time, and then that's it. I want you to know that. I mean, I don't want to make a fool of myself. Will you come to Palm Springs with me this weekend?" Dinah said no again, so I told her, "OK, that's it," and started walking off the set. When I got to the door, I turned around and shouted, "Then I'm going to kill myself!" and I ran and dove through the air and crashed on top of the table she was cooking on, and everything came down on me. Dinah didn't know it was a breakaway table, and she ran over and looked at me and thought I was absolutely insane. It turned out to be a terrific show. Afterward, I went backstage and talked with her for two hours, and, well, I thought she was incredible. She had a wonderful sense of humor, she seemed very kind and she was totally guileless, almost like a 12-year-old kid. That night, I went home to my lovely Japanese girlfriend knowing I wanted to take a run

at Dinah. And I thought to myself, Unlike any other relationship I've ever had with a woman, I'm not going to do what guys always do—sneak around or say, "Why don't we date other people for a while?" So that night I just told Miko, "Look, it's over."

**PLAYBOY:** Just like that?

**REYNOLDS:** Just like that—and we'd really been happy till then. But I was going to try to go out with Dinah. I really didn't know what would happen, but even if she shot me down in flames, I knew she was somebody special. But, really, I wasn't about to be rebuffed. I was going after her.

**PLAYBOY:** What was Miko's reaction?

**REYNOLDS:** There was not a tear in her eye. That was a long time before the Michelle Marvin case, but I remember telling Miko, "You've lived with me and it's not fair that you go away with nothing. What do you want?" The Oriental mind is fascinating. She looked at me and very straightforwardly said, "I want a car, preferably a convertible. I'd like an apartment in Malibu and some money, \$300 or \$400 a week, whatever you can afford." I really hadn't figured it that way. I thought maybe she'd settle for some record albums. But I said, "OK, I'll do it, but for how long?" Miko said it would take her a year to get settled and to find work—she was a beautiful Japanese actress and there aren't that

many parts for Japanese actresses here, so the whole thing made sense to me. I called my business manager and we made the necessary arrangements and I took care of her for a year. And at the end of that year, almost to the day, she married a very big man in the movie business and she's now a mother, and I hope she's really happy. Not to sound like a real putz, but, like most of the women I was with, I still love her. That doesn't mean I'd want to jump her bones, but if she called me right now and said, "I'm in trouble and I have to move out," she could move in and Sally would have to handle that. I still care about Miko, even though I haven't seen her in about seven years. At any rate, she left and then I started dating Dinah.

**PLAYBOY:** Was Dinah at all reluctant to get involved with you?

**REYNOLDS:** Yes, I think she was, and there was a lot of talk from a lot of people about, "Well, he's just going to date you until he gets hot, and then he'll dump you." Before we really started going together, I kind of courted her for a year, and in that year, she dated a lot of other people and so did I. I know that a lot of her friends told her, "You're totally out of your mind," and there was a tremendous amount of press bullshit about older woman-younger man, and it was so boring. I swear to God on my mother and father that I don't know or care



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how old she is, and I've *never* cared about that. I was born and raised in the South, and when I was very young, I realized that I had no racial prejudice about blacks, whites, yellows, reds and all that. And that feeling lapped over and left me with no prejudice about age. Dinah and I had to deal with the age stuff in the sense that we were constantly being asked about it, but I'd just say, "I don't know about that, and get out of here or ask another question, please."

**PLAYBOY:** Were you bothered by all the public interest in your romance?

**REYNOLDS:** I was, but Dinah wasn't. Her mail probably increased 50 times over when we started going together, and a lot of it was positive, but a lot of it wasn't. Dinah stopped reading negative things about herself a long time ago, and she tried to teach me to do it. I've finally learned how, but I couldn't do it at the time, and it would kill me. It didn't bother Dinah, though. She's a very strong, positive woman and she had more of an influence on me than anyone else in my entire life. Really, if I have any class at all, Dinah was the direct cause of it. I learned a lot from her.

**PLAYBOY:** Such as?

**REYNOLDS:** For one thing, she taught me how to control my temper—and if I didn't pick up on that completely, at least I learned how to take a negative and turn it into a positive, which you

can do. What I mean is, if someone thinks you're wonderful, there are no surprises; but if someone is negative toward you and you're able to win him over, he'll become your biggest fan and champion you to the end. Dinah turned out to be a lot more sophisticated than I'd thought—and I probably turned out to be a lot less sophisticated than *she* thought. She's totally unspoiled by her success, and always surprised me with her genuine interest in people. I can't even count how many planes we missed after someone in an airport would come up to Dinah and start talking to her. She'd be saying, "That's nice, that's so nice," and I'd be off to the side, mumbling, "Hey, we got a *plane* to catch." And when it came to any trouble, she was like a *rock*. Dinah used to constantly tell me that truth rises to the top like cream and that a lie dies and goes away, no matter what anybody says or writes about you. I doubted that until she proved it to me.

**PLAYBOY:** When did she do that?

**REYNOLDS:** When I was making *The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing*, and all the shit hit the fan with the Sarah Miles incident. We were filming in Gila Bend, Arizona, and this poor guy, David Whiting, who was a friend of Sarah's did himself in by taking, I don't know, maybe 50 Quaaludes. It seemed like every newspaper in the country was writing that it

was a love triangle, and for a while there, I thought I was going to be tried for manslaughter.

**PLAYBOY:** How close did you come to that?

**REYNOLDS:** *Too* close. What happened was that Sarah and this guy were staying in the motel the rest of us were in, and they had a fight the night before my birthday. There'd been a little party held earlier for me, and afterward, I came home and went to bed. Later on, Sarah knocked on my door and said, "He's gone crazy. We're having a fight. Can I stay here?" I went over to their room to talk to him, but he wasn't around, so I came back and said, "OK, you can stay here." Sarah stayed on one side of the room, I stayed on the other, and nothing happened between us. *Nothing*. Next morning she got up, went to the room and found him in the bathroom. We called the police and they found a slight cut on the back of his head, which he probably got when he fell down. All of a sudden, there was some thought that I'd hit him; maybe they thought I also stuck a tube in his mouth and blew all those Quaaludes down his throat. The medical evidence ruled out any questions about his death, but the press played the story up big.

**PLAYBOY:** Because you and Sarah spent the night in your room?

**REYNOLDS:** Yeah, that was the hook. And all during that period, my phone never

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stopped ringing, reporters were always knocking on my door, and if not for Dinah, Dick Clayton, my agent, and Dave Gershenson, my business manager, I might've gone totally insane. I mean, I almost *did* go out of my mind. Things got to the point where press guys would double up on me. A reporter would come up and ask, "Who you going to kill *this* week?" and his photographer would then get a shot of me trying to kill the reporter in order to prove I was a murderer. Right in the middle of all this, I was supposed to be a presenter at the Academy Awards, and I didn't want to go. I was sure there'd be thousands of people waiting outside to boo me, and I didn't want to subject myself to that. Dinah said, "You're going. Don't worry, they *know* it's a bunch of crap." For Dinah, that was strong language. She turned out to be right, too. When we drove up to the awards, I climbed out of the car and got the biggest ovation anyone received that night. I was amazed. That pretty much put an end to what had been the toughest period of my life.

**PLAYBOY:** Not long before that, you were in the news because of your centerfold in *Cosmopolitan*. A number of Hollywood observers feel that was the turning point in your career. Do you?

**REYNOLDS:** That always makes me smile and pisses me off, because it turned out not to be a brilliant move. The *Cosmo* thing made me a household word for two weeks or six weeks or whatever, but for years afterward, I never went anywhere without having guys say, "Oh, I didn't recognize you with your clothes on." or, "Let me pinch your ass." I must've heard those lines 5,000,000 times. As far as my career went, almost everyone in the movie business who was in a position to crush my acting career said, "He will be gone and forgotten in two years." They were incensed that people were paying \$60 a copy for *Cosmopolitan*, and that my name was mentioned five times on the Academy Awards show two weeks later, and that suddenly everybody was coming to me with offers to do pictures—not good pictures, schlock pictures. It was really odd, because everyone around me begged me not to do it and said it would ruin my career. But *Deliverance* had been shot and was about to be released, and I was sure that after people saw that film, no one would say that I couldn't act. Little did I know they'd still be saying it six years later.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you want to pose nude in the first place?

**REYNOLDS:** Just to be clear on this, the nudity amounted to a quarter of an inch of pubic hair showing. I figured it was a harmless thing to do, because I had total control—I could pick the picture and all the negatives would be burned. I wanted to do a take-off on *PLAYBOY*, because I thought the women of America should have a chance to stick something

in their husbands' ears after having to come home and look at all those silicone pinups in the den and garage.

**PLAYBOY:** If you're referring to the Playmates, you're wrong about the silicone.

**REYNOLDS:** A mere slip of the tongue. Anyway, I was the one who wanted the whole thing laid out like a *PLAYBOY* Playmate story. Behind the centerfold, I wanted to be shown pushing a shopping cart and saying, "My favorite colors are blue and pink and yellow," and, "I'm looking forward to becoming an actress." I didn't want there to be *any* doubt that it was a take-off on *PLAYBOY*. But the thing backfired on a lot of levels. Women's libbers said it was chauvinistic, and I thought it was probably the most un-chauvinistic move ever made. A *lot* of shit came down. Looking back on it now, everybody says, "What a brilliant move. PR-wise, it thrust you into the limelight." Bullshit. Bullshit!

**PLAYBOY:** Are you denying that the *Cosmopolitan* centerfold got the country talking about you?

**REYNOLDS:** Of course people were talking about me, but let's be honest here: If

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*"If I was trying to prove my sexual prowess, why would I take a picture with my hand covering everything I had?—and I have small hands."*

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Jimmy Brown had been the first actor to pose nude, do you think Jimmy Brown would now be the hottest actor in town? If John Davidson had been the first guy to do it, do you think *he'd* be the hottest actor in town now? Brown and Davidson posed nude, but nobody remembers that. George Maharis was in *Playgirl*, standing next to a horse with his cock out, if you want to talk about ego. *He* didn't become the hottest actor in town, either. Because I was the first guy to do it, everyone says, "That's the reason you got hot." Hasn't anybody stopped to think that there were lots of magazines out showing guys with OK cocks? Why do you think there was such incredible interest in *that* one? The reason is because I was *already* hot! [*Angrily*] *That's* the reason at least 4,000,000 copies of the *Cosmo* centerfold were bootlegged and sold! I've seen that thing on sheets, pillowcases, key chains, floor mats and wallpaper in Hong Kong, London, Belgium, Germany and France! Do you know how much money I was offered to sell the rights to that thing? I could have made about \$4,000,000 off it, but if

I had, I wouldn't be able to look you in the eye now and I wouldn't be able to say I did it for *nothing*!

**PLAYBOY:** Why are you shouting?

**REYNOLDS:** You can't say, "He answered loudly." You can only say, "We asked, and he answered." I read a *Playboy* *Interview* last night! You can't say I yelled! Wonderful: I just said I yelled. [*Begins laughing.*] This is when I know I need to eat. I need to eat when I start yelling.

**PLAYBOY:** You ate a plate of cheese ten minutes ago.

**REYNOLDS:** I need to eat some more.

**PLAYBOY:** Before you do, finish your point: Why do you think you were a hot commodity before the *Cosmopolitan* centerfold was published?

**REYNOLDS:** I believe that the reason that *Cosmo* thing was bootlegged all over the world—after the magazine sold out in, like, three and a half hours—is because a lot of ladies were interested in that particular guy. There wouldn't have *been* any impact if it had been anybody else. Well, maybe Gregory Peck. The point is, by the time the *Cosmo* centerfold came out, I was already hosting *The Tonight Show*, and I'd gotten the biggest numbers of any guest host in the history of the show. I'm tellin' you, I was hotter than a burnin' tree *before* it came out, and when it did, I worked my ass off to play it down. In fact, the night that issue hit the stands, I hosted *The Tonight Show* and my entire monolog was spent doing Don Rickles lines about my body. I said that if I was trying to prove my sexual prowess, why would I take a picture with my hand covering everything I had?—and I have small hands. Every joke you ever heard about it, I did it first. I really *did* think my little take-off on *PLAYBOY* would be greeted with laughter; but, instead, I got thousands and thousands of letters saying it was filthy, the Catholic Church came down on me, my dad and mother had to put up with a lot of stuff, and I am very, very certain that if not for the centerfold, I would have been nominated for an Academy Award for my work in *Deliverance*. Which is why, if I had to do it again, I would *not* do it again. It did have a lot of impact, but the negative side of it far overshadowed the plus side, and there are still a lot of people out there who'll never forgive me for doing it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you really care what the New York critics think?

**REYNOLDS:** People who read the *New York Times* movie reviews do. Let me tell you something: *Deliverance* was my big break, it was my deliverance out of shit. Before it came out, I was a canceled television actor who'd made a lot of bad movies. Well, the *Times* review referred back to the *Cosmopolitan* centerfold, and it wasn't the only newspaper to do that. So I hope you understand why I feel I never had to live up to that

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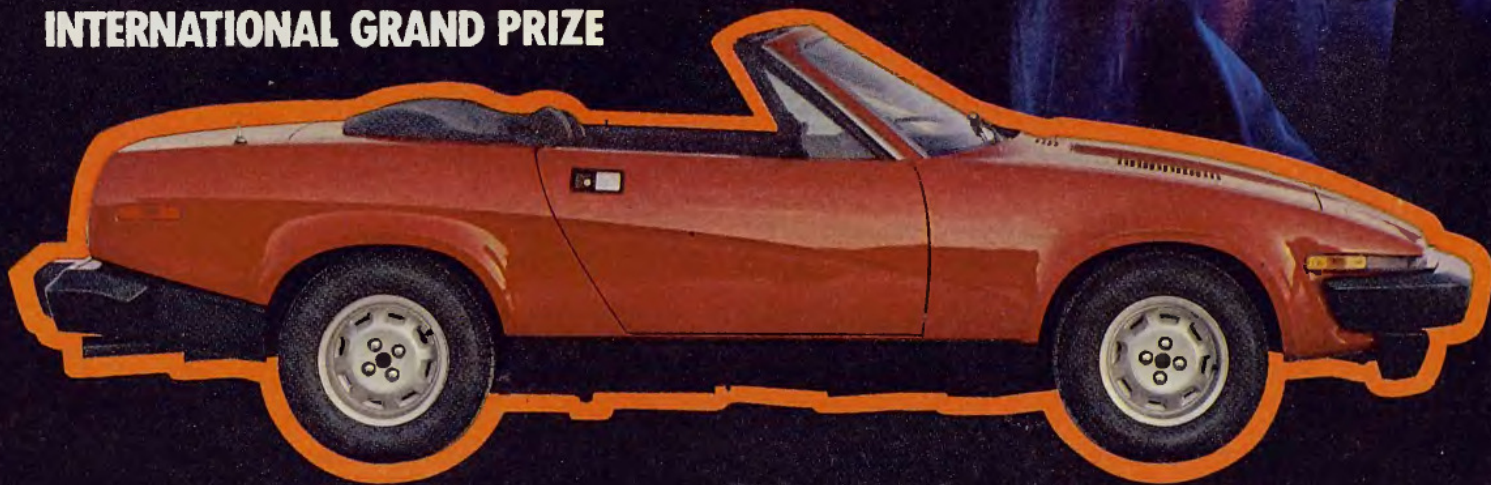
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*Cosmo* thing; I've had to live it down.

**PLAYBOY:** Is life as the screen's leading male sex symbol all that repugnant?

**REYNOLDS:** It can be if you want to be known as an actor. I once told Pauline Kael, "You know, until I go bald, you're never gonna give me a good review." I told her that after I'd had \$8000 worth of hair transplants. She later implied in an article that I wouldn't become a real actor until I took my hairpiece off. All my favorite actors—James Stewart, Gary Cooper, Bogey—wore hairpieces, but nobody mentioned it in those days, I guess because they were real actors. What's interesting is that if you say so-and-so wears a hairpiece, people will go, "Oh, my God"; but the moment you have a transplant and it becomes permanent, it's no longer talked about.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that why you got a hair transplant?

**REYNOLDS:** No, I just didn't want to bother anymore with the glue and all that shit. I'd be lying to you if I said I did it because I was a movie actor, even though it helps in my work. I did it because I wanted to look better.

**PLAYBOY:** How long did you wear a hairpiece?

**REYNOLDS:** For about three years. I was really under the illusion that people didn't know about it because a lot of hairpieces look like golf divots, but mine didn't. One night, though, I was out with a Dallas Cowboys cheerleader and she was terrific, and we liked each other a lot. We were riding along, when all of a sudden she turned to me and said, "What about your hair?" I asked her what she meant and she said, "Well, is it going to come off tonight?" I thought that was a great line and I told her, "It's definitely coming off, and you can *take* it off." After that, whatever lady I was with, I'd say, "Let's not get to the point where you're afraid to stick your hands in my hair. Let's just get rid of that right away. We'll have a nice shower and I'll fluff up what I have, and then you can just pull it or do whatever you want to with it."

**PLAYBOY:** Were you bald?

**REYNOLDS:** No, but I'd have to comb my hair straight down, and it got to a point where I'd spend two hours fooling around with it, whereas I could put on a piece in 15 minutes. Without the piece, I had a very stark look, which I didn't think was good for comedy. I did *Deliverance* without the piece, and sometimes I'd go to parties without it and nobody would notice the difference. And if anybody had offered me a role in which I aged, I'd have taken the lid off. Now I'll have to either have it dyed white or surgically removed.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you ever in situations in which women *were* turned off by your hairpiece?

**REYNOLDS:** Not one. I've never known a woman who hasn't said to me, "Well,

you look better without it." Which is a total lie. It's like telling a girl who has tiny breasts that she doesn't need a breast operation when you really know that you *desperately* want her to have a breast operation. Instead, I'd say, "You look terrific, I *like* tiny things there. What can you do with big breasts? After six or seven hours of playing with them, a guy gets bored."

**PLAYBOY:** When were you dispensing such helpful advice? After your breakup with Dinah Shore?

**REYNOLDS:** Yes, and I was really having a very tough time, because I wanted to be with her but I couldn't be, because I had to sever the relationship. I don't know what the dark side of the moon was for Dinah in terms of our relationship, but for me it just got to the point where I knew it was eventually going to end. And before it got to where I was running around on her, well, I didn't want it to *ever* get to that point, because I respect her. We were constantly together for almost four years, and afterward, I didn't get involved with another woman for a long time. I just did what

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*"The temptation to call  
Dinah was so great that  
it was either that or my  
form of alcohol and dope—  
women. So I'd just  
burn out."*

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every guy does: I went through a series of burnouts.

**PLAYBOY:** Meaning what?

**REYNOLDS:** There was a period when I just remember amyl nitrite being shoved up my nose and strange faces and being in pain. Not to get real psychological about it, but it was like I was looking for someone to kick the shit out of me for leaving a terrific situation. The temptation to pick up the phone and call Dinah was so great that it was either that or *my* form of alcohol and dope—women. And so I'd just burn myself out, and in any direction.

**PLAYBOY:** You'd done that kind of thing after your marriage to Judy Carne broke up. Did it get old the second time around?

**REYNOLDS:** If you mean the craziness, yeah, it not only got old, it had to get crazier. It got to the point of trying to figure out new ways of abusing myself with women, and I was relentless. I was also lucky, because I have fairly good taste and I met some pretty terrific ladies. I was with one girl who's very well known now, and I gave her that famous I'll-call-you line. Well, three or

four years later, I was going to do a picture with her and I'd completely forgotten that she was one of those ladies. So I called her up and said, "Hey, we're going to do a picture together, isn't that gonna be terrific?" And she said, "Are you just now returning that call? I mean, is this that call?"

**PLAYBOY:** That sounds as though it could have been Jill Clayburgh.

**REYNOLDS:** Yeah, and I said, "*What* call?" And Jill said, "Remember, you said, 'I'll call you?'" That's a terrific lady, and I met a lot of terrific ladies during that period. The message I sent out was, "This is totally hopeless, and I want you to know that. *Whatever* happens between us right now is going to be totally hopeless; but if it's OK, let's just go ahead and take it as far as it will go, and if that's only 24 hours or a week, it's fine with me." With me at the time was a guy who's now a born-again Christian, and I think I put him there. He was like the head scout. We'd check into wherever I had to go, and he'd head 'em out and round 'em up and it was *frightening*.

**PLAYBOY:** You had a guy *pimping* for you?

**REYNOLDS:** It wasn't pimping in the sense of "Hey, would you like to meet Burt Reynolds?" It really *wasn't* that kind of slimy shit, which I hate. It was done in a civilized way, and no woman was ever approached dishonestly. He'd say something like, "Here's the situation: My friend, Burt Reynolds, is in my room and he's crazy and he wants to jump your bones. There'll be some giggles and laughs, but if you get there and decide you're not interested or he's not interested or it's just not going to happen, nobody's going to be angry."

Things got even crazier than that. I remember doing a telethon in Buffalo and about four in the morning, I got a telephone call from a girl who said, "I want to sit on your face." I was looking right into the camera and said, "How much would you like to give?" She said, "Everything, you stupid bastard." And it just got so lewd it was incredible. I was saying things like, "What are we talking about here?" and she'd answer and her voice sounded really terrific, and then another girl got on the phone and I realized it was a definite sister act, which interested me a lot at the time. So I said, "Well, we can certainly work this out. Two-forty-nine, huh?" That was my hotel-room number, and the guy running the telethon then said, "Two hundred and forty-nine dollars, a wonderful contribution," and I said, "No, two dollars and forty-nine cents." When I went back to my room at six A.M., there were these two girls whom I named Franny and Zoey, and they've been friends of mine ever since. Every once in a while, I'll get a note from them and other women I met during that period, and it's always

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nice and they don't seem to remember anything terrible, so I must have been a gentleman.

**PLAYBOY:** That's not at issue here.

**REYNOLDS:** It really is; "gentle man" is the issue, because what happened was dangerous, not in terms of the pimping situation but in terms of how it could come back on me. If you don't have the right lady, it can be very dangerous.

**PLAYBOY:** In what way?

**REYNOLDS:** Oh, there are stories that can be written and sold, false paternity suits that can be started—there're 100 different ways they could have burned me. They didn't, because those ladies all were terrific. But if they'd wanted to, they could have nailed me to the cross.

**PLAYBOY:** At some point, did you think you were doing a pretty good job of that by yourself?

**REYNOLDS:** At that time, no, never, but in retrospect, yes. I discovered there's something terribly selfish about me and that, like all men, I want to have my cake and eat it, too. Nothing would please me more than to visit all those women periodically and have a relationship with them and then go on my merry way; but it doesn't work that way. The damage you do to yourself is that you get to a point where you don't have a particularly high opinion of yourself, which is not good. And you lose out sharing wonderful moments with people. For example, not too long ago, Sally and I went down to the river where *Deliverance* was filmed, and we shot the rapids together. The guides who took us down were like 17-year-old kids who were in super shape, and I'm 43 now, but at one point, I took the canoe to see if I could still shoot one myself, and they were betting I'd turn the canoe over. It might have been pure luck, but I didn't turn it over; I shot the rapids by myself, and Sally applauded and it was like Tom Sawyer walking on a picket fence for his lady. If you don't have somebody you care about that much, you can go down those rivers and the girl's gone the next day or you're gone the next day and it hasn't meant anything. It's like a sunset that never happened.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you get tired of playing around?

**REYNOLDS:** It was after my friend decided to become a born-again Christian. There came a time when I thought, I'm not happy doing this. You know, in order to be proficient as a cocksman, you have to have no guilt at all. And you can't look back—*ever*. A lot of the cocksman I know have a portion of themselves that's dead. Obviously, not the portion that's between their legs; it's usually a part of their brain that's dead, and the same thing holds true for women who are like that. It's a double-edged sword: Once you arrive at the point where you're not going to be hurt anymore,

where you're only going to hurt other people, you can't experience great joy.

**PLAYBOY:** But while you were consuming women like a kid in a candy store, weren't you experiencing joy?

**REYNOLDS:** Yeah, but, as I told you, I was *crazy*. I wanted to have this *style*. I wanted to have an affair with the 6'2" waitress in the cocktail lounge and I also wanted her to be my friend and to call her from time to time and say, "How ya doing? You got married? Terrific." I was able to bring it off, but it took a *lot* of effort.

**PLAYBOY:** No one ever said it would be easy, Burt.

**REYNOLDS:** [Laughing] No, it *wasn't* easy. You know, there're certain people you hear about who were involved with lots and lots of women and you somehow wind up thinking, Yeah, but I'll bet he never treated them with disrespect, I bet he was always a gentleman. I feel that way about Jack Kennedy, even though every ten minutes another woman gets up and says, "We had an affair and he told me he was going to marry me." And then there are other guys you hear about doing the same thing and you think,

---

*"A lot of the cocksman I  
know have a portion of  
themselves that's dead.  
Obviously, not the portion  
that's between their legs; it's  
a part of their brain."*

---

That asshole, somebody ought to just take him and blow him away, he's going to ruin the life of every woman he has contact with.

**PLAYBOY:** We assume you felt you were closer to the J.F.K. model.

**REYNOLDS:** To be honest with you, I really thought I *was* Jack Kennedy. I had that picture of myself, and I thought people would say, "Gee, he's a nice fella." But, finally, there comes a time when you start analyzing yourself and you say, "You're a jerk." And you then come to the realization that a one-to-one relationship is more fun. It took me a year and a half after Dinah to get there, and for the last six months of that, I was almost celibate. A definite record.

**PLAYBOY:** And a definite surprise. Why did you suddenly stay away from women?

**REYNOLDS:** I don't know, I just didn't have any interest. Part of the reason is that I was directing my first film, *Gator*. The only girl who interested me during that period was Lucie Arnaz, who's finally happening, as she should have by now. But there was nobody else at that time.

**PLAYBOY:** During that period, you were supposedly going with any number of women, including Chris Evert. That wasn't the case?

**REYNOLDS:** No, it was bullshit. If I was photographed with a woman, it was automatically assumed I was having an affair with her. I *was* seen several times with Chris Evert, because she and I are good friends. Being a jock, I was fascinated by her philosophy of winning and her incredible ability under pressure and the way she handled the press. I mean, she is not an "ice maiden" or anything like that, she just prefers her privacy. And I had great admiration for her incredible loyalty to Jimmy Connors, because while everyone was telling her he was a total jerk, she just refused to believe it and convinced me that he wasn't. The way he acts on court must not have anything to do with the way he is off the court, because I know Chris, and if she thinks he's special, then he is, because she's *really* special. I just wanted to know her—but not physically, I didn't want to jump her bones. I wanted to get inside her head. On court, Chris is supercool, but when you get her away from there and when she trusts you, you find she's a real woman who has strong opinions and who is fascinated by everything, not just tennis.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you at all ticked off when your friendship was treated with titillation in newspaper sports sections throughout the country?

**REYNOLDS:** Oh, I think sportswriters can be far more cruel than even gossip columnists. I remember that when I was doing *Semi-Tough*, the *Los Angeles Times* sports section ran a story saying that I was using a double in the movie and implying that I'm a tiny little guy who never played football. Now, I never went around saying I *did* play football, 'cause when I talked about *Semi-Tough* on television, I would tell stories such as going up to Too-Tall Jones and telling him, "Think of me as Shirley Temple." But nobody bothered to check it out. I mean, I *wasn't* a dance major at Florida State, and I *didn't* hand out jockstraps, and I *didn't* dream anything up about my background. I was a blue-chip high school halfback, and I played major college football. I was *very* angry about that, but some of it probably had to do with being sick at the time. When I was supposed to start *Semi-Tough*, I weighed 164 pounds, which is really low for me. I prevailed on Michael Ritchie, the director, to postpone the movie for a month while I went home and tried to gain 20 pounds and tried to find out what was wrong with me. I was sure I was dying.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the matter with you?

**REYNOLDS:** When it was finally diagnosed, it turned out that I had the worst case of low blood sugar the doctor had ever seen. But until that happened, well, it was scary. For more than a year, I'd been

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fainting, throwing up all the time, having trouble breathing and getting a rapid heartbeat that felt like my heart was about to pop out of my chest. It started when I was making *Nickelodeon*. I was falling down a lot, so I asked the director, Peter Bogdanovich, if he could shoot around me for a couple of weeks. He said sure, he'd use Hal Needham to double me in a couple of scenes, and I went off to a bunch of doctors who said I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. What really pissed me off was that Peter didn't tell me that the producers collected insurance on me for two weeks, even though he did not shut down the production. [Bogdanovich says that as far as he knows, no insurance was collected on Reynolds—*Ed.*] I'd have gone on working if I'd known that they were planning to collect insurance on me. I've never shut down a company.

**PLAYBOY:** Once it has paid a claim because you don't work, for whatever reason, an insurance company won't cover you again, right? Is that a black mark for an actor?

**REYNOLDS:** It's a big black mark, because if producers can't insure you, you won't work, which is why Orson Welles, for example, isn't cast in major roles anymore. I didn't find out I wasn't insurable until I got ready to make my next picture. I was very pissed off at Peter, and I was also determined to prove there was nothing wrong with me, even if I was still fainting all over the place. So I had a meeting with the insurance people, and found out they felt there was something wrong with my heart. I asked 'em what the ultimate test was for heart problems and they said there's only one sure test, catheterization. Very nice: They stick a tube in your arm and up to your heart and they televise it. I said, "OK, assholes, I'll go to the hospital and have one of those." One guy told me, "Look, you're not a young man anymore and this is a terribly dangerous test. It can kill you." Well, I took the test and even though everything looked perfect, the doctors didn't want me to leave without doing something for me. So they gave me a lot of stuff that slowed my heartbeat down and left me taw . . . king . . . like . . . a . . . zommm . . . bie.

**PLAYBOY:** Why weren't they able to discover that you had hypoglycemia?

**REYNOLDS:** They didn't give me the six-hour low-blood-sugar test, just the four-hour variety. And because they didn't give me the six-hour test, I went right back to doing the things that made me sick: drinking—booze turns to sugar very quickly in the body—and eating things like apple pie for energy, which would put me right out. I'd go to sleep early, and the next thing I'd know, somebody would be poking me and it would be time to go to work, and I'd feel like I was coming out of a faint. It continued like

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that when I made *Smokey*, except by then I was taking massive doses of Valium—at least 60 milligrams a day—to keep my heartbeat down. And when that didn't work, I also started eating Secodals as if they were candy.

**PLAYBOY:** Weren't you at all worried about overdosing?

**REYNOLDS:** I didn't really think about O.D.ing. I just thought, If I don't stop my heart from beating so fast, it's going to *explode*. If I can just make it through this movie and *then* die, at least I'll have one more in the can. Great thinking. After *Smokey*, I had three days before starting *Semi-Tough*, and then I caught a break that seemed like a miracle. There were all kinds of problems getting permission to film in the Cotton Bowl, and that's when I prevailed on Ritchie to delay the picture a month.

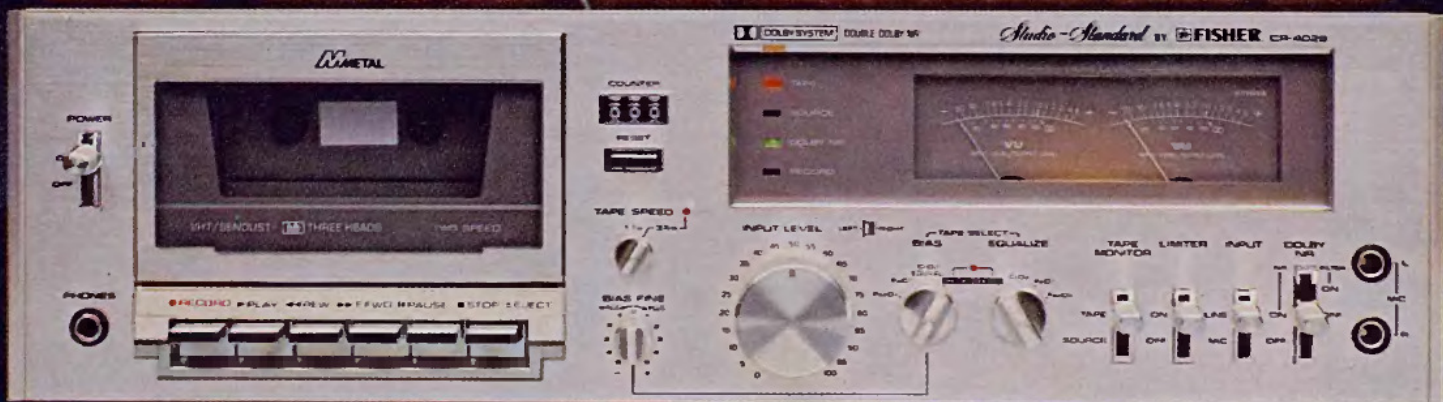
I went home to West Palm Beach and found a doctor who gave me the six-hour low-blood-sugar test—they take a little blood from you every 15 minutes for six hours—and the next day, he told me I had a really *bad* case of hypoglycemia. He said it would take me two years to recover fully, and he was right. For the first year, I had to eat something every 30 minutes. I took B<sub>12</sub> shots every day and I took antinausea pills every six hours, which usually meant setting the alarm every night for four A.M. I still can't drink or have anything sweet, and I also found out that marijuana was out, because if you smoke a joint, afterward you want something sweet, like a brownie or a cookie. I almost thought I'd join the Mormon Church and become an Osmond brother. I'd be the dirty Osmond, because with hypoglycemia, you have to give up just about everything *but* sex. Anyway, that chapter in my life is finally closed, and I can go on to bigger and better things.

**PLAYBOY:** Apparently, one of the biggest and best things in your life right now is your relationship with Sally Field. We'd be remiss if we didn't ask the question most often heard about you two: Are you planning to get married?

**REYNOLDS:** I really don't know. In fact, I don't really know if the two of us will be together by the time this interview is published, because we've arrived at a point in our relationship where Sally, I think, has made a decision that I have to make a move one way or the other. And this is usually the point where I take flight.

Sally has two children, and I've been making a very conscious effort to find out whether or not I can handle being a father. For all my talk about how much I want to have children, to have a ready-made family thrust on you, one where the children will never bear your name, well, it's a very unselfish thing to do. You set yourself up for taking care of them, and for sending them to college, and for getting them out of

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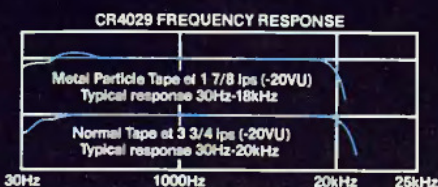


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jams, and for loving them and for having to discipline them, and for having them turn around to you and say, "You're not my father. How dare you say that to me?" You're dealing yourself in for a lot of pain, but hopefully, there will also be times when they come up and put their arms around me and it'll be wonderful and worth everything. Sally's got two boys, a nine-year-old and a six-year-old, and I really adore both of them, and I think they like me. But it's a major, major decision, and I don't want to be wrong. I don't want to screw up their lives, and I don't want to get married and not be able to make it work.

**PLAYBOY:** What makes you think it *wouldn't* work?

**REYNOLDS:** Well, Sally is a very strong woman; she's career-minded and she's not an easy lady to live with. And I'm not an easy *man* to live with. But the positive things about us are really there: I've been with Sally for three years, and it's been wonderful, and I love being with her in *any* situation, good, bad or indifferent. I just like being around her.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**REYNOLDS:** Because she's tough, she's gritty, she's got a great sense of humor and she gets prettier every day—and other people have seen that, too, not just me. I mean, *pow*, she's just blossomed. And she's also blossomed as an actress; Sally has gone from being a television actress to being in a league with Jane Fonda and Jill Clayburgh, and the same thing's happened to her as a woman. I *saw* it happen. I was there at the time, and it's exciting to be there when that happens to a woman.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you two connect in the first place?

**REYNOLDS:** Well, I'd always loved her work—starting with *The Flying Nun* and then in TV movies—and when we decided to do *Smokey*, I wanted her in it. At that point, Sally hadn't worked for some time, because, unlike me, she will absolutely starve rather than do something she doesn't want to do. And she didn't want to do *Smokey*, but I literally laughed her into the part. We'd never met, so I called her up and told her a bunch of dumb jokes and really got her laughing. I told her Lionel Barrymore could play my part, because we'd never get out of that car. I said, "What have you got to lose? Big deal, so you have to work with the biggest box-office star in the world, that's not such a bad thing. And we'll have fun. We'll drive around and you'll get to see great places like Waycross, Georgia." Sally got the giggles, and I think she kind of liked this crazy guy who was calling her.

**PLAYBOY:** Did she immediately agree to do the picture?

**REYNOLDS:** No. She said, "I don't want to be in that silly thing." I said, "Trust me. We'll make it funny, and we'll make it work." And, of course, we did. I final-

ly met her face to face in Atlanta the night before we started shooting. I called up and said, "I think it's silly for us to meet on the set. Let's go out and have a drink or something and get to know each other a little bit before we start working together." So we went out and, well, that was *it*. I told Sally something very corny that night. I said, "I just want to warn you right now: I think I'm ready to fall in love." She laughed, but I wasn't kidding. And, since then, the relationship has just grown and grown and gotten better and better.

**PLAYBOY:** How instrumental do you think you've been in her career?

**REYNOLDS:** Well, we made three movies together and I do give her career advice. For instance, I asked Sally to get a better business manager and she did, and I asked her to get a big agent, even though she had a really nice lady agent who was loyal to her and all that. But Sally had to move into another area, and she's now with the William Morris Agency, which handles the world. But I also pushed her into a drastic mistake: After she made *Norma Rae*, I told her, "You

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*"Sally's not an easy lady to live with. And I'm not an easy man to live with. But I've been with Sally three years, and it's been wonderful."*

---

should do a commercial picture now, so that you can say not only are you an artistic success, you're also a commercial success." Sally's very stubborn about her career and she really didn't want to do that kind of thing, but I convinced her to do it. She got a lot of money for *Beyond the Poseidon Adventure*—and it turned out to be the worst acting experience of her life. She absolutely hated every minute of it. I don't know how the picture's going to turn out, but I suspect that it won't be very good. As far as *Norma Rae* goes, Sally would have done that regardless of what I thought, but I remember my reaction when I read the script. I turned to her and said, in my best Academy Award presenter's voice, "The envelope, *please*." There's no way she won't get nominated.

**PLAYBOY:** You've mentioned the Academy Awards a number of times in the course of this interview. Is winning an Oscar really important to you?

**REYNOLDS:** Only in the sense that it's in my plan and that everything else I've set out to do, I've done.

**PLAYBOY:** You think all your fantasies can come true?

**REYNOLDS:** They've *all* come true, every one of them. But none of them has been easy. For instance, I had a fantasy about playing pro football, and until I banged up my knee at Florida State, I was sure I *would* play pro ball. Well, that fantasy was eventually fulfilled, because I got paid for playing football in *The Longest Yard* and *Semi-Tough*. So now I have my touchdown in the last two seconds of the Super Bowl, and it thrills people almost as much as if they were watching films of Gale Sayers. I know there isn't the same awesome respect there that Gale Sayers gets as an athlete, but there is in terms of thrills.

I'll tell you something else, and nobody will believe this, but it's true: I never doubted that I was going to happen, and that I was going to happen in this magnitude. And I know right now that a lot bigger things are going to happen for me. As an actor, I haven't even scratched the surface of where I'm going, and now that directors like Marty Ritt and Sidney Lumet and Francis Coppola are coming toward me, I'm even more certain I'll get there. I'll even give you a date: Within five years, I'll have accomplished what I want to as an actor. I will have gotten *the script*—my *Cuckoo's Nest*—and after that, I'll move into directing, producing and writing.

**PLAYBOY:** And by then you'll have won an Academy Award?

**REYNOLDS:** I'd give such a terrifically hysterical speech it would almost be a shame to deprive me of that moment. And, yes, I do think that moment will come. There's only one thing I think could stop it from happening. I hate to sound like a melodramatic *putz*, but I have a fear that something's going to happen to me—that I may die—before my best work is done. I don't care what happens after it's done, but I want the chance to do it. And then maybe I can complete the rest of my fantasy.

**PLAYBOY:** Which is?

**REYNOLDS:** Cary Grant once said to me [*imitating Grant*], "Burty, Burty, Burty, when it stops being fun, just walk away." Well, the old Jimmy Cagney idea of just walking away appeals to me. And when I do, I'd like to be able to one day tell my children, adopted children, whatever, that in 1979 I was the number-one box-office star in the world, and it would also be nice to be a little part of history by having an Academy Award. Of course, I'd have to make sure they were interested in hearing about it, because I've always known that the biggest sin of all is to be boring. You can kill, you can maim and you can even hurt people, but to be boring is truly a sin. And God will punish you for that.

V.O.

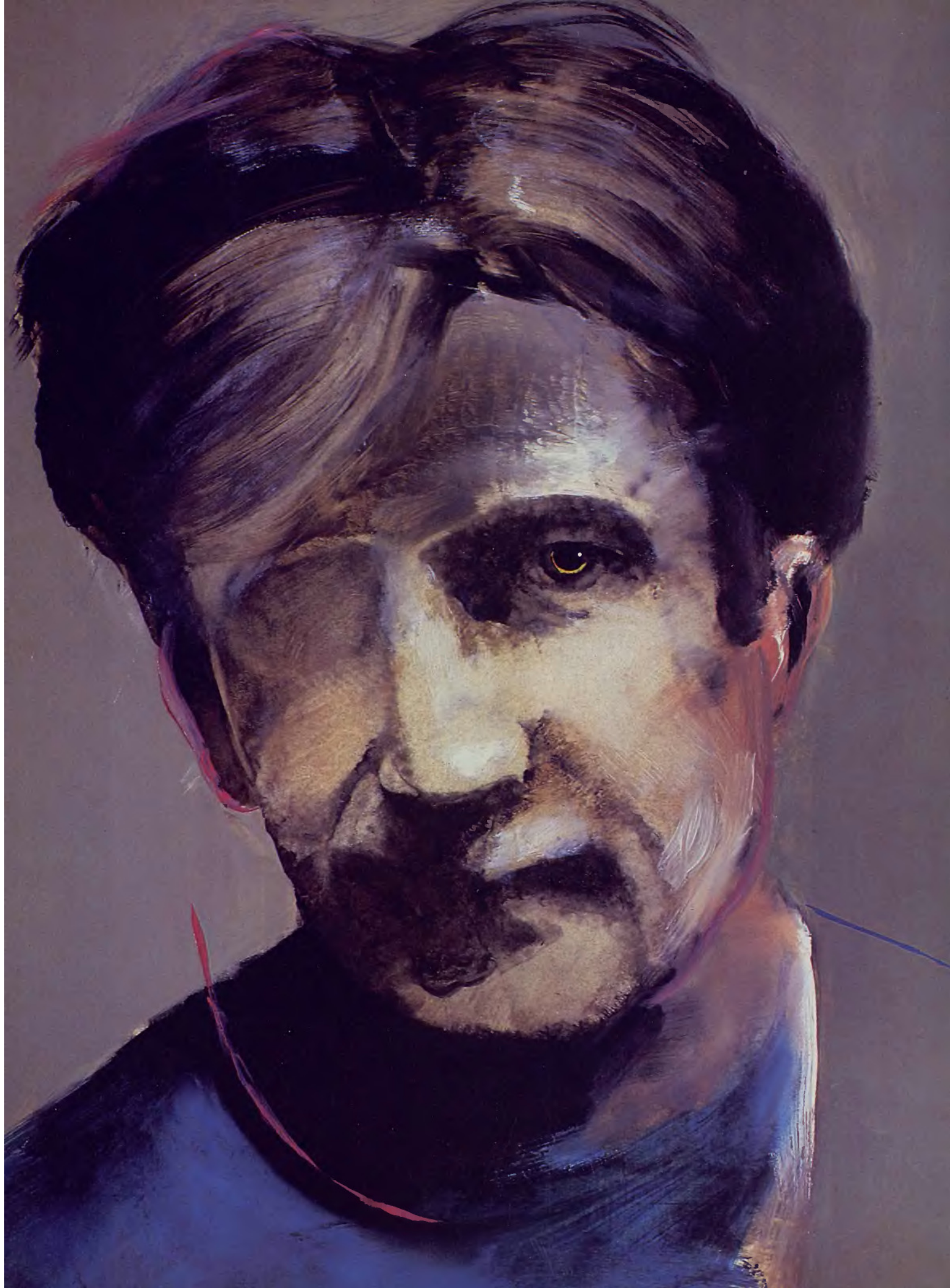
Some people set their sights higher than others.

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part one of  
a stunning new work

# THE EXECUTIONER'S SONG

By NORMAN MAILER

*you remember how gary gilmore died. now here's the tale of how he lived...and the story of the people whose lives he changed*

*With this issue, we celebrate a special publishing event—Norman Mailer's account of the life and death of Gary Gilmore. It's hard to think of another piece of writing that so thoroughly taps the iciness in the phrase cold-blooded—or conveys the frustration in the word misfit. We'll be publishing "The Executioner's Song" in three installments, and we think that after you've read them, you'll agree: Mailer has accomplished something rare—a portrait of depth and complexity rendered in a simple broad idiom perfectly befitting the characters and their time. We think it's a masterpiece. —The Editors*

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL ARISMAN

**B**RENDA WAS SIX when she fell out of the apple tree. She climbed to the top and the limb with the good apples broke off. Gary caught her as the branch came scraping down. They felt scared. The apple trees were their grandmother's best crop and it was forbidden to climb in the orchard. She helped him drag away the tree limb and they hoped no one would notice. That was Brenda's earliest recollection of Gary.

She was six and he was seven and she thought he was swell. He might be rough with the other kids but never with her. When the family used to come out to Grandpa Brown's farm on Decoration Day or Thanksgiving, Brenda would only play with the boys. Later, she remembered those parties as peaceful and warm. There were no raised voices, no cussing, just a good family get-together. She remembered liking Gary so well she would not bother to see who else was there—Hi, Grandma, can I have a cookie?—come on, Gary, let's go.

Right outside the door was a lot of open space. Beyond the back yard were orchards and fields and then the mountains. A dirt road went past the house and up the slope of the valley into the canyon.

Gary was kind of quiet. There was one reason they got along. Brenda was always gabbing and he was a good listener. They had a lot of fun. Even at that age, he was real polite. If you got into trouble, he'd come back and help you out.

Then Gary and his folks moved to Seattle. Brenda didn't see any more of him for a long time. Her next memory of Gary was not until she was 13. Her mother, Ida, told her that Aunt Bessie had called from Portland and was in a very blue mood. Gary had been put in reform school. So Brenda wrote him a letter, and Gary sent an answer all the way back from Oregon and said he felt bad putting his family through what he did.

On the other hand, he sure didn't like it in reform school. His dream when he came out, he wrote, was to be a mobster and push people around. He also said Gary Cooper was his favorite movie star.

Now, Gary was the kind of boy who would not send a second letter until he received your reply. Years could go by, but he wasn't going to write if you hadn't answered his last. Since Brenda, before long, was married—she was 16 and thought she couldn't live without a certain guy—her correspondence lapsed. She might mail a letter from time to time, but Gary didn't really get back

into Brenda's life until a couple of years ago, when Aunt Bessie called again. She was still upset about Gary. He had been sent from Oregon State Penitentiary to Marion, Illinois, and that, Bessie informed Ida, was the place they built to replace Alcatraz. She was not accustomed to thinking of her son as a dangerous criminal who could be kept only in a maximum-security prison.

Brenda started writing to Gary once more. Before long, they were into quite a correspondence. Gary's intelligence was really coming through. He hadn't reached high school before they put him in the reformatory, so he must have done a lot of reading in prison to get this much education together. He certainly knew how to use big words.

On the other hand, he was bitter. Gary liked to remark that having been in prison so long, he felt more like the victim than the man who did the deed. Of course, he did not deny having committed a crime or two.

Yet after a year or more, Brenda noticed a change. Gary no longer seemed to feel he would never get out of jail. His correspondence became more hopeful. Brenda said to her husband, Johnny, one day, I think Gary's ready.

She had gotten into the habit of reading his letters aloud to Johnny, and to her mother and father and sister. Sometimes after discussing those letters, her

parents, Vern and Ida, would feel full of concern, and her sister, Toni, often spoke of how much Gary's artwork impressed her. There was so much sorrow in the drawings. Children with great big sad eyes.

Once Brenda asked, "How does it feel to live in your country club out there? Just what kind of world do you live in?"

He had written back, *I don't think there's any way to adequately describe this sort of life to anyone that's never experienced it. I mean, it would be totally alien to you and your way of thinking, Brenda. It's like another planet*—which words, in her living room, offered visions of the moon.

Sitting around the Christmas tree, they wondered if Gary might be with them next year. He had already asked Brenda to sponsor his parole and she had replied, "If you screw up, I'll be the first against you."

Still, the family was more in favor than not. Toni, who had never written him a line, offered to be a cosponsor. While some of Gary's notes were still depressed, a few really got to you.

*Dear Brenda,  
Your attitude helps restore my old soul. . . . A place to stay and a job guarantee me an awful lot, but the fact that somebody cares, means more to the parole board. I've always been more or less alone before.*

Only after the Christmas party did it come over Brenda that she was going to sponsor a man whom she hadn't seen in close to 30 years. It made her think of Toni's remark that Gary had a different face in every photograph.

Now, Johnny began to get concerned about it. He had been all for Brenda's writing to Gary, but when it came down to bringing him into their family, Johnny began to have a few apprehensions. It wasn't that he was embarrassed to harbor a criminal. Johnny simply wasn't that sort of person, he just felt like there's going to be problems.

For one thing, Gary wasn't coming into an average community. He would be entering a Mormon stronghold. Things were tough enough for a man just out of prison without having to deal with people who thought drinking coffee and tea was sinful.

Nonsense, said Brenda. She and Johnny hardly qualified as a typical strait-laced Utah County couple.

Yes, said Johnny, but think of the atmosphere. All those superclean Brigham Young University kids getting ready to go out as missionaries. Walking on the street could make you feel you were at a church supper. There had, said Johnny, to be tension.

Brenda hadn't been married to Johnny for 11 years without coming to know that her husband was the type for peace

Shy, sailor-suited Gary Gilmore poses (below left) with mother, Bessie, and brother Frank, Jr., back in Portland, Oregon, when everything was right with his world. At the age of nine (below center), Gary could still play the good

guy, black hat notwithstanding—though five years later, he would be in jail. In his early teens (below right), Gary retained his clean-cut, boyish good looks—not to be mistaken for innocence. At this point, he had already begun fighting the system, having

stolen his first car at the age of 13. By the time Gary was 35 (opposite page, below), the youth had been drained from him. This photograph was taken during the summer he met Nicole, and he had spent almost all of the previous two decades behind bars.





at any price. No waves if he could help it. Brenda wouldn't say she looked for trouble, but a few ripples kept life interesting. So Brenda suggested that Gary might stay weekends with them, and live with Vern and Ida. That satisfied Johnny.

Well, he told her with a grin, if I don't go along, you're going to do it anyway. He was right. She could feel awfully sympathetic to anybody who was boxed in. "He's paid his dues," she told

Johnny. "He's been in jail thirteen years and I want to bring him home."

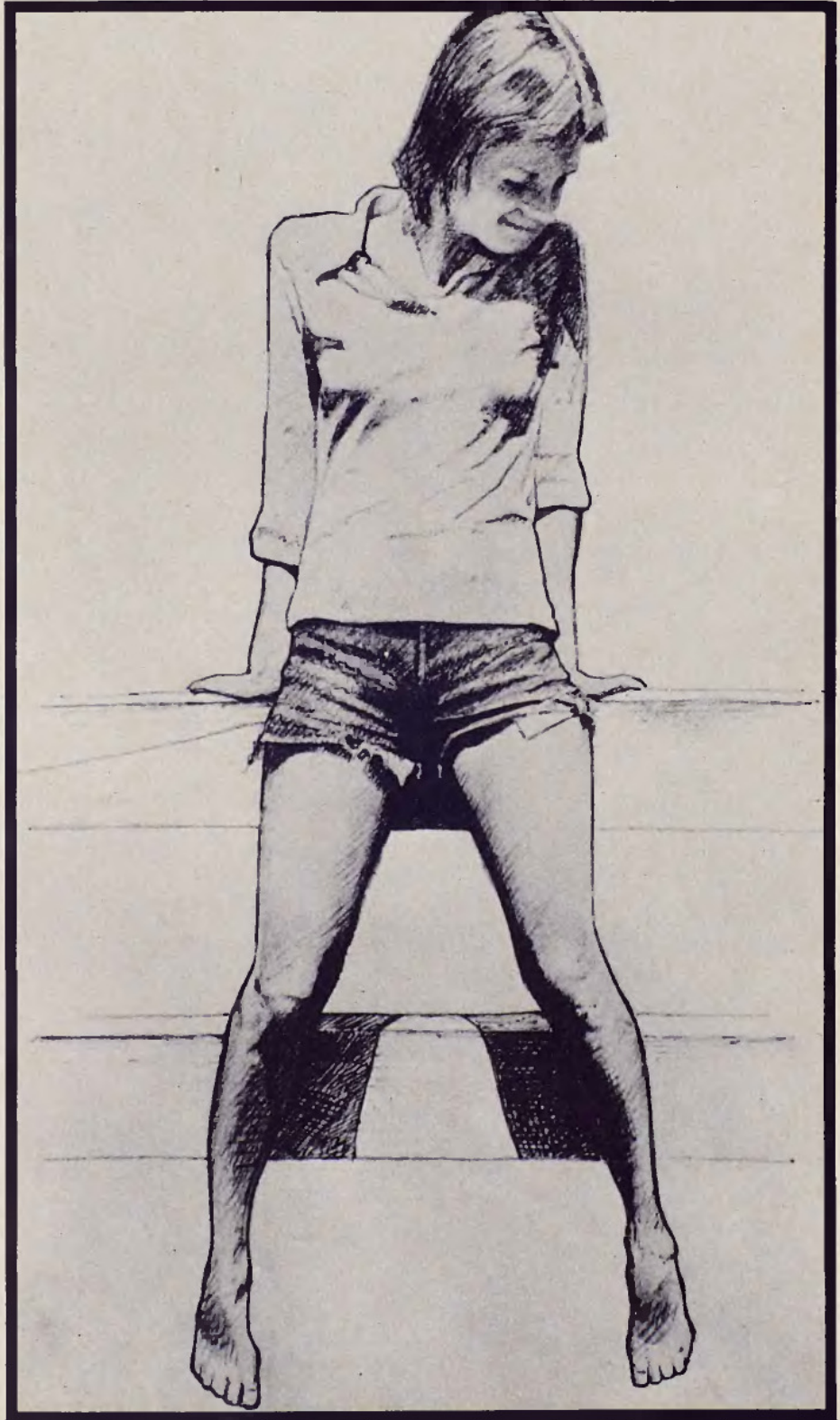
Those were the words she used when she talked to Gary's future parole officer. Brenda knew her power in such conversations. She might be that much nearer to 35 than 30, but she hadn't gone into marriage four times without knowing she was pretty attractive on the hoof, and the parole officer, Mont Court, was blond and tall, with a husky build. Just an

average good-looking American guy, very much on the Mr. Clean side, but all the same, Brenda thought, pretty likable.

He had worked, Mont Court told her, with a lot of people who had just come out of prison, and he warned Brenda that there would be a recycling period. Maybe a little trouble here or there, a drunken brawl. She thought he was broad-minded for a Mormon. A man couldn't, he explained, just walk out of



Nicole Barrett (above) with son, Jeremy, and daughter, Sunny—and at right in the sketch Gary made of her that summer of 1976. He inscribed the drawing: "As soft as young / As young as sweet / As sweet as beautiful / As all things fair."



prison and go right into straight normal living. It was like coming out of the Service, especially if you'd been held a prisoner of war. You didn't become a civilian immediately.

Then Mont Court and another probation officer paid a visit to Vern at his shoeshop and looked into her father's ability as a shoe-repair man. They must have been impressed. Nobody in these parts was going to know more about shoes than Vern Damico, and he would, after all, give Gary not only a place to live but a job in his shop.

A letter arrived from Gary to say that he was going to be released in a couple of weeks. Then, early in April, he called Brenda from the prison and told her he would get out in a few days. Over the phone, he had a nice voice, soft-spoken, twangy, held back. A lot of feeling in the center of it. He planned, said Gary, to take a bus from St. Louis to Salt Lake.

It was practically the same route their Mormon great-grandfather took when he jumped off from Missouri with a handcart near to 100 years ago, and pushed west with all he owned over the prairies, and the passes of the Rockies, to come to rest at Provo in the Mormon Kingdom of Deseret.

## 2

Gary couldn't have traveled more than 40 or 50 miles from Marion, however, before he phoned in from a rest stop to tell Brenda that the bus ride so far had been the most kidney-jogging experience he ever felt and he'd decided to cash in his ticket at St. Louis and come the rest of the way by plane. Brenda agreed. If Gary wanted to travel deluxe, well, he had a little coming.

He called her again that evening. He was definitely on the last flight and would phone once more when he arrived.

"Gary, it takes us forty-five minutes to get to the airport."

"I don't mind waiting."

Even the children were excited, and Brenda certainly couldn't sleep. After midnight, she and Johnny just hung by the phone. Brenda had threatened to kill anybody who called her late—she wanted that line open.

"I'm here," said his voice. It was two A.M.

"OK, we're coming to get you."

"Right on," said Gary and hung up. This was one guy who wouldn't talk your ear off for a dime.

On the ride, Brenda kept telling Johnny to hurry up. It was the middle of the night, and nobody was on the road. Johnny, however, wasn't about to get a ticket. They were traveling the interstate,

after all. So he kept at 60. Brenda gave up fighting. She was altogether too excited to fight.

"Oh, my God," said Brenda, "I wonder how tall he is."

"What?" said Johnny.

She had begun to think he might be short. That would be awful. Brenda was only 5'5", but it was a height she knew well. From the time she was ten years old, she had been 130 pounds, 5'5", and wholly equipped with the same-size bra as now—C cup.

"What do you mean, is he tall?" asked Johnny.

"I don't know, I hope he is."

In junior high, if she put on heels, the only person big enough to dance with her was the gym teacher. In fact, she got so paranoid about being tall it must have stunted her growth. Now she just had this nightmare that when they got to the airport, Gary would only come up to her armpit. Why, she would abandon the whole thing right there. Shift for yourself, she would tell him.

They pulled up to the main entrance of the terminal building. So soon as she got out of the car, there was Johnny on the driver's side, trying to tuck his shirt-tail in. That annoyed Brenda no end.

She could see Gary leaning against the building. "There he is," Brenda cried, but Johnny said, "Wait, I have to zip my pants."

"Who gives a shit about your shirt-tail?" said Brenda. "I'm going."

As she crossed the street between the parking island and the main door, Gary saw her and picked up his satchel. Pretty soon they were running toward each other. As they met, Gary dropped his bag and encircled her so hard she could have been hugged by a bear. Even Johnny had never gripped Brenda that hard.

When Gary put her down on the ground again, she stood back and looked at him. She said, "My God, you're tall."

He started to laugh. "What did you expect, a midget?"

"I don't know what I expected," she said, "but, thank God, you're tall."

Johnny was just standing there with his big good face, going, um, um, um.

"Hey, coz," said Gary, "it's fine to see you." He shook hands with Johnny.

"By the way, Gary," said Brenda demurely, "this is my husband."

Gary said, "I assumed that's who it was."

Johnny said, "Have you got everything with you?"

Gary picked up his flight bag—it was pathetically small, thought Brenda—and said, "This is it. This is all I have." Said

it without humor and without self-pity. Material things were obviously no big transaction to him.

Now she noticed his clothes. He had a black trench coat slung on his arm and was wearing a maroon blazer over—could you believe it?—a yellow-and-green striped shirt. Then a pair of beige polyester trousers. Plus a pair of black plastic shoes. She paid attention to people's footwear because of her father's trade and she thought, Wow, that's really cheap. They didn't even give him a pair of leather shoes to go home in.

