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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1981 • \$2.50

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GIRLS OF THE SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

(NO WONDER THOSE
GUYS PLAY SUCH
GOOD FOOTBALL)

RIGHT FROM
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AN EPIC INTERVIEW
WITH JAMES MICHENER

NEW FICTION FROM
JOHN UPDIKE

PLAYBOY'S
PIGSKIN PREVIEW

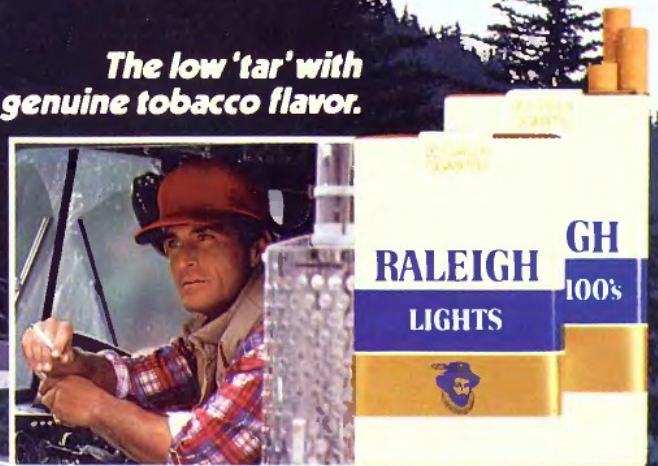
THE ME DECADE
IS OVER.
SAY HELLO TO
**THE
GIMME
DECADE**
A PLAYBOY
REPORT ON
RUTHLESSNESS
IN THE EIGHTIES



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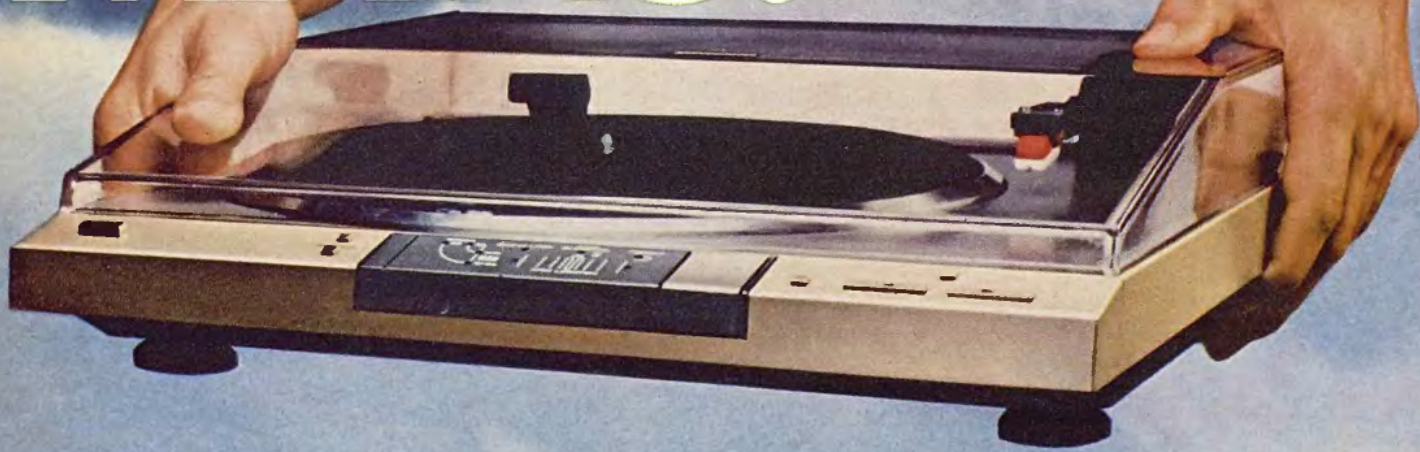
For instance, our receivers memorize the precise locations of your favorite stations. So you can instantly tune in any station at the touch of a button.

New Pioneer turntables have such superb suspension our Polymer Graphite tonearms won't



concept in component design:

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Pioneer's new cassette decks will allow you to preview a tape faster and easier than you can a record. At your command, our Index Scan will breeze through a tape, automatically stopping to play the first five seconds of each selection.

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out the first line of audio components that not only make major electronic advances, but enter a whole new territory: addressing human needs.

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only human. **PIONEER**
We bring it back alive.



Have you ever seen a grown man cry?

PLAYBILL

IT IS TIME once again, guys, to go ape over **Bo Derek**. *Tarzan, the Ape Man* will hit movie screens near you soon—if it hasn't already—and Bo has yet another young man swinging from the trees. In addition to a luscious pictorial (shot by her husband, **John Derek**) that further proves why she is the definitive "10," we give you a free, just-yank-it-out-and-stick-it-on-your-wall poster of the new queen of the jungle. You, too, will beat your chest and do the equatorial yodel.

John Updike has brought back our old friend Rabbit Angstrom in *Rabbit Is Rich*, an excerpt from the book of the same name (to be published by Alfred A. Knopf in the United States and by Andre Deutsch in the United Kingdom). Rabbit, who is now middle-aged and not liking it one bit, finds himself lusting after the young and beautiful wife of one of his golfing partners—especially after discovering some of the couple's amatory Polaroids. The artwork for the story was done by **Jeff Wack**.

What happens when an entire generation—the dewy-eyed idealistic baby-boomers—reaches maturity only to find earning power and job opportunities drying up? This generation is getting it from both ends, too; the languishing older crowd is still firmly in place, and coming up from behind is an aggressive, hungry, not-so-idealistic pack of pragmatists. In *Ruthless Mothers: Money, Values and the Gimme Decade*, **Donald R. Katz** explains how the pursuit of money has become a game of hardball, and how the "me" generation is coping with the "gimme" generation. Along with Katz's piece, we offer a quiz to determine if you're ruthless enough to make it big.

Fast Times at Ridgmont High is a report by **Cameron Crowe** on the state of mind that is high school today. Crowe, a mere 24 years old, looks younger; he passed for a transfer student to spend a year among kids with whom very few of us have anything in common anymore. The article is excerpted from Crowe's book *Fast Times at Ridgmont High: A True Story*, which will be published by Simon & Schuster. **Charles Shields** created the accompanying illustration.

No one has ever accused **James A. Michener** of having narrow focus. When he gets into writing a book, it sometimes has a scope that would break a lesser intelligence. Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel**, no slouch himself when it comes to research, sat down with Michener and asked what makes one of the world's best-read authors stay with it after all these years. Read all about it in this month's *Playboy Interview*.

Many of you may have wondered, just who are these Moral Majority guys, anyway? **Derek Pell**, artist, poet and member of no majority, moral or otherwise, describes in words and pictures *The Evolution of the Moral Majority*. The creationists, we learn, were obviously wrong—otherwise, how could we have this feature? We learn how the group started with early pious life forms and, in an exclusive, show you the Moral Majority family tree—white birch, of course.

And once again our gridiron guru, **Anson Mount**, makes his (usually uncannily accurate) *Pigskin Preview*, PLAYBOY's college football forecast. Read this before filling your flask and tailgating at the college of your choice.

The Southeastern Conference is one of the strongest in the country, in terms of both its awesome football teams and its awesome women. This month, we present the first part of *Girls of the Southeastern Conference*. We had to split up the feature (next month, Part II will appear) because so many girls tried out successfully for our team that we didn't want to shortchange anyone—especially our readers. Contributing Photographer **Army Freytag**, Photo Assistant **Dennis Silverstein** and Stylist **Gayle Cohen** were among those responsible for cultivating these flowers of Southern womanhood. It's enough to make a rebel yell.



DEREK



KATZ



UPDIKE



WACK



CROWE



SHIELDS



MOUNT



PELL



GROBEL



COHEN, FREYTAG, SILVERSTEIN

PLAYBOY®

vol. 28, no. 9—september, 1981

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COVER STORY

It's easy to see why Bo Derek (making her third PLAYBOY cover appearance) brings out the beast in men—and vice versa. Here's Bo, as Jane, hanging out in the jungle with C.J. the orangutan, supporting-cast member in the Dereks' upcoming film *Tarzan, the Ape Man* (starring and produced by Bo; directed by John, who also shot the cover). For more of the remarkable Bo, see *Tarzan & Bo* (page 146).

GIRLS OF THE SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE—pictorial 101
 Never mind what they say about the changing South—the girls are as beautiful as ever. The first of a two-part feature showcasing the lovely ladies of the Southeast. Now you'll see why the South will rise again and again.

RABBIT IS RICH—fiction JOHN UPDIKE 110
 In this excerpt from Updike's latest novel, we once again encounter Rabbit Angstrom, the familiar suburbanite, who has turned middle-aged—much to his chagrin. He's finding his friends, his marriage, his country club—not to mention his golfing partner's sexy young spouse—a little more than he can take.

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FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH—memoir CAMERON CROWE 116
 Remember home room, guys called Rat and teachers with names like Mr. Hand? Remember cheerleaders? Our young-looking reporter donned a disguise and revisited—after seven years—his secondary stomping grounds to re-experience a few primary lessons.

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BACK TO CAMPUS—attire DAVID PLATT 131
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THE EVOLUTION OF THE MORAL MAJORITY—humor DEREK PELL 137
 Can those ideas you've had about the sudden emergence of the new right. You're about to get a look at the prehistoric origins of *amoebus cretinus*—a.k.a. the Moral Majority—according to the wacky Pell. The Creation story will never be the same.

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW—sports ANSON MOUNT 141
 Our expert's annual forecast for the season's collegiate gridiron action.

TARZAN & BO—pictorial essay 146
 There's more to Bo, says hubby John Derek, than meets the eye (though we've always thought *that* was enough). Now John's director of and Bo's Jane in—and producer of—a swinging remake of the classic *Tarzan, the Ape Man*. Here are some sensational outtakes from the film, plus exclusive PLAYBOY shots, and a bonus—a Tarzan and Bo poster.

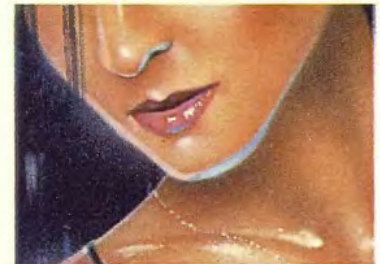
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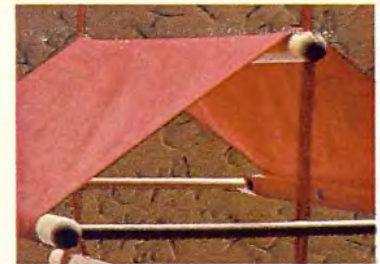
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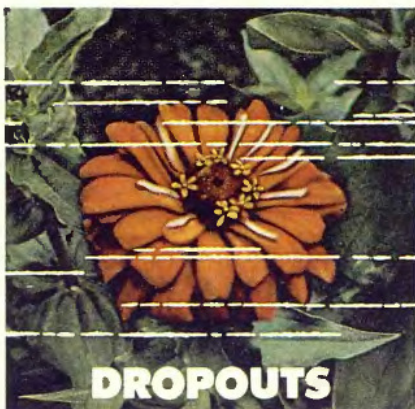
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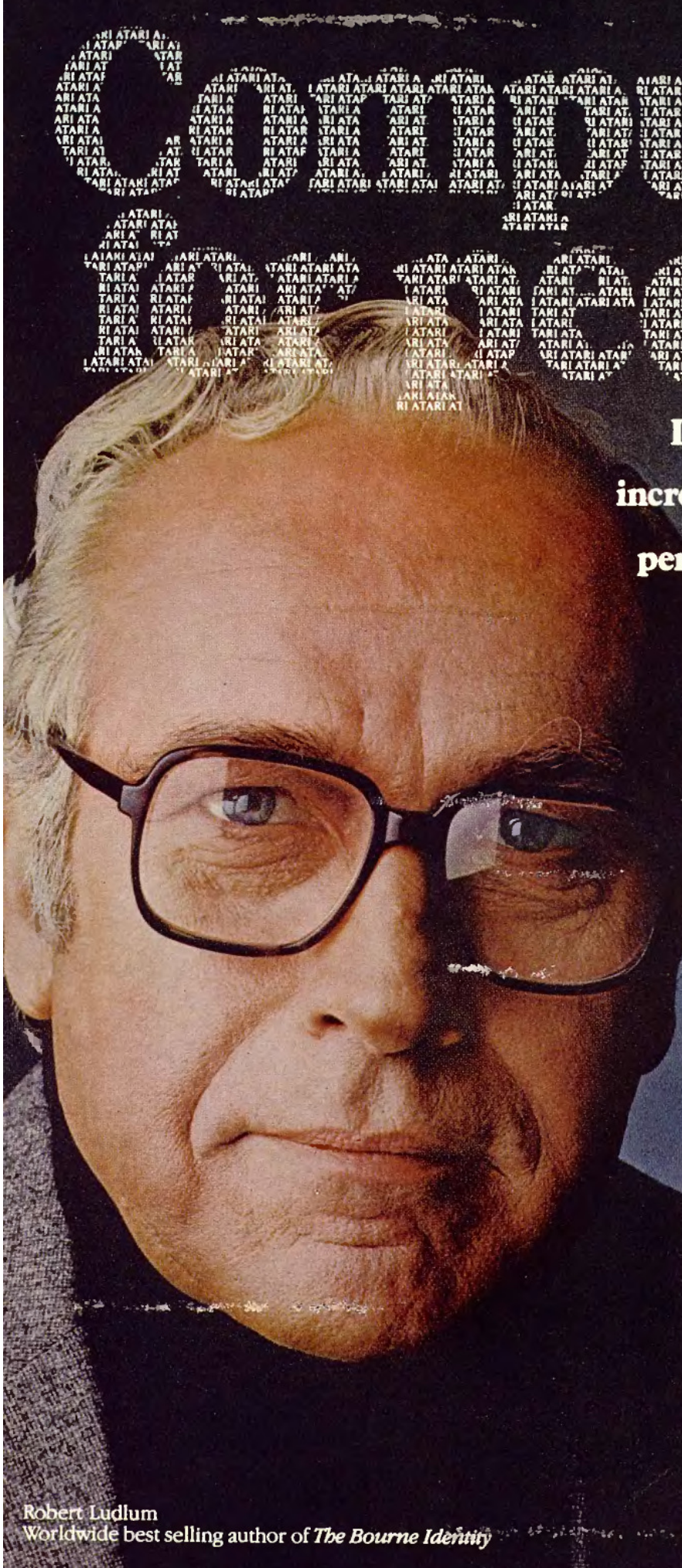
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



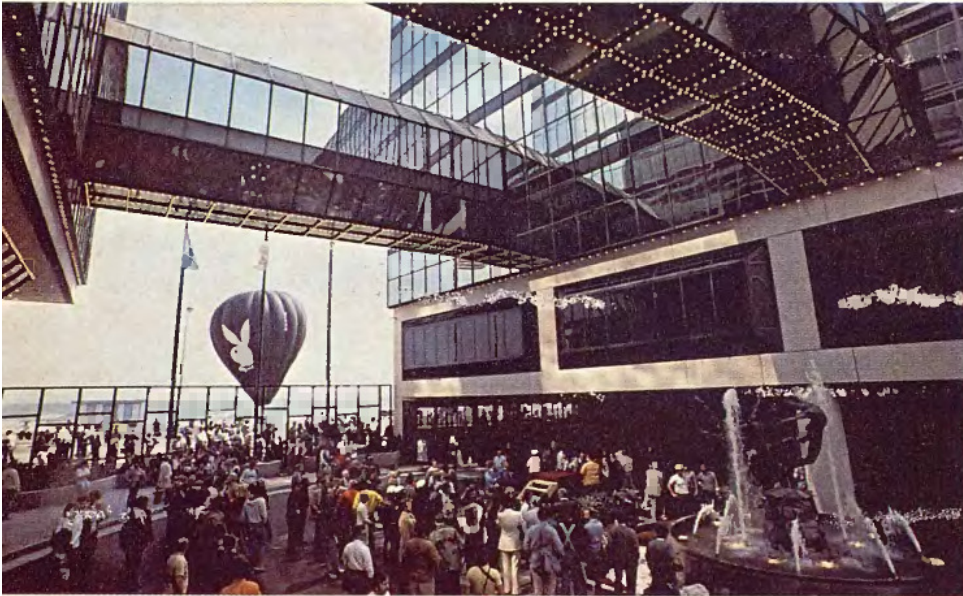
HEF ADVANCES TO BOARDWALK

At the opening hoopla for Playboy and Elsinore Corporation's new Atlantic City casino/hotel complex are (at left) Elsinore prexy Joseph J. Amoroso, managing director Jean-Pierre Delanney, Playboy's Hugh Hefner, Elsinore V.P. Jay Pritzker and Playboy board member Melvyn Klein. Below, David Wynne's impressive new sculpture (at right) vies for crowd's attention with six-story-high Rabbit Head balloon.



MISS CHANNING, WE PRESUME

Stockard Channing (above) portrays a PLAYBOY photo-journalist on location in Africa in her new film *Two in the Bush*, due out soon. Other featured performers include David Carradine, Christopher Lee and Hamilton Camp.



TERRI WELLES: A WOMAN FOR ALL SEASONS

Below, Terri Welles debuts as 1981 Playmate of the Year at a Playboy Mansion West reception. She cuddles the men of the hour, Hef and master of ceremonies George Burns—who's wishing, perhaps, he were 18 again. Welles now heads for a film career.



WE FOLLOW THE SUN

St. Petersburg, Florida, now boasts a Playboy Club. Above (from left), St. Louis Playboy franchise owner Herschel Price, Lorna Luft, Playboy Clubs V.P. C. Vincent Shortt and co-owner/manager Darrell Wilde party there. No one retires early in St. Pete these days.

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF'S BIRTHDAY "CALAMITY AWARDS"

This year Hef's birthday-party invitations welcomed his best pals to "Hugh M. Hefner's 55th Annual Calamity Awards." In contrast to the decorum of the film industry's Academy Awards, the entertainment menu presented mostly ham and cheesecake, as indicated by the Jeff Kutash Dancers (right). The golden dancer plays Oscar, of course. Guests helped present this year's batch of Heffie awards.



Introduced as the daughter "who is as close to Hef as Brooke Shields is to her Calvins," Christie Hefner grabs Dad's hand (above) while the big birthday cake sails into view.



Above, 1979 Playmate of the Year Monique St. Pierre and actor James Caan present a special award for box-office flops to Roman Polanski. Caan's 11-year-old niece accepted the award in Polanski's absence. At right, Gabe Kaplan and Jayne Kennedy team up to delight the audience and present awards.



Lee Majors grimly cites Hef for Technical Achievement, an award Hef earned for his teenage film-production debut: *Return from the Dead*.



Above is composer Henry Mancini, who conducted the orchestra in a medley of Hef's favorite swing-era classics. Interviewer Regis Philbin greets actress Christina Cummings, arriving in her and our favorite getup (right).



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ARTFUL DODGER

It was a joy to read your June interview with Steve Garvey. Although I am not a baseball fan, the man's character impresses me. He has such a combination of flexibility, balance and vision that he would obviously make an outstanding national leader. I believe we're moving into an age of enlightenment, and such men as Steve Garvey exemplify that spirit.

Jon Kolber
Minneapolis, Minnesota

I greatly enjoyed the *Playboy Interview* with Dodgers star Steve Garvey. It's probably the first chance we've had to hear Garvey speak candidly and at length about himself and his relationships. If he decides to run for office someday, the 3,000,000 fans who fill up Dodger Stadium every year should put him over the top in any election.

John Michaelis
San Pedro, California

Reading your interview with Garvey is about as exciting as watching the grass grow in center field. With all the interesting sports figures around, interviewing Garvey is like going to Baskin-Robbins and ordering vanilla.

Steven A. Snook
Syracuse, New York

Thanks for the Steve Garvey interview. Steve handles questions as well as he handles inside fastballs. He is truly an all-American and a credit to the U.S.A.

David C. Graham
San Diego, California

Along with Garvey's considerable baseball achievements, he now holds a record that's even more impressive: He managed to get through an entire *Playboy Interview* without once having to use the

word fucking as an adjective. I knew I liked that man.

Cira Cosentino
Tuxedo, New York

Garvey for Senator? No way! Garvey for President in 1984!

Leonard Olk
Rockville, Connecticut

Congratulations on an excellent interview with Garvey. I was a sophomore at Chamberlain High School in Tampa when Steve was a senior there. When he says he was a perennial vice-president, he isn't kidding. Looking through our high school yearbook, I note that Steve was vice-president of the Inter-Club Council, which was made up of the vice-presidents of every other club in the school!

Robert M. Todd
St. Petersburg, Florida

IN ARMS' WAY

I was most impressed with Asa Baber's June article, *What You're Not Supposed to Know About the Arms Race*. There are two sides to every issue and I congratulate you for presenting one we have heard little about. The media have been saturated recently with negative images of our defense system. It's somewhat comforting to know we're not in such an inferior position as some in Washington would have us believe. The all-important question now is: Where is the policy of the present Administration taking us?

W. H. Vance
Johnson City, Tennessee

Baber mentions that the Soviets have to have bigger bombs to compensate for their missiles' lack of accuracy. That is no longer the case. Thanks to ex-President Carter's trade agreements to "loosen tensions" between the two

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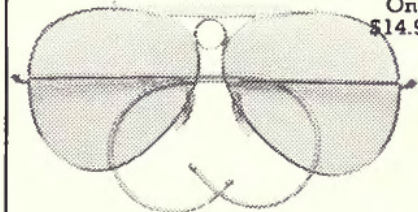
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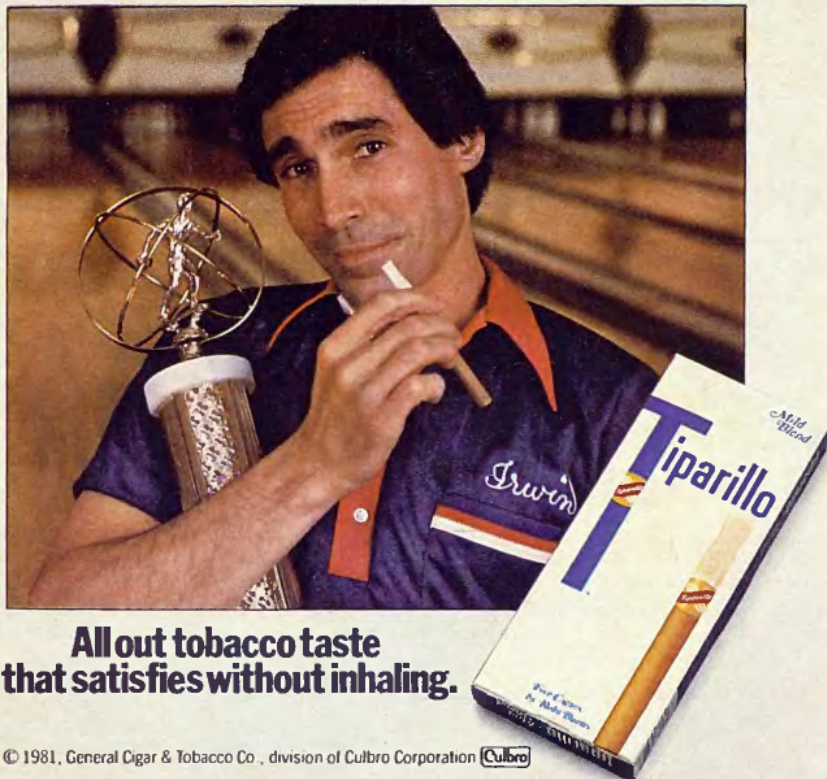
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
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superpowers, the Soviets have been able to purchase high-technology computers and software used in designing, programming and constructing guidance packages for strategic missiles. The difference in accuracy between their missiles and ours is negligible, especially when you consider that a 25-megaton bomb doesn't have to get very close. The fact is that the U.S. has let its strategic forces stagnate while the other side has been constantly introducing new systems and updating or replacing old ones. Recent Soviet action in the areas of civil defense, industrial dispersal and underground command centers points to one unavoidable conclusion—those bastards actually think they can win a nuclear war! And it's people like Baber, with limited knowledge of the subject, who dabble with numbers and try to impress people with conclusions that run contrary to what the experts think. This is a case in which a little knowledge is dangerous. Baber ought to leave strategic planning to the experts.

Ron Machado
Columbia, South Carolina

Asa Baber should be commended on the objectivity of his article. As no one can argue, in a nuclear war between us and them, everyone gets screwed. But one important "what if" was conspicuously absent—what if there's a non-nuclear war? In that case, only we get screwed.

Neil Dacey
Oxford, Ohio

Only a free society could spawn a citizens' watchdog group as loyal and motivated as the Center for Defense Information. PLAYBOY deserves an "Attaboy" for the wide distribution of *What You're Not Supposed to Know About the Arms Race*. In an open-us.-closed-society confrontation, I'll bet my money (and life) on the open society any day.

Alan R. King, Ensign
United States Naval Air Station
San Diego, California

I've got news for Asa Baber. He needs to read some history. A high rate of homosexuality in an Army doesn't indicate a weak Army.

Don Bohn
Windsor, California

Baber replies:

I stand corrected. A high rate of homosexuality probably doesn't make for a "weak" Army—shall we say it's an Army at odds with itself?

BLOODY BUSINESS

When Business Becomes Blood Sport, by Michael Korda (PLAYBOY, June), is very deliberate and colorful but is also somewhat misleading. In the soap-opera world in which the article takes place,

the lion, or survivor, destroys the sheep. In reality, the "me" decade is over and years of corporate social responsibility and, in turn, employee loyalty lie ahead.
 Tim Shellford
 Indianapolis, Indiana

SPECTACULAR CATHY

I want to congratulate you for featuring a bespectacled Playmate in June. Approximately 50 percent of the female population requires visual correction, so it's about time! I, for one, am turned on by a girl in specs. Cathy Larmouth disproves once and for all that old Dorothy Parker line "Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses."

(Name and address withheld by request)

What a stunning discovery you've made this time! I am speaking, of course, of your June Playmate, Cathy Larmouth. Along with her clear-cut beauty, you've discovered an intelligent woman's honesty, sincerity and outstanding sense of humor. Being 27 myself, I just love that "oldy but goody"! Tell me, how do you get to June Lake from Oxnard?

Tim Golden
 Oxnard, California

Cathy Larmouth wonders, "Don't you think 27 is too old to be a Playmate?" Cathy, I'll be 27 in July—wanna retire together?

Corky Gillis
 Yonkers, New York

There is only one word for Cathy Larmouth, and that is tremendous. I have never before seen anyone as beautiful and well endowed as she. And her wonderful down-to-earth attitude is an added premium.

Robert Taylor
 Inver Grove Heights, Minnesota

As an environmental-education teacher, I feel compelled to bring forth some very important information concerning Cathy Larmouth. She is a definite asset to the Sierras. Granted, it's nice to look at the mountains and the lakes, but Cathy adds something special that outshines even the great outdoors.

Scott Gediman
 North Hollywood, California

Unbelievable! I met Cathy Larmouth only one week after seeing her in your fine magazine, and it was the highlight of my life. She is just as beautiful in person as she is in pictures. Cathy is the next Playmate of the Year!

Jeff Hairfield
 Richmond, Virginia

I've seen my perfect "10" in Cathy Larmouth. If you could show me just

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one more picture of this perfect Playmate, you would satisfy me forever!

James Rooney
Rocky Hill, Connecticut

James, we've told you a million times not to hyperbolize. We're glad to grant



your plea for another look at lovely Miss Larmouth, but don't come around in 80 years or so asking for another one.

WOMAN OF THE YEAR

Congratulations on your choice for Playmate of the Year. Terri Welles is undoubtedly the most beautiful woman ever to grace the pages of your magazine.

Frank Warner
La Fayette, New York

Terri Welles was the only choice for Playmate of the Year. One look at her is evidence of that. Never has a woman been more deserving of the honor. Congratulations, Terri!

Stephen Jamison
St. Petersburg, Florida

Terri Welles's allure is unprecedented—Leonardo, you should be here now.

Robert K. Larson
Upper Marlboro, Maryland

Terri's beauty and independence and her ability to fend for herself are but a few qualities we men of the Eighties should look for and appreciate in the women of the new decade.

Richard Brognara
Syracuse, New York

Here's my nomination of Terri Welles as Playmate of the Millennium. Beautiful photography by Phillip Dixon!

Mark Jackson
Searcy, Arkansas

I just received my Playmate of the Year issue and saw to my dismay that

you had messed up. On page 162, you say, "For a look at Terri's gifts, turn to page 195." You should have said, "turn to pages 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172 and 173."

Ron Cully
Spokane, Washington

I would like to compliment you on your complementary coupling of the best-looking women and the best photographers in the business. Your crews could beat anybody else's. And Terri Welles is the most gorgeous female since Cleopatra.

Frank Labis, Jr.
Lorain, Ohio

From her May 1980 cover to being chosen Playmate of the Year, Terri Welles has blossomed into a tremendous example of *Femina americana*. If this increase in raw beauty on the part of the American female keeps occurring at such a phenomenal speed, I'm sure the cardiac-arrest rate among American males will go through the roof. What a way to go!

T. J. McCloud
Gaylord, Michigan

PLAYBOY . . . when you're good, you're perfect. Terri Welles is a stupendous choice for Playmate of the Year. Please—just one more heart-stopping look at her.

Michael Johnson
Humble, Texas

Here's the requested fibrillating photo



of Terri, our 1981 pacemaker. She's put eros through many a heart.

A LYNX FOR THE KILLING?

In your June issue, there are some favorable comments on *A Whale for the Killing*, coproduced by Playboy Productions. Playboy should be commended for such a fine endeavor. I note in the same issue the gift of a "baby belly lynx

coat" to Playmate of the Year Terri Welles. I think that's in poor taste.

Angela Williams
Florissant, Missouri

After all of the fine causes PLAYBOY has defended in the past, I find its complicity in making a coat of baby lynx to be very disappointing.

Kym O'Connell
Brandon, South Dakota

The idea of killing a wild animal solely for the purpose of adornment has always been abhorrent to me, and the support of such activities seems contrary to my perception of the PLAYBOY philosophy. Perhaps I have misunderstood PLAYBOY's position. Do you defend only certain wild species, among them whales, dolphins and lynx, as long as your ability to endow your Playmates with gifts is not inhibited?

Kathryn Graham
Davis, California

The gift was well intentioned but ill-advised. Pelt us with letters no longer; there will be no more animal skins—endangered or even threatened (the lynx is considered "potentially threatened")—given to Playmates of the Year.

HOG WILD

James R. Petersen states in his *Futurebikes* piece in the June PLAYBOY, "At some point in the next few years, the men who make motorcycles will create a classic that will last for all time." Well, some good engineers made that bike in 1903, and they're still making bikes today. They're Harley-Davidson.

Mike Poole
Ottumwa, Iowa

I just finished Petersen's *Futurebikes*, and the most suitable comment is, "He doesn't know shit from granola." Petersen brings to light some "exciting" new developments and shows us his stable of "state-of-the-art" motorcycles. The dismaying thing is that all of his bikes but one are rice grinders. Not once does he mention America's motorcycle, the Harley-Davidson. So what if Harley doesn't have an on-board computer? If you can't even keep track of your side stand, you've got no business on two wheels. In an era in which our transportation industry is struggling against the onslaught of Japanese imports, this is my advice: Buy a legend; buy American; buy Harley-Davidson. Ride free.

David Myers
San Diego, California

Petersen replies:

You can ride your hogs, boys, and I'll ride my Japanese bikes. Catch me if you can.



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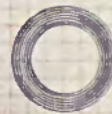
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THE HYPE REPORT ON MALE SEXUALITY

*who is shere hite and why is she saying
all these bad things about sex?*

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

A scholar once noted that history belongs to the man who writes it. If that is the case, the sexual revolution is in serious trouble. Just take a look at the *New York Times* best-seller list. *Men in Love*, a collection of fantasies, was written by a woman who complained, "Many of these fantasies were more than I wanted to hear. Why, they were filth! Letter after letter left me with a feeling that I wanted to wash my hands. I often did."

And then along came Shere.

The Hite Report on Male Sexuality is the latest fabrication of lay sex expert Shere Hite, whose previously published work was *The Hite Report on Female Sexuality*. The book is 1129 pages long. Lying on its side, it measures some two inches, front to back. A woman looked at the tome and commented, "I didn't realize there was that much male sexuality in America. I think I would have heard." We have to agree. Knopf paid Hite a six-figure advance to prepare this work. The first printing is 125,000 copies, with a cover price of \$19.95 (the same as James Clavell's *Noble House*, which at least has a plot). Given the investment in it, this book is *guaranteed* a place on the best-seller list. In America, science is spelled with a capital S. A lot of people are going to read this book, or at least the good parts, and take it for fact. Nothing could be more of a mistake. It is a malicious book, filled with misinformation and political cant. And it's depressing. It gives sex a bad name.

The book is modeled after Hite's study of female sexuality. The author sent out 119,000 questionnaires to men's groups, church groups, homosexuals, *Penthouse* readers, men who had read the first *Hite Report* and men who read *Sexology* magazine. Some 7239 men sent in their replies to 168 essay questions. The questions read a bit like a prosecuting attorney's interrogation; you can almost hear Dan Rather zeroing in for the kill. "Have you ever raped a woman? If not, have you ever wanted to rape a woman? Why?" Nice. Upbeat. No wonder so many of the answers are a bit on the defensive side.

Hite's study of female sexuality received a lot of criticism from sociobiologists, who claimed that the women who answered the questionnaire were not a representative sample; i.e., they did not



form a perfect cross section of the U. S. We were not particularly bothered by that—we have never dated a representative sample, only individuals. The chance to listen to more than 3000 individual women sound off about sex was an education, albeit a biased one. Unfortunately, we are not as tolerant of the male sample. We're not sure we want a study of male sexuality to be based on the peculiar tastes of *Penthouse* readers. At least in the first study we learned some interesting things that may or may not have been true. For instance, Hite made a big deal out of women's inability to reach orgasm during intercourse. She said that fewer than 30 percent of the women ever enjoyed the experience, the rest required "direct manual clitoral stimulation." Nothing more, nothing less. We sort of doubted that figure—maybe we had just been blessed by receptive women. We also learned that for many women, penetration was the sweetest part of intercourse. Hite dismissed these women, stating, "Orgasm on entry of the penis . . . in this way of having orgasm during intercourse, the orgasm is actually in progress as entry occurs, and therefore is not listed in the statistical tables. . . . Orgasm during intercourse is more of a victory by virtue of a 'technicality' than by anything having purely to do with the presence

of the penis in the vagina." Clearly, this is a woman who plays fast and loose with statistics. We envisioned Hite in a black-and-white-striped shirt, blowing a whistle on two lovers. "Penalty. That orgasm was invalid. That backfield was in motion and there was no direct manual clitoral stimulation." We were not surprised to find the same misrepresentation in the male study. Consider the following: Ninety-nine percent of the men who answered the questionnaire liked intercourse and 100 percent of the general sample did not want to change a thing. When Hite organized her unedited replies, she gave us 16 pages on why men like intercourse and 75 pages on why men don't like intercourse. If the facts don't fit her argument, ignore them. Hite makes unsubstantiated claims throughout the book. She insists that very few men know where the clitoris is; indeed, that they have only a theoretical grasp of it and that they do not attend to it during foreplay or cunnilingus. According to the statistics in the back of the book, 88 percent of the men who answered the questionnaire said that they *loved* cunnilingus. Yeah, team. And yet Hite claims that only 32 percent do it well enough or long enough for their partners to reach orgasm. We searched the questionnaire *and* the answers. Nowhere did we find the source of that statistic. It is thin-air reportage.

The first *Hite Report* was worth the read, just for the variety of techniques that women found exciting, things we had never heard about in high school. Slowing down as they approached orgasm. Listening to the vocals. This book contains a few odd facts about men's desires. (If we had to characterize men's sexuality, we would say that they aren't afraid to experiment, to push to the edge—on themselves, if not their partners.) Thirty-one percent had had anal stimulation. Twenty-four percent sometimes included anal stimulation in masturbation. Sixty-seven percent wished that their partners would fondle their testicles during intercourse; 16 percent, the anus. We know enough about men to know that few, if any, have communicated those desires to their partners. If women read about it here, all power to them.

In the book on female sexuality, Hite reduced sex to the purely mechanical,

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the manipulation of a few square inches of body, and claimed that without direct stimulation, orgasm was impossible and any man who thought he had pleased his woman was a sexist rube. We beg to differ. Hite's viewpoint seemed degrading, mechanistic. Many of the men in this book are puzzled by the mystery of a woman's orgasm and don't really bother to see whether or not it's orthodox. They know that it can happen any time, for many reasons. Maybe you have been on the road for a week, and you've talked about it, and she comes as soon as you walk through the door. We've seen women reach orgasm by dancing, while giving head to men or women, while experiencing anal intercourse—all without the *mons-to-pubis* bone-grinding spectacle of Hite's model of direct clitoral stimulation.

At times, Hite's politics reaches the ridiculous—she really seems to want to make men into strange bedfellows. She talks about the patriarchal society, suggesting that men's orgasms are enshrined. We had an orgasm enshrined once. It hurt like hell. Consider the following: "Intercourse is at once one of the most beautiful and, at the same time, the most oppressive and exploitative acts in our society. It has been symbolic of men's ownership of women, for approximately the last 3000 years. It is the central symbol of patriarchal society; without it there could be no patriarchy. Intercourse culminating in male orgasm in the vagina is the sublime moment during which the male contribution to reproduction takes place. This is the reason for its glorification. And as such, men must love it: Intercourse is a celebration of the male patriarchal society." Oh, really. Later she claims that "intercourse for a man has the whole force of a society's approval behind it," and, later, "The man has society behind him, encouraging him to have his orgasm." That's an awfully crowded bedroom.

Hite has tried to make us feel guilty about the way we make love. She tries to blame all male sexuality on *anger*. She attacks the male tendency to thrust, by saying that it is a cultural relic, that it is not natural. After all, men do not thrust during masturbation, they merely run their hand up and down the shaft of the penis. That's ridiculous, too. As we see it, what man has learned from masturbation he applies to intercourse, without thinking. Hite wants to make us feel guilty about how easily we go from A to Z. She claims that culture keeps women from following the same path: If the clitoris is so important, why don't more women find ways of incorporating it into intercourse? Must we do everything? We really aren't holding them back anymore, nor are we angry. If we can't meet as equals, we can't meet at all.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



EASY COME, EASY GO

The old file-in-the-cake routine has been one-upped. A guard at Pennsylvania's Montgomery County Prison happened to lean against a tacked-up Playmate centerfold that was decorating a cell wall. And he discovered a little more give than is usual in your average two-and-a-half-foot-thick stone wall. Playmate-loving inmates had managed to scrape an escape hole about two and a half feet wide and eight inches deep before being caught *flagrante*. They thought their plan was foolproof: after all, who would ever suspect PLAYBOY of being involved in a cover-up?

HOLDING THEIR OWN

Brachioproctic eroticism is the clinical, perhaps more tasteful term for what advocates romantically refer to as fist fucking. The practice is proliferating: According to a report in the *British Journal of Sexual Medicine*, researchers, in a survey of homosexuals in San Francisco, estimate that 50,000 people, mostly men, keep their hand in. The only interesting footnote to all this is that out of a group of 102 brachioproctic respondents to a questionnaire, 17 well-heeled young men reported penetration by a foot, too. Afterward, they undoubtedly felt foot-loose and fancy-free.

BUT CAN HE TYPE?

How soon they forget. When Walter Mondale applied to the District of Columbia Bar Association, William H. Morris, director of admissions for the National Conference of Bar Examiners, decided not to take any chances. He wrote to the White House, asking for "official verification" of the applicant's claim that he had "served as Vice-President of the United States from 1977 to 1981." White House counsel Fred F.

Fielding, playing it by the book, replied, "Please be advised 'official verification' is difficult, as the former tenants of our building, January 20, 1977-January 20, 1981, did not leave behind a record upon which one could rely. However, upon information and belief, I feel fairly confident that the data as to the particular applicant is accurate."

GOD BLESS ME

If she wants to be a pop star but can't get signed to a record label, what's a struggling *chanteuse* to do? If she's Judith Dow, 43-year-old heiress to the Dow Chemical fortune, she invests more than \$100,000 in a record and manufactures it herself. Displaying a bit of chemistry of her own, Judy took the stage at the St. Regis in New York recently to promote her new-found career. Her windpipes housed in a size-22 gown, she belted out *God Bless America* before



declaring, "I want to be the new Kate Smith!"

Judy, who rivals Kate at least in size, is also seeking to rival her idol in choice of material. Her LP is called *I Love America* and is filled with superduper patriotic songs. The fact that she has enough money to produce, record and distribute her long player, however, doesn't mean that Ann Arbor's own Miss Judy thinks she's got it made in the music world. "New Yorkers don't care how rich you are or what family you're from," she theorized at her coming-out party. "You've gotta be good. Otherwise . . . back to Ann Arbor." Either that or buy New York.

GRIN AND FERRET

Medical experiments on cuddly creatures are currently causing an uproar with animal lovers, but we've found a case where the experimentee actually managed to get the upper paw on its human captors. According to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, a recent series of experiments concerning respiratory diseases required a ferret to be injected with a strange virus. Following the injection and a short incubation period, a doctor who gave the little critter the shot returned to the lab and took the animal out of its cage to check for watery eyes and other symptoms. The ferret promptly got even: He sneezed into the doctor's face. The doctor quickly fell ill with the virus.

WHAT A GAS

They never told you about cases like this on *Dagnet*. On a stakeout in Manhattan, a group of fire marshals sat huddled in a van, peering through a special one-way mirror at a group of buildings thought to be the next victims of a local arsonist's touch. When the arsonist struck, they'd be ready. Since

secrecy and surprise are the key words in such operations, the marshals didn't leave the "empty" van all day. As a result, they had to sit and gnaw their lower lips when a local yokel walked up to their vehicle with a five-gallon drum and siphoned all the gas out of the tank. Figuring that this guy might be their firebug, the boys in the bus waited to pounce. But it was not to be. The guy just walked over to his car, poured in the gas and drove away. The marshals had to wait until after dark to radio fire-department headquarters for some more gas. Fill 'er up, Danno.

GETTING TRUNK

Among rugby players, there's been this sort of tradition, see, of following a hard day on the field with an evening of drinking and bawdy songs, and doing the elephant walk. Each player strips, then puts one hand between his legs so that the person following him can hold on, forming a chain of singing and dancing human elephants. Keen, huh? The Notre Dame University ruggers thought so, and 30 of them performed a post-game gavotte in a bar in Houston last spring.

Acting on a call from an outraged anonymous tipster, miffed school officials promptly punished the pranksters, in the classic Catholic school style. They kicked them out of the rugby club for good and threatened them with expulsion if they ever take off their clothes again "at a public or semipublic occasion." To atone for guilt by association, team members not ousted in the wild elephant purge won't be going on any more club trips and their post-game activities will be closely watched for a probationary period of two years.

An ousted elephant walker has vowed to somehow "get around" the stiff penalties. Says he: "We may not be Notre Dame rugby players anymore, but we're still rugby players. We're going to play together, because we love the game and the relationships that accompany it."

Not to mention the view.

INTERESTING DEPOSITS

First came the Women's Bank in New York; and now, after more than a year of hustling investors, Atlas Savings, the world's first gay savings and loan, has come out of the closet and will soon be wide-open for deposits. The lavender lending institution, based, of course, in San Francisco, sold 160,000 shares of stock at \$12.50 each to 2000 investors. Atlas met California's \$2,000,000 capitalization requirement by harnessing potential stockholders at benefits in bars and discos all over the state.

Curiously, the president and C.E.O. of Atlas, Jerry Flanagan, is straight. But the S & L will have a distinctly gay flavor, says John A. Schmidt, the 50-year-old

chairman and organizer of Atlas. "Many gays tell us they feel they'll receive more objective treatment from a financial institution owned and operated by gay people," he says. "Gays have been overlooked by most of the savings and loan industry." There is no truth to the rumor that the institution will pass out three-dollar bills.

CHECKING IN



Robert Crane caught up with the constantly-in-motion Chevy Chase at his office/apartment above Sunset Strip in Los Angeles. Crane reports: "Chase swallowed a whole sandwich in one bite, gulped some Gatorade, belched and stared at me as though I were a television-camera lens."

PLAYBOY: Do wealth and success numb a comedian's funny bone? Is it better to stay hungry?

CHASE: Uh, no. It's better to stay numb and never be hungry. I suppose you can't observe as much if you are observed by others. You may be a little more self-conscious. You tend to stay away from situations and places that may have given you input for your writing or your comedic perspective. My humor's still there. It's just as bad as it always was.

PLAYBOY: Why are black comedians naturally funnier than white comedians?

CHASE: They're scared to death. You've got to laugh your way out of anything. They're not only naturally funnier, they're quicker, their timing is better and I want them to leave me alone. I hear Richard Pryor had a shirt on that read, UP IN SMOKE. He's amazing. Seriously, I believe Richard. I've never seen overproof rum, but I'll be damned if I'll smoke around a lot of Jamaican resorts in the bar area.

PLAYBOY: What, for you, is the perfect environment in which to create and perform comedy?

CHASE: The best time to write is when I'm alone, and I'm just here with my paper and stuff, and the TV is on. I've got a gimlet or something in front of me. It's that time when you suddenly find you've let your breath out. You're not really concentrating on anything and something pops into your head and you just start writing. That's invariably the time that I do my best work. But I'm not performing. I'm just writing in my living room, leaving a mess for my secretary later.

As a location, Chad is my favorite place to perform. The people there are more receptive. You can't get to them as easily, but they'll laugh at anything.

PLAYBOY: Does a comedy mind get better or worse with age?

CHASE: Neither. The ears get closer together. Seriously, it's all physical. As you get older, you understand the relationships between your physical, rhythmic moves and the adult world. As you get too old, you can't make the physical moves, but you're wiser about the ones you made earlier, and you can write about them better, perhaps. Your mind just understands better why you're not as funny as you get older. Look, Bob Hope is still about as funny as he ever was. I just never thought Bob Hope was that funny in the first place. On the other hand, I think he's a genius in some ways. He is one of the few people in the world who have been able to do what they do this long, consistently. I worked with him once at a dinner and I was amazed. His timing is impeccable. He knows what's right for him. George Burns is still quite funny, really. He has great style.

PLAYBOY: If you were to create a comedy utopia, who would be ideal couples, statesmen and leaders?

CHASE: The comedy utopia, of course, would have to have its own Jim Jones. I'd be he. The rest of the population would have to put up with all kinds of Gatorade air raids every day. The utopia would be called Chasetown. It would be like we were all inside a glass house from which we could throw stones. We could move the house around all through cities and just laugh at everybody and tell jokes about them and what we see.

PLAYBOY: What is your advice to the other original members of the *Saturday Night Live* show, now that they're on their own?

CHASE: Get a job.

PLAYBOY: How about John Belushi?

CHASE: Use an ointment.

PLAYBOY: If you could have your own telethon, what would it be like?

CHASE: Short—about a half hour. I'd see how much money I could raise:

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THE FIRST PUNK SURF LEXICON

Remember gremmie (a beginner surfer) or ho-dad (a showy Sunday surfer)? No one else connected with today's surfing scene does. The New Wave surf lingo may put a permanent ding in your confidence. Compton Maddux, a writer and musician and author of such surf standards as *Run Right Back* and *Catalina Holiday*, recently returned from Southern California with the first dispatches from the language front: Don't go out on the beach until you learn these vital terms.

Belts on: An aggressive attitude of sexually aroused inhabitants of the bi zone (dry beach). Example: "Be careful, those protruders got their belts on."

Bi zone: The sexual free-fire zone, that area of (dry) beach above the high-tide mark where anything goes. Archaic: beach, sand.

Crewcut: A surfer who's built like a truck, has short hair and a low I.Q. Archaic: bod, hunk.

Debbie: A naïve girl who doesn't actually surf. She aspires to mate and date a whip or wavemaster.

Feline: Female equivalent of a whip, a surfer girl but aggressive. Competes with whips. Example: "That feline is going tooth and claw [really pushing]."

Getting fuzzy: The organic deterioration of a low-water-mark inhabitant for whom surfing is a bad drug. One of the telltale characteristics of the condition is that he no longer preens. (See *Zinnia*.)

Gregging: Getting together (as in congregating) for social or sexual activity. A dry-land activity; aquatic socializing is termed "gamming." Example: "Let's greg and then surf."

Hughes: As in Howard; rich entrepreneurs who seek to guide talented whips and felines into merchandising careers in TV and radio. They usually carry binoculars and wear quick-dry money belts.

Humming: The sound of a board that is in absolute plumb; can be used

in the same way "feeling groovy" was.

Kicking sand: An act of territorial primacy. Example: "If that protruder lays a hand on that debbie, that whip is gonna kick some sand."

Martians: Complete strangers, frequently from the Midwest, who visit the bi zone.

Martinis: Lushes from Burbank and Beverly Hills.

Preener: A sandy-haired narcissist whose personal architecture puts his gender in limbo. He thinks a surfboard is a hood ornament for the ego. Archaic: ho-dad.

Protruder: A dominant male with a big one who cruises and peruses the bi zone in search of the perfect cleavage. Archaic: bad guy, bulge, rudder.

Prune: An ancient rigid with water-logged skin; a gross, disgusting person. Example: "That protruder is so prune."

Psyche: The absolute apex of the surf hierarchy; wavemaster. He lives in the white zone, the area beyond the mythical breakers. Archaic: Big Kahuna.

Queniveres: These are teenage sex kittens who cruise the bi zone soliciting paternity suits to belted Hughes. Archaic: foxes, purrs.

Rigids: Sexually frosted debbies or protruders who can no longer greg effectively. Archaic: Eskimo pies.

Scuff: To cruise languidly in the bi zone; wander aimlessly.

Shirring: White-zone ritual involving in-transit board exchange; to share or trade.

Whip: A heavy competitor, but without ideals. One who wants to be signed up by a Hughes. Hopes that his name will become a registered trademark.

White zone: Area of peril; the howling infinite; where the waves are. Archaic: heavy water, nature.

Zinnia: An immobile rigid or human encrusted in barnacles and seaweed; derelict. Both prunes and rigids are more visible at high tide.

"Let's take a look at that tote board! Four thousand dollars! Thank you and goodbye, everybody. It's been a real workout." An interesting telethon would be one in which we'd return all the money that had been given for something that had now been cured—an exhaustive week-long affair in which the tote board lost money. Sammy Davis Jr. would kindly consent not to appear.

PLAYBOY: What do you say during sex?

CHASE: I don't say anything during sex. I've been told not to. Told during sex, in fact.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever laughed during an orgasm?

CHASE: Doesn't everybody? Personally, I'm much more introverted. For me, I just sort of lightly chuckle or giggle.

PLAYBOY: Do you do physical comedy during sex?

CHASE: You'll just have to watch.

PLAYBOY: Uh, is there anyone in Hollywood you want to make it with?

CHASE: Rod Stewart.

PLAYBOY: Were you really an original member of Steely Dan?

CHASE: I was his right arm. The real truth is I was never with the group Steely Dan when it was called Steely Dan. I played in college with Donald Fagen and Walter Becker. It's basically the same guys, but they were not doing nearly as well then and I'm a better drummer now, too.

MONKEY BUSINESS

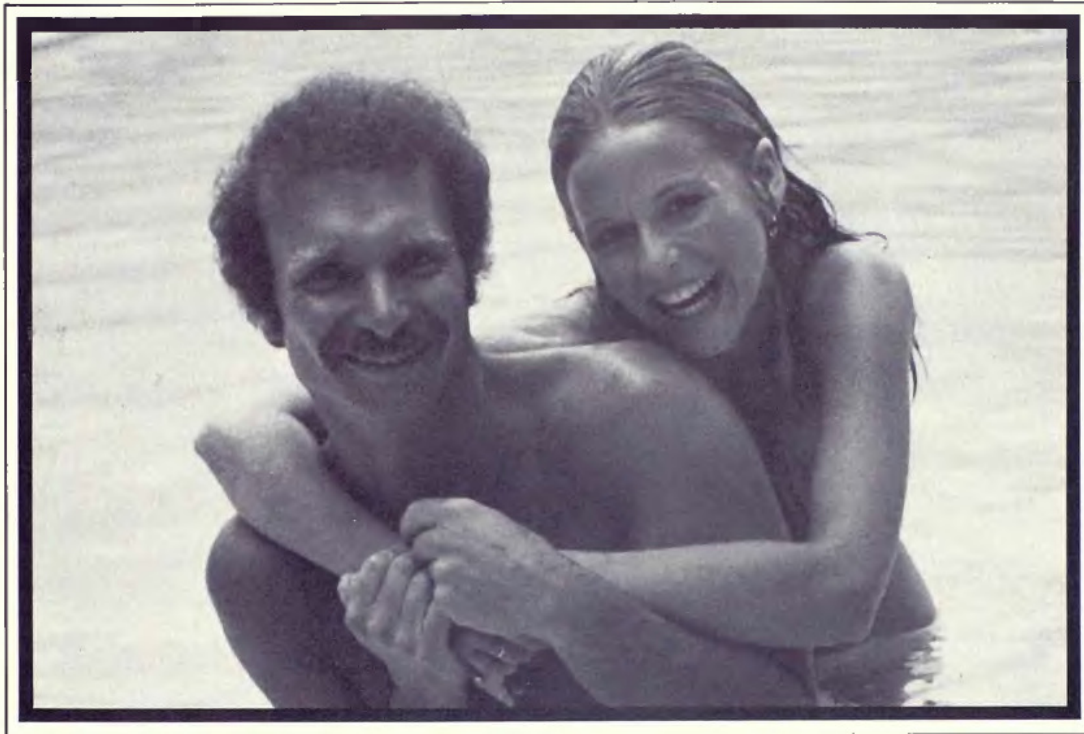
Before the Cultural Revolution of the late Sixties, Chinese scientists had tried impregnating a chimpanzee with human sperm to create a "near-human ape" capable of performing anything from menial tasks to dangerous space missions. Apparently, those bizarre experiments may be resumed. In an interview in the Shanghai newspaper *Wen Hui Bao*, Dr. Ji Yongxiang defended the use of human sperm to develop a new species on the grounds that sperm is produced in abundant quantities, "and most of it is wasted, anyway."

PRAYING PARDNERS

If you happen to be driving down East Highway 24 outside Colorado Springs, keep a lookout for the Aircadia Drive-In Theater. That is, if the spirit moves you. You'll see a billboard, flanked by a couple of fellows astride horses dressed in their Sunday saddles. It reads: COWBOY CHURCH. . . . Come as you are—worship in your car or on horseback, presumably. Services are held every Sunday morning during the summer months and feature the Pikes Rangerettes Drill Team and, of course, an "inspirational speaker." Wouldn't hurt to say a prayer for Trigger. God only knows what it's like to spend eternity with Dale and Roy. Whinny if you love Jesus.

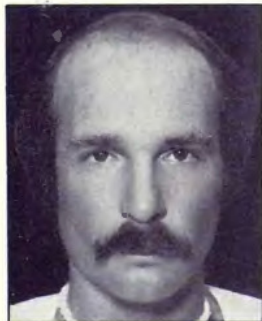
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A

single shot brought down the beast,

a fierce wild boar the Igorot call bari-outang. We built a fire of driftwood at the water's edge, and soon the sweet aroma of bari-outang chops grilling over the embers filled the surrounding air. We'd set a supply of San Miguel Beer to chill in the crystal-clear water, and as I waded in to retrieve a few bottles I could feel a soft mist from the nearby falls.

Contented beyond our dreams, we feasted on mangoes, baked yams, bari-outang, and quenched our thirst with the cool, lively taste of San Miguel.

As the sun descended we drank a toast I remember well: "Here's to warm island breezes and cold San Miguel."

Inspired by Jules Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*.
And the rich, rewarding taste of San Miguel.

San Miguel

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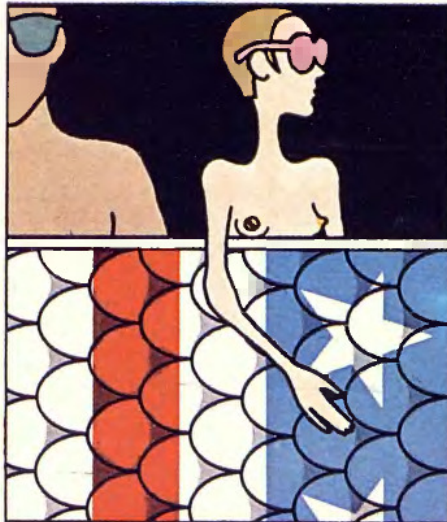
BOOKS

John Brooks in *Showing Off in America* (Little, Brown) applies Thorstein Veblen's 1899 theory of the leisure class in America to today's society. (Veblen's great discovery? That "snobbery and social pretense play not a peripheral but a central, even dominant, role in shaping the life of a socially democratic society.") Brooks examines the U.S.A. in the Eighties—the way we eat, talk, play games, work, drink, dress, find friends, worship, love—through the Veblen focus and finds that class distinctions run rampant through our supposedly egalitarian country. This book is humorous, revealing, startling and, as Brooks reports Veblen's life and misdemeanors, touching. A radical work wrapped in unique perceptions.

Irwin Shaw is not given to a great deal of description. He is concerned with events, and his new novel is a compact chronology of a year's worth of early Eighties. Protagonist Allen Strand, a careful, middle-aged schoolteacher, comes of age during that year and soon realizes that the new era is not exactly to his liking. *Bread upon the Waters* (Delacorte) is something of a toast to Strand, a man of gentler times who finds himself overtaken by contemporary America. He begins the novel on a comfortable stroll through Central Park and winds up at the steps of the Waste Land. While many of Shaw's characters seem to fit convenient slots—and often talk as if they're aware of it—the frightened and sensitive voice behind the book is worth hearing out.

If you're looking for a fast-moving suspense story, pick up best-selling author Dorothy Uhnak's new novel, *False Witness* (Simon & Schuster). Uhnak's heroine, Lynne Jacobi, is bureau chief of the New York City District Attorney's Office and her prospects for stepping into the head spot look bright—until the attempted murder of a well-known TV personality. Lynne's efforts to solve the brutal crime are frustrated by interfering media attention, the victim's intrusive friends and Lynne's own political ambitions. There are enough complexities to make this seem like real life. And the quick pace will keep you reading from the chilling opening scene to the shattering conclusion.

In Paul Erdman's head, it's 1985 outside. Franz Josef Strauss is the new German chancellor. America has continued its technological advances and its cultural decline. Germany is tired of its second-class status and of its flaccid, namby-pamby allies, the Americans. Germany wants its own finger on the trigger



Showing Off: Seeing is believing.

Paul Erdman's newest
apocalyptic fiction;
Showing Off in America,
Eighties style.



Last Days: America's predictable burnout.

of the nuclear gun that points east to Russia. So it bribes its way to the latest cruise-missile technology from a company in California. In *The Last Days of America* (Simon & Schuster), Erdman vents all his fears for the future—many of which are as well-founded as were the ones he brought us in *The Crash of '79*. He is best at elaborating on his own prejudices: The Swiss come off as eunuch money-changers (remember, Erdman himself was jailed in Switzerland for bank irregularities); the French are goodhearted but basically peasants; the Germans are smart, a little loutish and

have never forgotten that they were briefly in the cultural limelight in the Thirties and Forties. But this book does not have the absolute ring of truth that *Crash* did. And we're not sure that's because of its basic premise. Rather, it may be that the fall of America is so imminent that Erdman figured it best to get the book out while the getting was good. As fiction, unfortunately, it is not quite good enough.

Three years ago, Fran Lebowitz' first collection of humor, *Metropolitan Life*, met with rave reviews—including one here. *Social Studies* (Random House), her second collection, is even better, because it is smarter, older, more refined. *The Four Greediest Cases*, for example, is a parody without any missteps. Lebowitz still tends to inflate her opening paragraphs—as though she's warming up. And she should be whacked on the knuckles every time she splits her subject and verb with a polysyllabic adverb. These things slow down her reader in getting to the good parts. And there are so many of them.

The cover is great—the image of a shattered Purple Heart beside the title, *Wounded Men, Broken Promises* (Macmillan). But Robert Klein's investigation of the Veterans Administration leaves a few things to be desired; namely, a more rigorous reporting sense and better editing. Above all else, the cheap shot taken at Max Cleland, former head of the VA, wherein it is suggested that Cleland was fragged in Vietnam (that his own troops pulled the pin on the hand grenade that made him a triple amputee), is an example of superficial reporting at its meanest. Nothing is proved, Cleland denies the charge and Klein's description of how a hand grenade works is suspect, but Cleland is not cleared. Which leaves us where? With the thought that if the VA is a snake pit, it will take a better book than this to demonstrate it.

Sometimes a book is so good that you can't do it justice in a review, and that's the situation with Jacobo Timerman's *Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number* (Knopf). Born in the Ukraine and raised in Argentina, Timerman was a radio and TV commentator, as well as editor and publisher of the newspaper *La Opinión*, until his arrest by Argentine authorities on April 15, 1977. He writes of his imprisonment and torture (and of the inaction and fear of his fellow citizens) with a vision honed somewhere on the other side of pain and mortality. "I have survived, to give testimony," he writes. We would do well to listen.

MOVIES

There's more excitement in the first ten minutes of *Raiders of the Lost Ark* (Paramount) than in any movie I have seen all year. Here, the quest is for the long-lost ark of the covenant, a holier-than-holy object containing the original Ten Commandments and Lord knows what else. Screened too late for a timelier review, *Raiders* by now should be established as one of the major cinematic events of summer 1981. Steven Spielberg directed from Lawrence Kasdan's crackling screenplay (story by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman), and that explains somewhat why the movie combines the zing of *Star Wars* with the kinetic exuberance of *Jaws*. The way Spielberg makes a movie is to synthesize all the magic, adventure and fantasy dreamed about by bright little boys who believe they'll grow up to be Jungle Jim or James Bond but become cinematic *Wunderkind* instead.

Starring Harrison Ford, as an archaeologist who slips off his horn-rims and behaves like Superman wielding a black-snake whip, *Raiders* is a pure celebration of all the adventure-film clichés ever committed to celluloid. It's got restless natives, poisoned arrows, snake pits, ruthless Nazis (the time is 1936 and Hitler's henchmen want the ark for *der Führer*), booby-trapped tombs, secret chambers, breath-stopping chase scenes and ancient curses. There's also a wonderfully madcap heroine, played by Karen Allen, who's running a low-down saloon in Nepal when we meet her, though she joins Ford in order to be abducted and rescued at regular intervals, usually while wearing soiled white gowns. By the time their explosive misadventures end, any moviegoer worth his salt ought to be exhausted, delighted and ready to revel in the entire show again. Hang on to your hats. YYY

A preview in July's *PLAYBOY* should have been evidence enough that Mel Brooks's *History of the World—Part I* (Fox) would tickle us pink. Granted, our leader, Hugh Hefner, has a cameo role complete with toga, and Brooks gives billing to ten comely Playmates and Playboy Models cast as vestal virgins. Don't think *that's* what makes the movie funny, but it all helps back up Mel's bits—five altogether, including one role as a "stand-up philosopher" called Comicus in ancient Rome. My own favorite number is *The Inquisition*, a rollicking, hysterical, blatantly offensive minimusical full of toe-tapping priests and tortured Jews, plus a bevy of aqua-nuns who outswim Esther Williams. This won't be everyone's glass of tea. Still, Brooks hasn't engineered any showstopper so outrageous, or so rude, since his *Sprigtime*



Raiders' Ford, Allen pursue the lost ark.

Raiders has everything; Brooks's comic *History* stops at nothing.



Barbeau in Big Apple *Escape*.

for Hitler sequence in *The Producers*. From Sid Caesar in the Stone Age to Harvey Korman in the French Revolution, *History of the World* stops at nothing as a broad Borscht Belt send-up of every costume epic imaginable. Weighed against the higher achievements of screen comedy, the movie may be less than a giant step for mankind, though Brooks displays some manic off-the-wall footwork. YYY

High adventure and high-tech special effects are upstaged by Sean Connery in *Outland* (The Ladd Co./WB), an exciting space-age recap of such classic Westerns as *High Noon* (*PLAYBOY*'s June issue ran a provocative preview of its

saloon in space). Connery, playing the U. S. marshal assigned to one of Jupiter's moons where there is a futuristic mining town that makes Dodge City look staid, brings a lot of warmth and virility to this violent action drama. Peter Boyle, as the resident bad guy, and Frances Sternhagen, as a plucky, profane company doctor who helps Connery figure out where the bodies are buried—and how, and why—contribute mightily toward keeping the hardware from becoming the whole show. Writer-director Peter Hyams, whose previous output has ranged from *Capricorn One* to the languid *Hanover Street*, keeps a steady hand on the controls here, and Jerry Goldsmith's extraterrestrial musical score provides appropriate punctuation—though I often wish, when my ears start to curl or my seat to vibrate, that Dolby Sound had never been invented. All in all, *Outland* goes like Gang Busters, with Connery as a sheriff whose presence assures us The Force is in his trigger finger. YYY

In yet another futuristic tingler, *Escape from New York* (Avco-Embassy), writer-director John Carpenter proves once more that he is a very skillful movie-maker but not a very astute judge of his own scripts. Far more ambitious than either *Halloween* or *The Fog*, *Escape from New York* has everything else clicking in on cue—fine effects depicting Manhattan in 1997 as a kind of maximum-security Devil's Island for vicious criminals, a flamboyant performance by Kurt Russell, smashingly dramatic soundtrack music by Carpenter and Alan Howarth. One of the flashier new faces in cinema, best remembered for *Used Cars* and TV's *Elvis*, Russell plays Snake Plissken, an amoral master crook with a patch over his eye and no visible scruples, who is sent into Manhattan to rescue the President of the U. S. (Donald Pleasence) after Air Force One crashes inside the walled city. The idea is pretty good, though Carpenter and his collaborator Nick Castle fail to develop it much beyond some standard doomsday melodrama. Lee Van Cleef, Isaac Hayes, Ernest Borgnine, Harry Dean Stanton and Adrienne Barbeau (Mrs. Carpenter, by the way) all do their bits to make Fun City look lethal. Mayor Ed Koch should be horrified. Otherwise, it's not dull, just mildly disappointing, for Carpenter does things so well that he teases his audience into anticipating a grandly imaginative adventure, then leaves 'em wondering at the end why the really *big* lift never came. YYY½

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and surrender to a tantalizing yarn, confident that ace professionals are in charge up there. The good vibes come quickly in *Eye of the Needle* (UA), a conventional but almost totally satisfying thriller starring Donald Sutherland, for my money among the choicest actors in moviedom. Though skunked out of the Oscar nomination he richly deserved for *Ordinary People* last year, Sutherland snaps back with a subtle, varied and strangely touching portrayal of a ruthless killer in a first-rate adaptation by Stanley Mann of Ken Follett's best seller about a German spy in Britain during the D-day build-up of World War Two. As the implacable Faber, who seems to have a wild animal's instinct for danger whenever his pursuers draw nigh, Sutherland knocks off numerous adversaries without a blink of remorse until, at last, he is marooned on an English coastal island with a bitter, legless former R.A.F. pilot (Christopher Cazenove), the pilot's young son and his unhappy wife (Kate Nelligan). What develops is a kind of spy-who-loved-me tale of a passionate woman and the mysterious stranger whose relationship is explored with probing delicacy—though not to the exclusion of a wham-bam climax that's astonishing on several counts, significantly for fine work by Nelligan, a Canadian-born stage actress who matches Sutherland's tour de force with some virtuosity all her own. Director Richard Marquand, winner of a 1972 Emmy for the TV series *The Search for the Nile*, maintains an easy balance between sheer suspense and simple humanity. Admirers of the novel (which I had never read) assure me the screenplay sticks closely to the original, though there's much less attention paid to the intelligence man on Faber's trail, even with England's top-notch Ian Bannen in the part. No matter. *Eye of the Needle* has the sure holding power of a book you can't put down. $\text{¥¥¥}\frac{1}{2}$

Mythical gods and goddesses muck around with mere mortals in *Clash of the Titans* (MGM/UA), an escapist comic strip masquerading as a movie, with distinguished actors as deities. There's Laurence Olivier doing Zeus, Claire Bloom as Hera, Ursula Andress as Aphrodite, Maggie Smith as Thetis (getting all the best lines, maybe because her husband, Beverly Cross, wrote the screenplay). Special-effects wizard Ray Harryhausen doubled as coproducer, and his effects are spectacular—from Pegasus the winged horse to the monster Kraken, Stygian witches and a chilling Medusa. Everyone's favorite human character is apt to be Ammon (Burgess Meredith), a Greek poet who keeps vowing to pen some iambs about all this. I could have done without the cutesy golden owl named Bubo, a creature hatched from ancient myth according to Disney, so



Sutherland stalking in *Needle*.

A skillful thriller,
a gaggle of Greek gods
and a hilarious gross-out.



Titans' Harry Hamlin.

