

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1980 • \$2.50

Girls of the Southwest Conference



ROY SCHEIDER
A "JAZZY" INTERVIEW

**BUNKER HUNT'S
GREAT SILVER CAPER**
THE COMPLETE STORY

TOM ROBBINS'
FABULOUS
NEW NOVEL

**COLLEGE
FOOTBALL**
PLAYBOY PICKS
THE TEAMS TO BEAT

CHEECH & CHONG
A PLAYBOY PICTORIAL
GOES UP IN SMOKE

Fit to score in.



And here's another way to score: The Murjani Playboy Sweepstakes.

Grand Prize: Round-the-world trip for two with visits to Playboy Clubs in Los Angeles, Manila, Tokyo, and London. Airfare, lodging, and \$1,500 in expense money all included.

First Prize: A private party at the Playboy mansion in Chicago for the winner and 19 guests. Airfare, one night hotel, meals, entertainment and other Playboy extras are included.

Second Prize: (20 winners) A 3-day weekend for two at Playboy's Lake Geneva Resort and Sports Complex. Airfare, double room, meals and entertainment, plus other extras all included.

Third Prize: (1000 Instant Winners) A pair of Murjani jeans plus a custom designed Murjani Playboy belt buckle and belt.

To enter the Murjani Playboy Sweepstakes, pick up a game card like the one Reggie is holding. They are at any participating store* listed below. No purchase is necessary. Just scratch off the silver boxes to see if you are an Instant Winner. Everyone with a game card is also eligible for the top prize drawings. The complete rules for Sweepstakes participation are on the back of every game card and at participating stores.

To find the participating branch store nearest you, call toll free any time: (800) 228-5000. In Nebraska, call: (800) 642-8777. If there is no store near you, you may obtain a Murjani Playboy Sweepstakes game card by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Game Piece, Murjani Playboy Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 9040, Westbury, N.Y. 11592.

You will receive one game card per store visit or write-in request. All in-store and write-in requests for game cards must be received by September 1, 1980. All Sweepstakes entries must be received no later than September 30, 1980. Offer void where prohibited by law.



*Participating stores: Bamberger's, Baskin's, Bloomingdale's, The Broadway—California, Burdine's, Foley's, G. Fox, The Gap Stores—Chicago, Gimbel's—New York, Hecht Co., Higbee's, J. L. Hudson, John Wanamaker's, Joske's—Texas, Maas Bros., May Co.—California, Meier & Frank, Sanger-Harris.



New Murjani jeans.

Reggie Jackson makes his living in a pinstripe suit but *does* his living in jeans.
New Murjani jeans for men.

He likes Murjani jeans because Reggie's a man who really cares about his personal style whether he's facing fifty thousand fans or just one.

And these jeans are loaded with style. They're beautifully fitting.
Superbly cut. Elegantly but quietly detailed.

They're not fancy, they're classy. And come in a handsome selection of fabrics. Team them with a great looking Murjani top and you're ready for some heavy hitting.

Murjani jeans. Because a guy's got an obligation to his fans.





SONY ELIMINATES THE MOST DISTURBING VARIABLES IN TURNTABLE PERFORMANCE, STARTING WITH THE WAY IT TURNS.

At Sony, our commitment to being #1 in hi-fi didn't stop with the reinvention of the receiver.

By applying "Total System Technology" we've eliminated the headaches that plague the turntable. And developed the first state-of-the-art turntable that won't put you in a state of bankruptcy. The PS-X55.

A DRIVE SYSTEM THAT'LL BE ACCURATE BEYOND THE YEAR 2000.

In order to insure your records turn at the prescribed speed, utterly smoothly and without fluctuation, Sony has improved its already advanced direct-drive system with an electronic speed-control circuit that works like a quartz watch.

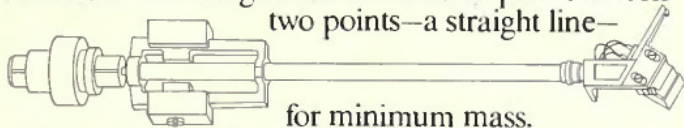
This gives the X55 up to 10 times more speed monitoring "pulse points" than competitive models, so it can better compensate for wow and flutter. We call this system "quartz-lock Magnedisc servo control." The audiophiles call it brilliant.

And unlike direct-drive motors found in competitive turntables, the X55's is both brushless and slotless. Which means it's even more accurate.

**A NEW ANGLE ON THE TONEARM.
STRAIGHT.**

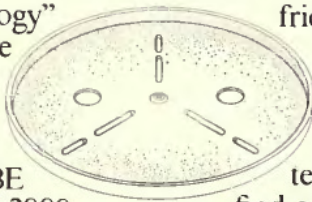
Sony engineers have paid meticulous attention to the X55's tonearm and its suspension.

Instead of the conventional shapes, the X55's tonearm was designed as the shortest path between two points—a straight line—



Minimizing mass maximizes compatibility with the widest range of cartridges, including the most advanced high-compliance types.

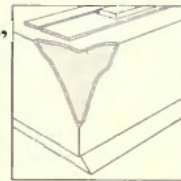
The tonearm pivot is supported in two places, not one. So it's virtually free of tonearm resonance, friction and side play.



And to let the platter motor do its job without interference, the X55 even has a separate motor that operates the tonearm during its automatic cycles. A technological advancement that's hard to find on any turntable at any price.

**THE STANDARD BY WHICH ALL BASES
WILL BE JUDGED.**

Instead of using an inexpensive plastic, wood or cast-aluminum base, like many of our competitors, the X55 is made of a Sony-patented inorganic "Bulk Molding Compound," which sharply reduces feedback.



And because loudspeakers produce vibrations that can be transmitted to the turntable through its feet, Sony created special gel-filled feet which absorb energy so effectively that the X55 will perform flawlessly even when your music is loud enough to rattle the walls.

Yet the X55's advancements don't stop here. A special muting device eliminates the "pop" that normally occurs when the stylus touches down or lifts up—something you'll particularly appreciate when transferring records to tape. There's even an electric eye that automatically measures the disc size.

But the bottom line is this. Once you compare the Sony X55 for specifications, features and price, you'll come to an inescapable conclusion. There's only one thing you need to know about high fidelity. It's Sony.

SONY
High Fidelity

FEATURES AND SPECIFICATIONS: Fully automatic direct-drive turntable system/Linear BSL motor/Quartz-lock Magnedisc servo speed control/Electromagnetic braking/Sony Bulk Molding Compound anti-resonance base/Low-mass Duralumin tonearm/Logic IC function sequencing/Discrete tonearm servo motor/Speed accuracy \pm 0.003%/Wow and flutter (WRMS) 0.025%/Rumble (DIN B) -78 dB/Effective tonearm mass 8 grams.

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HENRY MANCINI'S BAR



THE MAN WHOSE MUSIC HAS BEEN SEEN BY MILLIONS
NOW SERVES DEWAR'S 12, ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST EXCLUSIVE SCOTCHES.



DEWAR'S® 12.
THE TWELVE YEAR
OLD SCOTCH FROM
THE MAKERS OF
DEWAR'S® "WHITE LABEL"®

PLAYBILL

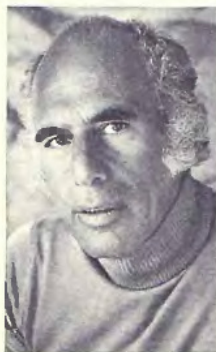
WE'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE this issue with a little background music from Neil Diamond: "September morn/We danced until the night became a brand-new day/Two lovers playing scenes from some romantic play. . . ." If September mornings (not to mention evenings) always make you feel that way, you've got company. Us. And what do we do to add romance to our lives? Well, we can't tell you *everything*, but you can get a few tips from *We'll Take Romance!*, our guide to the kinds of fanciful gestures that win a lady's fancy. It begins with an essay by Contributing Editor **John Sack**, illustrated by **Jon Whitcomb**, dean of the magazine-cover artists of the Forties and Fifties. Whitcomb told us he hadn't done a magazine illustration for four or five years; obviously, he hasn't lost his touch. The entire package was edited by a very romantic woman (Associate Editor **Barbara Nellis**) with inspiration from Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen**, our Playboy Advisor.

From the light of the silvery moon, we move on to plain old silver and the man who nearly cornered the market in that precious metal this year, the inimitable Texas billionaire **Nelson Bunker Hunt**. In *Silverfinger* (illustrated by **Sandra Hendler**), **Harry Hurt III** profiles the richest heir of the late eccentric mogul H. L. Hunt. Hurt, whose article is adapted from his forthcoming book *Texas Rich: The Legend and Legacy of H. L. Hunt*, to be published by W. W. Norton, says of Bunker, "He has a Teddy-bear quality, though he's not exactly huggable. I'd describe him as a big, fat, bumbling genius. And he'll need all of his genius to get out of the mess the silver-market crash has gotten him into."

From Texas rich, we move on to Texas chic—cowboy fashion, that is. Half the folks one sees these days look as if they worked at a rodeo, a fact that sorely annoys our resident Texas shitkicker, Senior Editor **William J. "Mad Dog" Helmer**, author of *A Cowboy's Lament*. Accompanying Helmer's article is *The Rise of Western Civilization: How It Happened*, by Assistant Editor **Kate Nolan**. It's a history of the "Western look" that cowpokes fun at the whole phenomenon. And speaking of cowpeople reminds us that we also have a look at the new novel by **Tom Robbins**, author of the best-selling *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*. His latest is *Still Life with Woodpecker* (to be published this month by Bantam) and our excerpt from it is illustrated by **Mel Odom**.

"He's a man of tremendous discipline," says **Sam Merrill** of actor **Roy Scheider**, star of *All That Jazz* and *Jaws* and the subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*. Merrill interviewed Scheider for two months in New York while he was appearing on Broadway in Harold Pinter's *Betrayal*. Says Merrill, "Scheider keeps a daily schedule that's so precise that even after not seeing him for weeks, I always know where he is. At nine A.M., he's finished with his daily run and having breakfast at a Madison Avenue coffee shop. At 11:30, he's back in his apartment, showered, dressed and making phone calls. Three times a week, he works out *very* hard; he's solid muscle."

Speaking of muscle, no September issue would be complete without *Playboy's Pigskin Preview* and the Playboy All-America line-up by Contributing Editor **Anson Mount**. And to round out (and we do mean round out) the issue, there are three dozen *Girls of the Southwest Conference* brought to you by Associate Photography Editor **Jeff Cohen**, Contributing Photographer **David Chan** and their assistants, **Sherral Snow** and **Dennis Silverstein**; a look at *Back to Campus* fashion by Fashion Director **David Platt**, photographed by **Steve Ewert**; our Alternative Playmate of the Month, by **Buck Brown** (not exactly round, this one, but, well, you'll see . . .); some new craziness from comics **Cheech & Chong**; and last, but never least, our Miss September, **Lisa Welch**. And remember: He who finds romance in September has fun in October (ancient PLAYBOY proverb).



SACK



WHITCOMB



HELMER



HURT



HENDLER



NOLAN



ROBBINS



ODOM



MOUNT



CHAN, SNOW, COHEN, SILVERSTEIN



MERRILL



EWERT



BROWN

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PLAYBOY®

vol. 27, no. 9—september, 1980

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COVER STORY

The lady with the Playboy team sweater is Rita Lee, whom you may remember (with pleasure) as our November 1977 Playmate. Rita hailed from St. Paul then, but she's since moved on to New York and a successful modeling career. Executive Art Director Tom Staebler designed and photographed the cover on the same day that our 1980 All-America team posed for the pictures you'll see on pages 164 and 165. Unfortunately, the players didn't get to meet Rita—but then, you wouldn't want to hug her in shoulder pads.

STILL LIFE WITH WOODPECKER—fiction TOM ROBBINS 108
 Dynamite, Chinese birth control and a quest for the purpose of the moon are the ingredients of love when an outlaw meets a princess in a new tale by the author of *Even Cawgirls Get the Blues*.

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 Nelson Bunker Hunt nearly cornered the silver market before it collapsed, and he's still one of the richest (and most enigmatic) men in America.

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 Our selection of the trend-setting clothes for the upcoming school year.

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SUPER AVILYN:

The future of videotape is suddenly very clear.

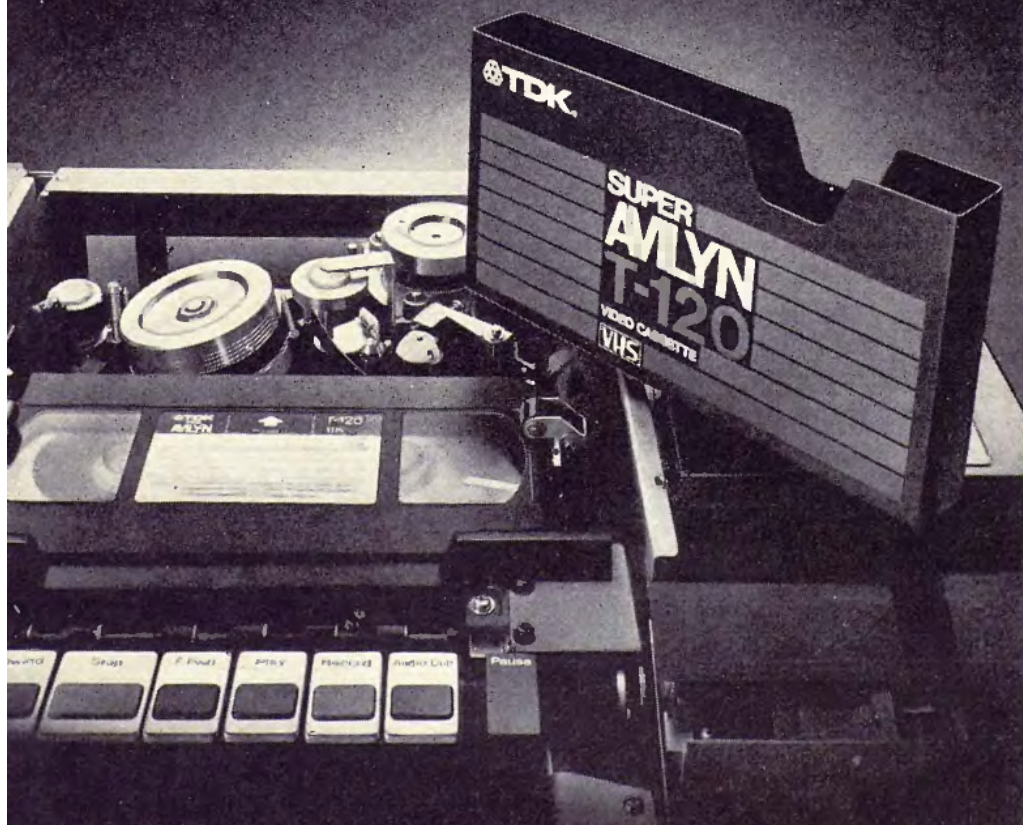
Super Avilyn is the videotape that helped make six-hour videodecks possible. TDK invented a new magnetic technology to create it. Effortlessly, it overcomes the horrors haunting home video. Problems that are not the fault of the deck, but the fault of the tape. You've seen them. Poor resolution. Dullness. Bleeding colors. Pictures with the jitters. Drop outs.

Inside your videodeck there's a harsh reality. Video heads spin at 1800 rpm. At that speed, poor quality tape sheds a shower of oxide particles into the works. An insidious process that may produce good pictures while damaging your deck. During six hours things get tougher.

Tape barely moves at .43 inches per second. More information is squeezed onto less space. Imperfections get magnified. But Super Avilyn stays super. Its high density particles are polished micron-smooth to cut down friction. Colors stay separate. Brightness and crispness is superb. Pictures are rock steady through hundreds of hours of play.

This much is clear. Now that you know the inside story, you won't judge videotape by its picture. You'll judge it by its future.

 **TDK.**
The Vision of the Future



PLAYBOY

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DERICK J. DANIELS president



AFTER I RACE ONE I DRIVE ONE.

Meet Dennis Firestone. Last year he won the Robert Bosch Mini-Indy Racing Series.

Eight gruelling races in all. And every one of them he won was in a Formula Super Vee. Now except for the fact that the Super Vee is built into a Formula Racing car body, it has the same basic 1.6-liter

overhead cam engine as the front-wheel drive Scirocco you can get in a Volkswagen Dealer's showroom.

It can go from 0 to 50 in 7.5 breath-taking seconds. 50-0 in 3.

It has fuel injection. Rack-and-pinion steering. And 4-wheel independent suspension. (Which you won't find on the Super Vee.)

And the Scirocco also has something you just don't see in too many sportscars: an EPA estimated ^[24]MPG. 38 MPG estimated highway. (Use estimated MPG for comparisons. Actual mileage may vary with weather, speed and trip length. Actual highway mile-

age will probably be less.)

But the Scirocco provides a far more comfortable ride for four than the cramped single-seat of the Super Vee ever would. There's thick pile carpeting throughout and two fully adjusting, anatomically designed bucket seats for the passengers up front. Not to mention the ample trunk space that can easily hold four regular size overnight bags.

Now if you missed Dennis Firestone at the track, there's still an excellent chance you can see him. Just look for a man in a racing suit driving a white Scirocco.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



The Boodles martini. It's more than expensive.



If you expect the Boodles martini to be more than expensive, you won't be disappointed. Because Boodles is the ultra-refined British gin that only the world's costliest methods could produce. And it is imported from Britain for you—the individual who will appreciate a Boodles martini as well as a Boodles and tonic. Two experiences well worth their price.

Boodles. The world's costliest British gin.

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



WHAT FOODS THESE MORSELS BE

After PLAYBOY listed America's top 25 restaurants in *Critics' Choice* (June), their owners turned out for a sumptuous PLAYBOY-sponsored bash, hosted by famed gastronome, vintner and man of elegance Baron Philippe de Rothschild (inset photo, left). At a reception before the sit-down lunch, served at Windows on the World (number 14 on our list) high atop New York's World Trade Center, chefs and owners, left, assemble for a historic photograph, proving once again that good taste is timeless.



Probably, you can get anything you'd ever want at America's top 25 restaurants. Witness what is perhaps the world's most splendid potluck, right, at the Windows on the World bash. The 25 chefs from the chosen restaurants each supplied a delicacy representative of his eatery's fare. Not shown, several well-known gourmets pinching themselves to prove they had not died and gone to heaven.

André Soltner, chef/owner of New York City's Lutèce, decants the wine for Tom Brokaw and his wife, Meredith, after Tom's *Today* program featuring PLAYBOY's dining selections.

HOT LUNCH FOR 1980 PLAYMATE DOROTHY STRATTEN

At a luncheon in her honor at Playboy Mansion West, Playmate of the Year Dorothy Stratten poses beside her cardboard likeness, right. Below, Hef chats with 1979 Playmate of the Year Monique St. Pierre and Art Buchwald, who quipped that Dorothy's Playmate income is more "than Chrysler has made in the past five years."



TONIGHT TONIGHT WON'T BE JUST ANY NIGHT

Heere's something you don't see every day—the back of Johnny Carson's head. Johnny is understandably turned around by Dorothy on her first *Tonight Show* appearance and Ed McMahon (left).



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

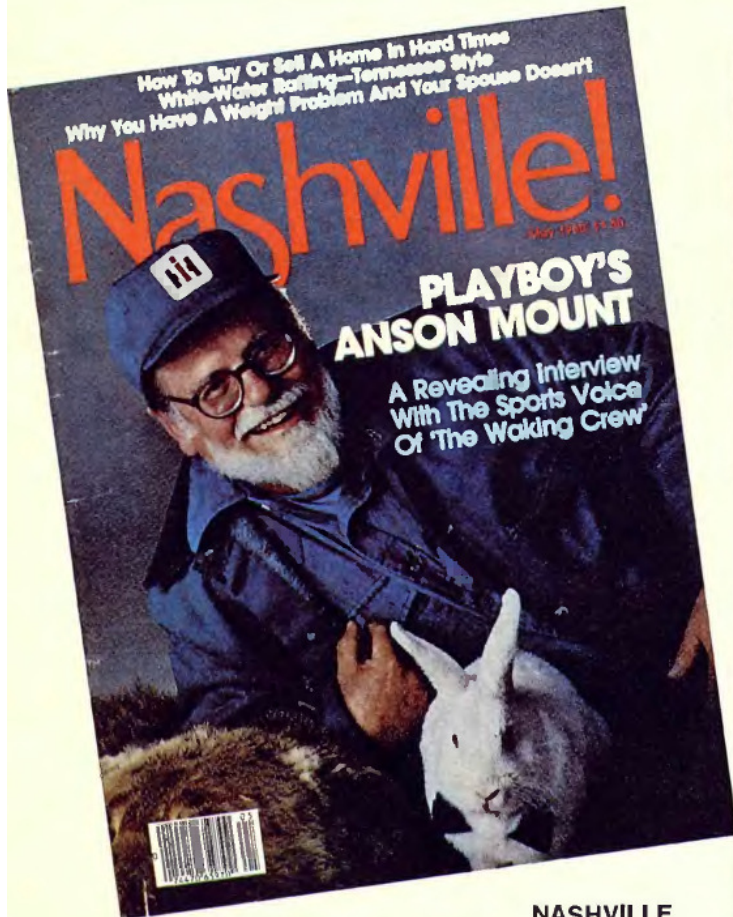
PLAYMATE UPDATE: THE PLAYMATE. YOU NEVER KNOW WHERE SHE'LL TURN UP

When this enchanting ad for Maidenform lingerie appeared in national magazines, we couldn't help feeling flattered. Three of its six models are Playmates. Attired in not much more than they wore in *PLAYBOY*, here are, from left, Julie Woodson, first (April 1973), Cyndi Wood, second (February 1973) and Karen Hatter, fifth (December 1976).



CITIZEN HEFNER

Hef accepts Outstanding Citizen of the Year award from the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce's Bill Welsh, who cited Hef's many contributions to the community.



NASHVILLE NOTICES GRAND OL' ANSON

This cover boy is none other than our own fearless sports forecaster, Anson Mount, who currently appears on *The Waking Crew*, a morning radio talk and variety show on Nashville's station WSM.



TUXEDO JUNCTION

Hef rubs shoulders with Mel Tormé and Rich Little at a Mansion West fund raiser given by the Playboy Foundation for Los Angeles public-television station KCET. Jazz singer Tormé performed with the Louie Bellson Orchestra.



BO DEREK: EAT YOUR HEART OUT

Braided genius Stevie Wonder congratulates Playboy Vice-President Christie Hefner, who won the Kizzy Image and Achievement Award, named after the character in *Roots*. Christie was recognized for helping enhance the image of working women.

FOUR HEADS ARE BETTER THAN TWO.

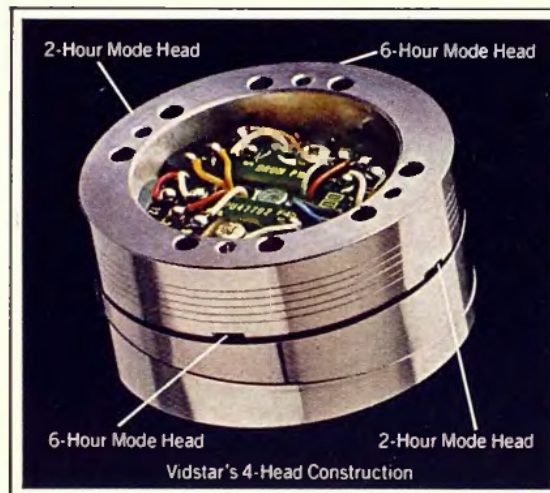
JVC's Vidstar has four video heads and the clarity that goes with them.

Admit it. Despite all the fancy features that videocassette recorders have to offer, you're worried about picture quality. Will it be crisp and vibrant? Will you get superb reproduction of recorded material?

Well, stop worrying. When JVC brought you 6-hour mode recording and playback, we equipped Vidstar™ with *four* video heads. Here's why.

Vidstar uses one pair of recording/playback heads for the 2-hour mode and another pair of heads for the 6-hour mode. Each pair is suited to performing at a specific tape speed. This specialization gives Vidstar unsurpassed picture quality in both the 2-hour and 6-hour modes. That's the kind of performance you'd expect from the people who developed the VHS system. And who developed this four head technology. That's us, JVC.

That's only the beginning. Take a look at our other



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If you have more questions, ask your jeweler. And send for the booklet "Everything You'd Love to Know... About Diamonds." Just mail \$1.00 to Diamond Information Center, 3799 Jasper St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19124. The rings shown are enlarged for detail. Prices are based on retail quotations and may change substantially due to differences in diamond quality and market conditions.



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PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

Congratulations on choosing Dorothy Stratten as 1980 Playmate of the Year. She is truly worthy of the title. I knew well beforehand that she was the winner, because I work at the lab that develops your film. Believe me, when the film comes off the developer, the whole lab knows about it. Thanks for making my work more enjoyable!

Mark Van Horne
North Hollywood, California

My congratulations to Dorothy Stratten, definitely number one, and to those who judged her, for their recognition of such beauty. Also, excellent photography by Mario Casilli.

A. J. Bower
Bath, New York

The cover of the June PLAYBOY should carry a warning to anyone with heart problems. The beautiful picture of Dorothy Stratten made my pulse rate, among other things, climb dangerously high. And I haven't even opened the magazine yet.

Scooter Billuris
San Jose, California

Your selection of Dorothy Stratten as Playmate of the Year is the first such honor to meet with 100 percent agreement with everyone employed here. Miss Stratten's layouts definitely propel the standards of PLAYBOY's women to even higher levels of excellence. If this trend continues, we may even be excited enough to get our own subscriptions.

Men of the Morgan City Post Office
Morgan City, Louisiana

SKY SAFETY

Thanks so much for the informative article, by Laurence Gonzales, in your June issue. After reading it, I concluded that not only are airline personnel inept

but the manufacturers have no idea of how to build the ultimate safe aircraft. Instead of building a faster, roomier, more plush airplane, they should concentrate more on safety. I wouldn't consider it a "bargain" if I saved \$30 or \$40 on a ticket, only to have the plane crash.

Joan A. Ladden
Pompano Beach, Florida

We are a country legislated through disaster! And where safety is in competition with economics . . . the consideration of big bucks unfortunately takes precedence and safety be damned. Your article, I feel, has forced readers to take a new look at aviation safety and at the air-transport system in general. I know the article made me take a closer look at flying; I've decided to fly only when necessary. Otherwise, I will continue to drive my unsafe motor vehicle and thus keep my destiny more or less in my hands.

Dr. Allan Stern, Assistant Professor
Transportation Safety
Marshall University
Huntington, West Virginia

Any ding-a-ling can stand on the side lines, Ralph Nader style, and hurl accusations at any human endeavor while crying for new and stricter safety standards because of the basic design flaw of any human endeavor: man.

R. Donald Jaye
Los Angeles, California

I will admit that there are a few grains of truth to be found among the chaff of your article. Certainly, design criteria, maintenance and the FAA's monitoring of those can all be improved. There have been, and will continue to be, evolution and improvement in those areas. But it must be borne in mind that an aircraft can be designed with such extensive

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structural and systems redundancy that it will be too heavy to fly. Of course, if the ultimate in safety is what you want, the answer is simple: Ground *all* the airplanes and take a train.

Captain R. E. Overman, Jr.
Carmel Valley, California

As a licensed mechanic with maintenance experience with three major airlines, I felt compelled to respond. The airlines in general depend too much upon the redundancy built into the aircraft. There is tremendous pressure on maintenance managers to keep the aircraft out of the hangars and up in the air, making money. Many times, the only way to do that is to send out an airplane whose airworthiness is questionable, and the airlines almost always get away with it. Very few people in aviation appreciate the fact that most accidents are a result of the "snowballing effect"; i.e., one small problem combines with another, and another. Gonzales' subtitle is correct: "It takes a lot of people to put an airplane in the sky—but any one of them can bring it down."

Randy Bancroft
Orange, California

SHORT STUFF

Even though *PLAYBOY* rates *numero uno* on my list, the June issue deserves a photographic Oscar. Being a little short in the height department myself, I shouted with joy upon seeing the pictorial of Playmate Ola Ray. Thank you, Ola and *PLAYBOY*.

Brad White
Dryden, Ontario

A special thanks for your choice Playmate "Sugar" Ray. We both graduated from the same small high school in Japan (believe it or not) and then met in Spokane last year. Now I see her as I've always imagined and *PLAYBOY* has touched me in a personal way.

Derek L. Brown
Spokane, Washington

With the centerfold appearance of Ola Ray, your readers must now admit there is more to the St. Louis area than the Gateway Arch. In the past few years, several of its beautiful women have been featured. Do these names ring a bell? Patti McGuire Connors, Janis Schmitt and Candace Collins (from Dupo, Illinois, just minutes from downtown St. Louis). Thank you, *PLAYBOY*, for changing my city's motto from "Gateway to the West" to "Gateway to the Best."

David Panian
St. Louis, Missouri

She's a real Ray of summer sunshine.

La Valle Dorsey
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

This lady has to be the best thing since sliced bread. Seeing her in this particular layout makes me wonder how we here in the U.S. ever got along without her during her years overseas. But I, along with others here in Atlanta, am elated that she has returned. Thank you again, Richard Fegley; excellent work! It would do my heart good to see her one more time. Please, just one more shot.

Alex Stickney, Jr.
Atlanta, Georgia

We tried to get another shot for you,



Alex; but Ola was on a candy break. We'll try again at a later date.

WHEELING AND DEALING

I can't tell you how pleased and impressed I am that *PLAYBOY* published an article such as *Winning Through Negotiation*, featured in the June issue. I've never read a more hard-hitting, down-to-earth self-help exploration of how to get ahead in this crazy world. I'd like to propose a "Hurray!" for Andrew Tobias, who wrote the article, and a hundred "Hurras!" for Herb Cohen, street-smart subject of the article. Since applying some of the savvy principles set forth by Cohen, I've saved over \$10,000 on two separate deals. I'll tell you what *really* overwhelmed me: You gave me, for a mere \$2.50, what would normally be available to me only at great expense.

George S. Elrick
Glenview, Illinois

I had the opportunity to hear Cohen speak several years ago and I have used his approach to negotiations in both my business and my personal life. It really works. Not only has it saved me many thousands of dollars in my business but it has also enabled me to win a number of arguments with my wife.

Jeffrey D. Dembo
Glencoe, Illinois

Cohen's very first negotiation involved another wise-ass kid from Brooklyn. The kid, in one semester, did so poorly at Brooklyn College that he was forever banished from all the schools of the city university system. Herb, then a junior at New York University, Washington Square College, negotiated with the director of admissions on behalf of the alleged student for his entry into the university. After two weeks and two days of negotiation, this student was admitted to the university. Needless to say, he went on to achieve his bachelor's degree, master's degree and doctorate in dentistry. Thanks a lot, Herbie.

I. David Kaplan, D.D.S.
Howard Beach, New York

INDEPENDENT ANDERSON

I've been a supporter of John Anderson ever since the Iowa debate, and his June interview in *PLAYBOY* reinforces my attitudes. Never, to my mind, has there been a more open, freethinking and intelligent man seeking our country's most important position. Anderson has displayed a great deal of courage by striking out as an independent candidate, and I only hope the majorities of both parties can distinguish between party loyalty and common sense and elect a truly fine and qualified President—this time.

Michael S. Fisher
Roswell, New Mexico

Congratulations on having the foresight to interview John Anderson. I have always felt that by reading *PLAYBOY*, I have an "inside" view regarding coming events, social trends and people in the public eye.

Lee Anne Merchant
Modesto, California

I only hope the people of this country do not buy what Anderson is selling—something they bought from Carter in 1976: that one man can be all things to all people.

Terrence M. Zajac
Scottsdale, Arizona

It speaks well for *PLAYBOY* that you sought out Anderson when he was unknown, in a search not for a winning candidate but perhaps for one who should win. That puts you in league with *The New York Times* and *The Christian Science Monitor*. Journalistically, there is no better company in the country.

Calvin Arnason
Woodstock, New York

HAVE IT YOUR WAY

I thoroughly enjoyed Dick Brass's article on the 25 greatest restaurants in America (*Critics' Choice*, *PLAYBOY*, June) and have already made plans to visit those on your list I have not already

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patronized. My only complaint is that your selection process was a bit too parochial. I noticed that there was only one restaurant between Washington, D.C., and Houston listed. By failing to give due consideration to the Southeast, I fear you have missed one of America's great restaurants, The Library, in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina.

Dan R. Murray
Sparta, North Carolina

Who in hell can afford a \$100-\$200 dinner nowadays? How about another article on the very good restaurants in America where two can dine on \$20-\$50? Really, we're supposed to be in a "mild recession."

Mike Mercer
Statesboro, Georgia

Come on, Mike. A recession is no reason to skip dessert.

Although it appears that you tried to be objective in your restaurant poll, everyone I have talked with disagrees with the consensus as it relates to San Francisco. Each of the three restaurants in San Francisco on the runner-up list is clearly better than any of the four that made the top 25. And the best of them all, L'Etoile, is nowhere to be found.

Alan S. Greenberg
Hillsborough, California

Out of the top 25 restaurants, nine are in New York; and in your *You Won't Go Wrong Here*, *Either* sidebar, nine of the restaurants are also in New York. I suppose I'll have to move up that a-way to get a decent meal.

Michael L. Ruby
Fort Worth, Texas

Not really; there's always Tony's, in Houston, which made our list as the finest restaurant in Texas.

THE BOYS IN BLUE

The Good Guys, by Dan Greenburg (PLAYBOY, June), has to be the best article ever written about the police. My husband's on the force and I get very tired of hearing how sadistic, unyielding and corrupt they all are. For a change, they are shown to be compassionate and understanding and I just wanted to thank Greenburg. He really seems to understand what cops are about.

JoAnn Luhrs
Brooklyn, New York

Please thank Dan Greenburg for telling it like it really is. His article about New York City cops is truthful, accurate and honest.

Don Calderone, Police Officer
Brooklyn, New York

After approximately 14 years as a police officer, seven with the New York City Police Department and the remainder here in Southern California, I felt

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a renewed sense of pride to know that men such as Detectives Monigan and O'Sullivan were still there, doing the job. It's officers like those that I remember—I'm proud of them and proud to have been one of them.

Gene Woolf
 La Mesa, California

Thank you, Dan Greenburg, for showing us that there are some heroes left.

Daniel Maycock
 Santa Rosa, California

SLIP OF THE LIPS

I would like to have a miscaptioned photo of my painting, which was reproduced in the *Roving Eye* feature of your November 1979 issue but attributed to another artist, corrected by PLAYBOY in some way. It was in the Kronhausen art collection that was auctioned off by



Phillips. Enclosed is a slide of the painting in question; any response in your fine magazine would be appreciated.

Albert Radocz
 Cresskill, New Jersey

Sorry it took so long, Albert. For posterity, the correct title of the painting is "Visual Pun."

COVER QUERIES

Would you kindly resolve a conflict that you recently caused among the cadets in the E-3 Men's Club concerning the cover of your June issue? Some members of our elite club insist that you goofed, that the butterfly on the left is your logo. Others insist that the knot you show in the picture in the table of contents is the Rabbit. Which is it, fellas?

E-3 Men's Club
 Company E-3, U.S.C.C.
 West Point, New York

The butterfly, of course. We just happened to like where that particular knot was placed.

OK, guys, I have to know. Was the forming of the Rabbit head on your June cover by the fluttering butterfly wings a natural phenomenon?

Bob Pinaha
 Highland Park, New Jersey

No way; it took three weeks of training to get the butterfly to do that.



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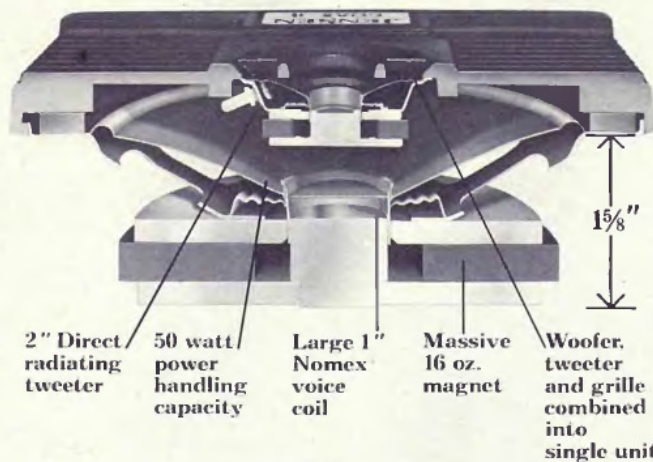
So whether you install these speakers low in your front doors or back in the rear deck, you can be sure you're going to hear all of the treble this unique speaker has to offer.

Beefed up music.

That's what you'll get from the 6½" Coax II. Music with plenty of meat on its

bones. Music with a frequency response that stretches from 50 Hz to 40,000 Hz.

Not only from the tweeter in the grille. But also from the 6" woofer behind it. This woofer's hefty 16 oz. magnet and large 1" Nomex® voice



coil serve up a second helping of full, balanced bass. While a responsive rim suspension and meticulous cone design give this speaker extra sensitivity.

This highly efficient, 4 ohm Coax II will handle up to 50 watts of continuous power. And make the very most of it.

A slimmed down speaker.

No extra fat on this speaker...it's only 1⅝" deep and it fits your current 5¼" cutout. So it will fit in more car doors, more rear decks, and more tight spaces than ever before.

The Jensen 6½" Coax II is also easier to install, thanks to its new uni-body construction. The grille is permanently affixed to the speaker unit. Which not only makes installation easier, but also means a sturdier speaker with less vibration.

Excellent references.

Give a listen to the new Jensen 6½" Coax II's. The speakers with the grille-mounted tweeters.

We think you'll agree that they're just the right speakers to fill the position in your car.

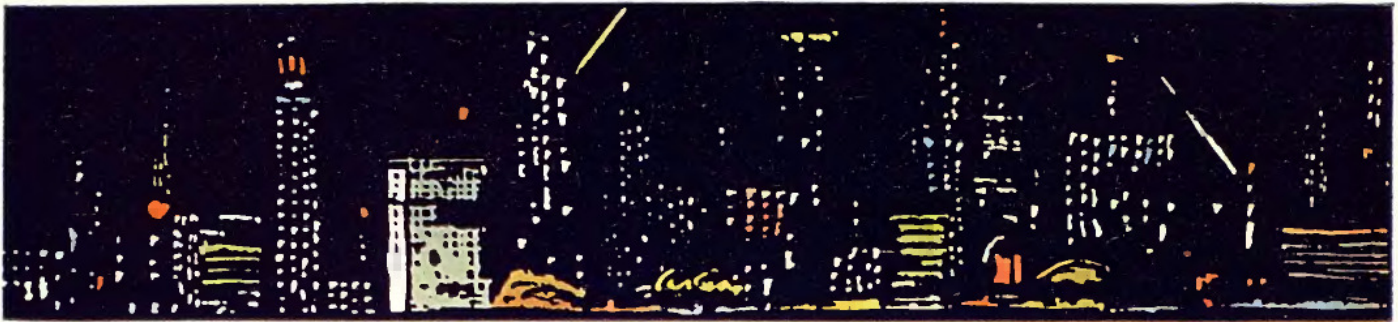
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



MOUNTAIN GIRL

When Mount St. Helens began blowing its top a few months back, a group of ritual-minded citizens decided to try to calm the volcano by offering it a human sacrifice—almost. Grounded at Kelso Airport in Kelso, Washington, were the Sandbaggers, a maverick bunch hailing from the Longview Chamber of Commerce. Their plan was to drop a plastic female mannequin from an airplane into the volcano. Why a dummy and not a real live girl? Said Chamber director Tom Manning, the dummy was in keeping "with our plastic, artificial society. Also, we could not find any living person to go along with us."

DON'T LEAVE HOME...PERIOD

Norberto Gautier likes to travel, but not as much as the U. S. Immigration Service thinks he does. Gautier, of Lodi, New Jersey, visited his brother in Puerto Rico. When it was time for him to return to the Garden State, he calmly headed for the San Juan Airport. There, he was grabbed by a U. S. Immigration official, who insisted that he was a citizen of Guatemala. Gautier insisted that he had never even visited Guatemala. The Immigration officer was unmoved. He decided that Gautier's accent was Guatemalan and that his papers were forged. So off to Guatemala he was shipped.

Arriving in that country with no money and no passport, Gautier was marched off to jail. It took two weeks of frantic efforts by his family in New Jersey to get him back into the States. Now Gautier is suing the Government. "When the burden of proof is on you," says his lawyer, Jeff Fogel, "there is nothing you can do to prove that you're an American citizen." Gautier is planning to sue, according to Fogel, for "false arrest, false imprisonment, pos-

sibly an underlying tort of kidnaping and, of course, the fact that the Immigration Service never had any jurisdiction over him in the first place."

But the story doesn't end there. "In the meantime," says Fogel, "Norberto's brother died. Norberto was upset, but he wasn't about to go back to Puerto Rico for the funeral."

U. S. Immigration officials sent 6000 confused boat people in lieu of flowers.

A SOUR NOTE

Canadian officials accidentally launched a kamikaze reception in honor of a group of high-ranking Japanese officials during a recent tour of the country. Music played at the delegation's Ottawa arrival produced a "rather large gaffe," according to government spokesmen, when the Canadian armed forces band launched into a medley of military

themes highlighted by the *Colonel Bogey* march. That composition, it should be noted, is best remembered as the nifty ditty whistled by defiant British soldiers to bedevil their Japanese captors in the classic World War Two film *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. The Japanese officials kept a polite and diplomatic silence during the seemingly endless rendition. An armed forces spokesman apologized shortly thereafter. The next day, the bandmaster reportedly committed ritualistic suicide by falling on his trombone in the middle of *Tiger Rag*.

Suppose your boss is giving a fancy party and doesn't invite you. You might consider calling Chicago's Rent-a-Wino to get even. "Guaranteed to throw fits and swing at air, then nod out. Genuine winos. No actors," the ad in Chicago's *Reader* read. We talked with John Bezaian, who, along with his roommate Wrenn Nelson, manages the business. What price revenge? "Fifty bucks," says John. In return for which they round up some down-and-outers, place them on the designated doorsteps and provide them with "all the port wine and Kool-Aid they can drink, plus a fu." It doesn't surprise us that they've been besieged with calls to, uh, bum people out.

RUNNING A SPOCK SIGN

Officer Steve Rose of the Chamblee Police Department in Georgia pulled over a speeder a few months back. Leaving his vehicle, he decided to give the speeder a lecture concerning automobile velocity and the law. "As I approached the driver's window," Rose reports, "he flipped open his wallet and spoke to it, saying, 'Kirk to Enterprise, Kirk to Enterprise, beam me out of here fast!!'" Rose was so impressed by this loony's



tune, he let him off with only a warning not to violate warp speed again.

FLOWER POWER

Now you can own your own nuclear plant. It won't save you any money on your electric bill, though, because it's the kind that grows rather than glows. It turns out that a variety of spiderwort naturally monitors low-level nuclear radiation; within three weeks of exposure, its flowers, which are normally blue, turn pink. You get seeds and instructions for your organic Geiger counter by sending four dollars to Contemporary Gifts Corporation, P.O. Box 194, Larchmont, New York 10538.

How do I love thee? Let me count the rations. Sales at the Survival Center and Natural Food Store in Ravenna, Ohio, have quadrupled in the past year. Its biggest seller is a \$765 four-to-six-month dried-food supply for one person. Dick Mankamyer, the president of the store, says that there's a lack of confidence in the Government. People "want to have food in case there's a disruption" in supplies. Other freeze-dried products are moving well across the country. "We've been cleaned out of the two-and-four-person servings of beef Stroganoff," says one store manager.

SICK CALLS

Miami police and hospital authorities have finally found the slippery Dr. Upchuck—a 20-year-old store clerk who for a year had been phoning female surgery patients at area hospitals, impersonating a doctor and advising the patients to "drink two glasses of water, stick your finger down your throat and throw up." One hospital administrator estimated that as many as 400 patients had received Upchuck calls. "This kid has a problem," explained Hialeah Police Sergeant Dan Birkenstock. "He needs help." The apprehended man explained to authorities that his girlfriend had been in the hospital once when someone called her and upset her so much she threw up.

KILL THE UMP? WELL, OK

They take their baseball *seriously* down in Greenville, South Carolina. During a recent softball game, an umpire was shot to death, a player beaten with a bat and a wounded player-coach arrested for murder—all because of a rotten call. The fiasco started when the decision of an unidentified umpire angered one fan so much that the guy rushed down from the bleachers brandishing a knife. From out of nowhere, a shot rang out. The player-coach, taking his turn at bat, was struck in the buttocks by the bullet, which also split his pants. Holding them

up with one hand, he reached into his uniform and pulled out a piece of sporting equipment considered unorthodox in baseball circles, a .22-caliber pistol. He fired. His bullet killed an innocent umpire, Raymond L. Dawkins. Meanwhile, across from home plate, second baseman James E. Thompson pulled out his gun during the melee and was unceremoniously beaten to the ground with a baseball bat by an unidentified dispenser of justice. Police are checking into the rumor that both fans and teams had been coached by Billy Martin.

CHECKING IN



We sent Editorial Assistant Bonnie Robinson to talk with writer-director Nicholas Meyer at his Laurel Canyon home. "He looks exactly as he did when we were in college together," she reports, "except his taste in clothes has improved."

PLAYBOY: *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution* made it clear that you're the best Arthur Conan Doyle imitator. Were you just taken by the character of Holmes or was it more strategic than that?

MEYER: I first met Sherlock Holmes when I was a kid and I really loved him. I didn't start rereading Holmes until 1969, and then I discovered all the fascinating critical literature. I also found that I couldn't stand any of the imitations. I could never sit through those Basil Rathbone movies. They censored Conan Doyle up the kazoo. His stories were about things like the Mafia, interracial marriage and drug addiction. Watson, played by Nigel Bruce as a buffoon, makes me crazy, because you can't imagine that this idiot could have been the narrator, and you also can't explain why a genius hangs out with a fool, because Holmes's vanity is far too sophisticated for that. I wanted to write the best Sherlock Holmes imitation and I think that that one and *The West End Horror*, to date, are definitely the best. I don't think of myself as a man of letters, but as a forger I'm incomparable.

PLAYBOY: You've handled historical figures well. Can we ever expect a contemporary story from you?

MEYER: The two or three films that I'm trying to put together now are all exclusively in the 20th Century. The big one is called *Conjuring*, which might be described as *Citizen Kane* with magic. It's based on a novel, *Fifth Business*, by a Canadian, Robertson Davies.

PLAYBOY: In your first attempt as a director, you brought in *Time After Time* ahead of schedule and within budget. Has that made you any enemies?

MEYER: Three hundred thousand dollars under budget. Let's not minimize the accomplishment. No, you're a hero at the studio for two minutes if you do that. The thing about budgets is that if you go way over budget and the movie comes out and makes a ton of money, it's forgotten in a week. I wanted to come in on time and on schedule and on budget because I didn't want my first movie to establish my reputation as somebody who couldn't stick to those things.

PLAYBOY: Do you go to movies for recreation?

MEYER: That's all they're good for. Art is supposed to be fun and entertaining and exhilarating and I find myself suckered in every time. It's only when a movie is really bad that you start to notice all the reasons that it's bad; but if a film is good, you're an absolute idiot if you sit around studying the camera moves.

PLAYBOY: You're an awfully young man to be getting your way in a town that's not prone to grant favors. What's your secret? Do you kiss ass well?

MEYER: No, that's ridiculous. Kissing ass has never been a specialty of mine. It's not the ass I mind, it's the bending over.

PLAYBOY: You've made quite a bit of money. What do you still consider too expensive to buy?

MEYER: I'm not very interested in buying things. I like to buy phonograph records and I have a good phonograph, but every time I see a Rolls-Royce, I want to puke and let all the air out of the tires. That is the most overt, petty kind of vanity.

PLAYBOY: What about success has been difficult to enjoy?

MEYER: Nothing. Success is much more fun than failure. You have money to pay the bills and you can stay up and watch TV as late as you want. Oh, wait, that's not success; that's being grown up.

PLAYBOY: Do you still balance your own checkbook?

MEYER: I've never balanced it. There's always enough money there and I don't spend very much.

PLAYBOY: You appear to be honest and intelligent. How do you reconcile that



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GETTING PERSONAL

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NATIONAL REVIEW. Attractive WM polemical writer (work in progress—*Ralph Nader: Vermin or Scum?*) knows latest Ted Kennedy jokes and loves to discuss the evils of Government regulation. Have worked for Reagan, Thurmond and Goldwater—perhaps I could work for you. This Mr.

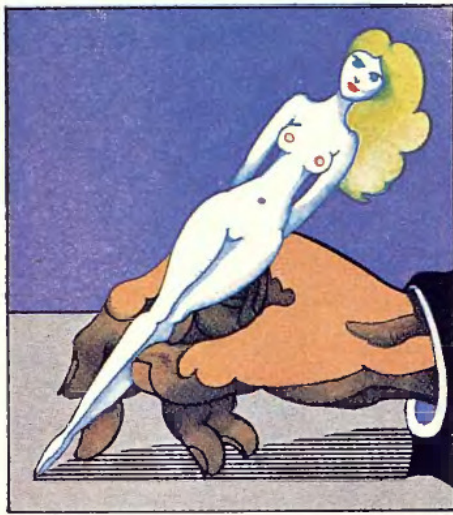
Right loves realistic novels by Buckley, Agnew, Ehrlichman, Liddy, et al. Have many liberal friends who are fun to bait. My laissez-faire philosophy does not extend to beautiful women. I know all five sexual positions.

PLAYGIRL. Large, virile, 30ish, Hemingwayish writer/adventurer seeks wild, beautiful woman who appreciates muscle and musk and understated prose. When I play, I play hard—sometimes things get a little rough. My passions are sex, theater, making love, 19th Century novels and lengthy foreplay. Good in the kitchen but better elsewhere. Before answering this, think *long and hard*.

COSMOPOLITAN. Large, virile, 30ish writer/executive seeks wild (!!!), beautiful (!!) woman to be lover and secretary. My passions are sex, dieting, giving you *what you want* and feeling the sexy, sticky contact of lip gloss. Have read *Scruples* twice. Love women who care about *improving* themselves. Have you almost *given up* on some of your fantasies? Don't; just write. I'll show you what Helen left out of *Sex and the Single Girl*.

SEVENTEEN. Aren't you tired of going out with guys who are so *immature*? I'm an older guy, almost 30, and I've been around, but I like girls who are joyous and sparkling. I stay trendy. I dig The Knack, Supertramp and the early Donny Osmond. Sometimes you doubt whether you're a woman, right? I can change all that.

TV GUIDE. Attractive WM writer/home-environment programmer, 31 (grew up in one of the first Nielsen families), seeks lovely lady to share his prime time. I start slow and come on strong, a lot like the ratings of *Dallas*. Look like a cross between Alan Alda, Robert Wagner and



Erik Estrada, with the poise of a Walter Cronkite. Have home-video equipment with zoom lens, so on a slow TV night, we can fool around at nine, watch film at 11. My set is not the only thing I know how to turn on.

HIGH TIMES. Attractive, mellow inner space-man, 28, just scored some dynamite Colombian.

an. Want to share everything with beautiful, *simpatico* lady who has trouble fitting in with the "straight" world. I write when I remember to (work in progress—*You Don't Have to Be Jewish to Have High Holidays*). Make a terrific hash *guacamole*. Wait, what was I going to say? Oh, yeah—I'm into the Grateful Dead—heavily.

FORBES. Attractive, witty WM hedonist and business writer, 30, with insider information, seeks merger with hard-driving female exec who has cash to invest and looks to kill. I want a woman who's at home in the board room and the bedroom. Passions include gourmet dining, coke, *Standard & Poor's* reports and seeing Sinatra. Don't sell me short. I bought gold at \$35 and sold Xerox at \$165.

ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST. Gorgeous, tasteful, debonair WM world traveler, 29, seeks heiress of any age. Have been called an *objet d'art* by women. Because I read so much Dickens, I need little more care than a plant.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. Dedicated WM writer/researcher, 35, seeks volunteer for long-term experiments on sleep and related activities. No snorers or insomniacs. Meals included, and my salmon mousse is made sublime by just a touch of $\text{NaC}_3\text{Al}_2\text{Pb}$. I have grants for the next three years. Would you let down the National Institute of Mental Health?

CONSUMER REPORTS. Attractive, aggressive WM consumer-affairs writer (work in progress—*You, the Cordoba and Ricardo Montalban: Stupidity or Cover-up?*) seeks dependable young woman with great equipment and blue eyes that can tell good value. My brains are VG and my sense of humor is E. (N.B.: Not all my parts are standard.) —ANDREW FEINBERG

with living in Hollywood?

MEYER: That's a hilarious question. Here I'm branded as an eccentric; and all I think of myself as is civilized. Let's face it, most art is mediocre, most people are mediocre, most criticisms are mediocre or worse. If quality were spread all over the place, we probably wouldn't value it. There are people who read books with hard covers. Even here.

PLAYBOY: Sons typically have rivalries with their fathers. Your father is a well-known psychoanalyst in New York. Are you and he rivals?

MEYER: When I became successful, my father developed a hysterical stutter. That isn't true, it just sounded funny. Whether they acknowledge it or not, father and son are engaged in some sort of competition where the father is always putting down the kid and the kid is always being stifled, and so on. All of that has been very nicely resolved by the passage of time.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever seen a psychiatrist?

MEYER: Yes. I was in therapy in high school and I'm in analysis now.

PLAYBOY: Did your father recommend it when you were in high school?

MEYER: Well, when I was in high school, my grades were so out of whack with what I was capable of that I talked to my father about it. He said, "Would you like to go into some kind of therapy?" And I said, "Does that mean I'm crazy?" That is how much I knew about psychotherapy. And he said, "No. If you're crazy, they come and put you away. This is just to see if you can solve some of these problems."

PLAYBOY: Are you a romantic or a realist?

MEYER: Are the two mutually exclusive? I think I have some very romantic notions, but I also think that, in many ways, I'm a real hard-nosed realist. I have no doubt that we'll all be blown up by the turn of the century.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a penchant for blondes?

MEYER: Nope. I have no color scheme. In fact, sometimes I think that I'm more attracted to and by brunettes than blondes. I think that blondes may have a penchant for *me*.

PLAYBOY: Don't blondes have more fun?

MEYER: Not with me, they don't.

PLAYBOY: When you look into the future, what do you want to have done?

MEYER: I have this fantasy about a plane crash. In the newspaper account of the tragedy, there is a little account of the people on board the plane: "Also killed was Nicholas Meyer, a writer who showed promise." I would like to fulfill my promise before I die. I would like to do my best work, which I don't think I've yet done.

PLAYBOY: What do you think you'll be doing on the last day of your life?

MEYER: Trying to get laid.

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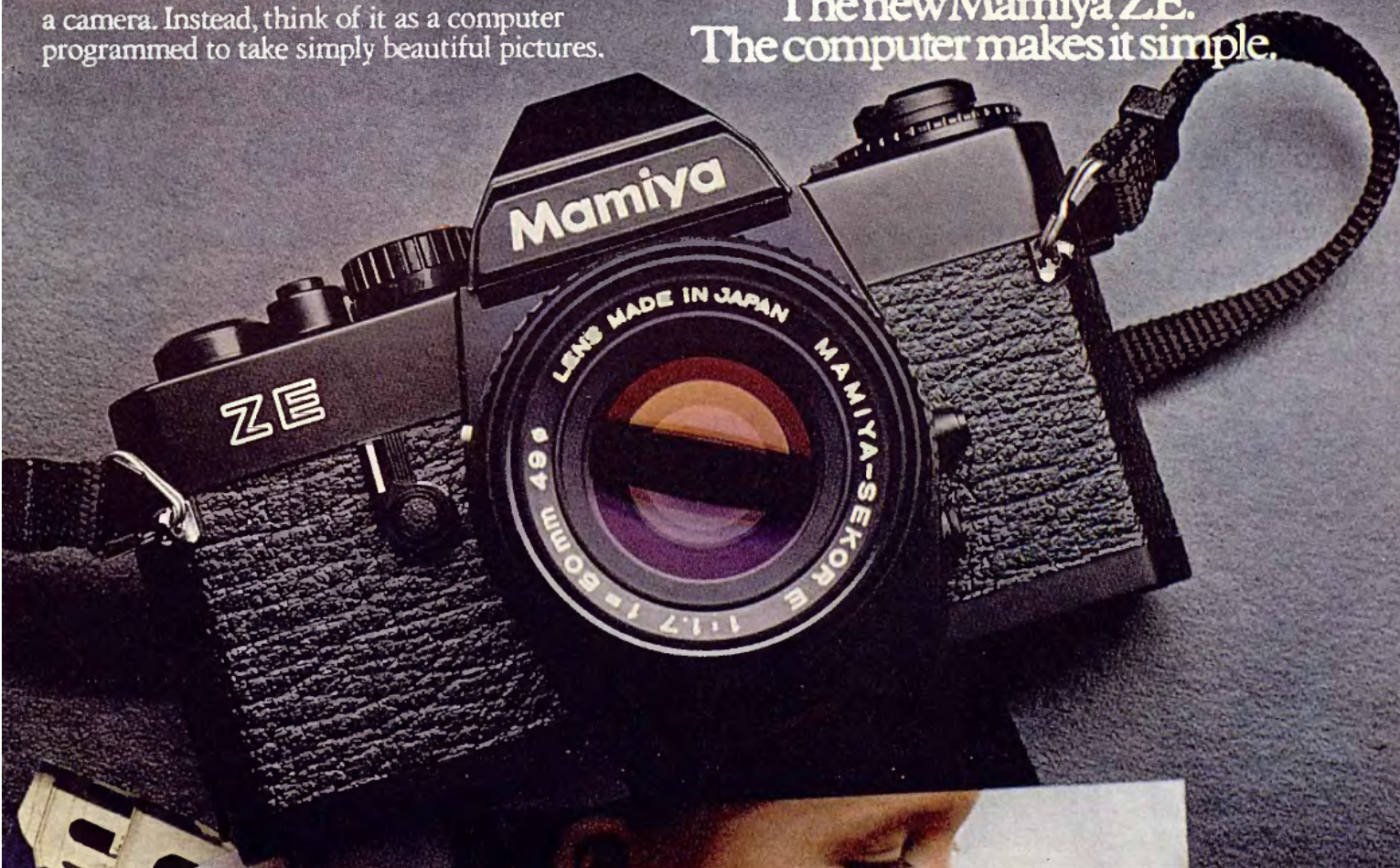


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He takes his time, but when Stanley Kubrick makes a movie, he makes it right. There is still no serious science fiction to match *2001: A Space Odyssey*, which was a decade ahead of its time. There's no subsequent black comedy of our nuclear age to beat *Dr. Strangelove*, and Kubrick's images of punk terrorists on roller skates make *A Clockwork Orange* now look like culture shock date-lined yesterday. The old cinematic magic boils over again in *The Shining*, his brilliant supernatural horror show adapted (by Kubrick in collaboration with Diane Johnson) from Stephen King's thriller. By working some subtle changes in the story, Kubrick creates a tour de force of sheer terror, sustained for incredible stretches of screen time against all odds, even against logic. The movie is more surreal than the book, nightmarish, making you think you see more graphic violence than is actually there—an easy error of perception when flash floods of blood start bursting through the walls.

John (Barry Lyndon) Alcott's cinematography and pulsating original music (mostly by Wendy Carlos—our May 1979 *Playboy Interview* subject—and Rachel Elkind) set the mood, though *The Shining* draws primary power from two electrifying performances by Jack Nicholson and Shelley Duvall (Robert Altman's discovery, working for Altman again as Olive Oyl to Robin Williams' *Popeye*). An odd couple, they exploit their antipathy as the troubled man and wife who take their young son (Danny Lloyd) and hire on as winter caretakers of the Overlook Hotel, a huge sprawling resort up in the snowbound Colorado Rockies—miles away from everything but its own ghosts. "Things that happen leave traces behind," says Scatman Crothers as Hallorann, the Overlook's in-season chef, who leaves the family to fate with obvious trepidation. Crothers and Lloyd (an old-time music man and another movie moppet bidding for overnight stardom) are an eerily effective team of soulmates, both gifted or cursed with "shining" power, a kind of psychic second sight that allows them to see the future and know that the worst is yet to come. Or, as Hallorann says, "to hold conversations without opening your mouth." Somehow the boy divines that his dad—a deeply angry man who once dislocated his son's shoulder in a rage—may follow the example of a former winter caretaker who slaughtered his entire family on the job. Enough said. Under Kubrick's meticulous eye, Nicholson as the deranged Torrance lets out all the stops—employing his famous killer grin and manic humor in a thunder-and-lightning performance that



Nicholson, Lloyd shining. "

Kubrick leaves our critic breathless; Travolta scores in *Urban Cowboy*.



Urban Cowboy Travolta.

goes about as far as an actor dares to go without making an utter fool of himself. From impotence to violence, what he does is risky, but you won't look away—and Duvall comes unglued almost piece by piece, showing the world what it's *really* like to be trapped with a raving madman, a spooky child and a mansion full of very bad vibes. Of course, all this has been done a hundred times before. Superb craftsmanship makes the difference, as well as piercing intelligence and the courage to be outrageous. I found myself so caught up in Kubrick's bloodcurdling sonata of suspense that I forgot to breathe for ten minutes at a time, which hasn't hap-

pened to me since *Psycho*. Even if you don't hold your breath, *The Shining* lets you know you're in the hands of a master. YYY

The furious energy that made *Saturday Night Fever* a social phenomenon as well as a smash hit is measurably reduced in *Urban Cowboy*, yet the movie clears up one burning issue of our time—there's no cause to worry about the staying power of John Travolta. Forget the temporary blahs of *Moment by Moment*, Travolta's May-December misalliance with Lily Tomlin. *Urban Cowboy* puts him back on top as an uncommonly sensitive actor, certified superstar and unchallenged male sex symbol in the under-30 age group. He's both disarming and persuasive here, playing a Texas country boy who moves to the city, gets a job in the petrochemical industry, gets himself a girl, gets married, gets a down payment on a trailer home and gets his after-hours kicks at Gilley's, a honky-tonk near Houston where young studs in tight-assed jeans and ten-gallon hats test their *macho-man* prowess by climbing onto a mechanical bucking bull. It's a two-dollar ride but as close as these contemporary buckos ever come to greatness, now that the West has been won—only to be lost because the lean frontiersmen of yesteryear have evolved into hard-hats armed with oil-company badges.

The sociological cultural notes of *Urban Cowboy*, directed by James Bridges (of *The China Syndrome*) from a screenplay inspired by Aaron Latham's *Esquire* magazine report on the nightly action at Gilley's, are woven into a love story as trite and tacky as they come. That's not all bad, however. The pure banality of their existence is the point made about restless young marrieds like Bud and Sissy, whose relationship develops with all the subtlety of a road-house brawl. Seems natural in a social milieu where good times mean a Dolly Parton look-alike contest or an indoor rodeo with prizes for dancing, bag punching and mechanical bull riding. Playing Sissy to Travolta's Bud, Debra Winger proves at least a match for him, and that's a lot, as a feisty down-home gal who'd rather ride the bull herself than primp on a pedestal. The bumpy road to true love offers a couple of side trips made interesting by Scott Glenn, as a cowboy jailbird with plenty of style, and Madolyn Smith, as a rich Houston groupie who declares, "I like men with simple values." There are no other kind in *Urban Cowboy*, dead-sure to wind up in the money as a movie with warmth and style, not to mention flashes of that elemental sex appeal they twang about

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in country-and-western music. When Travolta and Winger hit the dance floor, bodies soaked with sweat and fusing into a sloppy, soulful kiss, you'll know just what I mean. YYY

On another track, Clint Eastwood's Eastern-Western comedy *Bronco Billy* presents—amid a mixture of hayseed humor, down-home country music and *Little Engine That Could* philosophy, all liberally seasoned with ham—the spectacle of the most inept train-robbery attempt in the annals of cinema. Seems the flea-bitten wild West show of which Eastwood, as Bronco Billy McCoy, is boss has run out of funds after a series of mishaps; some members of his engaging ensemble of rodeo hands (Scatman Crothers, Bill McKinney, Sam Bottoms, Dan Vadis) are blaming their run of bad luck on Antoinette Lily (Sondra Locke), the quintessential rich bitch from the East, whom Billy has taken on as his assistant. Improbable? Sure. *Billy's* plot is as full of holes as if Clint had taken aim at it with his six-shooter, but most of the hokum is deliberate and a lot of it is genuinely funny. About Billy, whose moral code (and most of his dialog) is straight out of Hopalong Cassidy, a baffled Miss Lily inquires: "Is he for real?" Well, yes—sort of. As Sierra Pecheur, playing the ersatz Indian squaw Lorraine Running Water, sums up *Billy's* message: "You can be anything you want to." The boys and girls in the wild West show are purposely playing stereotypes; unfortunately, the bad guys of the supporting cast (particularly Geoffrey Lewis as Antoinette's wimp husband, Beverlee McKinney as her greedy stepmother and William Prince as a venal lawyer) seem to have contracted a more virulent strain of the same bug, so that they come across like overdrawn cartoon characters. Still and all, *Bronco Billy* is a three-ring circus of fun that should bring Eastwood much more than a fistful of dollars. As the butt of much of *Billy's* humor, he has come a long, long way from his Man with No Name days; this Western is more redolent of corn pone than of spaghetti. YYY

All ye who believed there was a jinx on sequels, let *The Empire Strikes Back* banish care. Just as *The Godfather, Part II* proved more than a match for the original gangland saga, *The Empire* not only measures up to *Star Wars* but in some ways whizzes into even higher orbit. The sequel has equally smashing special effects, a dozen hairbreadth escapes, well-developed relationships and a fillip of philosophical depth to satisfy even those snobs who might otherwise feel guilty for enjoying this brand of comic-strip cinema. "I don't believe it!" exclaims Luke Skywalker (Mark Hamill, of course) when he's tentatively mastering The Force.



Eastwood rides high in *Billy*.

Clint's in a Western spoof; the *Star Wars* gang returns; and Brooke discovers young love.



Luke and R2-D2 strike back.



Innocents abroad: *Lagoon's* Atkins, Shields.

The inevitable answer: "That is why you fail." The gang's all here—Harrison Ford as Han Solo, Carrie Fisher as Princess Leia, Alec Guinness as Ben (Obi-Wan)

Kenobi, plus R2-D2, C-3PO, Darth Vader, Chewbacca and a gnomish guardian of The Force called Yoda. Billy Dee Williams plays a reluctant bad guy named Lando, who holds Han Solo and Leia hostage to set a trap for Luke.

Simple-minded though it sounds, simplicity is the key to the film's success, our very own Eighties equivalent of an old-fashioned Saturday-afternoon serial. In a dazzling climax filled with plot revelations and dastardly deeds ordered by The Empire—someone is fast-frozen and shipped out, but I can't say who—the screen virtually bristles with narrative hooks on which to hang yet another *Star Wars* spin-off. Director George Lucas only executive-produced *The Empire Strikes Back*, turning over the directorial reins to Irvin Kershner but obviously exercising quality control. He also wrote the original story (two other guys take credit for the final screenplay) and omitted nothing that might transform everyone's boyhood dreams of out-of-this-world adventure into a big super-charged summer movie. By George, they did it. YYY

The willing suspension of disbelief may be advisable, if not essential, for moviegoers eager to surrender to *The Blue Lagoon*. Although late-Victorian novels (this one was published in 1908) about a couple of dewy innocents marooned on a desert island seem a bit quaint today, romance is back—bigger than ever—and producer-director Randal Kleiser definitely knows it. A couple of years ago, Kleiser made *Grease*, his first film and not a very good one, but an all-time box-office bonanza with or without critical cheerleaders. In *Blue Lagoon*, Kleiser has fashioned a breath-taking idyl of young love, with the birds and the bees and Brooke Shields to sum up that first head-long rapture. Opposite Brooke, who is unbelievably beautiful and becoming a better actress as she goes, there's young Christopher Atkins, a blond teenaged Adonis, as her kissing cousin who grows up to a more intimate relationship after they are shipwrecked together in childhood. During the early scenes (with two child actors as the younger Emmeline and Richard), Leo McKern shares the screen—and steals every scene from the small fry—as a roguish ship's cook whose days are numbered, though he lives long enough to teach an elementary course in survival.

Now that I have registered points to prove I'm not bilked into mistaking *Blue Lagoon* for an important work of art, I'll confess I enjoyed every minute of it. One of moviedom's great cinematographers, Nestor Almendros (a favorite of Truffaut), went along to Fiji and came back with some definitive tropical-paradise footage that may well persuade people to trade their coke dreams for a

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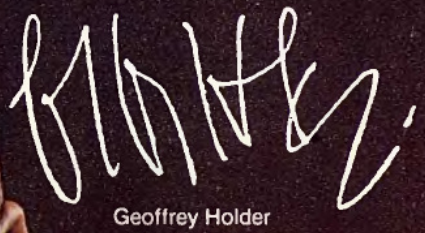
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polyester

ticket to the South Seas. This movie is a trip in more ways than that, however. As the isolated young lovers begin to learn about their bodies via menstruation and masturbation, it's also rather titillating in a tasteful way, with enough nudity—underwater, ashore, full frontal and side view—to constitute a controversy. Nuder of the duo is Chris, who's beyond the age of kiddie porn and looms as a better bet for stardom than poor Donald Houston. Donald who? That's the actor who courted anonymity more successfully than he courted Jean Simmons in the first film version of *The Blue Lagoon*, made in 1949. Kleiser's contemporary version carries an M.P.A.A. R rating, which is illogical but perhaps inevitable, and maybe as good as money in the bank, since it promises abundant skin and sin. In fact, what *Lagoon* delivers is innocence, beauty, a healthy baby boy, jungle adventure, birds of paradise, tropical fish and exquisite nature photography that does not exclude the simple joys of sex. ¥¥¥

There is a new boy in town, and you're sure to be hearing more about writer-director John Sayles, a 30-year-old *Wunderkind* who wrote *Piranha* and a couple of other Roger Corman low-budget epics before the big time beckoned. Sayles surfaced at this year's Filmex (the Los Angeles film festival) with *The Return of the Secaucus Seven*, a feature shot in 16mm in 25 days at a total cost of \$60,000. Applause. Hollywood's heavy spenders ought to see a lesson in *Secaucus Seven*, an honest, eloquent, thoroughly entertaining and incisive study of some battered idealists of the Sixties—a fine little movie that succeeds in saying everything that comes out garbled and gummed up in such supposedly "major" films as *A Small Circle of Friends*.

All the actors here might be cited for excellence, yet none are names you're likely to know. This is a director's debut above all, and Sayles has his players so woven into the fabric of the story that they seem to be subjects of a documentary, or maybe people who look like the people everyone met at peace marches or pot parties way back when. *Secaucus Seven* covers a summer weekend in a New England cottage, where a group of former college friends gather for their annual reunion. Nothing to do with Secaucus except that the nucleus of the group, arrested en route to an antiwar protest in Washington, spent a night in jail there back in the Sixties. Now they're trying to thrash out their identities and their relationships, trying to work, learn, write music and find meaning. Couples are breaking up or reshaping as we watch. Or the gang goes skinny-dipping, and several recently liberated women coolly take the measure of the males. "I think we're being shown

the goods," one remarks wryly. Sex, however, is not the essence of *Secaucus Seven*, which really digs into its characters in a modest, unassuming manner and comes up with core samples that reveal a lot. In a very personal movie of limited means but unlimited scope, Sayles convinces me that the Young Turks of American cinema may have found a new voice, a sure hand and a clear case of unimpeded vision. YYY

The American movies sent over as main events at this year's Cannes Film Festival included such formidable entries as *All That Jazz*, *Being There*, *The Long Riders* and—giving mavericks a break—Dennis Hopper's *Out of the Blue*. The only prize winner of the lot turned out to be Fosse's *All That Jazz*, which shared the top Golden Palm award with Kurosawa's epic *Kagemusha*.

As eagerly anticipated as any U. S. import was *The Big Red One*, veteran writer-director Sam Fuller's salute to the First Infantry Division and an epic personal memoir of World War Two. The French are crazy about Fuller, hooked on his violent topical-historical melodramas, from *I Shot Jesse James* (1949) to *Pickup on South Street* ('53) and *The Naked Kiss* ('64). Never gun-shy, Fuller follows Lee Marvin, as a paternal Infantry sergeant with four feisty young GIs in tow, through the North African campaign of 1942, then on—and on and on—to Czechoslovakia, where Our Guys discover the death-camp ovens. Unfortunately, such horrendous slices of 20th Century tragedy do not lend themselves to facile summarizing—and that's what you get when Mark Hamill, as a nice young soldier who hates to kill, angrily empties his rounds into a dirty Kraut concealed in the crematorium.

Fuller has another symbolic uniformed German, seemingly representing the entire master race, who shows up just about everywhere. Such attempts at poetry seldom pan out. Robert Carradine plays the GI patterned in part after Fuller himself—a smart-aleck hack writer with a cigar in his mouth (then as now). Hamill, Bobby Di Cicco and Kelly Ward round out the quartet of lads whose gruff old sarge shepherds them through every major battleground. Marvin could play this role in his sleep but stays wide awake, bless him, perhaps to keep from being booby-trapped by Fuller's script. There are no deep changes, no shifting loyalties, no sense of growth or even battle fatigue evident in this group of all-American boys as they progress from fight to fight like ball players under a do-or-die coach. Despite occasional spurts of vitality and some effective vignettes, *Big Red One* finally seems to be little more than a colorful illustrated calendar playing up the highlights of World War Two. YY

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

All That Jazz From musical beds to hospital beds, with Roy Scheider starring on Bob Fosse's Broadway. **YYYY**

The Big Red One (Reviewed this month) World War Two revisited, Lee Marvin as guide. **YY**

The Blue Lagoon (Reviewed this month) Birds, bees, boy and beautiful Brooke Shields. **YYY**

Bronco Billy (Reviewed this month) Boy (Clint Eastwood) meets girl (Sondra Locke) in a comic oater. **YYY**

Can't Stop the Music Valerie Perrine and Bruce Jenner your genial hosts on the night they invented the Village People, just for fun. **YYY**

Carny On the sawdust trail with Gary Busey, Robbie Robertson and Jodie Foster working carnival con games. **YY**

Cloud Dancer Stunt flying by David Carradine looks grand, though Jennifer O'Neill is grounded as his girl. **YY**

The Empire Strikes Back (Reviewed this month) Bigger and maybe better than *Star Wars*. Who could ask for anything more? **YYYY**

Fame Talent explosion in a New York high school for future stars. **YYY**

Folkes Terrorists take over a North Atlantic oil rig; Roger Moore to the rescue as a daring doer. **YYY**

Happy Birthday, Gemini A Broadway comedy bites the dust, with Rita Moreno and Madeline Kahn. **Y**

How to Beat the High Cost of Living Jessica Lange, Susan Saint James and Jane Curtin as three Oregon housewives on a shopping-mall caper. **YY**

La Cage aux Folles Fast and funny French farce about an aging drag queen who has to play king for a day. **YYYY**

The Long Riders Brothers Keach, Carradine and Quaid play brothers James, Younger and Miller in a classy Western. **YYY**

The Return of the Secaucus Seven (Reviewed this month) A new director, some new dimensions. **YYY**

The Shining (Reviewed this month) The new Kubrick horror show. **YYYY**

The Tin Drum Germany under the Nazis. Günter Grass's novel as an intelligent, classy, well-meaning work that won a 1979 Oscar for Best Foreign Film. **YY**

Urban Cowboy (Reviewed this month) Travolta back on the charts. **YYY**

Where the Buffalo Roam Gonzo journalism is one thing, but this Gonzo movie is a wretched mess. **Y**

YYYY Don't miss **YY** Worth a look
YYY Good show **Y** Forget it



Wouldn't miss the Reverend Judd's "Evils of Drink" sermon for love nor money. Reckon when you're in the home distillery business it pays to know what the competition is thinking. So, one Sunday a year, me and the boys head for town, done up in our best. Which this year includes these fine looking new Timberland handsewn shoes we've got on. Latest thing from the folks who make our boots that we wear for tending the mash and making deliveries. Our Timberland handsewns are made with real soft leathers and they will keep fitting right and

looking natty for a long time 'cause they're all hand lasted and hand sewn. They are also leather lined and got a padded collar so they're nice and comfortable over a long walk. Which is the way Reverend Judd prefers us to arrive. Parking our delivery car outside the church seems to make the Reverend *real* nervous!



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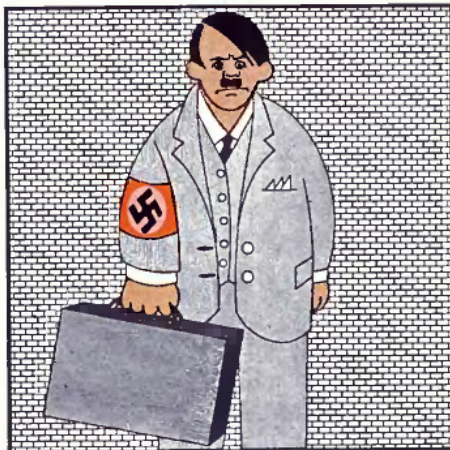


BOOKS

Bertram Gross, in his book *Friendly Fascism* (M. Evans), sees something that the rest of us only vaguely sense: "The subversion of constitutional democracy is more likely to occur not through violent and sudden usurpation but rather through the gradual and silent encroachments that would accustom the American people to the destruction of their freedoms." In other words, it can happen here. And Gross shows us how we might be served Hitler with a grin, Mussolini with a PR package. He examines the roots of classic fascism and then extrapolates a more subtle and modern version of the Fascist state from those beginnings. He writes of our problems, "chronic inflation, recurring recession, open and hidden unemployment, the poisoning of air, water, soil and bodies," and suggests that those seeds may contribute to "a new despotism creeping across America," a fascism evolving "as an outgrowth of present trends in the establishment." Gross is neither totally pessimistic nor hand-wringing in his presentation, but he is tough-minded about our alternatives. Put it this way: You may have the urge to give this book to both your friends and your enemies, with the admonition that we've got a lot of work to do if we want to avoid an American Third Reich.

If the Constitution were to be drafted today, there would be four branches of government—the executive, the legislative, the judiciary and *The Tonight Show*. According to Robert Metz, author of *The Tonight Show* (Playboy Press), "*The Tonight Show* and its hosts may in fact be the most important molders of America's perception of itself today. As a vehicle for creating myths, defining the American *Zeitgeist*, *Tonight* is unrivaled." We agree. Metz's book provides some interesting background (from clippings and interviews with individuals—the producers of the show did not cooperate with this informal history) and may signal a new topic for scholars. Maybe Teddy White will do a *Making of the Tonight Show*. In fact, we predict that by the year 2000, there will be as many books about Johnny Carson as there are about World War Two. You can keep this one on your bedside table for those nights when the prince is on vacation.

The Harder They Come (Grove Press), by Michael Thelwell, isn't exactly what's so euphoniously called a "novelization." True, it follows the general outlines of the powerful movie—but both are based on the legendary life of one Rhygin, a Jamaican outlaw of the late Fifties, whose story has become folklore and



Friendly Fascism: An insidious visitor.

An American Third Reich? It's possible. And here's Johnny, again.



Tonight Show: the other J.C.

long passed into public domain. One avowed purpose of the novel is to fill in considerable detail about Jamaican life and beliefs that was necessarily missing from the movie. Thelwell does this in rich abundance, but not always as deftly as he might—the result is often a sagging narrative, a lessening of the high-wire tension of the movie. And until you get used to it, his accurate rendering of Jamaican dialect ("'Beg you no bad-dah gi' way me foodstuff dem yaah, sah,' the fat lady hollered") will slow down your time to a coast. But for all of that, we read right through to the end with interest. The story's still great, and in spite of some flaws, *The Harder They Come* vividly puts you right there.