"Come on," said Gary, "let's get the hell out of here."

She could see that he'd had something to drink. He wasn't plastered, but he sure was tipped. Made a point of putting his arm around her when they walked to the car.

When they got in, Brenda sat in the middle and Johnny drove. Gary said, "Hey, this is kind of a cute car. What is it?"

"A yellow Maverick," she told him. "My little lemon."

They drove. The first silence came in.

"Are you tired?" asked Brenda.

"A little," Gary grinned. "I took advantage of the champagne flight, but then I don't know if it was the altitude, or not having good liquor for a long time, but, boy, I got tore up on that plane. I was happier than hell."

Brenda laughed. "I guess you're entitled to be snookered."

The prison had sure cut his hair short. It would, Brenda judged, be heavy, handsome brown hair when it grew out, but for now it stuck up hick style in the back. He kept pushing it down.

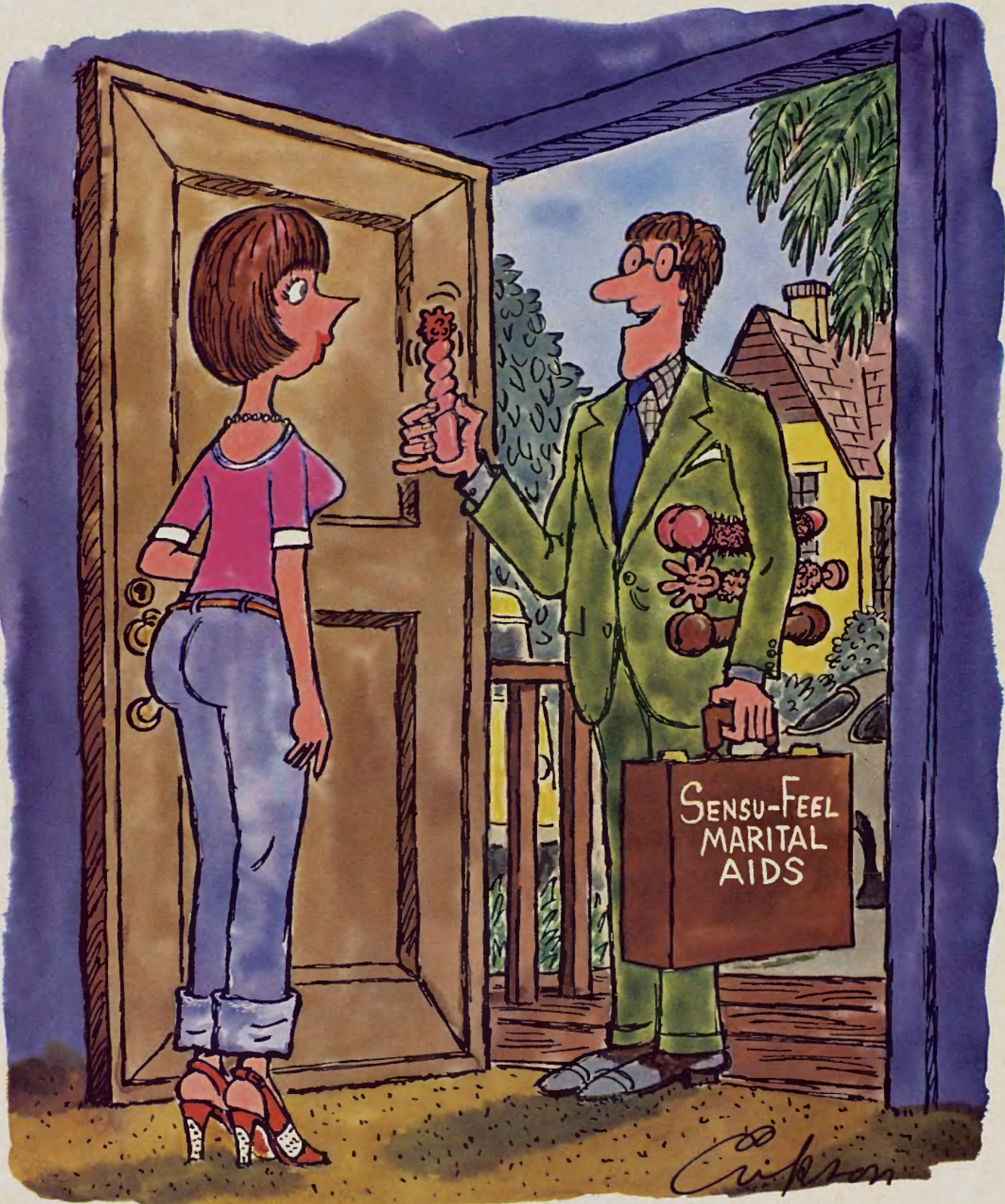
No matter, she liked his looks. In the half-light that came into the car as they drove through Salt Lake on the interstate, the city sleeping on both sides of them, she decided that Gary was everything she expected in that department. A long, fine nose, good chin, thin, well-shaped lips. He had character about his face.

"Want to go for a cup of coffee?" Johnny asked.

Brenda felt Gary tighten. It was as if even the thought of a strange place got him edgy. "Come on," Brenda said, "we'll give the ten-cent tour."

They picked Jean's Cafe. It was the only place south of Salt Lake open at three A.M., but it was Friday night and people were sporting their finery. By the time they reached their booth, Gary said, "I guess I got to get some clothes."

Johnny encouraged him to eat, only he wasn't hungry. Obviously too excited. He



*"That's all we ask, ma'am. Just give it a try."*

looked dazzled by the red, blue and gold light show on the electronic screen of the jukebox. Then a couple of cute girls walked in. Gary mumbled, "Not bad," and Brenda had to laugh. There was something so real about the way he said it.

Of course, by now, Brenda's best friend could have walked in and she would still have been all alone with Gary. She didn't mean to be rude to Johnny, but she did kind of forget he was there.

Gary, however, looked across the table and said, "Hey, man, thanks. I appreciate how you went along with Brenda." They shook hands again. This time Gary did it thumbs up.

Over the coffee, he asked about Johnny's job.

Johnny did maintenance at Pacific States Cast Iron Pipe Company. He was blacksmithing now, but used to do the mold work.

The conversation died. Gary had no clue what to ask next. He knows nothing about us, Brenda thought, and I understand so little about him.

Gary spoke of a couple of prison friends and what good men they were. Then he said apologetically, Well, you don't want to hear about prison, it's not very pleasant.

Johnny said they were tiptoeing around because they didn't want to offend him. "We're curious," said Johnny, "but, you know, we don't want to ask: What's it like in there? What do they do to you?"

Gary smiled. They were silent again.

Brenda knew she was making Gary nervous. She kept staring at him constantly, but couldn't have enough of his face. There were so many corners in it.

"God," she kept saying, "it's good to have you here."

"It's good to be back."

"Wait till you get to know this country," she said. She was dying to tell him about the kind of fun they could have on Utah Lake, and the camper trips they would take in the canyons. The desert was just as brown and grim as desert anywhere, but the mountains went up to 12,000 feet, and the canyons were green with beautiful forests and super drinking parties. They could teach him how to hunt with bow and arrow, she was about ready to say, when all of a sudden she got a good look at him. Speak of all the staring she had done, it was as if she hadn't seen Gary at all yet. Now she felt a strong sense of woe. He was scarred up much more than she had expected.

She reached out to touch his cheek at the place where he was badly marked, and Gary said, "Nice-looking, isn't it?"

Brenda said, "I'm sorry, Gary, I didn't mean to embarrass you."

This set up such a pause that Johnny finally asked, "How'd it happen?"

"A guard hit me," said Gary. He smiled. "They had me tied down for a shot and I spit in the doctor's face."

"How," asked Brenda, "would you like to get ahold of that guard?"

"Don't pick my brain," said Gary.

"OK," said Brenda, "but do you hate him?"

"God, yeah," said Gary, "wouldn't you?"

"Yeah, I would," said Brenda. "Just checking."

Half an hour later, driving home, they went by Point of the Mountain. Off to the left of the interstate, a long hill came out of the mountains and its ridge was like the limb of a beast whose paw just reached the highway. On the other side, in the desert to the right, was Utah State Prison. There were only a few lights in its buildings now. They made jokes about Utah State Prison.

Back in her living room, drinking beer, Gary began to unwind. He liked beer, he confessed. In prison, they knew how to make a watery brew out of bread. Called it Pruno. In fact, both Brenda and Johnny were observing that Gary could put brew away as fast as anyone they knew.

Johnny soon got tired and went to sleep. Now Gary and Brenda really began to talk. A few prison stories came out. To Brenda, each seemed wilder than the one before. He had to be reciting out of his hind end.

It was only when she looked out the window and saw the night was over that she realized how long they had been talking. They stepped through the door to look at the sun coming up over the back of her ranch house and all her neighbors' ranch houses, and standing there, on her plot of lawn, in a heap of strewn-about toys, wet with cold spring dew, Gary looked at the sky and took a deep breath.

"I feel like jogging," he said.

"You've got to be nuts, tired as you are," she said.

He just stretched and breathed deep, and a big smile came over his face. "Hey, man," he said, "I'm really out."

In the mountains, the snow was iron gray and purple in the hollows, and glowed like gold on every slope that faced the sun. The cloud over the mountains was lifting with the light. Brenda took a good look into his eyes and felt full of sadness again. His eyes had the expression of rabbits she had flushed, scared rabbit was the common expres-

sion, but she had looked into those eyes of scared rabbits and they were calm and tender and kind of curious. They did not know what would happen next.

## 3

The distance from the north side of Orem, where she lived, to Vern's store in the center of Provo was six miles, but going along State Street, it took a while. There were shopping malls and quick-eat palaces, used-car dealers, chain clothing stores and gas stops, appliance stores and highway signs and fruit stands. There were banks and real-estate firms in one-story office compounds and rows of condominiums with sawed-off mansard roofs. There hardly was a building that was not painted in a nursery color: pastel yellow, pastel orange, pastel tan, pastel blue. Only a few faded two-story wooden houses looked as if they had been built so long as 30 years ago. On State Street, going the six miles from Orem to Provo, such houses looked as old as frontier saloons.

"It sure has changed," said Gary.

Overhead was the immense blue of the Western sky. That had not changed.

"I better tell you a little more about Vern," Brenda said. "Dad is gentle in his manner, but you have to understand when he is joking and when he is not. That can be a little hard to figure out, because Dad does not always smile when he is being funny." Then, too, she remarked, he was a very strong man and usually said what he thought. That could be abrasive.

Vern, however, told Gary to move in with Ida and himself right away, though not to plan to go to work for a few days. A fellow needed time to get acquainted with his freedom, Vern observed. After all, Gary had come into a strange town, didn't know where the library was, didn't know where to buy a cup of coffee. So he talked to Gary real slow.

Together, Vern and Ida Damico made a sight talking to Gary in their living room. Although Vern's shoulders could fill a doorway, and any one of his fingers was as wide as anyone else's two fingers, he was not that tall, and Ida was short. They wouldn't be bothered by a low ceiling.

For a small living room, it had a lot of stuffed furniture in bright autumn colors and Oriental rugs and color-filled pictures in gold frames and there was a ceramic statue of a black stable boy with a red jacket standing by the fireplace. Chinese end tables and big colored hassocks took up space on the floor.

Having lived among steel bars, reinforced concrete and cement-block walls,  
(continued on page 110)

# PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST

*part one of our annual autumnal prognostication surveys  
the coming trends in suits, sports jackets and outerwear*

*attire* By DAVID PLATT **TWEED, TEXTURE AND TONE** are the key words to this fall's tailored menswear. Styles that used to be called weekend or country clothes have come to town, bringing with them an air of casual formality that's subtly British yet international in scope. Counterpoint this with the increased use of rich fabrics and unexpected color combinations (would you believe



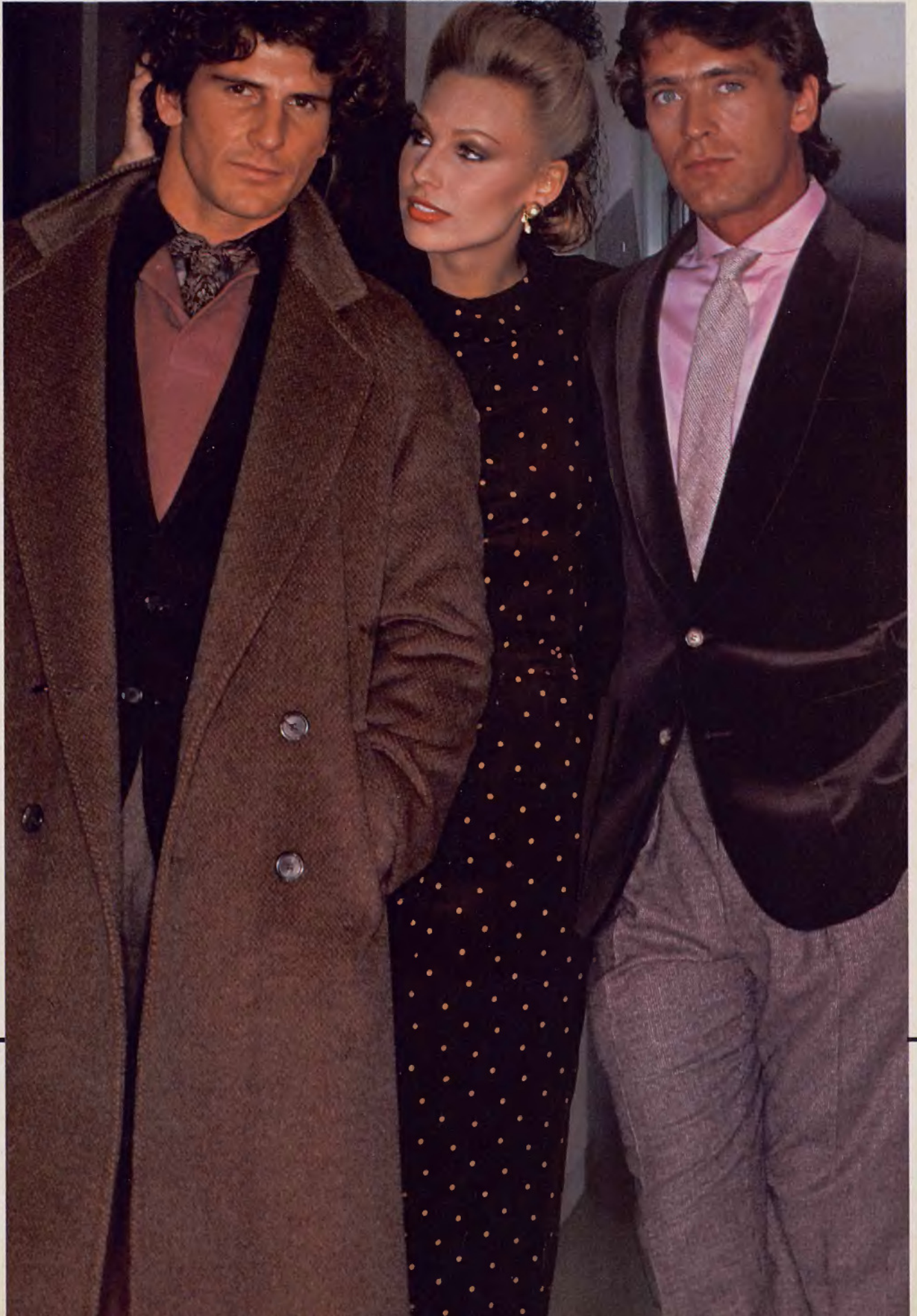
Two boss-looking tweed outfits include (left) a Harris tweed coat, about \$400, worn over a Harris tweed suit, about \$275, both by Jeffrey Banks for Glanzrock; and a cotton shirt, by Jeffrey Banks, about \$25; plus a knit tie, by Rooster, about \$7.50; and pigskin gloves, by Kombi, Ltd., about \$22; and (right) a wool tweed suit, about \$400, a brushed cotton shirt, about \$45, and a wool Pringle of Scotland sweater, about \$110, all by Alexander Julian; plus a wool/polyester knit tie, by Jazz for Wembley, about \$11.50. (Her dress and sweater by Bill Blass.)



that iridescent shades, including vivid blue and rose, are staging a comeback?) and you have a fashion score that's bright with versatility. Combinations such as velvet with tweed, loden with corduroy and—get this—even mink with wool are indications that there's a trend to more sensuality, as well as selectivity, in what we're putting on our backs. But while fashion rules are being tastefully bent, we're happy to announce that there's nothing truly radical on the drawing boards of designers and manufacturers. (By now, we've all adjusted to the narrower lapels, smaller collars and skinny ties that have replaced the dated big-spread look of a few years ago.) Next month, we'll check out the trends in cold-weather casualwear. Men's fashions, as they say, are looking good.

Above left: A fur-collared topcoat, by Georgette Ghica Designs, about \$750; worn over a herringbone suit, by Movest, about \$180; polyester/cotton shirt, by Gant, about \$22; and a ploid tie, by Kelly 1, about \$10. Above right: A wool topcoat, about \$350, tops off a striped wool suit, about \$310, both by Bill Kaiserman Design; cotton shirt, by Oscar de la Renta for Excello, about \$35; and a cashmere tie, by Georgette Ghica Designs, about \$30. Right: A nutria-collared wool topcoat, by Malcolm Kenneth for After Six, about \$425; plus a flannel suit, by Austin Reed of Regent Street, about \$225; a sleeveless cardigan, by Forge for Munsingwear, about \$20; herringbone shirt, about \$20, and a bow tie, about \$10, both from Chops by Rolph Louren; and colfskin gloves, by Elmer Little, about \$33. (The ladies' outfits by John Anthony and Genny.)









Opposite page, left: His wool tweed double-breasted topcoat, about \$250, worn over a mink/wool ventless jacket, about \$200, both by Fox Run Mens; plus a brushed terry shirt, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, about \$25; plaid wool/nylon shirt, by Van Heusen, about \$25; wool slacks, by Roca/Milono for Schuyler 4, about \$90; and a knit tie, by Jazz for Wembley, about \$11.50. Opposite page, right: A cotton unconstructed jacket, about \$165, worn with checked wool slacks, about \$65, both by Country Britches; polyester/cotton shirt, by Patch Two/Hothaway, about \$20; and a polyester/silk tie,

by Oleg Cassini, about \$10. (The lady's dress and jacket by Pinky & Dianne.) Above left: A wool double-breasted ventless jacket, about \$175, is combined with corduroy slacks, about \$37.50, and a plaid shirt, about \$30, all by Yves Saint Laurent Menswear; plus a satin tie, by Vicky Davis, about \$10. Above right: A poplin rain shell, about \$90, covers his Harris tweed jacket, about \$165, matching vest, about \$57, wool brushed twill slacks, about \$70, and brushed cotton shirt, about \$32.50, all by Cesarani; plus a cotton knit tie, by Rooster, about \$7.50. (Her skirt and jacket by Cathy Hardwick.)

Below: These three chops are well suited for success in (left to right) a silk/wool four-button ventless suit, about \$275, brushed cotton buttondown shirt, about \$50, and a brushed silk tie, about \$20, all by Lee Wright; a wool/alpaca muted-stripe single-breasted suit with a semiconstructed ventless jacket, by Hugo Boss, about \$370, iridescent polyester/cotton pinstriped shirt, about \$25, and a

brushed cotton tie, about \$10, all from Equipment by Henry Grethel; and a double-breasted polyester/wool suit featuring a ventless jacket and pleated trousers, by Tolloio, about \$175; polyester/cotton iridescent fine-line shirt with a medium-spread collar and barrel cuffs, from Equipment by Henry Grethel, about \$25; and a skinny yarn-dyed lamb's-wool tie, by Kelly 1, about \$8.50.



Below: No one is going to be left out in the cold this winter wearing (left to right) an overcoat, by Windsor European Fashions, about \$445; shown with a shirt, about \$27.50, and a wool tie, about \$12.50, both by Evan-Picone for Men; plus a wool scarf, by Georgette Ghica Designs, about \$25. Next, a wool tweed topcoat, by Egon Von Furstenberg, about \$165; worn with a striped shirt, about \$42, and wool

tie, about \$13, both by Gordon of New Orleans; V-neck sweater, by Jantzen, about \$27.50; and a scarf, by Georgette Ghica Designs, about \$30. Last, a wool/alpaca topcoat, by Georges Rech, about \$475; acrylic sweater, by Catalina, about \$30; checked shirt, by Oscar de la Renta for Excello, about \$35; tweed slacks, by Doks Gentlemen's Apparel, about \$57.50; and a tie, by Kelly 1, about \$10.

LADIES' DUTIFITS BY COMPLICE, PINKY & DIANNE AND BILL BLASS/ALL JEWELRY BY M & J SAVITT



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARCO GLAVIANO

## EXECUTIONER'S SONG (continued from page 102)

*"What's Provo famous for?" asked Gary. 'Darned if I know,' said Vern. 'Maybe it's the low crime rate.'"*

Gary would now be spending a lot of his time in this room.

Vern slipped him some underclothes, some tan slacks, a shirt and 20 bucks.

Gary said, "I can't pay you back right now."

"I'm giving you the money," Vern said. "If you need more, see me. I don't have a lot, but I'll give you what I can."

Sunday afternoon, Vern and Ida drove him over to Lehi, on the other side of Orem, for a visit with Toni and Howard.

Both of Toni's daughters, Annette and Angela, were excited about Gary. He was like a magnet with kids, Brenda and Toni agreed. On this Sunday, two days out of jail, he sat in a gold cloth-upholstered chair, drawing chalk pictures on a blackboard for Angela.

He'd draw a beautiful picture and Angela, who was six, would erase it. He got the biggest kick out of that. He would take pains on the next one, draw it extra beautiful, and she'd go, Yeah, uh-huh, and she'd erase it. So he could do another one.

After a while, he sat down on the floor and played cards with her.

The only game Angela knew was fish, but she couldn't remember how to say each number. She would speak of six as an upper because the line went up, and nine was a downer. A seven was a hooker. That tickled Gary.

He called, "Toni, would you explain something? Am I playing some illicit game here with your daughter?" Gary thought it was very funny.

Later that Sunday, Howard Gurney and Gary tried to talk to each other. Howard had been a construction worker all his life, a union electrician. He'd never been in jail, except for one night when he was a kid. It was difficult to find much common denominator. Gary knew a lot, and had a fantastic vocabulary, but he and Howard didn't seem to have any experiences in common.

Monday morning, Gary broke the \$20 bill Vern had given him and bought a pair of gym shoes. That week, he would wake up every day around six and go out to run. He would take off from Vern's house in a fast long stride down to Fifth West, go around the park and back—more than ten blocks in four minutes, good time. Vern, with his bad knee, thought Gary was a fantastic runner.

In the beginning, Gary didn't know

exactly what he could do in the house. On his first evening alone with Vern and Ida, he asked if he could get a glass of water.

"This is your home," Vern said. "You don't have to ask permission."

Gary came back from the kitchen with the glass in his hand. "I'm beginning to get on to this," he said to Vern. "It's pretty good."

"Yeah," said Vern, "come and go as you want. Within reason."

About the third night, they got to talking about Vern's driveway. It wasn't wide enough to take more than one car, but Vern had a strip of lawn on the side of the house that could offer space for another car, provided he could remove the concrete curb that separated the grass from the paving. That curb ran for 35 feet from the sidewalk to the garage. Six inches high, eight inches wide, it would be work to chop out. Because of a bad leg, Vern held off.

"I'll do it," said Gary.

Sure enough, next morning at six, Vern was awakened by the sound of Gary taking a sledge hammer to the job. Sound slammed through the neighborhood in the dawn. Vern winced for the people in the City Center Motel, next door, who would be awakened by the reverberation. All day Gary worked, cracking the curbing with overhead blows, then prying chunks out, inch by inch, with the crowbar. Before long, Vern had to buy a new one.

Those 35 feet of curbing took one day and part of the next. Vern offered to help, but Gary wouldn't allow it. "I know a lot about pounding rocks," he told Vern.

"What can I do for you?" asked Vern.

"Well, it's thirsty work," said Gary. "Just keep me in beer."

It went like that. He drank a lot of beer and worked real hard and they were happy with the job. When he was done, he had open blisters on his hand as large as Vern's fingernails.

Doing the work, however, had loosened him up. He was ready to do his first exploring around town.

Provo was laid out in a checkerboard. It had very wide streets and a few buildings that were four stories high. During the day, Gary would walk around town. If he came by the shoeshop around lunchtime, Vern would take him to Joe's

Spic and Span, which had the best coffee in town. Of course, Vern told him, Provo was not famous for restaurants.

"What is it famous for?" asked Gary.

"Darned if I know," said Vern. "Maybe it's the low crime rate."

Gary's first working day in the shop was good. Vern started him on a bench jack, tearing down shoes. The jack was like a metal foot upside down, and Gary would put the shoe on, pry off the sole, take off the heel, remove the nails, pull out the stitching and generally prepare the top for the new sole and heel. You had to watch not to rip the leather or make a mess for the next man.

Gary was slow, but he did it well. The first few days he had an excellent attitude. Vern was getting to like him.

The trouble was to keep him busy. Vern wasn't always able to. There were rush jobs to get out. The real difficulty was that Vern and his assistant, Sterling Baker, were used to moving the work between them. So it was easier to do it themselves than to show a new man. Often Gary had to wait when he wanted to move to the next step.

He would say, "I don't like this standing around and waiting. I feel like a dummy, you know."

The problem, as Vern saw it, was that Gary wanted to be able to fix a pair of shoes like Vern could. It just wasn't going to come that way. Vern told him, "You can't learn this immediately."

"Well, I know that," Gary said, but his impatience didn't take long to come back.

Of course, Gary did get on well with Sterling Baker, who was about 20, and the nicest fellow, and didn't mind talking about shoes. The first couple of days, Gary kept bringing the conversation back to footwear, as if he was going to learn everything there was about it. Only time he had trouble concentrating was when pretty girls came into the store. "Look at that," he'd say. "I haven't seen anything like that for years."

The girls he liked best, he said, were around 20. It occurred to Vern that Gary wasn't much older when he said goodbye to the world 13 years ago. He certainly was comfortable becoming friends with a kid like Sterling Baker.

4

Gary went back to visit with Brenda and Johnny for Easter weekend. After the kids went to sleep, they spent Saturday night coloring Easter eggs around the table, and Gary had a fine time and drew beautiful pictures and painted the names of the kids in Gothic script.

After a while, Johnny and Gary began  
*(continued on page 228)*



JOHN  
DEMPSSELL

*"My wife doesn't understand the aloha spirit."*

*fiction* **By LYNDA LEIDIGER** THE WHOLE SNAKE-HEAD BUSINESS began, of course, on Halloween.

I had seen it in the window, weeks before, on the shelf with a gorilla, Richard Nixon and an old man with one bloody eyeball hanging down over his cheek. The snake was a king cobra, emerald green, a proud hood splayed behind its head. Its small red eyes stared arrogantly above me. I loved its milky fangs.

The night before the party, my husband took me to buy the mask. "What do you want" *(continued on page 122)*

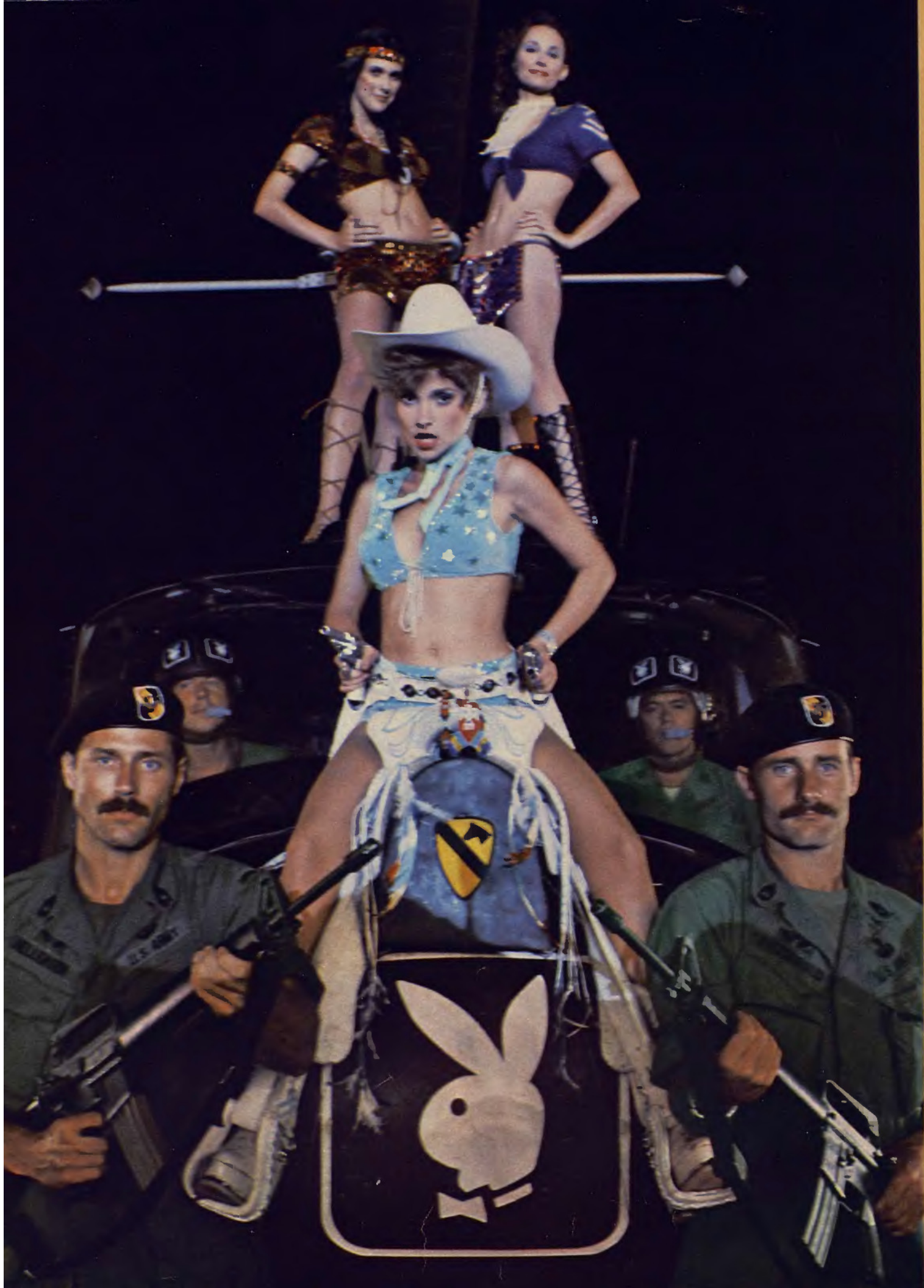


*once she put on the mask,  
her life changed in such  
strange ways she didn't  
want to take it off*

# **SNAKE HEAD**



C a t l e





# "APOCALYPSE" FINALLY

francis ford coppola's \$30,500,000 gamble pays off in a film many call his masterpiece; it's about war, madness and gatefold girls



PLAYBOY Playmates meet Green Berets during one rousing respite from *Apocalypse Now's* horrors of war. Opposite: 1974 Playmate of the Year Cyndi Wood rides point for an entertainment unit sent to rev up a Vietnam jungle outpost, with Colleen Camp and Linda Carpenter (known as Linda Beatty when she went from our August 1976 centerfold into *Apocalypse*) as backup troupers. Above: Director Coppola basks in beauty between takes; jumpin' GIs flash Cyndi's centerfold. Below: The show goes on in an arena ringed with flagrantly phallic symbols.



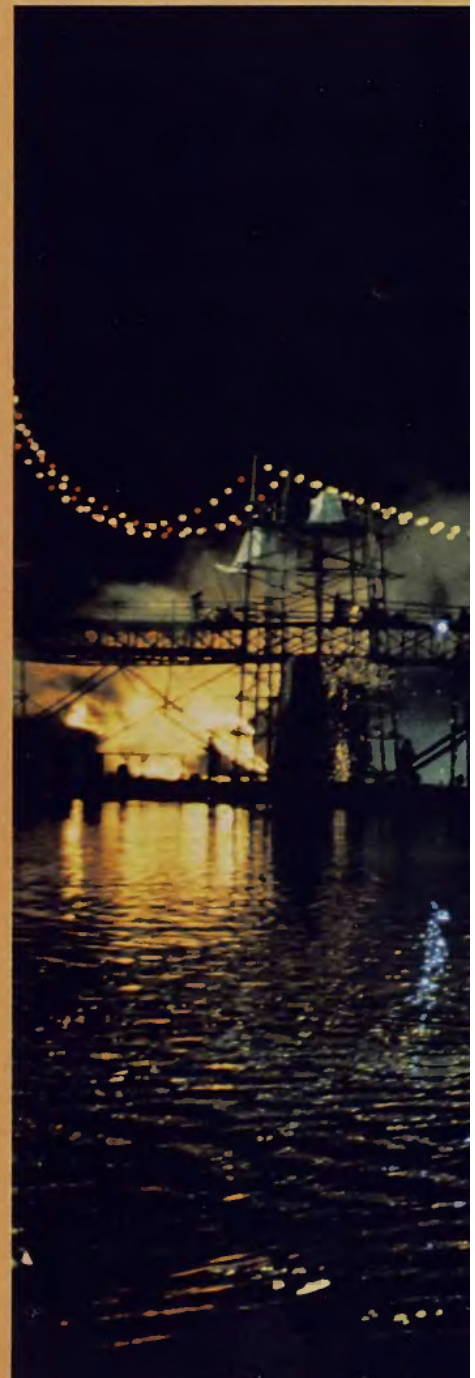
**W**HETHER FRANCIS COPPOLA is on a power trip or just circling to land after a protracted nervous breakdown seems a matter of conjecture. He has spent three and a half years and well over \$30,000,000 on *Apocalypse Now*, his ultimate antiwar epic based on Joseph Conrad's classic novella *Heart of Darkness*. During shooting, his leading actor, Martin Sheen, suffered a heart attack; the entire production was almost wiped out by a typhoon; and still another slowdown occurred when Marlon Brando showed up in the Philippines—overweight, overpaid (at least \$1,000,000 plus, perhaps more) and as 115



Stoned soldiers (above) lustily chant: "Toke it off . . . take it off!" Titillated into a frenzy even tough Army MPs cannot control, they have to be held back while the Playmates are whisked to safety in a chopper. Below: Zealous fans give chase, one so hungry for a feel that he yonks his luckless buddy's pants off before losing his grip and falling into the drink.

overwhelming as usual.

That's not the whole story of *Apocalypse*. Far from it. The saga behind the film is partly revealed in *Notes*, a book by Coppola's wife, Eleanor, who writes in diary form about her husband's ups, downs and burgeoning budget, his chronic insecurities and extramarital meanders. One thing is made clear: When he's not creating legends, the razzle-dazzle director of *The Godfather* appears determined to become one. "He's a different person since *Apocalypse*," vows one insider. "Unpredictable. His own mother says there's no way to tell what he's going to say or do next." We asked anyway, and another spokesman told us he sees "a nice happy family movie" on Coppola's agenda after the controversy around *Apocalypse* (reviewed elsewhere in this issue) clears. —BRUCE WILLIAMSON





The crazed renegade Colanel Kurtz (Marlan Brando)—updated and relocated from Africa, the setting of Conrad's original story—rules in his Cambodian lair like a tribal king (above left). As Captain Willard, the Special Farces officer sent to “terminate” Kurtz, Martin Sheen (above right) excels in a role rejected by Steve McQueen, Robert Redford, Jack Nicholson, James Caan and Al Pacino. Below: Willard's patrol boat chugs upriver through an inferno of destruction, with an imitation PLAYBOY centerfald pinup on deck to boost his men's morale.





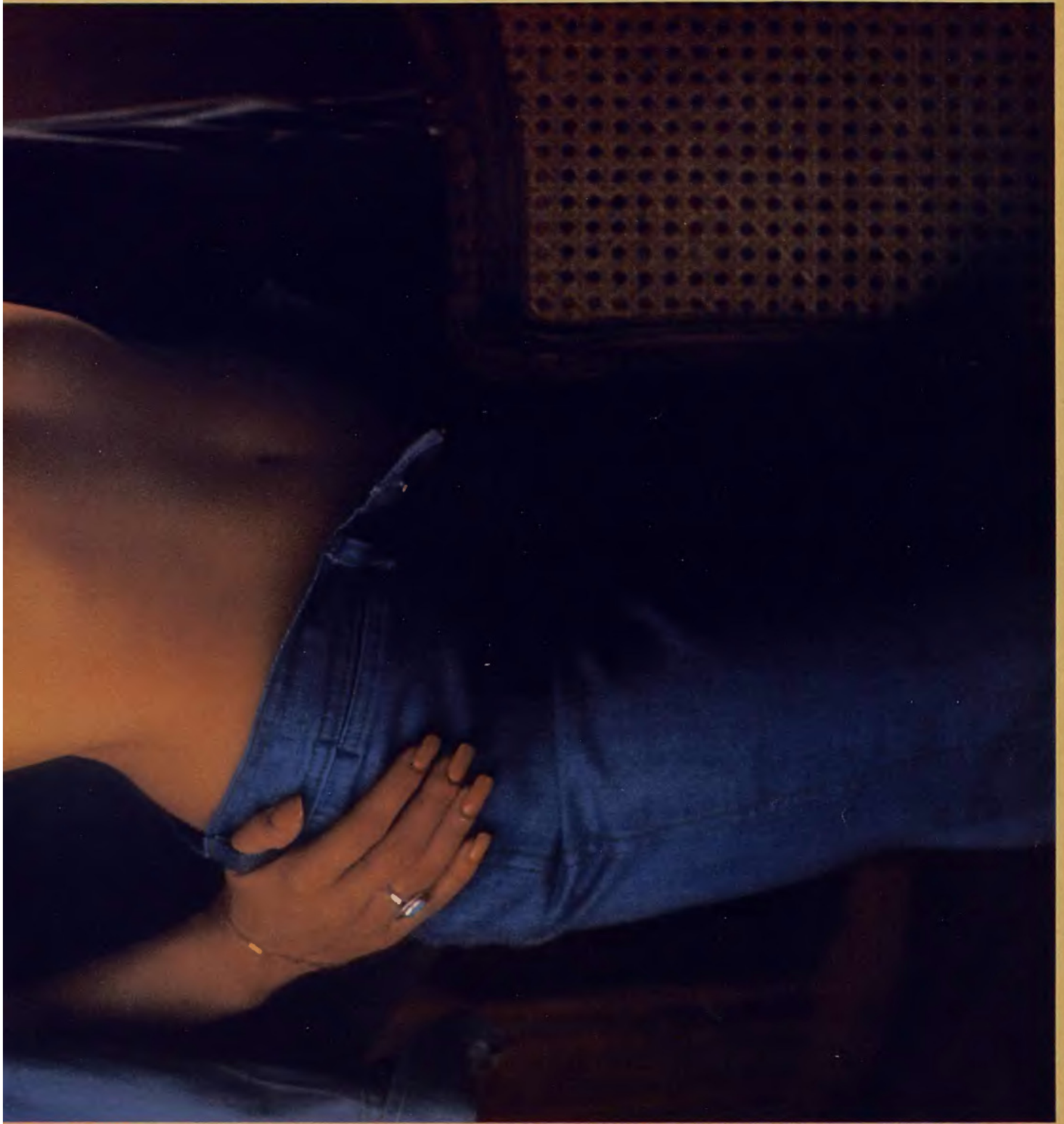
MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



DURING THE VERY HOUR that I was sitting down to lunch with Colleen Camp at a French restaurant on Sunset Boulevard, *Apocalypse Now* was being unveiled in a gala premiere at the Cannes Film Festival. To enter in competition at the major international festival a so-called work in progress looked to some observers like a suicidal gesture on the part of Francis Coppola. Either that or a grandstand play and an enormous gamble that would guarantee handsome returns if the film happened to

Colleen Camp's ersatz centerfold (above, like the exclusive shots at right, photographed by Mario Casilli) remains as the water-borne sex symbol in *Apocalypse Now*, but a tender scene with Frederic Forrest has been snipped from the movie's final version. The cut scene also featured a dove (left) like those Colleen used to train when she worked at Busch Bird Sanctuary.





win (which it did, sharing Cannes's Golden Palm award with a German film). Colleen thought Coppola's ploy "fantastic" and declared his movie considerably better than that, having seen it for herself a couple of evenings earlier at a special sneak preview in Westwood. "It was a luxury to work with the world's greatest director," said Colleen, an ebullient blue-eyed charmer with as good a reason as anyone to feel peevisish toward *Apocalypse*, since great chunks of the work she did ended up on the cutting-room floor. She was under contract for over a year, spent several months sweltering in the tropical rain forest, and there's scarcely more than five minutes of screen time to show for it—in a vivid episode she shares with Cyndi Wood and Linda Beatty Carpenter, both of whom have actually appeared on *PLAYBOY* gatefolds, as members of a Playboy U.S.O. troupe in Vietnam. "What came out," Colleen explained, "was a whole episode following the bit with the Playmates entertaining at Hau Phat. Marty Sheen and the guys in the boat continue traveling up the river. And as they go, they encounter our stranded helicopter, which has run out of fuel. We're with Bill Graham—the rock-music promoter in real

Three years ago, as our August Playmate, Linda Beatty Carpenter (left and below) showed the top form that caught Coppola's eye and snagged Linda her *Apocalypse* role—as a steamy, semiclad hooper who does things with a rifle that aren't in the GI manual.



life, who plays our agent—and Marty makes a deal with Graham: His little girls are going to have to screw the men on the boat in exchange for gas. So each of us girls had an individual thing with one of the guys. Mine was a nice scene opposite Frederic Forrest, in which he climbs into the helicopter, expecting quite a lot, and says, 'I thought you were a Playboy Bunny.' And I say, 'No, actually, I'm the girl from Busch Bird Sanctuary.' Because I'd told Francis that I was a trainer at Busch while I was in college. I trained birds to stand on their heads, fly upside down and count, things like that. That's what's so remarkable about working with Coppola. He incorporates part of *you* into the character. . . ." Colleen sighs but adds gamely, "Of course, none of it's in the movie now. That entire scene was just too big a detour in terms of where the picture as a whole was going."

What else might be missing from the film's final cut only Coppola and his editors can say for sure. At one point in the post-Cannes period of readjustment and re-editing, based on what Coppola called his "out-of-town previews," the movie had at least three endings from which to choose. (text concluded on page 195)

In *Apocalypse*, she personifies a fictional Playmate of the Year. For real, Cynthia Wood, holder of that title in 1974 (right and below), is currently starring onscreen in *Von Nuys Blvd.*; you also may have glimpsed her briefly in 1975's hit *Shampoo*.



## SNAKE HEAD

(continued from page 112)

*"My cobra eyes stared at me from the mirror. A reptile throat rose from my shoulders. I was magnificent."*

that for?" he said when he saw it. He was trying on a Jimmy Carter mask and chuckling at himself. The clerk told him they had just sold the last Menachem Begin.

"I don't know," I said. "It's me."

I slipped it on. It was very dark and I could hardly see out. My eyes were focused through two small holes in the roof of the cobra's rubber mouth. It was like tunnel vision, the clerk's face looming toward me as through a fisheye lens.

"It's very unique, dear," she said, squinting at me. "I only had half a dozen of these, and I had to order them back in January. This is the last one."

Some other customers started to gather around me, pointing and snickering. I made hideous faces at them, testing the mask. They didn't see.

"I'll take it," I said. My voice bellowed in my ears behind the thick rubber walls.

"Isn't it awfully hot?" my husband said. He peered in at me without meeting my eyes and nodded in satisfaction, as though he had paused at the entrance of a haunted cave and found it empty.

I wore the head all the way home in the car. I could see only straight ahead; palm trees waved like giant feelers at the edge of my vision. I had the odd sensation of being brought home from the hospital. Instead of taking the freeway, my husband drove slowly down Ventura Boulevard all the way from Tarzana to Studio City. Although it was early afternoon and the car window was rolled down, nobody seemed to notice my head. I could tell he was disappointed.

"And they say people in *New York* are blasé," he muttered.

For the party, I put on a strapless gown of purple velvet, swarming with seed pearls and rhinestones. I also had black-velvet gloves to my elbows, a rhinestone bracelet and black-patent-leather shoes with straps around my ankles. Finally, I draped a fawn-colored rabbit-fur jacket around me. The jacket felt odd; my husband had given it to me and I had never worn it. The thought of the dead rabbits was still faintly sickening.

My cobra eyes stared at me from the mirror. A golden reptile throat rose from my shoulders. I was magnificent.

"It's a shame you don't have some green body paint," my husband said. He was angry because he wanted to go as a gypsy and I wouldn't let him take my violin. He thought he had a right to it because I hadn't played in two years. He

grumbled as he cut a hole in my throat so I could drink through a straw without taking off the head.

It turned out to be one of those Hollywood parties. I'm not sure how we were invited, but we went because my husband thought he might make some connections. Someone told him Ralph Bakshi might be there. A Doberman in a feather boa lunged for me at the door, barking and frothing. Fidel Castro slapped the dog's snout until it was quiet, and handed me a joint.

"Charmed, Fidel. I'm Joan Crawford," I said, holding out my velvet hand to him. He looked pleased to be recognized. Nearly everyone laughed. My husband beamed; he hadn't been so proud of me in years. I held the joint to my throat and watched in the mirror as the smoke slid out over my black tongue.

We went out onto the patio and stood, smoking, under the cardboard skeletons hanging from the eucalyptus trees. Their feet scraped loudly against my head. I could tell that Ralph Bakshi wasn't going to show up there. I got myself a glass of wine punch.

"Hey, what do you look like under that mask?" some guy asked. He wore a tweed cap and there were several pipes in his pockets. I tried to decide whether or not the pinkish-purple blotches had been painted on his cheeks. "I bet under that mask you've got blonde hair. Am I right? The coat's the tip-off; if you had dark hair, you wouldn't wear a coat that color."

"If she had, like, black hair, the contrast would be too much," someone else agreed. He was an actor from Phoenix. He told us several times that he had just arrived in L.A. yesterday with two dollars and eight cents in his pocket. His shoes didn't match and his eyebrows were drawn so that one went up and the other down.

"I bet she's got blue eyes, or maybe hazel, and high cheekbones. And very soft skin," the guy with the pipes said suggestively. His acne glowed cerily under the patio floodlights.

My husband smirked, pleased.

"Just pretend I'm not here," I said, and had another hit.

A girl with pigtails and white knee socks came bouncing out of the house. Under one arm she carried a cloth doll in a bonnet. "I heard there was something to smoke out here. I haven't moved so fast all night." She giggled.

"It's harsh," the actor said, passing her the joint.

"Harsh. It's nice to hear *harsh*. I mean, people say *raspy*. *Raspy* and *dusted!*" She tossed her pigtails and took the joint in long, noisy gasps. "It's floppy. Hey, you're a soldier," she said to Fidel.

He took the cigar out of his mouth disgustedly. "Exactly what are you supposed to be?" he said.

"I'm four years old," she said, cradling the doll.

"I'm twenty-one, going on a thousand." The guy with the pipes kept trying to look in at me, but he was having a hard time standing up. I was having a hard time trying to figure out why no one seemed to have come in costume.

"God, aren't there any potato chips? Raw vegetables give me ulcers," the actor said and wandered off.

The guy with the pipes poked the girl's doll. "That Raggedy Ann?"

The four-year-old scowled, crinkling her painted freckles. "This is *Holly Hobbie*. Her friends call her *Hobbie*; I mean, *Holly*." She dissolved in giggles.

I found that I could push pretzel sticks through my throat.

"I want to show you something," Fidel whispered. He led me up to his room. Over his bed was a huge oil painting of a Venetian canal. He told me he had painted it himself in 20 hours. It wasn't badly done at all. Somehow, he had put a small light behind it so there was a sun in the sky, which he could make brighter or dimmer. The sky was a kind of faded amber color and the crumbling buildings were dried caramel. He turned the sun low for me. "I knew you'd like Venice," he said, fingering my purple velvet.

Just then, the four-year-old came in. "Wow. What color is it?" she said.

Fidel let go of my dress and put the cigar back in his mouth. He looked as though it didn't taste particularly good. "There are twenty-two colors in it," he said. "I have them written underneath."

The four-year-old bent over him to get closer to the painting. It was getting hot inside the head; I felt like going out again. As I left, I heard her telling Fidel that she could see a little blue. I met the Doberman on the stairs. He quietly showed me his teeth but didn't bark.

My husband scarcely took his eyes off me all night. He devotedly brought me carrot sticks and slivers of zucchini to push through my throat. Once or twice he pressed against me behind the punch bowl.

Two more people came to the party, a cop and his girlfriend. They came as each other. The guy who thought I was a blonde had taken over the stereo and was playing two lines of a Dylan song over and over again.

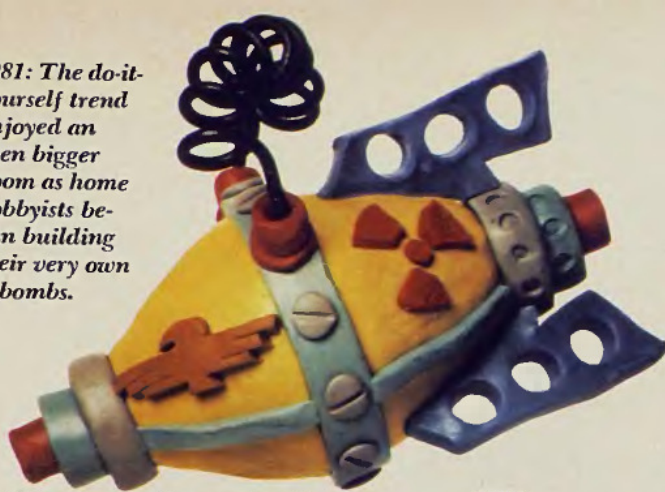
(continued on page 180)







1981: The do-it-yourself trend enjoyed an even bigger boom as home hobbyists began building their very own A-bombs.

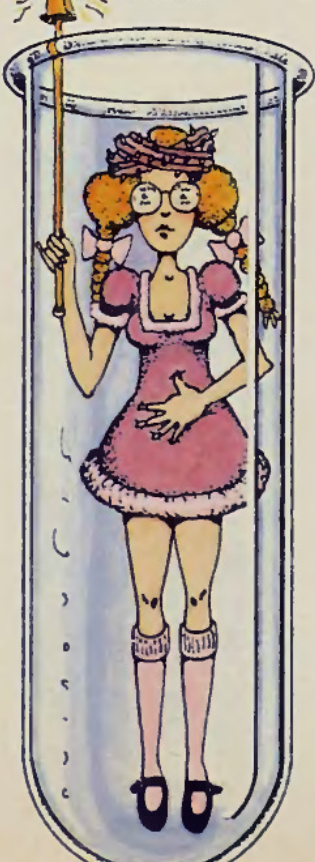


September 4. Congressional Squares premiered on ABC. The show featured Senators and Congressmen trading accusations of wrongdoing in public office, garnered huge ratings and led to public demand for a punitive Congressional Code of Ethics.

October 10. Checker Motors Corporation, in conjunction with *Runner's World* magazine, introduced a line of metered rickshas to provide "healthy, economical, pollution-free" public transportation.

November 13. The first shipment of General Mills' Rice Helper arrived in Shanghai.

1989: Louise Joy Brown, the first test-tube baby, claimed she qualified for Immaculate Conception status.



1982

January 13. Disney Productions reached agreement with the bankrupt British government to turn the island nation into a theme park to be known as the United Magic Kingdom.

March 29. Masters and Johnson announced the discovery of two distinct types of



1982: Baseball teams took the first step toward a tenth position—the on-field attorney.

male orgasm: the penile and the scrotal.

April 3. The Great Wall of China arrived in Washington, D.C., on the first leg of its record-breaking United States tour.

May 14. In line with public reaction to *Congressional Squares*, both Houses passed the most stringent ethics code ever known.

June 11. New Mexico instituted a novel means of capital punishment—the solar electric chair.

July 4. Pope John Paul II proclaimed, in his encyclical "ViaTVcom," that thenceforth Catholics could receive all seven sacraments over television.

August 13. In light of a precipitous drop in the white birth rate and a chronic shortage of adoptable children, the New York

Commodity Exchange announced that it would start trading in baby futures.

September 7. *Vietnamania*, a nostalgic evocation of the war in Southeast Asia, opened on Broadway. The show included an Army physical at the door, the sale of K rations at concession stands, punji sticks in the aisles and the periodic strafing of the audience with AK-47s.

September 9. *Vogue's* fall fashions introduced "downward mobility," featuring curlers and polyester muumuus under the banner: "HALSTON GOES QUEENS."

September 23. In baseball's first in-game negotiation, star Yankee outfielder Gary "Stilts" Murchison made history when, in the ninth inning of a vital game against the Red Sox, he



1987: Breakthroughs in genetic engineering gave us the delicious (some said too-sweet) pigalo.

October 17. Surgeon General Bakke released "unassailable evidence" that jogging, est, hang gliding and imported bottled mineral water caused cancer.

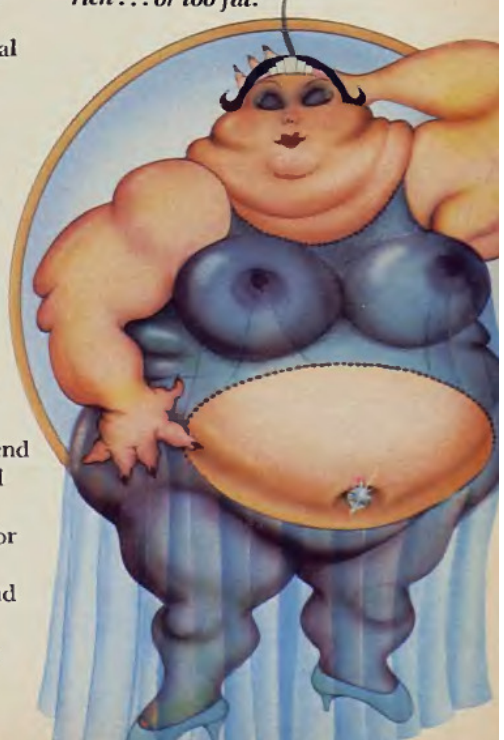
November 2. Thirteen percent of the country's voters showed up at the polls, approving a referendum that cut off most funds to the Federal Government and electing representatives of various lunatic-fringe groups—apparently the only people ethical enough for the new ethics code. The 98th Congress was immediately (continued on page 186)

1988: The credo of the very fashionable became, "You can't ever be too rich... or too fat."

stopped 30 feet short of home plate and demanded a raise. Lawyers representing Murchison and the team hastily negotiated a new deal and the rangy slugger stumbled home with the winning run and a revised five-year contract.

October 1. Worried by forecasts of a small voter turnout in November, the Administration announced that any citizen showing up at the polls would get a free toaster.

October 10. Faced with a dismal earnings record, McDonald's decided to extend its franchising to individual households. The franchise included perky uniforms for Mom and Dad, a weekly quota of buns, burgers and special sauce and a pair of miniature golden arches for the front lawn.



B

BECAUSE I GREW UP in a multiethnic environment in New York City, the South has always conjured up some bad news reactions on word-association tests for me: Klan, lynch, redneck, moonshine, speed-trap towns and death . . . lots of death.

As the years have passed, I've started hearing some flip sides. There's the "New South," with Atlanta as cosmopolitan as New York. I've heard that, despite the headline horrors, Southerners get along racially better than Northerners. And that foreign blacks prefer the upfrontness of the South to the hypocritical liberal bullshit of the North.

But despite all my revisionist thoughts, the only good images that have held up in my head are Southern novelists and the University of Alabama football team. The novelists because they are good or great and the Crimson Tide because, like Notre Dame, they are the New York Yankees of college football. I don't give a rat's ass about football, college or otherwise, and I'm not crazy about regimentation or bullet-head activities. But I do admire winners.

And as ignorant as I am of the "real" South and football in general, even I know that the man behind the winning tradition at Alabama is a magnetic, scary John Wayne type named Paul "Bear" Bryant. I would see him every few years on a televised bowl game, standing on the side lines, craggy-faced, in that houndstooth hat. I figured he was some kind of coaching genius. I also got the notion that he was somebody I was very glad not to have as a teacher in any course I was flunking.

On the plane headed for Birmingham, I am armed with two documents: *Bear*, coach Bryant's autobiography; and the 1978 *Alabama Football Crimson Tide Press Guide*. *Bear* doesn't do much for me—it's a little too cagily humble. The *Press Guide*, on the other hand, has me freaking out six ways to Sunday. These guys are *monsters*. Even the handsome fraternity types have that combat-veteran look about them.

The other things that are dizzying in the press book are the win-loss stats. They're almost pornographic. Since Bryant went to Alabama in 1958, the Tide's record has been 193–38–8. In the past eight years, try 85–11—that's almost 11 wins per season. They were in 20 bowl games in a row, won all but one Southeastern Conference title since 1971 ('76 went to Georgia), won five national championships since 1961 and have a home record of 60–1, with 45 straight victories.

Bryant is the winningest active coach, with 284 victories in 34 years at four schools, and is third in total wins only to Amos Alonzo Stagg and Pop Warner as far as the history of the game goes.

At the Birmingham airport, I start wondering why the hell I am keying in so much on the hairdos I see all around me. The Dolly Parton pompadours, the rock-a-billy duck asses, the military knuckleheads. Then I look in a mirror. With the possible exception of a photo of Duane Allman, I have the longest hair of anybody I've seen all day. I start getting visions of rusty scissors in a sheriff's office. Ah, that's all Hollywood horseshit, I tell myself. But I do go into a men's room and remove my earring.

Bryant Hall is where all the players have to live for the four or five years they're at Alabama. It was among the first sports dorms in the country and it (continued on page 197)

# BEAR BRYANT'S MIRACLES

*there are two religious  
forces in alabama: the first  
worked wonders with the  
red sea; the other does the  
same with the crimson tide*

sports

By the author of *The Wanderers*,

RICHARD PRICE





*Ursula Buchfellner loves to ride Munich's trolley cars (right). "Sometimes I can't help thinking that my life now is a continuing dream, that I am a sleeping princess waiting for princes to wake me up."*

*The obviously irresistible Cinderella smile of 18-year-old, Munich-born Playmate Ursula won her her first job as a baker's apprentice and, later on, increasingly large parts in international film and television productions.*



**S**OCIOLOGISTS have been telling us for decades that growing up in the slums breeds malice. This month's Playmate, Ursula Buchfellner, is a living contradiction of that adage. Says photographer Peter Weissbrich, for whom she posed in Chicago and in her native Munich: "Ursula is an angel. A lascivious angel. Her radiation compensates for the fuel shortage in my studio."

Third of ten children, Ursula grew up in a dingy, crowded two-bedroom apartment in Munich's Hasenbergl district, the local (text continued on page 133)



*we have to hand it to our german colleagues for discovering ursula buchfellner, main attraction of a munich pastry shop; she'd whet any man's appetite*

# DEUTSCH TREAT



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER WEISSBRICH

*When back from her travels, Ursula loves to go shopping in downtown Munich (below), where, until a few years ago, she had never ventured. Returning to her home, she muses: "I know that my real achievement would be to find lots of love. All that tenderness is stored up in me; I'm in love with love, I guess."*









*"At 18, I'm not even supposed to be ready for the big thing. Sure, I'm poised, I have no fear of the camera or the mike, or of strangers. Yet when I am alone, I fear that when I meet the really right guy, I shall lose all my cool."*

Hell's Kitchen. Her only toy was a rag doll. Food was scarce and her clothes were third- and fourth-hand. She saw her first film on her 14th birthday. Unable to afford trolley fare, she never left her district. In school, her classmates made fun of her: She was the skinniest and tiniest of them all. And, too shy to open her mouth, she inevitably received the worst grades.