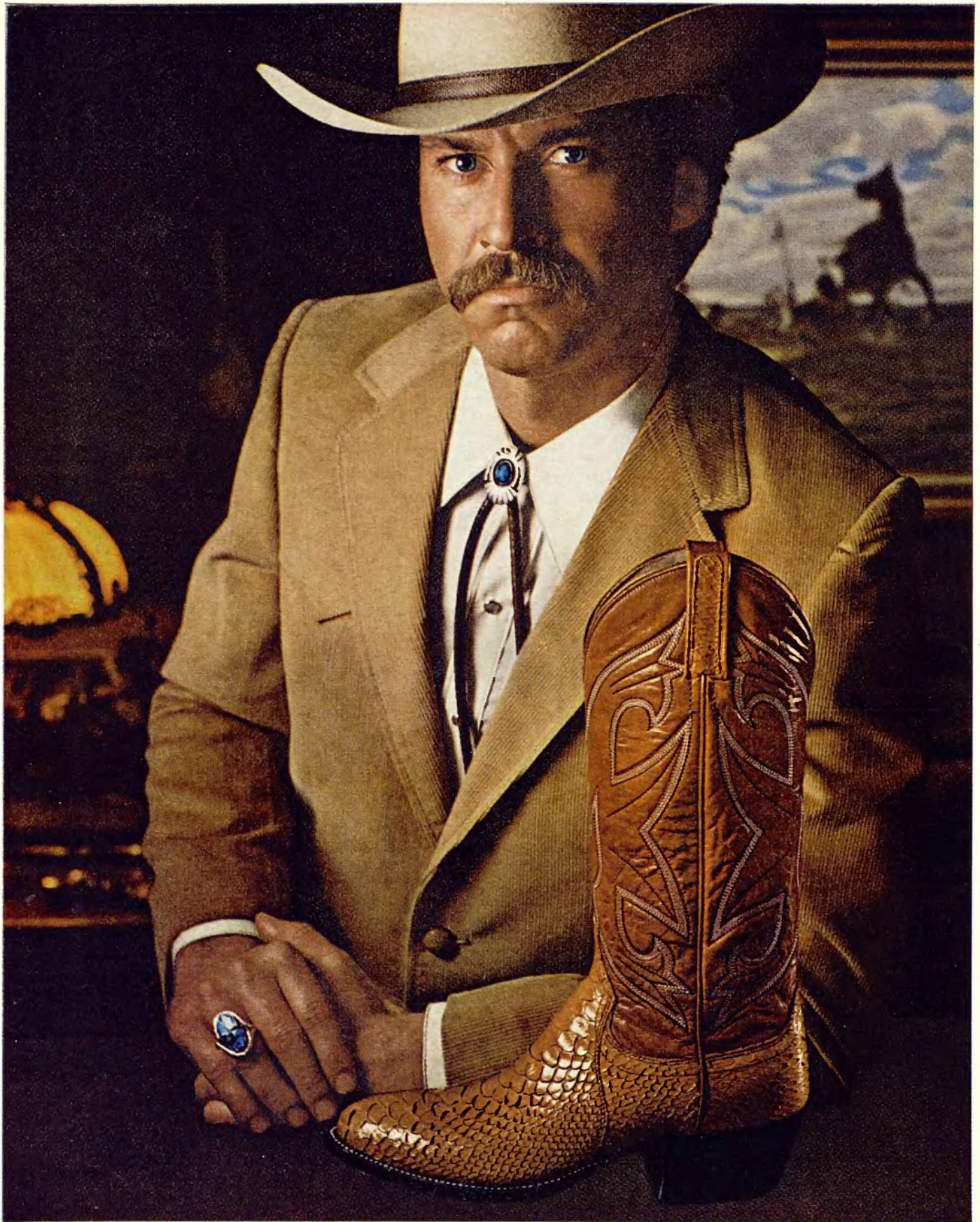


Cheech weighing matters in *Dreams*.

calculated a crowd pleaser you can practically hear the movie moguls telling one another that all they need now is a lovable, salable beeping cousin of R2-D2. Varying widely from tongue-in-cheek wit to arrant foot-in-the-mouth idiocy, *Clash* has its moments as a quest film, and has a personable hero and heroine in Harry Hamlin (Ursula's main man offscreen) as Perseus and Judi Bowker as Andromeda. Thanks to Zeus, nearly all the characters wind up with their names on starry constellations and that's cosmic, I guess, though the movie has no consistent style—lacking the grandeur to be taken seriously, yet too earnest and pedestrian to succeed as high camp. $\text{¥¥}\frac{1}{2}$

There is no sane and responsible way to review *Cheech & Chong's Nice Dreams* (Columbia). C&C are gross. They're raunchy. They play a pair of brain-damaged dope pushers who make jokes about drinking "piña colonics." They make me laugh a lot, damn 'em. Their comedy aims to reach the lowest common denominator and gets there fast, with no redeeming social values, which may well corrupt the nation's moral fiber (ap-
plause, more choked laughter). They seem to be inventing the gags as the camera rolls, which is a sloppy way to do things, yet at moments their method produces a kind of high surreal madness—the profane poetry of Cheech, wonderfully photographed wearing a strait jacket in solitary confinement, doing incredible maneuvers because his balls itch. This should not be funny and certainly indicates how far screen humor has sunk since Chaplin, or since Abbott and Costello, for that matter. All right, I laughed a lot. But I hated myself later. My advice is to stay away from this movie. If you must go, try not to enjoy it too much. Yeah, just try. Those bastards. $\text{¥¥}\frac{1}{2}$

Any work by Frederic Raphael (who wrote TV's *The Glittering Prizes* and the Oscar-winning screenplay for *Darling*) is apt to be literate and sharply honed. *Richard's Things* (New World) qualifies on both counts, though there are crucial flaws in the film adapted by Raphael from his own novel, with Anthony Harvey directing. Miscasting muddies the tale of a heart-attack victim's widow (Liv Ullmann) who discovers that her late husband had a mistress (Amanda Redman) and initially wishes the girl were dead. Eventually, the two women end up in bed together, finding much in common because they were both, so to speak, "Richard's things." That might be credible, but not in this movie, because Ullmann is far too straight and sober to make her lesbian fling seem valid, while Redman projects a kind of airy, swinging cheapness that never persuaded me she'd be Liv's irresistible cup of tea for two. The girls appear ready, at any moment,



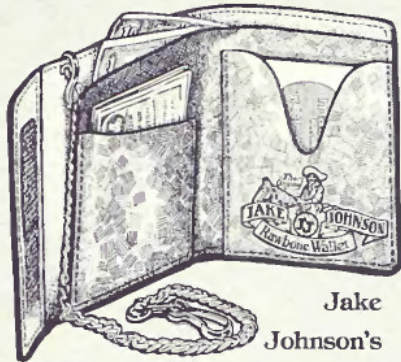
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to turn straight to the camera and tell us everything we ever wanted to know about a wonderful new detergent. **YY**

The Italian-made *I Hate Blondes* (Summit Feature Distributors) stars an energetic comedian named Enrico Montesano, whose countrymen have compared him to Woody Allen. He's more like a latter-day Harold Lloyd, or maybe the late Peter Sellers, yet, in any event, he is an engaging actor hemmed in by a script that requires him to hop, skip, jump and jostle some semblance of life into it. Montesano plays a ghostwriter for a novelist (France's Jean Rochefort) whose books are all best sellers. Justice is done when the unrewarded ghost writes a story describing the author's mansion in such detail that a couple of burglars use his prose as a key. One of the crooks (Corinne Clery) is beautiful. Short-order cooks thrive everywhere, but there are still ways to distinguish a comic soufflé from a soggy pasta. **YY**

Roger Moore gets to play footsie with a glamorous spy (Barbara Kellerman) in *The Sea Wolves* (Paramount). Moore and Gregory Peck play a couple of intelligence officers who recruit some unlikely heroes for an unsung act of heroism during World War Two. This true tale, spruced up with a number of movie-dom's most finely cut profiles, also stars David Niven as an aging member of the Calcutta Light Horse, a cavalry unit all but forgotten since the Boer War. A bunch of once-trim fighting soldiers, now going to pot or doing business or playing polo in Indja, volunteer to sink a German ship in the neutral port of Goa in the Indian Ocean. Their ranks swollen with such stalwarts as Trevor Howard and Patrick Macnee, these senior citizens perform the daring deed in an offbeat, better-than-average *macho* drama directed with his usual flair by Andrew V. McLaglen. **YY**

The old advertising game, always an easy target for film makers—*cum*—social critics, takes a couple of broadsides in *Agency* (Taft International). Subliminal messages hidden within seemingly innocuous commercials as a political secret weapon to brainwash the masses are the issue in this Canadian-made thriller. Robert Mitchum, shambling through his role as if he didn't much give a damn, plays the heavy, *vs.* Lee Majors and Valerie Perrine. Majors is the agency's creative director, who discovers something rotten at the top of a huge conglomerate, and Valerie's his favorite doctor. Svelte Alexandra Stewart plays Mitchum's mysterious assistant. What's really needed, alas, is a show doctor. **YY**

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Agency* (Reviewed this month) Homicidal admen. **YY**
- Atlantic City* Burt Lancaster on a winning streak with Susan Sarandon in Louis Malle's hit. **YYY½**
- Cheech & Chong's Nice Dreams* (Reviewed this month) Cheap laughs and plenty of 'em. **YY½**
- City of Women* Fellini females undoing Mastroianni. **YYY**
- Clash of the Titans* (Reviewed this month) Ye gods. **YY½**
- Escape from New York* (Reviewed this month) Fun City freaks out. **YY½**
- Eye of the Needle* (Reviewed this month) Nonstop excitement with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan sewing it up. **YYY½**
- The Four Seasons* Alan Alda, Carol Burnett & Co. in Alda's ode to some likable but perfectly ordinary people. **YYY**
- History of the World—Part I* (Reviewed this month) Melomania. **YYY**
- I Hate Blondes* (Reviewed this month) Trivia Italiana. **YY**
- I Sent a Letter to My Love* Signed, sealed and superbly acted by Simone Signoret. **YYY**
- La Cage aux Folles II* More ooh-la-la with *les boys*. **YY½**
- The Legend of the Lone Ranger* Who was that masked man? **Y**
- Napoleon* A French silent masterpiece, vintage 1927. **YYYY**
- Outland* (Reviewed this month) Connerly in a very high noon. **YYY**
- Polyester* Trash with flash, Divine, Tab Hunter and scentsurround. **YY**
- Raiders of the Lost Ark* (Reviewed this month) Spielberg's back on target after the debacle of 1941. Go, go, go with it. **YYYY**
- Richard's Things* (Reviewed this month) Liv Ullmann on an unlikely trip to Lesbos. **YY**
- The Sea Wolves* (Reviewed this month) World War Two revisited by Peck, Niven and Moore. **YY**
- S.O.B. Julie Andrews takes it off in more ways than one, while Blake Edwards puts Hollywood on—also up, down and sideways—in a wild, wicked comedy. **YYYY**
- Superman II* Lover or fighter, still in fine form, with Reeve and Kilder for the clinches. **YYYY½**
- Take This Job and Shove It* Robert (Airplane!) Hays on a lower plane. **YY**
- This Is Elvis* Presley docudrama with a good beat. **YY½**
- YYYY** Don't miss **YY** Worth a look
YYY Good show **Y** Forget it



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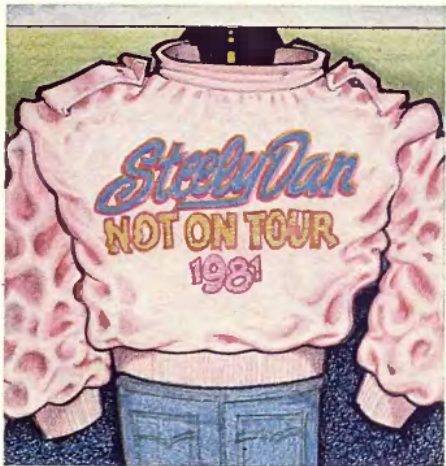
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NOT ON THE ROAD AGAIN: Every few years, Donald Fagen and Walter Becker, commonly known as Steely Dan, bring out a new album and then quietly watch it course to the top of the charts. No one has heard them in concert since 1974. Liz Derringer recently cornered Fagen to ask him about Steely Dan's relaxed concert schedule, among other things.

PLAYBOY: What have you got against live audiences? Why don't you tour?

FAGEN: We don't have a band. We're just two lonely guys who get a bunch of musicians together to play each album. Sometimes each particular song



features a different band.

PLAYBOY: Since you don't tour, what do you do between recordings?

FAGEN: I lead the life of a New Yorker. I do a lot of walking, see a lot of movies, go out to dinner. I don't spend much time in the country. I'm one of those people to whom the chirping of crickets is like a high-frequency thumping that I really can't stand. I lived in California for some years and finally O.D.'d on sunshine and quiet. I'm glad I'm back in New York.

PLAYBOY: Your collaborative relationship with Walter Becker began back East, didn't it? How did you two find each other?

FAGEN: I think our interest in jazz was a major ingredient in our getting together. At the time we went to college, jazz was a dying art form. We were about the only people at that time at Bard College who were interested in it. The rest of the student body was interested in the Beatles, and so on—whatever was going on between 1965 and 1969.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever thought of splitting up?

FAGEN: We've been thinking lately of doing some separate projects with other people.

PLAYBOY: What music are you interested in now?

FAGEN: I've been going back over 19th Century harmony lately—chromatic

NEW WAVE ROUND-UP

In the beginning, there was rock 'n' roll, plus surf rock, folk-rock, English rock, R&B and blues. Record stores were simple: You could find what you wanted without a lot of hassle—even in the most extreme states of altered consciousness. But times have changed. Record bins have gone into a New Wave breeding frenzy and there are now more groups and categories than ever before. Even if you know what you want, entering a record store can be a terrifying experience. Since your local adult-education outlet is not likely to offer a course in New Wave, we present the following guide.

Punk revels in Fifties machismo—biker leathers, sex as pain, glue sniffing, public barfing. It was brought to its snarling peak by The Sex Pistols' *God Save the Queen*, with its exhilarating contradiction of teen morbidity—there's no future, no future, no future.

Agit Rock was what happened when the other premier punkers, The Clash, couldn't get Americans to buy their records. They switched to mellow, early Sixties pop stylings and even mellower Caribbean lilts, aural syrup to make their angry young warnings go down as easily as a Doobie Brothers ballad.

Powerpop is how middle-class kids harness punk's energy while defusing its abrasiveness. With prelysergic Beach Boys and British Invasion bands as its inspiration, powerpop employs a big beat, clear harmonies and clean clothes. Try Cheap Trick, The Romantics, Ian Gomm.

Techno-Pop fuses the huge, spare drum sound of disco with rock sensibilities and layers of shimmering keyboards. Blondie and The Cars are the most successful at it, though The Cars, with their red, white and black color scheme, are the most influential dressers. A weirder variant is Devo.

Reggae/Ska may be the ultimate dance music, the rock-steady accented back beat that pulsed out of Jamaica in the Sixties as *ska* (lots of horns) and in the Seventies as *reggae* (lots of bass and ganja). Young British bands prefer the *ska* label now, because it goes better with porkpie hats. **Reggae:** Bunny Livingstone of the esteemed Wailers, or The Maytals. **Ska:** The Specials, Madness.

Dub is what happened when Jamaican d.j.s took bare rhythm tracks and talked a stoned streak over them.

Rap is the speeded-up American funk variant, a rhyming jive that goes where instrumental solos used to be.

New Funk matches old-time R&B melodies, rock guitar, Third World polyrhythms and New Wave *non sequiturs*. George Clinton and his Parliament/Funkadelic family were the pioneers. Sax man James Chance adds free blowing to the mix. Clothes run from ghetto psychedelic to Blues Brothers severity.

Rock-a-Billy is what Southern rock was before it had two drummers and three guitarists per band: Elvis Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis and Carl Perkins. Country with a bad-ass black beat and tons of delicious echo. And you get to dress like a cowboy greaser. Best newcomers are Dave Edmunds and Joe Ely.

New Garage Band is a combination of the old ? & The Mysterians' *96 Tears*, sharp, angry lyrics à la Elvis Costello and really bizarre singing à la Lene Lovich.

New Frat Band is the virtuoso ineptitude of the early Sixties party band exemplified by The B-52s. The period suburban look—bouffant hairdos, tapered slacks, synthetic prints—is mated to supersilly lyrics and an assembly-line drum throb.

Mod is the early Who sound of cheerful monster chording and sweet harmonies done by people 15 years younger, like The Jam. Matching mohair suits are *de rigueur*.

Nuevo Wavo is the old Sir Douglas Quintet Tex-Mex border sound: acid mellow with a pumping Farfisa organ and your occasional accordion solo.

Doug is back in action, and the leading upstart is Joe "King" Carrasco. Prepare to polka your sombrero off.

Modernism is a pop-oriented amalgam of styles by bands who play all or most of the above: Talking Heads, Joe Jackson and anything produced by Brian Eno, who, in New Wave circles, is known simply as God.



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harmony. Harmonically, I think our things are probably more interesting than anyone's. That's probably my main interest: new combinations of chords and how to integrate them into popular music without sounding like an English art-rock group. It's really not that much of a novelty. It's based on the same materials that Ray Charles's band was working with in the late Fifties.

PLAYBOY: Who were your influences?

FAGEN: Jazz of the late Fifties and Sixties. Rhythm-and-blues, Ray Charles, Miles Davis, Sonny Rollins and the music that jazz was derived from—at least harmonically—Stravinsky and Debussy.

PLAYBOY: Surely, you must have some interests besides music.

FAGEN: You mean like making paper airplanes or something? [Laughs] No, not really. I used to when I was a kid. But I used to end up just smelling the glue. I realized that was the way to perdition. I gave that up a long time ago.

PLAYBOY: What do you suppose you'll be doing when you're an old man?

FAGEN: It's difficult for someone in popular music to age gracefully. I hope I'll be a dirty old man.

REVIEWS

A few years ago, G. E. Smith was supporting himself by buying and selling vintage electric guitars and playing in Connecticut rock bands. Then, in relatively quick succession, his eclectic virtuosity and flashy flat-topped look landed him sideman gigs with Dan Hartman, Hall & Oates, David Bowie, Garland Jeffries and in Gilda Radner's backup band for her Broadway show/movie spin-off. This last engagement became just that when, as G.E. recently reminisced with us, "one thing just led to another" and he and Gilda were married. Now comes a most pleasing and auspicious debut album, *In the World* (Mirage), which reveals a remarkably lucid, hard-edged songwriter, as well as the kind of guitarist who can credibly mix rock-a-billy licks, R&B rhythmic and searing rock leads with seamless energy and grit. Especially affecting is an atmospheric heavy-metal cruncher about past glory days titled, fittingly, *James Brown*. Nowadays, G.E. lives on Manhattan's West Side with his bride, hangs out with neighbors like Paul Simon—who sings backup on this LP—and reckons he still has "about 50 guitars at home. But it's a more-or-less permanent collection these days."

On December 4, 1956, rock-a-billy great Carl Perkins was recording in Memphis' legendary Sun studio, flanked by his own band, an unknown piano pumper named Jerry Lee Lewis (reportedly paid \$15 for the session) and two guests—Johnny Cash and Elvis Presley. No wonder after

an impromptu Gospel jam session started, the resulting tapes became known as *The Million Dollar Quartet*, now one of the most famous rock-a-billy sessions ever recorded—and never released.

A bootleg has recently emerged amid a tangled legal web spun by Shelby Singleton, owner of the Sun Records catalog, and RCA, owner of all Elvis recordings. Three years ago, Singleton resurrected the tapes from a box into which they had been tossed and forgotten. When Singleton started preparing an album, RCA stopped the project with an injunction. Some time later, a Sun spokesman told us, the home of Sun's English rep was burglarized. Among the booty—a studio-quality dub of the *Million Dollar Quartet* tape. The tape pirate promptly started pressing and selling discs, first in England and now in the U. S., illegal as ever.

The question remains: Is the taped material worth the breaking and enter-



ing? It turns out that the album's pretty raggedy. Volume levels rise and fall, voices drift in and out of both range and tune. To our ears, Cash's voice is absent. The Gospel performances are playful, if sloppy. But it's a rare chance to eavesdrop on rock pioneers at play. Where else can you hear the Killer inquire of Elvis the Pelvis and Mr. Blue Suede Shoes, "Do you guys know that song, *Jesus Hold My Hand?*"

Three new releases from Galaxy feature jazz musicians who, for different reasons, have been absent from the U. S. recording and performing scene for almost a decade. Tenor saxophonist Johnny Griffin exiled himself to Europe, where appreciation of American jazz was greater and the working hassles fewer. Pianist Red Garland, who gained fame with the great Miles Davis Quintet of the Fifties, drifted into semi-retirement in his home state of Texas, performing locally but recording rarely. Art Pepper's struggle with drugs and his years in San Quentin (detailed in his autobiography, *Straight Life*) stilled his alto sax until the mid-Seventies. Happily, all have returned to a revitalized American jazz scene and a new audience that missed them the first time.

Griffin's latest, *NYC Underground*, is a

searing live date that sizzles the walls of N.Y.C.'s Village Vanguard. Responding to an in-tune audience in the packed basement club, the saxophonist rips through a set that features his own writing, as well as that of Thelonious Monk and Duke Ellington. On Red Garland's new LP, *Stepping Out*, the pianist does just that with the help of Ron Carter, Ben Riley and Kenny Burrell. His soulful, swinging style is as fresh and distinctive as it was with Miles. Art Pepper's coarse, emotional sound is softened somewhat on *Winter Moon* by the addition of strings—intended, presumably, to broaden his commercial appeal and bring Pepper home to the romantics.

On his third LP, *Funland* (Arista), pop-rocking Britisher Bram Tchaikovsky finally lives up to the promise first evidenced three years ago on his toe-tapping single *Girl of My Dreams*. With a new band behind him and brandishing a deeper, fuller vocal style, Tchaikovsky offers 11 guitar-drenched compositions that are as sprightly as they are intelligent. Brimming with hummable melodies and catchy refrains, this album lives up to its name: it's got a good beat and you can think to it.

David Lindley, who is best known as Jackson Browne's virtuoso lead guitarist, has ventured out on his own with *El Rayo-X* (Elektra). And the results are delightful. The music is sort of Tex-Mex reggae laced with plenty of Southern California deadpan humor (for example, *She Took Off My Romeos*). Even if you liked Lindley before (and were one of those who went to Browne concerts just to hear him), there's a strong chance this album will make you a fanatic.

It was recorded in a studio in France, but *Stone Crazy!* (Alligator) captures Buddy Guy the way he performs at his Checkerboard Lounge on Chicago's South Side—on nights when the band and the audience and the whiskey move him to step out from behind the bar or the card table and take the stage. Buddy's style has gotten more dynamic and dramatic over the years, alternating between ominously brooding passages and screaming climaxes on which he lets it all hang out with voice and guitar. His backup trio has as mean a Chicago blues sound as you could hope for, and his line about grabbing a Yellow Cab and riding it all day in search of his woman tells you exactly how a successful bluesman manages to stay blue.

At 26, Ricky Skaggs is in the third phase of a musical career that exceeds two decades. Having already made a big name in bluegrass, from which he joined Emmylou Harris' country-rock Hot Band, Skaggs now goes country, very



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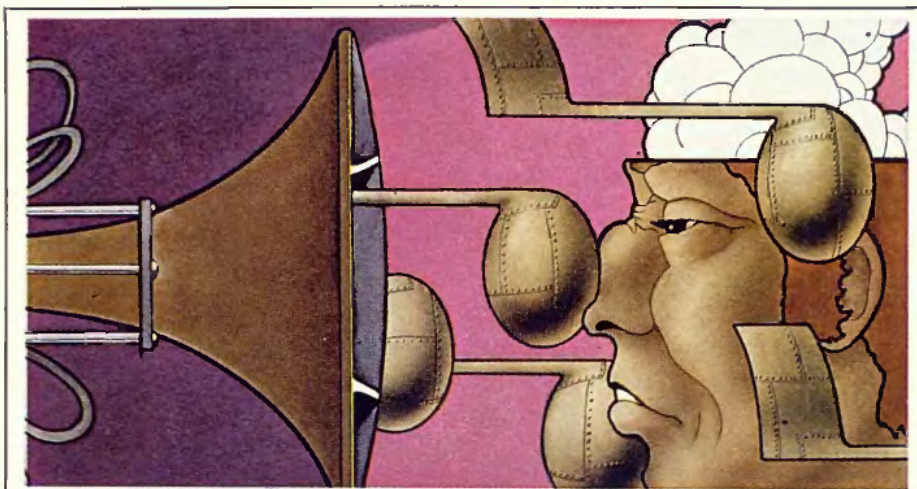
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FAST TRACKS



Is there any intelligent life left on earth? Here's what Queen drummer Roger Taylor has to say about *Airheads*, a cut on his solo album, *Fun in Space*: "It could be called a heavy-metal ode to mindlessness. It could be about head banging at concerts . . . the song's about the art of Quaalude consumption and sticking your head inside a P.A. . . . airheads can be fun." This sounds like about as much fun as a sharp poke in the eye. We can hardly wait for volume one of his *Greatest Hits* albums. Who says rock doesn't mirror our times?

REELING AND ROCKING: Alan Parker has been signed to coproduce a movie based on Pink Floyd's album *The Wall*. Parker, who directed *Midnight Express* and *Fame*, will be working on the drama with Pink Floyd's bassist, Roger Waters, who is writing the script. . . . Island Records is releasing *The Secret Policeman's Ball*, one of the year's most-sought-after British import albums, which includes a rare acoustic performance by Pete Townshend of *Pinball Wizard*, *Drowned* and *Won't Get Fooled Again*. The concert was a benefit for Amnesty International and it's hoped a film of it will be out in the U. S. soon.

RANDOM RUMORS: Debby Boone reports in her autobiography that she and her three sisters were spanked right into teenhood by both of their parents. Is that weird enough for you? . . . Now you, too, can look like Dick Clark. America's oldest living teenager is coming out with a new line of male grooming products and vitamins called Youth Formula. Ah, but can you dance to them? . . . We hear that Ronald Reagan sent South Korean president Chun Doo Hwan home from his state visit with albums by Earth, Wind and Fire, Billy Joel, Queen, Blondie, Chicago and the Bee Gees for his three teenaged children. We get the Reverend Moon and they get to rock-'n'-roll. We should have sent the Plasmatics, for spite.

NEWSBREAKS: OK, admit it, you've got a yen for Pepsi-Cola Salad. To make it easy for you, here is that tasty recipe from *The Presley Family Cookbook* (Wimmer Bros. Press): Mix black-cherry Jell-O according to package directions and add chopped

apple, white raisins, pecans, white grapes, cream cheese and canned pineapple. Add the Pepsi and stir. Pour into an oiled salad mold and refrigerate for six hours. Is this any way to remember The King? . . . Frank Zappa has entered the mail-order record biz in an effort to distribute some of his experimental and non-commercial stuff. Barking Pumpkin Records will in no way interfere with his more commercial relationship with CBS Records. The first offer on Barking Pumpkin is a three-record set of instrumental guitar recordings, at \$9.98 apiece or \$27.98 for the bunch, called *Shut Up and Play Your Guitar*, *Shut Up and Play Your Guitar Some More* and *Return of the Son of Shut Up and Play Your Guitar*. . . . Janice Ian's latest album, *Restless Eyes*, is making some waves because of the tune *Under the Covers*. The little ditty about Latin men goes, "They make better lovers or so I've been told / Under the covers that's where you discover if your man is whole." Will this make trouble on a scale with *Brown Sugar*? Stay tuned. . . . Crystal Gayle is singing on the sound track of Francis Ford Coppola's upcoming movie *One from the Heart*. . . . We now have the latest, and already denied, Stones rumor: that they'll play their last concert ever this fall in Rio. We predict they'll keep going as long as Mick can jump. . . . First it was eye strain, now it's the floor: Pogo dancing is bad news, causing worry to structural engineers and joy to floor manufacturers. Engineers fear an epidemic of dance floors' cracking up—which is how we feel when we watch pogo devotees dance.

—BARBARA NELLIS

innovatively, with his self-produced *Waiting for the Sun to Shine* (Epic), his first album for a major label. A killer, it couples a lot of old songs (by Flatt & Scruggs, The Stanley Brothers, Webb Pierce, et al.) with Skaggs's own utterly inspired productions of them. The sun, son, is about to shine.

Singer-songwriter-guitarist (not to mention actor) Jerry Reed has so many talents that he has found it somewhat difficult to fit himself into Nashville's musical molds. His periodic success has come primarily as a soft-pop ballad singer or as a musical comic, but he seems first and foremost to be a bluesman. His latest LP, *Dixie Dreams* (RCA), focuses most of its attention on that form. Reed, who rarely sounds bad, here also sounds comfortable.

SHORT CUTS

Roomful of Blues / Hot Little Mama (Blue Flame Records, Box 49, Bradford, Rhode Island 02808): The East Coast's hottest classic Fifties R&B swing band is scintillating live, and this new studio album captures the group's pile-driving, horn-laden sound to a T.

Lambert, Hendricks & Ross (Columbia): A splendid reissue in Columbia's Jazz Odyssey series, this is a great place to meet or get reacquainted with the inspired scat singing that made L,H&R the hippest vocal combo to emerge in the early Sixties.

The Manhattan Transfer / Mecca for Moderns (Atlantic): They cover all the bases here—swing, fusion, even good-time pop revival on *Boy from New York City*—with total aplomb and gorgeous four-part harmonies, fielding a virtuoso performance with no errors.

Jackie and Roy / East of Suez (Concord): Jackie Cain and Roy Kral have been a unique vocal duo since the Forties. They still are.

Bobby Bare / As Is (Columbia): Standard Bare fare: great contemporary country story-songs.

Delbert McClinton / The Best Of (MCA): The best of Delbert is definitely the *best*.

Jefferson Starship / Modern Times (Grunt): God love 'em, they were singing about mutants and aliens and revolution long before Johnny Rotten and The Clash, et al., and they're still at it, with the satiric groupobiographical *Stairway to Cleveland* telling us how it feels.

Noel Pointer / All My Reasons (Liberty): Romantic vocals and swinging violin, in a fusion setting warmly but wisely orchestrated by Richard Evans.

Blue Magic / Welcome Back (Capitol): Their lush vocal sound always brings out the best in Philly's arrangers and players.

Kellis Ethridge / Tomorrow Sky (Inner City): Anybody who lives in Denver and makes a living playing jazz guitar has got to be on the ball. He is.

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★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

DOL GOSSIP: Producer **Martin** (*Nighthawks*) **Poll** has purchased the screen rights to *A Streetcar Named Desire* and intends to cast **Sylvester Stallone** as Stanley Kowalski. Although it's sheer speculation, I won't be surprised if the remake is a bit steamier than the 1951 **Brando** version. . . . Rumor has it that "script problems" are to blame for the delay in reuniting **Peter Falk** and **Alan Arkin** in a follow-up to *The In-Laws*. . . . **Jill Clayburgh** will star in the film adaptation of **Barbara Gordon's** confessional memoir *I'm Dancing As Fast As I Can*. The flick also features **Nicol Williamson** and **Geraldine Page** and was scripted by playwright **David Rabe**. . . . **John Hurt** is the gay cop and **Ryan O'Neal** the straight one in *Partners*, a comedy by *La Cage aux*



Clayburgh

Stallone

Folles coscripter **Francis Veber**. . . . **John Schlesinger** will direct *Gorky Park*, based on **Martin Cruz Smith's** best-selling novel. . . . Secrecy surrounds the production of **Robert** (*Kramer vs. Kramer*) **Benton's** latest picture, *Stab*. Starring **Meryl Streep** and **Roy Scheider**, it's a romantic thriller involving a mysterious murder. **Scheider** plays a shrink. . . . **Barbara Hershey** stars in *The Entity*, the supposedly true story of a woman overpowered and sexually assaulted by an unseen force.

THE ATTACK OF THE HORROR SPOOFS: Following the enormous success of *Airplane!*, Hollywood became instantaneously hungry for genre spoofs. That explains why, at presstime, there are no fewer than three horror-film send-ups in various stages of production. New World Pictures scrambled to put together one called *Saturday the 14th*, when it became known that United Artists was working on one called *Thursday the 12th*. *Saturday* is what is known as a quickie—a three-week shooting schedule (most films take a couple of months) and an amazingly short postproduction period, all designed to beat *Thursday* to the punch. Plotwise, *Saturday* involves a cursed Amityville-like estate located in a town called Eerie, Pennsylvania, and a family (**Paula Prentiss** and **Dick Benjamin**) that ignores the warning



Smothers

Blankfield

and moves in anyway. The producers hope to have it ready for release sometime this August. *Thursday the 12th* stars **Tommy Smothers** as a Canadian Mountie on a police exchange program who investigates a slew of murders at a cheerleaders' camp. **Carol Kane**, **Debralee Scott** and **Miles Chapin** co-star, with **Tab Hunter**, **Donald O'Connor**, **Eve Arden** and **Kay Ballard** in cameo roles. It should be out next spring. The third in the horror-spoof line-up is *Jekyll and Hyde*. . . . *Together Again*, which stars **Mark Blankfield**, the first member of ABC-TV's *Fridays* cast to make the leap to feature-film stardom. In this version of the classic, **Dr. J.** is a surgeon turned researcher at a hospital called Our Lady of Pain and Suffering, and **Mr. H.** is a swinging bachelor type. A summer-of-'82 release is planned.

FOGGED IN: Paramount would like to have had a sequel to *Airplane!* to release this summer, but, unfortunately, such a project never got off the ground. The three creators of the original, **David** and **Jerry Zucker** and **Jim Abrahams** (hereafter referred to as **Z., Z. and A.**), have spent the past year or so brainstorming, but the only thing that's jelled thus far is a TV-series take-off on cop shows to be called *Police Squad*. **Leslie Nielsen** will probably star as the chief of police and, I'm told, **Z., Z. and A.** plan to kill off the guest star during the opening credits of each episode.

PRYOR COMMITMENTS: With one film currently in production and three slated to follow, **Richard Pryor** seems to be making up for lost time. Paramount's *Some Kind of Hero* is the first on the roster



Pryor

Kidder

and **Pryor's** first since his accident, and it seems evident that the actor's brush with death has added a new dimension to his already considerable talent. Co-stars **Margot Kidder**, **Ray Sharkey**, **Ronny Cox** and **Lynne Moody** speak only in superlatives of **Pryor's** dedication, genius and warmth. Says director **Michael** (*Those Lips, Those Eyes*) **Pressman**: "Richard is considered one of the few geniuses around today. He is embracing this film and his role with total dedication." *Hero* is something of a departure for **Pryor**: his first dramatic role in some years. He plays **Eddie Keller**, an American GI who spends five years in a Vietnamese prisoner-of-war camp and returns to the States to find that his world has fallen apart. "Even though **Eddie** is put through a series of traumatic circumstances," says **Pressman**, "he never loses his sense of humor. As a result, he comes out on top. This story is filled with a great deal of hope, optimism and laughter." **Pryor's** subsequent commitments include a reteaming with **Gene Wilder** in *Deep Trouble*, to be written by **Bruce Jay** (*Stir Crazy*) **Friedman**, and two films for **Rastar**—*The Toy*, a remake of a 1976 French film, in which **Pryor** plays a department-store employee purchased as a plaything for a spoiled young boy, and a film bio of jazz great **Charlie Parker**.

ROMANCE DEPARTMENT: *A Little Sex* is the first theatrical-film venture of **MTM**



Matheson

Capshaw

Enterprises, the company that has given us *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, *Rhoda* and *Lou Grant*. **Tim** (*Animal House*) **Matheson** and newcomer **Kate Capshaw** star in this romantic comedy about a young, newlywed New Yorker (**Matheson**) who's perpetually tempted by the glamorous women he encounters in his job as a commercials director and in the city at large. His struggle to resist temptation and remain faithful to his wife (**Capshaw**) eventually causes a real crisis in his married life. **Capshaw's** previous credits include numerous commercials and a stint on the soap opera *Love of Life*. —**JOHN BLUMENTHAL**

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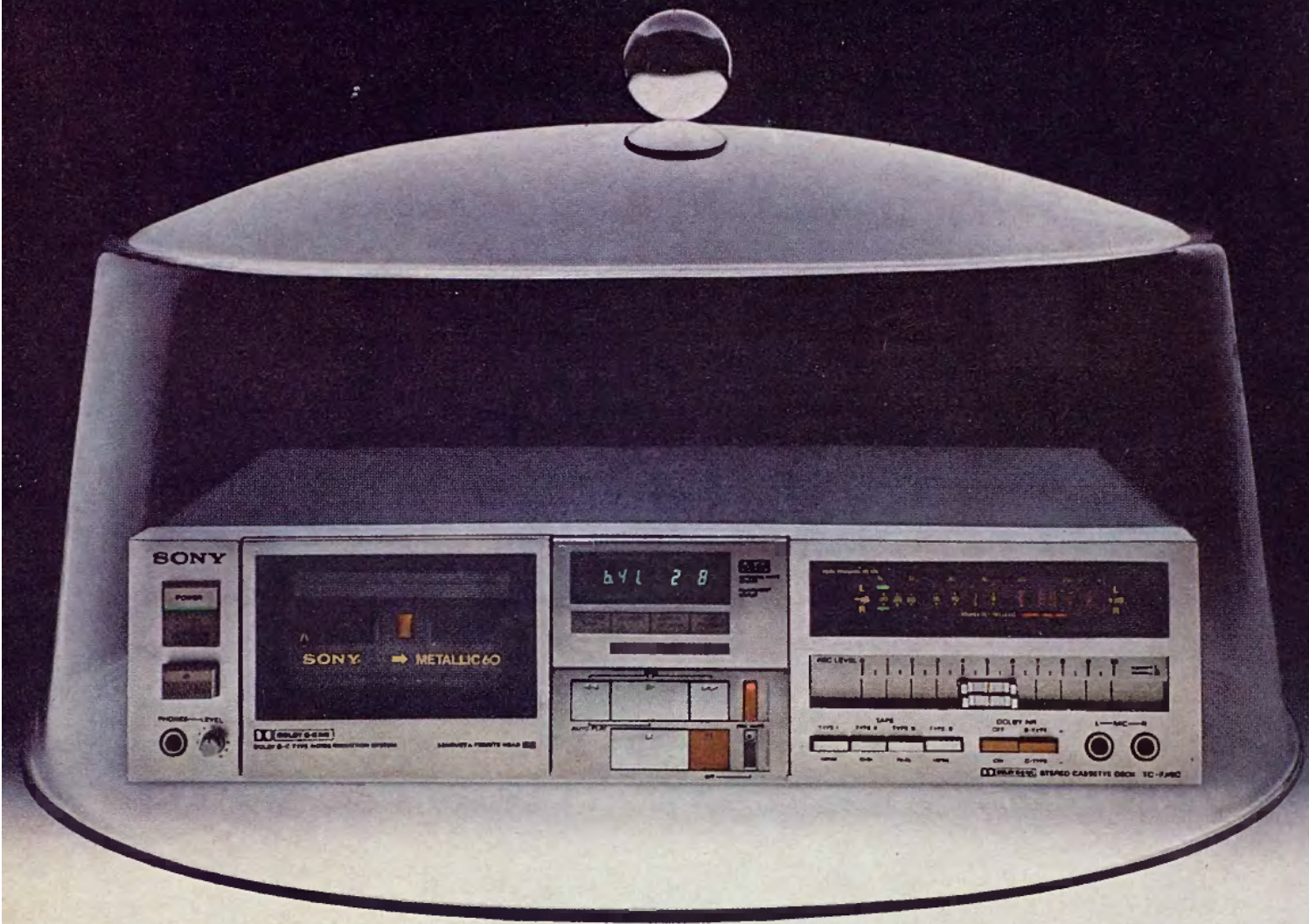
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FLAWLESS A
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TRY
RECORDING
SILENCE.

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PLAYBOY'S TRAVEL GUIDE

By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

FOR THE PAST couple of years, American visitors to Europe have been looking very nervously at the bottom line of their restaurant checks and hotel bills. There's even been some pronounced wincing as those brave souls converted the totals to dollars and then wondered why they'd ever left home.

It's no secret that the dollar has been in very sharp decline for the better part of the past three travel seasons and that longings to visit Europe have had to be tempered by economic reality. But all that has changed dramatically in 1981, and Americans visiting, say, France this summer and fall feel positively expansive. The source of this euphoria is the realization that the U.S. dollar now buys about 5.7 French francs—the highest level it has enjoyed in France in more than a decade. This compares with barely four francs to the dollar *last* Labor Day, as the dollar's buying power has increased a whopping 42.5 percent in just one year. Suddenly, it's possible for Americans to enjoy Gallic pleasures without returning home to the threat of incipient bankruptcy.

Similar dramatic rises in the dollar's fortunes have taken place in most of the rest of Europe as well, and the dollar is enjoying levels of buying power not seen since the mid-Seventies. In Italy, for example, an American could buy only 850 lire for a dollar a year ago. At the moment, however, 1200 lire for a dollar is not at all unusual—more than a 40 percent increase in 12 months. That means that a posh hotel room in Rome that cost 100,000 lire in 1980 has gone from \$117 to \$83 in just a year. Even in the traditionally most expensive countries of Europe—Switzerland and West Germany—the dollar is enjoying new levels of prosperity. A year ago, a dollar bought a mere 1.78 German marks; it now buys 2.4—a 35 percent rise in value. Similarly, on Labor Day 1980, a dollar bought 1.64 Swiss francs; it buys about 2.1 today—that's a 28 percent increase in buying power in 12 months.

Even the British pound, once buoyed by North Sea oil revenues, has seen its value decreased nearly 20 percent in relation to the dollar. So a dinner that cost more than \$24 in 1980 is about \$19.50 today.

Among the most inexpensive European places for Americans to travel is the Republic of Ireland. Just over a year ago, Irish authorities discontinued the relationship that Irish currency had historically had with its British counterpart. For the first time in generations, the Irish punt and the British pound went their separate ways and, to the



WELCOME BACK, EUROPE

Three cheers
for the red, white
and greenback.

delight of American visitors to Ireland, the punt headed straight down. A year ago, it took \$2.12 to buy one punt; today it costs less than \$1.55, and that makes Ireland one of the most economical European destinations for American visitors.

The financial bottom line is that in spite of the high inflation rate that's operative all over western Europe, the dramatic currency gains made by the dollar over the past year mean a significant shrinkage in overseas prices when compared with conditions a year ago.

Accelerating the trend of American travelers back toward Europe is a host of inexpensive transatlantic excursion fares, promotional rates that traditionally proliferate enormously after the 15th of September. Although it's true that basic fares have been going up steadily in the face of rising jet-fuel costs, that is mainly of concern to business travelers, who are unable to commit or plan passage abroad very far in advance. For someone able to purchase his ticket seven to 30 days in advance, however, there is virtually no major European city to which a discount and/or excursion fare is not available. A trip through your travel agent's current *Official Airline Guide* should serve to confirm that fact dramatically—and provide specific prices and restrictions.

But up to now, one of the prime bugaboos discouraging a European visit has been the inability to add any additional European destinations to those discount transatlantic fares—except at horrendous cost. The jumble of intra-European air fares has been one of travel's most frustrating problems, and on a per-mile basis, city-to-city intra-European air travel has been almost prohibitively expensive.

At the moment, though, Europe is in the midst of one of the most heated air-tariff price wars ever seen. For example, Air France's new fare between Paris and Amsterdam is now only \$91 round trip; Paris to Rome is \$175 round trip; Paris to Vienna costs only \$210 round trip; and round trip between Paris and Athens is available for \$245. Those fares, which Air France lumps under its New European Service tariff category, are calculated at 5.7 francs to the dollar and are all excursion fares. They require only that users stay for one Saturday, and they represent a 50-to-60-percent reduction from 1980 air-travel costs.

The same situation exists on British Airways out of London. At the moment, travelers can fly round trip between London and Paris for \$95, London and Rome for \$288, London and Zurich for \$200 and London and Berlin for \$183. Again, those fares represent a savings of nearly 50 percent over those of 1980.

As usual, however, there are a couple of curve balls to consider before you go bucketing off to Europe expecting to fly willy-nilly from city to city at these inexpensive fares. Not all European countries are as enthusiastic about them as others, and in an attempt to exclude U.S. travelers from these bargains, many of the fares are not purchasable in the U.S. Of those listed above, for example, the flights between London and Rome or Berlin cannot be purchased in the U.S., because of disputes with the Italian and German governments. Similar bargain fares offered in Europe by Alitalia and Lufthansa are not available for purchase in the U.S. They are, however, available in Europe, so it might be advisable, in certain instances, to make reservations here—or have someone do it for you abroad—and then purchase your ticket when you get to Europe.

As we go to press, the countries between which inexpensive intra-European fares *can* be purchased in the U.S. are Austria, Bulgaria, Finland, Gibraltar, Great Britain, Ireland, Malta, Romania, Spain, Switzerland and Yugoslavia. A little cunning and guile may be necessary to enjoy the same economic rewards if you're headed for another European destination.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I've seen the problems of no orgasm, premature orgasm and the like tackled by you, but what about too many orgasms or those that are too intense? I've been told by more than one lover that I'm too sensitive, or they can't keep up with me, or that I'm having too much fun. When I was growing up, all I heard and read was that men liked responsiveness (sound-wise and otherwise). It's getting to a point where I'm almost afraid to respond at all. The sane part of me says it's their problem, but is there such a thing as "too responsive"? It's not as though I can switch off at will what's been switched on. Any suggestions?—Miss M. G., Los Angeles, California.

Yeah. What are you doing Friday night? There is no such thing as too much fun. Physical response is a matter of fine tuning: Tamper with someone's psyche and you don't just get poor performance, you get no performance. Desire is a very fragile thing. Don't let fools fool with it. If you have to, change friends.

For my birthday, my girlfriend gave me a tie that has quickly become my favorite. I've taken to wearing it almost every day. Last week, someone at work said that I should give the tie a rest. I said, "Why? I'm the one doing all the work." But he insisted that it was better for the tie if it had a few days off every now and then. Is there any truth to this?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

First, was the guy your boss? If so, you would be wise to follow his fashion advice, if that's what it was. Actually, he is correct. You should rotate your ties, suits, shoes, socks, the works. By hanging them out for a day, you give the wrinkles a chance to relax naturally, the fibers a chance to get the kinks out. Try it. Your tie will last longer.

My girlfriend and I recently discovered something that should give new meaning to the word headphones. I bought one of the new tiny cassette players with the ultralight headphones and that night, the stereo went to bed with us. While receiving head, I was listening to Michael Jackson's *Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough*. Then the idea struck me. I pushed the TALK button on the cassette player. (That overrides about 50 percent of the music and allows the headphones wearer to pick up sounds through a sensitive condenser mike.) I placed the unit down by my lady's lips and cannot describe the erotic effect it had on me. A few minutes later, we switched places and she was obviously as turned on as I had been. Being able to hear every detail



of oral sex is like having three lovers at once—one giving head and one on each ear. Thought I'd share this discovery with others, but first I'll buy some stock in the company that made the cassette player.—M. M., Oceanside, California.

We thought of sending this letter along to the editors of Playboy Guide to Electronic Entertainment, but what the hell. Let them find their own letters.

During the gas shortage of a few years ago, I traded in my old gas guzzler for a car that was supposed to get good mileage on regular gasoline. For a while, everything worked out well. But lately I've been getting an annoying knock. The car has been tuned to specs. I don't want to switch to a premium fuel for this small car, but what else can I do?—L. P., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

An automobile's octane requirements can vary for a number of reasons, including degree of tune, engine load and engine age. We suspect that the latter cause is your problem. An older car can require fuel with octane five numbers higher than when it was new. The fact is, variances of as much as ten numbers can be found in identical new cars. Your first step should be to change brands. You'll have to throw brand or dealer loyalties out the window for this solution. The numbers on any gas pump are minimum-octane numbers. It is possible to find higher-octane fuel in a different brand, even though the minimum numbers are the same. If you find that you are somehow "between numbers," it isn't necessary to switch completely to a premium fuel. Try adding one third premium to your regular and then adjusting

the proportions when you find out how your car takes to it. Another possibility is gasohol, which has a higher octane than its base regular gas. You can't find the right fuel for your car by reading the owner's manual. Only trial and error will do.

The girl I'm dating told me to get a vacuum-pump developer to increase the length and thickness of my penis. She claims that a guy she used to date used one with positive results. Do they work? Are they harmful?—D. V., Sacramento, California.

If the guy she used to date had such positive results, why is she dating you? Ditch the bitch. Or tell her to use a vacuum pump on her brain. Medical science has yet to discover a safe, effective method for increasing the size of the penis. That is no cause for despair, though. Most men who worry about their penis size do so unnecessarily. We would also like to say that ads claiming to enlarge a man's penis through various methods or devices not only are false but may be dangerously irresponsible.

It took a long time, but I finally got my Ph.D. Since the only things I've got to show for all the work I did are my job and that piece of paper, I'd like to display the diploma on my office wall. I've been told that is not always a good idea. I say if you've got it, flaunt it. What do you say?—R. M., Boston, Massachusetts.

A diploma says only that you've taken the course, not that you were any good at it. That shows up in your day-to-day performance. The only people who really need to prove they've taken the course before performing are doctors, dentists and lawyers. They are reassuring their patients or clients, not impressing friends or co-workers, when they display their sheepskin. In most other cases, framing and hanging your credentials may give your ego a boost, but it just looks like a boast to anyone else. The proper resting place for the average diploma is, therefore, in a trunk in your attic, not on your office wall.

In response to your request for outrageous techniques on the delightful subject of giving good head, I've decided to share with you the delicious details of a recent rapturous rendezvous that resulted in blowing a couple of fuses in my lover's circuit of sensuous experiences. Getting straight to the good part, one fine Saturday evening of wine, candlelight and sensuous dance shared by

myself, my lover and another woman found the three of us becoming progressively more entwined as the night wore on. Now, I have always adored going down on men—and this one in particular. So, at one point, when I became aware of my girlfriend going for it down at the other end of the bed, it sounded so tasty I thought I'd join her fellatio feast. It was even sexier than watching myself give head in the mirror. Girls, if you really want to get off and blow your man's mind simultaneously, share a cock with a friend! We would take turns, passing it back and forth from one mouth to the other. I would swallow him completely, and then my girlfriend would be begging for more, so I'd slip him out of my mouth into hers, and then we'd share for a while, both of us sliding up and down the shaft. Moans of ecstasy from my boyfriend's end of the bed let us know that our teamwork was being well appreciated. Every now and then, he would lift his head to watch this grand performance, but our vigorous efforts swept him back down, in complete surrender to sensation. When he could take no more, we let loose and gave him all we were worth—which turned out to be sufficient to break a main line on something—we thought the fountain was never going to stop gushing. I let my girlfriend enjoy the warm refreshments, since I do get my share on a regular basis, and she reciprocated by giving me a warm, wet cum-covered kiss. So my advice to the woman who wants to give her man a workout he'll never forget—have a friend over for dessert!—Miss P. B., Santa Barbara, California.

The insight, wisdom, ingenuity and charm of your advice strike us as obvious. Thank you. Now, if our girlfriend is reading this...

I've been overweight since I was a youngster. Let's face it, I was a fat kid. A friend tells me that once you develop all those fat cells, it's impossible to get rid of them. Does that mean I will be overweight for the rest of my life?—L. A., Des Moines, Iowa.

Not at all. The total amount of fat in your body depends not only on the number of fat cells but on their size. The body will produce fat cells throughout its growing period, especially the first few years of life. But then it will stop and you will maintain the same number for your adult life. In the process of reducing, you do not lose fat cells, you simply reduce their size. That can be done through proper nutrition and exercise. There are a lot of excuses for being overweight, but no good reasons.

I have been married twice and dated guys in between, but never had an orgasm until two months ago, when I

met C.S. We live together now and make love a lot! When I get off, I feel like screaming, groaning and just going crazy. The problem is that a fear inside me stops me from doing so. He has made remarks to let me know it would really "blast him off" if I did let go. How can I overcome my fear of expressing my orgasms out loud? I've also wanted to talk to him while making love—"Push harder" and things like that. Why can't I get the guts to cut loose? Please help!—Miss S. D., Sunnyvale, California.

Perhaps you've heard the phrase "Nice girls don't, women do." For all the folderol of the sexual revolution, most women are brought up under certain prohibitions. They don't talk about sex or otherwise express themselves—especially in mixed company. That kind of restraint takes its toll—it may be the source of your early sexual difficulties. But, evidently, you are coming of age. If you want to practice yelling and moaning, why not sign up for a "private speaking class"? See what it's like to let go when you masturbate. Then perhaps you can move on to the next level—trying to talk during oral sex, say, during a session of soixante-neuf. With your mouth full, no one will be able to tell what you're saying, but the thought will count. If you want to change, you will.

Every Christmas, I get at least one bottle of cologne, which usually goes into the medicine cabinet, never to be seen again. Frankly, the thought of wearing it embarrasses me. Is it possible these days for a man to wear cologne without attracting a lot of attention? Some of the stuff smells pretty good.—R. D., Albany, New York.

If you like the smell, that's one of the two votes you'll need. The secret to enjoying cologne lies in realizing that you're not the only one who has to smell it. To get that second vote, all you have to do is ask. Then, when you get approval, try it out on a day when you're not likely to run into anyone with influence over your life or career. The reason is that the smell of cologne will change during the day. Body heat and your own body smell will change the initial impression of the cologne significantly. You'll want to know what that change will be before you actually go out in public. Be aware as well that your after-shave and your deodorant also have to be compatible. Often you can buy an after-shave in the same scent. Deodorant clashes can be avoided by buying the unscented kind. Be careful in applying cologne. The rule is to use far less than you think you should. A pinkieful ought to do the job, discreetly applied on the sternum and maybe a little behind each ear (you've seen the routine). During the day, you'll want it either fresh or fruity; save the heavy

musks and perfumy stuff for intimate tête-à-têtes at night. Once you've discovered a cologne that works for you, stick with it. With any luck, in a few weeks you'll get used to it, others will consider it your trademark and the embarrassment will be gone.

My new job means that I'm going to have to fly a lot, making short hops around the country. I don't mind the flying so much as the landing. My ears just can't take it. I've chewed whole packs of gum, tried swallowing hard while making all sorts of noises and all that happens is that I get funny looks from other passengers. There must be some way to clear my head without making a fool of myself, isn't there?—M. P., Phoenix, Arizona.

Some folks can get relief by pinching their nostrils and blowing—very gently—with the mouth shut four or five minutes before touchdown, but that draws as much attention as the noises. You might try an oral decongestant before flying to help keep your tubes open. Nasal sprays also can work wonders if used before your descent. Take it easy on the spray, though, because some of them can have an annoying rebound effect that can compound your problem by causing congestion after you've reached terra firma. And, sorry to say, if you're prone to this problem, don't drink alcohol in flight or just before. It can increase congestion.

Sex has become increasingly satisfying to both my fiancée and me. Although we have never striven to make simultaneous orgasm a goal, we couldn't help but notice that we now experience orgasm together about 75 percent of the time. We practice birth control, so our first question is a curious rather than a concerned one: Does simultaneous orgasm create (during a fertile period) a "perfect environment" for conception? In other words, does it increase the chance of pregnancy?—M. K., Virginia Beach, Virginia.

Not particularly. According to Masters and Johnson, it seems that there is probably a greater chance for conception when the woman doesn't orgasm, since the muscle contractions that occur during climax tend to force the sperm out of the vagina. Seems like you've got a birth-control bonus.

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

SPEED AND JESUS

Things were a lot simpler when religion was the opiate of people, as Marx put it, and merely lulled them into passive acceptance of economic and social injustice. These days, it seems to be less an opiate than an amphetamine. Compared with today's politicized evangelists and their fiery-eyed followers armed with Bibles and ballots, the standard speed freak is a pretty laid-back fellow. To the detached student-observer of political change, the sight is the most breathtaking spectacle since the Crusades: All the militant feminists, fairies, blacks, bleeding-heart liberals and various other vermin scattering in panic before an advancing army of Born Again Bumpkins, zonked out of their gourds on self-righteousness and lusting for blood. It's just a good thing Hitler wasn't on last November's ballot.

So let us be comforted by the fact that some evangelists—namely, faith healer Oral Roberts and his radio rival the Reverend Carl McIntyre—are still holy warring on a traditional battleground. Seems that Oral sent out a fund-raising letter advising those on his mailing list that Jesus had come to him in a vision, towering over the high-rise City of Faith that the Reverend Roberts needs a few jillion dollars to build. The Reverend McIntyre took the data from Roberts' letter, calculated Jesus to be 600 feet tall and pronounced that to be deceptive advertising based on a hallucination. Jesus was given a human body of average size and has been content with it since the Resurrection, McIntyre insisted, implying very bad things about Roberts. Like he was a phony. An official spokesman for Oral lamely responded that the Lord had presented Jesus larger than the building to symbolize that "God was bigger than the problem [of raising money]." McIntyre wasn't buying any such symbolism that, he said, raised \$5,000,000 fraudulently with an "expanded or bloated Jesus."

Now *that's* the sort of issue that evangelists should be dealing with, instead of terrorizing politicians and mucking around with the laws of the land.

J. Z. Armes
Austin, Texas

WAR OF THE WORDS

Marie Antoinette should be the patron saint of liberals. While queen of France, she righteously worked to lift the ban against the opera *The Marriage of Figaro*,

which attacked the nobility and helped inspire the popular revolt in which she herself was guillotined. Some say Marie didn't even know what the opera was about, which would also qualify her as a liberal, upper-case, knee-jerk variety.

Bob Reitz
Cleveland, Ohio

"Turned out that she was a decoy prostitute . . . and that I had just won the Honest John Award."

Whatever happened to the "liberal backlash" that has been promised for so long? Are we all planning to sit on our cans and watch our lives be ruined by the right-wing crusaders? If that is the case, I would certainly like to know, so I can start looking for a good cave to hide in.

Meanwhile, a few comments. I practice what is apparently a unique form of censorship. Whenever I see something that I feel will probably offend me, I simply leave it on the shelf. I practice the same censorship with my television set. If I see a show listed that would offend my sensibilities or intelligence



(the latter is more often the case), I change the channel or leave the damned thing off. It's amazing how many people simply haven't thought of this.

I feel that abortion is an issue that should be left up to each and every woman's own personal needs and conscience. While I personally feel that abortion is not a substitute for responsible birth control, I also do not feel that already overcrowded foster homes are the answer. Neither are the beaten children who are spending so much time in emergency rooms, psychologists' offices and institutions.

In sex education, I feel that perhaps too much emphasis is being placed on the mechanics of conception (and contraception) and not enough on the responsibilities involved. I heard of one school that gave each student a raw egg to tend to for one week, treating it as though it were his or her own child. Those students learned more about responsibility in that week than in a whole year of classroom study.

James W. Crocker
Tacoma, Washington

HONEST JOHN

While perched on a stool in a hotel bar last summer, I made the acquaintance of an attractive young woman who proved to be intelligent, pleasant, witty and an altogether delightful person to talk to. After we chatted for about half an hour, she guided the conversation around to sex and from several subtle hints, I decided she was a hooker, if a slightly awkward one. I finally asked her outright if she was a working girl and she answered cryptically, "Yes, I suppose you could say that." Then I told her that while I was enjoying the conversation, I wasn't a prospective customer—just a bored out-of-towner, happily married, passing time until it was late enough to catch the late movie on the hotel's pay TV. When I apologized for taking up her time, she laughed and said she had some friends she'd like me to meet, indicating three men and a woman sitting at a large table, who were watching us and smiling. I was a bit nervous about all this and nearly choked on my drink when next she opened her purse and showed me a badge. Turned out that she was a decoy prostitute, her friends were a backup cop and two off-duty colleagues, and that I had just won the Honest John Award—a little plastic bathtub fish signifying, they explained,

"one that got away." It took two more drinks for my anxiety level to subside and, meanwhile, my pleasant conversationalist returned to her duties at the bar. The cops said this wasn't their normal procedure but that busting decent Johns could get a little depressing and occasionally they made a party out of the business just to vary the routine. Politely as possible, I said that what I encountered was something pretty close to entrapment, and they countered that I couldn't be arrested if I didn't make a monetary deal. I didn't argue, but I found the whole thing a little unsettling and I can't say I particularly liked the rather callous and sporting attitude they brought to a situation that could easily do a great deal of harm to an otherwise harmless person who's only crime would be horniness and loneliness.

(Name withheld by request)
Des Moines, Iowa

Very odd police behavior; wish you'd mentioned the city.

AGENT ORANGE

Your readers may have heard about the recent court decision that veterans cannot sue the Agent Orange manufacturers in Federal court. That decision in no way affects our Agent Orange work, nor the bulk of organizing and lobbying being done by veterans around the country. I think that is important to explain, because press accounts have tended to suggest that the decision is the death knell for the issue.

We advised veterans years ago not to expect Agent Orange victories through the courts, especially in suits against the chemical companies. Unfortunately, many came to expect them anyway and have been sorely disappointed by the court decision. Many veterans do not know of the work being done by the National Veterans Law Center and its Task Force on Agent Orange. But an increasing number of veterans have already contacted our clients about what is to happen after the decision.

We expect that our work and that of the Agent Orange task force will, with the support of the Playboy Foundation, become more important to those people once they realize that litigation is simply one tool for effective organizing around this issue.

Lewis M. Milford
National Veterans Law Center
Washington, D.C.

HEAVEN CAN WAIT

I was both shocked and outraged by the letter that appeared in your June issue titled "Bigger Bonfire," referring to a survey purporting to discover that "the people most in favor of the use of nuclear weapons are Catholics." Catholics hardly deserve the insane death-wishing image the writer gives them. As a Catholic and an individual opposed

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

LOVE NOR MONEY

DES MOINES—In denying an award of \$30,000 in damages to a rejected husband, the Iowa Supreme Court struck down the legal concept of alienation of affection as "rooted in ideas we have long since renounced, involving wives as property." Stating that such suits "are useless as a means of preserving a family," the court noted that "human experience is that the affections of persons who are devoted and faithful are not susceptible to larceny." The decision reversed a jury award of \$10,000 in actual damages and \$20,000 in punitive damages granted a husband whose wife left him to marry another man. In

finally had to call the police. The plaintiff's lawyer admitted to the court that the case was so unusual he didn't know whether to label his client's disability an industrial injury or a disease. The court apparently decided it was neither.

LOVE NOR MONEY, III

LANSING—The Michigan Court of Appeals has upheld a \$250,000 award to a bride whose husband abandoned her, claiming she was not a virgin when they were married. The woman sued for slander, alleging that the groom ruined her reputation and that of her family in the Sicilian community and that he did so merely to get out of the marriage. Court records indicate that the man refused to take the word of his bride or of a nurse who examined her. The marriage was annulled.

KEEPING ABORTION LEGAL

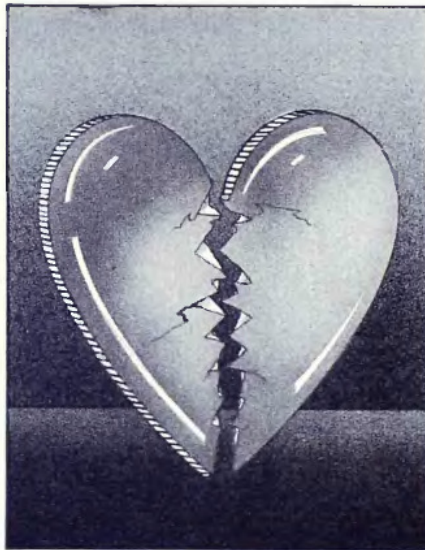
ROME—Despite strong opposition from the Vatican, Italians have voted two to one to retain legalized abortion. The three-year-old law that permits abortion virtually on demand was supported by 67 percent of 35,000,000 voters in a national referendum called for by Roman Catholic activists seeking to restrict the operation to situations of medical emergency.

COVER THY BOD

VATICAN CITY—In yet another pronouncement on personal morality, Pope John Paul II has condemned nudity and said that people "of sensibility" feel shame whenever they have to take off their clothes, even for a routine doctor's examination. Speaking to a crowd of 15,000, the Pope said that "culture demonstrates an explicit tendency to cover the nudity of the human body, not only for climatic reasons but also in relation with the growth of the personal sensibility of man [whose] sense of shame arose when he became subject to concupiscence," or strong sexual desire.

CONTAMINATED POT

MADISON—Researchers at the Medical College of Wisconsin studying a group of marijuana users have discovered an unusually high incidence of exposure to the potentially dangerous fungus *aspergillus* and other molds that can cause serious lung disorders and affect other organs, often without causing symptoms that are readily



a dissenting opinion, Chief Justice W. Ward Reynoldson argued that such suits should be retained for their "deterrent effect." He said, "This result doubtlessly will be hailed by those who believe extramarital conduct should be accorded a constitutional right of privacy."

LOVE NOR MONEY, II

SACRAMENTO—The California Supreme Court has turned down an appeal by a former state employee seeking disability benefits because he fell in love with a co-worker who spurned his advances, leaving him too distraught to work. The 40-year-old ex-clerk claimed his disability was job-related because he would still be employed had he not met the woman at work. Testimony indicated that the man became obsessive and that the object of his affections

detectable in their early stages. The doctors discovered the problem coincidentally and said that until further studies are done, chemotherapy patients in particular should avoid using "street marijuana" because their lowered immune responses would make them susceptible to infection. The contamination is suspected to come from the storage and shipping conditions common with smuggled pot.

Contaminated marijuana also has been blamed for an outbreak of Salmonella poisoning in Ohio and Michigan that led to the hospitalization of at least 39 persons suffering from severe diarrhea. Health officials speculated that the contamination could have occurred when a marijuana field was fertilized with manure or when the harvested pot was exposed to a barnyard.

The Alliance for Cannabis Therapeutics (ACT) said those and other discoveries of tainted marijuana point up the need for legal access to quality-controlled pot for legitimate medical use.

SNIFF SEARCH

PHOENIX—Using trained dogs to sniff luggage for contraband does not amount to unconstitutional search and seizure, the Arizona Supreme Court has ruled. In a drug case, the defendant argued that the dogs had been unlawfully used because no probable cause existed to suggest the commission of a crime. The court held that a dog's sniff is not a search of the luggage but of the



air around it, and that while the contents of a bag may be protected from unreasonable searches, the odor given off by luggage is not.

DRAFT AVOIDANCE

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA—By a unanimous vote, the Berkeley Board of Education has approved a measure requiring that high school students be given instruction that includes counseling on draft avoidance. The program, believed to be the first of its kind in the nation, will be taught as part of history and government classes and will include discussions of registration avoidance, strategies for avoiding prosecution, conscientious-objector status and current legal challenges to the draft. School officials said both sides of the draft issue would be presented.

FETUS FOLLIES

PHILADELPHIA—Two local feminist organizations found themselves victims of a hoax that caused telephone calls to their switchboards to be referred over a weekend to other numbers giving recorded anti-abortion messages. A phone-company spokesman said the call switching had been requested by women who falsely identified themselves as members of the two groups, Choice and Women's Switchboard. The recorded messages included sounds purported to be the heartbeat of an eight-week-old fetus and grisly descriptions of abortions, such as "Your helpless baby's . . . eyeballs pop, her arms and legs are cut from her body. Under crushing pressure, she is sucked from your womb."

POSTWAR PROBLEMS

NEW YORK—More than a quarter of the veterans who saw heavy combat in Vietnam have been arrested since returning home and other Vietnam vets have had "significantly more" social, psychological and career problems than nonveterans, a Government-funded report indicates. The three-year, \$2,000,000 five-volume study released by the Center for Policy Research also found a high rate of alcohol and drug abuse, medical and stress-related problems, blamed partly on the war's unpopularity, which caused returning soldiers to feel alienated upon re-entering civilian life.

SEX EDUCATION

LANSING—Michigan Attorney General Frank J. Kelley has ruled that public schools in the state cannot teach sex education as part of any required course. The opinion appears to conflict with state-board-of-education guidelines, which allow sex education to be taught as an optional part of a required health course; but the decision is binding on state agencies unless overturned in court.

JUSTICE TEMPERED

NEW YORK CITY—A Manhattan Criminal Court judge has refused to send a 23-year-old defendant to jail because the man is slightly built and white and "would not last ten minutes." Judge Stanley Gartenstein said the accused "richly earned a sentence of incarceration" for his behavior toward a police officer and resisting arrest but that "the state of New York could not guarantee his safety in prison surroundings. . . . He would be immediately subject to homosexual rape and sodomy and to brutalities from fellow prisoners such as make the imagination recoil in horror." The man was sentenced instead



to write an apology to the cop, an essay on disobedience, to donate community service twice weekly for a year and fined \$1000. The case involved walking an unleashed dog in a park and the defendant's objections to a summons.

HARD TO PLEASE

ATLANTA—A Georgia county-court judge has ruled that the state does not have to pay for an operation that would enlarge a transsexual's vagina. In upholding a Department of Human Resources refusal to pay for a third operation, Judge John S. Langford, Jr., pointed out that the purpose of treatment was vocational rehabilitation and that the state had paid not only for the sex change in 1976 but also for subsequent medical, psychiatric, electrolysis and other services. The court characterized the petitioner as "a person with multiple problems who has almost never been satisfied with any actions taken or services provided . . . and has made insistent and repeated demands for special treatment not generally available, not normally accessible, not authorized or impossible to provide."

to the use of nuclear weapons, I resent such an unfair stereotype.

Even more frightening than this prejudice is the fact that there are still those of us who are quite willing to discriminate against those who don't share our beliefs. The writer's infamous suggestion of denying public office to certain religions is no different from the beliefs of those such as Jerry Falwell. If one were to do a study and find that a certain group of Americans were responsible for more murders, would that person advocate throwing them in prison from birth? My analogy is exaggerated, but not by much.

Lastly, this writer should be informed of his incorrect use of the word martyr. A martyr is one who dies for his beliefs without resisting. Martyrs don't press the button; they sit at their radar screens watching the enemy's missiles coming and pray, "Lord, forgive them. . . ." There is not and will never be any shame in that title. Of course, Christians can only look back at such things as the Crusades with a historical regret, but I, for one, am innocent of that blood and hope to show others how my beliefs are as honorable as any other's. There are always the stupid, brutal and heartless in every group of human beings; no person can trace his history without finding murderers and the like. The point is that perversion of a religion in the past doesn't make it dangerous today. Pointing out the dangerous individuals in any

group as representative of that group is only a pinhead's breadth away from fascism.

Kenneth Chiacchia
Chicago, Illinois

The survey referred to in the June issue merely correlated a religious faith in heaven with a willingness to consider the use of nuclear weapons in war, and Catholics were among those polled because Church doctrine is specific on that point. The writer's infamous suggestion was pretty obvious sarcasm, aimed at fanatics in general rather than at Catholics, who, as you point out, hardly advocate nuclear destruction.

HICKS CASE

Hearty congratulations to PLAYBOY, the Playboy Foundation, the Playboy Defense Team and attorney Nile Stanton for your efforts on behalf of the Indiana kid who was two weeks away from his execution date when you people stepped in ("The Ordeal of Larry Hicks," *Playboy Casebook*, May). As you point out, murder is one of the easiest crimes on which to get a conviction, especially if the accused has no knowledge of the system and no resources. While the idea of executing criminals (and not just murderers) does not bother me in the least emotionally, I am familiar enough with the weaknesses of the criminal-justice system that I must oppose it on practical grounds. I do not believe it deters murder and may,

as you yourselves point out, encourage the mentally deranged to commit those very acts that invite their ceremonial death at the hands of the state. Also, too many innocent people end up convicted of capital crimes through the indifferences of public defenders, the zealotry of prosecutors and trial errors that are not at issue in the appellate process.

Frank Ybarra
Los Angeles,
California

As an inmate of the Indiana State Prison and a jailhouse lawyer, I was most interested in your article "The Ordeal of Larry Hicks." I know from working on hundreds of cases for inmates that his is

not an unusual situation. The public-defender system in Indiana is so poor that it is not impossible for an innocent man to get the death penalty or serve many years in prison for something he did not do. Recently, I got another inmate a reversal from the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals for ineffective assistance of counsel, due to the fact that his attorney was also representing the state's star, and only, witness. This inmate had been given a life sentence and was here for six years before justice was served. Too often, the public defender a trial court appoints is so busy he cannot do *anything* well. Fortunately for Larry Hicks, Nile Stanton, who is a very good attorney, took an interest in his case. I would hate to think what would have happened to Hicks if Stanton had not taken such an interest. It is possible that he would have been electrocuted for something he hadn't done. If for no reason other than the above, the death penalty should be outlawed. You cannot bring a man back from the dead after you find that he did not do it.

Richard Lee Owen II
Michigan City, Indiana

I have begun this letter several times and find it hard to adequately express the deep sense of gratitude I have for PLAYBOY and its staff members who provided so much assistance on Larry Hicks's behalf. The personal attention of Senior Editor Bill Helmer to the facts of the case, his availability as a sounding board for our ideas and his own suggestions were invaluable. A special medal should be struck for Editorial Assistant Marta Carrion-Haywood, who tracked down critical defense witnesses in the toughest sections of Gary. She deserves combat pay.

Thanks for helping us save the life of a very decent and absolutely innocent young man is hardly a sufficient word, but what more can I say?

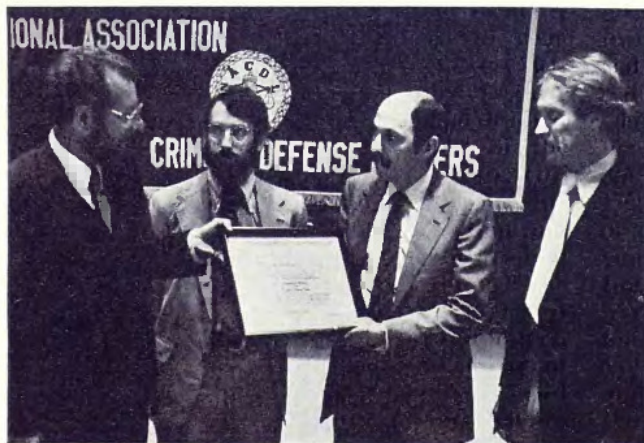
Your readers may be interested to know that Larry is working in another city and putting his life back together and that another law firm is exploring the possibility of a civil action that could help compensate him for the time he wrongly spent in prison and on death row.

Nile Stanton
Attorney at Law
Indianapolis, Indiana

Larry Hicks may well have been railroaded because he had no money, friends, and so forth, as you persuasively argue. I'm pleased that, in his case, a national magazine and a conscientious attorney teamed up to see justice done.