Finding a Girl in America (Godine) is a collection of ten short stories and a novella by Andre Dubus. In case you are wondering, the answer is yes, you should buy it. Because Dubus is one of the few writers today who can take the top of your head off with a word, a line, a situation. His stories focus on men, mostly,

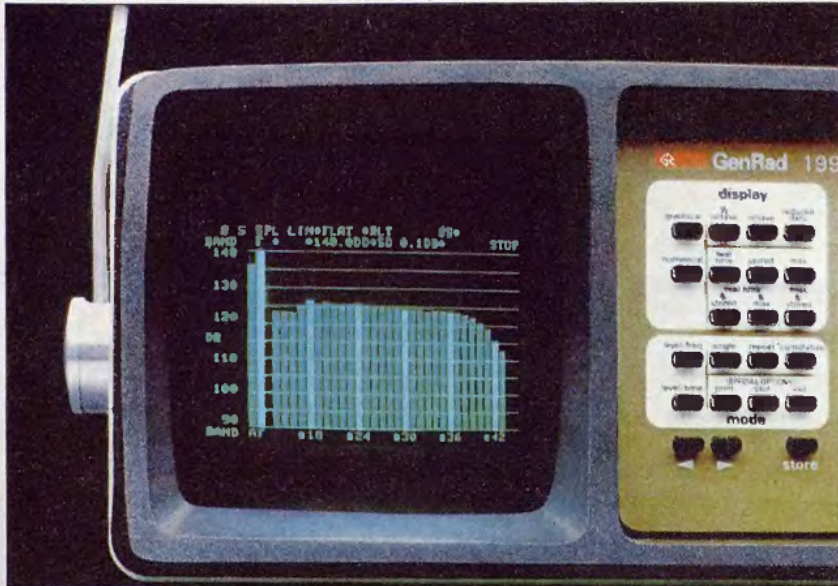
Divorced fathers, joggers, lechers, drinkers, dreamers—you know, guys like us. Dubus gives the American male something to read about and relate to, and he does it with impeccable style and grace. The last two pieces in this collection (the short story *The Winter Father* and the novella *Finding a Girl in America*) could possibly be the best writing about men and their lives and loves to come along for several decades. To sum up in a word that ex-Captain Dubus, U.S.M.C., will recognize as the highest praise on the annual fitness report: OUTSTANDING!

If you're going to read only one novel in 1980, do yourself a favor: Let it be Walker Percy's *The Second Coming* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). His central figure, Will Barret, is in some distress. He tends to fall down. He checks himself out from life every once in a while and has been doing it for years. He has made a somewhat unhappy success of himself. Allison is the daughter of one of Will's old flames. Allie ran off from a mental hospital because she couldn't stand the shock treatments. No more buzzin', cousin, she said. These people meet and fall in love. It might be implausible in any other hands, but Percy has walked off with a coup. What happens, its selective detail, its profound whimsey, cannot be conveyed here. Suffice it to say it is magnificent. Percy is at the peak of his considerable talent. His ear for the language never falters. It is a joy to see one of America's heavyweight writers work out in territory that seems to us strangely familiar, and then, because he provides such an accurate map, realize that it is a landscape we have been growing in our own head. *The Second Coming* is one of the best novels in years.

For Sixties freaks only: Harris Wofford's *Of Kennedys and Kings: Making Sense of the Sixties* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) is a lengthy account of how the Sixties looked from inside the Kennedy circle. Wofford went in as special assistant for civil rights and eventually became associate director of the Peace Corps. He was there, watching, through it all, from Jack's brilliant dash for the Presidency through the wonderful and terrible events that followed—and making some of it happen himself. Wofford's concern about civil rights first brought together J.F.K. and Martin Luther King—about whom much of the book is also written. It's probably a must for people still wondering about the Sixties. But beware: It's not about the pop Sixties. In many places, it's dense, difficult going. Too many obscure names and specific minor details for light, easy reading—but rewarding to the faithful.

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MUSIC



HOT WAX: *Bernadette Peters* (MCA) is a class act. From the haunting Alberto Vargas album cover to the emotion-packed music inside, the entire effort is a sensuous treat. Grabbing love songs from throughout the century, Peters interprets each perfectly with that powerful whisper of a voice. And long after the last song has ended, you'll still find yourself staring at the cover.

NEW BLACK MAGIC: If you can picture Sly Stone fronting the Talking Heads at a shindig in the Twilight Zone,

then you have some idea of what a **Bus Boys** show is like. The Bus Boys are a fledgling rock outfit featuring a *chicano* drummer and five young, Stepin Fetchit black guys who offer an arsenal of infectious, fast-pumping dance numbers with lyrics that would make Frank Zappa wince. They sing about sports, working in kitchens, scrubbing floors, washing dishes and shining shoes—making a mockery of black American stereotypes, both musically and visually. They dance—not in economically choreographed Motown moves but bug-eyed and rubber-legged, as though each were electronically prodded. They maintain an amazing pace, miming around the stage in a whirl of waving hands, bob-



bing heads, wagging tongues and ear-to-ear grins, singing lines such as "I am bigger than a nigger / Wanna be an All-American man / Wanna join the Ku Klux Klan / And play in a rock-'n'-roll band."

The group emerged from L.A.'s South Bay Area last winter and, with its outrageous stage antics, stormed the town's predominantly white night-club scene. Led by singer/songwriter/keyboardist Brian O'Neal, the band is aiming for more than just novelty-act status. Its first album is due this fall.

"From the beginning, I've been told that a black rock act can't make it in America," said O'Neal, backstage after a recent S.R.O. L.A. gig. "As far as blacks in rock 'n' roll go, there was Chuck Berry and Little Richard, then there was a void. Jimi Hendrix, then another void. But now there's the Bus Boys."

"There are gonna be people, blacks and whites, who are gonna be offended. Like, my mother saw a picture where we were all bug-eyed and said, 'We've progressed beyond that. I picked cotton for years so that you wouldn't have to tap-dance.'" O'Neal laughed. "But that's what our stage concept is all about—we've reached the point where we're past the stereotypes, and now we can look back and laugh at them."

And you can't help but laugh, watching the Bus Boys; from start to finish, the emphasis is on fun. But will everyone appreciate the humor in the heart of their routine? What will Elvis Costello have to say about the Bus Boys?

O'Neal considered the question, laughed and replied, "He'll probably have something *real sweet* to say about us."
—JUDSON KLINGER

EARLY ON THE STARS

Question: What have you been listening to lately?

**FATHER GUIDO SAR-
DUCCI:** 1. Pino Mulu / *Tears on the Dashboard*. 2. Adriano Celentano / *Go Geppo Go*. 3. Jay & The Americans / *She Cried*. 4. Hoyt Axton / *On the Natural*. 5. Smokey Robinson / *Look What You've Done*.



CHAKA KHAN: 1. Eagles / *The Long Run*. 2. Phoebe Snow / *Phoebe Snow*. 3. Steely Dan / *Aja*. 4. Kenny Loggins / *Keep the Fire*. 5. Led Zeppelin.



HANK WILLIAMS, JR.: 1. The Allman Brothers Band / *Enlightened Rogues*. 2. Lightnin' Hopkins / *Lightnin' Strikes*. 3. Lefty Frizzell. 4. The Marshall Tucker Band / *Tenth*. 5. Doc Watson / *Live and Pickin'*.



MICK FLEETWOOD: 1. The Beatles / *Beatles for Sale*. 2. The Beatles / *Yesterday . . . and Today*. 3. Bob Seger / *Against the Wind*. 4. The Maele Serenaders / *Let's Hula*. 5. Gary Brooker / *No More Fear of Flying*.



MEDIOCRITY ON THE MARCH

This month's Product Purely for the Sake of Product Awards go to *Grateful Dead/Go to Heaven* (Arista), Pete Townshend's *Empty Glass* (Atco) and Eric Clapton's *Just One Night* (RSO). If those records exist for any reason other than the product imperative, we've yet to find it. On the Grateful Dead's *Go to Heaven*, which is at least a *little* better than their jazzoid releases of late, the Weir-Barlow song-writing axis has taken over, which means lots of those fuguelike wandering lyrics

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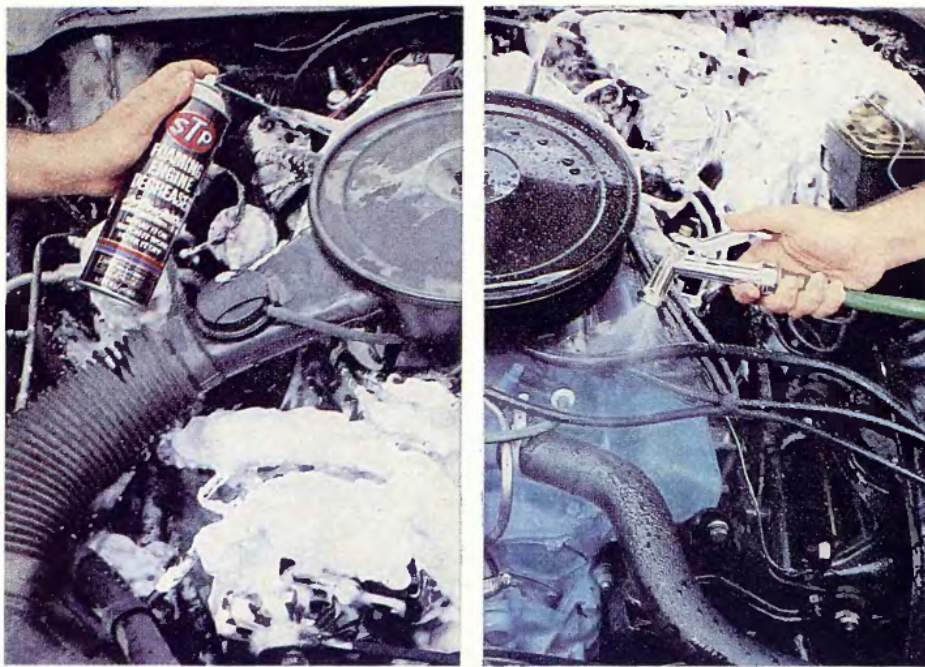
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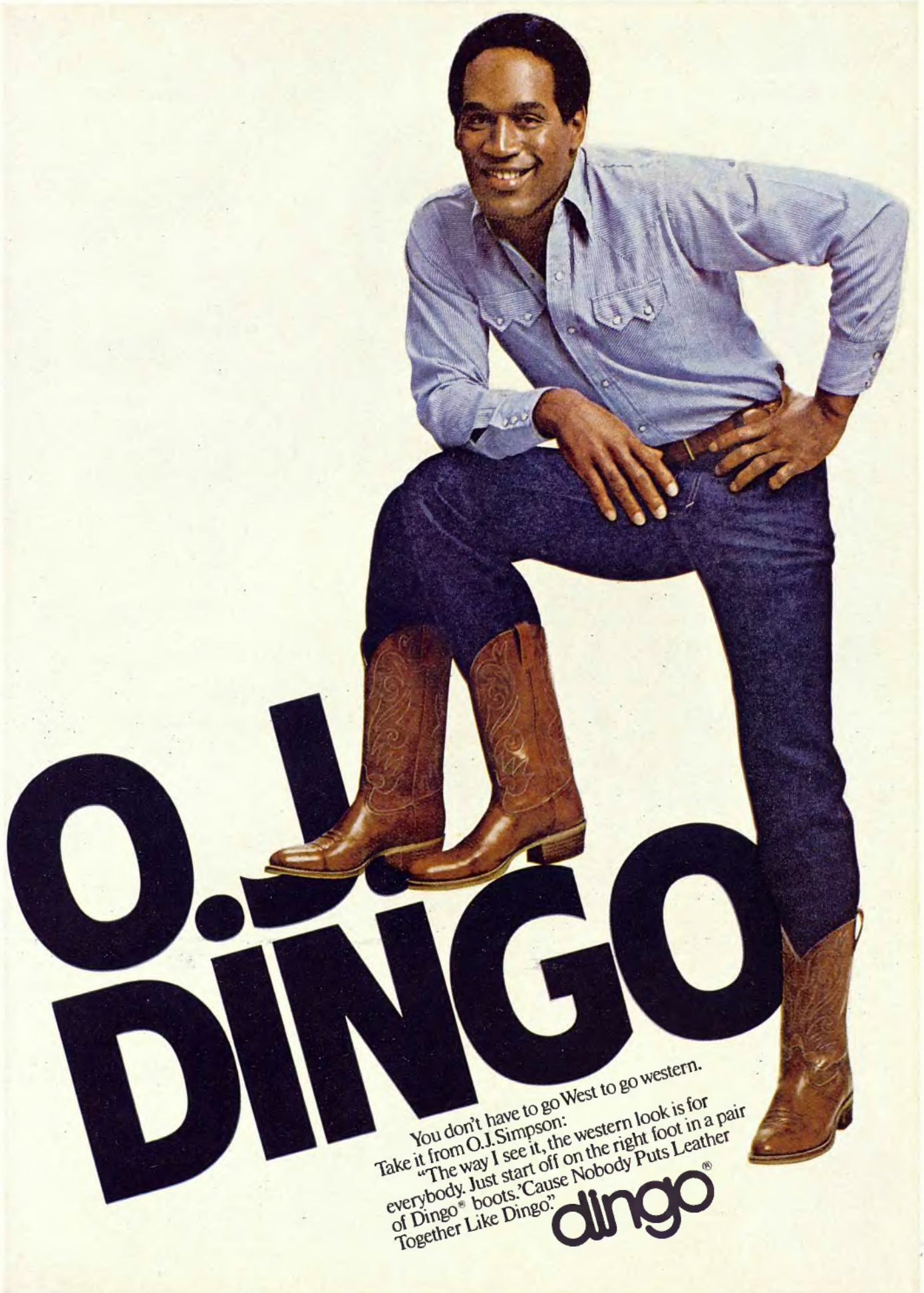
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in futile search of a melody. We'll generally take Garcia-Hunter, thanks, but their two songs here sound like *deteriorata* re-treads of earlier material. The Dead may have died, but they've definitely not gone to heaven on this one. There's more truth in advertising in the two other titles. Townshend's *Empty Glass*, with the exception of one or two cuts, tops, is considerable musical talent in losing search of good ideas. *Rough Boys* is the real thing, but that's about it, folks. The rest range from forgettable to unfortunate. One of the latter is *Jools and Jim*, a hate note to us "late copy churners"—i.e., rock writers—apparently for not having the proper attitude toward and understanding of Keith Moon's death. Also for being trendy dressers (he's never seen *our* Music Troops), drinking and general spiritual slovenliness, far as we can tell. Well, maybe he's right; but, unfortunately, the song as a whole comes off sorta dumb, not as a convincing indictment. There's plenty of anger in it, but the idea is to shape these raw feelings into something coherent, as Townshend has done repeatedly on *My Generation*, *Tommy*, et al. Instead of pouring energy into the song, the anger here blows it apart. At today's prices, you should grab the *Rough Boys* single and skip the album—you won't be missing much. The *Most Truth* in Titling Award for the month goes to Eric Clapton's *Just One Night*. It sure was. With the exception of a very hot *After Midnight*, this two-LP document of a Tokyo concert has little that's transcendent, like you find all over the place on *Wheels of Fire*, *Derek and the Dominos in Concert* or *E.C. Was Here*—his earlier live albums. Also, there seems to be a creeping increase in the mournful strolls through the sloughs of despond—i.e., slow love ballads—eating into the time spent on rockers. You can do worse than Clapton on even an average night, but, again, at today's prices, you won't be missing much if you pass it up.

REVIEWS

The Flying Burrito Brothers had considerably more luck in Japan than did Clapton. Their *Live from Tokyo* (Regency) makes it sound like it's a pure joy just to be a hillbilly and alive. The Burritos have headed deeper back into the pure streams of country than in former rhinestone-cowboy days and are pickin' and singin' the shit out of the classics—*White Line Fever*, *Dim Lights*, *Thick Smoke*, *Rocky Top*, *Truck Drivin' Man*, *Six Days on the Road* and an inspired *Rollin' in My Sweet Baby's Arms*. Recommended for urban cowboys and true shitkickers alike.

It would be nice if the success of acoustic guitarist Earl Klugh were to knock some sense of reality into the



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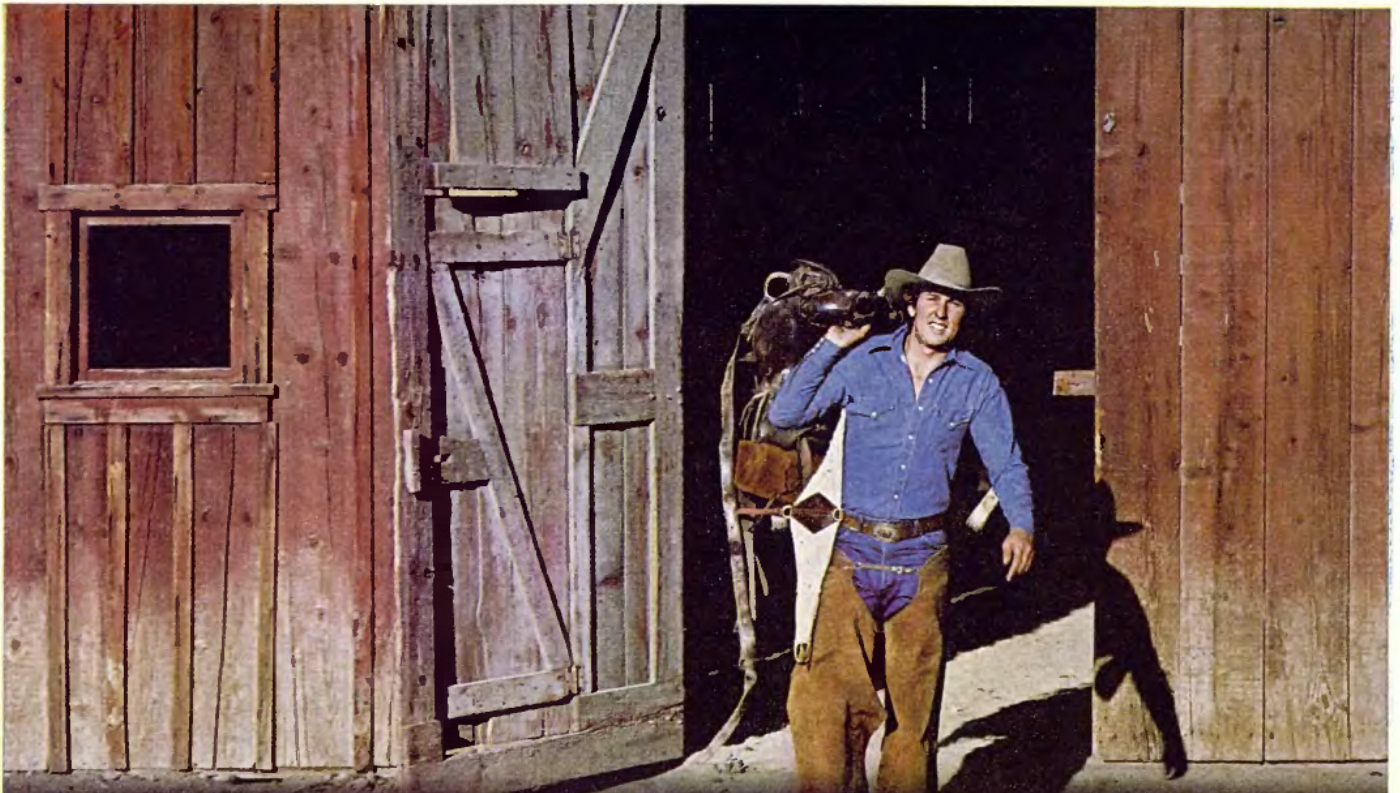
ever-escalating business of musical technology. But if that proves to be wishful thinking, at least we've got *Dream Come True* (United Artists), which blends a variety of influences into a mainstream pop/jazz sound that is brought to a level of high art on the light-stepping *If It's in Your Heart (It's in Your Smile)*, the evocative *Amazon* and the fervent *Spellbound*, which profits considerably from the keyboard contributions of Greg Phillinganes.

Two recent offerings from Artists House, the innovative new jazz label: *Pendulum*, by the David Liebman Quintet, featuring tenor and soprano saxophonist Liebman at his melodic best, trading off sparkling solos with Randy Brecker and the rest of his first-rate band; and *From California with Love*, which proves that pianist Andrew Hill's long sojourn in the land of avocado dip hasn't dulled his creative instincts. Each of his side-long solo piano pieces is a thoughtful, introspective meditation.

Is there life after the Kingston Trio? Apparently so, at least for John Stewart. His *Dream Babies Go Hollywood* (RSO) shows that he still has his soft rasp of a voice, his technical proficiency; but now he has added some excellent session men (Russ Kunkel, for example) and some sexy backup (Nicolette Larson, Linda Ronstadt, Wendy Waldman, Phil Everly). Should add up to a reasonably terrific album, no? Trouble is, Stewart has fashioned ten hopelessly lightweight songs—each accompanied by lush, even sophisticated orchestrations. It is annoying, too, that his choruses often last much too long; it should be pointed out to him that his listener's enthusiasm in what he has to say is often not as long as his own. That's not to say there isn't some ambitious material here; he just needs a tighter, tougher lyricist. It's too bad: It'd be interesting to have a few challenging musical dispatches from someone of Stewart's experience.

Now that fusion music has become the jazz equivalent of disco—producer's music—the real excitement is coming from acoustic musicians' revitalizing tunes from the vast jazz repertoire. Case in point: the marvelous Heath Brothers and their new LP, *Live at the Public Theater* (Columbia), which captures the sheer joy to be had from hearing fine music played by superb players at the peak of their powers.

Russell Garcia's *Variations for Flügelhorn, String Quartet, Bass & Drums* (Trend) is a record that can be absorbed and enjoyed in different ways, on different levels. You can listen casually and delight in the combination of sounds. You can marvel at the technique with which



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Garcia has constructed a set of tone poems, all based on the same musical interval but evoking distinct, and specific, emotions. You can ponder the way he has scuttled any notion that the third stream—the attempted fusion of jazz with classical music—is dead or that a top Hollywood arranger wouldn't be capable of making a significant jazz statement. Any way you take it, it's a tour de force.

SHORT CUTS

Peggie Blue / I Got Love (MCA): A promising new R&B songstress, she's got a tough set of pipes and a knowledgeable producer in Jerry Ragovoy.

Jerry Lee Lewis / When Two Worlds Collide (Elektra): The Killer as cruel folklorist, mixing Tin-Pan-Alley tunes with his rock and country, and tickling the ivories nigh unto death.

Grace Slick / Dreams (RCA): Good night, Gracie.

The Fabulous Thunderbirds / What's the Word (Chrysalis): Bar band of the month. Get yourself a long neck and settle back to watch the fights.

The Beatles / Rarities (Capitol): Clever lyrics and catchy tunes from yet another British band that seems mired back in the Sixties. We can't help feeling we've heard it all before.

The Brains (Mercury): Karen Anne Quinlan rock—no wave.

Ozone / Walk On (Motown): Instrumental rock/soul/funk/jazz that's electric and muscular on some tunes, reedy and laid back on others.

Peabo Bryson / Paradise (Capitol): The marriage of Peabo's Gospelish voice with Johnny Pate's orchestrations was, indeed, made in heaven; if only Peabo wouldn't get so didactic in his lyrics.

B. B. King / "Now Appearing" at Ole Miss (MCA): Mellow old tunes, stunning new ones, sharp patter and a welcome sign that some things have been changing.

Lonnie Smith / When the Night Is Right! (Chiaroscuro): Quality funk/jazz that deserved earlier release, especially the two 1975 cuts with George Benson.

Johnny Guitar Watson / Love Jones (DJM): High-spirited funk 'n' foolishness that tightens up when it has to.

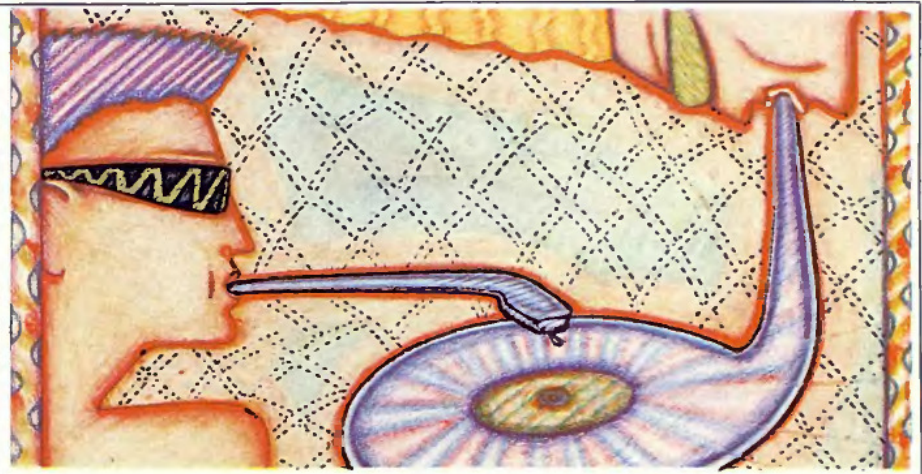
Joe Thomas / Flash (Chiaroscuro): The veteran flutist emphasizes the groove, and it pays him back handsomely.

Big Twist & the Mellow Fellows (Flying Fish): And it's party time, indeed, as Hank Ballard's onetime drummer and his working band paint their blues, rock and soul set in the classic colors of R&B.

Tommy Tutone (Columbia): Southside/Springsteen/Seeger-derived debut LP that's almost interesting.

Levon Helm / American Son (MCA): For the third time since The Band split up, Helm wastes his considerable talents on listless, forgettable songs. Let's hope his movie career takes off.

FAST TRACKS



LET'S HEAR IT FOR AMERICAN INGENUITY! OK, folks, how about record albums you can chew? The Amurrol Products Company (a subsidiary of Wrigley) plans to market a new bubble gum that comes in the shape of a record album with a miniature cover and lyric sheets. The albums will be reproductions of real hits from the charts and will be sold in record stores. Ah, but will they play in Peoria?

REELING AND ROCKING: Bernie Taupin is working on two film projects, a screenplay called *Goodbye Yellow Brick Road*, which will feature 20 songs he co-wrote with Elton John, and an animated feature, *Captain Fantastic and the Brown Dirt Cowboy*. *Captain Fantastic* (based on the album of the same name, on which he also collaborated with Elton) will feature their animated counterparts on a journey to the city of Poptropolis, a place of pitfalls and promises not unlike those one encounters in the music industry. *Yellow Brick Road* will be about a Midwestern teenager who travels to New York and loses his innocence. No release date yet for either movie. . . . Clint Eastwood's duet with Merle Haggard in *Bronco Billy* isn't his singing debut. One has to count *Paint Your Wagon* and *The Beguiled*, even if Clint would rather not. . . . Right about now, we should know if John Travolta's *Urban Cowboy* did for country swing what *Saturday Night Fever* did for disco. We're pretty sure the hard-core group at Gilley's could care less.

NEWSBREAKS: Alice Cooper has crossed over. Not to his original name but to New Wave, with a shave, a haircut and a new album, *Flush the Fashion*. . . . Pink Floyd's song *Another Brick in the Wall* has been banned in South Africa. Racially mixed students have been staging mass demonstrations because their own languages are not being used to teach them. They've taken the song as their anthem. Playing or singing it is good for a fine or a jail term. . . . Virgin Books, a spin-off of England's Virgin Records, will be publishing some unusual titles this year, including *Rock Stars in Their Underwear*. . . . The recently

released Paul McCartney album, with Paul doing all the instrumentals (and Linda doing some of the vocals), calls a temporary halt to group effort. . . . We love this one: Justice of the Peace Leslie Taylor moved her courtroom to the grounds of Willie Nelson's annual Fourth of July picnic this year to speed up processing disorderly conduct, drunk-driving and drug-possession charges. . . . *Billboard* reports that rock once again dominates the top 200 record charts and accounts for 52 percent of all top-selling albums. . . . In 1982, London's Victoria and Albert Museum will open the most complete collection of Beatles memorabilia anywhere in the world. . . . As part of a campaign to land its own TV show, Utopia with Todd Rundgren is passing out a set of postcards to audiences. By the end of the current tour, heads of programing at all three networks could be under 300,000 cards.

RANDOM RUMORS: The National Aeronautics and Space Administration says it has filed a request from the group ZZ Top to be signed as the first lounge group aboard the space shuttle. Top has promised to play *How High the Moon*. . . . According to *High Times* magazine, Mick Jagger's antidrug remarks in their own pages almost led to a revolt by members of the staff. Just who is kidding whom, here? . . . *A thank-you note to my readers:* I was delighted and amazed by your calls and letters regarding the bootleg Dylan, *Live at Royal Albert Hall* (I even heard from the "producer" of the tape). If it had been legal to do so, I'd have accepted all offers. A special thanks to the gentleman in British Columbia for courtesy above and beyond the call. . . .

—BARBARA NELLIS

★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

DOL GOSSIP: Farrah Fawcett did it, Kate Jackson did it, and now Jaclyn Smith, the last of the three original *Charlie's Angels*, is making her feature-film debut, in Avco Embassy's *Nightkill*. Co-starring Robert Mitchum, Mike Connors and James Franciscus, it's a suspense thriller about a woman (Smith) who plots with her lover to kill her husband. Why Jaclyn for the part? Says coproducer David Gil: "We wanted someone fresh, someone beautiful, someone relatively new to movies. Jaclyn is perfect—a face for the Eighties." . . . Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s first novel, *Player Piano*, is finally finding its way to the big screen. Set for the lead is Alan Arkin, who will also direct and co-write the script. Shooting is set to begin in 1981. . . . The Beatty Curtain is the name given by insiders to the veil of secrecy surrounding Warren Beatty's production of the movie *Reds*, based on the story of American journalist John Reed, the only American buried inside the Kremlin. In production since last August, the film has apparently undergone extensive rewriting and re-shooting, and the original budget of

weathergirl (Sarandon). Sarandon then turns to Coburn for comfort. Still with us? Collins, the real-estate agent having



Coburn Sarandon

an affair with MacLaine, then succumbs to the advances of a client (Kellerman). What follows, after all the affairs come to light, is a sort of tag-team love contest among the people involved. An interesting side note to all this is that *Couples* sounds somewhat similar to another Fox production about the foibles of contemporary love affairs, the Bo Derek—Shirley MacLaine—Anthony Hopkins—Michael Brandon starrer *A Change of Seasons*, due for release several months after *Couples*. I won't even attempt to speculate on the significance of that fact, except to suggest that perhaps art is, once again, imitating life.

THE ENVELOPE, PLEASE. . . . I know it's too early to get into the Academy Award prediction racket, but from what I've heard, Paul Newman's role in *Fort Apache, the Bronx*, may well put him in contention for a Best Actor nomination. The flick is a tough police story, set in New York City's roughest neighborhood—that part of the Bronx aptly nicknamed Fort Apache. Newman portrays a veteran police officer who, after 18 years on the force, faces a moral crisis that compels him to re-evaluate both his effectiveness as a policeman and his value as a human being. Co-star Ed Asner plays the newly assigned commander of the precinct, an ambitious, rigorous cop

Fort Apache. Not an especially new twist to an old story, but it's said to be a superb acting vehicle for Newman. The project has already spawned a fair amount of controversy over the filmic depiction of minorities, but Newman, a sincere liberal, claims that one of the values of the film is that it will bring to light the true horror of the Fort Apache area.

ROMANCE, HOLLYWOOD STYLE: It's almost too cinematic to be true—a scenario reminiscent of Gable and Lombard, Tracy and Hepburn, a bona fide Hollywood love story. Actor Treat Williams of *Hair* fame met Lisa Eichhorn of *Yanks* fame briefly when she sublet his apartment in New York. Smitten, even though their first



Williams Eichhorn

encounter was brief, Treat then went off to Spokane, Washington, to film the romantic comedy *Why Would I Lie?*, a project that lacked a leading lady. He suggested Lisa, the producers had her flown north, gave her a screen test and promptly signed her. In the film, Treat and Lisa play two headstrong individuals who meet, exchange barbs and ultimately fall in love. Well, the same thing happened *offscreen* and Treat and Lisa have been an item ever since. Fade out.

HUSBAND-WIFE TEAM: When Sissy Spacek goes in front of the cameras for her next film, *Raggedy Man*, her husband will be making his debut in the director's chair. Jack Fisk (whom Sissy met on the set of *Badlands* in 1973) is an art director with a list of credits that includes *Days of Heaven* and *Carrie*. "If we go down in flames," says Sissy, "we go down together!" Set in the early Forties in a small Texas town, *Raggedy Man* will give Spacek the welcome chance to play just five days in the life of a young divorcee with two children. Quite a relief after aging 20 years in the span of *Coal Miner's Daughter* and having her breasts bound flat to play Loretta Lynn at the tender age of 13.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL



Mitchum Smith

\$20,000,000 may ultimately reach \$30,000,000. The film co-stars Beatty as Reed, Diane Keaton as his wife, Louise Bryant, Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman and Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill. . . . CBS will air a three-hour telefilm called *Chennault: The Flying Tiger*, based on the wartime diaries and other writings of General Claire Chennault, controversial founder of World War Two's famous Flying Tiger volunteer air force. Some location shooting for the project may take place in mainland China.

MUSICAL CHAIRS: Contemporary inter-relationships are examined with insight and humor in 20th Century-Fox's soon-to-be-released feature *Loving Couples*, starring Shirley MacLaine, James Coburn, Susan Sarandon, Sally Kellerman and Stephen Collins. MacLaine plays a mature, accomplished physician married to a top surgeon (Coburn). Feeling a bit lonely because of her husband's lack of attention, she begins an affair with a young, attractive real-estate agent (Collins), who, in turn, is involved with a TV



Newman Asner

who goes by the book and is determined to enforce orthodox police methods, in spite of the special circumstances involved in maintaining law and order in



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PLAYBOY'S TRAVEL GUIDE

By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

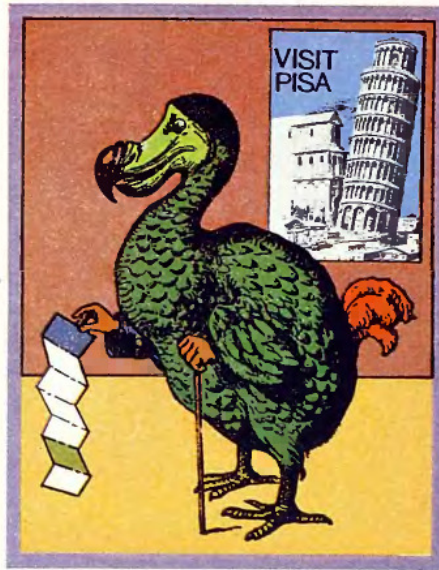
CAN IT BE that your friendly neighborhood travel agent is about to become an endangered species? It's certainly possible, at least partially because the traditional patterns of travel sales and services are being altered by the guys who make many of the most important rules in this industry—namely, the Civil Aeronautics Board. Recent rulings and various other proposals may meaningfully affect the future relationship between you and your travel agent—if they have not done so already.

Consider the simple purchase of an airline ticket. If you buy a \$500 cross-country round-trip ticket, it now costs you the same amount whether you purchase it from an agent or directly from the airline. The travel agent gets his commission from the airline, and until very recently, all airlines paid the same amount, a flat seven percent—or \$35 on your \$500 ticket.

As long as this system was in effect, your travel agent had no financial incentive to suggest one airline over another. Just last February, however, the CAB abruptly discarded the industry-wide commission system, and with all the old strictures now off, the competition for the travel agent's business is as intense (though far removed from the public's gaze) as the competition for the airline passenger himself. In the opening days of the new "commission war," for example, at least one airline pegged its agent compensation at a whopping 15 percent!

At first glance, you may wonder who cares how much the travel agent is being paid by the airline, as long as the ticket costs the same from both sources. The reason you should care is that this commission competition may give your travel agent a financial incentive to suggest one airline over another. Will you continue to be able to rely on him to provide truly objective information about routing and schedules, or will there now always be a nagging doubt that he is promoting the airline that is paying him the most money? Any doubt cast upon a travel agent's objectivity erodes the most important reason for using him in the first place; so if a passenger has to check up on his agent, he might as well buy his ticket on his own.

Although the prospect of increased commissions may provide some sorely needed revenue for the travel agent in the short term, it may just be the windfall before the storm. The same CAB that acted to increase profits is also considering a proposal to eliminate the travel agent's commission from the basic airline fare, an idea that could hasten



CHANGING TIMES

The way things are going in the business, your travel agent may be on a one-way trip to the poorhouse.

the do-it-yourself movement. Traditionally, an agent's \$35 commission was already included in that \$500 ticket, and if you bought a ticket directly from the airline, that airline saved the \$35 it otherwise would have paid to your agent.

That treasured tenet may be about to go the way of the snail darter. At present, the board is giving serious consideration to "net" airline fares, a low tariff set *exclusive of marketing costs*: that means that it doesn't include travel-agent commissions. The proponents of net fares are trying to accomplish two things: get the airlines out of the competitive commission fracas (which the CAB itself helped inspire) and heighten competition among travel agents. Under the net-fare proposal, the agent theoretically would sell an airline ticket for as much above the net tariff as the traffic would bear, and it's conceivable that a customer could shop several agents to get the lowest price.

The main threat (to travel agents) of the whole net-fare controversy is the possibility that airline passengers would be irretrievably induced to buy their tickets directly from the airlines—presumably at the lowest possible prices. It's a suggestion hard to contest. Even the old argument—and one of the strongest rationales for the existence of the estimated 17,000 U. S. travel agents—about

the convenience of dealing with an agent is being undermined by the combination of financial and objectivity questions, to say nothing of an increasingly complex air-fare structure, changing from week to week and day to day, that confuses even the best agents. (Quick now, do you know how to take advantage of Super Saver, Hopscotch, shoulder-season, open-jaw and triangle fares?)

At the same time that travel agents are running into problems through internal developments in the airline industry, they're just beginning to face what may be the greatest obstacle of all—technology. Already, tickets on World Airways' planes are available through Ticketron's computer network, and other airlines as well are investigating sophisticated alternate sales means. Those range from the simple use of computer terminals in post offices to Pan Am's current test in England of a closed-circuit television system. That system could eventually give a subscriber access to computer-stored data via his home telephone and a television set adapted in a manner similar to that for cable TV. Eventually, it's expected that this hookup will enable users to book travel services through the system.

The electronic threat to the travel agent's traditional role seems nearly irresistible. New telephone link-ups allow a call to a busy airline ticket office in Atlanta to be transferred immediately to an unoccupied clerk in Seattle, and two-way cable television, already functioning in Columbus, Ohio, also offers a potential travel sales medium right in a subscriber's home. Add to this the computer banking terminals in supermarkets and the banks' own zeal to enter the travel market. Most menacing of all (if you happen to be an agent) is the proliferation of home computers, which seem to like nothing better than to talk with other computers, and which easily could contact the airlines' reservation system.

Even in the face of this awesome assault, it's unlikely that all travel agents will vanish from the face of the earth. But it does seem inevitable that they will suffer a rude shaking out and general reorientation. There is every indication that the survivors will be those travel agents wise enough and flexible enough to use the benefits of the new electronic age to their own advantage, while still offering a high level of personal services at a time when person-to-person attention seems destined to go the way of the dodo. We've been investigating those services firsthand and next month, we'll examine the level that travel agents currently offer their customers.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Please help me. Through some very dear friends, I recently met a man whom I find witty, articulate, charming and comfortable to be around, as well as a sensitive and remarkably compatible lover. However, he lives in Chicago and I live in New York. Although we both have careers in our respective cities, neither of us can afford to commute regularly. Can you offer any suggestions on keeping the flame burning?—Miss M. C., New York, New York.

You should do the same thing you'd do if someone local had to leave town for a month or two. Write letters. Send Mailgrams. Try telephone sex. We don't mean listening to each other's heavy breathing, though that's a start. Try talking, in clinical detail, about the times you spent together. It's not what you do in bed, or how often, but how you remember what you do. Tell him what you liked, what you didn't. (That kind of critique can have disastrous results when you're in bed, but over the phone you can discover what turns you on without feeling threatened.) You may feel awkward at first—most people have a major inhibition about talking about sex. Get over that and you can start providing each other with scripts for future activities. Believe us—it works. We have the telephone bills to prove it.

Itend to get a lot of distortion at the beginning and end of every video tape I make. It's not enough to spoil the program, but I would like to eliminate it. What is this distortion and how can it be overcome?—M. P., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

That distortion is technically known as a glitch. It occurs when the machine is not yet up to speed or when it is slowing down. Some machines have fast stop-start mechanisms that eliminate the problem. If yours does not have that feature, you will simply have to start your machine sooner and stop it later in order to keep your program clean. Ordinarily, the glitch will not last more than a second or two. If yours lasts longer, it may be a mechanical problem that a repairman can fix. Otherwise, you'll have to live with it or edit it out later.

The other night, my girlfriend and I were discussing sexual fantasies. She mentioned that she frequently slips into an erotic daydream state during sex. She started doing that with her first lover and confessed that the longer she knew him, the more she fantasized about other people, places or whatever during sex. Now that she has met me, she is some-



what worried that she will go through the same cycle. Is her worry justified?—S. O., Boston, Massachusetts.

According to a report in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, erotic fantasies during intercourse are quite common. Among college students, for example, some 60 percent said they experienced the X-rated accompaniment, with six percent of the females saying that they almost always added a silent movie to sex. Older women turned in slightly higher figures—65 percent reported fantasies, while 37 percent said they occurred frequently. It seems to be the natural outcome of age, continued exposure to the same partner and increased knowledge about sex. The more you do it with someone, the more there is to fantasize about.

When I took my two-week vacation this year, I bought a round-trip airline ticket. It wasn't until I got home and looked in the newspaper that I found the ticket I had purchased had been discounted. It was a savings of only about ten dollars, but I was still angry. What can a person do in a case like that?—F. H., Washington, D.C.

One has to be very cagey in buying airline tickets these days. As the prices go up, ridership goes down and airlines often discount seats in order to fill the planes. Knowing that, you should plan to purchase tickets as far ahead of time as possible. If before you take your trip

you find you can get a cheaper fare, turn in the old tickets and buy the newly priced ones. If prices go up, you won't have to pay extra, but if prices drop, you're entitled to the lower price. It will cost you nothing in time or energy. All you have to do is ask your travel agent to keep tabs on prices. That's his job.

My husband and I share great love-making but only in one position. Originally, we tried various positions, but I seldom reached orgasm, which frustrated my husband completely. Now he makes love in only the one position that suits me best (the little sweetheart), while at the same time he tells me that I'm not normal, not like all the other women in the world. Having been raised in a sexually conservative family, my husband does not believe in dirty talk or marital aids. So what do I do to get him to try other positions and try to make them work?—Mrs. T. W., Macon, Georgia.

A recent survey of psychiatrists asked the question: "Why do some married couples stick to unvaried sexual routines even though these are found wanting?" Almost half of the group cited two reasons: fear of being rejected and considered abnormal, while just over half of the group claimed to have deep-seated inhibitions. Thirteen percent cited lack of imagination as the fault. We think it's simpler than that. Some people are comfortable with sex only when it works. The orgasm becomes critical. It is the only way to establish that sex is good for both of you. Consider your own reactions—you call your husband a sweetheart for catering to your specific needs for orgasm. That kind of subtle reinforcement can lead to boring routine. It calls to mind the sign on the muddy road in Tennessee: CHOOSE YOUR RUT CAREFULLY—YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN IT FOR THE NEXT TEN MILES. There is no reason to expect every sexual position to produce an orgasm; indeed, most women are reliably orgasmic in only one or two. How do you change? Switch to a my-turn, your-turn style of lovemaking. Try it standing up, hanging from the chandelier, sitting on his lap in front of the TV—for the fun of it. Show enthusiasm. Then switch to old faithful for the final round.

Not long ago, I was at one of the local New Wave bars and, after snapping a few shots of the band, I turned my camera on this cute bird dancing by the stage. She noticed me taking pictures and freaked, demanding that I produce a release form or hand over the roll of

film. Although she was fully dressed, she claimed that I had no right to photograph her without her permission, that I was invading her privacy. Well, she caused quite a scene (a difficult feat at that bar), so I gave her a roll of film—but not the one in the camera. Is that for real? Or did I just get taken for a five-dollar roll of film? Do I need a release for every picture I take?—C. B., Rochester, New York.

Legally, the situation breaks down as follows: You were within your rights to take her picture. A bar is a public place, and anyone who is photographed in a public place cannot legally argue that his or her privacy has been violated. Learn to be discreet, but don't ever be afraid to shoot what you see. For example, if the owner of the bar has a sign posted that his is a private club and that photos are forbidden, you are obligated to respect that request, especially if the bouncer is wearing razor blades on his T-shirt. That takes care of the legal, and leads us to the social: Next time, ask for the girl's address and inform her that if the pictures turn out, you'll drop by with a release form to see what else develops. Why do you think photography is so popular?

A few months ago, I broke up with a man I'd been dating for almost four years. We had had a very fulfilling sex life—at least until the months preceding the breakup. At that time, I was convinced that the spark had gone out of the relationship. The true cause of that change was the shock of my life: One night, I walked into our apartment and found him with another man. That incident has made me feel sexually inadequate. Obviously, I can compete with another woman, but not with another man. Men still find me sexy, yet that experience has put a damper on what sexual activity I have had recently. I was totally shocked to find him preferring the same sex. If we had anything, we had sex. Our relationship was almost over-sexed, if that's possible, with mirrors on the ceiling, the whole kinky bit. Since he's come out of the closet, I feel that I was his cover for all those years and, on top of that, rather stupid, for I was the last to know. This may seem like a dumb question, but how do I get over these feelings of inadequacy?—Miss B. L., Dallas, Texas.

When it comes to sex, the only dumb questions are the ones you don't ask. If you had talked things out with your former roommate, you might have emerged from this with a clearer idea of his confusion—as well as yours. Sex is not a contest. You do not win or keep a lover by being better in bed than the next girl or guy. You are not responsible for your partner's pleasure, or sexual preference. If you are com-

petent, consenting and in reasonable control of your own responses, you're as good as they come. In the future, don't make sex the single criterion ("If we had anything, we had sex") for judging yourself or a relationship. Are you great at dinner? Are you a world-class backgammon player? Do you have a fashion sense? The more things you do together, the better you'll feel.

My girlfriend has confessed that she had an abortion two years ago. She is scared to death of another pregnancy, which has eliminated any chance of her enjoying herself. She has yet to reach orgasm with me or anyone else since the abortion. She uses the diaphragm but is never sure it's working. My guess is that she will not enjoy sex again until those fears go away. Any suggestions to help speed the process along?—M. T., Nashua, New Hampshire.

Your analysis strikes us as perceptive and correct. Insight is the first step toward improving the situation. Trust is the second. You might abandon intercourse for a few weeks. By concentrating on noncoital forms of pleasure, she can get back in touch with her feelings. The third step is information. Have her discuss the matter with her gynecologist. She may want to switch to a more reliable method, such as an I.U.D., or work out a combination of birth-control measures that provides a higher degree of safety than the diaphragm alone. Beyond that, it's simply a matter of time.

The local stereo shop just got in a number of new lateral-arm turntables. I had intended to buy a new expensive pivoted-arm turntable until I saw those. The things seem so logical (playing the record the way it was cut) that I'm thinking twice about buying the old style. Are the linear-track turntables really much better?—S. T., Indianapolis, Indiana.

The biggest problem with linear-track turntables right now is that they can cost two to three times more than pivoted-arm platters. Other than that, you can't buy a better turntable. They eliminate virtually all tracking error. You never have to worry about anti-skating. Cartridge installation doesn't have to be as precise. And a sudden jolt won't send the needle skittering over the record surface. They are clearly the best way to reproduce sound from a vinyl disc. If you've got the bread, we'd advise getting one over any pivoted-arm unit on the market.

My wife and I have a few more weeks of vacation time to burn up before the end of the year. I'd like to go back to Acapulco, sit on the beach and contemplate the bottom of a pineapple rum cooler. She feels that she has enough

souvenirs from our last visit and would like to try someplace new. Now, for the first time, we are considering separate vacations. Is this a danger signal?—T. P., Akron, Ohio.

Nope. One man's suntan is another woman's slow burn. Psychologists have started studying our vacation habits and have discovered that there seem to be sexual differences. For example, men like to go to familiar places and not spend a lot of money. Perhaps as a result, they seem to enjoy their vacations less than women. The ladies are more inclined to view vacations as prime-time adventures and splurge accordingly. They think men don't know how to enjoy themselves. Vive la différence! Our advice is to try to figure out what you'd really like to do on your time off. If the ideas overlap, try to find a place that will satisfy both of you. If not, well, researchers may have identified a trend toward separate vacations (only half of the people interviewed get away together). People seem to enjoy themselves more when they depend on the kindness of strangers (or friends other than their lovers), as long as the strangers seem to be enjoying the same things they are. Don't force your wife along on a mountain-climbing expedition to the Himalayas or a week of scuba lessons at Plato's Retreat. Similarly, she shouldn't drag you into Bergdorf's. If work permits, break your vacation time into a few long weekends—some of which you can spend apart. Send us a postcard.

Would you tell me if there is any cure or treatment for herbie's two genital virus?—M. V., Asbury Park, New Jersey.

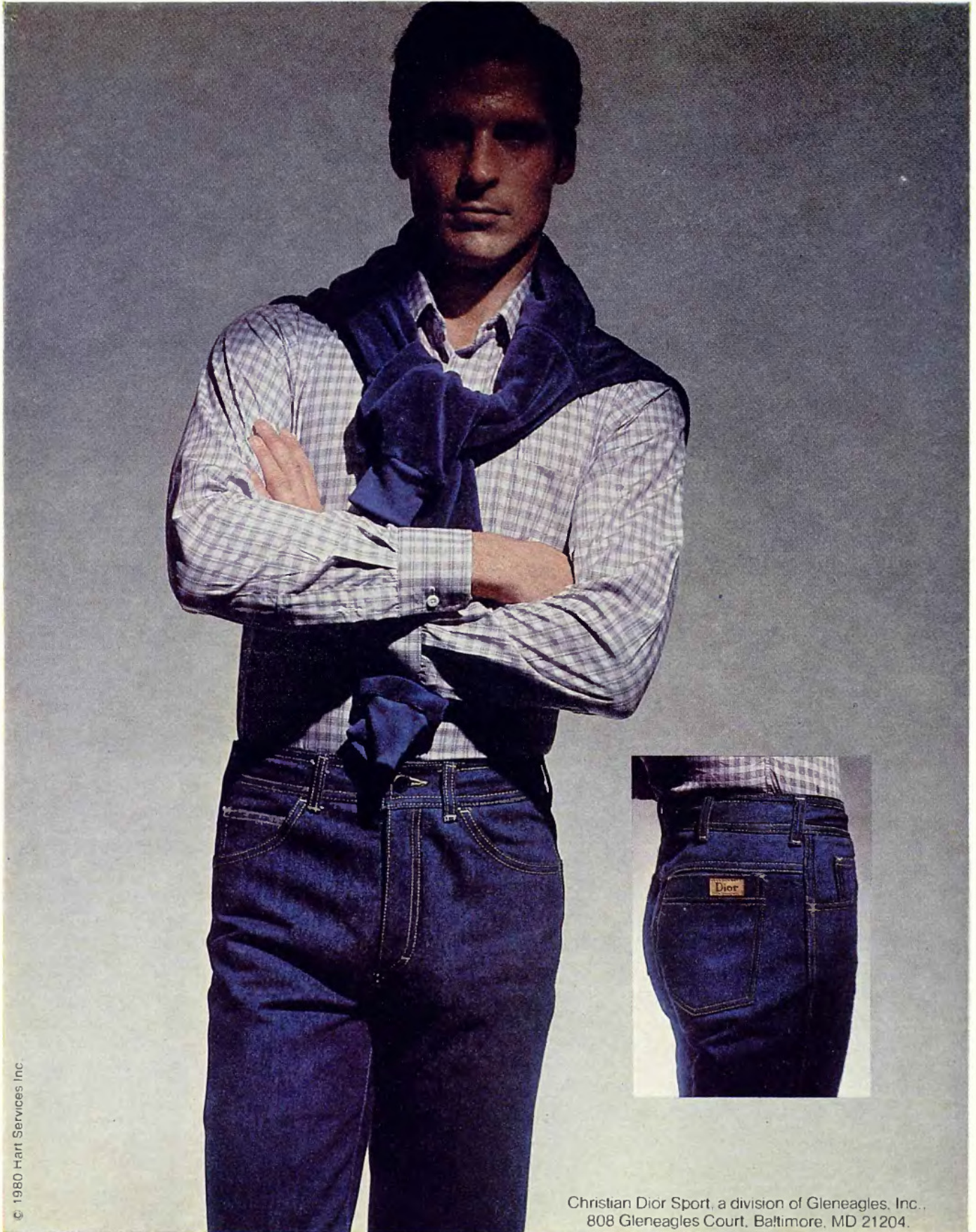
It depends. We've never heard of herbie's. Maybe it's a social disease you catch from F.W.s that have been in Walt Disney movies. If you mean Herpes, well, you've got a lot to learn. Currently, the best cure and treatment for the disease is information. Do yourself a favor and order a copy of "The Herpes Book," by Richard Hamilton, M.D. It's available now in bookstores for \$10 or write to Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02107. It will tell you everything you always wanted to know, and more. It's good. Don't wait for the movie version. Buy it now.

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.



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

SAY "AHHH"

I have been in Japan for six months as a medical advisor in anesthesia for Mitoyo General Hospital on the island of Shikoku.

I had heard about Japan's strict censorship policies and was surprised to see a copy of PLAYBOY in our doctors' lounge. Any suggestion of pubic hair was carefully blacked out. I wondered who had that job. I found out since that, in Japan, a "dirty old man" is one with a black tongue from licking off the censored areas.

Nancy G. Thomson, M.D.
Mitoyo-gun, Japan

PLAYBOY circulates freely in Japan, with the quaint retouching you mention. A while back, we heard that the censors were trying to come up with a more indelible ink.

E.R.A.

I am one of those "E.R.A. women" who were told to "shove it" by the housewife from Peoria, Illinois (*The Playboy Forum*, June). Her letter made me want to tear out my hair. I, too, am a happy housewife who enjoys taking care of my family and am not looking forward to being drafted; but neither am I jumping for joy at the prospect of my husband, sisters, dear friends or anyone else being conscripted by the military, and I fail to see the connection between the E.R.A. and the draft.

First, the E.R.A. has nothing to do with women being drafted. Congress has always had the power to draft women, if it so desired; it hasn't and probably won't in the foreseeable future. Second, there are some women in this country more suited to being soldiers than some men. Being male doesn't automatically qualify a person for combat or military life. Third, and most important, both men and women are discriminated against in this country and the E.R.A. is a significant step in ending that discrimination.

It is the ignorance of women like that housewife that has prevented an important piece of legislation from being passed. It would be interesting to hear what arguments she would have used to oppose the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

Anele Brooks
Lake Arrowhead, California

Just how many E.R.A. opponents know exactly what the Equal Rights Amendment says? Permit me to quote from it:

"Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex."

What's so frightening about that?

Karin Smith
Long Beach, California

TELEPHOTO PROTECTION

From somewhere in the mountains of Pennsylvania, I send you this true sex-and-drugs story, which I hope you'll share with your readers:

Last summer, I grew about 50 pot

*"That policewoman
must have laid everybody
on the force!"*

plants in a little patch on the side of a hill near where I was living. The only road was an extremely rough path that I could barely navigate in my four-wheel-drive, so you can imagine my alarm when one day I spotted a police car clanking and banging its way up the hill. I ducked into the woods and watched as the car stopped about 50 yards below where I was parked. I also watched as two uniformed cops, one male and one female, got out of the car, removed their clothes, spread out a



blanket and engaged in ten minutes of wild screwing. This went on for the rest of the summer, at least once a week judging from the number of times I witnessed these performances—which included an ever-changing cast of male cops. That policewoman must have laid everybody on the force!

I'll be back this summer, tending my little garden and armed with camera and telephoto lens, which should afford me the best legal protection a small-time pot grower could ask for.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

FROM ONE OF THE FEW GOOD MEN

In the March 1980 *Playboy Forum*, Steve Rees objects to the undemocratic nature of the military services, indicating that he has no comprehension of the military or its purpose. I am an enlisted man myself. If my commanding officer and I went out drinking together, I would have a difficult time relating to him as my C.O. I could not take orders that might very well result in the loss of my life—the necessary respect and discipline required would still be at the bar.

Our purpose is defense. Not a man in his right mind joins the Armed Forces to make new friends among officers, and I don't know of any enlisted men who have ulcers because they cannot drink with their C.O.s.

The military is not a civilian profession and is not comparable with one. We joined the Service; it doesn't join us.

Mark W. Bowen, U.S.M.C.
FPO San Francisco, California

REPLY TO "SON OF SAM"

After reading David Berkowitz' letter (*The Playboy Forum*, June), I was, ah, inspired to write a reply. However, my mother always said that when I have nothing nice to say, it's always best to say nothing.

"Nothing."

Bruce C. Fielder
Edmonton, Alberta

FEDERAL FOLLIES

Aspen's philosopher sheriff, Richard Kienast, has created more of a stir than he bargained for. His recent appearance on CBS' *60 Minutes* has focused national attention on a problem Federal drug-abuse officials presumably would like to keep quiet: Kienast refuses to cooperate with undercover narcotics agents in their attempt to bust drug users in

Pitkin County. He just doesn't see it as a top-priority problem or as one that justifies the secret-police tactics necessary for drug-law enforcement.

Of course, he's right, but the *federales* know a decent, intelligent man when they see one, and they've jumped in with both feet to hassle him on bullshit charges so they can get back to the business of—what else?—minding everyone else's. What the Federal goons still fail to realize is that recreational drug use is here to stay and that the "problem" is a moral one.

(Name withheld by request)
Aspen, Colorado

STAMPING OUT SIN

The El Paso police, acting on behalf of state lawmakers, are having a field day here in our God-fearing community. They are determined to wipe out porn once and for all, to "prohibit," according to the legislative dictum, "patently offensive representation or descriptions of ultimate sexual acts, normal or perverted, actual or simulated." In other words, they're ready to shoot the works, from, theoretically, Shakespeare to most modern novels to magazines such as *PLAYBOY* and *Cosmopolitan*. In addition, porn bookstores and adult-movie houses will be summarily closed.

As ever, the God-fearing Mongoloids who support such measures fail to recognize the implicit erosion of their own liberties as a result of such wholesale repression. I will never understand the repressive mind. I don't drag them into porn shops, why must they insist on dragging me out?

A couple of Gestapo-type Federal agents banged on my own door recently, made veiled threats and told me, "Your name is on a list." It seems that U. S. Customs had seized the Danish porn I had ordered over a year before. As they were leaving, they told me that my name would never be removed from their list.

Do I hear jack boots in the night? 'Deed I do.

(Name withheld by request)
El Paso, Texas

DOUBLE STANDARD

My political-science professor told our class about having attended a panel discussion concerning women against communism and pornography. He noted that the women were opposed to communism because it denies people freedom, practices censorship, and so forth. Yet the same folks were advocating suppression and censorship of pornography. How hypocritical!

Darrell Cox

Slippery Rock, Pennsylvania

But how typical.

DISCOVERING SEX

Here in Arizona, sex education is defined as "instruction on the sum of the

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

HOW SWEET

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA—A police officer investigating the complaint of a disturbance at the home of a local man was surprised to encounter a chocolate Easter bunny coming "hippity-hoppity" out of the yard. The rabbit turned out to be a woman neighbor who had covered her nude body with chocolate



glaze in a misguided effort to win the heart of the man next door. After what police described as a sticky struggle, the woman was admitted to the county mental-health ward for observation.

Meanwhile, three Lansing, Michigan, women have been arrested for stealing a United Parcel Service delivery van and charged with joy riding and indecent exposure. When apprehended, all three were nude and smeared with mustard. The women told officers they'd done it as a lark.

ALCOHOLIC PROFILE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Researchers at the National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism have developed a blood test they claim is at least 86 percent accurate in diagnosing alcoholism at an early stage. The procedure makes use of routinely performed blood tests called SMA-12 and SMA-6 and operates on the principle that alcoholics and problem drinkers have a distinctive biochemical profile. The test also has been found 100 percent effective in excluding alcohol as a cause of liver disease in people suffering from cirrhosis due to hepatitis infections or toxic chemicals.

WIENIE WAGGERS

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA—At least one in every three American women has witnessed indecent exposure by males, but only 15 percent of the incidents are reported to police, according to a University of Virginia researcher. Dr. Daniel J. Cox, a professor of psychiatry, said a national survey of female college students indicates that of about 40,000,000 women who have been victimized by flashers, 18 percent found the experience distressing and 14 percent said it changed their opinion of themselves. Thirteen percent said it affected their attitudes toward sex or men.

THOU SHALL

FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY—Public school officials can continue to post the Ten Commandments on the walls of classrooms under a ruling by the Kentucky Supreme Court. In the decision, Justice Boyce Clayton said: "Basically, the Ten Commandments is a code of conduct which just happens to be rooted in Judaeo-Christian history. For the state to use these particular 'rules,' if you will, to promote moral and legal behavior among its youth seems perfectly acceptable to me." The practice had been challenged by a coalition of religious groups that argued it discriminated against other faiths. The Kentucky Civil Liberties Union intends to appeal to the U. S. Supreme Court.

MEDICINAL MARIJUANA

ATLANTA—Glaucoma researchers at Georgia Tech are experimenting with a water extract of marijuana that contains no THC but appears effective in reducing the intraocular pressure in laboratory animals. Drs. Howard Deutsch and Leon Zalkow are now trying to isolate the effective chemicals in the hope of developing a medication in eyedrop form that does not have psychoactive side effects.

COMMON COMMODITY

REHOVOT, ISRAEL—Israeli scientists are planning to mass-produce the rare drug interferon by using circumcised infants' foreskins. The drug, believed to be a powerful antiviral agent that may be useful in treating cancer and other diseases, can only be "grown" in human cell tissue and presently costs \$15,000 for enough to treat one patient. A spokesman for the Weizman Institute of Science said the organization was

opening a \$1,000,000 pilot plant for interferon production. He added that the process had not been discovered in Israel, "but I suppose there are more foreskins around here." Jewish males are circumcised at the age of eight days as a part of religious custom.

ORAL CONTRACT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A District of Columbia superior-court judge has dismissed a suit in which a local resident sought \$100,000 in "palimony" from his homosexual ex-lover. The plaintiff claimed that his partner entered into a binding oral agreement to provide room and board, clothing, medical care and certain proceeds from real-estate holdings in return for his services as a homemaker. The judge said it would be against public policy to honor such an agreement, especially since homosexual acts are still a crime in D.C.

WRONG TARGETS

LOS ANGELES—Four women leaving a restaurant were victimized by a would-be purse snatcher who soon decided he'd more than met his match. While one woman refused to let go of her purse, the others began beating him with fists, sticks and their own purses. After crying, "I can't believe it! What are you doing?" the man pulled a knife, ducked another purse and fled, with his victims calling for police and pursuing



him by car and on foot. After his arrest, he learned that the women had been at the restaurant celebrating their meeting earlier with the city police commission—which had granted them approval to hold a "Women Take Back the Night Rally," including a march protesting violence against women.

PRISONERS' RIGHTS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—By a vote of five to four, the U.S. Supreme Court has held that prisoners, like other citizens, must be given notice and a hearing before being committed involuntarily to a mental institution. Ruling in a Nebraska case, the Justices found that such transfers violate a basic liberty protected under the Constitution. "We conclude that a convicted felon also is entitled to the benefit of procedures appropriate in the circumstances before he is found to have a mental disease and transferred to a mental hospital," the majority opinion said. "The loss of liberty produced by an involuntary commitment is more than a loss of freedom from confinement. It is indisputable that commitment to a mental hospital can engender adverse social consequences to the individual."

SANCTUARY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Constitution requires police to obtain a warrant or the owner's permission before entering a private home to make an arrest, the U.S. Supreme Court has ruled. The decision will affect laws in 24 states that do not require warrants for home arrests, but it allows for such arrests under certain emergency circumstances.

OOPS!

LANSING—The Supreme Court of Michigan has upheld the right of a hospital patient to sue the surgeon after an operation allegedly led to a blood clot that caused one of his testicles to atrophy. The suit claims that the plaintiff heard one of the doctors say, "Oops, I cut in the wrong place."

REDUCING DISTRACTIONS

SAN DIEGO—A superior-court judge has held that the student health funds at the University of California may be used for abortions. Noting that the abortions are not compulsory, the judge decided the use of student funds was consistent with the purpose of the health program in allowing students "to be as free as possible to devote themselves to studies."

MAN VS. MACHINE

DUBLIN, GEORGIA—After five months in and out of jail for trespassing and creating a public hazard, a newspaper vending machine is back on duty in front of the Laurens County courthouse by orders of a judge. The county sheriff, reportedly angered by editorials in the Macon Telegraph and News, had seized the machine, arguing that old people might stumble over it and hurt themselves and that it might lead to "flea markets and watermelon sales."

ROUGH WEATHER

LOS ANGELES—An employee of the National Weather Service practicing on a teletype machine connected to a newly computerized wire system accidentally transmitted an unusually lively weather summary. After a routine mention of a cold front passing through



the mid and upper Ohio Valley and the lower Great Lakes region, it continued:

THURSDAY EVENING, STORMS PRODUCED A MASSIVE ORGY IN SOUTHWESTERN GEORGIA AND NORTHWESTERN OHIO. BALLS THE SIZE OF HAIL WERE OBSERVED AT ATTAPULGAS, GEORGIA. . . ELSEWHERE AROUND THE NATION, SEXUALLY ACTIVE AMERICANS WERE INDULGING IN ALMOST EVERY KIND OF STRAIGHT SEX EXCEPT FOR SOME REPORTS OF S & M IN CALIFORNIA AND WESTERN OREGON . . . WITH SOME HEAVY WHIPS AND CHAINS AT HIGHER ELEVATIONS. . .

Eventually, the teletype stopped; after a lengthy pause, it concluded:

PLEASE DISREGARD THE ABOVE WEATHER SUMMARY, AS IT IS NOT CURRENT.

KILLER TOMATOES

TIERRA BUENA, CALIFORNIA—A 63-year-old Sutter County woman is miffed at local narcotics officers who shoved their way into her home with a search warrant looking for marijuana. Instead of pot, the officers found a batch of six-inch-high tomato plants growing in a box by a kitchen window. After the raiders apologized and left, the suspect told reporters, "I think it's a waste of taxpayers' money busting little old ladies like me." She added that the cops "better have a lesson in horticulture."

peculiarities of structure and function that distinguish a male human being from a female human being." Never mind that most children have grasped this "peculiar" difference by the time they are five; our Bible-toting legislators, accompanied by the spike-collared watchdogs of morality they keep in tow, are forging ahead—into the past.

Representative Marge Ollson, recently holding forth in true zealot fashion before the House Education Committee, proclaimed that sex education is part of the "anti-God, antifamily, anti-U. S. religion of humanism." To further expose her ignorance of 20th Century sensibilities, she added, "Each generation discovers sex by itself. There is little to teach."

A doctor responded, "How come you are trying to protect unborn babies when you won't help a 12-year-old kid who is crying for help because she is pregnant?"

And on and on. How much longer can this absurd debate continue? The "antihumanist" forces, replete with fake lightning bolts and well-thumbed Bibles, put the thumbscrews to their children and ours, while all we have to fight with is common decency and common sense. Are the voters so cowed by the phony soothsayers that they can't rise to the defense of their own children?

(Name withheld by request)
Tucson, Arizona

We've been following that debate and especially like the comment Representative Larry Bahill made after hearing the opposition: "So far today, I've learned that sex education causes V.D., blindness, insanity, hair to grow on the palm of the hand, warts, the heartbreak of psoriasis and gives aid and comfort to the Iranian students who are holding our embassy. And, finally, I've learned that sex education is a Communist plot to rob us of our precious bodily fluids."

SEX AND THE DISABLED

The disabled in our society have all the needs, fantasies and frustrations of any other sexual being. Too often, persons are thought to be asexual if they have a physical disability; however, the disabled have perfectly normal needs and society has yet to recognize that they are capable of employing the same techniques that their nondisabled neighbors take for granted. That fact opens up a whole new field of sexuality that experts are just beginning to explore.

Mainstream magazine is by and for the disabled. It takes the position that relationships are complemented by employment, financial stability, housing, education, transportation and accessibility. In each issue, the magazine explores in depth one of those subjects and offers a monthly column on sexuality by Dwight Dixon, J.D. Many disabled lack the confidence to enter

into any type of sexual relationship and it is the intention of *Mainstream* to help its readers overcome this fear, the worst handicap of all.

Jim Hammitt, Editor
Mainstream
861 Sixth Avenue, Suite 610
San Diego, California 92101

DEATH PENALTY

Webster's defines justice as the maintenance or administration of what is just by the impartial adjustment of conflicting claims on the assignment of merited rewards or punishments. The foremost issue surrounding capital punishment should be that justice is carried out. Our society, through its system of lawmaking, has already concluded that capital punishment is a fair reward for capital crimes. The problem, then, is one of execution (pardon the pun).

BLISTERED BOTTOM

At a San Francisco social club in 1973, a retired merchant seaman was blown off a toilet seat and landed in court, where he sued the establishment for damages. The case was finally settled last year and reported in a legal journal, which William C. Bradshaw of Oakland, California, has kindly submitted to *The Playboy Forum*. Today's high gasoline prices virtually preclude such an accident from recurring, but the following excerpt may teach an important legal lesson. Then again, it may not.

Plaintiff contended that the said club was a private social club catering to Greeks and Arabians; that one of the club members borrowed a pot from an employee of the club, drained gasoline out of his motorcycle on the sidewalk and carried it back to the bathroom, where he emptied the pot into the toilet and attempted to flush the gas down the toilet; that after the member had flushed approximately three gallons of gas down the toilet, he, the plaintiff, sat on the toilet for the purpose of using it and dropped a lit cigarette butt into the toilet; and that the explosion that followed blew him off the toilet seat. . . . There was no organic injury other than first-degree burns of the scrotum and the penis. Plaintiff's psychiatrist testified that the plaintiff was rendered psychologically impotent as a result. . . .

After a six-day trial, the jury returned a verdict in favor of the club, deciding that the injuries were exaggerated and that the plaintiff's psychological problems predated his encounter with the exploding toilet.

I seriously doubt various doomsday predictions of a "death march" with the advent of lethal injections. There will ultimately be some executions, as there should be, but I doubt that it will be a wholesale slaughter. Concerning the humaneness of lethal injection, I say let the punishment fit the crime. The method of execution is irrelevant as long as it is quick. I do agree that convicted criminals are entitled to sure and expeditious execution of their sentences. But the fact that the system is lengthy and expensive is no reason to abandon it. Can justice be compromised for the sake of economics?

Larry Burgess
Amarillo, Texas

Recent personal tragedies have changed my entire perspective on the issue of capital punishment.

Within the past eight months, both my father and my wife's mother died suddenly. Relatives and friends—literally hundreds of people—were put through a horrible emotional ordeal, which is far from over. Our only consolation is that while we continue to suffer, we know that our deceased loved ones do not.

The cruelty of capital punishment is analogous, I think. While the criminal ends his suffering, the family and friends of the condemned man receive the real punishment. If revenge is the purpose, do we really want it exacted from the innocent relatives and friends of the executed man? Is the cause of justice furthered? I think not.

Richard Patterson
Ann Arbor, Michigan

BANISHED FROM THE REALM

Judicial eccentricity takes many forms, but none quite so strange as the judgments being handed down by southern Maryland circuit judge Joseph Mattingly. His Honor has revived the medieval practice of banishment in an effort to keep big-city troublemakers out of St. Mary's County. Drug users can expect to be banished for up to three years; Mattingly's harshest sentence thus far is a five-year ouster.

Banishment may be unconstitutional, but most of these cases don't argue—they prefer exile to imprisonment.

Mattingly's partner in crime prevention is district judge Richard Clark, who tries the county's lesser cases, dealing thunderbolts and lectures from the bench. Far more conservative in his sentencing, Clark displays a temperamental capriciousness his superior can't match: To an out-of-order witness in a recent drunk-driving case, he snapped, "Sit down and shut up. I'd like to put you in jail."

Both Mattingly and Clark are candid about the reasons for their remarkable behavior on the bench: a strong belief that the small towns they represent (and



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reside in) are being exposed to malevolent urban influences. Clark has proclaimed that, if he had his way, he'd "close the border" to neighboring Prince George's County.

(Name withheld by request)
Baltimore, Maryland

MISERABLE JUSTICE

Some months back, you referred to an Illinois Supreme Court decision that held that a promise between an unmarried couple to share property accumulated during their time together could not be enforced, as it would, in effect, revive common-law marriage, something the state legislature had outlawed many years before. In that case, a woman sued her former husband for a share of his financial worth accrued during their years together. Those years numbered 15 and produced three children. (Upon learning of the court's decision against their mother, two of the children picketed their father's office.) In addition, the woman not only had supported her husband through dental school but had helped establish his practice afterward. Technically, the court's decision may have been good law; but it was miserable justice, and not untypical. Only 14 percent of traditionally married and divorced women are awarded alimony. Of that group, only 46 percent ever collect anything. And most of them don't collect anything approaching enough to afford them the languid life of luxury the gay (in the old sense of the word) divorcee is supposed to enjoy.

Most men, if they are at all manly, have an intense dislike of women and view their relationships with them as contests to be won. That is perhaps the major reason for men becoming so adamant of late with regard to child-custody litigation. Although they would like the rest of us to believe them driven by love for their children, it is more a desire to beat their former wives. Just as you keep her from getting the house, the car and alimony payments, so do you win if you keep her from getting the children.

In short, women should not depend on men for their financial support or for anything else except hardship and disappointment, and those benefits they'll usually wind up with, no matter what. For all else, they should depend on only themselves and, if sisterhood actually works, one another. To do anything else is asking for trouble.

Neal Welna
Chicago, Illinois

CRIME SCHOOL

People who think prisons are anything but hellholes must be talking about Federal joints. I'm here to tell you that if anyone takes a good look at a state pen, he'll know what a real prison is like.

I'm a 17-year-old inmate of the Kansas State Industrial Reformatory and I can assure you that prison is nothing short of a damn college for criminals. When I came here, at 16, I was only a mediocre car thief and a so-so shoplifter; but now I can tell you how to shoplift an elephant and not get busted or show you 15 ways to hot-wire a car in less than three minutes. I also know five ways to successfully forge a check, ten ways to blow up a car without leaving a trace, how to make a fortune on hot checks and credit cards and how to smuggle guns into Mexico. And that's just part of what I've learned here.

Anyone who thinks prison isn't a steel-and-concrete hell on earth—and a self-perpetuating one, at that—is nuts!

Carl R. Johnson
Hutchinson, Kansas

*"Gays aren't more
intelligent than heteros,
just more affected."*

PART OF THE JOB

I am a straight male, but my job in the entertainment business happens to require that I work mainly with gays. I tour most of the year and have two gay roommates. Needless to say, I don't have much of a social life.

I got into this situation four years ago and, at the time, I thought they were open-minded, intelligent people whose cause needed heterosexual support. I have since learned differently. Gays aren't more intelligent than heteros, just more affected.

I used to defend gay lifestyles, but no more. There are very few gays I would consider friends and, if I may say so, I certainly wouldn't want my brother to marry one.

(Name withheld by request)
Los Angeles, California

ABORTION DEBATE

Here are some words for Karen Mulhauser, executive director of the National Abortion Rights League, who has decried the methods of persons harassing abortion clinics (*The Playboy Forum*, May). Those "fanatics" feel even more frustrated than the antiwar activists of a few years back, who staged violent demonstrations to disrupt the Government. At least the peace advocates could and did strive to elect politicians sympathetic to their point of view. The right-to-lifers have been thwarted principally by an appointive judiciary.

Less than a decade ago, killing unborn babies was generally considered so reprehensible that the word abortion could not even be pronounced in polite society. Then, literally overnight, seven Justices

appointed for life transformed an unmentionable crime into an absolute right. State laws giving fathers rights to their unborn children and parents control over their minor daughters were also struck down. For authority, the Court cited those provisions of the Constitution's 14th Amendment adopted to assure that the newly freed slaves would be treated fairly by state tribunals.

The National Abortion Rights League is one of at least four well-financed organizations operating on a national scale to sell the idea that disposing of a human fetus is on a par with extracting a decayed tooth. All this is in the name of humanitarianism, aid to the poor and women's rights! Their immediate objective is to compel the expenditure of public funds to finance these hitherto illegal operations. But their ultimate aim must be to convert this recently decreed right into an obligation, on the part of the young, the unwed and the poor.

(Name withheld by request)
Palm Bay, Florida

I wish to reply to Wilma Walking Cogliantry (*The Playboy Forum*, April) on her less-than-realistic views concerning adoption vs. abortion.

Let me say first that I favor abortion under certain circumstances, such as rape. However, in other cases, the age of the girl involved must be considered. Seven years ago, I became pregnant; I was 16, very frightened and had little, if any, idea what my future might hold. I gave my baby up for adoption, because I knew I was far too young to take responsibility for its life. Now, as I look back, I know I made the right decision.

My baby's adoptive parents are wonderful people and I have no guilt or sense of loss. To me, the joy of being able to make two people so very happy was worth everything I went through.

(Name withheld by request)
New Orleans, Louisiana

I expect the entire argument over abortion will eventually become moot. Anyone has the right to eject an unwelcome trespasser, including a fetus. At present, the trespasser would die, but medical technology will soon permit transferring the fetus to a host mother. Then all those right-to-life women can either "save the unborn" or just shut up. Male right-to-lifers could be considered mothers in the pejorative ghetto sense.

Ed Huser
Walhalla, North Dakota

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ROY SCHEIDER

a candid conversation with the rarely interviewed star of "jaws" and "jazz"

In the harsh morning light, Joe Gideon stumbles into the bathroom, wolfs down a fistful of amphetamines, lights a cigarette, switches on a classical cassette, stands motionless—helpless, really—waiting for the speed to take hold. In the shower, the spray plasters his hair against his forehead, but the cigarette continues to dangle from his lips. Later, shaved, hair combed, teeth brushed (but cigarette still dangling), Gideon auditions for himself in the bathroom mirror. He passes, casts himself to play the lead in his life for another day. He smiles, causing the cigarette to jump. Then he turns the palms of both hands up and over, his eyes dance merrily and he says, "It's showtime, folks!"

Thus begins every day for Joe Gideon, the obsessed, possessed, self-absorbed, self-destructive, extravagantly gifted, manically libidinous, workaholic director/choreographer/protagonist of "All That Jazz." Not so loosely based on the life of the film's co-author and director, Bob Fosse, "Jazz" won four Academy Awards, shared the Golden Palm at the Cannes Film Festival and will gross well over \$50,000,000 world-wide in its first run. Yet despite all the acclaim and all the gossip the movie has generated—like

most fictionalized autobiographies, it is also something of a roman à clef—in the end, "All That Jazz" will probably be remembered chiefly as the vehicle that launched Roy Scheider into superstardom. Which is curious, because Scheider is one of those movie stars who seem always to have been there—playing big, important roles in big, important pictures and garnering superb reviews, yet never quite capturing the imagination of the American public. He has always been recognized within his profession as an actor's actor, and some early critics theorized that the seamless and apparent effortlessness of Scheider's performances were actually serving to blunt his glamor—that he sometimes seemed almost too real. "In 'Jaws,' I was Everyman," Scheider recalls, "so people looked through me and saw themselves. In 'The French Connection,' many viewers thought I was a real cop, not an actor."