When she graduated at 15, the authorities couldn't provide her with an apprentice job anywhere; employers shunned hiring youngsters from the Hasenberg. So Ursula took matters into her own hands. In Schwabing—the *(text concluded on page 222)*







*Ursula visits a recording studio (left) with a girlfriend, hit singer Penny McLean, and a beer garden (below) with her current boyfriend. There are always some of her sisters and brothers at home glad to see her when she visits her parents (bottom).*





MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

*Cynthia Richfield*

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Ursula Buchfellner

BUST: 33 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'6 WEIGHT: 103 SIGN: Gemini

BIRTH DATE: June 8, 1961 BIRTHPLACE: Munich, West Germany

GOALS: To continue traveling all over the world as a photomodel and a movie actress

TURN-ONS: Romantic music and a boyfriend to go with it. Children. Puppy dogs

TURN-OFFS: Egotists, Punks and Rockers, Jealous people. Waiting for the subway.

FAVORITE MOVIES: All the Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers movies. Charlie Chaplin in "The Gold Rush."

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Viennese Waltzes. Elton John. Bee Gees. The Pussy Cats.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Huckleberry Finn. Adventure tales by Karl May. The trashiest love stories.

FAVORITE FOODS: Chinese, Frankfurters, Apfelstrudel.

SECRET DREAM: To become famous without having to pay a too high price.



A tomboy at 3



Holy Communion 10

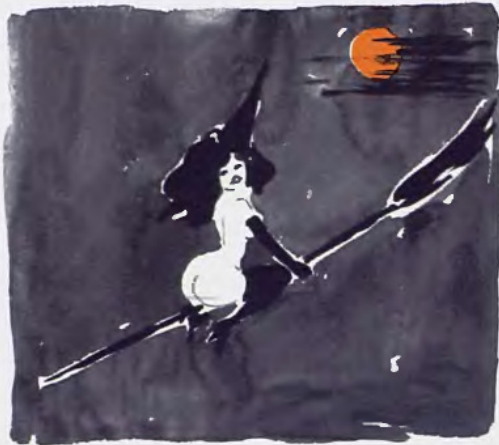


Baker's Apprentice 15

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

I don't suppose they'll ever bring our food," complained the woman in the crowded restaurant as she finished off her third martini. Then she slipped her hand under the tablecloth, fondled her husband's thigh and giggled, "It's silly to spend all night here, George, when we could be together in our very own bed."

"What's the difference?" sighed George. "With or without the drinks, at home the service would be just as slow."



It must have been a wise old botanist who pointed out that a penis is the only thing that has to be grown before it's planted.

Gossips are snickering about the really unattractive girl who has a jealous crush on a handsome comedian and surreptitiously follows him around. It's clearly a case of the dog tailing the wag.

*Halloween," said a madam named Hicks,  
"Is a time, girls, to honor guys' dicks.  
Since your Johns have spent wads,  
I'll reward them with bods—  
So tonight you'll be treating your tricks."*

Some fellow I met at the Student Union today has invited me to visit him in his apartment for an oral-sex session," the fresh-from-the-farm coed told her roommate.

"Do you plan to go?"

"I'm not sure. I'm a little concerned about just what he might try to do when he got tired of discussing the subject."

**Legal note:** A girl who lived for years with a Hollywood bisexual is suing him for a quarter of all he has.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *circumcised Copenhagen* as a pruned Danish.

No sooner had the brave young shepherd saved the life of the ragged old lady than the latter turned into a beautiful young princess. "Thank you, thank you, young man!" cried the girl. "You have broken the spell! If you name three wishes, I will do all I can to have them fulfilled."

"If it's all the same to you," responded the shepherd, gazing at the princess, "I'd like to have only one wish granted—but three times!"

Because the young wife of an escaped convict who had been recaptured during their honeymoon was lonely and wanted a baby, a social-service group made special arrangements for her to be artificially inseminated with her husband's sperm forwarded from the prison laboratory. "Tell me, baby, was whatever they did unpleasant for you?" the convict asked his wife when she visited him for the first time after the event.

"Not really, honey," she answered. "In fact, it wasn't too much different from, you know, regular sex—except that the doctor didn't bother to put his inseminator in one of those little rubber bags first."

What with the question of the clitoral versus the vaginal orgasm, it's perhaps no wonder that girls today don't know where they're coming from.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *medieval masturbator* as a pounding serf.

Superman," asked an admirer, "what was your most memorable experience?"

"I think it was when I was flying around one day," replied the hero, "and noticed Wonder Woman lying naked on her balcony, moving her pelvis most suggestively. Naturally, I zoomed right down on top of her."

"Boy, she must really have been surprised!" grinned the admirer.

"Yes, I guess she was—but not nearly as surprised as the Invisible Man."



Why, Lorraine, there are black-and-blue marks on your fanny!" exclaimed a coed in the sorority-house shower room. "Have you been dating some kinky guy?"

"No, nothing like that," smiled Lorraine. "It happened during a geology field trip. I got caught between a rock and a hard-on."

*Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*





*"Yoo-hoo, honey! I've brought you a little something to get you through your postnatal depression!"*

*SYNOPSIS: Michael Storrs, a successful management consultant, is obsessed with challenging death. His dangerous sports hobbies have deeply affected his marriage with Tracy Lawrence. After a boating accident in which both he and his father-in-law are almost killed, Tracy asks for a separation. Some time later, Michael is injured in a barroom fight while defending his friend Antoine, and while he's in the hospital recuperating, Michael decides that he must quit his job, leave the city and retreat to Green Hollow, Vermont, a ski resort that he remembers fondly.*

*In Green Hollow, Michael checks into the Alpina, a pleasant hotel owned by the Heggens. The first night of his stay, Eva Heggener invites herself into his room and it is soon apparent that hers*

*is not a business visit. She spends most of the night with Michael, who finds her wonderfully sensuous and voluptuous.*

*The next day, he contacts David Cully, head of the local ski school, for a job as a ski instructor. At Eva's request, he is assigned to be her private teacher. As the days pass, Eva and Michael routinely dine together in the evening and enjoy each other at night. One evening she announces that her husband will be arriving the next day and invites him to join them for dinner. Michael accepts.*

*Andreas Heggener turns out to be a very distinguished gentleman in his mid-50s who had been quite an active skier before his illness. He has a rare form of tuberculosis, he explains, and is often away at hospitals and clinics for tests. When Eva leaves the table to take a call,*

*he frankly refers to his wife's "seasonal young men" and comments that this time she seems to have made a good choice.*

*Michael and Eva ski together in the afternoons, but since Heggener's return, the night visits have temporarily stopped. As he gets to know Heggener better, Michael suspects that Andreas is much stronger than the doctors say and he suggests that perhaps he could do some mild skiing. Although at first reluctant, Heggener agrees to try. Eva, however, is furious at the suggestion.*

*Michael starts skiing with Heggener in the mornings and with Eva in the afternoons. To everyone's surprise, Andreas gains strength from the exercise, and one night, in a moment of optimism, he throws out all his medications. Eva, however, continues to be outraged and*



accuses Michael of trying to kill Andreas so that he can have her for himself. Infuriated by her accusation, Michael storms out. He knows he should get out of this crazy, complicated mess and leave Green Hollow. But he also knows that he cannot leave and forget Eva so easily.

**PART III** THE FOLLOWING Saturday afternoon, Michael drove to the hang-gliding school to take part in an exhibition that Jerry Williams had planned. The wind was still bad but had abated somewhat and Michael decided it was manageable. There were about 12 young men, all very much of the same mold and manner as Williams, and all of them, aside from Michael, with their own gliders.

"Hi, Mike," (continued on page 152)

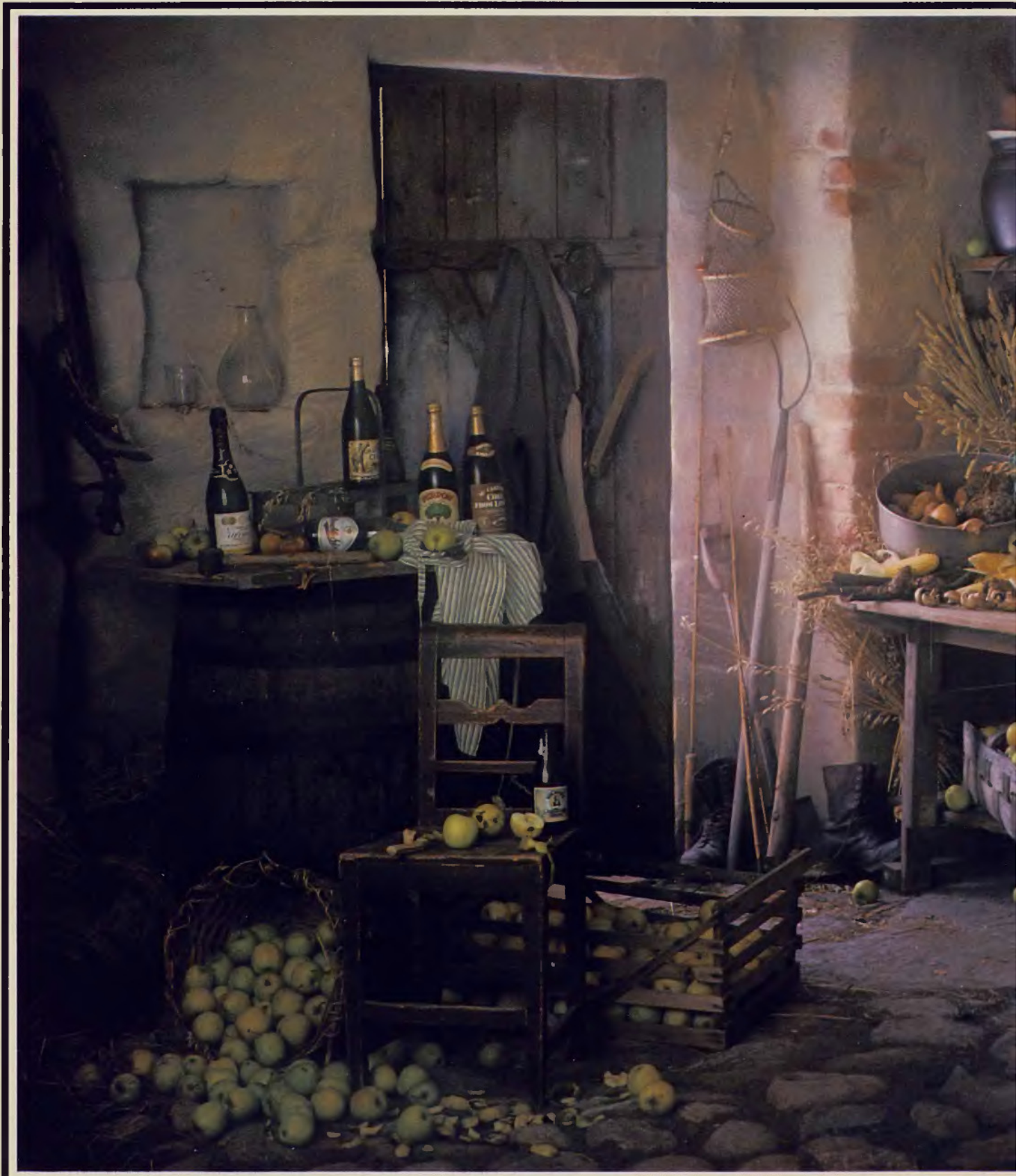
# THE TOP OF THE HILL

By <sup>fiction</sup> IRWIN SHAW

*andreas was determined not to die, and his courageous struggle for life taught michael his most important lesson*

**FIRST LOOK**

at a new novel



PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANCOIS GILLET



**A**DAM AND EVE notwithstanding, apple *aficionados* insist there are more tempting ways with the piquant *pomme* than eating it out of hand. What they have in mind is cider, hard cider in the United States, a crisp, tart-sweet, low-alcohol potable, often, though not always, effervescent. It is made by fermenting the juice of apples, just as wine is made by fermenting grapes and beer by fermenting grain. While there are similarities, cider—with its unmistakable orchard tang—is quite distinctive. Devotees contend it's lighter than wine and more refreshing than beer. Alcohol content generally ranges between the two, though Devon scrumpy, known to turn the legs into spaghetti, can go 15 percent or more alcohol.

At one time, cider referred to any strong drink. Etymologists trace the word back to the Hebrew *shēkār*, meaning strong drink. Cider has been celebrated in literature and lauded by statesmen, and it's part of our national heritage—even *more* American than apple pie. It was esteemed by the colonists as both beverage and medicine, the standard remedy for every ailment known on the frontier, and even fed to children. Like other farmers, a Virginian

*drink*

By EMANUEL GREENBERG

# SAUCE FROM THE APPLE

*eve's favorite fruit  
makes an ideal quaff for fall*

named George Washington fermented cider from apples grown in his orchards. John Adams, reputedly a cider connoisseur, downed a tankard of the stuff every morning at breakfast.

When more potent spirits were called for, New Englanders didn't mess with distillation; they sank a cask of cider in a snowbank, knowing the alcohol would remain liquid but the water fraction would freeze. A hot poker pushed through the bunghole cleared an opening, releasing the high-proof "jack." Cider remained in favor during the 19th Century. In fact, early temperance militants didn't march on saloons, they leveled apple orchards—and the phrase "on the wagon" derives from an American harvest custom. After several hours of haying in the hot sun, the hands would hop off the wagon for a cider break. At the call "Everyone back on the wagon," guzzling ceased and work was resumed.

Considering this lusty tradition, it's incredible that virtually no commercial cider is produced here today. The root problem is the morass of terminology that has everyone from the Feds to farmers and consumers confused. Everywhere else, cider is an alcoholic beverage. In the United States, it is nonalcoholic and synonymous with apple juice, whether it's called sweet cider, farm cider, country cider or old-fashioned cider. Fermented ciders are usually labeled hard cider, while the term apple wine is reserved for cider with ten percent or more alcohol. The high-proof apple sips, applejack and calvados, are *distillates* of hard cider—technically, apple brandy, with as much clout as whiskey. A uniform standard of identity fixing a range of 3.2 percent to 7 percent alcohol for cider has been introduced in Congress. When it is enacted, we should see an enthusiastic resumption of cider making in America.

Meanwhile, the English, French and Canadians are manfully shouldering the task of assuaging our growing cider thirst. Since soils, apple strains, yeasts and, to an extent, methods differ, ciders from each country exhibit distinctive national styles. English cider, the prototype, is on the dry side, lightly tannic, with an apple tang and aroma. McCartney's is fairly dry and quite yeasty. Bulmer's Woodpecker is a bit sweeter and smoother, with more body and a touch of tannin. French *cidre* is fairly sweet and heavy, with modest alcohol and a pronounced apple smack. Purpom, number one in France, is rich and fruity. The Canadians are light-bodied, pleasantly appley and not as aggressive as the French nor as woody as the English. To some, they're reminiscent of fragrant white wines. Double Six is clean, crisp and lightly yeasty, with a nice balance of acids, tannins and sweetness.

Supplementing its other virtues, cider is versatile—a refreshing sip any time and a natural companion to food. It complements pork, veal, sausages and most fish. Paired with a corned-beef or tuna sandwich, it makes an agreeable light lunch. In Normandy, cider is served with cheese, even pungent ones such as *pont l'évêque*. And, on the word of David Bullard, president of the North American Cider Association, "It's the cat's pajamas with fried chicken." Of course, cider is a perfect foil for the Thanksgiving cornucopia of roast turkey, sweet potatoes and stuffing. Serve it well chilled, opening bottles as needed, since the carbonation dissipates quickly.

If cider is your dinner beverage, why not stay with the apple all the way? Apple juice and hard cider are both amiable mixers, blending gracefully with the popular spirits. The drinks given below, based on the apple, are guaranteed to launch your celebration in good style.

## APPLE SNAP

2 ozs. whiskey or brandy  
2 ozs. apple juice  
2 ozs. (approximately) 7-Up or other lemon soda, chilled  
Lemon wedge

Pour liquor and apple juice over ice in highball glass. Stir. Add lemon soda, to taste. Squeeze lemon wedge over glass; add peel. Stir quickly.

## NEW MEXICO SUNRISE

2 ozs. tequila  
3 ozs. apple juice  
2 teaspoons grenadine  
Lemon slice

Pour tequila over ice in highball glass. Add apple juice and stir well. Trickle grenadine in slowly; don't stir. Hang lemon slice on rim of glass.

## BLACK SNAKE

A drink known better in England than in the U. S.

1 oz. blackberry-flavored brandy  
2 ozs. hard cider  
Lemon twist

Shake blackberry-flavored brandy and cider with ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Twist lemon peel over, then add to glass.

## APPLE KNOCKER

1½ ozs. bourbon  
4 ozs. apple juice  
Dash Angostura bitters  
Garnish: apple wedge (unpeeled), orange wedge, lime wedge

Pour bourbon and apple juice over ice in large old fashioned glass. Add bitters; stir. Fix garnishes around side of glass, with peels facing out, so colors show.

## STONEWALL

Popular quencher in Colonial America. It was prepared in quantity, juggled

and taken out to field hands. Proportions may be varied to taste.

1½ ozs. dark rum  
3 ozs. apple juice  
Slice lemon, half slice orange  
Shake rum and apple juice with ice.  
Strain into goblet or large sour glass.  
Decorate with fruit.

Note: For a Stone Fence, substitute applejack or calvados for dark rum.

## APPLE SLING

1¼ ozs. gin  
½ oz. cherry cordial  
1 teaspoon benedictine (optional)  
½ oz. lemon juice  
1 teaspoon sugar, or to taste  
Apple juice, chilled  
Strip lemon peel

Shake gin, cordials, lemon juice and sugar briskly with cracked ice. Strain over fresh ice in old fashioned glass. Add generous splash apple juice; stir. Twist lemon peel over glass, then drop in.

## BUZZ SAW

½ oz. crème de menthe  
1 oz. vodka  
3 ozs. apple juice, chilled  
¼ cup crushed ice  
Strip cucumber rind  
Lemon slice (optional)

Prechill blender container. Buzz all ingredients, except cucumber rind and lemon slice, in blender just until smooth. Pour into chilled wineglass. Plant cucumber strip in glass, vertically. Add lemon slice, if you like.

MERTON COLLEGE CIDER CUP  
(Serves ten)

Merton College is a venerable institution, one of the oldest in the Oxford University complex.

1 bottle hard cider, chilled  
½ pint dry sherry, chilled  
4 ozs. brandy  
Sugar or simple syrup, to taste  
Sprinkle nutmeg  
1 lemon, in thin slices  
Mint sprigs (optional)

In 2-quart bowl, with ice, combine cider, sherry and brandy. Taste and sweeten, if desired. Stir quickly. Add light sprinkle nutmeg; float lemon slices and garnish bowl with mint or borage, if you like. Serve at once.

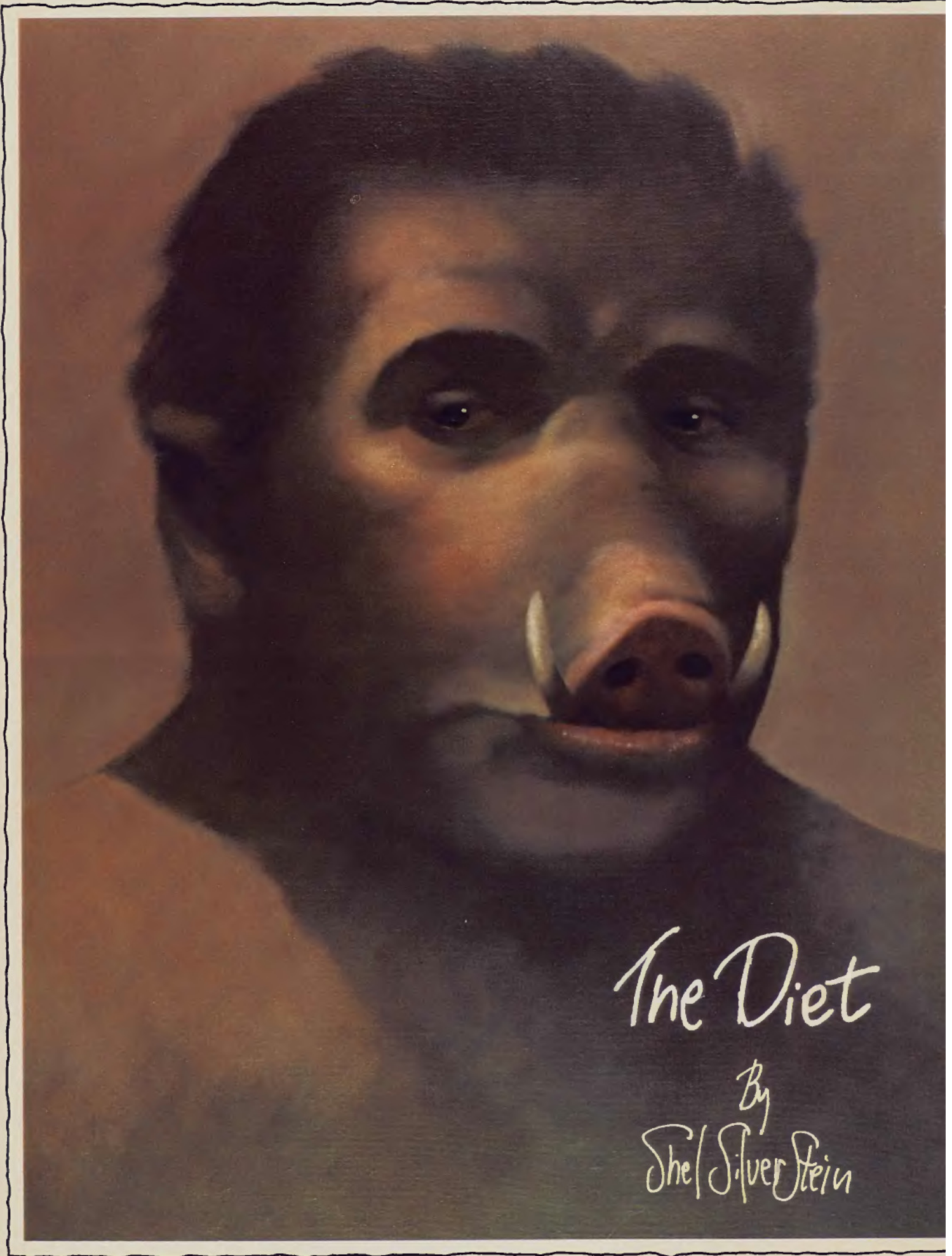
Note: Ciders vary from fairly dry to fairly sweet, so it's wise to taste before sweetening. Simple syrup blends more easily and is kinder to the bubbles.

Borrow an idea from Canada—have a cider tasting. A bottle each from England, France and Canada is a representative sampling, broad enough to clue you in to your cider preference. Great excuse for a get-together, too!





*"Men, either we've discovered the New World or  
the salt peter isn't working anymore."*



The Diet

By  
Shel Silverstein



**B**reakfast: black coffee, one slice of dry toast,  
No butter, no jelly, no jam.  
Lunch: just some lettuce, two celery stalks,  
No booze, no potatoes, no ham.  
Dinner: one chicken wing, broiled, not fried,  
No gravy, no biscuits, no pie.  
And this dietin', dietin', dietin'  
Sure is a rough way to die.

**S**o pass me a carrot stick, peel me a prune,  
A glass of skim milk and that's all.  
Turn off the TV, for the Big Mac commercial,  
It's drivin' me right up the wall.  
And I'm thinkin' of French fries, sausage and waffles,  
Spaghetti and cookies and cake.  
And each night I'm dreamin' of chocolate ice cream and  
I'm starvin' to death when I wake—all for your sake.

**Y**ou're fixin' the kids all those creamed mashed potatoes,  
But it's bouillon and water for me.  
And you got a lock on the refrigerator.  
Lord knows where you're hidin' the key.  
And while I'm starvin' for food late at night,  
I'm starvin' for lovin' from you.  
But you say that when I can see my own dick,  
You'll be glad to look at it, too.

**S**upper: two pieces of cauliflower raw,  
Some beefsteak the size of a nail,  
One sliced tomato—a small dab of slaw.  
I swear I ate better in jail.  
Stop eatin' that pizza right under my nose,  
Girl; that's the least you can do.  
And put down that candy bar while I am talkin';  
I'm starvin' my ass off for you.

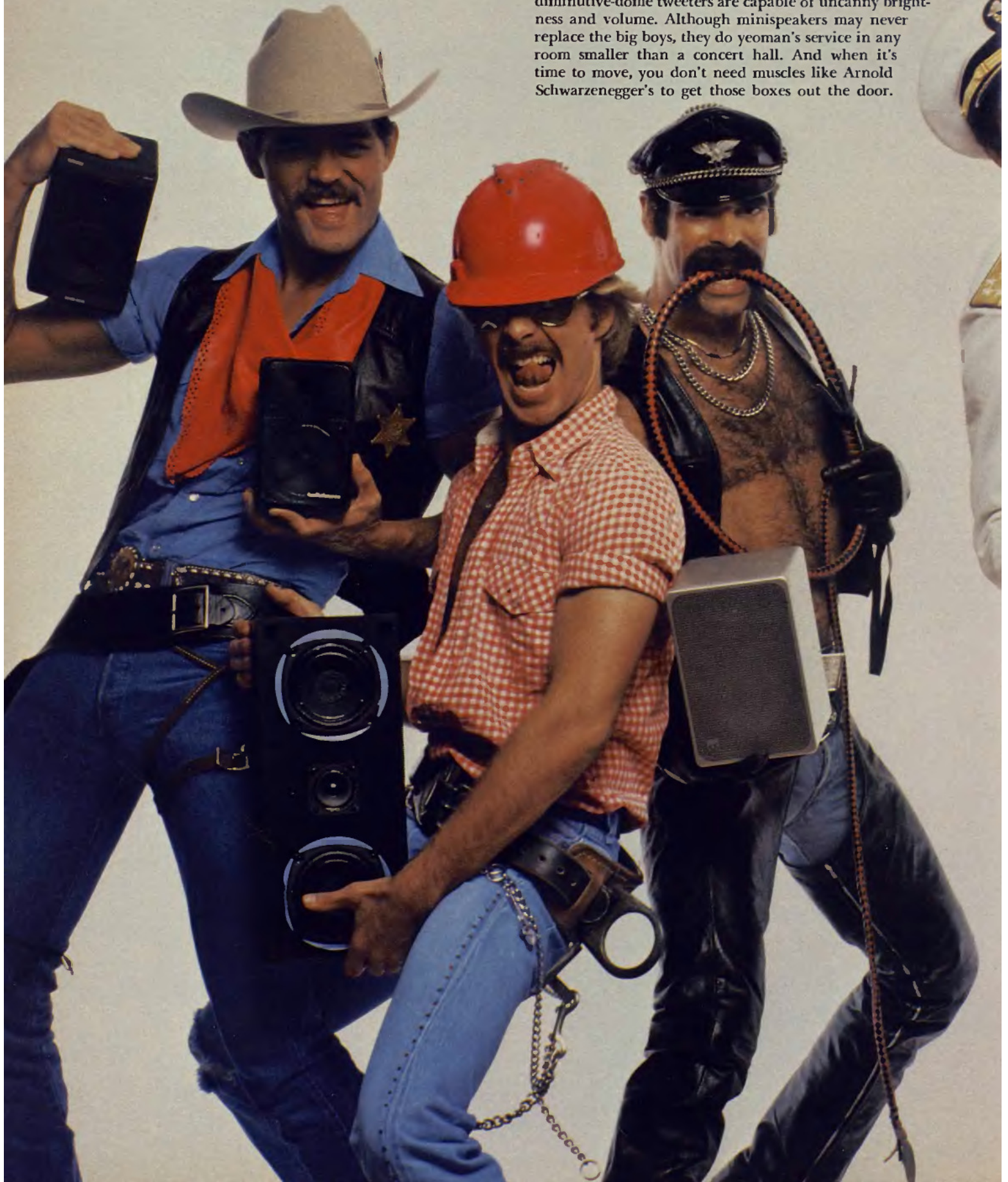
**A**nd when I am dead, with the insurance paid,  
You'll look down at me and you'll grin.  
You'll say, "Well, the boy tried, and he suffered and died,  
But don't he look good when he's *thin*?"



# PINT-SIZED POWERHOUSES

*big sounds from little guys*

THE SMALL-SPEAKER revolution has been fought and the down-sized revolutionaries have won big. Now, when the Village People sing about staying at the Y.M.C.A., there are speakers that will squeeze into the Y's tiny rooms and still deliver awesome sound. Several technological advances have made all this possible: Woofers incorporated into the latest small speakers can move as much air as their larger cousins; and light diminutive-dome tweeters are capable of uncanny brightness and volume. Although minispeakers may never replace the big boys, they do yeoman's service in any room smaller than a concert hall. And when it's time to move, you don't need muscles like Arnold Schwarzenegger's to get those boxes out the door.



In case you've been buried in a time capsule, the crazy, mixed-up gang of costumed loonies pictured below are the Village People, the hottest disco group around. Here, they're getting great sound from some new small speakers. Cowboy-hatted good guy Randy Jones, at far left, is holding in his right hand the David 6000, a great little speaker with a big, airy sound, by Visanik of America, \$150 each. In his left hand is a full-range LS-One that has a 4½" driver and a 1" tweeter, by AudioSource, \$89.95 each. Hard-

hat David "Scar" Hodo next to him has latched on to a Qysonic Spree that has three drivers built into its open-fronted cabinet, by Qysonic Research, \$139 each. Glenn M. Hughes is in a sweat for the ADS L300, with its 5¼" woofer and a 1" tweeter with high-temperature voice coils, by Analog and Digital Systems, \$145 each. Victor Willis hangs in there with a tiny Micro 100 speaker that can outperform much bigger models, by American Acoustics Labs, \$100 each. The sailor, Alex Briley, holds a Crimson, a nice little

speaker with a 4" woofer and an inexpensive price, by Burhoe Acoustics, \$90 each. The last Village People is Felipe Rose, who's whooping it up over a pyramid-shaped Model C speaker that has a 6" driver and a dome treble unit, by Fried Products, \$475 each. Under his right foot is the Interaudia Model 1, by B Base, whose power range is up to 60 watts, \$84 each. Under his left foot, you can barely see the Gamma Gold 2006M, with a 6½" woofer and a dome tweeter, by Martin Speakers, \$129 each.



*"When he came to, he found that he was hanging on a branch. He moved his arms and legs cautiously."*

Williams said as Michael came up to the shed. "I was afraid you weren't coming, either."

"What do you mean, 'either'?"

"There were supposed to be twelve more fellas," Williams said, "but they dropped out. Too much wind, they said. And these guys here just took a vote and they decided nine to three not to go up. There goes my big event," he said bitterly. "How about you?"

Michael looked up at the sky again. "I've come down in worse. If the three other guys will come up, too, I'll go first."

"You're a pal, Mike," Williams said gratefully and went to talk to the others as Michael got into his jump boots.

"OK," Williams said, when he came back. "You got three customers. I got the kite for you tuned like a watch," he said. He was lending Michael his machine.

At the top of the hill from which they would have to take off, the wind was whistling, first from one direction, then changing abruptly to another, and the other men moved around nervously and one of them said loudly, "We're crazy to take off in this crap."

Michael helped Williams assemble the glider, then methodically got into the harness, felt the controls and, without hesitating, made his run off. There was the old wonderful, weightless sensation, and he grinned as he felt the air buoy him up, but then the turbulence began and he sideslipped, recovered, felt himself being dragged down fast, fought it, saw the ground coming up at him with alarming speed, sideslipped again and saw that he was going into a stand of bare-limbed trees. He crashed into a tree, to the sound of metal being crushed and the tearing of fabric. When he came to, he found that he was hanging on a gnarled branch. He moved his arms and legs cautiously. No broken bones. But his face was wet and warm and he knew it was blood. Under him he saw Williams making a loop in a long rope. Williams threw him the rope and Michael secured it around the branch. Then he freed himself from the wreckage and slid to the ground.

"You owe me for one kite," Williams said.

"Worth it," Michael said. "It was a nice ride."

"You are a cool son of a bitch," Williams said.

As Michael was looking at his face in the mirror, the phone rang. It was Eva.

She had invited him to have dinner at the house that evening with her and Heggener, but Andreas had gotten a chill and was running a fever and she had put him to bed. "So much for the medical opinions of both of you," she said tartly and hung up.

He went over to The Chimney Corner to hear Antoine play, and it was almost midnight before he left. When he arrived back at the cottage, it was dark. As he turned on a lamp, he saw Eva sitting on the sofa, wearing her lynx coat.

"Good evening," he said. "Why didn't you turn on the light?"

"I wanted to give you a happy surprise," Eva said. She herself did not sound happy. "How was your evening?"

"Pleasant. Very pleasant. How's Andreas?"

"Not good," she said flatly. "Not good at all. His fever is up to nearly a hundred and two." She said it accusingly. "But he's asleep now. It will be a miracle if he's well enough to go to the hospital without an ambulance."

Michael sighed.

"Don't sigh as though you wished I were a thousand miles away. Aren't you going to kiss me?" She stood up.

"Eva," Michael said wearily. "I nearly got killed this afternoon and I can hardly move. . . ."

"You don't care whom you kill, do you? Yourself, my husband. . . ."

"Please," he said, taking off his coat and throwing it onto a chair. "I'm dead-tired and I want to go to sleep."

"Your face is a mess," she said, without sympathy.

"I'm going to sleep."

"I didn't come down here to watch you sleep," she said.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I can't do anything. . . ."

She began to pace up and down the small room, the coat open and swirling around her, making her look like a giant, ferocious cat. "I'm getting tired of being rejected. By you. By my husband. You want to kill yourself—fine. He wants to kill himself—fine. Maybe the sooner the better for everybody. Maybe I won't even wait. You're not the only two men in the world. Just for your information, and you can pass it on to your friend, my husband, if you wish, there's a man who's come over from Austria three times in the past year to ask me to marry him."

"Good for you. I wish you every happiness."

"I'm tired of this miserable little town

and these piddling mountains," she said, pacing wildly. "Of these dull, heavy American peasants. Of drunken brawlers with their mangled faces—"

"Be reasonable, please—"

"I want to live among civilized human beings. I thought maybe you'd help pass the season. . . ." She was almost snarling as she spoke. "But I'm afraid I made a mistake. You're a little more intelligent than the rest, perhaps, and better educated, but you're like them all, after the first fine careless rapture"—she threw out the phrase mockingly—"the same old middle-class, timid censoriousness, the same hypocritical cowardly morality. So you're too tired to go to bed with me. Go to bed with my husband. I'm sure he'd be pleased and so would you and maybe when he dies next week or next month, he'll die happy and leave you his fortune in his will."

Michael slapped her. She stood stock-still, her lips drawn back, and laughed. "So you're too tired to go to bed with a woman, but you're not too tired to hit one. You're going to regret that slap, Mr. Storrs." She swept out of the cottage, leaving the door open behind her.

The ringing of the telephone awoke him. He groaned as he got off the bed to go into the living room to answer it. Bright sunlight streamed in through the windows as he limped toward the telephone. The clock on the mantelpiece showed that it was a quarter to ten.

"Hello," he said into the phone.

"Michael. . . ." It was Heggener.

"Good morning." Michael tried to sound cheerful and wide awake.

"I hope I didn't awaken you."

"I've been up since seven," Michael lied. "How are you feeling today?"

"Fine. No fever and no cough. I was just wondering if you could manage to take me down to New York tomorrow instead of waiting. I'd like to get the whole foolish business over with as soon as possible."

Michael ran his hand over his face and scraped the stubble of beard and felt the scabs of the scratches. He would have liked to be more presentable for New York, but he said, "Fine. What time in the morning?"

"Nine OK?"

"Nine it is. See you then."

Exactly at nine, he drove up to the Heggener house. He saw that the door to the garage was open. Heggener's Ford was there, but Eva's Mercedes was gone. Heggener was waiting for him, dressed warmly. For his trip to the city, he had given up the Tyrolean hat and was wearing a soft black-felt hat, which sat squarely on his head. As Michael carried his bag to the Porsche, Heggener told him

(continued on page 170)

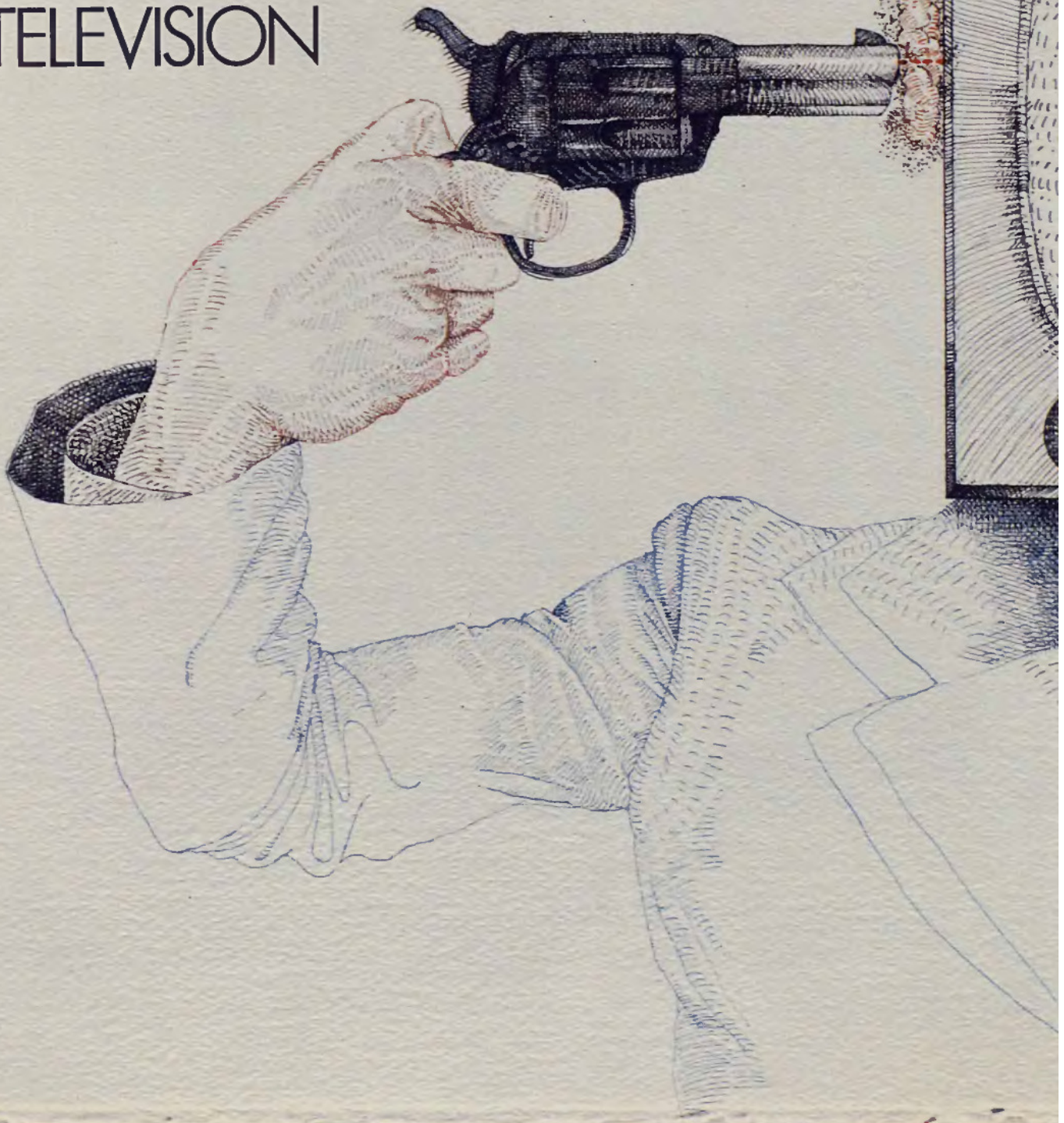


*"Actually, I'm one quarter Cherokee myself."*

*for four years, he's been shaping the country's most powerful medium in his own image. now,*

*opinion* By **GARY DEEB** FRED SILVERMAN has devoured the goose that laid the golden egg. The man who led the way in transforming American television from a social force into a social disease is about to pay the price. And so are the other men and women who have conspired with Silverman and the rest of the network moguls to force-feed more than 200,000,000 Americans a daily diet of generally wretched entertainment on that three-headed

## THE MAN WHO DESTROYED TELEVISION



*says one of tv's top critics, the people have simply had enough*



monster—CBS, ABC and NBC.

Twenty-five years ago, network radio lost much of its audience and all of its thunder to a new commodity called television. Today commercial network TV is being threatened by similar new technology [see *Tuning In on the New TV Technology*, page 218]. Already, cable and pay TV—featuring unedited movies, sports and music attractions—are siphoning off viewers in hundreds of cities and towns across the country. Twenty percent of the nation's TV homes are already hooked up to cable; many of them also receive pay-cable; still others receive some sort of noncable pay-TV service.

Even more frightening to the network bigwigs is the sudden emergence of the home-video-tape industry, now estimated to be represented in 1,000,000 homes and growing rapidly. Consumers are discovering that video-tape recorders are a cinch to operate—and that they offer worlds of custom-tailored variety. Suddenly, those people can go out and buy cassettes of Hollywood movies and Vegas night-club performances. They can also tape some of their favorite TV programs and watch them over and over—when it's convenient for them to *watch*, not when it's convenient for the network to televise—thus breaking the network domination in their households.

Many experts believe that between now and 1985, this combination of cable, pay and home video tape will drastically slash the amount of viewing Americans devote to the three big networks.

"The networks," says Eric Sevareid, the retired news commentator, "have reached the peak of their dominance."

Another top broadcast newsman, ABC News senior vice-president Richard Wald, seconds that notion: "Television is a child of technology," he says, "and the technology is changing." Wald theorizes that by the mid-Eighties—scarcely five years from now—the network program schedules could very well be comprised of mostly news and sports.

Even producer Garry Marshall, the creator of such mind candy as *Happy Days*, *Laverne & Shirley* and *Mork & Mindy*, thinks there could be a viewer revolution coming. "I really believe that a lot of people are gonna start buying these cassettes," he says.

Until very recently, such talk was labeled visionary and was largely poo-hooped by both the public and the network bosses. It simply was hard for anyone to imagine commercial television undergoing *any* sort of revolution, particularly considering the public's continued heavy TV viewing.

But in the past few years, network TV has suffered a sort of nervous breakdown. The networks have insulted a large portion of their public by ferociously ad-

hering to lowest-common-denominator programming. And then they've proceeded to confuse what public was left by reducing the actual programs to secondary status below the art of packaging, marketing and scheduling. The networks have concentrated so much on the logistics of outmaneuvering the competition that they've forgotten the logic of appealing to the viewers. To paraphrase Howard Beale, the insane but perceptive anchor man in the movie *Network*, the people are mad as hell—and they're not gonna take it anymore.

Indeed, in the final analysis, that's the real reason behind the coming viewer revolution. The people hate television—even though most of them are irresistibly attracted to it. As inarticulate as this rage may be, it's significant for what it stands for: The people are striking back at the networks that have trampled them and treated them like slob for so long. And now that various technological advances are beginning to give viewers some respectable alternatives to the networks, this "revenge factor" has become a genuine threat to the biggies on New York's Sixth Avenue.

Think about it. Television has run roughshod over the lives of so many normal, everyday people for so many years that the current backlash should surprise nobody. This viewer disaffection already has reared its head in that bible of broadcasting—the Nielsen audience ratings. Since 1977, viewing levels have dropped for the first time in history—anywhere from two to eight percent, depending on the hour of the day and the season of the year. It's significant that the fall-off is even steeper for the audience of the three major networks. This means not only that people are watching less TV but that even when they *do* tune in, they're devoting a hefty chunk of time to independent, nonnetwork stations, to public, noncommercial TV, to cable and pay TV and to video cassettes on their home video-tape machines.

And although the networks would like us to believe that the viewing decline stopped 18 months ago, the fact is that the networks suffered a further Nielsen-rating dip last season—of two percent in prime time—on top of the previous viewing skid. Moreover, a nationwide *Washington Post* survey reveals that 53 percent of people 18 and older are watching less TV than they were five years ago, while only 32 percent are watching more. The networks may be rolling in dough, but those glittering profits could become endangered species if nationwide viewer anger keeps building.

So just where does Fred Silverman fit into this picture? If this season—or the next or the next—is truly network TV's last hurrah, why should he be singled out

as the guy who sent his industry down the tubes? Can't TV's generally disgusting nature be attributed to a team effort?

Well, not exactly. If one man can be charged with destroying television, that man is Freddie Silverman. Now president and chief executive officer of the National Broadcasting Company, Silverman is commonly known as The Man with the Golden Gut, the fellow who can parlay a simple hunch and some computerized research into enormous success in both audience ratings and advertising revenue.

Unlike most of the status-conscious zombies who work for and against him, Silverman, 42, is a genuine working-class hero. Short, pudgy and constantly rumpled, he comes across far more like one of his cherished lowbrow viewers than like the brainiest and most powerful man in television. No golf, tennis or sailing for Silverman. No cocktail parties with foreign dignitaries. In all of network TV, there's probably nobody who toils as long or as hard. Those who know him say he's a considerate boss, a kind-hearted sort who gets along with cleaning women and top lieutenants alike. Not only that; Silverman actually loves TV. He watches it more than any other broadcast captain would dare admit, and he shamelessly confesses having been moved to tears by certain episodes of *Laverne & Shirley* and *Soap*. History has yet to record whether or not he breaks down and blubbers over *Hello, Larry*, but there's no doubt that this rough-cut, homely, shambling boss of America's oldest network definitely is a flesh-and-blood human being.

And yet this uniquely American success story has let his fellow citizens down by rendering television more mundane, more infantile and less thoughtful than anyone believed possible. A man who can draw top ratings for a program in which the funniest line is "Up your nose with a rubber hose!" has to be a wizard at capturing the imagination of the mass public. But with success comes responsibility, and the mass media—especially TV—have a responsibility to enlighten as well as entertain, to illuminate as well as ingratiate. Silverman apparently doesn't understand that.

"If we were programming for England," he says, "I dare say we'd have more felicitous-speaking characters and more subtle dialog. But we're programming for Des Moines, Boise and Newark—not Hertford, Hereford and Hampshire. We're a success, and there's nothing wrong with that. So we're not going to be embarrassed by it, or ashamed of it, either. And we're certainly not going to apologize for what we're presenting to the American public."

Believe it or not, it all started with  
(continued on page 216)





WITH NEW PLAYBOY CLUBS opening overseas—most recently in Manila and in Nagoya, Japan—our Bunnies are, more than ever, standard-bearers of a far-flung Playboy empire. The plush Manila Club opened late last year to a celebrity-studded crush of well-wishers, including Imelda Marcos, wife of the president of the Philippines. In addition to a spectacular disco, the Club offers a cornucopia of fun in two bars, two *(text continued on page 165)*

Miami-born Laura Jordan (left) now works as a Bunny in New York—the best place, she figures, to further her theatrical career.

# BUNNIES OF '79

*just what you've been waiting for—our annual tribute to the cream of the cottontail crop*



Next time you visit the Chicago Playboy Club, you may be greeted by the dazzling smile of Door Bunny Beth Mpistolarides (above), whose dad, George, has worked as an engineer on Playboy's building-services staff for many years. Thanks for keeping Playboy in the family, George.

A Japanese-French-Cherokee Indian gene pool yielded Dallas Bunny Akemi Crockett (below), who's on the Club's softball team.



Great Gorge Bunny Kim Bateman (above) makes life a picnic. A sports enthusiast, Kim spends a lot of time outdoors; so does the St. Louis Club's Patti Duggan (left), a tennis and volleyball freak. Somehow, our photographer managed to lure her indoors for a shooting.



You might say Los Angeles Bunny Michelle Palombi (above) has showbiz in her blood—her dad's musical director of Las Vegas' Riviera Hotel. Michelle came to Ployboy from the *Hallelujah Hollywood* review at the MGM Grand Hotel in Vegas. Christi Jost (below left), from *Loke Genevo*, prefers her men to be quiet. How about a nice quiet editor, Christi? Cincinnati Bunny Carol Stapleton (below right) hates fat, loves Porsches.





Dallas Bunny Ruby Walker (above) paints, jags, plays squash and acts. If she doesn't like something, she'll let you know: "I'm remarkably candid," she observes. Below left, Miami Bunny Gale Lotterhand, who has studied fashion design, admires the stitch of her sweater. Below right, Dallas Bunnies Suzanne Miller (left), a magic buff, and Thressa Ratliff, who's also assistant manager of the Club, make waves in a hot tub.



When she's not on duty at the New York Club, Bunny Marina Thompson (right) moves in disco raller-skating circles.



At 5'2" and 98 pounds, Cincinnati Bunny Kym Donaldson (above left) proves a little can go a very long way. Check out the Bunny with the ears (top right). Look familiar? She's August Playmate Dorothy Stratten, at the Playboy Club in Los Angeles' Century City. Phoenix Bunny Tanya Jones (above right) collects fans and baskets; broad-minded about most things, Tanya tells us she just can't tolerate litterbugs.





Making rugs, sewing and cooking are big hits with Cincinnati Bunny Bonnie Hoobler (left). She may sound like a homebody, but Bonnie really wants to travel. London Bunny Linda Datson (above) aims at opening her own fashion shop; Osaka's Miyuki Kishimae (below right) paints in her spare time. Like Bonnie, Miyuki wants to see the world. Maybe the two should meet halfway and globe-hop together.



British-born Bunny Teresa Irwin (above) finds it difficult to pursue her former pastime of ice skating in tropical Nassau, where she's a Croupier Bunny in Playboy's Casina. So she's taken up snarkeling. Chicago's Janis Iacovone (right) favors champagne—and pinball.





Angela Haji-Saphocleous (left), who's a croupier at Playboy's Manchester, England, Casino, claims her hobbies include "dancing and men." Next dance is ours.



Here's looking at New York Bunny Reily Rehn (left)—from both sides now. A typical New Yorker, Reily runs to the theater or the movies whenever she has a chance.



It's a wonder the Dallos Cowboys ever make it to a game when beauties like Keri Korras (below) stoff the Dallos Playboy Club—which happens to be in the Cowboys Building. Keri, a model, studies drama.



game rooms, a library, a sauna, a whirlpool and a fully equipped gym. In Japan, the Nagoya Club has joined sister hutches in Tokyo and Osaka. Before Playboy's arrival this July, the area around Nagoya was best known as the home of the cultured pearl; a full-scale Bunny hunt, we're told, uncovered more than one pearl to staff our newest Club. Future plans call for another Pacific Playboy outpost—in Hawaii. Negotiations are now under way for a suitable island location. (concluded on page 224)



BUCK BROWN

"No, thank you, I prefer to stand."

## the fierce machine

from *Fanny Hill, or Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, by John Cleland, 1749

Ribald Classic

I, HAVING EXPRESSED severest doubts and saying that I could not conceive of affording entrance for that fearful machine without dying in the greatest pain, Phoebe asked me if I knew Polly Philips.

I said that I did—but to what purpose did she ask? “You must know,” Phoebe said, “that she is kept by a young Genoese merchant, on business in London. She receives him thrice a week in her light closet, up one pair of stairs, and tomorrow you shall see what passes between them from a secret place.”

At five the next evening, Phoebe led me to a dark room where were kept some old furniture and some cases of liquor. The only light came from a crevice in the wall and, applying our eyes to this, we could with great clearness observe the scene of action.

I saw the young gentleman, standing with his back to me, and presently Polly entered. They sat down on the couch and partook of some wine and some Naples biscuits on a salver. Soon, after a kiss or two, as if there had been some signal, the young man stripped to his shirt and Polly began to draw her pins. When she had undressed to all but her shift, he gave her an encouraging kiss and stole the shift off her body.

Whereat she blushed, indeed, standing in the middle of the room stark-naked, with her black hair loose and afloat down her dazzling white neck and shoulders. The girl could not be above 18, her face regular and sweet-featured, her shape exquisite; nor could I help envying her two ripe, enchanting breasts, so firmly plumped out that they sustained themselves without any stay; then the nipples, pointing different ways, marked their pleasing separation. Beneath them lay the delicious tract of the belly, which terminated in a parting or rift scarce discernible, that modestly seemed to retire downward and seek shelter between two plump thighs while the curling hair in that place clothed it with the richest sable fur in the universe. She was a pattern of female beauty, in all the true pride and pomp of nakedness.

The young Italian gazed transported, and his shirt now bolstered out to show the condition of things beneath it. But he soon removed it. He was about two and 20, tall, well-limbed, broad-shouldered and with a complexion of the brownest; not a dusky dun color but a clear, olive gloss. Then his grand movement, which rose from the root all around thighs and belly up to the navel, stood stiff and upright, of a size to frighten me, by sympathy, for the small, tender part which was the object of its fury. He had pushed Polly gently down on the couch and now, with

her thighs spread to their utmost, there was discovered between them the mark of the sex, the red-centered cleft of flesh whose lips, vermilioning inward, expressed a small, rubied line in sweet miniature.

Phoebe now gave me a little jog and whispered to ask if I thought my little maidenhead much less, but I was too engrossed to give her any answer.

By this time, the young gentleman was kneeling between her thighs, displaying to us a side view of that fierce machine which threatened, I thought, no less than splitting the tender victim, who, nevertheless, lay smiling at the uplifted stroke. Guiding his weapon with his hand to the inviting slit, he drew aside the lips and lodged it (after some thrusts, which Polly seemed even to assist) halfway, but there it stuck. He drew it again and, wetting it with spittle, re-entered and sheathed it now up to the hilt, at which Polly gave a great sigh in quite another tone from that of pain. He thrust; she heaved, at first gently in a regular cadence, but presently the transport began to be too violent to observe any order or measure; their motions were too rapid, their kisses too fierce and fervent for nature to support such fury long. Both seemed out of themselves; their eyes darted fires. “Oh! . . . Oh! I can’t bear it! . . . It is too much. . . . I die. . . . I am going. . . .” Such were Polly’s expressions of ecstasy.

His joys were more silent, but, at last, with some broken murmurs and sighs heart-fetched, he gave a dispatching thrust and fell motionless.

At length he arose and I could see between her thighs that recently opened wound which now glowed with a deeper red. Presently, getting up, she threw her arms around him again, seeming delight-

ed with the trial he had put her to, judging by the fondness with which she eyed him and hung upon him.

For my part, it was a quick adieu to all my fears of what man could do unto me. They were now changed to such ardent desires, such ungovernable longings that I could have pulled by the sleeve the first man I met and offered him my bauble.

Phoebe, to whom such sights were not new, could not, however, remain unmoved at so warm a scene and, drawing me softly from the peephole for fear of being overheard, guided me as near the door as possible, all passive and obedient to her least signals.

Here there was no room either to sit up or to lie, but, making me stand with my back toward the door, she lofted up my petticoats and with her busy fingers fell to visit and explore that part of me where the heat and irritations were now so violent that I was perfectly sick and ready to die with desire. The bare touch of her finger in that critical place had the effect of a fire to a train, and her hand instantly made her sensible to what a pitch I was wound up and melted by the sight she had thus procured me.

She next took hold of my hand and, having rolled up her own petticoats, forced it strivingly toward those parts where, now grown more knowing, I missed the main object of my wishes, finding not even the shadow of what I wanted but everything so flat and hollow that I would have withdrawn my hand but for fear of disobliging her. She made use of it to procure rather the shadow than the substance of a pleasure.


For my part, I now pined for more solid food and promised myself that I would not be put off much longer with this foolery from woman to woman. 



ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND



**Why have millions of  
Americans bought  
Sanyo car stereo?**

**Just listen.**

# Or just ask!

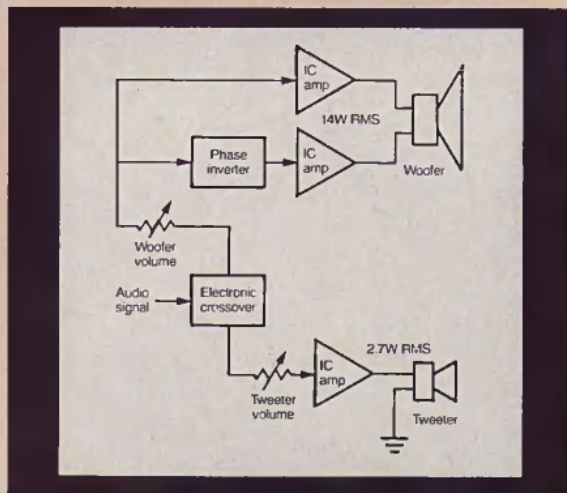
Millions of people own Sanyo car stereos. So the chances are pretty good that you know one of them. Why not ask him (or her) why he chose Sanyo.

Could it have been the performance features that excited him? Don't be surprised if it was, because Sanyo offers features like Dolby\* noise reduction, Sendust



heads and switchable equalization (head) for the new metal particle "super tapes," high power bi-amplification (the same system used by discos and rock concerts for added punch), and incredibly sensitive electronic tuning.

All this adds up to spectacularly lifelike sound and, by itself, would be a great reason to buy a Sanyo.



\*TM Dolby Laboratories

But maybe he first noticed the convenience features like automatic tape searching, precise digital tuning with built-in clock and calendar, and fully automatic reverse... in units that **install effortlessly and give a custom look in any car.** More great reasons to buy a Sanyo.

Let's face it — when you combine all these convenience features with Sanyo's great performance, you get car stereo that's pretty impressive.



But for really outrageous sound, Sanyo lets you build on your basic system with plug-in power amplifiers that deliver up to 60 watts RMS per channel (4 ohms, 20-20,000 Hz, no more than 0.05% total harmonic distortion), and 7-band graphic equalizers for studio-like sound control.

So, when you ask your friend why he bought his Sanyo car stereo, he'll probably just tell you that it sounds unbelievably good.

After all, a friend of his probably told him the same thing.

 **SANYO**

**AUDIO  
SPEC**

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*"And he longed for her, achingly, overpoweringly, but no word he could say that night could please her."*

that Eva had taken Bruno to the veterinarian. "She's heard of a wonder animal doctor in Burlington. She should be given a yearly retainer by the American Medical Association for her devotion to disease." He smiled forgivingly, as though his wife's hypochondria in respect to husbands and dogs were a charming little quirk of character.

The Porsche ate up the miles of highway smoothly. Heggener said he liked to go fast and Michael kept the car at 85, while keeping a careful watch in the rearview mirror for police cars.

They drove in silence for a while. Then Heggener said, "Michael, I've been thinking about you. You're not going to spend your life teaching skiing, are you?"

"No," Michael said. "In fact, I'm not even going to spend another day teaching skiing. I told Cully I quit yesterday."

"You did?" Heggener said flatly. "Are you leaving Green Hollow?"

"Probably not until the end of the season—if then," Michael said. "When I leave more or less depends upon you."

"Does it?" Heggener sounded surprised. "In what way?"

"If, when you get out of the hospital, you still want to ski with me, I'll hang on."

"That is most kind of you. After the season . . . what do you intend to do?"

"I have no plans," Michael said.

"If I were to say that perhaps I had a plan for you, Michael, would you consider it an unwarranted intrusion on your privacy?"

"Of course not."

"My manager, Mr. Lennart, is leaving in April," Heggener said, "with no regrets on either side. What I have been considering offering you is the position of manager."

"It's very thoughtful of you, Andreas, but I don't know the first thing about running a hotel."

"It's not as complicated as people think. I have a good staff and one of the boys who has been with me three years is ready to move up to the position of assistant manager and would be of great help. The duties would leave you a great deal of time to ski and, in fact, you would attract guests by being available to ski with them, which Mr. Lennart is not. I would be prepared to offer you a decent salary, plus a percentage of the profits. As part of your training, I would finance trips to Europe to see how other hotels I

admire are run; and, in any case, your vacations would be quite long, since the hotel is a seasonal business. Of course, I don't expect you to give me an immediate answer. You have all the time you want to tell me yes or no."

"Have you spoken with Eva about this?" Michael asked.

"No, I haven't. From our discussions, it would seem that she will be gone from now on for longer and longer periods. In any case, where the business is concerned, it is I who make all the decisions. It would be understood that she would leave you severely alone."