But what about the killers and other criminals who do have the funds and the influence to defeat justice time after time, crime after crime? What about the

RONNIE CASTILLO



DEFENSE TEAM HONORED

The Playboy Defense Team's efforts in behalf of Indiana death-row inmate Larry Hicks not only led to a second trial and his acquittal but earned the team a prestigious award—the President's Commendation of the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers. N.A.C.D.L. president Oscar B. Goodman (left) and executive director Louis F. Linden presented the award in a Houston ceremony to PLAYBOY Senior Editor William J. Helmer, with investigator Russ Million (far right), in recognition of "outstanding service in fighting for the right of every citizen, however humble, to stand before the bar of justice with a capable defense lawyer at his side and due process as his shield." Hicks has since appeared on the Phil Donahue show and a segment of the Today show, and his attorney, Nile Stanton of Indianapolis, reports that several TV and movie producers have expressed interest in the story of Hicks's close brush with the electric chair.

punks who are able to stack up 20 or 30 arrests without a conviction? Or, when convicted, are quickly back on the streets? What about the ones who continue robbing, raping and killing while out on bond, awaiting trial?

What kind of criminal-justice system do we have that victimizes the harmless, terrorizes the innocent but seemingly cannot do anything to protect the average citizens from the predatory animals who, if not above the law, at least appear immune from it?

Harold Newman
New York, New York

Good questions. We wish we had the answers.

INSTITUTIONAL ALTERNATIVES

PLAYBOY has consistently championed the rights of institutionalized Americans—those who, overnight or for a lifetime, find themselves in a jail, mental hospital, children's institution, training school, prison or institution for the aged. Although people confined in those facilities have different problems and concerns, they share one important thing: a disturbing institutional experience.

One out of four Americans can expect to be institutionalized during his or her lifetime. This gross overuse of incarceration for everyone from neglected children to minor offenders, from the indigent aged to the occasional pot user, has produced at least 30,000,000 alumni of that experience. We spend 35 billion dollars annually to institutionalize our fellow citizens. Despite a plethora of research showing that institutionalization fails to accomplish much, and more often does considerable harm, legislators, contractors, institutional employees' unions, vendors of jobs and dispensers of political patronage continue to propose institutions as a "solution" to social problems . . . more buildings, more institutional staff and more bureaucrats to run more "cuckoo's nests."

The National Center on Institutions and Alternatives, a nonprofit organization, represents the first concerted effort in this country to bring together all those disparate citizens whose lives have been scarred in the caging and who would like to change things. Only with public awareness of what institutions do and don't do will there be support for alternative types of care. We hope to hear from your readers.

Jerome G. Miller, D.S.W.
National Center on Institutions
and Alternatives
1337 22nd Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20037

CURIOUS CURE

"Operation Grouper" was the code for a Drug Enforcement Administration antidrug campaign that should earn that agency the name Drug Encouragement

Administration. During the operation, some 30,000 tons of marijuana were imported into the United States. Operation Grouper resulted in the confiscation of 600 tons, or about two percent of the total amount. Yet the smuggling efforts that the DEA was instrumental in organizing, paying for, staffing and plotting were, by the agency's own estimates, responsible for 30 to 40 percent of the imported marijuana. In short, the DEA encouraged and even subsidized the smuggling of millions of pounds of Cannabis in order to seize a small fraction of it and make the arrests that justify the agency's existence and budget.

Without Operation Grouper and enormous amounts of taxpayer money, the boom in Colombian marijuana in 1980

and 1981 in the U.S. could not have occurred. Ironically, at the time the DEA announced the completion of the operation last spring, there was more Colombian marijuana on the streets at lower prices than ever before.

Even more ironically, the DEA—now that it has helped develop both the sources and the U.S. market for Colombian pot—is asking for tens of millions of dollars more in tax money to assist Colombian authorities in destroying the marijuana crops. These, of course, are the same crops planted, harvested and smuggled with the protection and collaboration of many of the same Colombian law-enforcement officials.

NORML fully recognizes the need to combat the tide of illegal drugs flowing

FORUM



FOLLIES

In one way or another, the courts had already held that it's not automatically illegal to get a camera and take sexy pictures. Nor is it illegal to look at such pictures in private. But the interstate transportation of "obscene" films remains, alas, a Federal crime. Thus, a group of Florida pornographers were taking a bit of a risk on September 25, 1975, when they packed 871 boxes of eight-millimeter film and shipped them from St. Petersburg to Atlanta in care of "Leggs, Inc.," a fictional company bearing the nickname of a shapely female employee.

Unfortunately for the shippers, the boxes were delivered by mistake to the dock of the hosiery maker, L'Eggs Products, which was not expecting 871 boxes of the male-male love-making described on the labels. Still, as one dock worker discovered when he held a strip up to a light, there was nought to be seen and nobody fainted from shock. To explain why, the Supreme Court included a footnote that, as often happens, did more to sum up the case than the thousands of other words in the lengthy opinions written five years later: "Each reel was eight millimeters in width. . . . Excluding three millimeters for sprocketing and one millimeter for the border, the film itself is only four millimeters wide. Since the scenes depicted within the frame are necessarily even more minute, it is easy to understand why such films cannot be examined successfully with the naked eye."

Nonetheless, somebody called the Federal Bureau of Investigation, an agent went out and picked up the shipment and, by means of a projector down at headquarters, the intrepid

G men found the evidence they were looking for. In 1977, the shippers were indicted and convicted of illegal interstate transportation of obscene matter, despite their protests that the FBI had violated their rights of privacy and had seized and viewed the films without a search warrant. The Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals upheld the conviction, with one dissent, and in 1979, the Supreme Court agreed to review the case, which at that point had escalated to involve at least 15 separate issues of constitutional law.

Last year, the Supreme Court reversed the conviction, with Justice Stevens, joined by Justice Stewart, writing in the main opinion that, indeed, the FBI should have gotten a warrant. Justice Marshall concurred separately without comment and Justices White and Brennan concurred in part but wrote a separate opinion disagreeing with some of Justice Stevens' notions. Justice Blackmun, joined by Chief Justice Burger, Justice Powell and Justice Rehnquist, dissented, arguing that the shippers had lost their expectations of privacy long before the FBI stepped in.

But for all the learned legal reasoning that went into the case, not one of the Justices suggested that it had been a wee bit silly in the first place to prosecute the shippers of pictures that can't be seen normally—and were not intended to be seen except by people who could ultimately do so legally by means of a projector, which is not a criminal device. If justice was done in the end, it remained blind—at least at a measure of four millimeters with no movie projector.

—JIM HARWOOD

For the last year, Victoria Station has been asking questions of people who enjoy fine dining—some are present customers, some are not. We wanted to know exactly what you wanted and expected in a quality restaurant. You told us and we listened.

You wanted more than the best Prime Rib.

We listened. We added a wide assortment of delicious new entrees. From shrimp stuffed with crab meat to Pacific Northwest Salmon and scrumptious Teriyaki Chicken. And tangy new appetizers such as Nachos and deep-fried Zucchini, complete with a whole array of new specialty cocktails and wine selections.

You wanted more ways to order the best Prime Rib.

We listened. We added more choices in the size of our great Prime Rib, so now you can enjoy portions from as little as 8 ounces for lighter appetites, to as much as 28 ounces for huge ones.

You wanted more dinner values.

We listened. We have complete dinners such as our unique Gourmet Game Hen and Freshwater Rainbow Trout, with soup or unlimited salad bar, rice or potato, and a basket of bread, for a very affordable \$6.95.*

You wanted your children to enjoy fine dining more often.

We listened. Our new children's complete dinner menu starts from only \$1.95* (cheaper than a sitter). This menu includes such items as Chicken Teriyaki and Pizza to Prime Rib.

You wanted quality service.

We listened. As good as our new menu is, it is only as good as the way it is served. That is why everyone on our staff is professionally trained to ensure your total dining pleasure.

Thank you, America, for creating your favorite fine dining menu. Now it's time to taste what you've created.

Reservations welcome. Non-smoking sections available. *Prices may vary in some locations.

*Thank you America,
for creating your favorite Menu!*

VICTORIA STATION

The best Prime Rib.
And now a whole lot more.



into this country, but we believe there are more effective methods that do not have the immediate effect of generating the greater production of such drugs and the long-range effect of creating more political corruption in foreign countries and more sophisticated smuggling networks. We believe that the present duties of the DEA could be more effectively handled by the U.S. Customs Service, the U.S. Coast Guard and the individual states. In a letter to David Stockman, Director of the Office of Management and Budget, we have called for the abolition of the DEA as a prime example of bureaucracy running amuck.

It should be noted that in 1979, there were 558,600 drug-related arrests. Of those, 391,600 were for marijuana offenses—90 percent for possession of small amounts of pot. Operation Grouper, begun in 1978, has led to 155 indictments that leave untouched the thousands of persons presently engaged in the supplying and smuggling that have become even more lucrative as a consequence of the Federal Government's counterproductive drug-control strategy.

George L. Farnham, Political Director
National Organization for the
Reform of Marijuana Laws
Washington, D.C.

HEROIN FOR THE DYING

Two years ago, a friend died in agony, of cancer. I sat by his bed as he spent nearly 24 hours of every day in terrible pain; his only relief was from one of the drugs prescribed for victims of migraine headaches.

Now I understand that Illinois Republican representative Edward Madigan is working on a sensible and humane bill that would allow hospitals to treat terminally ill patients with heroin seized by law-enforcement authorities.

This is Madigan's second attempt to get his bill passed. Standing squarely in his path is the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration, which talks about possible misuse of the drug and its highly addictive nature, etc. Of course it's highly addictive! But does anyone seriously believe that would matter to a dying man or woman? It's also fast-acting and easily administered, and is by far the most effective painkiller available.

Britain has used heroin in terminal cases for 80 years—successfully. Thirty other nations have also used it with no major security problems.

So what's wrong with us?

Ted Gilley
Evanston, Illinois

The Committee for the Treatment of Intractable Pain in Washington, D.C., includes respected members of the medical community who have been trying for several years to convince the law-enforcement community that heroin use by drug addicts is not a good excuse to deny it to dying cancer victims.

POLLS APART

I want to direct your attention to a recent *New York Times*/CBS poll that examines the way we respond to sensitive questions. *Sexuality Today* reports this question being asked: "Do you think there should be an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting abortions, or shouldn't there be such an amendment?" Sixty-two percent opposed the proposal and only 29 percent favored it.

Later, the same people were asked the following: "Do you believe there should be an amendment to the Constitution protecting the life of the unborn child, or shouldn't there be such an amendment?" The respondents flip-flopped—39 percent opposed, 50 percent in favor.

This poll makes two things clear. First, the American public has a long way to go in facing the abortion issue. Second, we are easily swayed by rhetoric, something politicians have known for centuries.

But imagine the split on these hypothetical questions: "Should the United States continue to build defenses in order to ensure future world security?" and then, "Should the United States continue to add to a nuclear stockpile that already has the power to destroy the world ten times over?"

Jack Williams
Santa Fe, New Mexico

MADNESS OF THE MONTH

Our campus has been visited by a splendid nut group calling itself the International Caucus of Labor Committee, which wants to stamp out drugs, pornography, homosexuality and even Aristotle, whom it calls "the father of kookery." I think you'll be interested to know that the newspaper these folks passed out holds your publication responsible for just about everything wrong in America, which is the nefarious work of the "PLAYBOY Bunny drug-crime empire." But the best line is this one: "For the past three decades, PLAYBOY magazine and the business enterprises that have spun off from it have been the single most significant contributing factor in the moral degeneration of America—including the epidemic-proportion outbreak of homosexuality among the nation's male and female populations."

Take that, you villains!

(Name withheld by request)
University of Washington
Seattle, Washington

How about that? We didn't even know homosexuality was contagious.

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

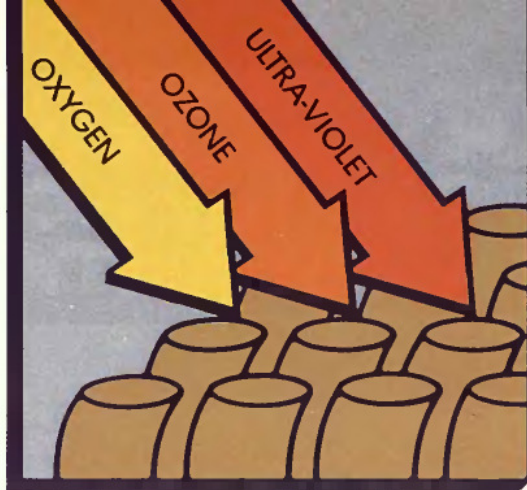


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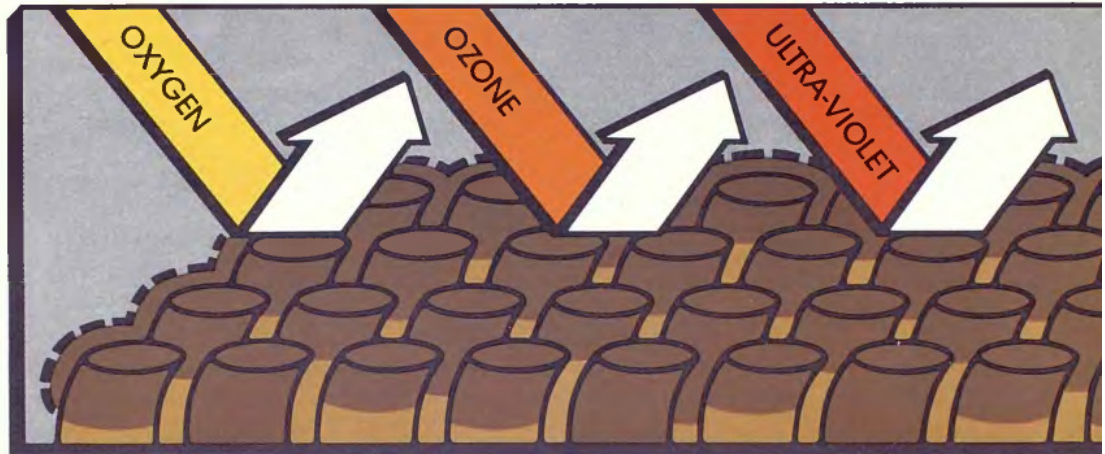
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JAMES A. MICHENER

a candid conversation about literature, goat dragging, world travel, liberalism and five-pound books with the perpetually popular author

Eons and eons and eons ago, before there was land to make mud pies or plastic to turn into Frisbees, before there was water to make instant coffee, before there was Earth itself—the third planet in the solar system, which revolves around the star we call the sun—there was the primordial nothingness of space, as virgin and pure as a newborn's bottom. And out of that vast infinity of emptiness came a beginning. And in the beginning was the Word.

Who spoke the word? Was it a funny word, like Punxsutauney? Or a serious word, like audit? Was it a spiritual word, like Yahweh? Or a dark word, like Adolf? Was the word spoken or was it sung? What language was this word?

These were questions neither the crocodile nor the Diplodocus pondered as they emerged on the land called Earth hundreds of millions of years ago, before there were caravans crossing the deserts, before there was the hula being danced for tourists on the island of Hawaii, before sailors wore coconut shells on their chests on Navy ships in the South Pacific.

Uppermost in the mind of the vegetarian Diplodocus was how she was going to keep away from the Allosaurus,

that savage carnivore who savored the fleshiness of her huge thighs. Allosaurus had a jaw like a cavern, with rows of gleaming teeth and the ability to snap Diplodocus' neck in one chomp, like a Ritz cracker. Now, Diplodocus was not exactly a piece of shrimp. From her lily-padlike feet to the top of her reptilian head, the creature stood 35 feet tall, weighed in at 30 tons and dragged a 50-foot tail behind her. Still, she was a poem of motion, a sonnet of elegance. Her tail moved swiftly to fend off the Allosaurus' attacks, but more often than not, she found it a troubling time.

For the next 135,000,000 years, these dinosaurs would have at one another before the evolutionary scales of justice tilted against them in favor of lesser-sized creatures, like giant mammoths and sloths, wolves and beavers and the Paleohippus, who roamed the earth 53,000,000 years ago, all eight inches of him, and who, as we all know, became Eohippus 13,000,000 years later, growing four inches and developing hooves. Next came Mesohippus, two feet high, and Merychippus, 40 inches tall, and Pliohippus, 6,000,000 years ago, and finally

Equus, who would, 2,000,000 years later, inspire a Broadway play.

When Equus appeared 2,000,000 years ago, another character was uprighting himself and beginning to walk like a cowboy. This was Australopithecus, a hominid. While it is uncertain whether or not Australopithecus discovered the lasso to capture Equus, what is certain is that Homo Erectus followed Australopithecus, and early Homo sapiens and Neanderthal man and Cro-Magnon man followed Homo Erectus.

What distinguished Cro-Magnon man from his predecessors was that he realized if words were what had started it all, then they'd be worth preserving. And since there were weeds in his garden that bogged up his mind when smoked over a fire, Cro-Magnon man realized he couldn't rely on memory to retain all the words. And so Cro-Magnon man decided to read. Once he learned to read, he needed something to read. So some Cro-Magnons became scribblers. They scribbled on cave walls and they scribbled on parchment and they scribbled on primitive stone typewriters.

These scribblers passed on their narrative traditions to generations of new



PHOTOGRAPHY BY VERNON L. SMITH

"Jerry Falwell says he's going to drive all those people out of office, magazines out of existence, books off library shelves. He's not only an Ayatollah, he's a Savonarola. He has a large hunting list."

"I don't see how anybody interested in the humanities could possibly be a Yankees fan. They are the Republican right wing. They represent everything that is conservative and objectionable in life."

"We pass up the great men to be President. We don't want first-class men in that position: We want somebody who is a stupid bum like us. We really are in quite serious trouble."

scribblers. Soon after came the 1000-page novel, which a few scribblers learned to master. Some managed this awesome feat so well they became very wealthy and were offered TV programs on public broadcasting.

Out of this new generation of scribblers came a child of unknown origin, left without a name or a history, except that he had in his blood the history of all men, for this child was destined to record the struggles of men and dinosaurs and islands and continents in books called "Hawaii," "Sayonara," "The Source," "Centennial," "Chesapeake," "The Covenant." He did not know his destiny as a youth, as he grew up in and out of poorhouses, hitchhiking across America at the age of 14, going to colleges on scholarships and earning high grades, going to Europe to study people, places and history, working on a freighter to reach the land he called Iberia, which we call Spain, where young girls threw inviting darts at him from balconies and bulls tried to run him down in Pamplona.

When he returned to his homeland, he became a teacher and wound up at Harvard, but his destiny kept him from remaining there. He became an editor at a book-publishing company called Macmillan; and then the Second World War broke out and he went into the Navy and was sent to the South Pacific. Destiny's finger was about to tickle this man, for he found himself with time on his hands and stories in his head, so he began writing tales to pass the time and these tales were eventually published by the publishing house he'd left and they won him a Pulitzer Prize, when such prizes had credibility. He was 40 years old. The year was 1947, and the world was ready for him. Twenty-seven books would emerge over the next 34 years and each would initially outsell the previous one. The books were thick and full of details and history and spellbinding narration. The critics attacked his poor plotting, his dialog, his lack of characterizations, but the public bought and bought and bought his books and few if any copies of his novels were ever sold as remainders—something no other contemporary author in America could claim.

He made millions and he gave away millions. Presidents appointed him to commissions and made him a roving ambassador; a state legislature invited him to help rewrite its constitution; universities bestowed upon him honorary degrees; the Democratic Party persuaded him to run for political office. Hollywood turned 12 of his works into films and TV series, and a Broadway show based on his South Pacific book ran for five years. At long last, the nameless child's adopted name became synony-

mous with research and travel and best sellers. There wasn't a reader in America who didn't know the name James A. Michener.

Which is why PLAYBOY sent Contributing Editor Lawrence Grobel (whose last interview for us was with George C. Scott) to talk with him. Grobel's report:

"When I got the Michener assignment, I recalled the first book of his I'd read. It was 'The Source' and I was living in Africa at the time. Although it was 1088 pages long, it took me only three days to read it. I was either very bored in Africa or totally captivated by the man's narrative skills. I couldn't tell for sure and I wasn't able to find any of his other work where I was living, so years passed before the opportunity to put Michener to the test offered itself in the guise of a 'Playboy Interview.'

"This time I got all of his books (including paying \$95 for an out-of-print copy of his book on Japanese prints, 'The Floating World') and began an intensive study of Michener's world. But that, too, was not a fair test, since there were so many books and often they were

*"I have bucked the system
against the literary
establishment—and I have
turned out to be one of
the most widely read
writers of modern times."*

so long and I felt a professional obligation to read as many of them as I could. So when I met Michener at his unassuming condominium in Juno Beach, Florida (he also has homes in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and St. Michaels, Maryland), I laid it on the line: Reading him the way I did was like cramming for an exam. Twenty-seven books in less than two months is not the way to sit down for some leisurely reading.

"Michener, who proved to be a gracious man, understood. He inquired about my education, which is his way of sizing you up before a conversation begins, and he let me know his, which is, considering the scope of the man's work and his continuing search for knowledge, prodigious.

"His third wife, Mari, a Japanese-American woman who has been married to Michener for 26 years, joined us at the beginning of our talks. They call each other Cookie. Somehow, calling Michener Cookie didn't seem the proper tone for our conversations, so I stuck with Jim. After three days, he stopped

calling me Mr. Grobel, and that's when I knew we were getting somewhere.

"Michener's study consists of a bare room with blank walls, a single, mostly empty, bookcase, a desk made up of two small filing cabinets and a lacquered door, a Royal manual typewriter and books on space and aviation, among them 'The Rocket Team,' 'The Encyclopedia of Astronomy and Space,' 'Airplanes of the World,' 'Space Telescope,' 'Cosmos,' 'Apollo on the Moon.' Michener, who at times resembles John Gielgud, sat in a rocking chair and I sat behind his desk, and there we talked.

"We began at 8:30 the first night and spoke for three hours. The next day, and every day thereafter until we finished a week later, we began our sessions at 8:30 A.M., when he was his freshest, and talked for eight to ten hours, breaking only for lunch.

"Michener is a serious, intelligent, concerned man who doesn't waste time. He originally thought he could do this interview in two long days; but when he saw the 50 pages of questions I had prepared, he agreed to put as much time into it as it would take to get through them, plus all the other questions that naturally arise during the course of such dialog. He said he had never done anything like this before, and it's doubtful that he would do it again. As he would say, 'That's done, now let's get on with it.'"

PLAYBOY: While you're considered to be one of the most popular writers in America, what comes to mind immediately when one mentions your name is the size of your books. They're often more than 1000 pages. Why such long novels?

MICHENER: When television came along, there was this prediction: It was the end of reading, the end of the novel. I saw very clearly that that was *not* going to happen. I knew there would always be, in a country as large as this, a residue of readers sizable enough to provide a writer with a base. I also saw, as television progressed, that people would want to read more substantial novels and would be willing to invest the time if they felt that there was a reward. I have bucked the system in every respect—against television, against new systems of distribution, against the literary establishment—and I have turned out to be one of the most widely read writers of modern times.

PLAYBOY: Do you think most of your readers actually finish your books?

MICHENER: I suppose a good many readers do not get through them, because my books are rather formidable. In *Centennial*, there were more than 100 pages before there was any dialog. That's pretty heavy going. I sympathize with the people who drop out, but the fact

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that so many don't is really quite remarkable.

PLAYBOY: Anthony Burgess said you don't have to really read a big book like yours; it becomes part of the furniture.

MICHENER: That's a wisecrack. It has no virtue at all. You're going to dismiss *War and Peace* and *David Copperfield* that way.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself a historical novelist?

MICHENER: No, I really don't, because a good two thirds of the book occurs in the present. I think of myself as somebody who takes in the whole broad perspective. I do have wonderful respect and love for the old days. I try to figure out what people were like and how they managed then, what the big bite was, what agitated them, how they responded to their government, how they foresaw the future.

PLAYBOY: Is that the beginning of what some consider your formula: taking several families through the history of their country?

MICHENER: I start out with this high resolve, and before I'm three pages into it, I get swept away by the magnitude of the thing. If that is formula, then I'm stuck with it. It's a formula that Dostoevsky used, that Chaucer and Dickens used. It ain't a bad one.

PLAYBOY: Is being called a popularizer negative or positive to you?

MICHENER: That's negative. And it certainly applies to me. Anybody who has a book that stays at the top of the best-seller list week after week has to be suspect. My last few books have all had more than 1,000,000 copies in print on publication. That's unheard of! If a book sells 5,000,000 copies and it's read by maybe four readers per copy, that's 20,000,000 people on one book alone. That's, in essence, one tenth of the population of the country. So you can go to any airport and assume that one person in ten has read one of your books. If you crank in 10 or 15 books, I don't know how it factors out. I don't think it's related to me, per se, but I'm pretty good at what I do.

PLAYBOY: Is it related to literature?

MICHENER: That's a very tricky question. I'm not sure I'm qualified to answer that. There is some validity to the supposition that anything that is distributed in those large numbers *can't* be very good. I obviously don't think it applies in my case. But a lot of people believe that. If it's Nabokov's *Lolita* or Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint*, you have to suspect that it's because it's salacious. But they're also a heck of a lot more. My case isn't an exact analogy. I don't use sex or violence or sadism. There's a tension and an indication that life is a pretty seamy mess. I would never get far away from that, because that's how I see it. But how-

ever you condemn *Lolita*, you can equally condemn me. If there is a redeeming factor in *Lolita*, there is a redeeming factor in what I do.

PLAYBOY: You put yourself in safe company. How do you evaluate your strengths and weaknesses as a writer and storyteller?

MICHENER: I don't evaluate among my own books. I'm just thankful, almost on my knees, that I've been able to get through *one* of them and get it published.

PLAYBOY: That may have been an early attitude, but surely you don't feel that way now.

MICHENER: Oh, wait a minute, I bleed.

PLAYBOY: In spite of so many repeated successes?

MICHENER: Oh, absolutely! And I know my deficiencies better than most of the critics.

PLAYBOY: What are they?

MICHENER: I am not very good at dialog. I don't use words as well as Roth, whom I admire enormously. I don't use social structures as well as Joyce Carol Oates. I don't have the quality of touch that

"I do have wonderful respect and love for the old days. I try to figure out what people were like and how they managed then."

Robert Penn Warren has. I do not begin to project myself into the life of another to the degree of somebody like Norman Mailer or Truman Capote, John Cheever or even John Updike. I am not very competent in dealing with sexuality. I'm good at it, but other people are so much better, they set a pretty high standard. I find myself pretty much locked into a 1940 milieu. I certainly have not progressed into the era of Judith Rossner or *Portnoy* or Cheever's *Falconer*. I am far less violent than Shakespeare and about the same as Dickens. And I am not very good at plotting; it doesn't interest me at all. I could end my books anywhere and start anywhere. It's of no concern to me. I give a kaleidoscopic view.

PLAYBOY: But not a psychological one?

MICHENER: No, because when you look at Marcel Proust or James Joyce or D. H. Lawrence, they do it so much better that I don't think I could ever do that. Some critics have said that I represented middle America, which is not a bad thing to represent, but my mail doesn't bear that out. At least half of my mail is from great scholars and they're almost all writing in search of further knowledge.

PLAYBOY: After listing all those weaknesses, that's nice to hear. Do you think that what you do is rare?

MICHENER: I never thought so, but maybe it is rarer than I used to think. I am pretty powerfully grounded in the American system. I suppose you can project that internationally. I know what makes countries tick and I write from that background. But it can't be the sheer brilliance of my writing. It isn't because I am the Charles Dickens of the 20th Century. Nothing like that! I suppose the bottom line is that I know what narration is and I have a gut feeling when it begins to go wrong.

PLAYBOY: Did you always have that gut feeling?

MICHENER: I never had great faith in my capacity until *Hawaii*, really. And I didn't have it on that book while I was writing it. But after it was over, with the tremendous reception it received and the vitality it showed, I realized I could handle things, big themes . . . jeppers, creepers! But I am by no means in the blockbuster syndrome. I've produced a lot of them, but I've produced more that fall outside that pattern, like the book on Japanese art, on sports, on the election of a President. I don't hold myself in great value.

PLAYBOY: Your publisher certainly does. But is it true that you still worry about having enough money?

MICHENER: That's true, yes. I've handled the money problem about as poorly as any other writer. I've never been easy with it—when I've had nothing and when I've had a great deal. I have lived my life as if the bottom were going to drop out two years from now and I would be a regional director for a Federal writing project. I now live my life as if I had retired at the age of 65 with a small pension from a corporation.

PLAYBOY: A few years ago, it was estimated that of the \$8,000,000 you had earned from your work, you'd given away \$6,000,000. Is that accurate?

MICHENER: The first figure is low and the second figure is about right. We have given away enormous amounts of money to schools and museums. But it's silly to talk about this, because when we die, the whole bundle will go to colleges.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever splurged on anything for yourself?

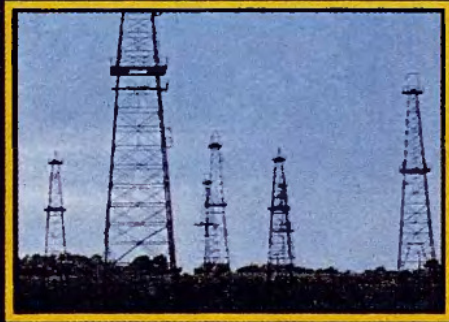
MICHENER: I'm a Quaker, so I don't spend money easily on myself. I would say pineapple juice.

PLAYBOY: You say that with a straight face. You're serious, aren't you?

MICHENER: Yes, Yes.

PLAYBOY: Overall, how much money would you say your writing has earned?

MICHENER: Some years ago, a man calculated that the Government had collected from things I had written—commissions, salaries paid, the vast number of books—



Success is often measured by how deeply you're in the Black.

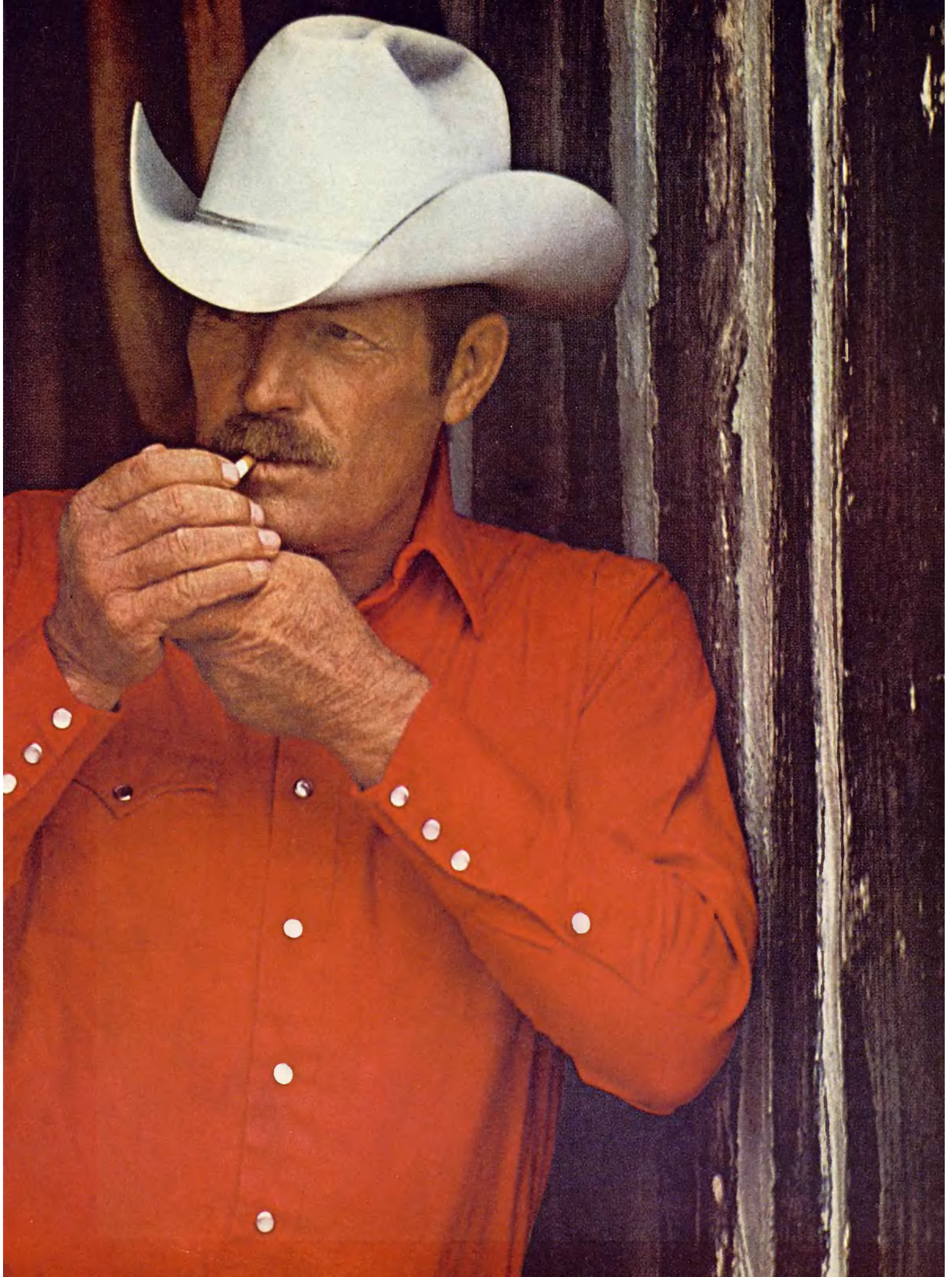
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\$35,000,000 in taxes. Now the figure would be up around \$70,000,000.

PLAYBOY: That's just in taxes. Which means you've earned considerably more.

MICHENER: Oh, no. We're saying something else. We're saying that *South Pacific* ran for five years and paid all that money. I didn't see a fragment of that. It's what the Government collected from me and from Mary Martin and from the things that were set in motion.

PLAYBOY: *South Pacific*, of course, was based on your first book, *Tales of the South Pacific*, which won a Pulitzer Prize in 1948. Is that what first made you rich?

MICHENER: Rich? No, Rodgers and Hammerstein drove a very hard bargain. But on the evening of the first presentation in New York, they knew they had one of the all-time winners, and I certainly knew it. So they voluntarily came to me and said that they would give me a share of the show—allow me to participate. I said I had no money and they said they would lend me the money, which was quite remarkable. It was \$7500. In effect, they gave me one percent. And that has repaid itself many times. It gave me the freedom of a small regular income that a lot of writers don't have. The book never did well, but it's selling as well now as when it was published.

PLAYBOY: You were the U.S. Navy's historical officer for the entire South Pacific. How did that come about?

MICHENER: I served a complete, rather arduous, tour of duty in the Navy. I was in on a couple of landings and saw far more in the Pacific than almost anybody else. When I was through, I had orders home. Then their file showed that I was also a historian and had an advanced degree. So the Navy asked me to stay over for another two or three years and take charge of the history of the area. I tried to make believe I was bitter about not getting home, but it was pretty obvious to everybody I was very happy, because it was almost *carte blanche* to visit the whole Pacific.

PLAYBOY: Since you were nearing 40 by then, what made you think you could be a writer?

MICHENER: One of the profoundest experiences I ever had was on the island of New Caledonia during World War Two when I survived, rather miraculously, a near plane crash. Walking that night along the airfield, I realized that I was able to tell a story and write much better than the people I had been editing before the war at Macmillan. I had seen the operation of a great publishing house that had the top best sellers—*Gone with the Wind*, *Forever Amber*. And it came to me as quite a surprise that night, years later, because I had never brooded about this very much. I decided then to spend the rest of my time in the islands writing about them, which ultimately

became *Tales of the South Pacific*.

PLAYBOY: You've had a number of close calls with airplane crashes, haven't you?

MICHENER: I walked away from three of them. One was a plane that sank on landing, lost some life. One was an overturn at a field in Samoa, no loss of life. And the other was a ditching in the middle of the Pacific the day that Sputnik went off in '57. That was a pretty frightening thing. I was the oldest person there. Christ, we were in deep waves and the plane disintegrated in three minutes. We were in the water, in rafts, for about 18 hours before planes got to us and radioed a Japanese fishing boat.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't that the crash where you lost a couple of manuscripts?

MICHENER: Yes. The entire book on the Japanese artist Hokusai—and the outline for *Hawaii*.

PLAYBOY: So much for the writer's placid life. What other interesting situations have you been in?

MICHENER: Well, I was almost gored by a bull in Pamplona. It's most extraordinary that there happened to be a group of cameramen there, shooting blindly,

"My nose goes around the corner. It's been broken three times. Sometimes when I spoke, I should have been listening."

when this happened, and a series of really remarkable photographs tells the story. The bull stands with his horn three inches from my belly. The guy at my feet is dead. I remain extremely rigid and the bull passes on. We went out the next day in the same area and, my God, the bulls killed *another* guy.

PLAYBOY: And weren't you almost killed in a riot in Saigon in the early Fifties?

MICHENER: I suppose that hotel in Saigon was as close as I've come to known death. The airplane things, either yes or no; a good deal of military action, you're bombed and it's yes or no. But the Saigon thing, I could have been murdered by a specific individual. Rioters came right down the hall and threw people out the windows, killing some, maiming others. When they got to me, they burst into the room and, for some crazy reason, I stood with my typewriter over my chest, shouting, "You can't do it! Can't do it!" That was a hairy one. I have been in some very dicey situations in riots. I've seen 15, 20 of them.

PLAYBOY: Mostly as a reporter?

MICHENER: Yeah. We sought out the rough spots. I have been very close to death a

great deal and it has never loomed large to me.

PLAYBOY: How often have you experienced physical violence?

MICHENER: When you look at my face, you see that my nose goes around the corner. It's been broken three times. Sometimes when I spoke, I should have been listening.

PLAYBOY: Were those barroom brawls?

MICHENER: Yes, once in Spain, twice in America. Oh, and once I got hit right in the face with a line drive in baseball. I thought I was dead. And don't forget when lightning struck my cable car in Buenos Aires. That was awful. My wife Mari and I were on the cable to Sugar Loaf Mountain, right over the deepest part of the chasm, and lightning struck the cable car and knocked everything out, then struck it three more times. There were about 30 of us in the cabin and it teetered there, no lights, no power. It was a heavy wind, the car swayed. We thought we might have had it. Several people fainted through sheer terror. Mari and I were the stabilizing influence in there.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about Mari for a moment. How did you meet her?

MICHENER: I was doing an article for *Life* on Japanese war brides. They sent me to Chicago, where they had some very good research people, and they invited this very bright Japanese girl who knew more about the problem than any of them. We met that way. We corresponded for about a year while I was in Afghanistan and Indonesia. After a year, we got married.

PLAYBOY: Is she as liberal as you are?

MICHENER: My wife is a Japanese conservative. I am a very strong women's liber. Much more so than my wife. She comes from a conservative Japanese background and I don't think the movement has hit that group yet. Also, it's a difference in personality. My wife has more of an early 20th Century attitude. It makes her quite a wonderful person in many respects. She is rugged and bold and fights the moral battles for both of us, so it isn't a big bone of contention between us. I'm looking more toward the future.

PLAYBOY: Your wife was among those Japanese-Americans who were put into American concentration camps at the outbreak of World War Two. Was it a bitter experience for her?

MICHENER: She's not bitter at all, though economically the Japanese-Americans lost everything and they were never compensated for it.

PLAYBOY: How was she treated in those camps?

MICHENER: She was treated abominably, thrown into stables 15 to a room. Very harsh for a young girl. She was born in 1920, so she was just 20. There was

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a fallout that was constructive: It *did* move the Japanese around. But when Senator S. I. Hayakawa comes on strong with his statements about it, I find it completely asinine, because he doesn't know a damn thing about it. He is a Canadian. He wasn't in on it and it is disgraceful that he says what he does, presuming to tell the American Government what the Japanese-American thought and felt and how they should respond. He says that the people who are asking for compensation didn't suffer and it wasn't half as bad as what they say it was. He is passing moral judgment on their behavior. I find this totally offensive.

PLAYBOY: Does your wife talk much about that time?

MICHENER: She is very philosophical about it. She objects when I use the words concentration camp, because she says it was not a German concentration camp at all.

PLAYBOY: Are there any other words she objects to your using?

MICHENER: When we married, I was in the habit of using the word Jap, which is a perfectly splendid invention. It's short, it's accurate, it takes up little space in a headline, it's completely definitive. It seems an ideal word to me. She told me, "We don't like that word because of the way William Randolph Hearst used it to crucify us." I kept

using it and she said again, "We don't like that word because it was used so pejoratively throughout California to throw us in jail." I used it a third time and she said, "If you ever use that word again, I'm going to take a catsup bottle and knock out the rest of your teeth." Then I understood.

PLAYBOY: Your first marriage lasted 12 years and your second one, seven. What were they like?

MICHENER: They were very happy affairs. The first one ended because of World War Two, when we were separated for five years and just never picked up. She was a wonderful girl, daughter of a minister. The second one, I was in Korea for a long period.

PLAYBOY: She didn't travel with you?

MICHENER: Not enough. The caravan moves on.

PLAYBOY: And Mari has joined the caravan?

MICHENER: She goes with me all the time.

PLAYBOY: You've never had children, have you?

MICHENER: It may be because of me. I had a savage case of mumps when I was a boy and that often produces sterility. I had always thought that it was my deficiency.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever consider adopting?

MICHENER: We did adopt, two children. At the divorce, the courts gave the

children to the mother, and then the adoption was voided. The children went back into the pool. This was very much against my wishes. I pleaded with the court not to do it, but that's the way they wanted it.

PLAYBOY: That almost sounds like something out of your own childhood, which is supposed to have been harsh. How do you remember it?

MICHENER: I never had childhood ambitions. I was a very difficult child. I don't think I was very likable. I never had any clothes that were bought for me till I was about 14. I was very self-reliant. As an orphan, I was in the poorhouse for two extended spells. One about six weeks, one a long time. It was a very crucial period of my life. I saw a lot of disillusion. In those days, the poorhouse was the end of the line. There were a hell of a lot of men and women in their early 50s where the whole ball game was over. I had very bad moments. We don't have poorhouses like that now. Other kids had spending money, cars, got exotic vacations. I made up for it by the extraordinary richness of my experiences.

PLAYBOY: In your autobiographical novel, *The Fires of Spring*, you wrote of the stark, wild terror you saw everywhere in the town you grew up in. For your main character, it was seeing an old woman eat a pile of dead flies. What

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was your own initiation into terror?

MICHENER: I knew every house in a town of about 3800 people, because I delivered papers in the morning. When you do that, you become involved in certain tragedies: The leading doctor, who everybody thought had it made, blows his brains out; a teacher is thrown out of school; a girl becomes pregnant and leaves home. Apart from the poorhouse, which was a unique experience, I knew my town pretty well. I saw lives go awry, lawyers put in jail because they got involved in a client's problems. At a very early age, I adopted the policy of attending court, which was right next to the schoolhouse. I watched the dramas unfold.

PLAYBOY: You also worked at an amusement park, where you learned to become a shortchange artist and a con man, didn't you?

MICHENER: Primarily shortchanging, accepting a two-dollar bill and claiming it was a one. We played that amusement park like an accordion, finagling the turnstiles, stealing the bloody place blind. I very quickly learned all the tricks of the trade. If I could get a nun to put down a two-dollar bill, con her into thinking it was a one, I was the victor. When I go to the theater now and pass money in, I watch. They're using every trick we used. It's still flourishing. American commerce. As you know, stealing

from the boss is just universal.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever arrested?

MICHENER: Several times, for hitchhiking. In North Carolina, in Georgia; that's where I got my fear of mixing with the police.

PLAYBOY: What were you arrested for?

MICHENER: Vagrancy.

PLAYBOY: Your childhood sounds like something out of Dickens. But what about Mabel Michener, the woman who became your mother and gave you your name?

MICHENER: She was a heroic woman, really. She made her living sewing buttonholes in a sweatshop, taking in other people's laundry. Yet she sent four kids through college and quite a few through high school. On her own.

PLAYBOY: How many abandoned children did she take in?

MICHENER: Oh, hell, 13 altogether. Every night of my life, starting about five, she would read to us. I suppose I owe all of my basic attitudes to her art in narration and the things she introduced us to. It was an American epic, really.

PLAYBOY: Were you able to repay her?

MICHENER: On a rather small salary, I bought a house for her. She never knew I was going to make it.

PLAYBOY: Who told you she wasn't your real mother?

MICHENER: A college student. I was a

junior or senior in college. It hit with an overwhelming force. I had to face the very difficult problem of what my parentage was and what my place in the universe was.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever search for your parents?

MICHENER: No.

PLAYBOY: Did you speculate about them?

MICHENER: You can't help that. When things were going bad, it was fascinating to daydream that there was a rich parent somewhere who was going to come in a black Buick and save you. But after a very brief flurry with several profound things in my life, I decided I was never going to solve that one.

PLAYBOY: There is a certain irony that a man with your researching abilities was never able to find out about himself. Do you think a psychologist might interpret your enormous drive to research subjects as a search for your own parents?

MICHENER: Well, here we're doing some double-doming of a very profound implication. I'm not wise enough to answer that. I'm not good at that kind of psychological thinking. When I was unmarried, I courted several girls who were going through psychoanalysis. In every instance, the psychiatrist told the young lady, "Gee, I would like to get my hands on that guy Michener." The great secret that one of them had was

that I would be different if there had been men in my life. Christ, I knew that at the age of two!

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been in analysis?

MICHENER: I always felt that this I did not want. There is a great deal about me that I don't want to know. I have stabilized my life. I get by. I have no belief at all that it is as good as it could be, but I sure as hell don't want somebody messing around with it when I am reaching a kind of stabilization, pitiful as it is.

PLAYBOY: As a young man, what were the books and who were the writers who influenced you?

MICHENER: Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*, Stendhal's *The Charterhouse of Parma* and George Eliot's *Middlemarch* were books that really nailed down my conceptions. Probably the most important book I ever read was by a Dutch writer named Multatuli, *Max Havelaar*. Of the writers alive during my lifetime, Thomas Mann had more influence on me than anybody else. *The Magic Mountain* is as fine a philosophical novel as could be written. I'm extremely widely read. At one time, I had read almost everything. Really, I was a *Wunderkind*. Especially old foreign-language novels, the great historical novels. I've always been a sucker for a narrative. I read all of Balzac when I was 14. It hit me like an explosion!

PLAYBOY: For a young person today, what books would you recommend to cause such explosions?

MICHENER: I would be quite willing to sacrifice everything written 30 years before the child was born. With the exception of *Madame Bovary*, which is as timeless a book as we have on the shelf. You have to be somewhat historically minded to get the best out of *Crime and Punishment* or *War and Peace* or even *Don Quixote*, but *Madame Bovary* seems to me as great a book as you can get. I would certainly have some of Henry James, like *Washington Square*, which is an awfully stunning book, or *Daisy Miller*. Lampedusa's *The Leopard*. Yukio Mishima to give him a taste of Japan. In American writing, Steinbeck, Saul Bellow's *Augie March* or *Mr. Sammler's Planet*, Edith Wharton, *Ethan Frome*, Sylvia Plath, to show a girl what a woman writer can do with trivial material.

PLAYBOY: You've excluded yourself. What of Michener's work, modesty aside?

MICHENER: Either *The Source* or *Iberia*. A child from the Midwest might have his mind blown if he read *Iberia*.

PLAYBOY: Is that your own favorite book?

MICHENER: It's the book I'm fondest of. I think it will be around a long, long time. A lot of people are interested in Spain.

PLAYBOY: When it appeared, weren't

you criticized for being too lenient with Franco?

MICHENER: The book was banned in Spain because I was too harsh on the regime. I was bitterly attacked. Then, just recently, I got The Gold Medal Award from The Spanish Institute for having written "one of the most definitive works on modern Spain," and the Spanish government itself has published the book with certain emendations. Now that they see thousands of people arriving with the book under their arms, they suddenly realize that it has a vitality of its own.

PLAYBOY: Which has been your most controversial book?

MICHENER: All of them have been poorly received by certain segments of the population upon which they were focused. I have been thrown out of Hawaii, Indonesia, Burma. I was banned in Spain. South Africa was just the next in line. In Israel, many scholars felt it was arrogant and quite improper for someone like me to even

*"I've always been a sucker
for a narrative. I read all
of Balzac when I was 14.*

*It hit me like an
explosion!"*

attempt to write *The Source*. It turns out later that the Israeli government said that the best advertisement Israel has is the Old Testament or a copy of *The Source*. I've lived to see it all re-evaluated, fortunately.

PLAYBOY: How did the story of *The Source* come to you?

MICHENER: I was all set to write *The Source* focused on Istanbul and Islam. Then I went to Israel with Leonard Lyons and Harpo Marx to see a castle on the shores of the Mediterranean. We went through the dungeons and in the semidarkness, within the flash of a second, I saw that the novel ought to be transferred there. I borrowed a matchbook cover from Harpo and wrote down the whole novel, 14 chapters. Of the 14 chapters that I noted, 13 stood exactly as I jotted them down.

PLAYBOY: Both *Time* and *Newsweek* were very rough in their reviews of *The Source*. *Time* called it a "laborious and interminable book . . . an avalanche of unsorted facts and artifacts." *Newsweek* said the book was "lacking in narrative coherence . . . the situations . . . absurd beyond belief." How painful is it to hear that?

MICHENER: Those are modest compared

with some. If a man has written 31 books and each of those has been reviewed by, say, 100 critics, you've had some 3000 critical articles. So one is accustomed to a pretty heavy barrage of both positive and negative criticism. By and large, one takes it philosophically. Regarding *The Source*, when you realize that the book is going to be read by probably 20,000,000 people, praised around the world, used as a text and in synagogues, be a course of study for schools and colleges and a constant source of amazement to Jews all over the world, you have to balance those two, one against the other. There's no great problem. When Jews in Russia got copies of the book, they had them translated in pencil into Russian and circulated chapter by chapter through hundreds of people. To hear those people talk about how they passed the manuscript surreptitiously is quite a moving experience. *Time* is just an opinion, not the arbiter of what's going to happen.

PLAYBOY: There are a lot of people who believe you employ a large staff to do your research and that you don't really write your books. How large is your staff?

MICHENER: My staff is me. I do all the research myself. Now, there are several exceptions to that: *Kent State*, because we were doing it under the hammer; *Centennial*, the *Reader's Digest* turned loose an editor when I was about 50 percent done; and for *The Covenant*, I sought help, but the whole body had been laid out. In all the other books, nobody. And even in those cases, I did all the research myself. You know, Irving Berlin told me a marvelous story. He said all his life he had been pestered by the rumor that he did not write his own songs, that he had a little guy in a back room whom he paid \$28 a week who did all his songs. Then he paused and said, "You know, it's true. But the trick is to find the right little guy." Find the right guys, the right saloon, you're in business.

PLAYBOY: So you're laying to rest the rumor that you have a little elf in the corner, writing all those books under the name Michener?

MICHENER: Yes. But when I am through with a book, I employ somebody at my own expense to read it most intimately. I send my material around enormously. In the South African book, at one point, I had chapters out to five different continents. You get a lively debate. A guy will write back and say, "My God, you must have been in a tunnel. You didn't understand what I was saying. However, if you take this out, then it tracks." Whatever I was interested in, I never had any hesitation to go right to the top and I have never been rebuffed anywhere.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy the research more than the writing or the writing more than the research?

MICHENER: The research is joy. I can't

tell you how delightful it is to find material that you're looking for. The amount of reading I have done is staggering. Thousands of books! Really arcane material. That is fun. The only other fun I get out of it is the second draft, when I have it all down and realize that it's viable, now let's see what we can do with it. Sometimes, working on that second draft, I get a feeling of real power. I never do on the first draft.

PLAYBOY: Can you write anywhere, or do you have a special room?

MICHENER: I need a quiet room. The view is of no concern whatever. The temperature is of no concern; I've worked in the arctic and in the tropics. I work only in the morning. I need a big work space, so I long ago formed the habit of buying either two small filing cases or a pile of bricks and putting a door across them and that has been my desk. I have written all of my good books on a door.

PLAYBOY: You use a manual typewriter, don't you?

MICHENER: Yes. The typewriter dominates me. I can't think sequentially in an outlined form without a typewriter. I type with two fingers and a thumb. When I'm through with a day's work, I have to take a shower; I smell like a horse. The nervous tension on top of that typing is terribly hard work. I perspire more sitting at that desk for five hours than I do when I take a ten-mile walk. I really beat myself to a jelly.

PLAYBOY: And when the book is out of your hands and with your editor, you're still only halfway home, aren't you?

MICHENER: When I turn a manuscript in, it is 14 months before it appears in print, because the editors at Random go over it with a fine-tooth comb. I insist upon it. The copy editor, the outside editor, the people I employ after the thing is done—all will knock hell out of it. It's the most meticulous editing for fact and grammatical accuracy and propriety. The average publisher couldn't afford to do this with the average writer, but we've had awfully good luck in doing it that way. They baby me and I think they're very prudent to do so. But, boy, this isn't just done and then, boom!

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had any falling out with your publisher when a book hasn't promised to be a big seller?

MICHENER: Sometimes the publisher feels they are failures and communicates that to me in one way or another. I have had some ugly things said that I resented deeply.

PLAYBOY: A lot of writers are going to be very reassured to hear that.

MICHENER: Keeping an artistic life alive for four or five decades is a terribly difficult thing.

PLAYBOY: Especially when the years spent researching a project don't pan out, as has been the case more than once with you.

MICHENER: Look, you don't terminate



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three books without knowing what anguish is.

PLAYBOY: What countries did they concern and how far into them did you get?

MICHENER: Mexico, Russia and another book. Russia, 300 pages. Mexico, Random House has always been eager to publish just as it is.

PLAYBOY: Will it appear someday?

MICHENER: I'm terribly embarrassed; I don't know where it is. I am not a very good custodian. I think it's in the Library of Congress. I couldn't care less. It's past; that's somebody else's problem. I have so many ideas, so many things to do. . . .

PLAYBOY: Is the rumored book on Islam a dead project as well?

MICHENER: At five or six different intervals, I planned to do a big summary book on Islam, but for one reason or another, it never materialized. I feel distraught about this, because with every day that passes, it is needed more and more. To think that I might have done it and didn't is a source of great sorrow. I feel the same way about South America and about Central Africa. But one can do only so much. I feel those missed opportunities very painfully.

PLAYBOY: What about Alaska? Haven't you often been asked to write about it?

MICHENER: I have received so many invitations to write about Alaska I had to put together a form letter. I'm too old. One would have to have explored the Yukon in the winter and gone through some of the rough times. One could do it, I suppose, from a library, but I would never do it that way.

PLAYBOY: How frustrating is it for you to recognize that you're too old for certain projects?

MICHENER: If that were the only great idea I ever had, I would feel, Oh, my God, I missed the dog sled. There is a feeling of regret, that is a physical thing. It's still a possibility. I might get a partner one of these days and give it a fling.

PLAYBOY: There's a question about aging you ask in *The Fires of Spring* that might be appropriate here: Do you believe that old men forget what it was to be young and wholly in love?

MICHENER: I've had the feeling recently that older people *do* forget. I suspect that the virgin love of a 15-year-old boy is something rather more cataclysmic than I would now remember it to be. I suppose it's the loss of courage as much as anything else. Youth and love are components of that.

PLAYBOY: You've stated that the older you grow, the more impressed you are with the marvelous force of sex in art.

MICHENER: I am, really. At various periods in your life, you figure that you have this problem knocked. That now you're 41, you see what the ball game is all about. Then some 42-year-old man at the desk next to you runs off with an absolutely

adorable waitress and it perplexes you deeply and you sort of wish you were he. So, at 41, you don't quite have it knocked. But by 48, he's out of your life and this is all settled. And then something erupts with such passion and power that you suddenly realize that the definition of sex that you had isn't quite the one that the guy next door has had. Then, at 56, it's pretty well all put to sleep. But they've been saving the big guns for the latter part of the play. You suddenly realize, Jesus, I wasn't even in the ball park. So now I'm 74 and I've studied this perplexity, and now I have it solved. A new Administration has come in that is going to knock all the morality in the head. The preachers are taking over and they're going to square away everything. And what do we find? Two of the staunchest Republican Congressmen, right-wingers, defenders of family decency, members of the new party that's going to revolutionize everything and take care of magazines like *PLAYBOY*, movies like *The Devil in Miss Jones*, are arrested for soliciting oral sex and sodomy within almost a shadow of one of

"I was in the forefront of liberal politics in college. I led the fight against fraternities; I said they were crap."

the most sacred institutions of the new Government. So, at the age of 74, I'm just as bewildered as I was at 16, really.

PLAYBOY: In other words, your sexual drive is still strong?

MICHENER: I would hate to reach a point when I could pass a tennis court and not at least notice a pretty player. I think the game is over then.

PLAYBOY: Is age, then, a state of mind or of body?

MICHENER: I had the difficult job of reviewing Sinclair Lewis' last books. He was leaving the scene just as I was coming on. The books were disasters and he apparently did not know it. I have reluctantly concluded that I would not know that my mental capacity was deteriorating. I am very painfully aware that my physical capacity deteriorates with each five years. Your eyes get weaker, you lose a couple more teeth, you can't run up stairs as fast. You're simply an ass if you don't recognize that. What you can't estimate is your own intellectual capacity and resilience.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Hemingway was a good judge?

MICHENER: The Hemingway case gives me infinite problems. Here was a man who lived on the *macho* image, did everything possible to cultivate it. He gave an outrageous interview two years before his death, saying that he was as good as he ever was and his juices were still flowing and all of this monstrous nonsense. Then, when the going got hard, he blew his brains out. Anyone interested in art has to come to grips with this.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it was the right exit for Hemingway?

MICHENER: No, I don't at all. I think you stay in it right to the bitter end. I think you do what Hokusai did, what Titian did—you keep going until you're 80 or 90, if you're allowed.

PLAYBOY: Hokusai is often in your thoughts. You've even said if you could have been anyone else, he'd be the one. What do you most admire about him?

MICHENER: He did marvelously imaginative work and great art, right through his 80s. He had a very broad perspective of what art was and he was willing to risk it.

PLAYBOY: Didn't he once say, "At 90 I shall penetrate the mystery of things; at 110 everything I do will be alive"?

MICHENER: That's the goal. That's a reasonable target.

PLAYBOY: So your best work is just beginning?

MICHENER: That is my commitment, yes. Not fatuously, either. I really have some things to say.

PLAYBOY: And we realize we've only begun to scratch the surface with you. Let's move on to politics, one of your great passions. How far back does your liberalism go?

MICHENER: I have a very high sense of social responsibility. I was in the forefront of liberal politics in college. I led the fight against fraternities; I said they were crap. I led the fight for Mexican rights in Colorado, because it was perfectly obvious it was going to happen. My books have a certain tolerance because they reflect that attitude. In recent years, I have served as Democratic leader in the Constitutional Convention. I rewrote the laws of Pennsylvania. Then I was the chairman of the very powerful committee that put them into effect. I've served on six Government commissions, three of them presently. It's good and proper to be at the center of things.

PLAYBOY: In 1962, you were willing to give up your writing career when you ran for Congress. Were you suffering a writer's block at the time?

MICHENER: A writer doesn't write constantly; there are broad periods of time when he's doing other things. That was apparently one of them.

PLAYBOY: What would you have done had you won?

MICHENER: I suppose I would have served my five or six terms and then, in the big election of 1980, I would have been kicked out as being too liberal and I'd be about where I am now. Of course, the critical question is, would I have written those big books? Probably not. I must say I never took refuge in that. I was bitterly disappointed about losing. I wish I had won. I would be willing to sacrifice my writing career to a political career, because I place that very, very high on a scale of values, maybe the highest of everything.

PLAYBOY: But how many politicians will be remembered as long as your books?

MICHENER: Perhaps, but America has a very low opinion of its artists. We abhor and are frightened by novelists like Capote and Bellow. We don't trust them and we'd never give them a position of significance, where other countries do. A serious writer in the U.S. occupies a lower position than he does in any other major country. Look at the writers who are exalted by their countries. I don't think any of them compare, let's say, with Thornton Wilder or Robert Penn Warren. But America would be embarrassed to have a homosexual poet like Wilder in a position, or a gruff Southern original like Robert Penn Warren as an Ambassador. Unthinkable.

PLAYBOY: Original thinkers don't often get elected President of the U.S., do they?

MICHENER: One has to come to grips with why we pass up the great men to be President. We pass them up because we don't want first-class men in that position: We want somebody who is a stupid bum like us. We really are in quite serious trouble. Mr. Reagan is saying, "Let us turn the Government of this country over to the fine and noble and all-wise industrialists." Not a bad idea, because our nation was built in part upon that. Then I think, with a shudder, Wait a minute: These are the same industrialists who have been running Ford and Chrysler and General Motors for the past 20 years. Are they going to be infinitely wiser in managing the nation than they were in the management of their own companies? I think we're in the position we were when Joe McCarthy was running wild. It was a blessing that a Republican President managed to pull his fangs; Eisenhower, in his very tardy way, did just that. If we had elected Adlai Stevenson in '52, the entire Republican Party would have had to rally behind McCarthy and some very terrible things might have happened. So we were lucky it worked that way. It may well be that Mr. Reagan can do things that a Democratic President would not be able to do. But if he models his Presidency on the advice of these 70- and 80-year-old California millionaires or the extreme right, then they will obviously tumble

into disaster. I think he's probably too bright to do that.

PLAYBOY: And if he's not?

MICHENER: Then we'll continue to fear change: no antigun legislation, no additional freedoms for the blacks, none for women, no concessions to outside powers. The nation as a whole wants to retreat into a kind of fortress and build spikes out against everything. This is a fatuous and fatal hope. The normal movement of society and history dooms us.

PLAYBOY: Are you predicting a return to isolationist thinking?

MICHENER: In everything. It's going to be antiscientific, anti-arts, antispeculation. And they're going to have a free run for 10 or 12 years. I have had the dismal thought that if your children wanted to study astronomy in the true sense, they might have to go to either Japan or Germany. I think we're in for very serious pressures. All of us are going to have to unite to combat them.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the problems that most disturb you?

MICHENER: The new Christianity of the South, which might engulf us all. The new militarism. The persistent refusal to grapple with the race problem. The peril that publishing is being put in, unless it wants to publish an endless sequence of sensational novels. Things like that worry me very much.

PLAYBOY: What, specifically, bothers you

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about what you call the new Christianity?

MICHENER: We're developing a very able cadre of American Ayatollahs who are going to do this country in the way the Ayatollah Khomeini is doing Iran in, if we're not very careful. There is a place for those people; they obviously serve a need by taking religion, through television, into the homes of people who don't have it. But when they branch out from that and become monitors of public health and public morals, I find it terrifying.

PLAYBOY: Is Jerry Falwell and his Moral Majority at the forefront of this?

MICHENER: He is a prototype, yes. He and Jim Robison are very frightening. I would give a passing tip of the hat to the great Reverend Jim Jones, who served a very useful purpose in reminding us what can happen when the Ayatollahs go crazy. Scientology is frightening beyond imagination. The Moonies are a very destructive force. I have a feeling that we are exactly in the position that the Romans were about 15 years after the Crucifixion of Jesus, when their sons and daughters began leaving home, going into the catacombs, following a charismatic leader.

Falwell says he's going to drive all these people out of office; he's going to drive a magazine out of existence, books off the library shelves. He's going to reverse the sciences of the past 300 years. He's not only an Ayatollah, he's also a Savonarola. These people interpret the last election as a license to go gunning. They will knock off all the baddies, then the near baddies, then they'll knock off guys like me. We're going to see very soon whether or not they are able in 1982 to drive the remaining liberals out of public life, which they may very well do. They get rid of the political figures in '82 and then they come after us in '84.

PLAYBOY: Who are the front-line baddies?

MICHENER: The pornographers; people they don't like, like Jane Fonda and that great singer, Joan Baez. It'll be a fairly large hunting list. If the Moral Majority succeeds with television, then it will go after a whole lot of other targets.

PLAYBOY: Whom do you place in the second line?

MICHENER: People like Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., and Judith Rossner, James Baldwin. Movies like *Taxi Driver*. **PLAYBOY:** They've decided to exterminate from public life everybody they call a scientific humanist—that is, if you do not believe in God and the New Testament. So the Jews are just gonna be eliminated if these people have their way. Some have said so openly. But at what point does definition become a consensus? If it's a consensus, somehow, maybe, it can

be handled. But if it's just some whim of some redneck minister in Georgia, hell, he can identify anything he wants. This has to be very carefully judged and very vigorously opposed.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it could ever get to the point where liberalism in this country could be completely subdued?

MICHENER: It happened in Germany. It happened in Spain. It happened in China. It happened in Japan. Why should we think that we are somehow marvelously exempt from what's happened in 15 South American countries? Why are we, north of the Rio Grande, exempt from the great movements of history? We're not at all! We could be next.

PLAYBOY: You're an avowed anti-Communist. How do you feel about Soviet behavior in the Eighties and the future of that society?

MICHENER: Russians are very much like us, and it's heartbreaking that we haven't been able to work something out with them. Right now, I see no possibility. The behavior of the Soviet state is monstrous. It's a society of delusion, lies and

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repression—and it shouldn't have to be that way. I think Russia may hold together for the next 40 years and then gradually begin to fragment.

PLAYBOY: What do you see as your role in all this?

MICHENER: I suppose that I will spend the remaining years of my life bearing constant testimony to the dangers of totalitarian action in the field of moral domination. It's going to be a long fight, one that will require constant reiteration. I don't think it will diminish in my lifetime.

PLAYBOY: On the subject of fanaticism, we've seen a recent attempt on the life of the Pope. He's a friend of yours, isn't he?

MICHENER: Yes. When John Paul II landed in Alaska, some of my friends went up to meet him. One of his first questions was, "Why didn't you bring Michener?" I have known him for many years and by not the slightest imagination did I have a hint that he was going to become Pope. I hold him not only in respect but in affection. Like many other great men, he's been through fire, he's been hardened, tempered. He has a great sense of

humor, wonderful wit. He was great at one-line jokes, many of which were political in nature. I have laughed with him until my sides hurt. And he is keenly aware of the position he's in. I remember after one long interview, he took me by the arm very warmly and said, "Michener, if I get into trouble here"—that was when he was a cardinal—"do you think I could get a job in Hollywood? You know, Michener, I studied for the theater, I wanted to be an actor." And after every session, it was, "How did I do?" I've seen him three times in the Vatican and we've always talked about television and the media.

PLAYBOY: What did you think when the Pope was gunned down?

MICHENER: I was heartsick. A man dedicated to peace, a symbol of freedom in a difficult world shot down just for the hell of it. Insanity. My first thought? Last time I talked with him, we talked mostly about health and physical exercise. He said he took great care to keep in shape and I thought if anybody aged 60 can survive a blast like that, it's Wojtyla.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about violence in America?

MICHENER: I think it's ingrained, cherished and beyond any possibility of being disciplined. Americans love violence in all its manifestations. With world soccer available, we prefer American-style slam-bang football. With the rich potential of television, we prefer gangster shows and auto chases. With traffic controllable, we seem to enjoy killing 50,000 people a year with our cars. Nevertheless, we manage a fairly decent life amidst the slaughter.

PLAYBOY: Is America different from the rest of the world on this question?

MICHENER: Yes. Our history and our legend have deified the gun. It means something quite different to us from what it does to an Englishman or a Japanese. That's why our gun-murder rate is so fantastically higher than theirs. Guns to Americans are aphrodisiacs. Men are *macho* when they have them. Women go bananas over the gunslinger. I used to argue that if England and Japan could control murder by gun, so could we. Now I see things differently. Americans want their heroes to gun down the opposition, and I'd hate to be the United States Marshal who invaded Texas or Kentucky to confiscate their guns. We've created this myth of the gun and I guess we'll have to live with it. Of course, if we gun six or seven more Presidents, we just might change our attitudes, but I doubt even that.

PLAYBOY: Do you think America is more militaristic than most countries?

MICHENER: No, Germany has been number one, but we're a very close second. We idolize our generals to a fatuous

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degree. Russia is at least sensible enough not to do that, at least not to transfer political power to them. We are hungry for a general to be President of this country right now.

PLAYBOY: Do you favor the volunteer Army?

MICHENER: The decision to go to an all-volunteer Army was one of the colossal errors of recent history. It worries me terribly. It has produced a very shabby military.

PLAYBOY: Where do you think the major trouble spots for the U. S. will be?

MICHENER: The U. S. should unilaterally give Puerto Rico her freedom right now, because this is going to be a suppurating sore for the next 40 years. I see only trouble there and in the end the dissident groups will probably prevail. I think we will also have very serious trouble with Central America because of population pressures. Several countries there are increasing their populations at the highest rate in the world. The influx that we've seen from Cuba, Haiti and Mexico is merely a foretaste of what we're going to see. That's one reason I feel so strongly about not having education in Spanish. One of the finest things the Reagan team has done so far is try to knock out bilingual education. It simply terrifies me, because bilingual education builds upon our inherent weaknesses. If allowed to continue, it would ensure that we create a situation much worse than in Canada, Belgium, Cyprus or India. In Miami, if you're black and you want a job, you have to learn Spanish. That is *insane*.

PLAYBOY: You've stated in the past that Germans make people feel morally inferior. Why?

MICHENER: I have had a great debate in my life about the nature of God. He's either a Scandinavian, because I'm sure that in heaven every meal is a smorgasbord, or He is a German, because the Germans are superior and are destined to rule the world. It's just that every generation or so they're delayed. If I were to live another 40 years, I would expect to see Germany united and knocking Russia over the head, probably taking over France and Belgium and Holland. I think they're destined to be because they're tough, they're well organized, they write far better music than we do, Goethe is better than Walt Whitman, and so on right down the line. They're the world's best travelers, they're intelligent, daring, they spend their money wisely. And they wrote the best guidebooks there ever were on this earth. The performance of Western Germany in the postwar world is that of insight. All they need is a little push and some luck and they will organize Europe. I view them with awe.

PLAYBOY: Since you're twisting the knife a bit, we might as well discuss France.

Americans often dislike the French; are you an exception?

MICHENER: In no other country of the world have my wife and I been treated as poorly and as savagely as in France. And we are not arrogant tourists, we are not people who misbehave. But, damn it, we were just kicked in the groin from start to finish in France. You have your unpleasant incidents and they pass in a few minutes; but the French don't let them pass—they want to drive it in. We've been insulted for being Americans, for not being French, for not doing things their way. It gets to be very painful. It got so bad that we refuse to go to France.

PLAYBOY: So we'll expect no Michener book on France. Skipping around geographically, how did you feel about our recent experiences with Iran?

MICHENER: American behavior toward the 52 hostages before, during and after was beyond imagination. It was overplayed horrendously. To call them national heroes was to betray any knowledge of history. We allowed Iran to play our

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and Holland."*

public-relations agencies the way a master plays a violin. The taking of 52 hostages is something that could happen to any country at any time. It is part of the modern experience; you ought to react to it that way.

PLAYBOY: During your travels through that part of the world, you must have encountered drugs. Have you ever smoked marijuana?

MICHENER: Of course; I've tried everything.

PLAYBOY: Opium?

MICHENER: Yes, of course. We tended to do that when we were newsmen in Asia. We were in Phnom Penh and the houses there were run just like drugstores. It's inevitable that you would want to know what it was about.

PLAYBOY: How did it affect you?

MICHENER: I was in very good physical condition at that time and the casual experiences I had were not strong enough to induce much of anything. It was an experience, I know the taste and smell and sort of like it; that's all I needed to know. I'm sure that over a

three-week or three-month period it would become addictive and it would be an entirely different story. With marijuana there was a general euphoria, a slowing down, like maybe five beers. I have had great difficulty in believing that it was the evil drug people said it was. The harsh sentences by the Texas courts are way out of proportion. Probably everybody in jail under those terms ought to be released right now. I would testify and help in any case.