And when the scramble began for the leading roles in last year's most prestigious pictures, it appeared to be more of the same for Scheider—a few strong supporting roles and a plethora of lackluster leads. The two best parts of the year went to two of Scheider's old buddies: Dustin Hoffman got "Kramer vs.

Kramer" and Richard Dreyfuss got "Jazz." But during preproduction on "Jazz," Dreyfuss and Fosse quarreled constantly. Nothing personal, just two uncompromising perfectionists unable to arrive at a common view of perfection. Eventually, Dreyfuss walked off the set—and directly to a phone booth to commiserate with an old pal, another notorious perfectionist who'd been known to walk off a few stages himself. "I just pulled a Roy Scheider," Dreyfuss said to Roy Scheider, who told Dreyfuss that if his artistic differences with Fosse were really that great, he'd probably done the right thing. It certainly turned out to be the right thing—for Scheider. Two weeks later, Fosse cast him to replace Dreyfuss in "Jazz." The rest, as they say, is movie history.

In 1935, Roy Scheider was born into a blue-collar German-American family in Orange, New Jersey. His father, an auto mechanic and part-time driving instructor, wanted something better for his son and decided, at least in part as a result of watching "Perry Mason" on TV, that law was it.

At six, Scheider was stricken with rheumatic fever and had to spend a year in bed. The illness continued to plague



"I have the constant fear of being revealed as a fraud, that somebody's going to say, 'Scheider, you have no talent; the free ride is over.' That's the ultimate flop sweat."



"I don't believe most women are as quickly or as indiscriminately aroused as most men are. It's a peculiarly male problem to want to copulate with almost anything that moves."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY VERNON L. SMITH

"The first time I read the script for 'All That Jazz,' I found it outrageous, assaulting, melodramatic, very funny, stupid, silly, simplistic, vulgar. I knew it would make a wonderful movie."

him throughout childhood and adolescence, resulting in two additional periods of extended bed rest at the ages of 12 and 16. During those long months of convalescence, Scheider became a voracious reader ("Books were my escape into a fantasy world outside the bedroom"). It was then that he evolved what he would later identify as his "actor's imagination." At 17, he was finally pronounced cured and, though left with a mild heart murmur, was given carte blanche to lead a normal life. "I began making up for lost time with a vengeance," is the way Scheider remembers those first few years out of bed. He began swimming, playing baseball, boxing and dating girls, all for the first time in his life. In his second bout in New Jersey's Diamond Belts competition, Scheider's now-famous nose was created by the fist of a young middleweight whose name has been lost to history. He did a little better than that with baseball and girls.

After college, success in student drama productions and a three-year stint in the Air Force, Scheider arrived in New York—complete with wife and children (hers)—in 1960, ready to begin a life in the theater. And for the next decade—that was exactly the life he lived. Scheider's first professional role was in a Joseph Papp New York Shakespeare Festival production of "Romeo and Juliet," in which he played Mercutio and was understudied by James Earl Jones. After that, he alternated off-Broadway roles with engagements in various regional repertory companies. By the late Sixties, he had achieved broad recognition as one of this country's most accomplished young character actors. In 1971, Scheider successfully broke through in movies by supporting both of that year's Academy Award-winning lead performances—as Jane Fonda's pimp in "Kluge" and as Gene Hackman's partner in "The French Connection"—while he himself garnered a supporting-actor nomination for "French Connection." Over the next seven years, Scheider extended his streak of rave reviews with films such as "The Seven-Ups," "Jaws," "Marathon Man" and "Sorcerer."

Then came "Jazz." Finally, at the age of 44, it had all been pulled together. The critical acclaim and the box-office receipts were at last connected in the popular consciousness with the name on the marquee—Roy Scheider had become an international superstar.

After "Jazz," Scheider returned to Broadway to do Harold Pinter's new play, "Betrayal," for which he won last season's Drama League of New York Award for the Most Distinguished Performance on the Stage. Scheider is in negotiation for his next film role, the part of Houdini in the long-awaited film

version of E. L. Doctorow's "Ragtime."

Roy, his second wife, Cynthia Bébout Scheider (a highly regarded film editor whose credits include "Breaking Away" and the forthcoming "Eyewitness"), and their 17-year-old daughter, Max, live in New York in the former Joseph Pulitzer mansion, which was recently converted into a co-op (the Scheiders' entire duplex apartment fits into what was once the music room). Last spring, we assigned New York journalist Sam Merrill (whose previous "Playboy Interviews" have been with Joseph Heller, Roone Arledge and Karl Hess) to cover Scheider through the Academy Awards and the completion of his Broadway run. Merrill reports:

"Roy Scheider lives a routine life in the most positive sense. He makes precise appointments, which he keeps precisely, and he expects others to do the same.

"At first, he and I met alone at a Greek diner and the sessions were always rewarding. But after a couple of weeks, we both felt that they began to run curiously downhill. We'd covered his early life and explored some anecdotes that illuminated various aspects of his career. Good,

"Et tu, PLAYBOY? You're really much better off just looking at 'Jazz' as a movie."

solid material, but something was missing. I couldn't figure out what it was, but Scheider knew instinctively: 'We need women,' he said simply at the end of our second week. And he was right. So we began augmenting our breakfasts with social occasions: seeing movies and meeting after the show for dinner; one night at Elaine's, another at Michael's Pub. 'I've never been what some people call a man's man,' Scheider confided during one of those evenings. 'To me, a night out with the boys is the pits. I'm a peacock and I think most men are. When women are around, the feathers unfurl.'

"Whatever was charging us, the interview proceeded faultlessly from there and even managed to end on a spontaneously festive note. Scheider had returned early from Cannes because of his Broadway commitment and was anxiously awaiting the results of the balloting when, on the morning of our final session, breakfast at the diner was interrupted by the triumphant entrance of Fosse and 20th Century-Fox president Sherry Lansing. 'Jazz' had won the Golden Palm less than 12 hours earlier and while European moguls were tripping over one another's checkbooks in a frenzied scramble for distribution rights,

Fosse and Lansing had jumped onto the first plane to New York to tell Scheider. Naturally, they knew exactly where to find him. They even knew what he'd be eating for breakfast. Cheering broke out and startled bus boys looked up from their stations. The interview was abruptly transformed into a celebration. We had come full circle from our first day, when, sitting in the same booth, I'd asked Scheider for his initial impressions of Fosse's script."

PLAYBOY: The first time you read the script for *All That Jazz*, did you feel, This is it, this is the part that's finally going to make me a major star?

SCHEIDER: The first time I read the script for *Jazz*, I found it outrageous, assaulting, highly melodramatic, very funny, stupid, silly, simplistic, vulgar—all those things. I knew it would be a wonderful movie. I also knew Bob Fosse would be a lucky son of a bitch to get it made. It was unlike almost anything I'd ever seen. I mean, it was a little like *Catch-22*, and also a little like *The Ruling Class*, in which Peter O'Toole played a Christ-like figure. But mostly, it was just . . . unique. And I thought, Who the hell's going to give him money to do this?

PLAYBOY: Did you think *Jazz* was a little too autobiographical, too self-indulgent?

SCHEIDER: No, because I didn't know Bob Fosse then, so I wasn't aware of the personal connections in the script.

PLAYBOY: But you must be aware that certain people in the New York theatrical scene—people you later worked with on Broadway in *Betrayal*—felt that *All That Jazz* was really just a mean and gossipy roman à clef.

SCHEIDER: There's a lot of jealousy and competition among theatrical people, and their reaction was . . . well, actually, they were fucking furious. Certain composers and lyricists Bobby had worked with felt they'd been parodied in the movie.

PLAYBOY: Had they been?

SCHEIDER: Sure, to some extent. But most of the characters were composites, and the film is generally cynical about everything. But the reaction in New York was violent. The less people know about Bob, the less they look at the picture for its gossipy aspects.

PLAYBOY: Your character, Joe Gideon—the Bob Fosse character—

SCHEIDER: *Et tu, PLAYBOY?* You're really much better off just looking at it as a movie.

PLAYBOY: But the film is at least semi-autobiographical for Fosse. Was it that way for you, too?

SCHEIDER: Yes, sure. This movie was, in a way, almost like a couch session for Bobby, and through the device of Joe Gideon, both of us pumped a lot of our

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anxieties and frustrations into the character.

PLAYBOY: So, while making *Jazz*, you and Fosse discovered a great deal of common ground.

SCHEIDER: Bobby's often said one of the reasons he likes working with me is that he thinks I'm hungry. Every job, I've got to prove myself all over again. And he feels the same way. Whether it's *Pippin* or *Sweet Charity* or *Cabaret*—every time out of the chute, they're out to get you, so you've got to be better than you've ever been. You can't be just as good. Bobby talked a lot about "flop sweat," the fear of falling on your face in front of an audience, or simply not being able to get it up when you need it. That's an anxiety every human being has felt.

PLAYBOY: Gideon is also a compulsive and sometimes self-destructive womanizer. Is that another "common ground" between you and Fosse?

SCHEIDER: Yes. I'm a guy who could say, "I never met a woman I didn't like." And Bobby hasn't met many he hasn't liked, either.

PLAYBOY: But have you loved them?

SCHEIDER: I've been married for 18 years to a woman who is my lover, my best friend, my advisor, my confidante . . . when something happens to me, it's almost as though it isn't real until I've shared it with Cynthia. But still. . .

PLAYBOY: You're a womanizer?

SCHEIDER: It's sort of an unsaid understanding that when I'm away on location, I don't spend every night in my room, playing with myself.

PLAYBOY: Are your affairs a bone of contention in your marriage?

SCHEIDER: It's something we used to discuss, but we dropped it a long time ago. Cynthia has, I suppose—I hope—achieved a certain feeling of security by now. She knows where she stands. If she ever felt threatened, that would be something else.

PLAYBOY: When you return from several months on location, does Cynthia grill you about your sexual activities?

SCHEIDER: Not directly, but she's always breaking my balls about it in general. She teases me that when I hit 50, I'm going to run off with some dim-witted 19-year-old and make a complete fool of myself. She says, "You're going to look so silly, and I'll be laughing at you." It makes me think twice.

PLAYBOY: But the problem remains that if you're a celebrity—especially a movie star—beautiful women really are throwing themselves at you almost constantly.

SCHEIDER: Isn't it awful?

PLAYBOY: In a way, it may be, especially for a man like you. Your friends describe you as devoted to Cynthia and committed to that relationship—even

though it's reported to be tempestuous. Yet there's also the man who "never met a woman he didn't like."

SCHEIDER: I think that's a particular problem males have—to be easily aroused. Just as I believe the desire for competitive athleticism is part of the survival mechanism in man, so are, I think, promiscuous sexual drives. But society has made all kinds of rules prohibiting us from obeying those impulses.

PLAYBOY: Do you think women suffer as much as men do because of society's rules?

SCHEIDER: I don't believe most women are as quickly or as indiscriminately aroused as most men are. It is a peculiarly male problem to want to copulate with almost anything that moves. But, of course, women have the same promiscuous desires men have and current literature informs us that women lead at least as rich a fantasy life as men do. So, in that sense, they suffer more than men by society's rules because of the double standard. A guy can go out and fuck himself to death, and he's a hero. A girl

*"I'm a guy who could say,
I never met a woman I
didn't like."*

does it, and she's a nymphomaniac. You figure it out.

PLAYBOY: What if Cynthia had affairs while the two of you were separated. In your gut, would you feel differently about her promiscuity than about your own?

SCHEIDER: Yeah, because I've been conditioned to feel differently about it. I'd have no *right* to feel differently about it. And in the end, I'd just rather not know.

PLAYBOY: Because you'd feel rejected?

SCHEIDER: Not if I wasn't around. I think it's understood between Cynthia and me that what happens during a period of separation is just filler until the two people who really count for each other are reunited. But if we were together and there was something going on, oh, Jesus! That would be horrendous. Then it's betrayal time.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to *Jazz*, did you ever feel that Fosse was putting in too much personal stuff, that the film was becoming too much of a couch session?

SCHEIDER: On the contrary. Mainly, the pieces that were cut out of *Jazz* were the ones Bob thought were funny or represented his view of life. But if they slowed down the story, they were gone.

PLAYBOY: For example?

SCHEIDER: When Fosse actually had his

heart attack, and then had a second heart attack while still in the hospital, all the lawyers moved in and made him write his will immediately. But when it was finished, they needed someone to witness it. Paddy Chayefsky was sitting there in the hospital room, so they asked him. But Paddy said, "I won't sign it until I read it." So he starts reading and reading and everybody's standing there, waiting for him, and finally he says, "Hey, my name's not in here." Fosse's got tubes sticking out of him and he's barely conscious, but he manages to cough out, "You know, Paddy, it's only the closest family. . . ." And Chayefsky says, "But I'm not in here." Fosse tells him, "Yes, well, you know, I didn't include *any* friends." But Chayefsky insists, "If I'm not in it, I won't sign it. Fuck it, live." And Chayefsky really didn't sign Fosse's will. And, of course, Fosse did live. Bobby tried to put that scene in the movie, with Cliff Gorman playing the Chayefsky role. But in editing, he felt it slowed things down. So as much as it meant to him personally, out it came.

PLAYBOY: Immediately after *Jazz*, you did Harold Pinter's new play, *Betrayal*, on Broadway. *Jazz* is so wild and extravagant, so much busier and noisier than life—the opposite of Pinter's precise, almost minimal style. Did Pinter see the film?

SCHEIDER: Yes. I took Harold and Antonia Fraser.

PLAYBOY: What did they make of it?

SCHEIDER: At first, Harold was skeptical, but he stayed with it and in the end it pulled him right in. He said [*in a neatly clipped British accent*], "You know, Roy, I have seen that Angel of Death number before and I thought it was a rather silly conceit on Mr. Fosse's part. But at the end, as you were moving toward her, I was rather touched."

PLAYBOY: "Rather touched"?

SCHEIDER: Yes. Rather touched. Isn't that lovely? And when we got to the scene where the doctor is examining me, and he's smoking, coughing, hacking—it's a real burlesque bit, an absolutely crazy thing to stick in the middle of the movie—Harold, who is a smoker himself, started to laugh and cough so hard Antonia wanted to take him out of the theater. He just went into a spasm. And he said afterward it was that kind of craziness that made the film so exciting.

PLAYBOY: So he liked it?

SCHEIDER: Oh, yes. He wasn't like some theatrical people in New York who said—and I swear to you, I'm not making this up—"How dare Fosse choreograph this grand finale to his life, and then have the audacity to go on living?" But, of course, I'm partial. I loved the death scene. All actors do. I've never met

an actor who doesn't love to die.

PLAYBOY: You had a terrific death scene in *Marathon Man*, a picture you made with your old friend Dustin Hoffman. Is it true that the two of you started out together doing off-Broadway in the early Sixties?

SCHEIDER: That's right. Dustin and I began a production of *Sergeant Musgrave's Dance* together, but after two weeks of rehearsals, he was fired because his north-country accent wasn't up to the director's expectations. It didn't seem to matter that his performance was brilliant. The accent wasn't right, so they fired him. And Dustin was destroyed by that. But he went from there to *The Journey of the Fifth Horse*, and then to *Eh?*, where Mike Nichols saw him. A year later, he'd done *The Graduate* and he was off. And I didn't work with him again until *Marathon Man*.

PLAYBOY: Hoffman is a fairly intense guy, isn't he?

SCHEIDER: Oh, God. I think *I'm* obsessed. I think *I* work night and day trying to get just exactly what I want into a role. But Dustin is 12 degrees higher. I mean, he pushes right into another dimension.

PLAYBOY: People say he's hard to work with. Sometimes impossible.

SCHEIDER: He can be difficult, but the difficulties always come out of Dustin's efforts and frustrations in trying to do what he thinks is best for the movie. They'll never come out of vanity or ego or personal bullshit. I told that to Robert Benton when they were starting *Kramer*. I said the only problems you'll ever have will be the result of Dustin's obsession for attacking a role in as fresh a way as possible. Fosse had those problems with Dustin in *Lenny*. But a sensitive director will always recognize the difference between ego problems and the problems of an obsessed artist.

PLAYBOY: Many people in the industry were surprised when you took that part in *Marathon Man*. You'd already done *Jaws* and were being offered a lot of starring roles, but you took a much smaller one as the third lead. Why?

SCHEIDER: It's true that I took that part against the wishes of a lot of people. But it was the best part around, which is all I ever go for. I mean, it was a tremendous part. The guy was fouled up sexually and felt guilty about it. He was a double agent who was lying to his brother, had run away from his father and was a killer besides. Just layer on top of layer. Now, all of that is great fun for an actor to work on. All that, plus I even got to die.

PLAYBOY: What more could you want?

SCHEIDER: Nothing. So I took it. But the ultimate indignity was that the director, John Schlesinger, then said he didn't think Dustin and I could be brothers

because we didn't look alike. So he asked me to do a test. My first reaction was, fuck him, I'm a star who has gallantly condescended to play third lead, and now they want me to test for it? But I calmed down and Dustin and I worked out this little improvisation of the two of us meeting in which we dance around and spar with each other and end up embracing. We shot it and Schlesinger liked it, so I got the part. And that little screen test turned out to be very important. Because later, when Olivier, Dustin and I were rehearsing, we all realized there was something missing from the script—a scene to cement the bond between the two brothers. Without that, the remainder of the movie wouldn't hold together. So we called in the author, William Goldman, but he said, "The kind of scene you two guys are talking about is not one I can write. I mean, I could, but it probably wouldn't be very convincing, because it wouldn't come out of my experience. You'd be better off just winging it, finding something there for yourselves." But we didn't have to look very far. We already

"God. I think I'm obsessed. But Dustin is 12 degrees higher. I mean, he pushes right into another dimension."

had the scene we needed: my screen test.

PLAYBOY: To many observers, this year seemed an odd time for you to return to Broadway—just when you'd really hit your stride as a movie star. Why did you do it?

SCHEIDER: Since 1970, when I did my last play in New York, I really have been feeling that kind of bullshit self-torture and guilt that actors are supposed to go through when their careers are skyrocketing and they begin losing touch with their theatrical roots. You've heard that corny bit a million times: "I must replenish the soil and give back to Mother Theater what Mother Theater has given to me." Well, it turns out to be true.

PLAYBOY: You felt guilty about becoming a movie star?

SCHEIDER: Hell, no. But there is a certain kind of guilt that all theatrically trained actors feel when they go on to movie careers. Theater is where you got started, where you learned your craft, and you feel you owe something. Also, if you really want to wrestle with some interesting ideas, you don't usually wrestle with them in the movies.

PLAYBOY: So you brought Pinter's *Betrayal* to Broadway.

SCHEIDER: If you're going to wrestle, you might as well wrestle a heavyweight.

PLAYBOY: But you took the *smaller* of the two male leads in *Betrayal*. Why?

SCHEIDER: Although the larger role was a wonderfully romantic part, I felt the smaller one was more difficult and complex. And that's what I wanted: something that would be a struggle—and a challenge. Something I could never be absolutely certain I had under my belt.

PLAYBOY: You also took third billing.

SCHEIDER: Hey, I'm no fool. I know it looks artsy-craftsy to have my name third, to have people say, "Oh, isn't that noble? He's a big movie star and he's come to Broadway to do a play and he's taking third billing in the grand style of the theater." Actually, I believe that's the way it should be, but it strikes me funny that I did it. That I'm in the position to be so fucking magnanimous.

PLAYBOY: Returning to live theater after a nine-year Hollywood sabbatical must have been a bit of a culture shock. Was doing a play harder or easier than you remembered?

SCHEIDER: It was as hard as I remembered. And as frightening. It's what Fosse talks about in the first line of *Jazz*—being "on the wire." It's that danger. The same danger a stunt man enjoys or a writer or an athlete: putting your ass on the line and wanting to risk it all for something that has a huge return, or no return. Every night I made my entrance on that play, my heart was pounding, my palms were sweating and I thought I was going to faint.

PLAYBOY: Do you have some method or system for handling those fears?

SCHEIDER: I begin by asking myself what I'm afraid of. And, of course, what I'm *really* afraid of is forgetting my lines and making an ass of myself. But what I do is turn that fear around. I say no, that's not what I'm really afraid of. What I'm really feeling, I tell myself, is a fear of how good I'm going to be. I shift that energy around and make it positive, get it working for me. I tell myself, Tonight, Roy, you're going to be so fucking good it'll scare you. And it'll scare them.

PLAYBOY: Some actors, as a means of achieving extreme intimacy with an audience, select one face in the crowd and direct the entire performance toward that person. Have you ever done that?

SCHEIDER: I always do that. I like to find someone whom I know doesn't like me or whom I don't like. Oh, boy, I'm *really* good that night. And it works just as well when there are people out there I love.

PLAYBOY: You do it either for them or in spite of them?

SCHEIDER: That's right. And if I can't find anyone I love or hate, then I just pick

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out a pretty face and say, "OK, this one's for her."

PLAYBOY: That notion of playing to someone you hate sounds a little dangerous. Isn't it possible you'll find someone so loathsome that over the course of the performance you won't be able to handle your emotions and your concentration will crack?

SCHEIDER: Oh, it's possible. And one night during *Betrayal*, I had to prevent it from happening. Henry Kissinger had one of his flunkies call to say that the Great Man wanted to see the play and sit in my "house seats." I said absolutely not. He can pay his money and sit anywhere he wants. But not in my seats. I don't want to see him. I don't want to know when he's there. And I *certainly* don't want him coming backstage to my dressing room afterward.

PLAYBOY: Apparently, you're not a great admirer of the former Secretary of State and travel agent for the shah of Iran.

SCHEIDER: In his last novel, *Good as Gold*, Joseph Heller—who happens to be one of my favorite authors, anyway—does over 100 pages on Kissinger and it's the cruelest, most vicious send-up of a politician I've ever seen in fiction. Just pure, clear, double-distilled vitriol. I laughed my ass off.

PLAYBOY: Aside from Kissinger, do you have any other strong political convictions?

SCHEIDER: Not strong enough to do anything about them, so I suppose they're not really that strong. I'm a half-assed liberal.

PLAYBOY: Why half-assed?

SCHEIDER: Because I've never taken political action, gone out into the streets and actually lived my politics. So I suppose my beliefs aren't really that strong.

PLAYBOY: You took to the streets once, though. As leader of the American Actor's Committee in 1967, you instigated a strike that blackened Broadway for a week in 1968.

SCHEIDER: That was the most passionate period of my life. It was a time when sleep was unimportant, even the destruction of my own career was unimportant. I was so wrought up, so emotionally committed to the ideals of that strike that nothing else mattered. It had all the trappings of a revolution and was, I must confess, very exhilarating. I was living life on a high. A dangerous high.

PLAYBOY: What was that strike about?

SCHEIDER: It was about the fact that Broadway producers were bringing shows over from London and using all-English casts. American actors couldn't get work here, and we couldn't get work there, because when you get off the plane in London, the immigration officer takes your passport and puts a big ugly stamp on it that says, ACTOR—NO WORK. The whole thing was especially distasteful to

me because I believe, ideally, in absolute, international artistic freedom. But we can't play Uncle Sam to everybody, allow them a liberty they don't allow us.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of actors and politics, your first important role in a motion picture was as Jane Fonda's pimp in *Klute*. What was she like to work with?

SCHEIDER: A total pro. On time, knew her work, wanted to improvise, was willing to do anything necessary to make the movie better.

PLAYBOY: Was she doing any politicking on the set?

SCHEIDER: Constantly. At that time, Jane was into believing that the prostitutes on the street were no different from most other women.

PLAYBOY: Did you agree with her?

SCHEIDER: No, but I liked her passion. And her professionalism. You know, Jane worked for years as a silly ingénue on the stage in New York and, I mean, she was laughable at first. But she stayed with it and slowly, carefully learned her craft. Then there were those years with Roger Vadim. She has a lot of difficult things to live down in her

"Jane Fonda bugs a lot of people, but fuck them. She's done it her way."

career, and out of those experiences came a political commitment you don't always have to agree with to respect. I respect the fact that through it all she's managed to maintain her career and give fantastic performances. So she bugs a lot of people, but fuck them. She's done it her way.

PLAYBOY: Part of doing it your way has been to live in New York, even though you were away from Broadway doing Hollywood movies for nine years. Hasn't that been somewhat inconvenient, and maybe even a little premeditated—like taking third billing?

SCHEIDER: Not really. I just like it better in New York. For many reasons. First of all, I believe we're all pixilated and neurotic and absurd. Every one of us. And in New York we *know* we're crazy, but in L.A. they think they're sane. Also, it's too beautiful out there.

PLAYBOY: Too beautiful?

SCHEIDER: Yeah, not enough anxiety. You're never really "on the wire" out there. The weather is beautiful, the mountains are beautiful, it's cheaper to live there than it is here, when you're out of work, you can get other jobs, the sun shines every day, there's no poverty in the streets, you don't see any blacks—it's like living in a goddamn test tube.

Here in New York, every time you walk out the door in the morning, life swings a big shovel and smashes you in the face.

PLAYBOY: And that's a benefit?

SCHEIDER: As an actor, you're supposed to be a mirror of your age. Well, hell, this is the place to observe it. You see life and death going on right out in the street. This town is a tremendous stimulant. There are a few other stimulating places in the world, a few other good towns to live in.

PLAYBOY: But Beverly Hills isn't one of them?

SCHEIDER: Not for me. I mean, it's a very rich, comfortable, lovely community. And if that's what you want, great. But it's not what I want. Also, it's an industry town. You can't go for an ice cream there without running into three directors, four producers, two writers and six agents—all talking about their "properties." Sometimes, I just like to talk about my ice cream. But you can't escape it out there. You keep going to the same parties with the same people and get more paranoid every day.

PLAYBOY: Why paranoid?

SCHEIDER: Because out there, the first thing you learn when you wake up in the morning is that some guy just got a part you know he's absolutely wrong for—a part you weren't even *called* for—and for the rest of the day you're mad at everybody. Who needs it?

PLAYBOY: That business of casting never gets any less competitive, does it—even among top stars?

SCHEIDER: Nope. The rejection and the humiliation merely rise to a higher level.

PLAYBOY: Last year's derby was especially incestuous, with you, Pacino, Dreyfuss and Hoffman vying for what turned out to be only two great male leads—in *Kramer* and *Jazz*. What did that little game of musical chairs look like from the inside?

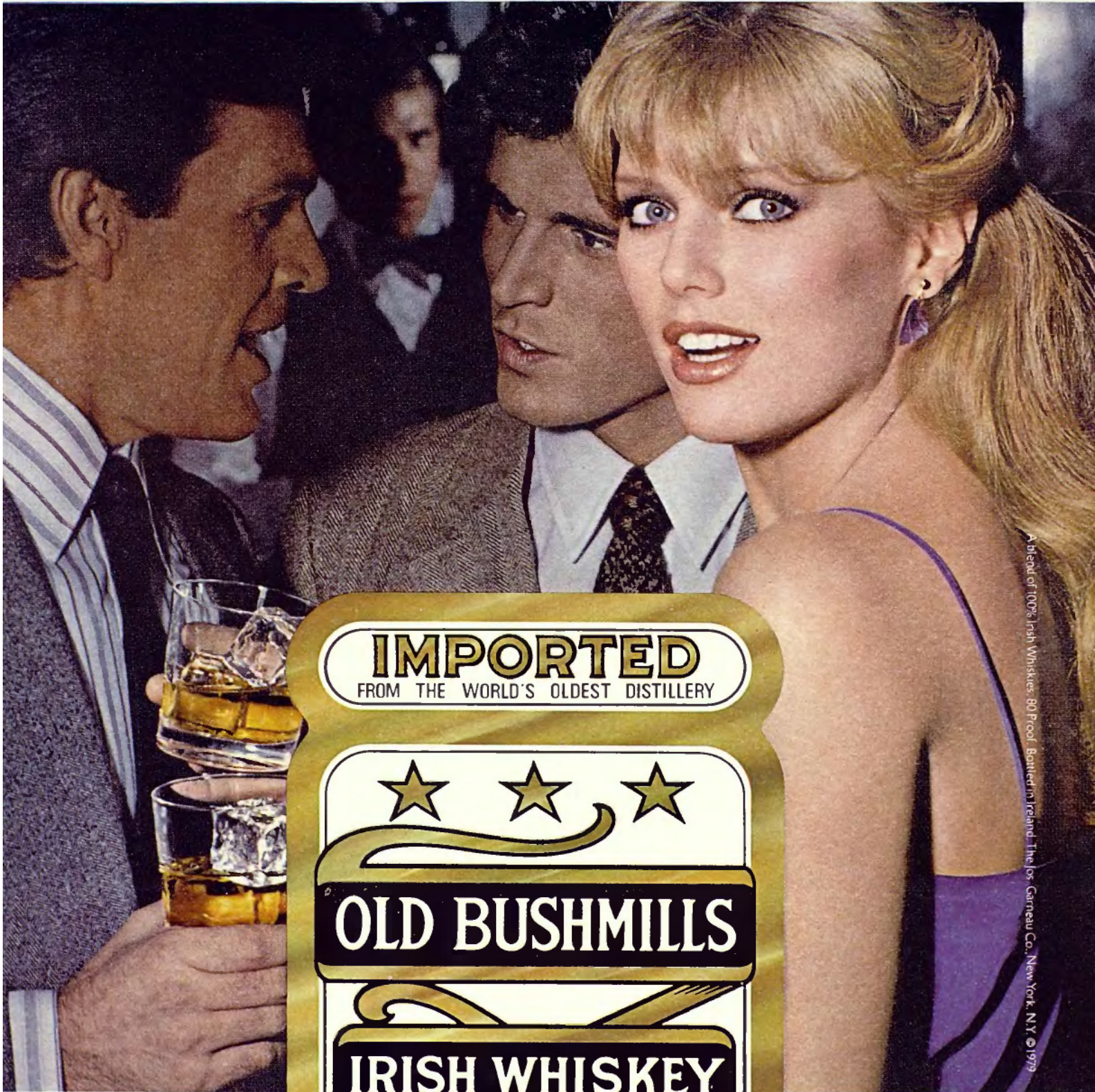
SCHEIDER: Pacino was the first one they offered *Kramer* to, and Dreyfuss was actually cast in *Jazz*. But Al turned down the role in *Kramer* and Richard walked off *Jazz*. Then Bobby Benton, who wrote and directed *Kramer*, asked me to do it, but the producer, Stanley Jaffe, wanted Dustin. Then I got *Jazz*. So Dustin and I ended up not only with the best roles of the year but with roles that both of us were absolutely perfect for. And Dreyfuss got nothing, and Pacino got worse than nothing. He got *Cruising*.

PLAYBOY: In general, are you a fan of Pacino's?

SCHEIDER: I admire Pacino very much. In my opinion, and this may sound crazy, I think Pacino's most beautiful and touching performance went unnoticed, even though he did it in the biggest picture of its year: *The Godfather, Part II*.

PLAYBOY: We weren't aware that *anything*

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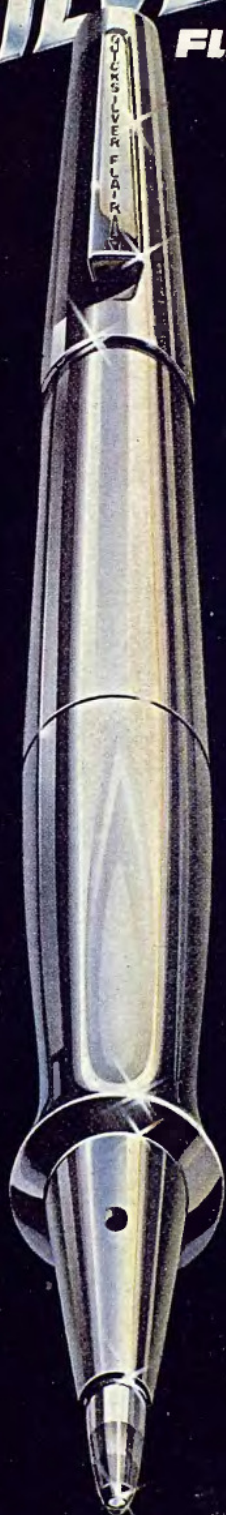
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went unnoticed about the *Godfather* movies.

SCHEIDER: Pacino did, because everyone was watching De Niro. De Niro was the young, fresh guy on the move, coming up. Audiences are fickle. They catch on to that rising star. Who's interested in a guy going down? Al's role in *Godfather II* was an immaculate study of a man falling to pieces, a Mafia kingpin becoming slowly and devastatingly aware that all his values are shit. He can't hold on to anything. His wife, his kid, his power—it's all slipping away from him and he can only stand there and watch it. It was a much more complex and adult performance than he gave in *The Godfather*, because the part was richer. A sensational performance, really. Just brilliant. But nobody noticed. It all got washed away.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of getting washed away, you made a disparaging remark about Pacino's last picture, William Friedkin's *Cruising*.

SCHEIDER: Me and everyone else who saw it—including Al.

PLAYBOY: You worked with Friedkin on two movies, *The French Connection* and *Sorcerer*. Looking at the wreckage of *Cruising*, and at the people involved, what do you think went wrong?

SCHEIDER: I feel I know *exactly* what happened. I know Billy Friedkin. I know my man. And Billy is a smooth talker.

PLAYBOY: But what did Friedkin talk Pacino into?

SCHEIDER: The same thing he talked me into on *Sorcerer*—doing an entire movie without what Billy calls "sentiment" or "melodrama." "We're not going to stoop to any of those heartfelt moments," Billy will say. "We don't need them." But you go to Billy and tell him you don't understand a particular scene, or that you're afraid the movie has lost track of where it's going, and he'll sit you down and sweet-talk you into believing it'll all work out. But in the end, you look at the movie and say, "Holy shit. I was right. This *doesn't* make sense." And I'm absolutely certain that's what happened to Al on *Cruising*. He got sweet-talked.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any idea what it is about Friedkin that causes him to do that—make pictures that are devoid of emotion?

SCHEIDER: An actor always looks for the center of a character—what really drives him—and I think I could capsule Billy's center in two words: Get even. Look, I don't want to sound like an ingrate, because Billy and Phil D'Antoni gave me my first big shot in *The French Connection*. And Billy's problems, to the extent that they're personal, have no place in a public interview.

PLAYBOY: But what you consider his pro-

fessional problems do, because they're right up there on the screen. So let's stick with that.

SCHEIDER: Billy is—first and always—an extraordinarily gifted picturemaker. He can tell stories with pictures and he shoots beautifully. He's also a very bright guy—well read and well rounded. But underneath that is this peculiar get-even philosophy that just pulls the rest of it down. It makes him angry. It makes him work out of distrust, paranoia. It makes him run a movie set where everyone is on edge. He believes you get the best work out of people that way. I don't happen to believe that.

PLAYBOY: Which other modern actors do you admire?

SCHEIDER: Brando. Ah, Brando. Now, *there* is a real strange animal.

PLAYBOY: Animal?

SCHEIDER: Sure. Marlon is such a pure piece of animal flesh. He's pansexual, beyond normalcy of any kind. He's so delicate. He can outfeminize any woman in any scene. He became more vulnerable than Blanche Dubois. I wound up crying for him, not her. Then he'll play a Nazi in *Roots II* and within five minutes you totally understand why that man's brain is so twisted. You find yourself thinking, Why don't they leave him alone? I mean, if he played Hitler, you'd love him.

PLAYBOY: Any thoughts on the new Brando? The Brando who calls acting a hustle?

SCHEIDER: No. I don't know where his head is now, but his *Playboy Interview* did provide a few insights. Your guy [Lawrence Grobel] kept trying to get him to talk about acting and Brando kept refusing—but he always got suckered in. Without meaning to—in fact, while trying to say just the opposite—Brando revealed that he still loves acting. That drive that made him a great actor is still there. As sour and twisted and jaded as he's become, as much as he now wants to be remembered as a philosopher, a philanthropist, as savior of the Indians, the joy of the performance is still in him. You can feel it in that interview. He's still an artist.

PLAYBOY: But don't you think many of Brando's recent performances—in *Apocalypse Now*, for example—have been throwaways?

SCHEIDER: Marlon has screwed up a lot of roles in recent years, just deliberately shit all over the director and the script and everything else. Still, the talent is there, and once in a while he'll give you a few minutes of his special genius, and then it's magic time.

PLAYBOY: We talked about Jane Fonda before. She and many other performers of your generation come from theatrical families and had their opportunities dropped into their laps. Your father ran

a garage in New Jersey. You worked off-Broadway for ten years before getting your first good shot in the movies—ironically, with Fonda in *Klute*. Does the unfairness of that ever piss you off?

SCHEIDER: First of all, I never planned to be a movie star—or a movie actor at all. My goal was to become a working actor in the theater. The movie career was dessert. A banana split at the end of the meal that was especially sweet because it was unexpected. But to answer your question—no. Those things never pissed me off because getting the chance means nothing if you can't deliver the goods.

PLAYBOY: But a struggling actor without connections can wait years before being recognized. And no doubt some talented people are never recognized.

SCHEIDER: Sure, but I had such an ego, such a powerful, crazy, naïve belief in myself, that those things didn't bother me much. I figured my turn was coming.

PLAYBOY: Do you see now that you were lucky? That your turn might not have come?

SCHEIDER: Of course it might not have come. My optimism was ridiculous—but necessary. Without it, those years of rejections and humiliation would have driven me mad.

PLAYBOY: Were there people with whom you worked 15 and 20 years ago who *were* talented but who *didn't* make it?

SCHEIDER: Yes, a lot of them.

PLAYBOY: Besides talent—and luck—can you now identify any qualities you had that they lacked?

SCHEIDER: Absolutely. Every one of them suffered from a failure to show up. That's the key. You've got to keep sticking your face in there all the time. You've got to beat them down.

PLAYBOY: Which is reminiscent, of course, of the opening sequence in *Jazz*: the audition scene, that overhead shot of a stage crammed with hundreds of people fighting desperately for a handful of parts. Was that a realistic portrait of an open casting call?

SCHEIDER: Absolutely. And you have to show up for that humiliation time after time. And just as important, you have to go home saying, "Well, I guess they didn't see it *this time*. They didn't notice that I'm special. But they will. Sooner or later, those fuckers will recognize my talent."

PLAYBOY: If an aspiring young actor or actress came to you for advice, aside from showing up, what would you say?

SCHEIDER: If you want to act, act. Don't talk about it, do it. Don't hang out discussing theory and moaning about not getting a chance. Practice your theories. The chances are out there. Act in the closet. Act for the American Legion. Act for the B'nai B'rith. Act for your local community theater. Just act, act,

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act. Study your voice. Study your movements. Study every other actor and steal what works.

PLAYBOY: Any other advice?

SCHEIDER: There are, I think, three essential attributes every actor must have. One is intelligence—but not too much. Just enough to interpret what you're doing wisely, to make good choices. But not so much that you go beyond the director and the author. They're the intellects. The audience wants to see the actor's emotions, not his intellect. They want to see raw meat.

PLAYBOY: Do any actors come to mind whom you feel overintellectualize?

SCHEIDER: Paul Scofield is one. If I want to see a mind act, I'll go to London and watch Scofield do *Othello*. It will be interesting and, in a way, it will be great theater—but not, in my opinion, great acting.

PLAYBOY: And the second attribute?

SCHEIDER: Physical grace. Regardless of your size or build, you must develop a certain fluidity, so your movements become pleasing to the eye. Whether you're Charles Laughton or Marlon Brando, whether you want to be beautiful and graceful or ugly and awkward—either way, you must develop those physical skills.

PLAYBOY: Do you learn a role physically in the same sense that you learn a script?

SCHEIDER: Yes. In fact, for me, the physicality comes first. I never feel I have a

line memorized until I've got the physical motion that goes with it. When I have my body moving the right way, then the line becomes mine. Until then, it belongs to the author.

PLAYBOY: And the third attribute an actor needs?

SCHEIDER: The third is the absolute ability to give yourself over to make-believe. You have to play a child's game of "as if." In other words, if I tell you I'm going to pour this glass of beer over your head and you're going to react as if it were molten lava, in your imagination you have to feel the lava—the pain, the weight of it, the heat of it—and you have to react. The most important direction any actor ever receives is "as if." And if you or the director can find the right "as if" for that moment, you've got it. Because the child in you will make you do it right.

PLAYBOY: Which brings to mind a reaction shot you did in *Jaws* that is now considered a classic. You were on the boat and you suddenly saw the shark for the first time. You expressed abject horror with utter blankness. A hundred million viewers shrieked with terror, but you never made a sound—and it worked.

SCHEIDER: The key to that scene, to that game of "as if," was that *no* reaction would work. It was *too* extraordinary. So it had to be just, "Ah." Mouth drops, facial muscles relax, silence. It

was the most frightening reaction, because it was the most real.

PLAYBOY: Was that your idea or director Steven Spielberg's?

SCHEIDER: It was mine, and the most difficult thing about shooting it was that I didn't have the benefit of the goddamn shark, which was broken most of the time. When Steven said, "Now you see it," there was nothing in front of me but the lens.

PLAYBOY: Touching people's lives like that—moving them—even if it's merely to fright, has to be a very special feeling of accomplishment.

SCHEIDER: It's the best review any performer can get. My PR person has a brother who works on the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, and he told me a story along those lines that I found particularly satisfying. You know what the exchange is like, don't you? The bell rings in the morning and thousands of guys start screaming and bidding millions of dollars for potatoes and pork bellies and every other goddamn thing in the world. It's heart-failure land every day. So her brother, who's a workaholic like Joe Gideon, and me, and millions of other men who were able to identify so strongly with that part, takes six of his cronies from the exchange to see *Jazz*, and it knocks them over. The next morning, when that bell goes off, what do you think they yell? "It's showtime,

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folks!" So the other guys on the exchange ask what the hell that was about, and they all go see the movie, too. By the end of the week, the whole Mercantile Exchange is opening with all these guys screaming, "It's showtime, folks!" I told Fosse about that and I don't think I've ever seen him look so satisfied.

PLAYBOY: Do any other instances of that kind come to mind?

SCHEIDER: Yeah, when Billy Friedkin and I went down to Eddie Egan's trial after *The French Connection*. Egan was the real-life character Gene Hackman played in the movie, an overblown boastful Irishman who was unbearable at times but really was a great cop. I mean, he could smell a dope dealer four blocks away. But he was a pain in the ass, as most zealots are. And he had a lot of enemies on the force who didn't like the fact that the movie had made him a folk hero. So they tried to nail him on some trumped-up heroin charge, and Billy and I went down as—ha-ha—character witnesses. But I'd forgotten my wallet and didn't have any identification. So Billy said, "When we get there, just tell them you're Lieutenant Russo"—the fictional character I played in the film. I said, "Billy, you're crazy. They're not going to believe that. This is real life. These are real cops." He said, "Oh, no? Just

watch this." And when we got to the desk, Billy showed the sergeant his identification, then said, "And Lieutenant Russo is with me." The sergeant looked me over for a moment, then said, "How are you, Lieutenant Russo? How's your wife? How's the kid in Florida?" When we were alone, Billy told me, "That's the best review you're ever gonna get in your life."

PLAYBOY: Was there a single moment or experience that made you want to become an actor?

SCHEIDER: Acting wasn't even something I'd considered until I was in college. I was a history major at Franklin and Marshall, reading Shakespeare for fun on the side and planning to go on to law school. Law was always the plan for me. It was what my father wanted.

PLAYBOY: And your father was the major force in your early life?

SCHEIDER: He was the major force in my life, period. From as early as I can remember, until just a few years ago—one year before he died—everything I did in life was done with an eye toward pleasing him, gaining his approval and love, which I never really felt I got. He was not the kind of man who could say "I love you" easily, and he'd say nice things about you only to other people.

PLAYBOY: Did you fight?

SCHEIDER: All the time. We agreed on

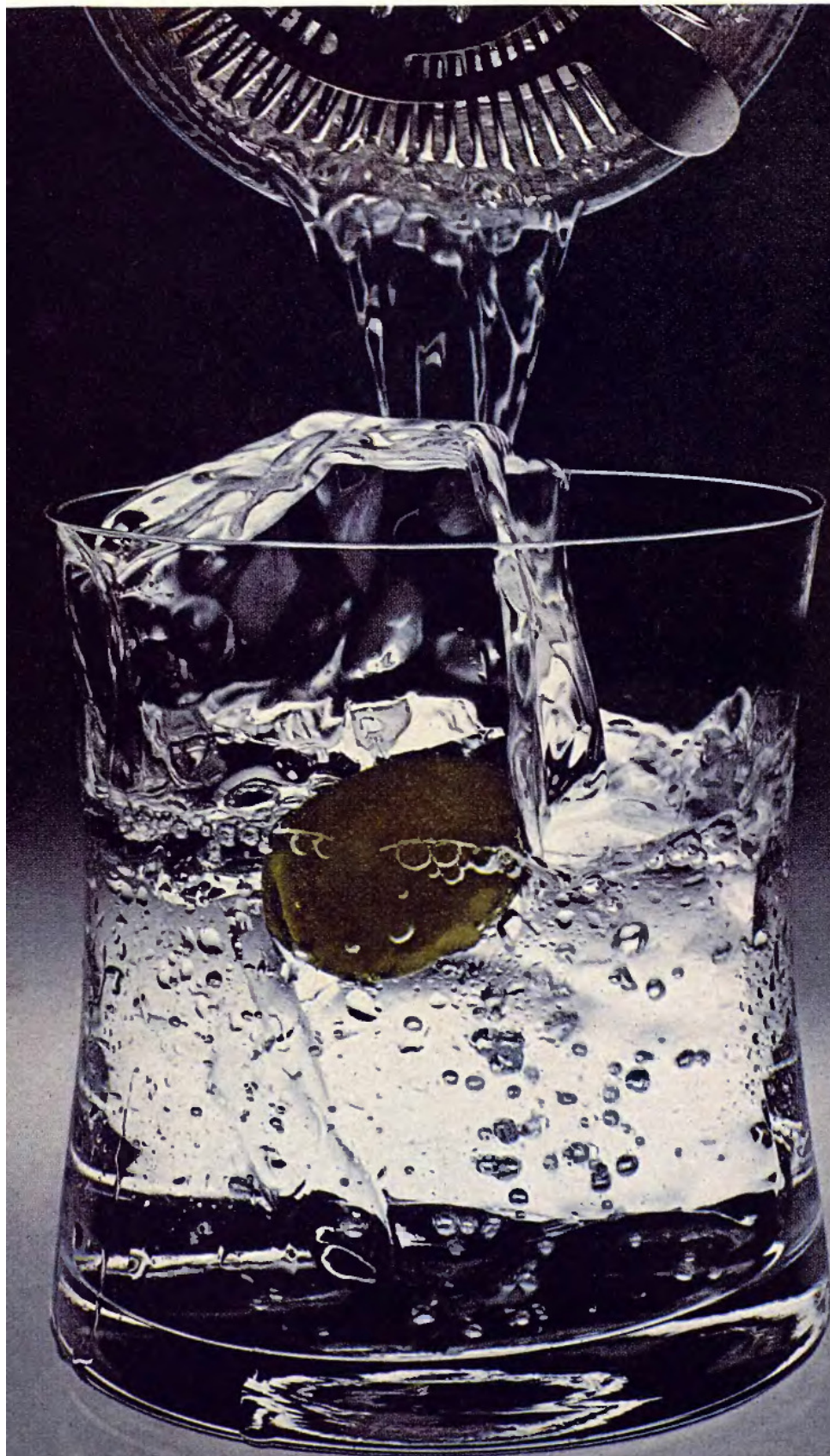
nothing. He liked Joe McCarthy and Nixon. I was always finding John Birch literature in the drawers. F.D.R. was a "pinko." He hated Catholics, Jews, blacks. But he was so full of contradictions, so full of shit. If we'd be driving down the street and a car would cut in front of us, my father would say, "That Jew bastard." I'd say, "How do you know he's Jewish?" And my father would say, "Only a Jew would do a thing like that." Meanwhile, many of the people who owned the stores behind his garage were Jewish, and they were his friends. I used to tease him about it, but he'd just say, "Oh, they're different. They're all right." Blacks were "niggers" in our house, but our dentist was black. My father wouldn't let anyone but Dr. Kincaid touch his mouth. He was laughable. A real Archie Bunker. In fact, when I first saw *All in the Family*, it was not funny for me. Not funny at all. Oh, no.

PLAYBOY: Your father doesn't exactly sound like the kind of guy who'd be thrilled at having a son in the theater.

SCHEIDER: He derided all aspirations toward acting, all literary aspirations. To my father, law was the only acceptable means of upward mobility. But his idea of a lawyer was Perry Mason, because in a trial you get results. There's a decision, a winner. He liked that.

PLAYBOY: But while you were in college,

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you became involved in theater.

SCHEIDER: Yes, as an extracurricular activity. Franklin and Marshall had an excellent drama program directed by a very special and talented man named Darrell Larsen. I worked hard on those student productions and, in the process, learned an extraordinary lesson: The happier you are, the better and easier everything in your life becomes. The more hours I spent in the theater, the better I got at everything. My grades improved dramatically. My personal relationships grew deeper and more satisfying. I had literally found myself.

PLAYBOY: But then you had to face your father.

SCHEIDER: Which I didn't do until graduation. God, what a moment. My mother and father and I were in a hotel in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, the night before graduation. They were so proud of me. It was, you know, "Next stop, Perry Mason." And that's when I told him. I just said, "Look, Dad, I'm not going to law school." There was a long silence, and then he just said, "Well, I think you're a damn fool." And that's all he said, because he certainly wasn't a cruel man. But in his eyes, I could see what he was thinking—that all those years of college that they'd both worked so hard to put me through were now a total waste.

PLAYBOY: Then there was a break in your life for a three-year stint in the Air Force. Did you volunteer?

SCHEIDER: Hell, no. You know, today almost everyone recognizes that the Vietnam war was wrong. But for my generation, it was Korea, and I wasn't too crazy about that war, either. So I joined R.O.T.C. at school to stay out of it. But then, after college, I owed Uncle Sam three years.

PLAYBOY: And while you were in the Air Force, you got married.

SCHEIDER: I met my first wife in a small town in Oregon where I was stationed and she was working as a surgical nurse. She was married, with two kids, and her marriage was teetering on the brink. I just kind of pushed it over the cliff. When she got her divorce, I married her and took her and her two boys back with me to the East.

PLAYBOY: To make your name on the stage?

SCHEIDER: It was ludicrous. I fancied myself the white knight who swept up the damsel in distress and saved the entire family. But the reality was that I couldn't support any of them. It was her job and her money that supported me. There was a lot of pressure and I didn't . . . although I did love her, I didn't love her enough to sacrifice my career. I was totally career-bent. I mean, I really wanted to act, and the sacrifices I had to make weren't working with the wife and the two kids. Finally, I had to say,

"I've made a terrible mistake, I've adopted and uprooted a family I'm not prepared to or capable of handling. My relationship with you isn't as strong as I thought it was. And, basically, I'm an asshole. So take the money, the car, everything. But I want out." She was hurt, very hurt. But also very strong. All she said was, "I never expected this from you." I never expected it from myself, either. But that's the way it worked out.

PLAYBOY: Have you remained in touch?

SCHEIDER: I tried, but she was very cold. Uninterested. I'm especially sad because I think now I'd probably be more capable of explaining what was going on in my life at that time than I was then. I'm sure I must have seemed very cruel. That wasn't a particularly happy time in my life, or one I'm particularly proud of.

PLAYBOY: The fact that you weren't working no doubt made everything worse.

SCHEIDER: No doubt. I was getting nowhere in New York, but if you're an actor, you have to keep acting. So I went back to Franklin and Marshall and starred in a student production of *Richard III*.

PLAYBOY: For nothing?

SCHEIDER: For work. I really got into

"You just make up your mind, 'This is what I am today.' They want bald, you're bald. They want hair, you've got hair."

that part and did a fairly good job. Joe Papp heard about it, called me up for a reading and after 15 minutes of *Richard*, he hired me to play Mercutio in his New York Shakespeare Festival production of *Romeo and Juliet*.

PLAYBOY: And you were on your way.

SCHEIDER: I was off.

PLAYBOY: And after ten years on the stage, where you did everything but specialized in the classics—

SCHEIDER: Especially Shakespeare, my old, true love—

PLAYBOY: You landed the role that really launched you as an international star—Lieutenant Russo in *The French Connection*. You say you never really intended to become a movie star. How did it happen?

SCHEIDER: By accident, of course. And by showing up. You say I spent ten years on the stage, and I suppose that's true, but it *feels* like I spent those ten years doing auditions—and getting rejected. Which is exactly how I landed that part in *French Connection*.

PLAYBOY: By getting rejected?

SCHEIDER: That's right. I was standing out in the rain one afternoon behind a long line of people to audition for a British play with a British director, and one of the criteria was that everyone in that particular play had to be at least six feet tall. Now, I'm 5'11", but with shoes, I'm six feet. And when you audition, whatever it is they want, that's what you are. You just make up your mind. "This is what I am today." They want bald, you're bald. They want hair, you've got hair. It doesn't matter. So I'm six feet tall that day, standing in the rain for an hour, waiting to get onstage. Finally, it's my turn. I walk out and the only light they have on is the work light, which means they can see me but I can't see anyone in the audience. I don't know who's out there. All I hear is this voice. [*British accent, more than a little feminine*] "Mr. Scheider, would you please read? You are six feet, aren't you?" I say, "I'm five, eleven, but with shoes, I'm six feet." He says, "All right, read." I start reading and he interrupts me. "How tall are you?" I say, "Five, eleven." He says, "All right, would you read again, please?" I read again and again he interrupts me. "You're not really six feet," he says. Then he asks the stage manager, who is exactly six feet, to stand next to me. "See," he says, "you're not as tall as Larry. You're not really six feet." That was the last straw. I threw my script into the audience and started screaming. "Do you realize, you fucking limey idiot, that if James Cagney, Marlon Brando or Laurence fucking Olivier came out here to audition for you, none of them would get the job, because none of them is six feet tall? So take your six feet and shove them up your ass." And I walked out. Now, I didn't know that in the audience was a guy named Bob Weiner, a movie critic, who was doing the casting for Friedkin and D'Antoni on *The French Connection*. And after seeing me, Weiner told them he'd found the perfect Lieutenant Russo, except, he said, "The guy's a little hot. I don't know if you can handle him."

PLAYBOY: But somehow they managed.

SCHEIDER: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: And you got the part, and an Oscar nomination, and everything else followed. But is that really the kind of behavior you'd *recommend* for a young actor at an audition?

SCHEIDER: If you feel a reaction like that is emotionally correct, then what the hell—let it rip. You have nothing to lose when you're that young. They're not going to think less of you. They don't think anything of you, anyway. So show a little fire. If you feel shit on, speak up.

PLAYBOY: Another major development in your life during what we can perhaps now call your theatrical years was your second and current marriage. Cynthia, who's now one of the top film editors,



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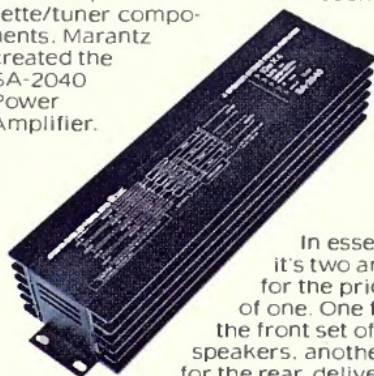
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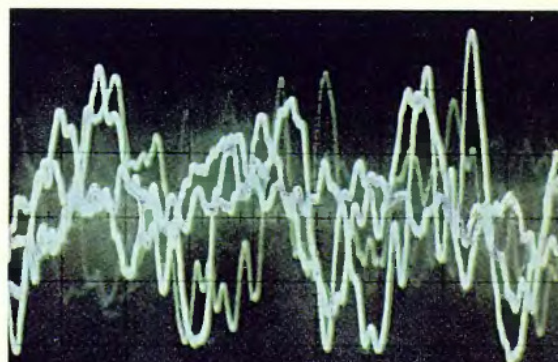
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was an actress then. And you met doing Shakespeare at Stratford, Connecticut.
SCHEIDER: Yes, but . . . hold on to that thought and cut back a couple of years to me playing my very first professional role in New York—Mercutio for Joe Papp in *Romeo and Juliet*. In the audience one night are two ladies. One takes a matchbook out of her bag and writes on it, "Who's the guy playing Mercutio?" Her friend says, "Roy Scheider." She says, "He's terrific." Just one of those little incidents that you forget about ten seconds after they happen. Cut forward four years. I'm married. I have a child. Cynthia is going through one of

her old bags, pulls out a matchbook and says, "Oh, my God." On it is written, "Who's the guy playing Mercutio?"
PLAYBOY: Very spooky. But the two of you *did* meet in a more normal way at Stratford, right?
SCHEIDER: A slightly more normal way. I'd been in the festival all summer. Cynthia joined in midseason and got a job understudying the female leads. She knew a lot about Shakespeare and immediately struck up friendships with everybody. But she seemed a little tough for me, unapproachable. So I crossed her off my list of desirable fucks for the season. But a few weeks later, I'm in

the local pub where everyone goes for a drink after the show. Cynthia's sitting at a booth with a guy and I'm standing at the bar. I happen to look over and notice that she's looking at me. I look away, then back again, and again she's looking at me. Then I see her pick up her beer and pour it over the head of the guy she's with. He gets up and storms out. So I leave the bar, walk over to her table and say, "What did you do that for?" And she says, "To get you to come over here." I say, "You're kidding!" She says, "You're here, aren't you?" So I sat down and—you might say—never got up. What a broad!

PLAYBOY: Your relationship with Cynthia is famous for its wild arguments, breakups and reconciliations.

SCHEIDER: It's not all that wild, and she's never poured beer on my head. But she does occasionally walk out on me and move into the hotel across the street. But she's always come back—so far. We're two people who are absolutely convinced that marriage doesn't work. But because of our backgrounds, our social brainwashing, we don't know any better. We can't seem to get out of it. After years of living and loving and arguing, the relationship becomes distilled. One by one, you throw out all the bullshit fantasies that you thought were holding the relationship together and get down to the rock bottom of what your relationship is really about.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, you believe in marriage.

SCHEIDER: Neither of us is particularly enamored of the institution, but we figured we needed something to commit ourselves to besides a lot of talk.

PLAYBOY: Earlier, we discussed the periods of separation you and Cynthia have because of your careers. Periods during which the two of you are permitted—or tacitly permitted—to have affairs. After an absence of several months—and perhaps a couple of sexual adventures—are the reunions a little awkward?

SCHEIDER: They're awkward because, in a way, we have to adjust to each other all over again. I welcome her back for all the things I love about her, but all the petty little idiosyncrasies that annoy me about her are back, too. It's jarring. I mean, if I'm walking into the bathroom in the middle of the night and there's a pile of Cynthia's clothes in my way, well, you know, that's profoundly annoying. It's world-shakingly important that my ingress to the bathroom has been impeded, a problem I haven't had to deal with for the past few months. Those are the crazy little details—the love and the petty annoyances—of a reunion between adults. But what makes a relationship survive is when you can convince yourself that all those eccentricities are

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absolutely charming because they're part of the larger portrait of the person you adore.

PLAYBOY: But you do argue.

SCHEIDER: Yeah. About petty things. Exercise: I do gymnastics three times a week and run every morning. She hates exercise. That bothers me, and if she gains a few pounds, I go crazy. Reading habits: She reads one claptrap novel after another. I mean, how dare she get that much enjoyment out of Agatha Christie, who couldn't put four sentences' worth of character development into an entire novel to save her life? Then Cynthia will tell me that I'm obsessed with sports, obsessed with my weight, and for all the goddamn "literature" I read, how come I never get any smarter? All of which, of course, is true.

PLAYBOY: In general, Hollywood people are famous for not reading.

SCHEIDER: I'm not a Hollywood person.

PLAYBOY: So you've said. Who are your favorite authors?

SCHEIDER: My favorites these days are the South Americans—[Jorge Luis] Borges, [Gabriel] Garcia Marquez. At the moment, though, I'm alternating between V. S. Naipaul and a mystery writer I've discovered named Robert Parker—a very funny guy. I'm also a magazine junkie. I read about a dozen regularly—and, yes, before you ask, I do read **PLAYBOY**. But the photos in **PLAYBOY** do nothing for me. Personally, I think *Vogue* is much more erotic.

PLAYBOY: Do you find the printed word more powerful than the graven image?

SCHEIDER: Yes, for my generation, I think it is. The generation immediately following mine is the visual generation. I watch the 11-o'clock news on television, but I don't really believe any of that stuff really happened until I read it in the paper the next morning.

PLAYBOY: So far, we've taken your career and your relationships up to 1970, when you were cast in *The French Connection*. But what about your father? How did your relationship with him fare during those years?

SCHEIDER: By the time I did *French Connection*, he was almost ready to admit that maybe this acting thing was going to work out all right, after all. But he still thought I was a dummy for not going to law school at night, you know, as a fall-back position.

PLAYBOY: So the approval you wanted—

SCHEIDER: Needed, not wanted. Without my father's approval, my life was incomplete. And to answer your question, no, even after *French Connection* came out and I was nominated for an Academy Award, my father continued to withhold his approval. I learned a lot about my father during those years and, curiously, one of the triggers to that learning process was seeing *Death of a Salesman*. I



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left that movie destroyed. My father had become a human being in two hours—a guy with hopes and anxieties and failures and romances and aspirations for me and love for my mother. Up to that point, he was just, you know, a father. This ogre I had to deal with every day. But understanding him did nothing to alleviate my problem. I continued to feel shut out, unloved.

PLAYBOY: *The French Connection* was an extraordinarily realistic film. It is rumored that while preparing for that movie, you and Hackman actually went on busts with Egan, Sonny Grosso and the rest of the dope squad.

SCHEIDER: Absolutely true. Hackman and I went up into Harlem with those cops every night. We were busting into shooting galleries and. . . Don't get me wrong, Gene and I weren't the first and second ones through the door. We were maybe the fifth and sixth ones through. But we were there, all right, without guns, scared shitless. And the tableaux we'd see were incredible, like they'd been staged for us. There'd be burners going. Guys with needles in, guys with needles out. One guy lying on the bed, dead, overdosed. I kept thinking, Jesus, this is too perfect. It's *too much* like a movie. Gene and I would see all that, listen to the cops talk, then rush down to the car and write it all down. Because Friedkin had told us from the beginning that we'd be free to improvise a lot of the incidental conversation, and we were intent upon making it as realistic as possible.

PLAYBOY: So you had that part of Sonny Grosso—Russo in the film—down pretty well in your mind by the time you began shooting.

SCHEIDER: Actually, I didn't have the part figured out at all for the first two weeks Gene and I spent with them. I kept wondering what the relationship between Egan and Grosso was really about. What held it together? I mean, Egan fashioned himself the Lone Ranger, a one-man fight for law and order in Harlem. Grosso was shy, reserved, sensitive. Nobody liked Egan, everybody liked Grosso, and the two of them seemed to have nothing in common. Yet they were a terrific team. One night, I said to Grosso, "Jesus, Sonny, that Eddie is really tough to take, isn't he?" And Grosso said, "Look, if I didn't like Eddie Egan, who would?" Well, that was it. I'd found the center of the character. It took me two weeks to get that out of Grosso, but as soon as I heard it, I knew exactly where I was going with the role. I knew who Egan was and I knew who Grosso was. It was all right there on the line.

PLAYBOY: Did Hackman, who won the Academy Award for his performance in *The French Connection*, discover the center of his role that way?

SCHEIDER: No, Gene's interpretation was

really Billy Friedkin's idea, and the two of them fought bitterly about it every day. Although, as I've said, I think Billy has certain problems as a director, and although I think Gene is absolutely one of the greatest actors in the world today, in that case, Gene was wrong and Billy was right. Gene kept wanting to humanize Egan, but Billy would say, "No, this man is a pig. He's as rotten as the criminals he's chasing." Billy molded an unbelievable performance, a character who was so outrageous you could laugh at him, yet you were still behind him because he believed so strongly in what he was doing. He was a man possessed.

PLAYBOY: After *The French Connection*, you made *Jaws*, another one of the biggest-grossing movies of all time. Spielberg was only 26 then. How did you feel about working with such a young guy?

SCHEIDER: I met Steven at a Christmas party. He was talking to Tracy Keenan Wynn about the logistical problems he was going to have trying to shoot this movie I'd never heard of about a giant shark that—ha-ha—comes out of the water and destroys a boat. So I listened

"The shark didn't work in 'Jaws.' Three months, we waited. When it finally did work, we cracked open champagne. It was like the launching of the Titanic."

to a bit of this, you know, and walked away, thinking, Oh, that poor kid is in a lot of trouble. He's so inexperienced. He doesn't have any idea where he's going. During the following months, the book came out and was an enormous success, and Steven called to ask me to read his script with an eye toward playing the cop. Well, I read it and I knew right away that this was no inexperienced kid trying to make a movie. I'd read the book and thought it was so-so. I mean, the last 150 pages were sensational—beautifully written and very exciting—but I didn't care much for the early parts or the characterizations. In the book, the wife and the scientist are adulterers, the cop is a cuckold and Quint is just a crazy Marine. Steven scooped out all the good parts from the book, tossed out the rest and redid the characters in a way that gave each of them a passion the audience could understand. Each guy was on that boat for a different reason. All in conflict with one another, all after that shark for a different reason. Spielberg understood that what makes movies work

is human conflict, not special effects. So I respected Steven very much from the start.

PLAYBOY: Because once you'd seen what he had done with the script, his age didn't bother you?

SCHEIDER: No, and in the end, his age turned out to be an advantage. A veteran director on *Jaws* probably would have committed suicide.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SCHEIDER: Because the shark didn't work. Steven kept trying to shoot footage every day, to keep the film moving, but they just couldn't get that goddamn shark to work. Three months, we waited. When it finally did work, we cracked open champagne. It was like the launching of the Titanic. My image of Steven will always be of him sitting on that camera barge with his legs stretched out and his cowboy hat down over his head, just waiting. Waiting for the goddamn shark to work.

PLAYBOY: What did you, Dreyfuss and Robert Shaw do during all that time?

SCHEIDER: We rehearsed, improvised. It was great for us. By the time we shot the thing, we knew one another so well we were practically a repertory company.

PLAYBOY: You're rumored to be a believer in est. Somehow, that seems a little difficult to believe.

SCHEIDER: Well, I can't say I'm a believer in est in the sense that I go around proselytizing the world according to Erhard. But I did the est training and I've never had a better time in my life. I never laughed so much, I never cried so much. I was actually dazzled. I couldn't believe that degree of intimacy could be achieved in a hotel room filled with 300 people. It was the best fucking show I've ever seen in my life.

PLAYBOY: Is est supposed to be a show?

SCHEIDER: It was for me. I couldn't have bought \$300 worth of theater tickets and seen what I saw. And I was one of the actors in the show. It was sensational.

PLAYBOY: What was sensational?

SCHEIDER: On the first day, you hear somebody try to tell about some experience and you think, Why, that stupid, insensitive, inarticulate son of a bitch is boring me to death with this ridiculous tale. But by the end of the second week, that same person will have gone through such an extraordinary experience that out of the mouth of the person you thought was a fool will come poetry. You come to understand that within each of us is tremendous beauty, passion, joy and love for life; you realize that everyone is you. No matter how heinous or aberrational a person's confessions seem over those two weekends, you realize that that part of you has been totally done by this person. The most horrific nightmare you've ever had about yourself has actually been played out by someone. And



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you've played out one or two for them. You realize we're all part of one another. That's what's sensational. That's it.

PLAYBOY: The true believers in est say Erhard's training—or his "show"—changed their lives in an enduring way. Can you say that?

SCHEIDER: Est was the catalyst that finally allowed me to resolve my relationship with my father. Otherwise, I probably never would have been able to do it, or I would have understood what I had to do too late.

PLAYBOY: What, exactly, did you have to do?

SCHEIDER: I had to confront him, make him reach down and grasp his own feelings—something he'd never done in his life. And I realized I had to do it quickly, because he was sick. He'd had two strokes, and I thought, I can't let that son of a bitch die until we straighten this out. So I jumped in my car, drove to New Jersey and pulled up in front of the house. He was having lunch with my mother in the kitchen and I said, "OK, Mom. Get out. I've got to talk to him." So she left. I took a deep breath and said, "Dad, I want you to know that I love you very, very much, and everything I've done in my career, in my life, has been to please you, to make you happy, to make you love me, to make you feel that I was worth having as a son. But now that's no longer necessary, because I know you love me, I know you approve of me, it's just that you can't say it. So I want you to say it. I want you to say it right now at this table. I want you to tell me you love me. Can you say that, Dad?" And he says, "I . . . I . . . well, I . . ." I say, "Say it. Don't say it to my aunts. Don't say it to my uncles. Don't tell Mom. Tell me. Tell me that you love me." And he says, "I love you." I said, "I love you, too." And we both had a terrific cry and that was it. That was all that had to be done. And after that, it's amazing how our relationship changed. He'd ask me questions about what movie I was making and am I investing my money well and how's Cynthia. All of a sudden, we became friends. A year later, he died. I was sad, of course, but at least we were at peace with each other. Our relationship was complete.

PLAYBOY: Generally, when an actor makes it big in the movies—especially as a cop—the TV offers come pouring in. After *The French Connection*, you must have had your choice. But you didn't bite.

SCHEIDER: Oh, yes I did.

PLAYBOY: You did a TV series? Why didn't we see you?

SCHEIDER: I did a series, but you didn't see me. That's the point. What a fucking mess.

PLAYBOY: Care to talk about it?

SCHEIDER: After *French Connection*, I was offered a lot of money by MGM to do an

espionage series called *Assignment: Munich*, with the understanding that it would be shot entirely in Europe. And I believed them. I was so naïve I had dreams of making *The Third Man*.

PLAYBOY: Meeting Joseph Cotten in the Mozart Café.

SCHEIDER: Exactly. Working with Europe's finest actors and directors. Everybody else on the project seemed to understand that after they had their pilot, they'd bring the whole thing back to Hollywood and just do a few cover shots in Europe. Which is exactly what happened. Halfway through the pilot, the studio sent a guy over to Europe to break the news to us. I was so surprised. Boy, was I dumb. So I called my lawyer and said, "How do I get out of this thing?" He said, "Well, as a matter of fact, there is a technicality. You never signed a 'deal memo.'" So I told this studio guy that I wasn't going to do just another Hollywood-style, action-adventure cop series, no matter how much they paid me, so he could go fuck himself. And I got on a plane and came home. They took me to court and we battled for three years.

"I sure tried like hell to get out of 'Jaws 2.' I pleaded insanity. I went crazy in the Beverly Hills Hotel."

Eventually, they won and I had to pay \$165,000 in cash. That's what it cost me to say no, to get out of that series. All the money I made right up through *Jaws* went to pay that debt. But it was worth it. They got my money, but they didn't get me. I wasn't in their lousy, phony TV series. I escaped.

PLAYBOY: So it goes without saying that you don't see a TV series in your future.

SCHEIDER: Not now. No way, now. But in my later years, I would consider it. Speaking in very macabre terms, TV has become a wonderful graveyard for older actors who want to continue working. I think it's marvelous that people like Jimmy Stewart, Buddy Ebsen and Karl Malden, who may have lost their box-office appeal because of the fickleness of the industry but still have a lot to contribute as artists, now have a place where they can continue acting, continue doing what they love to do.

PLAYBOY: That's an original perspective.

SCHEIDER: It's the way I watch television. Today's younger actors and actresses who work exclusively in TV aren't very good. They don't know how to act, and working exclusively in *that* medium, they never learn. You just see a depressing succession of flat, superficial perform-

ances. But I can turn on my television and see an older, trained actor do some good work. I mean, they can't consistently do good work, because the scripts aren't that good. But once in a while, you catch a terrific performance by one of those people. It's nice. And I'd do it if I couldn't get steady work elsewhere. What the hell? I'm an actor who loves to act. Remember what I told you before? My earliest ambition was never to be a movie star. It was to be a working actor.

PLAYBOY: You seem to have a fairly healthy attitude about the nature of your work.

SCHEIDER: Talent is a constant, but fame is a ride on the roller coaster. Maureen Stapleton and I were at a party for Carroll O'Connor a few years ago, and later in the evening, after Maureen had had a few drinks, as was her wont in those days, Mrs. Carroll O'Connor came up to us and said, "Isn't this a wonderful party?" And we all agreed. Then she said, "But, you know, the one thing Carroll misses is his privacy." And Maureen said, "Well, don't worry. He'll get it back."

PLAYBOY: Another clinker you were involved with was *Jaws 2*. Why did you agree to act in the sequel?

SCHEIDER: I sure tried like hell to get out of *Jaws 2*. I pleaded insanity. I went crazy in the Beverly Hills Hotel. My act was so convincing that Barry Diller, who was head of Paramount, where I was making *Sorcerer*, actually called to see if I was stable enough to do *his* picture. But nothing could get me out of *Jaws 2*. I was locked into that contract. So, finally, I just did my job the best I could and hoped the public would forgive me.

PLAYBOY: Do you have scripts offered to you all the time?

SCHEIDER: I read about six per week.

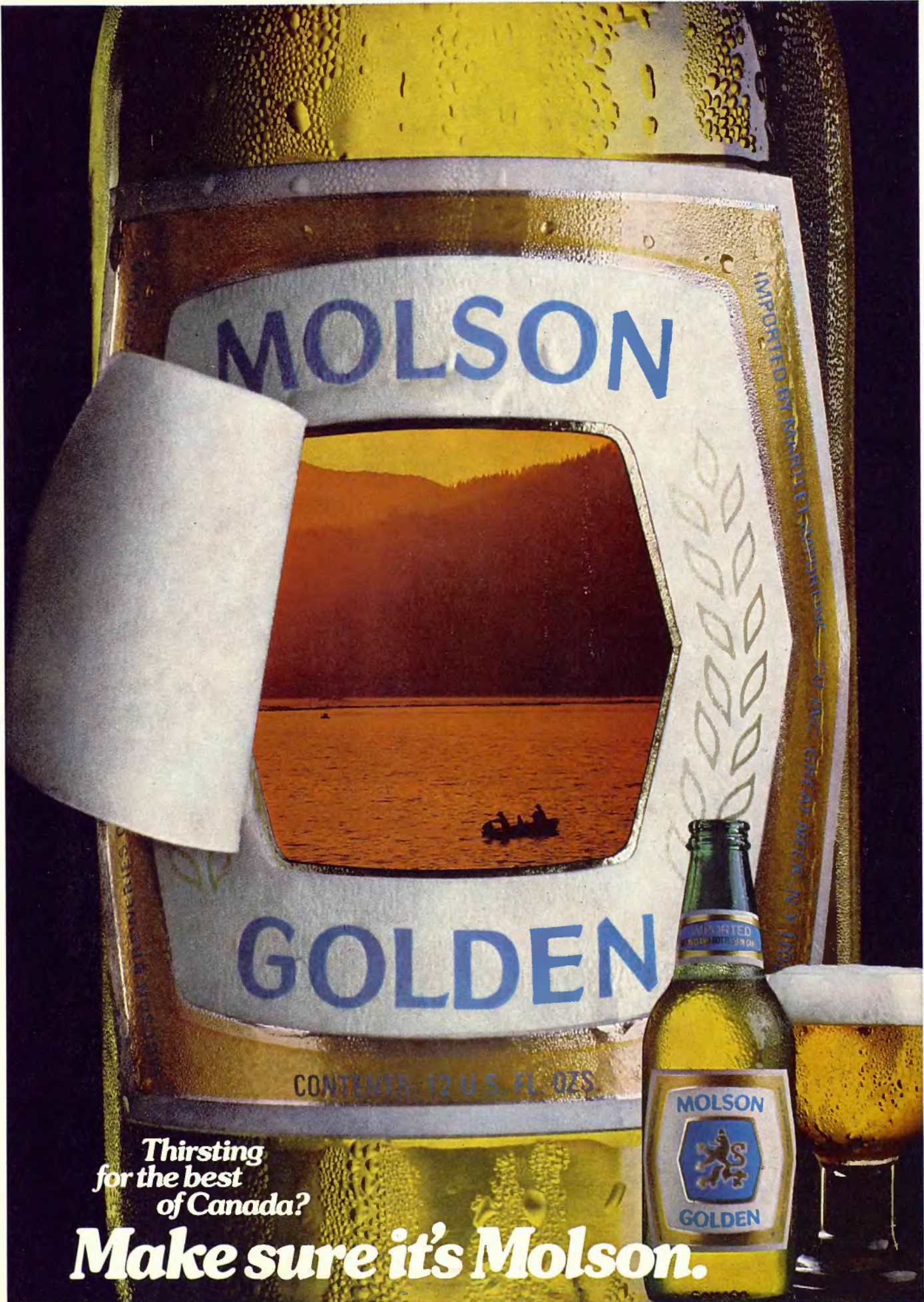
PLAYBOY: So many scripts are written and so few films are made—it makes you wonder what all those unproduced screenplays are like.

SCHEIDER: They go in cycles—whatever's hot at the time. The hot movie now, of course, is *Kramer*. So I read scripts every week about marriage, children, divorce. It's like the monster we created after *French Connection*. We spawned ten years of cop movies, cop dramas and cop series on television.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever written a script, or wanted to? You're certainly one of the more literate people in the industry.

SCHEIDER: No. . . . Oh, I'll tell you, I've always wanted to write a good baseball story. I love the sport and I don't think it's ever been done really well in the movies. Willie Mays was my idol. The best ballplayer I ever saw—not merely for his talent but also for his grace and joy.

PLAYBOY: Are there any performers you feel that way about?



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SCHIEDER: Astaire is one, certainly. He just puts me away. Not only am I amazed by what he's doing but that expression on his face, that look of absolute joy and childlike grace—the way Mays played center field. Astaire always seems to be saying, "Hey, look at this. Isn't this fun? Watch how I do it. And wouldn't you like to do it? And you *can* do it. You can do it as well as I can. Watch me now, I'll show you." That's the kind of performer I aspire to be. The kind who sucks the audience right up there with him.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the Oscars for a moment.

SCHIEDER: Ah, yes. The Oscars.

PLAYBOY: Dustin Hoffman's Oscar for Best Actor, over you, was a foregone conclusion this year. If you were the favorite, would you have gone instead of staying in New York to perform in *Betrayal*?

SCHIEDER: Sure. I'm not *that* committed to my art. Bob Fosse tried to convince me to go at the last minute. He said, "Come on, we'll have a little fun—or a little pain." But I said no. We all knew Dustin had it wrapped up. And for most of us, those things really can be pretty painful. In case you didn't notice, except for Jack Lemmon—who *really* shows up for everything—none of the rest of us in the best-actor category were there. Pacino, Peter Sellers and I all stayed home. I don't think that was a coincidence.

PLAYBOY: You must have had mixed feelings about an old friend like Dustin beating you out.

SCHIEDER: I'm glad Dustin won the Oscar. I think he deserved the Oscar. But not necessarily for that picture. I don't think *Kramer* was Dustin's best role, or even his second-best role. But in other years, he was beaten by people who were, in my opinion, not as good as he was. And the Academy has a way of making things like that up to people. And I approve of that. If Dustin couldn't win it for *The Graduate* or *Midnight Cowboy* or *All the President's Men*, I'm glad he did win it for *Kramer*. I only hope that if I'm ever up there again, the people casting their ballots will remember that I *didn't* win it for *Jazz*.

PLAYBOY: Readers of this interview won't be aware unless we tell them that we're recording this particular segment at Elaine's, New York's famous literary and theatrical hangout. And while we were talking about Hoffman's Oscar, Woody Allen walked by.

SCHIEDER: Yeah. For a guy who has the reputation of being Mr. Shy, you see him everywhere. He never misses a party.

PLAYBOY: Allen swept the Oscars in 1978, but one place you *didn't* see him was at the ceremony. This year, *Manhattan*, another excellent film, was virtually ignored by the Academy. Was that, in your opinion, an act of revenge?

SCHIEDER: Absolutely. *Manhattan* was a lovely film, but they were out to get him and they got him good.