"Let's talk about it," Michael said, "when you get back."

"Of course," Heggener said.

Michael felt a twinge of pity as he saw Heggener put into a wheelchair, already somehow diminished, with a no-nonsense nurse pushing him swiftly and efficiently out of sight.

Michael checked into the Hotel Westbury, because it was on Madison Avenue near where he had lived and he had often dropped into the bar for a drink. It was the cocktail hour and the bar was crowded with couples, relaxed and joyful after the day's work, and he felt a pang of self-pity because he was alone. On impulse, he called Tracy. The phone rang and rang and he was about to hang up, not knowing whether he was relieved or sorry that she was not at home, when it was picked up and he heard her voice, a little breathless, saying, "Hello."

"Hello, Tracy," he said. "I was just about to hang up."

"I just came in," she said. "I was coming up the steps when I heard the phone ringing and I ran, as you can tell by the way I'm breathing." She laughed. "Where are you?"

"Around the corner. At the Westbury."

"Oh." Suddenly, she sounded cautious.

"Am I too close for comfort?"

"Don't start in like that," she said warningly.

"Sorry."

"Are you all right?"

"Why shouldn't I be all right?"

"I mean, calling me like this—out of the blue. And in the city. Are you all right? All in one piece?"

"I'm fine," he said. "I'd be better, though, if you joined me for a drink."

There was a long silence. "Are you sure you know what you're doing, Michael?"

"No."

She laughed. "In that case, give me a half hour."

He hung up and took the elevator to his room and shaved, not very well, being careful to avoid opening the scratches on his face, but well enough so that he wouldn't look as though he had been sleeping out in the wilderness since she had seen him last. He showered and put on some clean clothes and remembered to wear a tie she had given him for Christmas some years ago, which was a color she said she liked on him.

Then he went down to the bar, found a small table and said with satisfaction to the waiter, "We'll be two," and ordered a martini.

When she came into the room, the men turning their heads, as usual, to watch her and the women looking secretly damaged, he rose to greet her. He kissed her cheek, which was cold from the walk and fragrant.

She frowned as she looked across the table at him. "What in the world happened to your face?"

"I ran into a tree," he said. "Hang gliding."

"Oh, Michael," she said sadly. "Still?"

"I was careless," he said. "For once."

"For once," she said, her voice dead. "As usual. Do people know where to find me to tell me when you've been killed? After all, I'm still your wife."

"I'll have a dog tag made up and hang it around my neck," Michael said, displeased, "saying, 'Please call my wife, in case of decease,' with the telephone number, and 'I may not make *The New York Times*.'"

From there on, the evening was all downhill.

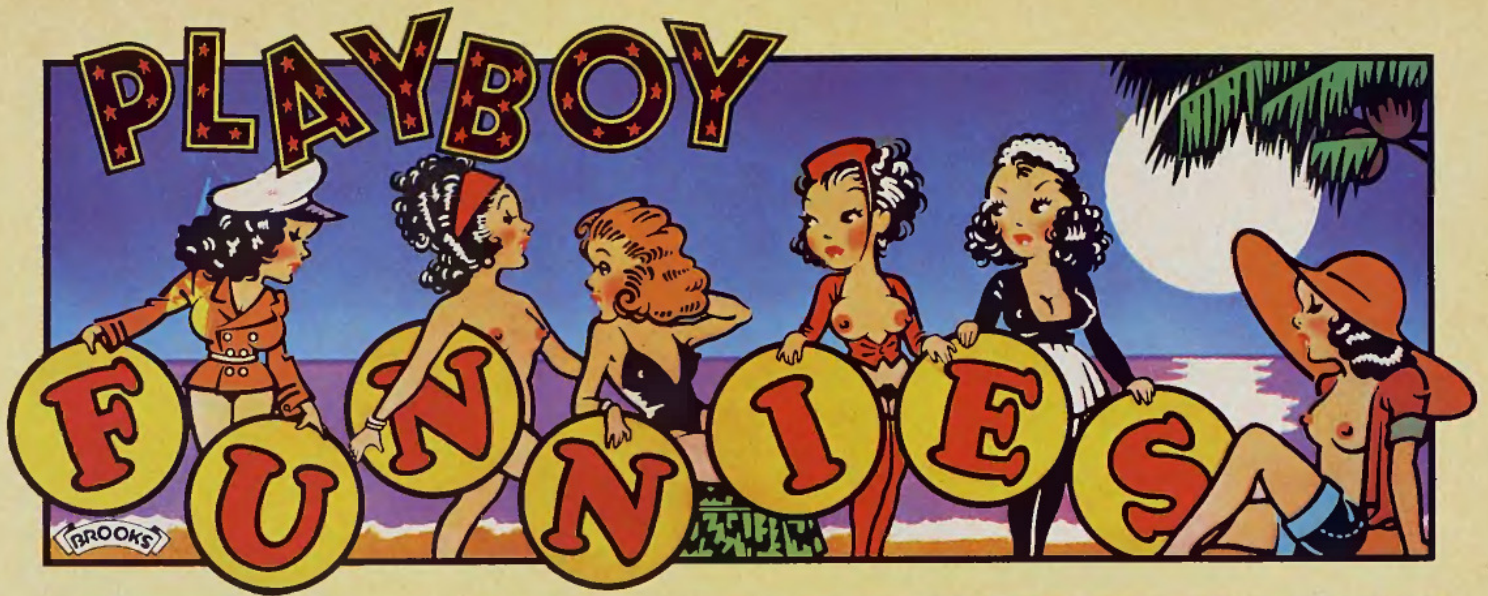
When he asked her if she had found any men who interested her, she said coldly, "You know I won't say anything on that subject."

Michael noticed that her drinking habits had changed. Previously, when they were together and she found him drinking a martini, she would always say, "The same, please." Now she was drinking straight vodka on the rocks. At just what moment in the time between had she changed? Never to know.

And he longed for her, achingly, overpoweringly, but no word he could say that night could please her. And the truth was, no word she said to him pleased him.

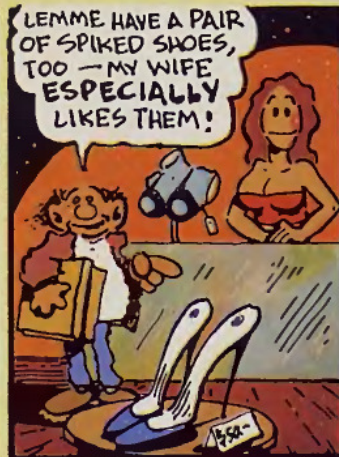
They went to a restaurant on 61st Street where they had dined well in the past and where they had been warmly welcomed by the whole staff. But now the management had changed and nobody recognized them and the meal was awful.

And still he longed for her. The  
(continued on page 208)



## annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard



THROUGH SPACE AND TIME  
WITH

# SCHWIMMER AND JONES

by Randy Jones...  
Eugene Allen Schuman

THIS MONTH:  
STRANGE BEDFELLOWS



TODAY WE FIND OUR HEROES ON THE PLANET NURGO, WHERE, AFTER A "NIGHT ON THE TOWN," SCHWIMMER AWAKENS NEXT TO... TO... WELL, SEE FOR YOURSELF...

OOOH! MY HEAD IS KILLING ME! JONES AND HIS STUPID DRINKING CONTESTS....

HOLY COW!

A SARUVIAN HAIR-AND-SLIME BEING! BUT WHAT'S IT DOING IN MY BED?

WAITAMINNIT! I DIDN'T....



OMIGOSH—I DID!

WAIT'L L JONES FINDS OUT! I'LL NEVER LIVE THIS DOWN!

OH, NO! THERE HE IS!

HI! WANT SOME ASPIRIN?

LISTEN—YOU'RE NOT GONNA BELIEVE THIS, BUT....



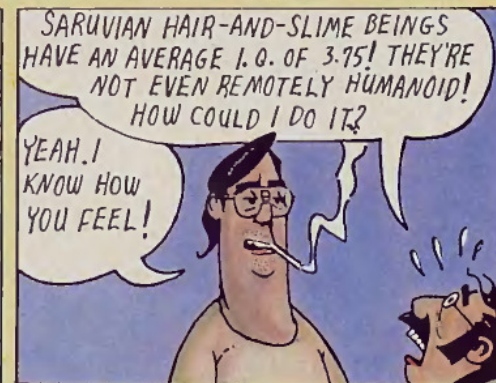
LAST NIGHT—AT THE BAR! I PICKED UP A SARUVIAN HAIR-AND-SLIME BEING! YEAH, I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL!

SARUVIAN HAIR-AND-SLIME BEINGS HAVE AN AVERAGE I.Q. OF 3.75! THEY'RE NOT EVEN REMOTELY HUMANOID! HOW COULD I DO IT?

YEAH, I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL!

I'M SO ASHAMED!

YEAH, I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL!



FOR CHRISAKES, WOULD YOU STOP SAYING "I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL"? HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY KNOW HOW I FEEL?

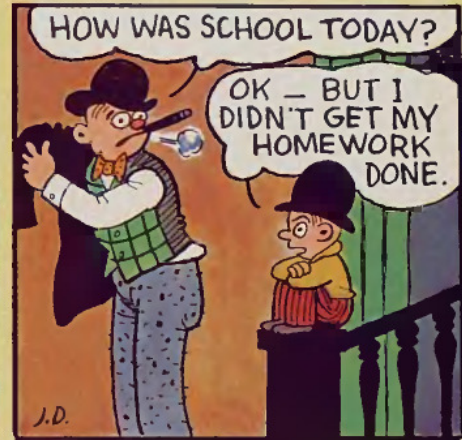
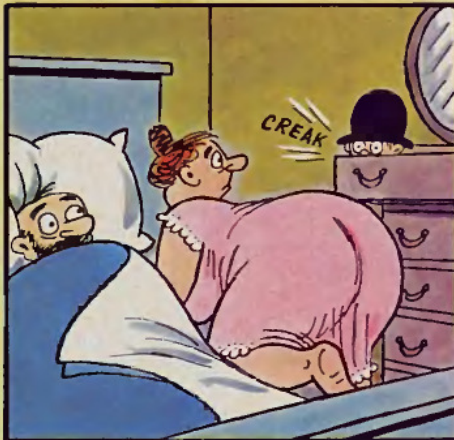
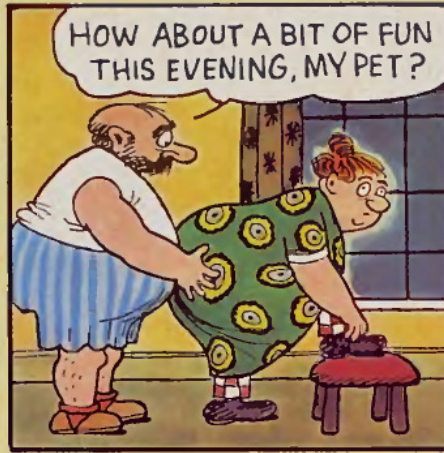
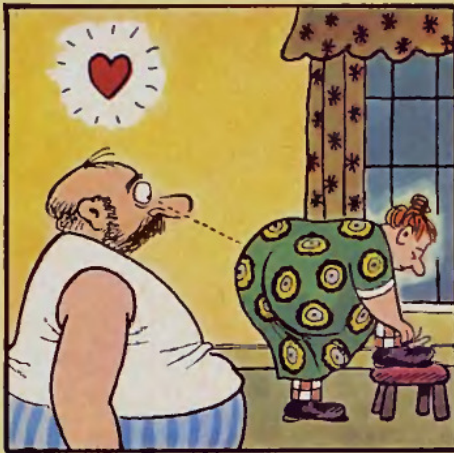
SHE HAD A FRIEND!



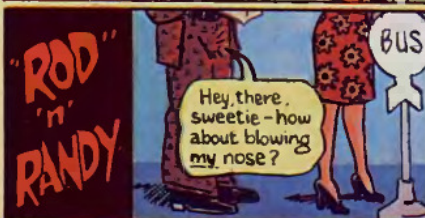
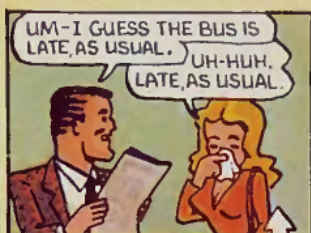


# POON PULLINS

by John Delmar



# SUZY Q AND MIDNITE



IMPORTED CANADIAN WHISKY - A BLEND - 80 PROOF - CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

Right from the start, its Canadian spirit rises above the rest. What makes it such a popular choice? Super lightness. Superb taste. If that's what you'd like, take off for Lord Calvert Canadian.

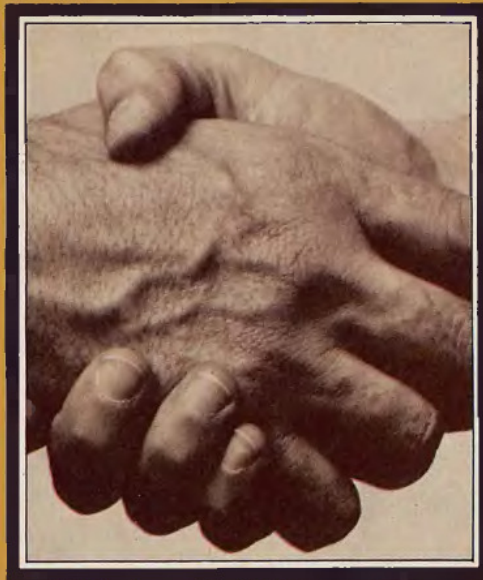
A large, golden bottle of Lord Calvert Canadian Whisky is the central focus, tilted slightly to the right. The bottle's label is white with gold and black text. At the top of the label is a crest featuring a red and white saltire on a blue background, flanked by two golden lions. Below the crest, the words "LORD CALVERT CANADIAN" are printed in a large, bold, serif font. Underneath, in a smaller, italicized font, it reads "Canadian Whisky - A blend of choice matured whiskeys" and "Eighty Proof". The bottle is set against a dark, clear sky. In the foreground, a surfer wearing a dark shirt and light shorts is riding a yellow surfboard on a blue wave. The surfer is positioned at the base of the bottle, appearing to surf the "liquid" of the bottle. The overall scene is a surreal combination of a classic whisky advertisement and a dynamic action shot.

**LORD  
CALVERT  
CANADIAN**

*Canadian Whisky - A blend  
of choice matured whiskeys  
Eighty Proof*

The spirit of Canada:  
We bottled it.

# MAN & WORK



## WORKING OVERSEAS

When your employer wants to send you abroad, he probably isn't offering a redhead or a blonde. Although the multinationals are employing more host-country citizens, Americans willing to accept overseas assignments are hard to find, because many executives either refuse to relinquish their rung on the home-office corporate ladder or value lifestyle elements such as leisure activities, spouses' jobs and children's schools over loyalty to the firm. If you're a middle-level executive who gets off on getting out of the country, you're in a position to bargain for a compensation package that's really worth writing home about.

## SALARY AND COST OF LIVING

Count on receiving a base salary comparable to what you would get in the U.S., plus some form of overseas allowance. Ninety percent of the firms surveyed in *Compensating International Executives*, a study by Business International Corporation of over 500 anonymous multinationals, offer allowances, in many cases a "foreign service premium" tied to no particular costs, that may run as high as 15 percent of your U.S. salary. Few firms still pay hardship allowances, but, because they believe an American abroad has an inalienable right to the American way of life, regardless of expense, most firms also come up with an additional cost-of-living allowance. These allowances are computed by the U.S. State Department, United Nations, Incom, Organization Resources Counselors and other data-gathering services. Check out the index for your post to make sure your allowance covers imported Tidy-Bowls and Twinkies.

Employers pay for transportation, shipment of household goods, temporary accommodations and losses suffered from the sale of homes and automobiles. Since housing overseas may be as scarce and exorbitant as at home, many firms help out. Some provide apartments or houses. Others pay flat allowances, compensate according to an intricate salary-and-rent-based formula or simply pay the cash difference between your actual domestic and foreign housing costs.

## TAXES AND GETTING AROUND THEM

Only American expatriates are obligated to pay income tax back to the homeland. Although the various past tax acts allowed blanket exclusions from taxable income, the present law permits overseas employees to deduct only excess foreign living costs from taxable income (though a flat \$20,000 may be excluded from income in qualifying hardship areas). That is a big break in expensive coun-

tries such as Japan, where total foreign allowances for a \$30,000-a-year employee average \$73,500; not so great in England and Brazil, where the cost of living is less than at home. In practice, you don't have to worry about current U.S. and host-country tax laws, since nearly all firms have tax-reimbursement policies guaranteeing that employees working abroad get stuck with no more tax than they would have paid at home.

Another way they compensate without increasing taxes is with noncash fringe benefits. Companies usually help with children's education through high school and give older offspring several trips a year to the overseas post from college. Some firms will fly in dependents living with divorced spouses. Many companies offer executives and their families preassignment orientation courses in the host-country language and culture, while some perk up the stints with memberships to local golf, tennis or English-language clubs. About a quarter of the firms surveyed provide executives with company cars and, in countries where an individual of your standing would no more drive his own car than rinse out his shorts in the creek, chauffeurs.

## SOME DRAWBACKS

The bad news is that while the folks back home may think you're a regular fellow, some locals may consider you a despicable, warmongering American capitalist. Risks International, an executive-risk-assessment consultant, reports that in 1978, there were 47 acts of assassination, kidnaping and bombing perpetrated against American businesses overseas, a figure it thinks is so low because most companies are reasonably aware of the problems. If the firm is sending you into terrorist territory—Italy, Spain, Colombia, El Salvador and Nicaragua are the current hot spots—make sure it gets you a house in a secure location (not on a cul-de-sac or beside a forest) and checks out your fellow employees for past terrorist connections.

## PROTECTING YOURSELF

What Business International calls a "letter of understanding" may be the best way to shape up your shipment out. This agreement, which may be anything from a formal contract to a firm handshake, stipulates the nature of your job, status in the company hierarchy, complete compensation package, including incentive bonuses and pensions, standards of conduct expected from you and, perhaps most importantly, position and salary upon repatriation. When you get home, you'll want the gang down at the office to treat you like a returning hero, not like someone who just got off the boat. —THEODORE FISCHER



**There's nothing you can't  
wear with FRYE boots.**



At the office. At night. At leisure. This year, it will be hard to find a place where you won't find a man in Frye boots. We have new styles, too. There's our Western boot with a scallop top and medallion stitching. There's our conventional boot with a semi-dress toe. We use only the best full grain leather in our boots. And it shows. For comfort, we cushioned the innersoles. Of course, we have a complete new line of boots for women, too. Even though our styles may change over the years, our quality and craftsmanship will always remain the same.

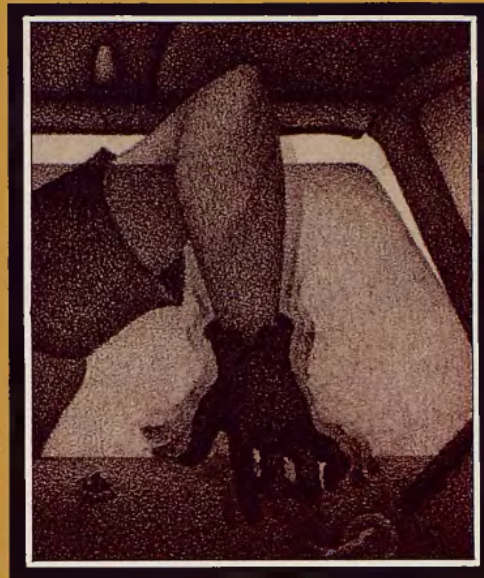
The best.

For free color brochures of Frye boots, belts and handbags write to us. John A. Frye Shoe Co., Dept A-10, Marlborough, Mass. 01752.



CLASSIC QUALITY SINCE 1863.

# CUTTING THE ODDS ON CAR THEFTS



**T**his year, car rustlers will relieve almost 1,000,000 citizens of their wheels. And if a pro car thief is sincerely hot for your Betsy, she's a goner—you can't stop him.

So why do more than run through a chorus of *Que Será Será*?

For one thing, knowing that in 12 years auto thefts have jumped 50 percent, one every 32 seconds, is no comfort when your very own Machojet X-514 is swiped. Getting to work may mean a rental car. If the police do retrieve your machine, it's apt to be maimed—stolen cars have up to 200 times the smack-up rate of legal iron. Your insurance will pay (eventually), but the \$100-\$500 deductible is all yours.

If they nab the thief, you'll spend time in court. And your insurance company may even hike your rates.

So maybe you can't stop the superthief, but you can jiggle the odds. And not every car snatcher is a pro.

## FIGURING PERCENTAGES

According to a new U. S. Transportation Department study, five to ten percent of all car theft is insurance fraud; 20 to 30 percent is by unskilled bush leaguers; 40 to 50 percent is by joy-riding teenagers; and only 20 to 25 percent is by true pros. So, with precautions, you can cut your theft chances up to 75 percent.

For example, the National Automobile Theft Bureau says that about 80 percent of all cars stolen have been left unlocked, 20 percent with the key in the car. Typical is the turkey who pops into a store for a six-pack, leaving his Corvette chugging outside.

A locked garage is the safest place to keep your car. In driveways, park nose out, so anyone messing with your engine is conspicuous. Away from home, park in lighted, busy streets, wheels turned to hinder towing. Lock packages in the trunk. No hidden keys—thieves know where to look. And, unless you want to give crooks a helping hand (and your home address to boot), remove your registration from the glove compartment. Also, if the neighborhood looks especially bad, extract your car's coil or the wire from the coil to the distributor.

Beware of parking attendants who might be in cahoots with thieves. Best are garages where you can keep your keys. Otherwise, surrender only the ignition key.

## TOOLING UP

Gadgets? Simplest are tapered door-lock buttons (about five dollars), which are tough for a coat hanger to snag. But some thieves slide a steel-bladed slim-jim down the window into the door frame to undo the lock.

Factory-installed steering locks are unreliable—pros knock them out in seconds with a slide hammer. Although no gadget will stop a pro, some might slow him. Here are the principal ones:

**High-security ignition locks:** Costing about \$100 installed, these are virtually unpickable and unbreakable.

**Alarms:** They cost \$15-\$1000, installed. Some blare when the hood, trunk or a door opens, some at the slightest motion. But a snapped wire kills them.

**Steering-wheel brace:** This cane-shaped device (\$8.50-\$20) ties the steering wheel to the clutch or brake pedal. A thief could, of course, cut through the steering wheel.

**Ignition shield:** A steel collar (about \$35) circles your steering column to shield the ignition lock. But its own lock could be pickable.

**Ignition cutoffs:** These units (\$15-\$125) lock your hood and short out the engine. Their locks are pickable.

**Fuel cutoffs:** Costing up to \$150 installed, these devices block the fuel flow. A thief drives a few feet, then the car stalls, probably in traffic. They're quite effective—but only if you've hidden the fuel cutoff switch where a crook can't find it. That's not an easy task.

## THE MAJOR LEAGUES

So much for the bush leaguers. What about the pros? They alter your car's vehicle identification number (VIN) in order to resell the machine. Or they may whisk your car to a chop shop and reduce it to bones, extracting its parts.

These Mob-affiliated *banditos* may watch you for days, scouting your habits. Backed by coast-to-coast networks of crooked salvage dealers, they can siphon your car to South America or Africa. And they can circumvent any auto safeguard—given time. Past five to ten minutes, they get nervous.

Slow them enough and they may quit. That's why reformed thieves always advise installing *several* devices: tapered door locks, an ignition cutoff and an alarm, for example. (Your own contraptions might be best, if they're unfamiliar to a crook; a Miami driver recently left a 16-foot python in the front seat of his car, but the thief just threw the snake out the window.)

Or combine obvious antitheft devices with a secret system. Lulled by your steering-wheel brace, the crook may neglect to look for your fuel cutoff or alarm.

Just in case, though, engrave your VIN everywhere from hubcap to hood. And drop a business card down the window frame. One hundred percent protection? Sorry, no chance. But you can stymie the stumblebum crook and slow the pro. It might cost a few bucks in gadgets, but it sure beats walking. —RICHARD WOLKOMIR

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Mild, smooth and refreshing.  
**Enjoy smoking again.**

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KING: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, BOX: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine,  
100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

# CHARTER YACHTING IN THE CARIBBEAN



**S**ailing should be like making love; the point is not to see how fast you can finish. If you *really* want to get away from it all and are in no hurry to get somewhere or to do anything but relax, crewed charter yachting is the way to go. December 15 to May 1 is the season to sail the Caribbean: hot days, cool nights, brilliant sun, clear waters—the stuff of which dreams are made when snow falls and the wind howls over the States. Arrangements for the trip should be made during September or October.

## CHOOSING A BOAT

Charter sailing yachts come in all sizes and degrees of luxury. Smallest of the crewed ships is about 40 feet long, the largest about 115 feet. Although staterooms and saloons are not as commodious on the smaller ships, they are comfortable. Many of these vessels will accommodate eight people—some even more—but most have accommodations for four to six. Make sure you're all good friends and have common interests. If one of the party loves Willie Nelson and another wants to hear only Bach cantatas, you'll have a problem. Prices range from just under \$1800 to \$4000 per week for four. A few very posh boats go for \$10,000 and up.

A 30 to 50 percent deposit is required at the time of booking, the balance to be paid in cash or traveler's checks on boarding. Personal and cashiers' checks are usually not accepted. The fee includes all costs except the bar bill, which is paid at the end of the journey.

Cruises are individually tailored. When the ship is chartered, each person fills out a questionnaire on his likes and dislikes and discusses with his travel agent what he wants during the cruise. (Proof of citizenship, plus onward or return transportation, is required for disembarkation on most of the islands in the British West Indies.)

## WHAT TO TAKE

Pack very little clothing. T-shirts and bathing suits are worn on board. A lightweight, long-sleeved shirt is recommended as daytime cover-up to avoid crisping under that cloudless, sun-filled sky. Jeans, a sweater and a nylon parka should be included for evenings on board or on the beach. A pair of sneakers or sandals is required for beach parties and exploring. Informal evening clothes will be necessary if plans include a visit to a casino or dining in any of the hotel restaurants. Other musts: soft luggage, suntan lotion, a few paperback books and something to prevent seasickness.

## WHERE TO BOOK

Nicholson Yacht Charters pioneered charter yachting in the Caribbean and it has a fleet of 80 ships at its disposal in the Windward and Leeward islands. Most American brokers will book ships in that area through Nicholson's on-site office in Antigua. Top brokers in the States include Julie Nicholson (member of the Antiguan family), 9 Chauncy Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138; Sparkman & Stephens, Inc., 79 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016; Jo Bliss Charters, Inc., 1819 SE 17th Street, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33316; Lenore Muncie at Bradford Yacht Sales, 3051 State Road 84, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33312; and Lynn Jachney, Caribbean Yacht Charters, P.O. Box 583, Marblehead, Massachusetts 01945. Or consult the pages of yachting magazines. A complete package can be arranged by a travel agent.

## PLACES TO GO

If you have only a week, don't try island hopping. Instead, cruise around Antigua, exploring some of its 365 beaches, snorkeling in the coral reefs, water-skiing and scuba diving among the wrecked cargo ships—but mostly just enjoying the surroundings.

With two or more weeks, the itinerary can include stops at other islands. Start in Antigua and sail toward the Grenadines, or vice versa.

Good stopping-off places include:

*Guadeloupe:* Nude bathing at Pointe Tarare beach. Casino and nearby *discothèque* at St. Francois. Many fine French and Creole restaurants.

*Dominica:* Still primitive, without luxury hotels or night life. Lush rain forests, plants and birds unique to this island and the Emerald Pool grotto are worth seeing.

*Martinique:* Gambling every night in casinos at the Meridien and the PLM La Batelière. Par-71 Robert Trent Jones-designed golf course in Trois-Islets.

*St. Lucia:* Natural sulphur and other mineral baths near Mt. Soufrière and at Diamond Falls. Horseback riding. Tennis at the St. Lucia Tennis Club and the Palm Beach Aquatic Club.

*St. Vincent:* Play nine holes at the Aqueduct Golf Club, then try your luck at the Valley Inn casino.

## PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT

It takes a few days to get your sea legs. It also takes a few days to get rid of sea legs back on land. When you're seated at your desk and the room begins to tilt, imagine you're on a dark-blue ocean with pale-blue sky above. Feel the ocean spray. Taste the salt on your lips. Charter another yacht!

—PAT PAPANGELIS

# SNAKE HEAD

(continued from page 122)

*"I felt my lips curl past my teeth; sweat drizzled down my cheeks. There was a downpour in my head."*

"Oh, Momma, can this really be the end?" he sang mournfully, waving one of his pipes.

"Oh, let's go," my husband said. "Everybody here is still trying to break into commercials."

As we left, the guy stopped singing Dylan to whisper to me, "I've voted you beauty queen of the night."

I turned to glare at him, but the snake head stared straight ahead, haughty and indifferent, as we swept past.

At home, I took off the purple dress and touched the emerald scales of my face.

"Leave your shoes on," my husband said hoarsely.

He pushed me onto the bed, grabbing my breasts and pulling himself into me, a climber gaining a momentary hold on an impossible cliff. I dug my nails into the meat of his broad back and spurred him on with my shiny heels. He came within seconds, as always.

"That was wonderful," I said, as always. I touched the cobra head gratefully and cried until my tears welded the rubber to my skin.

I wore the snake head to work on Monday, with a new dress in a soft, wine-colored material that clung to me. I felt

sleek and shapely, but it was the cobra head that made me feel beautiful.

"What are you supposed to be?" Rosemary said. She was a stupid, unhappy woman, just smart enough to be perpetually suspicious that people were making fun of her. She had been a secretary with the company for 28 years.

"Happy Halloween," I said, sitting at my desk and uncovering my typewriter.

Rosemary frowned at me. "You watch it," she said. "Mr. March said just the other day he thought you had some kind of rebellious streak. But I stuck up for you, I said you were *maturing*. You're going to ruin me," she hissed.

There was a stack of work in my basket. I crumpled the vinyl cover of my IBM and shoved it into a drawer. "I'm getting a cup of coffee," I said.

Going down the hall to the coffee machine, I saw my lover. He was lean, forest-eyed, wheat-haired. Seeing him always took my breath away, made me weak in the knees. I was a fool, an embarrassment to myself.

He smiled at me. His eyes slid up the forked tongue and found me right away. He shook his head. He thought I was beautiful.

Safe within my rubber fortress, my slack idiot's face melted for him. I have

known you 100,000 years; we were dinosaurs together, I told him soundlessly.

Mr. March saw us in the hall. He bent toward me, trying to look down my dress. "Don't we look yummy today?" he leered, looking to my lover for agreement, but he was gone.

"Do we?" Fuck yourself in the ass, I mouthed gloriously.

His lean brown vulture's head bent farther toward me. "Who are you supposed to be?" he said. His wrinkled tie dangled obscenely outside his vest.

"I'm supposed to be a secretary," I said.

Still bent over, he said, "Why are you afraid of me?"

"I'm not afraid of you." I hate you, I said.

His face constricted with pretended concern. "Why don't you open up to me?" he said, very low. "You mustn't be afraid. You won't get the reaction you expect. Think about that." He wagged a finger at me, brushing my breast.

"I'll think about it." You asshole, I said.

When I got back to my desk with my coffee and my straw, Rosemary was typing furiously. "You're cute" was all she would say.

My lover came by to take me to lunch. We went to his apartment. He is a writer; his four unpublished novels, neatly bound, stand next to his bed. They are all about a woman he loved in Paris eight years ago. He does not expect to love again.

The early afternoon sun, filtering weakly through the vines, dappled us like lepers. He stroked my proud hood with one hand as he undid my dress. I writhed beneath him, then over him, my hidden face contorted into molten curves of longing. I felt my lips curl past my teeth; sweat drizzled down my cheeks. There was a downpour in my head, dim memories of an ancient sea.

Afterward, he gave me some Perrier to sip through a straw. He put on an old record and sang to me, his voice flat and husky as the November wind. He was wishing he was in Paris.

I cut tiny slits between the scales to make the head more comfortable and stopped wearing make-up. I took off the snake head for a few minutes every night and washed my face in the dark bathroom. Once I turned on the light and nearly screamed. The head in the mirror was pale, grotesquely small. The face quivered stupidly, a weak, pitiable, unsafe face. A face that I had tolerated despite nearly 30 years of consistent betrayals. Of its own will, it would blush and snarl and yawn and weep and look alternately sad and foolish. It had no interest in protecting me. I had given it many chances, I thought, as I put the snake head back on. It felt so good.

After I had worn the head for a week,



*"If her ratings don't go up tonight, I'm afraid she's had it as a sportscaster."*



A man with dark hair, wearing a blue suit jacket, white shirt, and blue tie, is sitting at a dark wooden bar. He is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. His hands are clasped on the bar. To his left is a bottle of Canadian LTD Canadian Whisky and a glass of whisky with ice. The background is a dark, wood-paneled wall.

Two distinguished Canadians.

Like Bobby Orr,  
we're proud of our Canadian heritage.

**Canadian LTD**  
The distinguished Canadian.

# The amazing music machine.



On the surface, most cassettes look pretty much alike. You have to look beneath the surface to understand why one tape sounds better than another. Of course, there's the tape itself. Equally important is the mechanism which must move that tape evenly and precisely.

TDK's cassette mechanisms are conceived and executed to tolerances measured in microns—one millionth of a meter. Many of our innovations have been copied, but some are still unique to us.

And TDK is a leader in tape technology, too, having produced the first high fidelity cassette back in 1968. The result of this wedding of tape to mechanism is a line of cas-

settes unsurpassed in sound or reliability, like TDK's improved D, which is perfect for use in any home, car or portable deck.

When you consider how much precision engineering goes into TDK D, you won't be surprised when you hear how much great music comes out of it. But when you compare its price to any other premium cassette on the market, you'll truly understand why we call it "the amazing music machine."

**TDK**  
Audio Cassettes



Get an amazing deal  
on the amazing music machine.  
Buy TDK D in multi-packs and save.\*

Mr. March called me into his office. He liked to sail and there were models all over his desk and credenza. "Don't you think you're carrying this thing too far?" he said, staring in at where he thought I was.

I said nothing. A cobra says nothing.

"You're not in college anymore. This kind of prank won't go over here. You've got to think of your career," he said. "You're a bright girl, but you've got to start watching your step. We can't have this. Besides, it must get terribly hot in that thing," he added hopefully.

I reminded him that I was always on time, that I was the best typist in the office, that my work was always in compliance with company standards. I casually mentioned discrimination and the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, which was already handling several suits against the company.

He blanched under his Sunday-sailor's tan, then tried to look hurt. "I don't know why you're afraid of me."

I left him jabbing his pen into the rigging of an old whaler.

Drinking all my meals through a straw was beginning to make me thin. For the first time in years, I liked the way I looked. My lover ran his tongue along the clean blades of my hipbones and pressed his face against my flat belly. He murmured that he thought his French was beginning to come back.

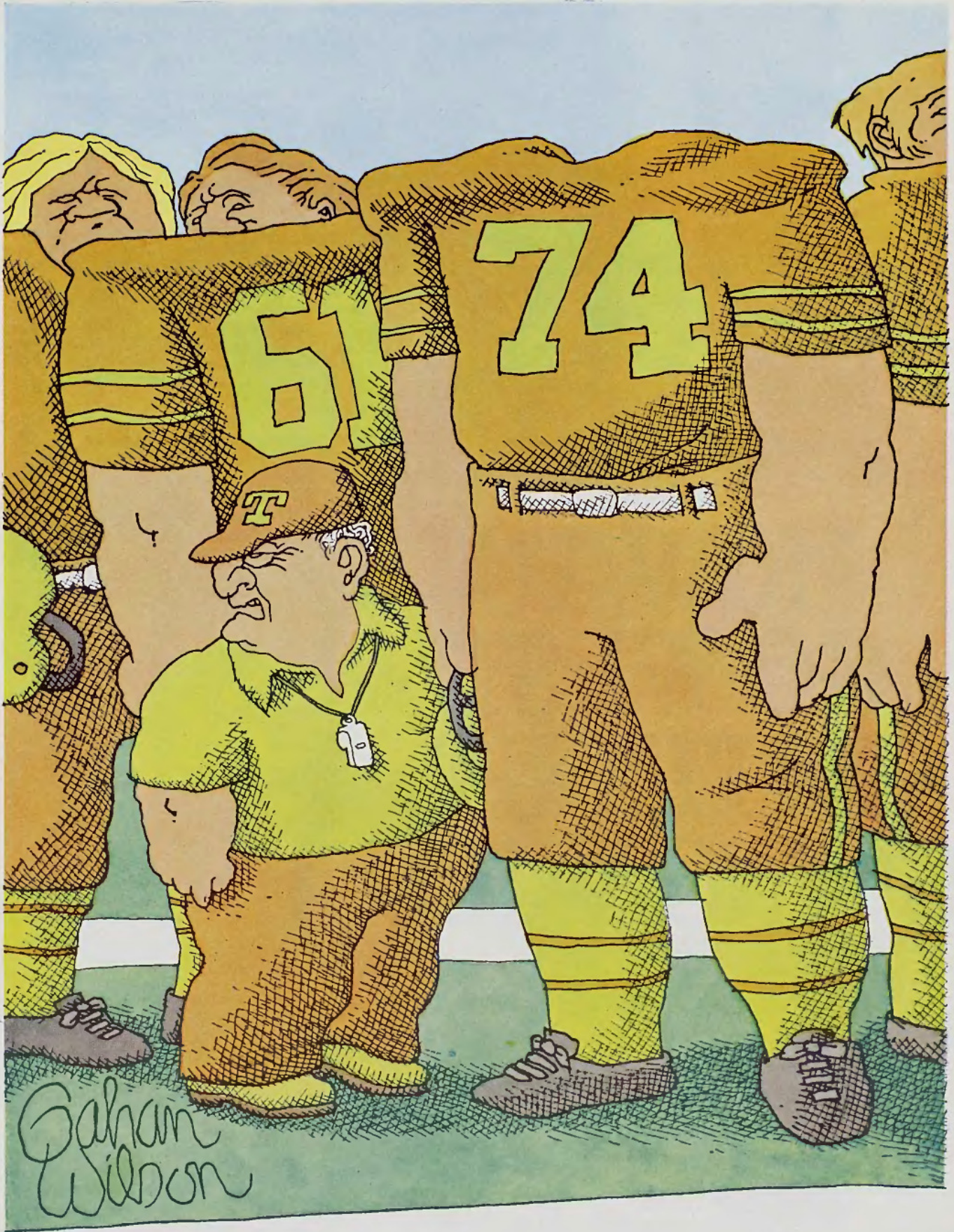
He pureed oysters for me in the blender and made me duckling à l'orange, frogs' legs *provençale*, poached salmon with chestnuts. He sautéed tiny carrots and crumbled dillweed into the melted butter. He tenderly fed his creations into the blender and I drank them with a straw.

My husband complained, "Your tits are too small." He said it was like screwing on box springs without a mattress. He had lost his hold. He bruised the span of his chest against my knees night after night. He never wanted me to take off the snake head.

Sometimes, after he was asleep, I'd sneak into the kitchen and put something into the blender for myself, a *taco* or a bowl of Cheerios, and drink it through my cold sleek snake throat. Once I stole a page of my lover's latest manuscript and tried to drink it, but Paris was a pulpy gray paste that stuck in the straw and had to be scraped out of the blender.

I began playing the violin again. I crouched in the closet and played while my husband slept. I began memorizing arias from Bach's *Passion According to Saint Matthew* and singing along quietly in melancholy German. I cried happily in the dark, under the coats.

After a while, Mr. March wouldn't even look at me, no matter what kind of dress I wore. I licked my lips at him invisibly as he shrank against the wall,



*"Anyone here seen Swazee's head?"*



# HOW TO GO WEST WITHOUT GOING WILD.



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And you don't have to be in oil to afford them. Mosey on down to your nearby Dexter retailer and have a look see.

**Dexter**  
Shoemakers to America

clutching his attaché case, his bald brown head smooth with revulsion.

Rosemary no longer confided what she and Mr. March said about me. They went to long lunches together; she'd come back flushed and self-righteous.

She rarely spoke to me. One day she said fiercely, "Why don't you just go home and have some kids? Or are you afraid they'll hatch?" Her sneer was so ignorant that it needed no reply.

My husband bought me an imitation-leather bra and garter belt. He went to Frederick's of Hollywood, I suppose. He also bought me some absurdly pointed imitation-snakeskin boots. Luckily, I never had to walk in them. It must be like making love to a La-Z-Boy recliner. I thought, smiling while he grunted and battered himself against my Naugahyde thighs.

One night, when he was through, he told me about a bad dream he'd had.

"You burned the house down," he said. "You meant to do it. You said we could only take a few things, to make it look like an accident. Then you sprinkled gasoline around the house and we lit it. I helped you." He shook his head slowly and said again, "I *helped* you."

"Why did I do it?" I said.

He looked at me, his eyes searching the cobra cavern. He looked puzzled, then annoyed and sullen, like someone trying to scrape mayonnaise out of an empty jar that he could have sworn was full. "I don't know," he said. "It wasn't in the dream." Moments later, he was asleep.

A few nights after that, he got up for a glass of water and heard me in the closet. I was playing *Come, Sweet Death*, sobbing blissfully. He grabbed my arm and yanked me out into the light. He was shaking. Slowly he reached for me and, with both hands, tore off my head and ripped it up the back. He looked at it for a moment, lying in his hands. Then he threw it into the bathtub and started lighting matches. The scales began to smoke and melt, oozing across the pink porcelain. The smell was nauseating.

He carefully turned over the head so that I could see the emerald hood darken and fall away. The small red cobra eyes rolled upward in despair, the soft fangs flowed like marshmallow cream over the forked, hot tar tongue. I pressed my violin into my chest until the strings groaned.

The room was filled with fetid black smoke. My husband was crying, too, tears cutting grimy ditches through the soot on his face. For a long time, he watched the feeble, smoldering thing that had been the snake head; he couldn't stand to look at me. Finally, he got himself a glass of water and went back to bed.



# A SAFE WAY TO FIND OUT HOW MUCH LIQUOR YOU CAN HOLD.



Everybody knows you shouldn't drive when you've had too much to drink. Unfortunately almost nobody knows what too much to drink is.

According to Federal standards, you're legally under the influence of alcohol when you have .10% alcohol in your bloodstream. Which means absolutely nothing to most people.

What does mean something is your weight, your physical condition, the number of drinks you've had and how long it took you to have them.

The combination of these factors can give you a more understandable way of knowing your drinking limit.

That's why we, the makers and sellers of distilled spirits, offer this chart. Use it to help find out whether you're approaching, up to, or past your limit.

It's a lot safer than finding out on the road.

## KNOW YOUR LIMITS

### CHART FOR RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE WHO MAY SOMETIMES DRIVE AFTER DRINKING! APPROXIMATE BLOOD ALCOHOL PERCENTAGE

Drinks	Body Weight in Pounds								Influenced
	100	120	140	160	180	200	220	240	
1	.04	.03	.03	.02	.02	.02	.02	.02	Rarely
2	.08	.06	.05	.05	.04	.04	.03	.03	Possibly
3	.11	.09	.08	.07	.06	.06	.05	.05	
4	.15	.12	.11	.09	.08	.08	.07	.06	
5	.19	.16	.13	.12	.11	.09	.09	.08	Definitely
6	.23	.19	.16	.14	.13	.11	.10	.09	
7	.26	.22	.19	.16	.15	.13	.12	.11	Definitely
8	.30	.25	.21	.19	.17	.15	.14	.13	
9	.34	.28	.24	.21	.19	.17	.15	.14	
10	.38	.31	.27	.23	.21	.19	.17	.16	

Subtract .01% for each 40 minutes of drinking.  
One Drink is 1 oz. of 100 proof liquor or 12 oz. of beer.  
**THIS CHART IS ONLY A GUIDE—NOT A GUARANTEE.**  
**SUREST POLICY IS... DON'T DRIVE AFTER DRINKING!**

## "November 2, 1983: The Congress of Nuts abolished the FBI . . . and legalized cocaine and incest."

dubbed the Congress of Nuts.

1983

*January 1.* The United Nations International Year of the Simultaneous Orgasm began at midnight.

*January 4.* Confirming a three-year trend, Commissioner Bowie Kuhn announced the inception of year-round baseball.

*January 20.* Led by a coalition of migrant farm workers, vegetarians and Vishnuites, both Houses passed a bill prohibiting the consumption of meat.

*March 11.* Yves Saint Laurent introduced his spring line—the "Chador Look." Within weeks, the historic costume of Islamic women was all the rage, and from New York to Los Angeles, veils of lamé, denim and mink obscured fashionable faces.

*April 21.* ABC and CBS officially informed NBC that it was no longer entitled to call itself a network.

*May 16.* The Mexican government demanded an end to the illegal flow of "whitebacks"—unemployed Americans from the depressed Southwest—into the booming oil towns of Mexico.

*May 16.* The Congress of Nuts, incensed by widespread violations of meat prohibition, empowered the Surgeon General to organize a paramilitary force of Surgeon Colonels, Surgeon Sergeants and Surgeon Corporals to enforce it.

*July 11.* Governor Mike Curb of California announced he was placing his governorship in a blind trust, in order to take over as head of the new Universal-Warner studio.

*August 8.* Evelyn Wood made television history by inaugurating the first course in speed viewing.

*September 2.* The Surgeon General launched a national program to spray meat and dairy herds with paraquat.

*October 17.* The International Year of the Simultaneous Orgasm finally bore fruit. After several near misses earlier in the year, at 3:10 A.M. Greenwich mean time, more than two and a quarter billion participants "came together." Seismologists reported an immediate 0.42-degree shift in the polar axis; or, as a UN spokesman said, "The earth moved."

*November 2.* On the anniversary of its election, the Congress of Nuts voted to abolish the FBI and the IRS and to legalize cocaine and incest.

*December 26.* The Cincinnati Reds' dreams of being world champions ended in the snows of Riverfront Stadium.

Reds catcher Mano "Manny" Manzano lost the ball in a drift and Yankee Willie Randolph snowshoed in from third with the winning run.

1984

*January 3.* The New York Commodity Exchange announced that, due to a vast increase in volume of business, it had outgrown its facilities in the twin-tower World Trade Center and would construct a Third World Trade Center—an additional tower on a platform straddling the first two.

*January 3.* Congress reconvened and passed a resolution declaring 1984 the Year of the Total Recall. Inspired by Ralph Nader, the measure required the recall, for Federal inspection, of every item manufactured in the United States since the beginning of 1983.

*January 8.* The Administration announced that any citizen willing to run for Congress in November would get a free toaster.

*January 19.* A night watchman surprised three CBS employees crouched in the American Broadcasting Company's Programing Ideas room, rifling cabinets marked NOTIONS, IDEAS, CONCEPTS and TREATMENTS. The "Waltergate" scandal (an unfair sobriquet, in that Cronkite had no advance knowledge of the burglary scheme) had begun.

*February 13.* The New York Stock Exchange revealed that its total day's trading had been three odd-lot shares of G.M. For the first time, the Dow Jones hit .0001.

*March 29.* Bankrupted by nationwide casino gambling, Las Vegas defaulted on its municipal bonds.

*April 2.* A new magazine, *Prime Times*, documented the rapid growth of a new American subculture based on the illegal consumption of meat. Meat users, or "meatheads," were getting "broiled" and "marbled" at wild parties where they passed around communal hunks of meat, or "joints," and listened to albums such as The Rolling Stones' *Between the Buns*.

*May 18.* The A.S.P.C.A. noted that since the meat ban had been in effect, there had been a precipitate decline in the U. S. pet population.

*June 4.* Blue Cross/Blue Shield announced huge increases in its insurance premiums and that it was taking over the moribund IRS to collect them.

*July 4.* Universal-Warner released the most popular movie of the decade, *1984!*, a musical version of the George Orwell novel—but with a happy ending.

(The hero gets his girl, thanks to the benevolent intervention of Big Brother.) The immensely profitable film gave rise to many fads, including Big Brother cuddly dolls and a craze for pet rats.

*July 22.* The Olympic Games began in Los Angeles with two new events added in honor of the host city: Hot Tubbing and Sharing the Experience.

*September 10.* Seeking a "power base," Muhammad Ali demanded—and got—induction into the 98 percent black and Hispanic Army.

*October 1.* The Blue Cross/Blue Shield Center for Disease Control in Atlanta announced that it had finally isolated the main causes of Legionnaires' disease. They were: wearing funny blue hats, drinking quarts of bourbon and holding disgusting personal opinions.

*November 6.* Three percent of the eligible voters elected Republicans Jack Kemp and William Roth President and Vice-President, and returned James Earl Carter to the House of Representatives. Carter donated his toaster to charity.

1985

*January 3.* President-elect Kemp and Vice-President-elect Roth resigned upon learning that their salaries had been abolished by a referendum in the November election. Carter, elected Speaker of the House earlier in the day, was sworn in as President for a third term.

*January 29.* General Muhammad Ali was sworn in as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

*February 4.* In Las Vegas, The Sands, the Sahara and Caesars Palace were designated welfare hotels.

*February 10.* Marine biologists announced a breakthrough in communications with dolphins. Transcripts of dolphins' conversations revealed them to be extraordinarily boring, interested only in the shortest traveling time between various points and good places to eat that weren't "too oily."

*February 19.* A Federal court awarded the CBS television network, plus costs, to the American Broadcasting Company as compensatory and punitive damages in the trial resulting from the Waltergate burglary. For the first time, America had one commercial network—ABS.

*March 15.* Skyrocketing prices for petroleum-derived fabrics prompted designers to experiment with cheaper materials. Designer John Weitz unveiled a line of lightweight men's summer suits made of quarter-inch plasterboard.

*April 16.* *Life* magazine was once again revived, this time as *Half-Life*—designed to portray the positive aspects of widespread nuclear power. Its first cover featured a literally glowing nuclear family. This was believed to be the first periodical to which a lifetime subscription was cheaper than one for 12 months.

*May 2.* Contact finally came to horse-

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---

*'Enriched Flavor' cigarette ignites whole new taste era in low tar smoking.*

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Kings: 8 mg\*\*tar,\* 0.6 mg nicotine—100's: 11 mg\*\*tar,\* 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78



*Interlundi*

*"And they laughed when I ordered a sun roof..."*



racing with the inauguration of the immediately popular Kentucky Demolition Derby.

*June 15.* Steven Spielberg launched a new generation of American auteurs with his intensely personal *Harrisburg, Mon Amour*. The film, one of the first shot in 140mm, was set in central Pennsylvania and concerned the love of an out-of-work journalist for a badly mutated dairy herd.

*July 4.* Universal-Warner released its sequel to *1984!*—*1984! '85*.

*July 10.* Chief Anchor Man, Walter Cronkite, held his first Congress Conference to bring members of both Houses up to date on the news. An angry demonstration erupted during the question period concerning Congressional salaries, and Cronkite had to be escorted from Washington by squads of network security police.

*August 30.* President Carter announced the amalgamation of the Federal space and railroad agencies into a new superagency: Spamtrak.

*October 2.* The Colon Bureau of the Intestinal Division of Blue Cross revealed a cure for cancer. All known forms could be neutralized by a substance secreted in the cranium of the baby harp seal, when it was struck repeatedly. The larger the baby seal's eyes, the bureau announced, the more potent the substance.

*December 6.* "Black Friday." The government of Chad's announcement of an oil strike in excess of a trillion barrels forced several other countries to disclose major finds—information they had been withholding from one another in hopes of cashing in on skyrocketing oil prices. A world-wide oil glut was confirmed and a global economic panic ensued.

1986

*February 23.* A Congressman, refusing to give his name or district, revealed that Congress had been delinquent on its bills for the past two years and was filing for Chapter 11 bankruptcy.

*February 28.* The National Rifle Association went to court over a case involving the confiscation of a homemade nuclear device, arguing that the Second Amendment implied "the right to bear A-bombs." It won.

*April 3.* The ten largest corporations in the country, responding to world-wide economic depression, seceded from the Union and formed the United Multinationals (UM).

*May 7.* Spamtrak's first space shuttle was finally launched, 43 days behind schedule.

*May 28.* The new Columbia School of Gossip mailed acceptances to 247 of more than 3000 applicants.

*June 23.* Swamped by the demands of depression-related strikes, the American

# Have you shared your Metaxa with her yet?

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Brotherhood of Hired Pickets struck the A.F.L.-C.I.O.

*July 11.* The immensely popular military disco, Fort Bragg, opened in San Francisco. It catered to a new radical movement, which identified strongly with the impoverished black and Hispanic Army. Visitors to the disco performed precision drill in squads to the accompaniment of *la Sousa* played by heavily amplified brass bands.

*September 7.* The decade's most popular TV series, *The Nielsen Family*, premiered on ABS. Ozzie and Harriet Nielsen and the two boys did nothing except watch TV and answer the videophone to tell "Mr. Brother" what they were watching. Nonetheless, the weekly excitement over what the Niensens would pick on Friday became a national institution.

*September 18.* A new phenomenon in American life, that of single-kid bars—where young children could go to check out, and possibly go home with, a new set of parents—was mirrored in the smash-hit Univisner-Foxomount production *Looking for Mr. and Mrs. Goodbar*.

*October 20.* ABS quietly dropped plans to cover the 1986 off-year elections after a poll showed 57 percent of the population equated the word Congressman with the phrase "welfare cheat."

1987

*January 1.* Plainfield, New Jersey, was

officially designated the nation's first ghost suburb.

*January 26.* President Carter made a rare visit to Washington, D.C., to deliver his State of the Union Guesstimate and was attacked by a crowd of several thousand Senators and Congressmen, all claiming to have won seats in the November elections.

*March 2.* Chip Smith, aged seven, of Chevy Chase, Maryland, was granted a divorce from his parents.

*April 14.* Pope John Paul II announced a monumental program to "plunge the Church headlong into the 20th Century." Sweeping changes were introduced to ultramodernize the clergy. Priests were ordered thenceforth to wear DAs and peg-leg jeans, while nuns were required to sport ponytails and habits with poodle appliques. Davy Crockett hats replaced the beretta in the celebration of the Mass, and proficiency in the Hula Hoop and singing backup became mandatory for confirmation. The Vatican also attributed a first miracle to Elvis—an amazing increase in the bustline of one Mrs. Duane Kitto of Baton Rouge.

*May 11.* The first APPREHENDED posters of Congressmen and Senators appeared in banks in the District of Columbia.

*June 1.* Work started at the defunct Rancho Seco, California, nuclear-power station—to convert the plant into low-income housing.

*June 15.* Radical groups from across the nation converged on Washington,

D.C., for a mass March for the Pentagon in support of the Army and a revived multibillion-dollar defense budget. Girls placed symbolic bullets in the rifles of black soldiers and Donna Summer premiered a military disco classic, *We Shall Overrun*.

*August 4.* Scientists confirmed that food shortages caused by world-wide climatic changes—in particular the desertification of Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas—were, indeed, the result of the International Year of the Simultaneous Orgasm four years earlier.

*August 28.* The Blue Cross Secretary of State for Ligaments announced that researchers had successfully neutralized muscular dystrophy. A distraught Jerry Lewis, in turn, announced that come Labor Day, he would be on the air as usual with a coast-to-coast Natural Causes Telethon.

*September 8.* With the meat ban more honored in the breach than in the observance, the pigalo, a cross between a pig and a buffalo, was introduced to the public. Although its meat was delicious, breeding problems proved insurmountable. The pigalo was irreversibly gay.

*September 15.* In a major sports special, it was reported that the dominance of major-league baseball by blacks had given rise to barnstorming white leagues with their own style, standings and celebrities, including one Ol' Valise Paige, a pitcher, whose rules for life were gems such as "Buy long, sell short."

*September 30.* Disney, Inc., premiered the popular *Inner Wilderness Family*—about a suburban family that flees civilization to homestead the South Bronx.

*October 12.* Deteriorating conditions on intercity flights led to uniformed cops' being stationed on all planes to prevent mugging and sexual assault.

*November 3.* A massive proliferation of humpback whales in the Hudson River dramatized a problem long feared by marine biologists. The whales, wildly promiscuous by nature, had multiplied at such a rate that ports and estuaries from Maine to Florida were clogged with the sexually aroused behemoths.

1988

*February 29.* Broccoli was declared an endangered vegetable.

*March 17.* In a case brought by an out-of-work trucker against ABS, the Supreme Court unanimously established the principle of "right to treatment," by which any citizen had an implied right to have an idea for a TV show considered by the network.

*March 23.* The Paris spring look was governed by chronic food shortages in the U.S. and France. Fashions reflected what only a few could afford, and a craze for fatness was mirrored in the new *grosse couture*.

*April 15.* The Agents' Hall of Fame



LEO  
GAREL

"Do you have to put catsup on everything?"

# Cribari &



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opened its doors in the old Hefner Mansion in Holmby Hills.

*June 7.* A Constitutional Convention, after almost eight years of deliberation, presented the nation with a new Bill of Rights, affirming, among other things, the inalienable right of all Americans to turn right on red.

*July 23–August 15.* The Peking Olympics were a complete failure, due largely to the apparent Chinese incomprehension of team sports. The Chinese fielded a 715-man soccer team, for instance, entirely filling their end of the pitch. They also leaped on one another's shoulders in basketball games to slam-dunk.

*August 17.* The Ivy League, bankrupted by declining enrollment, announced that it was willing to sell expansion franchises to the highest bidders. To add competition to this process, it split into the American Ivy League (AIL) and the National Ivy League (NIL).

*September 10.* Cheryl Czup of Hamtramck, Michigan, was named Miss America. Cheryl was 23 years old, 5'2" tall and weighed a luscious 413 pounds.

*September 23.* A new fast-food chain, Grubs 'n' Roots—offering "a whole third world of food"—opened across the U. S.

*September 29.* The first network election campaign—for Anchor Man of the

United States—got under way when disaffected members of the ABS Eyewitness News staff announced a Draft John-John Kennedy campaign.

*October 5.* Manuel "Beanbag" de Goya became the first Puerto Rican heavyweight champion of the world, taking the title from Leon Spinks on points. Manuel weighed in at 279 pounds, stood 4'7" and had never been knocked down. He was billed as The Great Wide Hope.

*November 8.* After a hotly contested campaign in which more than \$20,000,000 was spent in commercial time, Walter Cronkite was elected to a four-year term as Anchor Man of the United States of America.

1989

*January 17.* Funds ran out in an ambitious project to develop the potato, a cross between a buffalo and a potato.

*February 23.* Walter Cronkite announced that Jimmy Carter had agreed to join the ABS Evening News staff as Vice-Anchor Man.

*April 3.* Pope John Paul II, in a move designed to counteract the utter failure of his modernization effort two years previously, issued the so-called Super Bull—proclaiming himself infallible in matters of faith, morals and sports.

*June 5–9.* Reports began to circulate in the press that a large cult calling itself Congress was wreaking havoc in the District of Columbia under the leadership of Mark Lane, who described himself as "duly elected President."

*August 12.* The United Multinationals announced they were moving to China.

*August 24.* General Ali reported that the Army was moving to occupy "hostile enclaves" in the cities and suburbs.

*September 29.* Louise Joy Brown, the original test-tube baby, proclaimed, on the occasion of her first menstruation, that she was the Messiah.

*November 13.* A cable was received at ABS News Headquarters from "President" Lane, charging that Congress was the object of deliberate persecution by the network. Anchor Man Cronkite told viewers he would personally investigate charges that Lane was resorting to mind control to enforce rigid rules of conduct.

*November 17.* A chronic world-wide shortage of paper was dramatized by the opening in Toledo, Ohio, of the first Kleenex laundry.

*December 2.* Anchor Man Cronkite, approaching the White House to seek an interview with self-styled "President" Mark Lane, was fatally wounded by three shots, fired from an upstairs window of the former Executive Mansion.

*December 19.* James Earl Carter was sworn in as the second Anchor Man of the United States of America.