PLAYBOY: And acid?

MICHENER: LSD terrified me, because I did see some horrible examples of it. In Marrakesh, I was fed some without my knowledge and even a little was pretty frightening. Somebody like me is very high-strung to begin with, it doesn't take much to trigger my imagination. I can get high on a Delacroix print, so I don't need LSD.

PLAYBOY: As someone who's been around the world many times, you must have a list of bests, worsts and mosts. Four years ago, in a magazine article, you said Afghanistan was your most memorable land, the Pali cliff in Hawaii the most beautiful view, Angkor Wat the most compelling sight, Bora Bora the loveliest spot. Let's add to your list of mosts. Most beautiful women?

MICHENER: Burmese.

PLAYBOY: Most handsome men?

MICHENER: Samoan.

PLAYBOY: Best market place?

MICHENER: The great market of Barcelona and the sook of Istanbul.

PLAYBOY: Most erotic place?

MICHENER: Tahiti. On the 14th of July.

PLAYBOY: Most repressive place?

MICHENER: Northern Ireland. The town of Portadown. On a Sunday in February. The bleak bottom.

PLAYBOY: The ugliest people?

MICHENER: The native tribes in Africa with the enormous buttocks. They can be pretty unaesthetic.

PLAYBOY: Most boring people?

MICHENER: An Englishman who has served in India and doesn't have enough money to go back to England and has settled in the shadow of Gibraltar.

PLAYBOY: Ugliest architecture?

MICHENER: Nebraska.

PLAYBOY: Nebraska?

MICHENER: Nebraska.

PLAYBOY: Most unforgettable people?

MICHENER: The Big Nambas of Malekula in New Hebrides were maybe the most primitive people I've ever worked with. They were cannibals. Cannibals are a delightful people. We were just laughing the whole time. I mean, if they're not eating you, they're a very pleasant people.

PLAYBOY: Worst cities?

MICHENER: The nadir would be the Bronx and Harlem. Detroit would be near the bottom. Northeast Philadelphia.

PLAYBOY: While we're in the mood for

lists, let's turn the tables on you. Since your books are so long, do you think you'd be able to come up with, ah, brief summaries of some of them?

MICHENER: Let's try.

PLAYBOY: Might as well start with *The Drifters*.

MICHENER: A loving visit with young people who are trying to forge a new and dangerous way of life.

PLAYBOY: *Tales of the South Pacific*.

MICHENER: A group of American pilots forcibly marooned on Guadalcanal survive by one device or another.

PLAYBOY: *The Fires of Spring*.

MICHENER: A young boy of no strong central character is surrounded by a host of people with very vivid characters and they modify him.

PLAYBOY: *The Voice of Asia*.

MICHENER: Foot-loose in a rapidly changing world.

PLAYBOY: *The Bridges at Toko-Ri*.

MICHENER: The summary is exactly the same length as the book itself.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't that published in *Life* in one issue?

MICHENER: I did that to see whether or not I could write the well-crafted English novel. I satisfied myself that I could. I could have written one of those books every year for the remainder of my life, but I took no great pride in it. It wasn't big enough, it didn't have the complexity I wanted.

PLAYBOY: Is it your best-written book?

MICHENER: I would think so. But I take no pride in that at all.

PLAYBOY: *Sayonara*.

MICHENER: Critics have called it *Madame Butterfly* revisited, but they must have been drunk when they said this.

PLAYBOY: For those not drunk?

MICHENER: An intimate portrait of a culture in transition.

PLAYBOY: *Hawaii*.

MICHENER: The real thing is 25 times more alluring than the travel posters.

PLAYBOY: You once described it this way: "The first 10,000 words are an essay on geography, the next 60,000 are about the launching of a canoe, and there's a change of characters every 150 pages after that. It might make four marvelous movies."

MICHENER: A very good summary.

PLAYBOY: *Caravans*.

MICHENER: An adventure in the footsteps of Alexander the Great and Genghis Khan; a strong, reverberating account of one of the last frontiers.

PLAYBOY: *The Source*.

MICHENER: A summary of many cultures, many vibrant characters and many continuing problems.

PLAYBOY: *Iberia*.

MICHENER: An affectionate ramble through the history and art and contemporary living of a great peninsula.

PLAYBOY: *Sports in America*.

MICHENER: A critical look at the imperial nonsense of sport as it dominates far too much of American thinking.

PLAYBOY: *Centennial*.

MICHENER: A loving testament to the vast empty spaces of the American West and the crazy characters who inhabited it.

PLAYBOY: *Chesapeake*.

MICHENER: I wrote this book with a specific strategy in mind. Every man who owned a boat would have to buy a copy. Then I made the opening chapters so interesting that his guests would steal it and he would have to buy two more copies. The plan worked and the book became a big best seller.

PLAYBOY: *The Covenant*.

MICHENER: Even attempting to write a book like this proves that a man is more courageous than he is bright, but sometimes difficult themes have to be tackled.

PLAYBOY: Since it's still at the top of the best-seller list, how controversial has it been?

MICHENER: Very. It was blasted by South Africa and now is being embraced rather widely.

PLAYBOY: And, finally, *Kent State*.

MICHENER: A tragedy of the most somber character depicting the end of a violent period.

PLAYBOY: In a book like that, or in any of your others, do you worry about being sued for libel?

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MICHENER: Many writers like me are very apprehensive about libel laws. In my lifetime, the focus of these suits has changed dramatically. It used to be libel, which became very hard to prove. Then it became invasion of privacy. Recently, it has become an extraordinary thing: unfair business competition. The most brilliant writer of this century was Howard Hughes, in that he set up a corporation and sold his life story to it for one dollar. That corporation has gone into court and stopped three or four books on Hughes. So we view Hughes with respect and even envy. The son of a gun figured out something that was brighter than anything we had figured out. And he licked the system on that.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of Clifford Irving's hoax?

MICHENER: I followed the Irving thing with the greatest delight. I was all on Irving's side. I didn't object too much to the year in the clinker. We all take risks, and that was one he took and I wish him well.

PLAYBOY: What about Carlos Castenada's books on Don Juan; were they fiction or nonfiction?

MICHENER: Fiction. I have a strong nose for that, because I have watched it in myself. I have worked in both fields.

PLAYBOY: A number of your books have been made into films. Didn't Hemingway once tell you he hated what Hollywood did to his books?

MICHENER: He did. I remember he also said he went to see his movies with apprehension and a bottle of gin. He always got through the gin before the movie, and left.

PLAYBOY: What has your experience with Hollywood been like?

MICHENER: I've had a dozen major motion pictures and television series made from things I've written. Some have been superb. They've won Oscars, they've won great nominations. Eight years ago, they had a listing of the top 50 motion pictures and three of mine were in that group. *The Bridges at Toko-Ri* was the best, almost better than the book.

PLAYBOY: How many projects of yours are still available to Hollywood?

MICHENER: At any time, I will have six or seven projects. People want to make a musical of *Sayonara*. They want to redo *Hawaii*. I've got three major works that have never been touched: *Chesapeake*, *The Source*, *The Drifters*. People think about them all the time. My life consists of three guys sitting in a bar in L.A. One of them says, "Hey, wouldn't it be great if. . ." Then somebody says, "I know Marlon Brando and he'd love to work on another Michener book." "Well, if we could get Brando, I know we could get Elia Kazan." Then they call and say, "Jim, have you ever thought of working with Brando again?"

Then they go and tell *him* that I'd be willing. Nothing happens, but they then release the "news" to *The New York Times*. No harm is done, but if you took it seriously, it would drive you crazy.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of fantasy and fraud, weren't you once a fortuneteller or a palm reader?

MICHENER: I used to be a professional fortuneteller and made a lot of money at it for charity. The secret is to tell somebody 40 things—of which two come true. Then you're a sensational seer; they forget that 38 didn't come true. I was known as Mich the Witch and played it for comedy. When I was in Egypt, I picked up a system of fortunetelling that was really quite extraordinary. I would answer *any* question specifically, in considerable detail. It was fraudulent from start to finish. But I would hit so close that it really became quite frightening.

There was one dramatic situation where I became sort of famous. This girl came in and the cards were such and such. I said, "How did the operation

"I met Cronkite on an exploration trip to Tahiti. As we entered this tropical lagoon, there was a very beautiful girl at the end of the pier, playing the Brahms violin concerto."

go?" She said, "What operation?" I said, "Your sex-change operation." Just out of the blue. And it was a guy in drag! It went all over the county. I got in the habit of saying the most outrageous things—and they were true. I got frightened by it. Once, I said, "Don't leave on the trip West Friday." And she left and a few miles from her home, her family was wiped out. When I was in Hawaii, I became very good friends with Henry Kaiser. He would come to have his fortune told. One day I said, "Henry, the banks are going to call your loan for \$150,000,000, you'd better get things lined up." He went through the roof. "How did you know about this?!" What do you say to Henry Kaiser? You don't say ten bucks! I have a manuscript completed that will probably be published after I'm dead, about my experience in this. How it was done and my relation with the woman who taught me the system.

PLAYBOY: Why must it wait until after you're dead?

MICHENER: Well, it's a little undignified. It shows the roots of this mania and how it can be manipulated.

PLAYBOY: Of all the people you've met in your lifetime, who were the men of genius?

MICHENER: In my lifetime, I have met only two geniuses, a word that ought to be used with great care. It implies a certain intensity and an intellectual gear that is different from what you and I have. I think about this a great deal. Talent is extremely common, disciplined talent is very rare.

PLAYBOY: And the two?

MICHENER: One was Bobby Fischer, the chess player, and the other was Tennessee Williams, who simply looks at life and drama and the human condition differently from the way I do and the way anybody else I know does. I think they are both suffering from the tremendous burden of genius and I'm not sure either of them handles it very well.

PLAYBOY: Of the two, which one fascinates you more?

MICHENER: Well, obviously, as a writer, Williams has to take pre-eminence. I had dinner with him in Rome or Spain. We had a long night together. He was just geared into something in a way I wasn't at all. Very impressive. What he said made scintillating good sense. I had a feeling almost of awe that a guy could be so . . . well, keyed in. But from the point of view of genius in action, Bobby Fischer is quite compelling.

PLAYBOY: Another extraordinary individual you know is Walter Cronkite. How did that friendship begin?

MICHENER: That's a very warm relationship, one of the most rewarding that I've had. Cronkite is an authentic, he really is. I met him on an exploration trip to Tahiti. We sailed over very turbulent seas to the island of Raïatéa. Somebody had wired ahead that we were coming. As we entered this tropical lagoon, about as far away from anyplace as you could get, there was a very beautiful girl at the end of the pier with a violin, playing the Brahms violin concerto. We looked at each other and said, "How would you *dare* make up a scene like this?" She was from California. When she heard we were coming in, she felt the least she could do was give us an island welcome. One of the most extraordinary experiences I've ever had.

PLAYBOY: Is Cronkite a solemn man?

MICHENER: Oh, no, Cronkite is one of the great comedians of America. He's got five or six shticks. The mad race driver at Le Mans is as good as anything you see in vaudeville. His account of trying to broadcast horse races when the Mafia is running the station is terribly funny.

PLAYBOY: Art Buchwald is also a close friend, isn't he?



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MICHENER: Buchwald is terribly funny. He, Cronkite and I have had a correspondence that at some point should be published. It deals with the invitations we all get to these affairs where we're awarded something. We formed an alliance some time ago that under pain of death, no one of us would buy a ticket to a testimonial for the two others. I initiated this because the people who got to me were especially tough in putting the arm on Cronkite and Buchwald to buy tickets.

For instance, I got a call on a Wednesday. An agitated voice from New York wanted to inform me that this company had picked me as the outstanding living American writer of this century. They wanted to give me an award on Friday night. Fortunately, my calendar was honestly filled and I had to say it would be impossible. They said, "You're not free? Norman Mailer told us you'd be free." [Laughs] Now, Mailer wouldn't know me if he saw me; I've met him only once. I said, "Yes, I was talking with Norman about it and he must have misunderstood." Then a pause. This petulant little voice says, "Do you know any other great American writer who might be free on Friday?"

PLAYBOY: Are the Nobel Prize and the National Book Award the only two major prizes you haven't received?

MICHENER: The only ones. I have everything else. A good number of those are recognitions that I've survived. I have more prizes than I feel I'm entitled to. I have to pick and choose very carefully among the many universities that want to give me awards every year.

PLAYBOY: How political is the Nobel Prize?

MICHENER: Uh, I . . . well . . .

PLAYBOY: You mean of all the questions you've been asked here, that's the one you're not answering?

MICHENER: I don't think I should. I have a form letter that I send to people who write to me about the fact that I have not received a Nobel Prize. It begins: "When I think of the great men of my generation who did not get the prize—Proust, Henry James, Conrad, Tolstoy"—about 15 names—"and compare them with some of the clowns who did"—I'm especially bitter about Knut Hamsun, who turned quisling in Norway during the war and vilified every precept of what a writer ought to be—"I would much rather stand with the former than with the latter." Then I have a postscript saying, of course, I realize the impropriety of some of this, in that if you look at some of the good people who did get it, anybody would be very proud to be with them. It's as simple as that.

PLAYBOY: Who among your contemporaries deserves the Nobel Prize?

MICHENER: It was a grave injustice that Thornton Wilder didn't get it. He was

good in three major fields: novel, drama, essay. There are other Americans eminently qualified: Edmund Wilson, Robert Penn Warren, Ralph Ellison, Bernard Malamud, John Updike. If James Baldwin or Norman Mailer or Joyce Carol Oates dug down and did some really substantial work, the committee would be eager to give them the prize, for not necessarily literary reasons. I'm not sure any of them will do that.

PLAYBOY: What writer of this generation do you think will be remembered longest?

MICHENER: Vladimir Nabokov. He's not like anybody else. He bears more resemblance to Edmund Wilson than he does to any novelist. His place is very secure.

PLAYBOY: And what book of this generation will be most remembered?

MICHENER: If Capote can ever get *Answered Prayers* completed, it could be the Toulouse-Lautrec of this period. I found the sections that *Esquire* published quite corrupt, quite venal, really quite awful and quite wonderful. If he can bring this to a conclusion, 100 years from now I don't know whether people will be writing dissertations on Saul Bellow or Bashevis Singer, but I'm quite sure they will be writing dissertations on Capote and that book, because it's a *roman à clef* summarizing a period. He has a better chance of being the central figure of our period than any of the rest of us may have.

I have great warmth for Truman. Society, especially our puritanical, rather drab society, needs someone who looks and behaves like an artist.

PLAYBOY: An image you don't feel you have?

MICHENER: I've never been taken for a writer.

PLAYBOY: What is the image of a writer?

MICHENER: A cross between Hemingway and Fitzgerald. The majority of us don't fall into that category. Today the prototype would be Mailer.

PLAYBOY: A writer you've often been compared with is Herman Wouk. What do you think of his work?

MICHENER: Wouk and I fall into the same category. I'm very proud to be there with him. He has been undervalued by critics. His books will be read for a long time, especially *The Caine Mutiny* and *Winds of War*.

PLAYBOY: What about Gabriel García Márquez?

MICHENER: I love explosive, poetic writing. That's why I'm so fond of D. H. Lawrence, because he does things that the rest of us can't do. And Márquez falls into that category very beautifully.

PLAYBOY: Hermann Hesse?

MICHENER: I found him the kind of writer that college juniors are going to go ape about. I don't think he adds up to very much in the long run.

PLAYBOY: Alexander Solzhenitsyn?

MICHENER: He's an authentic, a real voice. But I think he's a fascist. Still, brilliant people will be listened to, whether they're Mussolini or Solzhenitsyn or Günter Grass.

PLAYBOY: What about T. S. Eliot?

MICHENER: I have enormous trouble with Eliot. He had a tremendously compact form of expression. But he was such a strong anti-Semite and such a fascist and such a bloody slob that I had the same problem with him that I had with Knut Hamsun. I just have a higher standard of behavior than that. Some things are forgivable, but not the annihilation of one's fellow people.

PLAYBOY: Thomas Hardy?

MICHENER: If I stand up and cross myself three times and genuflect, you'll forgive me, but Hardy is so good that I can hardly believe it. The opening chapter of *The Mayor of Casterbridge* should be read by every would-be novelist. I cannot imagine a better opening. I stand in awe of this man, as I do of Dickens.

PLAYBOY: What about Mark Twain?

MICHENER: Mark Twain gives me a great deal of trouble. *Huckleberry Finn* is probably our finest American novel. I prefer it to *Moby Dick*, because there is more humanity in it, it's more easily apprehensible. But Twain as a traveler was despicable. Whenever I want to write about a foreign country, I read Twain to be sure that I don't do the things he did, the easy wisecracks, laughing at everything that was not Anglo-Saxon, playing the boob. I find it just repulsive.

PLAYBOY: Cervantes?

MICHENER: I revere him. It just staggers you that a nation should so adopt a man as its total image—a nation that wouldn't, at many points, have tolerated the son of a bitch. He would have been in jail in Franco's Spain, in Bourbon Spain, in jail nine tenths of the time, as he *was*. It's somewhat like America and Walt Whitman. We all now agree that he was probably our greatest poet, yet at no point would we have wanted him walking down the main street of Philadelphia or Denver. Cervantes is the great example of the fact that you cannot write these stupendous books in an armchair in a bleak room. You might do something else, but not *Don Quixote*. I obviously feel an intense personal relationship with Cervantes, because I have worked in some of the fields he worked in and I know intuitively what that son of a gun accomplished.

PLAYBOY: Let's try two contemporaries. Joseph Heller?

MICHENER: It would be a very high accomplishment, indeed, for any writer to put a new word into the English language, and he has done so and the rest

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of us haven't. That's probably the measure of his importance.

PLAYBOY: And Thomas Pynchon?

MICHENER: Young people in college ought to be reading him far more than me, simply to test their ability to understand, just as I cut my teeth on the very best that was being done in my period.

PLAYBOY: Was Hemingway one who greatly influenced you?

MICHENER: Yes. The majesty of his sentence structure, his paragraphing, the use of words. I never fell prey to his *machismo*, I saw that as fake—his desire to be incognito and yet adopt a costume that was at least as flamboyant as Tolstoy's. I loved the guy. He was so shameless. I would be very happy to stand in his shadow.

PLAYBOY: When you met him, did he give you any advice?

MICHENER: He said that I wrote about people as if they had to earn a living and he tried to do that as well. And he said, "It's not enough to be known as a good Philadelphia writer, you want to go up against the champions." And that is my credo. I don't want to be known as a good Philadelphia writer, as a good South Pacific writer. Hemingway gave me my attitude.

PLAYBOY: Music has also been an important influence, hasn't it?

MICHENER: I listen to music every day of my life. A major factor in my education was opera. I know a dozen of them by heart and can conduct them, if I have a score. A great deal of the storytelling quality I have comes from this.

PLAYBOY: The work you're researching now, about space travel, sounds like a departure for you. Will that be your next book?

MICHENER: That's a very good question. I am certainly going forward arduously in the space project, but what I might publish next I am far less secure about. It is of such magnitude and requires so much work, whether something will intrude between it and its publication I really can't say. But I do know a heck of a lot of people ought to be reading it and seeing things the way I see them.

PLAYBOY: You mean you feel it could be the culmination of all your work?

MICHENER: Yes, yes, it could well be.

PLAYBOY: We hesitate to ask—will the space book start with prehistoric birds?

MICHENER: No, but in space, to go back 15,000 years, you need to start only 20 years ago. We really know very little; we're primitives. We are in an age comparable to that of Copernicus. The discoveries we are making are going to be of such magnitude that we are going to have to rethink a great deal of the universe. I probably want to go *forward* to about 1990, but the people at Random House will probably collapse and it will be hacked back to 1982. They go crazy because I like to end the book four years after the writing date and they are all

appalled by what might happen in those four years.

PLAYBOY: You obviously feel that the exploration of space is essential.

MICHENER: Absolutely. If we don't do it, Japan and China and Germany will. If the civilian space program falls far behind, the Reagan Administration will push it all into the military. And military considerations work against space treaties and moon treaties. We're at the period that the world was when the Pope divided the world in 1493. It was just as mysterious to him as space is to us, giving half of it to Portugal and the other half to Spain. We're in that primitive period.

PLAYBOY: You've testified before Congress on our scientific future and you serve on committees that counsel NASA and Congress on space policy. How much advanced thinking is going on regarding the future of space?

MICHENER: I attended a meeting with 30 of the brightest men in the world, trying to speculate for two weeks where we are going to be around 2010. A man from Cornell pointed out that in 1938, President Roosevelt convened a similar group to advise him on what might happen in the next decade and those men failed to predict penicillin, radar, television, the atomic bomb and rockets, all of which happened within the next five years! But we are getting some indication with the manipulation of DNA, from what the Russians are doing in space, from what the most primitive types are able to do in urban guerrilla warfare.

PLAYBOY: OK, just to lighten up, is it true that you couldn't be a close friend of Bennett Cerf's because he was a Yankees fan?

MICHENER: That's right. I don't see how *anybody* who is seriously interested in the arts from a humanistic point of view could be a Yankees fan. They are the establishment, the Republican right wing. They represent everything that is conservative and objectionable in life. A really good year for me is when the Yankees are ahead by 11 games in mid-July and then Boston comes on strong and beats them out. That is the way God intended that it should be.

PLAYBOY: Are you the only writer in America who isn't a boxing fan?

MICHENER: I'm not only not a fan, I'm quite opposed to it. The way we use boxers is pretty much the way the impresario uses a bull, just for the fun of it.

PLAYBOY: Still, it's not as violent as goat dragging.

MICHENER: Goat dragging, yeah, that's the wildest thing I've ever seen in sports.

PLAYBOY: You've witnessed that in northern Afghanistan. Would you describe it?

MICHENER: You get about 150 Afghan horsemen who are divided into two teams, with a goal at each end of the field. The field is ten times as big

as a football field. You take a goat and put him in the middle of the field. At the signal, the two teams dash in and somebody grabs the goat. He gets hold of one leg and the other team gets hold of the other leg and they fight about it. If it looks as if your team is going to score an early goal and the game is over, you tackle your own man and just beat the hell out of him until he lets go of the goat. After about 12 minutes, the goat has been torn apart. It isn't always identifiable as to which part really represents the ball in this affair. It gets rather messy and everybody gets bloody. After about 80 minutes, with bodies all over the field and horses with broken legs and the goat torn into six pieces, somebody gallops up to the goal and his own teammates are too exhausted to beat him and he scores the glorious victory. It's some ball game! It's not polo the way they play it on the greens of England or in Palm Beach.

PLAYBOY: Nor baseball.

MICHENER: Yes, I feel a great affinity for baseball, the leisurely way it unfolds and the way they take time. The analogy with what I do is close. It's drawn out, it can build up some tremendous climaxes and there is a decency about it. One of the greatest crimes against American culture is the designated hitter. Anybody who can support that would probably support child labor and women working in sweat factories and gasoline at five dollars a gallon. It's an abomination and ought to be stopped.

PLAYBOY: To keep the analogy going, which baseball player is most like the writer you'd like to be?

MICHENER: Robin Roberts. In his latter years, he had lost his really powerful fast ball, but he pitched for the Phillies, losing one-nothing, two-one, three-two in 11 innings. In other words, he was pitching absolutely superbly and they weren't giving him many runs and he was still winning 19 or 20 games. I would like to be like that. I have great respect for the man who gets completely knocked out of the park and comes back the next day—in control. I see that as an analog to life and I would like to be that way.

PLAYBOY: So a satisfactory epitaph for you would be: He was the Robin Roberts of the literary world?

MICHENER: I would not be at all unhappy with it. Theodore Dreiser was that. Zola was that.


PLAYBOY: Let's end with a note of hope. What has given you hope and pleasure and satisfaction of late?

MICHENER: *Jalapeño* jelly with cream cheese. There's still hope for the world if we can come up with something that good this late in the day. *Jalapeño* jelly has given me more hope than the neutron bomb.





WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's the man who can take an afternoon spent washing the car and turn it into a day of sun and spray. He takes life just as it comes but always adds a sheen to what it brings his way. The women who join him share his vigor and his soft-pedaled polish, because they appreciate little things done well. He reads PLAYBOY, not because its pages are slick but because it speaks for a sophisticated lifestyle that shines without having to try. 



RUTHLESS MOTHERS: MONEY, VALUES AND THE GIMME DECADE

*in the sixties, it was campus activists; in the
seventies, est grads. now meet the money-hungry species
that serves as barometer for the eighties*

article **BY DONALD R. KATZ**

EACH FRIDAY AFTERNOON during the fall of 1970, just after the invasion of Cambodia and the shootings at Kent State—at a time when only 18 percent of the republic's 9,000,000 college students said that money was important to them—a freshman I'll call Steven Shine would put on a wide tie and take the subway to New York's Pennsylvania Station to pick up women. He would stroll over the terrazzo toward a pretty woman standing in a ticket line near the Long Island Railroad platforms and extract a fat wallet all but groaning from the strain of a thick ream of \$50 bills. Then, "accidentally on purpose," as he used to say, he would spill his father's loot all over the young woman's shoes like a deck of cards and then ask her for a date.

Most of his fellow students considered Shine to be a freak, an embarrassing anachronism—little but a passing distraction from the serious business of ending a war and stamping out racism. It was pitiful that the poor kid's sense of self was so underdeveloped that he believed a gesture of such extravagance would endear him to women. It didn't make sense. Most of us didn't even carry wallets at the time, such was our collective contempt for cash and all that it symbolized. Young people mutilated money by shoving it into jeans pockets. And here was this fellow, noted only for his lack of wit, his absence of charm and his complete innocence of the abiding political intelligence of the moment, defying every reasonable attitude toward money by returning from the train station each Friday night with another beautiful commuter who'd missed her train.

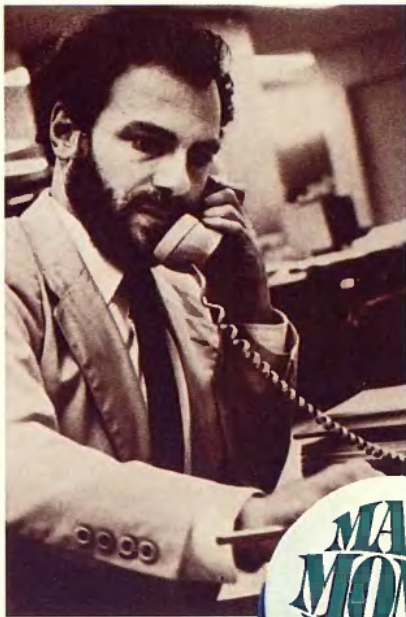
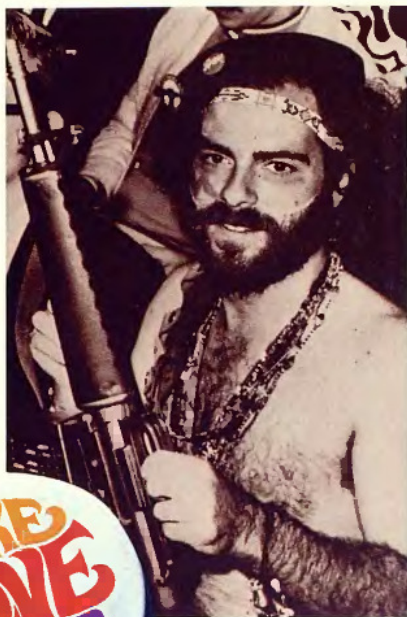
We all tried to explain to him that money simply was no longer the issue—at least it wasn't our issue. Affluence had suffused the land and spread money over everything outside the ghettos like the muck that it was, because America in 1970 was still whirling with the most dazzling economic performance in the world's history. Much of the strength of the alternative thinking of the time was based on our belief that all the establishment's affluence and its attendant power still hadn't made a dent in crime, war, poverty, or even unhappiness. Steven Shine could have been America, we thought, with his ludicrous displays of abundance. He seemed so deluded as to the important things in life. We tried to tell him that he was part of a generation destined to rise above the great national impediment, the all-American love of money.

"Come on, guys," he would say. "What's wrong with money? I don't understand it, either, but it gets me laid."

"Damn it, Steve," I remember saying, "the Depression was a long time ago. You weren't a poor kid. Besides, flashing money in public like that is crude."

"Look," he said, "I don't play the guitar; I'm not in SDS; I'm not into

JERRY RUBIN'S RADICAL MOVEMENT



*a chat with the yippie-turned-capitalist,
who believes the difference between deals and
ideals is all in the "i" of the beholder*

Jerry Rubin has been through some changes. In the Sixties, he and fellow Yippie clown prince Abbie Hoffman led demonstrations against everything from racism to the Vietnam war. "Money is violence," he said at the time. In the Seventies, he reportedly tried a wide variety of Me Decade nostrums, including est and Roling. In 1980, he became director of business development for John Muir & Company, a New York-based national stock-brokerage firm that raises venture capital for growing companies. "Money is power," he recently declared in an article he wrote for the Op-Ed page of The New York Times titled "Guess Who's Coming to Wall Street." Associate New York Editor Tom Passavant met Rubin at his East Side high-rise apartment for the following interview.

PLAYBOY: What is your reaction to the economic squeeze play that seems to be affecting the baby-boom generation so harshly?

RUBIN: Well, I'm somebody who believes in historical cycles. If the Sixties was a time of judging for me personally, the Seventies was a time of trying to find out who I was as a man and a human being. And now, in the Eighties, I want action. I want to be a productive person.

PLAYBOY: For yourself or for society in general?

RUBIN: Both. It's not enough to write visionary poetry or create demonstrations. It's time to find out how things work. I think the Sixties generation is not besieged or caught between two other generations. It's really a vanguard generation.

PLAYBOY: Will people emerge from the economic crisis with enough of their Sixties sensibilities intact to seriously change the system?

RUBIN: I don't know. I'm not a politician who has to make optimistic predictions. All I can say is that without power, nothing is accomplished. The key to power in the Eighties is money, and that was not the key in the Sixties.

PLAYBOY: How did we get into a situation in which money and power are so closely allied?

RUBIN: I think that money and power have always been historically connected. The Sixties was kind of an anomaly, when there was a chance for a more spiritual power to be expressed. A lot of people criticize me because they say, "He's copping out by going after money." Well, I think the opposite is true. I think that for the generation of the (concluded on page 214)

drugs—I'm into taking \$50 bills to the train station and picking up girls."

If someone had tried to tell me at the time that I would someday gaze back at Shine as a man ahead of his time, I probably would have thought it about as likely as that student-bashing governor out in California becoming President of the United States.

Could it have been only 11 years ago? Didn't polls at the time announce that fully 76 percent of us wanted far less emphasis on money in the culture? Incredibly, a survey conducted for a Rockefeller fund in 1970 found that six out of ten students said they harbored "no doubts about their ability to make as much money as they might want to." For the first time in modern Western history, I used to tell Shine, money was the least of the worries of a huge middle-class generation.

But then the sky fell. The most efficient economy ever began to trip all over itself and was beset by energy crises, unemployment, rampant inflation, scarcity, retrenchment and a whole world of people who didn't know the value of a dollar—because it was almost always in some sort of violent decline.

By 1976, four out of ten Americans said they had lost their faith in the American dream. Increases in crime, divorce and suicide were all soon laid to money problems, and psychologists began to see that the subtle violence of inflation was leading to racial strife, problem drinking, reduced fertility rates, impotence, child abuse and even rape. *The Wall Street Journal* reported last year that troubles concerning money had become the fourth most prevalent reason that Americans seek psychological counseling. It was ninth or tenth only a few years ago.

Ironically, the group most devastated by the economic upheaval is the very group that believed money to be the least of its problems—the "baby-boom generation," generally defined as those born between 1947 and 1960, with 1957 being the peak year. If you remember World War Two, you're too old to be a member; if you and your peers are on this end of that bulge—too young to have protested Vietnam—you're in the path of the economic steam roller that demographers say won't fully lay into the baby-boom kids until the end of the Eighties.

In all probability, the baby-boomers will be the first generation in American history to be less well off than the parents whose wealth they so recently found unimportant. Since the early 19th Century, one of the things that have made America different—special, many would (continued overleaf)

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"I needed the good will of the legislature of four states. I formed the legislative bodies with my own money. I found that it was cheaper that way."

—JAY GOULD

"I owe the public nothing."

—J. P. MORGAN

"I have ways of making money you know nothing of."

—JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

New School

"It's not enough that I should succeed—others should fail."

—DAVID MERRICK

"It is ridiculous to call this an industry. This is not. This is rat eat rat, dog eat dog. I'll kill 'em, and I'm going to kill 'em before they kill me. You're talking about the American way of survival of the fittest."

—RAY KROC

"Can you buy friendship? You not only can, you must. It's the only way to obtain friends. . . . Everything worth while has a price."

—ROBERT J. RINGER

"An ounce of hypocrisy is worth a pound of ambition."

—MICHAEL KORDA

In the Words of the Master

"Horsecrap, little brother. There's always something more to be done. Another palm to be greased. Another back to be scratched. Another weak sister to be shored up."

—J. R. EWING



ARE YOU RUTHLESS ENOUGH TO GET RICH TODAY?

quiz By ASA BABER

We're talking megabucks, understand, and that kind of success in today's world is to the old version of making it as, say, racquetball is to golf. There's no room for duffers in this game—it's hard, fast and full of angles. And they don't call three on a court cutthroat for nothing.

The following little test will give you an idea of whether or not you've got the instincts to play in this league. The answers are on page 222, but we're not going to tell you that if you score X number right you're a contender or any of that stuff. This is hardball. Either you've got what it takes or you don't.



1. Your favorite TV show is:

- A. *60 Minutes*
- B. *Masterpiece Theatre*
- C. *Wall Street Week*
- D. The cable-TV commodities tape

2. The person whose values you most wish to emulate is:

- A. Mother Teresa
- B. Niccolò Machiavelli
- C. Jerry Falwell
- D. J. R. Ewing

3. The salary you plan to make by the age of 40 is:

- A. Your age times \$1000
- B. Your grandfather's age times \$1000

- C. Enough to live on
- D. Approximately twice the size of the current U. S. defense budget

4. The toughest dude you've ever seen is:

- A. Kojak

B. General George Patton

C. Dick Butkus

D. David Stockman

5. A Soviet invasion of Poland worries you because:

- A. It would put a damper on Polish jokes
- B. You have a commitment to all freedom-loving people
- C. The possibility of escalating combat scares you in this nuclear age
- D. It might hurt your long position in wheat

6. Successful investors in the stock market operate on:

- A. Blind luck
- B. Kondratyev's theory of cyclical markets
- C. Contrary opinion
- D. Insider take-over tips

7. An inventory of your living room would show:

- A. Early American furniture
- B. Pre-Columbian artifacts
- C. Books on the Spanish Civil War
- D. A mattress, five grams of pure coke and a phone with six lines

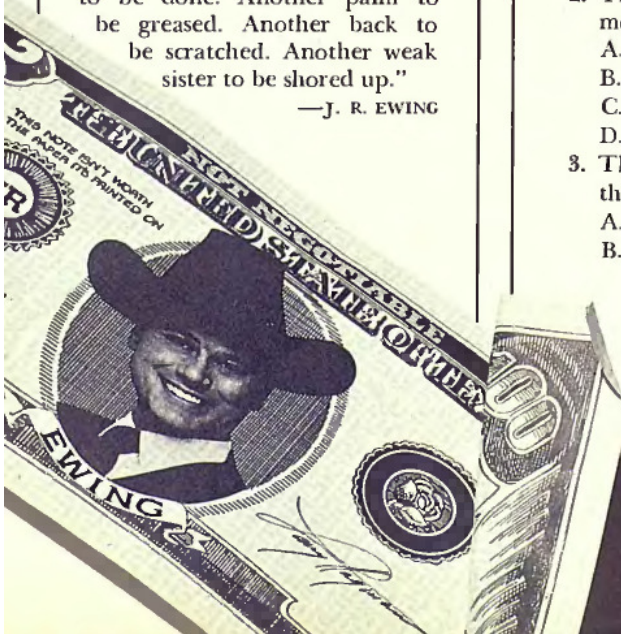
8. When there is an attempted Presidential assassination, you:

- A. Pray
- B. Watch the events on TV
- C. Write a letter in favor of handgun control
- D. Call your broker and cover all positions

9. You see people on public aid as:

- A. Porch monkeys

(continued on page 222)



say—is our expectation that fathers would be economically surpassed by their sons. “We’ve always had a faith,” Jimmy Carter said in 1979, “that the days of our children would be better than our own. Our people are losing that faith.”

Ten years ago, only 17 percent of the members of this biggest of any American generation said that they would even *accept* the same kind of life their parents had. It wasn’t that they meant that they wanted lives with more money. They just wanted things to be better. The kids, as John Stuart Mill had instructed, were going to be “improving the art of living” because their minds had “ceased to be engrossed by the art of getting on.” But at the end of a time when so many of them have watched other old and noble dreams fall away, when many of them have begun to look back toward suburban homes with lawns, the chances are no longer there.

Thirty million people entered the job market over the past 15 years, carting their expectations; but by the mid-Seventies, the gap between the earnings of young people just out of college and those of their college-educated fathers had increased to 39 percent from 28 percent in the mid-Sixties.

“The baby-boom generation is completely blocked from above. The people who entered the job market ahead of them are going to be there for a long time,” says economic demographer Stephen Dresch. Held down from above, they are also being maniacally chased from below by what appears to be a new breed of rather streamlined young person, one who has been gearing for this battle from the time he was in grade school. He never dawdled along the way by marching in the streets or bumming through Europe.

Not surprisingly, the situation is taking its toll on the solidity of a generation that once sought to even look alike so as to trumpet the fact that they thought and acted alike. But after dancing together through the mine fields of politics, war, educational upheaval, generational conflict and numerous other dissipated assumptions of its age, the baby-boom generation finds itself at the edge of an economic cliff. It is fight-or-flight time, and the irony is that it’s that old green devil money that is finally atomizing this most coherent of American generations. Some of them are dancing back into the mine fields and digging in; some of them are buying their way out in different ways; some of them have decided to fight, some jump, and some of them just stand there in awe of the fact

that they have spent 20 years paying dues to a defunct fraternity.

The most far-ranging studies of the troubled baby-boom kids have been done by Daniel Yankelovich of Stamford, Connecticut’s Yankelovich, Skelly and White organization. Yankelovich has spent a good many of the past few years trying to define what he calls “new values” workers—those college-educated, once-politicized children who, he says, still carry with them, sometimes like an albatross, their old ideal of getting more out of life than money.

Both pollster Louis Harris and the late Dr. Angus Campbell of the University of Michigan’s Institute for Social Research basically agree with Yankelovich that the upscale youth who spearheaded the social-values revolution of the Sixties have, in Dr. Campbell’s words, “broadened their horizons, cultivated their humanistic needs and raised their appetite for challenge and new experience.”

As a PLAYBOY promotional campaign announced a few years ago, “Sure they burned draft cards and tore up the campus and smoked funny cigarettes and never cut their hair and made us despair. . . . They haven’t lost one iota of that intensity. They’ve just totally redirected it. They’ve traded the SDS for IBM and G.M. . . .”

But the intensity, we’re finding, is usually tempered with some measure of ambivalence. “I see highly successful young businessmen who are always talking about someday doing something worth while or putting down their jobs,” says Dr. William Brownlee, a well-known New York psychiatrist. “They’re almost embarrassed by the work they do.”

A 33-year-old stockbroker, who specializes in selling financial securities to young ex-Sixties types, is a typical example. “The people I know in my business sit around and talk about how they can’t believe they’re here,” says Nick Cooper (not his real name). “Everyone I’m friendly with here is an ex-Sixties type, and if they aren’t, they aren’t my friends.”

Or take a young real-estate broker in Chicago. “The biggest decision I ever had to make,” he says, “was whether or not to go to my tenth high school reunion a few years ago. I knew I’d eventually end up apologizing for my life, and I was afraid to see what had become of everybody. I decided not to go. I just couldn’t look. I didn’t want to talk about the old days and I didn’t want to talk about money. I see enough of my old friends becoming ruthless mothers as it is.”

Ruthless mothers? “I’ll tell you why

these kids are better off than our generation,” one of those inimitable *New Yorker* business executives says to another. “They’re not value-ridden.”

Here, then, is that most awesome of gaps within the gap. Even Yankelovich, who sings the songs of the new-values worker who will soon run America and its institutions, noted recently that considerable numbers of baby-boom people afflicted by an attitude he calls the “psychology of entitlement” say to themselves, “If I’m not doing something meaningful or fulfilling, the *least* I can get is money.”

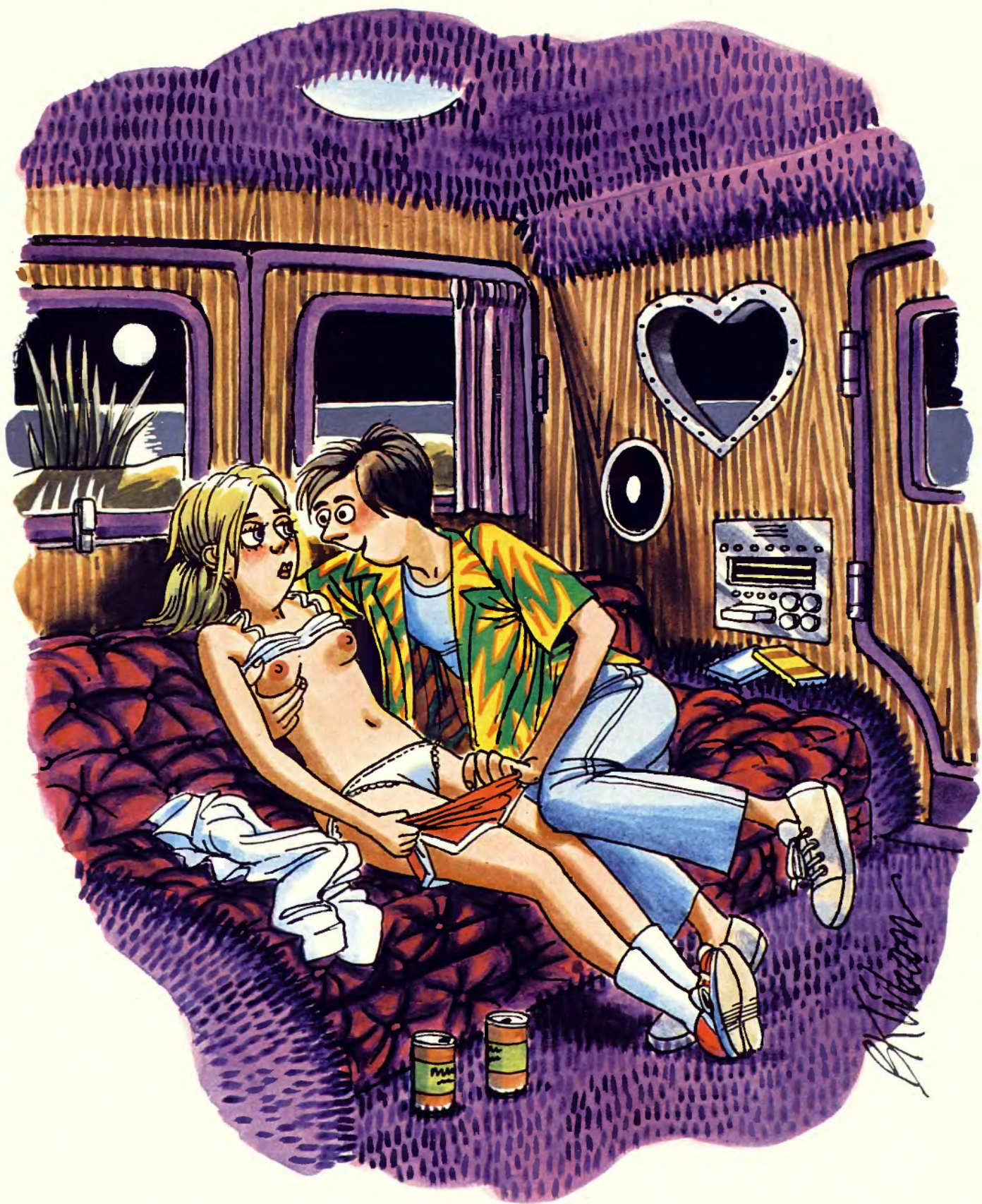
As a Chicago psychologist told a seminar recently, “It’s just amazing to see time and again how money and profit can temporarily fill the holes.”

Somehow that old contempt for the established system, mixed well with a bit of Sixties-style, turn-back-on-yourself guilt—plus the impending feeling of being economically crushed in a narrowing spire—has caused a significant segment of the baby-boom kids not only to adopt the very money values they used to reject but to leap to a level of boundless, cloying, often criminal greed such as this society hasn’t known since the days of Jay Gould.

In the face of money, values seem to slide off the new ruthless mothers far more easily than religion slid away from robber barons who equivocated about making money in the past. If you feel guilt, hate guilt. Blow out all that smarmy Sixties shit. Use all those Seventies “how-to-be-open, step-on-people’s-faces-and-not-feel-guilty” rationalizations you can borrow from books and go. Hardly anyone between 25 and 40 doesn’t know at least two people who have turned on their heels and gone after it like a bat out of hell. A recent poll indicates that 84 percent of Americans feel a “certain social resentment,” because they’ve come to believe that those who work hard and live by the rules end up with the short end of the stick—and those who don’t play by the rules seem to make out all right. “Nothing I thought turned out to be true,” they say, “so give me money.”

You can observe the most benign of the ruthless mothers at the California-style pyramid parties so popular last year, those trendy games in which you give \$1000 or so to someone in order to get back \$4000—or even \$72,000—in a matter of days. The mothers are the ones organizing the party at someone else’s house.

But at their most dangerous, you don’t see the mothers at all. Just as the poorest members of the society decided



"It's OK . . . I've had a vasectomy, so you'll still be a virgin!"

long ago that the only way out of their situation was through playing the game outside of laws or acceptable conduct, the baby-boom money chasers are often outlaws. They run what economists call "the underground economy," where cash is collected beyond the reaches of taxes and rules at a rate unprecedented in a market-based economy. Ruthless mothers like commission money, cash payments, offshore bank accounts. Those sons and daughters of middle-class professionals are going after money in ways their once-decadent-seeming families would still consider rather seedy.

"It's really extraordinary to watch the coming apart of that baby-boom generation," economist Robert Heilbroner says. "The descent to the lowest kind of money-making. They don't like to administer anything; they don't invent anything. They just go for it."

And where they go for it has changed, too. The traditional crossroad outposts at the corner of fear and greed—places like the stock market and the race track—pale before the new something-for-nothing fast tracks such as real-estate speculation and commodities-futures trading.

I sat in a Chicago café with a 29-year-old speculator I'll call Peter Collins as he stared into his coffee. Collins had recently made himself very rich. "I realized a few years after I got out of school that things were not as easy as I thought," he said, "and I found that taking care of myself was a major proposition. Now I see that the economy could go down the tubes any minute, and the money I have can protect me so I can buy things like canned goods and an island."

I started to laugh.

"It's not funny," he snapped. "I'm very serious." Collins lives in a small apartment adorned only by a mattress. He doesn't own a car and doesn't even have a reliable television. "It's not physical possessions that mean security," he explained, "it's money. Materialism has hurt this country a lot if you look at the economics. . . ."

Ruthless mothers. They're less little Horatio Algiers than little Spiro Agnews of the changin' times. The idea is not even "If I can be rich, I can be happy." It's really "If I can't be happy, I might as well be rich."

For them, being rich has become inextricably bound up in being *safe*. But the question of how much money makes you safe in today's world involves the more open-ended question of what is enough.

"What the hell's enough nowadays?"

The 32-year-old multimillionaire com-

modities trader threw the question back at me as we gazed out at the swimming pool next to the ten-bedroom house he inhabits all by himself. "You tell me your opinion, since you're so interested."

He pulled on his beard for a while, before an answer came to me.

"Given the most comfortable lifestyle you can imagine," I said, "you have enough money when your capital kicks out all the money you need to support it."

"That's a pretty good answer," the young mother said, "but with inflation and the depression coming, you just never know anymore. You can't tell anything at all these days."

Everyone from the most antimaterialistic Sixties kid who has opted for "voluntary simplicity" in the face of the coming decade to the most self-obsessed, slimy and ruthless mother radiating greed in some personal and private bunker seems to employ the awful cliché of survival. "I'm a survivor," the ones outside hospitals or therapy programs tell one another. Survivors, after all, never have to say they're sorry—it's like being poor during the Depression. They read books about how to survive. Even the "how-to-make-a-million" books are being eclipsed in sales by the "how-to-survive-the-awful-threats-to-the-meager-things-you-have" books. Self-proclaimed mothers/survivors aren't necessarily committed Republicans, but they sure voted for Ronald Reagan and his tax cuts.

Of course, it's easier to understand the ruthless mothers' instinct for survival when you take a look at the group nipping at their heels.

The people younger than those on the Vietnam war side of the gap are only now beginning to demonstrate their wondrous gyrations of mind and style that have geared them more appropriately to win some of the shrinking pieces of pie. Evolution *does* work. They've never had to unload a lot of moralistic, affluence-based misconceptions, because they never appear to have had them to carry around in the first place.

I recently commented to a young Atlanta sales representative that I was amazed by one recent study reporting that most American consumers still believe inflation will soon fall to nine percent.

"What's wrong with that?" the young man said, vibrating on the edge of his chair. "What's wrong with that? I'm bullish on America, aren't you?"

"Well, I—"

"I mean, I own two houses in Atlanta and I'm only 24."

"How did you get them?" I asked.

"Well, a friend of mine's father is on the board of directors of all these corporations that he tells us to buy stocks in

before they are taken over. You just can't lose that way," he said, smiling.

I suggested that it was illegal to buy and sell common stocks using inside information.

"Of course it's illegal," he said. "It's illegal as hell; but so what? I love money, you know. I'm really bullish on America."

Although there are certainly wide chasms between the manners in which young people *inside* the middle-class baby-boom group are dealing with money, those young brothers and sisters have apparently come to see the American rat-race as a great popular movement—like Christianity in Jerusalem or socialism in China—that was designed for their benefit.

One Sunday, the traditional day of rest for several cultures, I found Bob Smith at his office at a prestigious investment-banking house in New York City that is widely considered to be the fastest track going. "You don't really hit the big time here until you're a partner after putting in about seven or eight years," Smith said. "But once you become a partner, you're sure to be a millionaire."

"What's happened to people's ideas about money?" he went on. "Well, some people grew up with these massive expectations that were rooted in our faith in great American institutions; but then we saw those institutions in the late Sixties and Seventies just hung by the balls—nobody believed in them, so there was a breakdown in respect. But I never frankly understood why anyone could dislike money. I really never understood that."

"Now, my brother Jim is an example of someone who was permanently disabled psychologically by the Sixties. He has no ambition at all. He has a one-man computer consulting firm in Houston and he makes \$50,000 in a few months and then packs it in. He thinks he has enough to live on for the rest of the year. He says to me, 'What am I gonna do with all the money?'"

"And that makes him psychologically disabled to you?"

"Absolutely. He was one of those people directly confronted by the specter of dying over in Vietnam, of opting out and going to Canada and all that. It made that group re-evaluate their whole lives, but now they can't ever get back on track. They can't get their shit together. My brother could really go for it if he developed his firm. The ultimate result of his effort could be real freedom."

I found Bob's brother Jim, who is 33,

(continued on page 210)

GIRLS OF THE SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

PART I

tintinnabulating belles still ring out in dixieland

THE SOUTHERN ACCENT is dying out. Plantations are being parceled out as real-estate developments. Atlanta is starting to look more and more like Cleveland. And the vodka martini has replaced the mint julep as the drink of choice even where the grass is blue.

When news of all this homogenization reached PLAYBOY's offices in Chicago, a call went out on the hotline to Contributing Photographers David Chan and Arny Freytag: *Go South, gentlemen, and find out if the special beauty of the Southern young woman is going the way of the wind.*



Well, call off the national day of mourning. Chan and Freytag found enough beauty among coeds at the ten Southeastern Conference universities to demand two months' worth of attention in our pages, and we are happy to oblige.

It is a PLAYBOY tradition to offer a pictorial on the girls of a major collegiate conference as part of our rite of autumn. There could be no better choice this year than a loving look at the girls of the sunny Southeast. The young ladies of the Old South are now, as ever, engaged in upholding their well-deserved



Our antebellum belles at Waverley Plantation are Mississippi State's Tawanna Sharp (left) and Kimberly Lasseter. Tawanna's on the lookout for fast Italian men in fast Italian cars, while Kim looks toward becoming an industrial psychologist. When you buy a drink from MSU's part-time bartendress Casey Sweet (below left), mention clothes or water sports to get her attention. MSU beauty Gigi Aldridge (below right) is "into everything but hypocrites and final exams."





Florida footballers play fervently, knowing Debra Gregory (right) is behind them. Debra wants a TV-news-casting career. And that's the way it is.



Gainesville goes by the presence of Sherelyn Jackson (below), a chem major with all the right ingredients. She needs a new goal, though. Her old one was to be in PLAYBOY.



Joan Villarosa (above) loves yoga and being a U of Florida girl, among other strenuous exercises. Joan hopes she can one day make a living by selling ornamental flora. Villarosa's Villa of Roses, perhaps? Another sportin' Florida lady is senior Lyndi Young (right), who goes in for swimming, tennis and soccer. (Ain't that a kick in the head?) She plans to be a rich M.D. in the sun-kissed South. Lucky Lyndi.



Juliana van Mierop (below), a golden Gatar if ever there were one, has clear-cut ideas about gentlemen who might like to try a golden touch. "I like men who don't get jealous," she says. "I like the ones who care as much about my feelings as they do about their own." Originally from Upstate New York, Juliana has adopted the Floridian passions for beach volleyball, swimming and eying hurricanes.





Vanderbilt's JoAnne Riggs (above), an asset to any environment, may yet take a hike into environmental engineering. Her favorite things are animals and athletes of all stripes, and she's looking for a guy who'll make her laugh, so brush up your old George Carlin routines. Vandy senior Marlene Hall (below) is diving into a marine-ethology career. (Doesn't anybody want to be a nurse anymore?) Marlene's a Victor Hugo fan, but Hawthorne makes her miserable. "I love eating tons of crab legs," she says. It sure doesn't show.





Two more of Vandy's dandies: Admont Eve Voupel (right, looking OK on the MG) sets her sights on men who are at least six feet tall. She's 5'8" herself. Eve, who works on her ton by doing parties by night, would seem to have little time for classes. She's looking forward to being a

woman of independent means. A future wine importer who's now a law student, Donna Crouch (below) stays loose by belly-dancing. She's stoyin' alive by avoiding "lody-killers."

reputation as the loveliest in the country, and we think you'll find their upholding most engaging.

Because nine pages simply are not enough to uncover the Southeastern girls, we're devoting this month to the charms of Vanderbilt, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Mississippi State. Tune in again next month for a collegiate compendium of the spectacular sights of Auburn, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky and Louisiana State.

In 1932, 13 Southern schools formed an alliance, thus preventing Paul "Bear" Bryant, Herschel Walker and benchfuls of other future football heroes from laboring in isolated pockets of anonymity. They called it the Southeastern Conference, and right away it began to provide the nation with pigskin powers and lovely ladies. The





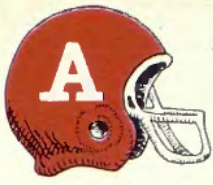
No ol' miss this, Mississippi junior Gino Todd (right) feels no fear of flying. In fact, she's got a year of aviation school behind

her and wants to win her pilot's license before you can say "Contact." Gina has a soft spot for whiskers on kittens. She once owned a boby ponther, but one day she colled and it didn't onther. Camera buff Jamie Kapeghian (below) is a Michigonder who tells her confederates, "I'm proud to be a Yankee." When she leaves Ole Miss, Jamie will click from the other side of the lens.

University of the South, Georgia Tech and Tulane have since dropped out, to the relief of triskaidekaphobes everywhere.

The conference, something of an Eastern loop of the Sun Belt, comprises a rough triangle. The vertex lies in the gentle grassland of Lexington, Kentucky, where champion horses are bred and dreams of roses center on the first Saturday in May. The southwestern point of the triangle sits in the steamy lowlands of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, where the LSU football stadium is referred to by visiting teams as Death Valley because their hopes of victory invariably wind up as bleached bones left behind on the field. And the southeastern tip of the Southeastern Conference gleams in the sunshine of the University of Florida campus at



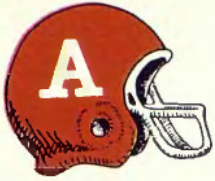


The University of Alabama's men try out their Mason-Dixon lines on Crimson Tide coeds Becky Lewis (right) and Jena Clayton (below). Becky hates to leave the Tuscaloosa ambience of festivity and football but intends to join a big-city ad agency. Jena is a nursing student (there's a girl who still wants to be a nurse—which way to the hospital?) who adores most classical music and all that's jazz, and says of men: "The older they are, the better I like them." That's good news for George Burns and Dorian Gray.

Gainesville. Between these points lie seven other campuses, some of them sleeping in the hills of Tennessee, some two-stepping to the country music that seems to come right out of the ground in Alabama. But they do have a common denominator, something other places only aspire to: There are a great many great-looking girls on their campuses, as the men of the S.E.C. will breathlessly confirm.

This year, in the interest of science and in its continuing effort to keep its readers abreast of the sexual habits and preferences of the modern young woman, PLAYBOY issued a confidential questionnaire to the coeds at the Southeastern schools. The responses, many of which are gratifyingly descriptive, reinforce the image of the Southern belle as a girl who blazes her own trail through sexual terrain. The S.E.C. girls'





nocturnal activities lean toward the liberated, and many of the girls make such activities diurnal as well, particularly at Georgia. Bulldog girls just might be the most liberated of all.

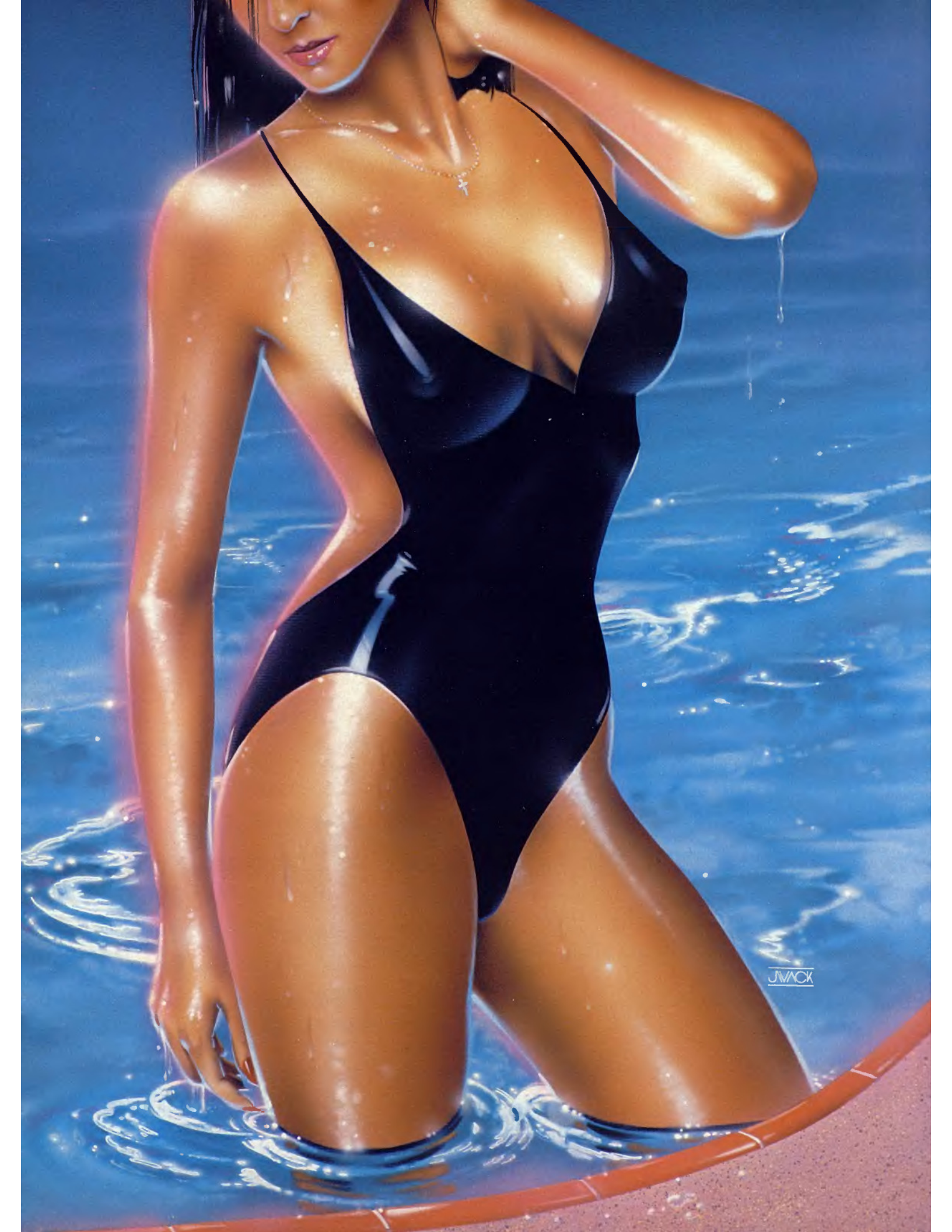
The survey elicited scores of human sexual responses, by masters and amateurs alike, and some of the findings are surprising. For example, when asked to name the most important emotional element in their lives, the ladies select family life. Friends and a primary relationship are a full step behind, and nothing (concluded on page 220)



Current Miss Alabama JoAnne Hendersan (above left), already established as the pre-eminent 'Bama beauty, sees a communications career ahead. JoAnne communicates a love for "parties, Chinese food and bubble baths." Alabama senior Carol Darsey (above right) bothes in the sun and vows she'll never be chained to a macho man. Mary Landreth (below) speaks fluent German—Achtung!—and wants to use it in the foreign transportation service when she gets her 'Bama bachelor's. Karen Paige (opposite page) could make anybody's Jacuzzi runneth over. The men at Alabama welcomed her four years ago with open arms, since it was abundantly clear that Karen was fit to be Tide.







JWACK

FIRST LOOK

of a new novel

*who would have thought sweet cindy
could be such a dirty little thing?*

RABBIT IS RICH

"I HIT THE BALL OK," Rabbit Angstrom says, "but damned if I could score." It is the great weekend of gas drought, June 1979. He is sitting in green bathing trunks at a white outdoor table at the Flying Eagle Tee and Racquet Club with the partners of his round and their wives and, in the case of Buddy Inglesinger, girlfriend. Buddy had once had a wife, too, but she left him for a telephone lineman down near West Chester. You could see how that might happen, because Buddy's girlfriends are sure a sorry lot.

"When did you *ever* score?" Ronnie Harrison asks him so loudly heads in the swimming pool turn around. Rabbit has known Ronnie for 30 years and never liked him, one of those locker-room show-offs always soaping himself for everybody to see and giving the J.V.s redbellies and out on the basketball court barging around all sweat and elbows trying to make up in muscle what he lacked in style. Yet when Harry and Janice joined Flying Eagle, there old Ronnie was, with a respectable job at Schuylkill Mutual and this quiet, proper wife who taught third grade and must be great in bed, because that's all Ronnie ever used to talk about, he was like crazy on the subject, in the locker room. He's gone completely bald on top, which doesn't change him that much, since his hair was always very fine and kind of pink anyway. Rabbit likes playing golf with him because he loves beating him, which isn't too hard: He has one of those herky-jerky punch swings short guys gravitate toward and when he gets excited he tends to roundhouse a big banana right into the woods.

"I heard Harry was a big scorer," Ronnie's wife, Thelma, says softly. She has a narrow forgettable face and still wears that quaint old-fashioned kind of one-piece bathing suit with a little pleated skirt. Often she has a towel across her shoulders or around her ankles, as if to protect her skin from the sun; except for her sunburned nose, she is the same sallow color all over. Her wavy mousy hair is going gray strand by strand. Rabbit can never look at her without wondering what wild things this biddy must do to keep Harrison happy. He senses intelligence in her, but intelligence in women has never much interested him.

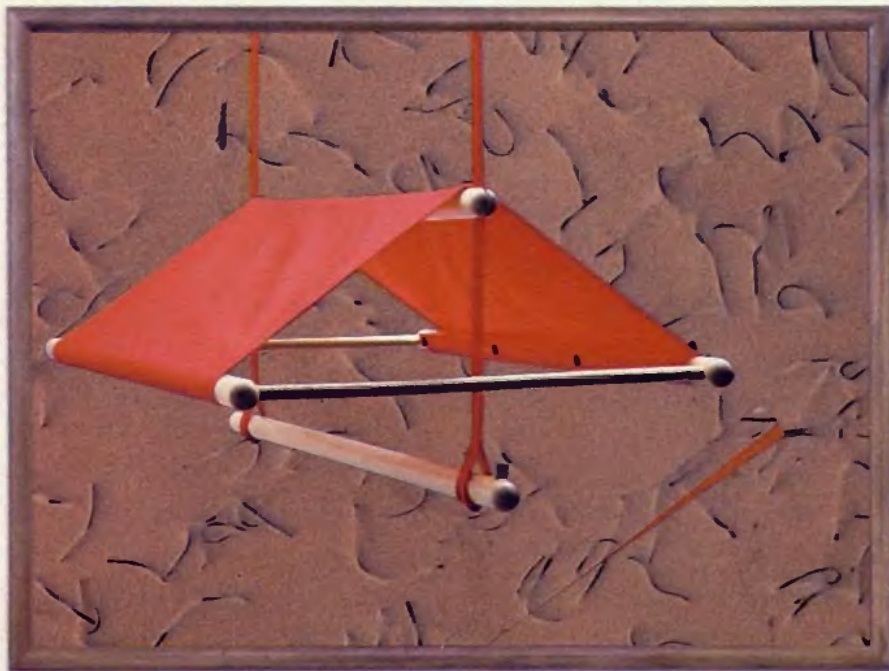
"I set the B-league county scoring record in 1951," he says, to defend himself, and to defend *(continued on page 114)*

BY JOHN UPDIKE

CANVAS ON CANVAS

*good news for nomadic types:
the current furniture market is collapsing*

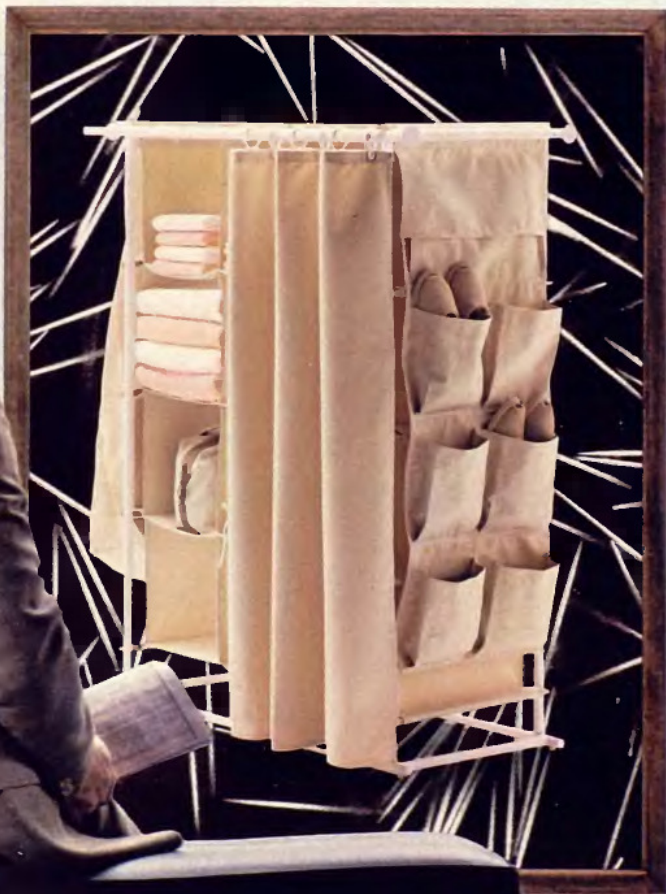
CHANCES ARE, it won't be only the gypsy in your soul that will turn you on to collapsible canvas furniture. It will also be the shekels in your pocket and the discovery that moving day no longer has to be something to dread. GIs and campers, of course, have been into fold-up furnishings for years, but it wasn't until recently that manufacturers began taking the subject seriously. And with back-to-school days almost upon you, toting a canvas



desk or clothes closet that has been rolled up like a tent and tossed into the back seat of your VW sure beats hiring a mover. Pack up your furniture in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile.

Above: This Flying Closet of canvas or nylon and wood measures 39" x 22" and easily adjusts to most ceiling heights, by Up & Company, \$69. Right: The old rocking chair never looked so good as this light-weight Oriental-inspired Ny rocker of canvas, chrome and wood that folds up in a twinkling when not in use, from Granfalloon, Chicago, \$99.95.





Top left: A collapsible canvas-and-wood Hail Ragnar chair, \$243, and matching Erik ottoman, \$73, both from Gold Medal Inc., Racine, Wisconsin. Above: The fold-away work station of nylon packcloth and hardwood that's sturdy enough to hold a typewriter, \$94, and 66"-high folding screen, \$106, both also by Gold Medal Inc. Oak-and-canvas chair, by Cutter Furniture, \$39. Left: Steel-and-canvas soft shelves, by Up & Company, \$265.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA
PAINTINGS BY JOHN FLORES

"She has an exciting sexually neutral look, though her boobs slosh and shiver in her bra."

himself further adds, "Big deal."

"It's been broken long since," Ronnie feels he has to explain. "By blacks."

"Every record has," Webb Murkett interposes, being tactful. "I don't know, it seems like the miles these kids run now have shrunk. In swimming they can't keep the record books up to date." Webb is the oldest man of their regular foursome, 50 and then some—a lean, thoughtful gentleman in roofing-and-siding contracting and supply with a calming gravel voice, his long face broken into longitudinal strips by creases and his hazel eyes almost lost under an amber tangle of eyebrows. He is the steadiest golfer, too. The one unsteady thing about him, he is on his third wife; this is Cindy, a plump brown-backed honey still smelling of high school, though they have two little ones, a boy and a girl, ages five and three. Her hair is cut short and lies wet in one direction, as if surfacing from a dive, and when she smiles her teeth look unnaturally even and white in her tan face, with pink spots of peeling on the roundest part of her cheeks; she has an exciting sexually neutral look, though her boobs slosh and shiver in the triangular little hammocks of her bra. The suit is one of those minimal black ones with open sides and only a string or two between the nape of her neck and where her ass begins to divide, a cleft more or less visible, depending on the sag of her black diaper. Harry admires Webb. Webb always swings within himself and gets good roll.

"Better nutrition, don't you think that's it?" Buddy Inglefinger's girl pipes up, in a little-girl reedy voice that doesn't go with her pushed-in face. She is some kind of physical therapist, though her own shape isn't too great. Flabby. The girls Buddy brings around are a good lesson to Harry in the limits of being single—restaurant hostesses whose smirks won't come off their lips, witchy-looking former flower children with grizzled ponytails and a chestful of Indian jewelry, overweight assistant heads of personnel in one of those grim brick office buildings a block back from Weiser where they spend all day putting computer print-outs in the wastebasket, scrawny co-owners of progressive boutiques struggling for life in some suburban mall. Women pickled in limbo, their legs chalky and their faces slightly twisted, as if they had been knocked into their 30s by a sideways blow. They

remind Harry somehow of pirates, jaunty and maimed, though without the eye patches. What the hell was this one's name? She had been introduced around not a half hour ago, but when everybody was still drunk on golf.