PLAYBOY: But for making *Annie Hall*, which portrayed Hollywood as slick, crass, mindless and, in one sequence, literally sickening, Allen was adored by the Academy. Yet not going to the awards ceremony—that was a mortal sin.

SCHIEDER: Because that was saying "Fuck you" to the industry that had given him the job. And Woody was very clear about getting that message across. He could have said he had a reason for not going. He could even have said, "I do not choose to come." But, instead, he told them that playing his clarinet in Michael's Pub was more important than their little ceremony; so they shoved that clarinet right down his throat. Their feeling was, "We put up the money for your movies, so why don't you love us?" Everyone wants to be loved. Even the bank.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever played the "dinner-party game"?

SCHIEDER: What's that?

PLAYBOY: If you could select three people—they could be anyone, living or dead—to have over to your house one night for a dinner party, who would they be?

SCHIEDER: Jesus would be one. And Shakespeare. The third . . . hmmm . . . I'd want someone more visceral, funnier . . . I know: Mel Brooks.

PLAYBOY: Jesus, Shakespeare and *Mel Brooks*?

SCHIEDER: That would be perfect. Civilization always needs a Mel Brooks to put things in perspective. He once did a bit on Joan of Arc that just killed me. They're talking for a while, and then he says to her, "Look, you go save France, I gotta wash up." There's a classic irony there that I find present in all great art. Without it, you have something that's merely didactic philosophy, not art. Like, in the last scene of that new film of *The Tin Drum*. Oskar is leaving on a train, being separated from his grandmother in a very wrenching, tender moment. But just then, in the background, you see a guy run across the screen, throw his bag onto the train and try to jump on. And for a moment, you forget all about Oskar and his grandmother, all you're thinking about is, I hope that son of a bitch makes the train. The two others are saving Germany and he's washing up, and your allegiance keeps shifting between them. It's an incredible moment, of the kind Shakespeare never failed to include. After the king and the prince get through talking about their greatness, the gravedigger comes out to tell what's really going on.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any fears?

SCHIEDER: I have the constant fear of being revealed as a fraud, that someday

somebody's going to say to me, "Scheider, you have no talent. You've been fooling a lot of people for a long time, but the free ride is over now." That's the ultimate flop sweat. For a guy who's really driven, as I am, those moments when you fear that what you're doing is worthless can be terribly frightening. Can be? What am I saying? They are.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been in analysis?

SCHIEDER: I've been on the couch several times, for short periods. Perhaps a year, total, out of the past 18.

PLAYBOY: The past 18 years happen to be the span of your current marriage. Coincidence?

SCHIEDER: No. I've gone to psychiatrists during the times when I couldn't deal with why my relationship wasn't working. And I usually found out what I had to find out. The problems are never really licked, of course. But I've always gained some insights that have helped me. What I always discover is that my problems have nothing to do with my relationship. They have to do with me, with things that have always troubled me.

PLAYBOY: Many people who enter analysis never come out. And practically no one is able to jump in and out, as you seem to do, and feel that he is being helped.

SCHIEDER: I have friends who've been in analysis for 15 and 20 years, who feel, or come to feel in the course of the analysis, that they can't function without the help of the doctor. I've never felt that way. But, of course, the doctors I've had have always felt I should have stayed longer than I have. They always feel there's more work to be done. And they're right. But then there's living to be done, too. Also, psychiatry can become a belief system, like a religion, and the moment you start thinking something has all the answers, it has no answers.

PLAYBOY: You said earlier that actors love to do a death scene. Have you ever pictured your own?


SCHIEDER: Yes, frequently. I'd like something very fast when I'm very old. I imagine myself in my 80s seeing a girl with gorgeous legs on the other side of the street. I start to follow her, step off the curb without looking and get hit by a truck.

PLAYBOY: You're among the movie stars least interviewed by the press, and you never do TV talk shows. Why?

SCHIEDER: There's an old saying that you never really understand a thing until you can explain it to someone else. The same rule applies, I think, to understanding yourself. You learn who you are by talking to others. And being interviewed is the most intense example of that process. And that's frightening. Finding out who the hell you are is enough to give anyone flop sweat.




WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A man who is prepared to share his wildest dreams, knowing they can only be enriched. He enjoys the intimacy of sharing his hopes and dreams. Whether they are shared over coffee and liqueurs in the soft shadows of candlelight or tearing through the last corner of the wide, blue sky in a Waco bi-plane, they are the fabric from which romance is woven. What sort of man reads  PLAYBOY? One who knows that to fulfill your dreams with someone else is the romantic ideal.

WE'LL TAKE
Romance!



• •
Jon Whitcomb



THE NEWS IS OUT: America has finally discovered an aphrodisiac. It is not something you buy. It is not something you can slip into the drink of an unsuspecting girl. It's no big deal, but it will make you better in bed. It's called romance. We first told you about it in the December 1978 *PLAYBOY*. Since that time, we've seen the original impulse go astray. Some of you have suffered massive anxiety attacks, bought new wardrobes, opened charge accounts at the local florists, memorized the screenplays to Cary Grant movies. Relax. Romance is the result of style, of timing, of tiny gestures. It's like personality. If you are alive, you have one. If you like women, you are romantic. Romance is playful, not serious. It is natural, not acquired, the result of happy accidents and a willing accomplice—not artifice. It is improvisation, not practice. It is so easy it can happen in spite of your worst efforts. It is important enough that we thought you might need the little refresher course beginning on the next page. We've asked John Sack—a self-confessed prisoner of romance—to start things off by getting right to the heart of the matter.

essay *By* JOHN SACK

I LOVE YOU, Polly, but I don't *understand* you. One night, remember, dear, we were in bed together and I was peering into the warm, wet and come-hither canal of your right (or was it the left? No, that was the night before)—of your erotic ear, so that nothing, nothing of your precious anatomy would be *terra incognita*, and I suddenly said, "Polly, I don't know your middle name."

"I haven't any," you laughed. "Go and invent one; I want one."

Polly Esther? No, in spite of your silver-sequin smile. Polly Phony? No, no, no, in spite of your oriole-orchard voice. "How about Polly Wolly Doodle?" I said, and now I can't stop it, Polly, in my head (concluded on page 96)

Romance!

If you look around, you'll notice that a mood of sexual *détente* has descended on the nation. The war between the sexes is being settled with honor, wit and charm. Making out is no longer a marital art; men and women are discovering the joys of friendship. Romance is the most fun you can have with your clothes on and the most fun you can have with them off. Say goodbye to old-fashioned how-to-pick-up-girls seduction. Say hello to conversation, smiles, laughter—the infinite connections of courtship. Say hello to romance.

ONE MORE FOR MY BABY

A light and sexy Lillet with a twist of orange or lemon is our choice for a romantic aperitif. Two white burgundies, Musigny and Montrachet, are our favorites for conversation and sipping. For any occasion that seems extra-special, we recommend Californio Chandon, but nighttime is the right time for cognac. Delomain (which runs from \$22 to \$100) is for foreplay, after-play and serious fooling around.



HOW DO YOU KEEP ROMANCE ALIVE?

Alex Karras (pictured above with wife, actress Suson Clark): I'm in love with my wife, so keeping the flames burning isn't hard. I listen to her closely, so we never become distant. We know when to be away from each other. Also, flowers work. If I forget a birthday, the next year I'll send a present the day before and the day after. **Steve Allen**: One simple way is to marry Jayne Meadows, although I realize that may be impractical in the context of a national policy. Sexual attraction is all too easy. It is considerably more of an accomplishment to develop a mature, long-lasting relationship. **Jayne Meadows**: [Romantic love] . . . is such a small part of a real, enduring relationship. Adult love is really where it's at. Think realistically. The golden rule is

still the best. Be a good listener. **Ann-Margret**: I think it starts with friendship and is held together with respect. Roger [Smith] and I made a promise that we would always be nice to each other. We give presents for no special occasion. If we have an argument, I can give in more easily. He is a great source of emotional and creative support and we never take each other for granted. **Irving Wallace**: 1. Loving each other, 2. Being supportive, 3. Compromise, 4. Communication, 5. Separate vacations, 6. Sheer tenacity. **Sylvia Wallace**: 1. Loving each other, 2. Separate vacations, 3. Forbearance, 4. How could we explain a separation?, 5. Forgiveness, 6. Secrets. **Loretta Lynn**: How do you keep romance alive? The answer is that you work at it. Period.

YOU OUGHTA BE IN PICTURES

Video tape makes it possible to neck at the movies without listening to what the couple sitting next to you has to say about it. And if you get too involved, you can run *Now, Voyager* another night. Such classics as *Casablanca*, *Gone with the Wind* and *Doctor Zhivago* can be taped, and other films are commercially available for when the mood strikes.



A BOY FOR YOU, A GIRL FOR ME

Face it: Someone's likely to have children (you or her) and ignoring them won't make them disappear. Don't expect love at first sight. And don't try to sneak someone in after the kids are in bed. They'll probably catch you and make you feel stupid. Introduce everyone properly and include the kids whenever possible. P.S. It's OK to lock the bedroom door.

BAUBLES, BANGLES AND BEADS

Investment acumen and sentiment do mix. Buy each other gifts that will last: lithographs, Oriental silk flowers, inlaid boxes, photographs, leather-bound books or first editions, cognac, fine stationery, personally blended scents, pottery, season tickets (to the ballet, symphony, theater or even hockey), museum membership, dancing (or self-defense) lessons, antiques (such as hand-made quilts, bits of embroidery, old china). Or a pair of sexy black pajamas.

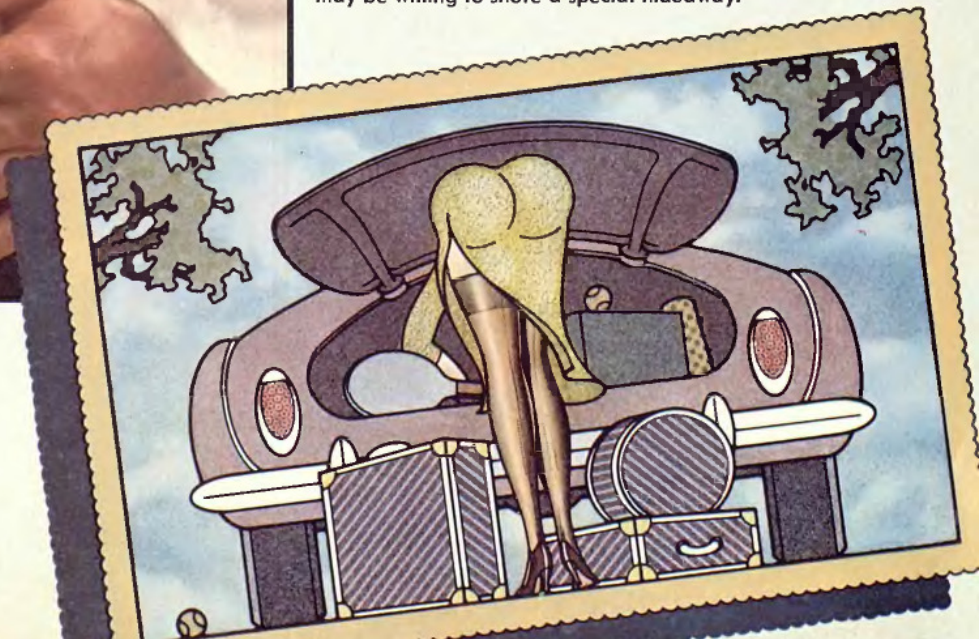


A KISS IS STILL A KISS....

In romance, the fundamental things apply. Kissing. Touching. Talking. Holding hands. Oral sex. To win at love, you've got to practice the basics.

LET'S GET AWAY FROM IT ALL

Getting away even for a weekend is a terrific way to renew your relationship and take time off from professional stress at the same time. If you live in the country, try some bright lights/big-city sight-seeing. Most hotels offer weekend packages for lovers. If, like most of us, you live in the city, look for an intimate country inn that you can make your own—where the owner knows you by name, and the name's not Smith. Inns such as Deetjen's Big Sur Inn (Big Sur, California), The Inn at Sowmill Farm (West Dover, Vermont), The Robert Morris Inn (Oxford, Maryland), American Hotel (Sag Harbor, New York), Sword Gate Inn (Charleston, South Carolina), The Country Inn (Berkeley Springs, West Virginia), or The Lowell Inn (Stillwater, Minnesota). Ask around. A real friend may be willing to shore a special hideaway.



ROMANCE!

BODY AND SOUL

Midnight snacks should be sensuous. Color, texture and simplicity are important: fruit, soft cheeses, pâtés, fresh bread, even homemade cookies and cold milk. Think of it all as hors d'oeuvres.

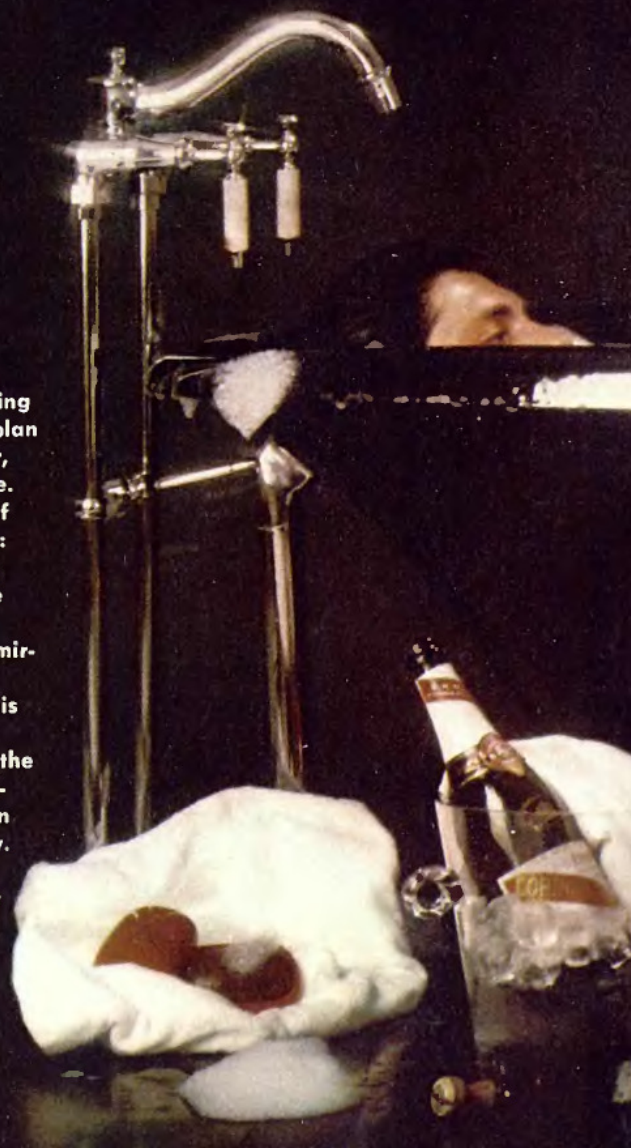


BEYOND BOLERO

By now you've probably developed an allergy to Ravel's *Boléro*. The right music is whatever you think is romantic, from Mozart's 39th Symphony to Smokey Robinson and the Miracles. Be your own disc jockey and be eclectic—you can mix Duke Ellington with Mick Jagger's *Moonlight Mile*, and Willie Nelson goes fine with Roberta Flack. Use music to set the mood and don't ignore the old stand-bys: Sinatra, Mathis, Porter and Gershwin. You'll move in time together long before you reach the bedroom.

I'LL BE SEEING YOU

If you're both working hard and have to plan time alone together, make it quality time. Put some of yourself into the other's day: Meet for lunch on a regular basis. Write each other notes. Leave them on the mirror or have them hand-delivered to his or her desk. Give each other gifts for the office. Arrange business trips so you can meet in another city. Talk to each other every day. Don't let your careers come between you. It's not worth it.



LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT

Gestures are the style and substance of romance—as well as a reflection of your wit and warmth and imagination. Roses? Send a single one—it says as much as a dozen.

And speaking of saying things, try postcards—the more off-beat, the better.

Buy each other books, either poetry or pulp. Write your own poetry, however silly. Find a good view and neck in the car like you used to. Entertain each other's fantasies. Remember, from the first time you danced to the first time you went down on her, every day is an anniversary of something.

MY FUNNY VALENTINE

Are you having a first-rate romance? Is your partner? Check in with yourself: Would you want to be romantically involved with you? Are you interested or just interested? Are you daringly opinionated or merely hyper-critical? Are you adventurous or predictable? Can you laugh at

yourself or just at jokes? Are you cooperative or demanding? Do you feel passion as well as lust? Are you optimistic or anxious? Can you distinguish between sentiment and sentimental? If your answers to these questions are the right ones, someone special is looking for you.

I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN

Romance means doing it in places other than the bedroom. It means offering a companion bubbly in the bubbles. It means making whoopee everywhere. It means making foreplay a way of life.

ROMANCE!

there's a music box, it tinkles continuously and I can't quiet it. Look away! Look away! To Polly Wolly Doodle All the Day!

But, Polly: I'm not romantic, I don't think. I do not ply you with bonbons: I don't know them from bubble gum. Or ply you with poetry: I *once* wrote a poem to another girl,

*Put your arms around her,
Catch her by the toe,
Bind her up, you bounder,
In your seraglio,*

*Harass her and hound her,
Da da da da do,*

I forget that part,

*Once you have found her,
Never let her go,*

but the lady eloped with a man in the diamond industry. I do not ply you with flowers: a nose-popping room of red roses like Lenny's in *Lenny*, I wouldn't want to let those roses die, I belong to Greenpeace, Polly. I haven't taken you on a hansom in Central Park or a cable car in Chinatown or, God knows, a gondola in Venice, as your other friend did, the prince of I forget. I haven't come to abduct you on a wild white horse like Lochinvar. A limousine, I haven't taken you in one little tinny limousine! Just once, I took someone to a world premiere in a Fleetwood, I had people there to, *pop, pop, pop*, photograph her as she debarked and say, "One more, your Highness," and I had ten little children there at ten cents each: a dollar, so as to implore her, "An autograph!" My date laughed, laughed, and later eloped with a cello player—no, Polly, I'm not romantic! The other night, remember? The moon was a white carnation in God's lapel and I said, "Polly, I think there's about to be an occultation of Aldebaran."

So, Polly, I don't understand you. I'm still in my red pajama pants and you just told me, "John, there's no one who's more romantic than you."

"Romantic?" I gasped. "I'm about as romantic as Donald Duck. We got home yesterday and I didn't put on Verdi, I put on the Village People. *Macho macho macho macho macho*, because there was a crack in the Village People. I didn't cook us crepes suzette but a plate of Maria's *burritos*, and I didn't light the candles, because of their being wilted: of their reminding us of the penises at an old folks' home. The lamplight in the bedroom, the red reminded us of some bordello in Mexico. It's morning now and I'm doing what? I'm cooking us Ralston."

"But even so——"

"I love you, yes, I'm romantic, no," I continued. "Do you know who's really romantic? The man who mailed you the first-class ticket to Venice. The prince of Who-Who? Of Hohenzollern?"

"Hohenlohe. Hohenzollern isn't a prince but an emperor, but," you insisted, "do you know what a first-class ticket is on Alitalia? A packet of carbon copies with the title *Conditions of Contract*. I got it, I felt like Eva Braun at a dinner party in Munich. Hitler presented her an office envelope: inside, a wad of reichsmarks. You call that romantic?"

"But those romantic gondolas——"

"The gondolier hadn't had his spaghetti yet. He told us, '*Presto*, I haven't got all day!' We said please sing us *O Sole Mio*. He told us, '*Basta*, I'll sing it for ten thousand lire!' We said, well, thank you, no. He told us, '*Ostreggheta! Avaracci stranieri!*'"

"What's that in English?" I asked.

"'You little lousy penny-pinching gringos!' John," you persevered, "it was more romantic with you in Sacramento yesterday. You took out the inner tubes so we could float down the Sacramento River."

"And going home?" I reminded you. "You drove all the way and I sat in the passenger seat like a damn double amputee. No, Polly, I'm not romantic."

"You sat on the parking brake!"

"So?"

"You sat on the parking brake from Sacramento to San Francisco!"

"So, Polly?"

"So that's romantic, that's what! You sat on the parking brake so you could be six inches closer to me! Do you know," you went on, "what you're doing romantic *now*?"

"No, I don't," I confessed. I was cooking, a kitchen knife in one hand and a banana in the other. "I'm cutting up a banana into the Ralston."

"Right!"

"The banana's romantic?" I said.

"Right! I like bananas, right, but you yourself don't, am I right?"

"The banana's romantic?" I said.

"But *still* you're putting the awful, awful, detestable banana into our Ralston. Do you know what *romantic* is? It's caring for me and showing it."

"The banana?" I said. "The banana's romantic?"

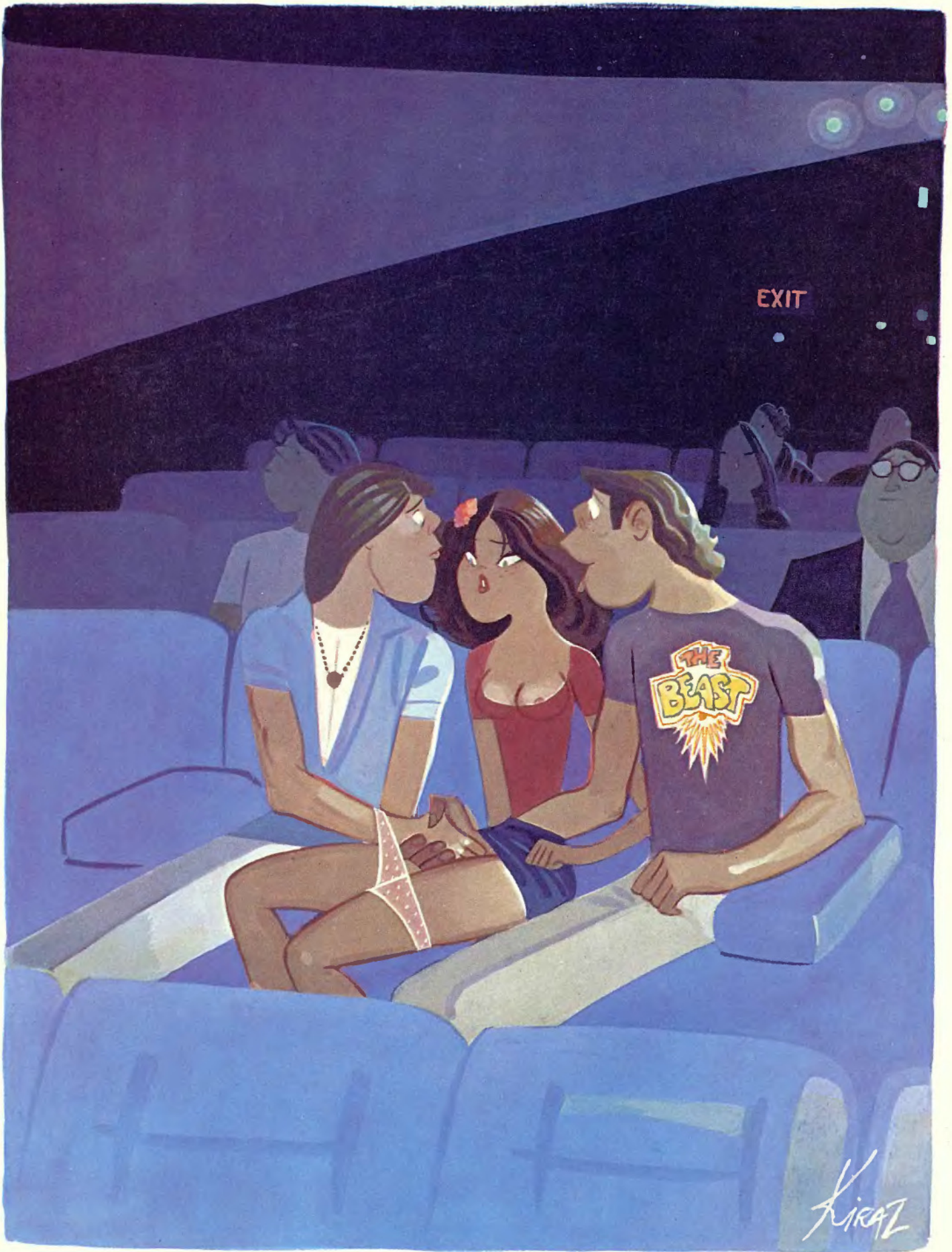
"You're practically telling me, I love you!"

"But, Polly! Who *wouldn't* love you?" I said.

"See, you're being romantic again!" And saying so, Polly, you put your arms around me, I put another banana in your adorable mouth and the opposite end in my mouth, *chomp*, and we chewed away to a rendezvous at its squishy center.

"Oh, Polly," I sputtered. "Someday I'll carve a tree trunk in the Presidio, I'll put up a poster on the Embarcadero, I'll rent a whole jumbo jet and I'll stencil it POLLY WOLLY DOODLE, I LOVE YOU, and I'll fly it under the Golden Gate! I promise you, I'll *really* be romantic someday!"

"Oh, men, men, men," you moaned. "You just don't understand."



"Haven't we already met somewhere else?"

A Cowboy's Lament



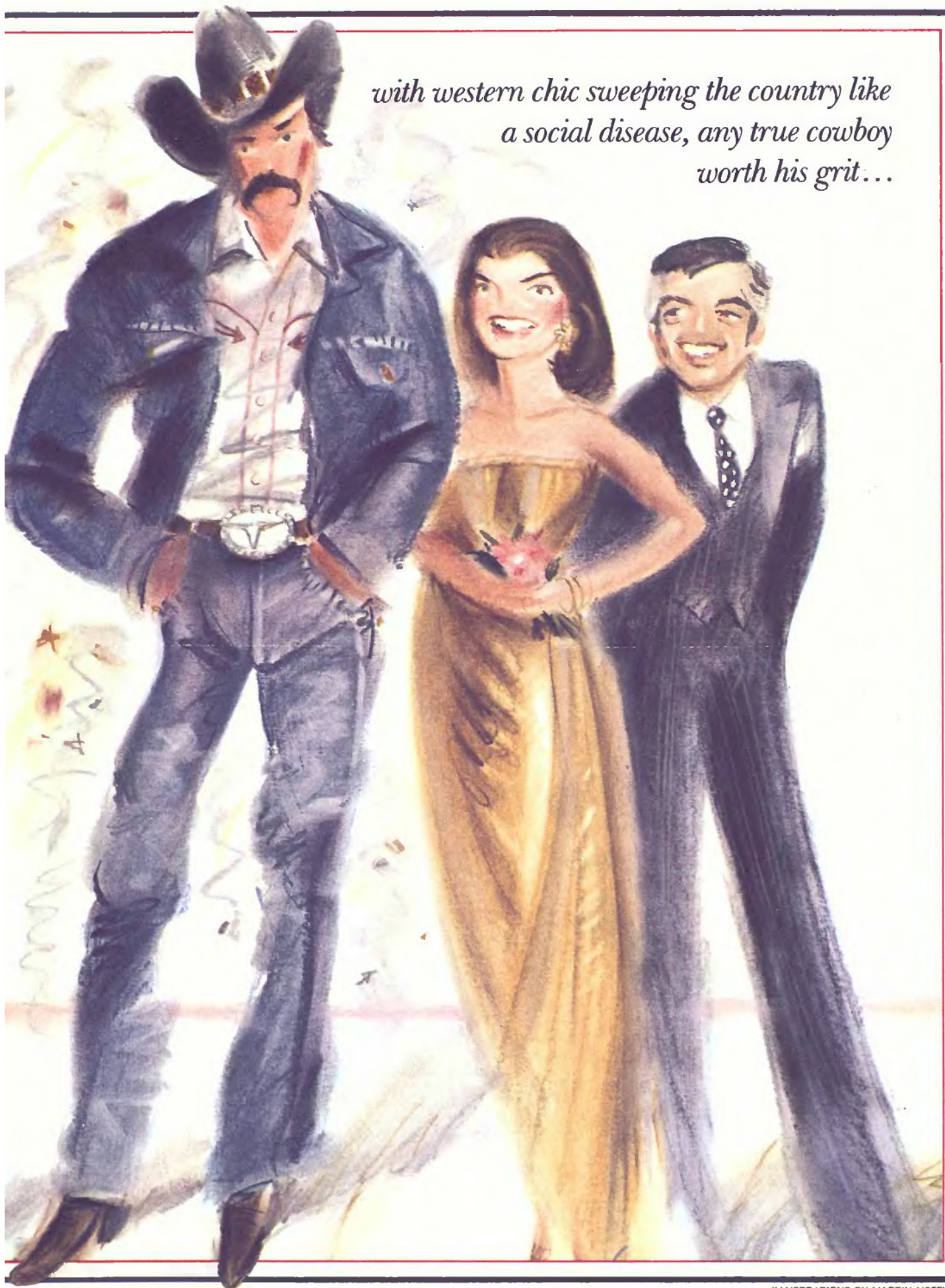
essay

By William J. Helmer

SAW IT COMING a couple of years ago, when Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson started getting popular with friends of mine who had never been west of the Mississippi or south of the Smith & Wesson line. I should have seen it coming even before that, when fancy restaurants started letting in people wearing expensive suits made out of denim. I knew it was too late when I started seeing regular ads for cowboy boots and hats in *The New Yorker*.

This year, I read where sales of Western clothes are up to, like, *three and a half billion dollars*. I said Western clothes; what I mean is faggoty-elegant stuff like \$80 Roy Rogers-type gabardine shirts that designers like Ralph Lauren are pushing in chrome-plated boutiques,

*with western chic sweeping the country like
a social disease, any true cowboy
worth his grit...*





complete with satin cactuses in decorator colors. And it's getting worse instead of better; with the arrival of the movie *Urban Cowboy*, the world is leaning very close to that greatest of all mind-boggling disasters: country disco.

Before you know it, every single big-city pimp, pusher, fag, fop and dude—not to mention all the lawyers and used-car salesmen—will be trying to look like some kind of damn cowboy come to town. I suppose it's a matter of free enterprise, but all this Western-fashion crap has gone and blown my cover. Leave it to the city folks to ruin the best thing that us simple rednecks, hillbillies and shitkickers ever had going.

Without trying to explain the important social, cultural and regional differences between rednecks, hillbillies and shitkickers—or their subclasses of

...has gone undercover just to stand out from the crowd



stump-jumpers, clodhoppers, hayseeds and hicks—let me explain that city people and country people have always envied each other without admitting it. That is why so many hillbilly songs are about mansions and Cadillacs and wine, and why so many city people are hot for John Denver and country roads they've never been on. That is also why Southerners get laughed at in the North and why Northerners have always gotten rich—or shot—when they've gone down South. Culture envy. Being from Texas myself, I can stand back from all this regional strife and objectively analyze the situation.

The situation is historically simple:

During the late Colonial period, the conflicting economic interests of urban and rural America began manifesting themselves [Typesetter: Delete 1000 words.—Ed.] until the moral issue of slavery became a symbol of political [delete 1500 words] Fort Sumter . . . Apomattox . . . during the Reconstruction period [delete 2000 words], but the wounds of the Civil War continued to fester [delete 3000 words] as a result of the rapid population shift during and after World War Two. With Northern industry's discovery of cheap, nonunion labor in the Sun Belt [delete the rest].

Nevertheless, the South managed to retain its image as a carefree land of good ol' boys given to benign rowdiness (unless provoked into violence by meddling Yankee do-gooders) and the West, likewise, its image as a national preserve of frontier-style manliness. (Northerners will believe just about anything, and the Marlboro ads helped a lot.) To this day, your provincial New Yorker thinks Texas is an eternally happy land of legal guns and cheap gasoline, when its real virtues are the chicken-fried steak and honest-to-God barbecue; but I don't want to get off the subject.

Further confusing the city folks is the country/Western dualism created by the movies and TV. On the one hand, the man in the hat and boots is gallant, generous, loyal, honest—the kind of fellow who'll pull your car out of the ditch and get suckered by big-city jackals from bar girls to con men. On the other hand, he's no pansy: Behind the wheel of a 70,000-pound tractor-trailer rig, he can turn your economical, energy-efficient, ecologically sound Volkswagen Rabbit into a cow pie; in a bar, he can heave your miserable little citified ass through a plate-glass window and never get arrested or sued; at a fancy cocktail party, he'll come on like a country bumpkin and go home with your giggling girlfriend. Your average city hoodlum should never pull a gun on such a man, unless he has the front sight filed off to

reduce the discomfort when the barrel is thrust up his rectum.

When I left Texas fresh out of college to take a job in New York, I didn't know any of this. (Didn't have a TV and hated cowboy movies—cows, too, for that matter.) I wore boots and a goofy hat because that was all I had and I didn't know how long the stupid job would last; figured I'd save up for a couple of months, then buy me a suit and regular shoes and learn to drink martinis like other folks. I was just about as sophisticated as the Midnight Cowboy, if not quite so desperate.

It was during those first two months that I learned what a great act I had going. In grocery stores, little kids would point and say, "Momma! There's a cowboy!" And momma would blush and chatter apologies, to which I'd respond, "Don't think nothin' of it, ma'am. He shore is a cute li'l feller." Cabdrivers would give me gratuitous advice on how not to get ripped off by *other* cabdrivers. I soon learned that, with my hat and my Texas accent, I could ask any stranger for street directions and, if I wasn't careful, the sunbitch would personally guide me there so I wouldn't get myself lost, meanwhile talking my ear off.

Bus drivers were nice. Cops were nice. Even Adolphe, the crabbiest old fart ever to run a neighborhood delicatessen, started being nice after I served as his interpreter for some Deep South airline stewardesses who were shackled up in my apartment building. I was in the deli when one of them tried to order some sliced high-yem. Adolphe snorted, "Vot? Vot's dot? I got none!"

I interceded politely and whispered, "Mr. Goldman, she *wants some hem*. Like for hem sendvitches."

"Yah, yah, hem ve got, vy don't she say so?" I was fast becoming bilingual.

The same language barrier had already got *me* a time or two. At a Woolworth's, I tried to buy a tie, like in necktie, and was directed to the toy department. I knew about thutty-thutty Winchesters but not toidy-toidy streets.

But by and large, my hat, boots and accent were worth their weight in good Texas bullshit and I soon figured out why. Every poor bastard in New York has had to develop paranoia, aggressiveness, impatience, callousness and general obnoxiousness just to survive in that frigging jungle. You go to the aid of a heart-attack victim, the sucker's liable to bite you on the leg or take you to court. Any stranger who says "Good morning" either has a knife or wants to explain how the Communists have a secret power transmitter set up to fill people's minds with dirty thoughts.

Consequently, most New Yorkers are

absolutely bulging with pent-up goodness and have no safe place to dump it. Except on some idiot in a cowboy hat who doesn't know uptown from downtown and therefore constitutes no threat to their personal safety and who might even help them out if that creep on the corner decides to make his move.

Well, hell. I'm not as stupid as some people think. By the time I reached Chicago—nearly ten years later, by a circuitous route that was very, very interesting, but my editor says no—I had my shitkicker act down pat. Plus my hat, boots, Texas driver's license, Texas license plates, the works. In either polite Chicago society or Chicago traffic, I could do nothing wrong. A quiet after-dinner belch only signified my enjoyment of the food—and my indifference to effete social conventions. An illegal left turn only reminded cops of how loose and simple life must be in Texas, where an officer of the law presumably is not spat upon or shat upon and doesn't have to account for bullets or bodies.

The mere fact that I treated all police officers with great respect didn't hurt none, either. All I ever got was fatherly lectures: "Son, *up here* you have to pay very close attention to those signs on the traffic-signal posts. . . . *Up here*, you should always carry a bond card, so you don't have to be taken to the station and have to post cash bond."

Me: "A bond card, sir?"

Cop: "You know, a bond card, like from a motor club, so you don't have to post cash bond if you're out of state. This time I'll let you go, but be sure to get yourself a bond card."

Me: "Wait, sir. Maybe I've got one here. I got a whole bunch of cards. . . ."

Cop: "Those're charge cards! We don't take American Express. There's a difference. Ask somebody. Look, just go on. Go home. Go back to Texas."

Me: "Officer, I really appreciate—"

Cop: "Just get the fuck out of here, please!"

Me: "Yessir."

Down deep inside, big-city police officers are good people. They really hate to arrest some obsequious, down-South dipshit whom they assume to have the proper fascist and racist attitudes, plus respect for authority, and who are therefore no threat to society. Works every damn time.

Nearly every time. Watch out for young rookies who haven't had proper supervision or enough experience. One nearly gave me a ticket for drinking beer while driving. I got off by explaining that in Texas everybody drives with a can of beer between his legs just to keep his balls from overheating, at which

(continued on page 218)



A PLAYBOY photo shooting is, more often than not, an afternoon of quiet, intimate moments, punctuated by the soft mechanical noises of a motor-driven shutter. It is a series of shared discoveries between photographer and model. It is serious business. It is art. It sells magazines. The shooting on the afternoon in question started like any other. PLAYBOY photographer Ken Marcus was establishing a good working relationship with his model—actress Evelyn Guerrero, who was taking time off from the role of a sexy welfare-office worker in something called *Cheech & Chong's Next Movie*. Marcus is a craftsman, a master of studio lighting techniques. He was not prepared for what happened next. Marcus was about to be transported to *The Twilight*, or maybe *The Crazy, Zone*. Without warning,

LIGHTS, CAMERA, CHAOS!

in which cheech & chong, those zanies from "up in smoke," send a photo shooting down in flames

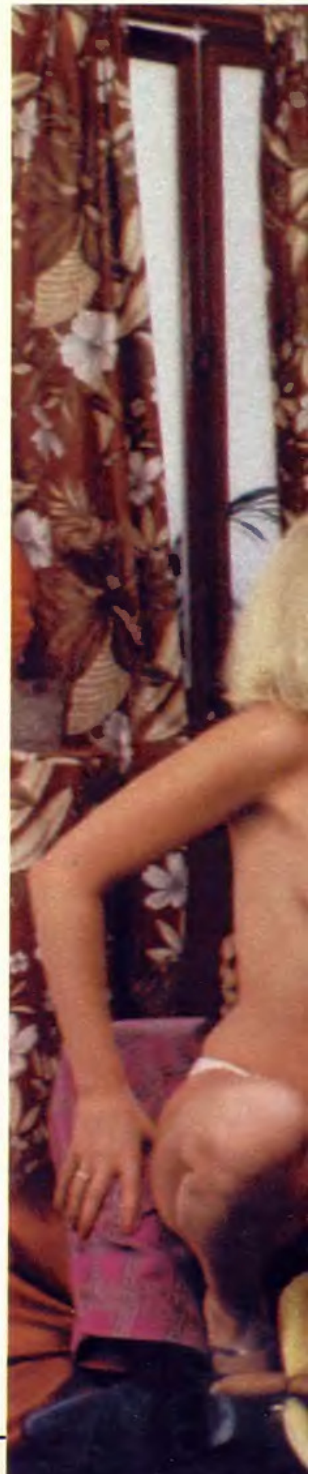
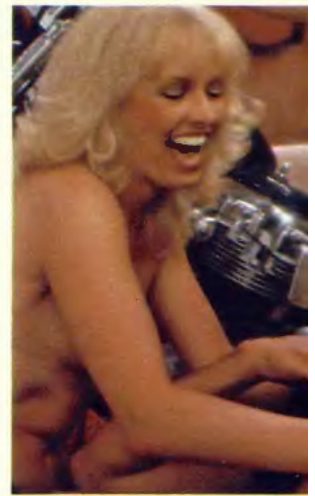






lo and behold, a couple of maniacs were driving a motorcycle through the door of the studio and into the carefully arranged set. Who were those cutups? Were they Hell's Angels outcasts? A couple of representatives from a bizarre collection agency? Escapees from a local funny farm, perhaps? No, they were none other than Cheech and Chong, friends and co-workers of Evelyn's, who had just finished a day's shooting on *Cheech & Chong's Next Movie* and were looking for trouble. As you can see from the pictures above, Evelyn was quite upset by their arrival and tried to get them to leave immediately. She tried to persuade them by hugging them, which didn't work. Marcus wasn't too wild about the interruption, either, but what could he do? They're celebrities. So, in the interest of history, he instructed his assistant to continue with the shooting. Not that any student of history could conclude anything from these ridiculous proceedings. "We'll see what we can salvage," he said.





As it turned out, photographer Marcus was lucky he even had a studio left. If you saw Cheech and Chong's last movie, *Up in Smoke*, you know what we mean. Their new one, by the way, is—how shall we put this?—even more riotous. Cheech plays a cool *chicano* ladies' man trying to hold on to a delivery job at a movie studio and Chong is his roommate, a dedicated unemployable who's into motorcycles and hard rock. In the new film, the duo manages to break up a welfare office, a massage parlor, an upper-middle-class living room and a comedy-improv café. They end up aboard a spacecraft. You figure it out.



Fortunately, Ken is heavily insured. We thought, for a brief moment, that Cheech (far left) was falling in love with one of our stylists and that the mayhem would soon subside. No such luck. Once Chong lit up his first superjoint (below), Ken disappeared into his office to check his insurance forms. He read the small print and decided that what was happening to his studio fell under the category of "natural disaster." In California, people insure themselves against natural disasters, be they mud slides, earthquakes or contact highs. In California, *anything* can happen.



IN THE LAST QUARTER of the 20th Century, at a time when Western civilization was declining too rapidly for comfort and yet too slowly to be very exciting, much of the world sat on the edge of an increasingly expensive theater seat, waiting—with various combinations of dread, hope and ennui—for something momentous to occur.

Something momentous was bound to happen soon. The entire collective unconscious could not be wrong about that. But what would it be? And would it be apocalyptic or rejuvenating? A cure for cancer or a nuclear bang? A change in the weather or a change in the sea? Earthquakes in California, killer bees in London, Arabs in the stock exchange, life in the laboratory or a UFO on the

FIRST LOOK

at a new novel

STILL LIFE WITH WOODPECKER

the ultimate outlaw and the perfect princess find true love and a cure for the last-quarter-of-the-century blues

White House lawn? Would Mona Lisa sprout a mustache? Would the dollar fail?

Christian *aficionados* of the Second Coming scenario were convinced that after a suspenseful interval of 2000 years, the other shoe was about to drop.

And five of the era's best-known psychics, meeting at the Chelsea Hotel, predicted that Atlantis would soon re-emerge from the depths.

To this last, Princess Leigh-Cheri responded, "There are two lost continents . . . Hawaii was one, called Mu, the mother, its tips still projecting in our senses—the land of slap dance, fishing music, flowers and happiness. There are three lost continents. . . . We are one: the lovers."

In whatever esteem one might hold Princess Leigh-Cheri's thoughts concerning matters geographic, one must agree that the last quarter of the 20th Century was a severe period for lovers. It was a time when women openly resented men, a time when men felt betrayed by women, a time when romantic relationships took on the character of ice in spring, stranding many little children on jagged and inhospitable floes.

Nobody quite knew what to make of the moon anymore.

Consider a certain night in August. Princess Leigh-Cheri was gazing out of her attic window. The moon was full. The moon was so bloated it was about to tip over. Imagine awakening to find the moon flat on its face on the bathroom floor, like the late Elvis Presley, poisoned by banana splits. It was a moon that could stir wild passions in a moo cow. A moon that could bring out the devil in a bunny rabbit. A moon that could

By **TOM ROBBINS**
author of *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*



turn lug nuts into moonstones, turn Little Red Ridinghood into the big bad wolf. For more than an hour, Leigh-Cheri stared into the mandala of the sky. "Does the moon have a purpose?" she inquired.

Albert Camus wrote that the only serious question is whether to kill yourself or not.

Tom Robbins wrote that the only serious question is whether time has a beginning and an end.

Camus clearly got up on the wrong side of bed, and Robbins must have forgotten to set the alarm.

There is only one serious question. And that is:

Who knows how to make love stay?

Answer me that and I will tell you whether or not to kill yourself.

Answer me that and I will ease your mind about the beginning and the end of time.

Answer me that and I will reveal to you the purpose of the moon.

Historically, members of Leigh-Cheri's class have not much fallen in love. They mated for power and wealth, for tradition and heirs, and left "true love" to the masses. The masses had nothing to lose. But this was the last quarter of the 20th Century, and with the exception of a few savage buffoons in Africa, the royalty of the world had long since resigned itself to the fact of its mortal, if not quite democratic, dimensions. Leigh-Cheri's family was a case in point.

Since his exile, more than 30 years before, King Max had made gambling a career. Poker was his work. Recently, however, he had had a taste of open-heart surgery. A major valve had been removed and replaced with a Teflon substitute. The artificial valve functioned efficiently, but it made a metallic noise as it opened and shut. When he was excited, everyone in the room knew it. Due to the audible sound of his heart, he was no longer able to practice poker, a game with necessary concealments and bluffs. "Jesus," he said. "When I draw a good hand, I sound like a Tupperware party." He spent his hours watching sports on television, pining for the good old days when he could have ordered Howard Cosell to the garrote.

His wife, Queen Tilli, once the beauty of seven capitals, was understimulated and overweight. She had attended, in America, so many second-rate society teas, charity fashion shows and gala this and gala that, that she'd begun to exude a kind of *pâté de foie gras* gas, and the expulsion of this effluvium propelled her from party to ball as if she were a sausage skin inflated by Wagner. The queen had long ago abandoned her husband to the tube and her daughter to the attic. She had one intimate: a Chihuahua that she clutched to her bosom.

If asked what he expected from the last quarter of the 20th Century, the king would have replied, "Now that it is no longer reasonable to hope for the restoration of the monarchy, my fondest wishes are that the Seattle Mariners win the pennant, the Seattle SuperSonics make the N.B.A. play-offs, the Seattle Seahawks go to the Super Bowl and that the play-by-play announcers be replaced by Sir Kenneth Clark."

The same question directed to the queen would have elicited this reaction: "O O spaghetti-o." (Her favorite Americanism.) "Vat can you expect of crazy peoples?"

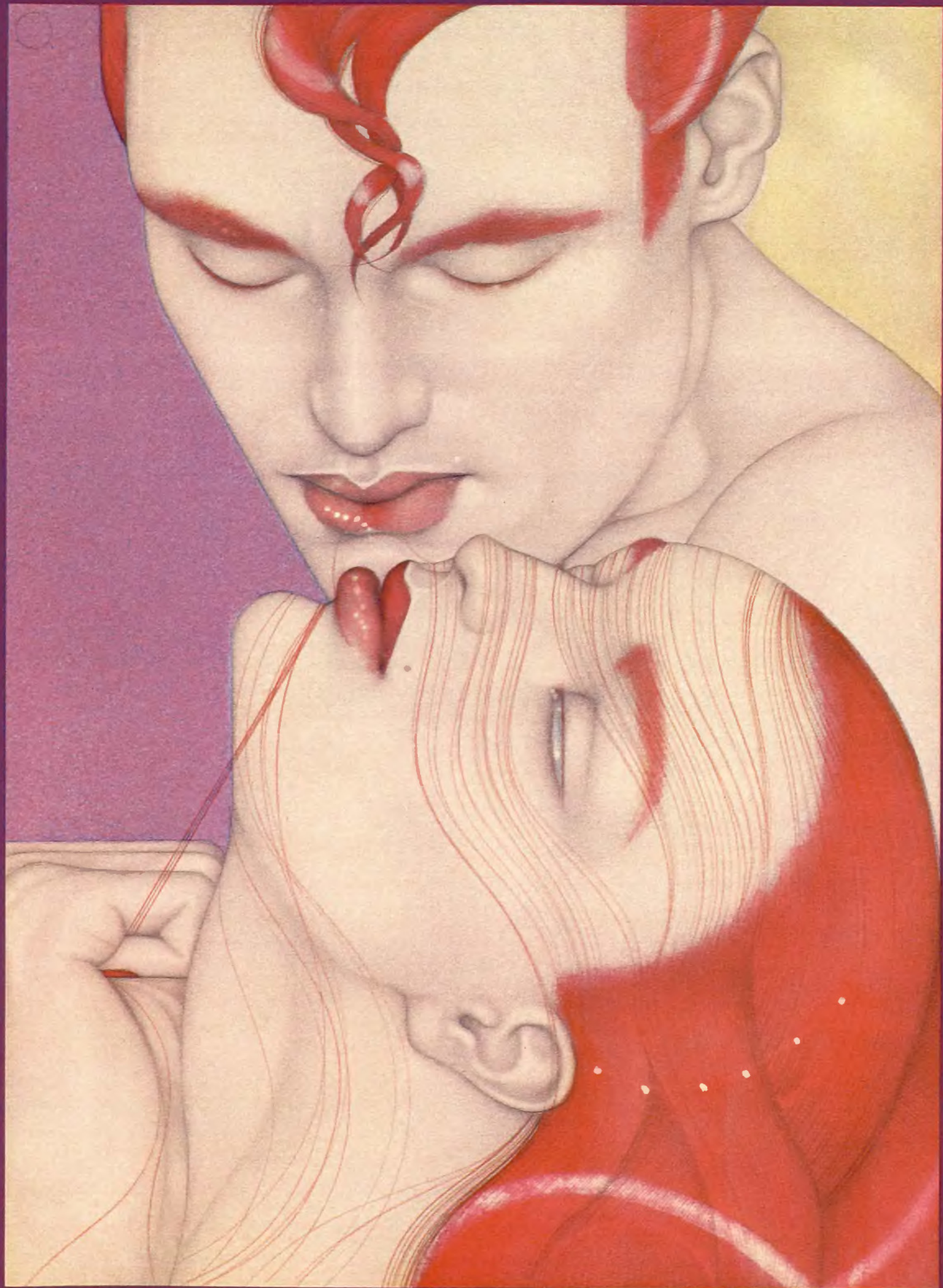
Palace in exile for the Furstenberg-Barcalonas, which was quite their name, was a voluminous three-story yellow frame house on the shore of Puget Sound. The house had been built in 1911 for a Seattle lumber baron who, in reaction to the turrets, cupolas and dormers that embellished the Frontier Gothic mansions of his peers, ordered "an American house, a house without frills," and got just that. It was a barn, a box with a peaked roof. It sat among ten acres of blackberry brambles, like an abandoned radio, broadcasting creaks and whispers to the rain. The house was given to Max and Tilli by the CIA.

The Furstenberg-Barcelona homeland was now ruled by a right-wing military junta, supported by the United States Government and, of course, the Roman Catholic Church. While the U. S. publicly regretted that the junta permitted so few civil liberties, it was loath to interfere in the internal affairs of a sovereign nation, particularly a nation that could be relied upon as an ally against those left-leaning nations in whose internal affairs the U. S. did regularly interfere. It irritated the U. S. that royalists still loyal to Max and Tilli might disturb political stability in that part of the world. The U. S. paid King Max a modest stipend to keep a low profile and not fan any flames. Each year at Christmas, the Pope sent Queen Tilli a crucifix, candlestick or some other knickknack that he had personally blessed.

Once, Princess Leigh-Cheri used a papal candlestick for the purpose of self-gratification. She had hoped that at the appropriate moment, she might be visited by either the Lamb or the Beast, but, as usual, only Ralph Nader attended her.

Old Gulietta was the last living of the servants who had accompanied Max and Tilli into exile. At Leigh-Cheri's birth, in Paris, four of those loyalists were still in service, but all but Gulietta died soon after the royal family took up residence in the Puget Sound palace. Perhaps it was the dampness.

Gulietta was, in her 80s, both efficient



and energetic. Miraculously, she had kept the huge house free of cobwebs and mold while doing the royal wash and preparing six meals a day: Since Max and Tilli were carnivores and Leigh-Cheri vegetarian, each meal had been, in fact, two.

Gulietta didn't work on Sundays. It was only fair. Even Friday got Thursday off, thanks to Robinson Crusoe. On Sundays, Queen Tilli would lumber into the kitchen, her Chihuahua affectionately clasped, and make brunch.

The odor of frying bacon, sausage links and ham tiptoed on little pig feet all the way to the north end of the second floor. Inevitably, the odor would awaken Leigh-Cheri. Inevitably, the odor made her simultaneously ravenous and nauseated.

Leigh-Cheri found little to admire about a Sunday. To her mind, Sunday was where God kept His woolly slippers. It was a day with a dull edge that no amount of recreation could hone. Some might find it relaxing, but the princess guessed that a great many people shared her feeling that Sunday generated a supernatural depression.

On a particular Sunday in early January, January being to the year rather what Sunday is to the week, she awoke in mean spirits. She pulled a robe on over her flannel pajamas (she'd discovered that silk had a tendency to agitate the peachfish), brushed the knots out of her hair, knuckled the crunchy granola from the corners of her eyes and descended, yawning and stretching, into the hot hog hell of brunch. (She knew without tasting that her soybean curd would have soaked up some of the essence of bacon.)

As it has for so many for so long, the Sunday paper helped her through the day. Regardless of what else the press might have contributed to our culture, regardless of whether it is our first defense against totalitarianism or a wimpy force that undermines authentic experiences by categorizing them according to faddish popular interest, the press has given us big fat Sunday papers to ease our weekly mental menstrual bloat.

It was in the Seattle paper, on that particular Sunday in early January, that Leigh-Cheri initially read of the Geo-Therapy Care Fest, the what-to-do-for-the-planet-until-the-21st-Century-arrives conference. It was an event that would have speeded up her pulse even had it not been scheduled to occur in Hawaii. As it was, she bounced in her mother's lap—hardly the ultimate mature act—for the first time in years and began her petition to attend; for under the Furstenberg-Barcelona code to which they now strictly adhered, the queen would have to accompany her. Tilli on Maui? O O spaghetti-o.

of the 20th Century: The truism that if we want a better world, we will have to be better people came to be acknowledged, if not thoroughly understood, by a significantly large minority. Despite the boredom and anxiety of the period, or because of it, despite the uneasy seas that separated the sexes, or because of them, thousands, tens of thousands seemed willing to lend their bodies, their money and their skills to various planetary rescue missions.

Coordination of those far-flung projects was a primary aim of the Geo-Therapy Care Fest, slated for the last week in February at Lahaina, Maui, Hawaii. Leading experts in the fields of alternative energy sources, organic farming, wilderness preservation, alternative education, holistic medicine, nutrition, consumer protection, recycling and space colonization were to lecture and lead panel discussions and workshops. Proponents of many diverse self-help systems and consciousness cures, ranging from ancient Oriental to contemporary Californian, would also be in attendance. Moreover, certain futurists, artists, visionary thinkers, shamans and poetic seers had been invited to participate, though several of the poets and one of the novelists were suspected by the organizers to register on the lunatic scale. Not the least of Leigh-Cheri's excitement was the information that Ralph Nader would deliver a key speech there.

As the Care Fest date approached, Queen Tilli decided that Maui was simply too barbarous. It was bad enough being stuck on the outskirts of Seattle, it raining trout teeth night and day, blackberry vines trying to force their way into the privacy of her own chamber, without transporting her posh poundage to some jungle island inhabited by surfer boys and vacationing strumpets, to whose company on that particular week would be added a couple thousand coo-coos intent on saving a world they didn't fit into anyway. Since Max dare not travel because of his valve, it was agreed about the middle of February that Gulietta would chaperon the princess in Hawaii.

Gulietta was antique and couldn't mouth ten words of English, but she was so generally competent and so fond of Leigh-Cheri that Max and Tilli were convinced that her chaperonage would be adequate. They looked at each other nervously, however, when the skinny old servant, upon learning of her assignment, went to J. C. Penney and bought herself a bikini.

The sky is more impersonal than the sea. Above the bird line, higher than the last referential cloud, at an altitude that oxygen will not voluntarily frequent, across a zone where light drives the

speed limit and never stops for coffee, crossing that desert in which gravity is the only sheik, a vehicle, owned and operated by Northwest Orient Airlines, whistled through its nostrils as it bucked the current of the Pacific jet stream. Leigh-Cheri turned from the window through which she'd been gazing down upon cloudtop and ocean top. Leigh-Cheri looked at the old woman asleep in the adjacent seat. Leigh-Cheri had to smile. Rippling the canned air of the first-class cabin with her gentle snores, Gulietta was so serene that it was difficult to imagine her causing all the trouble she'd caused back at Seattle-Tacoma International Airport a few hours before.

Leigh-Cheri had been as surprised as anyone by the frog. Although the frog was relatively large and uncommonly green, there had been no hint of its presence in Gulietta's little wicker case. No sign of frog at all until the sudden shriek of the uniformed woman at the security-check station.

A bit of a row had resulted. PLEASE, NO JOKES, said the sign above the check point, and this *must* be a joke. Mustn't it? The incident was complicated by the fact that Gulietta could offer no English explanation, that her surname resembled a line from an optometrist's examination chart.

Security guards conferred. Gulietta and the princess were searched a second time. Their hand luggage was re-examined. The frog was X-rayed to ascertain that it wasn't some kind of weapon. Could they be positive it wouldn't explode? "It's her pet," said Leigh-Cheri, who, in fact, had such a dim idea what the frog was doing in the old woman's case that even the memory of a European folk tale couldn't illuminate it. "It's her little pet." Leigh-Cheri batted her lengthy lashes, breathed in such a way that her round breasts seemed to rotate 12 degrees on their axes and smiled so broadly that certain tiny mouth muscles, long neglected, struggled painfully to break free. "It's her little widdle pet."

Having extracted a promise that Gulietta would keep the amphibian enclosed—it was nestled in damp towels inside her bag—the charmed guards decided to let the two women and their widdle pet proceed. Aboard the jetliner, however, moments before take-off, a different set of guards, accompanied by an official of the airline, abruptly appeared and demanded the frog. "You can't take a live frog into Hawaii!" one of them exclaimed. They were quite agitated.

At that point, Leigh-Cheri recalled her previous visit to the islands. She remembered how adamant they'd been about restricting travelers bringing in pets of any kind. She remembered that bringing in fresh fruit or flowers was

(continued on page 178)



"It's enough that she's living with him in our own home, but going on Sunday drives with us is really too much!"

Following the numbers: 1. Art deco sterling-silver and ivory magnifying glass, from Cartier, New York, \$650. 2. Four-piece Italian suede desk set includes memo pad, pencil holder and large portfolio in the center of desk (letter opener not shown), from Neiman-Marcus, Northbrook, Illinois, \$700. 3. Crystal ashtray, from Tiffany, New York, \$15. 4. Polished-calf portfolio, from Les Must de Cartier, New York, \$420. 5., 6. & 7. A 19th Century scrimshaw-handled letter opener, \$400, antique crystal and sterling-silver inkwell, \$300, and a 19th Century scrimshaw cup, \$140, all from Neiman-Marcus. 8. Brass ruler/magnifier, from Mark Cross, New York, \$55. 9. Black-and-white mini-TV with a two-inch screen and AM/FM, by JVC, \$319.95. 10. Brushed-aluminum library set, from Alfred Dunhill of London, New York, \$42.50. 11. Leather memo pad, from Mark Cross, \$115. 12. Lucite note-pad holder, from

Top Brass, Chicago, \$9. 13. Crystal and sterling-silver match holder, from Neiman-Marcus, \$150. 14. & 15. Cigar cutter in nine-kt.-gold Roderam finish, \$550, and a Morocco leather cigar case, \$30, both from Alfred Dunhill of London. 16. & 17. Sterling-silver desk lighter, \$170, and a desk thermometer and humidity gauge with a sterling-silver frame, \$272, both from Cartier. 18. Leather-covered pencil cup, from Mark Cross, \$55. 19. & 20. Polished-calf writing case, \$500, and a silver micron fountain pen, \$200, both from Les Must de Cartier. 21. Brass and ram-horn letter opener, from Top Brass, \$36. 22. & 23. Cumberland pipe with a gold band, by Alfred Dunhill of London, \$675, sits in a brass pipe holder, from Penco Industries, New Bedford, Massachusetts, \$4.50. 24. Ivory seal, from Neiman-Marcus, \$120. 25. Time Capsule calculator, by Toshiba America, \$59.95. 26. Sterling-silver barrel stamp box, from Tiffany, \$150. 27., 28. & 29. Sterling-silver magnifying glass, \$87.50, gold-plated ballpoint pen, \$275, and Morocco leather hasty note pad, \$75, all from Alfred Dunhill of London. 30. Chinese lacquer and gold-plated fountain pen, by S. T. Dupont, \$270. 31. Sterling-silver tape measure, from Tiffany, \$72. 32. Saddle-leather legal-size portfolio, from Alfred Dunhill of London, \$350. 33. Chinese lacquer and gold-plated lighter, by S. T. Dupont, \$390.



*how billionaire bunker hunt tried to corner
the silver market—but cornered himself instead*

SILVER FINGER

article

By HARRY HURT III

IN THE SUMMER of 1979, an invisible hand reached out from an island in the Atlantic and quietly began tightening its grip on the world's supply of silver. The fingers of that hand extended to London, New York, Dallas, Zurich and Jidda. But the only visible clue to its existence was a newly formed Bermuda shell corporation called International Metals Investment Company Ltd. That dull-sounding little trading company was not just another offshore tax scam but the operating front for a secret partnership seemingly capable of controlling the world price and supply of silver.

Appropriately enough, two of the principals in that cosmic alliance were Saudi Arabian businessmen with con-

nections to the Saudi royal family. But another principal, the real genius behind the deal, was an American oil billionaire, the head of a clan sometimes referred to as "the royal family of Texas." Though not quite as rich as the Saudi royalty, this man was one of the few private individuals in the world capable of playing in the same league. A lover of intrigue, in the past he had made international headlines with his mysterious wheeling and dealing. Before long, he would again blaze across the front pages. But for the time being, he remained in the shadows, operating behind the corporate veil of International Metals. His name: Nelson Bunker Hunt.

In that same summer, just before the

price of silver exploded, an extraordinary invitation went out from Dallas to most of the better-known Texas millionaires. The invitation informed recipients, "You, together with your wife or husband if convenient, are cordially invited to be our guest at a very important meeting that could help determine the destiny of civilization."

The invitation went on to promise that participants would "hear and discuss plans and strategies that are not only having a profound moral and spiritual impact upon many nations but are also a critical deterrent to the avalanche of evil that is threatening to engulf the world."

As revealed on the front of the invitation in (continued on page 132)





The Frisco Kid

playmate lisa welch shows us why it's so easy to leave your heart in san francisco

TO REALLY get to know Lisa Welch—not an altogether simple task, since she is, by her own admission, “a shy, reserved person”—one must delve a bit into her past. For starters, she’s the daughter of a career military officer and, as a result, spent most of her youth traveling from town to town. “Up until I was ten,” she reminisces, “we didn’t live anyplace

Recognized as one of the most beautiful cities in the world, San Francisco provides a perfect backdrop for one of its most beautiful citizens—Lisa Welch.





"This is my first experience as a nude model," says Lisa, "but I find it to be easier than fashion modeling. In fact, I even find it more comfortable in many ways than fashion modeling. You don't have to worry about clothes."



for more than three years. Half the time, we lived on Army bases. I sort of liked it then, though—always going someplace new, meeting new people." Altogether, she has lived in Maryland (where she was born), West Germany, Alabama, Arkansas, Missouri, Alaska, Hawaii and San Francisco—quite an itinerary for someone her age. The peripatetic nature of her life came to a halt several years ago, though, when Lisa's father was transferred from San Francisco to Hawaii. By then old enough to make her own decisions, Lisa opted to remain in Frisco and has lived there ever since. "It's so hard for me to think of anyplace as home," she says, "and when people ask me where I'm from, I usually just tell them I'm an Army brat. San Francisco is about the closest I've come to having a real home." After completing high school at the age of 16 (she has always been the youngest in her class), Lisa attended the College of Marin in Marin County and studied fashion retailing for two years. Her feelings about the infamous Marin County were mixed: "Believe it or not, they still say things like 'invading your space' a lot there,

"I'm definitely a romantic, but romance really requires a good deal of imagination. I like to get clever little gifts from men, but they have to be unusual gifts—things that other people just wouldn't think of."





"I can be aggressive with members of the opposite sex, but I'm very quiet about it. I'll flirt, for example, but very subtly. I would never be aggressive to the extent of approaching a man directly. I'd either make it seem accidental or talk somebody into introducing me."



"I've always had this fantasy about having a sexual experience on the beach at night—in a private little cove somewhere, with the stars out and all that. The only thing that disturbs me about that particular fantasy is the prospect of dealing with the sand."



"San Francisco is a great city for walking," says Lisa, whom we caught on a little afternoon shopping jaunt (below).

"The cable cars are a gas, too," she says. "They're sort of old-fashioned, I know, but they're so much more fun than most other means of public transportation, because they're so open."



but I never really got into the typical Marin lifestyle of consciousness raising and all that." Following college, Lisa worked two jobs at once—travel agent during the day, restaurant hostess at night—but the experience wore her out. "I was working so much," she says, "my dog was having emotional problems." Then, on a short trip through Los Angeles, she stopped at the Playboy modeling agency just for the hell of it and was persuaded to try out for Playmate. "The whole Playmate experience has been very beneficial for me," says Lisa. "Most importantly, it's helped me overcome my shyness. I'm not nearly as reserved as I used to be."



MISS SEPTEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Lisa Welch

BUST 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT 5'7" WEIGHT: 115 SIGN: Scorpio

BIRTH DATE: Nov. 11, '60 BIRTHPLACE: Aberdeen, Maryland

TURN-ONS: Sexy men, fireplaces
and sunny days at the beach.

TURN-OFFS: Jealousy, dishonest people
and possessiveness.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Kramer vs. Kramer, Midnight Express.

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: Soaps, Johnny Carson,
60 minutes and That's Incredible.

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: Jimmy Casn, Bert Reynolds,
Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman.

FAVORITE SPORTS: scuba, snow skiing, horseback riding

FAVORITE BOOKS: Hawaii, The Bicentennial
Series and Rich Man, Poor Man

SECRET DREAM: To become a famous fashion model.

IDEAL EVENING: Being with somebody I really
care for, doing whatever feels right.



Trying to be a
sweetheart age 2



My Senior
Ball age 16



Christmas with
mom age 19

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

That new guy who has such a reputation in classical poetry has no appreciation of the academic proprieties," sniffed a female member of the English Lit department to a confidante. "During our date last night, he wanted to screw me doggerel style!"

"I need help," pleaded the caller on the sexual-problems hotline. "I'm in my middle twenties and I've had only one erection in my whole life!"

"That does sound like a problem. Can you recall its duration?"

"Let's see . . . I was fifteen at the time. . . . That makes it almost ten years!"



It was the morning after the boisterous neighborhood party, and the suspicious husband was listening to his wife's explanation about the male neighbor he had seen follow her into a bedroom. "He just lurched in behind me and began to babble drunkenly," the woman insisted. "Why, you could have laid me out with a feather!"

"You don't say," rejoined her spouse sarcastically. "Tell me, was he maybe displaying his feather to you at the time?"

*Said the bank teller, "Sorry, Miss Munn,
As a callgirl you've just been outdone
By a client named Beck,
Who's rescinded his check
On the grounds of inadequate fun."*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *prehistoric lesbian* as a troglodyke.

Remark overheard at the conclusion of a cluster-fuck party: "I had some great head on your shoulder!"

"Do you mean to say," demanded the flag waver, "that you aren't willing to defend Mom, apple pie and the girl next door?"

"Look," sighed the skeptic. "Mom's on the sauce again, the bakery wants almost two bucks for its pies and Betty Lou next door just told me I've knocked her up."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *cyclamates* as swapped wives.

It was during a sorority hen session on sex that one participant commented, "When you come right down to it, the male organ has a fishy smell, too."

"Fishiness is something I can live with," remarked another girl. "What really turns me off, though, is shrimpiness."

It had been a case of definite but controlled attraction to each other at the singles resort, and the 30ish Sun Belt couple were rationally discussing their possible marriage. "In all fairness, Kay," said he. "I should tell you that I'm a golfaholic. I play late afternoons in the spring, summer and fall, and every Saturday and Sunday all year round."

"Thank you for your frankness, Nelson," said she. "In the same spirit of candor, I should tell you that I'm a hooker."

"I wouldn't worry about that," smiled the man. "Just remember to keep your backswing smooth and your wrists straight."

A French wine-protection group is said to be up in arms over the reference in an American magazine to a specialized critical tasting as a Châteauneuf-du-Pape test.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *nasty habit* as a nun's outfit by Frederick's of Hollywood.

I'm afraid that Larry's cub-scout days are just about over," the man told his wife. "While I was explaining about the birds and the bees this evening, he interrupted to say that he wanted to ball his den mother."

*A waggish young lady named Wright
Spoons rum to her cat every night;
And at home, rumors state,
She's a great one to date,
With her pussy entrancingly tight!*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *condom* as an egg beater.



You may conceivably have heard about the air-traffic controller who takes his work home with him, as it were. Off duty, he tries to talk down stewardesses.

Then there was the not-too-bright bride who became confused at her wedding and answered, "I did."

Armand was real weird in the motel room last night," the girl confided to her best friend. "At one point, he asked if he could put the tip of his organ in my ear!"

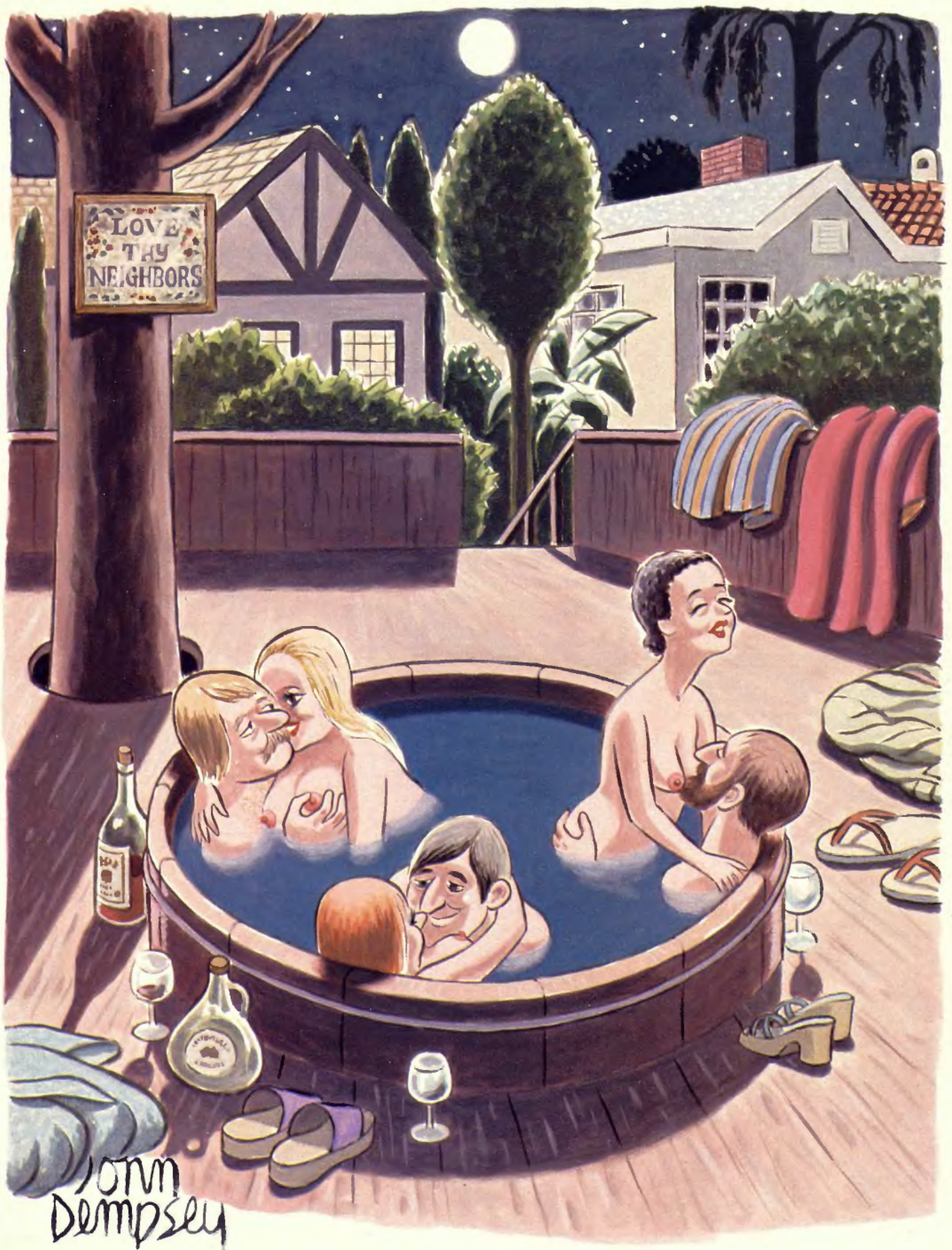
"Did you let him do it, Judy?"

"Well . . . yes. But only in my left ear."

"Is it more sensitive or something?"

"No, silly. You see, I'm saving the other one for Mr. Right!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a post-card, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



John
Dempsey

"He wins and loses millions in his everyday dealing, but he'll search for fallen change in chair cushions."

black letters, the sponsor of that urgent conference was Here's Life, a branch of the controversial and archconservative Campus Crusade for Christ. The host-committee list included such luminaries as Roy Rogers, former Nixon patron W. Clement Stone, two U.S. Senators, the cofounder of Holiday Inns and the owner of the Dallas Cowboys.

Also listed on the host committee was a scion of one of right-wing Christianity's most prominent families—a man whose image could hardly be called charitable. But his philanthropy had made the headlines on one occasion: the day back in 1977 when he had publicly pledged to help raise one billion dollars for Campus Crusade. Now, by contributing his letterhead and his money to Here's Life, he was fulfilling his pledge. His name: Nelson Bunker Hunt.

Silver and salvation, two apparently unrelated commodities, are vitally intertwined in the prodigious person of Nelson Bunker Hunt. As the son of the late H. L. Hunt, the eccentric and irascible Texas oil billionaire, Bunker is still driven to prove himself a money-maker in his old man's image. But his great silver play of 1979–1980, like many of his other dealings in the past decade, is not only the expression of his desire for gain; it is also a fundamental expression of his world view, one that is usually labeled archconservative. Like his father before him, Bunker Hunt envisions an international Communist conspiracy and the Eastern-liberal-establishment-Rockefeller-CIA conspiracy. For reasons that are alternately well founded and fantastical, he believes himself and his family to be victims of both. Even more fundamentally, he possesses a vision of the apocalypse, a conviction that the world is heading down the road to doom.

True to family tradition, Bunker Hunt does not intend to sit idly by while catastrophe descends upon the planet. For him, hoarding silver is not just his way of hedging inflation: It is also part of his attempt to create his own independent economy, his own money. The government treasuries of the world used to be the ones to issue currencies backed by precious metals. Like the United States, most countries have long since ceased that practice. Bunker has been trying to revive it—for himself and his silver-buying partners. Hoarding silver is part of his scheme to replace paper with something of "real"

value. It is his hedge against the "avalanche of evil" he fears is engulfing the world. Ironically, it was also what brought about a personal and public financial apocalypse of the first order.

The story of Nelson Bunker Hunt is the story of his money. Along with his brothers and sisters, he controls what may well be America's largest family fortune. Since the Hunt wealth is privately held, there are no published balance sheets for the empire as a whole. In addition, arriving at an exact determination of the family wealth is complicated by varying appraisals that can be given to real-estate and oil properties, and by discount factors that must be figured in because of certain asset illiquidity. But according to inside sources and those figures that are publicly available, the so-called first family of H. L. Hunt controls assets that were worth roughly 12 to 14 billion dollars when the price of silver peaked in January of this year. The flagship of the family wealth is Placid Oil, the world's largest privately owned oil company, with reserves worth in excess of six billion dollars. But the family also has extensive holdings in coal, real estate, cattle, sports teams and, of course, silver.

Since silver's crash, the family's asset worth has depreciated to the eight-to-ten-billion-dollar range. The Hunts have also taken on a considerable amount of debt. In addition to multibillion-dollar borrowing done in the normal course of business operations, the silver play alone has added roughly one and three-quarters billion dollars to their liabilities, which itself exceeds the amount of the much-publicized Government-guaranteed loan to beleaguered Chrysler Corporation. Nevertheless, it is a good bet that these Hunts would still come out at least three to five billion dollars ahead if all their assets and all their debts were liquidated tomorrow.

Strictly speaking, Bunker Hunt has a personal claim on about three to six billion dollars' worth of the family wealth. The rest is divided among his sisters, Margaret Hunt Hill and Caroline Schoellkopf, his mentally ill brother Hassie and his two active brothers, W. Herbert and Lamar. The major parts of Bunker's personal holdings are a 20 percent share of Placid Oil, which is owned by his trust; a one-third share of Penrod Drilling, which he owns in partnership with Herbert and Lamar; at least 50 percent of the family's more than

100,000,000 ounces of silver, which he owns in partnership with Herbert; a sizable share of the family's choice real-estate holdings; and nearly 1000 thoroughbred race horses. Bunker also carries a considerable portion of the family's debt, including an estimated \$500,000,000 worth incurred as a result of his silver play.

While his individual holdings make him the richest (if not the most liquid) of H. L. Hunt's heirs, they represent only a fraction of the total wealth at his command. All his family's holdings operate beneath the umbrella of Hunt Energy Corporation. Each of Bunker's four active siblings sits on the board of directors of Hunt Energy, and each has his or her own bailiwick. But the chairman of Hunt Energy and the leader of the family is Nelson Bunker Hunt.

The successor to old H. L.'s myth as well as his money, Bunker is the kind of Texas character who is often described as "larger than life," then is pigeonholed in the smallest of stereotypes. He has been compared to the obstinately independent Jett Rink of Edna Ferber's *Giant* and to the unremittingly evil J. R. Ewing of the CBS television series *Dallas*. In a slightly kinder comparison, someone once said that he was "like Burl Ives playing Bunker Hunt in a Tennessee Williams play." In light of his recent silver exploits, however, it might be more appropriate to describe him as an Ian Fleming character come to life: Nelson Bunker Hunt is Silverfinger.

The truly fascinating thing about him, of course, is that he is a character no novelist could invent. Like his father, Bunker is a man who believes that the rules that apply to ordinary people simply do not apply to him. But he does not smoke or drink and he does his gambling at the office, not at the card table or the bettors' windows at the race track. Although he wins and loses millions in his everyday wheeling and dealing, he will search for fallen change in the cushions of chairs and couches as feverishly as if he were searching for the world's largest silver vein. He lives in a French Provincial mansion in the most exclusive section of Dallas, but he drives a seven-year-old Cadillac and flies commercial airlines—usually tourist class.

He has been known to negotiate to the last penny on conventional oil deals ("He doesn't just want to make a good deal for both sides, he wants the other guy to bleed," says one former associate), but he has committed himself to such nonconventional projects as an expedition to find Noah's ark, an attempt to salvage the Titanic and a venture in manufacturing two-passenger helicopters that literally never got off the ground. He has been photographed with the

(continued on page 138)

our annual
survey of styles
for the upcoming
academic year

BACK TO CAMPUS

attire
BY DAVID PLATT



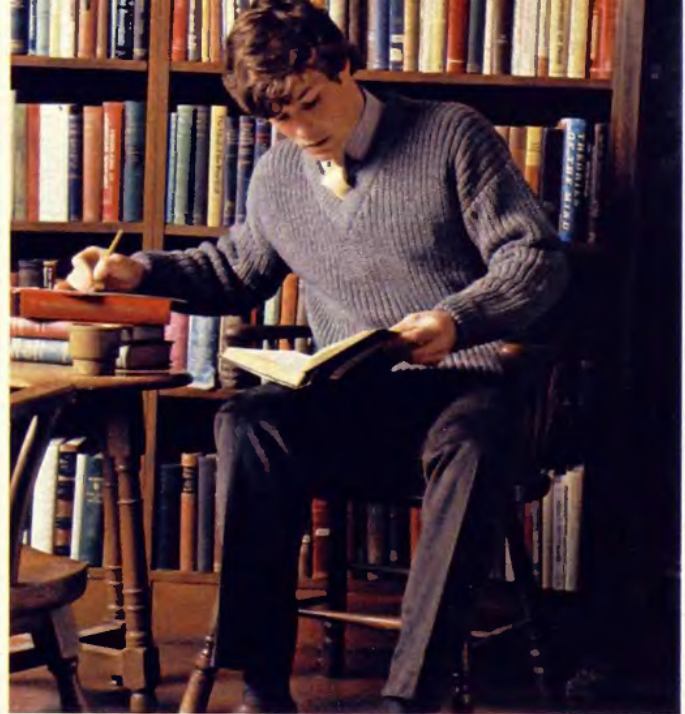
Left: This B.M.O.C. is trying to line up some Saturday-night action in a poplin outercoat with a zip-out jacket, by Cresco, \$150; cotton pullover, by Gant, \$28.50; and socks, by Viceroy Sportswear, \$25. Above: Success! And why not, with him wearing a wool jacket, from Lobo by Pendleton, \$80; corduroy slacks, from Lobo by PenWest, \$37.50; a wool V-neck, by Pendleton, \$50; plaid shirt, from Inverary by Arrow, \$25; and muffler, by Manos del Uruguay, \$42?