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damn Treasury agents snoop around with their dogs barking and sniffing, well, that's the time you're glad you didn't cut corners on your boots. These boots we bought are fine boots, well made, need no breaking in. But to us, that don't mean so much compared to the way they're waterproof and warm.



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*"'Bruce Lee?' I said. 'I thought he was dead.' And he was dead, of course. Still, I did the movie."*

More than one performer wound up in *Apocalypse* through a twist of fate or blind luck that suggested dark, mysterious forces at work behind the scenes—like some rendezvous with destiny out of a Conrad novel. At least five major male stars said no to the leading role before Coppola hired Harvey Keitel, decided he was wrong when he saw the first film rushes, flew back to the States to recast and gave the part to Sheen after bumping into him by chance at the airport. Colleen got her role through another fluke. "Long before *Apocalypse*, when I didn't even know Francis, I went to a screening of *The Godfather, Part II* in New York and was overwhelmed. I told my date right then and there that I was going to be in Coppola's next picture. He said, 'Yeah, with your luck, it'll turn out to be a war movie.'

"Actually, I think I'm psychic. At first, Linda Carter was cast in the Playmate role. *PLAYBOY* did a centerfold shot with her, the whole bit. But seven months later, a typhoon had destroyed all the sets and Linda couldn't continue because of *Wonder Woman*, I guess, and I was in the film, after all. And I *knew* it would happen."

Wherever Colleen goes, things happen. "The day I arrived to start shooting *Apocalypse* was the day Marty Sheen got ill. Then, later, we were in this dingy hotel-motel, a three-hour jeep ride from Manila, when a fire broke out—one of the guys from the crew was in his room with three Filipino girls and a candle and forgot to watch the candle. Cyndi and I thought we'd all be burned alive."

A girl whose day-to-day existence seems rife with anecdote, Colleen has a sizable collection of true but stranger-than-fiction stories. Among her choicest is the one about being sued for \$100,000 by George Peppard's chauffeur. "I was driving down a hill, minding my own business, when Peppard's chauffeur ran into me. And he sued *me*, for brain damage. I got hysterical in court when it was brought out that two weeks before the accident, he'd been attending a Republican convention at a Holiday Inn, where an elephant—an *elephant*, mind you—picked him up and threw him through a plate-glass window."

From Busch Bird Sanctuary and the elephant to her jungle adventures with Coppola, there's been plenty of good news from Camp. She had done lots of episodic TV, won a co-starring role in *Rich Man, Poor Man Book II* and has

adorned such films as *Funny Lady*, *Gumball Rally* and Michael Ritchie's *Smile* (Colleen was hilarious as the teenaged beauty contestant whose principal talent, God help us, was packing a suitcase). And her association with Coppola has led to even better opportunities. For instance: "I've signed for Peter Bogdanovich's *They All Laughed*. It's a kind of romantic comedy—realistic love story. I play a girl who's a singer, who's involved with an older man and gets pregnant. But I also get to sing in it.

"When I got *Apocalypse*, people automatically put me into a different category. Doing a Coppola picture marked a major change. Though some of the changes struck me as rather weird at the time. Like the day my agent phoned and said they had a fabulous part for me . . . a producer had seen my *Apocalypse* footage and wanted me to star in his movie *Game of Death*, a Columbia picture with Bruce Lee.

"'Bruce Lee?' I said. 'I thought he was

dead.' And he *was* dead, of course. Still, I did the movie." Colleen also sang the *Game of Death* theme song on the film's sound track—very nicely, too—and now has a big hit single in Japan.

Next she was hired to do *Cloud Dancer*, not yet released, with Joseph Bottoms, David Carradine and Jennifer O'Neill. "Before they signed me for the part, I had to agree to fly upside down in an old open-cockpit biplane, 30 feet above the ground—held in only by a seat belt and traveling about 130 miles an hour. Screaming all the way, I promise you.

"'Thanks a lot,' I told my agent. 'I just do not believe this career. After four months in the jungle with *Apocalypse*, you put me in a movie with a dead star, playing his girlfriend opposite a double and a bunch of unused film clips. Now you've got me risking my neck, flying bottom side up in an airplane. A person could get killed.'"

On the other hand, bottom side up may be the safest position for Colleen to maintain. As if to prove her instinctive flair for human comedy—the laughter-and-tears kind—Colleen, while being photographed for *PLAYBOY*, sat on a bee. Hmmm. Does that mean she's up for a sequel to *The Sting*? —B.W.



*"How do I know you won't be like all the others, Davey? Ask me to wait for you, then forget all about me even before you graduate from junior high school?"*

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## BEAR BRYANT'S MIRACLES

(continued from page 126)

received a lot of flak for special treatment, pampering, athletic elitism. Since then, sports dorms have popped up all over, but the controversy still goes on.

In any event, as I go there for lunch with Kirk McNair, Alabama's sports information director, I expect to see something between a palace and a beach-front condominium. What I see is more like a cross between a dorm and a housing project. The place looks like shit. Off the lobby is a TV room and the dining room. Players walk by. Some are mammoth, with roast-beef shoulders and ham-hock thighs, and they shuffle sway-backed into the dining room; others aren't much bigger than I am. Alabama opts for quickness over bulk; consequently, it's not that big a team.

I eat with McNair and a Birmingham sportswriter, plus a short, heavy Italian guy who runs a restaurant in town, is a freak for the team and supplies everybody with food. He just likes to hang around with the boys.

From where we sit, I can see the guys taking the empty trays to the disposal area. They all seem to shuffle, drag their feet like they're saving it up for practice—or else they have that sprightly pigeon-toed jock walk, as if they're about to sprint across a room keeping a soccer ball afloat with their toes and knees.

I don't hear anybody mention Bear Bryant. In fact, he doesn't have that much personal contact with his players. He's got a huge staff of coaching assistants who get down in the dirt with them.

But he's there. He's in that room. He is the team and everybody knows it.

A football is laid out with a white pen by the tray-disposal area, and the players sign the ball after they get rid of their trays. Some kid is going to get the best birthday present in the entire state. Or maybe it's for his old man.

Later that afternoon, I'm taken to the grass practice field. The sports offices are in the coliseum and there's a long underground walkway that connects with the closed-to-the-public Astroturf practice field. The first thing I notice as I come up to ground level, slightly drunk on the waft of freshly cut grass, is a tower. A huge 50-foot-high observation post.

And up there is my first shot of Bear, slouched against the railing, wearing a beat-up varsity jacket, a baseball cap, a megaphone hanging from one wrist. He doesn't move, just leans back like he's lost in thought. Below him, there are maybe 100 guys running plays, mashing into one another in the dirt, attacking dummies. A massive division of labor of violence, speed and strength. Assistant coaches are all over, screaming, barking, shoving, soothing (though not too much), encouraging. A sound track of grunts, growls, roars and commands floats in the spring

air. And above it all, Bear doesn't move, he doesn't even seem to be interested. It's as though he's a stranded lifeguard, six months off season, wondering how the hell he got up there and how the hell he's gonna get down.

The most terrifying workout I see that day is called the gauntlet drill. You take three linemen, line them up one behind the other about ten feet apart. Then a relatively small running back is placed about five feet in front of the first lineman, and at the sound of a whistle, he tries to get past the first lineman. If he does, the lineman gets the shit chewed out of him by the defensive coach. If he

doesn't, the running back gets dumped on his ass by an enormous amount of meat and gear. Either way, he has to set to, go around the second lineman, then the third. Somehow, with that coach bawling and shoving the lineman who fucked up, I feel more anxiety for the lineman than I do for the halfback.

On the Astroturf field, there are two practice scrimmages with referees. I sit on the side-line bench with a number of pro scouts, a few privileged civilians and a bunch of shaggy-haired 12-year-olds who walk up and down the side line imitating that pigeon-toed jock walk, chewing gum and trying to look like

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future prospects. Like me, every few minutes they sneak a glance at the tower to check out the big man.

The players are wearing jerseys of one of five colors. Red jersey—first-string offense. White—first-string defense. Blue—second-string defense. Green—second-string offense. And gold. Gold signifies "Don't tackle this man," which means the guy is either a quarterback (quarterbacks never get tackled in practice) or nursing an injury.

I look up at the tower. Bear is gone.

The bench we're sitting on divides the

pits and the Astroturf from a long, flat grassy field with just a few goal posts at one distant end. Bear makes it down to earth and, head still down, slowly ambles over to the grassy field. Some of the 12-year-olds notice and nudge one another. He's walking away. Going home. Hands in pockets. The bench divides the two shows: the number-one college team working out to the west and the coach slowly walking alone to the east.

I turn my back on the players and watch Bear walk. He gets out about 50 yards toward the walkway back to the

coliseum when a player on crutches, hobbling toward the Astroturf, meets him at mid-field. They stop, exchange a few words (the crutches do *not* fall away as I would prefer) and the wounded player swings along toward the crowd.

Bear stands there, staring at his shoes, scratching his nose. Then, without looking up, he puts a whistle in his mouth, shoots a couple of weak toots I think only I can hear, and suddenly the earth is shaking and I'm caught in a buffalo stampede. Every player has immediately dropped everything and is tearing ass over to Bear.

They say no one *ever* walks for a second from the beginning to the end of an Alabama practice. Within 20 seconds of his whistle, Bear is surrounded in a square by four perfect lines. Blue jersey, south; white, north; red, east; green, west. Bear squints into the distance. A player leaps forward out of the tense and taut blue south—they're all in a slight crouch, eyes on the blue leader, who jerks his hands toward his helmet and, in a twinkling, they follow suit; he jerks his hands down to his flexed thighs, halfway up to his chest, a half jerk up, down, a feint, finger tips to the helmet. The entire blue squad is frozen except for its arms. Back and knees bent, eyes and neck straight ahead, they play flawless follow-the-leader for 15 seconds, then stand up straight, arching their backs, and clap and cheer for themselves.

As soon as they applaud, the leader of the green west leaps out and leads his squad through a perfect 15-second drill. The green applaud themselves. Bear stands alone in the center of all this, a deity, a religious rock being rapidly salaamed by an army of jocks. The green cheer is immediately followed by the white north, then applause, then red east. Fifteen flawless seconds each of heart-stopping precision—Bear Bryant the centerpiece, looking nowhere, everywhere, watching or lost in thought.

Then every one of them is running back to where he came from. Back to the dirt, the Astroturf, the tackling sled. Back over my head and shoulders. And once again, Bear is alone on the field, hands in pockets just like 120 seconds before. He has not said a thing, seemingly never looked at anyone. Behind me, the practices are in full swing. I watch coach Bryant amble over to his tower and slowly ascend the 50 feet to his platform, resume his slouch against the railing and check out whatever those flinty eyes deem in need of checking out. Holy shit and kiss my ass. That was known as a quickness drill.

In terms of glory, there are no individual stars at Alabama. It really is a team team. It has had plenty of All-Americans, plenty of pro stars such as Lee Roy

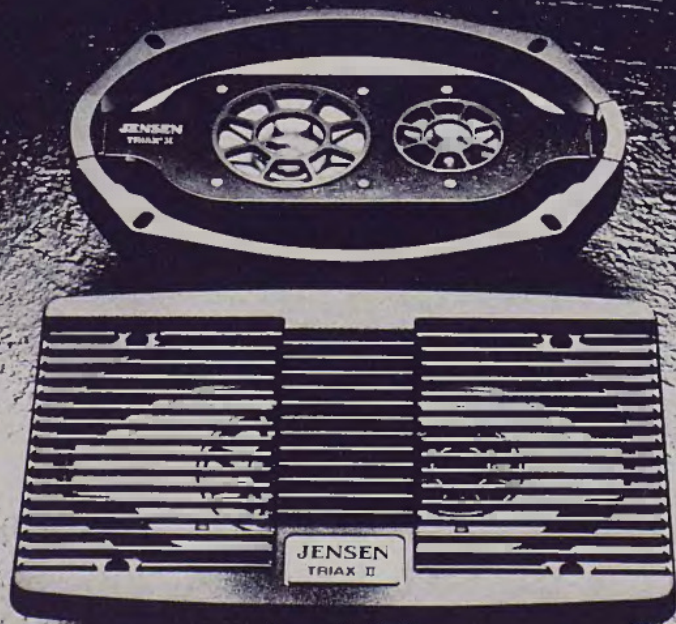
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Jordan, Joe Namath, Ken Stabler, but by and large, you don't hear that much about individuals besides the coach.

How does he do it? The team is composed predominantly of home boys, who must have grown up worshipping Bear Bryant. I think of those 12-year-olds cock-walking the side lines, one-eying the tower. Every year, the coach gets a batch of players who have been spoon-fed Bear stories and glories all their lives. So for an adolescent athlete from Birmingham, Florence, Demopolis, Bessemer to hear "Bear wants you"—it would turn him into a raving kamikaze, or at least a stout and loyal fellow. I don't think Bear has to try very hard anymore to get players with the right "attitude."

My first interview the following morning is with Steadman Shealy. We meet under the chandelier in the football dorm. Shealy isn't much bigger than I am, but he's a lot blonder and tanner. He also has a firmer handshake, better manners and a neater appearance. Shealy's the first-string quarterback.

We go up to his room and I get my first gander at the living arrangements. The dorm rooms are tiny, with two beds, cinder-block walls and the usual campus-bookstore assortment of banal posters. Shealy, at least, is average-human-being-sized. I try to imagine two nose guards sharing a room this narrow.

Shealy sits on his bed, confident, se-

rene, courteous, helpful and cheerful. And he's not putting me on. I ask him why he chose to go to Alabama, assuming he could have played anywhere in the South. I expect him to rave about Bear, but instead he says, "I really thought this is where God wanted me to come."

I sit up a little straighter. At first I don't know if he's talking about the Lord or Bear, but then he says the second reason was the opportunity to play for coach Bryant—that Alabama has "something extra" in its winning tradition. And then he says something I will hear in the next several interviews: "And I want to be a winner."

On the cover of *Bear* is the quote "I ain't nothing but a winner."

Shealy talks of Bear's father image, of how the coach applies football to life (another thing I'll hear again), of what it takes to win. All hokey stuff in the abstract—but not to Shealy or the others. The guys talk about these bland notions as though they were tenets of radical politics.

Shealy's religiosity, as exotic to me as Bora-Bora, seems a natural extension of the team spirit. He is a Christian soldier, a leader and a follower. Not many of the guys say they're religious, but—at least in interviews—there are no wise guys, no cynics. Frankly, all this clear-eyed devotion makes me extremely uncomfortable, but maybe that's my problem.

And where does Shealy see himself five years from now? "Coachin' or Christian ministry . . . it all depends on what doors God opens up." None of what he says about the coach, about winning and life is all that insightful, but his eyes and chin tell the story. He has no room in his face for sarcasm, despair or doubt. He loves the coach, he loves the team, he loves Christ: a clean-cut, all-American, God, Bear and 'Bama man if ever there were one.

*Attitude.* I know Bryant doesn't tolerate any guff from anybody. He suspended two of his most famous players, Namath and Stabler, for infractions. No matter who you are, if you don't toe the line, the man will personally clean out your locker for you. Bear says in his book that he works best with the kid who doesn't know he's not terribly talented but plays his heart out. He's more attuned to that kind of athlete than to the hot-dog natural. Sort of like making the New York Yankees out of a bunch of Rocky types. The great American combo: underdog, superstar.

My next interview is with Don Jacobs, the second- or possibly third-string quarterback. He picked Alabama because, growing up in north Alabama, that's all you hear: "Alabama this, Alabama that." He says in the southern part of the state,



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boys are partial to Auburn, but Alabama is the "number-one university in your mind."

"The first time I talked with coach Bryant," says Jacobs, "I was scared to death. I was afraid to say anything at all. But he was real nice. He talked about Pat Trammel [a star on the 1961 championship team], 'cause Trammel was from Scottsboro, my home town. Said he hoped I was good as Trammel."

Bear, I'm thinking, is a frightening man, but from what I gather of the impressions and memories of players, he's not a screamer, puncher, growler. He's a man of few words, not even one for pep talks. Jacobs has never seen him get really angry, never lose his cool, never jump on anybody's case.

I ask Jacobs how I should conduct myself when I meet Bear. "Be real courteous," he says. "Say 'Yes, sir, no, sir.' Just be yourself."

"Should I get a haircut?"

"I dunno. I wouldn't go in there like that. When you go see him, you always shave, look real nice, don't wear sloppy clothes. Lots of players tell you there's a lot of things you don't do when you see coach Bryant. It's been passed down through history. You always take your hat off in the house, stuff like that."

Awe and respect. Dedication and honor. And, oh, yes, talent.

In the early afternoon, I see a few players hanging out with some girls in front of Bryant Hall. A big dude comes walking in with his dad, mom, sis and his pretty gal. The father looks like a big

baggy version of his son. Maybe the present son will come to this dorm 20 years later with *his* son. Football is a family sport. Everybody is proud of everybody. Bryant pushes that a lot in his talks to his players.

This is from a midweek, midseason talk to his 1964 national champs:

After the game, there are three types of people. One comes in and he ain't played worth killing, and he's lost. And he gets dressed and out of there as quick as he can. He meets his girl and his momma, and they ain't too damn glad to see him. And he goes off somewhere and says how "the coach shoulda done this or that," and "the coach don't like me," and "I didn't play enough." And everybody just nods.

And the second type will sit there awhile, thinking what he could have done to make his team a winner. And he'll shed some tears. He'll finally get dressed, but he doesn't want to see anybody. His momma's out there. She puts on a big act and tells him what a great game he played, and he tells her if he had done this or that, he'd be a winner, and that he will be a winner—next week.

And then there's the third guy. The winner. He'll be in there hugging everybody in the dressing room. It'll take him an hour to dress. And when he goes out, it's a little something extra in it when his daddy

squeezes his hand. His momma hugs and kisses him, and that little old ugly girl snuggles up, proud to be next to him. And he *knows* they're proud. And why.

That afternoon, I have an interview with one of the black players, a nose guard named Byron Braggs. I have seen only a small photo of him in the press book and know that on the first day of practice his freshman year, he almost died of heatstroke but came back to be a top lineman.

I'm checking out my biceps in the empty lounge of Bryant Hall when I look up and jump 90 feet—there's Braggs, 6'6", 260 pounds, wearing a Cat-tractor hat. We go up to his room, which consists of a large roommate, a TV, a stereo and a full-size refrigerator. They must sleep standing up.

Braggs is a little different from the others I've talked with—a little less awestruck, more blasé. He came to Alabama because his "folks picked it for me. It's near home."

What does he think about Bryant? "A lot of guys are scared of him," says Braggs. "They're in awe of his presence. But I just look at him like anybody else. I'm just happy he can remember my name. He mixes up a lot of names and faces, but two minutes later, he'll remember and apologize."

Ten years ago, Alabama was segregated. When I ask Braggs if prejudice lingers, he just shrugs. "It doesn't bother me," he says. "There were times when things looked shaky, but there are no major problems."

And is state-wide football fever a white fever, or does it affect black Alabamians, too? "Up until about eight to ten years ago," says Braggs, "it was mainly white. I didn't even *know* about Alabama. I would watch Notre Dame, USC with O. J. Simpson. I didn't really notice Alabama until they beat USC out there. That was the first time I knew they had a team. And since they had black players, a lot more people became fans of the team. My folks and others follow the team now. In my home town, people have become real fans."

How about those things Bryant teaches—about character and football and life? "It's life and death out there on the field sometimes. It all ties in. Some coaches like Bryant, John McKay, Ara Parseghian tend to have a definite pull on which way you're looking after you graduate. They're sort of like the last shaping process that someone is going to do to you. From then on, you do it from within."

Braggs's advice on how to relate to the coach? "Talk to him straight. Don't beat around the bush. He's not impressed with slickness or guys trying to fool him."

Taking a breather between interviews,



"Oh, the Silver Dollar is OK, I guess. But they make an absolutely terrible brandy alexander and their rest room is always in deplorable condition."

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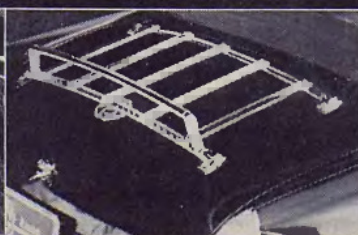
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I walk around campus a bit, grooving on the coeds in their summer dresses, the chirping of the birds, the flora of the South. Old brick and columns. There's not one physically ugly person on the campus.

Back on campus that afternoon, I interview defensive end Gary DeNiro. The reason I pick him is that he's from Youngstown, Ohio, which is definitely Ohio State turf.

He went to Alabama, he says, because he "didn't like Woody Hayes's coaching that much" and was "always an Alabama fan."

"I like that the coach plays a lot of guys who are small [DeNiro is six feet, 210 pounds]. Up North, they play bigger people. Coach Bryant plays the people who want to play."

"How about your Ohio State buddies? What was the reaction when they found out you were going to play for Alabama?"

"They thought I made a big mistake. That I'd come down here and they'd still be fighting the Civil War. They were wrong."

DeNiro's first impression of Bryant?

"He's a legend. Like meeting someone you always wanted to meet. Once Alabama wanted me, I didn't have no trouble makin' up my mind. I remember one time I was loafin' when I was red-shirted, which is a hard time, 'cause you practice like everyone else, but come Friday night, when the team goes, you stay home. Anyway, I was 'puttin' in a day,' as coach calls it, and he caught me and yelled, 'DeNiro, who you think you're tryin' to fool?' And from then on, I never loafed. There's really no place for it on the field."

"How about contact with the coach?"

"Maybe two or three times a year. He says his door is always open, but I'll go in just maybe to say goodbye before I go home or something—nothing more. He has coaching meetings every day. He tells the coaches what he thinks, then we'll have meetings with the coaches in the afternoon and they'll tell us what we're doing wrong. And then about three, four times a week, we'll have a meeting with coach Bryant. We'll all go in as a group. He'll tell us what he sees overall. I imagine he gets more contact with the upperclassmen, because they're the leaders and they'll get it across to the team."

"Where do you see yourself five years from now?"

"Hopefully, with a lot of money. Maybe pro ball if I'm not too small—coach Bryant proved the little man can work out. Or maybe I'll coach. Coach Bryant is the legend of all coaches. If he is behind you, no telling how many doors can open for you."

No telling is right. There's a club based in Birmingham consisting of all

Bear Bryant alumni now in the business world. They meet with graduating senior team members and help them find both summer and career jobs. Many kids want, if not to play pro, which most of them *do* want, to take a crack at coaching. There's also a big business school down there and a strong education program. But whatever they *do* choose, if they stay in Alabama, playing for Bear and then going into anything in athletics or business is like graduating *summa cum laude*. Even outside Alabama, the alumni network is nationwide. I hear that one of the biggest diamond dealers in New York's 47th Street district is an Alabama grad.

These interviews are frustratingly inconclusive. All this nonsense concerning life, character, winners' attitudes—of course it's going to come across bland and boringly obvious on a tape recorder. But it's really a combat camaraderie, a brotherhood of suffering and surviving, a growing together in a violent, competitive world. And being rewarded by being called best. Call it character, call it chicken soup, but it's really love. Love of the boss man. Love of one another and love of victory. All this hoopla about football applied to life comes down to this: *I was the best in the world once. I know what that tastes like. I want more.* Roll, Tide!

In areas of rural poverty, football is the American passion play, the emotional outlet for all the rage, boredom and bad breaks—just as basketball is in urban areas.

In *The Last Picture Show*, an entire Texas town lived for high school football; and that's a common phenomenon. In our dissociated culture—despite whatever grace, glory and beauty they evoke in the best teams and players—contact sports serve two functions: They allay boredom, divert people from thinking about the dreariness of their lives; and they help people channel their rage.

You can go to a revival in Selma on Friday or you can scream your lungs out in Bryant-Denny Stadium in Tuscaloosa on Saturday. The bottom line at both is transference of a lot of anger into a socially acceptable outlet.

Like in football, there's a lot of beatific beauty in Gospel, but it's a bit beside the point. As coach Karl Marx once said, football is the opiate of the people. And not just here: There are soccer riots in the Third World stadiums. Christs for a day bloodying themselves in Latin-American pageants. Millions marching to Mecca. A lady in Selma once told me, "People leave Bryant stadium like they're in a religious trance."

It's my day to interview Bear, and, to be honest, I'm scared. I consider giving myself a haircut with nail clippers. My heart is calling Kong to the gates.

McNair takes me up to the offices on the top floor of the coliseum, where I sit in the spacious waiting room. The walls are covered with floor-to-ceiling black-and-white blowups of every major bowl stadium—Rose, Orange, Sugar, Bluebonnet, Gator, Tangerine, you name it.

Everybody walking around is named Coach. It's like sitting in a room with all the tall, stately, aging cowboys of Hollywood. A room full of Gary Cooper—Ben Johnson look-alikes, all nodding to one another. "Mornin', coach." "Hey, coach." "Nice day, coach." If I were to scream out "Coach!" there would be a ten-way collision. And everybody looks like Bear Bryant.

Several times I see someone walk in and hear someone say, "Hey, coach," and I jump up, drop my tape recorder and extend my hand. After the fifth false alarm, I ignore the next look-alike. Too bad. That one is the mold.

I walk into his office, a large wood-paneled room with a color TV, a massive cluttered desk and a view of the practice field. Coach Bryant is cordial—patient but distant. He has been interviewed perhaps six times a week since coming to Alabama.

He looks all of his 66 years—his face is like an aerial shot of a drought area. His eyes are glittering hard. His hands are

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huge and gnarled. He needs a haircut himself.

As I fumble around with the tape recorder, explaining that I'm not a sports-writer, he opens a pack of unfiltered Chesterfields. He's dressed like a retired millionaire entertainer—casual natty. A pale-blue golf sweater, checked blue slacks and spiffy black loafers. When he laughs, all the creases in his face head toward his temples and he lets out a deep, gravelly "Heh-heh." When he's annoyed, his eyebrows meet over his nose and I feel like jogging back to New York. His movements are slow; he seems almost phlegmatically preoccupied.

All in all, I like the guy, though I couldn't see being in a sensory-awareness class together.

The interview is a bit of a bust. I'm glad I have the tape recorder, because I can't understand a damn thing he says. He sort of mutters from his diaphragm in his artesian-well-deep Arkansas drawl and it's like listening to a language you studied for only a year in high school.

Bear sits sideways in his chair, legs crossed, elbow on the back rest, absently rubbing his forehead and smoking those Chesterfields. I sit a few feet away in a pulled-up chair, a spiral notebook in my lap open to my questions. I tentatively slide my tape recorder toward him from the corner of his desk.

"Coach, you're pretty much an American hero these days. I was wondering who *your* heroes are." (Please don't kill me.)

He pouts, shrugs. "Well, my heroes are John Wayne, Bob Hope, General Patton... J. Edgar Hoover, although he ain't too popular, I guess..." He mentions various sports stars through the ages—from Babe Ruth to contemporary players—then he nods toward the tape recorder and says, "I suppose you'd like me to say Einstein."

"Nah, nah, nah. Einstein, no... no, not at all."

"Of course, with my heroes, as I get older, *they* get older."

"Yeah, ha, ha."

I ask a few boring questions about defining character, defining motivation, defining a winning attitude, none of which he can define but all of which he can sure talk about.

"I can't define character," he says, "but it's important, especially to those who don't have that much natural ability—the football field or elsewhere."

Next comes my New York hotsy-totsy question.

"In *Bear*, I read about how you motivate players, psych them up. I also read that you understand people better than any other coach. Comprehension like that seems to be one of the attributes of a good psychiatrist. What do you feel about the field of psychiatry?"

He gives a chuckle. "Well, I don't



know nothing about psychiatrists. I prob'ly need one, but I don't know the secret of motivatin' people—an' if I did, I wouldn't tell anyone."

Then he goes on about motivation. At one point, he says, "I remember one time. . . ." And about five minutes later, he says, "That was the damndest . . . heh-heh," in that noble garble of his.

Then his face darkens and he says, "I guess that ain't funny to you."

I almost shit. A joke! He told me a joke! Laugh, you asshole! Fake it!

I haven't heard a word he's said. I give a sick grin, say, "Naw, that's funny, that's funny!" and give my own "Heh-heh." My armpits feel flooded.

For a while, I go sociological and non-sports, thinking maybe I can get him to admire my sensitive and probing mind—or at least throw him some questions that are a little more interesting than the traditional Southern sports groupie/journalist fare.

"Are your players . . . uh . . . afraid of you?" ('Cause I'm about to do a swan dive out this window, coach.)

He sits up a little.

"Afraid of me? Shit, heh-heh. I'm the best friend they got. Some haven't been around here much. They might be a little reluctant. I dunno. But if somebody's doin' poorly, I'll come after him. But I dunno what they'd be afraid of me about."

One period in college history that has always fascinated me is the late Sixties—mainly because it was a transcendent radical bubble between the Fifties and the Seventies, but also because that's when I was an undergraduate. I wonder what it was like to be a football player then, when regimentation was so reactionary—when long hair and a taste for dope were *de rigueur*. I know that Bryant's worst years since coming to Alabama were 1969 and 1970. Is there any connection?

"I did a real poor job of recruiting and coaching," he says. "Every youngster in America was goin' through a rebellious period. Nobody wanted anybody to tell 'im anything. I remember a boy sittin' right there an' tellin' me, 'I just wanna be like any other student.' Well, shit. He can't be like any other student. The players have to take pride in the fact that football means that much to 'em. That's where the sacrificin' comes in. That they *are* willin' to do without doin' some things. Without havin' some things other students have, to be playin' football, to win a championship."

"What was the campus attitude toward football at that time?"

"I really don't know that much about what goes on over there [*nodding toward the window*]. I always tell 'em they're the

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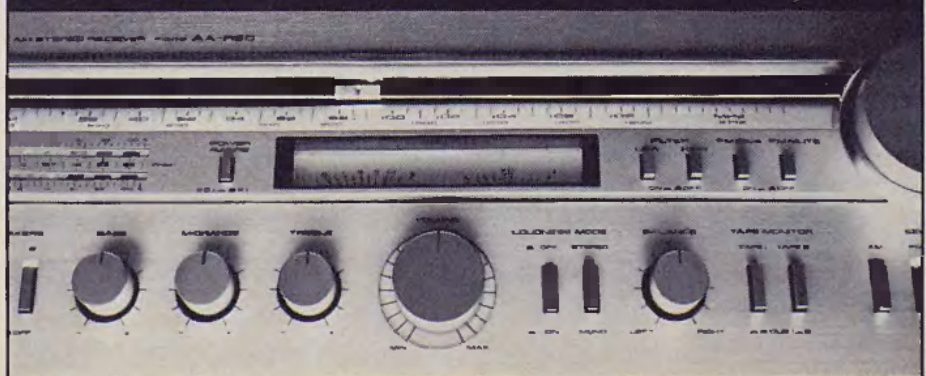
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best in the world, at pep rallies and all. Whether they said anything about me I don't know. I was just doin' a lousy job then."

"As an Alabaman, how do you feel about the image that your state has in the national eye, which is mainly a negative or fearful one?"

He doesn't like that question. His eyebrows start knitting a sweater.

"I dunno if that's true or not. I traveled all over the country. A large percentage of Alabamans consider the Yankees their baseball team, or the Red Sox. The only difference I see is that it ain't as crowded down here, people aren't in such a hurry. I'm afraid of New York City. It ain't just what I heard, it's what I seen. I dunno if we got as many thieves, crooks and murderers down here percentagewise, but, hell, it's so many of them in New York. I don't care to leave the hotel—alone or with money in my pocket."

"How about the football-dorm system? Is it still under fire for separatism?"

"Naw. About ten years ago, we were the first school to build one. They called it Alabama Hilton, Bryant Hilton. But everyone's built one since then."

"Is there any criticism because the players are segregated from the rest of the campus?"

"Well, a lot of coaches don't do that, but I was brought up on it and we're gonna do it. If anyone rules against it, we won't, but I know that's one of the ways that help us win. You live under the same roof together, fightin' for the same thing. If you don't see one another but occasionally, you have other interests, you don't know what's goin' on. And I can see 'em over there, too. I like to see 'em. If one of them lives in an apartment and's sick for a week, his mother's not even there. I want 'em where I can find 'em, look at 'em."

That's it. Bear doesn't move, just gazes out the window. I don't move. I feel stuck. I don't know how to say goodbye. I ask about Astroturf. About the coming A Day game. Bear says that he'd rather not even have it, but the alumni have things planned around it.

Outside the office, he signs my copy of *Bear*. I say "Howdy-do" and split.

Later in the week, I get a note from Bear via McNair that he wants to add Oral Roberts, Billy Graham, Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus to his list of heroes—all American fat cats who made it through personal enterprise and charisma.

McNair says he's never heard Bear mention Patton before and makes the analogy that in World War Two, to die for Patton was an honor and that the coach is the only other person he knows of whom people feel that way about.

Days later, I'm still smarting about that missed joke. I feel I understand something then about why this man is successful. There is something about him—about *me* in that moment when I blew being an appreciative audience—that goes past embarrassment. I feel like I let him down. I feel like I could have pleased him by laughing, made him like me for a moment, could have broken through the interviewer-interviewee roles for a few seconds in a way that would have made me feel like a million bucks *because it would have given him pleasure*. There is something in Bear's subdued dignity, his cordial distance that got to me. He is a man of *character*. I could see myself having done Mexican tail spins during that interview to get his admiration or just his acknowledgment. And this was just a magazine assignment. If I were one of his five-year players, I could see myself doing 90 mph through a goal post to get a pat on the back. And, frankly, I can't define motivation, either, but whatever it is that he lays on his boys, I got a tiny ray of it myself. The man could literally crush you by letting you know you were a disappointment to him. Shit, maybe I've just seen too many John Wayne movies.

I did go down to McNair's office, though, with the queasy feeling that I've blown it. Not the interview so much, but I'm left with the feeling that if Bryant had to go over Pork Chop Hill, I wouldn't be his first choice in the assault squadron.

"I didn't understand a damn thing he said!" I half complain to McNair.

"Listen to this!" I play back Bear's joke-anecdote for him and two other guys in the office. Instead of commiserating, they are all on the floor, howling with laughter.

"I never heard that one before!" says a trainer, wiping tears from his eyes.

"That's the funniest thing I ever heard!" says McNair.

"Yeah, well, I think you guys are a little funny, too," I mutter.

McNair translates the joke for me. Bear was recalling an old Kentucky-Tennessee game, a real "bloodletter." During the half, a guy named Doc Rhodes (I can't figure out what his relation to the team was) went into the Kentucky locker room and delivered "the damnedest talk I evah heard." He had one big old boy just slobbering at the bit. The only problem was that big old boy wasn't playing.

In the last quarter of the game, Tennessee was down on the Kentucky 15 and the coach finally sent the big old boy in. He ran halfway onto the field; then he went running back to the side lines and said, "Coach, can Doc Rhodes talk at me again?"

I guess you had to be there.



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*"Michael went back and inspected the damage Eva's fusillade had caused. It was considerable."*

strangeness between them, the sense of their being two new persons facing each other, only intensified the longing. And that, above all, he could not tell her.

When he walked her home and asked if he could go up with her, she said coldly, "I don't go in for one-night stands," and they didn't kiss good night and neither of them inquired when they could see each other again.

After he left her, he went back to the hotel and had a whiskey. He knew that he couldn't sleep, though he had awakened early and had driven more than 300 miles that day. The desire she had aroused in him had now become general, vengeful. Suddenly, he remembered Susan Hartley's number. She was home and did not sound surprised to hear from him. She gave him her address and he spent most of the night with her. She was a delicious girl, but he kept seeing his wife's face as she said, "I don't go in for one-night stands."

He didn't stay in Susan's bed until morning. He went back to his hotel, got into his own bed and slept fitfully and dreamed of his mother, which he had not done for many years.

He awoke late, with a huge and senseless erection, feeling bruised and as though he had a hangover, though he hadn't drunk all that much the night before. He called the hospital, but Heggener, he was told, was in X ray and could not be reached.

He decided to go back to Green Hollow. It was nearly midnight when he arrived at the cottage. When he got there, he saw a car he did not recognize parked, without lights, near the gate. He drove on a little farther and parked the Porsche deep in the shadow of an embankment and walked quickly back to the gate. Keeping as quiet as he could, he went up toward the mansion, staying on the soft, wet side of the road, so that his footsteps were noiseless. Almost instinctively, as he came to the big house, he bent over to make himself as invisible as possible. There was no barking and he remembered that Eva had taken Bruno to the veterinarian. He could see a light in the big bedroom at the front of the house and then the beam of a flashlight in the little library that led off the living room. He saw two dark figures moving around in the library, where, he knew, there was a small wall safe. The front door was slightly ajar. He slipped into the dark hallway and then went into the living room and started feeling his

way among the familiar pieces of furniture to the desk where the pistol was kept. There were footsteps on the staircase that led down to the hallway and then a sudden flare of light as the hallway chandelier was switched on. He heard something being knocked over in the library and the crash of glass, then saw two figures running past the French windows that opened onto the porch.

"Stop!" he shouted. "Or I'll shoot." He ran toward the desk and was feeling for the spring to open the drawer when a shot rang out from the hallway and he heard the whistle of the bullet as it passed over his head and smashed a window-pane. He dropped to the floor and screamed, "Stop! Stop!" Eva was standing outlined in the doorway against the hall light. She fired again. He crawled behind a couch, yelling, "It's me, Eva, Michael." She fired again and again, wildly, the bullets thudding into furniture and ricocheting off the walls. In a minute, she had used up all six cartridges in the revolver. Then he stood up and turned on a lamp. "For the love of God," he shouted, "what do you think you're doing?"

She wavered unsteadily on her feet, looked down at the pistol in her hand, then dropped it on the floor. "I heard noises. . . ."

"You let them get away," Michael said angrily. "And you damn near killed me."

"I heard noises," Eva repeated dully.

"It's OK," he said. "They're gone now." He went over to her and put his arms around her. She was in a nightgown and shivering. "There, there. . . ." He tried to comfort her.

"This damned house," she moaned. "Stuck away in the woods, I'm always alone when I need anybody. . . ." But she didn't cry and she didn't sound frightened, only angry. She declined Michael's offer to take her to the hotel for the night, so he offered to stay in the house in case she needed anything.

"I don't need anything," she said and turned and went steadily up the staircase.

When he heard the door of her room slam, he bent and picked up the pistol. It was a small, pearl-handled revolver. Despite what Heggener believed, there was more than one weapon in the house and there easily could have been a death because of it. He pocketed the gun. Eva might have a dozen boxes of shells secreted upstairs.

He went into the library and turned on the light. Except for the broken window through which the men had escaped

and a table that they had knocked over in their flight, nothing seemed to have been touched. The painting hiding the wall safe was neatly in place.

Michael went back into the living room and inspected the damage Eva's fusillade had caused. It was considerable. For a moment, he considered phoning the police, but that would mean keeping Eva up all night answering embarrassing questions about whom exactly she was shooting at. He decided not to call, and settled in an easy chair and tried to sleep.

He was sure he hadn't slept at all, but he was awakened by Eva, shaking him. He blinked up at her from the chair. The morning sunlight streamed in through the windows. Eva was dressed and her face was calm. "I have to leave now for Burlington to pick up Bruno. Thank you for being so vigilant in guarding my safety." Her tone was ironic, because she had had to shake him to wake him.

He stood up, still groggy. "Before you go," he said, "I have to have a word with you about what happened."

"It was very simple," she said calmly. "Criminals broke into my house and I routed them."

"What I want to say is, I don't think you ought to let the police in on it. Criminals or no criminals, they won't take a kindly view of all that shooting. They'll badger you for weeks."

"I would gladly have killed them," she said calmly.

"You damn near killed me."

"I thought you were still in New York. It was stupid of you not to let me know you were coming."

"I yelled my name ten times."

"I didn't hear you," she said, staring hard into his eyes. She turned quickly and left the room.

As Michael left the house and walked slowly down the graveled path toward his car, he wondered if despite the noise, she hadn't heard him calling his name after all. And he realized that she hadn't asked anything about his trip or about how her husband had taken it. He went out the gate and got his car and drove to the cottage. He reached in to take out his bag. He had his hand on the grip and was raising it, when he let it drop back. Then he went into the cottage and packed the remainder of his belongings and put them in the car. If Eva Heggener was to be protected, she would have to find someone else to do the job.

Michael decided that he needed to get out of Green Hollow to settle his nerves.

He went from one ski village to another, going up when the lifts opened in the morning and ending the day when they closed in the late afternoon. He skied in a snowstorm, in sleet, in powder, on ice, always at full speed, then, when night fell, got into the car and drove on



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to the next village, where he would take a room at a motel, gulp dinner and fall into bed, exhausted. He avoided talking to anyone and lived in his ski clothes and took them off only when he went to bed. He slept without dreams, awoke early, barely looked to see what the weather was, went grimly to the mountain to ski, as though the mountain were his enemy, to be defeated only by speed and relentless onslaught. He didn't fall once in the whole week he spent on that purgative downhill voyage and when the week ended and he knew from calling the hospital that Heggener was expecting him to come and drive him back home the next day, his body, at least, was singing and his face was so burned and whipped by sun and wind that he looked like a lean and dangerous Indian brave, after a long and hazardous raid.

He drove all night so that he could pick up Heggener early the next morning. Heggener was waiting for him just inside the hospital entrance, looking a little pale because the tan had gone from his face in the seven days.

"My God, Michael," Heggener said when he saw him, "what have you done to yourself? You look absolutely gaunt."

"I took a little skiing holiday," Michael said, as he stuffed Heggener's overnight bag in beside his piled luggage.

"How was the snow in Green Hollow?"

"I don't know," Michael said. "I've

been in Stowe, Sugarbush, Mad River, Big Bromley, other places."

They got into the car and started off.

"How was it?" Michael asked. "In there, I mean."

"Not so bad," said Heggener. "They believe I'm well on the road to recovery." He smiled. "But they want to see me again in a month." He made a sound of distaste. "Enough of illness. How about you? Have you come to a decision about the hotel yet?"

"I'm afraid not, Andreas. I'll need some more time, if you don't mind. If you can't wait, please make other plans."

"I can wait," Heggener said.

They were on the open highway winding north when Michael asked, "Did Eva tell you what happened?"

"I haven't spoken to her," Heggener said quietly.

"She didn't call?"

"No. I imagine she was busy. With Bruno coughing and all." He permitted himself a small smile. "What *did* happen?"

"There was a burglary. Or, rather, an attempted burglary." Then he told Heggener the whole story.

"Good God," Heggener said, "Eva handling a gun! Where did she get it?"

"I don't know," Michael said. "It's a little pearl-handled .22 thing. I have it in my bag. I didn't call the police. No real harm was done and Eva was in no

condition to answer questions by policemen."

"That was considerate of you, Michael," Heggener said softly.

"I've moved out of the cottage and I'm not staying anywhere at the moment. But if you want me to hang around and ski with you, I'll check in at the Monadnock."

Heggener considered that for a moment. "I do want you to hang around and ski with me. I want it very much. I'm going to say thank you now and then not say it again." His voice trembled as he talked and Michael made a point of keeping his eyes steadily on the road.

When they reached Green Hollow, Heggener surprised Michael by saying, "Why don't we have dinner at The Chimney Corner to celebrate our homecoming? Do you know—I've never been there, in all the time I've been in this town. I'll call the house and tell Eva that I'll be home around ten. I'd like to enjoy a little quiet dinner with you and since Eva doesn't know I'm coming, there won't be anything to eat in the house."

"Whatever you say. I'm starving," Michael said and drove up to The Chimney Corner and parked.

It was early. The restaurant was almost empty and Antoine had not yet come in.

Michael had a drink at the bar while Heggener went to telephone. When



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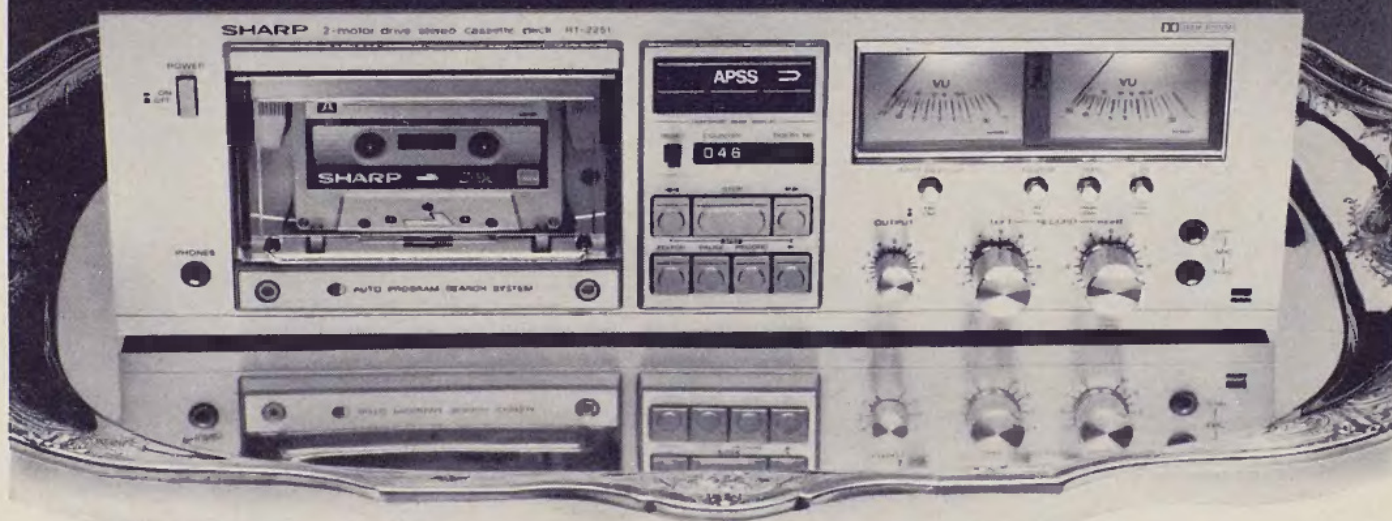
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Heggener came back to the bar, he looked grave.

"Anything wrong?" Michael asked.

"Not really," Heggener said. He ordered a whiskey. "I talked to Hulda. Miraculously, she heard the ring of the telephone. Trouble must have improved her hearing."

"What trouble?"

Heggener sipped at his whiskey before answering. "Eva's gone," he said quietly. "Packed and gone. With Bruno."

"Gone where?"

"Hulda doesn't know. She says there's an envelope for me."

"Well, then, the hell with dinner." Michael got off the barstool he was sitting on. "I'll drive you—"

Heggener put a restraining hand on his arm. "No hurry," he said. "I invited you to dinner and I was looking forward to it. What's the best dish they have? And if you can prevail upon the headwaiter to bring the wine list, I'd like to order the best bottle of Bordeaux they have in their cellar."

The dinner was good and Heggener pronounced the wine excellent. He ate slowly and everything on his plate and then ordered coffee and brandy for both of them and a cigar for himself. He dawdled over the brandy and lit the cigar with loving care. Looking at An-

dreas, sniffing his brandy and lolling comfortably back in his chair, no one, Michael thought, could possibly think that here was a man who knew he had a message waiting for him just 15 minutes away that might, conceivably, alter the entire course of his life.

As they were leaving the restaurant, Heggener said, "It looks as though it's going to be a fine day tomorrow. I would like to get back on skis."

"At whatever time you say."

"I'll call you in the morning," Heggener said as they pulled up to the house.

Heggener called Michael at the Monadnock at nine the next morning. "Michael," he said, his voice calm, "it is a fine day, as I thought it would be. The skiing should be perfect. Is ten o'clock too early for you?"

"I'll come and get you."

"No need. The Ford is in the garage. I'll meet you at the lift at ten."

Promptly on the hour, Michael saw the Ford drive up to the parking lot. Heggener got out and took his skis off the rack and carried them over his shoulder, swinging his poles jauntily as he came to the bottom of the lift. He looked fit and straight, and as if he had spent a peaceful and comfortable night.

On the chair lift going up, Heggener

breathed deeply, with evident relish. "I am finally getting the hospital smell out of my lungs," he said. "Oh, Eva's Mercedes arrived this morning. She kindly arranged to have it driven by a chauffeur from Kennedy."

"Kennedy?" Michael said.

"Yes, she has flown to Austria." Heggener spoke offhandedly, as though reporting that his wife had gone to Saks Fifth Avenue on a shopping expedition. "In the note she left me, she said she is not coming back here. If I want to see her, I must go to Austria."

"Are you going?"

Heggener shrugged. "Perhaps when the season is over. Wives endure, snow melts."

But much later in the day, when, after hours of hard skiing, they were sitting in the lodge having tea, he said, "If I go back to Austria, I am sure I will die. I know that it must sound foolish to you, but I'm a superstitious man and when I am dying in my dreams, it is always somewhere in Austria."

It was the last thing he said on the subject. They continued to ski every day when the weather was good and they played backgammon in the evenings for small stakes. They often went to The Chimney Corner for dinner.

Late one night at the bar, Antoine said accusingly to Michael when they were alone, "So. When you were in New York, you saw Susan."

"How do you know?" Michael asked.

"I called her and she told me. And you did more than see her. The doorman at her apartment house is a friend of mine and I called him. He remembered you and said you stayed almost a whole night. I hope you had a good time."

"I had a very good time," Michael said angrily. "And it's none of your business."

"You are a disloyal friend and dangerous to introduce to anyone," Antoine said and got up from the bar and walked out.

After that, whenever Michael went into the bar, he and Antoine merely nodded coldly to each other.

The weeks passed and the end of the season approached and Heggener's face turned a skier's deep tan and he seemed to glory, to Michael's profound relief, in his regained health. It was a good time, Michael felt, for himself as well as Heggener, peaceful and relaxed, with all problems held in abeyance and neither of them asking any questions about the future.

Automatically, as soon as he got out of bed every morning, Michael looked to see what the weather was. Today it was snowing hard, the snow driven in sheets by a northeast wind. He telephoned Heggener and said, "No skiing today. Build a big fire and sit near it and read a good book. I'll do the same."

Michael read all morning, lying on his



"I'm . . . er . . . giving away vacuum cleaners!"



bed and feeling deliciously lazy. He had two drinks before lunch and a half bottle of wine as he ate.

The drinks and the wine and the food made him sleepy and he gave himself the luxury of a nap after lunch. When he awoke, it was dark and still snowing. He turned on the light and picked up the book and was about to begin reading when the phone rang. It was Dave Cully. "Mike," Cully said, "is Mr. Heggenger with you?"

"No," Michael said. "Why?"

"I just got a call. Heggenger's Ford is in the parking lot by the slope. He went up at three-thirty this afternoon."

"Holy God! Alone?"

"Alone. I'm organizing a search party," Cully said.

When Michael got to the lift, Cully, two boys from the patrol and Dr. Baines were waiting for him.

"The damn fool," Michael said to Cully, who was riding in the lift with him.

"It'd just about stopped snowing at three o'clock," Cully said. "I guess he thought the storm was over."

"Did anybody see what run he took?"

Cully shook his head. "There was hardly anybody else on the mountain. The lift was closed at four because it began to really come down again and the wind was beginning to blow up hard."

At the top, they divided up, the two boys of the ski patrol with the sled going down one run and Cully, Michael and Baines going down another. They skied slowly, their big flashlights searching the storm. It took them an hour and a half to get down the first run and the ski-patrol boys reached the bottom of the lift the same time they did. Neither party had seen any sign of Heggenger. They went up again and again divided up, this time going down two different runs, stopping every minute or two to call out Heggenger's name. From the other run, Michael could hear the voices of the two boys, faint through the trees. The shouts echoed in the darkness, but there were no answering cries.

More than an hour later, they were all down at the bottom of the lift again. The storm was getting worse, the wind rising.

It was torture, bitterly cold, going up now, inch by slow inch, and Cully and Michael sat hunched in grim silence, their gloved hands under their armpits to keep them from freezing. There was only one more slope they had not covered and when they got to the top, Cully asked Michael, "Did he ever do the Black Knight with you?"

"Never," Michael said.

Now they all went down the Black Knight together, painfully slowly. They worked their way down to the turn in the forest and followed the trail past the boulder and then all the way down to the lift. They knew as the wind howled

through the cables that they couldn't go up again that night.

It was ten past one in the morning and Heggenger had been out in the cold since three-thirty the afternoon before.

Outside, the wind rose higher and higher, shaking the windows in their frames. The wind began falling at dawn, the light the color of steel coming in through the lift-house windows. "OK, let's go up now," Cully said. "But it's still going to be slow."

They put on their boots, parkas and gloves and went out into the suddenly still, steel-cold air, where they got into their skis, none of them saying anything, their faces grave. There was a thermometer on the outside wall of the lift house, but Michael refused to look at it.

Cully was the one who saw the handle of the ski pole, just barely sticking out of the piled snow and moving in little circles. It was about ten yards into the forest, on a line with the big boulder in the middle of the trail.

"This way," Cully shouted and traversed swiftly between the trees and knelt beside the snowdrift above which the pole was making its slow little circles. He was digging frantically with his hands as the others came up to him. In a moment, he had uncovered a gloved hand, gripping the pole and moving. Michael was digging, too, and felt something hard under the snow. Carefully, he removed handfuls of snow from whatever it was. It was the top of Heggenger's head, his blue wool balaclava helmet frozen stiff. A second later, as through a thin white veil, Heggenger's face appeared. His lips moved, but there was no sound.

"That's all right, Andreas," Michael kept saying as he held Heggenger's head while the others cleared the piled snow off the stiff body. "everything's all right."

Now the others had the snow off him and Cully was feeding him little sips of hot coffee from the Thermos bottle he had in his pack and Michael could see by the position of Heggenger's right foot that the leg was broken and that somehow Heggenger had managed to get his skis off and to dig himself a hole in the snow.

Roughly, tearing at Heggenger's cement-stiff clothes, Baines bared a patch of Heggenger's skin and injected a shot of camphor, for the heart. Heggenger groaned and shut his eyes, which had been staring unblinkingly up into the limbs of the tree that had sheltered him. He groaned again as they put him on the sled, his leg in first-aid splints, and covered him with blankets. Then the ski-patrol boys took off down the slope with the sled, going straight down without making any turns, one in front between the shafts, the second boy behind, holding the ropes to brake the sled.

Michael waited behind while Baines put on his skis. "Unbelievable." Baines kept shaking his head. "He's still alive."

At the bottom, Cully and the two boys put Heggenger into the back of Cully's station wagon. When he saw Michael, Heggenger tried to smile and raised his hand a few inches and waved his fingers weakly. "Sorry, Michael," he whispered. "Terribly sorry."

"Don't try to talk, Andreas," Michael said.

Michael went over to the Porsche and wearily put his skis on the rack and got behind the wheel and sat there, for a minute, in silence, too tired to move, as the motor coughed, caught on. Then, maneuvering very carefully, he drove to Baines's office.

Baines and his nurse and Cully had gotten Heggenger's clothes off and Heggenger was lying on a white operating table covered with a sheet and Baines had



"I've got it. . . . Let's swap wives."

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given him a shot of morphine and was gently moving his ankle. Heggener was almost out, but when Michael came into the room, he smiled at him drowsily and murmured, "You were right, Michael, that run was not for me." Then he dropped off to sleep.

"He'll live," Baines said. "Fifteen minutes more. . . ." He shook his head and did not finish the sentence. "I don't know how or why, but he'll live."

When Michael and Cully came out of the doctor's office after waiting until the cast was plastered on Heggener's leg and Heggener was in a drugged sleep and the nurse had called for the ambulance from Newburgh, the sun was high over the mountains and the sky was blue and the wind had shifted to the south and was soft against the skin, and there was the splash of running water as the snow melted. Cully squinted up at the sky, took a deep breath. "Winter's over," he said. "One more winter. I never know whether to mourn or celebrate."

"Celebrate, Dave," Michael said. "Celebrate."

"They were very kind to me this morning," Heggener was saying, his right leg, in its cast, propped up over a wire frame at the bottom of the hospital bed. "They took me off the critical list."

He had been on the list for three days, but now the pain had almost disappeared in the injured leg and all his vital signs were back to normal. Michael had been allowed in to see Heggener for only a minute or so a day and Heggener had been warned by Baines not to waste his strength trying to talk. Now his color had returned and he seemed comfortable, breathing deeply in the soft warm wind, with its smell of spring, that came into the cheerful, bright room through the wide-open window.

It was Saturday morning and Michael had his jump suit and boots in the car, ready to go sky diving at noon.

"You look especially fine this morning," Heggener said. "As though you're looking forward to a pleasant afternoon."

"I am," Michael said. "I'm going to have a good lunch and then take a long walk through the woods." Somehow, he felt that it would be unwise to tell the man in the bed about the sky diving. Perhaps after it was over. "Dr. Baines is very pleased with you, too."

"For what?"

"For being alive."

Heggener chuckled. "Many people seem to manage it," he said.

"He said it was touch and go there for a while," Michael said seriously. "If you had fallen asleep—"

"I made a point of not falling asleep," Heggener said. "I haven't been in the mountains all these many years for nothing. When I found that I was able to crawl to the shelter of that tree and could

dig a hole for myself, I knew I had a chance. I discovered I had no wish to die. So I took the necessary steps to avoid doing so, like moving at all times and keeping my eyes open. You know, I heard you calling my name and tried to call out to you, but the wind was making such a noise. I must admit, for a while after that, it was difficult for me to keep my eyes open."

"What made you do it, Andreas? Go out alone, in bad weather, down that particular slope? You knew how dangerous it was, didn't you?"

"I knew it was dangerous," Heggener admitted. "But just how dangerous it was going to turn out to be—no. I had received a cable that afternoon. From Eva. In it, she said that if I didn't come to Austria immediately, she was going to sue for divorce and marry someone she was seeing there." He sighed. "I couldn't stand staying in that big house alone that afternoon and felt like doing something physical—testing. Some ultimate test. I've wanted to do that run just one last time and that afternoon seemed like the most fitting time to do it."

"Are you going to Austria?"

"Perhaps if nothing had happened on the mountain, I would have skied down and gone home and packed my things and flown to Europe the next day," Heggener said, his voice just above a whisper, "but lying there, helpless, with the snow drifting over me, I made my decision. There are some things in life—like life itself—that you must make enormous, heartbreaking sacrifices to preserve. In this case, what I was preserving was myself. I will be desolate, perhaps, for a long time, without Eva, but I will be my own man and in the long run, I will be free of her and my obsession with her. So," he said, smiling faintly, "a night out in the snow can help clear the mind and set things in their proper perspective. Well, I've talked enough. I know how boring visits to a sickroom can be. Go and enjoy your lunch and your long walk in the woods."

Michael leaned over the bed and kissed Heggener's forehead. He left the hospital, feeling invigorated, young and glad to be alive in the fresh spring breeze.

He drove to the airfield. There were about 1000 people who had assembled to watch the exhibition. He saw that Williams and the other men he was going to jump with were already talking in a little group out on the runway where the plane was standing. He reached back for his jump suit and boots, then let them drop onto the back seat. He got out of the car and walked through the crowd toward Williams.

"I have to talk to you, Jerry," Michael said. "Alone."

"What's up, Mike?" Williams asked.

"I'm not jumping," Michael said quietly.

"Oh, Christ," Williams said. "You don't mean to say you're chickening out?"

"That's exactly what I mean to say," Michael said. "I'm chickening out. I've given up jumping. Among other things."

"Mike, you're the last man in the world I'd've thought would do something like this."

"Until a few minutes ago," Michael said, "I'd have thought the same thing. I learned a lesson this morning. It took some time to sink in, but I learned it." He waved to the men around the plane and walked back through the crowd to the Porsche. He got in and drove back to the hospital.

Heggner was having his lunch and looked up in surprise when he saw Michael enter the room. "Is anything wrong?" he asked, looking anxious.

"Nothing at all."

"I thought you were going to have lunch and go for a long walk."

"That's exactly what I'm going to do," Michael said. "But I have a question to ask you first."

"What is it?"

"Is that job still open?"

"Of course."

"I want it," Michael said.

"You've got it," Heggner said soberly.

Michael went downstairs and called Tracy collect, because he didn't have any change on him. He smiled when he heard Tracy's voice and heard the operator ask if she would take a collect call from a Mr. Stors in Vermont.