Buddy brought her, so he can't let her two cents hang up there while the silence gets painful. He fills in, "My guess is it's mostly in the training. Coaches at even the secondary level have all these techniques that in the old days only the outstanding athlete would discover, you know, pragmatically. Nowadays the outstanding isn't that outstanding, there's a dozen right behind him. Or her." He glances at each of the women in a kind of dutiful tag. Feminism won't catch him off guard, he's traded jabs in too many singles bars. "And in countries like East Germany or China, they're pumping these athletes full of steroids, like beef cattle, they're hardly human." Buddy wears steel-rimmed glasses of a style that only lathe operators used to employ, to keep shavings out of their eyes. Buddy does something with electronics and has a mind like that, too precise. He goes on, to bring it home, "Even golf. Palmer and now Nicklaus have been trampled out of sight by these kids nobody has heard of, the colleges down South clone 'em, you can't keep their names straight from one tournament to the next."

Harry always tries to take an over-view. "The records fall because they're there," he says. "Aaron shouldn't have been playing, they kept him in there just so he could break Ruth's record. I can remember when a five-minute mile in high school was a miracle. Now girls are doing it."

"It is amazing," Buddy's girl puts in, this being her conversation, "what the human body can do. Any one of us women here could go out now and pick up a car by the front bumper, if we were motivated. If, say, there was a child of ours under the tires. You read about incidents like that all the time, and at the hospital where I trained, the doctors could lay the statistics of it right out on paper. We don't use half the muscle power we have."

Webb Murkett kids, "Hear that, Cin? Gas stations all closed down, you can carry the Audi home. Seriously, though. I've always marveled at these men who know a dozen languages. If the brain is a computer, think of all the gray cells

this entails. There seems to be lots more room in there, though."

His young wife silently lifts her hands to twist some water from her hair, which is almost too short to grab. This action gently lifts her tits in their sopping black small slings and reveals the shape of each erect nipple. A white towel is laid across her lap as if to relieve Harry from having to think about her crotch. What turns him off about Buddy's girl, he realizes, is that she has pimples not only on her chin and forehead but on her thighs, high on the inside, like something venereal. Georgene? Geraldine? She is going on in that reedy too-cager voice, "Or the way these yogas can lift themselves off the ground or go back in time for thousands of years. Edgar Cayce has example after example. It's nothing supernatural, I can't believe in God, there's too much suffering, they're just using human powers we all have and never develop. You should all read *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*."

"Really?" Thelma Harrison says dryly.

Now silence does invade their group. A greenish reflective wobble from the pool washes ghostly and uneasy across their faces and a child gasping as he swims can be heard. Then Webb kindly says, "Closer to home now, we've had a spooky experience lately. I bought one of these Polaroid SX-70 Land Cameras as kind of a novelty, to give the kids a charge, and all of us can't stop being fascinated, it is supernatural, to watch that image develop right under your eyes."

"The kind," Cindy says, "that spits it out at you like this." She makes a cross-eyed face and thrusts out her tongue with a *thrupping* noise. All the men laugh and laugh.

"*Consumer Reports* had something on it," Harry says.

"It's magical," Cindy says. "Webb gets really turned on." When she grins, her teeth look stubby, the healthy gums come so babyishly low.

"Why is my glass empty?" Janice asks.

"Losers buy," Harry virtually shouts. Such loudness years ago would have been special to male groups, but now both sexes have watched enough beer commercials on television to know that this is how to act, jolly and loud, on weekends, in the bar, beside the barbecue grill, on beaches and sun decks and mountainside. "Winners bought the first round," he calls needlessly, as if among strangers or men without memories, while several arms flail for the waitress.

Harry's team lost the Nassau, but he feels it was his partner's fault. Buddy is such a flub artist, even when he hits two good shots he skulls the chip and takes three putts to get down. Whereas Harry, as he has said, hit the ball well, if not

(continued on page 136)



Edwin

"But, Olivia, I thought you knew my family has been into recreational sex for over four hundred years!"



FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH

memoir By CAMERON CROWE


In the fall of 1979, the author returned to a high school he had attended briefly some years back. He registered as a student under an assumed name with the cooperation of the principal, who was the only one to know the secret. Because of his youthful appearance, he was never under suspicion and was able to mingle freely in the classrooms, the schoolyard, the students' homes and the fast-food parlors that were the focus of the lives of the kids in a typical town in California. The author has changed the name of the school, its location and the names of the students and teachers with whom he lived. The events and the dialog, however, are real.

GREEN

THE RIDGEMONT Senior High School official colors were red and yellow. But those who had ever attended the school did not think of red and yellow when it came to Ridgemont. They thought of green.

The whole place was green. Green walls in the gymnasium. Green classrooms. Green bungalows. Even the blackboards were green. New graffiti? Roll on some green. Crack in the wall? Slap on some green. It was a Ridgemont High joke that if all other disciplinary measures failed, they called in the janitors and painted you green, too.

Standing by the A-B-C-D-E registration counter in the gymnasium, waiting to pick up his red add card on the first day, Brad Hamilton had the unmistakable aura of Important Man on Campus. He stood surrounded by four buddies, all of them dressed in the same ventilated golf caps with logos such as CAT and NATIONAL CHAIN SAW on the front. They all nodded



*being the
true story of a
year in high school
reported by
a writer in student
disguise. rah!*

vigorously at everything Brad said. They all worked together at the same Carl's Jr. hamburger franchise on Ridgemont Drive, where Brad was head fryer. They had all attended Paul Revere Junior High School together.

Every June, Paul Revere Junior High held a graduation procession for the outgoing ninth graders. Several hundred of the 14-year-olds crossed Ridgemont Drive en masse, a symbolic passage toward higher education. Ridgemont High School upperclassmen usually launched water balloons at them from strategic locations. For them, the Paul Revere procession was like a dirty river about to empty into their back yard.

The kids from Paul Revere would find that things change quickly in high school. Suddenly, it was considered in bad taste to continue adolescent behavior into tenth grade. High school brought on new responsibilities and a whole new set of priorities. It was different from what it had been ten or even five years earlier. One of the most common phrases heard in high school was now: "I went through my *drug* phase in junior high."

Once in high school, a kid could drive, and a car necessitated a certain cash flow. An allowance from your parents was not only demeaning, it wasn't enough. It didn't take long for a kid to see the big picture—you were nothing unless you had a job. But well-paying teen jobs were scarce, especially since the abolishment of training wages.

Ah, but there was always one bastion of teen employment left. That one business where a guy like Brad was king.

"I'm in fast food," Brad would say with professional dignity.

Brad's job as chief fryer at Carl's Jr. was no trifling matter, but what was particularly (continued on page 130)

"Las Vegas is the world's most convenient city," says Susan Smith. "It's open 24 hours a day. You can shop for groceries at three A.M. When I first discovered Southwest sunshine and dry heat, I decided this was for me." Susan shares a house with her brother, the fireman. She earns her share of the rent as a model, gambler and diesel-truck salesperson. "Have you heard this one? Old truckers never die, they just have a new Peterbilt." Ah. Yes.



AT ONE POINT during the process of interviewing Susan Smith, we found ourselves walking with her down a Los Angeles street of questionable safety, past a few less-than-reputable characters. We were at peace with the world. Miss September is a karate expert, just this side of a black belt. If someone gave us trouble, he would be in for a big surprise. But we hoped that wouldn't happen. We didn't want anything to interrupt the story Susan was telling about her first year in the

*her hands are lethal weapons.
the rest of her isn't too bad, either*

BELTED BEAUTY









When PLAYBOY discovered Susan Smith, she was one of the featured finds in "The Girls of Las Vegas." She listed her activities as car hiker, caddie and dirt biker. She likes to play the outskirts of town, to catch dawn at Warm Springs, Nevada.

"If I had a choice, I'd have this story concern the city-country split in my life. I go to Los Angeles to model. I've been to the clubs where everyone watches everyone be bored. When I come back to Las Vegas, I just head for the hills to clean it out."







"A lot of people get their notion of karate from the Bruce Lee movies, the Chuck Norris films. A lot of that stuff is flashy, trick photography. When you go up for your black belt, there are no more camera angles. You recite the poem of perseverance. You fight your way out of a corner. You don't ever walk away thinking you've passed. It's not simple cheap thrills, action. It is a discipline."

Southwest, where she had moved from Beloit, Wisconsin. It was a colorful yarn involving squashed caterpillars that look like jalapeño peppers, grapefruits stolen from a local orchard, vicious guard horses, snakebites, scorpions, Mercuriochrome on naked bodies . . . you had to be there. Susan attacked the story the way she does everything—with enthusiasm and skill. The way she performs karate, plays Foosball or tackles her Playmate assignment. "The point is challenge," she explains. "You've always got to improve—your mind, your body." We applaud the results.

"I'm not going to be a bodyguard. What a way to ruin your reputation. 'Hi, I'd like you to meet my bodyguard.' But I won't use a shotgun to get married. I'll use my feet."



MISS SEPTEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Sugar Spins

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Susan M. Smith
BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36
HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 120 SIGN: Capricorn
BIRTH DATE: 1-14-59 BIRTHPLACE: Beloit Wisconsin
IDEAL MAN: tall, a great sense of humor,
sensitive yet masculine
TURN-ONS: tall men, jazz music, dim lights,
Sculptura by Jovan, and rainy nights
TURN-OFFS: LOUD music, egomaniacs and
cold weather
HOBBIES: reading, sports, plants, writing
and watching football
FAVORITE MOVIES: Casablanca, Lady Sings the
Blues and the In-Laws
FAVORITE MUSICIANS: David Sanborn, Peter Allen,
Teddy Pendergrass and J. Geils
FAVORITE SPORTS: football, hockey and soccer
BIGGEST JOY: getting my own way



grade school



graduation



halloween 1980

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

This is the first time a really foxy lady has thrown herself at me!" exclaimed the exultant taxi driver. "First you tell me to drive to Scenic Point; then you demand I park; then you order me into the back and insist I fill you with my manhood! I'm more than willing—but, tell me, are there any other instructions?"

"Just one," his nymphomaniacal passenger moaned as the cabby undertook his initial thrusts. "Keep the peter running!"

Graffito on the wall next to a men's room condom-dispensing machine: "This is absolutely the worst gum I've ever tasted!"



The most popular libation on Fire Island this summer was reportedly something called a penis colada.

*A wood-fetish bus boy named Gable
Is rapid, is thorough, is able;
But when everything's cleared,
He gives way to the weird
As he lovingly busses each table.*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *fugitive midget psychic* as a small medium at large.

And then there was the housewife who told the deliveryman she was wearing a sheer black negligee in memory of her dear departed husband. He'd departed on a business trip early that morning.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *virgin* as a member of the Moral Minority.

The prince's proclivity for performing cunnilingus is understandable at his age, I suppose," sniffed the Lord Chamberlain, "but he really shouldn't indulge himself in that regard with scullery maids, goosegirls and tavern wenches."

"Indeed not!" growled the Lord Chancellor in agreement. "It is utterly beneath the dignity of the royal family for His Junior Highness to eat humble pie!"

You've really gotta help me, doc, because sex has started to affect my sanity!" the young cocksman told his psychiatrist. "Every time I get a hard-on, my pecker talks to me!"

"What does it say?" inquired the shrink.

"It's always the same thing. First my whang says, 'I believe in pussy and more pussy!' And then it adds, 'I stand up for what I believe in!'"

My wife complains, criticizes and nags, nags, nags all the time," the desperate husband told the muscleman for hire, "so I'd like you to bash her in her big, fat mouth! And my neighbor keeps boasting in the locker room at the club about how well he's hung compared with me," the man continued, "so I want you to give it to the bastard in the crotch! You can check out the houses in advance while I'm at work today."

"It'll be easy to force my way in and teach 'em each a lesson," the goon later reported. "My usual charge for what you want is two hundred per victim, but I'll handle the double assignment for two fifty."

"Why the discount?"

"Because from what I saw through a window this afternoon, mister, I can arrange to do both jobs with a single punch."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *fornication* as a term used by people who don't have anybody to screw with.



Special labor-activity news: It was at a lesbian-staffed enterprise that a sit-in turned into a sit-on.

Having had one too many, a bar drinker was beginning to display an ugly side. When an unescorted female took the stool next to his, noticed his mood and got up to move, the man sneered, "Honey, you sure look like you could use the business, but the fact is, I don't have the two bucks."

The woman paused, fixed the loudmouth with a stare that dripped ice and then calmly said, "Wherever did you get the idea, mister, that I charge by the inch?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Agreed, then—we'll call it the Renaissance."

RIDGEMONT HIGH

(continued from page 117)

"He had been waging his theatrical battle against the greatest threat to the youth of this land—truancy."

impressive was Brad's location. He worked at the Carl's Jr. at the very top of Ridgemont Drive.

Like most of his friends, Brad worked six days a week. School was not a major concern. Actually, it was fourth on his list, after Carl's and girls and being happy. School was no problem, especially this year. Brad could have graduated as a junior last year—he had enough units—but why do that? It had been a major task to reach a social peak in junior high and then work up again through high school. After two years at Ridgemont, Brad was on top. He knew practically everyone and he was well liked. For Brad, the best part of school was being with his friends and seeing them every day.

This, as Brad had been saying since last year and all summer long at Carl's, would be his cruise year. He had selected only four classes—mechanical arts, running techniques, advanced health and safety, and public speaking. He wanted to enjoy the year, take it easy and not rush things.

"Hi, Bradley!" It was his sister, Stacy, a sophomore.

"What are you so happy about?"

"Sor-ry," said Stacy.

"Who do you have fifth period?" Brad asked.

"U. S. history. Mr. Hand."

"Hey-yo," said Brad.

"Hey-yoooooooo," said his friends in the ventilated golf caps.

"You'd better get to class," Brad instructed. "The show begins after the third bell."

After Stacy left, one of Brad's friends turned to him. "Your sister is really turning into a fox."

"You should see her in the morning," said Brad.

MR. HAND

Stacy Hamilton took her seat in U. S. history on the first day of school. The third and final attendance bell rang.

He came barreling down the aisle, then made a double-speed step to the green metal front door of the U. S. history bungalow. He kicked the door shut and locked it with the dead bolt. The windows rattled in their frames. This man knew how to take the front of a classroom.

"Aloha," he said. "The name is Mr. Hand."

There was a lasting silence. He wrote

his name on the blackboard. Every letter was a small explosion of chalk.

"I have but one question for you on our first morning together," the man said. "Can you attend my class?"

He scanned the classroom full of curious sophomores, all of them with roughly the same look on their faces—there goes another summer.

"Pakalo?" It was Hawaiian for "Do you understand?"

Mr. Hand let his students take a good long look at him. In high school, where such crucial matters as confidence and social status can shift daily, there is one thing a student can depend on. Most people in high school look like their names. Mr. Hand was a perfect example. He had a porous, oblong face, just like a thumbprint. His stiff black hair rose up off his forehead like that of a late-night-television evangelist. Even at eight in the morning, his yellow Van Heusen shirt was soaked at the armpits.

And he was not Hawaiian.

The strange saga of Mr. Hand had been passed down to Stacy by Brad. Arnold Hand, Ridgemont's U. S. history instructor, was one of those teachers. His was a special brand of eccentricity, the kind preserved only through California state seniority laws. Mr. Hand had been at Ridgemont High for years, waging his highly theatrical battle against what he saw as the greatest threat to the youth of this land—truancy.

According to Stacy's brother, you had to respect a teacher like Mr. Hand. He was one of the last teacher teachers, as Brad had put it. Most of the other members of the Ridgemont faculty subscribed to the latest vogue in grading, the "contract" method. Under the contract system, a student agreed to a certain amount of work at the beginning of the year, and then actually signed a legal form binding him to the task. The contract teacher argued that he or she was giving the student a lesson in real life, but, in fact, it was easier on the teacher. Grades were given according to the amount of contract work done, and such things as attendance didn't matter to the contract teacher.

Mr. Hand wanted no part of the contract system. The only thing worse than a lazy student, he said, was a lazy teacher. Even the hard-core truant cases had to agree. The last thing they wanted to see was somebody up there looking for loopholes just like them. For them, Mr. Hand was one of the few surviving

teachers at Ridgemont who still gave a shit about things like weekly quizzes and attendance slips—who gave a shit, period. That's what Brad had told Stacy.

Mr. Hand's other favorite activity was hailing the virtues of the three-bell system. At Ridgemont, the short first bell meant a student had three minutes to prepare for the end of the class. The long second bell dismissed the class. Then there were exactly seven minutes—and Mr. Hand claimed that he personally fought the Education Center for those seven minutes—before the third and last attendance bell. If you did not have the ability to obey the three-bell system, Mr. Hand would say, then it was *aloha* time for you. You simply would not function in life.

"And functioning in life," Mr. Hand said grandly on that first morning, "is the hidden postulate of education."

At the age of 58, Mr. Hand had no intention of leaving Ridgemont. Why, in the past ten years, he had just begun to hit his stride. He had found one man, *that one man* who embodied all the proper authority and power to exist "in the jungle." It didn't bother him that his role model happened to be none other than Steve McGarrett, the humorless chief detective of *Hawaii Five-O*.

First-year U. S. history students, sensing something slightly odd about the man, would inch up to Mr. Hand a few days into the semester. "Mr. Hand," they would ask timidly, "how come you act like that guy on *Hawaii Five-O*?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

It was, of course, much too obvious for his considerable pride to admit. But Mr. Hand pursued his students as tirelessly as McGarrett pursued his weekly criminals, with cast-iron emotions and a paucity of words. Substitute truancy for drug traffic, missed tests for robbery, U. S. history for Hawaii, and you had a class with Mr. Hand. Little by little, his protean personality had been taken over by McGarrett. He became possessed by *Five-O*. He even got out of his Oldsmobile sedan in the mornings at full stand, whipping his head both ways, like McGarrett.

"History," Mr. Hand had barked on that first morning, "U. S. or otherwise, has proved one thing to us. Man does not do anything that is not for his own good. It is for your own good that you attend my class. And if you can't make it . . . I can make you."

An impatient knock began at the front door of the bungalow, but Mr. Hand ignored it.

"There will be tests in this class," he said immediately. "We have a twenty-

(continued on page 140)



BACK TO CAMPUS

*our annual survey
of styles for the
upcoming academic year*

attire **By DAVID PLATT**

ALTHOUGH this fall's campus-fashion mood is definitely more laid back than what we've observed in the past few years, T-shirts, tennies and blue jeans won't be the only items of apparel stashed in collegians' closets. Rising tuition costs have necessitated the creation of more inventive looks that *(text concluded on page 134)*

Left: When it comes to compuswear, nobody tells this fellow to go fly a kite as he comes on in a wool/nylon hunting jacket with detachable hood, about \$80, worn over a wool hand-knit coble-stitched crew-neck, about \$95, and cotton chino straight-legged slacks, about \$45, all by Sal Cesarani for Cesarani; plus a cotton flannel plaid shirt, from Equipment by Henry Grethel, \$32.50.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE EWERT



Above: Go Western, young man, in a cotton poplin quilted Western-style jacket featuring corduroy trim, suede elbow patches and pleated flap patch pockets, \$325, worn over a matching five-button vest with corduroy trim and besom pockets, \$95, plus cotton corduroy Western-style jeans, \$85, and a multicolor silk paisley string tie, \$7.50, all by Bob Goldfeder for Acorn. Right: An easygoing polyester/nylon chintz blouson jacket with zip and snap-front closure, double-entry pockets, stand-up collar and a biswing back, by Adolfo for Strotojac, about \$130; coupled with cotton twill Western-style jeans, by Levi's Movin' On, about \$24; polyester/wool cable-stitched crew-neck, by Jantzen, \$27.50; and a cotton flannel long-sleeved shirt, by Ron Chereskin, \$35.

Below: This classic combination includes a herringbone jacket, by Pendleton, about \$175; corduroy slacks, by Tobias Kotzin for Circle TK, about \$34; acrylic/wool sweater, by Lord Jeff, \$47.50; ploid shirt, by Van Heusen, \$15; and a club tie, by Yves Saint Laurent, about \$15. Right: A water-repellent outercoat, by London Fog's Outdoors Unlimited, \$150; polyester/cotton shirt, by Van Heusen, \$18.50; a wool Indian-pattern sweater, \$65, and wool slacks, \$62.50, both by Pendleton.





can be mixed and matched, thus helping to keep wardrobe budgets under control while increasing versatility. The artful use of colors certainly is one way to extract the maximum mileage from any assortment of styles and, fortunately, this year's offerings include an unusually broad spectrum of hues ranging from earthy to bold and bright. Tweed makes its annual autumnal return in both suits and sports jackets, but this fall it earns even higher fashion marks when teamed with, say, a boldly patterned sweater vest. Stylish sweaters, of course, have always been at the head of the class on campuses from San Diego State to the University of Maine; but as the layered look continues to dominate modes of male dress, pullovers, cardigans and sleeveless creations take on increasing importance. Down-filled outerwear is still the hands-down favorite for the colder climes, often combined with a pair of hiking/survival boots. (For more on this, check the *On the Scene* section in this issue.) Last, keep in mind that the necktie—aside from being a symbol of the business establishment—is also a colorful accessory to just about any outfit.



Above left: More than knowledge has gone to this lad's head—perhaps with a little help from his polyester/nylon/cotton down-and-fiber-filled box quilted toggle coat with inside zip-front closure, from Struggle Gear by William Barry, \$160; wool knit V-neck with front cable-stitch trim, \$57.50, and a cotton/polyester shirt, \$21, both from Equipment by Henry Grethel; worn with corduroy slacks, from John Weitz by Glen Oaks, \$32.50; and a wool knit tie, by Vicky Davis, \$13. Above right: More good-looking threads to make book on include a wool striped herringbone two-piece suit, by Cricketeer, about \$285; Shetland wool Argyle-front sleeveless V-neck, by Lord Jeff, \$55; polyester/cotton striped buttondown shirt, by John Henry, \$22.50; and a polyester/silk club tie, by Bert Pulitzer, \$16.50. Right: The perfect fall fashion kickoff—a cotton down-filled jacket with hidden hood, zip and Velcro front closure and elasticized drawstring waist, from Jeffrey Banks for Lakeland, about \$165; plus double-pleated corduroy slacks, by Jeffrey Banks, \$84; and a knit pullover, by Merona Sport, about \$33.



"Cindy flat-dives and a few drops of the splash prick Harry's naked chest."

always straight: arms like ropes, start down slow, and *look at the ball* until it seems to swell. He ended with a birdie, on the long par-five that winds in around the brook with its water cress and sandy orange bottom almost to the clubhouse lawn, and that triumph (the wooden gobbling sound the cup makes when a long putt falls) eclipses many double bogeys and suffuses with limpid certainty of his own omnipotence and immortality the sight of the scintillating chlorinated water, the sun-struck faces and torsos of his companions and the golden shadow-pitted flank of Mt. Pemaquid where its forest begins above the shaven bright stripes of the fairways. The developers of the Flying Eagle (its name plucked from a bird, probably a sparrow hawk, the first surveyor spotted and took as an omen) bought 300 acres of the lower slopes cheap; as the bulldozers ground the second-growth ash, poplar, hickory and dogwood into muddy troughs that would become fairways and terraced tennis courts, people said the club would fail, the county already had the Brewer Country Club south of the city for the doctors and the Jews and ten miles north the Tulpehocken Club behind its fieldstone walls and tall wrought-iron fencing for the old mill-owning families and their lawyers and for the peasantry several nine-hole public courses tucked around in the farmland. But there was a class of the young middle-aged that had arisen in the retail businesses and service industries and software end of the new technology and that did not expect liveried barmen and secluded cardrooms, that did not mind the prefab clubhouse and sweep-it-yourself tennis courts of the Flying Eagle; to them the polyester wall-to-wall carpeting of the locker rooms were luxury and a Coke machine in a cement corridor a friendly sight. They were happy to play winter rules all summer long on the immature sparse fairways and to pay for their modest privilege the \$500, now risen to \$650, in annual dues, plus a small fortune in chits. At the Flying Eagle Harry feels exercised, cleansed, cherished; the biggest man at the table, he lifts his hand and a girl in Flying Eagle white and green comes and without asking his name takes his order for more drinks on this Sunday of widespread gas dearth.

"Do you believe in astrology?" Buddy's girl abruptly asks Cindy Murkett.

Maybe she's a lesbian, is why Harry can't remember her name. It was a name soft around the edges, not Gertrude.

"I don't know," Cindy says, the widened eyes of her surprise showing very white in the mask of her tan. "I look at the horoscope in the papers sometimes. Some of the things they say ring so true, but isn't there a trick to that?"

"It's no trick, it's ancient science. It's the most ancient science there is."

This assault on Cindy's repose agitates Harry, so he turns to Webb and asks if he watched the Phillies game last night.

"The Phillies are dead," Ronnie Harrison interrupts.

Buddy comes up with the statistic that they've lost 23 of their last 34 games.

"I was brought up a Catholic," Cindy is saying to Buddy's girl in a voice so lowered Harry has to strain to hear. "And the priests said such things are the work of the Devil." She fingers as she confides this the small crucifix she wears about her throat on a chain so fine it has left no trace in her tan.

"Bowa's being out has hurt them quite a lot," Webb says judiciously, and pokes another cigarette into his creased face, lifting his rubbery upper lip automatically like a camel. He shot an 84 this afternoon, with one ball in the water.

Janice is asking Thelma where she bought that lovely bathing suit. She must be drunk. "You can't find that kind at all in Kroll's anymore," Rabbit hears her say. She is wearing an elastic blue one-piece that holds her in, with a white sweater bought to go with her tennis whites hung capelike over her shoulders. She holds a cigarette in her hand and Webb Murkett leans over to light it with his turquoise propane lighter. She's not so bad, Harry thinks. Compared with Thelma's sallow limbs Janice's figure has energy, edge, the bones of the knees pressing their shape against the skin as she leans forward to accept his light. She does this easily, Webb respects her, as Fred Springer's daughter. The drinks come. Grateful cries, like on the beer commercials, and Cindy Murkett decides to earn hers by going for another swim. When she stands, the backs of her thighs are printed in squares and her skimpy black bathing-suit bottom, still wet, clings in two arcs a width of skin below two dimples symmetrically set in her fat; the sight dizzies Harry. The mountain is drawing closer. Sun reddening

beyond the city dusts with gold the tips of trees high like a mane on the crest of Pemaquid and deepens the pockets of dark between each tree in the undulating forest that covers like deep-piled carpet the acreage between crest and course. Along the far 11th fairway men are still picking their way, insect-sized. As his eyes are given to these distances, Cindy flat-dives and a few drops of the splash prick Harry's naked chest, that feels broad as the basking mountain. He frames in his mind the words *I heard a funny story on the radio yesterday driving home. . . .*

"If I had your nice legs," Ronnie's plain wife is concluding to Janice.

"Oh, but you still have a waist. Creeping middle-itis, that's what I've got. Harry says I'm shaped like a pickle." Giggle. First she giggles, then she begins to lurch.

"He looks asleep."

He opens his eyes and announces to the air, "I heard a funny story on the radio yesterday driving home."

"Fire Ozark," Ronnie is insisting loudly. "He's lost their respect, he's demoralizing. Until they can Ozark and trade Rose away, the Phillies are D-E-A-D, dead."

"I'm listening," Buddy's awful girlfriend tells Harry, so he has to go on.

"Oh, just some doctor down in Baltimore, the radio announcer said he was hauled into court for killing a goose on the course with a golf club."

"Course on the golf with a goose club," Janice giggles. Someday what would give him great pleasure would be to take a large round rock and crush her skull in with it.

"Where'd you hear this, Harry?" Webb Murkett asks him, coming in late but politely tilting his long head, one eye shut against the smoke of his cigarette.

"On the radio yesterday, driving home," Harry answers, sorry he has begun.

"Speaking of yesterday," Buddy has to interrupt, "I saw a gas line five blocks long. That Sunoco at the corner of Ash and Fourth, it went down Fourth to Buttonwood, Buttonwood to Fifth, Fifth back to Ash, and then a new line beginning the other side of Ash. They had guys directing and everything. I couldn't believe it, and cars were still getting into it. Five fucking blocks long."

"Big heating-oil dealer who's one of our clients," Ronnie says, "says they have plenty of crude, it's just they've decided to put the squeeze on gasoline and make more heating oil out of it. The crude. In their books winter's already here. I asked the guy what was going to happen to the average motorist and he looked at me funny and said, 'He can

(continued on page 190)

THE EVOLUTION OF THE MORAL MAJORITY



the creationists are obviously wrong—otherwise, how could we have this article?

THE RECENT DISCOVERY of the “lost” papers of Professor Oswell O. Godot has created a sensation among the scientific community. This find, consisting of some 600 handwritten pages of journal, lab notes and random doodles, was uncovered by Dr. Kirby Darwink, director of the Sodom and Gomorrah Institute of Further Studies.

At a press conference atop a mountain in Tibet, Dr. Darwink announced that the Godot papers had been well worth waiting for, as they conclusively prove that Moral Majority evolved from *amoebus cretinus* 80,578,036 years ago (give or take a year). This news was greeted with catcalls and curses by the leadership of the Moral Majority, whose position has been that they were immaculately conceived by a rednecked stork only 10,000 years ago.

Signs of violent dissension among the pious ranks are becoming apparent. In San Francisco, a Mo-Maj splinter group calling itself the Neo-Real Moral Majority Minority Consensus Pro-Life Quorum claimed responsibility for a savage assault on the Reverend Dewgood Crank, one of the organization’s founding ministers. Moreover, angry debates have broken out between lay Creationists and gay-lay Creationists. Thus, despite the best efforts of President Raygun, Moral Majority appears to be coming apart at the seams—the big-bang theory in reverse.

Meanwhile, objective scientists from around the world marvel at Professor Godot’s illuminating data, which includes a fascinating reconstruction of the Mo-Maj “family tree” (see crude sketch overleaf). This diagram is remarkable on two counts: It reveals this *white birch* to be devoid of roots (once thought impossible by many tree surgeons) and its peculiar ability to grow despite a severe case of Dutch elm disease.

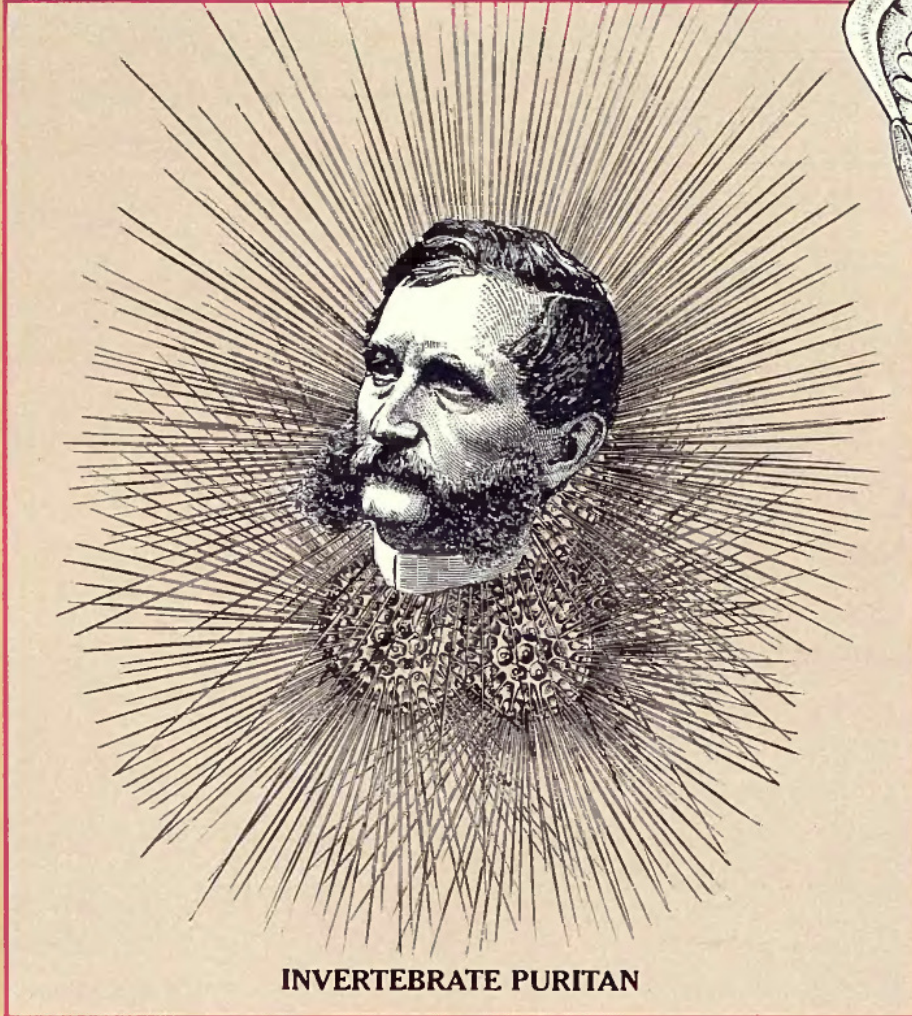
The branches enable us to clearly trace the group from its humble beginnings in the primordial muck (not

humor **By DEREK PELL**

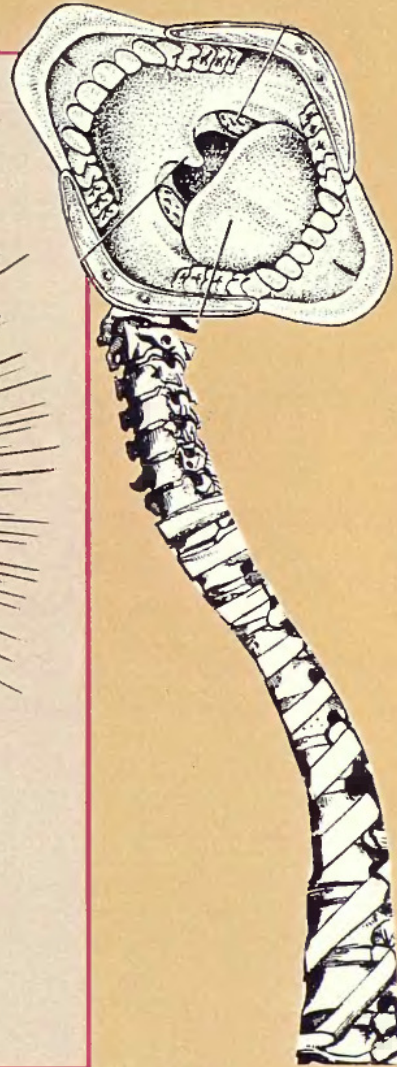
a sign of Peking man anywhere), through its early manifestations as *invertebrate puritan*, *pristine crab* (preceding page), *fundamentalist rattlesnake*, *anti-Communist laughing hyena*, *gnu right* and *book-burning elephant*, to the heights of *holy sapiens*. A strange, mutational journey, indeed.

Godot's discovery of early pious life forms and ultraconservative remains (including fossils of *Abortina Nix*, ancestor of Phylis Shifty, spokeswoman for Daughters of Big-Time Baptist TV Preachers) sheds new light on the once-dark areas of speculation and myth. Now, perhaps, the theories of the Stork, the Hawk and the Domino may finally be put to rest and we will have learned to "keep thy nose out of thy neighbor's business." Amen.

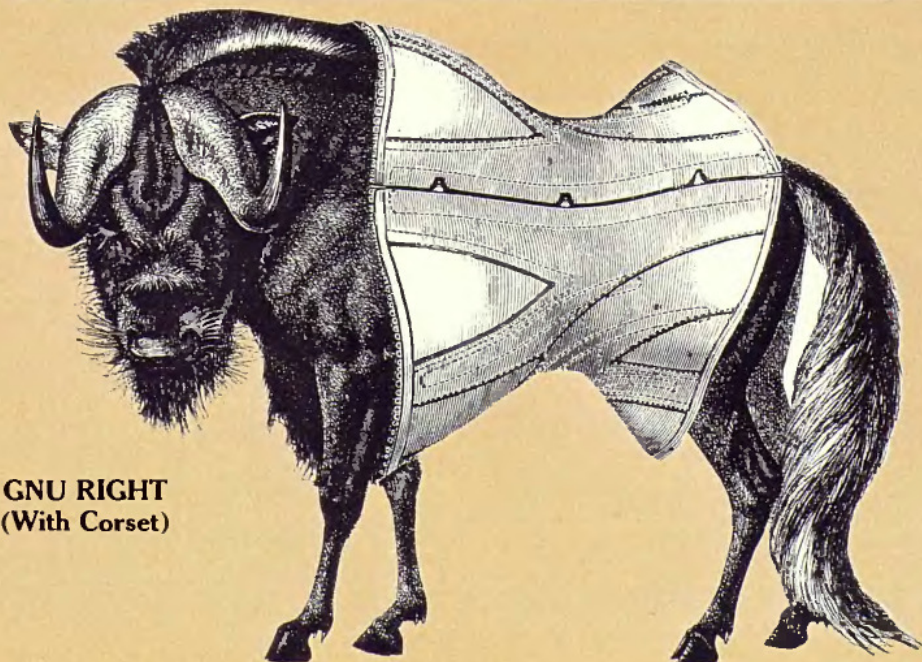
EARLY PIOUS LIFE FORMS



INVERTEBRATE PURITAN



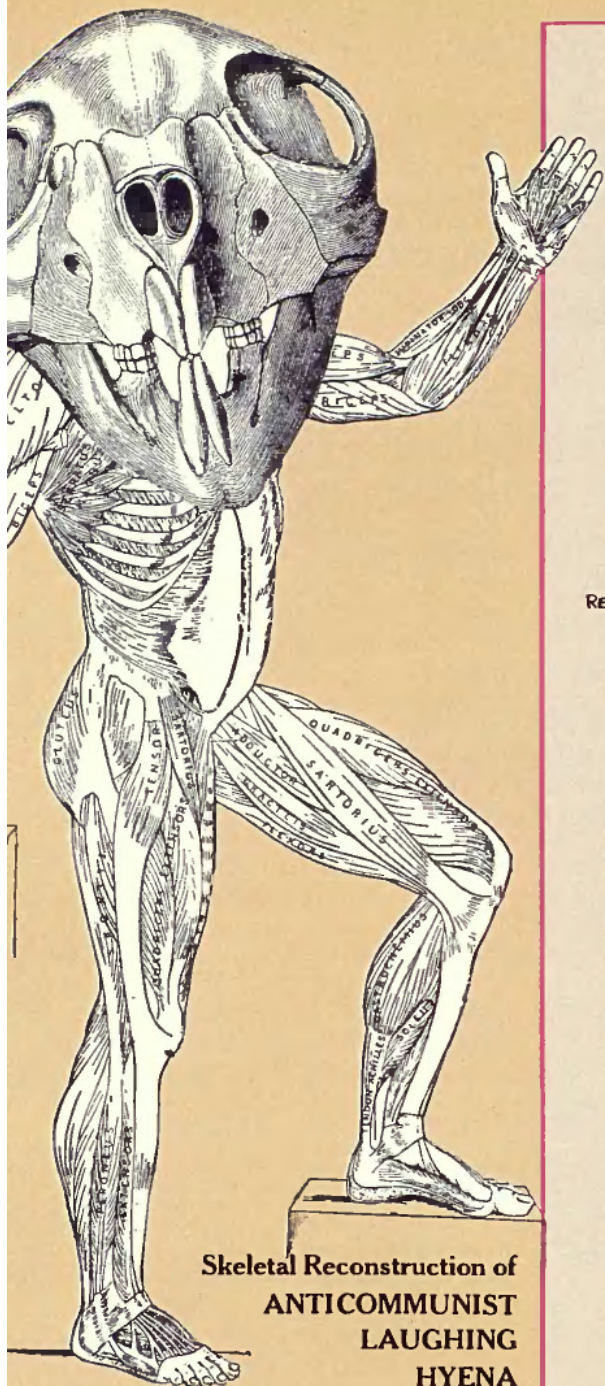
FUNDAMENTALIST RATTLESNAKE
(Extremely Poisonous)



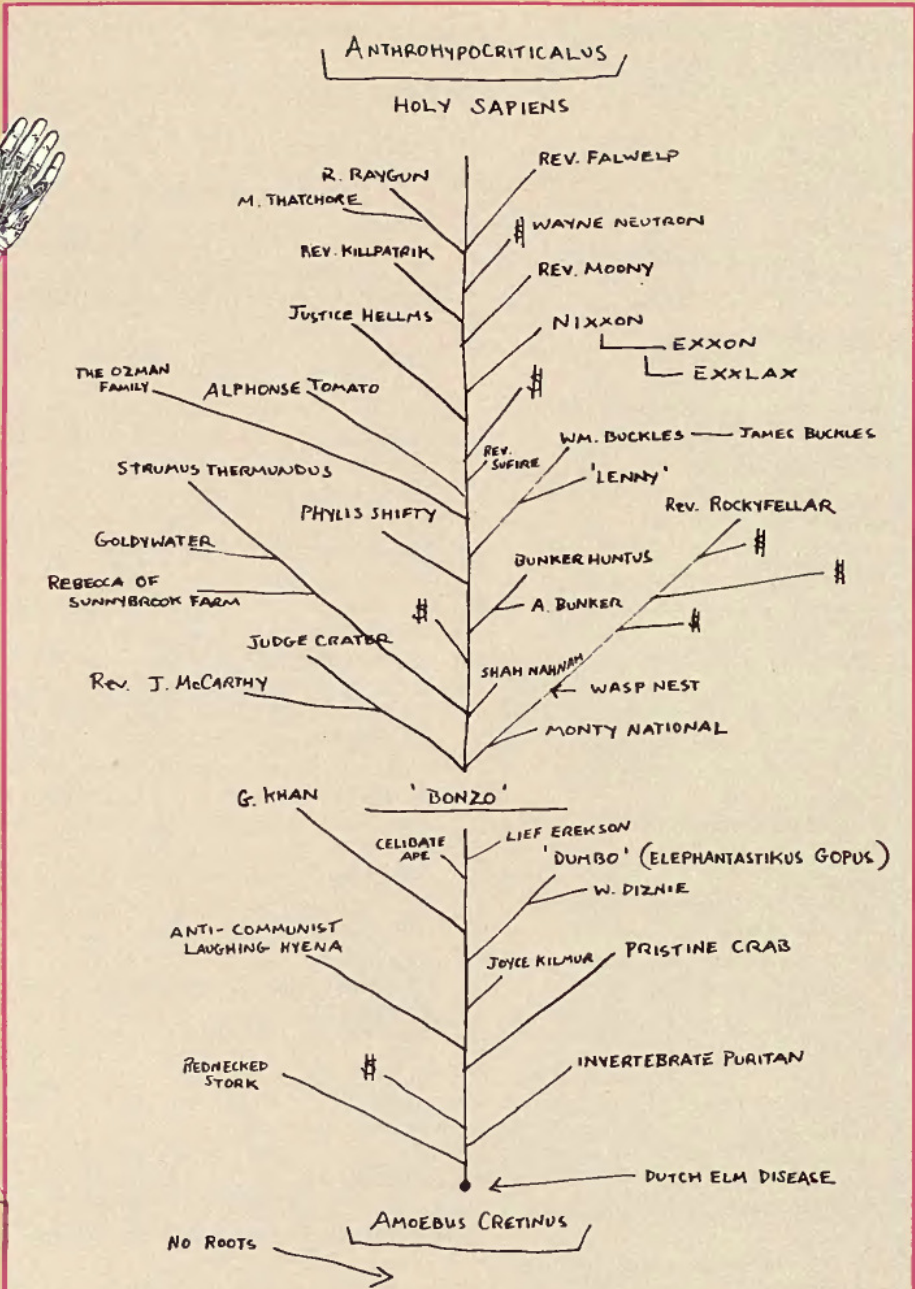
GNU RIGHT
(With Corset)

BOOK-BURNING ELEPHANTS





Skeletal Reconstruction of
ANTICOMMUNIST
LAUGHING
HYENA



MORAL MAJORITY'S FAMILY TREE



PROFESSOR
OSWELL O. GODOT

RIDGEMONT HIGH

(continued from page 130)

"Spicoli awoke before dawn, smoked three bowls of marijuana and surfed before school."

question quiz every Friday. It will cover all the material we've dealt with during the week. There will be no make-up exams. You can see it's important that you have your *Land of Truth and Liberty* textbook by Wednesday at the latest."

The knock continued.

"Your grade in this class is the average of all your quizzes, plus the midterm and the final, which counts for one third."

The door knocker now sounded a lazy calypso beat. No one dared mention it.

"Also. There will be no *eating* in this class. I want you to get used to doing *your* business on *your* time. That's one demand I make. You do your business on your time, and I do my business on my time. I don't like staying after class with you on detention. That's *my* time. Just like you wouldn't want me to come to your house some evening and discuss U. S. history with you on *your* time. *Pakalo?*"

Mr. Hand finally turned, as if he had just noticed the sound at the door, and began to approach the green metal barrier between him and his mystery truant. He opened the door only an inch.

"Yes?"

"Yeah," said the student, a surfer. "I'm registered for this class."

"Really?" Mr. Hand appeared enthralled.

"Yeah," said the student, holding his all-important red add card up to the crack in the door. "This is U. S. history, right? I saw the globe in the window."

Jeff Spicoli, a Ridgemont legend since third grade, lounged against the door-frame. His long dirty-blond hair was parted exactly in the middle. He spoke thickly, like molasses pouring from a jar. Most every school morning, Spicoli awoke before dawn, smoked three bowls of marijuana from a small steel bong, put on his wet suit and surfed before school. He was never at school on Fridays, and on Mondays only when he could handle it. He leaned a little into the room, red eyes glistening. His long hair was still wet, dampening the back of his white peasant shirt.

"May I come in?"

"Oh, *please*," replied Mr. Hand. "I get so *lonely* when that third attendance bell rings and I don't see all my *kids* here."

The surfer laughed—he was the only one—and handed over his red add card. "Sorry I'm late. This new schedule is totally confusing."

Mr. Hand read the card aloud with utter fascination in his voice. "Mr. Spicoli?"

"Yes, sir. That's the name they gave me."

Mr. Hand slowly tore the red add card into little pieces, effectively destroying the very existence of Jeffrey Spicoli, 15, in the Redondo school system. Mr. Hand sprinkled the little pieces over his wastebasket.

Spicoli stood there, frozen in the process of removing his backpack. "You just ripped up my card," he said with disbelief. "What's your *problem?*"

Mr. Hand moved to within inches of Spicoli's face. "No problem," he said breezily. "I think you know where the front office is."

It took a moment for the words to work their way out of Spicoli's mouth.

"You *dick*."

Mr. Hand cocked his head. He appeared poised on the edge of incredible violence. There was a sudden silence while the class wondered exactly what he might do to the surfer. Deck him? Throw him out of Ridgemont? Shoot him at sunrise?

But Mr. Hand simply turned away from Spicoli as if the kid had just ceased to exist. Small potatoes. Mr. Hand simply continued with his first-day lecture.

"I've taken the trouble," he said, "to print up a complete schedule of class quizzes and the chapters they cover. Please pass them to all the desks behind you."

Spicoli remained at the front of the class, his face flushed, still trying to sort out what had happened. Mr. Hand coolly counted out stacks of his purple mimeographed assignment sheets. After a time, Spicoli fished a few bits of his red add card out of the wastebasket and huffed out of the room.

Mr. Hand had made his entrance, just as Brad had said he would. But the strange saga of Mr. Hand wasn't the only item Brad handed down to his sister. He had also passed her a fairly complete set of Mr. Hand's weekly quizzes. Mr. Hand did not change them from year to year, a well-known fact that rendered him harmlessly entertaining.

"So," said Mr. Hand just before the last bell, "let's recap. First test on Friday. Be there. *Aloha*."

LUNCH COURT

Finding the right spot at Ridgemont High's outdoor lunch area was tougher than getting the best table at the finest restaurant. It was a puny swimming-pool-sized courtyard dominated by a stocky oak tree in the center, and it was always packed with students. Even by the first day, they had sectioned off into cliques and staked out their lunch-court territory for the year.

All this for a 26-minute lunch period.

The closer one looked at lunch court, the more interesting it became. The object had always been to eat near the big oak tree at the center, and in the beginning at Ridgemont, it was the surfers and the stoners who ruled this domain. Several years later, they had moved to the parking lot and the cafeteria (which was twice the size of lunch court but tainted with a reputation as an underclassmen's hangout).

Now, each group clustered around lunch court was actually a different contingent of Ridgemont fast-food employees. Lunch-court positions corresponded directly with the prestige and quality of the employer. Why, a man was only as good as his franchise.

Working inward from the outskirts of Ridgemont High's lunch court were the lowly all-night 7-Eleven workers, then the Kentucky Fried Chicken and Burger King crowd, the Denny's and Swenson's types, all leading to the top-of-Ridgemont-Drive-location Carl's Jr. employees. And at the center of lunch court, eating cold chicken under the hallowed oak tree, was Brad Hamilton.

Brad was popular around Ridgemont. In the world of fast food, once you had achieved a position of power, the next sign of influence was to bring in your friends. Brad had paid his dues. He had loaded his Carl's Jr. with buddies. And why not? He even helped train them.

"No friend of mine," Brad once said, "will ever have to work at a 7-Eleven or in a supermarket."

And for that, Brad's friends admired and respected him.

Carl's Jr. was at the top of the Ridgemont fast-food hierarchy for several important reasons. Because of its fine location at the top of Ridgemont Drive, anybody headed anywhere in Ridgemont passed that Carl's Jr. It was clean, with a fountain in the middle of the dining area and never too many kids on their bicycles. Brad, like the other employees, even went there on his off hours, and that was the ultimate test. By evening, Carl's would be crawling with Ridgemont kids.

But why Carl's? Why not some other fast-food operation? Why not Burger

(continued on page 226)

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

sports **By ANSON MOUNT**

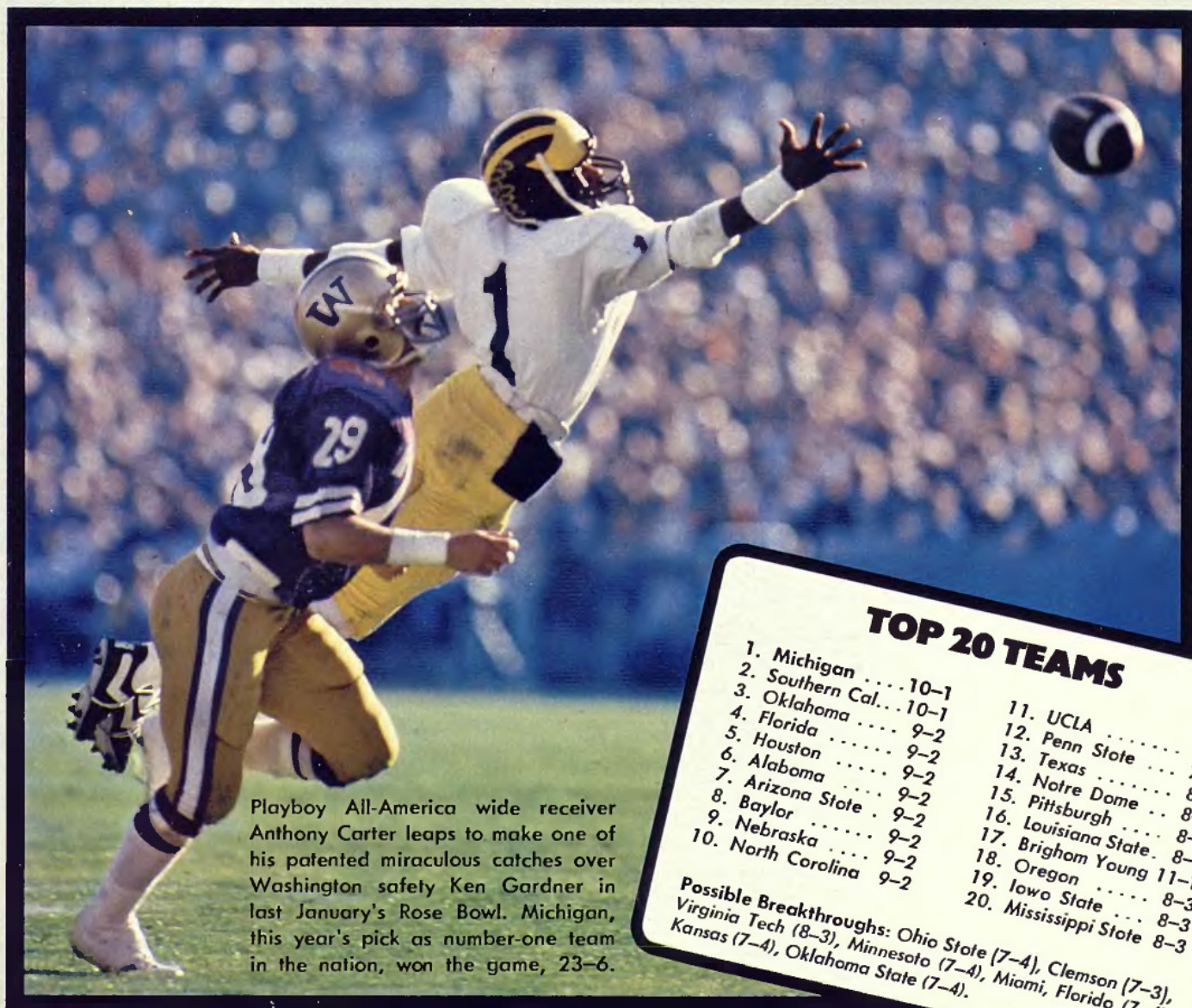
the country's leading expert gives his pre-season picks for the top college teams and players

AN OMINOUS financial crunch threatens football programs at most privately owned universities. In fact, the very existence of those programs is in immediate danger unless the respective university administrators take drastic action—and soon.

The gravity of the situation was dramatically illustrated last April, when the Villanova University administration suddenly announced—smack in the middle of spring practice—that its football team, a major Eastern gridiron power for nearly a century, was being immediately disbanded. It was only one of a long line of football programs at privately financed schools to bite the dust.

A few decades ago, private schools dominated the game,

and teams like Fordham, Georgetown, Boston College, Georgia Tech, Northwestern and Duke were national powers. Today, football programs at most private schools have either disappeared or slipped into lethargy. The few that have remained healthy and competitive fall into either of two categories: church-related schools—such as Notre Dame, Baylor and Brigham Young—whose athletic programs receive ample and continuing support from church adherents who identify with the teams even if they've never set foot on the campus; and schools such as Southern California and Stanford that for decades have built huge and continuing followings among nonalumni in large metropolitan areas where they



Playboy All-America wide receiver Anthony Carter leaps to make one of his patented miraculous catches over Washington safety Ken Gardner in last January's Rose Bowl. Michigan, this year's pick as number-one team in the nation, won the game, 23-6.

TOP 20 TEAMS

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Michigan 10-1 | 11. UCLA 8-3 |
| 2. Southern Cal. 10-1 | 12. Penn State 7-4 |
| 3. Oklahoma 9-2 | 13. Texas 8-3 |
| 4. Florida 9-2 | 14. Notre Dame 8-3 |
| 5. Houston 9-2 | 15. Pittsburgh 8-3 |
| 6. Alabama 9-2 | 16. Louisiana State 8-3 |
| 7. Arizona State 9-2 | 17. Brigham Young 8-3 |
| 8. Baylor 9-2 | 18. Oregon 8-3 |
| 9. Nebraska 9-2 | 19. Iowa State 8-3 |
| 10. North Carolina 9-2 | 20. Mississippi State 8-3 |

Possible Breakthroughs: Ohio State (7-4), Clemson (7-3), Virginia Tech (8-3), Minnesota (7-4), Miami, Florida (7-4), Kansas (7-4), Oklahoma State (7-4).

OFFENSE

Left to right, top to bottom: John Elway, quarterback, Stanford; Kurt Becker, lineman, Michigan; Terry Tausch, lineman, Texas; Brad Edelman, center, Missouri; Dwayne Crutchfield, runner, Iowa State; Tim Wrightman, tight end, UCLA; Charley Pell, Coach of the Year, Florida; Anthony Carter, receiver, Michigan; Ed Muransky, lineman, Michigan; Roy Foster, lineman, Southern California; Herschel Walker, runner, Georgia; Darrin Nelson, runner, Stanford; Steve Fehr, kicker, Navy.

PLAYBOY'S 1981 PREVIE

DEFENSE



Left to right, top to bottom: David Galloway, lineman, Florida; Johnie Cooks, linebacker, Mississippi State; Robert Abraham, linebacker, North Carolina State; Jim Bob Harris, back, Alabama; Lester Williams, lineman, Miami, Florida; Rohn Stark, punter, Florida State; Darrell Songy, back, Oklahoma; Tim Wilbur, back, Indiana; Mike Richardson, back, Arizona State; Chip Banks, linebacker, Southern Cal; Irv Eatman, lineman, University of California at Los Angeles; Kenneth Sims, lineman, Texas.

W ALL-AMERICA TEAM

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: Art Schlichter (Ohio State), Jim McMahon (Brigham Young), Dan Marino (Pittsburgh), John Fourcade (Mississippi), Buck Belue (Georgia), Oliver Luck (West Virginia)

RUNNING BACKS: Marcus Allen (Southern California), Walter Abercrombie (Baylor), Butch Woolfolk (Michigan), Gerald Willhite (San Jose State), Phil Carter (Notre Dame), Kelvin Bryant (North Carolina), Kerwin Bell (Kansas), Barry Redden (Richmond), Craig James (Southern Methodist), Joe Morris (Syracuse)

RECEIVERS: Andre Tyler (Stanford), Anthony Hancock (Tennessee), Gary Williams (Ohio State), Mike Quick (North Carolina State), Tyrone Young (Florida), Rodney Holman (Tulane), Tony Hunter (Notre Dame), Robert Hubble (Rice), Perry Tuttle (Clemson)

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: William "Bubba" Paris (Michigan), Maceo Fifer (Houston), John Canei (Miami, Florida), Joe Lukens (Ohio State), Terry Crouch (Oklahoma), Sean Farrell (Penn State), Ken Hammond (Vanderbilt), Chris Koehne (North Carolina State)

CENTERS: Dave Rimington (Nebraska), Lee North (Tennessee)

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: Warren Lyles (Alabama), Billy Ray Smith (Arkansas), Tim Krumrie (Wisconsin), Jimmy Williams (Nebraska), Keith Baldwin (Texas A & M), Andre Tippett (Iowa), Fletcher Jenkins (Washington), Robert Brown (Virginia Tech), Eddie Weaver (Georgia)

LINEBACKERS: Bob Crable (Notre Dame), Scott Nicolas (Miami, Florida), Rich Dixon (California), Marcus Marek (Ohio State), Jeff Davis (Clemson), Ricky Young (Oklahoma State), Darrell Nicholson (North Carolina)

DEFENSIVE BACKS: James Britt (Louisiana State), Mike Kennedy (Toledo), Mike Robb (Minnesota), Steve Brown (Oregon), Perry Williams (North Carolina State), Anthony Watson (New Mexico State), Joey Browner (Southern California), Sammy Sims (Nebraska)

KICKERS: Morten Andersen (Michigan State), Jim Arnold (Vanderbilt), Chuck Nelson (Washington), Rick Anderson (Purdue)

TOP NEWCOMERS

(Incoming freshmen and transfers who should make it big)

Bill Fralic, offensive lineman	Pittsburgh
Spencer Nelms, defensive lineman	Ohio State
Darryl Smith, runner	Illinois
Terry Sanders, punter	Alabama
Bill Elko, defensive lineman	Louisiana State
Gino Wynter, receiver	Vanderbilt
Joe McIntosh, runner	North Carolina State
Robert Lavette, runner	Georgia Tech
Melvin Dorsey, runner	Western Carolina
Bruce Smith, defensive lineman	Virginia Tech
Mike Rendina, kicker	Florida State
Mike Rozier, runner	Nebraska
Eddie Goodlow, runner	Oklahoma State
Ray Robinson, defensive lineman	Houston
Kevin Hancock, linebacker	Baylor
Jackie Wilson, receiver	Southern Methodist
Jesse Clark, runner	Arkansas
Michael Colhoun, quarterback	Rice
Mike Gray, defensive lineman	Oregon
Terry Jackson, defensive lineman	Stanford
Mike Vindivich, runner	Washington
Kelly Angell, linebacker	Utah State

were the only major sports attraction (until the Forties, there were no major-league professional sports franchises on the West Coast).

Very soon every private school in the country with a football team will be forced to face a hard decision—get in and compete or get out. Three schools that have already made the former decision are Southern Methodist, Tulane and Vanderbilt. At all three, new athletic facilities have been constructed, recruiting budgets multiplied, coaching salaries increased and aggressive marketing and public-relations campaigns begun.

Russ Potts, until recently the athletic director at Southern Methodist and the mastermind of that school's impressive athletic renaissance, gave PLAYBOY some insights:

"Many people living near a major university want to identify with and support the football team, even if they've never gone to college. All you have to do is ask them and make them feel welcome. In less than three years, we more than quintupled the contributions to the athletic program. A private school must have a much broader base of support than just the alumni. Take Rice, for example. If every living graduate of that university went to see a football game, they would fill up fewer than half the seats in Rice stadium.

"What a lot of college administrators don't realize is that not only does a winning football team generate public contributions to the athletic program but it inspires gifts to the medical school and the library as well. Notre Dame and SMU are the best examples of that."

How does a private school engineer its athletic rebirth?

"First," said Potts, "you've got to have a university president who understands the significance of winning teams to the whole institution, like Dr. James Zumbege of Southern California. Next, you need a smart, imaginative and aggressive athletic director like Hindman Wall at Tulane or Roy Kramer at Vanderbilt. Then you have to take an all-out free-enterprise approach—use all the marketing, promotion and advertising techniques available in the private sector. That's your main advantage in competing with the state schools; they're public-funded bureaucratic institutions with long-drawn-out decision-making processes. Private schools can make intelligent and creative decisions quickly and with a minimum of hassle.

"Also," Potts added as an afterthought, "athletic directors should have the same status as vice-presidents of their university. Some A.D.s have five times as many people working for them as any

(continued on page 166)



JOHN
Dempsey

*"Your dog is the first basset hound I've ever
seen that doesn't look sad."*



TARZAN & BO

sorry, tarzan, but in john derek's version of the ape man's saga, it's a spectacular jane—the "10" of the jungle—who steals the show



IT'S A DIFFERENT John and Bo Derek than you might expect. True, some things stay the same—John still has his mountain-man mane of gray hair and Bo . . . well, as you can see, she's still magnificent.

But John is no longer doing all the talking and Bo seldom acts like a lost child looking to Daddy to show her the way. Instead, they appear to be a team; and while John may still be team captain, there's now a sense of partnership evident in everything they say and do.

It's apparent in the little things. Bo finishes some of John's sentences, filling in words or facts he's groping for, even correcting him when he makes a mistake. There's more give-and-take, and it's not uncommon for both of them to take turns expressing parts of the same thought, something of a tag-team (text continued on page 244)

The original odd couple, Tarzan and Jane, seemingly contemplate their future (above); between takes, some supporting-cost members pass time with Bo (below). The two chimps are Louie, with the slote, and Doc, who plays Cheetoh, adjusting the focus. Behind the camera is C.J., the orangutan. "I liked C.J. but not the chimps," says Bo.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN DEREK



C.J., the jealous orangutan, didn't much like the idea of Tarzan and Jane having fun without him (above). In a totally impromptu move, he pulled 195-pound Miles O'Keeffe off Bo, interrupting one of the movie's steamier scenes. Jahn fit the scene into the film.





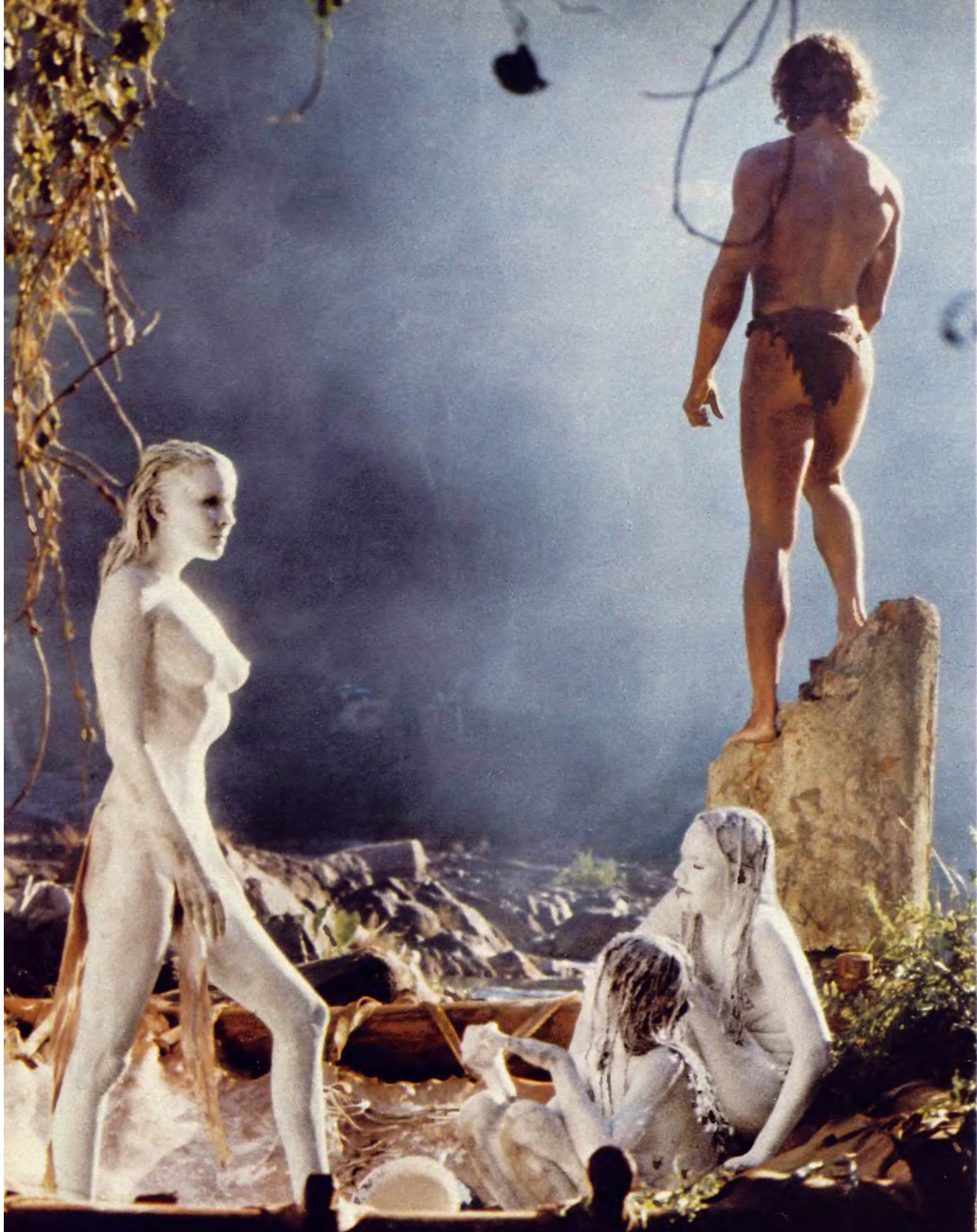
Jane collapses after tussling with Tarzan and C.J. (below left). "We wrestled with him for an hour and a half," recalls Bo. "Orangutans are several times stronger than people and have four things to grab you with." Below right, Tarzan and Jane take a stroll in the jungle.





150 Captured by natives and painted white as part of a ritual (right), Jane awaits her fate at the hands of the evil Ivory King. After the shooting, Bo sponges off (above).







The white-paint scenes took three days to film and at the end of each day, the cast would head for the river to wash up. "No one wanted to go back to the hotel painted white," explains Bo. Left, a triumphant Tarzan surveys his new domain after killing the Ivory King.









"I don't act," says Bo. "I react. And Miles doesn't speak much in the film. So that makes it very easy to pretend you're in the jungle with this beautiful thing who doesn't speak and whom you don't know. You're getting to know each other through just emotions and expressions."







*"Were you at all suspicious about the slogan
'Lose weight or triple your money back?'"*

what maketh a man?

from *The Perfumed Garden*, by Sheik Umar ibn Muhammed al-Nefzawi, circa 1500 A.D.

Ribald Classic

ABOU EL HEIDJA, a son of the rich merchant Kheiroun, was out hunting one day when he became separated from his servants and was lost. He wandered all night, but in the morning he met another hunting party—some 20 horsemen with a handsome youth at their head. Looking a little closer, however, he perceived that the youth was, in fact, a lovely woman. She spoke to him, introduced herself as the Princess Zohra and, learning that he had been lost, invited him to have breakfast with her party.

Abou and Zohra sat apart from the others, the young man silently admiring the gracefulness of her figure and the amorous expression of her eyes. After they had talked a bit, Abou said, "It is very good to meet you thus by chance; I hope that we shall come to be friends."

Zohra replied, "Pure friendship between man and woman is impossible, because, once their hearts are inclined, libidinous desires soon invade them."

Abou answered, "That is not so when the affection is true and without treachery. Ours, for example—we could meet in this secluded place and all the world would be ignorant of our meetings."

Zohra said, "It cannot be. Already your smile is seductive and your words are ripe with love."

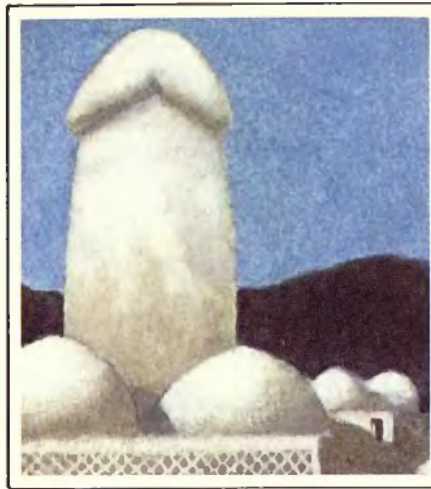
Abou said, "I fear that, even as we talked, love took root in my heart."

In the end, they bade each other adieu, and Zohra went away to her castle and Abou to his father's house. But he could not sleep. The next day, he spoke with his trusted friend Selim and with his body servant Mimoun. When night fell, they buckled on their swords and set out for Zohra's castle.

They traveled all night and, at dawn, they came close to it. Mimoun and Selim sheltered in a cavern while Abou went to look at the approaches to the castle. He found it surrounded by a high wall that seemed impossible to scale.

When he returned to the cavern, he slept for a while until Mimoun awakened him. "Master," he said, "there is some sort of passageway in the mountain that leads in the direction of the castle."

So Abou and his two companions took their sabers and began to feel their way through the dark tunnel. They at last came to a crevice through which light shone. When they peered through, they saw a dazzling sight. Here was a splendid palace room cut from the living rock and magnificently furnished. And, wonder of wonders, here was the princess Zohra surrounded by about 100 lovely virgins, all eating and drinking at a long table. The princess sat alone on a gemmed throne and was even more beautiful than when Abou had seen her last.



"It seems quite apparent," said Selim, "that licentiousness reigns in this place. It would seem to be a secret chamber given over to feasting, drinking and debauchery."

The three companions waited for a while until the maidens had seated themselves on divans and were a little befuddled from all the wine they had drunk. Then, taking care to veil their faces, they stepped through the crevice into the light.

"Who are you?" cried Zohra. "What do you want?"

All three answered at the same time. "Your love!" said Abou.

"Fornication!" said Selim and Mimoun.

Then Selim addressed her, saying, "Know, lady, that you see before you the three fiercest swordsmen in this kingdom. And know also that we are the three most stout and indefatigable lancers who ever skewered a woman!"