WHILE GOING to college may be serious business these days, that's no reason for your wardrobe to be all that somber. Clothes with imagination and flair have replaced the scruffy, rebellious nonstyles of a few years ago, and undergrads are discovering that they can come on looking good and still express their individuality. Not to be overlooked, of course, are practical items for warmth, longevity, etc. But even with such predictable stand-bys as flannel shirts and corduroy slacks, interesting color—and design—innovations abound. Also of particular interest this season are sweaters—wool/polyester V-neck sleeveless ones in Jacquard weaves, bulky crew-necks and even Argyle-patterned looks straight from *Harold Teen* comic strips. Outerwear, of course, always will play an important

Left: This lucky upperclassman catches a wayward buss wearing a quilted coat with a convertible hood, by Trappings, \$100; Jacquard V-neck, by Puritan Sportswear, \$21.50; flannel shirt, by The Lee Co., \$23; and corduroy slacks, by RPM Fashions, \$26. Below: Blandes have more fun even on campus, especially when their date comes on in a quilted parka, by Europa Sport, about \$80; wool sweater, by Manos del Uruguay, about \$120; checked shirt, by Career Club, \$18; and slacks, from Loba by PenWest, \$38.50.





Above left: Here's a fellow earning higher fashion marks wearing a polyester/cotton poplin reversible quilted down jacket, by William Barry, \$110; Orlon V-neck, by Jockey International, \$23; tartan shirt, by Aetna Shirt, about \$23; and denim baggy jeans, by Wrangler, \$21. Above right: All work and no play makes this chap popular. His secret—an acrylic rib-knit drop-shoulder V-neck, by Catalina, \$40; cotton/polyester corduroy slacks, by Sedgefield, \$38; pinstriped polyester/cotton shirt, from VH by Van Heusen, \$16.50; and a wool tie, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, \$12.50. Below: Nice gambit, old boy, making your move in a wool checked jacket, polyester/wool two-button sleeveless pullover and polyester/wool slacks, all by H.I.S. Clothing, \$165; and a multicolor acrylic plaid shirt, by Arrow, \$18.





fashion role on campus. Quilted coats with Sherpa-type convertible hoods and hefty topcoats are big at Midwestern schools, while down South, many students rely on turtlenecks and tweed sports jackets to keep out the chill. And remember, too, that no matter how casual your collegiate lifestyle is, you will need a suit or two when you go for job-placement interviews and for that special date when Dad loosens up and agrees to pop for a big night on the town.

Left: He's flunking art but at the head of the class in fashion wearing an acrylic rugby-stripe two-button pullover, by Catalina, \$35; corduroy jeans, by The Lee Co., \$27; and a buttondown shirt, by Gant, \$32.50. Below: Our guy's stepping out in a fag—a London Fog wool/nylon topcoat, about \$165; covering his wool herringbone jacket, by Carbin, \$165; tweed slacks, by RPM Fashions, \$35; plaid buttondown shirt, from Equipment by Henry Grethel, \$32.50; wool sleeveless sweater, by Gant, about \$24; and a bouclé wool tie, by Vicky Davis, \$13.50. Right: This silk/wool old-school tie that binds, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, \$15, never looked better than when combined with a wool herringbone suit, by Austin Reed of Regent Street, about \$255; knit Argyle sleeveless V-neck, by Jantzen, \$20; and a cotton twill shirt, from Baracuta by Van Heusen, \$20.





"H. L. could find more oil with a road map than Bunker could find with a platoon of geologists."

queen of England, has done business with Saudi royalty and heads of state all over the world but is down-home enough to talk with horse trainers and ranch hands as if he were their next-door neighbor.

Time and again, Bunker has echoed the almost wacky anti-Semitism formerly attributed to his father. He jokingly refers to one of his lawyers as "Super Jew" and recently told a reporter that he was not prejudiced against Jews but added, "They are a little different, like a Chinaman or whatever is different; you do have to say that." One of those differences, in Bunker's view, is intelligence. He definitely believes that Jews are smarter than everyone else, and he is not above using their smarts when it is to his business advantage. As he told one associate, "Never look a gift Jew in the mouth." Despite such retrograde sentiments, one of Bunker's very best friends in Dallas is M. B. Rudman, a flamboyant Jewish oilman who wears flashy clothes and plumed hats and runs an exercise ranch often populated by attractive young ladies.

Unlike his prolific father, Bunker does not have any secret families. He and his wife, Caroline, have four children, three grandchildren and a rather prudish social image. However, former aides and acquaintances confirm that he definitely has an eye for the ladies, and he has been seen in the company of such lovelies as actress Ursula Andress.

Bunker's most obvious excess is food. In the past few years, he has ballooned to as much as 300 pounds, but he continues to indulge in favorite delights such as cheeseburgers, chocolate milk, pies and, most of all, ice cream. But despite his hefty size and his tendency to be a heavy sleeper, he is full of energy and is remarkably light on his feet; he tries (with varying success) to maintain a regimen of jogging and racquetball.

He runs his empire with the help of a vice-president who is a former FBI agent. He does not, however, travel with a bodyguard and he lists both his home and his office telephone numbers in the Dallas directory. Asked about his apparent casualness, he replies, "Why should I worry? Worrying is for people with strong intellect or weak character."

Although he sometimes comes off as a fat, squinty-eyed bumbler, he is sharp and crafty and gifted with the same natural mathematical mind his father had. He can, for example, reel off the

bloodlines and racing statistics of his horses and the depths and production figures of his oil wells as if he were reading from a book. He also has extraordinary bursts of creative vision. "Bunker has flashes just like the old man used to have," says one family member. "Sometimes he's brilliant. The rest of the time you wonder whether he's really there with you or not."

Excited by those ventures that offer big risks and big rewards, he has both his father's gambling instinct and his unquenchable drive to acquire and acquire until he dominates whatever field he is in. As a former colleague remarked in reference to Bunker's dealings in everything from horses to silver, "He doesn't just want some of it. He wants it all."

Central to Bunker's motivation is the view of money he inherited from his old man. "Money," he once said in an interview, "never really meant anything to me. It was just something that if you wanted to spend it, you would have it. My father never really cared about money, either. It was just sort of how they kept the score in life, in business."

Demonstrating proficiency as a money-maker was a way for H. L.'s children to win their father's fickle attention. For that reason, Bunker and all the rest of his siblings learned at an early age to value all 100 pennies in every Hunt dollar. Their greed, such as it is, does not result from mere financial cravings but from an emotional quest for both love and money.

In his early years, Bunker did not have an easy time getting either one. Born in El Dorado, Arkansas, on February 22, 1926, he grew up in the shadow of his father's legend. In addition to being a gambler, an oil billionaire, a health fanatic and a right-wing propagandist, H. L. Hunt sired 15 children in three separate families.

He began his first family in ordinary fashion by marrying Lyda Bunker Hunt, who was Bunker's mother. He also, however, began secret families with Frania Tye and Ruth Ray while he was still married to and living with Lyda. After Lyda died, H. L. married Ruth and gave their four children his name. Driven by an extraordinary reserve of libidinous energy, H. L. loved sex well into his later years, but he did not regard his relationships with Frania and Ruth as mere love affairs. Rather, he

very much intended them to produce children, because he believed he carried a "genius gene." He felt that by fathering more children, he was doing the world a favor.

As if all that were not enough to live up to, Bunker had to compete for H. L.'s favor with his brother Hassie. The oldest of the Hunt sons, Hassie was his father's physical likeness and his runaway favorite. Thanks to what H. L. regarded as a mystical ability to find oil, Hassie was a millionaire in his own right by the age of 21. A short time after that, however, he suffered an incapacitating mental breakdown. H. L. sent Hassie to every major treatment center in the country, then decided to risk what was considered the latest advance in psychiatry: a prefrontal lobotomy. The lobotomy calmed Hassie down, but he has been under 24-hour care ever since.

H. L. kept on looking for a new miracle cure and another Hassie. Disappointed on both counts, he took much of his frustration out on his next son, Bunker. When not simply ignoring him, the old man was often finding fault, bawling him out, belittling him. By the time Bunker had begun to work at Hunt Oil on a full-time basis, H. L. had let it be known that he thought his second son by Lyda was stupid and unfit to succeed him. The old man then shifted his favor to Bunker's younger brothers, Herbert and Lamar.

While H. L.'s attitude was hardly fair, Bunker did not do much to impress anyone in his early years. After dropping out of college, he embarked on an ambitious international oil-exploration program—and promptly drilled \$11,000,000 worth of dry holes.

H. L. was not impressed. Appalled at Bunker's losses, he grouched that he could find more oil with a road map than Bunker could find with a whole platoon of fancy geologists. But with a stubborn persistence that could only have been inherited, Bunker kept right on drilling in other overseas locations. Some \$250,000,000 worth of dry holes later, he finally hit in Libya. His find was known as the Sarir Field and its reserves were estimated at 11 to 13 billion barrels of oil. A little over half of that strike belonged to British Petroleum, but the rest was all Bunker's. Even at the then-depressed world price of about two dollars per barrel, his interest was worth up to five billion dollars, or about twice as much as H. L.'s fortune.

All of a sudden, Bunker, the unfavored son, was, at least on paper, the world's wealthiest private individual. As a practical matter, however, he was nearly broke. All the dry holes had decimated his trust income, and his Libyan find would not make up for it until

(continued on page 162)



"Listen, the glass slipper doesn't fit, but maybe we can work something out!"



Yes, the girls opposite are real. Cheryl Carlson (top) and Dono McConnell brighten the University of Texas. And everywhere else they go. Cheryl Coggins (near right), o graduate of Baylor, wants to be a psychologist. Marta Violette (for right), of TCU, is a foxy mother of three.



looking for beauty in the bible belt can get you belted with a bible



HERE DO PRETTY GIRLS come from? It's the kind of question that sparks the spirit of adventure in us. Surely someone must once have said to himself, "I wonder where the headwaters of the Amazon are," and then gone out and found them. Darwin must have had such a question in mind when he set about tracing the roots of life on this planet. The search for the origin of life, we grant you, was interesting; but a search for the source of beauty—now, there's a challenge. One that we at PLAYBOY, as true scientists, could not ignore. After nearly six months of intensive research, we can report that we think we've found it—

THE NEW YORK TIMES, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1980

Playboy's Plan to Take Photos of Women Students Splits Baylor U.

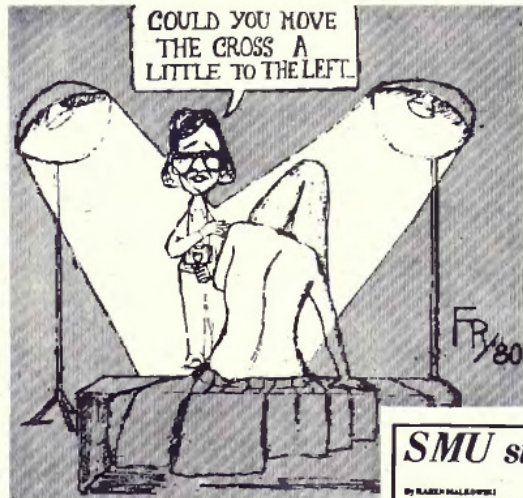
Special to The New York Times
WACO, Tex., April 8 — Abner McCall, the president of Baylor University, has lost patience with the controversy over Playboy magazine.
"It's kind of like a wart on my toe," he

assertion that he would discipline any female students who contributed to the magazine's proposed feature on "The girls of the Southwest Conference" has brought opposition.
"They're too busy being Baptists

That led to tougher administration guidelines on The Lariat's contents and finally a dispute over censorship that resulted in the dismissal of the paper's

ber of the Texas Supreme Court, said that the university's position was that a woman was free to pose for Playboy but not free to do so as a representative of

When president McCall of Boylor restricted his coeds' posing, the controversy received notional attention.



Michael Fry of *The Baylor Lariat* took a humorous shot of Baylor's Bopstist underpinnings in his drawing above.



Boylor women got a new look in the cartoon above from the *Austin American-Statesman*. Ben Sargent was the couturier.

SMU student newspaper rejects Playboy ad

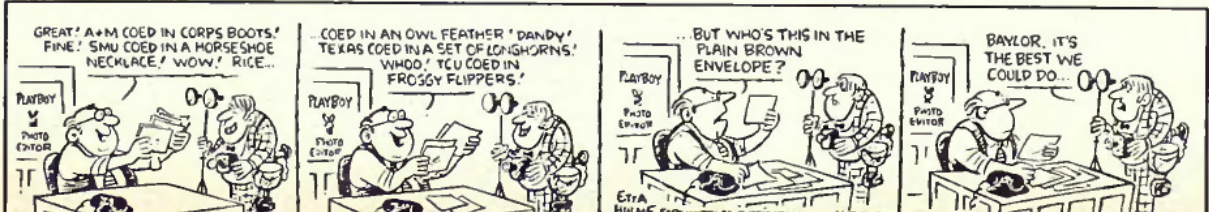
By BAREN MALKOWSKI
Playboy magazine probably had no way of knowing the "Girls of the Southwest Conference" ad in its hands and even the military. The ad was in the hands of the Southwest Conference. High Heels is a woman who may have to look somewhere besides Southern Methodist University — or Baylor University.

They said it (the proposed advertisement) was exploitation (of women) and sexual advertising, and Frank Rogarty, director of SMU student publications.
However on Feb. 8 — the same day the Daily Campus published the girls' photos for the first time — the Playboy ad — the magazine got published another all seeing "one of beautiful girls" to give the 17th annual beauty contest in the

"I don't understand. You're exploiting these women by not paying them. Playboy at least pays for services rendered."
— Playboy photographer David Chan

step away from model behavior from the TV screen, he said. A couple of years ago, a man who in the newspaper for girls to model for a particular company. A girl called me a couple of days later and said she had her letter sent to the man mentioned in the ad and it turned out to be something other than modeling agency.
As a direct result of that we watch every ad we run. We reject ads every day from 5,000 to 10,000.

The Southern Methodist University newspaper rejected PLAYBOY's ad, but students turned out in droves anyway. One possible result of our foray into the Southwest Conference was suggested by Etto Hulme of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram.





Vanessa Buchanan (left) of the University of Texas wants a man "who's secure enough to go hunting with me." Our Canon is loaded.



No intraconference rivalry here. Patricio Maberry (above left), a future teacher, carries the banner for the University of Houston, while prelaw student Aliso Berne stumps for Rice. We'd call it a standoff. Posing in repose below is Erin Bann of Southern Methodist University. She's a Texarkona native.



the source. The mother lode. The *sine qua non* of American beauty may just be the Southwest Conference. Beautiful women are there in quantity, gliding across the sun-baked campuses of the Bible Belt. They are healthy, vibrant and unmistakably feminine. These are the kind of girls that make all too brief appearances in our dreams. The ones who are just out of reach, just as we wake up. The only difference is that they are here, in the Southwest, in the flesh. The proof of all this became apparent the first time we wandered onto a S.W. Conference campus. We saw girls there who knew how to wear (text continued on page 159)



University of Houston homecoming queen Koye Seynaeve (right and far right) is into photography, sports and partying. Dee Dockroy (below) is a Texas Tech coed who tells us she hates to foil. Potential suitors must bring muscles and class.





ARKANSAS

Valerie Lynn (below), of the U of Texas, is a former Sloop Box Derby racer. The University of Arkansas keeps Nesa Strong (right) away from her true possions: skinny-dipping and art.



It's always tee time for Willa Windwehen (above), who wants to be a bank president when she leaves Texas A & M. On your right is on oil pump and a girl. The girl is Anne Brinkmann of the U of Houston; she's into sports, not pumps.



UT coed Cynthia Latson (left) dances ballet but listens to Lou Reed and David Bowie. Unbeatable at doubles are SMU's Shirley and Suzanne Williams (below).



A modeling career may be in the offing for Brenda Kepner (above) when she leaves Texas A & M. Cynthia Forney (left), of the University of Arkansas, is searching for an intelligent, open-minded man.

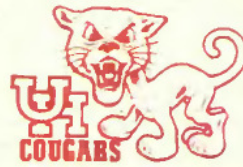


Born in Heidelberg, West Germany, Suzanne Schneider (below) now makes her home on the campus of Rice.



Don't tell the folks around Texas A & M, but Penny Boker (above center) rides with on English saddle. Mole gymnasts are her current passion. U of T marketing major Corla McCloin (below left) claims she'll try "just about anything" once. Take your scuba gear when you visit. Pumping iron and racquetball are what keep Candyce Odom (below right) of Baylor University one of the most admired girls on campus.





There's no place in the world like Texas for Baylor beauty Kai Lynne (below), who also trains horses.



With Jennifer Martin (below left) of the U of Texas working at the Texas headquarters for Carter/Mondale, expect a big Democratic turnout. She'll soon leave the wide-open spaces for graduate school in the East. In protective custody (below right) is Ivy Pugh of the University of Houston. When she's paroled, and if she survives Houston's cafeteria food, Ivy is planning a career in the field of criminal psychology.





Aspiring sportswriter Laura Squair (above) sharpens her skills at the University of Arkansas. Baseball, major league and razorback, is her forte. Inside Mitzi Gehrs (below), there's a singer waiting for a break. Meanwhile, she hedged her bet studying literature at Texas A & M.





When Texas Tech's Jodie Fisher (left) gets her law degree, we're going to go out and get into some trouble. Beverly Banks of Texas Christian gives a clue to her interests in the shot above. For four years, Judy Wardlow (below) has graced the stoges of Baylor. We think she's ready for the big time. Don't you, Judge McCall?





Love those jeans on lady Aggies (from left) Kelcey Swartz, Penny Baker and Brenda Kepner. Freshman Teresa Campsey (below left) will make the next three years at Texas Tech a joy. Future fashion designer Stacie Beggs (below) loves eight-A.M. classes at SMU.

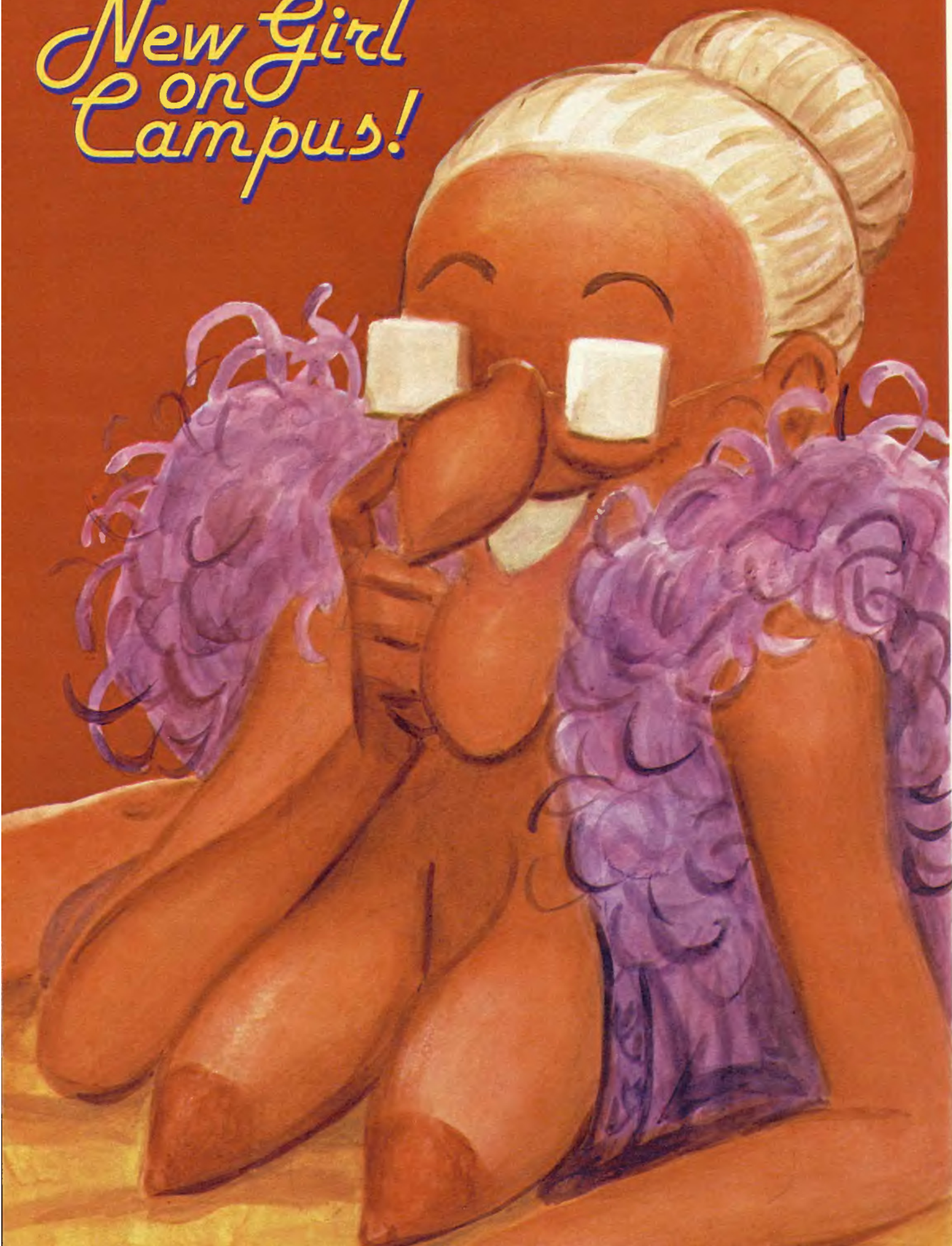


Cheerleader Edith Sayles (above) is a farmer Miss Black Texas Tech. If acting doesn't wark out, she'll try marketing. Our last page is devoted to Tamara Follett, a Venezuelan-born junior at Texas A & M. She can share our tent any time.





*New Girl
on
Campus!*



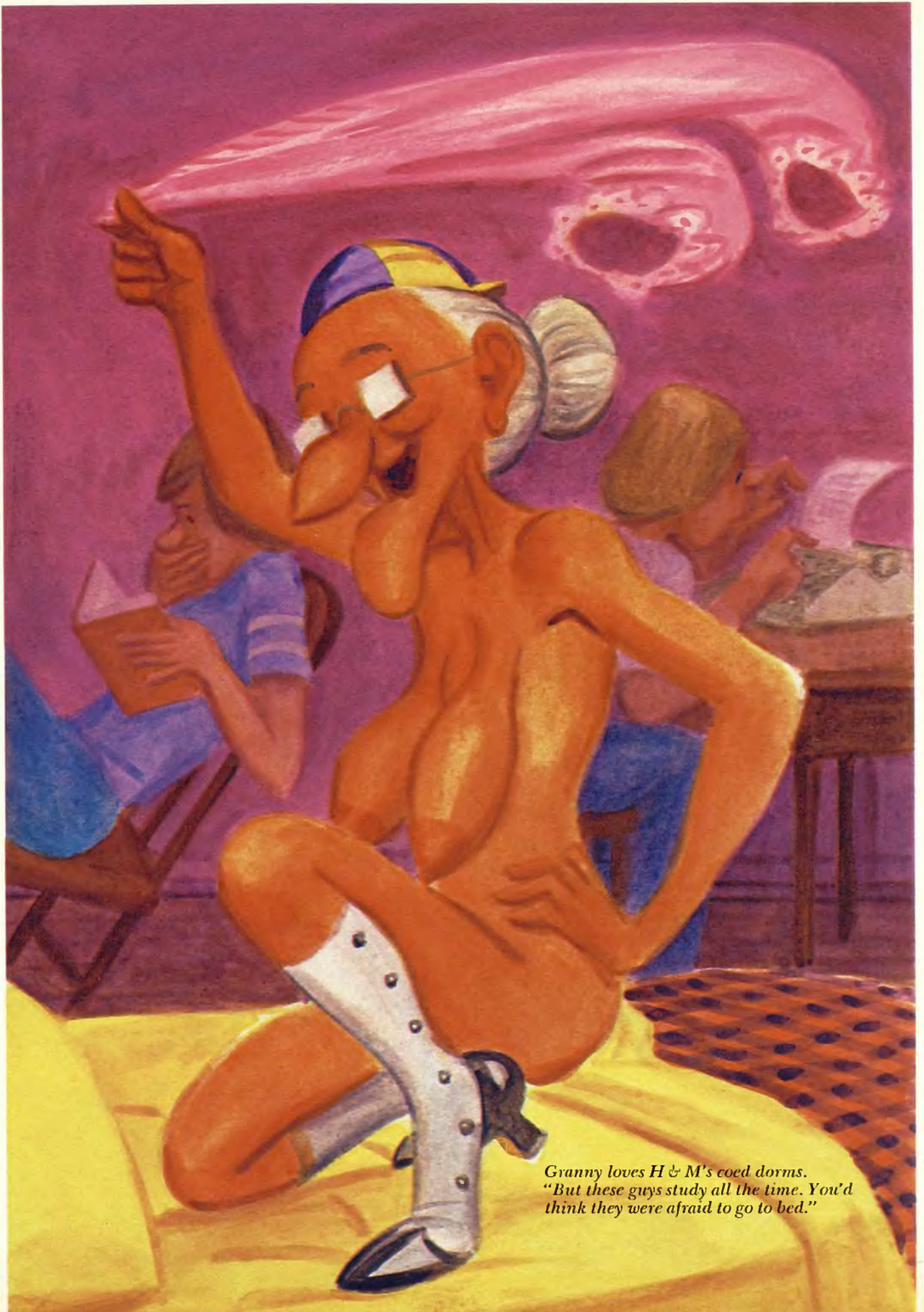
*our luscious undergrad
digs coed dorms, football huddles
and the student union*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BUCK BROWN

*On arrival at ol' Hit & Miss (right),
Granny is struck by the sheer size of
the campus, but not intimidated. "I
wanted something bigger and harder,"
she says. "It's more of a challenge."
At cheerleader tryouts (below), an
enthusiastic Granny loses her in-
hibitions, among other things.*

WE CHANCED UPON our September Playmate II, Granny, crossing the quad at ol' Hit & Miss, a school with the largest student body in the conference. "Large bodies turn me on," says Granny, "if everything else is in proportion." And how does she like matriculation? "Whatever gets you through the night," she blushes. "They don't call 'em Evereadies for nothing." Granny has decided on a physical-education major because she's always been an athletic supporter. "My two favorite sports," Miss September II confides to us, "are Joe Namath and Secretariat—and not necessarily in that order." What does she like about college? "The student union," Granny cackled, "wherever it takes place." That's Granny, folks.





*Granny loves H & M's coed dorms.
"But these guys study all the time. You'd
think they were afraid to go to bed."*

MISS SEPTEMBER II

PLAYBOY'S ALTERNATIVE PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Gyrammy



PSYCHOLOGY

HISTORY OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE BY DANTE TORELLI

CALCULUS

QUANTUM PHYSICS

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Granny

BUST: Big Ones WAIST: Yes HIPS: Let 'em rip!

HEIGHT: Belt Buckle WEIGHT: Never! SIGN: Motel

BIRTH DATE: None of your beeswax! BIRTHPLACE: Eager Beaver, Wyoming

TURN-ONS: Books, chairs, the birds and the bees, erasers, telephones, pencil sharpeners, laundry bags, soap flakes, Ferris wheels, bulldozers, pocket lint, fingernail clippers, Glad wrap, goldfish, thumbtacks, Tupperware

TURN-OFFS: Stuck zippers, clean old men

FAVORITE ACTOR: John C. "Johnny Wadd" Holmes

FAVORITE FOODS: Rickles, bananas, cucumbers, wienies

FAVORITE DRINK: Geritol and tonic

FAVORITE EXPRESSION: Come and get it!

DESCRIBE YOUR IDEAL MAN (age, occupation, character, etc.): 54, publisher, pipe smoker, sleeps in a round bed, rich

DESCRIBE YOUR IDEAL EVENING: If it's not with Hel, I'd like to be gang-tackled by the Oilers and the Rams

SECRET DREAM: Shoot-arse inspect the Seventh Fleet

WHY DO YOU WANT TO BE A PLAYMATE? Share myself with the world



Age 2
Warming my buns!



Age 8
Wanna play doctor?



Age 19
Finally getting recognized



An exuberant Granny (left) shows the style that made her the hit of last summer's Lazy J roundup. On campus at ol' Hit & Miss (below), Granny chooses a date for homecoming and attends her first fraternity beer blast. "Beer," says a miffed Granny, "I thought they said bare."



"The word went out to the 'Lariat' editors: PLAYBOY was not to be mentioned further in its pages."

jeans. Nowhere else in the world do girls wear jeans the way they do in the American Southwest. Not your big-city Vanderbilts, mind you. These are Lees, Levis and Wranglers cut to quarter sizes. Our cultural analysts have told us that the wearing of well-fitted jeans bodes well for any society. We do not quarrel with the cultural analysts. Of course, any sort of scientific inquiry has its ups and downs. Amazon explorers ran into piranha. Darwin's theories led to the Scopes trial. Our explorers, the PLAYBOY photographers, had Abner McCall.

Abner McCall is the president of Baylor University, a strict private, Southern Baptist institution in Waco, Texas. We said *strict*. No drinking, no dancing, no messing around. We knew we were in trouble when we heard that the annual swimsuit issue of *Sports Illustrated* was banned in the student bookstore. If *S.I.*'s annual coffer-enrichment issue couldn't make the grade, what chance would PLAYBOY have? The answer, from McCall, was an unqualified none. Any girl, he said, who posed in the nude for PLAYBOY and was identified as a Baylor student, would be disciplined. The discipline he had in mind was not spelled out, but expulsion was a good bet.

For those who don't know, Waco sits in the center of a triangle formed by Dallas, Fort Worth and Austin. In the center of Waco sits Baylor U, under what has come to be known as the Baylor Bubble. No matter what else is going on in the surrounding community, peace and serenity prevail under the Baylor Bubble. It's sort of a twilight zone where parents can send their sons and daughters to get an education without actually sending them out into the world. It is well guarded by Waco police, campus police, fundamental religious tenets and McCall, a former judge and FBI agent—and the whip hand of Baylor's very conservative administration.

The first target was the advertisement PLAYBOY photographer David Chan wanted to place in the school paper, *The Baylor Lariat*. It was a simple announcement stating that Chan was on his way to photograph the best of the Baylor women. It gave his phone number and the motel where he would be headquartered. The ad was rejected. Chan has experienced such rejection before. The editorial board of *The Harvard Crimson* refused his ad, disapproving of

PLAYBOY's "exploitative tactics" and launching a feminist outcry; and, earlier this year, the SMU paper also opted out. Chan was undaunted. There were other papers. He would simply take his business elsewhere.

By that time, however, the PLAYBOY story was big news on the Baylor campus. The staff of the *Lariat*, in the best journalistic tradition, decided to cover the news. The paper's masthead reads, "*The Baylor Lariat* is a student publication of the Journalism Department serving the Baylor community. Editorials reflect the opinions of the authors and not necessarily of the student body or the administration. The *Lariat* is also a laboratory newspaper for students enrolled in various journalism courses."

True to its policy, the *Lariat* printed two signed editorials under the headline "PLAYBOY? TO POSE . . . OR NOT TO POSE." The first, signed by staffers Jeff Barton, Barry Kolar and Carla Wood, was, if not pro-PLAYBOY, at least pro-freedom of choice. "Choice still rests with the individual," the editorial read. "If that individual is mature enough to understand her own needs, her own inhibitions, her own qualms and her own mischievousness, then show us the harm in her posing."

The second editorial, signed by student Jimmy Puckett, Jr., took PLAYBOY to task. "After spending time drooling over a magazine like PLAYBOY, a guy finds it rather difficult to look at a woman as a human being with a mind and a heart and personality of her own. Instead, a guy can't help but look at her as no more than a sexual object that he can use to satisfy his PLAYBOY-inspired fantasies." It was clear that the *Lariat*'s expression of opinion was balanced. But not balanced enough for McCall. The word went out to the *Lariat* editors that PLAYBOY was not to be mentioned further in its pages. The *Lariat*, McCall ordered, should concern itself with other matters. Suggested topics: the length of ticket lines and the controversy over library hours.

The issue in which the editorials were published also contained reports on Canadian elections, Carter's draft proposals, the Iranian situation, Baylor's homecoming celebration and a seminar on Christian life. The *Sports Illustrated* controversy got front-page treatment.

Now, understand, big news in Waco is

when somebody gets a tough T-bone at Pelican's Restaurant. PLAYBOY's visit to this quiet Texas town rated in the high-news category of "man bites dog."

Would Lois Lane ignore that story? Would Brenda Starr? Would Peter Parker fail to get pictures? It was obvious to every student who had ever taken a high school history course that the issue at hand was First Amendment rights. Censorship had come to Waco, Texas.

It was high noon. The *Lariat* editors stood, hands poised above their typewriters, squinting in the sun. At the other end stood McCall, one hand on the Bible, the other on the university ledger.

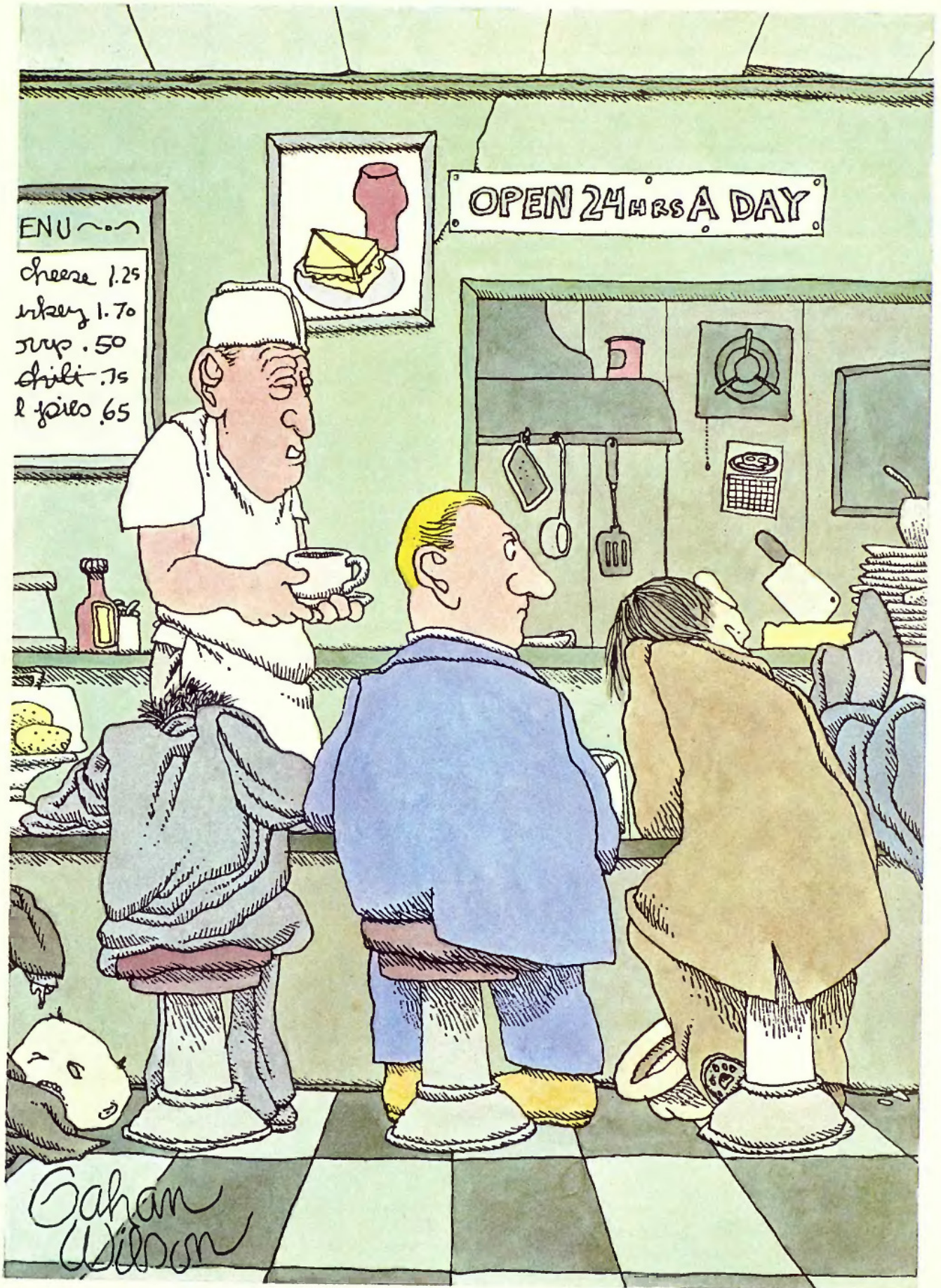
The students fired first. It was a broadside. The staff signed an editorial, which stated: "We have been handed down guidelines concerning just what type of hard news we can cover. The administration—through President McCall—has decided certain topics are off limits. That's not something we can live with."

McCall dodged the broadside and fired swift and sure. The editors of the *Lariat* were no longer editors. Barton, editor in chief, Kolar, city editor, and Cyndy Slovak, news editor, were all told to quit or be fired. *Lariat* editors are paid employees of the university, but they are appointed by the school's publications board. Before the board acted, McCall dispatched campus police to the *Lariat* offices; they threatened to remove bodily any student who resisted the edict. (There is, after all, some journalistic tradition being kept intact here. In 1905, the radical editor of the *Waco Iconoclast* was shot by local Baptists.)

Campus reaction to the firings was mixed. The majority of students reacted to the ouster with overwhelming apathy, but there were at least three demonstrations of support attracting at one point nearly 300 students. On the sidewalk leading to Castellaw Communications Center, home of the *Lariat*, someone had scrawled EDITORS: SOME OF US CARE.

Not enough cared, however. Most felt that McCall as head of the university and *de facto* publisher of the *Lariat* was well within his rights to determine what was news and what wasn't. The Baylor Bubble was not to be broken. It was at that inopportune time that photographer Chan hit town. All 120 pounds of him. Chan, the professional, wanted nothing to do with the controversy. He wanted to shoot pictures of beautiful women. Unfortunately for him, he was the controversy. He and his assistant, Sherral Snow, found themselves the toast of Waco. PLAYBOY News Consultant Dan Sheridan flew in to handle the media barrage that was soon literally dropping out of the sky, in helicopters.

(concluded on page 214) 159



"Whereas that fellow sitting on your right just came in a couple of weeks ago."

owen mulready's dream

from *More Celtic Fairy Tales*, translated from the Gaelic, 1894

Ribald Classic

THERE LIVED long ago near Ballaghaderreen a man named Owen Mulready, who should not have had a care in all the wide world. Owen was blessed with a kind master and a fine little plot of ground. But there was one small thing that weighed upon him. He had never had what the old folk called a *brionglóid guagach*—a wet dream.

Often when Owen visited the local alehouse, the men would tell of the strange and wondrous dreams they had. When talk turned to these matters, Owen would fall silent. As he nursed a beer and a huge erection, a darkness would come on his heart, for his own dreams, which were usually about hoeing potatoes, seemed a great injustice.

Now, it happened one day at market that Owen met an old woman, and he told her of his predicament. The woman was a witch and, thinking Owen a fool for not appreciating his good fortune, decided to make sport with him.

"You will have a *brionglóid guagach*," said the crone, "if tonight when you go to bed, you take the fire from the hearth, put it out and make your bed there. For inside the fireplace is where the spirits dwell in any house. Make your bed of a horse blanket filled with hay and, for a pillow, lay down a fine fish. Just before you lie down to sleep, lead your black ewe three times round the house, each time bringing her over the threshold. When you finish with the ewe, shut the door but do not latch it, and go to bed. And you shall dream."

Musha, but Owen was overjoyed! That night the sun had scarcely set before he had the bed made and had led the ewe round the house. No sooner had his head touched the fish pillow than he fell dead asleep.

It was not long after Owen fell asleep that there came a knock at the door. Up jumped Owen in his dream; at the door stood a beautiful lady dressed all in white. By the light of the moon she undressed him, and kissed him once on the lips. Then, beckoning Owen to follow, the lady turned and ran off toward the foot of Sliabh Charn.

Off ran Owen at a great pace, naked as sin, after the lady. Through brambles and nettles she led him; through brambles and nettles he ran, never caring about the beating of the foremost part of him was taking, till the lady stopped.

Taking Owen in hand, she laid him down beneath a holly. The old leaves at the foot of the tree pricked him unmercifully, but never a complaint left his lips because of what the snowy lady was doing with hers. Then, just as the leaves were pricking him sorest, for all his thrashing about, the white lady



looked up from between his legs, kissed him once there and said: "I can do no more for you, Owen Mulready. You must go to my sister who lives on the mountain." With that, she vanished; and there, beneath the holly, was a path winding out of the woods and up the Sliabh Charn itself.

Off ran Owen faster than ever, though covered with welts where the thorns and nettles had touched him, and weak with loss of blood from the holly scratches. Up and up he climbed, through icy streams, over boulders and through gorse, till at last he came upon a maiden perched on a ledge that even a goat wouldn't try. Dressed all in black she was, with hair the color of midnight.


"Come to me, Owen Mulready, and I shall finish what my sister has begun," said the maiden. At her voice, Owen's blood boiled, and though the rocks rubbed him and the cold wind froze him, he braved the ledge and came at last to the dark maiden. He lay down at her feet upon the stones of the ledge. At that, the dark lady removed her robe and bound the unresisting Owen hand and foot with it where he lay.

Cold and tired though he was, Owen responded to her touch. Whether it was the fear of falling from the ledge or the skill of the lady, who can say, but Owen rose to heights he'd never dreamed of before that night. As the inevitable

neared, the lady disengaged and lowered herself onto the disbelieving Mulready's face while taking his member in hand.

At first, Owen could not believe his good fortune. Then, as the lady continued, he began to feel himself suffocating. Bound as he was, though, he could neither move nor cry out. Wildly, he began to thrash about, but the black maiden never missed a stroke there on the ledge of the Sliabh Charn. Just as Owen felt sure he must suffocate, the lady's ministrations brought him to the edge, and with a great cry, he gave a terrific thrust that sent him and his demon lover off the ledge, pinwheeling into the void.

With a thump that rattled his bones, Owen Mulready awoke and gazed up at the hearth from which he had fallen. His tabby cat, who had leaped from Owen's face at his roar, nibbled at the fish pillow and regarded him suspiciously. A cold wind blew through the open door while the black ewe still nibbled at the hay by Owen's groin. Upon trying to rise and turn the brute out, he found himself tangled in the straps of the horse blanket and chafed raw by the hay. Wearily, Owen dragged himself to bed. It was there that his mother found him much later in the morning, with a smile on his face, sound asleep, dreaming of hoeing potatoes.

—Retold by Barclay Neilson  161

"Qaddafi nationalized Hunt's holdings, saying he wanted to give America 'a strong slap in the face.'"

pipelines could be built, a project that would take several more years. In the meantime, Bunker had no choice but to suffer the humiliation of turning to his still-skeptical father for a loan.

Eventually, though, Bunker's Libyan production did come on stream, and he commenced a series of world-wide business adventures culminating in his great silver play of 1979-1980. Yet with each new deal, he still seemed bent on proving that he was a money-maker worthy of the family name. He also seemed determined to prove his allegiance to his father's brand of politics.

Some of Bunker's money-giving consisted of regular \$5000 tithes to H. L.'s Facts Forum and Life Line foundations, which produced right-wing political messages once carried on more than 400 radio stations from coast to coast. But instead of jumping on the old man's band wagon full time, Bunker found an alternative in the like-thinking John Birch Society. As its founder, Robert Welch, became a kind of surrogate political father, Bunker became the organization's largest contributor, with annual gifts now estimated to be in the \$250,000 range.

Like H. L., Bunker has been relatively stingy with his contributions to mainstream politicians. In 1968, however, he set up a secret \$1,000,000 trust fund to induce General Curtis LeMay to run as the Vice-Presidential candidate on the George Wallace ticket. He counts among his mainstream political friends Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina and Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina—and former Treasury Secretary John Connally.

Bunker's interest in silver began one day at the Hunts' Circle T ranch outside Dallas. The year was 1970 and Bunker was sitting in one of his favorite places, the kitchen, talking with a New York commodities broker named Alvin J. Brodsky. A short, excitable man, Brodsky had flown down to Texas to make what would turn out to be one of the most important sales pitches of his career. His method was simple but graphic. As the cattle grazed outside, Brodsky gestured at the items in the room—the tablecloth, the utensils, the food—and he asked a single question:

"Bunker, do you believe you're going to have to pay more for these things next year than you did this year?"

Bunker allowed that he did.

"Well, then," Brodsky said, "you should consider silver."

Simplistic as it may have sounded, Brodsky's pitch jibed perfectly with Bunker's financial situation and his total world view. At the time, his Libyan oil venture had reached payout, and income was pouring in at a peak rate in the neighborhood of \$30,000,000 per year, all of it tax-free. Bunker had to find a place to put it. However, both domestic and world oil prices were at "depressed" pre-embargo levels of two and three dollars per barrel, and most of the so-called experts were saying that there were enough available foreign and domestic reserves to meet America's demands for decades. The per-ounce price of silver was also at a low of about a dollar and a half, an even lower unit price than oil. But Bunker believed that silver might be in for an enormous increase in price.

The inflationary future Brodsky illustrated at the Circle T was one main reason. Bunker personally believed that inflation would grow worse. More generally, he believed that life on earth—politics, living standards, population—was going to grow worse, too, and he saw plenty of evidence to support his view: There was a war in Vietnam, turmoil in the Middle East and riots in American streets. In Libya, a left-wing radical named Colonel Muammar el-Qaddafi had recently deposed the king and was already making threatening gestures at Bunker and the other American oil operators there.

Even his own personal future looked perilous. A few months before his meeting with Brodsky, a massive embezzlement scandal erupted in his old man's HLH food-products division. Bunker and Herbert were convinced that the culprits were their aging father's closest aides. Unable to convince H. L., they decided that the only way to get definitive proof was by wire-tapping the suspects. In January of 1970, one of the private eyes the Hunts had hired to do the wire tapping was arrested for running a stop sign. Now the Hunts' wire-tap caper was on the verge of exploding into the pre-Watergate era's most sensational bugging scandal.

Brodsky was not the only person who recommended silver. There were Bunker's former prep school roommate Ted Jansey and Dallas silver brokers Don and Scott Dial. As those and other silver bugs reminded Bunker, it was then il-

legal for Americans to buy gold. That left few attractive precious-metal choices for a U.S. citizen who believed the world was going to hell in a hack. So shortly after hearing Brodsky's pitch, Bunker and Herbert began buying silver.

They bought slowly at first, making purchases in 5000- and 10,000-ounce "penny packets," mostly through Bache Halsey Stuart Shields, the commodities outfit with which Brodsky was associated. The total amount of those investments was only a few hundred thousand dollars, small change by Hunt standards. The initial results, however, were of the sort Bunker and his brother could readily appreciate. Between 1970 and 1973, silver rose to about three dollars an ounce.

Meanwhile, both the world situation and Bunker's personal situation worsened. In what turned out to be a prelude to the Arab oil embargo that fell, Qaddafi nationalized Bunker's Libyan holdings in May of 1973, announcing that he wanted to give America "a strong slap in the face." In January of that year, Bunker and Herbert were indicted for illegal wire tapping. Charging that the Justice Department had reneged on a secret deal not to prosecute them, they claimed that the CIA had induced Justice to go ahead with the prosecution anyway because the agency was angered by Bunker's refusal to place an agent in his Libyan operations. They also alleged that Paul Rothermel, their father's former security chief, had been granted immunity from prosecution in the HLH food-embezzlement case because he was a Government agent spying on the family.

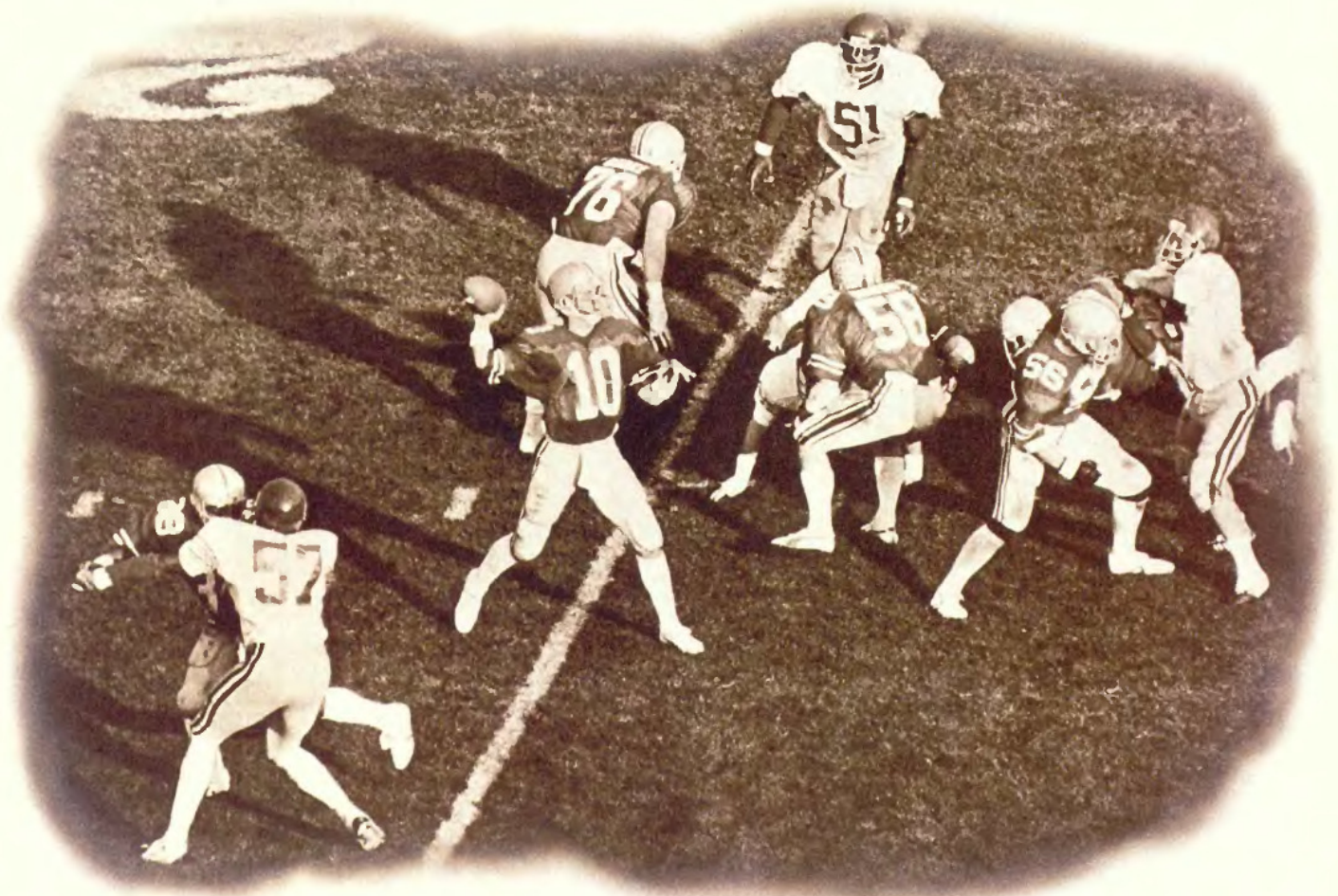
Nevertheless, the Justice Department continued to press its case against the Hunts. Bunker and Herbert were eventually indicted on charges of obstruction of justice for allegedly offering payments to their private eyes to keep their involvement in the wire tapping a secret.

With the world apparently crumbling all around him, Bunker decided to go heavily into silver. This time, he and his brother Herbert—aided by second-family in-law Randy Kreiling, a commodities expert—began buying into the market with what would soon come to be known as the typical Hunt style. The key elements in their strategy were size, secrecy and surprise. Working through Bache and a variety of other brokers, they purchased not just penny packets but millions and millions of ounces. Their first huge order was a 20,000,000-ounce December 1973 contract. Other big orders followed, and by early 1974, the Hunts had accumulated contracts totaling 55,000,000 ounces, or about seven to nine percent of the total estimated world supply. That gave them more silver than anyone on earth save the

(continued on page 222)

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

sports **By ANSON MOUNT** *the country's leading expert gives his pre-season picks for the top college teams and players*



Playboy All-America quarterback Art Schlichter lofts a pass behind picture-perfect blocking as Ohio State lases a squeaker, 17 to 16, to Southern Cal in last January's Rose Bowl game. The Buckeyes are PLAYBOY's pick to win the national championship this season.

EVEN THE MOST casual fan no longer believes that college football is a purely amateur sport played for the purpose of building character and bringing glory to dear old alma mater. Long gone are the halcyon days when gentlemen scholars met on friendly fields for the simple joy of physical combat and the entertainment of friends, family and alumni. Nowadays, the more talented players view their college years as a necessary boot camp to prepare them for the riches waiting for them in pro football. Even ordinary players see the game as a free ticket to a college education. To university administrations, a successful football program can open a wellspring of alumni contributions. For a winning coach, college football can provide \$100,000 in income per year.

As in other social excesses, negative reaction and calls for reform are inevitable. Cries of outrage against the perversion of the educational process by big-time college sports have traditionally come from cloistered editorial writers and faculty members—usually professors who make barely a quarter of the coaches' income. It is remarkable, therefore, that

TOP 20 TEAMS

1. Ohio State 10-1	11. Notre Dame 9-2
2. Southern Cal. . . . 10-1	12. Maryland 9-2
3. Pittsburgh 10-1	13. Brigham Young . . 10-1
4. Arkansas 10-1	14. Penn State 8-3
5. Nebraska 9-2	15. Houston 8-3
6. Georgia 10-1	16. Oklahoma 8-3
7. North Carolina . . 9-2	17. Michigan 8-3
8. Florida State 9-2	18. Rutgers 9-2
9. Alabama 9-2	19. Tulane 9-2
10. Texas 9-2	20. Auburn 8-3

Possible Breakthroughs: Oklahoma State (8-3), Indiana (8-3), California (8-3), Mississippi State (8-3), Miami, Fla. (8-3), Texas A&M (7-4), Missouri (7-4), Purdue (7-4).

PLAYBOY'S 1980 PREVIEW ALL-AMERICA TEAM



Left to right, top to bottom: George Lija (59), center, Michigan; Ron Wooten (78), guard, N. Carolina; Keith Van Horne (68), tackle, Southern Cal; Earle Bruce, Ohio State, Coach of the Year; George Stewart (74), guard, Arkansas; Howard Richards (72), tackle, Missouri; Ken Margerum (28), wide receiver, Stanford; George Rogers (38), running back, S. Carolina; Rex Robinson (5), place kicker, Georgia; Cris Collinsworth (21), wide receiver, Florida; James Brooks (21), running back, Auburn; Art Schlichter (10), quarterback, Ohio St.; Jarvis Redwine (12), running back, Nebraska.



Left to right, top to bottom: Robin Sendlein (60), linebacker, Texas; Pat Graham (78), lineman, California; Hosea Toyler (90), lineman, Houston; Mike Singletery (63), linebacker, Baylor; E. J. Junior (39), lineman, Alabama; Ron Simmons (50), lineman, Florida State; Ronnie Lott (42), defensive back, Southern Cal; Hugh Green (99), lineman, University of Pittsburgh; Dennis Smith (49), defensive back, Southern Cal; Ted Wotts (21), defensive back, Texas Tech; Ray Stachowicz (19), punter, Michigan State University; Kenny Easley (5), defensive back, UCLA.

THE ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(Listed in order of excellence at their positions, all have a good chance of making someone's All-America team)

QUARTERBACKS: Mark Herrmann (Purdue), Mike Ford (SMU), Rich Campbell (UC), John Fourcade (Mississippi), Tim Clifford (Indiana), Phil Bradley (Missouri)

RUNNING BACKS: Darrin Nelson (Stanford), Major Ogilvie (Alabama), Amos Lawrence (North Carolina), Walter Abercrombie (Baylor), Freeman McNeil (UCLA), Joe Morris (Syracuse), Butch Woolfolk (Michigan), James Wilder (Missouri), A. J. Jones (Texas), Marian Barber (Minnesota)

RECEIVERS: Mardye McDole (Mississippi St.), Eric Sievers (Maryland), Kevin Williams (USC), Tony Hunter (Notre Dame), James Murphy (Utah St.), Wayne Baumgardner (Wake Forest), Mike Quick (North Carolina St.), Rodney Holman (Tulane), Gerald Lucear (Temple), Gerald Harp (Western Carolina)

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: Mark May (Pittsburgh), Terry Tausch (Texas), George Schechterly (South Carolina), Allan Kennedy (Washington St.), Roy FASTER (USC), Frank McCallister (Navy), Tim Huffman (Notre Dame), Louis Oubre (Oklahoma), Randy Schleusener (Nebraska), George Stephenson (Auburn)

CENTERS: Pete Quinn (Purdue), John Scully (Notre Dame), Ken Roark (Kentucky), Joe Rothbauer (Wisconsin)

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: Vince Goldsmith (Oregon), Dave Ahrens (Wisconsin), Leonard Mitchell (Houston), Frank Warren (Auburn), Larry Kubin (Penn St.), Guy Frazier (Wyoming), Ben Rudolph (Long Beach St.), Stuart Anderson (Virginia)

LINEBACKERS: Rich Dixon (UC), Riki Gray (USC), Bob Crable (Notre Dame), Ricky Young (Oklahoma St.), Eddie Johnson (Louisville), Thomas Boyd (Alabama), Marly Wetzel (Tulane), Lawrence Taylor (N. Carolina), Marcus Marek (Ohio St.)

DEFENSIVE BACKS: Kevin Evans (Arkansas), Mike Kennedy (Toledo), Scott Woerner (Georgia), Eric Wright (Missouri), Jeff Griffin (Utah), Chris Williams (Louisiana St.)

KICKERS: Ken Naber (Stanford), Dale Castro (Maryland), Rich Camarilla (Washington), David Sims (Clemson), Dave Smigelsky (Virginia Tech)

TOP NEWCOMERS

(Incoming freshmen and transfers who should make it big)

Herschel Walker, running back	Georgia
Blair Kiel, quarterback	Notre Dame
Robert Neal, running back	Miami
John Bond, quarterback	Mississippi State
Tim Salem, quarterback	Minnesota
Reggie Brown, running back	Oregon
Bob Gagliano, quarterback	Utah State
Alfred Anderson, quarterback	Baylor
Scott Grooms, quarterback	Notre Dame
Cormac Carney, receiver	UCLA
Dave Wilson, quarterback	Illinois
Bubba Hill, running back	Texas A&M
Steve Smith, quarterback	Michigan
T. J. Murray, linebacker	North Carolina
Lloyd Archie, wide receiver	Houston
Tim Bryant, linebacker	Vanderbilt
Matt Kofler, quarterback	San Diego State
Freddie Miles, running back	Miami
Alvin Jones, quarterback	Tennessee
Todd Blackledge, quarterback	Penn State
Mike Arbanas, linebacker	Kansas
Woyne Peace, quarterback	Florida
Kevin Ingram, quarterback	Villanova
Russell Carter, running back	Southern Methodist

currently the most outspoken—and effective—critic of college football's more irrational facets is also one of its most successful practitioners.

Tennessee coach Johnny Majors, a member of the board of trustees of the American Football Coaches Association, has been touring the country, enlisting the support of his peers for reforms. We recently talked with him about his ideas and we think they make good sense.

First of all, Majors wants to put a lid on the recruiting charade. The more promising high school athletes are bedeviled by college recruiters and interested alumni as early as their junior year, and their senior year can be a nightmare. The N.C.A.A. allows only three visits by an official representative of each school, but when 100 colleges are pursuing a prep star, his living room can look like Grand Central Station. Restrictions are rarely honored by the more desperate coaches, of course, because it would take the combined efforts of the FBI and the National Guard to enforce the three-visit limit. Some high schoolers have had to have their telephones disconnected; others have sought relief by secretly living with relatives.

Majors wants to shorten the recruiting season to late November to mid-February—the reduced time would help restrict the number of visits. The majority of prep players decide where they want to go to college by midwinter, anyway.

"Let's let the players enjoy their senior year in high school, for gosh sakes," Majors told us. "Let's quit traipsing through their homes and stop ringing their telephones at all hours of the night. How can the kids concentrate on their schoolwork? Besides, a shortened recruiting season would lessen the negative recruiting some coaches unfortunately practice." That happens when a coach, desperate to get a player who has decided to go somewhere else, spends his visit telling the prospect horror stories about the other school.

Majors also wants to allow colleges to hire full-time scouts to be on the road during the season, looking at prospects and studying game films. Traditionalists have long objected to that idea, saying it would professionalize the sport.

"That's a phony objection," said Majors. "Sports programs in major schools are multimillion-dollar operations, and that's big business. Coaches are professionals and we might as well admit it. A full-time scout would relieve some of the incredible work load on the assistant coaches. You wouldn't believe the hours those poor guys have to put in during the regular season. Maybe 16 hours a day, seven days a week. If they're lucky, they get to see their wives



"I think it's only fair to tell you that I'm an old-fashioned girl, Rodney. I only ball on the first date in the missionary position."

Pick this season's #1 major college team* and...

Win a trip for two to a Bowl Game.

ROSE BOWL
COTTON BOWL
SUGAR BOWL
ORANGE BOWL

Look for the special Michelob Bowl Game display in the store where you buy beer. You'll find tear-off coupons and details on how to win an all-expenses-paid-trip-for-two to one of the major college bowl games of your choice. Rules provided on each entry blank. Contest void where prohibited.

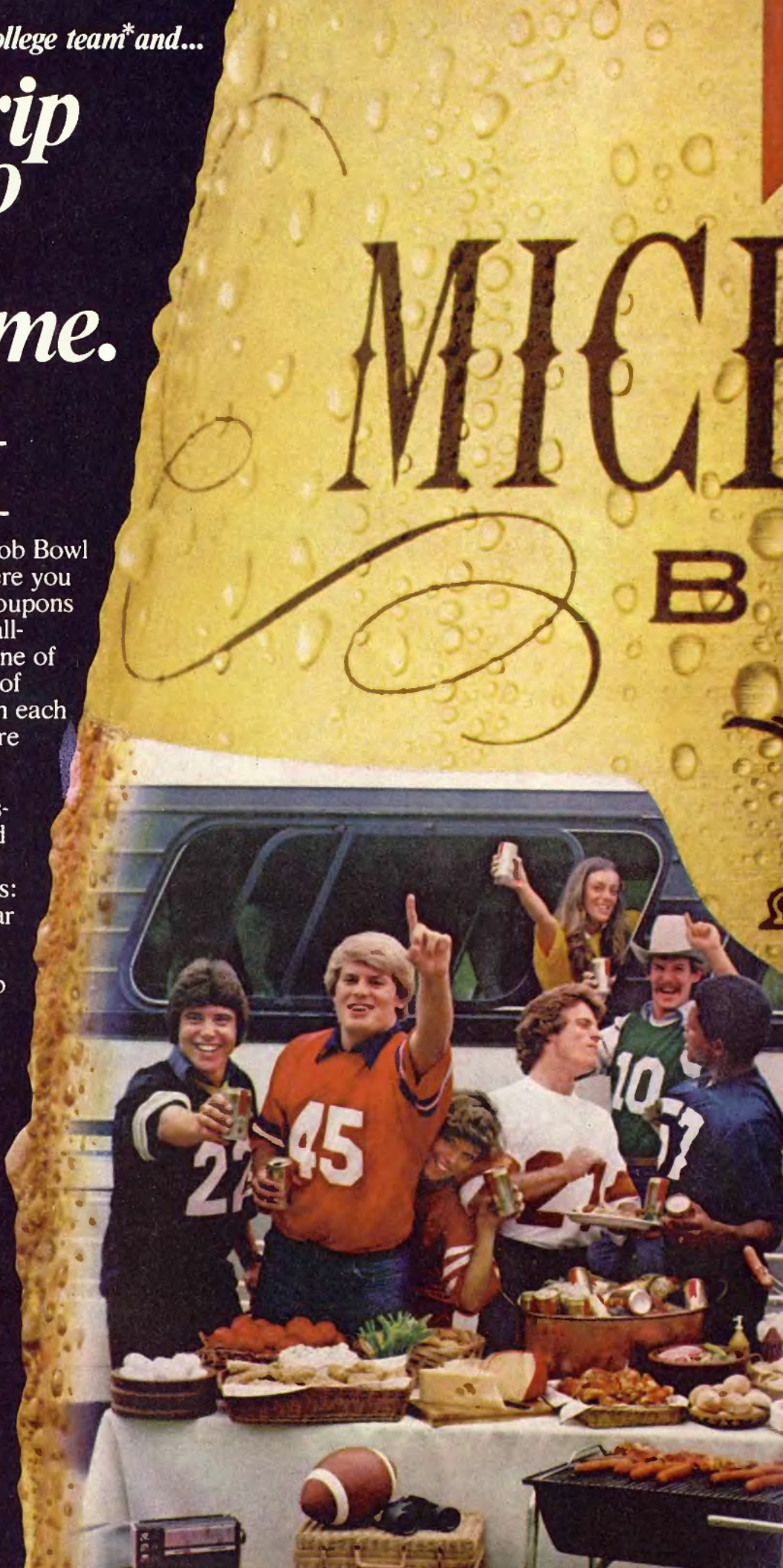
GRAND PRIZE: All-expenses-paid trip for two (two days and three nights) to one of the following January 1, 1982 games: Rose Bowl, Cotton Bowl, Sugar Bowl, or Orange Bowl.

100 FIRST PRIZES: Michelob Tailgate Party Pak.

1000 SECOND PRIZES: Michelob Jersey. Just like the one shown in the accompanying photo.

*As chosen by the Associated Press final post-season poll.

To receive an official sweepstakes entry form please write: Michelob "Win-A-Bowl-Game" Sweepstakes, Box Two, Dallas, TX 75221.



HELLO
BEER

*Football weekends
were made
for Michelob®*



and kids on Saturday night."

Finally, heresy of heresies, Majors wants to eliminate spring practice or at least reduce it to two weeks.

"These kids get their craw full of football, playing and practicing nearly the year round. How can a serious student carry a decent academic load? Some of the kids just can't handle it and have to take Mickey Mouse courses or spend every summer in school, slaving away on make-up courses, when they ought to be out somewhere working in a summer job or fishing and getting away from the constant pressures.

"Besides, the players who really need the extra practice most are the incoming freshmen, but they don't even arrive here until the fall. So let's just cut the spring practice sessions and add more time to the pre-season workouts. Everybody will be happier, the kids will get just as much preparatory training and they won't forget half of what they learned over the summer months."

Some of the drill instructor-type coaches will be horrified by the thought of sacrificing wind sprints for academics, but that's all right; those coaches are a dying breed, anyway.

So while we're waiting for the forces of reform to gather their strength, let's take a look at the various teams around the country.

THE EAST

INDEPENDENTS

Pittsburgh	10-1	Navy	7-4
Rutgers	10-1	West Virginia	6-5
Penn State	8-3	Syracuse	5-6
Villanova	8-3	Boston College	5-6
Temple	8-3	Army	3-8
Colgate	8-3		

IVY LEAGUE

Dartmouth	7-3	Cornell	5-5
Brown	7-3	Princeton	4-6
Harvard	6-4	Columbia	3-7
Yale	5-5	Pennsylvania	3-7

TOP PLAYERS: Green, May, Pryor, Marino (Pittsburgh); McMichael, Kurdyla, Cherry, Smith, Dorn (Rutgers); Kubin, Menhardt, Dugan (Penn State); Arcidiacono, Long (Villanova); Lucear, McCarty (Temple); Murphy, Bubniak (Colgate); McCallister, Chambers, Gainer (Navy); Fowler, Luck (West Virginia); Morris, Anderson (Syracuse); Budness (Boston College); March, Hill (Army); Shula, Kemp, Pierce (Dartmouth); Carbone, Woodring (Brown); Durgin, Callinan (Harvard); Nitti, Regan (Yale); Roth, DeStefano (Cornell); Crissy, Bailey (Princeton); Josephs, Wallace (Columbia); Marzonie, Prior (Pennsylvania).

This year's team will be the strongest in the history of the University of Pittsburgh. Sixteen starters return from a squad that won ten games last autumn, and they are joined by two superstar freshman halfbacks (Dwight Collins and Marc Bailey) who could make a big splash their rookie season. Playboy All-

America end Hugh Green leads a defensive unit that will terrorize most opponents. Quarterback Dan Marino is a future All-America. If the Panthers can defeat Maryland and Florida State in their early October games, they could go undefeated and contend for the national championship.

Coach Frank Burns is building a national power at Rutgers—possibly the strongest Scarlet team since Rutgers invented the game (with Princeton) over a century ago. Many of the younger players clocked a lot of playing time last fall after injuries to first-stringers, and the resulting maturity will be apparent. Even if the Scarlet wins ten of its games, it'll have a hard time breaking into the top 20, because, except for Alabama and Temple, the schedule is a laugh.

Not so with Penn State, which is facing its toughest schedule ever. Freshman Todd Blackledge should be the solution to coach Joe Paterno's severe quarterback problem, and soph tailback Curt Warner gives the Nittany Lions their first breakaway threat in many years. Paterno will return to the I formation in order to give Warner the ball more often. With ten starters back, the defense will again be sound. The kicking game, as always, is outstanding.

The Villanova team has been on the brink of winning seasons the past three years, but the Wildcats often freeze when victory is in sight, committing mental errors that allow opponents to win in the fourth quarter. This may be the year of the turnaround. Much depends on the outcome of the first game, with Maryland. Quarterback Pat O'Brien is Villanova's all-time total-offense leader, but he could be displaced by abundantly talented freshman Kevin Ingram. With only four starters missing from the '79 squad, the Wildcats could be one of the surprise teams of the country.

Conversely, Villanova's cross-town rival, Temple, was nearly wiped out by last June's graduation ceremonies. Nearly all the reserves will return, so the Owls could be as strong as ever by mid-season. Quarterback Tink Murphy is just reaching his full potential and receiver Gerald Lucear will again be a tempting target for touchdown passes.

With 19 starters back for another season, the Colgate team will benefit greatly from experience. The Red Raiders will also be a young squad, and their youthful exuberance will be another plus.

The Navy team has suffered a frustrating rash of injuries during the past year—even the equipment manager broke an ankle during spring drills. More debilitating, though, were the ravages of graduation. The Mids enter pre-season drills still looking for a take-charge quarterback, with Tom Tarquinio having the best chance to win the job.

New West Virginia coach Don Nehlen will try to dispel the defeatist attitude that has plagued the Mountaineers through the past four losing seasons. With all but three of the '79 starters returning—including quarterback Oliver Luck and tailback Robert Alexander—this should be a winning year in Morgantown.

Syracuse, an explosive passing team last autumn, will depend largely on the running of Joe Morris and the blocking of a strong offensive line for point production. Dave Warner will be a capable replacement for graduated quarterback Bill Hurley, but the receiving corps is questionable.

Boston College will depend on a rugged defensive crew and a talent-laden offensive backfield. The kicking game will be much improved, but the offensive line is still suspect. The Eagles are the only team in the nation that will play all three Service academies.

There is hope for the future at Army, but any significant improvement in the won-lost record is still two or three years away. The returnees have a lot of experience, but they are still suffering from battle fatigue after last season. Lack of quality depth—not to mention a sadistic schedule—will again preclude a winning season.

Dartmouth and Brown will be co-favorites in the Ivy League title race. The ultimate winner will probably be determined by which team suffers the fewest injuries. Both teams have excellent passing attacks. At Dartmouth, the Jeff Kemp-to-Dave Shula aerial duo will be the key element in this season's point production. Brown quarterback Larry Carbone also has capable receivers. Both teams have problems in their defensive lines, but top-quality linebackers at both schools should take up much of the slack. John Woodring is the best linebacker in Brown history.

Harvard will be more of a contender if the new quarterbacks, Brian Buckley and Ron Cuccia, come through. The Crimson had an inept running attack last fall until fullback Jim Callinan exploded in the final game at Yale. He and halfback Paul Connors should give the Harvard team a much-improved ground game.

Diploma attrition will prevent Yale from repeating last year's success. Coach Carm Cozza must find a new quarterback in pre-season drills. The defensive unit, best in the league last season, lost most of its key players, with the backs and linebackers causing most concern. The Elis will be vulnerable to effective passing attacks.

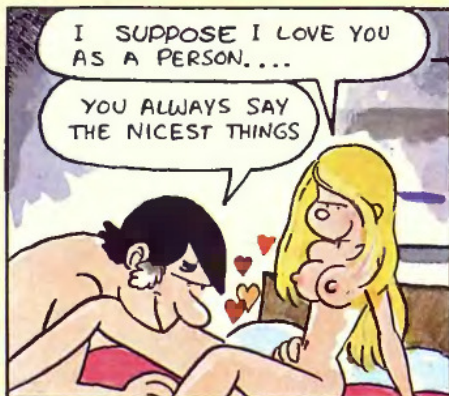
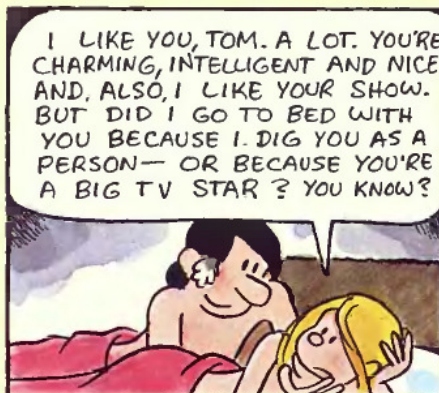
Cornell's success will depend on how quickly a green offensive line matures—as well as on the quality of the
(continued on page 199)



Playboy FUNNIES

TOM MORROW

by Christopher Browne



REG'LAR RABBIT



VAGINELLA

DREAM GIRL OF THE STARNAYS

WHILE FLEEING THROUGH THE SPACEPORT BAZAAR FROM THE DREAD REPTILIAN SECRET POLICE ON THE PLANET UP-THINE--OUR DARING ADVENTURESS TAKES REFUGE IN AN ANDROID SHOP!

EASY TERMS FOR MECH-MAMAS! BIONIC-BUMBOS! SEXY-SIGH-BORES! HARD-TERMS FOR KINKY CUSTOMERS!

SPORTS! CUSTOMS! IMPORTS! RAMBLINGLY RANIDY + RED-HOT ROBOTS

USED PARTS DEPT.

HOPE THIS WORKS...COULD BE THE PERFECT HIDING PLACE!-- AMONG THOSE BRAND-NEW FEMALE ANDROIDS!

TOO LATE SHE DISCOVERS THAT ALL MODELS ARE LOCKED IN PLACE ON THE DISPLAY RACK BY A CHARGE OF BIO-MAGNETIC FORCE!



WHAT CHARMING PODICES!

FREE FEEL--I MEAN FEEL FREE TO TEST THE MERCHANDISE, LORD LETCH!



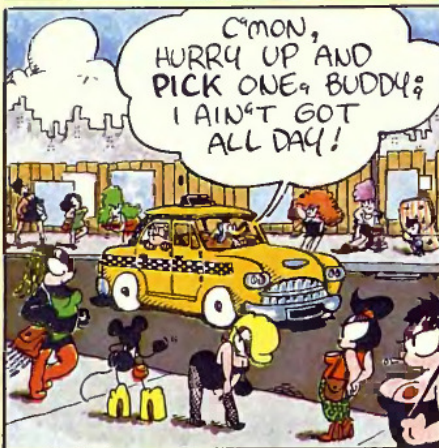
WELL, WELL, WELL! AND WHAT IS YOUR SPECIALITY, MY DEAR?

I AM A HIGH-KICKING DAN-CER, SIR... THUS ENSUR-ING MAXIMUM EX-POSURE AND ASS-CESSI-BIL-ITY!

BITCH! THERE I GO--PUTTING MY FOOT IN IT AGAIN!



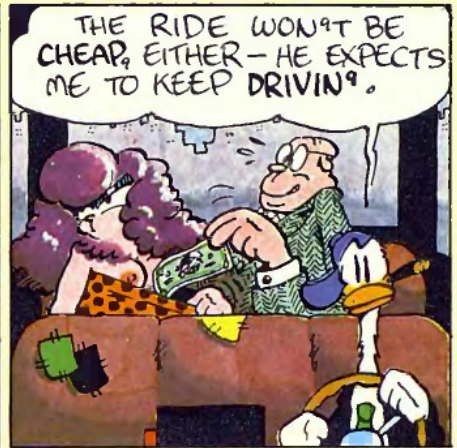
Dirty Duck[®] by Bobby London



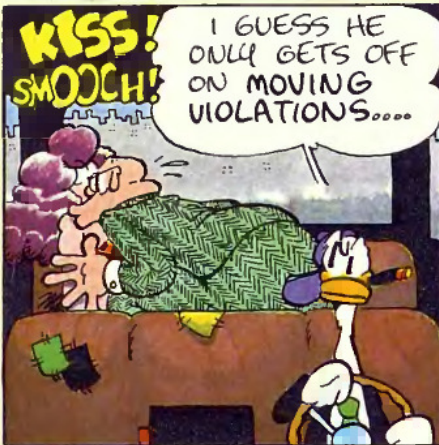
C'MON, HURRY UP AND PICK ONE, BUDDY! I AIN'T GOT ALL DAY!



HUH! PRETTY EXPENSIVE LOOKIN'!... I HOPE THIS BOZO 'LL HAVE ENOUGH LEFT FOR MY FARE.

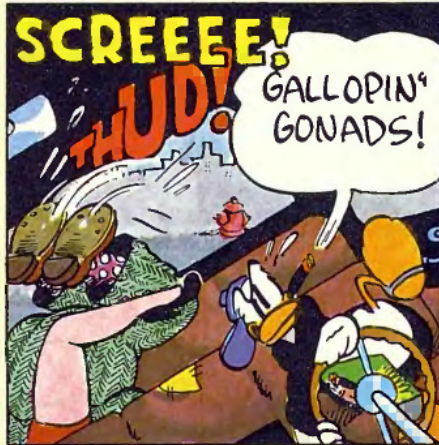


THE RIDE WON'T BE CHEAP, EITHER - HE EXPECTS ME TO KEEP DRIVIN'.



KISS! SMOOCH!

I GUESS HE ONLY GETS OFF ON MOVING VIOLATIONS.....



SCREEEE!

THUD!

GALLOPIN' GONADS!



WHY DON'TCHA WATCH WHERE UER GOIN'?!.....



..@**!! IN' COPS!!



KISS! SMOOCH!

MM! NICE TECHNIQUE!