"Certainly," he heard Tracy say.

"Go ahead, sir," the operator said. "You're connected."

Connected was the word for the morning. Michael thought, as he said, "Hello, Tracy, how are you?"

"I'm fine." Then she said worriedly, "Are you all right?"

"Never better," he said. "I want you to do something for me. I want you to drive up to Green Hollow as soon as you can. I'm planning to build a house here and since you'll be using it, at least on weekends and holidays, I think you ought to be in on choosing the site."

"Oh, Michael." He heard her gasp. "Is it going to work?"

"If it doesn't," he said, "it will be one tremendous try."

"What do I need up there?"

"A warm and forgiving heart."

"Idiot." He heard her laugh. "I mean clothes."

"Whatever you have on at the moment will be perfect," he said. "And thank you for paying for the call. I'll make it up to you somehow."

Then he went and had the lunch and the long walk in the sunny woods he had promised himself.

*This is the final installment of "The Top of the Hill."*



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DESTROYED TELEVISION (continued from page 156)

*"That autumn, Silverman took a long, hard look at our country and made a fateful discovery. . . ."*

*Bomba, the Jungle Boy.* Don't laugh. In 1962, several years out of Ohio State University, Silverman was working for WGN-TV, the fat-cat independent station in Chicago. Then 24, he was the third- or fourth-string program executive. Maybe because this chubby, aggressive Jewish kid was a pain in the ass to his bland, WASPish WGN superiors, he was handed the dregs of the station's movie library and told to develop some ideas for their use. His bosses probably figured that would keep Freddie occupied and out of their hair, but Silverman thumbed through the movie catalog and found a dog-eared package of *Bomba, the Jungle Boy* flicks. Suddenly, the idea bulb went on in his head.

He slapped a flashy opening onto the jungle films and got the station to schedule them in weekly prime time under

the umbrella title *Zim Bomba*. Chicago viewers took to *Zim Bomba* like flies to foul matter. On Tuesday nights, it often beat two first-run network programs in the audience ratings. Young Freddie had tapped a public desire for camp material long before it became fashionable.

It was this astonishing ability to squeeze silk-purse ratings out of sow's ear programming that brought him to the attention of the networks in New York. Within a few months, Silverman was out of Chicago and into CBS, where he soon invaded the Saturday-morning children's block with loud, violent cartoons featuring jet-age superheroes. Later he became chief of the CBS weekday soap operas and game shows, eventually parlaying his success into the vice-presidency of all CBS entertainment shows.

But it wasn't until 1975 that the Silver-

man Era of network TV was officially born. That was the year he bailed out of CBS and into ABC, as chief programmer with the right to do whatever he pleased with a network's program schedule, unfettered by corporate captains who occasionally worried about things like prestige and image.

That autumn, Silverman took a long, hard look at our country and made a fateful discovery: He recognized that millions of lazy, incompetent parents would gladly surrender the TV to their kids all night—that an increasing number of people seemed to be abdicating any sense of parental responsibility for the programs that seeped into their living rooms.

Being a good businessman, Silverman did what came naturally: He pandered. Under him, TV's reputation as "the electronic baby sitter" no longer was just a catch phrase. In three short years as ABC program chief, he created a subculture of boorish heroes and fantasy figures who became the favorites of youngsters everywhere. His number-one programming tenet was the notion that ignorance is amusing. Consequently, his brain children usually ran the intellectual gamut from A to B—from the braless wonders on *Charlie's Angels* to the classroom morons on *Welcome Back, Kotter*.

Tits 'n' zits. The combo paid off handsomely, especially because the nation's parents nodded off and let their kids control the TV dial all night. ABC quickly became "the sweatshop network," the most exploitive outfit ever to operate in what probably is America's most exploitive industry. More importantly, ABC leapfrogged from third place to the top of the Nielsen prime-time heap.

Even a partial laundry list of the creations that Silverman presided over at ABC is a tribute to the P. T. Barnum philosophy about the birth rate of suckers. Consider: *Three's Company*, *Charlie's Angels*, *Happy Days*, *Laverne & Shirley*, *Soap*, *Starsky & Hutch*, *Vega\$*, *Welcome Back, Kotter*, *The Ropers*, *What's Happening*, *Donny and Marie*, *Carter Country*, *Operation Petticoat*, *The Love Boat*, *Fantasy Island*, *Hardy Boys Mysteries* and *Battlestar Galactica*, among others.

Because of Silverman's astounding Nielsen success in selling this shallow, mundane fare to the public, the competition got into the act. CBS and NBC, frantic to make up lost ground, carbon-copied many of his inventions. And TV sank even lower.

CBS program chief Bud Grant came up with a contemporary rip-off of *Happy Days* called *Busting Loose*. In response to Silverman's cheesecake success, Grant gave us *Wonder Woman*, *The American Girls* and *Flying High*. At NBC, program boss Marvin Antonowsky bowdlerized *Fay*, a sophisticated comedy, into another



*"Ah, it's a beautiful day to be alive, wise and horny."*

piece of yuk-yuk sausage. He then canceled the series after less than a month. Lee Grant, the star of the show, soon popped up on Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show* and verbally excoriated Antonowsky in front of a nationwide viewing audience. She also gave him the finger and christened him The Mad Programmer, a nickname that has stuck.

Shortly after the *Fay* blowup, Antonowsky resigned. His replacement, Paul Klein, also joined in the follow-Freddie game. Klein switched *The Black Sheep Squadron* from a World War Two saga to a shallow tits-'n'-ass extravaganza by introducing a quartet of large-breasted Marine nurses known as *Pappy's Lambs*. He put them directly opposite *Charlie's Angels* on Wednesday night. Declared Klein: "If ABC is doing kiddie porn, NBC will give the audience adult porn." A few months later, Klein premiered a show called *Rollergirls*, which featured a whole team of amazons on roller skates. And Klein's NBC movies and miniseries weren't much classier, dominated as they were by such sex sleaze as *79 Park Avenue* and *Aspen*.

Some people, including the cave dwellers who run the national P.T.A., refer to these programs as "sex on TV." But that's a tragic misuse of the language. In fact, complains Nick Johnson, media reformer and onetime maverick voice of the Federal Communications Commission, these shows are "cheap, tawdry, superficial and stereotyped, and bear no resemblance to real life."

The main ingredient of the cheesecake shows is a juvenile fascination with big tits, shapely asses, corny innuendo and such physical functions as going to the bathroom. On *Three's Company*, for instance, huge guffaws invariably greet the mere mention of a toilet. Despite attempts by network execs to call these programs "mature and adult," they are actually less sophisticated and often more childish than the average Saturday-morning cartoon.

Network TV's skin parade has nothing to do with "permissiveness." Indeed, the tube isn't nearly permissive enough. A truly permissive and enlightened medium wouldn't shy away from sex as a serious topic for dramatic and comedy shows. Sex is vitally important to a wide range of our society—from teens through the elderly. Yet television almost never treats sex openly, intelligently or sensitively. It doesn't enrich our sexual knowledge. It doesn't blast away sexual misconceptions. It fails miserably to illuminate an area that affects a big portion of our everyday lives.

Instead, TV tiptoes around sex. It makes leering, self-conscious wisecracks about it. The result may attract plenty of panting youngsters, but it's pissing off discerning adults. "Television ought to give us profound and sensitive stories about extramarital sex, abortion, teenage



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# TUNING IN ON THE NEW TV TECHNOLOGY

By JIM HARWOOD *satellites? superstations? video discs? if those ideas are coming across a bit fuzzy, here's the crash course you need to clear up the picture*

The vocabulary of today's audio-visual revolution rests heavily on gamma ferrites, kilohertz, polar patterns, shims and polystyrene shells. But one need not understand the specifics, just the basics, to get a grasp on the new video revolution. The following ought to clear up some of the confusion.

## CABLE TELEVISION

As the name suggests, cable TV brings the signal into the home set via a wire instead of over the air.

That used to be a big help to the networks, which turned to cable in order to reach out-of-the-way areas. But now cable's flexibility has become a real threat to the big guys.

The cable operator gets his signals from three primary sources: Using his own large sophisticated antenna, he can receive the same pictures beamed through the air by the local TV station and retransmit them by wire; with a ground-station "dish," he can receive signals from a satellite high overhead and retransmit them; and he can generate signals in his own studio and transmit them.

In addition to a better signal, cable provides more channels (some 12 to 40, compared with fewer than a dozen for regular TV). Currently, about 20 percent of the nation's population is hooked up to some 4000 cable systems, paying seven to ten dollars a month for the basic service of relayed commercial TV and cable's programming.

Although there are many systems, and subscriptions are increasing at the rate of ten percent annually, service is still spotty. Even in New York City and Los Angeles, for example, cable is available in only certain areas. And such major cities as Chicago, Boston, Pittsburgh, St. Louis and Minneapolis are just getting their systems geared to go. The major inhibition is the cost—up to \$80,000 per mile—of laying cable in cities.

## PAY TELEVISION

For an extra eight dollars or so per month, the cable subscriber can buy an additional channel carrying programs not available on commercial TV. In addition to films, several packages of programs for cable—Home Box Office, Showtime and Hollywood Home Theater, for example—are offering sports events, night-club shows,

uncut comedy acts and various specials, none available on free TV.

Pay TV isn't necessarily chained to cable systems, however. In Los Angeles and elsewhere, over-the-air pay TV has recently been introduced, offering the same kinds of programs. Technically, those operations broadcast a scrambled signal on a conventional channel and the customer rents a decoder for about \$35 a month.

## SATELLITES

Traveling through the air, a TV signal weakens quickly over relatively short distances and is easily tripped up by obstacles such as buildings and bridges. Even the best TV signal loses strength after about 100 miles, and most won't make it that far.

A satellite, however, is essentially a broadcast-signal reflector with the advantage of extreme height, so it can scatter its messages over the whole nation. From a ground point, the TV signal is beamed up to the satellite and reflected back down to earth stations equipped to receive it.

In 1975, RCA launched its first Satcom satellite, able to carry 24 channels of programming at once. At first, only two cable systems were equipped to receive its signals, but that had boomed by early 1979 to more than 1500 systems, with a long waiting list. To keep up with demand, RCA will launch another TV-signal satellite by the end of this year—a year sooner than originally planned.

Once equipped for satellite reception, the cable system is no longer dependent on local stations in its area for free TV to retransmit along its wire. Just as easily, the cable system can pull in a signal from thousands of miles away.

Among the most interesting—and controversial—suppliers of satellite programs are the "superstations," local non-network broadcasters whose signals (programs) are put on the bird above and sold around the country.

Superstations were born when feisty sportsman Ted Turner, owner of the independent station WTCG in Atlanta, had the notion that many of the nation's cable systems might be happy to have an extra channel of sports, movies and reruns—his own, in fact—if he could just reach them. And much to everyone's initial amusement, he arranged to buy time on the RCA Satcom satellite.

In 1976, he started selling his shows to

cable systems and suddenly WTCG became a superstation. Growing rapidly, it is now delivering programming to more than 4,000,000 cable homes across the country, around the clock, and other superstations have gotten into the act.

After paying a fee based on the number of subscribers, the cable systems can use whatever portion of the superstation programs they want to. Some stations provide the signals voluntarily, but the superstation operators can also pick off signals from stations that don't want their programs relayed. That is legal, according to the FCC and the Copyright Act, but the broadcasters insist their signals are being stolen and are fighting back in Congress and the courts.

## HOME VIDEO RECORDERS

In essence, the home video-tape recorder does for pictures what the tape recorder has long done for sound—it just makes a copy, duplicating the electronic signals passing through the set onto a reel of magnetic tape in a cassette. The special attraction of the video recorder, however, is that it can make a copy of one program while the viewer is actually watching another. Or, with a timer, it can copy programs while nobody is at home to watch. And, of course, it can play tapes recorded on other machines.

Sony Corporation introduced the first home recorders into the U.S. in 1970, but those were bulky, expensive devices not well received by the general public. It wasn't until 1976 that Sony offered a compact recorder, the Betamax, for about \$1200. Since that breakthrough, some 15 competing recorders have entered the market and prices are dropping fast, with the Betamax now down to about \$850.

## VIDEO-DISC PLAYERS

Although often confused with the Betamax and other home tape machines, the video disc is a totally different cat. Most importantly, it can't copy anything. Its programs are available on a 12-inch disc that looks much like a phonograph record. Each half-hour side contains 54,000 tracks, each equal to one picture "frame."

As the disc spins, an optical stylus using a laser beam retrieves the information and transmits it to the TV screen. In addition to its superior picture, the video disc offers two extremely high-fidelity sound tracks, allowing for stereo sound and other uses such as a movie in two languages. Since nothing ever

touches the surface of the disc, it never wears out.

The only video disc currently available to a small sample of the public is the Magnavision Optical Videodisc Player, developed by Magnavox and MCA, Inc. To lure public interest in the video disc, MCA (which owns massive Universal Pictures and Universal-TV) prepared more than 200 titles of programming on discs before the machine even reached the market. Selling for \$775, the video disc was introduced into stores in Atlanta and Seattle last year and should be fully available across the country by the beginning of next year. Several competing video-disc players have not yet reached the market.

#### GAMES

While television, cable, pay TV, video copiers and video discs have all been developed to put traditional kinds of entertainment on the home screen, manufacturers of games and computers have recently begun to pay attention to the tube as well.

The games themselves are essentially semicomputers, programmed to respond to given situations. They range from the simplest \$20 Pong units with rudimentary controls and only a couple of games to sophisticated combat and card games for which the basic player costs about \$200 and each individual game cassette about \$20.

#### TELEVISION

Let's finish at the beginning—with television itself. TV is strictly a one-way operation: The camera catches light waves and changes them to a signal beamed through the air until it encounters a TV set capable of changing the signal back into light waves for your eyes. Although we loosely call everything seen on the home set television, the term should be reserved for images that come through the air—an important distinction to remember for the future.

Unfortunately, all of the fancy gadgetry available today still ends up in a cracker box of a TV set whose electronic innards haven't changed much since the pioneer days.

Compared with what it could be, the signal reaching your set is like a book with some words missing on every page. The set you buy is built to receive the signal the networks send. But if you had a set that could receive more information—and somebody to send it—you could have a receiver with a picture equal to the finest theatrical screen and sound to match the best stereo systems on the market.

And someday you will.

pregnancy, vasectomy and the emotional differences between men and women," says Johnson. "But the cheap, sensationalized stuff they're now doing is a disgrace—and it could result in an opposite reaction against any sort of responsible depiction of sex."

Even in the midst of the whirlwind Nielsen success he was enjoying at ABC, Silverman wasn't satisfied. One of his new programs, the genteel, slightly sophisticated *Tony Randall Show*, was doing nicely in the ratings, but not as well as *Happy Days* or *Laverne & Shirley*. Silverman figured the program's quietude and gentility were at the root of its "lagging" numbers. "So," recalls Randall producer/director Tom Patchett, "Silverman told us to add a Fonzie-type character to the show. He said it would provide a lifestyle to conflict with that of Randall's strait-laced judge character." Patchett and his partner, Jay Tarses, refused to inject any greasy kid stuff into the show. In response, Silverman canceled it.

CBS stepped in and rescued Randall, but the philosophical signals from that network soon became more egregious than those of Silverman. "A CBS executive told my head writer that he ought to put more tits and ass into the show," Randall says. "I swear to you it's true. The suggestion was inept, tasteless, venal and stupid. I'm bitter and resentful and I won't do any more TV shows. The networks have determined that children control the TV set and the rest of the family simply watches what the kids choose. So they turn their programs into pap, in order to appeal to these youngsters. They're ruining a great business."

Despite their singular failure in duplicating the success of the Silverman formula of cheesecake and teenage punks, the program chiefs at CBS and NBC continued the monkey-see, monkey-do routine. Besides thoroughly horsing up TV for discriminating viewers, these cowardly clones also began to ignore the real art of programming in favor of the sciences of schedule juggling, counter-programming and marketing. The network honchos, Silverman included, lost sight of what they were doing. Instead of programming for us, they programmed against one another. In their competitive frenzy, they switched their most popular programs from night to night, attempting to knock off the heavily publicized premiere of a rival program. *Happy Days* became ABC's favorite weapon against tough newcomers, while *M\*A\*S\*H* and *All in the Family* turned the same trick for CBS. They also frequently pre-empted regular programs to present specials, often with little or no advance warning to viewers.

New programs, in particular, took it in the neck. If a rookie series couldn't

draw a 30 percent share of the viewers within its first three weeks on the air, it nearly always got canceled. Some shows, such as *Coed Fever* on CBS, got scrapped before they even got scheduled because they did poorly in the "sneak previews" preceding their official premieres.

This quick-kill factor—coupled with the sudden overload of specials, mini-series and movies that pre-empted regular weekly programs—confused many viewers, causing some to turn off their TVs in exasperation. "For the first time," declared former CBS program chief Mike Dann in 1977, "the American viewer cannot be sure what's on any of the three networks on a given night."

As for marketing, Silverman again blazed the path. Some of his associates now insist that he spent more time supervising the promos, which ran from three to 30 seconds, than developing the programs themselves. Whether that's true or not, Silverman certainly elevated the promo to an exalted position in networkdom. By excerpting a quick gag line and a hysterical laugh track and laying in a breathless voice-over announcer ("*Tonight! The Fonz and Pinky shock the neighborhood!*"), Silverman found that he could excite the youngsters in the audience into watching just about anything, as long as the promos triggered the same childish instincts that had made his CBS Saturday-morning schedule such a hit a decade earlier. Silverman even persuaded his superiors to wipe out some commercial availabilities so that he could squeeze in more promos. The ABC hype grew relentless in prime time, and the human copying machines at CBS and NBC followed suit.

But Silverman is nothing if not imaginative. Several times nightly, usually after a commercial break in the middle of an ABC sitcom, he would beam a one-and-a-half-second flash of the ABC logo, bathed in a blue-and-gold hue. The almost subliminal effect was to slam into the minds of viewers the fact that they were watching ABC. Like it or not, that quickie burst of the corporate symbol—night after night after night—ingrained the ABC image into the consciousness of millions of viewers. It left no doubt as to where their allegiance should lie.

The Silverman Era also ushered TV programming totally into the world of Researchthink. Although Freddie sometimes developed ideas strictly in his gut, he usually waited for the reaction of test audiences at places such as Preview House, an ugly marble building on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood. If the proposed program tested well with the crowd of guinea pigs, the project went full speed ahead. If it did poorly, it usually died. Silverman's counterparts at the other networks—Grant and Klein, in particular—relied even more slavishly

on the results of the Preview House type of research.

At Preview House, about half the 400 nightly attendees sit in seats equipped with rheostat dials that can be operated at the twist of a finger. The dial settings range from "very good" to "very dull." The audience is instructed to dial "very good" if they like what they're seeing; if it's a bummer, they're to dial "very dull."

The other half of the crowd is wired with electrodes attached to the finger tips. These galvanic skin sensors supposedly measure the audience's visceral or emotional reactions. All the rheostat dials and electrodes are linked to a master control panel, where technicians monitor the blips on an oscilloscope, the numerals on a meter and a moving paper graph that tracks the audience's peaks of appreciation and valleys of discontent. (Jokes, fights and car chases generally keep the needle high; soft humor or dramatic character development force the needle down.)

As ridiculous as it may seem, and as scientifically invalid as it might be, joints like Preview House are responsible for approving or condemning between 80 and 90 percent of the programs being considered for network prime time. It's a source of terrific frustration for many producers and screenwriters, who see their futures subjected to the whims of a few hundred people in a theater.

"These aren't really normal people," says George Schlatter, the free spirit who invented *Laugh-In*, among other comedy-variety hits. "These characters hang around outside Preview House, hoping to get inside so they can look at a show and hold a dial in their lap. Right away you know they're questionable. There's not a whole lotta people who sit at home and watch TV with a dial in their lap."

Before the Preview House audiences get to view the actual programs, they're subjected to an ancient *Mr. Magoo* cartoon, played as a "control" to ensure that the test audience is "normal." The thinking is that if an audience laughs at other shows as much as it laughs at *Magoo*, then it's just abnormally responsive. Comedy writer Susan Harris explains: "*Mr. Magoo* usually winds up with between 7.6 and 8.2 on the graph. If any program tests as high as *Magoo*, they throw it out and start all over with a new audience. On the night I was there, 300 adults were watching this cartoon and roaring in the aisles."

By keying the audience to a lowbrow cartoon, the network bosses grease the way for a favorable reaction to similar juvenile comedies, or to slam-bang, razzle-dazzle dramatic shows. On the other hand, a comedy of quiet distinction or an intelligent character drama stands little chance of approval. Once you prime a crowd for pratfalls and gim-

micks, you've set a mood that augurs against mental stimulation.

And that's what has happened with network TV. Starting in 1975, Fred Silverman and the copycats who followed his every move have dealt a bitter blow to the art of programing. What one said quickly became much less important than how he said it. The unsophisticated, juvenile pap, the cheesecake, the constant program shuffling, the heavy accent on promos and marketing techniques and the reliance on bizarre places such as Preview House to determine what gets on the air—all of those factors have reduced the prime-time-TV landscape to a visual and sonic slum.

And now that Freddie's at NBC, where he's president of the entire company, his attitude hasn't changed one iota. After a brief impersonation of a broadcast statesman—during which he vowed to bring us some quality television—he traded in his ill-fitting three-piece pinstripes for the Bermuda shorts and bowling shirt that more accurately represent his social philosophy. The man has the taste of a schmo, and demonstrates it with programs such as *Diff'rent Strokes*, *Hello, Larry*, *Kate Columbo* and *BJ and the Bear*.

But times are tough for Silverman at NBC. As the chief of a network that could soon become eligible for Federal disaster relief, he's in an ugly fix: He's fighting himself—literally. With ABC still chock-full of hit programs he developed, Freddie's finding that his own act is hard to follow, especially because the ABC execs who filled his shoes have learned his tactics well. And as each new NBC program bombs against entrenched ABC competition, Silverman cancels it in a desperate effort to forge a new winning formula. The \$20,000,000 failure of *Supertrain*, for instance, triggered a rebirth of the Edsel jokes that were such a rage in 1958.

Worse yet, Silverman gets mercilessly lampooned on his own network by Johnny Carson, as well as by Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi from *Saturday Night Live*. With a 1978 profit plummet of 20 percent, Silverman is preparing for an even worse bottom line in '79. And as the basement network in the Nielsen nighttime audience measurements, NBC now is the third place to which producers bring their programs, after ABC and CBS.

But no matter who's on top, it appears that the whole idea of a rating war may soon become moot, because the viewers are catching on that the networks are shooting blanks. In addition to viewer anger about the feast-or-famine madness that foists mostly bush-league entertainment on us for nine months of the year and then pits one decent show against another during the crucial audience-

measurement months of February, May and November—a practice that reached its zenith last February 11, when, in the same time slot, CBS telecast *Gone with the Wind*, NBC aired *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and ABC presented a surprisingly good biography of Elvis Presley—the audience is voicing a growing resentment of the methods employed by Nielsen to measure our viewing.

Nielsen places its audimeters (those black boxes attached to TV sets) in "typical TV households"—that is, homes in which the family watches a ton of TV. Audimeters record a minute-by-minute account of what's being watched. Nielsen denies it, but network insiders say that if a Nielsen household registers relatively light viewing for a few months, the black box is quickly removed from that home and placed in one where TV viewing is epidemic. Therefore, the TV networks enjoy artificially high audience ratings, and those families that watch TV selectively have little impact on the numbers.

One stimulating program that apparently suffered from this system is *The Paper Chase*, canceled last spring by CBS. "My impression is that we had a very substantial audience on this show," declares John Houseman, the renaissance man who starred. "But it wasn't necessarily the typical television audience—the people who watch TV six hours a day. I think there were a lot of people who, let's say, watched the evening news and then our show and then nothing else. And those people don't get measured by Nielsen. They put those little black boxes only in houses where the family watched a lot of TV. So when you have a show like ours with a substantial audience that isn't part of that six-hour-a-day audience, it simply doesn't show up in the Nielsens at all."

But the beat goes on. And it doesn't really matter now whether Fred Silverman is top banana or cellar dweller at NBC, the damage has been done across the board: It's now normal for TV to insult our intelligence, to appeal to our basest, cruelest instincts. That's why an increasing number of Americans have begun to reject the tube they've lived with for so long—it's like a marriage gone bad.

And as with all marriages, there are memories. It seems like an eternity, but it really wasn't very long ago that Saturday night was the home of TV's golden age of comedy. CBS had put together the most soul-satisfying three-hour comedy block in history, and millions of us would stay at home on Saturday nights just to watch that murderers' row of *All in the Family*, *M\*A\*S\*H* and the Mary Tyler Moore, Bob Newhart and Carol Burnett shows. They were witty, sophisticated, humanistic and nearly always magnificently acted. They actually made you feel good about television.



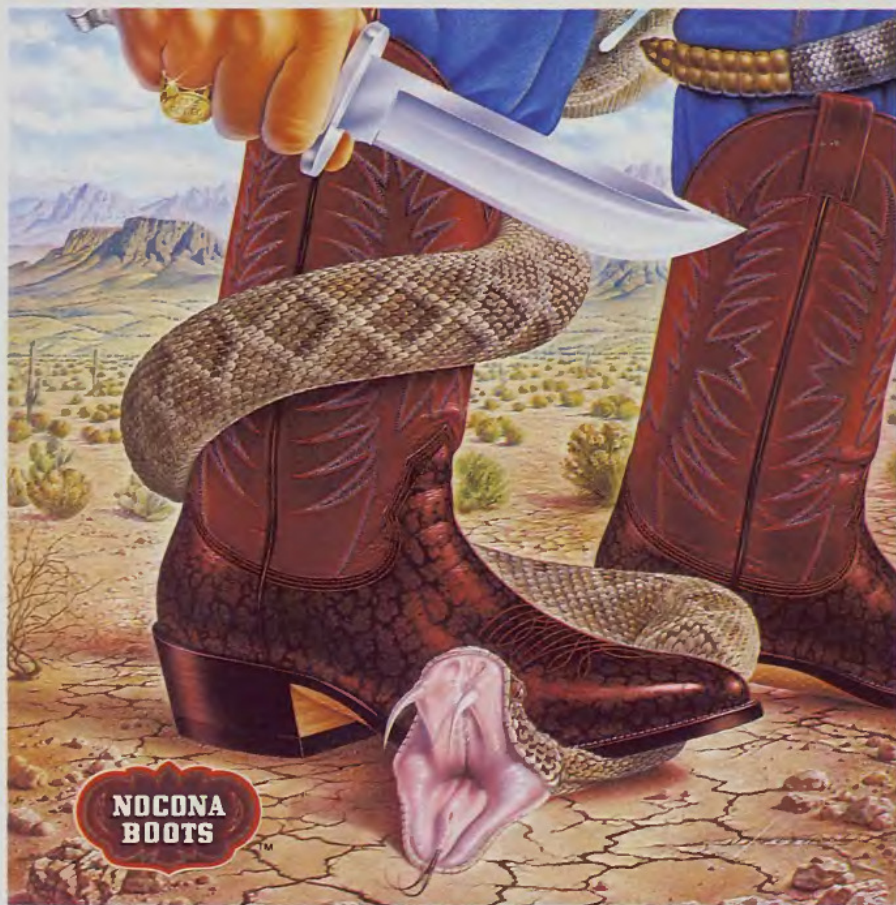
Today, Saturday night is the loneliest night of the week for a discerning viewer. Archie Bunker has moved to Sundays, Hawkeye Pierce to Mondays and Mary Richards and Bob Hartley have vanished (except for rerun heaven). In their places are *CHiPs*, *BJ and the Bear*, *The Ropers*, *Angie*, *Bad News Bears*, *The Love Boat* and several others. Because of the take-over of the Saturday airwaves by juvenile programs, the thoughtful viewer no longer has much reason to bother with TV on that day.

But the Saturday-night situation is simply an exaggeration of what's ruining television throughout the weekly schedule. Incidentally, in the face of TV's drift deeper and deeper into the adolescent fog, it's important to remember that it's the networks—not necessarily the Hollywood creative community of producers, writers and directors—who are ruining the medium. Great ideas do get proposed from time to time, but the average network executive has the backbone of a squid; and if it comes down to a choice between doing what's right and what's corporately expedient, you can bet that integrity will be runner-up.

Fortunately, the fatuousness, the petty fraud, the audience manipulation, the stultifying censorship and the social indecency that network television frequently stands for are no longer getting a free pass from the American public. The people have realized for quite a while that they've been getting the shaft, but for years they couldn't do anything about their hatreds, frustrations and grievances. It was either keep eating it up or shut it off, and for most folks, TV is simply too irresistible a creation to turn away from. But now—thanks to cable, pay, home video tape and the other new TV technologies—the people have gained a weapon with which to fight back. In the next five or six years, it's entirely possible that network TV's audience ratings could drop by 25 percent or more. By 1985 or so, the American people still will be watching a lot of television; they simply won't be devoting so much of that viewing to the giant networks.

Norman Lear, the brilliant producer who gave us *All in the Family*, *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* and *America 2Night*, may have obliquely put his finger on the coming crunch for network TV when he said, "I'd say television is no more guilty of harming our society than, say, General Motors or Standard Oil."

The crucial difference is that the people can't make much of a dent in G.M. or Standard. But with the new video technology continuing to grow and prosper, the public finally is capable of delivering some nasty blows to the solar plexus of the TV industry. The revolution is here. Don't bet against it.



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## DEUTSCH TREAT

(continued from page 133)

farthest district to which she could walk on foot—she had often pressed her nose against the plate-glass windows of a huge *Konditorei*, a pastry shop. She opened the door, smiled and applied for a job. The boss took one look and hired her. Ursula behind the counter soon became a neighborhood attraction. "Never had there been so many young men in here to buy sweets," the owner told us. The young man who had the sweetest tooth became her first beau.

Things then began to move faster for Ursula. One balmy evening, sitting, appropriately enough, at the Nymphenburg Palace beer garden with her boyfriend, she caught the eye of a German *PLAYBOY* editor, who approached her. "*Was Ist ein Playmate?*" Ursula asked. When told, she didn't object to posing; after all, she had often taken the other children swimming in the nude by the meadows along the river. So Weissbrich was called in for the shooting.

By lucky coincidence, German television had just scheduled a documentary on *The Making of a Playmate*. The telecast, a few weeks after publication of Ursula's gatefold in *PLAYBOY's* German edition, unreel before a nationwide audience. Its echo brought on photographers from illustrated periodicals, the fashion magazines, advertising agencies and movie producers.

Her first movie role was a small part in a local trifle called *Popcorn and Ice-Cream*; that brought her the lead in *Cola, Candy, Chocolate*, in which she danced and sang. That was followed by a role—cut, unhappily, from the film's final version—in *Sidney Sheldon's Bloodline* and one in a French movie by director Max Pecas. Next she'll be working on a German TV serial opposite veteran actor Walter Giller, in a Marcello Mastroianni–Nastassja Kinski type of older man–younger woman situation (à la *Stay as You Are*, featured in the August *PLAYBOY*).

To date, modeling and film assignments have taken the girl who three years ago couldn't afford trolley fare to such places as Paris, Rome, Chicago, Kenya, Hong Kong, the Philippines and Mauritius. "By next year, I shall probably have run out of continents," she says with a mischievous smile.

Will she become another Nastassja Kinski? Ursula smiles enigmatically. "Success seems to come so easy, but there is no guarantee that it might last." Not that she much cares. "What I really want is to give and to receive affection. That is a ticket even better than the trolley fare I now can easily afford. And the end is out of sight. . . ."





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## BUNNIES OF '79

(continued from page 165)

Checking out the Bunnies back home, we found a profusion of talented cotton-tails with interests as disparate as law school and *Charlie's Angels*. As a matter of fact, we've been harboring quite a few Bunnies in sheepskin. Chicago's Maynell Thomas, a February graduate of DePaul University law school, is now working for a Los Angeles legal firm that specializes in the entertainment industry. L.A.'s Kat Flores, who already has an undergraduate degree in criminology, started law school this fall. Meanwhile, Dallas Bunny Karen Criswell continues to plug away at *her* legal studies. Karen's dad is a Dallas celebrity, TV anchor man John Criswell. Back in Los Angeles, Janette Salerno, R.N., is working on an advanced degree in coronary care; Toyce Ken is also back in school, working on an advanced degree in management.

When she's not Bunny Dipping at the Los Angeles Club, dancer Denise Gallardo performs in television shows, including Leif Garrett and Barry Manilow specials. Another L.A. Bunny, Betty Jean Samuelson, appeared in a *Charlie's Angels* episode. Judy Bruno and Beverly Whatley regularly sing in the New York Club's Talent Showcase, and Chicago's hutch boasts warbler Rose Dorsey. Cincinnati's Patti Seaman is eyeing a career as a symphonic flutist. Both our Great Gorge Resort and Country Club and the New York Club have booked Great Gorge Bunny Alyson Michaels for singing engagements, while Bunny Marion Watson often sings in Dallas.

Benefits and other events tend to keep the Bunnies, um, hopping in their off-duty hours. This year, they competed in countless basketball, donkey-baseball and even football games to support numerous causes ranging from the Save-a-Pet movement to a children's hospital. A segment of a CBS-TV Sports Spectacular, *The World's Strongest Men* (scheduled for late September), features Los Angeles Bunnies—700 pounds' worth—in a contest called Girl Lift. Strong men had to raise a platform full of Bunnies in what another network might call the agony and the ecstasy.

But our L.A. Bunnies were at their most inspiring when, to benefit Saint Jude Children's Research Hospital, the national college fraternity Tau Kappa Epsilon rolled a beer keg 3224 miles from Boston to Century City. What was waiting at the end of the trail to encourage the TEKES to reach their goal? Well, you can bet it wasn't warm, well-churned beer, but a welcoming committee of Bunnies from the Los Angeles Playboy Club. To them and to the hundreds of other Bunnies around the globe, a toast: ¡Salud! Prosit! Skoal! Kampài!





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create an exclusive collection  
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## HARE APPAREL

THE REGISTERED Playboy Bunny Costume is a modern American classic. In the years since it was introduced at the first Playboy Club in Chicago in 1960, it has been worn by thousands of women, including, for one reason or another, actress/model Lauren Hutton, feminist author Gloria Steinem and a young staff reporter for the old NBC *Today* show, Barbara Walters. Lauren actually worked as a New York Bunny; the two others were on assignment, investigating the mystique that has grown up around the Bunnies. Nearly 20 years ago, the costume was considered a little risqué—and a traffic stopper of the first order. It may have had wives and girlfriends up in arms, but it brought husbands and boyfriends thronging to the Playboy Club. Now, of course, the Bunny Costume is a part of Americana, much like cowboy boots or pinstripes on ballplayers. So how do you improve on a classic? Maybe you don't. But we've always been fascinated by the possibilities. And in that spirit, we've commissioned eight of the world's top fashion designers to come up with alternative styles. While they may never replace the original, their traffic-stopping capabilities are obvious.



**Bonnie August** of Danskin naturally based her design on a full-length leotard. But her interpretation for Playboy is both shiny and see-through. "I like the way the fabric shows the shape of the body. Women are more direct these days; they like their bodies more," she says. If August's creation has a futuristic look, it's because she's an ardent sci-fi fan.



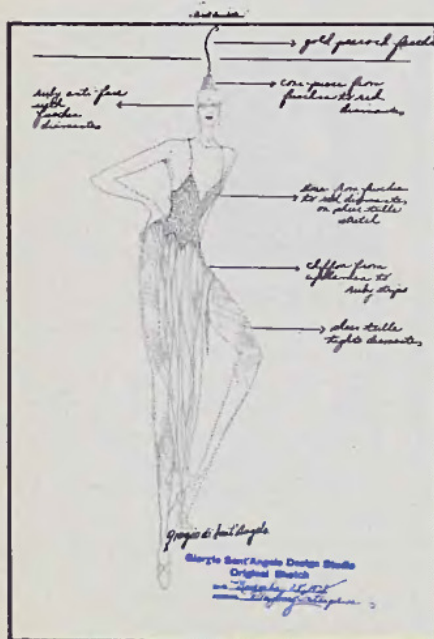
Fernando Sanchez, who did some of the costumes for the movie *The Wiz*, took a baroque approach in his sketch at left, including trim of black morobou feathers and a black-leather choker. He calls his design "theatrical, not fashion," and the puppet "a bit of mildly sexist humor."



Monika Tilley, known for her sleek designs in ski- and swimwear, uses a "second skin" approach for the Bunny outfit at right. Its ruffled and gathered top and skintight pants look functional enough, though Tilley enjoys humor in fashion: "There's enough seriousness in the world."



Edith Head, costume designer for hundreds of movies and winner of eight Oscars, practically invented Hollywood glamor. That style is evident in her two sketches at left. Head, who has also done design work for the Coast Guard, feels these Bunny costumes convey a feeling of "subtle sex." She told us she'd like to try a male Bunny costume next.



Giorgio di Sant' Angelo fashioned the design at left to match "the aggressiveness of the Eighties." Soys he, "The woman of the Eighties is stronger, more courageous and, at the same time, feminine and sensuous." He admits his design is "fantasy, not practical," but what's wrong with fantasy?



Castelbajac, the Parisian designer of men's and women's clothing, offers a deceptively simple adoptation of the classic costume. Crafted in vinyl, the padded rolls topside conceal the wiring for lights, which should prove just the thing for locating your Bunny in a dimly lit Club.





**Oleg Cassini**, one of the designers behind the Playboy Jet Bunny uniforms, gives us top-hat sophistication in two of his three designs at left. Cassini, too, favors "subtle titillation." His creations of elasticized fabric are meant to conform to the body of the wearer; to be revealing but not blatant. "Total nakedness is not always sexy," says Cassini. We may not always agree, but his designs are definitely sexy.



**Bill Blass** describes his creation at right as "jazzy and sparkly." Obviously agreeing with Cassini that a little exposure goes a long way, Blass chose a totally covered look with hood and long sleeves, letting the deep plunge accentuate the bosom. He retained the Bunny's traditional leggy look—"We're very conscious of the leg as a focus in fashion"—as well as the ears, here part of a hood, because "Bunny ears are amusing."



## EXECUTIONER'S SONG (continued from page 110)

*"Gary was an atrocious eater. In prison, they didn't eat with napkins and place settings."*

to giggle together. They were still decorating eggs, but instead of saying, "Cristie, I love you," or "Keep it up, Nick," they were getting into stuff like "Fuck the Easter Bunny." Brenda exclaimed, "You can't hide those."

"Well," said Gary with a big grin, "guess we got to eat 'em." He and Johnny had a feast of mislabeled hard-boiled eggs.

They spent the rest of the evening drawing maps—Take so many steps; Look under a rock; You can read the next clue only in a mirror; etc.—they were up half the night putting candy, eggs and treats all over the yard.

Brenda had a good time watching Gary climb around in the tree—which was wet, for that matter. They were having a wet Easter. Here he was, looming through the branches, hiding goodies and getting soaked right through.

Then he put jelly beans all over his room, especially on the shelf above his couch, so that when the kids got up next morning, they would have to romp over him to get the candies.

Little Tony, who was only four,

walked across the front of Gary's chest, up on his face, mashed his nose and slipped off, squashing his ear. Gary was laughing his head off.

The morning went like that. When it cleared up a little, they played horseshoes and Johnny and Gary got along fine.

Dinner, however, didn't turn out as Brenda had hoped. She'd invited Vern and Ida, and Howard and Toni with their kids, and counting all the noses, they came to 13, and made jokes about that. The main dish was spaghetti Italian style, promised to Gary the way Brenda's Sicilian grandfather used to make it, with mushrooms, pepper, onions, oregano and garlic bread. She had some hot cross buns for dessert with a white X of icing on the top and plenty of coffee, and would have enjoyed the meal except for how tense Gary looked.

Everybody was jabbering back and forth, but Gary was a little out of it. Occasionally, somebody would ask him a polite question or he would say something like, "Boy, this is better grub than what they had at Marion," only he kept

his head down, and hid his silence by swallowing food in a hurry.

Brenda came to the glum conclusion that Gary was an atrocious eater. Too bad. She couldn't stand to see a man shoveling and slobbering at the table.

From his letters, she had expected him to be very much of a gentleman. Now she decided she should have known his manners would be common. In prison, they didn't eat with napkins and place settings. Still, it got to her. Gary had long artist's fingers, small at the tips, nice-looking hands like a pianist might have, but he gripped his fork with his fist and bulldozed it in.

He was, however, sitting at the end of the table by the refrigerator, and so the fluorescent light over the sink was shining on his face. It lit up his eyes. Brenda said, "Wow, you've got the bluest eyes I've ever seen."

He didn't like that very well. He said, "They're green."

Brenda looked him back. "They're not green, they're blue."

This went back and forth. Finally, Brenda said, "OK, when you're mad, they're green; when you're not, they're blue. Right now, they're blue. Do you feel blue?"

Gary said, "Shut up and eat."

After Vern and Ida and Howard and Toni and the children left, and Johnny had gone to sleep, Brenda sat around with Gary, having a cup of coffee. "Did you have a good time?" she asked.

"Oh, yeah," said Gary. Then he shrugged, "I felt out of place. I have nothing to talk about."

She said, "Boy, I wish we could get over that hump."

"Come on," he said, "who wants to hear about prison?"

Brenda said, "I'm just afraid of bringing back bad memories. Would you rather we didn't walk so lightly around the subject?"

Gary said, "Yeah."

He told her a couple of prison stories. God, they were gross. It seems there was this old boy Skeezix, who could perform fellatio on himself. He was proud of that. Nobody else in O.S.P. could.

"O.S.P.?" asked Brenda.

"Oregon State Penitentiary."

Gary had taken a small cardboard box, painted it black and made it look like one of those lensless cameras. He told Skeezix there was film in the box and it would take a picture through the pinhole. Everybody gathered around to watch Gary take a snapshot of the fellow going down on himself. Skeezix was that dumb he was still waiting to see the photo.

On finishing his story, Gary went off laughing so hard, Brenda thought he'd sling his spaghetti around the room. She



*Handel Ryon*


*"Please, dear. I'm so tired I can hardly keep my legs open."*



# Go ape over our contests.

**GAMES** MAGAZINE WORD-SEARCH PRIZE COMPETITION

## Chimp-Off-The-Old-Block Contest



A	E	I	T	S	I	I
T	C	N	O	A	M	L
I	O	A	H	S	A	R
R	P	C	Y	P	I	G
E	S	E	I	T	L	O
I	R	P	N	D	A	R
T	D	E	C	A	I	V

**First Prize:** Computer Backgammon, by Texas Micro Games  
**Four Honorable Mention Prizes:** A GAMES T-shirt.

An eminent scientist once predicted that if a chimpanzee sat at a typewriter long enough, the ape would eventually produce a Shakespearean play word for word. In an ensuing experiment, a young mathematician from Brooklyn borrowed a chimp from the local zoo, sat him at a typewriter and waited... and waited. After several weeks, the chimp's sole output was a seven-by-seven block of what seemed randomly placed letters. It looked like the above. The mathematician has since discovered that within the block are hundreds of words that may be formed by the use of adjoining letters. A word may start with any letter in the grid, and the letters must join in the proper sequence to spell a word. They may join horizontally, vertically, diagonally, to the left or right, up or down. No letters may be used more than once in any word unless the repeated letters are utilized from different positions within the block. But letters used in one word may be used again in subsequent words. Thus in the following example the word "FORTUNATE" may be spelled out by following the arrows:

A	S	T	E	R	
		*	*	*	
	F	C	R	U	T
	G	D	E	A	N

You may not find a complete Shakespearean play within the grid, but we suspect the chimp knew what he was doing. At first, we were content to find three- and four-letter words spelled out within the grid, but now we are finding five-letter, six-letter, and even longer words.

The object of the contest is to find the twenty longest words in the grid. Any (single or compound) word defined in Webster's Third New International Dictionary (Unabridged) is acceptable. There are absolutely no other restrictions.

Write your twenty words in the spaces provided on the entry blank. Score each word by squaring the number of letters in the word (a 3-letter word = 9 points, 5-letter word = 25 points, 7-letter word = 49 points, etc.) and then total your score.

The highest grand total will win the contest, and in the event of a tie, which we feel is highly unlikely, the entry with the earliest postmark will be the winner.

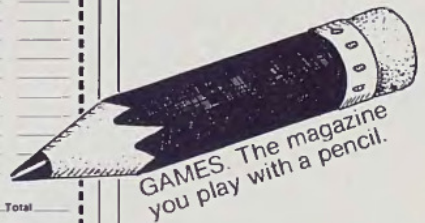
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Contest deadline (postmark) April 1, 1979. Void where prohibited.

Mail this entry blank or a facsimile to  
Chimp, GAMES Magazine  
515 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022

Word	Number of letters	Score (squared)
1.		
2.		
3.		
4.		
5.		
6.		
7.		
8.		
9.		
10.		
11.		
12.		
13.		
14.		
15.		
16.		
17.		
18.		
19.		
20.		

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Total \_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_



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JGA29

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was awful glad when he wheezed into silence and fixed her with his eye as if to say, "Now, do you see my conversational problem?"

5

Rikki Baker was one of the regulars in Sterling Baker's poker sessions. Although not heavy for his size, he was tall, very tall, maybe 6'5". Gary fixed on him early. He was the only fellow in the game taller than Gary. They kind of got along.

Rikki was Sterling's cousin, and had been trained by the Navy to be a diesel mechanic, but didn't get enough experience to qualify for a real job when he got out; so when nothing else was available, Rikki put in time at Vern's shop. He happened to be around when Vern began to speak about this nephew in prison who was getting out soon. Later, Rikki met Gary at the shop, but didn't have much impression. The fellow just seemed like a new worker, uncertain of himself. It was only when Rikki watched him playing cards that he realized Gary was one hell of a relative.

Surc had a different personality at poker. Rikki could see right off that Gary wasn't too honest, and was a real lawyer about rules, always interpreting them in his favor. He also kept putting down the other players because they didn't know the same games the convicts used. He was making no friends.

After the evening, a couple of Sterling's buddies said they were going to stop coming over. Sterling told them, Fine with me. He was certainly being loyal to Gary. Yet when he was alone with Rikki, Sterling would put Gary down. Rikki went along. Still, he had a funny feeling about the man. Didn't want to make an enemy of him for too little. If Gary gave trouble, he wouldn't be afraid to just right-out fight him, but you had to be a little afraid of what Gary might pull from his pocket.

The poker games continued. Different people. By the third night, Sterling got Rikki aside and asked if he would take Gary somewhere. The guy was really getting on everybody's nerves.

So Rikki asked if he wanted to chase down some girls. Gary said, *Yeah*.

Rikki soon decided this was the horniest guy he had ever met.

Rikki had been married for six years, ever since he was 17 and she was 15. Now, however, he told Gary he and Sue were sort of split. Told him how beautiful she was, big, beautiful, mean-looking blonde, yet a good chick. Now that she was mad at him, maybe she'd like to meet Gary, Rikki said kind of half joking.

Once the possibility was there, though, Gary wouldn't quit bugging him. Rikki said he was only kidding, it was his wife,

man! But Gary kept asking when Rikki would take him over. When Rikki finally told him, No way, Gary got so mad they almost did have a fight. Rikki had to get Gary off the subject by saying they could go drag Center Street. Rikki was pretty good at chasing girls, he let Gary know.

So they went cruising up and down in Rikki's GTO. Would pass girls and try to wave them over, then go back to Center Street again, see the same girls and try a second time, just driving side by side, part of a long line of other dudes in their cars and pickup trucks, and the chicks in theirs, everybody's radio going real loud.

Gary got bored with the lack of positive results. When they came to a red light behind one carful of girls, he jumped out and stuck his head in their window. Rikki couldn't hear what he was saying, but when the light turned green and the girls tried to take off, Gary wouldn't take his face out of their window. Didn't care about the cars behind or anything. Once the girls finally got going, Gary wanted Rikki to chase them down. "Ain't no way," said Rikki.

"Do it!"

With all the traffic, Rikki couldn't catch up. All the while, Gary was yelling to make a move and show he was as good as he said.

Too late, however. There were a lot of cars with guys but only a few with girls, and they were just fooling around and very cautious. One had to come up on them easy, not scare them right out of the water. Gary made him promise to go out earlier next time.

As they were saying good night, Gary had a proposition. What would Rikki think about teaming up? Make a little money at poker.

Rikki had already heard about this from Sterling. He gave Gary the same answer Sterling had given: "Well, Gary, I couldn't cheat against my friends," he said.

For reply, Gary said, "Can I drive your car?" Being a GTO, it was a fast automobile. This time, Rikki said yes. Figured he'd better. Not getting his way bent Gary too far out of shape.

Moment he got the wheel, he almost killed them. Took a corner fast and nearly hit a stop sign. Then he didn't slow down at the intersection and went catahumping over the drainage ditch that was there to slow you down. Next he almost ran some people off the road; in fact, one car coming toward them had to go onto the shoulder. Rikki kept yelling but couldn't get him to stop until Gary popped the clutch without enough gas. Then the motor conked and he couldn't get it started. The GTO had a bad battery.

That's what it took for Rikki to get behind the wheel again. Gary was awful depressed the engine had died on him. Got upset about it the way people can brood over bad weather.

6

Next day around lunchtime, Toni and Brenda picked Gary up at the shoeshop and took him out for a hamburger. Sitting on each side of him at the counter, talking into his left ear and his right ear, they got right to the topic. What it came down to was that he had been borrowing too much money.

Yes, said Toni gently, he'd been hitting Vern for a five-dollar bill here, ten there, once in a while, twenty. He hadn't been going to work a full number of hours, either. "Vern and Ida said this to you?" Gary asked.

"Gary," said Toni, "I don't think you realize Daddy's financial situation. He's got too much pride to tell you."

"He'd be furious if he knew we were talking to you about this," Brenda said, "but Dad isn't making a whole lot right now. He created a job so the parole board would help you get out."

"If you need ten dollars," said Toni, "Daddy will be there. But not just to buy a six-pack and then come home and sit around and drink beer."

"I feel bad," said Gary, "about this. Vern has no money?"

"He has a little," Brenda said. "But he's *hurting* for money. He's trying to save for his operation. Vern doesn't carry on, but that leg gives him pain all the time."

Gary sat with his head down, just thinking. "I didn't realize," he said, "I was putting Vern on the spot."

Toni answered, "Gary, I know it's hard. But try to settle down, just a little. What you spend for beer doesn't sound like much, but it would make a difference to Mother and Daddy if you took five dollars and went and bought a sack of groceries, 'cause, you know, they're feeding you, and clothing you, and board and room."

Brenda now moved to the next topic. She knew Gary had needed time to unwind and work with somebody like Vern, whom he didn't have to regard as a boss all the time. Yet the moment had come, maybe, to start thinking about a place of his own and a real job. She had even been doing some looking for him.

Gary said, "I don't think I'm ready. I appreciate what you're trying to do, Brenda, but I'd like to hang in with your folks a little longer."

"Mother and Dad," said Brenda, "haven't had anybody living in their house since Toni got married. That's been ten or twelve years. Gary, they love

you, but I'll be frank. You are starting to get on their nerves."

"Maybe," said Gary, "you better tell me about that job."

That evening, Gary came in with a sack of groceries. Just odds and ends and nothing to do with putting a meal together, but Ida took it as a happy gesture. It turned back her thoughts to a time 30 years ago and more when she had loaned Bessie \$40 because Frank Gilmore was in jail. It took Bessie almost ten years, but she paid back that \$40. Maybe Gary had the same characteristic.

7

It was seven miles and more from Vern's home in Provo to Spencer McGrath's shop in Lindon, seven miles along State Street with all the one-story buildings. The first morning, Vern drove him there. After that, Gary left at six to be sure of getting to work by eight, in case he couldn't pick up a ride. Once, after catching a hitch right off, he came in at 6:30, an hour and a half early. Other times it was not so fast. Once, a dawn cloudburst came in off the mountains and he had to walk in the rain. At night he would often trudge home without a ride. It was a lot of traveling to get to a shop that was hardly more than a big shed, with nothing to see but trucks and heavy equipment parked all over a muddy yard.

He was real quiet those first few days on the job. It was obvious he didn't know what to do. If they gave him a board to plane, they also had to tell him to turn the plank over and plane the other side. One time the foreman, Craig Taylor, discovered that Gary had been working an electric drill for 15 minutes with no results. Couldn't get a hole started.

Craig told him he had been running the drill on reverse. Gary shrugged. "I didn't know these things had that," he said.

So the word his boss, Spence McGrath, got about him was that he knew no more than a kid out of high school. Poly-grinders and sanders and paint guns all had to be explained. He was also a loner. Brought his lunch in a brown-paper bag and took it himself the first few days. Sat on a piece of machinery off to the side and ate the food in all the presence of his own thoughts. Nobody knew what he was thinking.

Night was different. Gary was out just about every night. Rikki was getting a little in awe of him.

Gary told everybody about this black dude he killed in jail who had been trying to make a nice white kid his punk. The kid asked Gary for help, so he and another buddy got ahold of some pipes. They had to. The convict they

were taking on was a *bad nigger*, and had been a professional fighter, but they caught him on a stairway and beat him half to death with the pipes. Then they put him in his cell and stabbed him with a homemade knife 57 times.

Rikki thought the story was talk. By telling it to everybody, Gary was just trying to make himself look big. Still, that didn't leave Rikki feeling comfortable. Any fellow that wanted to live on such a story could hardly back down if he started to lean on you and you pushed back.

There were times Gary seemed almost simple, however. Running after the girls in Rikki's GTO. Gary sure hadn't learned much. Rikki kept trying to explain how you talk to girls, soft and easy like Sterling Baker, instead of big and mean, but Gary said he wouldn't play those games.

One night, Rikki started talking to three girls in a pickup. The truck was on Rikki's left and he just talked through the open window until they could feel he was all right and good-looking enough. Then the girls cut down a dark street and he followed and parked behind. The girl at the wheel came over to talk to Gary, and Rikki walked over to their truck. He was going on real nice to the other two girls about moving over to their place for a party, when the



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driver came back, looking scared. "You ought to do something with that guy you've got along," she said, and she got into her truck and took off.

"What happened?" Rikki asked Gary.

"Well, I came right out and asked her for it, said, 'It's been a long time and I'd like some right now!' " Gilmore shook his head. "Why don't we just grab a couple of bitches and rape them?"

Rikki chose his words carefully. "Gary, that's something I just couldn't go for."

They drove around until Gary said he knew a girl. "Real nice." Now he wanted to go to her place, only to her place. She lived on the second floor of a two-story building with several apartments on each landing. Looked like a small motel.

Gary pounded on her door for ten minutes. Finally, a girl came to answer. She opened a crack and whispered, "My sister has gone to bed."

"Tell her I'm here."

"She's gone to bed."

"Just tell her I'm here and she'll get up."

"She needs her sleep."

The door closed.

"Cunt," Gary shouted.

Then he got mad. On the way down the stairs, he said to Rikki, "Let's tip her car."

She was just a little old foreign job, but heavy. Put their backs into it, and gave what they had, but couldn't do more than rock her. So Gary grabbed a tire iron out of the GTO's trunk, ran up to the girl's car and busted the windshield out.

The sound of glass breaking scared Rikki enough to go flying over to his car. It was only as he took off that Gary opened the door on the run and jumped in.

They decided to visit Sterling. On the way, Gary said, "Help me rob a bank?"

"That's something I never done."

A bank was easy, Gary said. He knew how to do it. He would cut Rikki in for 15 percent if Rikki would sit in his car and drive off when he came out. Rikki, he said, would make a good getaway man.

Gary said, "You wouldn't have to come *into* the bank."

"I couldn't do it."

Gary got inflamed. "You're not supposed to be afraid of anything."

"I wouldn't do it, Gary."

They went the rest of the way to Sterling's house in silence.

Once there, Gary cooled enough to get working on an acceptable story in case the girl called the cops. They could say they drove up to Salt Lake for the



## THE 85 M.P.H. TREES.

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night and didn't get back till morning. Somebody had them mixed up with two other guys.

8

At present, Spencer McGrath was working on a plan to take in all the county garbage for recycling. He had 15 people in his employ, a large contract, and he was working very hard. It had become one of those times in a man's life when he can advance his career and his finances ten years in two years. Or fail, and have gained very little beyond the knowledge of how hard one can work.

So his social activities were minimal. Seven days a week, he worked from seven in the morning into the night. For days in a row, he wouldn't even get home in time to see the ten-o'clock news on TV.

Maybe he could have put in a little less time, but it was Spencer's idea that you gave what was necessary to each person who came before you in the day. So it was natural that he kept an eye on Gilmore and reassured himself that nobody was trying to downgrade the fellow in any way. The men knew, of course, that he was an ex-con—Spencer thought it was only fair to them (and to Gary, for that matter) to have it known—but they were a good crew. If anything, this kind of knowledge could work in Gilmore's favor.

Still, it was all of a week before Spencer McGrath learned that Gary was walking to work whenever he couldn't get a hitch and he only found out because

there had been some snow that morning and it took him longer to walk all the way.

That got to Spencer. Gilmore had never told a soul. Such pride was the makings of decent stuff. McGrath made sure he had a ride home that night.

Later that day, they had a little talk. Gilmore wasn't real anxious to get into the fact that he didn't have a car while most people did. That got to Spencer, too. At V. J. Motors, there was a six-cylinder '66 Mustang that seemed to be pretty clean. The tires were fair, the body was good. Spencer thought it was a reasonable proposition. The car sat on the lot for \$795, but the dealer, Val J. Conlin, a friend of Spencer's, said he would move it at \$550 for them. It beat walking.

So that Friday, when Gary got paid, they went back to the car lot and it was arranged that Gary would put up \$50, Spencer McGrath would add another \$50 against future salary and Val Conlin would receive the rest of it in \$50 payments every two weeks. Since Gary was getting \$140 a week and taking home \$95 of that, the deal could be considered functional.

Gary wanted to know if he could take time off on Monday to get a license. Spencer told him all right. It was agreed that Gary would stop for his license Monday morning, pick up the car and come to work.

Monday, when he got into the shop,

however, he told Spencer that the drivers' bureau said he would have to show a previous driver's license. Gary told them he had one in Oregon, and they were going to send for it. In the meantime, he would wait on the car.

Wednesday, however, he picked up the Mustang anyway, and that night, to celebrate, he had an arm-wrestling contest with Rikki at Sterling's house. Rikki tried pretty hard, but Gary won and kept bragging it up through the poker game.

Embarrassed at losing, Rikki stayed away. When, a few days later, he dropped in again, it was to hear that his sister Nicole had gone to visit Sterling one evening and Gary had been there. She and Gary ended up with each other that night. Now they were staying out in Spanish Fork. His sister Nicole, who always had to go her own way, was living with Gary Gilmore.

Rikki didn't like the news one bit. Nicole was the best thing in his family, as far as he was concerned. He told Sterling that if Gary did anything to hurt her, he would kill him.

Yet when Rikki saw them, Gary came over to Rikki and said, "Man, you've got the most beautiful sister in the world. She's just the best person I ever met." Gary and Nicole held hands like they were locked together at the wrist. It was all different from what Rikki had expected.

Sunday morning, Gary brought Nicole over to meet Spencer and Marie McGrath. Spencer saw a very good-looking girl, hell of a figure, not too tall, with a full mouth, a small nose and nice long brown hair. She must have been 19 or 20 and looked full of her own thoughts. She was wearing Levis that had been cut off at the thigh, a T-shirt and no shoes. It sounded like a baby was crying in her car, but she made no move to go back.

Gary was immensely proud of her. They were sure getting along in super-good shape. "Look at my girl!" Gary was all but saying. "Isn't she fabulous?"

When they left, Spencer said to Marie, "That's just about what Gary needs. A girlfriend with a baby to feed. It doesn't look like she'll be too much of an asset to him." He squinted after their car. "My God, did he paint his Mustang blue? I thought it was white."

"Maybe it's her car."

"Same year and model?"