"So?" said Zohra and she clapped her hands. Out of the shadows sprang a dozen women warriors, fully armed, at least three and a half cubits tall, and very ugly. They quickly disarmed the companions. "And now," said Zohra, musing, "now that your faces are no longer concealed, I see before me Abou el Heidja, who has made a certain profession about his feeling for me, and his two friends, who have made incredible boasts. Are you all in this together?"

They bowed their heads and swore by the Prophet's beard that they were.

"Then," said Zohra, "we shall make a test. If any one of you fails, you shall all die the vilest kind of death. Now listen carefully; here are the trials I set." She explained that among her women was one Mouna, who was famous for her insatiable sexual voracity—she had worn out hundreds of lovers. Zohra nodded at Mimoun. "It will be your task to tame her and make her cry 'Enough!'"

As for Selim, he was to show his manhood by deflowering 80 virgins, one after

another, without spilling a drop of semen. "And I have among my women," Zohra said with a smile, "several who have hymens like straps of iron. But you have boasted of your great virility, have you not?"

Finally, Abou. "You are to stay in this chamber among my women, naked, bound hand and foot. Some of these women will see to it that you attain an erection. You will keep that state of your member for fifty days and fifty nights without any help." Then she asked if they had any requests before beginning.

The men conferred in whispers, and finally Abou spoke for them. During the tests, Mimoun was to be fed with bread and the yolks of eggs. Selim was to have a drink of camel's milk and honey, along with a cooked mixture of meat, onions and chick-peas. Abou himself demanded a mixture of onion juice and honey and onions cooked with meat.

Zohra, though she seemed a bit puzzled at such tastes, ordered it to be done. Mimoun was led off to the bedchamber of the infamous Mouna. Selim was taken to another chamber with several beds and a row of benches long enough to accommodate the line of 80 waiting virgins. Abou was stripped and tied to a post and two pretty girls did some charming things to him for a few minutes before leaving him alone.

Zohra, confident of success, went back to feasting with her attendants and listening to the music of her performers. After several days, she paid a visit to Mimoun and Mouna. There she found such a grinding and sweating and duet of animal sounds that she was quite dazed. In Selim's chamber, she found half of the line of 80 already disposed of, quietly sleeping on mats around the walls, and Selim thunderously calling, "Next!" Abou she observed firmly at attention. And so it went for many days and nights.

Finally, one night there was a scream from Mouna's chamber. The door burst open and she came running out, crying, "Get him away from me! Enough is enough!"

Just then, a girl came running from Selim's chamber. "Quick! Find some way of stopping him. He has finished off the eighty virgins, diddled the three serving girls who were bringing him food, and now he's raping the guard."

Zohra rose from her throne. One glance in Abou's direction confirmed that she had lost her gamble. Slipping off her garments, she walked slowly up to him.

And thus it is as the sages and savants have told us: Diet maketh the man.

—Retold by Abder Rassi

T/A[®] HIGH TECH RADIALS

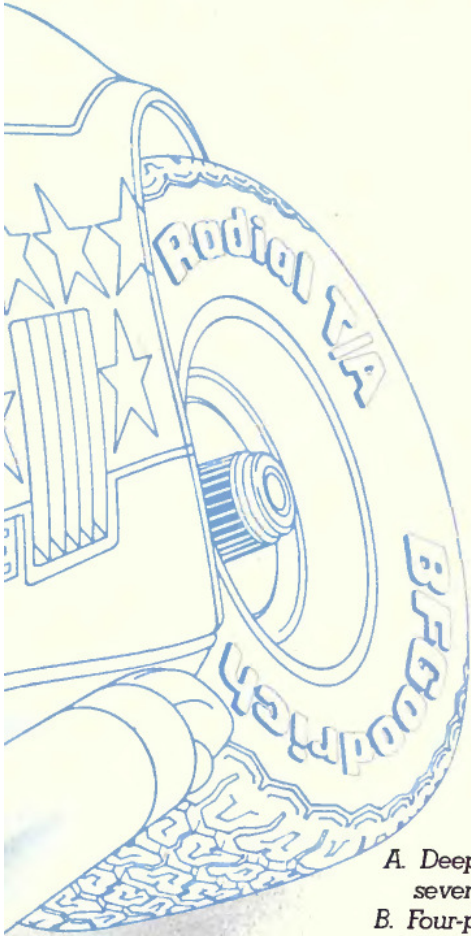


Objective: Design a high-performance street radial good enough to win on the track by integrating technical expertise with racing experience.

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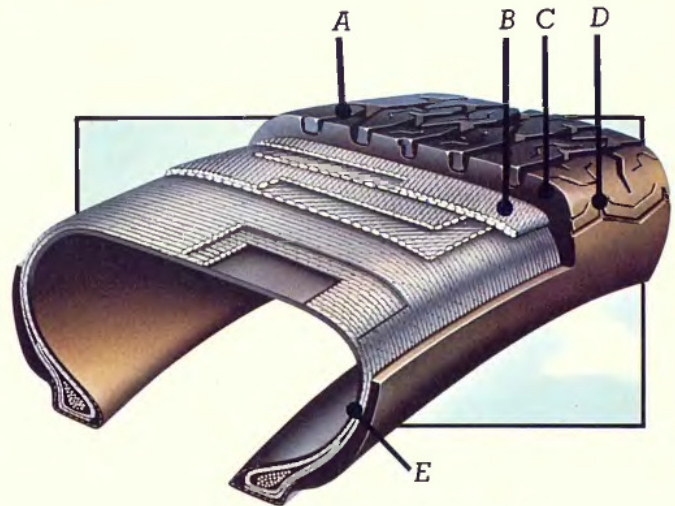


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The Radial T/A tires you buy are the same design and construction developed and proven on the track with worldwide wins in IMSA and Nürburgring events. (Tires are shaved to one-half tread depth for racing.)

- A. Deep tread depth, five, six, and seven ribs wide.
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- C. Dual compound tread.
- D. Wraparound tread design.
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Bold raised white letters on one side, raised black letters on reverse sidewall. Available in 50, 60, and 70 series sizes.

Every Radial T/A tire utilizes state-of-the-art technology to meet the driving requirements of a particular vehicle type. Whether you drive a sports car, sedan, or light truck, there's a Radial T/A designed for you. T/A® High Tech™ radials. Truly, the State of the Art.



PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 144)

"The Tigers will not play Rutgers for the first time since 1869, when the two teams invented the game."

school vice-president."

Now that we've told them how to do it, look for a rebirth of gridiron fortunes at Northwestern, Syracuse and Texas Christian. But while we're waiting, let's take a look at the various teams as this season approaches.

THE EAST

INDEPENDENTS

Pittsburgh	8-3	Navy	5-5
Penn State	7-4	Rutgers	5-6
Syracuse	7-4	Boston College	5-6
Colgate	7-3	Army	5-6
West Virginia	6-5	Temple	2-8

IVY LEAGUE

Yale	8-2	Columbia	4-6
Dartmouth	7-3	Cornell	3-7
Pennsylvania	5-5	Princeton	3-7
Harvard	4-6	Brown	3-7

TOP PLAYERS: Collins, Marino, Boures, Covert (Pittsburgh); Farrell, Kubin, Warner (Penn State); Morris, Anderson, McCollom (Syracuse); Rogers, Robinson, Grabowski (Colgate); Luck, Talley, Jones (West Virginia); Fehr, Meyers, Jordan (Navy); Pickel, Ray, Rustemeyer (Rutgers); Budness, Raymond, Cooper (Boston College); Bennett, Walker, Kessler (Army); Lucear, Peters (Temple); Leone, Tulsiaik (Yale); Pizor, Thompson (Dartmouth); Beauvais, McInerney (Pennsylvania); Callinan, Cuccia (Harvard); Cabrera, Wallace (Columbia); Taylor, Bohenic (Cornell); Helmerich, Neary (Princeton); Jordan, Sims (Brown).

There's no way the Pittsburgh Panthers can be as strong as they were the past two seasons, because their manpower drainage was *severe* and their losses were high-quality. Twelve of last year's seniors were taken in the pro draft. But opponents who expect Pitt to take a tumble are in for a rude awakening. The cupboard is far from bare, since coach Jackie Sherrill has a bumper crop of recruits every year and there are plenty of eager young studs waiting to fill the holes left by graduates. Don't be shocked if the Panthers wind up in the top 20 again.

Penn State's success last fall was largely a matter of the enthusiasm of many young players. Several freshmen played key roles in the offensive unit and they will benefit from added experience this year. The Nittany Lions will probably field their most explosive offense ever. The squad's only apparent weakness is the defensive line. The schedule may be a problem, also—six of this fall's contests are against teams with excellent chances of winding up in the upper reaches of the polls.

Syracuse will be much improved. New coach Dick MacPherson has instilled spirit and tenacity in the squad and has given the whole football program a new stability. Look for the Orangemen to ambush some unwary opponents. Stellar halfback Joe Morris should have a banner year.

After a season of might-have-beens, Colgate hopes its additional maturity (as many as 16 seniors could be in the starting line-up) can produce an impressive record by season's end. And the schedule is soft compared with those of the East's other major teams.

West Virginia coach Don Nehlen must rebuild his backfield, find a capable backup for splendid quarterback Oliver Luck and greatly improve his defensive platoon. Fortunately, nearly all of last year's defenders return and should be bigger, tougher and smarter.

The Navy defense also will improve with added experience, but the offensive unit was a disappointment in spring drills, largely due to a shortage of capable linemen. The Middies could use more and better receivers as well. Both of those question marks could be erased by the incoming group of recruits. If the offensive reinforcements don't materialize, most of Navy's scoring may be done by Playboy All-America place kicker Steve Fehr.

Rutgers has returned to reality after a brief brush with greatness last autumn. Graduation gutted the team, and much rebuilding has to be done before the season kickoff at Syracuse. New quarterback Ralph Leek will add dimension to the running game, but many of the skill positions will be filled by incoming freshmen. A staunch defense should hold opponents in check long enough for the youngsters on offense to get their act together.

The major problem for rookie Boston College coach Jack Bicknell will be a gelatinous offensive line. But the Eagles have fathoms of depth in the backfield and Bicknell has instilled a new ambience of energy and discipline in the group. The early-season opponents, though, are murderous.

Army plans to march back to respectability this season. The Cadets are more experienced at every position, team speed is better and the schedule isn't nearly as tough as in recent campaigns. Still, both lines are porous. Look for quarterback Jerry Bennett and halfback

Gerald Walker to raise eyebrows with a lot of big gains.

Only five starters return at Temple, but coach Wayne Hardin tells us this will definitely be a better team because its attitude is so much improved over a year ago. "Last year our younger players were riding the crest of recent successes based on the hard work of the older players," Hardin says. "They seemed to think winning was automatic. Now they've learned they have to work for it." The youngsters will need to be hard-nosed to negotiate what could be a very grueling year.

There's going to be a major reshuffling of the standings in the Ivy League this season because so many teams have suffered serious losses. The principal exception is Yale, where most of the players responsible for last year's successes are back and are joined by a contingent of sophomores who can lend help in the right places.

The Dartmouth offense has been decimated by graduation, but the defensive unit, probably the best in the league, should enable the Greenies to post a successful slate.

Pennsylvania has won only one game during the past two years, but this group of Quakers will be the most improved Ivy team. First-year coach Jerry Berndt has imparted a new vigor to the squad and the talent is superior to that of the recent dry years.

The Harvard team's success will depend on how quickly the many incoming players develop. There is plenty of talent and potential among them. Don Allard looks like the best bet to win the quarterback job.

Signal calling is once again the key to Columbia's hopes for a good season. There are five quality candidates for the quarterback job, with Pete Rappa having the inside track as summer drills opened. The receivers could be outstanding. The defense, largely untested, will have to learn quickly.

Cornell fans will have a hard time recognizing the players, because nearly everyone is new. It looks like a lean year in Ithaca.

Princeton will be primarily a running team because of the talent that's available. The big news is that the Tigers will not play Rutgers this fall for the first time since 1869, when the two teams invented the game. Thus ends the oldest college football series in the world.

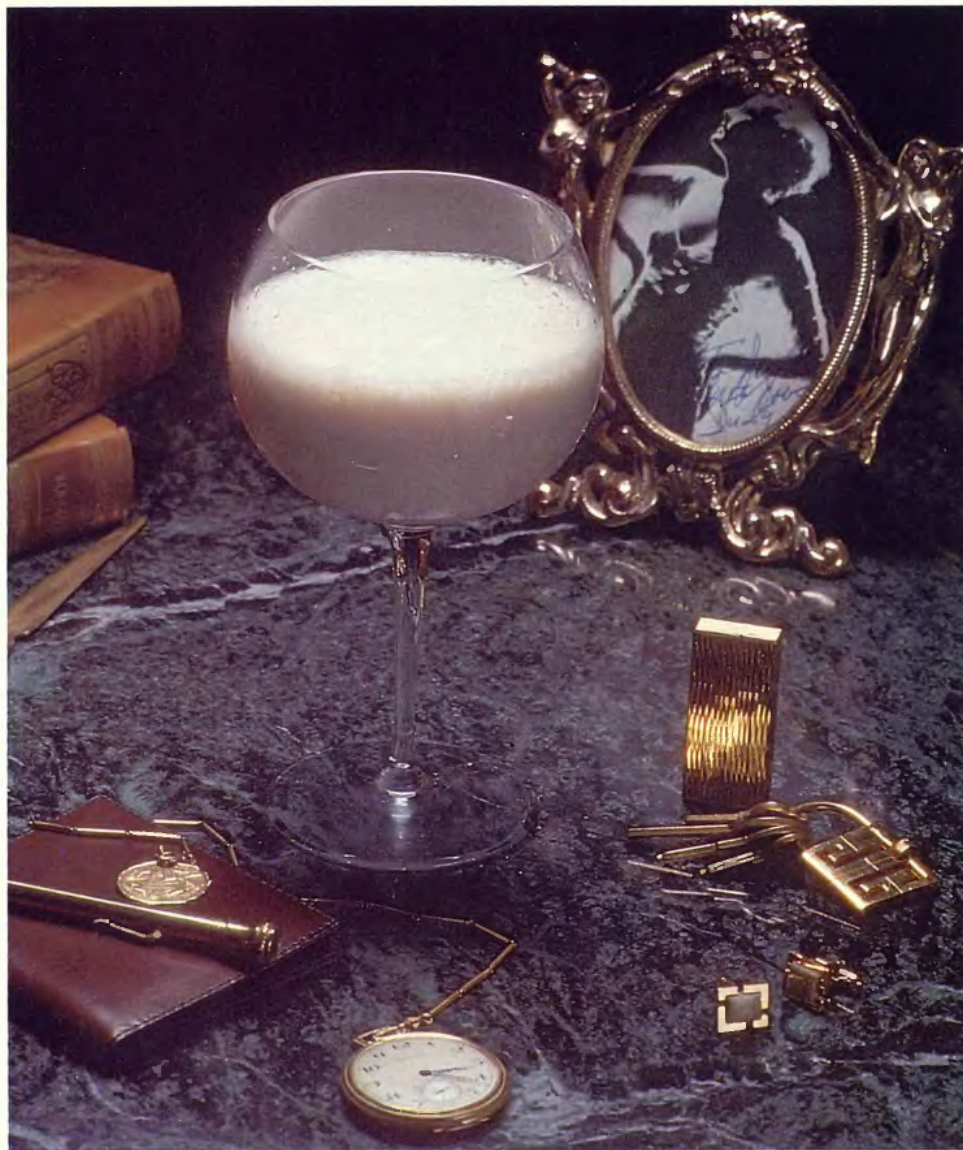
This looks like a black year for the Brown team. Much depends on how quickly new quarterback Hank Landers masters his job. The sophomore contingent, heavily laden with blue chippers, should be able to help Landers out. With a little luck, the Bruins could be

(continued on page 174)

THE MILKY WAY

looking for a brand-new bibbing kick? try getting creamed

drink **BY EMANUEL GREENBERG**



HAVE YOU BEEN creamed lately? If not, chances are you will be soon, because cream liqueurs are catching on like crazy. Seasoned observers call it the most wildly popular response to a new item in alcoholic-beverage history. Prior to 1979, you couldn't buy a cream liqueur in the United States; go back another few years, there was no such product anywhere. Baileys, the original cream liqueur, was unleashed in Dublin in late 1974. Today, there are upwards of 40 brands available—with more creams still to rise.

"New product" is often Madison Avenue jargon for a different shade, shape or size, but Baileys and subsequent creams are genuine breakthroughs, unlike any other spirituous beverage. It's difficult to convey the precise quality of this new liquor, but you could start with luscious, seductive, enticing—and go on from

there. The primary ingredients in Baileys and other leading cream liqueurs are fresh dairy cream, whiskey and spirits. Nothing extraordinary there. The challenge is to combine those normally antagonistic elements into a harmonious entity that will remain stable under market conditions. And despite some early problems with shelf life, our Irish friends pulled it off. Lift a cream to your lips; your first impression is the pleasant sting of alcohol, followed by the velvety texture of rich cream. Stabilizers are added to prevent separation.

Although all cream liqueurs follow this basic format, the individual products are certainly not clones of one another—varying in flavor, spirit type, proof, viscosity and tactile appeal. Baileys is essentially chocolate; Carolans is honeyed; Dunphy's—produced here but with Irish spirits—is vanillalike. Other cream liqueurs available here are hazelnut-flavored Alpen Cream (Austria), Venetian Cream (Italy), Conticream and Baitz Island Cream (Australia), Green-

sleeves (England), O'Darby (unmistakably Irish), plus two more from Ireland—Emmets and Waterford—due any minute. Prices range from about \$9 to \$14.

While cream liqueurs are not fragile, they demand considerate handling. Don't expose them to extremes of temperature and refrigerate opened bottles. They're lovely poured from the bottle—chilled or at room temperature, splashed over ice and in the drinks that follow.

BANANA DREAM

- 2 ozs. cream liqueur, chilled
- ½ oz. light rum
- 1 tablespoon banana liqueur
- ½ small ripe banana, diced
- ½ cup crushed ice
- Thick slice banana for garnish

Prechill blender container. Add all ingredients except garnish. Buzz at full speed until smooth. Pour into chilled large wineglass. Hang banana slice on rim of glass or spear with pick and lay across mouth of glass. For touch of color,

roll rim of banana in grenadine and lightly sprinkle cinnamon on drink.

BLACK IRISH

- Black coffee, hot
- Irish cream liqueur
- Sugar, to taste
- Shaved bittersweet chocolate

Pour coffee into cup or mug. Add about 1 oz. cream liqueur. Stir and taste. Add sugar, if you like, and bit more liqueur—if desired. Stir again; garnish with shaved chocolate.

FINNEGAN'S FIZZ

- 2-3 ozs. cream liqueur, chilled
 - 2 ozs. club soda or seltzer, chilled
- Chuck a few ice cubes into chilled 8-oz. highball glass. Pour in cream liqueur. Add splash club soda; stir well. Add remaining soda and stir quickly. Serve with straws.

CREAM 'N' BITTERS

This is simply cream liqueur with extra flavor accent. Shake 2 or 3 dashes aromatic bitters or orange bitters into chilled roly-poly glass. Rotate around inside of glass. Add light splash cream liqueur and stir until well mixed. Pour in more cream liqueur, to your pleasure—2 to 3 ozs. in all. Stir again. This can accommodate an ice cube, if you want it, but the flavor is truer without the ice.

HALF AND HALF

- 1½ ozs. cream liqueur
 - 1½ ozs. coffee liqueur
 - Ground cinnamon
- Shake cream and coffee liqueurs briskly with ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass. Sprinkle lightly with cinnamon.
- Note:* Other liqueurs, such as triple sec, amaretto, Frangelico, crème de cacao, Irish Mist and Drambuie, may be substituted for the coffee liqueur.

SIDEWINDER

- A very smooth but rather potent drink that sneaks up on you. So watch it!
- 2 ozs. cream liqueur
 - ¾ oz. gin
 - ½ oz. triple sec
 - Melon ball, strawberry, pineapple cube
- Shake liquid ingredients briskly with ice. Strain into chilled old fashioned glass over fresh ice cube. Thread fruit on bamboo skewer and place in glass, fruit end up.

SOUTHERN CREAM

- 2 ozs. cream liqueur
 - ½ oz. bourbon
 - Cola soda, chilled
- Shake cream liqueur and bourbon briskly with ice cubes. Pour unstrained into chilled, footed goblet or tumbler. Pour in splash cola; stir well. Add more cola, to taste; stir quickly. Sip slowly.



"We're still deadlocked. One person's misguided conscience is keeping us from our loved ones and the Ewings."



UMPH!

Taste the Umph!

NEW TRIUMPH[®] 100's

only 5mg tar

Regular 100s, Menthol 100s: 5 mg. "tar,"
0.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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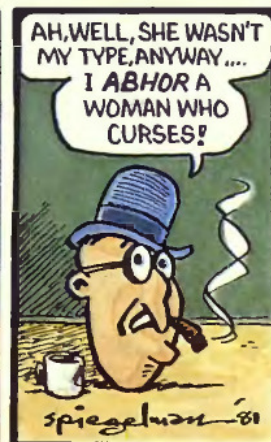




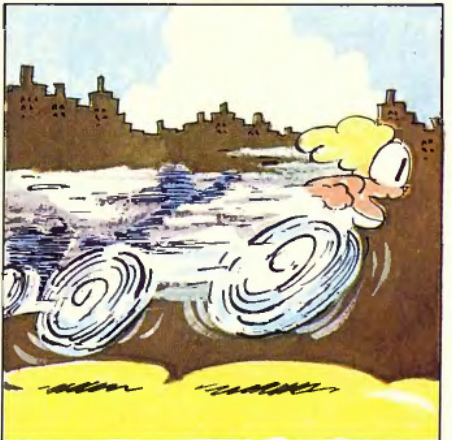
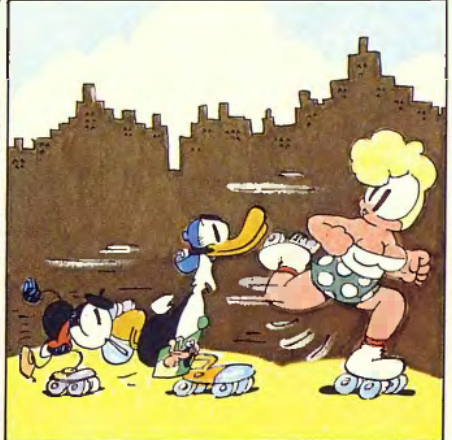
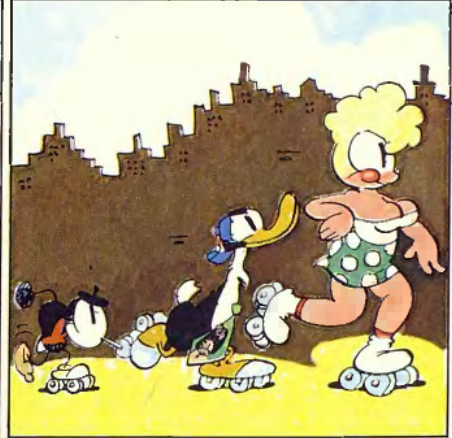
Playboy FUNNIES

CRUISER

Christopher Browne

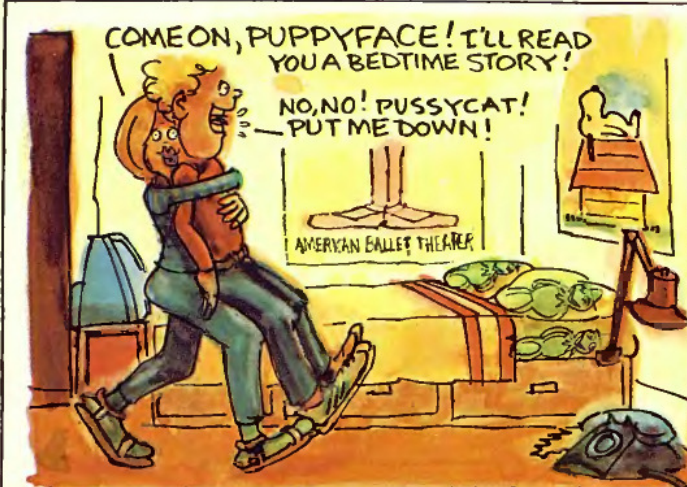


Dirty Duck[®] by Bobby London



BETSY'S BUDDIES

by Kurtzman and Downs



COME ON, PUPPYFACE! I'LL READ YOU A BEDTIME STORY!

NO, NO! PUSSYCAT! PUT ME DOWN!

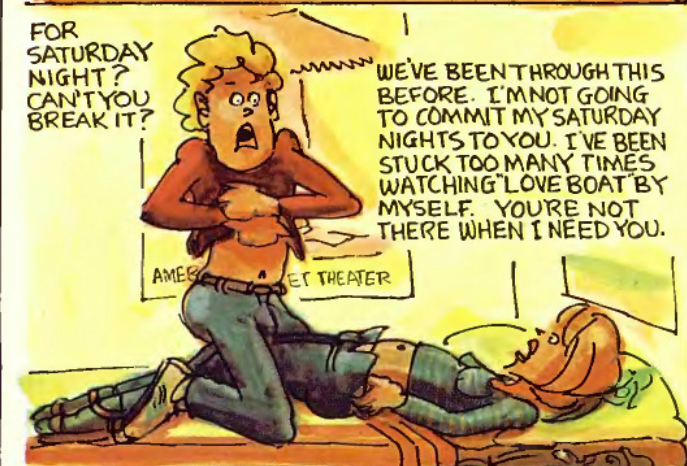
AMERICAN BALLET THEATER



GOD, WE HAVE FUN! HOW ABOUT GOING TO WOODY ALLEN'S NEW FILM TOMORROW?

WOOF WOOF MEOW MEOW ARF! Sss!

SATURDAY NIGHT? I HAVE A DATE... WITH BARNEY.



FOR SATURDAY NIGHT? CAN'T YOU BREAK IT?

WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS BEFORE. I'M NOT GOING TO COMMIT MY SATURDAY NIGHTS TO YOU. I'VE BEEN STUCK TOO MANY TIMES WATCHING 'LOVE BOAT' BY MYSELF. YOU'RE NOT THERE WHEN I NEED YOU.

AMERICAN BALLET THEATER

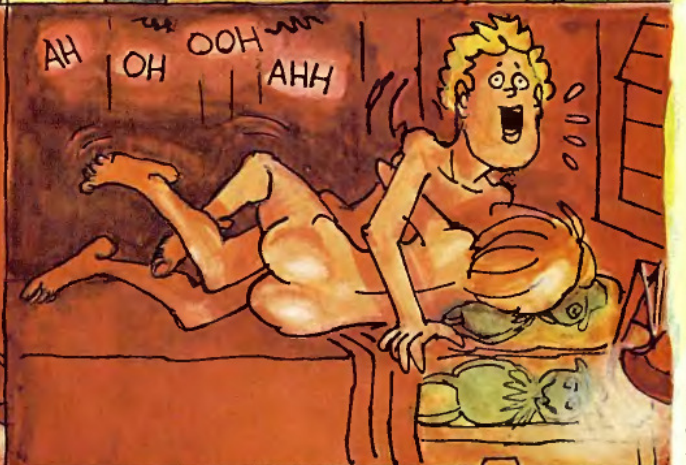


OK! OK! I UNDERSTAND. I WANT YOU TO BE THERE WHEN I NEED YOU. YOU WANT ME TO BE THERE WHEN YOU NEED ME. I CAN HANDLE COMMITMENT... NOW, HOW ABOUT CALLING BARNEY?

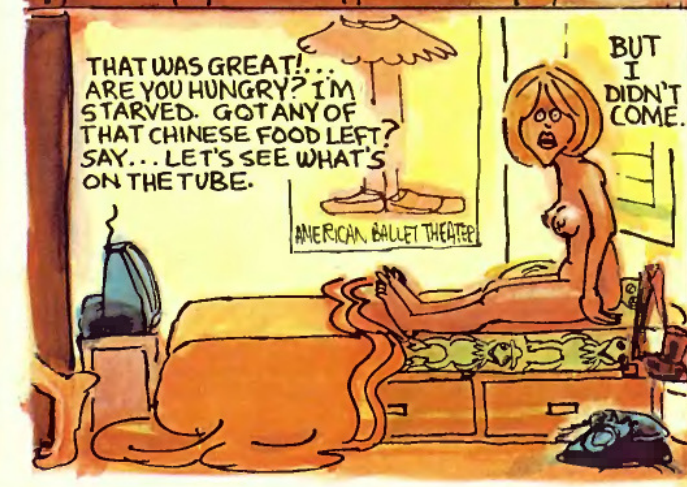
HELLO, BARNEY? ABOUT SATURDAY NIGHT... SOMETHING'S COME UP.



FROM NOW ON, I'LL BE THERE WHEN YOU NEED ME, BABY.



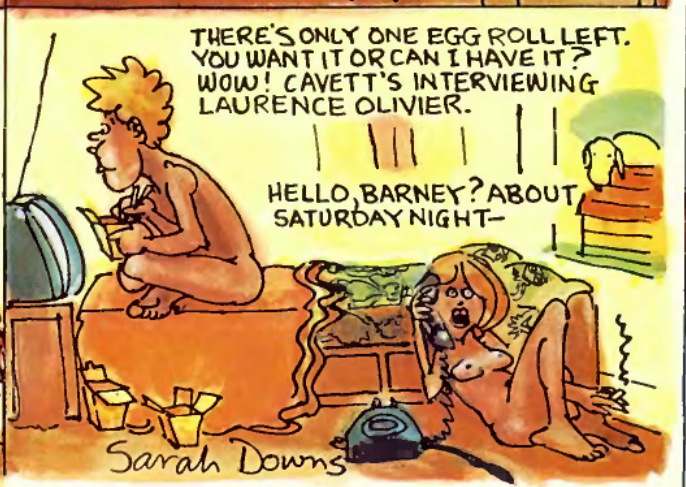
AH OH OOH AHH



THAT WAS GREAT!... ARE YOU HUNGRY? I'M STARVED. GOT ANY OF THAT CHINESE FOOD LEFT? SAY... LET'S SEE WHAT'S ON THE TUBE.

BUT I DIDN'T COME.

AMERICAN BALLET THEATER



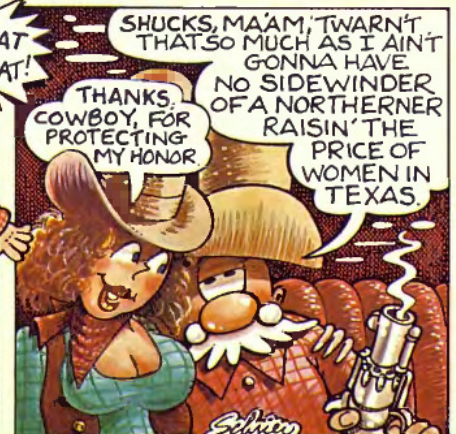
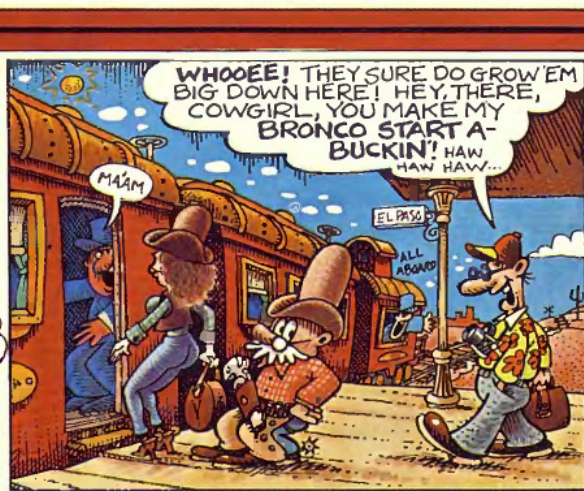
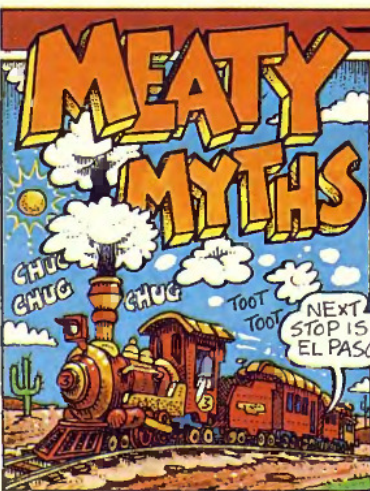
THERE'S ONLY ONE EGG ROLL LEFT. YOU WANT IT OR CAN I HAVE IT? WOW! CAVETT'S INTERVIEWING LAURENCE OLIVIER.

HELLO, BARNEY? ABOUT SATURDAY NIGHT-

Sarah Downs

HOLISTIC MARRY

by J. Delmar



PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 166)

“Minnesota has an opportunity to displace Ohio State in the Big Ten’s big two.”

a dramatically improved bunch by December.

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

Michigan	10-1	Iowa	5-6
Ohio State	7-4	Michigan State	5-6
Minnesota	7-4	Wisconsin	4-7
Purdue	6-5	Illinois	4-7
Indiana	5-6	Northwestern	2-9

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Central		Ball State	6-5
Michigan	8-3	Bowling Green	5-6
Northern		Miami	5-6
Illinois	8-3	Ohio University	4-7
Western		Kent State	4-7
Michigan	7-4	Eastern	
Toledo	6-5	Michigan	2-9

INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	8-3	Cincinnati	5-6
Louisville	8-3		

TOP PLAYERS: Carter, Becker, Muransky, Paris, Woolfolk (Michigan); Schlichter, Marek, Lukens (Ohio State); Dallafior, Robb (Minnesota); Anderson, Jelesky (Purdue); Stephenson, Rodriguez (Indiana); Tippett, Love-Jordan (Iowa); Hughes, Andersen (Michigan State); Krumrie, Mohapp (Wisconsin); Smith, Williams (Illinois); Jenkins, B. Anderson (Northwestern); Todd, Maiorana (Central Michigan); Gibbons, Chelovich (Northern Illinois); Morrow, Hughes (Western Michigan); Kennedy, Kelso (Toledo); Warlaumont, Nelson (Ball State); Taylor, C. Jones (Bowling Green); Treadwell, Jones (Miami); Shon, Komar (Ohio University); Grandjean, Hedderly (Kent State); Calhoun, Price (Eastern Michigan); Crable, Hunter, Oliver, Carter (Notre Dame); Craft, Williams (Louisville); Yli-Renko, Bettis (Cincinnati).

Michigan looks to us like the team with the best chance to win this year's national championship. The only question mark appears to be at quarterback, but at least four candidates competed in pre-season drills. If a competent passer gets the job, Playboy All-America receiver Anthony Carter will again be one of the country's top big-play specialists. The Wolverines' major asset is an offensive line (featuring Playboy All-Americans Ed Muransky and Kurt Becker) that is the envy of many pro teams. The running corps, led by Butch Woolfolk, should have a sterling year. The defensive unit will be much sturdier than a year ago. In short, the Wolverines have everything to make this a joyful season in Ann Arbor.

Ohio State—believe it or not—will not be deep enough. The offensive line is the most critical area. It was just ordinary a year ago and may not even be that good this time. Nevertheless, most of the skill positions still are manned by quality players. Art Schlichter

is the best quarterback in Buckeye history, and receivers Gary Williams and Tim Spencer are among the nation's best. Coach Earle Bruce had a good recruiting season. Many of the second-team personnel will be freshmen, so critical injuries could be devastating.

The Minnesota Golden Gophers, much stronger than last year's edition, have an opportunity to displace Ohio State in the Big Ten's big two. The Gophers must find fresh talent for the receiving and running-back corps, but some freshmen and some junior college transfers will provide most of the needed help. If those two problems are solved, the offense will be fearsome. And the defense, led by roverback Mike Robb, will be superb. In short, all the ingredients are there to make this a good season to feast on Minnesota's 100th year of college football.

The big question in West Lafayette as the season opens is who will be next in Purdue's traditional line of great quarterbacks. The answer: Probably prize recruit Jim Everett, though Larry Gates or Scott Campbell will likely fill the job as the season begins. The Boilermakers will again be in the thick of the title race, despite losing some key seniors, thanks to the arrival of a quality contingent of junior college transfers. They will be of greatest help in the offensive line and at linebacker. Another prime new linebacker will be Roosevelt Barnes, a three-year letterman for Purdue's highly ranked basketball team.

Few teams are such unknown quantities as Indiana. Although graduation decimated the offense, some excellent replacements are on hand. Transfer Duane Gunn is a receiver with a can't-miss tag. Chad Huck seems to have the quarterback position sewn up, but transfer Babe Laufenberg could be one of the season's big surprises. So, too, could soph tailback Johnnie Salters. The Hoosier defense will be vastly improved, though it will probably have to do without defensive back Tim Wilbur (by far the best in the country), who may have an impossible number of course credits to make up, as we discovered two weeks after we took his picture for the Playboy All-America team. *C'est la vie!*

Iowa also has a sleeper quarterback (Gordy Bohannon, who was redshirted last season) who could be one of this autumn's revelations. The defensive side, returning nearly intact, can terrorize opponents. The early-season nonconference dates (Nebraska, Iowa State and UCLA) are a nightmare, however, and

may take the punch out of the Hawkeys.

Michigan State is at last returning to normality. The Spartans' air attack, with all key participants returning, will be dynamite. The ground game, led by runner Derek Hughes and newcomers Aaron Roberts and Lance Hawkins, will be much more powerful. Team speed is the best in several years. The big problem is that the talent in both lines is suspect.

Wisconsin coach Dave McClain spent spring practice trying to rejuvenate a flaccid offense that failed to score a touchdown in six games last fall. The offensive line will be deep and mature and the running attack will again be adequate, so the Badgers should score more points this season.

The Illinois athletic program has been Disaster City in recent months, and what effect the Big Ten's attempt to impose ridiculously severe sanctions against the Illini will have on the upcoming football year is anyone's guess. Psychologically, it could be either crippling or exhilarating. Best hope lies in the advent of more than 20 gem-quality junior college transfers garnered by coach Mike White. Best of the group are back Darryl Smith and pass catcher Oliver Williams.

Northwestern is starting all over once again—this time with a new coaching staff headed by Dennis Green. The athletic program has been disgracefully neglected by university bigwigs for many years now, and it will take many more years and lots of money and hard work to make the Wildcats competitive in the Big Ten. This year's squad is (as usual) painfully thin, though a good harvest of recruits may bring much-needed help.

Central Michigan will again win the Mid-American Conference championship. The Chippewas are deep and have the strong leadership of 22 senior lettermen. If quarterback Stephen Jones continues to mature, he will provide a multidimensional attack that will drive opposing defensive coordinators batty.

Coach Bill Mallory has turned the Northern Illinois football program around in only one year and there is nothing but optimism in DeKalb about the coming season. A solid group of returnees is joined by a promising contingent of freshmen. But injuries could be disastrous in several areas in which the squad is previously thin.

Western Michigan will also challenge for the conference title. The passing attack will be much better, but a lot will depend on whether or not a dependable fullback can be turned up.

Last year's injury epidemic gave Toledo's young players much battle hardening that will pay dividends this fall. The defense, led by strong safety Mike Kennedy, will be one of the league's best. Quarterback Jim Kelso, playing behind a veteran offensive wall, is likely to

Missouri
5 ML.

yeast and
very fine

*"Michelob after work
makes you glad there's a rush hour."*

MICHELLOB

BEER

*Put a little
weekend
in your week.*



become one of the best in school history.

The major problem at Ball State will be finding a new quarterback. Either of two promising freshmen, Neil Britt or Jerry Eakle, should nail down the job by midseason.

The cumulative effect of three good recruiting years will become apparent at Bowling Green this autumn. The Falcons will still be young, especially in the offensive line, where maturity is so important; but they should rapidly improve as the season progresses.

Last fall the Miami Redskins suffered only their second losing season since 1943. This year coach Tom Reed has installed the power-I formation to better exploit the talents of several good runners. The receivers will be excellent, also, but a take-charge quarterback must be found in summer drills. Leadership may be a problem—only five seniors will make the traveling squad.

Ohio University suffered depletion in both lines, so this year's fortunes depend largely on how the replacements come through. Diminutive quarterback Sam Shon will become one of the school's all-time best if he gets adequate protection and avoids getting hurt.

New Kent State coach Ed Chlebek, an offensive specialist, will concentrate on putting a lot of points on the scoreboard. A brilliant group of freshmen, including four promising quarterbacks, is so talented that only three of the 11 returning offensive starters are assured

of keeping their jobs.

A fine crop of recruits will help Eastern Michigan in its long climb to conference competitiveness. Best of the newcomers is junior college quarterback J. F. Green, a running specialist. If last year's injury plague isn't repeated, the Hurons could pull off some startling upsets.

Last year a magnificent Notre Dame defense held the fort while a young offensive platoon (including a freshman quarterback) matured. This fall the defense will be even stronger and the attack unit not only will be older but will profit from a new system that will be more versatile. The biggest intangible in South Bend is new coach Gerry Faust. He seems to have all personal and professional prerequisites for greatness, but moving from a high school coaching job to the most prestigious college position in the country could be a difficult transition. College players are vastly more mature and independent than high school kids. During spring practice, Faust upbraided one of his quarterbacks for saying "Oh, shit!" when a pass went astray. That kind of coaching may not sit well with 21- and 22-year-olds. Also, the intense glare of the limelight that limns the life of a Notre Dame coach and the intense personal pressures that go with the job can be overwhelming at times. Faust is a great motivator, however, and with all the power he has available, this could be one of the great-

est Irish teams ever. The prime obstacle is the opposition. Unlike the Mickey Mouse schedules of recent years, this one includes at least seven biggies.

Most college teams would be disappointed with a 5-6 finish, but for last year's extremely young Louisville team, it was a wild success. With 49 lettermen returning, Cardinal fans are having pre-season fantasies about a post-season bowl bid. The Cards' defensive backfield will be one of the best in the country.

Cincinnati will also be much stronger because of accrued experience. Another plus will be the renewed enthusiasm instilled by new coach Mike Gottfried, who has a reputation for reviving comatose football programs.

This will be a banner year at Florida. The turnaround last season was one of the most dramatic in memory, and overall ability is even better this year. The defense, led by Playboy All-America tackle David Galloway, will be awesome. Sophomore quarterback Wayne Peace could become the best anywhere before he graduates. Coach Charley Pell has done a nearly miraculous job of resurrecting Florida's football fortunes in only two years, and in recognition of that accomplishment, we have named him Playboy's Coach of the Year.

Alabama suffered what would be crippling graduation losses for almost any other team in the country. But don't weep for Bear Bryant—he has such a stock pile of waiting talent that this Tide could easily roll to another national championship. The offense will be more forceful (backfield speed is the best in decades) if a consistent arm can be found among several promising quarterback candidates. The defensive platoon, led by Playboy All-America defensive back Jim Bob Harris, will be as salty as ever. Look for freshman punter Terry Sanders to be an immediate star.

Louisiana State had a much better season in 1980 than anyone but the most ardent Tiger supporters thought possible. Most of the credit goes to coach Jerry Stovall, who took over at LSU under the most trying of circumstances. With a year for the coaching staff and players to become acclimated to one another, and with 15 returning starters and with what is the best group of recruits in more than 20 years, the Tigers will be roaring. The schedule, however, is arduous—Alabama and Notre Dame are the first two meetings. Two transfer tackles, Bill Elko and Dean Guidry, were sensations during spring practice and should help make the Bengal defense nearly impregnable.

Emory Bellard has done almost as impressive a job at Mississippi State. The Bulldogs sneaked up on a lot of inattentive teams last fall but won't have that



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advantage this time. Elusive quarterback John Bond, a master of the triple option, was a freshman sensation a year ago and will now be even better. If adequate depth can be found for the line in front of him, and if the Bulldogs can avoid complacency, they could be a top-ten team.

Coach Johnny Majors' rebuilding project at Tennessee is progressing—slowly. The Vols are still looking for stability behind the center. Quarterback Steve Alatorre was in command as spring practice ended. He will, fortunately, have first-rate receivers, but his offensive line is questionable at best. Defensive tackle Reggie White looks like a future All-America.

Ole Miss will be much stronger, largely because last year's extremely young defense has done a lot of growing up. Stellar quarterback John Fourcade and a talented group of targets, the best of whom is Breck Tyler, will give the Rebels a potent aerial circus.

There will be both quality and quantity in Kentucky's skilled positions this season, but almost everything else is precarious. The offense will be more wide open and a fine stable of running backs is available; but if injuries are frequent, the Wildcats will be in trouble. Gigantic freshman Doug Williams will provide immediate help in the offensive trenches.

Despite the return of sensational Playboy All-America runner Herschel Walker, this looks like an off year for Georgia. Graduation brought erosion,

and the element of surprise—so important a year ago—will be missing. Coach Vince Dooley must find both a place kicker and a dependable backup for field general Buck Belue and must rebuild the secondary. In short, the Bulldogs will have to spend a year regrouping.

Vanderbilt will be stronger this year, but the schedule, as always, is out of sight. The Commodores can be very exciting when they have the ball. Two good quarterbacks (Whit Taylor and Van Heflin) are available and the offensive line, led by guard Ken Hammond, will be steadfast.

This will be a start-over-from-the-bottom effort for Auburn. New coach Pat Dye has imparted intensity and spirit to his charges, but the talent cupboard is nearly bare. The War Eagles will probably win some games on guts and determination alone, but Dye will need a few good recruiting years to return Auburn to its once-powerful position. Says an assistant coach, "We'll just have a bunch of no-names playing hellacious football, but give us time and we'll get the job done."

From top to bottom, the Atlantic Coast Conference will be the most improved league in the country. More than half the teams have a good chance to win bowl invitations. They'll spend the autumn knocking one another off, so who wins the conference may be mostly a matter of luck.

North Carolina seems to have the best chance to survive. The Tar Heel offensive platoon will be more potent than

a year ago. Tailback Kelvin Bryant and quarterback Rod Elkins are potentially the best at their positions on anyone's gridiron. Four members of last year's

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Florida	9-2	Mississippi	6-5
Alabama	9-2	Kentucky	6-5
Louisiana State	8-3	Georgia	4-7
Mississippi State	8-3	Vanderbilt	3-8
Tennessee	6-5	Auburn	2-9

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

North Carolina	9-2	Duke	6-5
Clemson	7-3	Maryland	5-6
North Carolina State	7-4	Wake Forest	4-7
Georgia Tech	7-4	Virginia	3-8

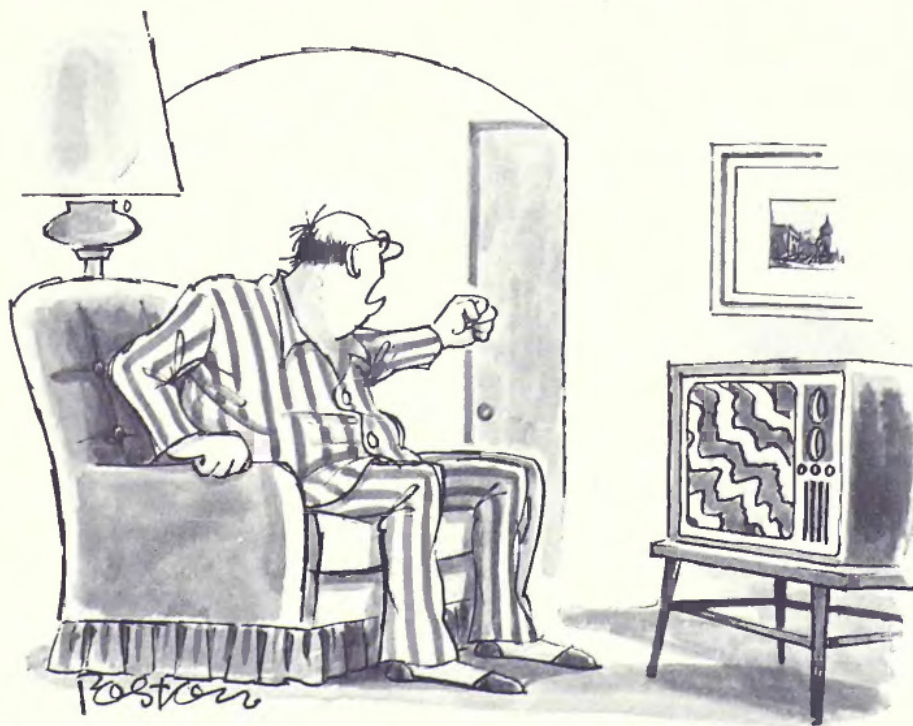
SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Furman	8-3	Virginia Military	4-6
The Citadel	8-3	Marshall	4-7
Chattanooga	6-5	Appalachian State	4-7
Western Carolina	6-5		
East Tennessee	5-6		

INDEPENDENTS

Virginia Tech	8-3	Florida State	6-5
Southern Mississippi	8-3	East Carolina	6-5
Miami	7-4	Richmond	5-5
South Carolina	8-4	William & Mary	5-6
Tulane	7-4	Memphis State	2-9

TOP PLAYERS: Galloway, Peace, Clark, Young (Florida); Harris, Wilcox, Lyles, Boyd (Alabama); Risher, Gambrell, Dardar, Britt (Louisiana State); Cooks, Bond (Mississippi State); White, Cofer, North, Hancock (Tennessee); Fourcade, Otis (Mississippi); Fielder, Campbell (Kentucky); Walker, Belue, Payne, Weaver (Georgia); Hammond, Heflin, Arnold (Vanderbilt); Uecker, Harris (Auburn); Bryant, Nicholson (North Carolina); Tuttle, Nanney, Davis (Clemson); Abraham, Quick, Koehne, Williams (North Carolina State); Kelley, Lutz (Georgia Tech); Tabron, Bennett (Duke); Wysocki, Tice (Maryland); Duckett, Baldinger (Wake Forest); Anderson, Chester (Virginia); Anderson, Gheesling (Furman); Pipczynski, Walker (The Citadel); Woods, Rouse (Chattanooga); Dorsey, McGill (Western Carolina); Ferrell, Patterson (East Tennessee); Allen, Beckham (Virginia Military); Orr, Liebe (Marshall); Medlin, Wilson (Appalachian State); Brown, Lawrence (Virginia Tech); Collier, Tillman (Southern Mississippi); Williams, Canei, Marion, Kelly, Nicolas (Miami); Provence, Slaughter (South Carolina); Holman, Robinson (Tulane); Stark, Brannon (Florida State); Robbins, Wiley (East Carolina); Redden, Seale (Richmond); Cannon, Garrity (William & Mary); Adams, Williams (Memphis State).



"Damn it, Helen, can't you leave the vibrator off until the movie is over?"

defensive front are missing, but the replacements are promising and the line-backing crew is ferocious.

If North Carolina fails, either Clemson or North Carolina State will be waiting in the wings. The entire Clemson offensive unit returns and greater maturity should prevent a repeat of last season's case of fumbleitis. Quarterback Homer Jordan and glue-fingered Perry Tuttle will be one of the nation's top passing duos. Jeff Davis, a savage line-backer, is the emotional sparkplug of a defensive unit that is expected to

improve as the season progresses.

North Carolina State will be a good bet, because the squad will be both deeper and older. Coach Monte Kiffin has switched to the I formation to make better use of available skills and to capitalize on the play-action passing of Tol Avery, whose efficiency increased dramatically during spring drills. Kiffin recruited several blue-chip runners, bluest of whom is Joe McIntosh. This season's fortunes depend largely on how well the defensive tackles perform. The linebackers, led by Playboy All-America Robert Abraham, are devastating.

Georgia Tech will field one of the most strengthened teams in the nation. The Jackets play the same brutal schedule, but 17 starters return and last year's rash of injuries probably won't be repeated. Nimble quarterback Mike Kelley will be challenged for his job by transfer Jim Bob Taylor. Another newcomer, Robert Lavette, will add quickness to the backfield. David Lutz will be one of the best offensive tackles in the A.C.C.

Duke will also be a team worth noticing. The pro passing attack installed by offensive coordinator (and former Heisman Trophy winner) Steve Spurrier last season was a striking success. Sophomore quarterback Ben Bennett and his corps of pass catchers are among the best in the South. If freshman runners Mike Atkinson and Julius Grantham can provide a badly needed breakaway threat, the Blue Devils will raise hell on offense. The key to the season, however, will be how much the defenders improve—they were awful last year. Some talented freshmen and extra muscle added during an off-season weight program should help.

Maryland lost most of its starters to graduation, but by midseason the Terps will be back to full strength. Some new wrinkles have been added to the attack, which was less than spectacular a year ago. The Terp coaches spent the winter getting some pointers from the Washington Redskins offensive staff.

If a solid starting quarterback emerges (David Webber is the top prospect for the job), the Wake Forest team will be as good as last year's edition. Trouble is, the conference competition will be a lot stiffer. The Deacons' receiving corps, led by Kenny Duckett, is top grade, so look for Wake Forest to be a passing team again.

Virginia's success—or lack thereof—will be decided largely by how well the restructured offensive line holds up. The Cavalier defenders will be the best in many years; former tackle Stuart Anderson has been switched to linebacker and should be a terror. Look for running back Quentin Walker to make a big splash.

Prospects are bright at Furman. The offensive platoon returns nearly intact, the passing game will be improved and

last year's freshman running sensation, Stanford Jennings, should be better than ever.

The Citadel will again have a potent attack, led by tailback Danny Miller. But the strength of the Bulldog squad will be the defensive team, which returns nearly unchanged.

Chattanooga will have one of the better teams in the Southern Conference, but the nonconference schedule may preclude an impressive won-lost record. Graduation took a serious toll, so much rebuilding remains to be done, especially in the offensive front wall. If the youngsters come through, the Moccasins could again take the title.

Western Carolina, East Tennessee and Marshall will be the most upgraded teams in the Southern Conference, but all three have a long way to go. Western Carolina's anemic running attack will be invigorated by the arrival of Melvin Dorsey, a transfer from Georgia, who was a smash in spring practice.

East Tennessee's quarterback problem will be solved by the return of Donnie Ruis, but the defensive line will be a problem. Some immediate help will come from a busload of recruits.

If Virginia Military can solve its quarterback problem (five recruits will vie for the position), the Keydets will be respectable. Floyd Allen is one of the

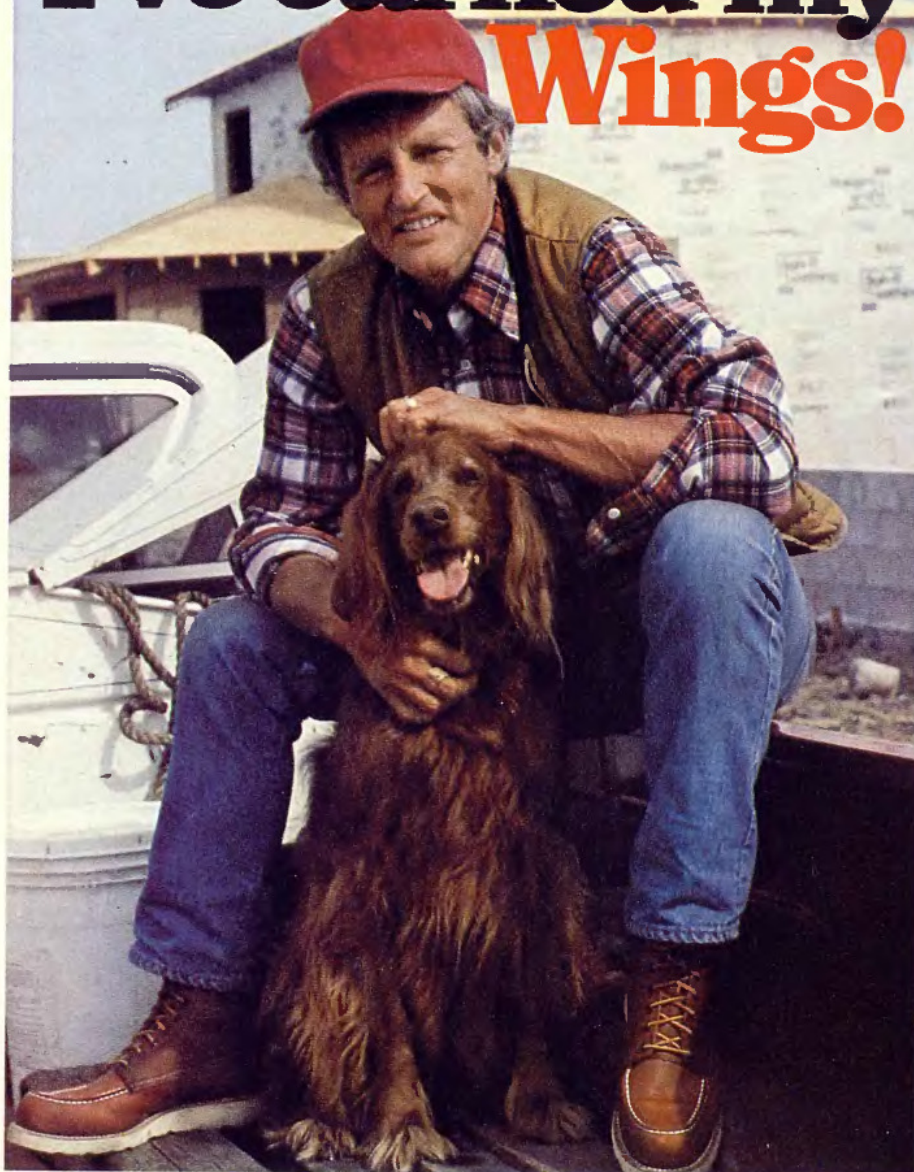
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The Marshall team has never won a Southern Conference game in its four years in the league, but the jinx should be broken this season. The limp offense will be firmed up by added depth brought in by a promising group of freshmen and junior college transfers.

After two years as a gung-ho throwing team, Appalachian State will revert to its traditional ground-oriented style. The reasons are the presence of the best fleet of running backs in school history and the graduation of last year's entire passing attack.

The administration at Virginia Tech made a commitment in 1978 to make the school a leading football power, and the construction job done by coach Bill Dooley is right on schedule. For three years, Dooley has made a nearly complete sweep of top high school talent in the state of Virginia. One of this year's native recruits, tackle Bruce Smith, should be a starter and could become a star. The Tech schedule is tough, but the outlook for the immediate future—like this very fall—is quite bright.

Southern Mississippi was football champion of the state in 1980, much to the embarrassment of Ole Miss and Mississippi State. The Eagles will be an even tougher band this year, but the surprise factor will be missing and the schedule is an obstacle course. Quarterback Reggie Collier shows signs of maturing into a superb passer, so look for the Eagles to throw the ball much more than in recent years. The season revolves around how quickly the new offensive line jells.

Although Miami will be stronger, it's unlikely that any other team in the country faces such a nightmarish schedule—the Hurricanes could be among the nation's ten best teams and still not have a sparkling won-lost record. The defense will again be frightening. Playboy All-America Lester Williams may be the best defensive tackle in the nation. With a little luck (and with such an impressive schedule), the Hurricanes could be a dark-horse contender for the national title.

The question South Carolina fans are asking is, "How can our Gamecocks survive the loss of Heisman Trophy winner George Rogers?" The answer is, "Not very well at first." The offensive unit will be young, but quality players abound, so the attack could be as strong as ever by midseason. The offense will be more versatile and more air-minded than in recent seasons. The defense will again be unyielding.

Graduation played havoc with both of Tulane's lines, so this season's fortunes depend on how the young trenchmen do their jobs. The Greenies will be a passing team, because their receivers are gifted (tight end Rodney Holman is one of the best in the country) and



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quarterback Paul Catanese has immense potential. Coach Vince Gibson had another excellent recruiting year, so look for Tulane to be a major power soon.

Losses to graduation will prevent the 1981 Florida State team from duplicating last year's excellent record. The worst casualties were in the defensive platoon, where only one starter returns. Further clouding the outlook is the schedule. The Seminoles play Nebraska, Ohio State, Notre Dame, Pittsburgh and LSU in succession—on the road.

Last fall, East Carolina suffered its first losing season since 1971, mostly because of the overwhelming injuries. This will be a much more experienced squad and a good recruiting class will bring instant help at key positions. The Pirates will have one of the fastest defensive units in the country.

Richmond will continue its resurgence from a winless season two years ago. At least part of the success story is due to coach Dal Shealy's innovative tactics (the offensive linemen, for example: are spread at least a yard from each other). This year's star will be Barry Redden, one of college football's better runners.

Although William & Mary will be a sophomore-dominated team, it will be much stronger than a year ago. Quarterback Chris Garrity will be superb if he gets a little protection.

Memphis State begins an ambitious rebuilding project under new coach Rex Dockery. The prospects for this season are rather bleak, because the squad is extremely young and talent is sparse. Dockery had an excellent recruiting year, though.

Oklahoma again will be a contender for the mythical national title. The Sooner offense, always potent, will be more so this fall, because the line is loaded with quality and depth. The only possible problems are the absence of a proven tight end and the failure of anyone to take command of the quarterback post in spring practice. The stopper unit, featuring Playboy All-America defensive back Darrell Songy, will be the usual quick, tough and mean group. The schedule features Southern California and Texas in the first four games, and that could pose a problem—the Sooner wishbone attack is notoriously slow starting because of timing factors. Coach Barry Switzer had a bountiful recruiting year (so what else is new?) and several freshmen will see a lot of playing time.

Nebraska's first-line players on both sides of scrimmage will be of the usual quality, but depth could be a severe problem in the defensive area. Fans will be treated to quite a show when the Cornhuskers have the ball. Roger Craig should become one of the best runners in Nebraska history and will be joined

by transfer back Mike Rozier, who could also make some headlines if he picks up the system quickly. Sophomore Turner Gill has the tools to become the fastest and most dangerous quarterback in a month of Saturdays. He will bring an awesome running-passing threat to the quarterback position as soon as he masters the sophisticated Husker offense.

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

Oklahoma	9-2	Oklahoma	7-4
Nebraska	9-2	State	5-6
Iowa State	8-3	Missouri	5-6
Kansas	7-4	Kansas State	5-6
		Colorado	1-10

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Houston	9-2	Texas A & M	7-4
Baylor	9-2	Texas	6-5
Texas	8-3	Christian	5-6
Southern		Texas Tech	2-9
Methodist	7-4	Rice	7-4
Arkansas	7-4		

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

Indiana State	7-4	Illinois State	4-6
Wichita State	7-4	West Texas	4-7
New Mexico		State	4-7
State	7-4	Southern	4-7
Drake	6-5	Illinois	5-6
Tulsa	5-6		

INDEPENDENT

North Texas	
State	6-5

TOP PLAYERS: Songy, Crouch, Key, S. Wilson, Lewis (Oklahoma); Sims, Williams, Rimington, R. Craig (Nebraska); Crutchfield, Giffords, K. Nelson (Iowa State); K. Bell, F. Seurer (Kansas); R. Young, Doerner (Oklahoma State); Edelman, Gibler (Missouri); Wentling, Cokeley (Kansas State); Wood, B. Thurston (Colorado); Fifer, Turner, Phea, Donnie Love (Houston); Abercrombie, McElroy, C. Benson (Baylor); Tausch, Baab, Sims, A. J. J. Jones (Texas); James, Lance McIlhenny, Armstrong (Southern Methodist); Smith, Anderson (Arkansas); Hector, Baldwin (Texas A & M); S. Washington, Stamp (Texas Christian); Rivera, Reeves (Texas Tech); Hubble, Fortune (Rice); Shaffer, Allen (Indiana State); McJunkins, Davis (Wichita State); Watson, McAlister (New Mexico State); A. Ware, Dunsmore (Drake); Purifoy, K. Jackson (Tulsa); Hembrough, Office, Camargo (Illinois State); Keller, D. Clark (West Texas State); D. Davis, Poole (Southern Illinois); Harvey, English, Nance (North Texas State).

Spirits are high in Ames, because Iowa State will be a greatly improved team and, with a little luck, could be a contender for the Big Eight championship. Star quarterback John Quinn has recovered from injury and will be backed by promising newcomer Jon English, a transfer from Michigan State. Playboy All-America running back Dwayne Crutchfield will benefit from the blocking of an offensive line that is solid, dependable and big. The defensive corps will be even better than last year's rugged crew. Watch end James Ransom—he was devastating in spring drills.

The win-hungry young players who dominated the 1980 Kansas team are

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joined this season by a group of top-notch junior college transfers. A tougher, smarter, larger and faster team will result. The added experience will be an especially big help to last year's freshmen stars, tailback Kerwin Bell and quarterback Frank Seurer. With added muscle in the line, the Jayhawk offense will be explosive. The schedule will be a help, too—seven games are at home.

The unbelievably bad luck that scuttled Oklahoma State's chances for success last fall (the top three quarterbacks were lost to various maladies) will likely not recur. Top passer John Doerner has recovered fully and will be backed by some 14-carat recruits. The entire Cowboys rookie crop, in fact, is mouth-watering. A number of veterans may find themselves sitting on the bench by the end of the season. The Cowboys, smarting from a disastrous 1980 season, are keeping a low profile; but with the talent on hand, look for them to bush-whack some unsuspecting opponents.

So many of Missouri's best players (including 14 starters) went the diploma route that it will be nearly impossible for the Tigers to duplicate their success of a year ago. Spring practice did not produce a dominant starting quarterback, so either of two freshmen, Chris Erickson or Warren Seitz, could win the job in pre-season drills. The offensive line will be green and thin and will lean heavily on the leadership of Playboy All-America center Brad Edelman.

Kansas State's biggest problem a year ago was a band of undistinguished backs running behind a youthful line. A year's maturation will help the blockers and a

trio of runners (Mark Hundley, Kilisimasi Toluao and Iosefatu Faraimo) will take the heat off the passing game.

Prospects are as bleak as ever at Colorado, and there is little discernible light at the end of the tunnel. The problem is that neither the university administration nor the athletic director really runs the football program. The real powers are a few money-laden business bigwigs who pay many of the bills, call most of the shots and consider coach Chuck Fairbanks their captive celebrity. Fairbanks has finally come to grips with reality and spends more time now recruiting than socializing with board chairmen. This spring's first-year class is a good one, but it's nearly barren of in-state blue chippers. This fall, the Buffalo offense will be remodeled if a take-charge quarterback can be found. The defense, dreadful last season, will remain so.

Lack of leadership was a first cause in Houston's disappointing 7-5 performance last fall. This year the players are hungry for victory and senior linebacker Grady Turner is the most effective leader the squad has had in many years. Coach Bill Yeoman has made several changes in the point-producing system, because opposing defenses have become learned in how to shut down the veer attack. Yeoman has canceled most of his extracurricular activities to spend more time preparing for the coming season and has infected his players with the same determination. All will depend on the two quarterbacks, Audrey McMillian (who was superb in the spring game) and Lionel Wilson. Transfer nose guard Ray

Robinson (from UCLA) will be a big help in holding foes to low numbers.

The Baylor team enjoyed its most successful season in history last fall, and there's enough speed and muscle left in camp to duplicate that feat—with a little luck, of course. The best backfield in the conference returns intact, but the loss of four starters from the offensive line could be a problem. An even bigger difficulty will be replacing the magnificent 1980 linebacking crew.

At Texas, everything depends on whether or not the coaching staff can find a dependable quarterback in pre-season drills. The Longhorns are so deep, talented and experienced at every other position that a banner season is virtually assured if the primary problem can be solved. Playboy All-Americans Terry Tausch and Kenneth Sims are the golden nuggets in the two best lines in the conference.

Graduation and defections have made serious inroads in the Southern Methodist squad, which will make it difficult for the Mustangs to duplicate last fall's uncommon 8-3 record. Returning are quarterback Lance McIlhenny (a freshman sensation last year) and one of the nation's best running-back tandems, Craig James and Eric Dickerson. They will be operating behind an entirely new line of protection.

The Arkansas team's Achilles' heel could be its own offensive line. The starters are good ones, but the reserves are questionable and more than a couple of injuries in the front pits could cause trouble. Gary Anderson, an impressive runner, will carry the ball more often this fall. He will be assisted by transfer Jesse Clark, a 232-pounder who is the power back the Razorbacks have needed for so long. The new defensive scheme should allow fewer points than last year. Coach Lou Holtz says defensive end Billy Ray Smith is the best lineman he has ever coached.

Texas A & M will be a much stronger team, mostly because last season's largely freshman-and-sophomore squad will be a year older. The emergence of quarterback Gary Kubiak in spring training and the running skill of Johnny Hector promise a balanced attack. The offensive line will be strong and the receivers will be first-class. Add to all this a solid defense, and the Aggies—with their best club since 1975—could well be the conference dark horse instead of the nag.

This may be the year when Texas Christian will at last enjoy a winning football season. New speed and muscle come from a squad of junior college recruits. Five of the newcomers won starting jobs in spring drills and a couple of others will probably join them before opening day. The Frogs lost five games last fall in the last three



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minutes, so the added manpower could make a fundamental difference.

New Texas Tech coach Jerry Moore has scrapped the veer attack and installed the I formation. The change should benefit veteran quarterback Ron Reeves, who is a better passer than runner. Reeves already owns a slew of school records and this should be his best year.

All but seven of last year's Rice starters have received their diplomas, so coach Ray Alborn—for the first time in school history—went out and reaped a big harvest of junior college transfers. Best of them is quarterback Michael Calhoun. The transfers will also help rebuild the depleted secondary.

As always, the qualities of the various teams in the Missouri Valley will have little bearing on their relative won-lost records because of the extreme difference in schedule strength. Indiana State, Wichita State and New Mexico State will all field stronger teams. Tulsa, with the best manpower in the league, faces a fearsome schedule.

Indiana State, with 18 starters returning, should have its best team ever.

Wichita State, with three good recruiting crops in a row, has its best manpower in a long time.

The New Mexico State squad will profit greatly from added maturity, especially on the defensive side. A good crop of junior college transfers, best of whom is runner Donald Stagg, will bring much help.

Drake coach Chuck Shelton must find a first-class quarterback and rebuild the secondary if his Bulldogs are to approach last year's success.

Tulsa has been defense-oriented for the past couple of years, but this season a big-play offense will carry the load. The team will need to retain its ability to win close games until the holes in the defensive unit are filled, or the Hurricanes will be blown away. A siloful of recruits reported for pre-season practice. Best of the lot is linebacker Daniel Wallace, who should become an instant starter. A rugged nonconference slate will likely prevent an impressive won-lost record, but the Hurricane is still a good bet for the M.V.C. championship.

Illinois State enters Missouri Valley Conference competition with a new coach (Bob Otolski), a favorable early-season schedule and an outside chance to post its first winning season since 1974.

The need for high-caliber linemen on both sides of the line will prevent West Texas State from winning often in 1981.

Southern Illinois will have a more explosive offense than in the past few years, but most of the opposing teams will have stronger forces, too, making victories harder to come by.

Look for a strong resurgence at North

Texas State within the next couple of years. New coach Bob Tyler is a walking dynamo, a workaholic, one of the smartest coaches in the land and—most important—a skilled and persuasive recruiter. The Mean Green will probably show eye-opening progress this year. If the young quarterbacks get their bearings early, the passing will be spectacular, because Tyler says his receivers are the best he's ever been around. Flanker Pete Harvey may have the best hands in the country. Excessive injuries must be avoided, because the schedule is a backbreaker.