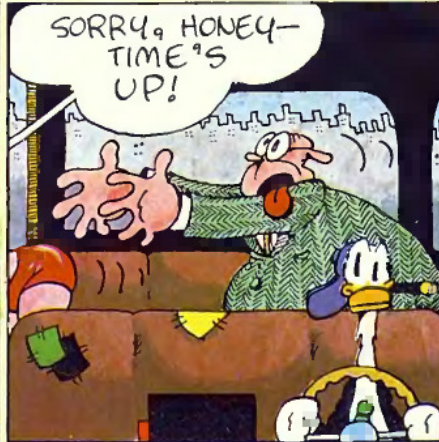


BUMBUM BUMP!

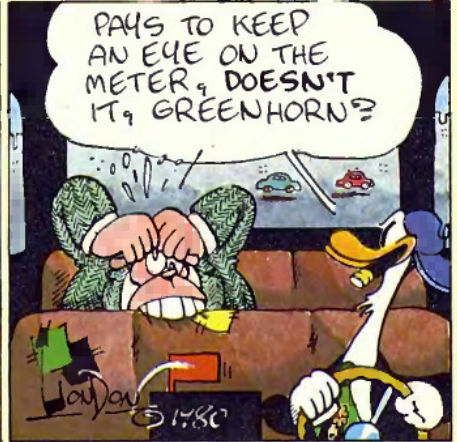
ONE O' THESE DAYS THE CITY MIGHT FIX THE ROADS!!



WOW! IS IT FIVE-THIRTY ALREADY?

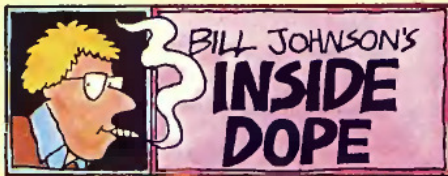


SORRY, HONEY - TIME'S UP!



PAYS TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE METER, DOESN'T IT, GREENHORN?

London 1780



**BILL JOHNSON'S
INSIDE
DOPE**

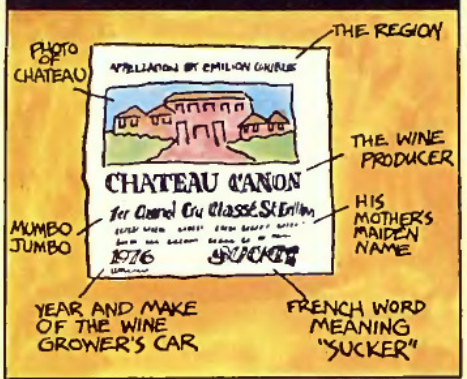
**EVERYTHING
A GUY NEEDS
TO KNOW ABOUT
WINE**

BEFORE YOU BECOME A WINE CONNOISSEUR, YOU HAVE TO KNOW WHAT ONE LOOKS LIKE



WRONG RIGHT

HOW TO READ LABELS



HOW TO REMOVE THE CORK



WINE & FOOD



WHITE WINES GO WELL WITH FISH, PORK AND CHICKEN.

RED WINES GO WELL WITH ECLAIRS, JELL-O AND FROOT LOOPS.

ORDERING WINE



WHEN LOOKING AT A WINE LIST, DON'T HESITATE TO ASK QUESTIONS.

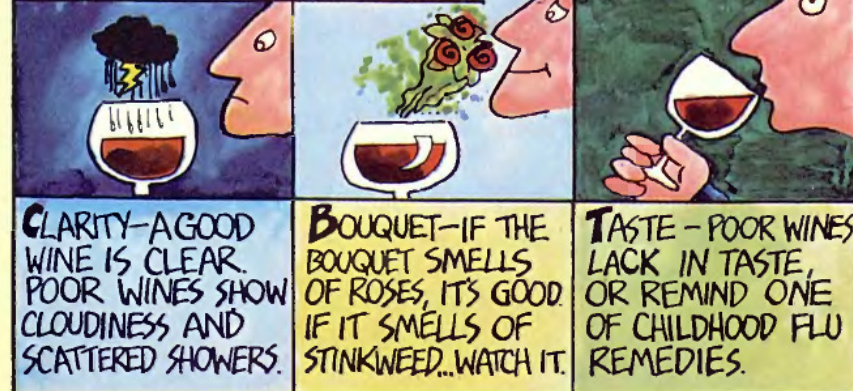
WHEN THE WAITER PRESENTS THE CORK, YOU ARE EXPECTED TO TAKE A BITE, WASHING IT DOWN WITH THE SMALL WINE SAMPLE PROVIDED



CHOMP... VERY TASTY YESSIR

VERY GOOD, SIR.

JUDGING A WINE

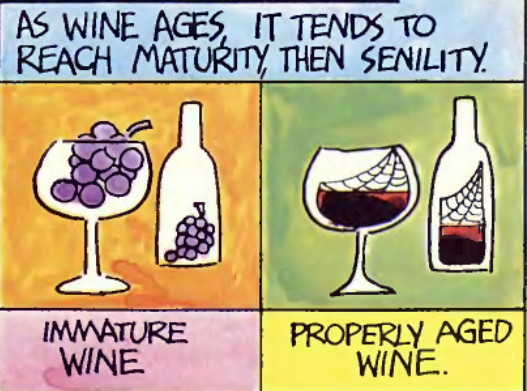


CLARITY-A GOOD WINE IS CLEAR. POOR WINES SHOW CLOUDINESS AND SCATTERED SHOWERS.

BOUQUET-IF THE BOUQUET SMELLS OF ROSES, IT'S GOOD. IF IT SMELLS OF STINKWEED...WATCH IT.

TASTE-POOR WINES LACK IN TASTE, OR REMIND ONE OF CHILDHOOD FLU REMEDIES.

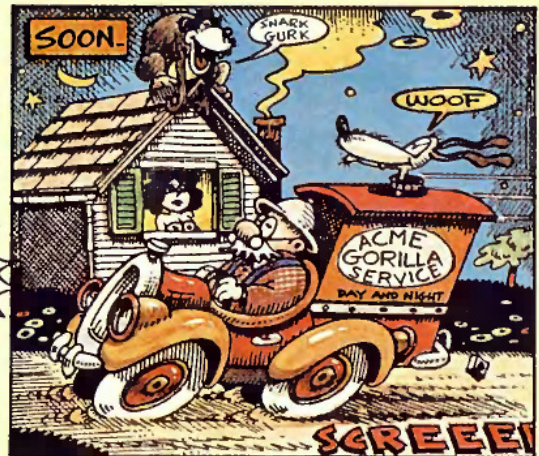
WINE AGING



AS WINE AGES, IT TENDS TO REACH MATURITY, THEN SENILITY.

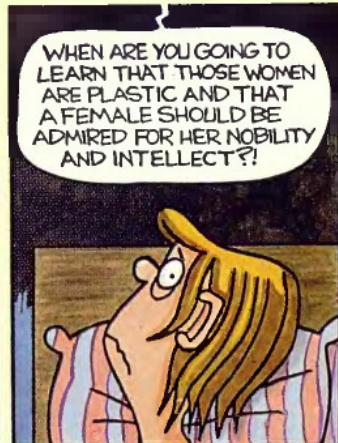
IMMATURE WINE

PROPERLY AGED WINE.



THE LONER

By Frank Baginski & Reynolds Dodson



annie an' albert

by J. Michael Leonard



100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES, 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y., N.Y. © 1980



WHEN YOU'RE HEADING HOME,
EVEN THE SKY SEEMS TO SAY
IT'S TIME FOR RED.

JOHNNIE WALKER RED
THE RIGHT SCOTCH WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE



CONSUMER JUDO: HOW TO COMPLAIN—AND WIN!

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

Your new shirt has no button-holes? You got bumped from the 9:07 to Dubuque? Your expensive mail-order steaks arrived unfrozen? Don't let the system kick sand in your face. You can duke it out with even the biggest corporations—all you need is basic consumer judo.

THE COMPLAINT SIMPLE

Suppose that on your new suit's maiden voyage, a trouser pocket rips under the weight of two dimes and a half stick of spearmint. You should act on the problem as soon as possible, because delay costs you credibility. But don't gear up for a thermonuclear showdown. That's apt to put starch into the opposition. Instead, assume that the seller wants a fair resolution as much as you do.

First, be prepared with photocopies of all pertinent documents—including price tag, receipt, warranty and advertisement. Naturally, you should always save such papers, keeping the originals for your own files and supplying the seller with photocopies. If you have all the data at your finger tips, he'll find it tough to put you off. And it shows you mean business.

Uncomfortable with confrontations? It pays to practice your spiel beforehand, presenting your case to a friend or a mirror. Then, at the store, you can explain clearly and smoothly what is wrong and—just as important—what you want done about it. Do you want the pocket repaired? All new pockets? New trousers? A new suit? Your money back?

A good tactic is to have in mind a fallback position. For example, you demand a new suit, knowing that—if necessary—you'll settle for a repaired pocket. If your opponent is combative, he'll try to whittle away your demands, whatever they are, so you might as well start high. Probably, the store will make amends quickly. But it's wise to be prepared for some hassle. For example, the salesman may not give a hoot. It's pointless to argue with him, since he may not have the authority to resolve your complaint, anyway. Walk away from an obnoxious salesman and see whoever handles complaints, perhaps the department head or the service manager.

THE COMPLAINT POSTAL

You get nowhere with this bigger fish? Your next step is a letter. With many complaints—involving anything from mail-order purchases to gripes about a packaged tour—a letter will actually be your first step. And it must be written effectively.

First, wait to write until you're calm or the letter will be garbled. A typewritten letter is more impressive. And the letter should go to a company official by name and title.

Telephone to ask the name of a local store's president. Or try the Better Business Bureau or the chamber of commerce. You're writing directly to the manufacturer? Ask your librarian for books listing company addresses and officers—*Standard & Poor's Register* is one example.



Whom to write to? Generally, your best target is the president, especially at smaller companies. He'll probably route your complaint to another executive, but it should have more clout coming down from the big man. Corporate giants usually have a department of customer relations or consumer services that specializes in handling complaints. If you get no satisfaction there, write to the president about both the original complaint and this added outrage.

A dispassionate statement of the problem usually works better than an angry diatribe. And, since big companies may handle up to 1000 consumer letters a week, many of them dreary, a touch of humor might win you a speedier, more positive response.

In your first paragraph, give details: the product you bought (including model number, fabric type, color, whatever data is pertinent), when, the store or dealer, the salesman (if possible), exactly how you discovered the flaw and precisely what the problem is. Be brief, but give all the facts. Next, pinpoint what you want done. Be sure to include in your letter your address and a telephone number where you can be reached during working hours. Include photocopies of all relevant documents (such as receipts and previous correspondence), retaining the originals and a copy of your letter.

Several weeks pass with no response? Show some teeth. Write again, enclosing a copy of your original letter, in case it was lost. Say that unless you hear from the company within a reasonable time—say, two weeks—you'll notify appropriate agencies, which you list. Possibilities are the state attorney general's office, a consumer-affairs office, the Ralph Nader organization, the Better Business Bureau, the chamber of commerce, Consumers Union or a local newspaper or radio station's consumer-action department. Libraries have the addresses.

That should do it. If not, send copies of your complaint to the agencies you listed. They can help you exert pressure on the company. For example, many Better Business Bureaus have procedures for negotiating a settlement between you and the company. Your final arrow, if the stakes are high, is a lawsuit.

BLACK-BELT BEEFING

Beyond the basics are imaginative ploys. One irate motorist sent his car's manufacturer a child-sized coffin containing his prematurely rusted-out muffler. Some veteran complainers bill their doctors for time wasted in the waiting room. Irate car buyers have parked their defective new autos near the offending showroom with LEMON signs prominently displayed in the windows. Others have taken out humorous newspaper ads. One traveler, denied a hotel room he'd reserved, began undressing in the lobby—he got the room.

Whether you're a white-belt or a black-belt complainer, the essential is your attitude. Your best asset is confidence in the rightness of your cause.

—RICHARD WOLKOMIR



STILL LIFE (continued from page 112)

"Hawaii was, indeed, a travelog tableau, a living Pap smear for the paradise flu."

prohibited. She remembered that at Paradise Park, the performing parrots and cockatoos had all had their wings clipped so that they might never escape and breed in the wild. The ecology of the islands was so delicately balanced that the introduction of one new species of mammal, bird or reptile might throw it into chaos; one nonindigenous plant disease or invading female insect might ruin a billion-dollar business, be it pineapples for eating or palm trees for viewing.

Leigh-Cheri motioned for Gulietta to give up the frog. The crone was unconvinced. She hesitated. One of the guards yanked the wicker case from her gnarled hands. The lid flew open. The frog took a tremendous leap. It landed on the head of a stewardess, who sent shocked whispers the length and breadth of the plane by screaming, "Aiii! Get that fucking thing off of me!"

The frog took another leap and came down on an empty seat. Several men dove for it. They missed. Dives and misses continued for a while, until the frog was cornered in the cockpit, where a guard captured it, but not before he had slammed his elbow into a navigational instrument, causing a possible malfunction. The device had to be checked and rechecked. All in all, the flight was delayed one hour and 46 minutes.

Gulietta hadn't flown before. She was confused by the objections to the contents of her luggage. She refused to eat the snack served by the still-flustered stewardess.

How could Leigh-Cheri make Gulietta understand the Great Hawaiian Mongoose Reaction?

Hawaii had once had a rat problem. Then, somebody hit upon a brilliant solution. Import mongooses from India. Mongooses would kill the rats. It worked. Mongooses did kill the rats. Mongooses also killed chickens, young pigs, birds, cats, dogs and small children. There have been reports of mongooses attacking motorbikes, power lawn mowers, golf carts and James Michener. In Hawaii now, there are as many mongooses as there once were rats. Hawaii had traded its rat problem for a mongoose problem. Hawaii was determined nothing like that would ever happen again.

How could Leigh-Cheri draw for Gulietta the appropriate analogy between Hawaii's rodents and society at large? Society had a crime problem. It hired cops to attack crime. Now society has a cop problem.

The answer, of course, is that Leigh-Cheri could not draw that parallel at

all. That parallel had never occurred to her. It had occurred to Bernard Mickey Wrangle, however.

Bernard Mickey Wrangle sat in the economy cabin of the Northwest Orient airliner and pondered the rat/mongoose, crime/cop analogy. Bernard Mickey Wrangle sat in the rear of the aircraft with seven sticks of dynamite strapped to his body.

Bernard Mickey Wrangle was clever. Most likely, he could successfully have boarded the flight to Hawaii with seven sticks of dynamite strapped to his body under any conditions. Certainly, though, the frog had helped pave his way.

(The frog, incidentally, was released at a pond near the Sea-Tac runways. For being close to a busy airport, it was a pleasant pond. It featured lily pads and cattails and fat mosquitoes for lunch. But let's face it, damn it all, it wasn't Waikiki.)

The jetliner, missing one small green traveler but carrying a bonus seven sticks of dynamite, continued its crossing of what every novice surfer knows to be the most inappropriately named body of water on earth. The jetliner whistled to conceal its fear of gravity.

In the rear of the aircraft, Bernard Mickey Wrangle reached inside his jacket . . . and pulled from his breast pocket . . . not a detonator . . . nor a fuse . . . not yet . . . but a package . . . of Hostess Twinkies.

Too bad the queen insisted that you fly first-class, Leigh-Cheri. Too bad you're sitting next to your snoozing old chaperone instead of next to Bernard Mickey Wrangle. Since Hostess Twinkies always travel in pairs, because, like the coyote, the killer whale, the gorilla and the whooping crane, Hostess Twinkies mate for life, there would have been a Twinkie each for you to share.

The airliner circled Honolulu the way a typing finger circles a keyboard, awaiting the message from the control center that would instruct it when and where to land.

And they land. . . .

On A.

Runway A.

A for attic.

A for *amore*.

What we have here is an unexpected touchdown on the runway of the heart. This flight could only terminate in a room close to the moon. Bernard Mickey Wrangle, once known to millions as the Woodpecker, grinned. He grinned be-

cause he had reached Hawaii without detection. He grinned because Twinkie cream always made him grin. He grinned because it was the last quarter of the 20th Century, and something momentous was happening.

It was midafternoon, a good five hours before moonrise, when the flight touched down in Honolulu, but already the mai tais were swaying, the pineapples were jiggling, the mongooses were mating and coconuts were rolling in ecstasy. The Hawaii sun, in contrast to, say, the Nebraska sun, had obviously fallen under the influence of the moon and was given to disporting itself in a fairly feminine fashion. Not that the Hawaii sun wouldn't fry your hide off should you show it disrespect, but it had a romantic aura, a decidedly lunar attitude toward *amore* that the sun of Mexico would consider soft and weak. Despite the tangle of traffic, the din of condominium construction, the smoking sugar refineries and the strange spectacle of Japanese tourists roaming the hot beaches in business suits and street shoes, Hawaii was, indeed, a travelog tableau, a living Pap smear for the paradise flu.

So goofy/erotic was the Hawaiian language that the street signs read like invitations to pagan whoopjamboreehoes and "nookie" was on the tip of every sober tongue. Hawaiian was a language that could name a fish *humuhumunukunukuapua'a* and a bird o-o, and never mind that the bird was larger than the fish. *Humuhumunukunukuapua'a* still played in Hawaiian waters, not 50 yards from the leather soles of Sony executives, but the o-o, that gorgeous honey-sucker, was long gone. Hawaiian royalty favored the tail feathers of the o-o for their ceremonial capes. Hawaii's rulers were mammoth, their capes were very long. It took a lot of tail feathers to make a king a cape. The o-o was plucked into extinction. O O spaghetti-o.

Although the ecological implications would have appalled her, Leigh-Cheri could fancy herself in o-o. If our pale princess could have chosen a land to be queen of, Hawaii was it. The instant she stepped off the jetliner, her heart began to pump pure hibiscus juice. If her hands were tied behind her and the world had Hawaii in its wall safe, she would have figured a way to get it out. Hawaii made the mouth of her soul water.

Alas, Leigh-Cheri hadn't much opportunity for reverie. Because of frog problems, her plane had landed on Oahu merely minutes before her connecting flight on interisland Aloha Airlines was scheduled to depart for Maui. She and Gulietta had to run, if you could call Gulietta's scurrying a run, from one end of Honolulu's airport to the other.

So intent was their dash that they

"I'm More satisfied."

"More than before. Because now I get More's great satisfying taste. And More is 120mm, so I get longer-lasting satisfaction.

"Extra style, too. More's slim and smart-looking. For me, nothing offers more than More."

More. For that extra measure of satisfaction.



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

21 mg. "tar", 1.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

failed to notice that Bernard Mickey Wrangle was loping along beside them.

The flight to Maui was as bumpy as a kite's. As the aircraft bobbed, so did Leigh-Cheri's mind, up and down, from one level to another, thinking one moment of the charms of Hawaii, to which she had a mild addiction; thinking the next of the Care Fest and the great good that might come from it; bouncing to thoughts of herself, who she was and who she might be.

I'm a princess, she reminded herself, with a minimum of conviction, a princess who grew up in a blackberry patch near Seattle, who's never so much as set a tennis shoe in the nation where her royal blood was formed, a princess who doesn't know diddly squat about princessing, a princess who's behaved like a twit and a twat; who's a bit confused, who's got a lot to learn, but a princess, after all; but because I'm a princess, I might be able to do something to help lessen humanity's pain. And the Care Fest just may show me the way to do it. I wonder if Ralph is staying at our hotel. I hope I packed my NO NUKES T-shirt. Don't Crosby, Stills and Nash hang out in Lahaina? Can I drink more than one mai tai without taking on the aroma of an aroused butterfly?

Her thoughts dipped and lifted in unstable air.

Shortly, they had passed over Molokai and could see the reddish corona of Haleakala rising in the southeast like the stone in a Truman Capote mood ring. "Maui," whispered Leigh-Cheri to Gulletta. "Maui." Her own red top bounced as she sat up straight in her seat. Bernard—the Woodpecker—regarded it with the gaze of an expert.

Suspecting that the authorities might run checks on hair-dye purchases, Bernard made his own coloring from roots and bark. It had a peculiar smell, but women did not find it unattractive. He limited the dyeing to the hair on his head and, for that reason, was careful to make love only in the dark. Once, he spilled the dye all over his shoes. From then on, he dyed with his boots on.

Aboard Aloha Airlines flight 23, Bernard wasn't the only admirer of Leigh-Cheri. From the seat in front of her, a young man with a long, wavy beard, aloha shirt and hibiscus blossoms intertwined in his ponytail had turned around to engage her in conversation. He was on his way to the Care Fest, he said, to teach meditation techniques at a workshop. The young man tried to interest Leigh-Cheri in his program. He offered to give her personal instruction in meditation, free of charge. She seemed to be seriously considering it.

Bernard leaned forward until his freckled chin rested atop Leigh-Cheri's seat. "Yum," he said.

The princess flinched but did not glance back. The young man in front began showing her his puka-shell necklace. While fingering the pukas, he spoke quietly to her of deep relaxation, inner peace and the wisdom of letting things flow.

"Yum," repeated Bernard. He said it very close to the royal ear.

This time she spun around. Her expression was indignant. "I beg your pardon."

Bernard smiled as sweetly as a retarded jack-o'-lantern. "It's my mantra."

Leigh-Cheri glowered at him, as only someone of the redheaded persuasion can glower. He was dressed all in black and had bad teeth. He was wearing Donald Duck sunglasses. Kiddie glasses. She turned back to the meditation instructor, who at once ceased scowling at Bernard and gave her a sympathetic look.

"There are only two mantras," said Bernard. "Yum and yuk. Mine is yum."

It sounded halfway logical, but the princess refused to respond. She squeezed Gulletta's hand. She asked the junior guru in front how meditation could help alleviate suffering in the world.

"Yum," said Bernard. "Yuu-mmmm." Leigh-Cheri ignored him. The other passengers regarded him strangely.

"Do you need anything, sir?" asked the stewardess.

Bernard shrugged. He looked out the window. He looked at the rosy rim of the big volcano. Haleakala—"House of the Sun." If Haleakala was where the sun called home, what was the moon's address? Did the moon live in France on Main Street?

A lanai was a veranda in Hawaii, but Lanai was also the name of one of the smallest of the Hawaiian Islands. The island of Lanai was close to Maui, a sort of veranda of Maui, and was clearly visible from Lahaina. In those days, Lanai was almost entirely in the possession of the Dole Corporation, which planted it in pineapples and limited its visitors, but Lanai hadn't always been a company island. As a matter of fact, there was a time when it was outlaw territory, a refuge for fugitives. If a Hawaiian lawbreaker could make it to Lanai, he was home free. That was the agreement. Police had voluntarily suspended their authority at the shore line of Lanai. Moreover, if an escaped prisoner or a culprit fleeing a crime could survive seven years on the island (which had little food or fresh water), charges against him were dropped and he could return to society a free man.

Maybe that's why Bernard Mickey Wrangle stood on the Lahaina waterfront staring at Lanai—staring hard,



"And every time I sack a quarterback, I have an orgasm!"

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shifting weight from one boot to the other, occasionally saying "Yum" under his breath.

The Woodpecker had been a fugitive (this last time) for more than six years. In 11 months, the statute of limitations in his case would expire and he would become, in the eyes of the law, "free."

The Woodpecker stared at the former outlaw island until its margins melted like raw sugar into the steeping tea of night. Then he crossed the street to the Pioneer Inn.

The Woodpecker did tequila drink. The Pioneer bar was so crowded that much dry time elapsed between waiter's visits, so the Woodpecker ordered triples. Lanai, that arid sanctuary, evidently had stimulated his thirst buds. Slurping his tequilas with a noise that sounded not dissimilar to "Yum," he scanned the room in vain for a glimpse of long red hair, and felt the seven sticks of explosive pressing, almost erotically, against the freckles of his flesh.

Without doubt, it was the tequila that made Bernard impatient, that befuddled him into mistaking a UFO conference for the Geo-Therapy Care Fest.

As a consequence, the saucer conference was blown ass over teacup.

When Bernard awoke Monday morning, much to his hangover's delight (a hangover without a head to torment is like a philanthropist without an institution to endow), and learned that he'd dropped his load in the wrong bin, the sheepish expression of the premature ejaculator crossed his face.

At breakfast, where, hoping to avoid attention, he tried to conceal from his fellow diners that he was pouring beer over his Wheaties, he said to himself, "Yikes. Considering the tequila level of my gorge and the number of human coconuts that hula around Lahaina at every hour of the clock, it's a miracle I wasn't seen."

Yes, even in the last quarter of the 20th Century, miracles occurred—though this was not one of them. There *was* a witness to Bernard's deed. Old Guliotta had watched the whole thing.

To Guliotta, indoor plumbing was the Devil's device. Of all the follies of the modern world, that one struck her as most unnecessary. There was something unnatural, foolish and a little filthy about going indoors.

Leaving Leigh-Cheri in their room, poring over programs and press releases, the old woman had gone out looking for a sensible spot to void her bladder. The soft, warm, *Sweet Lelani* night seemed perfectly suited for that. The Pioneer Inn, unfortunately, was in downtown Lahaina and had no grounds. It had a courtyard, however, which at 11 P.M. on Sunday had been fairly deserted, so Guliotta had slipped into the

banana trees next to a wall and dropped her drawers.

Before she could direct a stream, Bernard had slipped into the foliage not 20 feet from her. She thought he'd come for a piss, as well, and that was fine with her, but the length of the thing he pulled out of his jeans almost made her gasp. When he snapped it in half, she did gasp.

She was small. She knew how to sit very still. Like a toad. Undetected, holding her water, she had watched the whole thing. After the fuse was lit, the Woodpecker flew. Yanking up her bloomers, Guliotta fled, too. She returned to the room just as the explosion sounded. Suddenly, she knew what it was like to pee indoors.

In the world according to the positivist, the inspiring thing about scrambled eggs is that any way you turn them, they're sunny side up. In the world according to the existentialist, the hopeless thing about scrambled eggs is that any way you turn them, they're scrambled. In the world according to the outlaw, it was Wheaties with beer for breakfast and who cared which crossed the road first, the chicken or the egg. But any way you turned the Geo-Therapy Care Fest, you had to notice that Bernard's blast had indirectly scrambled it.

With Pioneer Inn's meeting hall in bad state of repair, with cops, newspeople and curiosity seekers milling around the place like bargain-minded lemmings at a suicide sale, and with the hotel management indulging a nasty attack of nerves, conference organizers spent all of Monday attempting to relocate.

At last, on Tuesday, Lahaina officials granted permission for the world rescuers to convene under the giant banyan tree whose branches covered three quarters of an acre in the city park. Terrific. By the time anything could get organized beneath the banyan, however, the week was half shot and a number of the luminaries who were to address the gathering had left or had decided not to attend. Many simply couldn't adjust their busy schedules to the amended program; while others were worried about the possibility of further explosions, a not unreasonable concern considering that the Woodpecker was still on Maui with three sticks of dynamite left in his clothes.

For her part, Princess Leigh-Cheri spent many hours dragging a freshly sunburned finger up and down the list of scheduled speakers—Dick Gregory, Marshall McLuhan, Michio Kushi, Laura Huxley, Ram Dass, Farrington Daniels, Jr., John Lilly, Murray Gell-Mann, Joseph Campbell, Elisabeth Kübler-Ross, Marcel Marceau, et al.—

wondering who would or would not show.

By all rights, the princess should have been enjoying her beloved Hawaii, Care Fest or no, but it was Guliotta who romped in the surf while her young mistress sat in the shade (redheads do burn easily). She was disappointed, to say the least, by the scrambling of the Care Fest, and considering her disappointments of the past year, she was beginning to suspect that she might be jinxed. She wondered if Guliotta hadn't been bringing that frog along to protect her.

"Goddamn it," she said. "A princess deserves better than this."

Late Tuesday afternoon, there occurred two events to retreat her mood. One, Ralph Nader checked into the Pioneer Inn, announcing that he would speak the next evening as scheduled, in Banyan Park. Two, Guliotta, looking as skinny and blue as a jailhouse tattoo as she bounded from the ever-chill ocean in her bikini, pointed out to her a man on the beach and, through gesture and onomatopoeia ("boom-boom" is "boom-boom" in any land, dynamite speaks a universal lingo), identified him as the bomber.

The princess didn't hesitate. She walked right up to the man and placed him under citizen's arrest.

Little did Leigh-Cheri know that she was arresting a man whom half a dozen American sheriffs had sworn on family Bibles to see dead, that she had nabbed a fugitive who had eluded the greediest nets of the FBI for a decade, all told, though it must be admitted that in recent years, with the social climate altered and Bernard inactive, interest in his capture had waned.

Leigh-Cheri had heard of the Woodpecker, of course, but in the days when he was making headlines by blowing up draft boards and induction centers, the last days of the Vietnam war, she'd been a schoolgirl, picking blackberries, cuddling Teddy bears, listening to a certain bedtime story, yellowing her nose with buttercups. Curiously excited by an enema that Guliotta had administered to her on Queen Tilli's orders, Leigh-Cheri had masturbated for the first time on the very evening of Bernard's most infamous exploit, and the confusing pleasure of secret fingering—the fresh flush that heated her cheeks, the vague mental images of nasty games with boys, the sticky dew that smelled of frog water and clung like prehensile pearls to the thickening fuzz around her peachfish—this mysterious and shaming little ache of ecstasy eclipsed the less personal events of the day, including the news that the notorious Woodpecker had demolished an entire building on the campus of a large Midwestern university.

Bernard Mickey Wrangle had sneaked

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into Madison, Wisconsin, in the deep of night. Aided and abetted by the Woodpecker Gang, he blew up the chemistry building at the University of Wisconsin. Allegedly, work performed in that building was helpful to the war the United States Government was then waging in Southeast Asia. The explosion occurred at three o'clock in the morning. The building was supposed to have been unoccupied. Unfortunately, a graduate student was in one of the laboratories, completing research that was to lead to his doctorate.

The diligent student was found in the rubble. Not all of him, but enough to matter. Confined to a wheelchair, he became a stereo jockey in a Milwaukee disco, trading snappy patter with good-timing office workers and playing Barry White records as if he believed in them. He might have been a decent scientist. His project, which was obliterated by the blast, was the perfection of an oral contraceptive for men.

Bernard made it safely back to the West. Only the radio news reports followed him to the hide-out behind the waterfall. For once, the reports failed to entertain him. I took a man's legs, he thought. I took his manhood, I took his memory and I took his career. Worse, I took his wife, who split when he ran out of manhood and career. Worse still, I might have spoiled chances for a male pill. Yikes. I've got to pay. I deserve to pay. But I'll pay in my way, not society's. As bad as I am, there isn't a judge who's good enough to sentence me.

A writer published an open letter to Bernard in a leading liberal periodical. He requested an interview. Utmost secrecy was sworn. It was on the level. The writer was a man of proven courage and integrity. The writer wanted amnesty for dissidents such as Bernard. He said that Bernard had suffered enough. He wrote that living underground was no less punishing than prison. "A person underground exists in a state of controlled schizophrenia," he wrote. "Terror never slackens." The journalist considered Bernard a victim of the Vietnam war. The fact that he had acted against the Government's interests instead of in them was immaterial, the writer said. The sociopolitical realities that drove Bernard to risk his life bombing induction centers were essentially the same as those that led other young men to risk theirs trading shots in rice paddies. As a fugitive, on the run, living in disguise and fear, Bernard was no less a casualty than those poor veterans who had left prime cuts from their physiques to decay in Da Nang and Hué.

Ha ha.

That's how Bernard's infamous response began.

Ha ha.

Victim? The difference between a criminal and an outlaw is that while criminals frequently are victims, outlaws never are. Indeed, the first step toward becoming a true outlaw is the *refusal* to be victimized.

All people who live subject to other people's laws are victims. People who break laws out of greed, frustration or vengeance are victims. People who overturn laws in order to replace them with their own laws are victims. (I am speaking here of revolutionaries.) We outlaws, however, live beyond the law. We don't merely live beyond the letter of the law—many businessmen, most politicians and all cops do that—we live beyond the spirit of the law. In a sense, then, we live beyond society. Have we a common goal, that goal is to turn the tables on the *nature* of society. When we succeed, we raise the exhilaration content of the universe. We even raise it a little bit when we fail.

Victim? I deplored the ugliness of the Vietnam war. But what I deplored, others have deplored before me. When war turns whole populations into sleepwalkers, outlaws don't join forces with alarm clocks. Outlaws, like poets, rearrange the nightmare. It is elating work. The years of the war were the most glorious of my life. I wasn't risking my skin to protest a war. I risked my skin for fun. For beauty!

I love the magic of TNT. How eloquently it speaks! Its resounding rumble, its clap, its quack is scarcely less deep than the passionate moan of the earth herself. A well-timed series of detonations is like a choir of quakes. For all of its fluent resonance, a bomb says only one word—Surprise!—and then applauds itself. I love the hot hands of explosion. I love a breeze perfumed with the Devil smell of powder (so close in its effect to the angel smell of sex). I love the way that architecture, under the impetus of dynamite, dissolves almost in slow motion, crumbling delicately, shedding bricks like feathers, corners melting, grim façades breaking into grins, supports shrugging and calling it a day, tons of totalitarian *dreck* washing away in the wake of a circular tsunami of air. I love that precious portion of a second when window glass becomes elastic and bulges out like bubble gum before popping. I love public buildings made public at last, doors flung open to the citizens, to the creatures, to the universe. Baby, come on in! And I love the final snuff of smoke.

Yes, and I love the trite mythos of the outlaw. I love the self-conscious romanticism of the outlaw. I love the black wardrobe of the outlaw. I love the fey smile of the outlaw. I love the tequila of the outlaw and the beans of the outlaw. I love the way respectable men sneer and say "Outlaw." I love the way young women palpitate and say "Outlaw." The outlaw boat sails against the flow and I love it. Outlaws toilet where badgers toilet and I love it. All outlaws are photogenic and I love that. WHEN FREEDOM IS OUTLAWED, ONLY OUTLAWS WILL BE FREE: That's a graffito seen in Anacortes and I love that. There are outlaw maps that lead to outlaw treasures, and I love those maps especially. Unwilling to wait for mankind to improve, the outlaw lives as if that day were here, and I love that most of all.

Victim? Your letter reminded the Woodpecker that he is a Woodpecker blessed. Your sympathies for my loneliness, tension and disturbing fluxations in identity have some basis in fact and are humbly appreciated. But do not be misled. I am the happiest man in America. In my bartender's pockets, I still carry, out of habit, wooden matches. As long as there are matches, there will be fuses. As long as there are fuses, no walls are safe. As long as every wall is threatened, the world can happen. Outlaws are can openers in the supermarket of life.

As years went by and matchsticks yellowed and splintered in his pockets, Bernard was sustained in his inactivity by thoughts of what fun it would be when the statute of limitations expired and he could go flamboyantly public, rub their noses in it. There came an occasion, however, when he felt compelled to speak, or rather, to let dynamite speak for him. And now, after a slight misfire, he found himself, with but 11 months left on the fugitive calendar, arrested.

Arrested by Her Royal Highness, Princess Leigh-Cheri Furstenberg-Barcelona, environmentalist without portfolio, blue-eyed altruist, grapefruit-breasted celibate, would-be sovereign of Mu, the only woman the Woodpecker had ever met whose hair burned as brightly as his once had.

He would not go quietly.

"So it's you. I might have guessed it was you."

"I'm flattered that you remember me."

"The man who goes 'Yum.' . . ."

"Only at appropriate moments."

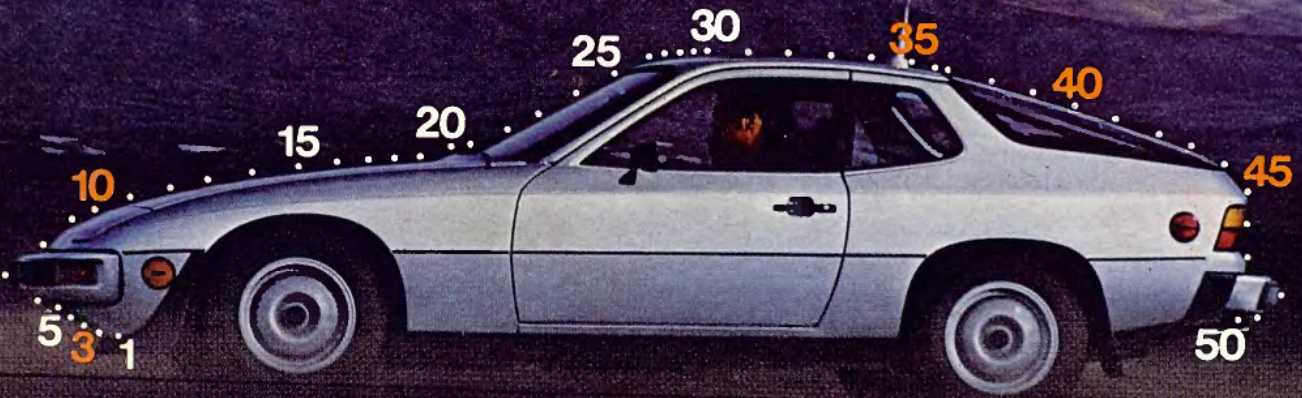
"And blows up hotels and disrupts



Int'landi

"That's it for us, huh? How about a quickie before you split?"

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Air does not impact uniformly on a moving vehicle. In fact, air-flow creates zones of high and low pressure on a vehicle's surface. The 924 is designed to take advantage of this phenomenon. (See diagram below and corresponding numbers on car above.)

For example, the air that passes beneath a moving vehicle tends to collect, compress, and build a cushion between the vehicle and the ground, contributing to lift.

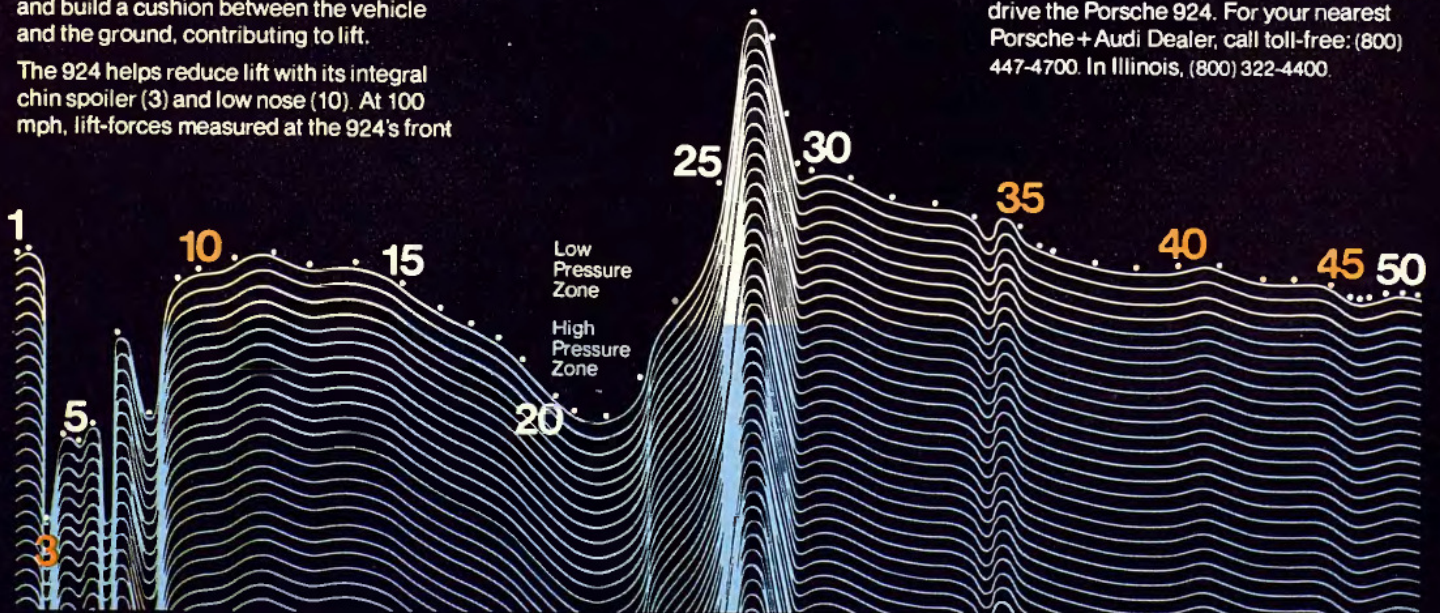
The 924 helps reduce lift with its integral chin spoiler (3) and low nose (10). At 100 mph, lift-forces measured at the 924's front

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the most important meeting of minds since God knows when."

"This meeting is more important. This meeting between you and me. Let's retire somewhere for a drink."

"Don't be ridiculous. You're under arrest. I'm taking you straight to the police."

"I must warn you: I won't go quietly. Criminals, because they're plagued with guilt, often will surrender and go quietly. Outlaws, because they're pure, never will."

As in a symphony the brass may suddenly blare and drown out the woodwinds and strings, so fear suddenly blared in Leigh-Cheri, drowning out the anger and frustration that in the opening bars of this concerto of confrontation had served her so well. She glanced around the beach, looking for assistance. Some young men, blond as shampoo commercials, brown-skinned as turds, noticed her looking and waved at her.

"Don't expect any help from those beach boys. They're only interested in snatch and surf. Besides, they'd be no threat to me. I have a black belt in *haiku*. And a black vest in the cleaners. Black is my favorite color. Aside from red."

Leigh-Cheri didn't know what to say. For the first time, she noticed that he was wearing black swim trunks. And on his feet black thongs. Where does one buy *black* thongs? She felt disoriented. Goose bumps popped up in her sunburn, making her hide resemble a bird's-eye view of bloody cobblestones. She felt like a street in the French Revolution. She turned to the hag in the bikini. "Gulietta, get the police," she ordered, knowing full well that the police were all in town trying to solve the case of the bombed hotel. Gulietta couldn't understand her, anyway.

"There's nothing to worry about. I won't hurt you. I'm delighted that we're getting to be friends. I would have left Maui right after the boom-boom—he grinned at Gulietta—"if it hadn't been for you."

"I don't get it. You stayed because of me?"

"Because of you, babe. And because I have some blasting powder that I haven't used yet."

"What?" she laughed in disbelief. "I can't trust my ears. You . . . *maniac!*"

"Mr. maniac."

"You want to blow up something else?"

"What I want is to buy you a drink."

"Buy me a drink?"

"A piña tequila or a tequila tai. If you're old enough, that is. We wouldn't want to break the law."

"I'll bet I'm as old as you are."

"I'm older than Sanskrit."

"Well, I was a waitress at the Last Supper."

"I'm so old I remember when Me-

Donald's had sold only a hundred burgers."

"You win."

"Then I can buy you a drink?"

"What's your name?"

"Bernard."

"Bernard what?"

"Bernard Maniac."

"Listen, Mr. Maniac—"

"I'm listening to nothing unless I'm sitting across a table from you at the Lahaina Broiler. Your grandmother can come, too, although, frankly, I'm a bit shocked by the extent to which her bathing attire reveals her charms."

"Well," she said. She paused. She thought it best to humor him. It'd be easier to raise hell in town than out there on the beach. And she must admit that despite the dental neglect it disclosed, he had a *wonderful* smile. "Well, I do need to get out of the sun. Red-heads burn easily."

"I know," he said. "I know."

"I've never been kissed by a man in Donald Duck sunglasses before," said Leigh-Cheri.

"I apologize," said Bernard. "I'm sorry about the Donald Duck sunglasses. They ought to be Woody Woodpecker sunglasses, but nobody makes Woody Woodpecker sunglasses."

The princess didn't know what he was talking about. She didn't really care. She was on her third tequila mockingbird, he on his fourth. They were floating in that blissful phase that characterizes religious transcendence and the onset of alcohol poisoning. Gulietta had turned her back on them and was watching the sunset. Some chaperone.

"Also, I don't normally kiss men who smoke," announced Leigh-Cheri. "Kissing a smoker is like licking an ashtray."

"So I've heard. I've also heard that kissing a person who's self-righteous and intolerant is like licking a mongoose's ass."

"I'm not a mongoose's ass!"

"And I'm not an ashtray." Removing the unopened pack of cigarettes from his shirt pocket, he tossed it over his shoulder. "I only smoke when I'm locked up. In jail, a cigarette can be a friend. Otherwise, my cigarettes are just a front. It's an excuse for carrying matches."

"Are you saying what I think you're saying?"

"I'm saying more than I should be saying. I think you put something in my drink to make me talkative."

"I think you put something in my drink to make me kissative."

They kissed. And giggled like cartoon mice.

"When are you turning me in?"

"When you stop kissing me."

"In that case, I'm a free man forever."

"Don't count on it."

She meant that. But this time, when he kissed her, his astonishingly resource-

ful tongue managed to break through the heroic barricade that her teeth had theretofore formed. There was a clean clink of enamel against enamel, an eruption of hot saliva as his tongue made a whirlwind tour of her oral hollow. A sudden jolt shot through the peachfish, fuzz and fin, and inside her NO NUKES T-shirt, her nipples became as hard as nuggets of plutonium.

Jesus, thought Leigh-Cheri, how can men be such lummoxes, such wads of Juicy Fruit on the soles of our ballet slippers, and still feel so good? Especially this one. This mad bomber.

She pulled away. With sunburned knuckles, she wiped a string of spittle—his? hers? José Cuervo's?—from her chin. She asked a passing waitress for the time. She was late.

"I've got to go."

"How about dinner? There's a delicious fish called mahimahi. The fish so nice they named it twice. Isn't it charming the way Polynesians double up their language? I'd like to keep a tête-à-tête in Pago Pago, but I'm afraid I'd contract beriberi."

"Huh-uh, huh-uh," said the princess. "No din-din, no din-din."

"Tomorrow?"

"I'll be at the Care Fest all day."

"Tomorrow night?"

"Ralph Nader is speaking tomorrow night. I wouldn't miss that for all the mahimahi on Maui Maui. Besides, you may be in jail tomorrow night. Maybe you better get your pack of cigarettes back."

"You're turning me in, then?"

"I don't know. It depends. Are you really going to use the rest of your dynamite?"

"It's likely."

"Why?"

"Because that's what I do."

"But the UFO conference is over."

"I didn't come here to bomb the UFO conference. That was a mistake. I came here to bomb the Care Fest."

"You *what?*" She felt a bomb go off in her.

"Boom-boom Care Fest," he said. He poured tequila through the crack of his grin.

Abruptly, she stood. "You must be crazy," she said. "You must really be fucking insane." She yanked Gulietta away from the sunset and made for the street.

"You're turning me in, then?"

"You're damned right I am," she said.

Leigh-Cheri had intended to go to the police the next morning between breakfast and the belated official opening of the Care Fest, but by the time she'd been served in the overcrowded Pioneer Inn dining room, she'd been barely able to eat and get across Hotel Street for the invocation in Banyan Park. Soon she was immersed in Dr.

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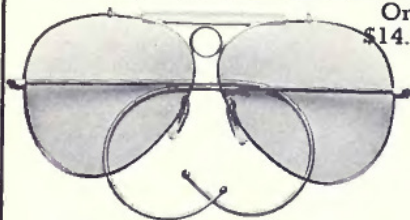
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John Lilly's lecture on the role of marine mammals in the future of the human race. Predictably, the park was jammed. Leigh-Cheri hadn't arrived early enough to get within the cover of the banyan tree, though its shadow darkened deliciously the better part of an acre. She could hear well enough, and with minor optic stress could make out the images that Dr. Lilly projected on a screen, but she was marooned in hot sunbeams. The sun raked her exposed flesh. It made her feel slightly faint. Ever reluctant to exploit her title, she was reaching the point where she'd pull rank like a little red wagon if it'd get her a place in the shade.

As if by genie service, a shadow fell over her. Initially, she feared it was the jinx cloud, moving in for the kill. It wasn't. Bernard was standing beside her, holding over her head a tattered parasol.

"What are you doing here?" Her whisper didn't sound half as hostile as she'd have liked it to.

He nodded his dark curls at the podium screen, upon which an image of a porpoise was projected. "Sharks are the criminals of the sea," he said. "Dolphins are the outlaws."

"You're bananas," she said.

"Then split with me."

"Huh-uh. Bananas is not the color of my true love's hair."

The reference to hair color caused him to flinch. She didn't notice. She'd returned her attention to Dr. Lilly.

"OK. If you want to see me, just look up my address."

"I don't want to see you, although the authorities might. Anyhow, where would I look up your address? In the Banana Directory? And I don't mean the Yellow Pages."

"Look up. Look up."

She looked up. She couldn't help it. Chalked in a nasty scrawl on the underside of the parasol were the words LAHAINA SMALL BOAT HARBOR, THE SLOOP HIGH JINKS.

He shoved the parasol handle into her hand. He leaned his ravaged teeth close to her ear. "Yum," he whispered. Then he was gone.

She lunched on papaya poo poo or mango mu mu or some other fruity foo foo bursting with overripe tropical vowels. Gulietta gummed roast veal à la missionary. Beach boys ringed their table, speaking indecencies. Repeatedly, Gulietta flailed her mopstick arms, waving the young dogs away. Gulietta appeared to be enjoying it. Shooing surfers off the princess was clearly more fun than shooing flies off the queen. Leigh-Cheri paid scant attention. She was trying to decide whether or not to turn in Bernard during the lunch break.

OK, so he had saved her from the sun. That princess cannot expect a happy ending who has been rescued by

the dragon. OK, so his exuberant spirits lent him a superficial charm. Lucifer was the cutest angel in heaven, they say, and every death's-head wears a grin. This Bernard character was a menace. Her duty was plain. The only question was: Now or later?

"Now," she snapped. "If I hurry." She handed Gulietta a bank note with which to settle the check. Gulietta was attacking her missionary veal with missionary zeal. "I'll meet you in the park in twenty minutes," said Leigh-Cheri, not forgetting to make the appropriate hand signs.

As she sped out of the dining room, one of the beach boys called after her, "Hey, Red, where's the fire? Between your legs? Ha Ha."

"Jesus!" swore the princess. She hurried across the street toward the docks. "Sometimes I feel like buying a quart of Lady Clairol and just changing my goddamned color."

When she arrived at the sloop christened High Jinks, she was stunned to find that the familiar face that answered the cabin door was now wearing hair at least as red as her own.

"If you've come to arrest me again," said Bernard, twirling a trigger finger in his brilliant curls, "then you should be aware of my true identity. It's a wise cop who knows her own prisoner. On the other hand, if you've come because you like me, it might make you like me more to see what we have in common."

"You're a redhead, all right. Is this really your natural shade?"

"You mean can I trace my roots back to henna? This is the color I busted out of the womb with. The last of the black dye just washed down the drain and out to sea. Jacques Cousteau is probably swimming through it, thinking that some squid is writing with a leaky pen again."

"OK, I guess you are as red as I am. But that's *all* we have in common."

"What makes you so sure?"

"There are two kinds of people in this world: those who're part of the solution and those who're part of the problem."

"I see. I make messes, you clean 'em up? Well, let me tell you, there are two kinds of people in this world: those who look at life and see the frost on the pumpkin and those who look and see the drool on the pie."

(Actually, there *are* two kinds of people in this world: those who believe there are two kinds of people in this world and those who are smart enough to know better. However, Leigh-Cheri and Bernard were occupied with the nuances of an intricate dance, so let's be generous and cut them some slack.)

They were on the deck in the noon-day sun, but Leigh-Cheri had raised the

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parasol and Bernard crouched in the pencil-nub shadow of the mainsail gaff. The Pacific, tranquilized here by a broken-square jetty, rocked them as sweetly as winos rock wine. "You look familiar now, with your hair red. I think I've seen pictures of you."

"I do have a good agent. My publicity photos get around."

"Where? On post-office walls? You're some kind of infamous hoodlum, aren't you?"

"I wouldn't put it that way. When I was younger, I did have a slight brush with the law. You know how boys are."

She didn't know whether to laugh or to jump overboard. "Look, who are you, anyway? And what's your game?"

"Woodpecker's the name and outlawing's the game. I'm wanted in fifty states and Mexico. It's nice to feel wanted, and I'd like to be wanted by you. In fact, I just blew my disguise in the hopes that it would open your eyes and soften your heart. There. My cards are on the table. An expression your old daddy would surely understand."

"Jesus! The Woodpecker. Bernard Wrangle. I should have guessed."

His cocky smile was finally gone. If smiles had addresses, Bernard's would have been General Delivery, the Moon. He looked at her with that kind of painted-on seriousness that comedians shift into when they get their chance to play Hamlet. Still, there was genuine tenderness and longing.

"This is too much for me to deal with right now," said Leigh-Cheri. Despite the heat waves that hootchy-kootchid all around her, she trembled. Why had she come to the boat in the first place? She could have just sent the police. "I'm due back at the Care Fest." Indeed, the panel discussion on birth control was scheduled to begin in seven minutes.

He attempted to help her onto the dock, but she spurned his hand. Hustling away, the tattered parasol flapping like a werewolf's shirttail, she called back, "They're going to get you again, you know."

Bernard's smile came part way home. "They never got me and they never will. The outlaw is someone who cannot be gotten. He can only be punished by other people's attitudes. Just as your attitudes are punishing me now."

Because the Care Fest was running behind schedule, thanks to that bird-brained son of a bitch Woodpecker, some doubling up was necessary. (If one must double up, then Hawaii, home of mahimahi and lomilomi, was the place to do it.) The panel on birth control had been combined with the panel on child care. The platform beneath the banyan boughs was end to end with experts, facts and figures forming at their lips like froth. The discussion was scarcely under way before a prevailing



philosophy was established. It was this: If babies aren't brought by storks, they *ought* to be, and maybe the storks could be trained to rear them, as well.

To be sure, this viewpoint was professed by only a couple of panel members, but a large and loud contingent in the audience supported it with such volume and menace that it carried. "We don't want birth control, we want prick control!" shouted a female in the third row. The applause that followed drowned out the woman who was lecturing on, yes, carrot seeds as an oral contraceptive. Oh, dear, thought Leigh-Cheri. I wonder if that isn't overstating the case.

Leigh-Cheri left the park. The palm trees she passed, the romantic palms of Hawaii, were covering their ears with their fronds. Her sentiments exactly. "Jesus," she swore. She felt like the gourmet who was goosed in Strasbourg. "It's my *pâté* and I'll cry if I want to."

"You're crying."

"I am not."

"My mistake. You aren't crying. You aren't out of breath, either. That's fortunate, because this club doesn't admit women with pants. Is that a pun in my pocket or am I just glad to see you? Something's wrong."

Leigh-Cheri merely sniffed. "Have you got a tissue?" she asked.

"Yeah, sure. I'll find you something. Come on in."

Leigh-Cheri stooped and entered the

cabin. She ripped a length of toilet paper from the roll that Bernard fetched from the head. She blew her nose, a signal for all tears to return to their homes and families.

"Well, I see you're still here."

"I am definitely here. But that's no reason to cry."

"I wasn't crying. I've had a bad day. Another one. One in a series of bad days. I'm not complaining. Bad days are my bag. They're time-consuming, however, and I'm a busy girl. I only stopped by here because I understood you'd been busted."

"Oh? You turned me in?"

"No, damn you, I didn't. Cops have busted somebody for bombing the UFO conference. Just a stab in the dark, a wild guess, I know, but I thought it might be you."

"I'm hurt that you'd think such a thing, but delighted that you came by to check. It is my privilege to report that if being uncaged is being free, then I am as the birdies in the blue."

"Do you really think dynamite can make the world a better place?"

"A better place than *what*?"

"You evasive bastard. I'm trying to understand you and you won't give me a straight answer." Her small sunburned fist, in frustration, crumpled the soiled toilet paper with which she'd dabbed her eyes and blown her nose.

"Maybe you're not asking the right questions. If all you're interested in is making the world a better place, go back

to your Care Fest and question Ralph Nader—"

"I fully intend to go hear Ralph. Ralph Nader, I mean." She blushed, feeling, perhaps, that she'd betrayed a secret onanistic intimacy.

"Good. Do that. But if you're interested in *experiencing* the world as a better place, then stay here with me."

"Oh, yeah? That'd be fine—*maybe*—for you and me, but how about the rest of humanity?"

"A better world has gotta start somewhere. Why not with you and me?"

That silenced her. She seemed pensive. She unwadded the toilet paper just to have something to do with her hands. "Are outlaws important members of society?"

"Outlaws are *not* members of society. However, they may be important to society. Poets remember our dreams, outlaws act them out."

"Yeah? How about a princess? Is a princess important?"

"They used to be. A princess used to stand for beauty, magic spells and fairy castles. That was pretty damn important. Enchantments, dramatic prophecies, swans swimming in castle moats, dragon bait—"

"Dragon bait?"

"All the romantic bullshit that makes life interesting. People need that as badly as they need fair prices at the gas pump and no DDT in the Pabulum. The men you've been with probably wouldn't kiss your nipples correctly for fear they'd suck in some pesticide."

Upon hearing their name called, her nipples sprang to attention.

"Early in my career as an outlaw, it doesn't matter when, right after my first jail break, I helped hijack an airliner to Havana. Castro, that great fox, granted me sanctuary, but I hadn't been in Cuba a month before I borrowed a small boat with an outboard motor and putt-putted like hell for the Florida Keys. The sameness of the socialistic system was stalling and boring to me. There was no mystery in Cuba, no variety, no novelty and, worse, no options. In a socialistic system, you're no better or no worse than anybody else."

"But that's equality!"


"Bullshit. Unromantic, *unattractive* bullshit. Equality is not in regarding different things similarly, equality is in regarding different things differently."

"You may be right." She fiddled with the toilet paper. "You've reaffirmed my belief in romantic bullshit and Ralph Nader speaks in forty minutes. Answer me one more question before I go. If I stand for fairy-tale balls and dragon bait—*dragon bait*—what do you stand for?"

"Me? I stand for uncertainty, insecurity, surprise, disorder, unlawfulness,



"But, Juan, you are somebody. You are an illegal."



Jukes found the captain in the chart room, one hand grasping the corner of the bookshelf and the other holding a leather-bound volume.

Loosened books toppled from side to side on the shelf, the long barometer swung in jerky circles, the table altered its slant every moment, and a San Miguel Beer shifted in the brass gimbals. In the midst of all this stir and movement, the captain stopped his mate with a glare and asked, "Anything wrong, Mr. Jukes?"

"Swells getting worse, Sir."

The captain saw Jukes eyeing the San Miguel enviously. A whistling

could be heard now upon the deep vibrating noise outside.

"A gale is a gale, Mr. Jukes. Our job is to face it the best we can."

"Aye, sir," said Jukes, admiring the captain's composure.

Again the bottle of beer shifted in its gimbals, and Jukes' thirsty eyes followed it.

"Your gale is topside, Mr. Jukes. Call me at the slightest change."

The captain reached for his San Miguel.*

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bad taste, fun and things that go boom in the night."

"You've really bought the desperado package, haven't you? I mean, you've actually done those big bad things. Hijacked planes, blown up banks—"

"No. No banks. I leave banks to the criminal types. Without and within. Outlaws never—"

"You make 'outlaw' sound so special."

"Oh, it's not all that special, I suppose. If you're honest, you sooner or later have to confront your values. Then you're forced to separate what is right from what is merely legal. This puts you metaphysically on the run. America is full of metaphysical outlaws. I've simply gone one step farther."

"Out of the frying pan and into the cross fire, eh, Bernard? I admire the courage of that. I do. But, frankly, it seems to me that you've turned yourself into a stereotype."

"You may be right. I don't care. As any car freak will tell you, the old models are the most beautiful, even if they aren't the most efficient. People who sacrifice beauty for efficiency get what they deserve."

"Well, you may get off on being a beautiful stereotype, regardless of the social consequences, but my conscience won't allow it. And I goddamn refuse to be dragon bait. I'm as capable of rescuing you as you are of rescuing me."

"I'm an outlaw, not a hero. I never intended to rescue you. We're our own dragons as well as our own heroes, and we have to rescue ourselves from ourselves. Even outlaws perform services, however, and I brought my dynamite to Maui to remind the Care Fest that good can be as banal as evil. As for you, well . . . did you really expect me to keep my senses after taking a look at your hair?"

Leigh-Cheri held a strand of her hair to her eyes. As if in comparison, she reached across the table to where Bernard sat opposite her and examined one of his unruly ringlets. The hair of most so-called redheads actually is orange, but it was red, first color in the spectrum and the last seen by the eyes of the dying, it was true-blue red that clanged like fire bells about the domes of Bernard Mickey Wrangle and Princess Leigh-Cheri.

There followed an embarrassed silence, tense and awkward, broken finally with a snap by the Woodpecker's abrupt plunging of his hand into his jeans. Patterning his gesture after the successful Jack Horner, he pulled out a single hair and held it aloft. It glowed like a copper filament. "Can you match that?" he challenged.

OK, buster. OK OK OK OK OK OK.

Beneath the table, she submarined a hand into the depths of her skirt and slid it along the flat of her thigh. It winnowed into her panties. She yanked.

Ouch! Damn it! She yanked again. And, presto, there it was, curly and stiff, and as red as a thread from a socialist banner.

"What do you think of that?" she asked brightly. Then she noticed that from the tip of the hair there hung, like a tadpole's balloon, a tiny telltale bead of fishy moisture. O sweet Jesus no! She released her grip on the crumpled toilet paper. It fluttered to the deck like a stricken dove. Her face heated as crimson as the hair, and then some. She could have died.

"What do I think of that?" The Woodpecker's voice was very, very gentle. "I think it could make the world a better place."

Vertical integration by food conglomerates, as in the poultry industry, has moved with great speed in the last quarter of the 20th Century. Yet this incredible "poultry peonage" of the chicken farmer has spread almost without notice by urban America.

In the moonlight that soaked through the foliage of the grand banyan tree, the Hero was addressing the multitudes. Dressed in an inexpensive gray suit and a terminally drab necktie, he might just as well have been speaking in Philadelphia as Lahaina, but so enormous was his integrity that the sound of his voice caused the mongooses to cease stalking poodle dogs on the grounds of the public library, and even the social militants, who had raised seven kinds of hell at the afternoon session of the Care Fest, sat on the grass in respectful silence. In fact, aside from several plastic Japanese fans and the Hero's dry lips, the only thing moving in Banyan Park was an ancient chaperone, cruising the crowd, row by row, searching for her responsibility.

How, for example, can the housewife detect and do something about residues of hormones, antibiotics, pesticides and nitrates in the meat she purchases, or the excess water added to the chickens, hams and processed meats?

Slurp and slobber, smack and excess water. Leigh-Cheri and Bernard kissed deliriously. They were speaking in tongues. Like an animal at a salt lick, he cleaned up the last of her tears. He even kissed a pearl of her snot away. As if his tongue weren't enough, he eased a finger as well into her mouth and read the slippery Braille being writ there. She sucked his finger and pressed her body against his so tightly that he nearly lost balance and toppled to starboard. The ocean in the Small Boat Harbor was feisty with tide and they hadn't gained their sea legs yet. Cautiously, centimeter by centimeter, squeezing as he went, Bernard worked a freckled hand up inside her skirt. Her panties all but dissolved in his grip. Oh, my! Had King Max telephoned his bookie right then,

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he'd have found the odds running eight to one against celibacy.

The chemical industry and its pushers have ensured that the Government go slow on research for alternative and safer methods of pest control.

Bernard handed her a capsule and a cup of tequila with which to wash it down. "Here. Swallow this."

"What is it?"

"She-link. Chinese birth control. It's very old and very safe. One capsule lasts for months. Take it, babe."

"I don't know. . . . What's in it?"

"The Four Immortals."

"Only four. I'd feel safer with six."

"Take it."

"With six you get egg roll."

"Take it."

She took it, trying, as she swallowed, not to think of that line of marching Chinese, eight abreast, stretching completely around the globe.

"Later, I'll teach you lunaception: how to observe the way your hormonal cycle coordinates with light. You can learn to synchronize your body with moon phasing and be knock-up-proof and in harmony with the universe at the same time. A whale of a bargain."

Leigh-Cheri was so pleasantly surprised by what she was hearing, so delighted by this mad bomber's concern for her womb, that she threw her arms around him and kissed him like he was going out of style, which to the thinking of many, he was. She found herself laughing, kissing and undressing, all at the same time. Former Republican Presidents, eat your hearts out.

Competition, free enterprise and an open market were never meant to be symbolic fig leaves for corporate socialism and monopolistic capitalism.

Did the Hero realize that as he spoke of symbolic fig leaves, real fig leaves formed the canopy that shielded the sheen of his business suit from the playful rays of the moon?

Aboard the High Jinks, the last symbolic fig leaf had fallen. Bernard's shorts—black, naturally—hit the deck moments after Leigh-Cheri stepped out of her panties. Their underwear just lay there, gathering dust, like ghost towns abandoned when the nylon mines petered out.

They tumbled onto a lower berth. Leigh-Cheri had been this aroused before but never this relaxed about it. Her knees framed her smiling face. She presented a target difficult to miss. The moon, bright as a lemon, entered the sloop via porthole and sparkled on the dripping bull's-eye. His aim was true. He sunk to the hilt. "Sweet Jesus!" she cried.

"Yum-mm," he moaned. The sea rocked the boat, as if egging them on.

Rarely revealed publicly, but still operational, are corporate rationalizations that air pollution is the "price of prog-

ress" and the "smell of the payroll."

As time passed, the air in the cabin was composed of two parts oxygen, one part nitrogen and three parts slish vapor, French mist and Cupid fumes. Their funk billowed over them like a sail. It carried them across the crest of spasm after spasm. The aroma of her cunt knocked the hatches back. The scent of his semen swamped the bilges.

"Ooh," she marveled. "Don't we smell pretty?"

"Good enough to eat," he answered. He thought about what he had said. It gave him ideas.

In all the current environmental concern and groping for directions by students and citizens' groups, one major institution has been almost ignored or shunted aside as irrelevant.

They had been still for a while, catching their breath, letting the tempo of their blood drums slacken, gazing into each other's eyes in perfect manifestation of hypnotic universal peeper-lock love trance, when Leigh-Cheri said, "You know, Bernard, that was not very nice what you did."

"I'm sorry. I thought you liked it. Some women are inhibited about having . . . that part of them loved—maybe it hurts them—but I tried to be gentle and you certainly sounded like you were liking it."

"Not *that*, silly. I'm not talking about that. I did like it. It was my first time. Not even a finger, can you believe it? It probably never occurred to my boyfriends that princesses even *have* assholes." She kissed Bernard appreciatively.

"I wasn't talking about that. I meant your bomb job at the UFO conference. The poor ambassadors from outer space."

"Them. Well, first of all, babe, if they really got here all the way from outer space, they shouldn't have any trouble getting to the drugstore for Band-Aids. I don't want to hurt anybody. Especially you."

They snuggled closer, and when they were as close as they could get without being behind each other, they commenced to kiss again. His middle finger began to disappear into her vagina, but she pulled it out and forced it instead—with some discomfort and some ecstasy—deep into the royal rectum.

"Outlaw territory," she whispered.

What is needed is a sustained public demand for a liberation of law and technology that will disarm the corporate power that turns nature against man. Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. Good night.

Did the banyan tree believe that the cheering was for it? Surely, the moon realized that in the last quarter of the 20th Century it could expect no applause. The Hero, nodding more than bowing, stepped down from the podium

and in scuffed shoes strode modestly from Banyan Park.

If success is clapped and failure booted, then Gulietta deserved but catcalls for her evening's work. An hour's diligent searching had not located her mistress and charge. Gulietta also left the park.

Bernard and Leigh-Cheri might legitimately have applauded themselves, but freshly fucked lovers seldom acknowledge "success" in those terms, and, besides, they were too pooped to give themselves the standing ovation they deserved. They, too, were preparing to take their leave.

They sat on the berth. They shared a cup of tequila and a package of Hostess Twinkies. As if they were tourists at a geological site, they watched a flow of translucent lava inch its way down the inside of her leg.

"You sure were full of it," she said.

"A regular Hostess Twinkie," he replied.

She dipped a thumb into the flow and stuck it in her pretty mouth. It made her giggle.

"I hear it tastes like plastic," Bernard said.

"Cream of bomber soup. Someday I want a whole bowlful."

"You know how to open the can."

Dreamily, the princess stood up. "I'm not sure if I can walk," she said.

"Then I'll carry you."

"Is that what love is?"

"I no longer know what love is. A week ago, I had a lot of ideas. What love is and how to make it stay. Now that I'm in love, I haven't a clue. Now that I'm in love, I'm completely stupid on the subject."

Leigh-Cheri was feeling stupid, as well. Look as she might, she couldn't find her underpants. "They must have melted," she joked as she hugged Bernard goodbye, but secretly she suspected that the gods had vaporized them as a warning, a sign of divine displeasure for her having given her heart and her ass to the outlaw rather than her mind and her soul to a cause. In actual fact, a mongoose, attracted by the primal fragrance emanating from the sloop, had come aboard and carried them off. Having chewed all of the salt out of them, the mongoose abandoned the panties in a gutter along Hotel Street, where, the following morning, the Hero, hailing a taxi for the airport, stepped on them without noticing, though the lace cried out sweetly to his purposeful shoes.

Sunset lingered a long while that evening. It was as if a mai tai had been spilled in the sky. Streaks of grenadine, triple sec, maraschino and rum seeped over the horizon, puddled upon the sea. Like a moth with a sweet tooth, the High Jinks glided toward the spill.

A marijuana smuggler and an associate attended to the sailing. Gulietta squatted

in the stern, still as a toad. Leigh-Cheri and Bernard sat in the bow and talked.

"This is not an easy time to be a princess," she said.

"No, and it's not an easy time to be an outlaw, either. There's no longer any moral consensus. In the days when it was generally agreed what was right and what was wrong, an outlaw simply did those wrong things that needed to be done, whether for freedom, for beauty or for fun. The distinctions are blurred now, a deliberately wrong act—which for the outlaw is right—can be interpreted by many others to be right, and therefore must mean that the outlaw is wrong. You can't tilt windmills when they won't stand still." He gazed into the sunset briefly, then broke into his dentistry-defying grin. "But it doesn't really bother me. I've always been a square peg in every round hole but one."

"Speaking of that, this is not an easy time for lovers, either. With the divorce rate up to sixty percent, how can anyone attend a wedding with a straight face anymore? I see lovers walking hand in hand, looking at each other as if nobody else was alive on the earth, and I can't help thinking that in a year, more or less, they'll each be with someone new. Or else nursing broken hearts. True, most lovers don't work at it hard enough, or with enough imagination or generosity, but even those who try don't seem to have any ultimate success these days. Who knows how to make love stay?"

He thought for several moments before he answered.

"I guess love is the *real* outlaw," he said.

She kissed his ear. She pinched his buttocks. "One thing for sure. You and I make love better than ordinary mortals."

"That's a fact."

"But do we know how to make love stay?"

"I can't even think about it. The best I can do is play it day by day."

"In times like these, I'm not sure if any lovers have a chance."

"Don't let yourself be victimized by the age you live in. It's not the times that will bring us down, any more than it's society. When you put the blame on society, then you end up turning to society for the solution. Just like those poor neurotics at the Care Fest. There's a tendency today to absolve individuals of moral responsibility and treat them as victims of social circumstance. You buy that, you pay with your soul. It's not men that limit women, it's not straights that limit gays, it's not whites that limit blacks. What limits people is lack of character. What limits people is that they don't have the fucking nerve or imagination to star in their own movie, let alone direct it. Yuk."

"Yuk, Bernard?"

"Yum."

"Yum?"



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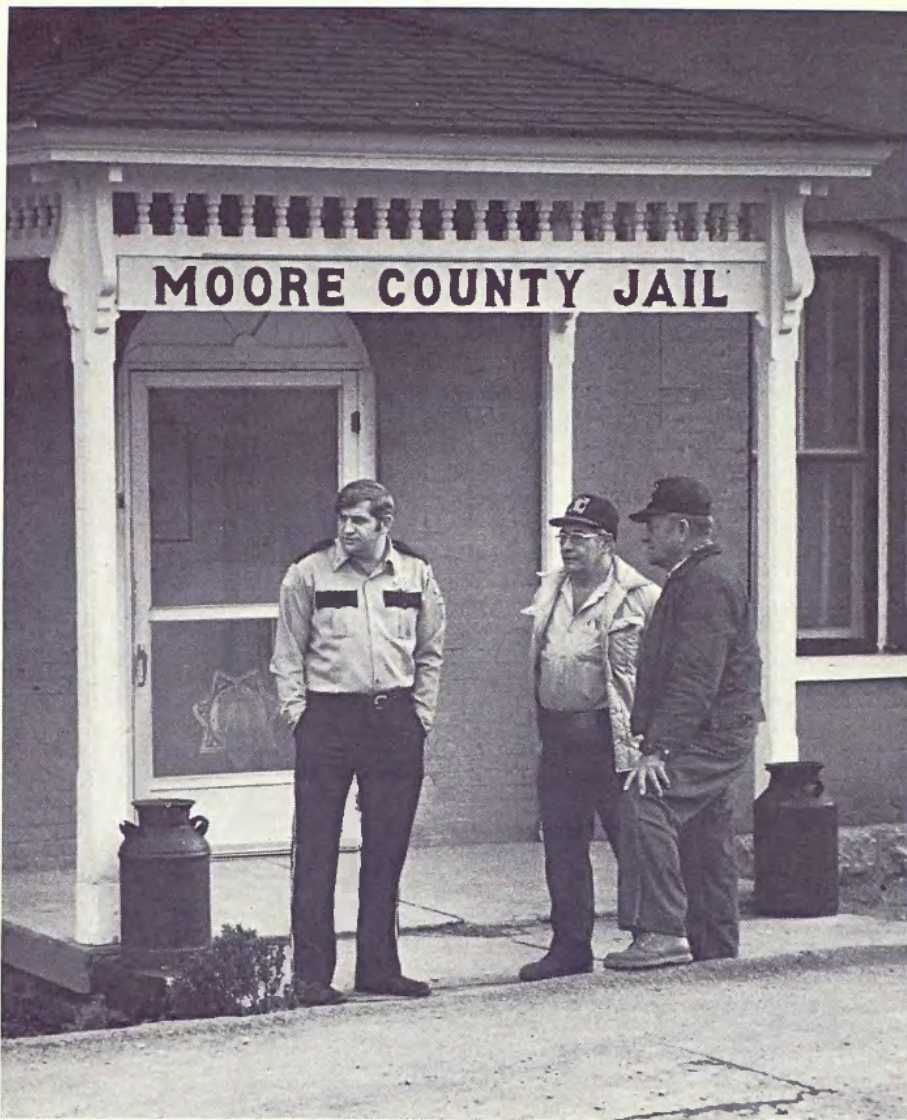
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"Yum. We're now at the end of one epoch and well before the start of a new one. During this period of transition, there will be no moratorium on individual aliveness. In fact, momentous events are hatching in the vacuum. It's a wonderful time to be alive. As long as one has enough dynamite."

"Or enough toot," said the captain, who had just walked up with a plate of cocaine. Bernard did a line. Leigh-Cheri was hesitant.

"Come on," said Bernard. "This stuff's so fine Julius Caesar called for it with his dying breath. 'A toot, Brutus,' is what he said. Come on, try it."

Leigh-Cheri did a line. Then Gulletta did one. Perhaps Gulletta was remembering the snuff her royal employers used to snort in the good old days. The days when she would watch the swans sailing in the castle moat, never dreaming that one day, frogless, she would sail a moonlit ocean with a cargo of goofiness and love.

The sloop reached Honolulu on Saturday afternoon. The following morning, the princess and Gulletta—and Bernard Mickey Wrangle—flew home to whatever stings or honeys awaited them in the vibrating American hive.

Who knows how to make love stay?

1. Tell love you are going to Junior's Deli on Flatbush Avenue in Brooklyn to pick up a cheesecake and if love stays, it can have half. It will stay.

2. Tell love you want a memento of it and obtain a lock of its hair. Burn the hair in a dime-store incense burner with yin/yang symbols on three sides. Face southwest. Talk fast over the burning hair in a convincingly exotic language. Remove the ashes of the burnt hair and use them to paint a mustache on your face. Find love. Tell it you are someone new. It will stay.

3. Wake love up in the middle of the night. Tell it the world is on fire. Dash to the bedroom window and pee out of it. Casually return to bed and assure love that everything is going to be all right. Fall asleep. Love will be there in the morning.

Bernard the Woodpecker, who had mocked if not broken the behavioral codes of an entire civilization, rebelled, naturally enough, against the notion that he must obey the rules and regulations of a house of second-rate royalty. Eventually, however, he put pride aside and obeyed—for he wanted very much to make love stay.

If Bernard wanted so much as to see Leigh-Cheri, he had to formally court her. She loved him wildly, but rules are rules. She was not prepared to abandon royal privilege. "Changes are occurring in my family's country. It's boiling there. Perhaps someday the throne will be restored. I could eventually be queen. Think of the good I could do." When he



"Last call, folks. All ashore that's going ashore!"

failed to respond, she added, "Think of the fun we could have. I'd put you in charge of the arsenal."

So he paid court. He would treat her as if her crotch were a piece of Viennese wedding cake, sugar-frosted and rococo. He would behave as if toy soldiers guarded the vaginal gates.

Max and Tilli knew him only as a commoner the princess had met in pagan Hawaii. They wouldn't have granted him suitor status had not Gulietta put in a good word for him.

Bernard resided downtown in Pioneer Square. He leased the Charles Bukowski Suite in the Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me Hotel. A bachelor apartment in a building favored by pensioners and mice. The living-room sofa turned into a bed. Sometimes, during the night, with him in it, it would try to turn back into a sofa again. In the bathroom, where he redyed his hair prior to calling on Leigh-Cheri, there were cigar burns on the toilet seat. There was rust in the tub and soot on the curtains. There were spiders, greasy drafts and a calendar so out of date it still believed that holidays could fall in the middle of the week.

Dressed in a black suit, black shirt, black boots, socks and tie, the outlaw drove his battered convertible to the suburbs. The rain had stopped, but the sky hung low. It was the color of moles. Seattle's sky reminded Bernard of prison

bed sheets. Using hindsight, we can see that that was ominous.

The king and queen were to receive Bernard in the library. It was a musty room, but on its floor lay a very rare and very expensive white carpet. Whiter than doves, whiter than a toothache, whiter than God's own breath. Bernard hadn't seen Leigh-Cheri in nearly two weeks. He decided to attempt to smuggle a note to her via Gulietta. In the note, he would recommend ingenuity. "May we be eaten by starving baby ostriches if we can't concoct a secret way to meet." Waiting for his prospective in-laws, he went to the desk and commenced to scribble the note. In his nervousness, he knocked an open bottle of ink onto that Easter-white carpet.

The puddle was large. The stain permanent.

Surely, Queen Tilli was gracious about the mishap. Wrong. In fact, she made no effort to conceal her extreme vexation. She caressed her Chihuahua in ivory silence. Awkward and tense, the evening drooped like the sky.

Tea was poured from a silver pot whose spout had once bowed to Winston Churchill. It was excellent tea, but the suitor was craving tequila. The king made small talk about basketball. About blackberries. The princess was afraid to look Bernard in the eye. Birds could not have flown through the longing between them. Blackberry briars could not

have penetrated the longing. At nine o'clock sharp, the suitor was dismissed. Suspicious, the king tried to follow him home but lost him when in a snit he ran six red lights, the last two backward.

The next day, Bernard managed to get Leigh-Cheri on the telephone. She told him that Queen Tilli was inconsolable. He would not be invited back. "You've got to think of something."

"I already have. Let's go live in a gypsy cave on an island off the coast of Panama. I'll play my harmonica for you and tie your hair in knots with coca leaves."

"Nothing doing," she said. "You must make amends."

A few days later, Bernard bought two dozen roses and set out for Fort Blackberry. He would call on the queen. He rehearsed the most moving apologies. He was a trifle desperate. He would not settle for less than amends.

An uneasiness was in Gulietta's ancient eyes as she let him in. She gestured that he should wait in the music room. "OK, but I forgot my harmonica," said Bernard. Gulietta reached for the flowers. Bernard said no, he'd just hold on to them. He went into the music room and took a seat on the couch.