"Wouldn't surprise me a bit," said Marie.

Brenda wasn't too happy, either, when he brought Nicole to her house. Oh, God, she said to herself, Gary would end up with a space cadet.

(continued on page 237)



"If this stuff is retroactive to last weekend,  
we're in big trouble."

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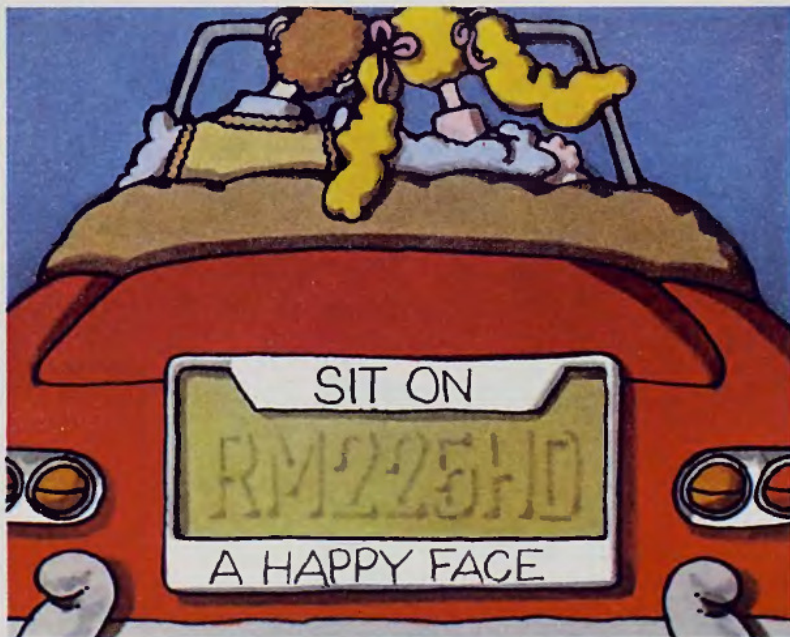


## WALKING TALL

Tired of wearing that same old gorilla mask to your annual Halloween bash? Try stepping out with your feet slipped into an articulated six-foot-tall Walking Worm puppet with a blinkable eye that a store called Hudson Brown, 72 East Walton Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611, is selling for \$195, postpaid. Walking Worm—which was designed by artist Lisa Sturz—comes knocked down, ready for quick assembly. Once you've got its shinbone connected to its thighbone, all you do is place your feet through two straps under the puppet's feet, put one hand inside the worm's head and start hopping around. While it's been suggested that anything as half-assed as Walking Worm looks best on someone who's bare-assed, that's up to you. And when you're not making an ass of yourself wearing Walking Worm, it doubles as a sculpture.

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## WE GET THE MESSAGE

You may not be able to drive a car with an X-rated license-plate number, but there's nothing that says you can't personalize your license-plate frame with whatever's on your dirty little mind. Bob S. Enterprises, P.O. Box 154, Stratford, Connecticut 06497, is offering a kit that consists of a chrome-plated frame and 146 black press-on vinyl letters, numbers and punctuation marks for \$4.95, postpaid. Of course, if another driver doesn't dig your message, you may have to eat your words.

## TICKLING OUR FANCY

Mark Twain had one. So did Charlie Chaplin, Howard Hughes and Groucho Marx. We're talking about mustaches—and even if you're not into pogonotrophy (the growing of facial hair), you'll dig *Moustache*, a delightfully hairy compendium by Roger Lax and Maria Carvainis of famous personages, inventions and grooming tips for those with a bristly upper lip. Best of all, the book is only \$5.95—and you don't have to tip.







### SEXUAL HANG-UP

The Pleasure Chest, that purveyor of such tasteful erotica as Campbell's Cock Noodle Soup, the Tits N/Ass Toothbrush, the Beat Me, Eat Me Licorice Whip and X-rated Fortune Cookies, has done it again. This time it's taken something as mundane as a clothes hook and reshaped it into a ceramic open mouth with a licentious protruding tongue and named it Oral Hangup. (Get it?) Oral Hangup can be yours for only \$16 sent to The Pleasure Chest, 20 West 20th Street, New York, New York 10011. Nail it on your bedroom wall and watch the chicks go wild.

### DREAM PIPES

To paraphrase Kipling, a good cigar may be a smoke, but a carefully broken-in pipe, like aged bourbon, is a boon companion whether you're hiking in the wild or relaxing by the fire. Of course, you can buy new pipes anywhere, but if you'd like to supplement your collection with a few antique models, a pipe enthusiast named Tom Clasen publishes a newsletter called *The Old Order* out of Box 262, Thiensville, Wisconsin 53092, that's devoted to yesteryear's tobacconalia you can buy. One buck will get you his lists. Old pipes; old price.



### EXCUSE OUR DUST

It's always nice to have a damp, cobwebby cellar where you can house your collection of old Bordeaux. But even if you live in a whistle-clean high-rise, you can still give your bottles that antique look with Wine Bottle Dust, a curious product that Gordon Bennett & Associates, 616 University Avenue, Palo Alto, California 94301, is selling for \$5.95 per three-ounce can, postpaid. What's in Wine Bottle Dust? A number of ingredients, including baby powder and peach fuzz. After a dusting, your Ripple will never have tasted better.

### CHECKING OUT NEW HAUNTS

We're all intrigued by things that go bump in the night, but now you can receive an 88-page *Handbook for the Psychic Investigator* that clues you in on everything from how to locate psychic mysteries to the casting out of ghosts and demons by sending \$10 to The Haunt Hunters, 215 N. Meramec, Clayton, Missouri 63105. Along with the book, you'll be sent an official card that says you're now a Registered Psychic Investigator. We carry it right next to our Sky King Pilot's License.



### THE DARK SIDE OF SWITZERLAND

Chocolate junkies, eat your heart out! Journeyworld International, 527 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022, is offering a Chocolate Lovers Tour of Switzerland next March 21-29 for only \$1199, including air fare. While there, you'll munch your way through the Tobler chocolate factory in Bern, see how the Suchard company sorts mixed nuts at Neuchâtel and sample kirsch-soaked Cailler candies in the village of Broc. Sorry, no chocolate-covered edelweiss.



# GIFT GALLERY

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Of course, not all men settle for the average. The fact is, some men are always going beyond themselves in love. They know that it doesn't make any difference what you look like when it comes to attracting women. They know that the real key to finding a great lover is in the quality of love you show to the outside world. And that's why we think you ought to know about a brilliant new book from Symphony Press called **CONNECTING: How To Stop Losing And Start Winning In Love.**

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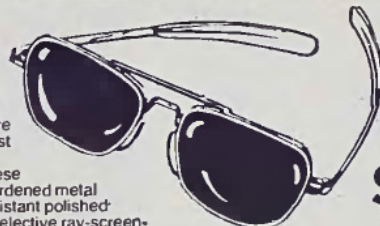
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## EXECUTIONER'S SONG

(continued from page 232)

Nicole just sat there. She had a little girl by the arm and didn't seem to know the arm was there. The child, a tough-looking four-year-old, looked to be living in one world and Nicole in another.

Brenda asked, "Where are you staying?"

Nicole roused herself. "Yeah." She roused herself again. "Down the road," she said in a soft and somewhat muffled voice.

Brenda must have been on radar. "Springville?" she asked. "Spanish Fork?"

Nicole gave an angelic smile. "Hey, Spanish Fork, she got it," she said to Gary as if little wonders grew like flowers on the highway of life.

"Don't you love her looks?" Gary said.

"Yeah," said Brenda, "you got yourself a looker."

Yeah, thought Brenda, another girl who pops a kid before she's 15 and lives on the Government ever after. One more poverty-stricken welfare witch. Except she had to admit it. Nicole was star quality for these parts.

My God, she and Gary were in a trance with each other. Could sit and google at each other for the entire day. Don't bother to visit. Brenda was ready to ask the fire department to put out the burn.

"She's nineteen, you know," Gary said the moment Nicole left the patio.

"You don't say," said Brenda.

"Do you think she is too old for me?" he asked. At the look on his cousin's face, he began to laugh.

"No," said Brenda, "quite frankly, I think you are both of the same intellectual and mental level of maturity. Good God, Gary, she's young enough to be

your daughter. How can you mess around with a kid?"

"I feel nineteen," he told her.

"Why don't you try growing up before you get too old?"

"Hey, coz, you're blunt," said Gary.

"Don't you agree it's the truth?"

"Probably," he said. He muttered it.

They were sitting on the patio, blinking their eyes in the sun, when Nicole came back. Just as if nothing had been said in her absence, Gary pointed tenderly to the tattoo of a heart on his forearm.

When he had stepped out of Marion, a month ago, he said, it had been a blank heart. Now the space was filled with Nicole's name. He had tried to match the blue-black color of the old tattoo, but her name appeared in blue-green. "Like it?" he asked Brenda.

"Looks better than having a blank," she said.

"Well," said Gary, "I was just waiting

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to fill it in. But first I had to find me a lady like this."

Nicole also had a tattoo. On her ankle. GARY, it said.

"How do you like it?" he asked.

Johnny replied, "I don't."

Nicole was grinning from ear to ear. It was as if the best way to ring her bell was to tell the truth. Something about the sound set off chimes in her. "Oh," she said, extending her ankle for all the world to see the curve of her calf and the meat of her thigh, "I think it looks kinda nice."

"Well, it's done," said Brenda, "with a nice steady touch. But a tattoo on a woman's ankle looks like she stepped in shit."

"I dig it," said Gary.

"OK," said Brenda, "I'll give you my good opinion. I like that tattoo about as much as I like that silly-ass hat you wear."

"Don't you like my lid?"

"Gary, when it comes to hats, you've got the rottenest taste I've ever seen." She was so mad she was ready to cry.

She had done it to him again. It didn't strike him well that she didn't like Nicole's tattoo any more than his hats. He got up to leave then, and Brenda walked them to the door. Coming outside, she was also surprised by the sight of the pale-blue Mustang.

That was enough to restore him. Didn't it have to be fantastic? he told her. He and Nicole had both bought exactly the identical model and year. It was a sign.

She was in all wrong sorts the rest of the day. Kept thinking of the tattoo on Nicole's ankle. Every time she did, her uneasiness returned. "Oh, Lord," said Brenda, "Gary loves Nicole."

### II—NICOLE

1

Last winter, just before her mother and father split up, Nicole had found a little house in Spanish Fork, and it looked like a change for the better. She wanted to live alone and the house made it easier.

It was very small, about ten miles from Provo, on a quiet street at the start of the foothills. Her little place was the oldest building on the block, and next to all those ranch bungalows lined up on each sidewalk like pictures in supermarket magazines, the house looked as funky as a drawing in a fairy tale. It was kind of pale-lavender stucco on the outside with Hershey-brown window trim, and inside, just a living room, bedroom, kitchen and bathroom. The roof beam curved in the middle, and the front door was practically on the sidewalk—that's how long ago it had been built.

In the back yard was a groovy old ap-

ple tree with a couple of rusty wires to hold the branches together. She loved it. The tree looked like one of those stray mutts that doesn't get any attention and doesn't care—it's still beautiful.

Then, just as she was really settling in, getting to like herself for really taking care of her kids this once, and trying to put her head together so her thoughts wouldn't rattle when she was alone, why, just then Kathryne and Charles chose to split, her poor mom and dad, married before they were hardly in high school, married for more than 20 years, five kids, and they never did get, Nicole always thought, to like each other, although maybe they'd been in love from time to time. Anyway, they were split. That would have dislocated her if she hadn't had the house in Spanish Fork. The house was better than a man. Nicole amazed herself. She had not slept with anybody for weeks, didn't want to, just wanted to digest her life, her three marriages, her two kids and more guys than you wanted to count.

Well, the groove continued. Nicole had a pretty good job as a waitress at the Grand View Café in Provo, and then she got work sewing in a factory. It was only one step above being a waitress, but it made her feel good. They sent her to school for a week, and she learned how to use the power sewing machines and was making better money than she had ever brought in before. Two-thirty an hour. Her take-home came to \$80 a week.

Of course, the work was hard. Nicole didn't think of herself as being especially well coordinated, and certainly she was not fast—her head was too bombed out for sure. She would get flustered. They would put her on one machine and just about the time she started getting the hang of it and was near the hourly quota, they put her on another. Then the machine would fuck up when she least expected.

Still, it wasn't bad. She had a nest of 100 bucks from screwing Welfare out of money they'd once given her in some mix-up of checks, and put another \$75 together from her job. So she was able to pay out in cash \$175 for an old Mustang that she bought from her next-door neighbor's brother. He had wanted up to \$300, but he liked her. She just got a little lucky.

On the night Nicole met Gary, she had taken Sunny and Jeremy for a drive—the kids loved the car. With them came her sister-in-law, Sue, who was in the dumps at this point, being pregnant and split up from Rikki.

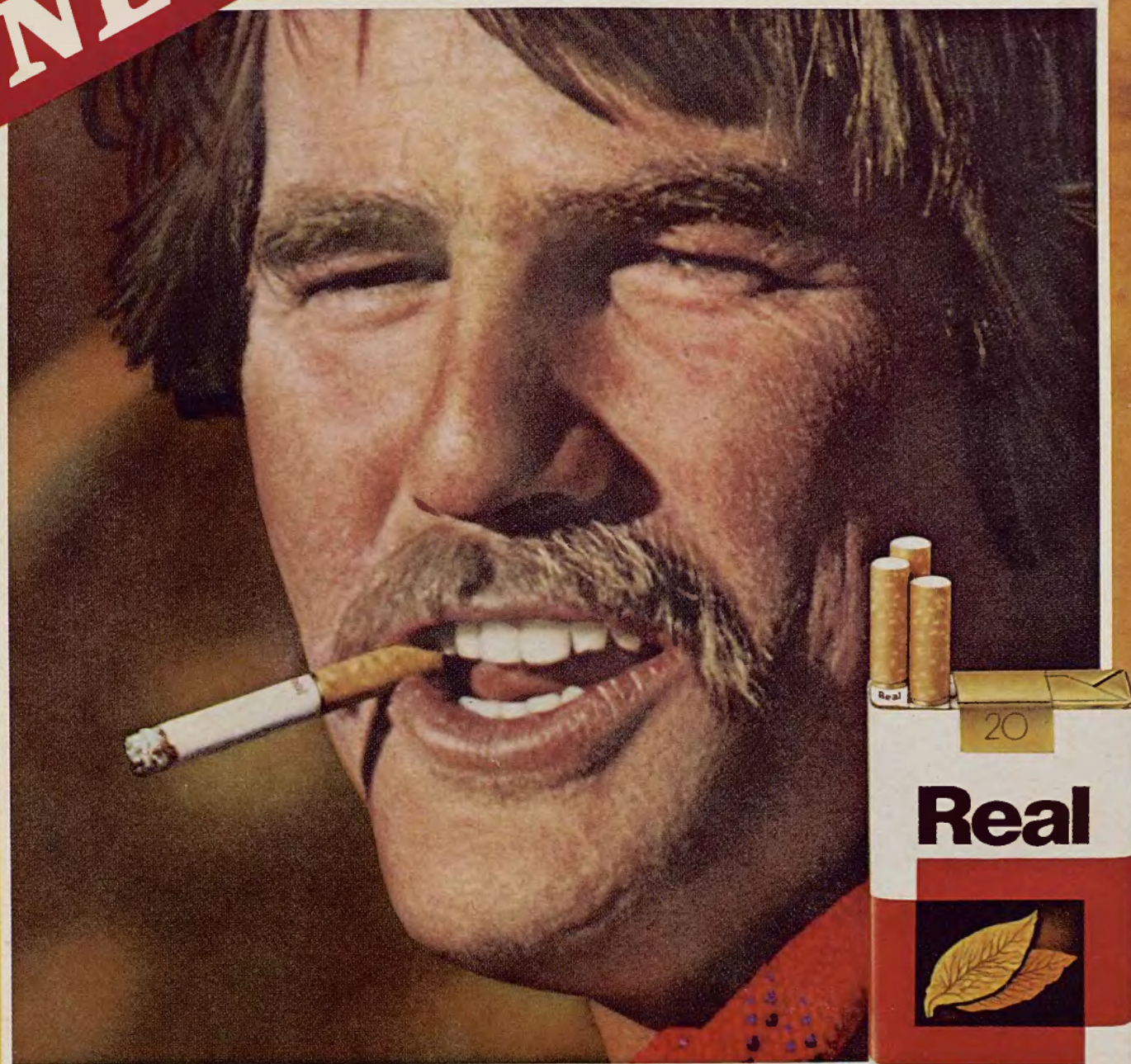
On the drive, Nicole passed about a block from her cousin's house, and Sue suggested they drop in. Nicole agreed. She figured Sue liked Sterling and must



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have heard that he had also split up with his old lady, Ruth Ann, just this week, baby and all.

It was a cool dark night, one of those nights in May when the mountain air still had the feel of snow. Except not that cold, because Sterling's door was open a little bit. The girls knocked and walked in. Nicole wasn't wearing anything but her Levis and some kind of halter, and there was this strange-looking guy sitting on the couch. She thought he was just plain strange-looking. Hadn't shaved in a couple of days and was drinking beer. What with saying hello to Nicole and Sue, Sterling didn't even introduce him.

Nicole made a pretense of ignoring the new fellow, but there was something about him. When their eyes met, he looked at her and said, "I know you." For a split second, something flashed in her mind, but then she thought, No, I've never met him before. Maybe I know him from another time.

That started everything off. She hadn't been thinking that way for quite a while. Now that feeling was around her again. She knew what he meant.

His eyes looked very blue in a long triangular face and they stared at her and he said again, "Hey, I know you."

Finally, Nicole kind of laughed and said, "Yeah, maybe." She thought about it a moment more and looked at him again and said, "Maybe." They didn't talk anymore for a while.

She gave her attention to Sterling. In fact, both girls were clustered around Sterling, the easiest man in the world to get along with. He was gentle and warm and very hospitable, and sure sexy. Soothed everything.

What with Sue liking him, too, the night was sort of exciting. As they were talking, Nicole finally confessed to Sterling that she had a crush on him for years when she was a kid. He told her right back that he'd always been crazy about her. They just laughed. This other fellow sat on the couch and kept looking at her.

After a while, Nicole decided the new fellow was pretty good-looking. He was much too old for her, looked like he could be near 40. But he was tall and had beautiful eyes and a pretty good mouth. She was a little fascinated, even if she wasn't about to admit to much interest.

Sue wasn't saying anything to him, either; in fact, she pretended he wasn't there. Sunny, however, started being a real bad four-year-old and carried on in front of the stranger, as ornery and bossy as she could. She began ordering Nicole to do this and do that. Soon Sunny got

flushed and pretty-looking, and now was flirting with the man. Just about then, he looked at Nicole and said, "You're going to have a lot of trouble with this little girl. She could end up in reform school."

That gave a twinge. It was one remark to get under you. Maybe she had been the kind of mother who could do that to her kids. Nicole knew those words could stick in her like a hook over the next couple of years.

She began to think this guy had some kind of psychic power. As if he were a hypnotist or something of that ilk. She hardly knew if she was about to like that.

Anyway, he seemed to think that was enough to start a conversation. Before long, he was talking to her in a very persistent way. He wanted to go to the store, to get a six-pack of beer, and kept bugging her to go with him. She kept shaking her head. Sue and she had been getting ready to leave and she didn't want to go to the store with this man now. He was too strange. There wasn't any sense to it, anyway, since the store was just a little down the road.

What worked in his favor, however, was that Sue didn't look ready to leave yet. She was just beginning to get off on talking to Sterling, and obviously wouldn't mind being alone with the guy for a little while. So Nicole said, OK, and took Jeremy for protection. Sunny was asleep by then.

When they got to the store, Nicole didn't even get out of the car. It was odd, but he had a Mustang just like hers, same model, same year. Just the color was different. So she felt comfortable in it.

When he returned with the beer, she was leaning against the door, and he put the six-pack on her knee. She joked and said, Oh, that hurts. He started rubbing her knee. He did it decently; not too personal, but it felt pretty good in a nice simple way, and they went on home. When they got to the end of Sterling's driveway, before she got out of the car, he turned around and looked at her and asked if she would kiss him. She didn't say anything for a minute, then said yes. He reached across and gave her a kiss and it didn't do any harm at all to what she thought about him. In fact, to her surprise, she felt like crying. A long time later, she would remember that first kiss. Then they went back to the house.

Now Nicole didn't ignore him quite so much, although she still made a point of sitting across the room. Sue obviously couldn't stand the fellow and was paying even less attention in his direction. In fact, Nicole was surprised how indifferent he was that Sue disliked him. Sue

might be obviously pregnant now, but in Nicole's opinion, she was the more spectacular of the two of them. Yet the fellow seemed ready to sit by himself. Sterling was also quiet. After a while, it looked like the evening would all go nowhere.

With the down drift, Nicole and Sue started talking to each other. Nicole often had the feeling that Sue, when things were all right with Rikki, didn't think too good of her because of all the guys she dated; in fact, Sue and Rikki told on her when she took a dude into bed once at her great-grandmother's house, and she never trusted Sue completely after that. She certainly didn't want Sue to think she was still that easy. So Nicole got a little stiff when just as she was getting ready to take the kids home, Gary said he wanted her phone number. She felt funny about looking so available after all the remarks she'd made to Sue tonight about living a new kind of life, so she told him that he couldn't have it. He was amazed.

He said, It just doesn't make any sense for you to walk out of here and never see you again. It would be a waste of a good thing, he said. He even got a little mad when she kept saying no. Sat there and looked at her. She stared into his blue eyes and told him she wouldn't give it to him, and left with Sue, but by the time they were out of the house, Nicole felt like screaming, she had wanted to give him that phone number so bad.

She didn't even have a phone. All she could have given was her address, or the next-door neighbor's number.

## 2

On the ride, Nicole didn't like the way she was feeling at all. She took Sue home and drove all the way out to her own house, but didn't move from the car. Then she said, To hell with it, and started back to Sterling's after all. On the way, she decided she was an idiot, and the guy wouldn't even be there anymore.

Then she became really scared of what she might be getting into. In fact, her heart was so high, she could have been breathing some strange gas, making her half faint, half exhilarated. She had never felt anything so strong as this before. It was as if it would be impossible to let this guy go.

His car was still there, however, and she parked right behind. The kids were asleep in the back seat, so she left them. It was safe to leave kids on a quiet street like this. And went up and knocked on the door, even if it was still cracked open a little. She heard him say something just before she knocked. It was

incredible, but she heard him say, "Man, I like that girl."

When she went in, he came over to her and he touched her, didn't grab her for a big kiss but just touched her lightly. She felt really good. It was all right. She had done the right thing. They sat on the couch for a couple of hours and they laughed and talked. It hardly mattered if Sterling was in the room with them or not.

After a while, when it was obvious she was going to stay, they went out to the car and picked up the sleeping children and put them in the house and laid them still sleeping on Sterling's bed, and went on talking.

They did hardly anything but laugh. They had a great big laugh about counting her freckles and the impossibility of that because he said you couldn't count freckles on an elf. Then, in the quiet moment that followed a lot of this laughter, he told her he had been in prison for half of his life. He told her in a matter-of-fact way.

While Nicole wasn't afraid of him, she was *scared*. It was the thought of getting mixed up with another loser. Somebody who didn't think enough of himself to make something of himself. She felt it was bad to float through life. You might have to pay too much the next time around.

They got to speaking of karma. Ever since she was a kid, she had believed in reincarnation. It was the only thing that made sense. You had a soul, and after you died, your soul came back to earth as a newborn baby. You had a new life where you suffered for what you had done wrong in your last life. She wanted to do it right so she wouldn't have to make another trip.

To her amazement, he agreed. He said he had believed in karma for a long time. Punishment was having to face something you hadn't been able to face in this life.

Yes, he told her, if you murdered somebody, you might have to come back and be the parent of that person in a future century. That was the whole point of living, he said, facing yourself. If you didn't, the burden got bigger.

It was getting to be the best conversation she ever had. She had always thought the only way to have conversations like that was in your head.

Then he sat on the couch and held her face in his hands and said, "Hey, I love you." He said it from two or three inches away. She felt reluctant to answer him. Nicole hated "I love you." In truth, she despised it. She had said it so many times when she didn't mean it. Still, she sup-

posed she had to get it out. As she expected, it didn't sound right. Left a bad echo in her head.

He said, "Hey, there's a place in the darkness. You know what I mean?" He said, "I think I met you there. I knew you there." He looked at her and smiled and said, "I wonder if Sterling knows about that place? Should we tell him?" They both looked at Sterling, and he was sitting there with a, well, just a funny kind of smile on his face, like he knew it was coming down that way. Then Gary said, "He knows. You can tell. You can see in his eyes that he knows." Nicole laughed with delight. It was funny. This guy looked twice her age, yet there was something naïve about him. He sounded smart, but he was so young inside.

He kept drinking the beer, and Nicole got up once in a while and went in to give Sterling's baby a bottle. Ruth Ann was out working—even though Ruth Ann and Sterling had split, they were still living in the same house. It was all they could afford.

Gary kept telling Nicole that he wanted to make love to her. She kept telling him she didn't want to start that night. He'd say, "I don't want to just fuck you, I want to make love to you."

After a while, she went to the bathroom and when she came out, Sterling was leaving. It gave her a funny feeling. Sterling didn't show a sign he'd been forced to leave. He didn't look like he was being ejected. Still, she thought Gary might have been just a little rude. The idea was quite a lot rude, if you wanted to get into it. With all that beer, he was also getting just a little gruff. Still, now that they were alone, there was hardly any logic left to refusing. After a while, her clothes were off and they were on the floor.

## 3

He couldn't get a hard-on. He looked like he had been hit with an ax but was trying to smile. He wouldn't stop and rest. He had half a hard-on.

He was so heavy on her, and he just kept trying. After a while, he began to apologize, and blamed it on too much beer. Asked her to help. Nicole began to do what she could. When her neck was as tired as it was ever going to be, he still wasn't ready to quit. It became straight hard work and it made her mad.

She told him they ought to cool it for a while. Maybe try again later. He asked her then to get on top of him, asked her gently. Now, he said in her ear that he would like her to lie there forever. Asked her if she would be able to sleep that way, on top of him. That would please him. She tried for a long time. She told

him he should rest, and not worry. After the heat, and the exhaustion, and the fact that it wasn't going, she still felt tender toward him. She was surprised how tender she felt. She was sad he was drunk, and sorry he was that anxious, and might even have been loving him, but she was also irritated that he was too worked up to let it go and fall asleep. And he wouldn't stop apologizing. Said again it was the beer and the Fiorinal. He told her he had to keep taking Fiorinal every day for his headaches.

One time Sterling knocked on the door and asked if he could come back and Gary told him to get lost. She told him she didn't like at all how rude he was with Sterling. Gary finally pulled a rug over her and unlocked the door so Sterling could get in, and then Gary came back and climbed under, and bothered her a little more. It went on all night. They got very little sleep.

About six in the morning, Ruth Ann came home from where she worked at the old folks' home. It was mildly embarrassing to Nicole, because she knew Ruth Ann didn't necessarily have that high an opinion of her. All the same, it gave an excuse to get up, which was all right with Nicole. She wanted to be by herself for a while.

Yet, before they separated, she gave him her address. It was a real step. He kept asking whether it was truly her house. When she said again it was, he told her he was going to come over after work.

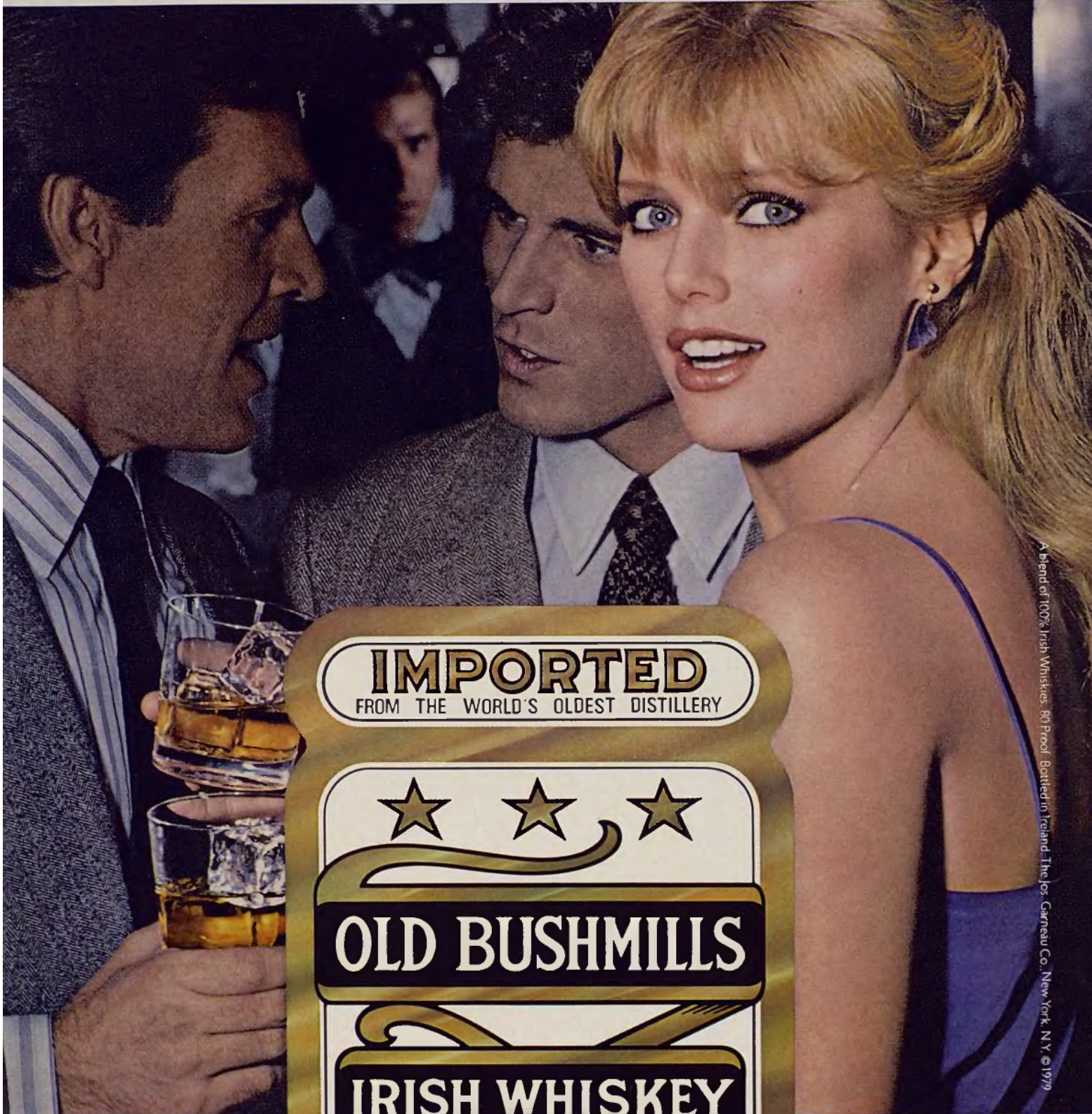
Sure enough, he was there. She had to go to the store, and left a note. All it said was, "Gary, I'll be back in a few minutes. Make yourself at home." But that note managed to stay around the house all the time they were together. She would stash it, and the kids would get ahold of it, and then she and Gary would run across it again.

On this afternoon, when she came back, he was already standing in the front room, grubby-looking. His pants were the kind that look like they were made for a telephone man to carry tools in his pockets, and he had on a T-shirt and was dirty from working with insulation, and Nicole thought he looked beautiful.

Later, when things quieted, they stayed up late again talking and it made her uneasy at how close this guy was to moving in with her. It truly scared her. Nicole had always thought of herself as phony when it came to love. She might start sincere, but she wasn't so sure she'd ever really been in love with a guy. She'd care about guys, and have a lot of crushes, some of them pretty heavy. Mostly, it was because the guy was good-looking, or did nice things to her. But



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when she looked at Gary, she didn't just see his face and the way he looked, it was more like Nicole felt in the right place for the first time.

In days to come, she would no longer remember what it had been like in bed on the second night, although it was better. Maybe it set no records, but it wasn't hassled like the first. Then the days and nights began to run together. He didn't move in completely for a week, but he was living with her just about all the time.

4

On workdays, he had to get up early, but she found it really OK to have him hugging her in the early morning and whispering he loved her. They both slept nude, but he still had to lay hands on her to be sure she was there. Of course, that could be a problem. Nicole hardly enjoyed to kiss him then. He didn't smoke and his breath was good, but she smoked a lot and her mouth tasted awful at 5:30 A.M.

Before too long, she would get out of bed, go in the kitchen, fix him sandwiches and set the coffee on. She had a real short little bathrobe which sometimes she wore, or she'd run around nude. He'd sit and drink his Carnation Instant Breakfast with a handful of vitamins. He was a vitamin freak and believed them good for energy. Of course, if he'd done a lot of drinking after work, he was tired in the morning. Still, he was good company. He'd sit with her over coffee as long as he could, and keep looking at her, and would tell her she was beautiful, and that she amazed him. He had never believed a woman could be as fresh and sweet-smelling as she, and, indeed, Nicole was willing to hear all of that, for she liked her bath, and no matter how the house or kids might look at times, she really cared about being dainty.

Without make-up, her face was fresh as dew, he told her. She was his elf. She was loveliness, he said. After a while, Nicole got the impression that he was just like her and could hardly comprehend what was happening. The feeling of something beautiful next to you all the time.

Then, just before he was ready to leave, he would get up and lock himself in the bathroom for 20 minutes. Nicole supposed he combed his hair and did his thing. Afterward, they'd spend five minutes at the front door, and she would watch from there while he got in the car. A lot of times he'd have trouble starting it. Sometimes, after slipping on her Levis, she'd come out to push. Sometimes he would have to take her car. It was dependent on which Mustang had the

most gas. They got pretty broke sometimes.

She didn't regret, however, quitting her job. She needed time to think. It was hard to stay serious about a sewing machine when you wanted to dream all the time about your man. Besides, they had his pay check, and her welfare, and Gary was just as happy if she quit.

While he was away, she'd piddle around, clean the house, feed the kids. She'd work in the garden a lot. Sometimes she would sit and drink coffee for a couple of hours and think about Gary. Sit there and smile to herself. She felt so nice she couldn't believe some of the things she felt. It was the first time in her life she could act like a lady of leisure.

Maybe a week after Gary came to live with her, she found a big yellow folder in his stuff with a bunch of papers about a dispute he had with a prison dentist. The arguments were all typed up in prison language and seemed so funny she just sat there and laughed. When she told Gary, however, he got upset. He had never mentioned he had false teeth. Bothered the hell out of him that she found out.

Of course, it wasn't new to her. She had discovered it the first night. She had lived before with a guy who had a plate and knew how they felt. You could always tell when kissing a man, because they never wanted you to put your tongue in their mouth, whereas they were always putting their tongue in yours. She went so far as to tease him about the chompers, but he took it bad. Changed like somebody just turned out the lights. She still kept teasing him, as if to make him see it didn't bother her. She had no desire to compare him to other guys, or rate him in one department or another. She was ready to buy the package, string and all.

Each day she kept coming across the realization that some of the little things he did gave her surprising pleasure. He didn't smoke, for instance, yet when he saw her rolling her own, he brought home a carton of cigarettes. It was beautiful, those little lifts.

They would sit around and drink beer in the evening, and there was hardly time enough together. All she wanted was more hours with him. She had always appreciated any minute she had to herself, but now she would get impatient with wanting him to be back. When five o'clock rolled around and he was there, the day was made. She loved opening that first beer for him.

Sometimes, he would take his BB gun out to the back, and they would shoot at bottles and beer cans in the twilight until you couldn't tell anymore when

you were hitting except by the sound of the ricochet or a plink of glass. The twilight came down slowly. It was as if you were taking one breath and then another from a cluster of roses. The air was good as marijuana then.

In those early evenings, if they stayed home, there were always kids around. Their baby sitter was a girl named Laurel, an adolescent who had a lot of little cousins, and they came with her. Sometimes when Gary and Nicole got back from a drive, all those kids would be around and he would play with them. He'd give them piggyback rides. They'd stand on his shoulders and touch their hands to the ceiling. He liked to play with the ones who had enough nerve to walk all the way across the room like that. They just loved the holy shit out of him.

A lot of the time, though, as soon as he got home, they would get Laurel over and take off for a ride alone.

Usually, they would eat at a drive-in, and a couple of times he took her to the Stork Club to play pool. There were afternoons right after work when they went to the shopping mall and selected sexy underwear for her, or picked up beer and cigarettes for the drive-in movie.

Pretty soon after they parked, he'd want her to take her clothes off. Then they would make it in the front seat. Gary just loved to have her naked. Couldn't get over the idea he was holding a naked woman.

Once, watching *Peter Pan*, they got out and sat on the rear deck over the trunk, back to back, and she was naked then. The Mustang was parked way in the outfield, but there were other cars around, and she had nothing on. God, it was the nicest feeling. After all those years in prison, Gary was insane about watching her walk about with her bootie exposed and her boobs bouncing. She dug it that he liked her without clothes. He had her right around his finger and she didn't mind it a bit.

Yet he didn't get arrogant. He was so touching when he asked her to do something. One night, she even took off her clothes on the back steps of the First Mormon Church, in Provo Park, practically the center of town. It was late at night. They just sat there on the steps, her clothes on the grass, and she danced a little, and Gary began to sing in a voice like Johnny Cash's, although not as good, unless you were in love with Gary, and he sang *Amazing Grace*:

*"Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home."*

That way she sat beside him naked at

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two in the morning, on a hot spring night, with the heat pushing in from the desert instead of the cold settling down from the mountains.

That night, very late at night, back in bed, they really made it. Just as the sex was going good, he talked of putting his rough hands on her soft warm bootie and of breathing into her soul, and she came with him then, really came for the first time.

In the morning, she sat down and wrote a letter to say how much she loved him and that she didn't want to stop. It was just a short letter and she left it out there by his vitamins. He didn't reply when he read it, but a night or two later, they were walking by the same church off Center Street and saw a falling star. They both made a wish. He asked what hers could be, but she wasn't going to tell him. Then she confessed having wished that her love for him be constant and forever. He told her that he hoped no unnecessary tragedies would ever befall them.

5

She wanted to hear about his life. Only he didn't want to talk about it. Preferred to listen to her. It took a while for Nicole to realize that having

spent his adolescence in jail and just about every year since, he was more interested to learn what went on in her little mind. He just hadn't grown up with sweet things like herself.

In fact, if he did tell a story, it was usually about when he was a kid. Then she would enjoy the way he talked. It was like his drawing. Very definite. He gave it in a few words. A happened, then B and C. Conclusion had to be D.

A. His seventh-grade class voted on whether they should send valentines to one another. He thought they were too old. He was the only one to vote against it. When he lost, he bought valentines to mail to everybody. Nobody sent him one. After a couple of days, he got tired of going to the mailbox.

B. One night, he was passing a store that had guns in the window. Found a brick and broke the window. Cut his hand, but stole the gun he wanted. It was a Winchester semiautomatic that cost \$125 back in 1953. Later he got a box of shells and went plinking. "I had these two friends," Gary told her, "Charley and Jim. They really loved that .22. And I got tired of hiding it from my old man—when I can't have something the way I want it, then I don't

really want it. So I said, 'I'm throwing the gun in the creek; if you guys have the guts to dive for it, it's yours.' They thought I was bullshitting until they heard the splash. Then Jim jumped and hurt his knee on a big old sharp rock. Never got the gun. The creek was too deep. I laughed my ass off."

C. On his 13th birthday, his mother let him pick between having a party or getting a \$20 bill. He chose the party and invited just Charley and Jim. They took the money their folks gave them for Gary and spent it on themselves. Then they told him.

D. He had a fight with Jim. Got angry and beat him half to death. Jim's father, a rough-and-tumble fucker, pulled Gary off. Told him, "Don't come around here again." Soon after, Gary got in trouble for something else and was sent to reform school.

When his stories got too boiled down, when it got like listening to some old cowboy cutting a piece of dried meat into small chunks and chewing on them, why, then he would take a swallow of beer and speak of his Celestial Guitar. He could play music on it while he slept. "Just a big old guitar," he would tell Nicole, "but it has a ship's wheel with hand spokes, and in my dreams, music comes out as I turn the wheel. I can play any tune in the world."

Then Gary told her about his Guardian Angel. Once when he was three, and his brother was four, his father and mother stopped to have dinner in a restaurant in Santa Barbara. Then his father said he had to get some change. He'd be right back. He didn't come back for three months. His mother was alone with no money and two little boys. So she started hitchhiking to Provo.

They got stuck on the Humboldt Sink in Nevada. Could have died in the desert. They had no money and had not eaten for the second day in a row. Then a man came walking down the road with a brown sack in his hand, and he said, Well, my wife has fixed a lunch for me, but it's more than I can eat. Would you like some? His mother said, Well, yes, we'd be very grateful. The man gave her the sack and walked on. They stopped and sat down by the side of the road, and there were three sandwiches in the bag, three oranges and three cookies. Bessie turned to thank him, but the man had disappeared. This was on a long flat stretch of Nevada highway.

Gary said that was his Guardian Angel. Came around when you needed him. One winter night of his childhood, standing in a parking lot, snow was all over the ground and Gary's hands hurt from cold. It was then he found new fur-lined





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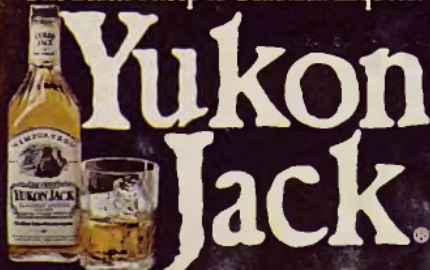
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mittens on top of the snow. They fit his hands exactly.

Yes, he had a Guardian Angel. Only it left a long time ago. But on the night Nicole walked into Sterling Baker's place, he found his angel again. He liked to tell Nicole this when her legs were up on the dashboard of the car and her panties were off, and they were driving down State Street.

It didn't bother her if somebody looked over. A big truck, for instance, pulled alongside at the light, and the guy up in his cab looked down into their car, but Gary and Nicole both laughed, because they didn't give a fat fuck. Gary lit a stick of pot and said it was going to be the best lid ever. As they took a toke, he said, "God created it all, you know."

One night they went to the drive-in early and discovered they were the first ones there. Just for the fun of it, Gary began to ride over the bumps between each row. Damn if this fellow from the management didn't come chasing out with a truck and tell them in a rude voice to quit riding around like that. Gary stopped, got out, walked over to the guy and told him off so bad, the fellow whined, "Well, you don't need to get *that* mad."

But Gary was. After dark, he took his pliers and clipped off a couple of speakers. Made a point of picking up a couple more next time they went to the drive-in. Those speakers were good things to have around. You could hook one up in every room, and they would give you music throughout your house. They never got around, however, to installing them. Just left them in the trunk of her car.

Sometimes they went wandering in the grass between the nut house and the mountains. The idea of being up on the big hill behind the loony bin gave Nicole a charge. A funny chill would swoop in like a wind, and the mountains above looked cold as ice.

Once she was running around the place and he called to her. Something in his voice made her tear all the way down and she couldn't stop and banged into him, hitting her knee so hard it really hurt. Gary picked her up then. She had her legs wrapped around his waist and her arms over his neck. With her eyes closed, she had the odd feeling of an evil presence near her that came from Gary. She found it kind of half agreeable. Said to herself, Well, if he is the Devil, maybe I want to get nearer.

It wasn't a terrifying sensation so much as a strong and strange feeling, like Gary was a magnet and had brought down a lot of spirits on himself. Of course, those psychos behind all those screened windows could call up anything out of the night ground in back of the nut house.

In the dark, she asked, "Are you the Devil?"

At that point, Gary set her down and didn't say anything. It really got cold around them. He told Nicole he had a friend named Ward White who once asked him the same question.

Years ago, when Gary was in reform school, he walked into a room unexpectedly and Ward White was being butt-fucked by another kid. Gary never said a thing about it. He and Ward White were separated for years and then ran into each other again in jail. They still never spoke of it. One day, though, Gary came into the prison hobby shop and Ward told him he had just received some silver from a mail house and asked Gary to turn it into a ring. Out of a book of Egyptian designs, Gary copied something called the Eye of Horus. When it was done, Gary said it was a magical ring and he wanted it for himself. Never mentioned the old memory. He didn't have to. Ward White just gave him the Eye of Horus. Nicole always thought of that ring as being taken from the kid who got butt-fucked, and wasn't sure she wanted to wear it. Might bring down more spooks.

6

On the second weekend in June, Gary and Nicole made plans to go up to the canyons. But Nicole couldn't get a baby sitter. Laurel had to go to visit relatives.

So, Saturday morning, Gary went over instead to Vern's shop to do some lettering on a sign, and saw Annette, Toni's daughter, walk in. She was staying with Vern and Ida for the weekend while Toni and Howard were off to Elko, Nevada, with Brenda and Johnny to enjoy the slot machines and the crap games. Right there, putting eyes on Annette, Gary asked her to baby-sit.

Ida was opposed to the idea. Her granddaughter might look 16, she said, but, in fact, she was 12. There was too much responsibility for Annette to look after two little kids by herself.

Gary wouldn't give up the idea. Later, when the job was done, and he was taking cans of paint from Vern's store out to his car, he told Annette he'd give her five dollars to baby-sit. She wanted to, she told him, but she couldn't. She did have a present for him, however. That first Sunday Gary was out of jail, he had given Annette an art lesson at Toni's house, and now Annette had painted a plaque and wanted him to have it. He was so pleased that he put his arm around her and gave Annette a peck on the cheek. Then they strolled down the street hand in hand. Gary was still trying to talk Annette into coaxing Ida a little more about the baby-sitting.

Peter Galovan, who rented a cottage back of Vern's house, was going into the

shop as they were coming out, and he noticed Gary and Annette walking closely together, and stopping. He didn't like it. Gary had Annette leaning against a wall while he talked. He looked like he was trying to make a lot of points as fast as he could. Pete went into the store. "Ida," he said. "I think Gary is propositioning your granddaughter."

Three months before, while Annette had been staying with Ida, the child had been struck by a car right in front of their house. The car had hardly been moving and it was nothing serious. Still, Annette was with her grandparents and got hurt. Ida didn't want Toni to think something happened to Annette every time she visited. So she rushed to the window in time to see Gary and Annette strolling back hand in hand.

"I don't know if that was the right thing for you to do," she said. "You stay away from Annette."

Later, Vern said to Gary, "I don't want to see anything out of the way."

Next evening, Annette said to Toni, "Mama, we didn't do anything wrong. I gave Gary the plaque, and he gave me a kiss on the cheek."

"Well, why did you walk down the street with him?"

"Because a big red bug—the biggest beetle I ever saw—was flying by. We just went looking at it."

"And you held hands."

"I like him, Mama."

"Did he touch you anywhere? Did he give you anything more than an affectionate kiss?"

"No, Mama." Annette gave Toni a look like she was nuts to ask.

When Toni and her husband talked about it, Howard said, "Gary wouldn't try anything in front of the shoeshop right on the sidewalk. Honey, I don't believe there's anything to it. Let's just watch, and be kind of cautious."

Monday, Vern told Pete that Gary was saying he would punch him out real good. Pete should watch it. Vern said, "If Gary comes in, and wants a scrap, I don't want it in the store. You go back and fight it out." Pete, however, didn't believe in strife.

Back when Gary was taking up Vern's concrete curbing with the sledge hammer and the crowbar, Pete Galovan had been watching from his window and was impressed with the amount of labor Gary put out in two days. So Pete, at first opportunity, had invited him to a church dance.

Pete, as Brenda later told Gary, was more religious than anyone under God. It was like he had come out of the shell a little wobbly. He had a tendency to take people around the neck and get them to pray with him. Since he was also

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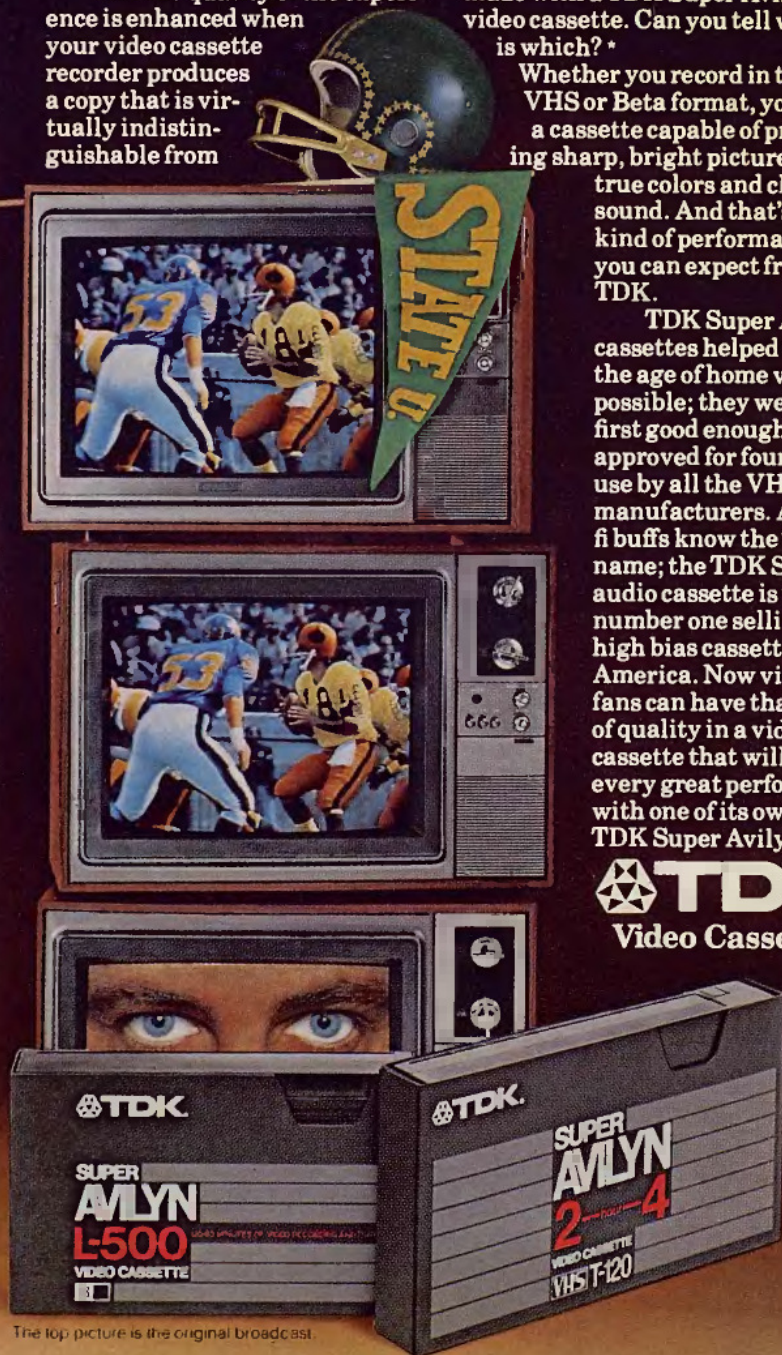
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an immense fellow, 6'3", heavy, a little blown out around the middle and a big dough-faced friendly expression that looked right at you through his eyeglasses, you could hardly say no easily. But when he invited Gary to the dance, he was told immediately to get lost.

Pete didn't want to fight him now. He had too many responsibilities. Pete was doing jobs for Vern to take care of his rent, and also working at three other places. He was employed by the Provo School District to maintain the swimming pool, he was a part-time bus driver and he cleaned carpets on the side. He was also trying to get back in the good graces of the Mormon Church. That all made calls on his time. Moreover, he was doing his best to help his ex-wife, Elizabeth, with the finances of raising seven kids from her first marriage.

Needless to say, he was tired, and that wasn't even mentioning the continuing toll of his various nervous breakdowns, which had required hospitalization in the past for lithium treatment. Just thinking about getting into fisticuffs with Gary stiffened up Pete's muscles and back.

On Monday, Pete was working in the shop during the late afternoon when Vern said, "Here he comes."

Gary looked just the way Pete had pictured him—all steamed up. The ugliest expression you could expect.

Gary said, "I don't like what you told Ida about me. I want an apology."

Pete answered, "I'm sorry if I upset you, but my ex-wife has girls that age, and I feel—"

"Did you see me do anything?" Gary interrupted.

"I didn't see you *do* anything," Pete said, "but the *appearance* left no doubt in my mind what you were thinking." If that sounded too strong, he added, "I apologize for what I said to Ida. Maybe I should have kept my mouth shut. I apologize for talking too much. But your interest in the girl still didn't look right to me." Pete just couldn't step all the way down when he wanted to be honest.

"All right," Gary said. "I want to fight."

Vern was right there. "Out back," he said. There was a customer in the store.

Pete sure hadn't wanted to get into this. Walking to the rear alley a step or two ahead of Gary, he tried to get himself psyched up by remembering his old feats of strength. He had been a future track star until he shot himself by accident in the foot at the age of 15, so he switched to shot-put and still won the high school state title. He had done construction work and knew his way around weight lifters. Pete was starting to build up to an idea of physical power as large as his own body, when *blam!* he was

slammed on the neck from behind. Almost went down. Just as he got himself turned around, Gary rushed, and Pete caught his face in a headlock. Immediately, he dropped to the floor. That position was a lot better than boxing. On the floor, he could bang Gary's head on the cement.

Of course, the grip put a great deal of pressure on Pete's ribs. His glasses broke in his breast pocket. Next day Pete would even have to go to the chiropractor for his neck and his chest. But right now, he had him. Pete could see Vern standing right over them and observing.

If Gary had waited to stand up and punch nose to nose, Vern thought, he could have whipped the fellow. But here Pete had the hold and was using all his 240 pounds. That hold was the luckiest thing in the world for Pete. Pete would thump Gary's head on the floor and say, "Had enough?"

Gary could hardly breathe. "Oh, ohhh, ahhr, ahh," Gary would answer. Mumbling was about all he could manage.

Vern waited a minute, because he wanted Gary to get all of what he was getting, then said, "OK, he's had enough, let him up." Pete undid his grip.

Gary was white in the face and bleeding a lot from the mouth. He had a look in his eye about as mean as anything Vern had seen.

Vern cursed him out. "You asked for it," he said. "That was a rotten thing to do. Hit somebody from behind."

"Think it was?"

"Call yourself a man?" Vern got him by the arm. "Get in the bathroom. Clean yourself up." When Gary just stood there, Vern pushed him directly in. He didn't go too easily, but Vern pushed him anyway.

Then Gary turned around and said, "That's the way I fight. First hit counts."

"First hit," said Vern. "But not from the back. You're no man. Get yourself clean and go back to work."

Pete started collecting himself. Felt shook up more than ever now. So soon as Gary came out of the bathroom, however, he was still asking for an apology. Looked ready to fight again. In fact, Gary's face looked ready to do anything. So Pete picked up the telephone and said, "If you don't leave right now, I'll call the police."

There was a long pause. Gary left.

Pete made the call anyway. He didn't like the feeling left behind. A cop came over to the store and told Pete to come to the station and file a report.

Vern and Ida weren't altogether opposed to this. They told Pete that Gary was getting more out of line every day. Pete even got the name of Gary's parole officer, Mont Court, and gave him a call as well, but Mont Court said Gary came

from another state, and he wasn't sure he could send him back to jail that routinely. Pete had a feeling the buck was being passed. Gary wouldn't be arrested unless he really worked at it.

That night, Pete went to visit his ex-wife. "The next time it happens," he said to her, "Gary is going to kill me." Elizabeth was tiny and blonde and voluptuous and had a fiery disposition and was very wise as far as Pete was concerned, for she had kept her happy spirits through a hundred personal disasters. Now she told him to ignore it.

Pete said no. "It's a certainty," he said. "He's going to kill me. Me or somebody else." He told her he was sensitive to Gary's agitation right now. It was part of the equipment God had given Pete to be that sensitive. But he also knew that when he got too responsive to things, he got a breakdown. He tried not to have them anymore. So he told Elizabeth, "I want Gary where he won't harm anybody. Jail is where he belongs, and I'm going to press charges."

## 7

Next day at work, Gary's mouth was swollen and his face discolored.

"What happened?" Spence asked.

"I was drinking beer," Gary said, "and a guy said something I didn't like. So I took a swing at him."

"Looks like the guy got the best of it," Spence said.

"Oh, no. You ought to see *him*."

"Gary, you're on parole," lectured Spencer McGrath. "If you're in a bar and have a fight, they'll throw your tail in jail. When you can't handle a drink, leave it alone."

Later that morning, Gary came over. "Spence, I thought about it," he said quietly, "and I believe you were telling me for my own good. I'm going to quit drinking."

Spencer agreed. He tried to reinforce the lecture. Suppose that he, Spencer McGrath, went into a bar, had a few drinks, got into a fight, and the police came and threw him in jail. He would be in a fix, right? But that would never be nearly as much trouble as if Gilmore got thrown in. That would be a direct violation of parole.

Gary asked, "Spence, have you ever been in jail?"

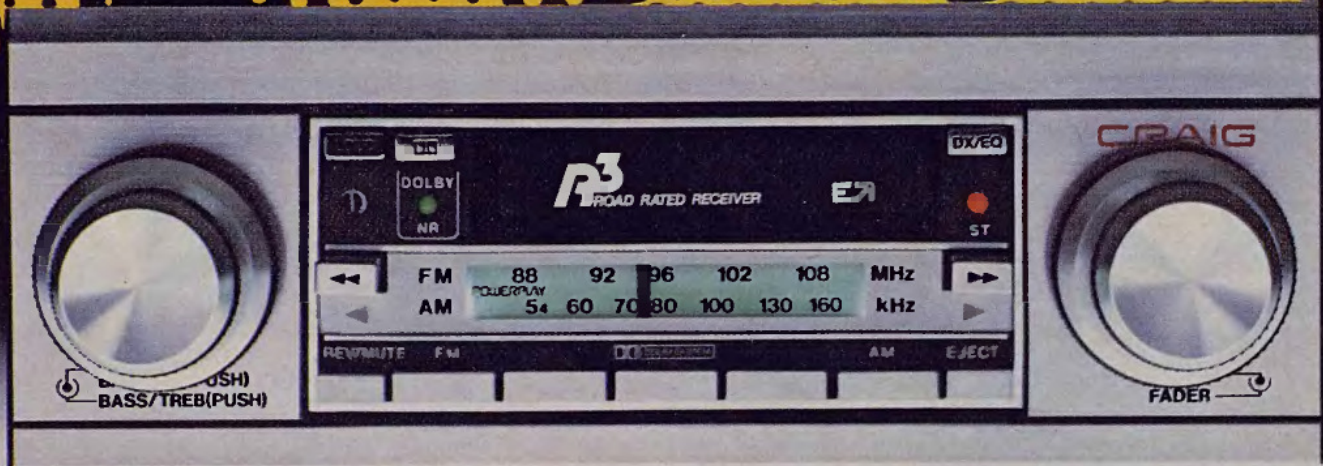
"Well, no," said Spence.

Gary was expecting Nicole for lunch, but when she did not show up, he sat down next to Craig Taylor, the foreman. They were now friendly enough to eat together from time to time. It worked out well, because Gary liked to converse and Craig never said a word more than he had to, just flexed his big arms and shoulders.

Today, Gary began to speak of prison. Now and again, he would go on about



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# THIS MONTH IN oui



*Happy  
Birthday  
to Oui!*

October marks OUI's seventh anniversary, and we're celebrating with our all-time seven favorite girls from the past. And, boy, are we celebrating. We've invited Lenny and Squiggy to our party, and *Tonight Show* writer Pat McCormick promises to show you the gentlemanly art of dropping trou. Zachary Swann, from *Snowblind*, makes a special appearance, and Woody Paige says that college football will never be the same after he's done rating the various conferences. Plus, we've got guest appearances by some very hot Italian cars, a sneak peek at a new novel about the swiping of the Mona Lisa, and some ladies who'll no doubt be among our favorites on our eighth anniversary. October OUI. At newsstands everywhere. Oh, what a party we're gonna have!



that. This may have been one of those days. Gary got around to mentioning that he knew Charles Manson.