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC TEN

Southern California	10-1	Washington State	6-5
Arizona State	9-2	Arizona	5-6
UCLA	8-3	California	4-7
Oregon	8-3	Oregon State	1-10
Stanford	6-5		

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

Brigham Young	11-1	Wyoming	4-7
Utah	7-4	San Diego State	3-8
Colorado State	7-5	Texas-El Paso	3-8
New Mexico	7-5	Air Force	3-8
Hawaii	5-6		

PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE

San Jose State	7-4	Long Beach State	4-6
Pacific	6-5	Fullerton State	4-7
Utah State	5-6	Fresno State	3-8

TOP PLAYERS: Banks, Foster, Allen, Brown (Southern California); Richardson, Maxwell, Gittens (Arizona State); Wrightman, Eatman, Carney (UCLA); R. Brown, Williams, S. Brown, Cosgrove (Oregon); Nelson, Elway, Tyler, Macaulay (Stanford); Stewart, Jenkins, Nelson (Washington); Sorenson, Blakeney (Washington State); Hunley, Fulcher (Arizona); Dixon, Salem (California); Levasa, Holmes (Oregon State); McMahon, Plater, Oates, Pettis (Brigham Young); Clark, Campbell (Utah); Augustine, Sheesley (Colorado State); M. Carter, Parks (New Mexico); Allen, Sapolu, Noga (Hawaii); Salley, P. Davis (Wyoming); Kofler, Stabilein (San Diego State); Thompson, Benefield (Texas-El Paso); Sundquist, Jackson (Air Force); Willhite, Clarkson, Bailey (San Jose State); Meszaros, Harmon (Pacific); Christensen, Angell (Utah State); Settles, Schoonover (Long Beach State); Burnett, Boswell (Fullerton State); Woods, Ellard (Fresno State).

Southern California will again be a strong contender for the national championship. The Trojans' offense, a disappointment last year, will be much more reliable. Three prime candidates are competing for the starting quarterback spot, and the running game, featuring tailback Marcus Allen, will be one of the nation's best. Playboy All-America Roy Foster anchors the traditionally beefy offensive line. The defense, built around Playboy All-America linebacker Chip Banks, will again be excellent if three graduated starters can be replaced in the secondary.

This is the second year for the new coaching staff at Arizona State. With the

shakedown over, with more squad stability and with 19 returning first-stringers, the Sun Devils could be the most improved team in the West. With better running to go with a still-excellent passing attack, ASU will be hard to stop. The ground defense, last year's most glaring weakness, will be sturdier because of maturation and the arrival of transfer linebacker Mike Langston. The only possible problem area is the secondary, but it will also be reinforced by several junior college transfers, best of whom is Duane Galloway.

The biggest change at UCLA this fall will be a greatly expanded aerial capability. Incumbent quarterback Tom Ramsey, despite his ample ability, could be displaced by gem-quality sophomore Steve Bono. The receiving crew, with Playboy All-America tight end Tim Wrightman and stellar split end Cormac Carney, is also talent-laden. Sophomore Kevin Nelson, younger brother of Stanford's Darrin Nelson, will be the newest member of the Bruins' traditional line of terrific tailbacks. Playboy All-America tackle Irv Eatman will be the fulcrum of another formidable defensive unit.

If all the variables fall into place, this could be a watershed year for the Oregon Ducks. There is depth at almost every position. The addition of the Ducks' only junior college recruit, tackle Mike Gray, will make the defense as tough as last year's. Reggie Brown and Vince Williams head a willing and able rushing corps. The schedule will also help—the nonconference opponents are mostly pushovers and the Ducks don't have to play Southern California.

Stanford fans won't notice much difference in their team from that of a year ago. The Cardinal offense will again be the most high-powered on the West Coast, but the defense will be shaky and porous. Two Playboy All-Americans in the Stanford backfield, quarterback John Elway and runner Darrin Nelson, will make the Cards a scoring threat every time the ball is centered. Some recruits who were prep superstars ought to help stabilize the defensive unit by season's end.

Washington's starting offensive unit was demolished by 1981 graduation ceremonies. A seasoned defense will have to hold the fort while the young attack crew gets its act together. Either Tim Cowan or Steve Pelluer will be calling the signals. The receivers, fortunately, are top-grade.

Washington State's offense will also be almost completely refurbished. Clete Casper has the tools to be the next in an impressive series of Cougars quarterbacks, but by season's end he could be displaced by freshman Mark Rypien, who was widely touted as the top prep quarterback in the nation last fall. Runner Tim Harris could break the Washington

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Consumer Products Division **MILES**

State career rushing record this season. The best news in Pullman is that the defense, which has climbed from dreadful to merely bad the past two seasons, will be much sturdier.

There is optimism at Arizona because the Wildcats, though extremely young, look capable and the schedule contains a few well-spaced breathers. Half of the 22 positions could be filled by sophomores. A big plus will be the fact that coach Larry Smith and his staff have been in Tucson a year and their systems and methods are now familiar to the players.

California's starting units will also be heavily populated with sophomores. Linebacker Rich Dixon will be the only senior starter. Nevertheless, this will be an enhanced Golden Bear effort. New offensive coordinator Darrell Davis has installed an attack called the Run and Shoot. We'll have to wait and see what that means, but the Bears will reportedly fill the air with passes (as usual).

The Oregon State Beavers will be stronger in every area—which isn't a difficult accomplishment in view of last year's winless record. The best news is in the defensive department, thanks to six top-of-the-line junior college transfers. Coach Joe Avezano also recruited three speed burners to juice up the ground attack. The Beavers are probably still a couple of years away from a winning season.

Brigham Young will have neither the depth nor the experience of last year's team, but there are enough strapping players in camp to assure another conference championship. The BYU athletic program is a first-class operation (though it is generally overlooked in more populous areas of the country) and yearly receives injections of new talent not only from recruits but from church-mission

returnees. Although the offensive line needs rebuilding, latter-day saint Jim McMahon is back at quarterback and Danny Plater will be there to catch McMahon's bombs. Enough said.

A greatly improved defensive unit, led by tackle Steve Clark, will lead Utah to a winning record this fall.

Colorado State will be an air-minded success if sophomore quarterback Terry Nugent even approaches his potential.

New Mexico will be the most improved team in the Western Athletic Conference. Fourteen of the 24 starters return and most of the wounded have recovered fully from last season's horrendous plague of injuries. Coach Joe Morrison needs only one more good recruiting year to make the Lobos prime contenders for the W.A.C. title.

This will be an iffy year in Hawaii. The Rainbow Warriors enjoyed their best season in the team's Division One history last season, but graduation wiped out the heart of the offense. With a good group of runners and a promising front line, the Rainbows will be keeping the ball on the ground this fall.

Wyoming faces the same old problem—a constant turnover of coaches. There have been five head coaches in Laramie since 1974. The seniors on this team have played under three of them. This year's new coach is Al Kincaid, who will retain the wishbone offense, because Phil Davis is a master at operating that attack. Even so, the defense and the kicking game will be the squad's strongest suits.

San Diego State will also have a new coach, Doug Scovil, who will reinstate the pass as the Aztecs' prime weapon. Last year's major weakness, the offensive line, will be beefed up by a half-dozen outsized recruits.

Seven new assistant coaches, an influx

of junior college transfers and some convalescents from last year's injury plague should make this a better season for Texas-El Paso. The Miners hope to provide some help for runner-receiver Delbert Thompson, who was a one-man show a year ago.

The Air Force team will benefit from accrued maturity, but linemen will still be scarce—270-pound tackles don't make good fighter pilots. The search is on for a new quarterback and new wide receivers among the incoming recruits.

As the season opens, San Jose State appears to have a lock on the Pacific Coast Conference championship. The only uncertainty in the Spartans' outlook is the youthful offensive line, but coach Jack Elway recruited a contingent of large junior college transfers as building blocks. The offense should be spectacular. Quarterback Steve Clarkson has a slingshot arm and ball carrier Gerald Willhite is a legitimate Heisman Trophy candidate.

Pacific coach Bob Toledo is making his third effort at building a freshman-oriented football program, a major departure from the junior college transfer emphasis of other schools. As a result, Pacific still suffers from extreme youth, but prospects are bright. This team will be a contender for the conference championship, but the nonconference schedule is brutal. Most of the key offensive performers return, including three excellent quarterbacks and receiver Rainey Meszaros, who caught more passes for more yardage than anyone else in the division last fall.

The Utah State passing attack has been little short of phenomenal the past couple of years, but most of the leading actors in that aerial show are gone. Ergo, the Aggies will have to depend on a trio of outstanding tailbacks to put points on the scoreboard. Both lines will be staunch, though, and the defense will be much improved.

It looks like a long year in Long Beach unless a lot of unknown youngsters come through in a big way. Missing are 17 of last year's starters, ten of whom were good enough to get pro contracts. The new quarterback will likely be Paul Gagliardi. Ron Settles will be one of the better runners on the West Coast if he can stay healthy.

Fullerton State faces the toughest schedule in school history. Complicating matters will be a very green defense and a new recruiting strategy aimed, like Pacific's, at garnering freshmen rather than more mature junior college transfers.

Fresno State coach Jim Sweeney will try to cure last season's lack of scoring punch by juicing up his pro-style "throw it" offense with a much stronger running attack featuring Steve Woods.



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"Standing there with her bathing suit slightly awry, she tugs it straight and blushes."

go screw himself instead of driving every weekend to the Jersey shore."

"Ronnie, Harry's trying to tell a story," Thelma says.

"It hardly seems worth it," he says, enjoying now the prolonged focus on him, the comedy of delay. Sunshine on the mountain. The second gin is percolating through his system and elevating his spirits. He loves this crowd, his crowd, and the crowds at the other tables, too, that are free to send delegates over and mingle with theirs, everybody knowing everybody else, and the kids in the pool, that somebody would save even if that caramel-colored lifeguard-girl weren't on duty, and loves the fact that this is all on credit, the club not taking its bite until the tenth of every month.

Now they coax him. "Come on, Harry, don't be a prick," Buddy's girl says. She's using his name now, he has to find hers. Gretchen. Ginger. Maybe those aren't actually pimples on her thighs, just a rash from chocolate or poison oak. She looks allergic, that slightly pushed-in face. Defects come in clusters.

"So this doctor," he concedes, "is hauled into court for killing a goose on the course with a golf club."

"What club?" Ronnie asks.

"I knew you'd ask that," Harry says. "If not you, some other jerk."

"I'd think a sand wedge," Buddy says, "right at the throat. 'D clip the head right off."

"Too short in the handle, you couldn't get close enough," Ronnie argues. He squints as if to judge a distance. "I'd say a five or even an easy four would be the right stick. Hey, Harry, how about that five-iron I put within a gimme on the fifteenth from way out on the other side of the sand trap? In deep rough, yet."

"You nudged it," Harry says.

"Hch?"

"I saw you nudge the ball up to give yourself a lie."

"Let's get this straight. You're saying I cheated."

"Something like that."

"Let's hear the story, Harry," Webb Murkett says, lighting another cigarette to dramatize his patience.

Ginger was in the ball park. Thelma Harrison is staring at him through big brown sunglasses tinted darker at the top like a windshield. "So the doctor's defense evidently was that he had hit the goose with a golf ball and injured it badly enough he had to put it out of its misery. Then this announcer said, it

seemed cute at the time—"

"Wait a minute, sweetie, I don't understand," Janice says. "You mean he threw a golf ball at this goose?"

"Oh, my God," Rabbit says, "am I ever sorry I got started on this. Let's go home."

"No, tell me," Janice says, looking panicked.

"He didn't throw the ball, the goose was on the fairway probably by some pond and the guy's drive or whatever it was—"

"Could have been his second shot and he shanked it," Buddy offers.

His nameless girlfriend looks around and in that fake little-girl voice asks, "Are geese allowed on golf courses? I mean, that may be stupid, Buddy's the first golfer I've gone out with—"

"You call that a golfer?" Ronnie interrupts.

Buddy tells them, "I've read somewhere about a course in Alaska where there's caribou wander. Maybe it's Sweden."

"I've heard of moose on courses in Maine," Webb Murkett says. Lowering sun flames in his twisted eyebrows. He seems sad. Maybe he's feeling the liquor, too, for he rambles on, "Wonder why you never hear of a Swedish golfer. You hear of Bjorn Borg and this fella Stenmark."

Rabbit decides to ride it through. "So the announcer says, 'A mercy killing, or murder most foul?'"

"Ouch," someone says.

Ronnie is pretending to ruminate, "Maybe you'd be better off with a four wood, and play the goose off your left foot."

"Nobody heard the punch line," Harry protests.

"I heard it," Thelma Harrison says.

"We all heard it," Buddy says. "It's just very distressing to me," he goes on, and looks very severe in his steel-rimmed glasses, so the women at first take him seriously, "that nobody here, I mean nobody, has shown any sympathy for the goose."

"Somebody sympathized enough to bring the man to court," Webb Murkett points out.

"I discover myself," Buddy complains sternly, "in the midst of a crowd of people who while pretending to be liberal and tolerant are really antigoose."

"Who, me?" Ronnie says, making his voice high as if goosed. Rabbit hates this kind of humor, but the others seem to enjoy it, including the women.

Cindy has returned glistening from her swim. Standing there with her bathing suit slightly awry, she tugs it straight and blushes in the face of their laughter. "Are you talking about me?" The little cross glints beneath the hollow of her throat. Her feet look pale on the pool-side flagstones. Funny how pale the tops of feet stay.

Webb gives his wife's wide hips a sideways hug. "No, honey. Harry was telling us a shaggy-goose story."

"Tell me, Harry."

"Not now. Nobody liked it. Webb will tell you."

The waitress in her green-and-white uniform comes up to them. "Mrs. Angstrom."

The words shock Harry, as if his mother has been resurrected.

"Yes," Janice answers matter-of-factly.

"Your mother is on the phone."

"Oh, lordy, what now?" Janice stands, lurches slightly, composes herself. She sets her mouth primly to match her prim little dark bangs. She takes her beach towel from the back of her chair and wraps it around her hips rather than walk in mere bathing suit past dozens of people into the clubhouse. "What do you think it is?" she asks Harry.

He shrugs. "Maybe she's wondering why there's no food in the fridge."

A dig in that, delivered openly. The awful girlfriend titters. Harry is ashamed of himself, thinking in contrast of Webb's sideways hug of Cindy's hips. This kind of company will do a marriage in if you let it. He doesn't want to get sloppy.

In defiance Janice asks, "Honey, could you order me another vod and ton while I'm gone?"

"No." He softens this to "I'll think about it," but the chill has been put on the party.

The Murketts consult and conclude it may be time to go, they have a 13-year-old baby sitter, a neighbor's child. The same sunlight that ignited his eyebrows lights the halo of fine hairs standing up from the goose bumps on her thighs. Not bothering with any towel around her, she saunters to the ladies' locker room to change, her pale feet gripping the tiles. Wait, leaving black prints on the gray flagstones. Wait, wait, the Sunday, the weekend cannot be by, a golden sip remains in the glass. On the transparent tabletop among the wire chairs drinks have left a ghostly clockwork of rings refracted into visibility by the declining light. A cool touch suddenly in the air. She has called out to them from a darker older world he remembers but wants to stay buried, a world of constant clothing and airless front parlors, of coalbins and narrow houses with spitefully drawn shades, where the farmer's drudgery and the millworker's lowered like twin



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ESCORT has a sixth sense for radar. That's good because radar situations vary tremendously. On the average, though, ESCORT can provide 3 to 5 times the range of ordinary detectors. To illustrate the importance of this difference, imagine a radar trap set up ¼ mile beyond the crest of a hill. A conventional detector would give warning barely before the crest; scant seconds before appearing in full range of the radar. In this example, a 3 times increase in range improves the margin to 30 seconds before the crest. For this kind of precognition, ESCORT must have 100 times as much sensitivity as the absolute best conventional units have. What makes this possible is, in a word, superheterodyne.

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The second difference

All this performance makes things interesting. When

a conventional detector sounds off, you know that radar is close at hand. However, a detector with ESCORT's range might find radar 10 miles away on the prairies. In the mountains, on the other hand, ESCORT can be limited to less than ½ mile warning. Equipped with conventional light and noise alarms, you wouldn't know whether the radar was a few seconds or 10 minutes from greeting you. The solution to this dilemma is ESCORT's unique signal strength indicating system. It consists of a soothing, variable rate beep that reacts to radar like a Geiger counter and an illuminated meter for fine definition. Its smooth and precise action relates signal strength clearly over a wide range. With a little practice, you can judge distance from its readings. An abrupt, strong reading tells you that a nearby radar has just been switched on; something other detectors leave you guessing about.

Nice extras

ESCORT has a few extras that make owning it even more special. The audible warning has a volume control you can adjust to your liking. It also sounds different depending on which radar band is being received. K band doesn't travel as far so its sound is more urgent. The alert lamp is photoelectrically dimmed after dark so it doesn't interfere with your night vision. And a unique city/highway switch adjusts X band sensitivity for fewer distractions from radar burglar alarms that share the police frequency.

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clouds over land and city. Here, clean children shivering with their sudden emergence into the thinner element are handed towels by their mothers. Cindy's towel hangs on her empty chair. To be Cindy's towel and to be sat upon by her: The thought dries Harry's mouth. To stick your tongue in just as far as it would go while her pussy tickles your nose. No pimples in that crotch. Heaven. He looks up and sees the shaggy mountain shouldering into the sun still, though the chairs are making long shadows, lozenge checkerboards. Buddy Ingelfinger is saying to Webb Murkett in a low voice whose vehemence is not ironical, "Ask yourself sometime who benefits from inflation. The people in debt benefit, society's losers. The Government benefits because it collects more in taxes without raising the rates. Who doesn't benefit? The man with money in his pocket, the man who's paid his bills. That's why"—Buddy's voice drops to a conspiratorial hiss—"that man is vanishing like the red Indian. Why should I work," he asks Webb, "when the money is taken right out of my pocket for the benefit of those who don't?"

Harry is thinking his way along the

mountain ridge, where clouds are lifting like a form of steam. As if in motion Mt. Pemaquid cleaves the summer sky and sun, though poolside is in shadow now. Thelma is saying cheerfully to the girlfriend, "Astrology, palm reading, psychiatry—I'm for all of it. Anything that helps get you through." Harry is thinking of his own parents. They should have belonged to a club. Living embattled, Mom feuding with the neighbors, Pop and his union hating the men who owned the printing plant where he worked his life away, both of them scorning the few kin that tried to keep in touch, the four of them, Pop and Mom and Hassy and Mim, against the world and a certain guilt attaching to any reaching up and outside for a friend. *Don't trust anybody: Andy Mellon doesn't and I don't.* Dear Pop. He never got out from under. Rabbit basks above that old remembered world, rich, at rest.

Buddy's voice nags on, aggrieved. "Money that goes out of one pocket goes into somebody else's, it doesn't just evaporate. The big boys are getting rich out of this."

A chair scrapes and Rabbit feels Webb stand. His voice comes from a height,

gravely, humorously placating. "Become a big boy yourself I guess is the only answer."

"Oh, sure," Buddy says, knowing he is being put off.

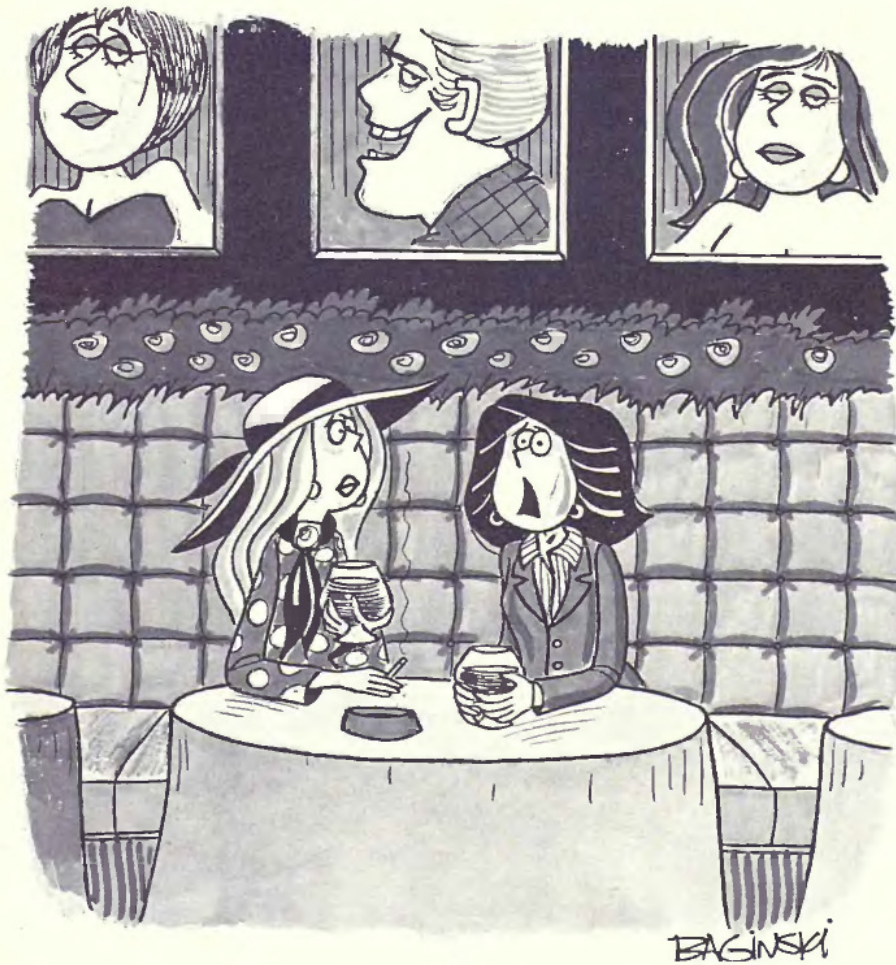
A tiny speck, a bird, the fabled eagle it might be, no, from the motionlessness of its wings a buzzard, is flirting in flight with the ragged golden-green edge of the mountain, now above it like a speck on a Kodak slide, now below it out of sight, while a blue-bellied cloud unscrolls, endlessly, endlessly. Another chair is scraped on the flagstones. His name, "Harry," is sharply called, in Janice's voice.

He lowers his gaze at last out of glory and as his eyes adjust, his forehead momentarily hurts, a small arterial pain; perhaps with such a negligible unexplained ache do men begin their deaths, some slow as being tumbled by a cat and some fast as being struck by a hawk. Cancer, coronary. "What did Bessie want?"

Janice's tone is breathless, faintly stricken. "She says Nelson's come. With this girl."

"Teresa," Harry says, pleased to have remembered his son's girlfriend's name. And his remembering brings along with it Buddy's girlfriend's name. Joanne. "It was nice to have met you, Joanne," he says in parting, shaking her hand. "Don't overdo the astrology," he warns her. Maybe that's what's behind her pimples. Like candy.

Webb Murkett is handy about the house; he has a cellar full of expensive power tools and subscribes to magazines with titles like *Fine Woodworking* and *Homecraft*. In every corner of the gray Colonial he and Cindy have lived in for the seven years of their marriage there are handmade refinements of rounded, stained and varnished wood—shelves, cabinets, built-in Lazy Susans with as many compartments as a sea shell—expressing the patience and homelovingness of the house's master. When Webb and Cindy entertain, built-in speakers bathe the downstairs rooms in a continuous sweetness of string music and spineless arrangements, of old show tunes or mollified rock classics, voiceless and seamless and with nagging dental associations for Harry. Behind a mahogany bar Webb bought from the tavern of a farmer's hotel being demolished in Brewer and then cut down and transported with its brass rail to a corner of his living room, he has constructed a kind of altar to booze, two high doors with rounded tops that meet in a point and shelves that come forward on a lazy-tongs principle with not only the basics of whiskey, gin and vodka but exotic drinks like rum and tequila and sake and all the extras you could want from bitters to powdered old fashioned mix in little envelopes. And the bar has



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its own small refrigerator, built in. Much as he admires Webb, Harry thinks when he gets his own dream house he will do without the piped music and such elaborate housing for the liquor.

The bathroom, though, rather enchants him, with its little enameled dishes of rosebud-shaped soap and furry blue toilet-seat covers and dazzling mirror rimmed with naked light bulbs like actors have in their dressing rooms. Everything in here that doesn't shine is tinted and scented. The toilet paper, very dulcet, is printed with old comic strips, each piece a panel. Poor Popeye, eating shit instead of spinach. And the towels have W and M and L for Lucinda intertwined in such a crusty big monogram he hates to think what it would do to Cindy's delicate underparts if she forgot and rubbed herself vigorously. Harry feels sexy. In the mirror that makes things too vivid, his eyes stare with a pallor almost white like the little frost flowers that appear on the skin of a car in the morning and his lips look bluish; he is drunk. He has had two tequila fizzes before dinner, as much Gallo Chablis as he could grab during the meal and a brandy and a half afterward. In the middle of the second brandy, the need to urinate came upon him like yet another pressure of happiness. He has an urge to look into the medicine cabinet framed by the rim of showbiz bulbs and waits until a gale of laughter from the drunken bunch in the living room arises to drown out any possible click. Besides himself and Janice, the Murketts have invited the Harrisons and for a new thrill the moronic Foszachts, whom they just met at Harry's house two weeks ago but who must have turned them on somehow, God knows how. Harry opens the mirror door. Click. The cabinet has more in it than he would have supposed: thick milk-glass jars of skin cream and flesh-tint squeeze bottles of lotion and brown tubes of suntan lotion, Parepectolin for diarrhea, Debrox for earwax control, menthol Chloraseptic, that mouthwash called Cēpacol, several kinds of aspirin, both Bayer and Anacin, and Tylenol, which doesn't make your stomach burn, and a large chalky bottle of liquid Maalox. He wonders which of the Murketts needs Maalox, they both always look so relaxed and at peace. The pink poison-ivy goo would be downstairs, handy for the kids, and the Band-Aids, but how about the little flat yellow box of Preparation H for hemorrhoids? Carter, of course, has hemorrhoids, that grim overmotivated type who wants to do everything on schedule, ready or not, pushing, pushing, but old Webb Murkett, with that gravelly voice and easy swing, like the swing you see crooners use at celebrity tournaments, unwrapping one of those little wax bullets and poking it up his own asshole? And what of these amber pill bottles with LUCINDA

K. MURKETT typed in pale-blue script face on the prescription labels? White pills, lethally small. He should have brought his reading glasses. Harry is tempted to lift one of these containers off its shelf in hopes of deciphering what illness might have ever found its way into that plump and supple babyish body, but a superstitious fear of fingerprints restrains him. Medicine cabinets are tragic, he sees by this hard light, and closes the door so gently no one will hear the click. He returns to the living room.

They are discussing the Pope's visit, loudly. "Did you see," Peggy Foszacht is shouting, "what he said in Chicago yesterday about sex!" Harry knew Peggy in high school and had a little affair with her ten years ago; the decade since has freed her to stop wearing dark glasses to hide her walleye and to be sloppy in her person and opinions both. She's become the kind of woman who looks permanently out of press, as a gesture of protest. "He said everything outside marriage was *wrong*. Not just if you're married but before you're married, too. What does that man *know*? He doesn't know anything about *life*, life as she is lived."

Webb Murkett offers in a soft voice, trying to calm his guest down, "I liked what Earl Butz said some years ago. 'He no play-a the game, he no make-a the rules.'" Webb is wearing a maroon turtle-neck under a coarse yarny gray sweater that has something to do, Rabbit thinks, with Scandinavian fishermen. The way the neck is cut. Harry and Ronnie came in suits; Ollie was with it enough to know you don't wear suits out even on a Saturday night anymore. He came in tight faded jeans and an embroidered shirt that made him look like a cowboy too runty to be out on the range.

"No play-a the game!" Peggy Foszacht yells. "See if you're a pregnant slum mother and can't get an abortion legally if you think it's such a game."

Rabbit says to her, "Webb's agreeing with you," but she doesn't hear him, babbling on headlong, her broad moon-calf face flushed by wine and the exciting class of company, her puffy hairdo coming uncurled like taffy softening in the sun.

"Did any of you watch except me—I can't stop watching, I get so furious—the performance he put on in Philly where he said absolutely no to women priests? And he kept smiling, what really got my goat, he kept smiling while spouting all this sexist crap about only men in the priesthood and how it was the conviction of the Church and God's decision and all that, so solly. He's so *smooth* about it, I think is what gets to me; at least somebody like Nixon or Hitler had the decency to be frantic."

"He is one smooth old Polack," Ollie

says, uneasy at this outburst by his wife. He is into cool, you can see. Music, dope. Just on the fringes, but enough to give you the right pitch.

"He sure can kiss those nigger babies," Ronnie Harrison comes in with, maybe trying to help. It's fascinating to Rabbit how long those strands of hair are Ronnie is combing over his bald spot these days; if you pulled one the other way, it would go below his ear. In this day and age, why fight it? There's a bald look, go for it. Blank and pink and curved, like an ass. Everybody loves an ass. Those wax bullets in the yellow box—could they have been for Cindy? Sore there from, but would Webb? Harry has read somewhere that male homosexuals have a lot of trouble with hemorrhoids. Amazing the things they try to put up—fists, light bulbs. He squirms on his cushion.

"I think he's very sexy," Thelma Harrison states firmly. Everything she says sounds like a schoolteacher, enunciated. "He is a beautiful man," Thelma insists. Her eyes are watery. She's had a glass or two too many herself. Her throat rises absolutely straight, like a person trying not to hiccup.

Janice is saying, she, too, has known Peggy for ages and is trying to save her from herself, "What I liked today, I don't know if you were watching, Peggy, was when he came out on the balcony of that cathedral in Washington, before he went to the White House, to this crowd that was shouting, 'We want the Pope, we want the Pope,' and he came out on the balcony waving and shouted, 'John Paul Two, he wants you!' Actually."

"Actually" because the men had laughed, it was news to them. Three of them had been out on the Flying Eagle course today, summer had made one last loop back to Diamond County, bringing out fat buds on the magnolias by the sixth tee.

"I'd like to find it amusing," Peggy says, hoisting her voice above the laughter, "but to me the issues he's trampling on are too damn serious."

Cindy Murkett unexpectedly speaks. "He's been a priest in a Communist country; he's used to taking a stand. The American liberals in the Church talk about this *sensus fidelium*, but I never heard of it; it's been magisterium for two thousand years. What is it that offends you, Peggy, if you're not a Catholic and don't have to listen?"

A hush has surrounded her words because they all except the Foszachts know that she was Catholic until she married Webb. Peggy senses this now but like a white sad heifer cannot turn herself around, having charged. "You're really a Catholic?" she bluntly asks.

Cindy tips her chin up, not used to this kind of spotlight, the baby of their group. "I was raised as one," she says.

"So was my daughter-in-law, it turns

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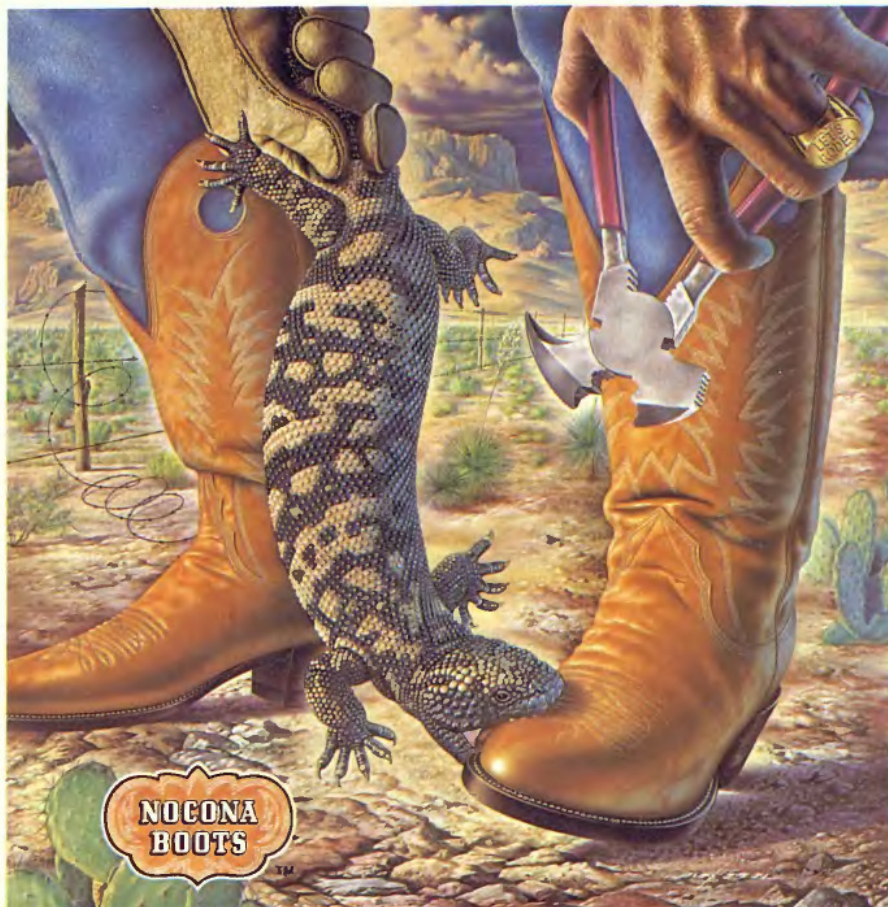
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out," Harry volunteers. He is amused by the idea of his having a daughter-in-law at all, a new branch of his wealth. And he hopes to be distracting. He doesn't like to see women fight, he'd like to get these two off the spot. Cindy comes up from that swimming pool like a wet dream, and Peggy was kind enough to lay him when he was down.

But no one is distracted.

"When I married a divorced man," Cindy explains to Peggy, her voice softened, for she is the hostess, younger though she is, "I couldn't take Communion anymore. But I still go to Mass sometimes. I still believe."

"And do you use birth control?" Peggy asks.

Back to nowhere, Fosnachts. Harry is just as pleased; he liked his little crowd the way it was.

Cindy hesitates. She can go all girlish and slide and giggle away from the question, or she can sit still and get dignified. With just the smallest of dignified smiles she says, "I'm not sure that's any of your business."

"Nor the Pope's either, that's my point," Peggy pounces, in triumph, while the battle, even she must be feeling, slips away. She will not be invited here again.

Webb, always the gentleman, perches on the arm of the easy chair in which fat Peggy has set herself up as anti-Pope and leans down a deft inch to say to his guest alone, "I think Cindy's point, as I understand it, is that John Paul is addressing the doctrinal issues for his fellow Catholics while bringing good will to every American."

"He can keep his good will along with the doctrine as far as I'm concerned," Peggy says, trying to shut up but unable.

Cindy attacks a little now, "But he sees the trouble the Church has got into since Vatican Two. The priests—"

"The Church is in trouble because it's a monument to a lie, run by a bunch of antiquated chauvinists who don't know anything. I'm sorry," Peggy says, "I'm talking too much."

"Well, this is America," Harry says, coming to her rescue somewhat.

Webb Murkett also seeks to change the subject, asking Ronnie and Ollie, "Did either of you see in the paper today where Nixon finally bought a house in Manhattan? Right next to David Rockefeller. I'm no great admirer of tricky Dick's, but I must say the way he's been excluded from apartment houses in a great city is a disgrace to the Constitution."

"If he'd been a jigaboo," Ronnie begins.

"Well, how would you like," Peggy Fosnacht has to say, "a lot of Secret Service men checking your handbag every time you came back from the store?"

The chair Peggy sits in is squared-off

Graham
Wilson



"I understand the special effects on this one are pretty realistic!"

ponderous modern with a fabric thick as plywood; it matches another chair and a long sofa set around that kind of table with no overhang to the top they call a Parsons table, which is put together in alternating blocks of light and dark wood with a curly knotty grain such as they make golf-club heads of. The entire deep space of the room, which Webb added on when he and Cindy acquired this house in the pacesetting development of Brewer Heights, brims with appointments chosen all to harmonize. Its tawny wallpaper has vertical threads of texture in it like the vertical folds of the slightly darker pull drapes, and reproductions of Wyeth water colors lit by spots on track lighting overhead echo with scratchy strokes the same tints, and the same lighting reveals little sparkles, like mica on a beach, in the overlapping arcs of the rough-plastered ceiling. When Harry moves his head these sparkles in the ceiling change location, wave upon wave of hidden silver. He announces, "I heard a kind of funny story at Rotary the other day involving Kissinger. Webb, I don't think you were there. There were these five guys in an airplane that was about to crash—a priest, a hippie, a policeman, somebody else and Henry Kissinger. And only four parachutes."

Ronnie says, "And at the end the hippie turns to the priest and says, 'Don't worry, Father. The Smartest Man in the World just jumped out with my knapsack.' We've all heard it. Speaking of which, Thel and I were wondering if you'd seen this." He hands him a newspaper clipping, from an Ann Landers column printed in the *Brewer Standard*, the respectable paper, not the *Vat*. The second paragraph is marked in tidy pen. "Read it aloud," Ronnie demands.

Harry doesn't like being given orders by sweaty skinheads like Harrison when he's come out for a pleasant low-key time with the Murketts, but all eyes are on him and at least it gets them off the Pope. He explains, more to the Fosnachts than the others, since the Murketts seem to be in on the joke already, "It's a letter to Ann Landers from somebody. The first paragraph tells about a news story about some guy whose pet python bit him in the stomach and wouldn't let go, and when the paramedics came he yelled at them to get out of his apartment if they're going to hurt his snake." There is a little laughter at that and the Fosnachts, puzzled, try to join in. The next paragraph goes:

The other news story was about a Washington, D.C., physician who beat a Canadian goose to death with his putter on the 16th green of a country club. (The goose honked just as he was about to sink one.) The reason for printing those letters was to demonstrate that truth is stranger than fiction.

Having read this aloud, he explains to the Fosnachts, "The reason they're razzing me with this is last summer I heard about the same incident on the radio and when I tried to tell them about it at the club, they wouldn't listen, nobody believed me. Now here's proof it happened."

"You chump, *that's* not the point," Ronnie Harrison says.

"The point is, Harry," Thelma says, "it's so *different*. You said he was from Baltimore and this says he was from Washington. You said the ball hit the goose accidentally and the doctor put him out of his misery."

Webb says, "Remember—'A mercy killing, or murder most foul?' That really broke me up."

"You didn't show it at the time," Harry says, pleased, however.

"According to Ann Landers, then, it *was* murder most foul," Thelma says.

"Who cares?" Ronnie says, getting ugly. This clipping was clearly her idea. Her touch on the ballpoint, too.

Janice has been listening with that glazed dark look she gets when deep enough into the booze. She and Webb have been trying some new imported Irish liqueur called Greensleeves. "Well, not if the goose honked," she says.

Ollie Fosnacht says, "I can't believe a goose honking would make that much difference on a putt."

All the golfers there assure him it would.

"Shit," he says, "in music, you do your best work at two in the morning, stoned half out of your mind and a lot of drunks acting up besides."

His mention of music reminds them all that in the background Webb's hidden speakers are incessantly performing; a Hawaiian melody at the moment, with Vibra-Harp.

"Maybe it wasn't a goose at all," Harry says. "Maybe it was a very little caddie with feathers."

"That's music," Ronnie sneers at Ollie's observation. "Hey, Webb, how come there isn't any beer in this place?"

"There's beer, there's beer. Miller Lite and Heineken. What can I get everybody?"

Webb acts a little jumpy, and Rabbit worries that the party is in danger of flattening out. He misses, whom he never thought he would, Buddy Inglefinger, and tries to say the kind of thing Buddy would if he were here. "Speaking of dead geese," he says, "I noticed in the paper the other day where some anthropologist or something says about a fourth of the animal species on earth right now will be extinct by the year 2000."

"Oh, *don't*," Peggy Fosnacht protests loudly, shaking herself ostentatiously, so the fat on the drumstick joint of her arms trembles. "Don't mention the year

2000; just the thought of it gives me the *creeps*."

Nobody asks her why.

The heated flush the papal argument roused in Cindy still warms her throat and upper chest, which with its tiny gold cross sits half-exposed by the unbuttoned two top buttons or string latches of the Arab-looking thing she is wearing, her tapering forearms looking childishly fragile within its wide sleeves, her feet bare but for the thinnest golden sandals below the embroidered hem. In the commotion as Webb takes drink orders and Janice wobbles up to go to the john, Harry goes over and sits on a straight chair beside their young hostess. "Hey," he says, "I think the Pope's pretty great. He really knows how to use TV."

Cindy says, with a sharp quick shake of her face, as if stung, "I don't like a lot of what he says either, but he's got to draw the line somewhere. That's his job."

"He's running scared," Rabbit offers. "Like everybody else."

She looks at him, her eyes smallish, the fatty pouches of her lower lids giving her a kind of squint, as if she's been beaten or is suffering from ragweed, so she looks merry even as she's being solemn, her pupils dilated in this shadowy center of the room, away from the track lighting. "Oh, I can't think of him that way, though you're probably right. I've still too much parochial school in me." The ring of brown around her pupils is smooth chocolate, without flecks or fire. "Webb's so gentle, he never pushes me. After Betsy was born, and we agreed he's been father enough, Webb, I couldn't make myself use a diaphragm, it seemed so evil, and he didn't want me on the pill, what he'd read about it, so he offered to get himself fixed, you know, like the men are paid to do in India—what do they call it?—a vasectomy. Rather than have him do that and do God knows what to his psyche, I went impulsively one day and got myself fitted for the diaphragm. I still don't know if I'm putting it in right when I do it, but poor Webb. You know he had five other children by his other wives, and they're both after his money *constantly*. Neither has married, though they're living with men. That's what I would call immoral, to keep bleeding him that way."

This is more than Harry had bargained for. He tries to confess back at her. "Janice had her tubes cauterized the other year, and I must say, it's great not to have to worry about it, whenever you want it, night or day, no creams or crap or anything. Still, sometimes she starts crying, for no reason. At being sterile."

"Well, of course, Harry. I would, too." Cindy's lips are long and in their lipstick



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lie together with a wised-up closeness of fit, a downward tug at the end of sentences, he has never noticed before tonight.

"But you're a baby," he tells her.

Cindy gives him a wise slanting look and almost toughly says, "I'm getting there, Harry. I'll be thirty this February."

Twenty-nine, she must have been 22 when Webb started fucking her, what a sly goat, he pictures her body all brown with its little silken slopes and rolls of slight excess inside the rough loose garment, shadowy spaces you could put your hand in, for the body to breathe in that desert heat, it goes with the gold threads on her feet and the bangles around her wrists, still small and round as a child's, veinless. The keenness of his lust dries his mouth. He stands to go after his brandy but loses his balance so his knee knocks against Peggy Foshnacht's ponderous square chair. She is not in it, she is standing at the top of the two steps that lead upward out of the living room, with the dull green loden coat she came in draped around her shoulders, looking down at them like one placed above and beyond, driven away.

Ollie, though, is seated around the Parsons table waiting for Webb to bring the beer and oblivious of his wife's withdrawal. Ronnie Harrison, so drunk the long hair he brushes across his bald spot stands up in a loop, is asking Ollie, "How goes the music racket these days? I hear the guitar craze is over, now that there's no more revolution."

"They're into flutes now; it's weird. Not just the girls but guys, too, who want to play jazz. A lot of spades. A spade came in the other day, wanted to buy a platinum flute for his daughter's eighteenth birthday, he said he read about some Frenchman who had one. I said, 'Man, you're crazy. I can't begin to guess what a flute like that would cost.' He said, 'I don't give a flying fuck, man,' and showed me this roll of bills, there must have been an inch of hundred-dollar bills in it. At least those on top were hundreds."

Any more talk with Cindy would be too much for now; Harry sits down heavily on the sofa and joins the male conversation. "Like those gold-headed putters a few years ago. Boy, I bet they've gone up in value."

Like Peggy, he is ignored. Harrison is boring in. These insurance salesmen have that way, of putting down their heads and just boring in, until it's either scream or say, sure, you'll take out another \$50,000 of renewable life.

Ronnie says to Ollie, "How about electric stuff? You see this guy on television even has an electric violin. That stuff must cost."

"An arm and a leg," Ollie says, looking up gratefully as Webb sets a Heineken on a light square of the table in front of him. "Just the amplifiers take you into the thousands," he says, pleased to be talking, pleased to sound rich. Poor sap, when most of his business is selling 13-year-old dumplings records to make them wet their pants. What do the kids nowadays call it? Lollipop music.

Ronnie has tilted his head to bore in at a different angle. "You know I'm in client service at Schuylkill Mutual and my boss told me the other day, you cost this company twelve thousand seven hundred last year. That's not salary, that's benefits. Retirement, health insurance, participation options. How do you handle that in your operation? If you don't have employer-financed insurance in this day and age, you're in the soup. People expect it and without it they won't perform."

Ollie is thinking this beer may be one free drink too many. He says, "Well, I'm my own employer, in a way. Me and my partners—"

"How about Keogh? You gotta have Keogh."

"We try to keep it simple. When we started out—"

"You gotta be kidding, Ollie. You're just robbing yourself. Schuylkill Mutual offers a super deal on Keogh, and we could plug you in; in fact, we advise plugging you in, on the corporate end so not a nickel comes out of your personal pocket, it comes out of the corporate pocket and there's that much less for Uncle to tax. These poor saps carrying their own premiums with no company input are living in the dark ages. There's nothing shady about rigging it this way, we're just using the laws the Government has put there. They want people to take advantage, it all works to up the gross national product. You know what I mean by Keogh, don't you? You're looking kind of blank."

"It's something like Social Security."

"A thousand times better. Social Security's just a rip-off to benefit the free-loaders now; you'll never see a penny of what you put in. In the Keogh plan, up to seventy-five hundred goes untaxed, every year; you just set it aside, with our help. Our usual suggestion is, depending on circumstances—how many dependents you got?"

"Two, if you count the wife. My son Billy's out of college and up in Massachusetts studying specialized dentistry."

Ronnie whistles. "Boy, you were smart. Limiting yourself to one offspring. I saddled myself with three and only these last few years am I feeling out of the woods. The older boy, Alex, has taken to electronics, but the middle boy, Georgie, needed special schools from the start. Dyslexia. I'd never heard of it, but I'll tell you I've heard of it now. Couldn't

make any goddamn sense at all out of anything written, and you'd never know it from his conversation. He could out-talk me at this job, that's for certain, but he can't see it. He wants to be an artist, Jesus. There's no money there, Ollie, you know that better than I do. But even with just the one kid, you don't want him to starve if you were suddenly out of the picture, or the good woman, either. Any man in this day and age carrying less than a hundred, a hundred fifty thousand dollars straight life just isn't being realistic. A decent funeral alone costs four, five grand."

"Yeah, well—"

"Lemme get back to the Keogh a minute. We generally recommend a forty-sixty split, take the forty percent of seventy-five hundred in straight life premiums, which generally comes to close to the hundred thou, assuming you pass the exam, that is. You smoke?"

"Off and on."

"Uh-oh. Well, lemme give you the name of a doctor who gives an exam everybody can live with."

Ollie says, "I think my wife wants to go."

"You're kidding, Foster."

"Foshnacht."

"You're kidding. This is Saturday night, man. You got a gig or something?"

"No, my wife—she needs to go to some antinuclear meeting tomorrow morning at some Universalist church."

"No wonder she's down on the Pope, then. I hear the Vatican and Three Mile Island are hand in glove; just ask friend Harry here. Ollie, here's my card. Could I have one of yours?"

"Uh—"

"That's OK. I know where you are. Up there next to the fuck movies. I'll come by. No bullshit, you really owe it yourself to listen to some of these opportunities. People keep saying the economy is shot, but from where I'm sitting it isn't shot at all, from where I sit it's booming. People are *begging* for shelters."

Harry says, "Come on, Ron. Ollie wants to go."

"Well, I don't exactly, but Peggy—"

"Go. Go in peace, man." Ronnie stands and makes a ham-handed blessing gesture. "Got pless Ameri-ca," he pronounces in a thick, slow foreign accent, loud, so that Peggy, who has been conferring with the Murketts, patching things up, turns her back. She, too, went to high school with Ronnie and knows him for the obnoxious jerk he is.

"Jesus, Ronnie," Rabbit says to him when the Foshnachts have gone. "What a snow job."

"Ahh," Ronnie says. "I wanted to see if he could eat garbage."

"I've never been that crazy about him, either," Harry confesses. "He treats old Peggy like dirt."

Janice, who has been consulting with

Thelma Harrison about something, God knows what, their lousy children, overhears this and tells Ronnie, "Harry screwed her years ago, that's why he minds Ollie." Nothing like a little booze to freshen up old sore points.

Ronnie laughs to attract attention and slaps Harry's knee. "You screwed that big pig, funny eyes and all?"

Rabbit pictures that heavy glass egg with the interior teardrop of air back in Ma Springer's living room, its smooth heft in his hand, and imagines himself making the pivot from pounding it into Janice's stubborn dumb drunken face to finishing up with a one-handed stuff straight down into Harrison's brain pan. "It seemed a good idea at the time," he has to admit, uncrossing his legs and stretching them in preparation for an extended night. The Fosnachts' leaving is felt as a relief throughout the room. Cindy is tittering to Webb, clings briefly to his coarse gray sweater in her rough, loose Arab thing, like a loving pair advertising vacations abroad.

"This is what I like," Webb Murkett says in his gravelly voice above them. "Old friends." He and Cindy side by side stand presiding above their circle as the hour settles toward midnight. "What can I get anybody? More beer? How about a light highball? Scotch? Irish? A C.C. and Seven?" Cindy's tits jut out in that caftan or burnoose or whatever like the angle of a tent. Desert silence. Crescent moon. Put the camel to bed. "We-ell," Webb exhales with such pleasure he must be feeling that Greensleeves, "and what did we think of the Fosnachts?"

"They won't do," Thelma says. Harry is startled to hear her speak, she has been so silent. If you close your eyes and pretend you're blind, Thelma has a pretty voice. He feels melancholy and mellow, now that the invasion from the pathetic world beyond the Flying Eagle has been repelled.

"Ollie's been a sap from day one," he says, "but she didn't used to be such a blabbermouth. Did she, Janice?"

Janice is cautious, defending her old friend. "She always had a tendency," she says. "Peggy never thought of herself as attractive, and that was a problem."

"You did, huh?" Harry accuses.

She stares at him, having not followed, her face moistened as by a fine spray.

"Of course she did," Webb gallantly intervenes, "she is attractive," and goes around behind her chair and puts his hands on her shoulders, close to her neck, so she hunches her shoulders.

Cindy says, "She was a lot pleasanter just chatting with me and Webb at the door. She said she sometimes just gets carried away."

Ronnie says, "Harry and Janice, I guess, see a lot of 'em. I'll have a brew as long as you're up, Webb."

"We don't at all. Webb, could you make that two?"

Thelma asks Harry, her voice softly pitched for him alone. "How is Nelson? Have you heard from him in his married state?"

"A postcard. Janice has talked to them on the phone a couple times. She thinks they're bored."

Janice interrupts. "I don't think, Harry. He *told* me they're bored."

Ronnie offers, "If you've done all your fucking before marriage, I guess a honeymoon can be a drag. Thanks, Webb."

Janice says, "He said it's been chilly in the cabin."

"Too lazy, no doubt, to carry the wood in from the stack outside," Harry says. "Yeah, thanks." The *psst* of opening a can isn't near as satisfying since they put that safety tab on to keep idiots from choking themselves.

"Harry, he told us they've been having a fire in the wood stove all day long."

"Burning it all up so somebody else can chop. He's his momma's boy."

Thelma, tired perhaps of the tone the Angstroms keep setting, lifts her voice and bends her face far back, exposing a startling length of swallow throat. "Speaking of the cold, Webb. Are you and Cindy going away at all this winter?" They usually go to an island in the Caribbean. The Harrisons once went with them, years ago. Harry and Janice have never been.

Webb has been circling behind Thelma getting highballs for someone. "We've talked about it," he tells Thelma. Through Harry's buzz of beer laid over brandy there seems an enchanting conspiracy between her bent-back throat and his arched and lowered voice. Old friends, Harry thinks. Fit like pieces of a puzzle. Webb bends down and reaches over Thelma's shoulder to put a weak tall Scotch and soda on a dark square in front of her. "I'd like to go," he is going on, "where they have a golf course. You can get a pretty fair deal, if you shop around for a package."

"Let's all go," Harry announces. "Let's get the hell out of here, go to the Caribbean and play golf. I hate the winter around here—there's no snow, you can't ice-skate, it's just boring and raw, month after month. When I was a kid, there was snow all the time, whatever happened to it?"

"We had a ton of snow in '78," Webb observes.

"Harry, maybe it's time to go home," Janice tells him. Her mouth has thinned to a slot, her high forehead shines with sweating out her liquor.

"I don't want to go home. I want to go to the Caribbean. But first I want to go to the bathroom. Bathroom, home, Caribbean, in that order." He wonders if a wife like that ever dies of natural causes. Never, those dark wiry types, look at her mother, still running the



"You know, Miss Fenwick, sexual harassment in the office can take many forms."

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show. Buried poor old Fred and never looked back.

Cindy says, "Harry, the downstairs john is plugged, Webb just noticed. Somebody must have used too much toilet paper."

"Peggy Gring, that's who," Harry says, standing and wondering why the wall-to-wall carpeting has a curve to it, like the deck of a ship falling away on all sides. "First she attacks the Pope, then she abuses the plumbing."

"Use the one in our bedroom," Webb says to him. "At the head of the stairs, turn left, past the two closet doors with the slats."

"Wiping away her tears. . . ." Rabbit hears Thelma Harrison saying dryly as he leaves. Up the two carpeted steps, his head floating far above his feet. Then down a hall and up stairs in different-colored carpeting, a dirty lime, more wear, older part of the house. Someone else's upstairs always has that hush. Tired nights, a couple talking softly to themselves. The voices below him fade. Turn left, Webb had said. Slatted doors. He stops and peeks in. Female clothes, strips of many colors, fragrant of her. Get Cindy down there in that sand, who can say, talking to him about her diaphragm already. He finds the bathroom. Every light in it is lit. What a waste of energy. Going down with all her lights blazing, the great ship America. This bathroom is smaller than the one downstairs. He undoes his fly and in a stream of bliss fills one of this room's gleaming bowls with gold. Because he was never circumcised, he tends to retain a drop or two, and pats his tip with a piece of lemon-yellow toilet paper, plain, the comic strips were to amuse guests. Who was Thelma saying would wipe away her tears? The shocking flash of long white throat, muscular, the swallowing muscles developed, she must have something, to hold Harrison. Maybe she meant Peggy using toilet paper to wipe away her tears had clogged the toilet. Cindy's eyes had had a glister, too shy to like arguing like that with poor Peggy, telling him instead about her diaphragm, Jesus, inviting him to think about it, her sweet red dark deep, could she mean it? *Getting there, Harry*, her voice more wised up and throaty than he ever noticed before, her eyes pouchy, sexy when women's lower lids are like that, up a little like eggcups. All around in here are surfaces that have seen Cindy stark-naked.

He washes his hands. The faucet is one of those single-handled Lavomaster mixers with a knob on the end of the handle like a clown's nose or big pimple, he can never remember which way is hot and which cold, what was wrong with the old two faucets that said h and c? The basin, though, is good, with a wide lip of several ledges to hold soap without its riding off, these little ridges

most basins have now don't hold anything, dinky cheap pseudo marble, he supposes if you're in the roofing industry you know plumbing suppliers who can still provide the good stuff, even though there's not much market for it. The curved lavender bar he has right in his hands must have lost its lettering making lather for Cindy's suntanned skin, suds in her crotch, her hair must be jet-black there, her eyebrows are: You should look at a woman's eyebrows not the hair on her head for the color of her pussy. This bathroom has not been so cleaned up for guests as the downstairs one, *Popular Mechanics* on the straw hamper next to the toilet, the towels slung crooked on the plastic towel holders and a touch of damp to them, the Murketts showering just a few hours ago for this party. Harry considers opening this bathroom cabinet as he did the other one but, thinking of fingerprints, notices the chrome rim and refrains. Nor does he dry his hands, for fear of touching the towel Webb used. He has seen that long yellow body in the Flying Eagle locker room. The man has moles all across his back and shoulders that probably aren't contagious, but still.

He can't return downstairs with wet hands. That shit Harrison would make some crack. *Ya still got scum on your hands, ya jerk-off.* Rabbit stands a moment in the hall, listening to the noise of the party rise, a wordless clatter of voices happy without him, the women's the most distinct, a kind of throbbing in it like the melody you sometimes hear in a ragged engine idling, a song so distinct you expect to hear words. The hall is carpeted here not in lime but in sensuous plum, and he moves to follow its color to the threshold of the Murketts' bedroom. Here it happens. It hollows out Harry's stomach, makes him faintly sick, to think what a lucky stiff Webb is. The bed is low in modern style, a kind of tray with sides of reddish wood, and the covers had been pulled up hastily rather than made. Had it just happened? Just before the showers before the party that left the towels in the bathroom damp? In mid-air above the low bed he imagines in afterimage her damp and perfect toes, those sucky little dab-toes whose print he has often spied on the Flying Eagle flagstones, here lifted high to lay her cunt open, their baby dots mingling with the moles on Webb's back. It hurts.

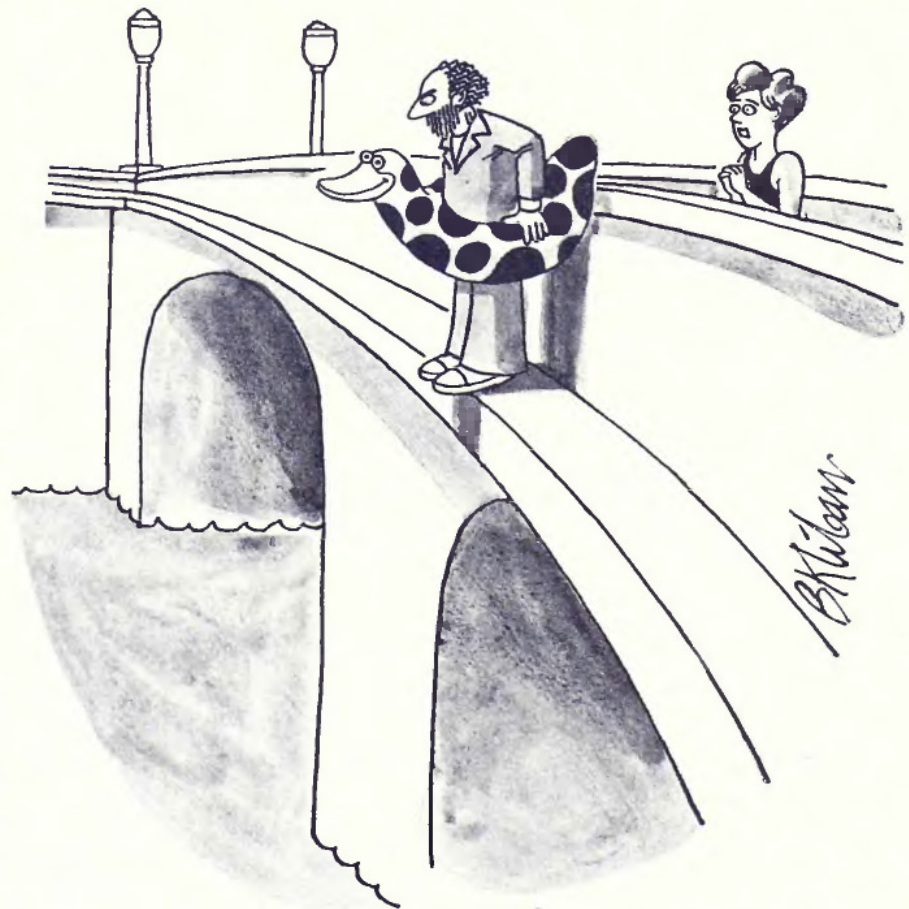
Where do the Murketts put their kids? Harry twists his head to see a closed white door at the far other end of the plum carpet. There. Asleep. He is safe. The carpet absorbs his footsteps as, silent as a ghost, he follows its color into the bedroom. A cavernous space, forbidden. Another shadowy presence jars his heart: a man in blue suit, trousers and rumpled white shirt with cuffs

folded back and a loosened necktie, looking overweight and dangerous, is watching him stonily. It is himself, his own full-length reflection in a large mirror placed between two matching bureaus of wood bleached so that the grain shows through as through powder. The mirror faces the foot of the bed. Hey. These two. It hasn't been just his imagination. They fuck in front of a mirror. Harry, dressed, looks queer in the mirror reflected; he rarely sees himself head to toe except when he's buying a suit at Kroll's or that little tailor on Pine Street. Even there you stand close in to the three-way mirrors and there's not this dizzying surround of space, so he's meeting himself halfway across the room. He looks mussed and criminal, a burglar too old and fat for this line of work.

Doubled in the mirror, the calm room holds few traces of the Murketts' living warmth. No little lacy bits of underwear lying around smelling of Cindycunt. The curtains are a thick red striped material like a giant clown's pants ballooning, and they have window shades of that room-darkening kind that he keeps asking Janice to get. The far window with its shade drawn for a nap must overlook the pool and the stand of woods everybody has up here in this development between

the houses, but Harry doesn't want to get himself that deep into the room, already he's betraying hospitality. His hands have dried, he should go down. He is standing near a corner of the bed, its mute plane lower than his knees, the satiny peach bedspread tugged smooth in haste, and he impulsively, remembering the condoms he used to keep in a parallel place, steps to the curly maple bedside table and ever so stealthily pulls out the small drawer. It was open an inch, anyway. No diaphragm, that would be in the bathroom. A ballpoint pen, an unlabeled box of pills, some match folders, a few receipts tossed in, one of those rubber-tipped plastic handles dentists give you to stimulate your gums with, a little yellow memo pad with the roofing-company logo on it and a diagonally scrawled phone number, a nail clippers, some paper clips and golf tees and—his thumping heart drowns out the mumble of the party beneath his feet. At the back of the drawer are tucked some black-backed Polaroid instant photos. That SX-70 Webb was bragging about. Harry lifts the little stack out delicately, turns it over and studies the photos one by one. Shit. He should have brought his reading glasses; they're downstairs in his coat pocket.

The top photo, flashlit in this same



"Not like that, Grover! It's the coward's way out!"

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room, on this same satiny bedspread, shows Cindy naked, lying legs spread. Her pubic hair is even darker than he imagined, the shape of it from this angle a kind of T, the upright of the T split by a redness as if sore, the underside of her untanned ass making a pale blob on either side. At arm's length he holds the glazed picture closer to the bedside light; his eyes water with the effort to see everything, every crease, every hair. Cindy's face, out of focus beyond her breasts, which droop more to either side than Harry would have hoped, smiles with nervous indulgence at the camera. Her chin is doubled, looking so sharply down. Her feet look enormous. In the next shot she has turned over, showing a double spread of buttocks, fish-white with an eyelike widening staring from the crack. For the next couple of photos the camera has switched hands, and old Webb, stringy and sheepish, stands as Harry has often seen him after a shower, except without the hard-on, which he is helping with his hand. Not a great hard-on, pointing to ten o'clock, not even ten, more like a little after nine, but then you can't expect a guy over 50 to go for high noon, leave that to the pimply teenagers: when Rabbit was 14 in soc-sci class, a spot of sun, the shadow of Lottie Bingaman's armpit as she raised her hand with a pencil in it, that sweet strain of cloth and zipper against thick blood. Webb has length but not much bulk at the base; still, there he is, game and even with the potbelly and gnarled skinny legs and shit-eating expression somehow debonair, not a hair on his wavy head out of place. The next shots were in the nature of experiments, by natural light, the shades must have all been up, bold to the day, slabby shapes and shelves of flesh interlocked and tipped toward violet by the spectrum of under-exposure. Harry deciphers one bulge as Cindy's cheek, and then the puzzle fits, she is blowing him, that purply stalk is his prick rooted in her stretched lips and the fuzzy foreground is his chest hair as he takes the picture. In the next one he has improved the angle and light and the focus is perfect on the demure curve of one eye's black lashes. Beyond the shiny tan tip of her nose her pale fingers, with nails that look bitten, hold the veiny thing as if to control it, her little finger lifted as on a flute. What was Ollie saying about flutes? For the next shot Webb had the idea of using the mirror; he is standing sideways with the camera squarely where his face ought to be and Cindy's own dear face impaled, as she kneels naked, on this ten-o'clock hook of his. Her profile is snub-nosed and her nipples jut out stiff. The old bastard's tricks have turned the little bitch on. But her head seems so small and round and brave, stuck on his prick like a candy apple. Harry wants in the next picture to see come like tooth paste all over her face

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like in the fuck movies, but Webb has turned her around and is screwing her from behind, his prick vanished in the fish-white curve of her ass; her tits hang down pear-shaped in their heaviness and her legs next to Webb's appear stocky. She's getting there. She will get fatter. She will turn ugly. She is looking into the mirror and laughing. Perhaps in the difficulty of keeping her balance while Webb's one hand operates the camera, Cindy laughed at that moment a big red laugh like a girl on a poster, with this yellow prick in her from behind. The light in the room must have been dying that day, for the flesh of both the Murrekett's appears golden and the furniture reflected in the mirror is dim in blue shadow as if underwater. This is the last picture; there are eight and a camera like this takes ten. *Consumer Reports* had a lot to say a while ago about the SX-70 Land Camera but never did explain what the SX stood for. Now Harry knows. His eyes burn.

The party noise below is lessening, perhaps they are listening for a sound from upstairs, wondering what has happened to him. He slips the Polaroids back into the drawer, black backs up, and tries to slide shut the drawer to the exact inch it was open by. The room otherwise is untouched; the mirror will erase his image instantly. As he descends the stairs his head feels to be floating on a six-foot string attached to his big shoes. The gang in the long living room has realigned itself in a tighter circle about the Parsons table. There seems to be no place for him. Ronnie Harrison looks up. "My God, whatcha been doin', jacking off?"

"I'm not feeling so great," Rabbit says, with dignity.

"Your eyes look red," Janice says. "Are you having hay fever?"

They are too excited by the topic among themselves to tease him long. Cindy doesn't even turn around. The nape of her neck is thick and brown, soft and impervious. Treading to them on spongy steps across the endless pale carpeting, he pauses by the fireplace mantel to notice what he had failed to notice before, two Polaroid snaps propped up, one each of the Murrekett's little children, the five-year-old boy with an outsize fielder's mitt standing sadly on the bricks of their patio, and the three-year-old girl on this same hazily bright summer afternoon, before the parents took a nap, squinting with an obedient and foolish half-smile up toward some light source that dazzles her. She is wearing both pieces of a play-muddled little bikini and Webb's shadow, arms lifted to his head as if to make horns, fills one corner of the exposed square of film. These are the missing two shots from that pack of ten.

"Hey, Harry, how about the second week of January?" Ronnie hoots at him.

They have all been discussing a shared trip to the Caribbean, and the women are as excited about it as the men.

It is after one when he and Janice drive home. Brewer Heights is a development of two-acre lots off the highway to Maiden Springs, a good 20 minutes from Mt. Judge. The road sweeps down in stylish curves; the developer left trees, and six hours ago, when they drove up this road, each house was lit in its bower of unbulldozed woods like displays in the façade of a long gray department store. Now the houses, all but the Murrekett's,

are dark. Dead leaves swirl in their headlights and pour from the trees in the wind as if from bushel baskets. The seasons tell. The sky gets streaky, the trees begin to heave. Harry can think of little to say, intent upon the wheel on these winding streets called drives and boulevards. The stars flickering through the naked treetops of Brewer Heights yield to the lamplit straightaway of the highway. Janice drags on a cigarette; the glow expands in the side of his vision and diminishes. She clears her throat and says, "I suppose I should have stuck up more for Peggy, she being an old friend and all. But she did talk out of turn, I thought."

"Too much women's lib."

"Too much Ollie, maybe. I know she keeps thinking of leaving him."

"Aren't you glad we have all that behind us?"

He says it mischievously, to hear her grapple with whether they did or didn't, but she answers simply, "Yes."

He says nothing. His tongue feels trapped. Even now, Webb is undressing Cindy. Or she him. And kneeling. Harry's tongue seems stuck to the floor of his mouth like those poor kids every winter who insist on touching their tongues to iron railings.

Janice tells him, "Your idea of taking this trip in a bunch sure took hold."

"It'll be fun."

"For you men playing golf. What'll *we* do all day?"

"Lie in the sun. There'll be things. They'll have tennis courts." This trip is precious to him; he speaks of it gingerly.

Janice drags again. "They keep saying now how sun-bathing leads to cancer."

"No faster than smoking."

"Thelma has this condition where she shouldn't be in the sun at all, it could kill her, she's told me. I'm surprised she's so keen on going."

"Maybe she won't be in the morning on second thought. I don't see how Harrison can afford it, with that kid of theirs in defective school."

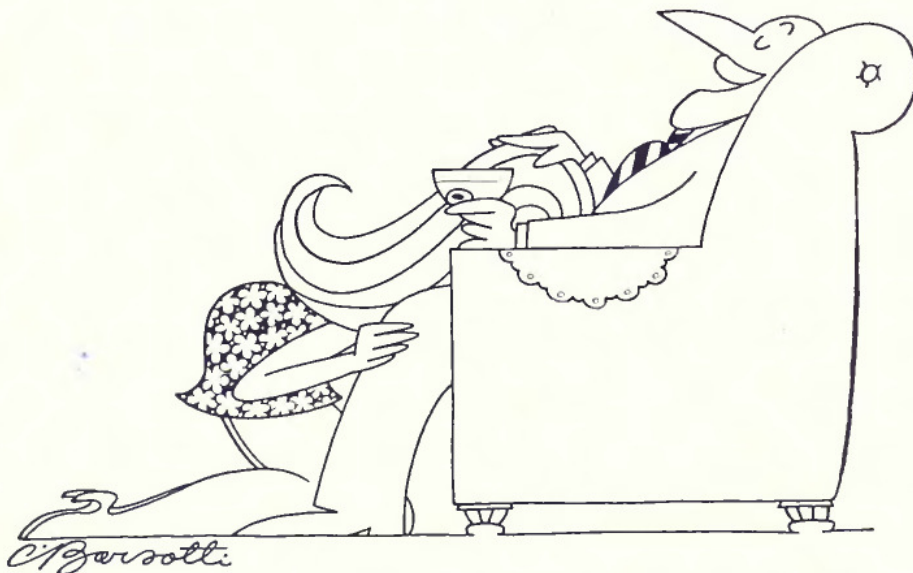
"Can we, I wonder? Afford it."

"Honey, of course. We're so poky, we should have taken up traveling years ago."

"You never wanted to go anywhere, with just me." Her cigarette glows once more, and then with that clumsy scrabbling motion that always annoys him, she stubs it out. He hates having the ash-tray dirty, it smells for days even after you've emptied it. She sighs. "I wish in a way it was just us going, if we must go."

"We don't know the ropes. Webb does. He's been there before, I think he's been going since long before Cindy, with his other wives."

"You can't mind Webb," she admits. "He's nice. But to tell the truth, I could do without the Harrisons."



"Ah, my dear, there's nothing like one of your martinis to help me unwind after a trying day."

"I thought you had a soft spot for Ronnie."

"That's you."

"I hate him," Rabbit says.

"You like him, all that vulgarity. He reminds you of basketball days. Anyway it's not just him. Thelma worries me."

"How can she? She's a mouse."

"There's something about her that another woman can notice. I think she's very fond of you."

"I never noticed. How can she be?"

Stay off Cindy, he'll let it all out. He tries to see those photographs again, hair by hair in his mind's eye, and already they are fading. The way their bodies looked golden at the end, like gods.

Janice says with a sudden surprising stiffness, "Well, I don't know what you think's going to happen down there, but we're not going to have any funny stuff. We're too *old*, Harry."

A pickup truck with its high beams glaring tailgates him blindingly and then roars around him, kids' voices dimly jeering.

"The drunks are out," he says, to change the subject.

"What were you *doing* up there in the bathroom so long, anyway?" she asks.

He answers primly, "Waiting for something to happen that didn't."

"Oh. Were you sick?"

"Heading toward it, I thought. That brandy. That's why I switched to beer."

Cindy is so much on his mind he cannot understand why Janice fails to mention her, it must be deliberate. All that blowing. Lord. There's birth control. White gobs of it pumping in, being swallowed; those little round teeth and the healthy low baby gums that show when she laughs. Webb on front and him from behind, or the other way around, Harry doesn't care. Ronnie operating the camera. His prick has reawaked, high noon once more in his life, and the steering wheel as they turn into Central Street caresses its swollen tip through the cloth. Janice should appreciate this: If he can get it up to their room intact.