As he sat, he felt something warm and heard a soft, dry, snap/crackle/pop, like a singular oversized Rice Krispie being bitten into by a crocodile. He stood up slowly. The dyed hair on his neck stood up with him. Beneath him was the beloved Chihuahua. He had sat on it. And broken its neck.

There was nothing to do but lift the lid of the piano and lay the dead Chihuahua inside on the wires. He stuffed the roses in on top of it and closed the lid. He left without saying goodbye.

Oh, sleep thy doggy nap of ages, wee beastie, yap after Pharaohs' cats in the alleys of the afterworld. For Bernard Mickey Wrangle would neither sleep nor play that night. Fate had punched his ticket, love had bought him a seat on that train that stops only on the dark side of the moon.

This time, Max was successful in tailing him. In his haste for tequila, Bernard nipped into a Pioneer Square watering hole he normally wouldn't have frequented. While Bernard was feeding the jukebox, hoping that Waylon Jennings would restore his sense of reality, Max was around the corner in a phone booth making an anonymous call to the FBI. The agent was elated. The teacup that the king had mailed to him two days before had yielded fingerprints. Once that same cup had worn the fingerprints of Winston Churchill, but now only the prints of the Woodpecker adorned it. "We'll take care of him," said the agent. "He's made monkeys of us for years. Then the CIA, will determine what part he's been playing in the



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plot to restore King Max. Don't let him out of your sight."

Max hung up with the sinking feeling that he had fed the hand that was biting him. Before he could warn Bernard, however, the outlaw was arrested—ten months to the day before the statute of limitations would have cut him loose. And although he yelled to the barroom crowd as the agents dragged him away, "They haven't got me! It's impossible to get me!" officials at McNeil Island Federal Penitentiary were already dusting out a cell from which they claimed Houdini could not have escaped.

After a decent interval, Queen Tilli acquired another Chihuahua. Max insisted on it. He couldn't stand it when she blubbered during dog-food commercials, and the little urn of ashes was giving him the creeps. One day he simply blew out the black candles and drove her to a pet store.

An outlaw lover is not so easily replaced.

Leigh-Cheri would see no one. She wished only to see Bernard, and so far the King County Jail, where he was being held while awaiting trial, had refused to allow him visitors.

He was not allowed bail, either. If he had been, Leigh-Cheri would have hocked what was left of Tilli's crown jewels to go it, and the Furstenberg-Barcelona code could take a flying fuck at a rolling tiara.

"The most important thing is love," said Leigh-Cheri. "I know that now. There's no point in saving the world if it means losing the moon."

Leigh-Cheri sent that message to Bernard through his attorney. The message continued, "The bottom line is that (A) people are never perfect, but love can be, (B) that is the one and only way that the mediocre and the vile can be transformed and (C) doing that makes it that. Loving makes love. Loving makes itself. We waste time looking for the perfect lover instead of creating the perfect love. Wouldn't that be the way to make love stay?"

The next day, Bernard's attorney delivered to her this reply: "Love is the ultimate outlaw. It just won't adhere to any rules. The most any of us can do is to sign on as its accomplice. Instead of vowing to honor and obey, maybe we should swear to aid and abet. That would mean that security is out of the question. The words 'make' and 'stay' become inappropriate. My love for you has no strings attached. I love you for free."

Leigh-Cheri went out in the blackberries and wept. "I'll follow him to the ends of the earth," she sobbed.

Yes, darling. But the earth doesn't have any ends. Columbus fixed that.



“Ohio State has the best chance of any team in the country to win the national championship.”

replacements in a depleted defensive backfield. Once the line jells, the running attack—as always under coach Bob Blackman—will be strong.

Tailback Cris Crissy and fullback Larry Van Pelt will give Princeton the most effective running attack in the Ivy League. New starting quarterback Bob Holly will benefit from a veteran group of receivers, but a subpar defensive platoon will keep the Tigers out of the title race.

Last year was a continuing nightmare for the Columbia team. Just about everything that could go wrong did. This fall, new coach Bob Naso will install the I formation, because it will be better suited to the skills of strong-armed quarterback Bob Conroy. The Lions will be a much more experienced team than a year ago, so there will be noticeable improvement in the won-lost record if the offensive changes go smoothly.

The Pennsylvania team will also benefit from added maturity after a disastrous '79 campaign. The offensive platoon, operating out of something called

the multibone attack, will be especially improved.

The Ohio State team stunned everyone last season by going undefeated in a year when graduation losses had been heavy and a new coaching staff had taken over amid the controversy and unpleasantness surrounding the departure of coach Woody Hayes. The main reasons for the Buckeyes' success were the skill, leadership and creativity of new coach Earle Bruce. In recognition of his impressive accomplishment, we have named him Playboy's Coach of the Year. Bruce's squad could well go undefeated again this season if Playboy All-America quarterback Art Schlichter gets adequate protection from a green offensive line. Doug Donley may be the best receiver in school history and Gary Williams isn't far behind, all of which means the Buckeyes could have an explosive aerial attack. With nine returning regulars, the defensive unit will dominate most opposing teams. All of these factors give Ohio State the best chance of any team in the

country to win the national championship.

Michigan lost four close games last year, all due to inept kicking. The footwork will be more dependable this fall, but graduation has stripped much of the speed and power of the defensive platoon. Playboy All-America center George Lilja heads a typically awesome Wolverine offensive line, but the quarterback contingent is thin and inexperienced.

Coach Lee Corso has turned the corner in his rebuilding job at Indiana. The Hoosiers will be improved in every phase of the game, the squad members exude confidence and determination and there is more and better talent on campus. That means Indiana could be the surprise team of the country. The Hoosier offense will be tough and exciting and quarterback Tim Clifford should break several school records.

Look for a lot of high-scoring games in West Lafayette, Indiana, this autumn. The Purdue team won't have its accustomed defensive strength, but super-slinger Mark Herrmann will return, along with a flock of talented and experienced receivers, plus a large group of quality runners. The offensive line will be enormous, averaging 6'4", 265 pounds. The kicking game, virtually nonexistent last fall, may not be much better this year.

The Iowa team will continue to

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improve. For the first time in 12 years, the Hawkeyes will begin a season with an established quarterback (Phil Sues, whom coach Hayden Fry rescued from the scout squad last fall). The kicking game will be excellent, a rare situation in the Big Ten this year. Best of all, Fry had a productive recruiting campaign, reaping four prep All-Americans. With Fry in charge, the future looks bright in Iowa City.

Minnesota will field one of the country's most explosive offenses, but the defenders may not be much better than the slowpokes of last year. Tim Salem, son of coach Joe Salem, could easily become a star-status quarterback his freshman year. The running game, with Marion Barber and Garry White, will be dazzling. But both could be overshadowed by redshirt freshman Marvell Ross.

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

Ohio State	10-1	Minnesota	5-6
Michigan	8-3	Illinois	5-6
Indiana	8-3	Wisconsin	3-8
Purdue	7-4	Michigan State	3-8
Iowa	5-6	Northwestern	2-9

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Toledo	10-1	Northern	
Ball State	8-3	Illinois	6-5
Central		Miami	5-6
Michigan	7-4	Kent State	3-8
Bowling Green	6-5	Ohio University	3-8
Western Michigan	6-5	Eastern Michigan	3-8

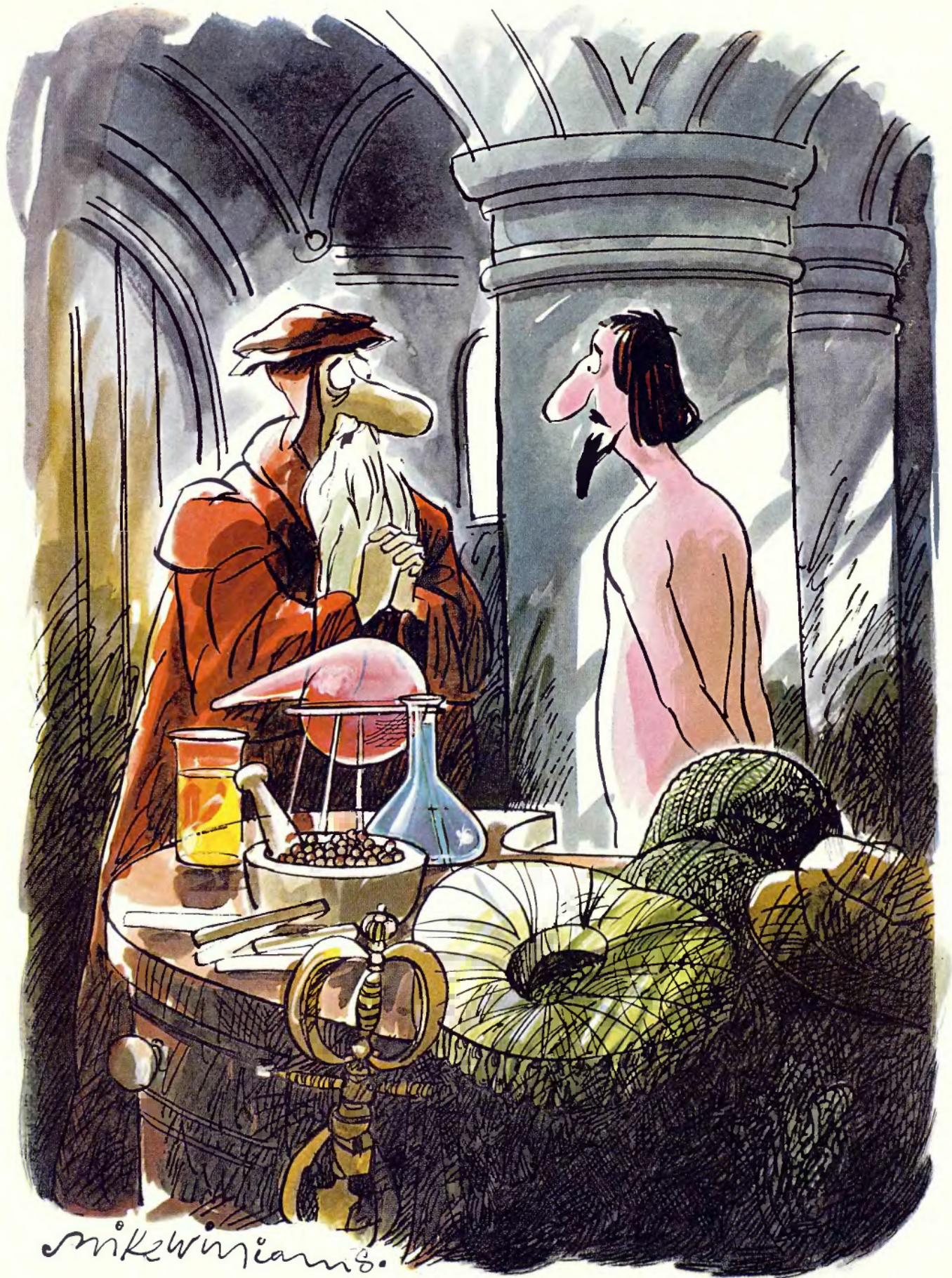
INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	9-2	Louisville	2-9
Cincinnati	5-5		

TOP PLAYERS: Schlichter, Marek, Donley (Ohio State); Lilja, Woolfolk (Michigan); Clifford, Harkrader, Wilbur (Indiana); Herrmann, Quinn, Clark (Purdue); Harly, Sues (Iowa); Barber, White, Salem (Minnesota); Norman, Wilson (Illinois); Ahrens, Mohapp (Wisconsin); Stachowicz, Smith, Hughes (Michigan State); Kern, Sheets (Northwestern); Kennedy, Kocsis (Toledo); O'Connell, Gunden (Ball State); Smallbone, Jackson (Central Michigan); Spengler, Gates (Bowling Green); Howard, Burkhardt, Sitko (Western Michigan); Pinckney, Terna (Northern Illinois); McCafferty (Miami); Morrow, Clemmons (Kent State); Carifa (Ohio); Cotton, Miller (Eastern Michigan); Crable, Masztak, Hunter, Scully, Huffman (Notre Dame); Moeschl, Yli-Renko (Cincinnati); Johnson (Louisville).

Unfortunately, the offensive line will be a bit too youthful and the kicking game will be mediocre.

New coach Mike White begins yet another rebuilding project at Illinois. If he's lucky, he'll get the job done in six years. White will tailor his offense to the available talent, emphasizing speed and passing. He will probably employ his usual surprise tactics, doing exactly the opposite of what the opponents expect. The Illini haven't won a home game in two seasons. White should break that jinx in the first two games—against



"Well, Sir Walter, I'm afraid potatoes and tobacco aren't the only things you brought back from the New World."

Northwestern and Michigan State.

The Wisconsin team will be stronger, but a much tougher schedule will likely preclude any improvement in victory production. Quarterback John Josten will return after being injured all of last season, and coach Dave McClain will tailor the offense to his abilities. There is a good supply of runners, best of whom are Troy King and Chucky Davis. The defense, dreadful last season, should be much improved.

It's going to be a lean year in East Lansing. With only ten starters returning from a mediocre 1979 team, the Michigan State Spartans enter pre-season drills with no established quarterback and a new coach (Muddy Waters). There are some good runners in camp (best of whom are Steve Smith and Derek Hughes) and Playboy All-America punt-

er Ray Stachowicz is the best in the land. Unless the offense perks up, he will get to show his skills with great frequency this autumn.

The Northwestern team will be better this year, but the prospects are still bleak. Mike Kerrigan will be the solution to the distressing quarterback problem, and a productive recruiting drive has strengthened the receiving corps. The Wildcat squad has much raw but undeveloped talent, so if injuries in critical areas can be avoided, the team could surprise some unsuspecting opponents by season's end.

Toledo has its best collection of football talent since the glory years of 1969-1971. The only discernible problem is the lack of a quarterback who can both pass and run effectively. The Rockets won't catch other teams by surprise as

they did a year ago, but they still have their best shot at the Mid-American Conference championship in nearly a decade. The defensive unit will be the terror of the league.

With a wealth of young but experienced players, Ball State will also be much improved. The Cardinals will benefit from the return to health of quarterback Mark O'Connell, a superb kicker and punter as well. Defending conference champion Central Michigan will lack the offensive versatility of a year ago. The running attack will be up to last year's par, but the passing game will have to be restructured. Bowling Green has the same situation—there is a deep and talented group of veteran runners, but a leader must be found among a group of inexperienced quarterbacks. Purdue transfer Tom George will solve the quarterback problems at Western Michigan, but the defensive platoon will be extremely green. New Northern Illinois coach Bill Mallory (late of Colorado) is renowned as a builder of stingy defensive units, and his expertise will be immediately apparent in De Kalb. Rookie quarterback Rick Bridges will likely make it big his first season. Graduation wiped out Miami's offensive line and defensive backfield and the replacements are untested. This will be a very young Redskin squad; of the 48-man travel squad, 32 players will be either freshmen or sophomores. The arrival of eight junior college transfers will help solve the Kent State team's crippling lack of line talent. Another plus is the return of quarterback Jeff Morrow, who—if he can throw fewer interceptions—could be the best passer in the conference. Graduation losses will also make this a lean year for Ohio University. One bright note: the arrival of blue-chip freshman receiver Sherman McBride. Eastern Michigan will again have the services of quality quarterback Scott Davis, but coach Mike Stock is still searching for some dependable runners to keep opposing defenses honest.

Notre Dame's degree of success this autumn could depend on how the uncertain quarterback situation is resolved. None of the incumbent passers took charge in spring practice, so either of two freshmen (Blair Kiel or Scott Grooms) could grab the job. If fullback Pete Buchanan rebounds from last season's injury, the running game will be superb. Halfback Phil Carter is a star of the future—maybe the immediate future. Three receivers (Tony Hunter, Pete Holohan and Dean Masztak) may be the best trio in the nation. Masztak is a tight end who runs and catches like a wide receiver. The entire two-deep roster of the defensive line returns. Only one starting linebacker, Bob Crable, is back, but he's good enough to do the job alone. The Irish are typically slow



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starters, and this season will likely be the same because of the unsettled quarterback situation. Once that problem is solved, though, pity the opponents.

The Cincinnati team was woefully thin and inexperienced last fall, but prospects are now much brighter, because almost the entire squad returns and it's joined by a bumper crop of recruits. Quarterback Scott Moeschl, a transfer from Wisconsin, will run a multiple offense patterned after that of the Dallas Cowboys.

New Louisville coach Bob Weber inherits a young but promising squad. Best of the returnees is linebacker Eddie Johnson, the latest in Louisville's tradition of producing superb linebackers. Weber will hype the passing game. It had better work, because the schedule is a nightmare.

Georgia has an excellent chance to dislodge Alabama from the Southeastern Conference throne this fall. Returning from last season are 18 starters, plus Playboy All-America kicker Rex Robinson. An added spark will be the return from injury of tackle Jimmy Payne, the defensive unit's best player of two years ago. The Bulldogs have come within one victory of winning the conference crown each of the past two seasons but have had an inexplicable tendency to belly up every time they play an Atlantic Coast Conference team. This year's squad could be vulnerable to excessive injuries, because the depth is suspect at many positions. The Dogs don't play Alabama, so they should take it all if they stay reasonably healthy.

Alabama has only two returning offensive starters—a situation that would wipe out most teams—but coach Bear Bryant has so many superstars stockpiled in the backup ranks that we may not notice much difference in the point production. Flashy runner Major Ogilvie is one of the returners, but much depends on how the unsettled quarterback situation is resolved. A veteran and extremely fast defensive unit led by Playboy All-America end E. J. Junior may have to hold off the enemy until the attack troops get their act together.

If the Alabama offense doesn't jell, the Tide could be knocked out of the box in the final game with Auburn. The War Eagles have been improving every year, and this should be their best team in a decade. Playboy All-America runner James Brooks (who is breath-taking to watch in the open field) will have the invaluable benefit of a deep, experienced and able offensive line. The Auburn Achilles' heel could be the kicking department, but with all that offensive firepower, it may not need to punt very often.

Mississippi State will be one of the

surprise teams of the country. The Bulldogs were wiped out by injuries last year, but all the breaks and contusions are now healed. Best of all, the squad has had a year to adapt to coach Emory Bellard's style, and last season's green substitutes—thrown into combat early—will be this year's seasoned veterans. Bellard, father of the wishbone attack, has come up with a new offense (a multiple formation with a triple-option

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Georgia	10-1	Kentucky	7-4
Alabama	9-2	Florida	4-7
Auburn	8-3	Mississippi	4-7
Mississippi State	8-3	Louisiana State	3-8
Tennessee	7-4	Vanderbilt	2-9

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

North Carolina	9-2	North Carolina State	4-7
Clemson	7-4	Duke	3-8
Wake Forest	6-5	Georgia Tech	2-9
Virginia	5-6		

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Chattanooga	9-2	The Citadel	5-6
Appalachian State	8-3	East Tennessee State	5-6
Furman	7-4	Virginia Military	4-7
Western Carolina	7-4	Marshall	3-8

INDEPENDENTS

Florida State	9-2	Virginia Tech	7-4
Tulane	9-2	Memphis State	6-5
South Carolina	8-3	Richmond	5-6
Miami Southern	8-3	William & Mary	3-8
Mississippi	8-3		

TOP PLAYERS: Robinson, Woerner, Belue, Walker (Georgia); Junior, Boyd, Ogilvie (Alabama); Brooks, Warren, Stephenson (Auburn); McDole, Massey (Mississippi State); Irwin, Harper (Tennessee); Roark, Jones (Kentucky); Collinsworth, Faulkner (Florida); Fourcade, McGee (Mississippi); White, Thibodeaux (Louisiana State); High, Hammond, Hudgins (Vanderbilt); Wooten, Taylor, Lawrence (North Carolina); Sievers, Burruss, Castro, Wysocki (Maryland); Sims, Durham (Clemson); Baumgardner, Venu-to (Wake Forest); Vigorito, Anderson (Virginia); Quick, Dawson, Koehne (North Carolina State); Jones (Duke); Kelley (Georgia Tech); Burke (Chattanooga); Brown, Beasley (Appalachian State); Morgan, Snipes, Lyle (Furman); Harp, McClain (Western Carolina); Mitchell (The Citadel); Ferrell (East Tennessee); Allen (Virginia Military); Kendziorski (Marshall); Simmons, Lanier, Butler, Bonasorte (Florida State); Holman, Wetzel, Hall, Robinson (Tulane); Rogers, Schechterly, Wright (South Carolina); Walker, Burt, Kelly (Miami); Harvey (Southern Mississippi); Snell, Smigelsky (Virginia Tech); Clark, Ondra (Memphis State); Beagle (Richmond); Tyner, McNamee (William & Mary).

concept) especially designed to take advantage of receiver Mardye McDole's talents. Two incoming freshmen, quarterback John Bond and runner George Wonsley, could make big splashes before their rookie year is finished.

Coach Johnny Majors' long rebuilding

job at Tennessee is on schedule, but the Volunteers are still a year away from seriously challenging the conference title. The first priority in last winter's recruiting campaign was to find a quarterback who could take over immediately. Majors garnered a flock of would-be supertrowers and one of the most likely, Alvin Jones, will probably take command by the first game, with Georgia. If not, the Vols are in big trouble, because the second game is with Southern California. Whoever wins the quarterback job will have several skilled and speedy wide receivers but will have to operate behind a dangerously thin offensive line.

Watch Kentucky. The Wildcats could be a sleeper team. Coach Fran Curci is partial to a blood-and-thunder running attack, and he certainly has the horses for such an offense. Kentucky may have the best group of running backs around, including Chris Jones and Charlie Jackson. There is also a wealth of quarterback talent in camp (Rick Buehner and Terry Henry are the best of the lot), but the spoilers could be a dearth of receivers and a thin offensive line.

Never in the history of college football—as far as we can determine—has a squad been so wiped out by injuries as was Florida last year. By the final game with Miami, the Gators were lucky to be able to field a team—any kind of team. How well this year's squad does will depend on how many of the wounded have recovered and how quickly coach Charley Pell can remold them into a working unit in pre-season drills. Pell must also find a take-charge quarterback. Fortunately, he signed four blue-chip throwers during the recruiting campaign. It's an iffy situation in Gainesville; the Gators could wind up 1-10 or 10-1.

Ole Miss could enjoy much better fortunes this fall if its limp defense can be heavily reinforced, but that isn't likely, because the manpower isn't much different from a year ago. The offense will again be productive and could be explosive if spectacular tailback Buford McGee returns to the form he showed before being injured early last season.

This may be the worst season at LSU in memory. An unprecedented series of misfortunes has plagued the Tigers, beginning with the dumping of superb coach Charlie McClendon by athletic director Paul Dietzel, continuing with the tragic death of just-appointed new coach Bo Rein and culminating with a disappointing recruiting year. New coach Jerry Stovall will install a veer offense, and with an abundance of good running backs, the Tigers should have an impressive ground attack. Alan Risher is a prime-quality quarterback and will have the benefit of an outstanding group of receivers. Unfortunately, the offensive line and the kicking game will be below

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par. The biggest problem, though, will be the squad's ability to adjust to its new coaches and new systems.

Coach George MacIntyre is doing a commendable job of rebuilding Vanderbilt's sorely depleted football fortunes, but don't look for too much improvement this year. The defensive unit, sadly inept last season, won't be much better this time. Recruit Tim Bryant will add some needed speed and power to the linebacking crew and Allama Matthews will provide much help in the secondary. The Commodores could occasionally be exciting on offense—diminutive Lucius High, for example, could become the best runner in school history.

North Carolina and Maryland are co-favorites to win the Atlantic Coast Conference championship. The issue will probably be settled in their game at Chapel Hill September 27. North Carolina could field the best team in school history if two problem areas—at quarterback and linebacker—can be fixed. Rod Elkins and Chuck Sharpe will compete for the quarterback job. Elkins—a more explosive player—is the likely winner. Amos Lawrence and Kelvin Bryant, plus four blue-chip freshman runners, will give the Tar Heels a superb ground attack.

An unbelievable number of injuries depleted the Maryland squad for much of last season, but the Terrapins finished strong and the resulting abundance of experience among the returners should help produce a much more successful season. If the promising offensive line

grows up quickly, the Terps will be back in the top 20 at season's end.

Graduation will necessitate a rebuilding year at Clemson. The Tigers will continue to be a ground-oriented team, with Chuck McSwain doing most of the running. Unfortunately, he may not have many effective blockers to clear the way.

The main problem for the Wake Forest team this fall may be opponents' heated desire for revenge. The Deacons won't be able to sneak up on other teams as they did so often in '79. The passing game, featuring quarterback Jay Venuto and receiver Wayne Baumgardner, will again be explosive.

Virginia will be a stronger team this fall, but its schedule will be even stronger. So the Cavaliers could be a better team with a worse record than a year ago. Both lines will be solid and the offense will again be exciting, but the late-season schedule is a nightmare. Coach Dick Bestwick experimented with the I formation in spring practice and will likely use it often to exploit the great speed and quickness of runner Tom Vigorito.

Graduation has stripped the North Carolina State team of a dozen starters, with both lines losing most of their muscle. New coach Monte Kiffin must find a new quarterback (Tol Avery emerged as the likeliest candidate during spring drills) and develop an offensive strategy that will take advantage of a fine corps of running backs. Mike Quick should

prove to be one of the conference's premier receivers.

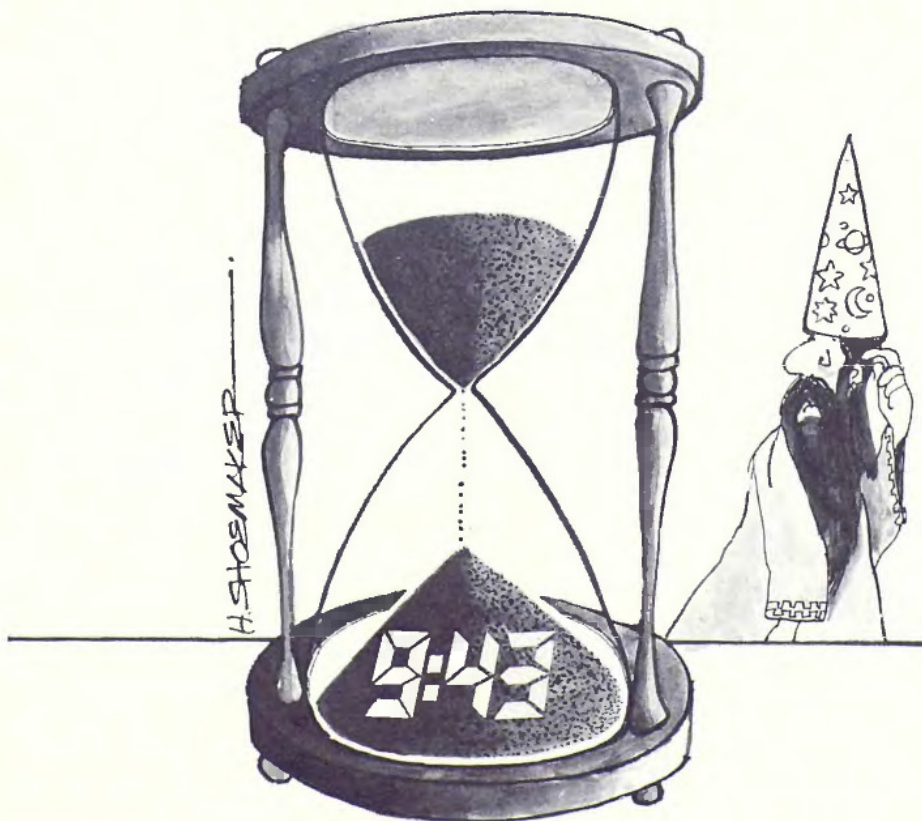
This year's team will be very young at Duke, with only four senior starters. New offensive coordinator Steve Spurrier has installed a pro-type passing attack. How well it works will depend on who wins the quarterback job. Freshman Ben Bennett could be an immediate starter. He will have a good group of receivers, but the linebacking corps will again be the Blue Devils' major weakness.

It's back to the drawing boards for the Georgia Tech football program. Just when he was beginning to make progress in the long and difficult rebuilding process, coach Pepper Rodgers was unexpectedly fired in December. The resultant unpleasantness caused new coach Bill Curry to have a lean recruiting year. The Yellow Jackets' best hope for respectability lies in abundantly talented quarterback Mike Kelley and a group of good receivers. Unfortunately, they will work behind an inexperienced line, and the whole Georgia Tech squad will have a precarious lack of depth. Look for a bleak year in Atlanta.

Chattanooga will again be the odds-on favorite to win the Southern Conference championship. A volatile running attack, sensational wide receiver Joe Burke and a huge and experienced offensive line will produce a lot of points. The defense will be salty, too, so new coach Bill Oliver should have a very pleasant first season.

If Chattanooga falters, Appalachian State could win the laurels. The Apps will be one of the more improved teams in the land after a heartbreaking '79 season that featured numerous last-minute losses. Coach Mike Working has revamped the offense to emphasize the passing attack, featuring quarterback Steve Brown and receiver Rick Beasley.

The Furman team will rely on a veteran defensive unit and an experienced backfield, but the offensive line will be green. Gerald Harp will lead an impressive group of receivers at Western Carolina, but, unfortunately, there are no proven quarterbacks in camp. Ronnie Mixon will probably do most of the throwing. The Citadel will still have some quality running backs, but passing skills will again be lacking. Jeff Davis will be the new quarterback at East Tennessee State and he will have the services of an outstanding group of runners, but the defensive crew will suffer from lack of talent in the linebacker and secondary positions. Virginia Military also has quarterback problems. Either of two freshmen—Lalo Berezo or John Mitchell—will likely get the job. The defense, usually the Keydets' strength, will be the problem area this time, with pass defense the biggest problem. Marshall will field an improved team for no other reason than added experience. Nine of





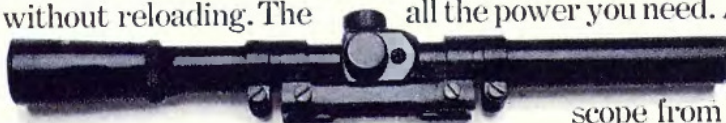
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last season's 21 starters were freshmen.

Last year was a dream season for the Florida State team—all the breaks went the Seminoles' way. The luck factor probably won't be so favorable this fall. Also, coach Bobby Bowden must find a starting quarterback in pre-season drills (Rick Stockstill will probably win the job) and try to find some outside running speed (this lack was a major liability last season). In an effort to fix the latter problem, Bowden has moved wide receiver Sam Platt to tailback. The schedule is a lot tougher this time, but the Seminoles will be a veteran club, especially on defense, so look for them to wind up in the top 20 again.

Tulane fans were ecstatic when the Green Wave won nine games last fall, and they will have reason to celebrate again this year. Despite two critical changes (new coach Vince Gibson takes over for Larry Smith, who absconded to Arizona, and quarterback Nickie Hall will replace graduated Roch Hontas), the squad will be deeper, more mature and more skilled than ever. Gibson, one of the more resourceful coaches in the country, had the good judgment to keep the incumbent coaching staff nearly intact and to make minimal changes in tactics. Nickie Hall looked spectacular in spring practice and two incoming runners (junior college transfer Marvin Lewis and fabulous freshman Kelvin Robinson) will give the Greenies the potent ground game that was missing last season. Best of all, this was the most productive recruiting year in school history, so the future looks even brighter.

Last season was also a giddy experience for South Carolina fans. The Gamecocks won more games than in any season in school history. Whether this season is a duplicate of the last will depend on how well coach Jim Carlen can fill the graduation gaps in both lines. Since Carlen is one of the half-dozen most skilled coaches in the land, he will likely get the job done by the time his team plays Southern California and Michigan back to back in late September. Carlen's main weapon will be Playboy All-America runner George Washington Rogers, Jr., who is one of this year's best candidates for Heisman Trophy honors.

Miami fans will see a dramatic improvement in their team. Forty-two of last year's top 44 players return, along with kicker Dan Miller, who could be the nation's best before he graduates. Jim Kelly could become the best Hurricane quarterback since Fran Curci, and a trio of high school All-America running backs will give the Hurricanes a potent ground game that was so obviously missing last season. Best of the new runners are Speedy Neal and Keith Griffin (brother of Heisman Trophy winner Archie).

Although the Southern Mississippi team will be very young (55 of 82 players in spring practice were sophomores), it should be as strong as last year's club. New quarterback Reggie Collier will give the Eagles an improved aerial attack to supplement their potent ground game.

Virginia Tech will benefit from a vastly improved offensive line, but the defenders will be in trouble unless coach Bill Dooley can find some new improved bodies for the middle of the defensive line. Wingback Sidney Snell could be one of the country's most explosive players. The Gobblers' schedule, fortunately, is not as demanding as last year's.

A couple of transfers, quarterback Mike Murray and receiver Jimmy Taylor, will give Memphis State a lethal passing attack to supplement an already excellent ground game. They will benefit from the protection of an all-senior offensive line.

Richmond's disastrous '79 season won't be repeated, because 18 starters have returned and will be reinforced by several junior college transfers and the best crop of freshman recruits in school history. New coach Dal Shealy is trying a new veer offense.

William & Mary also has a rookie coach, Jimmie Laycock, who inherits an offensive unit that was severely hurt by graduation. Fortunately, prime quarterback Chris Garrity returns, so Laycock will emphasize the passing game.

This will be another banner year for Nebraska. The most noticeable Husker, Playboy All-America runner Jarvis Redwine, is the fastest player ever to wear a Nebraska uniform. He will run behind an offensive line that will be even better than last year's formidable front. Coach Tom Osborne had some quarterback depth problems last year, but this time it's just the opposite; there are five slingers in camp who are capable of being starters. Look for freshman running back Jeff Smith to be the next Husker superstar.

Last fall, Oklahoma won the Big Eight championship for the seventh consecutive year, but this may be a slightly off season by Sooner standards. The offensive unit will be as potent as ever, despite the loss of Billy Sims, but the stopper crew has only three returning starters. As always, there is plenty of quality backup depth to fill the big holes, but—even though the defensive unit as a whole will be one of the fastest in the nation—inexperience and a lack of physical strength could be a liability. The attack unit, operated by superslick quarterback J. C. Watts, will have to carry the load until the defense matures.

Oklahoma State was the surprise team of the conference last fall, and this Cow-

boy squad is deeper, stronger and more experienced. Needless to say, there's an infectious air of optimism in Stillwater as pre-season practice begins. The great expectations are fueled by the fact that the N.C.A.A. probation period has been modified so that the Cowboys have the incentive of a possible bowl bid. Premier quarterback John Doerner will have a tempting new target in prize rookie tight end John Chesley. The defense, structured around linebackers Ricky Young and Mike Green, will be mean and deep.

Missouri will field a predominantly senior team, and that could be either

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

Nebraska	9-2	Iowa State	6-5
Oklahoma	8-3	Kansas State	6-5
Oklahoma State	8-3	Colorado	3-8
Missouri	7-4	Kansas	3-8

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Arkansas	10-1	Baylor	7-4
Texas	9-2	Texas Tech	5-6
Houston	8-3	Texas	
Texas A & M	7-4	Christian	3-8
Southern Methodist	7-4	Rice	2-9

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

Indiana State	9-2	Tulsa	5-6
West Texas State	8-3	Drake	5-6
Southern Illinois	6-5	New Mexico State	3-8
		Wichita State	3-8

INDEPENDENT

North Texas State	6-5
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TOP PLAYERS: Redwine, Nelson, Schleuse-ner, Franklin (Nebraska); Oubre, Turner (Oklahoma); Young, W. Taylor, R. Taylor (Oklahoma State); Richards, Wright, Bradley, Wilder (Missouri); Crawford, Nelson (Iowa State); Walker, Cole (Kansas State); Doolittle, Field (Colorado); Verser (Kansas); Stewart, Evans, Anderson, Bowles (Arkansas); Sendlein, Tausch, Jones, Sims (Texas); Taylor, Mitchell, Elston (Houston); Mosley, Guthrie (Texas A & M); Ford, Dickerson, James (Southern Methodist); Singletary, Abercrombie (Baylor); Watts (Texas Tech); Patterson (Texas Christian); Kveton, Hubble (Rice); Allen, Allman, Shaffer (Indiana State); Holt, Keller (West Texas State); Phillips, Carr (Southern Illinois); Blackmon, Tennon, Crum (Tulsa); Suchanuk, Casko (Drake); Nance (New Mexico State); Woods (Wichita State); Morris, Croft (North Texas State).

good news or bad news, depending on the veterans' attitudes. Senior-laden teams often profit from the available maturity and leadership, but almost as often they fall apart because the team elders have lost their youthful enthusiasm and—with an eye on the upcoming pro draft—are more eager to avoid injury and showcase their own talents than to play as a team and win games. The Tiger attack will again be built around the Phil Bradley-to-Andy Gibler passing battery and the running of James Wilder. The squad's strongest area, though, will be the defensive secondary,

led by free safety Eric Wright.

The Iowa State team will be vastly improved, but the Cyclones are still a year away from challenging for the league title. With the return to health of John Quinn and the arrival of junior college transfer David Worsham, Iowa State will have quality depth at quarterback. Dwayne Crutchfield, a 230-pound tailback, will be a game breaker.

The Kansas State team will also be much improved, mostly because of a juiced-up running attack provided by the arrival of three junior college transfer runners and the installation of a veer offense in spring practice. The best-looking new face among the platoon of transfers is Samoan defensive tackle Mike Simeta. Look for quarterback Darrell Ray Dickey, who had a sensational freshman season, to be even more impressive this year.

But it will be another lean one for both Colorado and Kansas. Both teams will suffer a severe lack of depth and experience. Both schools had productive recruiting seasons, but the youngsters will be forced into action almost immediately, and youthful mistakes are likely. Colorado coach Chuck Fairbanks (the long-awaited messiah who since arriving in Boulder last year amid much fanfare has yet to perform any miracles) will be searching for a dependable quarterback, some fast runners and the semblance of an offensive line. Kansas coach Don Fambrough must find some manpower for both woefully thin and green lines.

Because of its extreme youth, the '79 Arkansas team was expected to have an off year, but the Razorbacks were as awesome as ever, partly because of the immediate contributions of some fabulous freshmen. Also, coach Lou Holtz won a few games (as he does every year) with his clever and inventive coaching tactics. The Hogs won't be able to sneak up on other teams again this year, but that forfeited advantage will be offset by a much improved defensive unit. When they have the ball, the Hogs will put on a dazzling show. Tom Jones (Bert's younger brother) will be the starting quarterback, and he will be backed up by two gem-quality freshmen, Bill Pierce and Mark Mistler. The running-back corps is so overloaded with talent that Holtz will have trouble using it all. If the offensive line, anchored by Playboy All-America guard George Stewart, provides adequate protection for all those supercharged backs, the Hogs will have a good shot at the national championship.

If Arkansas should falter, the Texas team will be waiting in the wings. The Longhorns were one of the better defensive teams in the country last fall, but injuries decimated an already thin backfield and the Texans were lucky to win

nine games. This year, the situation is reversed; a veteran offensive platoon returns, but the defense will have to be rebuilt around Playboy All-America linebacker Robin Sendlein. The defensive ends will be especially inexperienced, making the Longhorns vulnerable to teams with blazing outside runners—like Arkansas.

The Houston team will be as strong as last year's edition, but—alas—most of its opponents will be much improved. The Cougars are a come-from-behind group (they won eight games a year ago in the final quarter), and with almost the entire attack unit returning, fans will likely be treated to more last-minute heroics. The defense features the best pair of tackles in school history (Leonard Mitchell and Playboy All-America Hosea Taylor), plus a wealth of quality linebackers and defensive backs. Some opposing offensive units may not be able to survive the holocaust.

Texas A&M was snakebit last fall, losing two games because of partially blocked punts and another via a miraculous pass reception by Houston in the final seconds. This should be a happier season, largely because coach Tom Wilson has had two windfall recruiting seasons and the youngsters are ready to step in and make their marks. Quarterback Mike Mosley, a 9.4 sprinter and an elusive scrambler, showed tremendous improvement in spring practice. Wilson says his team, going into last drill, is better on both sides of the line than it was a year ago.

At Southern Methodist, everything depends on whether or not superb quarterback Mike Ford and a host of other starters are fully healed from a variety of injuries and illnesses. If the physical problems work out, the Mustangs could have a big say in who wins the con-

ference title. The running attack, featuring sophs Craig James and Eric Dickerson, plus fabulous freshman Russell Carter, will be breath-taking.

Baylor coach Grant Teaff has two big problems. His team has lost the surprise factor (last fall, the Bears were one of the sleeper teams of the country) and the defensive unit was gutted by graduation. A fine linebacker corps headed by Playboy All-America Mike Singletary will have to hold the defensive unit together until the youngsters get their bearings. The offense will be in fine shape. There is a wealth of quarterback talent in camp, the receivers are top quality and Walter Abercrombie is one of the country's prime running backs.

Texas Tech has a favorable early schedule, which coach Rex Dockery will utilize to shake down a new offensive line and find some dependable wide receivers. The defensive unit, sparked by Playboy All-America safety Ted Watts, may be the best in the conference.

The long, tedious rebuilding efforts at Texas Christian will begin to bear fruit this autumn, but the improvement may not be readily apparent because of a tough nonconference schedule featuring Auburn and Georgia. Four quality candidates will vie for the quarterback job in pre-season drills, with Kevin Haney the likeliest winner.

The Rice team also faces a horrendous schedule. Seven opposing squads were in bowl games last year. In an effort to cut down on last season's numerous turnovers, coach Ray Alborn has changed the pass-oriented attack to a new veer formation. The Owls will be an experienced squad, so if a capable quarterback can be found to run the new attack, they could pull off a few upsets.

The nonleague schedules of many of



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the Missouri Valley Conference teams are so rugged that the final won-lost records of the various teams rarely are indicators of conference standings. Last year, for example, West Texas State won the title with a 5-5-1 over-all record. This season, Indiana State not only should win the most games but will also have a good shot at the league championship. Quarterback Reggie Allen heads an exciting offense that will be enhanced by superrookie receiver Ephrem Johnson.

If West Texas State coach Bill Yung can find a dependable quarterback in pre-season drills (Larry Thompson and Ricky Davis are the top candidates), and if the Buffaloes don't get killed in the murderous early-season schedule, they will have an inside track in the conference-title race. Southern Illinois will again have the services of splendid quarterback Gerald Carr, and he will be protected by the best offensive line in school history. Unfortunately, the pass defenders are suspect, so look for some high-scoring games in Carbondale this fall.

Tulsa will also have a good chance to win the championship if the Hurricanes aren't blown away by their games with Arkansas and Florida State. Kenny Jackson could become the next in a long line of great Tulsa quarterbacks. With 15 starters returning and both interior lines nearly intact, the Drake team should avoid a repeat of last season's string of narrow losses. Rich Suchanuk (a walk-in his freshman year) could become one of the nation's better tight ends before he graduates.

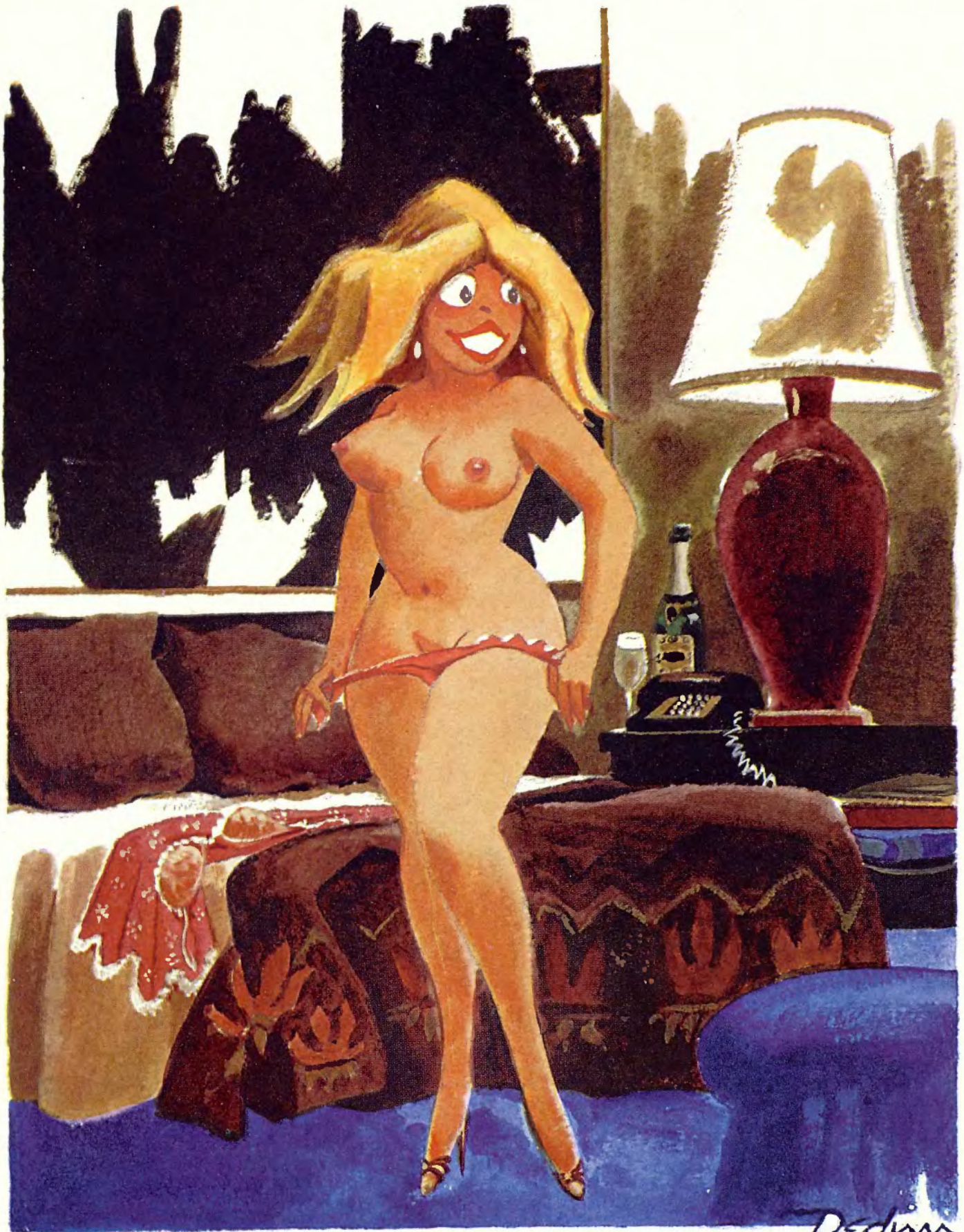
New Mexico State will not suffer from the severe lack of depth that plagued the Aggies last autumn. Most of the opposing teams will also be stronger, making it difficult for the Aggies to improve their won-lost record. The Wichita State team will also benefit from much added experienced depth, plus the arrival of five junior college transfers to beef up the lines. With a flock of dependable runners, the Shockers will again emphasize the ground attack.

Last year's senior-laden North Texas State team was a big disappointment, but this year's edition of the Mean Green—despite its comparative youth—looked much stronger in spring practice. Joe Stevenson, the heir apparent at quarterback, will have a big year.

Southern California's unbeaten 1979 team was one of the great offensive powers of all time, but the defensive unit was merely excellent. This year, the order of greatness will be reversed, at least in the beginning, because the quarterbacking will be suspect (all five candidates for the job have little or no experience) and the fullback position is unsettled. Marcus Allen will be the next great USC tailback. Similar in size to O. J. Simpson, he runs with the same fluid, long strides, and his teammates call him Little Juice. The offensive line, anchored by Playboy All-America tackle Keith Van Horne, will again be pro caliber. The defensive platoon, on the other hand, will be mind-boggling. Playboy All-America safeties Ronnie Lott and Dennis Smith are the main components of the best defensive backfield in the nation. Linebacker Riki Gray will be an All-America before he graduates.

Oregon was one of the surprise teams of the country last season (as we had predicted), and with 17 of the '79 starters returning, the Ducks will be even stronger this time. Trouble is, now that element of surprise is missing and many of the opposing teams will be motivated by vengeance. The best of another productive recruiting season is tailback Reggie Brown, who should be a starter the first game of his freshman year and a superstar by December. Vince Goldsmith and Neil Elshire lead a defensive line that will be nearly impregnable.

With a little luck, California could be one of this year's big surprise teams. This is the best collection of football talent in Berkeley in two decades. The passing attack will be sensational, not only because of quarterback Rich Campbell but also due to the presence of receivers David Lewis and Matt Bouza. Freshman runner Carl Montgomery is a burner and will clock a lot of playing time. Linebacker Rich Dixon is a



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future great—and the future may happen in Flake City this season.

UCLA will be a much improved team, but most of its opponents will be, too. The Bruins again play one of the country's toughest schedules. One asset is the presence of good senior leadership, an element sorely missed last season. Receiver Cormac Carney, a transfer from Air Force, could steal the show his first year in Westwood. Freeman McNeil is one of the country's classiest runners and Playboy All-America safety Kenny Easley

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC TEN

Southern		Stanford	6-5
California	10-1	Washington State	6-5
Oregon	8-3	Arizona	5-6
California	8-3	Arizona State	4-7
UCLA	7-4	Oregon State	2-9
Washington	7-4		

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

Brigham Young	10-1	Colorado State	4-7
Utah	8-3	Texas-El Paso	4-8
Wyoming	7-4	New Mexico	3-8
Hawaii	7-4	Air Force	3-9
San Diego State	7-5		

PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE

Long Beach State	7-4	Utah State	5-6
San Jose State	6-5	Fresno State	4-7
Pacific	6-5	Fullerton State	3-8

TOP PLAYERS: Smith, Lott, Van Horne, Gray, Williams (Southern California); Goldsmith, Elshire, Williams (Oregon); Campbell, Dixon, Bouza (California); Easley, McNeil, Wrightman (UCLA); Camarillo, Van Divier, Tyler (Washington); Margerum, Nelson, Naber (Stanford); Kennedy, Washington (Washington State); Oliver, Liggins (Arizona); Washington (Arizona State); Richardson (Oregon State); Redd, Lane, Jones, Brown (Brigham Young); Griffin, Campbell (Utah); Frazier, Davis (Wyoming); Allen, Asmus (Hawaii); Halda, Kofler, Watson (San Diego State); Chamblee, Fairchild (Colorado State); Besses (Texas-El Paso); Shupryt, Giddens (New Mexico); France (Air Force); Rudolph (Long Beach State); Nichols (San Jose State); Bednarek, Merriweather (Pacific); Murphy, Fosmark (Utah State); Scambray (Fresno State); Kemp (Fullerton State).

will likely be the first defensive back drafted by the pros next May. Three talented sophomores—Tom Ramsey, Bernard Quarles and Jay Schroeder—will contend for the starting-quarterback job, with Ramsey the likely winner.

It will be difficult for the Washington team to duplicate last year's eight-win record, because all but two of the starting defensive platoon have graduated. The offense will be productive, with quarterback Tom Flick throwing to a top-quality contingent of receivers. With Toussaint Tyler, one of the country's better fullbacks, and three quality tailbacks, the Husky running game will again be top grade.

New Stanford coach Paul Wiggin will

try to fix up a woefully inconsistent defensive platoon to go with one of the better offensive units in the country. John Elway, the best sophomore quarterback in the nation, will throw to dazzling halfback Darrin Nelson and one of the country's better one-two receiver combinations, Andre Tyler and Playboy All-America Ken Margerum. Nelson, fully recovered from his hamstring injury, will also give the Cardinals a spectacular running game. Kicker-punter Ken Naber will provide superb footwork. The Stanford team's major problem is the difficulty of adjusting to two new head coaches in two years; the resultant instability could be damaging to team morale.

Washington State's offensive unit was impressive last autumn, but a winning season was prevented by a porous defense. This spring, coach Jim Walden brought in 11 junior college defensive players and a half dozen of them would be immediate starters. A new quarterback must be found, but two promising prospects, Clete Casper and Samoa Samoa, are in camp. The schedule is favorable—both Southern California and UCLA are missing.

Both Arizona teams are disaster areas because of the scandal-ridden departure of both head coaches. New Arizona coach Larry Smith will probably wish he had stayed at Tulane before this season is finished. Smith must find a new quarterback (Kevin Ward should win the job) to lead his team against the most difficult schedule in school history.

New Arizona State coach Darryl Rogers will try to pick up the pieces in Tempe, but his debut could be spoiled by a lack of depth in both lines. A new quarterback must be found (the leading candidate is Mike Pagel), but all of the other offensive starters from last year will return. The attack unit will have to carry the load until the defense can be rebuilt.

Oregon State also has a new coach, Joe Avezzano, who has instilled a discipline and toughness that have been lacking the past four years. Avezzano's major problems are a slow group of receivers and a weak defensive line. Quarterback Scott Richardson had a record-breaking season last fall but must learn a new veer system. Don't look for much improvement in Beaver City.

The Brigham Young team will feature a passing attack as potent as ever—despite the loss of passer Marc Wilson—because replacement Jim McMahon may be even better. The biggest problem in the Cougar camp will be the offensive line, which lost four starters via graduation. The defensive unit is deep and experienced and most of the teams on the schedule are pushovers, so look for

the Mormons to be back in the top 20 again.

If Brigham Young gets knocked off in conference play, the Utah team will probably do the honors. The Utes will be much stronger than a year ago, because 38 of last season's starters are back and there is little likelihood of a repeat of last fall's injury epidemic.

Wyoming's main strength will again be quarterback Phil Davis. The offensive line was tops a year ago and only one of its members has departed. New coach Pat Dye will switch the Cowboys to the wishbone offense and install squad discipline. The hard work should pay off; look for the Cowboys to be greatly improved.

Coach Dick Tomey is slowly but surely building a winning football program at Hawaii, but the Rainbows are still too young to contend for the conference championship. Tailback Gary Allen will give the Islanders a strong running attack and a group of sophs will provide needed help in the wide-receiver corps.

This will be the most experienced San Diego State team in memory—as many as 17 starters could be seniors. If the Aztecs can avoid last autumn's sudden affliction of turnoveritis (their three losses were blowouts because they kept giving the ball away), they could mount a serious challenge for the conference title. Two superb quarterbacks, Mark Halda and Matt Koffler, will vie for the starting job. They'll probably share it.

Colorado State coach Sarkis Arslanian will again face the problem of molding a dependable offensive line. He will have a wealth of running backs (Larry Jones and Alvin Lewis are the better ones) and the kicking game will be excellent. Steve Fairchild, redshirted last year, will likely be the starting quarterback.

The Texas-El Paso team will be noticeably stronger than last year's 2-9 edition, but the Miners still have a long way to go. Junior college transfer Paul Sieczkowski could be the quality quarterback the Miners so desperately need. He will be aided by a more mature offensive line and a dependable running game.

New coach Joe Morrison faces a bleak autumn at New Mexico. The defensive platoon was gutted by graduation and the running game will be unimpressive. The Lobos' main hope for success will be the passing arm of Brad Wright.

The Air Force joins the Western Athletic Conference this fall, but the Falcons aren't likely to make any ripples in the championship race. Coach Ken Hatfield has installed the wishbone offense, with Scott Schafer, a starting tight end last season, in the quarterback slot. The fly boys, therefore, will stick

close to the ground. A lot of help is needed from the incoming freshman contingent to face a frightening schedule.

Long Beach State coach Dave Currey insists that quarterback Kevin Starkey has the strongest arm on the West Coast. Starkey can throw the ball 90 yards but lacks experience. Fortunately, he will have the best group of receivers at Long Beach in many years. With a tough defense to hold opponents in check, Currey will likely mount a bombs-away passing game. It should be a spectators' delight.

The San Jose State team threw the ball so often last year that the sea gulls were frightened away from Spartan Stadium. With a snazzy new quarterback, Steve Clarkson, and the three top receivers returning from last year, coach Jack Elway's pupils will be winging it again. Rookie breakaway runner Neal Palmer and Gerald Willhite will help keep defenses honest.

Pacific coach Bob Toledo will field a much stronger team than a year ago, but an incredibly tough nonconference schedule might prevent a winning season. The biggest improvement in the Tiger squad will be the defensive line, which will benefit much from accrued experience. Soph quarterback Sander Markel will be more impressive for the same reason.

Utah State's graduation losses were devastating, not so much in numbers as in quality. The Aggies were a star-oriented team last fall, but now all the stars (except flanker James Murphy) are gone. The quarterback situation is especially critical, but transfer Bob Gagliano may be the answer to that problem. Coach Bruce Snyder also must build a new offensive line. Any success the Aggies enjoy this year may depend on how often Gagliano can get the ball to Murphy.

Jim Sweeney becomes the new head coach at Fresno State—for the second time. He's playing it cagey, not telling anyone about his plans for the Bulldogs except that he will use a pro-type offense. Sweeney likes to fake out the opposition, so don't be surprised if his team runs from the single wing. That may not be such a bad idea, because Sweeney says, "Our quarterbacks are adequate." In coachese, that usually means they are just the opposite.

There will be trouble at Fullerton State this fall. New coach Gene Murphy inherits a squad that has no experienced quarterbacks to run his pro-set offense and none of last year's receivers are back to catch the ball. Junior college transfer Tom St. Jacques will likely win the quarterback job, but he won't have much help.

Have a real ball!



Introducing Brut 33 Roller-Ball Anti-perspirant and Deodorant.

The big ball gives you man-sized protection, and the great smell of Brut... by Fabergé.

Southwest Conference (continued from page 159)

"Sheridan got a call early one morning. The voice told him to be out of town by six o'clock."

All of a sudden, Waco was the news capital of Texas.

Before Chan had even opened for business, Sheridan got a call in his motel room early one morning. The voice told him to be out of town by six o'clock. Sheridan didn't know if the caller meant A.M. or P.M., or even if he was serious; so he contacted Waco police. Sheridan is not an excitable guy, but how much help can you expect from a 120-pound photographer and his luscious red-haired assistant?

Off-duty Waco police officers, hired for security purposes, were more than cooperative. If the truth were told, the job of guarding the PLAYBOY photographer was considered something of a plum. Chan's first bodyguard actually gave up a day off to serve and protect. Indeed,

the dedication of all the officers was exemplary. They should be commended.

During his stay, Chan interviewed some 80 coeds from Baylor. A pretty fair number, considering McCall's threats. But McCall and his patrons were not to be denied their pound of flesh. It wasn't enough to simply fire the *Lariat* editors and shut down the paper. The entire journalism department was affected. Students and professors took sides. Associate professor of journalism Donald Williams quit in disgust. He was told to leave Baylor without finishing the term. Associate professor Dennis Hale, citing First Amendment violations and the treatment of Williams, also left the journalism school. Faculty advisor Ralph T. Strother backed the administration

against his editors. He'll probably remain. Then, in the *coup de grâce*, president McCall revoked the scholarships of the two junior editors, Barton and Slovak, as well as that of the president of Baylor's chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, the national journalism society, Sheri Sellmeyer. Kolar escaped retribution by being a senior.

In their last editorial, the editors and staff of the *Lariat* had called president McCall's administration "smug" and "arrogant." Those words, predictably enough, were censored by advisor Strother, acting on behalf of the administration.

The Baylor controversy may have begun with PLAYBOY, but it ended with the Bill of Rights. We were aware of a certain ambivalence toward PLAYBOY, but until we ran into Abner McCall, we thought the U. S. Constitution was pretty much agreed upon by everybody.

McCall, in the end, missed the whole point. The PLAYBOY controversy, he said, "was kind of like a wart on my toe. It's just a cheap, pornographic magazine. Among our constituents they've got as much influence as Mao's little red book." It was unfortunate company, but we'll work with the analogy. Clearly, the administration is ready to quash dissenting political views along with social commentary. The fact is, when somebody starts censoring, there's no telling where he'll stop. The integrity of *The Baylor Lariat* will hereafter be in question.

One has to wonder at the administration's purpose. The firing of the *Lariat* staffers and the revocation of scholarships were both petty and vindictive moves. It's unfortunate that the administration felt it had to flex its considerable muscle against the very students it purports to have educated in the journalistic professions. The question arises: Were they educated too well or not well enough? No matter. The Baylorites affected were first-rate students and journalists. They will survive. The university has told the editors that if they return to Baylor, they will not be welcome. So McCall has, in effect, solved his problem. Peace and serenity once again prevail inside the Baylor Bubble.

Fortunately, the problems at Baylor were not typical of the reception we got at other conference schools. There, hundreds of women turned out. Far more than we could ever use in one pictorial. The Texas schools, in particular, impressed our editors so much that a *Girls of Texas* pictorial is in the works.

Until then, you can feast your eyes on the current offerings. When we said we'd found the mother lode, we weren't kidding. Next time you're in the area, why not do a little prospecting yourself?



"I'm doing my part in the energy crisis... I keep my vibrator set on low!"



Set your life to music.

Nothing can define a mood or enhance a moment like music—with it, even the most ordinary situations become beautiful.

Sony's Interlock Sound Systems make it easy for you to get the most out of your music and your life because they were created with you in mind.

The system begins with you

The Interlock Sound Systems are so advanced, so precise, so efficient, yet so simple, they had to be designed by Sony. The heart and soul of the Interlock Sound System is the RT-66. A highly sensitive AM/FM stereo receiver with a built-in cassette deck that delivers more recording options than many individual components.

The receiver features Direct Access Program Sensor Tuning so you can preset

up to five of your favorite FM stations and return to them with the touch of a button.

The cassette deck features Dolby* noise reduction and metal tape capability which gives greater sensitivity to highs and lows. And an Automatic Music Sensor that lets you preselect up to nine programs on a single cassette. So you literally can set your life to music.

The beauty of simplicity

Match this advanced unit with one of Sony's Direct Drive turntables and a set of bass reflex speakers (with the exclusive Transcend Tweeter) and you have put together a beautifully simple Interlock Sound System that can fulfill all your personal stereo needs. And which will enable you to surround yourself with the kind of

music that will enrich your life and make every moment more special.



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people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

UP, UP AND AWAYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY

As everyone knows, membership in the Mile High Club is restricted to those adventuresome individuals who have performed the dirty deed at 5280 feet or higher. If that's you, highflier, for \$12.95, you can flaunt that fact in the form of a Mile High Club stickpin that's available in a silver-colored style (for land-based conquests) or gold (for aeronautical achievements) from the Mile High Club, P.O. Box 34775, Houston, Texas 77034. And if you're forming a sexy sports team, the club also sells Mile High Club T-shirts (\$10.95) and baseball caps (\$7.95).



PLAYING HIDE-AND-SEEK WITH CUSTOMS

Customs officials can be testy—and you would be, too, if your job were probing other people's dirty laundry. But if you really want to drive a Customs official crazy, tote a Smuggler's Bag up to his counter and watch him search all 17 compartments—if he can find them. The bag, which is made of black or brown grained polyurethane, costs only \$24.95 sent to H & S Distributing Co., Suite 1019, 79 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois 60603. At that price, if Customs confiscates it, you can buy another.



BALLS TO YOU

Juggle Bug is a company with balls: big colored ones of clear plastic that are part of an Executive Juggling set designed for harried big shots who want to relax when they're not juggling balance sheets. The set—which includes four balls, a desktop holder and instructions—costs \$31.50, post-paid, sent to Juggle Bug, 23004 107th Place West, Edmonds, Washington 98020. Miss Freebish, take a letter and polish our balls!



DOING TIME IN THE KITCHEN

Steak on a Shovel, Potato Soup Whore Style and San Quentin Quail are just a few of the recipes you'll find in *The Convict Chef*, by Landrew Smith, gourmet cook and long-term prisoner. Smith's book is also spiced with peppery commentary on the penal system. And for dessert, he includes menus from a number of institutions. The cost is \$12.20 sent to Ashley Books, 30 Main Street, Port Washington, New York 11050. Slop's on.



GOLDEN GROOVES

You've all seen the framed gold records rock stars receive. Now you can groove to identical "gold" or "platinum" LPs—or 45s—that have been personalized with two lines on the record label (up to 30 characters per line), plus a 30-character presentation plaque. J. Hay Enterprises, P.O. Box 84, Calabasas, California 91302, sells the LPs for \$60 (gold) and \$62.50 (platinum) and the 45s for \$47 (gold) and \$49.50 (platinum). Sounds good.

JUST A GIGOLO

Yes, that's Richard Gere in *American Gigolo* hanging upside down buckled into a pair of Gravity Guiding Inversion Boots, a sturdy device for people who want to build up a terrific set of wash-board stomach muscles while making like a bat. The boots, which were invented by a doctor in order to correct poor posture and back problems, cost \$78 a pair (not including a chinning bar to hook them on) sent to Gravity Guidance, 816 Union Street, Pasadena, California 91101. If you've faithfully done all your exercises and still haven't bagged Lauren Hutton, hang in there, tiger!



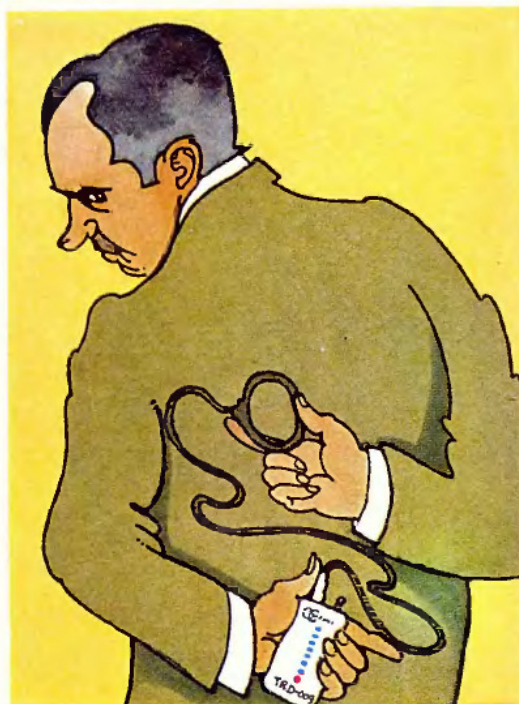
BRIDGE OF SIZE

We've run newsletters for female muscle-building fans and even chocolate junkies, but now comes the weirdest one yet: the *Brooklyn Bridge Bulletin*, a little bimonthly publication that's devoted to nothing but facts, figures, funky photos, nostalgia and anything else that pertains to the Brooklyn Bridge. And to make this far-out newsletter even stranger, it's published out of Holland. For a year's subscription, send an international money order for \$12 to *Brooklyn Bridge Bulletin*, Kwendelhof 113, Tilburg, Holland. All we can say is that some poor expatriate must be very lonely.



NO TAPING SESSION

If some of the Watergate conspirators had owned a little gadget no bigger than a pack of cigarettes, they might not have ended up in the slammer. CCS Communication Control, Inc., 633 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017, sells a battery-powered device called The Tape Recorder Detector that has a series of small lights incorporated into its surface. The lights go on when you're within range of a running tape recorder and they brighten in intensity as you get closer to the snoopy machine. The cost for a Detector is \$750, about what a top-level defense attorney charges per hour.



PANTY RAID

Now that you've checked out the *Girls of the Southwest Conference* in this issue, we thought you'd like to know that the most popular undies we uncovered were ones in school colors with I'M BEHIND THE (usually the team's nickname) printed across the posterior. Custom Creations Corporation, 2644 North Burling, Chicago, Illinois 60614, sells the panties for \$4.95 each, postpaid—and it stocks most major schools. Or pick a pair with "10" on the front or back.



Bald Eagles once soared above America by the tens of thousands. Today, fewer than 1100 breeding pairs survive south of Canada. For a free booklet on how to help save this extraordinary bird, write Eagle Rare, Box 123, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Capture the spirit of Eagle Rare. The 101 proof Bourbon aged 10 years.

Like the majestic bird it was named for, Eagle Rare is incomparable.

The very finest Kentucky Bourbon ever created.

Our 10 long years of aging and careful testing produce a uniquely smooth and mellow flavor no one else can equal.

Eagle Rare. We challenge anyone to match our spirit.

**One taste and you'll know
why it's expensive.**



A Cowboy's Lament

(continued from page 102)

point he rolled his eyes and started the "up here" lecture.

But cowboy drag served me even better in other ways, like making me impervious to "street crime." I soon discovered I could boldly walk through dangerous neighborhoods at any hour and it was the muggers and punks who crossed to the other side of the street. These characters may be dangerous, but they also watch TV; they know that anybody stomping along in three-quarter heels and a rolled-brim cowboy hat is either too dumb to pour piss out of his boots (old Texas saying), and therefore might well put up a fight, or so tough and ornery that he might just bite your nose off and spit it in your face. Such an idiot might even have a rocket in his pocket and be so countrified that he doesn't know it's against the laws of God, Chicago and the state of Illinois to blow the shit out of some bad-ass who tries to take your money.

The smart mugger feeds all this information into his computerlike mind, comes up with a negative cost-benefit readout and decides he's safer to hit on the turkey in the plaid sports coat or the baby-blue leisure suit (sometimes not realizing that those are the very fashions favored by stylish off-duty cops). The point is, the average decent law-abiding citizen doesn't have reason to fear the Western type, who never makes trouble first, but your successful mugger always must have a healthy fear of the unknown.

That's all over now, thanks to social change—starting when a bunch of dopefiend flower children decided to protest the Vietnam war by driving up the price of Levis. Greening of America, bullshit! Stirred up the hyphenated ethnics is all they did, and then put that nitwit Nixon in the White House to restore law and order. That was one hell of a price to pay to put down a piss-poor revolution that could easily have been handled by a few middle-aged duck hunters armed with shotguns and bottles of Wild Turkey. By screwing around with denim, the youth movement only destroyed the fabric of American society.

Demoralized by Vietnam, scared by the hippies, disillusioned by Watergate, Americans by the millions rejected the urban political establishment and sought leadership in the form of a straight-talking, beer-drinking, common-sense country boy—Billy Carter—whose brother was the closest thing on the ballot. Then, when Southern-fried politics didn't pan out (took Carter three years just to straighten out old Billy), the country turned to the West, taking care to stop short of California, which is west

The Rise of Western Civilization: How It Happened

By now, cowboy chic has saddle-broken our most irascible clotheshorses, but it's been a long, rhinestone-strewn trail—probably starting as far back as the 12th Century, when Arabs introduced boots to the Spanish, who eventually brought them to America. Now, of course, some Arab oil sheiks wait as long as a year and a half for a Texas-sewn pair of Lucheses.

How in the world does such an epidemic spread? As the following chronology

1968—Designers sniff a trend but miss the mark. They invent the Gaucho Look, which soon is remaindered in the closets of waitresses who work in Mexican restaurants.

1969—Robert Redford and Paul Newman head off Clint Eastwood's strong, silent type as lovable rakes in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*.

1969—Skier Billy Kidd wears a cowboy hat on the slopes—forging the Colorado-Texas connection.

1969—In Berkeley, California, Frye boots catch on among the counterculture. By the mid-Seventies, Fries become so establishment they're even accepted in board rooms.

1970—Mick Jagger stars in *Ned Kelly*, a "Western" movie set in, uh, Australia. Appreciative rock fans note that the hat actually highlights Mick's bedroom eyes.

1970—As McCloud, Dennis Weaver is a one-man posse in New York City, an unsullied Western sheriff who sometimes rides a horse to work.

1971—New Yorker Jerry Jeff Walker forsakes Greenwich Village and moves to Austin, Texas, opening the New York-Texas connection. He sings curious lines such as "I wanna go home with the armadillo, good country music from Amarillo."

1972—The Dallas Cowboys win the Super Bowl.

1973—*Time* magazine hails Watergate prosecutor Leon Jaworski as a "stand-up Texan for a tough task."

1973—With a Stetson 12 inches tall, Kinky Friedman softens the Cowboy Look and enriches the country-and-western idiom with ballads like *Ride 'em, Jewboy*.

1973—American Motors

presents the Levi jeep, a four-wheeler with denim ragtop and appropriately placed studs.

April 1974—PLAYBOY publishes a lively piece by Larry L. King called *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*.

1974—Cleavon Little gallops through *Blazing Saddles* in the spiffiest cow-puncher getup since Tom Mix's, right down to the Gucci saddlebags. They thought it was a spoof.

1975—Willie Nelson opens his concerts by unfurling the Texas Lone Star flag. Suddenly, everybody's a Texan.

1975—With Bum Phillips as coach, the Houston Oilers become football contenders. Phillips wears a cowboy hat and owns a pickup truck.

1975—Glen Campbell records *Rhinestone Cowboy*, sending half of his audience to gaudy Westernwear designer Nudies of Hollywood and the other half out looking for the *real* West.

1976—RCA takes a few cuts each from country singers Willie Nelson, Tompall Glaser, Waylon Jennings and Jessi Colter, puts them on one album called *The Outlaws*. It's one of the largest-selling country albums in history. Being bad-ass becomes "in."

1976—Roy Clark and The Oak Ridge Boys perform in Moscow, sending the international black-market price of blue jeans soaring.

1977—Burt Reynolds appears in *Semi-Tough* and *Smokey and the Bandit* in cowboy attire, even though they're not even cowboy movies.

1977—Ralph Lauren introduces a line of Westernwear.

1978—*Dallas*, a TV show about greed, power, sex and corruption, premieres and

soars in the ratings, largely due to a ruthless character named J.R., played by Larry Hagman, formerly of *I Dream of Jeannie*. J.R.'s trademarks? A cowboy hat



and a heart of stone.

1978—Aaron Latham introduces the Urban Cowboy to the effete Eastern establishment via an *Esquire* article. A film deal goes down, John Travolta is named star.

1978—Larry L. King's *Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* opens on Broadway as a musical, featuring tap-dancing cowboys.

1978—Ralph Lauren introduces Chaps cologne.

1979—Pope John Paul II shows up in Mexico with a cowboy hat.

1979—The musical *Oklahoma!* is resurrected on Broadway. The old "cowhand and the farmer should be friends" refrain finds an audience in an America that's pissed off at the Russians, the Iranians, the French and Ted Kennedy.

February 1980—Levi Strauss outfits the entire United States Olympic team in sheepskin jackets, jeans and cowboy hats.

June 1980—*Urban Cowboy*, the movie. Disco boys across the nation hang up their little white suits in favor of yoked plaid shirts.

July 1980—Willie Nelson, opening headliner at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas, enters stage left—in Adidas.



proves, it's been coming on for some time. If we survive country disco, maybe *next* time we'll all pay more attention.

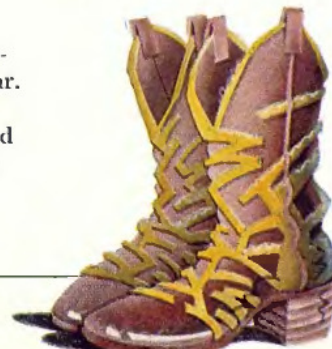
1960—In street argot, "cowboy" is commonly used to mean homosexual.

1963—Boots and Stetsons become identified with Lyndon Johnson. This postpones the Cowboy Look at least 15 years.

1967—Western fashion tilts toward shaggy ponchos and flat-brimmed hats when long, silent Clint Eastwood metes out justice at the end of a gun in *A Fistful of Dollars*, the first spaghetti Western.

1968—Leo Burnett Company hires the new Marlboro Man—real cowboy Darrell Winfield, a man known for drinking too hard, riding too fast and never signing a contract.

By KATE NOZAN



of the moon and east of the sun ("Have a nice day!").

So who's West? Not Reagan or Brown, the Captain Nemo of the last century and the Captain Kirk of the next, both from the land of Nixon. Not Connally—Texas is Southwest, Connally's too real, and everybody remembers L.B.J. The answer is Ralph Lauren, the fashion designer; that's who's *West*. I'll explain.

Ralph Lauren may, in fact, be the former Ralph Lifshitz (stop sniggering) from the wide-open spaces of the Bronx, but so what? He wasn't a Harvard fop when he turned Okies into Ivy Leaguers in the halcyon days of the Sixties, nor was he an English country gentleman when he peddled his Polo line of trendy tweeds to effete Easterners looking for some compromise between the Brooks Brothers business look and patched-bottom proletarianism.

Lauren didn't have to be a bona fide cowpoke to spot America's desperate psychological need for a fix of gun-fighter fantasy. He saw it and came up with a fashion for the times—shitkicker chic. He was riding a trail blazed by various antifashion heroes from hippies to country-music outlaws, heading up a posse of equally tough *hombres* like Calvin Klein, Geoffrey Beene, Gloria Vanderbilt and Jordache (who could be male or female or both—not that it matters).

Now, I got to admit that it does take

real guts to go whole-hog shitkicker chic. I'm not sure myself whether I'd rather wear a rhinestone-infested turquoise denim jacket with silver-tipped lizard-skin cowboy boots or look down the barrel of a gun. Come to think of it, I know some Texas roadside taverns where you'd likely be doing both.

That is not because your average shitkicker is intolerant of gaudy Western-wear as such—hell, look at your truly hard-core hillbilly singers, whose outfits would stop the heart of a charging Brahma bull. No, it's because your average shitkicker is intolerant of pansies, fops, dudes, Yankees, weirdos, Communists, ethnic minorities and certain species of plants and animals. Plus some kinds of rocks, that's why.

And that's also why people in cowboy hats and boots always got treated so well up North. Northerners haven't been able to indulge their prejudices and act basically stupid since the Civil War; ever since winning, they've had to set a good example for the vanquished foe, and look where that got them: traffic jams without pickup trucks. (I'd elaborate on the influence of John Wayne movies since the Great Depression and the blurring of regional differences by television, and the resulting confusion over who can wear what style of hat, but, again, my editor won't let me.)

Personally, I understand and accept all that's happened. I just think it's goddamn pitiful to see the streets of New York and Chicago and probably Boston (ain't been there yet) crawling with effete intellectuals and fashion-conscious celebrities wearing store-bought superstyled cowboy hats sprouting peacock feathers, and trying to walk in pointy-toed high-heeled boots made of genuine simulated wart hog. Even if these suckers *are* screwing up my act, it's their right, after all. Free damn country, and I've been tolerant all my life.

It's just that one can't be a very successful fraud once the market becomes saturated. Wear cowboy gear in Chicago anymore and the cops no longer figure you for a helpless hick or a redneck kindred spirit; they take you for a dope dealer or an A.C.L.U. lawyer. And all the girls think you're queer. As for formerly respectful punks and the muggers, now they chase you down the street just to steal your hat. Shee-yit!

Until this trend blows over, I've decided to moth-ball my spiffy Texas lids in favor of old snap-brim fedoras from the Salvation Army. I don't know if I look much like Cagney or Bogart, but with my matching Thompson submachine gun, I still get lots of room on the bus.



Rest assured

Trojans are made to help you enjoy the feelings of love. They're thin, for your sensitivity. And they're designed with your desires in mind...lubricated or non-lubricated, shaped or ribbed, regular or receptacle end. Trojans are also safe and reliable. In fact last year pharmacists sold more Trojans than all other brands combined.

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GAMES

Rules

1. Assign numbers to the letters of the alphabet as follows:

A = 2	E = 6	I = 10	M = 14	Q = 18	U = 22	Y = 26
B = 3	F = 7	J = 11	N = 15	R = 19	V = 23	Z = 27
C = 4	G = 8	K = 12	O = 16	S = 20	W = 24	
D = 5	H = 9	L = 13	P = 17	T = 21	X = 25	



2. Then think of a word. Take BED and LOVER as examples.

3. Now, replace the letters of the word you picked in step 2 with the number values given in step 1. So BED would be 3-6-5, and LOVER would be 13-16-23-6-19.

4. Finally, multiply out all the numbers in the word to determine its official value. The product of BED (3 x 6 x 5) would be 90, and that of LOVER (13 x 16 x 23 x 6 x 19) would be 545,376. (You can see that a pocket calculator is a big help but not essential.)

Object

The object of the contest is to find a word that produces a score of exactly 1,000,000 (one million). If no one finds a word with a value of 1,000,000, then the score closest to 1,000,000 wins, regardless of whether that score is greater or less than 1,000,000. In the event of a tie, the winner will be chosen by random drawing from among those entries tying.