Name-dropping, Craig decided, blinking his eyes behind his glasses. They were sipping beer, and Gary was a lot braver, Craig observed, when he had a few beers. "In prison, I killed a guy," said Gary. "He was black and big and I stabbed him fifty-seven times. Then I propped him up on his bunk, crossed his legs, put his baseball cap on his head and stuck a cigarette in his mouth."

Craig noticed Gary was taking pills. A white downer. Called it Fiorinal. He offered one to Craig, who refused it. Those pills didn't seem to make much difference in Gilmore's personality. He was sure keyed up.

Nicole came in just as they were done eating. As soon as she and Gary started talking, Craig could see they looked upset. They were squeezing each other's hands and gave each other a big kiss and said goodbye. The kiss was Gary's way of showing he had a beautiful chick and everybody better know it, but the squeezing of hands looked different. Afterward, Gary acted odd all afternoon.

The message Nicole had brought at lunchtime was that Mont Court had gone out to their house in Spanish Fork to tell her that Pete was pressing charges of assault and Gary was in a serious situation if they weren't dropped.

Gary said, "Don't worry," and they gripped each other's hands.

The moment she said goodbye to Gary, however, Nicole did begin to worry. It was as if a doctor had come to the house and said they were going to amputate her legs. She knew Gary's mind. Don't worry. Don't worry, 'cause I'm close to killing Pete. She decided she better talk to Galovan herself.

Pete's cottage was grubby. She tried to tell him that Gary had his problems and was trying to straighten out. She said the last thing that would do anybody any good was to return Gary to prison. All the while, Pete was dressed in an old sweaty T-shirt and dirty pants. He kept telling her a lot of stupid things. Said Gary hit him pretty good.

She tried to keep calm and sensible. She wanted to explain about Gary and not get upset. Pete, she said, the guy has been locked up a long time. It takes a while to get used to being out.

Pete Galovan kept interrupting. He didn't want to hear. Just a big plain old oaf. "The guy is dangerous," Pete said, "he needs help." Then he added, "I've been working hard long hours, and I shouldn't have to take this kind of thing. He treated me badly. I'm now in pain."

She kept working on his sympathy.

Pete would understand what she was saying, she said to him. He could see that she loved Gary, and love was the only way to really help a person.

"Love," agreed Pete, "is the only way to bring the spiritual power of God to a situation."

"Yes," said Nicole.

"But this is a tough situation. Your man is far gone. He's a killer, I believe. He wants to kill me."

At that moment, Galovan was looking so bad to her that she said, "If you press charges, he'll be out on bail. He'll get you then." She didn't take her eyes away. "Pete, even if they lock him up right away, he's still more important to me than my life. He's a hell of a lot more important to me than your life. If he don't get you, I will."

She had never said anything she meant more. She could feel the shock come over Pete, as if he was bleeding inside over every part of him, past and present.

Now he sat on the bed of his little cottage room feeling dirty and stale from sleep and exhausted from the way he needed his sleep. Before him was the face of this girl Nicole who was saying she was ready to kill him if he pressed charges. Pete felt so miserable, he could cry. This girl, whom he judged to have a good heart inside and a hectic rough life on the outside, this girl who was humble and wasn't frivolous, disliked him so much.

He was also scared. He didn't have time to mess with the problem. Yet it didn't scare him at first as much as it hurt him. He felt pricked inside. Nicole loved Gary enough to be willing to commit murder for him. It hurt Pete that no woman had ever loved him that much.

He thought about it, breathing in all the sorrows of these thoughts, and felt sorry for Nicole and touched by her. "Well, relax," he said, "calm down. Maybe the guy deserves another chance." Pete said, "I'll drop the charges."

He got on his knees. "Given your permission," he told her, "I'd like to say a prayer with you."

Nicole said OK.

"It's for you and Gary. You're both going to need it."

He prayed that the Lord have mercy on Nicole and Gary, and bless them, and that Gary get some control of himself. Pete didn't remember all the things he said in the prayer, or even if he held her hand while he prayed. One was not supposed to remember what was said in prayers. It was sacred at the moment, and not really to be repeated.

When Nicole went out the door, there was a calm spirit in the room, and Pete felt happy enough to go over to visit Elizabeth. By the time he got there,

however, he was upset all over again. There was horror to feel all over the city of Provo. He sat on the couch, and told what happened with Nicole, and he began to cry. Pete said, "He's a very dangerous man and he's going to kill me." The more upset Pete got, the less Elizabeth would show. She told him to cool it.

Pete told her he was going out and get an insurance policy and put her in as the beneficiary. That made Elizabeth feel terrible. Pete said, "If I can't give you money one way, I'll fix it this way." Then he asked her to marry him. One more time, she said, No.

"I'm dropping the charges," Pete repeated. "I'm not going to press charges." Pause. "Even though I feel I should press them."

Next day Pete went out and got the insurance policy and went over to the Provo Temple and put Gary's name on the list, so people would pray for him.

8

Early Sunday morning, lying in bed, Gary asked Nicole to shave her pubic hair. He had been talking about that for the last couple of weeks. Now she said yes. As she climbed into the tub, she was thinking, It really means something to him.

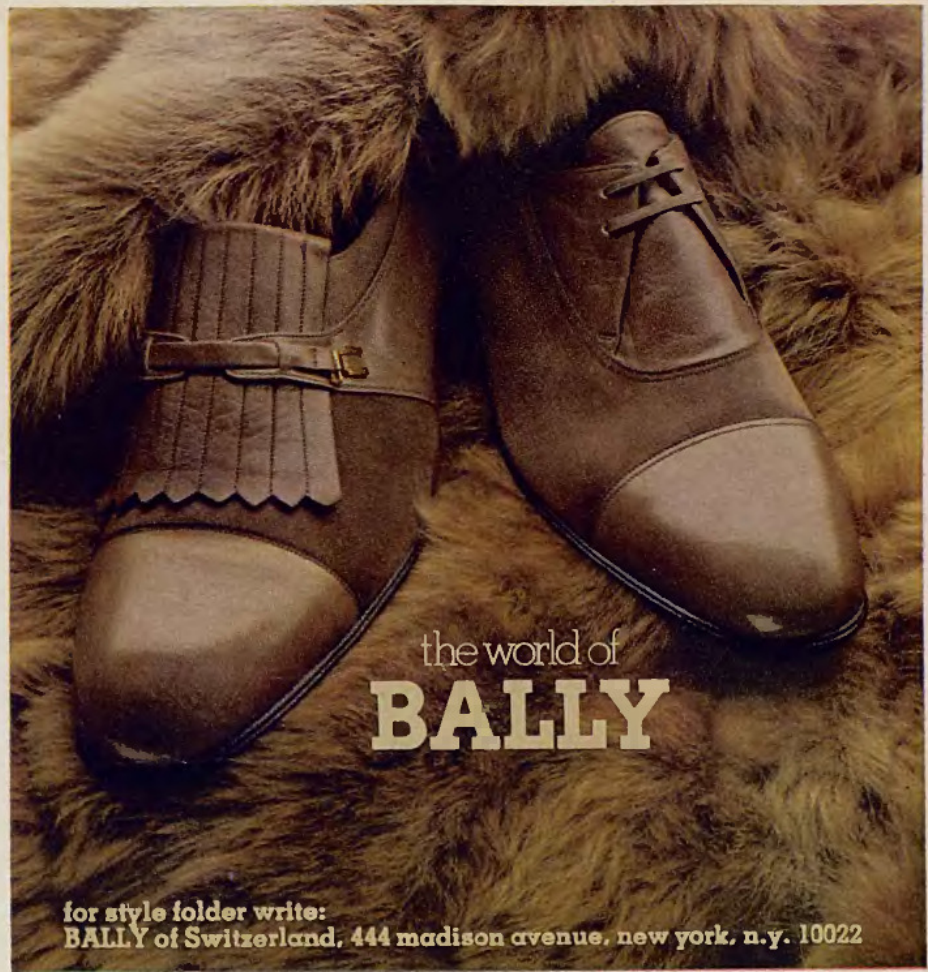
He helped. They were using a big pair of scissors, and being careful, and smiling a lot. Nicole felt bashful, but also thought it was the thing to do. She was not so much afraid of cutting the hair off as of what it might look like afterward.

He carried her from the bathtub to the bed and for the second time she had an orgasm with Gary. She knew it had something to do with being a six-year-old pussy once more.

That shaved little old tooty certainly made a hellion out of Gary this Sunday morning. Ever since the thing with Pete, he had been adoring her twice as much. It was like he was truly mad about her now.

Sunday night, Laurel came over with her cousins and a friend named Rosebeth. Once Gary and Nicole came back from their drive, Laurel's duties as a baby sitter were over, and she went home. But Rosebeth stayed on. She would sigh just looking at Gary. Nicole laughed. Rosebeth was so young and so cute, and had such a crush on Gary. Next night, she came over all by herself, and before Nicole knew it, she invited Rosebeth to give Gary a kiss. Then they all laughed and Nicole gave Gary a kiss. It got to the point where they had their clothes off, and lay around in bed.

You couldn't call it an orgy, exactly. Rosebeth remained a virgin. She was ready, however, for anything else. It



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PB-10

got sweet. Nicole really liked the idea of giving this gift to Gary.

Over the weekend, they did it more and more. Once, Rosebeth came over in the daytime, and Gary closed the doors and windows. Since the neighbor kids were used to hanging around, you could feel them getting restless outside. God knows what the neighbors heard. It wasn't all that quiet. Nicole began to feel a little paranoid. If it ever came out that Gary was fooling with minors, he could blow his total case. Then it occurred to Nicole that she wasn't in such a good spot, either. They might take her children away.

She began to think of Annette. Nicole didn't have any doubt that Gary might have been having a few thoughts when he gave Annette that peck on the cheek. He did love young girls. But Nicole was also sure he would never have done anything, physically speaking. So from Nicole's point of view, Pete was still out of line. Anyway, Nicole didn't feel ready to stop things with Rosebeth.

In fact, she loved the way everything was new to the girl. Sex had never been new to Nicole. How beautiful if she'd been introduced to the subject like Rosebeth. It was exciting to watch Gary make her blossom. Of course, Gary also could get very demanding with the girl and order her to suck him good, stuff like that. It just turned him on the way the girl had this tremendous crush.

Then Nicole had to face another problem. While Gary was at work, Rosebeth still came over, and Nicole still wanted to get it on with her. She wondered if she was moving into that side of sex a little deeper.

## 9

A couple of days later, Gary stopped off to pay Val Conlin for the Mustang. He had already missed the first installment and Val was upset. Of course, it was no big incident. Half the people to whom Conlin sold cars were sooner or later delinquent in payments. It was just part of the ongoing hell of a success story that was Val's life.

In the last 15 years, Conlin had gone from being general manager of Orem Buick-Chevrolet to owning the Lincoln-Mercury dealership. Then he got into a big dispute with the Ford Motor Company and another with his partner, and before the litigation was over, he had gone from being the largest new-car dealer in Utah County to being the smallest used-car dealer. One hell of a success story. V. J. Motors sold very old cars more often than not-so-old cars, just sold them off the lot for a little down. The rest when you could get it. People on welfare or picking up a little alimony, ex-cons, stalwart characters who couldn't

get credit anyplace else. Those were his clients.

Val was a tall, slim guy with eye-glasses and a keen and friendly face. He had the build of a golfer—relaxed shoulders and a bit of paunch. He was dressed this day in polyester red-checked pants and a pale-yellow sport shirt. Gary was grubby with insulation whose powder coated his face, his nostrils and his clothing. Kind of a pale yellow to match Val's shirt.

Conlin now gave Gary a lecture about missing the payment. Since V. J. Motors occupied what was once a hole-in-the-wall drive-in restaurant, its showroom wasn't large enough to show cars. It just had a couple of desks, a dozen chairs and anybody who was there. You could hear everything Val Conlin had to say.

"Gary," he now stated, "I don't want to go out and start knocking on doors. I told you how it works. We try to set a rate people can handle. We agreed you could bring in fifty bucks every two weeks. So don't give me any manure that you're going to pay a hundred next week, or two hundred next month. You got to start bringing the money in on time."

"I don't like this car," Gary said.

"Well, it's not a real slick car," said Val.

"It gets left at the intersection by every other heap. It's a bad car."

"Pardner," said Val, "let's get it straight. When you buy a car here, I'm doing you the favor. You can't buy from anybody but me."

"What I really want is a truck."

"Get the payments in on time. Once you pay this off, we can swap for a truck. But I want my fifty, Gary, every two weeks. Otherwise, you walk."

Gary cashed his pay check and gave him \$50.

That night, Nicole and Gary had a bad one in bed. It went on too long and once again he was three quarters erect, half erect, it finally went all bad. Gary got up, got dressed, stomped out of the house, went to sleep in the car. It made Nicole mad as hell he had walked out, and it didn't help that he woke the kids up en route.

She told herself that if she was going to mellow him out, she'd have to calm herself. There had been other times, after all, when he blew out of the house and sat in the car. Usually when the kids' noise was drilling him. She knew from what he told her that the level of noise in prison was always high, and his ears were oversensitive. Somehow, with all the years he had put in, he could never get used to the sound.

Now she managed to get the kids together, gave them warm milk, tucked them in and went out to his Mustang. He was sitting behind the wheel silent

as stone. She did not talk for ten minutes. Then she slipped a hand over.

On the next weekend, Gary ran into Vern. They stared at each other. Good Lord, Vern said to himself, he is giving me one dirty look. "Don't think I'm much of a man, do you?" Gary asked.

"Maybe I don't," Vern said and turned and left. Afterward, he felt bad.

Same day, while Toni was visiting Brenda, Gary dropped by. Toni certainly didn't know what to say. She wasn't about to accuse Gary—the poor guy had been accused of enough things in his life. On the other hand, she didn't think it was right to let it all ease by unspoken. Annette was a beautiful young lady and Gary could have had intentions.

She went into the kitchen to get a cup of coffee, and Gary chose to come out of the bathroom then. They were obliged to look right at each other.

Gary said, "Toni, you haven't mentioned this thing with Annette."

She answered, "Gary, if there's something to say, I'll say it."

He took hold of her hand and said, "Hon, I'd never hurt you or your family." There was a silence. Toni believed him. That is, she believed she could accept what he said. Still, she also felt she wasn't going to let Annette be alone with him. There was always the other possibility.

"Gary, I go along with you," she answered at last, "but, just remember, I'm a mother first."

He smiled and said, "If you weren't, I'd be disappointed in you." He gave her a kiss on the cheek and walked back to the front room.

Brenda tried to amuse Gary by telling a story about Val Conlin. In the old days, when Val had the Lincoln-Mercury dealership, he always acted like a big shot at the Riverside Country Club. Had been the type to snap his fingers at the waitresses. Brenda was working his table once and thought Val kind of brusque, so she said, "How'd you like me to drop this soup on your head?"

"How'd you like me," Val answered, "to get you fired for that last remark?"

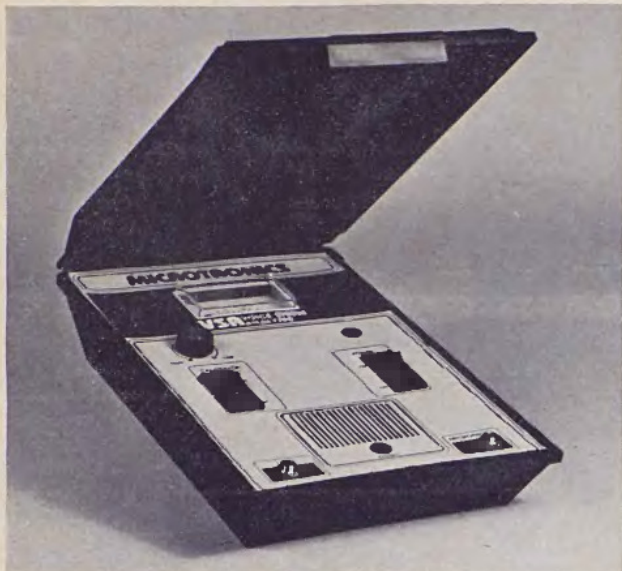
"I'd tell my boss you were lying," she said.

Gary laughed. He hugged her and lifted her up in the air with no trouble, considering that she was 155 pounds at that point. He was awfully strong. How had he ever lost the fight to Pete?

Gary must have been sitting in her brain. "Brenda," he said, "it's not through yet. In prison, you don't leave things like that undone."

## 10

The following Saturday, Gary and Nicole still planned to take a trip into



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the canyons, but now both Mustangs were giving them trouble. It made Nicole wonder about their luck. All last week, Gary's car had been dead every morning. Having to get it pushed made him late for work. On this Saturday, he even decided to visit Spencer McGrath, who might know what was wrong.

Spencer said right off he probably needed a battery. "There's nothing wrong with the old one," Gary told him.

Spencer said, "How do you know?"

Gary said, "Well, it looks all right."

Spencer laughed, "You can't tell by looking."

Spence went over to the shop, got a meter, checked it out. The reading was awfully low. "The battery," he said, "has a dead cell in it."

Gary said in a hollow voice, "Well, what am I going to do?"

Spence said, "Buy yourself a new one. They go for twenty to thirty, along in there."

Gary said, "Gee, I don't have it."

"You got paid just yesterday," Spence said.

"I know," said Gary, "but I made the car installment, and there's not much left."

Spence said, "How will you last till Friday?"

Gary said, "I probably can make it. Just don't have enough to buy a new battery." Spence loaned him \$30.

Gary was back in half an hour. At K Mart, a honey had been found for \$29.95. With tax, it was \$32. Spence said, "I guess you had to take a couple of dollars out of your pocket?"

"Well, yes," Gary said.

Spence said, "Gary, how are you going to get through this week?"

Gary didn't know. Spence gave him another five for gas and said, "Pay the car off. We'll work it out."

The \$32 for the battery was the beginning of a real run of rotten luck. Monday night, thinking he would surprise her, Gary went to pick up Nicole at driver's training school and found his lady sauntering down the hall with four guys in tow. As soon as she saw Gary, she rushed right up, gave a big smile and tried to let everyone know that she was his. But she could feel how the bolt went through. On the way home, he said, "I won't tie you down." She knew he was thinking of all the dudes who had been in her life.

He told Sterling about it. "She's free. I don't want to lean on her freedom," he said. He crossed over to the cemetery that faced all the houses on Sterling's street, and Sterling went with him. There was one grave that had no flowers. A little boy's grave. Gary went around and

took a flower from each of a number of other graves and put them in a rusty little vase by the boy's headstone. Then they turned on to some good pot. Right away, Gary had to get out of the cemetery. Told Sterling he was seeing himself in a tomb.

One night soon after, Rikki was at Sterling's and Gary started needling him to arm wrestle. Bragged to Nicole of how he had beat her brother. They got into it.

Nicole didn't know if Gary was worn out from the night before, but Rikki took him this time. That is, was about to win, but Gary cheated something obvious, and even lifted his elbow off the table.

Now Gary wanted to try with the other arm. Rikki really got him. That left Gary giving dirty looks. On the way home from Sterling's, he dropped by a little store that was open all hours and stalked out with two six-packs.

It was risky to steal from that small a place, but he had technique. Picked up two six-packs, not one. No hesitation in his walk. At the same time, he managed to make his face look unpleasant. Not for too little would you break into such thoughts to ask if he had paid for the beer.

In the beginning, it had been fun. By now it was getting on her nerves. Whenever something bothered him, he got brave. Nicole had always been ready to boost if she needed something, and once they got together, she might even have been the first to do it, but Gary showed her how to really walk out with something. It had been a joke for a while. By now she had to notice that if anything went wrong, he'd steal to cheer them up.

Then he'd drink it afterward. Always getting loaded on beer. She came to realize that there had only been a couple of nights he wasn't drinking. She tried to keep up, but didn't like it that much. He wouldn't even let her leave beer. Didn't like to waste it. If she popped a can, he kept after her to finish.

Nicole was kind of irked that Gary was not only ripping stuff off but letting everybody know. He was even bragging to his uncle. Things weren't right yet, but Gary had to drop by anyway and offer a case. When Vern noticed that the trunk of the Mustang held two more of the same, he asked Gary how he could afford it.

"I don't need money," Gary said.

"Do you realize," said Vern, "that you're breaking your parole?"

"You wouldn't turn me in, would you?"

"I might," said Vern. "If it persists, I might turn you in."

One day he came home with water skis and that bothered Nicole. It just wasn't



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worth the risk. He was stealing something he probably couldn't sell for more than \$25, yet the price tag was over \$100. That meant they could get you for felony. Nicole hated such dumb habits. He would take a chance on all they had for 25 bucks. It came over her that this was the first time she ever disliked him.

As if he sensed it, he then told her the worst story she ever heard. It was supergross. Years ago, while still a kid, he pulled off a robbery with a guy who was a true sadist. The manager of the supermarket was there alone after closing and wouldn't give the combination to the safe. So his friend took the guy upstairs, heated a curling iron, rammed it.

She couldn't help herself. She laughed. The story got way in. She had a picture of that fat supermarket manager trying to hold on to the money and the poker going up his ass. Her laughter reached to the place where she hated people who had a lot of things and acted hot shit about it.

For the first time, she had a day when she thought she shouldn't be living with Gary so much. A part of her simply didn't like staying that close to a man for so long a stretch; but as soon as she realized how she felt, Nicole knew she couldn't tell him. He expected their souls to breathe together. More and more, however, an old ugly feeling was coming back. It was the way she got when she had to fit herself to somebody. You could put that off only so long. She still felt better with Gary than with anyone else, but that wasn't going to change the fact that when she got into a bad mood, it was like she had two souls, and one of them loved Gary a lot less than the other. Of course, maybe a part of him was the same way. He couldn't be loving her that much when they got into one of those five-hour deals.

It happened the night he brought

home the water skis. Next morning, she wondered if it had to do with her ex-husband Barrett. Jim had popped up the other day while Gary was out at the store. Walked through the door cool as you please after being away for months. Maybe it was just conditioned reflex, but she felt a little stirring down there.

After Barrett left, she felt bad at the way she had only kind of told Gary the truth. She had no respect for Barrett, that was right. But she hadn't let Gary know he could be an eel when it came to wiggling all the way in. So when Gary met Jim this first time, he hadn't acted too heavy. Of course, Barrett just came on like he was the father of Sunny and happy to be tolerated. Still, Nicole felt like she was keeping a rotten secret. Because Barrett could pass a cigarette and make something out of it. Tickle your memory like he was tickling your palm. Hint that you had a gift to offer.

Now, those last couple of nights, she had been tripping a little on good things in the past with Jim to get herself more in the mood for Gary. Barrett's timing had sure been good, just as Gary's—she had to admit—was getting a little crude. Since Rosebeth, Gary had to make love six or seven times a week. Maybe they'd skip a night, but make up for it with two another. It was his idea, not hers. She enjoyed it more a day or two apart, but he kept pressing his damn luck.

This night, from seven to midnight, Nicole and Gary argued first about the water skis, then everything else. Finally she convinced Gary she wasn't going to fuck him. He had gone too far on uppers, downers and around-ers. If she had a gift, Gary was not exactly bringing it out. Not with his demands to do this, do that. Suck him now. She looked at Gary across their bodies and said, "I hate sucking cock."

The Fiorinal had put a glaze on his

eyes, but her words still hit. He took off. Left at midnight and didn't come back until two A.M. He was hardly through the door when he wanted to get going again.

Why? she asked. Like a dunce. Do it because I want you to, he said. It was as bad as the first night. They didn't get to sleep till five.

## 11

Gary had his eye on a truck. The one on the lot that was painted white.

"Buddy," said Val, "pay off the Mustang and I'll get you something better."

"I got to have that truck."

"No can do without mucho mazuma," said Val. The truck was up for sale at \$1700. "Listen, pardner, unless you come back with a cosigner, it's too good a truck for you."

Gary thought he could. Maybe his uncle Vern.

"I know Vern," said Val, "and I don't think he's in shape for this kind of credit. But, if you want, have him fill out the application. We can always see what we can do."

"OK," said Gary, "OK." He hesitated. "Val," he said, "that Mustang is no good. I had to put a new battery in, and an alternator. It came to fifty dollars."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Well, if I buy the truck, I think you could allow for what I had to lay out on the Mustang."

"Gary, you buy the truck, and we'll knock that fifty dollars off. No problem. Just get a cosigner."

"Val, I don't need a cosigner. I can make the payments."

"No cosigner, no truck. Let's keep it simple, pardner."

"The goddamn Mustang isn't any good."

"Gary, I'm doing you the favor. If you don't want the Mustang, leave the son of a bitch right out there."

"I want the truck."

"The only way you get the truck is by putting a lot of money on the front end of the loan. Or come in with a cosigner. Here, take this credit application to Vern."

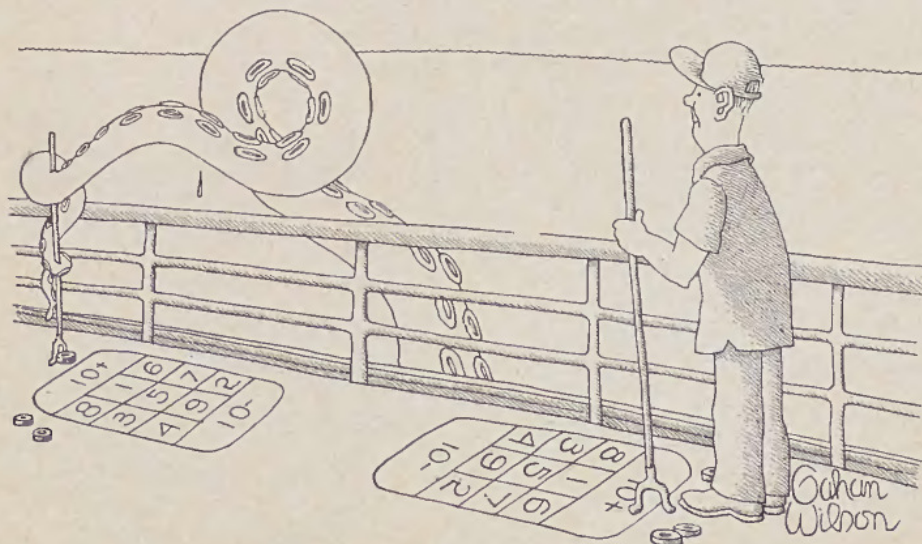
Gary sat across the desk, looking out the window at the white truck on the end of the line. It was as white as the snow you could still see on the peak of the mountains.

"Gary, fill out the application and bring it back."

Val knew it. Gary was madder than hell. He didn't say a word, just took the application, got up, walked out the door, wadded it up and threw it on the ground.

Harper, Val's salesman, said, "Boy, he's hot."

"I don't give a shit," said Val. Around him, people got hot. That was run of the







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mill. Just his hell of a success story boiling away.

In the middle of making love that night, Gary called Nicole pardner. She took it wrong. Thought he was jiving at her for getting it on with Rosebeth. But as he tried to explain later, he often called men and women alike by buddy or pal, pardner, things like that.

Now he had to pick this moment to look up with all the light of love shining in his eyes. "Baby," he said, "I really love you all the way and forever."

She looked back. "Yeah," she said, "and so do seven other motherfuckers."

Gary hit her. It was the first time, and he hit her hard. She didn't feel the pain so much as the shock and then the disappointment. It always ended the same way. They hit you when they felt like it.

Soon enough, he apologized. He kept apologizing. But it did no good. She had been hit so fucking many times. She looked at Gary and said, "I want to die." It was how she felt. He kept trying to make up. Finally, she told him that she had felt like dying before but never did anything about it. Tonight, she wouldn't mind.

Gary got a knife and held the point to her stomach. He asked her if she wanted to die.

It was frightening that she wasn't more afraid. After a few minutes, she finally said, "No, I don't," but she had been tempted. After he put the knife away, she even felt trapped. She couldn't believe the size of the bad feeling that came down on her then.

Next night, they had one more marathon. Up all night about whether to fuck. In the middle, around midnight, he took off. Not too long later, he came in with a bunch of boxes. There was a pistol in every box.

She got over it a little. She had to. The guns hung around.

In the evening, driving around with Nicole and Sunny and Jeremy, he stopped at V. J. Motors to talk to Val Conlin about the truck. Even got to take it out for an hour. Gary was that happy up high behind the wheel with something like a real motor in front of them. All the while, she could feel him thinking of the guns. They were shining like \$\$\$ in his eyes.

When he got back, he talked to Val about the size of a down payment. Nicole was hardly listening. It was boring to sit in the showroom with all the freaks and dead beats who were waiting to get some piece of a car. One girl was wearing a turban and had a big swipe of eye shadow under each eye, and her blouse just about pulling out of her belt. She said to

Nicole, "You have very beautiful eyes."

"Thank you," said Nicole.

Gary kept repeating himself like a record with a scratch. "I don't want that Mustang," he said to Val.

"Then let's get closer to the truck, buddy. We're not near it. Come in with a cosigner or with money."

Gary stalked away. Nicole hardly had time to gather the kids and follow. Outside the showroom, Gary was swearing like Val had never heard him swear before. Through the window, Val could see the Mustang, and it wouldn't start. Gary sat there pounding the wheel as hard as he could.

"Jesus," said Harper, "this time, he is really hot."

"I don't give a shit," said Val, and walked through the people sitting around with their debts on different cars. Yeah, I'm right on top of the mountain, thought Val, and went outside and said to Gary, "What's the matter?"

"This son of a bitch," said Gary, "this goddamn car."

"Well, now, hold it. Let's get some jumper cables, we'll get it started," and, of course, Val did, just needed the boost, and Gary took off in a spray of gravel like he had a switch to his hind end.

By the following night, Gary had a guy who would sell the guns. But they had to meet him. That meant carrying the guns in the car. Gary didn't have a license and Nicole's Mustang still had last year's plates. Both cars had the crappy kind of look a state trooper would pull over for nothing. So they had quite an argument before they finally put the pistols in her trunk and started out. They brought the kids along. The kids might be insurance against a state trooper waving them over for too little.

On the other hand, Sunny and Jeremy made her awfully aware of his driving tonight. That definitely got Nicole nervous. He finally swung into the Long Horn Café, a taco joint between Orem and Pleasant Grove, to make a phone call. Only he couldn't get ahold of the guy who was to peddle the guns. Gary was getting more and more upset. It looked like the evening was going to get totally squandered. A sweet early summer night.

He came back out of the Long Horn and looked in the car for another phone number, then started tearing pages out of the book. By the time he finally found the number, his guy was out. Sunny and Jeremy were beginning to make a lot of noise. Next thing she knew, Gary spun out of the Long Horn and headed back toward Orem. He was going 80. She was petrified for the kids. Told him to pull over.

He slammed to the shoulder. A screech-

ing halt. He turned around and started spanking the kids. They hadn't even been making a sound the last minute. Too scared of the speed.

She started hitting Gary right there, hit him with her fists as hard as she could, hollered for him to let her out of the car. He grabbed her hands to hold her down, and then the kids started screaming. Gary wouldn't let her out. Then this really dumb-looking guy walked by. She must have sounded as if Gary was killing her, but the fucker just stopped and said, "Anything wrong?" Then walked on.

Nicole wouldn't stop hollering. Gary finally wedged her into the space between the bucket seats and got his hand over her mouth. She was trying not to pass out. He had his other hand on her throat to hold her down. She couldn't breathe. He told her then that he would let her go if she promised to be quiet and go home. Nicole mumbled, OK. It was the best she could get out. The moment he let go, she started yelling. When his hand came back to her mouth, she bit real hard into the flesh near his thumb. Tasted the blood.

Somehow, she didn't know how, she got out of the car. She couldn't remember later if he let her go or if she just got away. Maybe he let her go. She ran across the street to the middle of the highway divider, a kid in each hand, and started walking. She would hitchhike.

Gary began to follow on foot. At first he let her try to bum a ride, but a car almost stopped for her, and so Gary tried to pull her back to the Mustang. She wouldn't budge. He got smart and tried to yank one of the kids away. She wouldn't let loose, hung on with all she had. Between them, it must have been stretching the kids. Finally, a pickup truck pulled over and a couple of guys came over with a chick.

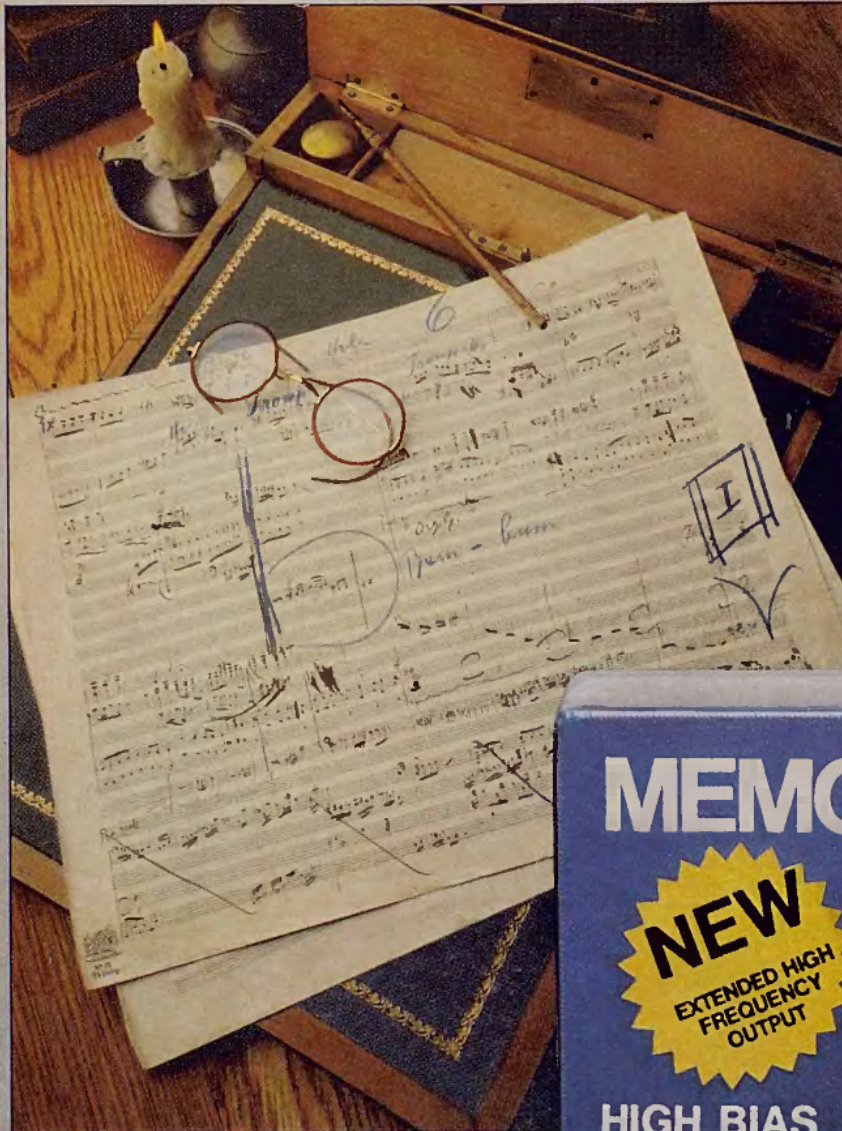
The girl happened to be an old friend Nicole hadn't seen in a year. Pepper, her first girlfriend ever. Yet Nicole couldn't even think of the last name, she was that upset.

Gary said, "Get out of here, this is a family matter." Pepper looked at Gary, just as tall as she could be, and said, "We know Nicole and you ain't family." That was all of it. Gary let go and walked up the street toward her car. Nicole got the kids into Pepper's truck and they took off. The moment she remembered how once she had wanted everything to be good for Gary, she started crying. Nicole couldn't help it. She cried a lot.

*This is the first of three installments of "The Executioner's Song." Part two will appear in the November issue.*



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# PLAYBOY

## ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### HABITAT

## CALL TO ALARMS

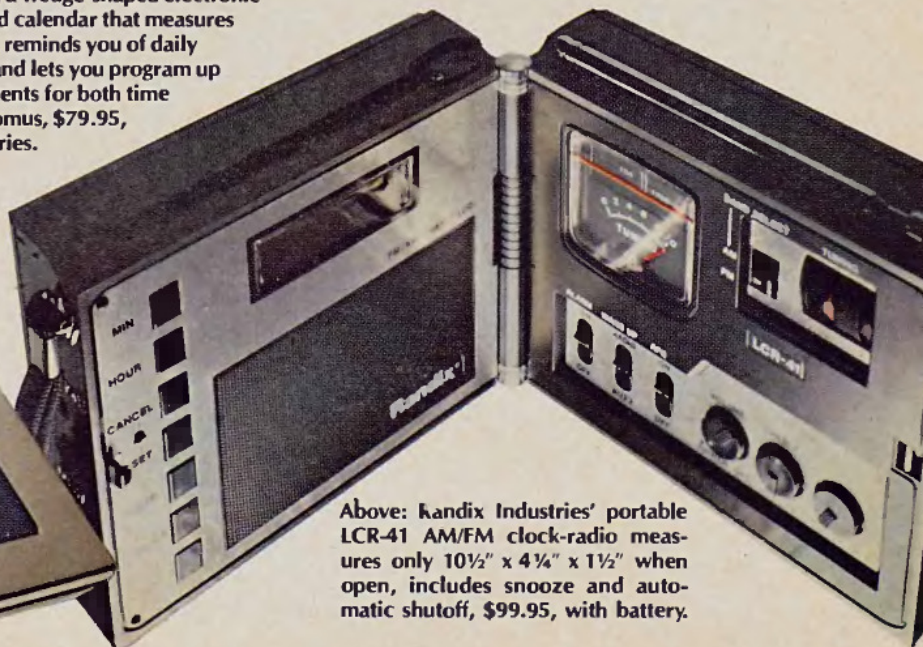
Even the best-laid plans of busy men can go astray because somebody overslept or forgot about an engagement. To ensure that this doesn't happen to you, take a look at the alarm-equipped products pictured below. Two are clock-radios that incorporate some nifty innovations, while the third is a futuristic-looking electronic reminder that jogs your memory about daily appointments and also doubles as an alarm clock. They sure beat

tying a string around your finger.



Above: The Great Awakening, an AM/FM LED clock-radio with memory station recall and battery backup features, also incorporates three wake-up methods (music, alarm and music/delayed alarm) and twin wake-up times for his/her convenience, by General Electric, \$116.95.

Left: Time Trac, a wedge-shaped electronic clock, timer and calendar that measures just 7 3/4" x 5 1/2", reminds you of daily commitments and lets you program up to 30 appointments for both time and date, by Comus, \$79.95, including batteries.



Above: Kandix Industries' portable LCR-41 AM/FM clock-radio measures only 10 1/2" x 4 1/4" x 1 1/2" when open, includes snooze and automatic shutoff, \$99.95, with battery.

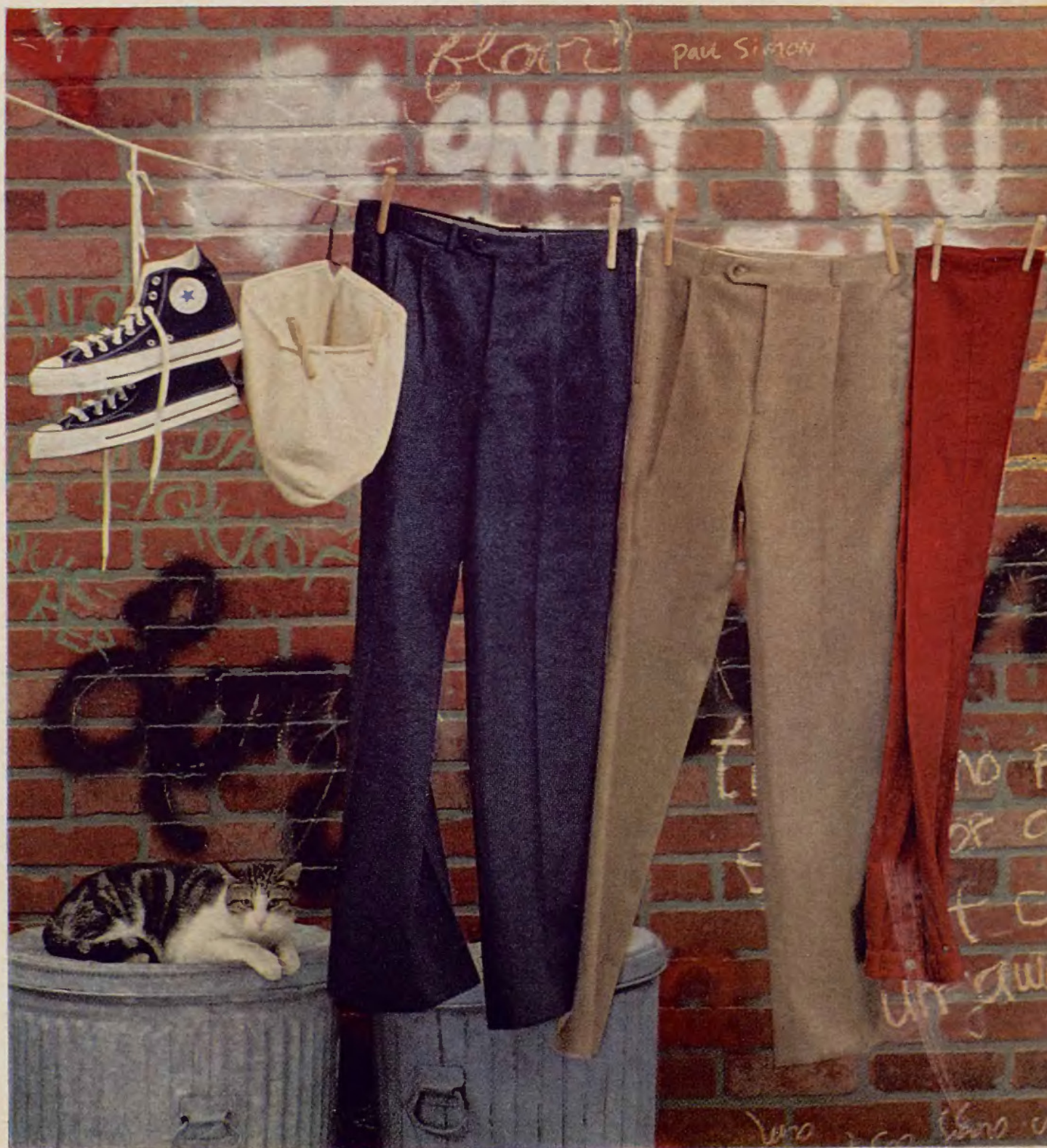
RICHARD IZUI

# FASHION

## GOING STRAIGHT

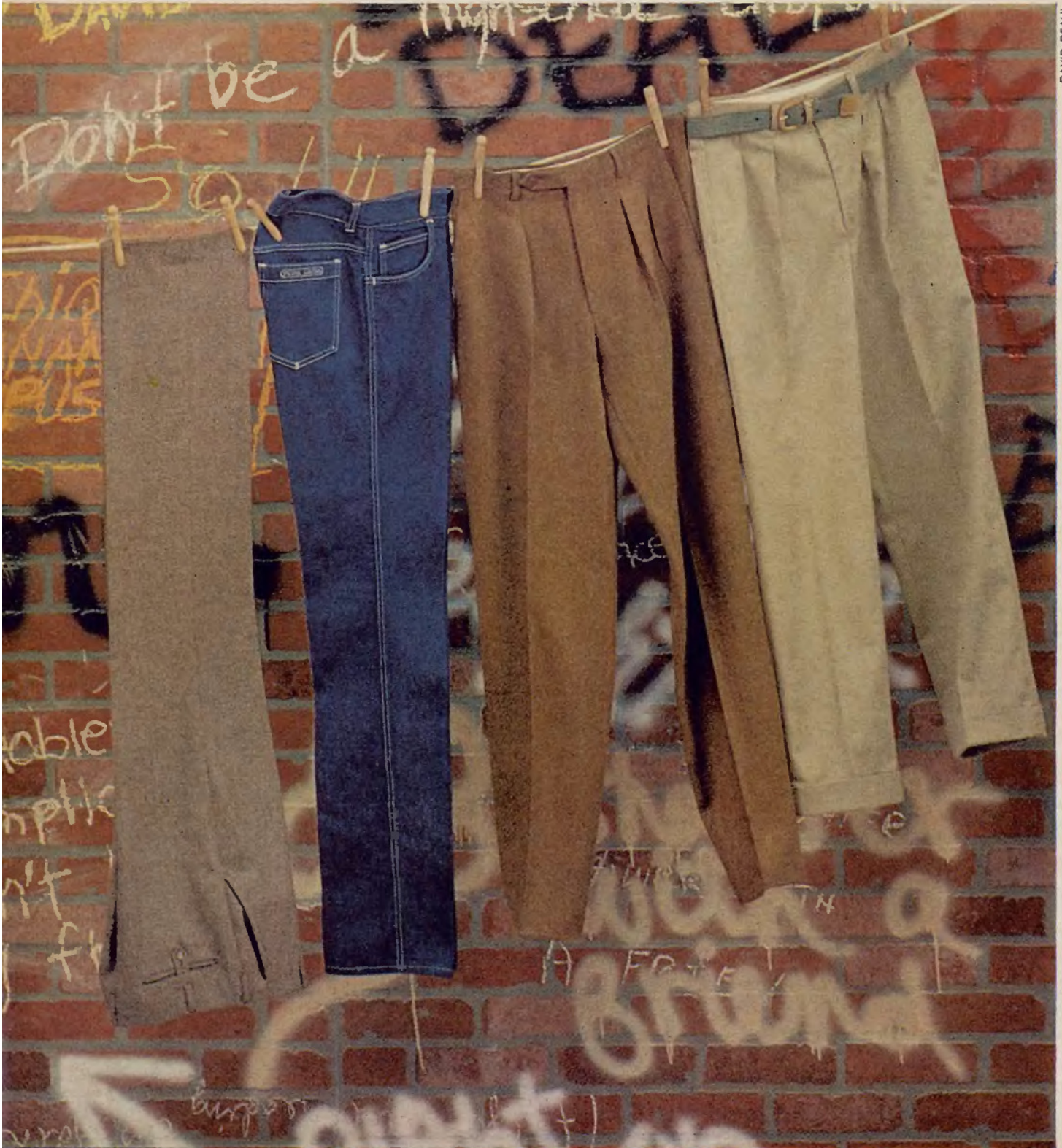
Suddenly last summer, everything below the male waist changed. It might have had something to do with the terrific way girls looked in tight-legged jeans. (They certainly affect us below the waist.) And perhaps it is inevitable that we tire of dressing the same way, day after day. Whatever the reason, almost overnight, wide, flared slacks looked as dated as Gene Sarazen's knickers—and trouser legs tightened up, but

quick. Just in case this slight alteration took you by surprise, here are seven pairs of narrow-cut slacks ranging from a dressy wool flannel style to a knockabout denim that will give you a leg up on building a better pants wardrobe. We chose them as examples of basic styles that are adaptable to most situations. For more versatility, also check out what's available in satin, velvet, etc. Why shouldn't putting your pants on be fun, too? —DAVID PLATT



No, we're not handing you a line when we say that the seven pairs of slacks hanging below are an excellent beginning to your new narrow-legged wardrobe. At far left are pleated wool flannel ones lined to the knee, by Georgette Ghica Designs, about \$105. Next to them: a wool tweed style with a continuous waistband, by Lonergan/Amerigo, about \$80. Third from left: cotton corduroy superslim straight-legged jeans, by The Lee Company, about \$20. In the middle: a pair of worsted wool twill single-pleated slacks with an extension waistband, belt loops and

off-seam pockets, by Trousers by Barry, about \$100. For denim fans, these cotton ones, by Pierre Cardin Jeans, have jean pockets and tapered legs, about \$36. Second from right: wool herringbone slacks with belt loops featuring a double-pleated front, top pockets and two button-through flap pockets, plus tapered legs, by Georges Rech, about \$145. At far right: a pair of Dacron/cotton double-pleated slacks that come with a green-canvas belt and have on-seam pockets, a button-through pocket and tapered legs, from John Weitz Slacks by Glen Oaks, about \$25.



DAVID DEAHL

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# GEAR

## HIP TO FLASKS

Some things go better with a little nip from a friendly hip flask: college football games, polo matches, dry-fly fishing on a wet day and even a walk in the woods. But flasks have something else going for them besides the capacity to carry spirits. Offer a friend a pull from a bottle and you look about as cool as the brown-baggers who hang out on the corner, watch-

ing all the girls go by. But pass that person your antique silver English officer's flask—now, that's class. And it's also classier if you fill your favorite portable container with something especially palatable and fraught with character. A single-malt Scotch goes nicely with a flask, as does VSOP cognac, well-aged bourbon, Irish whisky or even a mellow dark rum. Caps off, men!



Following the numbers: **1.** A pair of 12-oz. glass flasks with chrome jigger caps all housed in a vinyl case, by Royalshire, \$20. **2.** Large glass flask with chrome shoulders and jigger cap, by Irvinware, \$4. **3.** Sheffield-made antique silver English officer's flask holds 12 ozs., from Jenny B. Goode, New York City, \$200. **4.** Glass 8-oz. travel flask with vinyl case, by Irvinware, \$8.50. **5.** English-made hammered-pewter flask, from Dunhill of London, Chicago, \$30. **6.** Hammered-silver flask, from Cartier, New York City, \$110. **7.** Pewter-and-calfskin 6-oz. flask, from Dunhill of London, \$35.

**Bebe Gets It On**

**BEBE BUELL** is just doing a little publicity stunt for her new boyfriend, Elvis Costello. See, her right breast is this year's model, but Costello had an album—well, never mind. Buell, our November 1974 Playmate, used to go with musician Todd Rundgren. Rock was always in her blood; now it's on her chest.



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**Straight Shooters**

Here are a couple of pool sharks, **OMAR SHARIF** and **JAMES COBURN**, working on a movie, *The Baltimore Bullet*. We hear that Willie Mosconi taught Sharif, the champ, and Coburn, the contender, how to stay before the eight ball.



A. ACE BURGESS



© 1979 MANNING / SYGMA

**He Got the Sony, but I Got the House**

With her palimony case settled and Alana married to Rod, it doesn't look as if **BRITT EKLAND** is doing too much suffering these days. Shaking both legs and her booty at Studio 54, Britt makes blondes look like more fun. As for her former other half, sexiness is just about to be replaced by diapers and bottles. Say good night, Rod.

## Uneasy Street

Recently, JACK NICHOLSON arrived at his new suite of outdoor offices (inflation strikes everyone equally, after all) to search through his designer desk for scripts. Still, Jack's prepared for lunch at the Polo Lounge, just in case some producer stops by: Pinstripes are *always* in fashion.



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## Big Wheels Keep On Rolling

Is there life after puberty? If you take a look at TANYA TUCKER, the answer has to be yes, absolutely. Her last couple of album covers attest to it, and her voice has never been better. It's not nice to fool Mother Nature, and Tanya doesn't.



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## Would You Buy Solar Energy from This Man?

Returning to the set of his forthcoming movie *The Electric Horseman*, ROBERT REDFORD was asked to comment on the rumor that he's considering a run for the Senate. Sticking out your tongue may not constitute confirmation or denial, but it's pretty direct, and Congress could use some more people who mean what they say. Right, Jimmy?



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## MONTEZUMA HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS

Rampant sexual transmission of two intestinal diseases is giving oral-genital and oral-anal sex a bad name. V.D. centers in



Remember Tutankhamania? Tut, who has kept the U. S. in line for three years, leaves for Toronto next month. So here's the T-shirt of the month—a Pharaoh's farewell.

GARRICK MADISON

major urban areas report increased cases of amebiasis and giardiasis, otherwise known as dysentery. Any sexual practice resulting in the ingestion of tiny fecal particles can produce dysentery. What are you people

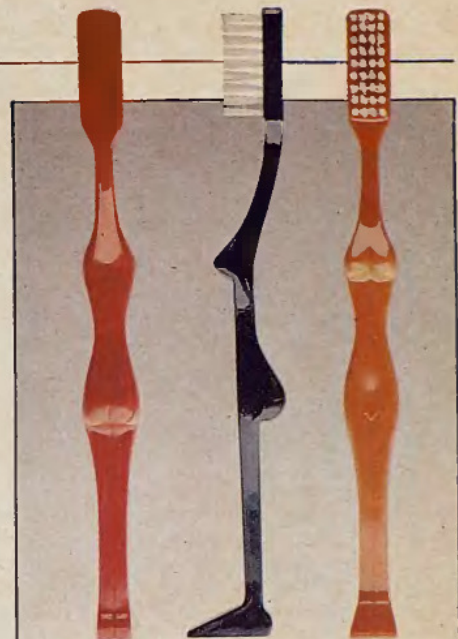
doing out there? The wayward protozoa may be asymptomatic but often announce their presence with abdominal cramps, diarrhea, fatigue, slight fever and gas. Hepatitis may follow. While the cure consists of a number of drugs, Dr. Sex News believes an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. So we asked New York City public-health officials for some tips on staying off infection. They recommend washing hands, genital and rectal areas before and after sex.

## GOOD VIBRATIONS

The Food and Drug Administration has turned its attention to vibrators. Don't worry, it's not outlawing them, just regulating them. (Can you imagine Ralph Nader demanding more testing? The line for volunteers begins here, buddy.) The FDA has placed a low priority on establishing performance standards. Instead, it's interested in safety against shocks, burns, adverse tissue reactions or lacerations. (The Feds must think women have been having carnal knowledge with a Black & Decker sander.) It wants to establish standards for the vibrator's shape and surface finish. The FDA gave us a definition of genital vibrators that raised our eyebrows: "An electrically operated device used to vibrate the vagina as a form of massage in the treatment of sexual dysfunction." Hasn't Uncle Sam heard of the clitoris?

## BIONIC MANHOOD

Several years ago, doctors in Houston announced that they had developed a surgical implant to cure impotence. By squeezing a bulb pump located in the scrotum, the patient would send fluid to inflatable cylinders in the penile shaft. The




RICHARD KLEIN

Now for some real oral sex. These statuette toothbrushes are the best news in dental hygiene since the Water Pik. They're \$5 from The Pleasure Chest, 20 West 20th Street, New York, New York 10011.

cylinders would swell, simulating an erection. A manual release valve deflated it. At the time, we were somewhat skeptical about the device's future. We could just see the cabin attendant giving preflight instructions. Not to worry. The researchers have just issued a glowing assessment of their gadget, indicating that it works like a charm, or maybe an aphrodisiac. The device has some detractors, though. A sexologist reports that, occasionally, implant surgery has resulted in marital disaster. The sex professional claims that most surgeons don't inform or prepare the patients' wives for the impending change. A study of such wives indicated that some men never used the device at home and, indeed, that some had never even told their wives about it. But the patients seem to be happy. In a study of 245 men outfitted with implants from 1973 to 1977, 234 remain satisfied. What's more, each device is expected to last for 20 years. To hell with all night long; these guys can keep it up for decades.

## NO HOPE FOR THE HORNY

Game wardens claim that an ancient Asian love potion is destroying the Kenyan rhinoceros population. But don't be on the lookout for sex-crazed behemoths—the rhinos aren't using the sniffable love charm, they're the source of it. For centuries, Asian men have believed that the animal's single horn, when powdered, would restore sexual powers. (Don't get excited. We've tried the stuff. Nada.) Whether it improves sex or not, the commodity appeals to subsistence-level African farmers, who easily double their annual income by bagging a rhino and selling its horn. The lure of the fast buck has reduced the rhino population to 2000. 

HERB NOLAN



It brings a lump to our, uh, throat to see that women's lib has yet to reach the last bastion of male chauvinism—the *double-entendre*. Coleman, skip the cooler; we'll take a dozen of the jugs.

# HIGH SPEED RECEIVERS: FASTER RESPONSE MEANS MORE ACCURATE SOUND.

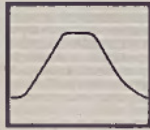
The new Kenwood receivers actually outperform all other receivers, as well as our competitors' separate amplifiers and tuners in transient response.

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*Distorted waveform response produced by conventional receiver.*



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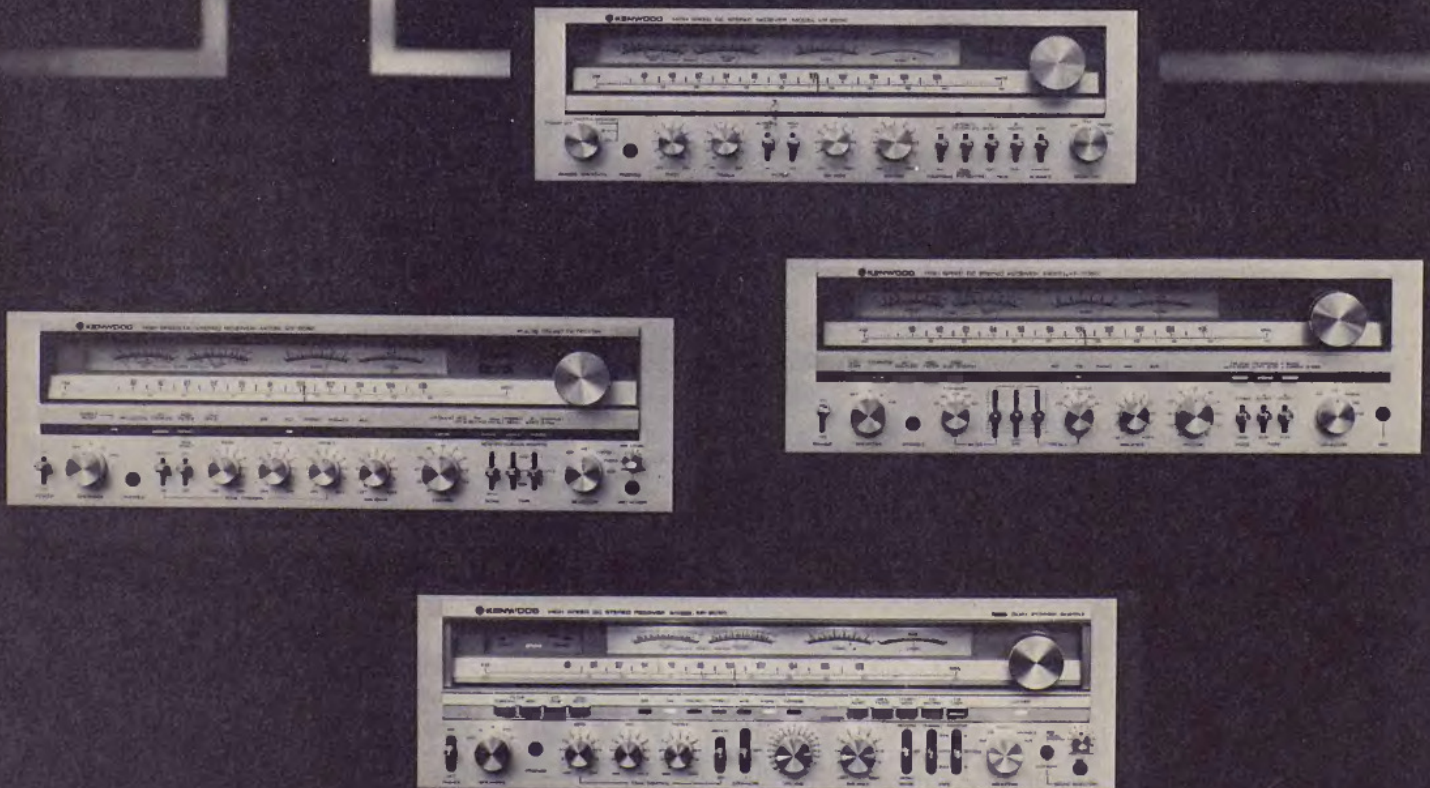
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Vantage	11	0.8
Winston Lights	13	0.9
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
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