Acceptable Words

Any single unabbreviated word recognized by Webster's Third New International Dictionary (Unabridged) is acceptable. Plurals, verb forms, alternative spellings, hyphenated words, contractions, words with capital letters, and so on, are all fair game, provided they're listed in the main body of Webster's III, or clearly implied from the rules of Section 4 of the Explanatory Notes. Words appearing only in the Addenda, which varies from one printing to another, are not acceptable.

How to Enter

Just fill in the coupon below, or write your name, address, entry word, and score on a plain piece of paper and send it to: Games, P.O. Box 10147, Des Moines, Iowa 50340. (No purchase is necessary of course.) Entries must be received no later than October 1, 1980. Only one entry per person may be submitted. The contest will be judged by the editors of Games Magazine, and the winners will be notified by mail.

The contest is void where restricted or prohibited by law and is closed to employees, families and affiliates of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., and Games Magazine.

YES, I want to enter Games Millionaire Contest

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"Since the Hunts were taking delivery on their contracts, they had to put up roughly \$160,000,000."

governments of a few countries and the silver exchanges themselves.

Bunker and Herbert placed their orders with more than the usual concern for confidentiality. Secret buying strategies are common in the commodity-futures markets, where leaks of a big purchase can send prices skyrocketing. But most silver traders deal only in paper, not actual metal. The Hunts, however, were taking *delivery* on their contracts, all 55,000,000 ounces' worth. That meant they had to put up roughly \$160,000,000—in cash. Taking delivery on all that silver also meant that they had to store it somewhere. And that, in turn, necessitated the second and more secret phase of their silver-buying scheme.

Most of the details of the Hunts' great silver roundup are still secret, but sources familiar with the operation say it began with a shoot-out at the Circle K ranch. The property of H. L.'s second family, the Circle K is a 2500-acre spread located east of Dallas. As straw boss for the operation, Kreiling recruited a dozen cowboys from the Circle K by holding a shooting match to see who were the best marksmen. The winners received a special assignment: riding shotgun on the Hunts' hoard of silver.

With guns in hand, the Circle K cowboys flew up to New York aboard three chartered 707s. The planes came from a nationally known charter company, but the name of the firm was

covered with tape so that the only visible identifying marks were the planes' registration numbers. The aircraft landed at La Guardia in the dead of night. A short time after their arrival, a convoy of armored trucks arrived from the New York Commodity Exchange warehouse. Inside were 40,000,000 ounces of silver bullion. The transfer took place almost wordlessly. There was no joking or grabbing, just serious loading. When the planes were full, the cowboys climbed in and the pilots got clearance for take-off. Their destination: Zurich.

Upon their arrival in Switzerland, the Hunt planes were met by another convoy of armored trucks. The cowboys and the armed guards transferred the silver from the planes to the trucks. Then the bullion was driven to six secret storage locations in Zurich. Five of them were in bank vaults, among them the vault of Credit Suisse. However, the Hunts' silver hoard was too much for the available bank vaults to handle. The excess bullion had to be stored in the coffers of a Swiss warehouse named Freidlager.

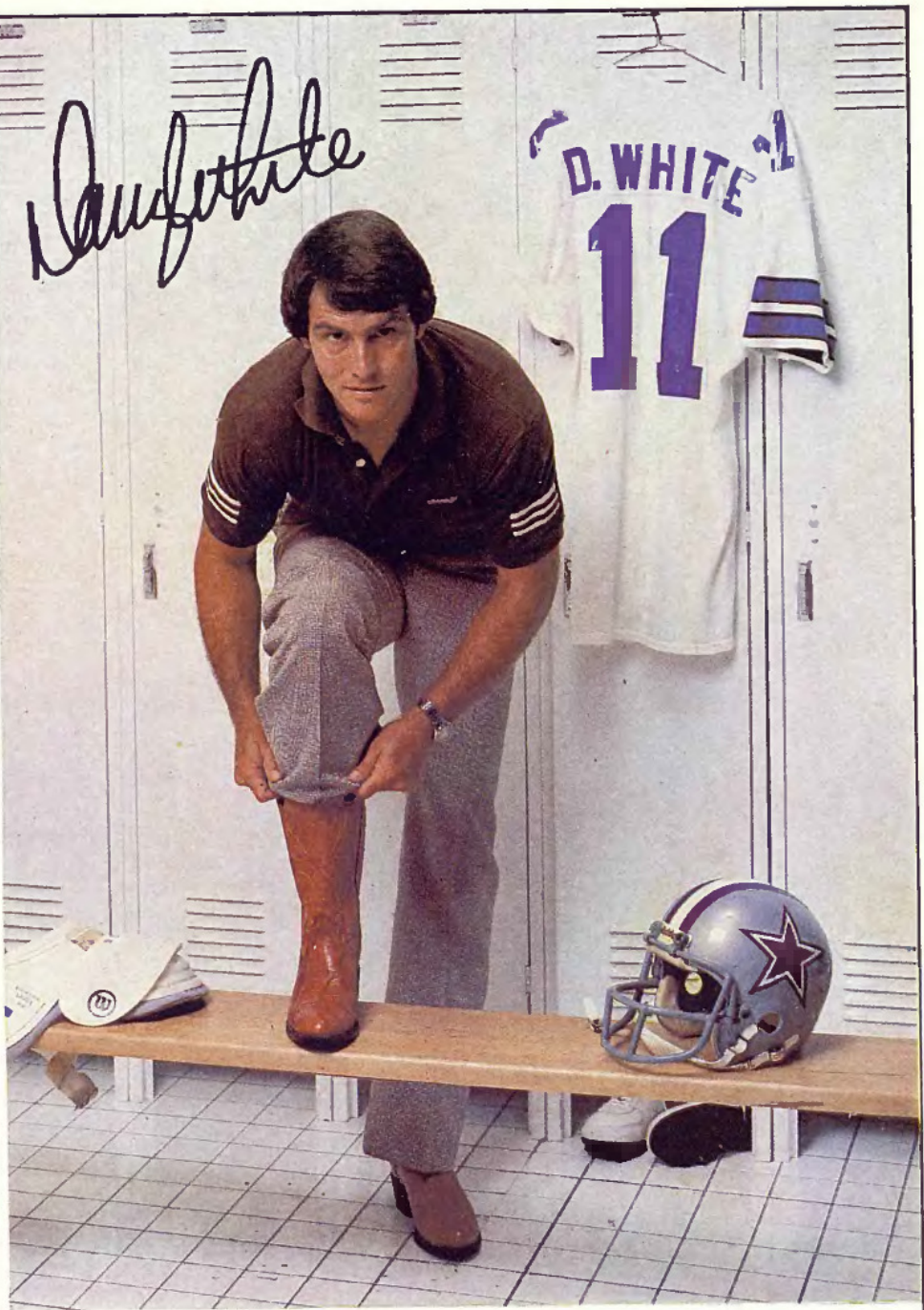
The costs of that transatlantic storage operation were enormous. Chartering the three 707s involved nearly \$200,000. On top of that, storage costs for silver ran on the average of a half cent per ounce per month. For the 40,000,000 ounces stashed in Europe and the 15,000,000 ounces still in exchange warehouses in Chicago and New Jersey, the annual storage charges amounted to some \$3,000,000. Still, flying the bullion to Switzerland was cheaper than taking it home to Texas, where the Hunts would have had to pay a four-and-a-quarter percent franchise tax to the state. More important, having his silver locked away in Swiss banks added to what Bunker wanted out of the deal most of all: a sense of security about his wealth.

For all his precautions, Bunker could not keep his silver-buying scheme a secret for long. In the spring of 1974, word hit the silver-trading floors of the world that a mysterious Texan named Hunt had just taken delivery on more silver than any single buyer had purchased in recent memory. The price rose to over six dollars per ounce. Veteran traders were in a panic. Even as they frantically asked one another, "Who's Nelson Bunker Hunt?" they whispered that the man was about to corner the market.

In most modern markets, talk of a corner would have been dismissed as just that—talk. The classic definition of a precious-metals corner is when an individual holds enough bullion and enough futures contracts to have a virtual monopoly on the total supply—and thus effective control of the price of both bullion and futures, since anyone who wanted the metal would have to come to him. Few people or groups have the skill or the financial resources to pull



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one off. Indeed, the last time anyone cornered the silver market was when the Bank of England accomplished the feat in 1717. As the veteran traders knew, however, silver was potentially more vulnerable than other commodities. Unlike gold, it has a wide range of industrial uses (most notably for photographic film), as well as a value in jewelry making. Annual production in 1974 was only about 245,000,000 ounces, while annual consumption was about 450,000,000 ounces. Exactly how much the total world supply amounted to was anybody's guess. Estimates ranged from 600,000,000 ounces to 800,000,000 ounces. Of that total, only 200,000,000 ounces was believed to be available for delivery against silver-futures contracts. While silver from tea sets, silverware and other sources had a way of coming out of the woodwork in times of high prices, many traders believed that it would take a lot less than 200,000,000 ounces to corner the silver commodities market. But how much less? Had Bunker Hunt found the magic formula? Was he now ready to cash in?

In April of 1974, Bunker stopped in New York to visit the floor of the Commodity Exchange for the first time in his life. When he walked onto the floor, all activity came to a halt. The traders dropped what they were doing and simply stared at the overweight, speckled Texan in the cheap blue suit. Later that day, Bunker granted a rare interview to a reporter from the financial journal *Barron's*. Although he politely refused to reveal the size of his silver holdings, Bunker did give the world a glimpse of his long-term intentions. As he put it in typically twisted syntax, "Just about anything you buy, rather than paper, is better. You're bound to come out ahead, in the long pull. If you don't like gold, use silver, or diamonds or copper, but something. Any damn fool can run a printing press."

On November 29, 1974, H. L. Hunt died at the age of 85. His death prompted a three-way family feud that would put the petty bickering of television's Ewing clan to shame. In his will, H. L. left all of his stock in Hunt Oil—about 80 percent of the company's shares—to his second wife, Ruth; and he named 31-year-old Ray L. Hunt, his son by Ruth, as his sole independent executor.

While many of their friends thought the will was fair, Bunker and his siblings were furious. The first family had already inherited the bulk of H. L.'s billions through their trusts. Hunt Oil still serviced the accounts of the first family-owned companies such as Placid Oil and Penrod Drilling, but the oil and real-estate properties still technically a part of Hunt Oil amounted to only \$300,000,000, or about one tenth of what the first family had already got-

ten. Still, \$300,000,000 was \$300,000,000. What's more, the first family objected to the will on status grounds. They did not like the second family and felt that the naming of their illegitimately born half brother as sole executor had bumped them into second place.

Finally, Bunker and Herbert informed Ray that the first family had decided to go their own separate way. Bunker and the others moved their offices from the Hunt Oil headquarters on the 29th floor of the First National Bank Building to the 25th floor. There they formed a new parent corporation called Hunt Energy.

Shortly after the first and second families split, Frania Tye Lee, the mother of H. L.'s third and still-secret family, filed suit for a larger share of the estate. Her children filed a separate suit to be recognized as the legitimate heirs of H. L. Hunt. Her suit went to trial in Shreveport, Louisiana, Federal court in January 1978. After five days of sensational testimony, the families settled with Mrs. Lee for \$7,500,000. Before the final papers could be signed, Mrs. Lee's sons began objecting to the agreement. The matter is unresolved to this day.

Amid all that family feuding, Bunker faced the unsettling prospect of a jury trial for wire tapping. No sooner had he formed Hunt Energy than he had to make contingency plans for running the family empire in the event of a conviction. He decided to take another stab at improving his silver position.

By this time, Bunker and Herbert had owned their 55,000,000 ounces for about a year, but the price was languishing around four dollars. Bunker still had confidence in the long-term outlook for the metal, but he was now in an ever-tightening cash squeeze. He believed, however, that if he could get another big buyer to join him in the silver market, prices might begin to rise again—maybe even catch fire.

So in early March of 1975, Bunker left Dallas with a tourist-class plane ticket and high hopes of finding a kindred spirit in the Middle East. When he arrived in London, he and an aide changed to reserved first-class seats on a flight for Tehran. That was not usually Bunker's custom, flying first class, but on this particular day, he flew first class for a very good reason. When he arrived at the Tehran airport, he was being met by his friend Mahmud Reza Pahlavi, the shah's brother, and he wanted to make the best possible impression. He had a business proposal for the Iranians: He wanted them to buy silver.

Upon his arrival in Tehran, Bunker was ushered via chauffeur-driven limousine to an appointment with the Iranian finance minister, Ansari. But despite his entree to the Pahlavi family, Bunker was unable to get a firm commitment from them to buy silver.

Choking and headachy from the Tehran smog, Bunker caught the next plane out, which happened to be bound for Zurich. Along the way, he decided that he might as well go on up to Paris and see his race horses. Then he got another idea: Why not try the Saudis?

When he landed in Zurich, Bunker sent his aide to telephone the family's Middle East expert in New York. The expert's name was Benjamin Harrison Freedman. A friend and contemporary of Bunker's late father, Freedman was a longtime right-wing activist. As such, he was typical of the Hunt family's informal brain trust, an amazing assortment of mostly archconservative and often slightly eccentric wizards of sciences and pseudo sciences ranging from economics to climatology.

Freedman advised Bunker to slow down. All the Middle East was aware of his trip to Tehran. To fly right over to Saudi Arabia would only offend King Faisal by making him seem second to the shah. Freedman urged Bunker to fly back to the United States first, and he would then make an appointment for him to see the king in about two weeks. That way, Bunker could show the proper respect for the king by coming directly from his own home country.

Bunker followed Freedman's advice. A meeting was arranged for three weeks thence. Bunker went on to Paris to see his horses and flew back to the U.S. Then on March 25, King Faisal was assassinated.

Faisal's death and the Hunt brothers' upcoming wire-tapping trial brought Bunker's silver play to a halt. Grimly, he and Herbert completed their contingency plans for the worst. With the coaching of their attorney Phil Hirschkop, they also affected a reunion with the second family. When they arrived in Lubbock for the start of the trial, the two families were flashing beauty-contest smiles, giving gush interviews to the press, chatting with the locals like new neighbors and generally acting like the most harmonious collection of kin-folk in America.

When the trial began in September, the Hunts pleaded ignorance of the law. Their excuse was that a new wire-tap statute had just gone into effect and the Watergate scandal had not occurred at the time of their alleged misdeeds. Secondly, the brothers claimed they had no evil intent in wire tapping—only a desire to protect their aging father from the thieves within his empire. The jury bought it all and acquitted the brothers in record time.

Bunker's performance lived up to his best standards. Though visibly concerned before the trial, he actually dozed off at one point in the proceedings. After the trial, he was fully awake and noticeably relieved, and his first comment was



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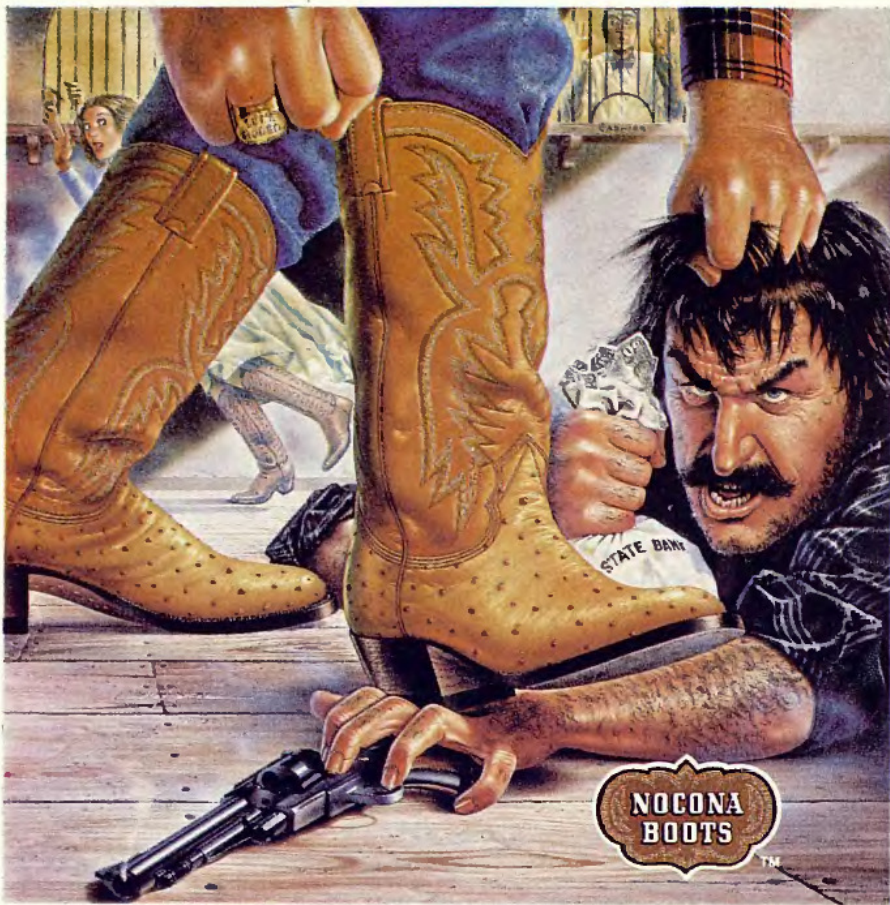
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to point up the exorbitant costs of Government harassment. In the five-year legal battle leading to their acquittal, he and his brother had spent an estimated \$1,000,000 in legal fees. "If Herbert and I had been just ordinary people," Bunker observed, "we could have been in real trouble."

Following the wire-tapping trial, Bunker was still in a cash squeeze and silver was still his biggest problem. But he refused to sell out or sit on the side lines while other deals passed him by. Unable to get the price of silver to move, he decided to borrow against his bullion and invest that cash in other big commodity plays. Such a strategy involved a double risk: If silver kept declining and his other plays also failed, he would be in more of a pinch than ever. But then, big risks were just the thing that got the Hunt blood stirring. So, with his silver at a standstill, he launched a family invasion of other commodities markets.

One was a lucrative but tempestuous bout in soybeans futures (in which Bunker was rightly accused by the Commodity Futures Trading Commission of violating the 3,000,000-bushel limit by any individual or group). The Hunts also began to focus on another area of the market. The initial object of the quest was sugar; the immediate target was Great Western United, the nation's largest sugar refiner. The deal had begun shortly before H. L.'s death as a spur-of-the-moment \$3,000,000 stock investment. Then the Hunts discovered that Great Western was plagued with management problems and, in late 1974, decided to buy 61 percent control of the company by laying out \$30,000,000 more. All of a sudden, the Hunts found themselves with a publicly owned corporation and all sorts of disclosure problems they had never had to put up with in the family's privately held enterprises. To make matters worse, the bottom dropped out of the sugar market during the first year of the take-over, and Great Western revenues declined some \$100,000,000.

Once again, Bunker turned to silver. Convinced that he could reverse some of Great Western's losses by getting the company into precious metals, he had it sell its sugar futures and start buying silver futures. By the spring of 1976, Great Western's trading company was out of all commodities except silver. Late that year, Great Western took delivery on some 20,000,000 ounces of bullion.

At that point, Bunker concocted one of his most cosmic schemes: a plan to trade that silver to the Philippines through Great Western. The Philippines would then send Great Western raw sugar for its refineries and exchange the silver for Saudi crude. With the Arabs into the silver market for \$100,000,000 worth, the price of silver would rise,

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Great Western would have sugar, the Philippines would have oil and all sides would be happy.

Herbert went over to the Philippines and got a favorable response from President Marcos. But the International Monetary Fund, which lent a great deal of money to the Philippines to buy crude, said it would not recognize silver as part of the country's national resources. In effect, the IMF ruling meant that the 20,000,000 ounces of bullion would be worthless in trying to get loans. With that, Bunker's scheme fell through. Great Western sold its bullion in early 1977 for \$88,500,000, thus offsetting a

substantial part of the revenues lost due to the collapse of the sugar market. Still, the company continued to operate in the red.

After the sale, the Hunt brothers took Great Western out of the silver-futures market, but not out of silver. Now they began using their newly acquired public company to go after one of the most precious of the precious-metal prizes: the largest silver mine in America. Owing the nation's biggest silver mine would be like the crown on the Hunts' silver empire. As a working mine, it was a productive asset in its own right. What's

more, its estimated reserves of over 30,000,000 ounces would give the Hunts a base lode in the U.S. to complement their stash in Europe. Finally, as the owners of an operating mine, they would qualify as commercial users of silver and would thus be exempt from the trading restrictions applicable to futures-market speculators. Although that would later seem to be a most important benefit, it was a factor that the Hunts did not consider at the time—or so they said.

Located near Kellogg, Idaho, the Big Creek mine was owned by a publicly traded company called Sunshine Mining. In the spring of 1977, Bunker and Herbert launched an attempt to take over Sunshine Mining through Great Western. Sunshine's management opposed the take-over, and a complicated flurry of litigation ensued. When the dust settled, the Hunt brothers emerged with 28 percent of the stock for \$19,500,000 and a settlement agreement stipulating that they could acquire the rest of Sunshine's stock at no less than \$15 a share, or about \$60,000,000. Thus assured that the nation's largest silver mine would soon be theirs, the Hunt brothers installed a lieutenant—G. Michael Boswell, the former president of Great Western United, by now renamed Hunt International Resources Corporation (HIRCO)—as the new president of Sunshine. Bunker and Herbert then turned to other things—such as figuring out how to buy more silver.

Given what was happening in the world and the ever-increasing price of gold, Bunker was now convinced more than ever that the price of silver was destined to catch fire soon. Rather than ease his cash squeeze by selling off his bullion (a move that would make him miss out on any upcoming price increases), he set out once again to find a silver-buying partner.

This time, Bunker's share of the Hunt luck came through—he got some interest from the Saudis. What first caught their attention was a letter Bunker sent to 50 wealthy Saudis in early 1978 explaining why he believed silver was bound for a big increase in price. According to sources familiar with the deal in the making, however, the actual Hunt-Saudi connection came not from the letter but from the hand of the ubiquitous John Connally.

In February of 1978, just as he was gearing up for his Presidential race, Connally introduced Bunker to Sheik Khaled Ben Mahfouz, a Connally client and business partner whose family controls the National Commercial Bank of Saudi Arabia in Jidda. Like most other wealthy Saudis, Mahfouz had connections to the royal family, but he was not royalty himself. Rather, as a sheik, not a prince, he was one of that class of Saudis who had risen to wealth at the

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Connally and Mahfouz had established a symbiotic business relationship. Mahfouz had purchased an interest in the Main Bank in Houston, an institution in which Connally happened to own a financial stake. The man the sheik had purchased his interest from was Saudi wheeler-dealer Ghaith Pharaon. The flamboyant Pharaon was Mahfouz' friend and Connally's client, but he was also the new owner of a stake in Bert Lance's National Bank of Georgia. Connally feared that even a remote association with Lance would damage his Presidential hopes. Mahfouz bought out Pharaon's interest in the Main Bank to save embarrassment for Connally. About the same time, Connally acquired an interest in Mahfouz' bank in Saudi Arabia.

By bringing Bunker Hunt and Mahfouz together in the winter of 1978, Connally was performing one of his most fabled functions—that of deal maker. The introductory meeting took place in Washington after Bunker and

Connally completed negotiations on a New Zealand deal the Hunts were in. No final commitment was made at the meeting, but plans were made to explore the deal further.

Then, just about the time a deal with the Saudis finally seemed to be in the offing, trouble developed back in Dallas. Ironically, part of the problem came from the fact that the price of silver finally began to move of its own accord. Responding at last to inflation and increases in other precious-metal prices, silver rose from four dollars an ounce to six dollars an ounce by January 1979. Prices continued a slow but steady climb toward the eight-dollar mark through the spring and early summer.

Meanwhile, G. Michael Boswell and the other young Hunt lieutenants in Sunshine Mining's management turned hostile to the scheduled Hunt take-over. Boswell and his men based their opposition on both personal and financial grounds. Complaining of heavy-handed treatment by HIRCO's managers, the

Sunshine men claimed that the \$15-per-share take-over price mentioned in the settlement agreement with the Hunts was a floor, not a ceiling. Boswell and his group made it clear they thought the price for Sunshine was now too low in light of the recent trends in silver prices. They wrote Sunshine shareholders a strongly worded letter warning them, "Don't Give Sunshine Away."

To the Hunt brothers, the Boswell letter was an act of high treason. He was, after all, *their* fair-haired boy. A bitter round of accusations and litigation followed, with the Hunts unleashing their private eyes to poke into the private lives of Boswell and the other Sunshine boys. But Boswell's warning had its intended effect on Sunshine stockholders. After an unsuccessful tender offer, the Hunts finally dropped their take-over attempt and sold their shares in Sunshine back to a management trust. A few weeks later, they bought up the outstanding 40 percent of HIRCO still owned by the public and took the company private.

In losing Sunshine, the Hunts lost the great silver mine they had lusted for. But their most sensational silver play was only beginning. In the summer of 1979, just after the dust settled from the shoot-out over Sunshine Mining, Bunker and Herbert completed negotiations for their silver-buying partnership with the Saudis. On July first, the partners incorporated a Bermuda-based trading company called International Metals Investment Company, Ltd. The firm's registration listed four principals: Nelson Bunker Hunt, William Herbert Hunt, Sheik Mohammed Aboud Al-Amoudi and Sheik Ali Bin Mussalem. International Metals' purpose was to invest in gold, platinum and, most of all, silver.

The participation of the two sheiks apparently resulted from Bunker's Connally connection. Like their mutual friend Mahfouz, both Al-Amoudi and Mussalem were *nouveau riche* Arabs from Jidda. Both men had made their money in real estate when the late King Faisal parceled out some of the land in the kingdom to allow sheiks outside the royal family to share in Saudi Arabia's prosperity. Sources familiar with the two sheiks indicate that Al-Amoudi was worth about \$300,000,000, while Mussalem was worth about \$100,000,000. Although such wealth made them rich men by most standards, it hardly put them in a league with the Hunts. What's more, by investing in silver, Al-Amoudi and Mussalem were defying conventional Saudi business wisdom, which held that investing in precious metals put petrodollars back in the hands of the West.

The equalizer, according to several accounts, was the sheiks' connection to the Saudi royal family. Known by conservative Arab financial men as high



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fliers, the two sheiks were not among the king's top advisors. However, both Al-Amoudi and Mussalem did know fellow Jidda resident Prince Faisal ben Abdallah al Saoud. Prince Faisal happened to be the son of Prince Abdallah, the commander of the Saudi national guard and a member of the kingdom's ruling triumvirate. Like Bunker Hunt, Abdallah was a lover of fine horses and a billionaire many times over. He could definitely afford to play in the same game with the Hunts. But, like other highly placed Saudis, Abdallah did not like having his name openly connected with business ventures, especially controversial ones. Although neither Abdallah's nor Faisal's name at any time appeared on the registry of International Metals, several sources have suggested that they were the real money behind Al-Amoudi and Mussalem.

The exact size of the International Metals Investment partnership is still secret, but, as subsequent events would prove, it was large enough to buy over 90,000,000 ounces of silver bullion. At an average price of ten dollars an ounce, such a hoard could be purchased (on margin) via silver-futures contracts for an initial cash outlay of some \$45,000,000. But to take delivery on the bullion, as the partners intended to do, some \$900,000,000 in cash would be required. As 50-50 partners with the Saudis, Bunker and Herbert would be responsible for putting up roughly \$450,000,000.

How, given their cash squeeze, did the Hunts plan on coming up with that kind of money? The answer is contained in the question. The Hunts had some money free from the sale of their Sunshine stock. More important, they also had the 42,000,000 ounces' worth of futures contracts they had been rolling forward for the preceding several months. Those contracts settled daily. For every dollar-an-ounce increase, another dollar an ounce was credited to the Hunts' cash accounts. Since the price of silver had been rising slowly but steadily since the first of the year, the Hunts were now building up sizable surpluses in their accounts. The value of the 55,000,000 ounces of bullion the brothers had bought back in 1973 and 1974 was also appreciating. With some 15,000,000 ounces of that bullion still stored in U. S. vaults, the Hunts also had handy collateral for cash loans. In effect, they could use their silver to buy more silver, literally pyramiding bars on top of bars.

Although the timing of their various loans is not clear as of this writing, it seems clear that the Hunts received loans both for buying silver and, later, for paying off some of their debts. One loan was for \$40,000,000 and was made by a syndicate including the Bache Group, Continental Illinois Bank and the Royal Bank of Canada. Another

THIS MONTH IN

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loan was for \$233,000,000 and was made by the First National Bank of Chicago, Irving Trust and eight other large banks. In addition, the New York branch of Swiss Bank lent the Hunts \$200,000,000 and Citibank lent \$17,500,000. While the conditions of those loans have yet to be made clear, they were apparently made in defiance of Federal Reserve Board chairman Paul Volcker's request that banks not make loans for commodity speculation.

The Hunts formed a new subsidiary for their International Metals Investment partnership, calling it, appropriately enough, Profit Investment. They chose the name not only for the obvious meaning but also because of a long-lasting family superstition that names beginning with the letter P and containing six letters—names such as Placid and Penrod—brought good luck.

The Hunt-Saudi silver buying began in mid-July, and began big. Working through both the Commodity Exchange (Comex) in New York and the Chicago Board of Trade (C.B.O.T.), the group purchased some 8600 silver-futures contracts, the equivalent of 43,000,000 ounces. All of the contracts were due for delivery that fall.

About the time the Hunts and the Saudis started buying, several other big buyers entered the market, too. One was Naji Robert Nahas, a Lebanese Arab living in Brazil who owned 23 multinational companies and had made many millions speculating in coffee futures. Nahas and the other big purchasers were identified only by corporate front names and addresses in Geneva and the Bahamas. Like Nahas, those mysterious foreign buyers placed most of their buy orders through ContiCommodity Services; together, the Conti group got into the market for another 42,000,000 ounces' worth of silver-futures contracts. Still other foreign buyers, many of them Kuwaitis and Bahrainis, also got into silver on the European exchanges via a company called Gulf Investment, which traded through the Arab consortium bank in Paris.

The identity of the new big buyers remained a secret through August and September, but what happened to the price of silver did not. Having risen slowly but steadily all year, the price suddenly jumped from eight dollars to over \$16 in only two months' time. Part of the price explosion was undoubtedly attributable to the voracious demand of

the big buyers. But, as the CFTC itself later observed, the demand was also consistent with the world-wide demand for precious metals as a hedge against inflation and unstable politics. Gold prices had already been surging upward for months. Silver had remained relatively underpriced, but was catching up. On October third, it closed at \$17.88 per ounce.

Both the Comex and the C.B.O.T. flew into a panic. Trading frenzied, then dried up as small investors scrambled for cover amid rumors that the new big buyers included the Hunts. Exchange officials grew increasingly anxious. The big buyers kept buying futures, but they also kept taking delivery as their old contracts matured. The warehouses of the two exchanges held only 120,000,000 ounces of bullion, and that amount was traded in the month of October alone. The Hunt-Saudi partnership itself took delivery on some 40,000,000 ounces. Combined with the Hunts' earlier purchases, this gave the group ownership of 62 percent of the stock in the Comex warehouse and 26 percent of the stock in the Board of Trade's vaults. International Metals also traded some of its futures for another 28,000,000 ounces of silver not held by the U. S. exchanges' vaults. Conditions looked ripe for a "squeeze": that situation where there is simply not enough bullion available to meet the strict delivery terms of the contracts.

At that point, the CFTC and the officials of the two exchanges decided to have a little talk with the Hunts. Explaining that they feared a squeeze, the exchange officials asked them if they would consider selling some of their silver. The brothers' answer was no. What was more, they said, they intended to keep buying silver and to keep taking delivery on it. They thought silver was still a good buy, even at the new high prices. Besides, as Bunker put it with typical understatement, "If you sell, you get into a tax problem."

On top of all that, Bunker really did believe in silver as a long-term investment, the underpinnings of a new economy. He did not say that in so many words to the CFTC men and the exchange officials, but he did give them a glimpse of his basic apocalyptic vision when he revealed a previously undisclosed feature of his silver play: the fact that he was moving his metal to Europe. This time, he did not fly the bullion overseas in chartered jets with cowboy guards. As he told the CFTC, Bunker simply traded 9,000,000 ounces' worth of metal he held in Chicago and New York exchange warehouses for an equal amount of bullion held by other traders in London and Zurich. The reason? As he explained to the CFTC and the exchange officials, he feared that the U. S. Government might expropriate silver from Americans just as it had



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expropriated gold back in the Thirties.

But Bunker's assurances that he was willing to cooperate as much as possible apparently mollified the CFTC officials; the C.B.O.T., however, concluded that it was time to act. In a move aimed directly at the Hunts and the other big buyers, the Board of Trade raised the margin requirement and declared that silver traders would be limited to 3,000,000 ounces of futures contracts. Traders with more than that would have to divest themselves of their excess futures holdings by mid-February 1980.

With that, the battle lines were drawn. Bunker let it be publicly known that he thought the C.B.O.T. was changing the rules in the middle of the game, and vowed to fight the limits all the way. Privately, he regarded the C.B.O.T.'s action as another conspiracy against him by the Eastern establishment. And for once, he had a good prima-facie case.

The boards of both the Chicago and the New York exchanges were composed not only of "outside" directors but also of representatives of the major, usually Eastern-based brokerage houses. Later testimony would reveal that nine of the 23 Comex board members held short contracts on 38,000,000 ounces of silver. With their 1.88-billion-dollar collective interest in having the price go down, it is easy to see why Bunker did not view them as objective regulators. At the same time, though, the C.B.O.T. restrictions made Bunker even more bullish on silver, because, as he put it, "they show a silver shortage exists."

Bunker appeared to be right. Through November and December, the price of silver rose faster than ever. By the last day of 1979, the price reached an astronomical \$34.45 an ounce. Meanwhile, the Hunts' silver holdings kept increasing. By the end of December, the Hunts and their Arab partners held 90,300,000 ounces of bullion that the CFTC knew about and another 40,000,000 ounces the Hunts had stashed in Europe. The Hunt group also held about 90,000,000 ounces' worth of silver futures, most of them due for delivery in March on the Comex in New York.

By this time, the CFTC became concerned that the silver positions held by the Hunts and the Conti group were "too large relative to the size of the U. S. and world silver markets." Subscribing to the philosophy that the futures market was not a substitute for the cash market, the commission determined that the time had come to stop Bunker's perverse buying spree. A meeting to decide what to do was set for January 8, 1980.

Then the Comex stepped in. On January seventh, the exchange announced new position limits restricting traders to no more than 10,000,000 ounces' worth of futures contracts. The effective date of the limits was set for February 18.

The day after the Comex announcement, the CFTC announced that it was backing the exchange's new limits.

Bunker was incensed. "I am not a speculator. I am not a market squeezer," he protested. "I am just an investor and holder in silver." Taking the offensive, he accused the exchanges and the Government of destroying the U.S. silver market by changing the rules in the middle of the game. "The market will move to Europe," he predicted ominously. "The silver market in this country is a thing of the past."

Strangely enough, the price of silver fell only one day in the wake of the Comex announcement, then started climbing even higher. Part of the reason for the continued price spiral, according to an after-the-fact analysis by the CFTC, was that Bunker kept buying silver. On January 14 and 16, the Hunts made agreements to take future delivery on 32,500,000 ounces of silver (mostly in London) at various dates that spring. The largest of those contracts were with Englehard Minerals. On January 17, silver hit a record high of \$50 an ounce.

Bunker could hardly be incensed about that. On that one day, the worth of the Hunts' silver-bullion holdings was nearly four and a half billion dollars. Since most of that silver had been acquired at less than ten dollars an ounce, they had a profit of over three and a half billion dollars. Bunker and Herbert had made nearly as much money in the past six months as their late father had made in his entire lifetime—at least on paper. Of course, if Bunker actually sold all that bullion, he would face enormous tax consequences. The trick now was to figure a way to utilize those huge gains without having them decimated by the tax man.

As Bunker pondered that, the exchanges decided to impose their most stringent restriction yet. On January 21, the Comex announced that trading would be limited to liquidation orders only. There would be no more futures buying. The game was closing down.

The next day, the price of silver plunged to \$34, a drop of ten dollars in a single day. It stabilized shortly after that, and remained in the mid to high 30s for the rest of the month. But in February, the price began to slide downward again. By that time, silver was literally coming out of the woodwork. In response to the new high prices, old ladies had been selling their tea sets. Families had been hocking their silverware. Coin collectors had been divesting themselves of their collections. In January and February alone, an estimated 16,000,000 ounces of silver coins and an additional 6,000,000 ounces of scrap silver had come onto the market. With the price of silver now dropping, some of those small sellers and small investors

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began complaining to the CFTC about the exchange restrictions.

Bunker, meanwhile, remained as bullish as ever. "Why would anyone want to sell silver to get dollars?" he asked in amazement. "I guess they got tired of polishing it."

Prudently or not, Bunker practiced what he preached. In early February, the Hunts took delivery of 26,500,000 ounces of bullion from the Chicago exchange. That brought the brothers' total group holdings (including their partnership with the Arabs and their European silver stash) to slightly over 155,000,000 ounces. Instead of selling his futures, most of which were set for delivery in March, Bunker simply rolled them forward into the months of May and September. He also bought a \$4,250,000 stake in Goldfield, a silver-mining concern, and a six-and-a-half percent stake in his own silver broker, the Bache Group. In late February, the Hunts made headlines in Dallas for an unusual precious-metals-based employee-benefits package. The plan provided that Hunt employees could take their bonuses in silver, gold or cash, whichever was highest at the time the benefits were paid out. That was not the act of a man who believed the price of silver was going to crater.

Neither were the things Bunker was

doing behind the scenes. In late February, with the price now hovering in the low 30s, Bunker began another global search for a silver-buying partner. Despite the recent price slippages, the prospects looked good. The Kuwaitis and the Bahrainis in Gulf Investment had sold their silver near the top of the market for an estimated \$22,000,000 profit. Elated by their success, the group was ready to get back in the market again. They proposed a new venture in partnership with Bunker to be called Gulf Precious Metals. The intention of this new group was to raise another \$500,000,000 to buy more silver; of that total amount, Bunker would supply 10 to 20 percent.

There followed a series of meetings in Paris, the Persian Gulf States and Texas. One of the meetings took place in Dallas on February 26. Among those in attendance were Mario Araktingi, a Greek Arab who advises the Saudi royal family on investments; Mohammed Ishmael, a director of the Arab bank in Paris; Sheik Mahfouz, the Saudi banker and Connally client; and the Hunt brothers, Bunker and Herbert. After the gathering, the Arabs flew off to Bermuda, home base of International Metals, then turned around and went back to Dallas for another meeting with the Hunts.

Meanwhile, with the ready cash of

Placid Oil, the Hunts were making several large nonmetal investments. Placid bought the oil reserves of a company called Bodcaw for \$190,000,000 in cash, then purchased \$100,000,000 in stock in oil-rich Louisiana Land and Exploration Company. After that, Placid bought a 9.6 percent stake in coal-rich Gulf Resources and Chemical Corporation, then announced a \$350,000,000 tender offer for the rest of the stock. Gulf Resources' board voted against the tender and the Hunts backed off.

Then rumors circulated that the Hunts had an even more prodigious take-over target: Texaco. Like cornering a modern market, taking over one of the Seven Sisters was almost too absurd for most people to think about. By one estimate, taking over the whole company would have cost ten billion dollars at prevailing market prices. Even the Hunts, with an estimated four billion dollars in paper profits in silver, would be hard pressed to make that kind of play. But by that time, it seemed like anything was possible for the Texas brothers. So, while the purchases of Texaco stock by Placid were never confirmed, the rumors continued to circulate.

At the same time, the price of silver continued to drop. On March third, it was at \$35.20 an ounce; but by March 14, it was down to \$21. One reason for the price drop was the rapidly spiraling interest rate; that not only strengthened the dollar but also raised the cost of buying on margin. Another reason was the fact that at January's \$50 price, there were fewer and fewer people left who could afford to buy silver. Still another reason was the fact that world tensions had eased a bit—and the flight into precious metals as a haven from the apocalypse finally slowed.

For Bunker and his Arab partners, the continuing price drop spelled enormous trouble. It meant, for one thing, that the value of their already delivered silver bullion was decreasing rapidly. At \$21 an ounce, the Hunts' silver was worth nearly two billion dollars less than what it had been worth a few weeks before. That meant so much less collateral available for new silver-buying loans. Even worse, the declining prices meant that the Hunts had to keep coming up with more cash margin money to maintain their futures positions, which were in the 60,000,000-ounce range. By late March, their margin calls at Bache were in excess of \$10,000,000 per day.

Still confident that silver prices would turn upward again, Bunker refused to sell out. But despite his optimism, prices continued to drop, and the margin calls continued to mount. Everything finally came to a head on March 25, 1980. Bache called Dallas that afternoon to inform the Hunts of a \$135,000,000 margin call. Herbert responded with a stunner:



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"We can't make it."

The Bache people could hardly believe it. Had their biggest client reached the end of the rope? Still reeling from the thought of it, the Bache men told Herbert they would have to begin liquidating the Hunts' contracts. Herbert indicated that they should go ahead if that was what was required.

The next day, Bache sold off \$100,000,000 of Hunt bullion. It also contacted the CFTC. Bache told the commission that the Hunts' account carried an equity of only \$90,000,000 and that the brothers would probably lose another \$86,000,000 in the next day's trading. Combined with other recent losses of \$40,000,000, that left a deficit in the Hunts' account of some \$36,000,000. More important as far as the rest of the world was concerned, it was the kind of news that raised the specter of a full-scale financial disaster. Word that the Hunts' losses had imperiled the stability of a major brokerage house could drive the market into a panic.

CFTC chairman James Stone sounded the alarm to the Government's financial heads of state. A short time later, fearing the worst, Stone, Volcker, SEC chairman Harold Williams and Deputy Treasury Secretary Robert Carswell began a round-the-clock silver-market monitoring session.

That same day, Bunker suddenly turned up in Paris. At eight P.M. Paris time, which was two P.M. in New York, he released a remarkable announcement to the press via a Paris agency. His statement said that he and four Arab partners had acquired "more than 200,000,000 ounces of silver" and that the group was putting up its hoard to back the sale of silver bonds. The statement went on to say that the bonds would be distributed through "big European banks" (though it did not name any) and promised that the bonds would be in denominations of varying size, so as to attract small investors as well as large ones. Bunker's statement disclosed that his partners in the silver-bonds venture were Prince Faisal bin Abdallah, Sheik Al-Amoudi, Mahmoud Fustok (a Saudi contractor and advisor to the prince) and Naji Nahas, the Brazilian Lebanese who had purchased silver with the Conti group.

The announcement carried a host of intriguing ramifications. On one level, it appeared that he had achieved his dream: the creation of his own separate economy. Just as the governments of the world had issued currencies by virtue of the metal they owned, Bunker and his Arab partners were now planning to issue their own "real" money, even as the governments of the world were now issuing paper with no metal behind it.

In reality, Bunker's announcement carried a far more desperate message. The silver-bonds arrangements were obviously incomplete, or he would have

been able to name the banks involved. With silver prices dropping and a personal financial debacle in the offing, Bunker was apparently making a last-ditch confirmation of the fact that he was still bullish on silver.

The next day, Thursday, March 27, the silver market collapsed. The price of silver opened that day at \$15.80 per ounce. Then rumors started circulating that the Hunts had a one-billion-dollar margin call and they were not going to be able to meet it. Subsequent rumors said that Bache was on the verge of going under. The price of silver plummeted to \$10.80 an ounce. The debacle spilled over into the stock market on the strength of an additional rumor that the Hunts were selling off huge stock shares in Louisiana Land, Gulf Resources and Texaco. The Dow-Jones average dropped a staggering 25.43 points, hitting its lowest level in five years. It looked to many like the sky was falling.

About that time, a second wave of rumors hit the streets. The Hunts would be able to meet their margin call, after all. The price of silver remained at its \$10.80 level, but the stock market rallied incredibly. Bargain hunters and other buyers brought the Dow-Jones back up to only 2.14 points below the level at which it had begun the day.

Shock waves from the silver crash reverberated around the world. For the little guy, there was reason for rejoicing: The break in silver prices was one of the first big price downturns in a long time. For investors who had gone short on silver, it was a time for raking in big profits. Armand Hammer, chairman of Occidental Petroleum, for one, reported a gain of \$119,000,000 in silver's slump. For investors who had followed the Hunts, there was reason for jumping out of windows: They lost millions that they could afford to part with far less easily than could Bunker and Herbert. But even for those who had remained on the side lines, there was reason for grave concern. There had not been a day like Black Thursday since the Great Depression.

As the world press tried frantically to reach him, Bunker made himself unavailable for comment. Shortly after making his silver-bonds announcement, he left Paris on a plane to Saudi Arabia to consult with his Arab partners. Having been billions ahead, he was now staring at billions in losses. The only thing he said before taking off was, "It'll all come out in the wash."

Bunker's prediction turned out to be more accurate than he might have wished. Instead of repeating Black Thursday's debacle, silver prices rallied to \$12 an ounce the next day. But Bunker and Herbert Hunt found themselves with some of the biggest losses in U.S.

financial history. Since January, the value of their silver bullion had depreciated by nearly four billion dollars. Because most of that silver had been purchased at under ten dollars an ounce, they were actually still a little bit ahead on their bullion purchases. But they had taken a tremendous beating in the futures market and on silver contracts they had purchased when prices were in the \$35-an-ounce range. The exact extent of the Hunts' troubles was hard even for them to determine, but it quickly became clear that their outstanding debts were in the one-and-a-half-billion-dollar range, including a \$665,000,000 delivery contract with Englehard that they could not meet.

With much of their holdings pledged as collateral on loans that, in turn, had been used to buy silver, the Hunts and their bankers were in a double bind. The more the price went down, the more they owed, and the less their original collateral—their silver—was worth.

On the Sunday following Black Thursday, Bunker flew in from Saudi Arabia to meet with Herbert and the Englehard people in Dallas. Since Bunker was fatigued, Herbert did most of the talking, and most of what Herbert had to say sounded pretty grim. Among other things, he informed the Englehard men that all the Hunts' silver was already pledged as collateral on loans, or, as he put it, was "all under water." Such a predicament might have seriously upset other mortals, but not Bunker Hunt. Confronted with his multibillion-dollar troubles, he simply observed that "a billion dollars isn't what it used to be."

Despite their ability to remain calm, the Hunts did not succeed in working out a deal with Englehard in Dallas. So that afternoon, they and the Englehard men flew to Boca Raton, Florida, where the heads of the nation's largest banks had gathered for a meeting of the Federal Reserve City Bankers Association. Volcker happened to be in town to give a speech to the association, and upon hearing of the Hunt-Englehard problem, allowed that he had no objection to their trying to negotiate a loan, despite his earlier disapproval of lending for commodity-speculation purposes.

Through the night and into the wee hours of the morning, the Hunts and the Englehard men negotiated with the bankers. Volcker sat in on some of the talks and, at one point, even appeared with a shirt over his pajama top to check on the status of the negotiations. But even under the benign gaze of the Federal Reserve Board chairman, the bankers could not come to terms with the Hunts. The brothers' maze of debts, commitments and interlocking collateral was just too complicated. As one participant put it, "There were just too many loose ends."

(concluded on page 214)



"Please, Marty, not here—it makes me feel so . . . dirty."

EARLY TIMES. THE WAY IT WAS, IS THE WAY IT IS.



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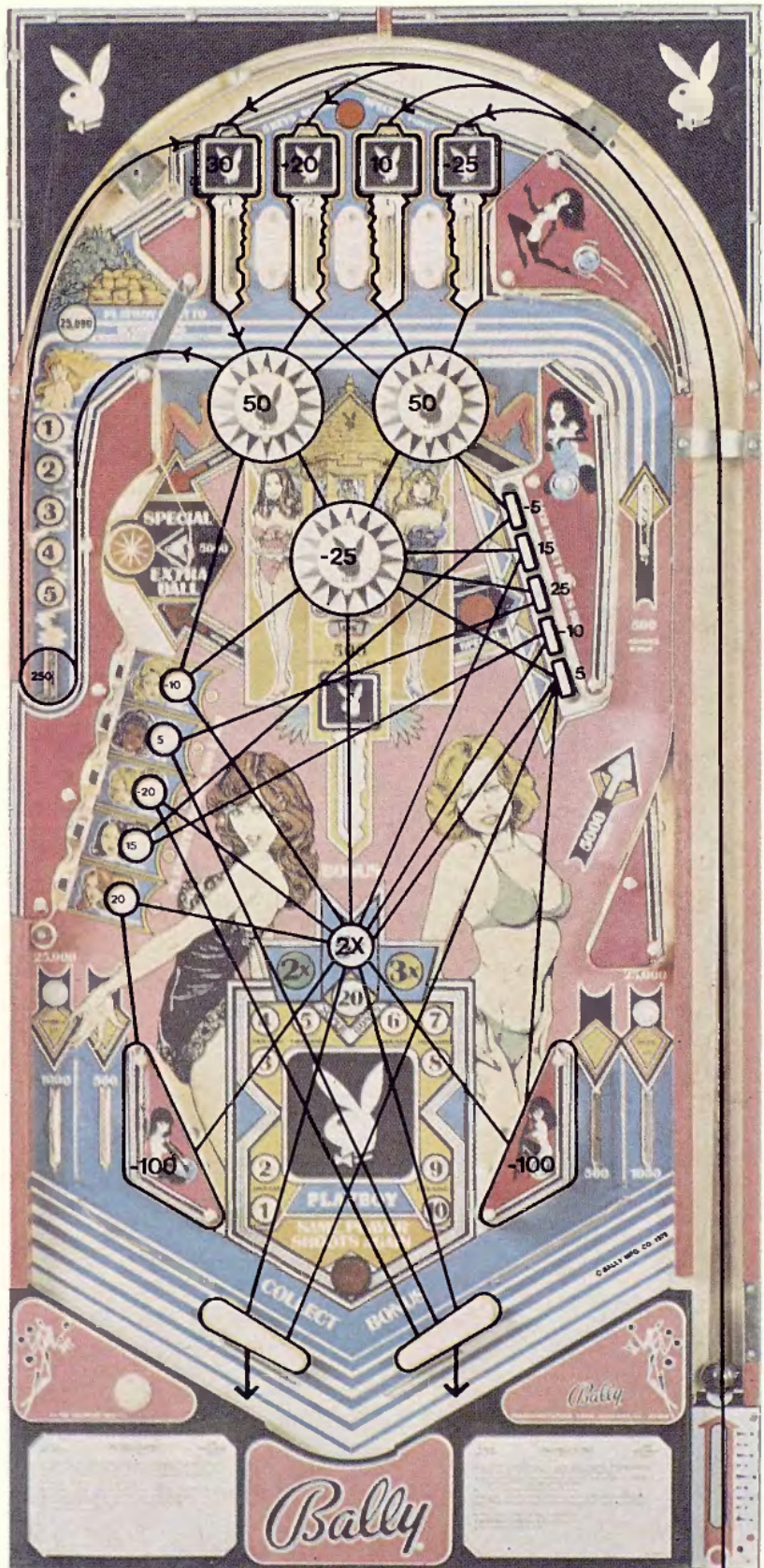
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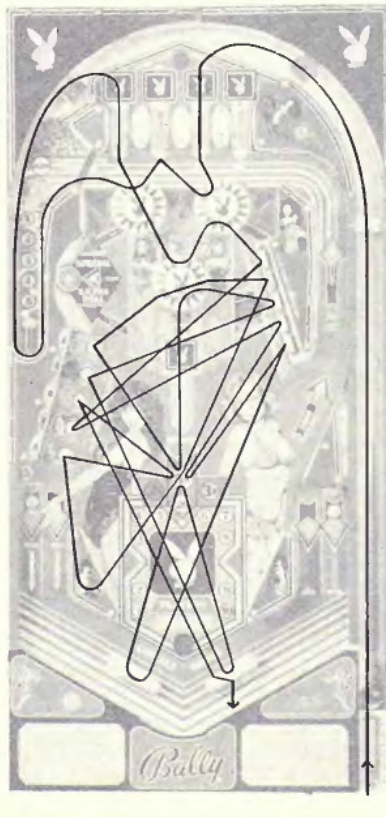
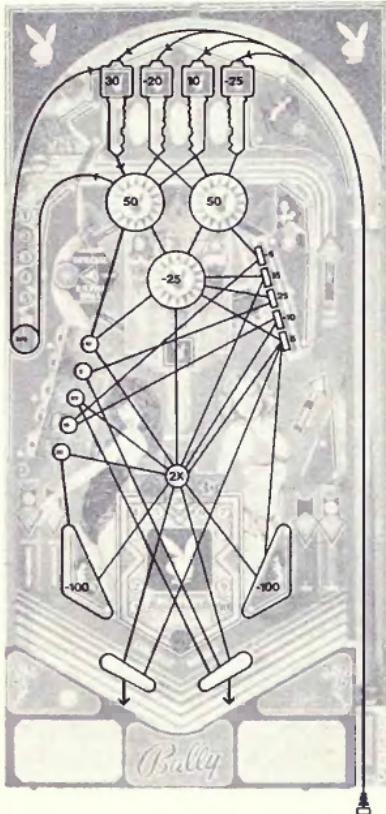
We suggest you arm yourself with a calculator. The test, should you choose to accept it: See if you can outscore our (almost) unbeatable pinball high: 14,100.

—BY PHIL WISWELL AND THE EDITORS OF *GAMES* MAGAZINE



Answers on page 244

Answers to puzzle on page 243



SILVERFINGER

(continued from page 240)

Nevertheless, by the time the sun rose, the Hunts and Englehard had managed to reach an accommodation. Under the terms of the deal, the Hunts agreed to give Englehard 8,500,000 ounces of silver and a 20 percent interest in their Canadian oil properties in the Beaufort Sea. Although carried on the books as worth about \$275,000,000, the Beaufort Sea properties have a potential worth estimated at \$600,000,000 to \$750,000,000. But the wells there have yet to come on production and it may be years before they do. At this point, the Hunts just don't know how much their deal with Englehard will cost them.

With the completion of the Englehard agreement, negotiations for a loan to the Hunts picked up again. Fearing that the Hunts' inability to pay their silver debts might cause more major tremors in the nation's financial system, Fed chairman Volcker gave his tacit approval to a plan to bail the brothers out. Under the terms of the deal, a consortium of banks, including First National Bank of Dallas and Morgan Guaranty of New York, has agreed to lend 1.1 billion dollars to a partnership composed of the Hunt brothers and Placid Oil, the most viable entity under the Hunt family corporate umbrella. The partnership, in turn, will use the money to pay off the Hunt brothers' silver debts.

The Hunts' loan does not come cheap. As collateral, Placid has mortgaged substantially all of its oil-and-gas properties in Louisiana and the Gulf of Mexico; those properties make up roughly one half of the company's six billion dollars in assets. In addition, Bunker and Herbert have contributed collateral in the form of 63,000,000 ounces of silver bullion and coal properties worth an estimated \$480,000,000. They have also agreed not to speculate in the silver market until the 63,000,000 ounces of silver they have contributed to the partnership have been sold off.

On top of all that, Bunker and Herbert have also had to make some costly internal family financing arrangements. Fearing that Placid, the family jewel, might be left holding the bag if silver prices declined further, the Hunt sisters insisted that the boys put up even more of their own property to secure Placid's interest in the silver partnership. Along with their brother Lamar (who participated in the silver deal to a much lesser extent than did his brothers), Bunker and Herbert have mortgaged their race horses, furs, fine paintings, coin collections, jewelry and cars—as well as more oil and real-estate properties. The bottom line is that in trying to prove themselves even greater money-makers than their late father, the Hunt brothers have

ended up putting the better part of the family empire in hock.

At this writing, the future of both Nelson Bunker Hunt and the silver market remains very much up in the air. Many analysts believe that at \$12-\$14 an ounce, silver is now drastically underpriced. While prices may not shoot through the \$50-an-ounce mark again any time soon, there is a good possibility they could climb back up to the \$20-\$25 range. If that happens, the Hunts could easily pay off their silver debts and even wind up with some tidy profits.

On the other hand, if silver languishes or drops even lower, the Hunts could lose hundreds of millions more. In addition to worrying about the price, they have to pay interest on their 1.1-billion-dollar loan at the rate of \$500,000 per day, which works out to more than \$180,000,000 per year. The Hunts also have to deal with a market that knows they must sell. Even if silver is going up in the long run, that selling will inevitably drive the price downward in the short term, and the market appears to be waiting for that to happen. Finally, the Hunts may well have to cope with even more silver than what they have put into the partnership with Placid. They claim that they have only 63,000,000 ounces left. But their huge purchases in 1973 and 1974 seem to have been lost in the calculations. The brothers may actually hold another 40,000,000 ounces of silver in their European stash. But as long as prices remain depressed, that extra hoard does them little good.

Whether or not these dark clouds turn out to have a silver lining, it is more than likely that the brothers will be able to pay off their debts one way or another. The sheer size of their nonsilver holdings makes bankruptcy a most remote possibility. For Bunker, the worst part of all this is not his losses but the increasing amount of public disclosure and Government inquiry the Hunts have been subjected to in order to pay off their debts. According to his friends, the stress of these developments has caused Bunker's legs to sweat and even made him lose a little weight.

Yet, as one associate says, "For a man who has just lost billions, he looks remarkably calm—but then, he's like that." Down but far from out, Bunker remains bullish on silver. He fully expects that prices will rise and that his financial situation will take care of itself. He also believes he may have grounds for a lawsuit against the commodities exchanges for changing the silver-buying rules. As he put it in a recent appearance before a Congressional investigating committee, "The game is not over."

The people who know Bunker Hunt best don't doubt that for a minute.



The new FISHER



The micro processor controlled turntable that automatically selects and plays the tracks you want to hear.

Push the wireless remote control button and select track 1, track 3, track 6 or any other. The micro processor automatically moves the arm to play the selected track. You can repeat the same track, select another or play the entire record over again all by wireless remote control. And there's an LED readout to indicate the track being played.



your record collection becomes easier and more convenient than ever before.

The MT6360 Linear Drive turntable is not only great for really enjoying the music you like, but it's a sophisticated audio component with some extraordinary design features.

Fisher's exclusive Linear Drive. With Linear Drive, the only moving part is the platter itself. So, there's virtually nothing to go wrong. And, no inherent turntable noise. (For you audiophiles, wow and flutter is just 0.035% and rumble is a low -70dB).

There's a lot more. There's a servo circuit that continuously monitors and locks in record speed.

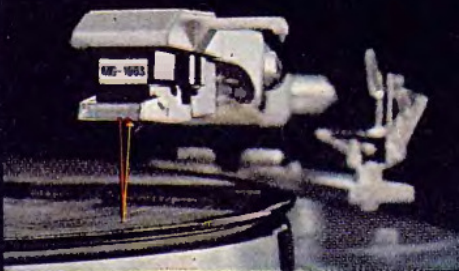
Plus a strobe light and fine speed control so you can monitor the accuracy of speed and alter pitch.

The MT6360 has a viscous-damped "floating" tonearm with a specially designed integral stereo magnetic cartridge. And there's even a muting circuit to eliminate that annoying "pop" you hear when the tonearm touches down.

It's what you'd expect from the new Fisher. We invented high fidelity over 40 years ago. And never stopped innovating. So check out the new MT6360 at your Fisher dealer. One demonstration of the automatic track selector will change, forever, the way you listen to records.

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You'll notice how much it tastes like fine Scotch—only lighter and more

delicate.

The dedicated Scotch drinker will instantly appreciate this flavor difference.

Though it may take a little time getting used to saying, "Jameson Irish and water, please."

Jameson. World's largest-selling Irish Whiskey.

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GEAR

A CUT ABOVE

Once man discovered iron, he began turning it into blades, without much thought to elegance. That was the next step, and after a few millennia of cleavers, cutlasses, dirks, daggers, swords, scimitars, machetes, bowies, bayonets and battle-axes—from the purely utilitarian to the ceremonially ornate—we arrive at the classic American pocket-knife refined to the level of art. Functional Quality cutlery, in any case, though playing mumblety-peg or whit-

a man might think twice about skinning coons, tling a piece of oak with his \$1000 Puma.



Clockwise from one: Pearl-handled Pardue customized by Herman Williams, \$150. Paulary Blades, \$70. Frost Cutlery's Vixen with an ivory handle, from San Diego Knives, \$1000. Khyber dress knife of stainless steel and ebony insert, by Ka-Bar Cutlery, Inc., \$13.50. Another Khyber knife with a polished coral-bone handle, by Ka-Bar Cutlery, Inc., \$13.50. Last, the limited-edition (600) Smoky Mountain Knife Works' Black Bear, a pearl-handled double-bladed folding knife, comes with a nifty Wild Hog knife (not shown), \$99.95 the set.

pocketknife, from Hunting World, New York, \$595. Stag-handled Schrade knife with a stainless-steel blade and a Micarta-inlaid handle, from Gerber Legend-abalone handle and a Shady Lady etched in the blade, from San Diego Knives, San pany's limited-edition (only 734 made) Puma CK-734 has an etched gold-filled blade

FASHION

EDUCATED FEET

As we mention in this month's *Back to Campus* fashion forecast, undergrads have definitely gotten their clothing act together and given the old heave ho to tattered grubbies that don't deserve closet space. And while you're in the mood to clean house, guys, give the boot to that pile of run-down footwear that's under your dresser. Shoes are just as important to an over-all fashion look as any other item you wear

and manufacturers have come through with a wide variety of handsome yet inexpensive styles from which to choose. A basic check list would include a pair of lace-up dress shoes, some loafers and hiking/foul-weather boots and (fresh) sneakers. But keep in mind that while any particular shoe will work well with several different outfits, having a few extra pairs will give your wardrobe a welcome lift and variety.—DAVID PLATT



Opposite page, top to bottom: Leather lace-up hiker boot that's water repellent, has a padded leather collar and rubberized lug sole and heel, by Timberland, \$74. Suede/perforated leather saddle shoe with rubberized sole and heel, from Hush Puppies by Wolverine, \$40. Latigo leather tasseled slip-on with hand-sewn trim and a leather sole and heel, from Roblee by Brown Shoe, \$48. Saddle-leather-type and rubber waterproof lace-up boot with removable felt liner, by Dunham, about \$40. Below, top to bottom: Quilted nylon water-repellent boot, by Genesco, about \$30. Saddle-leather penny loafer, by Dexter, \$42. Leather two-eyelet oxford, by Sperry Top-Sider, about \$56. Split-suede demiboot with leather trim and rubber sole and heel, by Streetcars, \$46.



DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

Perhaps because many felt it too exotic for menswear, velvet had faded from the male fashion scene. Now there are indications that this sensuous fabric is making a comeback. We especially like velvet sports jackets, which are available in a variety of rich colors. Pair one with some tailored jeans or use it as a dinner jacket.

If you're unsure about mixing colors, a handy guide is your fancy-patterned shirt collection. After all, fabric and shirt designers are expert colorists, and often in their multicolor patterns they will mix shades that you might not consider. For example, a shirt composed of fine striping may at first glance come across as heathery blue. But a close look reveals stripes in two shades of blue, off-white, khaki, copper and black. Thus, several combinations are possible. One idea would be a black-velvet jacket, copper/brown tweedy tie, khaki slacks, brown loafers and pale-blue cashmere socks.

There are indications that the breast-pocket square for jackets is regaining popularity. While we've found this look just a touch foppish and affected for average business wear (unless you resemble Adolphe Menjou), a silk pocket square does add color and flare to semiformal eveningwear and, paradoxically, to country tweeds.

Our feeling is that the much ballyhooed preppie look (a crew-neck sweater worn with a button-down shirt, regimental-stripe tie, chino slacks and penny loafers) is best left on campus. Still, there are elements of such traditional styles that can work well in your wardrobe regardless of your fashion orientation. The key, of course, is to adapt the clothes to your needs, not vice versa.

RICHARD IZUI

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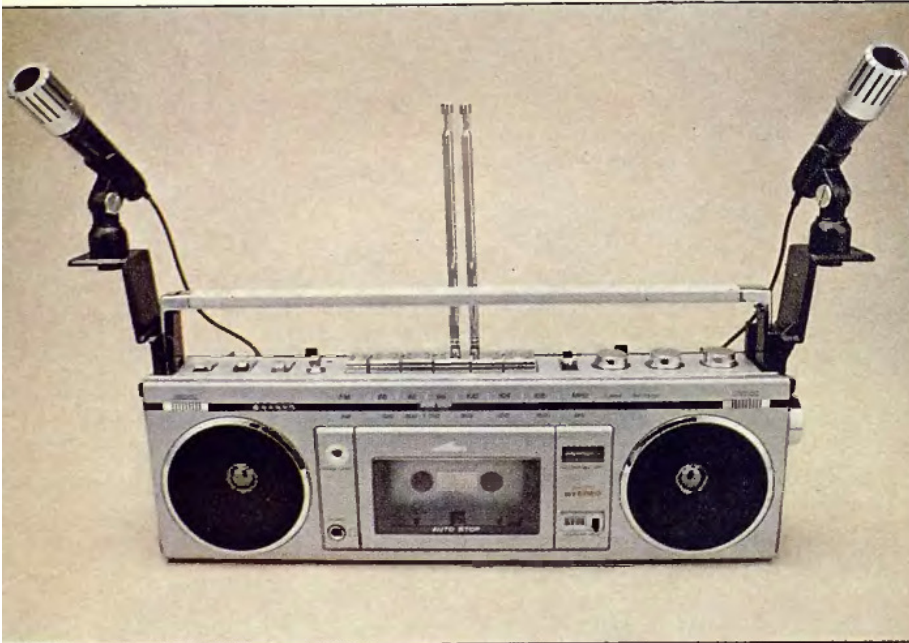
CLASSIC QUALITY SINCE 1863.



PORTABLES GET IT TOGETHER

G uys standing on the corner watching all the chicks go by have nicknamed this new breed of portable hi-fi the Box. And, in a way, that name fits, because these rugged self-contained sound systems are a real surprise package of style and value and a delight to play, on the shelf or on the road. All house an AM/FM radio and a cassette unit—plus twin speakers, of course—but there the similarities stop. If you want to bring back live sounds, Sanyo has a unit featuring both built-in condenser mikes and twin external mikes that are so sensitive

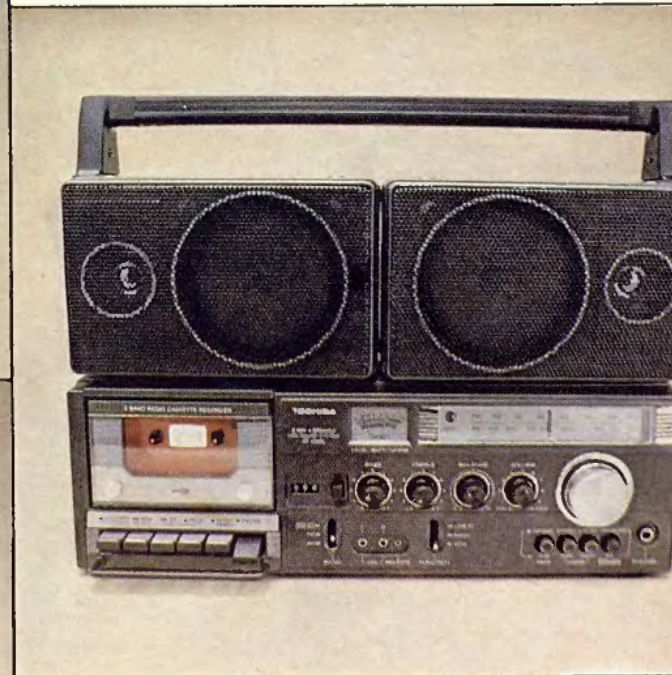
they'll practically capture the zzzzzs of a gnat snoring. And hi-fi addicts who like to record from one cassette to another or who want to capture up to two hours of straight sounds on tape should check out Sharp's new double-cassette system that not only doubles your recording time but also has two short-wave bands, just in case you'd like to tune in to Radio Morocco or some Jamaican reggae. Best of all, you don't have to float a loan or hock your watch to purchase one of these babies. The most expensive model below is about \$540, with some much less. Turn them on!



Left: Sanyo's Model M7700 AM/FM stereo minicassette player is unique: Those twin "ears" you see sticking up are actually external mikes that let you take the M7700 traveling to capture your favorite sounds in live stereo. It has built-in condenser mikes, too, and can record in stereo directly from the tuner, \$229.95. Below: Model RT-8700T stereo radio/cassette recorder is a flexible unit that can be played with the speakers mounted on top, on the sides or away from the console for stereo listening or removed for portable recording, by Toshiba, \$349.95.



Above: Marantz' Superscope CRS-4000 AM/FM stereo cassette recorder can be taken on the road or coupled with other components at home; its large speakers, lightweight cabinet and easy-operating push-button selectors make it an ideal system for a dorm or a summer home, \$420. Right: Sharp's Model GF-555 stereo radio/cassette doubles your listening pleasure, as it has two cassette systems for tape-to-tape recording and two-hour listening time—plus two short-wave bands, AM/FM, two built-in condenser mikes, an edit pause button and LED indicators for VU, tuning and battery checks, \$539.95.



DON AZUMA

GRAPEVINE



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The Divine Cure for Writer's Block

She captured the concert hall, she captured the silver screen, she captured the recording studio, what more could BETTE do? Write a book. *A View from a Broad* captures the written word. Now she's working on her posture.

The Empire Strikes Back

You can never trust a princess. Just look at this! MARK HAMILL has to fight the forces of evil and keep an eye on his girlfriend at the same time. That's hard even in *this* galaxy.



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The Famous Missing-Button Caper

As a public service, we take you behind the scenes of superagent Maxwell Smart's new movie, *The Nude Bomb*. Agent Smart, a.k.a. DON ADAMS, is searching for his Instamatic camera, because even he wants a shot of co-star PAM HENSLEY working on her lines. Oh, those lines!



PETER C. BORSARI



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Here's Looking at You, Kid

There's a beautiful face, and a good actress, behind this mug shot. KAREN ALLEN can be seen on the big screen in *A Small Circle of Friends* and soon on the small screen in a seven-hour miniseries, *East of Eden*. The eyes have it!

This Is Not Steve Allen...

or Buddy Holly or even Elvis Costello. This, folks, is PAUL McCARTNEY. On his solo album, *McCartney II*, Paul plays all the instruments. He filmed the sessions dressed as characters from the world of rock, calling the band The Plastic Macs. We think it's the solution to a Beatles reunion.



DAVID THORPE



SCOTT DOWNIE/JACE'S ANGELS

You've Got a Friend

LINDA THOMPSON has hung out with some heavy hitters over the years: Elvis for one, and now Bruce Jenner. This month, she's hanging out in Grapevine and wins our celebrity breast award. We sure can pick them—right, guys?

Here Come the Fuzz!

It seems ironic that just about the time *Saturday Night Live* was doing a parody of "country-and-eastern music" last spring, THE POLICE, the hot New Wave band, was playing the East. In Bombay, the three of them played to a few thousand Indians. They were a hit! In Cairo, with some advance work by Mrs. Sadat, they played the Pyramids. East met West, and boogied.

MILES COPELAND



SOME ENJOY BEING A GIRL

Last year, eyebrows in the medical world were raised when The Johns Hopkins Hospital phased out its sex-reassignment-surgery program. Hopkins had been the first American hospital to offer surgery among other solutions to gender-identity problems. After conducting a study comparing sex-change patients with those who had instead received psychiatric counseling, the

Ready for some good, clean fun? Introducing Cuddles, a chubby pal for the shower or tub who celebrates the virtues of amplitude while she cleans your body, if not your mind. She costs about ten dollars at Bloomingdale's and boutiques.



GARRICK MADISON

hospital had concluded that surgery was no more effective than counseling in treating identity problems.

Now, a new study suggests that surgery may be the best treatment for certain patients. The University of Washington in Seattle found that of 17 men who had had the surgery (an average of eight years ago), all reported improved sexual adjustment, family acceptance and personal benefits. An additional study in Minnesota bears out the Seattle findings.

At this point, Johns Hopkins stands behind its decision to discontinue sex-change operations.

WELL VERSED

The Rock Project of San Francisco's Center for Population Options selected winners in its annual Condom Couplet Contest, in which entrants are asked to compose poesies in praise of the lowly rubber. First prize was 12 dozen condoms. For your morning meditation, here are this year's top three. In first place: "At first a condom may seem a bother,/But it could prevent an unwanted father." In second place: "Use a condom and you can bet/Erotic pleasure is all you'll get." In third place: "She laughs as she peels off the safe

from his weenie./'It gets out of this and we'll name it Houdini.'" Winner in the international category is a Persian verse that in English says: "If thou desirest information, thou pregnant one, put on the reins before the camel feeds without restraint/Surround his member in this thing, unto eternity thy need will be without fear perfected." Not exactly the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám, but we appreciate the sentiment.

GERMINATION-FREE ENVIRONMENT

A gas widely used for sterilizing just about everything in hospitals may cause sterility in men. Ethylene oxide not only seems to reduce sperm counts dramatically but also may cause damaged blood-cell chromosomes, a precondition of leukemia. So far, the side effects have been studied only in men exposed to the gas in medical-supply houses. An estimated 72,000 American hospital staffers are exposed directly to the gas in varying amounts.

DES S.O.S.

You've doubtless read that drug-using members of the current child-bearing generation may give birth to genetically damaged young. The preceding generation may have fallen into the same trap. Only they didn't even get high. It's widely known that females



Maybe this is the urn to which Keats penned his famous ode. For explicit descriptions, write to The Pleasure Chest, 20 West 20th, New York, New York 10011.

Sons exposed to DES in the womb develop uncommon genital abnormalities, notably undescended testicles, which can increase testicular-cancer risk. Other abnormalities include low sperm counts and, among men and women, possibly a less independent, group-oriented personality. DES is still used in pregnancy testing and as a


T-SHIRT OF THE MONTH



Dhaulagiri is *not* the happiest Sherpa in north Nepal. It's a 26,810-foot peak that a group of women climbers hope to scale next month. To get the shirt, send \$11 to American Women's 1980 Expedition to Dhaulagiri I, P.O. Box 1857, Boulder, Colorado 80306.

GARRICK MADISON

whose mothers received DES (diethylstilbestrol) to prevent miscarriage during pregnancy risk a rare genital cancer that can result in sterility or death. Now, according to statistics from an ongoing study at the University of Chicago, men are also victims of the drug.

morning-after contraceptive for rape and incest. DES exposure was so widespread that an organization exists to act as a clearinghouse for DES information. Write to DES Action, Long Island Jewish Hospital, New Hyde Park, New York 11040, or call 516-775-3450. 

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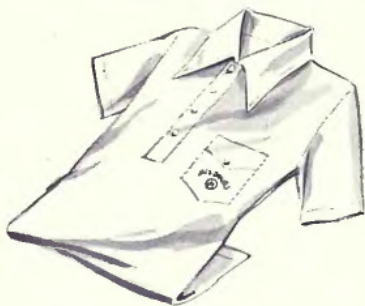
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Jack Daniel Sport Shirt

One of my best selling items in the store this season has been this exclusive Jack Daniel Sport Shirt. It's a white, top quality shirt (60% cotton-40% polyester), and the decorative (non-functional) pocket with opening flap is embroidered with the official Jack Daniel emblem in black and gold. It's perfect for the golf course or just sporting around. My \$15 price includes postage. Specify S, M, L, or XL.

Send check, money order, or use American Express, Visa or Master Charge, including all numbers and signature.

(Tennessee residents add 6% sales tax.) For a color catalog full of old Tennessee items and Jack Daniel's memorabilia, send \$1.00 to above address.

NEXT MONTH:



CANADA GIRLS



LOON LAKE



SWEET SPOT



BEAUTIFUL BODY

"THE SWEET SPOT IN TIME"—IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER YOU'RE SWINGING A RACKET OR A BAT, RUNNING THE MILE OR CLEARING THE HIGH HURDLES; WHEN IT ALL COMES OUT RIGHT, THE FEELING IS DOWNRIGHT SENSUOUS—BY **JOHN JEROME**

"WHO KILLED VIOLA LIUZZO?"—FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, A CIVIL RIGHTS WORKER FROM DETROIT WAS MURDERED IN ALABAMA—ANOTHER VICTIM OF KU KLUX KLAN VIOLENCE, SAID THE FBI. NOW A DIFFERENT STORY IS COMING OUT, AND IT'S MAKING THE BUREAU VERY UNCOMFORTABLE—BY **JOHNNY GREENE**

"LOON LAKE"—A FASCINATING STORY OF A YOUNG DRIFTER WHO FORMS AN INTIMATE RELATIONSHIP WITH THE CARNY FREAKS HE TRAVELS WITH DURING THE DEPRESSION—FROM THE NEW NOVEL BY **E. L. DOCTOROW**

"GIRLS OF CANADA"—IF YOU'RE TRAVELING TO THE NORTH COUNTRY, DON'T BOTHER TO PACK THERMAL UNDERWEAR—OUR SIZZLING PICTORIAL ON THESE FAIR LADIES IS SURE TO MAKE YOUR TEMPERATURE SOAR

"THE LITTLE GUY VS. THE FINANCIAL EXPERTS"—A SIDE-BY-SIDE RUNDOWN OF THE CONFLICTING INFORMATION AVAILABLE IN SELF-HELP BUSINESS BOOKS THESE DAYS. THIS MAY BE THE ARTICLE THAT'LL SAVE YOUR ASSETS—BY **ASA BABER**

"HEAVENLY HOSTS: A BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO TELEVISION EVANGELISTS"—THERE'S SUCH A BIG SELECTION OF SOUL SAVERS ON THE TUBE THESE DAYS, IT'S TOUGH TO TELL ONE FROM THE OTHER. NOW, THANKS TO *PLAYBOY*, YOU'LL KNOW EXACTLY WHO THESE GUYS ARE

"PERIOD PIECES"—FROM A COLLECTION OF THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL EROTICA, WE'VE PRODUCED A TIMELESS TRIBUTE TO OUR FAVORITE SUBJECT—THE FINE ART OF LOVE

"PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST"—THE DEFINITIVE STATEMENT ON THE COMING TRENDS IN MENSWEAR—BY FASHION DIRECTOR **DAVID PLATT**

"BODY BEAUTIFUL"—SO YOU THOUGHT MUSCLES WERE STRICTLY FOR JOCKS? TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT CURVACEOUS **LISA LYON**, WEIGHTLIFTER *EXTRAORDINAIRE*. SHE'S ALL WOMAN



“Clarion’s new Magi-Tune™ FM can produce more stations, make them sound better, and hold them longer.”

Bob Angus—Noted audio expert and columnist

“Let’s start where I did, on the streets of San Francisco, where high-rise buildings and street intersections form typical urban canyons in which stereo signal strength varies widely within a few feet.

Clarion supplied me with a car in which their new Magi-Tune FM had been installed.

There was a switch and the necessary connectors to permit a quick hookup for the comparison of other car stereos.

We tested Magi-Tune FM against seven leading car stereos.

The Challenge focused on four key areas of tuner performance. The ability to pick up and hold signals in poor reception areas. The ability to pick up and hold a weak signal. The ability to reject spurious signals. And the ability to cope

with a signal whose strength changes constantly.

The locations constituted the most demanding test track I can imagine for mobile high fidelity tuners.

Still, the results proved that Clarion’s new Magi-Tune FM can produce more stations, make them sound better, and hold them longer.”

Magi-Tune FM is so flawless you forget everything but the music. Test one at your dealer today.



Clarion

QUALITY FOR THE MAGIC IN MUSIC



A photograph of two men in cowboy attire. The man on the left is older, has a mustache, and is wearing a white cowboy hat, a red shirt, and a brown vest. He is holding a coiled rope. The man on the right is younger, wearing a light-colored cowboy hat and a brown shirt, and is leaning on a wooden post while holding a lit cigarette. The background is dark and moody.

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