But her mind has wandered far from sex, for as they head down through the cones of limb-raddled light along Wilbur, she says aloud, "Poor Nelson. He seemed so young, didn't he, going off with his bride?"

This town they know so well, every curb, every hydrant, where every mailbox is. It gives way before them like a tearing veil, its houses dark, their headlights low. "Yeah," he agrees. "You sometimes wonder," he hears himself go on, "how badly you yourself fucked up a kid like that."

"We did what we could," Janice says, firm again, sounding like her mother. "We're not God."

"Nobody is," Rabbit says, scaring himself.



"Your Chivas or mine?"



RUTHLESS MOTHERS (continued from page 100)

"A car has edged out a child on the 'What I Want' list, which is vintage materialism in any man's decade."

just after he returned from a fishing trip late on a Wednesday afternoon. "I know Bob thinks I have a fatal flaw," Jim said. "He always asks me why I don't just forge ahead. Bob really worries me. It doesn't surprise me that he was working on Sunday. His apartment is just like the water cooler at work, an extension to his real world of making money.

"I just can't relate to those bright-young-men-with-a-future types—or even to my old friends who have decided to play out the script. I really envy people who are making a living doing what they love, but somehow I keep getting caught in the money trap. What I want to do doesn't produce any money, and what I hate doing is financially rewarding. The only way out will be to dump the need for money. I have actually walked around my house periodically and stared at the video-tape machine and tried to *feel* what it would be like to take a sledge hammer to it. To destroy it, to violently and cathartically let go.

"I'm very aware of how money fills psychological gaps," Jim said wistfully. "When I'm most lonely, unsatisfied and isolated is when I want to make and spend money. I'm afraid to let go of the cushion. And my brother thinks I'm permanently disabled. That's heavy."

Is it possible that in the land that has been redefining the modes of material acquisition and glorifying personal success ever since it (the nation, not money love) was invented—after the era of conspicuous consumption, after the postwar boom, when every American dreamed only of automobiles and babies, after the flight to the lush suburbs, and now after the war and Watergate, the Sixties and the great re-examination of the past ten years—the most materialistic time in American history is now? That's what a recent report of The Roper Organization says. It says that a car has edged out a child on the "What I Want" list, which is vintage materialism in any man's decade.

From the time of the nation's birth through the dark days of the Great Depression, the ethic powering American money love rested easily on the never-ending search for God's will. Americans who made themselves rich and died before the Thirties rarely perceived a conflict between the drive to make money and the public good. Everyone was a puritan when it came to accumulating wealth.

Because of the obvious deprivations that scarred people who lived through the Depression, most members of the baby-boom generation grew up regarding their parents' and grandparents' psychoses and ardent maxims concerning money as a product of that most money-obsessed period in American history. But a comparison of the psychological underpinnings of that anxious moment and those at the headwaters of this new decade may help explain ruthless mothers and psychological cripples.

For one thing, the boom that defined the material assumptions of the baby-boom kids—despite the grinding poverty that continued to exist underneath that boom in the inner cities—was far more widely disseminated to an ever-richer populace than was the pre-Depression boom.

Another big difference is that the people most affected by the Depression



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didn't really believe it would last. It was an aberration, and few people were looking into a long, bleak, cone-shaped future such as has been presented to the baby-boomers. And those who *did* view the Depression and its attendant financial obsessions as indices of society's flaws still had comparatively unsullied social theories such as New Deal liberalism and socialism (and even communism and fascism, for that matter) to lean on; at the moment, there aren't too many great ideas around, which tends to put a shoulder into hope.

People were greedy as hell again after World War Two. They stoked up a consumer society such as the world had never seen so they could "build a better world together" and drive around in convertibles. But they also gave a lot of the national income away to people in Europe. They agreed as a society to do things that were grounded in compassion. They could afford it, too. They had saved an incredible 140 billion dollars through war bonds and savings accounts. They'd won a big war. They built nice homes. They had children who would never have to worry.

Everyone remembers money's problems in the Sixties; but in looking at the new view of money facing the Eighties, we can't skip the Seventies. As Tom Wolfe has pointed out, many Americans spent that decade learning to separate *themselves* from the mainstream of things that made them nervous. They were thus aided in working on new ways to relate to cash—to covet it, lust for it. The young people lucky enough to have a lot of money even discovered a brand-new status symbol they could honk up through rolled-up money—and the best part about that powdery symbol of wealth and taste was that it made them feel like things were fine. Out in California, one man made himself a bundle running a clinic where people chewed on money to overcome the guilt of loving it so; and, better than that, the Eighties has provided another Californian whose political movement argues that unfettered self-interest is nothing less noble than a reincarnation of our lost entrepreneurialism, some hybrid of Puritan and Emersonian thinking. The supply-side magicians even seem to believe that envy and greed are the very fuel of the economy.

But the expanding capacity of the baby-boomers for no-holds-barred, fuck-you selfishness still, in fact, most clearly separates this new genre of money love from its original roots in this culture. The Puritan ethic, which lined the souls and purses of Americans for well over 200 years, was based on hard work, thrift, acumen and shrewdness, sacrifice

and basic fairness all teaming up to eventually reward a good American with a pile of cash he could enjoy later on.

The bulk of the working public locked inside today's narrowing spire will experience the whole package upside down. They have started with affluence and will work up to sacrifice, deferred material gratification, debt and thrift. In inflationary economies, debtors win and creditors lose, as Paul Blumberg points out in his recently published *Inequality in an Age of Decline*. And selfishness? The old Puritans couldn't stand a person who was selfish. They thought it the worst of earthly sins.

But why all the gloom? Dr. Richard Easterlin of the University of Pennsylvania says that the future will soon be rosy—except for the baby-boom generation, which "carries its fortunes, good or bad, throughout its life cycle." Dr. Easterlin contends that its money troubles are aggravated by the sheer size of the baby boom and that the people in their early 20s should brighten up, they'll be richer, happier and more productive than their older brothers and sisters.

"The payoff for this generation won't come until the Nineties," says Tom Hayden. "That's when the Sixties people will be running things. Until then, everyone's battle will be squaring the need for money with a personal and moral position."

But for the baby-boomers, that's the hardest fight of all. If it were simply a process of growing up into the desire for new luxuries, the personal problems wouldn't loom so large, even for the most committed moral bounty hunters in the pack. If it were just a question of learning to live with telling your friends at a reunion how you "get money," the stylistic adjustment would be a lot easier. After all, money was always an enigma to people who had come to respect a life predicated on actions that weren't self-interested—people who had also come to believe from their own experience that human happiness was not necessarily derived from prosperity. The big generation never really did decide what to think about money. The consensus was never for scientifically redistributing it; money was just a commodity possessed of such magical powers of corruption that it was worth ignoring—so it was ignored. It's like we used to tell Steven Shine; it wasn't our problem.

Now it is. But the problem is the spire itself in conjunction with all of the other things that haven't worked out. During my research for this article, I decided to seek out one of my college friends who had been heavily involved

in the college SDS chapter and was one of the most eloquent and passionate social critics of our circle. Members of the right-wing Young Americans for Freedom on campus used to run into the toilet stalls and hide when he came into the cafeteria. He was what we used to call serious.

Today he's an insurance salesman taking night courses toward his C.L.U. I picked him up after class.

It seems that around 1972, he divined that the rug was being pulled, because he suddenly dove out of politics into the underground economy ahead of the pack and began to sell drugs. He kept a two-bedroom apartment, one bedroom of which was packed tight with 200-pound bales of marijuana. He dressed like a pimp for a while, and after making a bundle of cash, he cleaned up the money and started a small business of his own selling jewelry. That was just a year or two before business schools all over the country began to offer entrepreneurial and venture-capital courses because the hippest of the baby-boom people briefly hoped that doing your own thing in business was the way to work things out with money.

But as with so many who tried it, the banks didn't come through for my old classmate. Inflation ate away at his capital base, he couldn't get help, the recession made people stop buying and taxes ran his profits down to nothing. So he went bankrupt a few times before throwing in the towel and turning to insurance.

He still uses the term bourgeois, but now it is to describe his own lifestyle. He's married, and his wife will soon have their first child. "I decided to try to vote for President this time," he said over dinner. "After all the problems I had with taxes with the business and all, I thought I'd vote for Reagan. Then I saw Bill Moyers do a profile of Reagan on television. It showed how he made over \$500,000 in 1979 and gave \$4000 of it to charity. It showed him shouting down the deans back at Berkeley; and it became quite clear that this was a man who didn't give a damn about people without his opportunities.

"I thought, My God, what's happened to me? I've changed, but not enough to help this guy—and everything he stands for—into the Presidency. With all the changes since the Sixties, I ask myself every once in a while if I've sold out. I've decided that selling out is when you lie to yourself instead of to others—when you convince yourself that people are poor because of something in themselves.

"But money? I still haven't figured it out. Damned if I ever will."



A muscular man with dark hair is the central figure, wearing light blue briefs. He is standing in a kitchen, leaning on a wooden countertop with his right hand. In the background, there is a window with blinds, a sink with a chrome faucet, and a wooden cabinet with a trophy on top. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting his physique.

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"I have become a symbolic figure in the Eighties as a person who has reacclimated into the system."

Sixties, to stay out of the money question would be a real cop-out. It would mean they are unwilling to get to where the power is and really attempt to make a difference where it counts. I would be copping out if I stayed in the myth of the Sixties and didn't want to adapt and change with the times.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about others who shared your values in the Sixties but haven't adjusted so well to the Eighties?

RUBIN: There's nothing to say. Everyone's got to lead his own life. I'm not anyone's personal leader or guru. I have become a symbolic figure in the Eighties as a person who has reacclimated into the system, and I don't mind that. I think it's a good model for people. I remember writing a note to myself around 1973; it said, "Efficiency is not a capitalistic plot." Really. So many people in the Sixties thought that to be inefficient was to be idealistic. Getting the job done was not a very high priority. Talking about it was higher. Well, screw that. Philosophizing is fine, but even Marx said that the point is to change the world, not talk about it.

PLAYBOY: But what if they can't square their need for money with some of the values they developed in the Sixties?

RUBIN: Well, I think that's a healthy dilemma. It's part of the dilemma of life, and people just have to experience it. I don't think it can be rationalized away. I'm not really that much into money, you know. I'm a salaried person. I don't own any real estate, unless my apartment goes co-op, and I'm against that, because, frankly, I'd rather pay rent. PLAYBOY: Your apartment has recently become the scene of some highly publicized weekly gatherings. What's the purpose of those parties?

RUBIN: I'm creating a series of networking salons, which happen once a week in my apartment. I invite all kinds of people—professionals, top people in their fields—to interact with one another. Each party is by special invitation and referral only. I invite 30 people and ask them to bring a friend or two. It's a weekly coming together, a series of parties that ends up as a networking salon, interlocking networks, and there will be spin-off dinners where people can talk to one another in more depth. I've had ten of these so far, and I intend to keep having them for at least the next two years. The parties aren't related to work, but they are my main hobby now. My hobby is people.

PLAYBOY: Are there certain things you wouldn't do for money? Anything at your work you just couldn't countenance?

RUBIN: I'm sure there are things I wouldn't do, but I don't think about that. I only think about what I would do. I don't have the attitude I did in the Sixties, when I'd withdraw at the slightest difference of opinion. No, I'm into compromise and negotiation and making some good come out of every situation. I'm thinking of writing a book called *How to Be an Entrepreneur*. That's where I am right now. I believe I was an entrepreneur of ideas in the Sixties, of personal growth in the Seventies, and I want to be an entrepreneur of venture capital in the Eighties.

And, frankly, I don't see any contradictions. All these people who say Jerry Rubin did this or did that—I think they're blowing in the wind. I'm very misunderstood out there. All that "Yippie Went to Wall Street" business. First of all, I'm more than a Yippie. I am who I am. And, second, I didn't go to Wall Street; I went to work for Ray Dirks at John Muir, a firm that supports the whole idea of small business. So I'm through worrying about what other people say about me. That's a new form of bondage, being a prisoner of your image.

Now, one question you haven't asked me yet that I'll answer for you is that I have changed my viewpoint. I used to be against business, against the whole idea of profit. Now I believe that since we're not going to change the system, let's try at least in our short lifetimes to reform it.

PLAYBOY: Was there one moment when you remember thinking, We're not going to change the system?

RUBIN: I don't think there was one moment. I do remember in the Seventies thinking that being a businessman is very exciting, that businessmen make a lot of interesting decisions: the idea that having money is a way of keeping score has some functionality to it, because money is very bottom line. It's right there in black and white. The alternative is bureaucratic decision making, and I saw enough of that in political meetings to last me for a lifetime of depression.

PLAYBOY: Will you retain the values of the Sixties after you've spent a lot of time accumulating power?

RUBIN: I can't make any statements about what I'll be like in the future. You can judge someone only by who he is and I've always been a committed individual. I don't think that any external change in my circumstances would change that about me. Remember, some of the greatest social reformers in our time were wealthy.



"By the way, whatever happened to Billy?"





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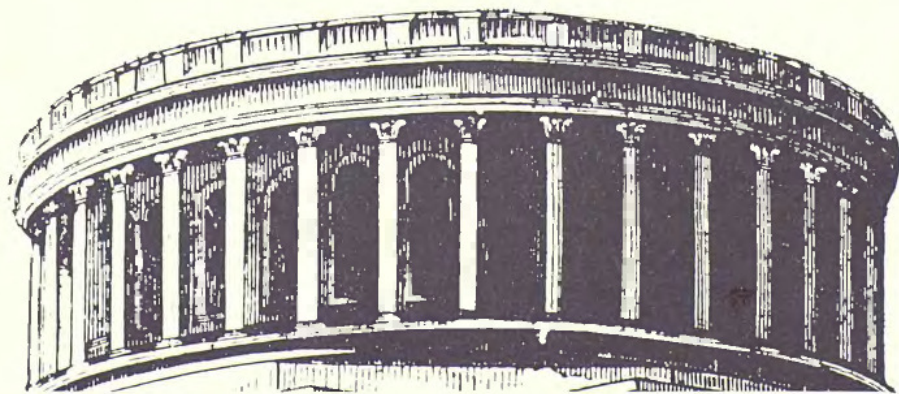
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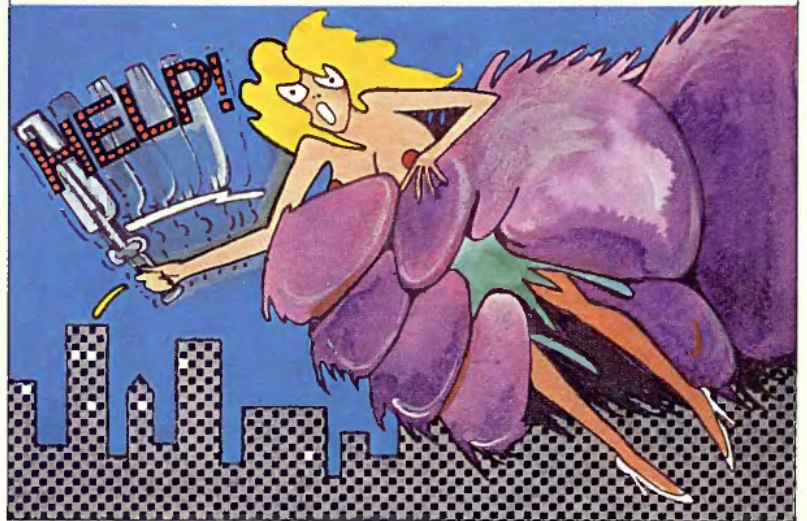


DIRTYING UP THE LANGUAGE

Maledicta is a scholarly, biannual international journal of verbal aggression published by mild-mannered Dr. Reinhold Aman of 331 South Greenfield Avenue, Waukesha, Wisconsin 53186, for only \$15 a year. Before sending in your money, we think you should know that Dr. Aman's publication takes foul language seriously; so don't be upset that while discouraging on Russian obscenities, he dropped an *xer zamselyj* ("moss-covered cock") in his last issue.

LOOK! UP IN THE SKY-WRITER!

Ideal Toys' latest electronic gizmo, called Sky-Writer, was theoretically produced for the teeny-bopper market, but we haven't met an adult yet who wasn't turned on by its inventiveness. Sky-Writer, essentially, is an electronic wand with an alphanumeric keyboard. You type any message (up to 40 characters) on the keyboard and wave Sky-Writer; your message is magically spelled out in high-intensity LEDs that are visible up to 50 feet away. Don't believe us? Most toy stores stock Sky-Writer and its \$29 price is kid stuff.



SHAFTED AGAIN!

No, the Ultimate Shaft isn't having your wife and your best friend skip town together behind the wheel of your brand-new Jaguar; it's a kiln-dried walnut hiking stick (appropriately called The Ultimate Shaft) that Wind River Products, P.O. Box 577, Siloam Springs, Arkansas 72761, is selling for \$19.95, postpaid. An Ultimate Shaft comes in three lengths—48, 56 and 63 inches—and, like a fine old flannel shirt or a good pair of boots, it just keeps getting better and better the more you use it. Take a hike!





MAIL-ORDER MOVEMENT

For ten years, the Golden Movement Emporium, 417 Colorado Avenue, Santa Monica, California 90401, has been the world's largest purveyor of architectural antiques sold at auction extravaganzas that resemble a Busby Berkeley musical. Now Golden Movement has gone mail-order, and its five-dollar catalog is chockablock with goodies, including the \$23,375 stained-glass ceiling here. It also stocks \$12 toothbrush holders.

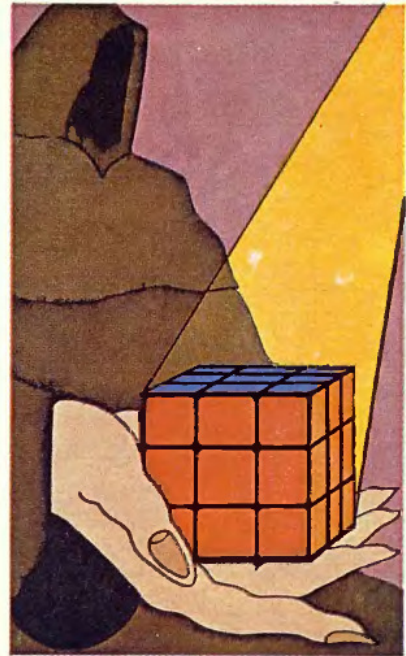


ELECTRONIC LOOKOUT

Remember when you were a kid and somebody was always the lookout? That's the role GBC Closed Circuit TV Corporation, 315 Hudson Street, New York City 10013, has given itself. Its black-and-white 12" TV is called the Look-Out, and for good reason; when someone rings your doorbell, the set automatically shows who's there. And you can talk to whoever it is from your chair. The price is \$449.50. No, it won't mix a martini.

BOOB CUBE SOLVED

Rubik's Cube is a maddening, multicolor puzzle, introduced about a year ago, that has more than three billion possible combinations but only one solution. If you've failed to return your cube to its original solid-color sides, take heart: A Ph.D. in chemistry research who wishes to remain anonymous has written *Solution to the Rubik's Cube*, a 36-page booklet available from Storc Enterprises, P.O. Box 9139, Stanford, California 94305, for \$3.50, which provides a step-by-step solution that's guaranteed to work. Our anonymous author's first instruction is to "choose your favorite color . . . and place and orient the four edge cubes on the face with this color at the center." We're lost already.



BEER AND SKITTLES

World Wide Games, P.O. Box 450, Delaware, Ohio 43015, is an anachronism. In an age when most toys must snap, crackle and electronically pop, World Wide has gone back to the basics and created a line of wooden games that don't have to be repaired every six months. Our favorite is skittles, an ancient Chinese pastime played with nine pins and a spinning top. British sailors, however, discovered that beer went best with skittles, and we think you'll agree after spending \$91 for the 18" x 40" board. Cheers!

NO BELL PRIZE WINNER

The Bell System may be dolling up its basic black phone in spiffy new guises, but it took a company called Haron Marketing (P.O. Box 75, Yonkers, New York 10705) to put some zing in the ring by offering a \$59.95 device called Tele-Tune that announces a call with a few bars from Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*, the theme from *The Pink Panther* or a number of pop tunes. Haron soon will be offering more country- and western and movie-theme opening notes, and they tell us that installation and music changes are as easy as dialing information. *You Say Goodbye and I Say Hello, Good Morning Heartache or Michelle, Ma Bell, anyone?*



“Three quarters of the sexually active girls have been on the giving or receiving end of oral sex.”

else is even close. When asked what they look for in relationships with men, they make trust a three-to-one landslide over such considerations as companionship, intimacy, freedom, security and “steady sex.”

Eighty-five percent of our respondents say they are not virgins; the most common age for giving up one's virginity is 18. Most of those who are sexually active have intercourse a few times a week, with a few times a month the second most popular frequency. One coed who scribbled in “a few times per hour” seems to have been too busy to fill out the rest of the questionnaire.

Three quarters of the sexually active girls have been on the giving or receiving end of oral sex. Nearly as many have masturbated a partner or let a partner masturbate them. Even some of those who say they are virgins have taken part in oral sex and mutual masturbation. Experience with anal sex, however, trails far behind.

It's uncommon, but not unknown, for a Southern coed to share a bunk with

someone she first met earlier in the day. This revelation can only add allure to the concept of Southern hospitality. But very few of the girls of the S.E.C. have ever had more than a single partner in one bed. Apparently, sexual impulsiveness doesn't go hand in hand in hand with *ménages à trois*.

Religion appears to exert little influence on the sexual mores of S.E.C. women. About half are actively religious (Catholics, Baptists and Methodists are the big three), but few cite faith as a force in their lives. Several are still virgins because of religious beliefs, and others feel guilty about sex but not enough to avoid having it. One Florida miss says that her church made her feel guilty about having sex, so she stopped going to church. (Trust us, folks. It's true.)

The controlled-substances market looks bullish in the South. Drug users and nonusers are evenly represented among those who sent back our survey, but there may be a few heavy Quaalude consumers who are still trying to find the mailbox. Marijuana leaves are far

and away the most popular campus flora. Speed isn't big except during finals week. Cocaine hasn't caught on—students aren't noted for affluence, after all.

While half the girls don't smoke, snort or pop pills, just about everybody drinks. The S.E.C. is a real stomping ground for wine, but hard liquor and beer slosh just behind. About 70 percent of the coeds combine sex and liquor, but only a third combine sex and drugs. The majority feels sex is somewhat better when one labors under an influence. Passion while drunk or tripping is described by some as “ethereal” or “spectacular,” but by others as either “too sloppy” or “impossible to remember.”

We also asked the S.E.C. girls to tell us their most unusual collegiate sexual experience, and those answers will be revealed in next month's installment (our researchers are still trying to make sure some of the adventures described are anatomically possible).

If this brief introduction to the sirens of the Southeast leaves belles ringing in your head—if it drives you to get into your car and head for the Bermuda-grass triangle of the S.E.C.—we can offer a few words of advice: Carry a football under your arm, put a piece of straw in your mouth, drink a lot of beer and don't be surprised when you find some of the most beautiful women in the world.



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SEP '78	Rosanne Katon	Sylvester Stallone	Girls of the Pac 10	MAY '80	Martha Thomsen	Gay Talese	Stewardesses
NOV '78	Monique St. Pierre	Geraldo Rivera	Bunnies of '78	JUN '80	Ola Ray	John Anderson	Playmate of the Year
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JAN '79	Candy Loving	Marlon Brando	25TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE	AUG '80	Victoria Cooke	William Shockley	NFL Preview/ Bo Derek Encore
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AUG '79	Dorothy Stratten	Edward Teller	Candy Loving's Back	FEB '81	Vicki Lasseter	Tom Snyder	Playmate Roommates
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OCT '79	Ursula Buchfellner	Burt Reynolds	Bunnies of '79	APR '81	Lorraine Michaels	Ed Asner	Rita Jenrette
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DEC '79	Candace Collins	Al Pacino	Raquel Welch	JUNE '81	Cathy Larmouth	Steve Garvey	Playmate of the Year
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RUTHLESS QUIZ

(continued from page 97)

- B. Victims of a ruthless capitalistic system
 - C. Part of the international Communist conspiracy
 - D. A potential market
10. When you play racquetball, you:
- A. Enjoy a relaxed time on the court with a friend
 - B. Try to win more often than not
 - C. Hit corner shots whenever possible
 - D. Put mustard gas in your opponent's eye protectors
11. The most elevated title in the world is:
- A. President of the United States
 - B. Pope
 - C. Owner of the New York Yankees
 - D. Chairman of the Fed
12. As a young entrepreneur in high school, you:
- A. Became an eagle scout
 - B. Worked as a lifeguard
 - C. Sold peanuts at football games
 - D. Took over the local pot franchise
13. Last December 31st, when your wife was seven months pregnant, you:
- A. Wondered if you would make a good father
 - B. Took Lamaze classes with your wife
 - C. Painted the baby's room
 - D. Induced labor to get the tax break
14. You regard sleep at night as:
- A. Time to knit the raveled sleeve of care
 - B. An Academy Award-winning nightmare extravaganza
 - C. Fine if you have enough 'Ludes
 - D. Impossible; you're in the Hong Kong stock market and you have to sleep during the day
15. When you look in the mirror, you see:
- A. Your own image
 - B. Nobody
 - C. Your butler, masseur and chauffeur
 - D. The other guy gaining on you
16. You come across a quiz about ruthlessness in your favorite magazine and you:
- A. Skip to the centerfold
 - B. Sneak a look at the answers
 - C. Assume you know more than the people who wrote it
 - D. You blot out the by-line, claim you wrote it and submit it for a Pulitzer Prize

ANSWERS

1. D. A true ruthless mother does not have time for the sloppy humanistic concern for injustice as presented on *60 Minutes*; the only *Masterpiece Theatre* productions he watches are those plays about corrupt Roman emperors; he sees *Wall Street Week* as a comedy show, with



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host Louis Rukeyser as the comedian who has pumped a slow market for ten years.

2. D. Mother Teresa comes close, because she got a lot of dynamite money with the Nobel Peace Prize; but face it, she works with poor credit risks. Machiavelli was a fawning Florentine writer, and Jerry Falwell is restricted in his actions because he wants to look good, no matter how much money he makes.

3. D. Actually, the editors had a big argument about this one. Many said that C was the correct answer, since for most PLAYBOY editors, a salary that is "enough to live on" comes to about four times the current U.S. defense budget. Can you tell this was written by an under-

paid Contributing Editor?

4. D. No doubt about it: For the ruthless mother, David Stockman is the ideal symbol. Kojak got himself canceled; Patton never received the command he thought he deserved; and Butkus played in pain. Stockman, on the other hand, is a man who spent the Vietnam war years in Harvard Divinity School. Now, *that's* pain avoidance!

5. D. The joke teller is basically weak, willing to waste time and seek other people's approval. Anyone with a concern for freedom is far too sentimental to qualify as a ruthless mother. As for those of you worried about nuclear war, what's to sweat? Poland's in *Europe*,

man. Who do you know over there?

6. D. Anybody who thinks that the big individual investors in stocks operate on anything *but* insider tips should send \$1000 to *Dear Playboy* so we can reserve a seat for you on the next space shuttle.

7. D. OK, OK. Make it eight grams of pure coke and a phone with *ten* lines.

8. D. It would be smart to fake A, B and C while doing D. Even a ruthless mother has to worry about appearances.

9. D. A market for what? Well, try these: a fat contract for your construction firm to build public housing; extra bucks for your security firm as it protects everyone living nearby; your wine-and-liquor franchise; the kickbacks in health services and social work you organize; and, of course, the charitable deductions you claim you make, etc. Hey, there's profit to be made *everywhere*.

10. D. Mustard gas does come in liquid form, and one tiny drop of it should win you the club racquetball championship. When you win, try not to smile when people say of your opponent, "I just don't understand George. He played like he was blind out there."

11. C. Ha! Fooled you, right? You thought you perceived a pattern of D answers, you old technical-market man, you. But look at it realistically: In your experience, who *is* the more ruthless mother—George Steinbrenner or Paul Volcker? See what we mean?

12. D. Minor drug dealing is a common thread we find running through the biographies of many ruthless mothers. As a matter of fact, that is where "supply side" economics originated. It comes from a ghetto phrase that goes like this: "Hey, man, can you supply my side?"

13. D. The true ruthless mother knows that fatherhood cannot be defined, that Lamaze classes are quaint but time-consuming and that you can always paint the baby's room. But to get the kid dropped before midnight on December 31st? Now, that's estate planning!

14. D. In case you're wondering, the Hong Kong stock market has been one of the hottest markets in the world this past year; so if you've changed your sleep patterns to stay up and watch your ticker tape from the Far East, you're probably a real winner.

15. D. Yeah, it could be "the other *gal* gaining on you," but you'll just have to get used to that. As the workplace becomes more liberated, it's likely that there will be quite a few ruthless mothers who are *really* mothers.

16. D. Willing to win at any price, the true ruthless mother would have no hesitation in submitting work that wasn't his own—and if, by chance, he were caught in the act, he'd say what he always says in such situations: "You got to be kidding—what a coincidence!"

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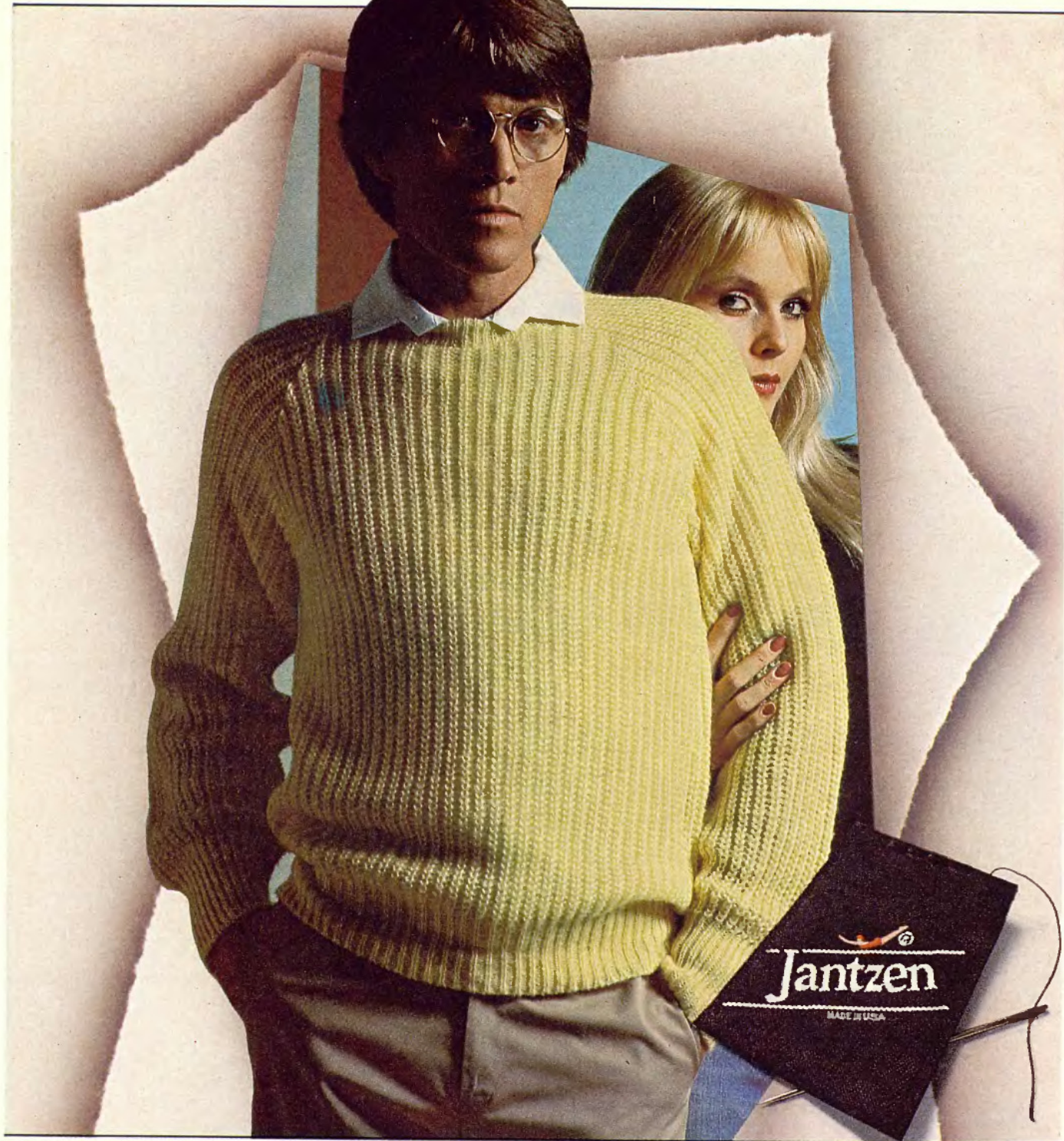
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RIDGEMONT HIGH

(continued from page 140)

"Brad was the best fryer at the best location, and that was what was important at Ridgemont High."

King? Why not McDonald's? Or Jack-in-the-Box?

The answer was simple enough, as Brad himself would tell you. Their food wasn't as good. And places like Burger King were always giving away glasses and catering to small kids who came whipping into the restaurant on their bicycles. McDonald's was McDonald's. Too familiar, too prefab, too many games. McDonald's was good only if you had no other choice or if you just wanted fries.

Jack-in-the-Box was suspect because all the food was precooked and heated by sun lamps. It was also common knowledge that the whole Jack-in-the-Box franchise was owned by Ralston Purina, the well-known dog-food manufacturer. Kentucky Fried Chicken was too boring and Wendy's was too close to Lincoln High School.

The top-of-Ridgemont-Drive Carl's Jr., on the other hand, had achieved that special balance between location and food quality. At Carl's, the burgers were char-broiled. That crucial fact not only meant that the meal was better but it returned a little bit of the fast-food power to the kid behind the counter. A guy like Brad felt like a real chef.

"Hey, Brad," people were always saying to him, "your fries are even better than McDonald's."

"You know it," Brad would say, as if they were, in fact, *his* fries.

Brad had his own method, and at it he was the best. Working the fryer at Carl's was a system governed by beeps. One high beep—the fries were done. One low—change the oil. But Brad didn't even have to go by the beeps. He *knew* when the fries were perfect. He *knew* when to change the oil and he knew his fryer.

Being the main fryer at Carl's meant that everybody had to be nice to you. The other workers depended on Brad for their orders. The only real problem came when company sales were down and the franchise added a "specialty" item, such as a cheese steak or The Gobbler (sliced turkey breast on a freshly baked roll with mayonnaise and butter). Forget it. That stuff took forever to make. And some recreation-center clown with a whistle around his neck would always come in and order 15 of them.

But Brad was the calmest guy in the building.

"I need eight double cheese, Brad!"

"No problem."

"I gotta go. Can you bag them?"

"Go ahead and take off."

When Brad was a sophomore, he wanted to be a lawyer. His parents were delighted. His school counselor set him up in an apprenticeship program with a local law firm. He was there three weeks and became disillusioned. He'd gone to a criminal-law defense attorney and asked him a question: "If you got a guy freed on a little technicality, even though you knew he had committed a murder, wouldn't that be on your conscience for the rest of your life?"

"Why don't you try corporate law?" was his answer.

Brad spent the next week with a woman lawyer from Redondo Beach Gas and Electric. It was so boring that he'd taken up drinking coffee. He had decided not to think about what to do now that his "lawyer phase" had ended. Right now, Brad was the best fryer at the best location around, and that was what was important at Ridgemont High School—especially for his senior year—and things like lunch court.

•

The topic of conversation at the center of lunch court today was the Mr. Hand-Spicoli incident. Three periods later, it had been blown into enormous proportions.

"He almost pulled a gun on Mr. Hand," said Brad. "Spicoli had a piece on him. He came right over to mechanical drawing and told us."

"Hey, Brad," said one of his Carl's friends, "did he say 'Dick off' or 'Suck dick'?"

"He just got *right* in Mr. Hand's face," said Brad, "and he goes"—Brad contorted his face as he re-created the moment—"Yooooo fuckin' *dick!*" And Mr. Hand didn't do anything. Spicoli said if he'd tried anything, he would have pulled the gun. He was going to blow Mr. Hand away. But he came over to mechanical drawing instead."

"Whoa."

"He ain't coming back here," said Brad.

But Spicoli would be back with a new add card the next day in all his glory. The lure of lunch court was too great even for him.

On the outskirts of lunch court sat Linda Barrett and Stacy Hamilton. Not too close to the inner sanctum, not too far away. Linda, cheese sandwich in hand, casually pointed out some of the Ridgemont personalities to Stacy.

"See over there," she said. She nodded to a frizzy brown-haired boy accepting cash from a small crowd of students

around him. "That's Randy Eddo. He's the Ridgemont ticket scalper. He probably makes more money than both of our dads put together."

"Really? A ticket scalper?"

"He says he's not a scalper. He says he provides a service for concertgoers. And that the service costs extra money."

"I see."

Linda went on to explain. Although Led Zeppelin was still king of the Ridgemont parking lot after ten years, each new season brought another band discovery. A new group then influenced the set lists of the Ridgemont school dance bands, and usually one main-focus rock star dictated the dress code. This year that star was the lead singer of Cheap Trick, Robin Zander, a young man with longish blond hair cut in bangs just above his eyes. This year in Ridgemont lunch court, there were three Robin Zander look-alikes.

"None of them talk to each other," noted Linda.

A couple, arms around each other's waists and oblivious to everyone, walked past her and Stacy.

"Now, *that*," said Linda, "is Gregg Adams and Cindy Carr."

The school couple.

Gregg Adams was equal parts sensitive drama student and school funny guy. He looked like a contestant on *The Dating Game*. Gregg's jokes never got too dirty, his conversation never too deep. He just strode down the hallways, said hi to people he didn't know and methodically wrapped up all the leads in the school drama presentations. Everyone, including Gregg, was sure he would be famous one day.

Cindy Carr was a clear-complexioned, untroubled Midwestern beauty. She was a cheerleader, coming from a part of the country where cheerleaders still meant something. She did not leave her room in the mornings until she believed she compared favorably with the framed photo of Olivia Newton-John on her wall. She was a part-time hostess in a Chinese restaurant where a singer named Johnny Chung King sang nightly.

Both Gregg and Cindy were masters of the teeth-baring smile. That, more than anything else, was the true sign of a high school social climber known as the sosh. The teeth-baring sosh (long O) began as a glimmer in the eye. Then the sosh chin quivered, and then the entire sosh face detonated into a synthetic grin. Usually accompanied by a sharp "Hi," it was an art form that Gregg and Cindy had taken to its extreme.

The Gregg Adams-Cindy Carr story was thick with tales of overwhelming devotion. When one was sick, the other spent every in-between period on the pay phone, talking to the one at home. Every day, they paraded across lunch court, cuddling and holding each other. They were the king and queen of the

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public display of affection, or P.D.A. Every lunch period, they would take their prescribed seats in lunch court and gaze longingly at each other for whatever was left of the 26 minutes.

"If there's one thing that never changes," commented Linda, "it's a cheerleader."

"Think they're actually doing it?"

"No way they can't be doing it."

"I just can't picture it," said Stacy with a shrug. "They're too much like my parents."

"They've got to be doing it," said Linda, "or else Gregg would be blue in the face by now."

"I see a little green but no blue."

Linda bit into her cheese sandwich. "Everything starts to look green around here after a while," she said.

THE ATTITUDE

It was one of the cruel inevitabilities of high school, right up there with grades and corn dogs. After 13, girls tended to mature two to three times faster than boys. This led to a common predicament. Two kids were in the same grade. The girl was discovering sex and men. The boy, having just given up his paper route, was awakening to the wonders of Gothic-style romance. High school could be murder on a guy like Mark "The Rat" Ratner, 16.

He was not blessed with the personal success or the looks of a Brad Hamilton. To junior Mark Ratner, high school girls were mystical, unattainable apparitions. So close and yet so far away.

"I am in *love*," said Ratner. He clutched his heart, spun in a circle and landed on his buddy Mike Damone's bed. It was after school, three weeks into the school year. "In loooooove."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Oh, yeah," said Ratner. "This girl is my exact type. It's her. It's definitely her."

"It's definitely your *momma*," said Damone distractedly. He was in the middle of his after-school ritual. Every day, Damone went home, set his books down, mixed himself a tall Tia Maria and cream and blasted Lou Reed's live *Rock 'n' Roll Animal* album on the family stereo.

"Damone, you gotta listen to me." Ratner turned serious very quickly. In high school, everyone had a coach. For Ratner, this was Damone, and Damone wasn't even paying attention. "Come on, Damone."

They were both juniors and both lived in Ridgmont Hills, but Ratner and Damone were nothing alike. Mark "The Rat" Ratner, a pale kid with dark hair that tilted to one side like the leaning tower of Pisa, had lived in Ridgmont all his life. He had lived in the same house and gone to the neighborhood schools, of which Ridgmont

High was one. Ratner was even born in University Hospital, just across the street from his house.

Mike Damone was darker, with longish black hair parted in the middle and a wide, knowing smile. He was a transfer from Philadelphia, "where women are fast and life is cheap." Damone and The Rat had a perfect relationship. Damone talked and The Rat listened.

"All right," said Damone. "All right." He straddled a chair in his room facing The Rat. "Tell me all about it."

"OK," said The Rat. "It started out just a typical day. I had to go to the Associated Student Body office to get my student I.D. I was thinking about other things, you know, and then I saw her. She was incredible! She was so beautiful! She's a cross between Cindy Carr . . . and Cheryl Ladd! And she works right in the A.S.B. office!" The Rat shook his head in awe. "This is going to be such a great year!"

Damone sat listening to the story, waiting for more. There was no more.

"Is that it?" said Damone. "You didn't get her name or anything?"

"No. It's too soon."

"It's never too soon," said Damone. "Girls decide how far to let you go in the first five minutes. Didn't you know that?"

"What do you want me to do? Go up to this strange girl and say, 'Hello! I'd like you to take your clothes off and jump on me!'"

Damone nodded his head. "I would, yeah."

"Fuck you."

"I can see it all now," said Damone. "This is going to be just like the girl you fell in love with at Fotomat. All

you did was go buy film; you didn't even talk to her."

"What do you do, Mike? Tell me. You're in a public place and you see a girl that you really like. Do you just stand there and give her the eye? Or do you go up to her and make a joke or something? I mean, you're a good-looking guy, you know these things."

"OK. OK." Damone sighed, but he loved it. "Here's what I do." He got up and began pacing his room, an orderly little cubicle with one huge speaker, a large poster of Deborah Harry and a newspaper photo of a mortician's utensils. "Usually, I don't talk to the girl. I put out a *vibe*. I let her *know*. I use my face. I use my body. I use everything. It's all in the twitch of an eye. You just send the vibe out to them. And I have personally found that girls do respond. Something happens."

"Yeah, Damone, but you put the vibe out to thirty million girls. You know *something's* gonna happen."

"That's the idea," said Damone. "That's the attitude."

You hear about it under a multitude of names. The knack. The ability. The moves. The attitude. In any language, it is the same special talent for attracting the opposite sex, and Damone appeared to have it.

They had met at Marine World, the famous marine amusement park outside Orange County. Ratner had gone in, applied for a job, and they had given him Dining Area Duty, an auspicious-sounding responsibility that consisted of scraping the birdshit off the plastic outdoor tables. He didn't think it was that bad, though. It was fun for Ratner at Marine World and there was a real



spirit among the young workers. All the employees got together for functions like beer-keg parties and softball games, and everything would be just fine until someone asked The Rat what *his* department was.

"Hi. I'm Leslie from the Killer Whale Pavilion. Who are you?"

"I'm Mark from Dining Area Duty."

"Oh." And the same look would inevitably come over the other Marine World employee's face, a look that said, *So you're the guy they got.* "Well, Mark, uh, I'll see you over there sometime. Bye!"

The Rat always had trouble recovering after that. Making new friends, it seemed, was not his particular forte. Girls had been out of the question most of his life.

It seemed to The Rat a matter of fate when Marine World personnel dropped Damone into Dining Area Duty as his new partner. On the first day, The Rat didn't speak to Damone and Damone didn't speak to him. On the second day, The Rat broke the ice.

"Hot day today."

Damone looked up from the table he was scrubbing and smiled. "Sure is."

Then his eyes glazed over. He opened his mouth to say something, but nothing came out. Damone turned pale and fell over backward, landing on a lawn area. He appeared to go into shock, beating his head on the grass and making tongueless noises with his mouth. Several customers gathered around.

"Someone do something!"

"He's having a fit!"

"Can anyone help that boy?"

Ten more Marine World visitors arrived to gawk at the young worker flailing on the ground. The Rat rushed over to Damone's side and bent down to ask how he could help. And then, just when Damone had a huge audience, he popped back up again. He was the picture of complacency.

"I'm just not myself today," he said. It was Damone's special stunt.

Damone was fired after only three weeks at Marine World, but not before he had made fast friends with Ratner. To The Rat, Damone was a one-of-a-kind character. But it was beyond the Twitching Man act that Damone used on occasion to rip up whole restaurants and shopping malls. To The Rat, Damone was someone to study. He was a guy with a flair for living life *his* way, and that particularly fascinated Ratner.

What was his secret?

"I'll tell you what it is," Damone said. "It's the attitude. The attitude dictates that you don't care if she comes, stays, lays or *prays*. Whatever happens, your toes'll still be tappin'. You're the coolest and the cruelest. You've got to have the attitude."

To Mike Damone of Philadelphia,

everything was a matter of attitude. Fitting into a California school was no problem for him. Once you had the attitude, Damone said, success was never again a matter of luck. It was simply a question of whether or not you behaved as if it were yours already.

The attitude. The Rat and Damone had been sitting in fourth-period biology a couple of days into the new school year. Damone leaned over. "Aren't you hungry?"

"Starved," said The Rat.

"Wouldn't you love a pizza right now?"

"Don't torture me."

A few minutes later, there was a knock at the front door of the classroom. Mr. Vargas had been giving a lecture. He paused to answer the door.

"Who ordered the pizza?" asked an impatient deliveryman for Mr. Pizza.

Damone waved his hand. "We did back here."

The class watched in amazement as the deliveryman took his steaming pizza to the back of the class and set it on Damone's desk. Damone paid for it, even pressed 50 cents into the deliveryman's hand. "This is for you," he said.

Mr. Vargas looked on, bewildered, while Damone and The Rat began eating pizza.

"Am I the only one who thinks this is strange?" Mr. Vargas asked.

The attitude.

Damone had put on a classic display of attitude the day after hearing of The Rat's dream girl at the A.S.B. counter. Ratner chose to watch from behind the bushes on Luna Street while Damone cruised by for an official check-out.

He had meant only to look, but Damone went right up and said hello to the girl. The Rat's girl. She and Damone had a three-minute conversation that The Rat couldn't hear. Then Damone had tapped his hand on the A.S.B. counter once and turned to leave. He walked back over to The Rat.

"She's cute," said Damone, "but she doesn't look like Cheryl Ladd."

"Fuck you, Damone."

"Her name is Stacy Hamilton," he said. "She's a sophomore, and she's in beginning journalism. What more do you need to know?"

"She just told you that?"

"Sure."

"I'll tell you something," said The Rat. "I really think something could happen between this girl and me."

"You ought to meet her first, you wuss."

(Wussy was a particularly expressive word that had sprung up in Paul Revere Junior High and taken a foothold in the Ridgemont lexicon. It was the handy combination of wimp and pussy.)

The next day, The Rat had it all planned. He waited until the period he knew she would be working at the A.S.B. office. He walked slowly over to

the 200 Building, down the hall to the corner office. It was a green counter, with a glass window in front.

And there she was! Stacy Hamilton. Both she and Mike Brock, the football jock, were finishing up with two students. There was only one other kid in front of The Rat. It was a 50-50 chance. A crap shoot!

Brock finished first, and the other student went to his window. *Fantastic*, The Rat thought. Then Stacy finished and looked at him.

"Next."

But just as The Rat stepped up, Stacy's A.S.B. phone rang. She picked up the receiver and held a single finger up to Ratner. It was a call from the front office, and the conversation stretched on. The third attendance bell rang, but The Rat stayed.

Brock finished with the other student. "Over here," he said.

And what could The Rat say? *No*, you thick asshole. *No*, you stupid jock. I'm already being helped, you *penis breath*. *No*. The Rat didn't say any of those things. He chose the *wussy* way out.

The Rat shrugged and went over to Brock. He asked Brock something ludicrous, some lame thing off the top of his head.

"I was wondering where the Spirit Club meets," he mumbled.

"I don't know," said Brock. "You oughta look on the big bulletin board."

"Thanks," said The Rat.

He turned to go.

"Oh, *sir*?" She had gotten off the phone and called out to him. "I think the Spirit Club meets on Tuesday after school in room four hundred."

"Thanks," said The Rat. He turned around again. "See you later."

She called me sir! He was overjoyed. The way The Rat figured it, she would never have done that if she wasn't interested in him.

Damone shook his head sadly as he heard the whole story, incident by incident, over Cheetos in lunch court. "Is that it?"

"It's better than yesterday."

"Yeah, Rat, but you just opened the door a little bit. And then you let it slam back shut again. You gotta *talk* to the girl."

"Tomorrow!"

"You can't do it tomorrow," said Damone. "Tomorrow makes you look too eager."

"I know," said The Rat. "I know. I've got to have the *attitude*."

But for a guy like The Rat, the idea of waiting another two days was criminal. He felt there was nothing he could possibly do to fill the dead time. What was good enough on TV? What was interesting enough down at Town Center Mall? What record or book could ever



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be interesting enough to take his mind off her?

In Spanish class the next day, someone offered The Rat a vocabulary-lab headset. He was a zombie.

"You know what?" said The Rat. "I don't give a *shit* what happens to Carlos y Maria."

THE LEARJET IS WAITING

Two days had passed and The Rat awoke, bathed in the attitude. Today was the day. He knew it.

The first three periods of the day flew by. By now he was getting to know Stacy's whole schedule. The last bell rang and The Rat strode out the door of Spanish class, down the halls to the A.S.B. office.

And there she was. Except she was talking with *five* other guys. They were all standing around, leaning over the counter, smiling at her. The Rat took it in stride. He was all form. He took a swig from the nearby drinking fountain, very casual. They were still talking with her. She was smiling back.

Then it hit The Rat. What if a lot of guys asked her out? What if muscle-bound jocks hit on her all day long? Worse yet, what if she went out with Brock? Maybe The Rat wasn't even good-looking enough to try.

He felt the cold fear of rejection spread through him. It sank the attitude like a harpooned beach toy. He turned and walked to his next class.

Later that week, The Rat and Damone went to the first school dance of the year.

"Have you seen Stacy here yet?"

"I don't think she's coming," said The Rat. He kicked at the sawdust that was covering the gymnasium floor. "She's probably not the type who goes to dances."

The Rat had combed his hair into submission. Damone was carefully arranged so that he appeared ultracasual—tennis shoes and sweater. He leaned against the side of the bleachers, listening to the cheesy high school band performing its version of *Take It to the Limit*.

A beautiful young Ridgmont girl walked by them. The Rat acted like he had been punched in the stomach. "Did you see that girl? Jesus."

"You are such a wussy with girls," said Damone. "Come on. They're just . . . girls."

"Yeah? You ought to hear my sister and her girlfriends talk sometime. You'd never call one a *girl* again. They talk like truck drivers."

Damone rolled his eyes and ignored the remark.

"That girl was so cute. Look at her over there!"

"Where?" said Damone.

"Over there by the metal chairs."

"Well, *do* something about it," said Damone.

"Like what?"

"Just what I said, do something about it. You think she's cute? *Do something about it.*" Pause. "You wussy."

The Rat stared at Damone. His eyes glazed over with a sense of purpose.

"Don't let them fool you," said Damone. "They come here for the same reason *we* do."

The Rat draped his fatigue jacket over his shoulder like a French film director. He began to swagger toward the girl.

"*Rat,*" said Damone. "Ace the coat, OK?"

"Really?"

"Yeah. Give it to me." Damone took it. "Now you look OK."

The Rat walked straight over and sat down heavily on a metal chair two feet away from the girl. She was watching the band.

"*You,*" said The Rat. The girl turned around. "*Sit.*" The Rat tapped the aluminum chair next to him with the palm of his hand. The attitude.

The girl shivered, as if the night air had given her a bad chill. She scurried over to some friends at the other end of the gymnasium.

Damone went over and sat on the chair. "It's a start," he said.

By Monday morning, The Rat had a plan. Not another day was going to slip by without his meeting Stacy. He sat grimly through all his classes, preparing for the attack. Then came fifth period, her A.S.B. period on Mondays. The Rat headed down to the A.S.B. counter.

She was all alone. Doing nothing.

"Hi," said Ratner.

"Hello."

"Listen," he said. "I have two questions. I was curious. . . ." He felt the beginnings of the same old cold panic but barged through with his rap, anyway. "What do you do with the old combination locks around here? I left mine on before we switched lockers. . . ."

"We cut them off," said Stacy.

"So they're gone."

"Well, no," she said. She reached under the counter and pulled out a bucketful of old locks. "They're here."

"I'll never find it in there."

"Some people do."

"It's cool," said The Rat. "It'd take too much time." He chuckled to himself, as though he had too much attitude to be bothered with such smalltime stuff as *locks*. He affected a look that said, *The Learjet is waiting.*

"Well, OK," she said. She returned the bucketful of locks under the counter.

"My second question," said The Rat, "is . . . what's your name?"

She smiled. "Stacy."

"Hi. I'm Mark." He stuck his hand

through the hole in the window. "Nice to meet you, Stacy."

A BITCHIN' DREAM

Jeff Spicoli had been having a dream. A totally bitchin' dream.

He had been standing in a deep, dark void. Then he detected a sliver of light in the distance. A cold hand pushed him toward the light. He was being led somewhere *important*. That much he knew.

As Spicoli drew closer, the curtains suddenly opened and a floodlit vision was revealed to him. It was a wildly cheering studio audience—for him!—and there, applauding from his *Tonight Show* desk, was *Johnny Carson*.

Because it was the right thing to do, and because it was a dream, anyway, Spicoli gave the band a signal and launched into a cocktail rendition of AC/DC's *Highway to Hell*. When it was over, he took a seat next to Carson.

"How are ya?" said Johnny, lightly touching Spicoli's arm.

"Bitchin', Johnny. Nice to be here. I feel great."

"I was going to say," said Carson, "your eyes look a little *red*."

"I've been *swimming*, Johnny."

The audience laughed. It was a famous Spicoli line.

"Swimming? In the winter?"

"Yes," said Spicoli, "and may a swimming beaver make love to your masticating *sister*."

That broke Johnny up. Spicoli recrossed his legs and smiled serenely. "Seriously, Johnny, business is good. I was thinking about picking up some hash this weekend, maybe go up to the mountains."

"I want to talk a little bit about school," said Carson.

"*School.*" Spicoli sighed. "School is no problem. All you have to do is go, to get the grades. And if you know anything, all you have to do is go *half the time*."

"How often do *you* go?"

"I don't go at all," said Spicoli.

The audience howled again. He is Carson's favorite guest.

"I hear you brought a film clip with you," said Carson. "Do you want to set it up for us?"

"Well, it pretty much speaks for itself," said Spicoli. "Freddie, you want to run with it?"

The film clip begins. It is a mammoth wave cresting against the blue sky.

"Johnny," continued Spicoli, "this is the action down at Sunset Cliffs at about six in the morning."

"Amazing."

A tiny figure appears at the foot of the wave.

"That's me," said Spicoli.

The audience gasped.

"You're not going to *ride* that wave, are you, Jeff?"

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"You got it," said Spicoli.

He catches the perfect wave and it hurtles him through a turquoise tube of water.

"What's going through your mind right here, Jeff? The danger of it all?"

"Johnny," said Spicoli, "I'm thinking here that I only have about four good hours of surfing left before all those little clowns from Paul Revere Junior High start showing up with their boogie boards."

The audience howled once again, and then Spicoli's brother—that little fucker—woke him up.

BRAKING POINT

It was always a special treat for Stacy to round the corner of the 200 Building and see the blinds drawn in health-and-safety class. It meant that Mrs. Beeson was showing a film. It meant a break from the regular clock-watching routine.

The next question, of course, was, How long is this film? And that was answered easily enough on this day with one look at the spool. Today's film was popping off the end, it was so full.

"Let's all settle down quickly," said Mrs. Beeson. "This is a long driver's-ed film. It's been a few years since we had it on campus. It's called *Braking Point*. Carl? Would you get the lights, please?"

Mrs. Beeson had gone through almost every title in every audio-visual catalog. She had seen them all, several times, and once she got a film rolling in her class, she usually spent the period in her cubicle at the back of the room.

More than a few students in health and safety had mastered the technique of checking the film spool, waiting for Mrs. Beeson to retreat into her cubicle, then slipping out the door only to return minutes before the film ended. Mrs. Beeson would be happy—her class was always refreshed and invigorated when the lights came back on after a film.

Sometimes even the hard-core truants stayed in class if the film was interesting enough to them. The last health-and-safety film had been a vintage antidrug movie narrated by Sonny and Cher. It was called *Why Do You Think They Call It Dope?* In the dramatic high point of the film, Sonny and Cher appeared as themselves and addressed the camera.

"You think marijuana is harmless?" asked Sonny, as the picture grew fuzzy and nondescript. "How would you like it if your doctor took a smoke before operating on you? How would you like it if your mechanic smoked a joint before working on your car? How harmless is it then?"

When the lights came back on, a few guys from auto shop were deeply affected.

"Hey," one of them said, "Sonny had a damn good point."

Braking Point, like so many public-service films for high school students,

had a celebrity narrator. Desi Arnaz. The film began with a typical suburban street scene, as seen through the front window of a slowly traveling car.

"Driving is an important part of each and every one of our daily lives," Desi began in his Latin accent. The car in the film accelerated. "It's a responsibility like no other, and it's a matter of life and—"

A ball came bounding out onto the street. The driver in the film braked but failed to turn his wheel to the right. The film freeze-framed the face of the terrified child about to be splattered.

"Death."

There was a swell of music. It was somehow hard to take seriously a driver's-ed film hosted by Ricky Ricardo.

"They have found *The Braking Point*."

Back to the serenity of a quiet suburban street scene.

"The driver here," continued the narration, "has had just two drinks. Just two drinks at the home of a friend."

"He's fucked up, Ricky!" someone shouted.

"Get him out of the car! He's a fuckin' drunk!"

Continued the narration: "And although this driver thinks he's driving well, he may be doing OK, but he forgets to perceive what's really going on. . . ."

In the film, another car came barreling in from the left, running a stop sign and exploding into the side of the two-drink goner.

"Adiós muchachos!"

Braking Point continued in this ascending-scale-of-bloodshed fashion so popular in driver's-ed films. The class got rowdier and rowdier. When an entire family was maimed and a woman decapitated, the audience reached a peak.

"So gross!"

"Fuck it! I don't want to drive!"

"Help! Ricky!"

Mrs. Beeson emerged from her cubicle at the back of the classroom. "Carl," she said, "do you want to get the lights, please? I think we've all had enough today. . . ."

The lights came back on in Mrs. Beeson's health-and-safety class. As usual, a quarter of the class had sneaked out.

"Where is Stacy Hamilton?" asked Mrs. Beeson. "And where is Sid Bartholomew? What happened to Tony Brendis? Where did all these people go? And where is. . . ."

THE RAT MOVES IN

A student could mark his time by certain events that passed during the school year. First there was homecoming, then the world series, then Halloween and Thanksgiving, all working up to that coveted 14-day Christmas vacation. Like any other school, Ridgmont High made a big deal of the Christmas season.

The classrooms were decorated in tinsel, the windows frosted with spray snow. Some teachers brought in trees. It all meant two things. First, it was a season to rejoice. Second, the race to vacation was on.

The Rat sat in biology watching the clock. Only three more periods until Christmas vacation; three more classes until he was sure Stacy would be lost forever. He made the decision sitting in Youth and Law. Today was the day.

After class, Ratner walked by the A.S.B. office and there she was, working side by side with Brock. As usual.

Her eyes. She had the greatest eyes. And her hair! It was just great the way it fell onto her shoulders. . . .

Stacy finished. "Next," she said.

"Hi," The Rat mumbled.

"Hello. How are you doing today?"

"Pretty good," said Ratner. His glance turned directly downward. It was as if nothing, nothing in the world could get him to look up at this girl with confidence. "I was wondering when basketball tryouts started. I missed it in the bulletins."

"Let me check," said Stacy cheerfully. She shuffled through some papers. "Monday. They start Monday in the gym."

"During vacation?"

"I guess," said Stacy. "Are you going away?"

Ratner looked up. "Maybe," he said. It was a well-known fact that cool people never hung around during Christmas vacation. "How about you?"

Stacy gave a sour look. "I don't know," she said. "I think I have to stay here in Yuktown."

If ever there had come a time for the attitude, The Rat figured, it was now. "Hey," he said, "how about if I give you a call over Christmas vacation?"

"Sure," said Stacy. "That would be fine."

"Great," said The Rat. He watched as she tore off a piece of an envelope, wrote her phone number on it and pushed it through the hole in the window. *Take it slow.*

"Good luck with tryouts."

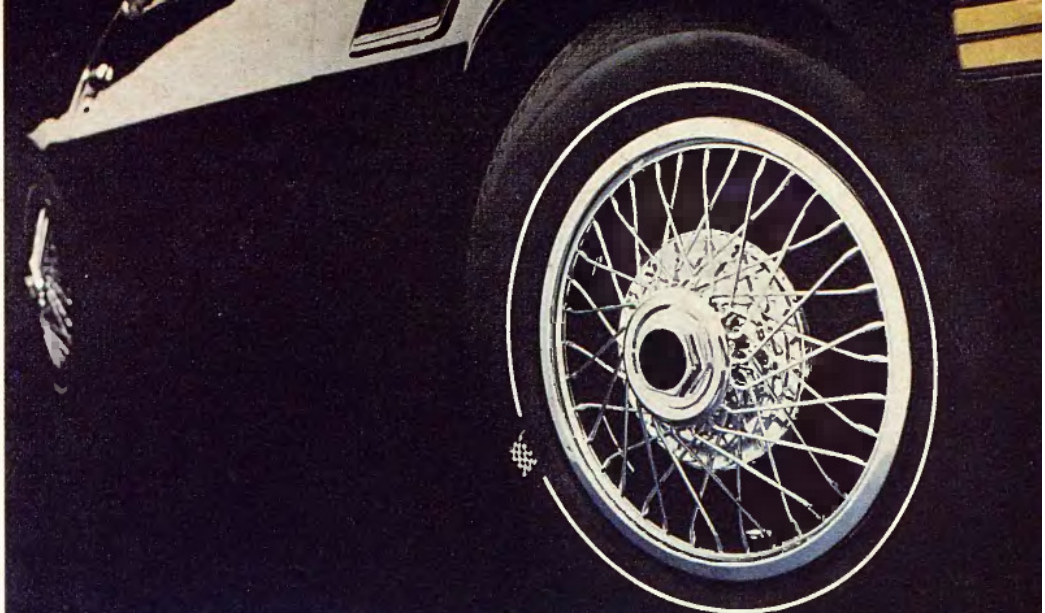
"Thanks," said The Rat, all attitude. "And maybe I'll talk to you over vacation."

The Rat nodded a cool goodbye, turned the corner and banged into a trash can.

COLLEGE ORIENTATION WEEK

The last week in April was College Orientation Week. For five days, representatives from city, state and junior colleges came to the Ridgemont campus to speak to the students. Afternoon assemblies were held in the gym, mandatory for seniors and optional for underclassmen.

Brad filed into the Thursday assembly titled "The Advantages of Higher Education," sponsored by the University of



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Southern California. He took a seat in the bleachers with the rest of his period-four English-composition class and watched as David Lemon, one of his old Carl's buddies, tested the podium microphones.

All year long, Brad had delayed making any decisions about his life beyond senior year, though somehow he knew he would end up in college. To him, the thought was like a dentist's appointment or a visit to a crotchety relative—he could always put it off another month. This, after all, was to be his cruise year, and he had intended to consider life beyond high school only after he had a maximum amount of fun. Now everyone was going around talking about college applications and essay questions, and Brad hadn't even gotten his cruise year into gear. College Orientation Week made him nervous.

The presentation began with Principal William Gray. "Now, I realize," he began, "that it's getting near prom time and the end of the year—" The audience of seniors laughed and cheered, interrupting his prepared speech, and Brad joined in. Somehow, Principal Gray had uttered the magic words *prom time and end of the year*.

Principal Gray smiled and acknowledged the cheers. "High school is about having fun," he continued, "but it's also about preparing yourselves for the crossroads of life. . . ."

The laughs and cheers died out.

One thing about Principal Gray, Brad thought, he sure knew how to kill a good time. He talked for several minutes about the importance of college and mentioned that many students, such as Cindy Carr and Steve Shasta the school's soccer star, had already been accepted by the college of their choice.

Then coach Hector Ramirez took the podium and, looking as though he had been lobotomized for the afternoon, said that "even big-time sports takes a back seat to big-time education."

Halfway down the bleachers from Brad, a group of guys started laughing and nudging one another. Brad knew them from mechanical arts. They were another group from the outskirts of lunch court, the construction workers. They drove Datsun pickups and their common refrain was, "Construction is where the bucks are." You could bet they weren't headed for "big-time education," Brad thought.

The main speaker of the afternoon was a red-haired woman, 40ish, wearing a smart, peach-colored suit. She was the head career counselor from USC and the first thing she said was, "Don't believe the jargon about Ph.D.s' driving taxis—a great education will get you a great job.

"It's easy," she went on, "to ignore the issue of college while you're having

fun in high school. But going to college, especially a school like USC, is like making a big investment. There's a lot of work involved, but the dividends you reap are enormous. And who's to say we can't make college fun for you, too?"

Brad sat there, listening, and in the back of his mind he realized what was bothering him about College Orientation Week. It was one long parade of adults, and the thrust of all their presentations was, *Yeah, we know high school's one big party, but now it's time to get serious*. Didn't they understand how tough it was to work, to go to school, deal with teachers and then with assistant managers, with parents and with customers, and then with the lunch-court crowd, too? Hey, he felt like saying, who's having fun? Life isn't like *Happy Days*.

"The important thing," the woman from USC concluded, "is to fall in love with your work. There's always room at the top for the best. You'll suffer for your vocation, but you'll be happy."

Now, that made Brad feel better. He was already several weeks into a new job, and even though it wasn't the *best* location in Ridgmont, it was at least a job that gave him fryer duty. That was his specialty. That was what he *did*. He was a fryer, and he was the best!

Still, after College Orientation Week, Brad began to get a nagging image in his mind. In it he was 40 years old, wearing an apron and working in a burger stand. He was surrounded by junior high school kids, telling him his fries were still the best.

A LATE-NIGHT PHONE CONVERSATION

Linda and Stacy had already been on the phone more than an hour.

"Linda," asked Stacy, "what makes a great lover?"

"A style."

"Gentleness?"

"In some guys," said Linda. "That's Doug. Doug's tender. He's very gentle. He really is. He goes for your neck and your mouth . . . you just go, 'Ohhhhhhh.'" "What other styles are there?"

"Aggressive. Like Bob, who used to work at Swenson's. Remember him? He attacked me in front of Jack in Jack's Camaro. He tried to get Doug mad by giving me a hickey."

"You never told me this."

"He never gave me the hickey."

"Did Betsy know about that?"

"Betsy doesn't know about half the shit Bob does."

"I don't know," sighed Stacy. "I think I want to find somebody funny. The guy's gotta have a sense of humor. And be well built. . . ."

"And good in bed."

"You never can tell that."

"Hey," said Linda, "whatever happened to that Mark Ratner?"

"Nothing. He's around. He's real nice. His friend is pretty cute."

"High school boys," said Linda. "No matter what they look like, they're still high school boys."

BLOW-JOB LESSONS

A new girl from Phoenix, Arizona, had transferred into Stacy's child-development class. She looked a little scared standing at the front of the class. When Mrs. Melon placed her at Stacy's table, Stacy decided to make friends with her.

Her name was Laurie Beckman. She was a doctor's daughter. She wanted to raise horses. She was a friendly girl, if a little shy, and she wore braces.

Stacy had introduced her to Linda Barrett and the three had taken to eating lunch together. It wasn't long before Laurie realized what a gold mine of sexual expertise was sitting before her every lunch period. Within two weeks, she was already into the hard stuff.

"Did you see that movie *Carrie*?" asked Laurie. "Do you know when John Travolta gets that girl to give him a blow job?"

"Yeah."

"Yeah."

"Do you do that?"

Stacy looked at Linda.

"Of course," said Linda. "Don't you know how?"

"No. Not really." Pause. "They don't talk about it in sex ed."

"It's no big deal," said Linda. "Bring a banana to lunch tomorrow and I'll show you."

The next day, Laurie brought a banana to school. The three girls sat down together on the very outskirts of lunch court. Linda peeled the banana and handed it back to Laurie.

"Now, what you've got to do," she instructed, "is treat it firmly but carefully. Move up and down and hold it at the bottom."

"When am I supposed to do this?"

"Do it now."

"Give it a try," said Stacy, in fine deputy form.

Laurie looked casually to the right, then to the left. Then she mouthed the banana.

"Is that right?" she asked.

Her braces had created wide divots down the sides of the banana.

"You should try to be a *little* more careful," said Linda. She watched as Laurie tried again, with similar results.

"I have a question," said Laurie. "What happens?"

"What do you mean?"

"What happens . . . I mean, I've never asked anyone about this—right?—and . . . and don't laugh at me, OK . . . ?"

"Just say it, Laurie."

"OK, like when a guy has an orgasm. . . ." Laurie sighed heavily. "You



Eric Brown

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know . . . I've always wondered . . . *how much comes out?*"

Linda leaned forward and stared Laurie in both eyes. "Quarts."

"Quarts?" Laurie's eyes popped.

Stacy slugged Linda. "Don't do that to her."

"OK . . . not that much," said Linda. "You shouldn't worry about it. Really."

Laurie looked relieved as she stared down at the peeled banana still in her hand. From the two opposite ends of lunch court, Steve Shasta and Mark Ratner watched the blow-job lesson. The Rat had no idea what was going on. Shasta had a wide grin on his face.

IT'S UP TO YOU, MIKE

Stacy caught up with Mike Damone on his way to the bus stop. "Can I walk you home?" she asked.

"I was going to take the bus."

"Let's walk."

"OK," he said. Might as well give her a taste of the Damone charm, he thought.

They made some small talk about how all the sophomore guys blasted K-101, the lamest station in town. Then Damone just said it point-blank:

"You know Mark Ratner really likes you, don't you?"

"I know," she said.

They walked on.

"Do you like him?" asked Damone.

They arrived at Stacy's house. "I like you," she said. "Do you want to come in for a second?"

"Do you have any iced tea?"

"I think we have some."

"OK." He was just going inside for an iced tea, Damone told himself. "You know Mark's a really good guy."

They stood around in the kitchen while Stacy fixed two iced teas.

"I really like Mark, too," said Stacy, handing Damone the tea. "He's really a nice boy."

"He's a good guy," Damone said.

"You want to take a quick swim?"

"Well . . ."

"Come on. Brad probably has some trunks you can borrow. I'm going to my room to change!"

She's going to her room to change.

"I think I better go," said Damone.

"Don't go! You don't have to shout! You can come back here to my room!"

She's asking me into her room while she changes.

Stacy was standing there in her bikini.

"Let's go to the changing room and see if there are some trunks," she said.

"I think I better go," said Damone.

"God," said Stacy, "you're just a tease!"

"I ain't no tease," said Damone.

"Good!" said Stacy. Things were working out just as she and Linda had planned.

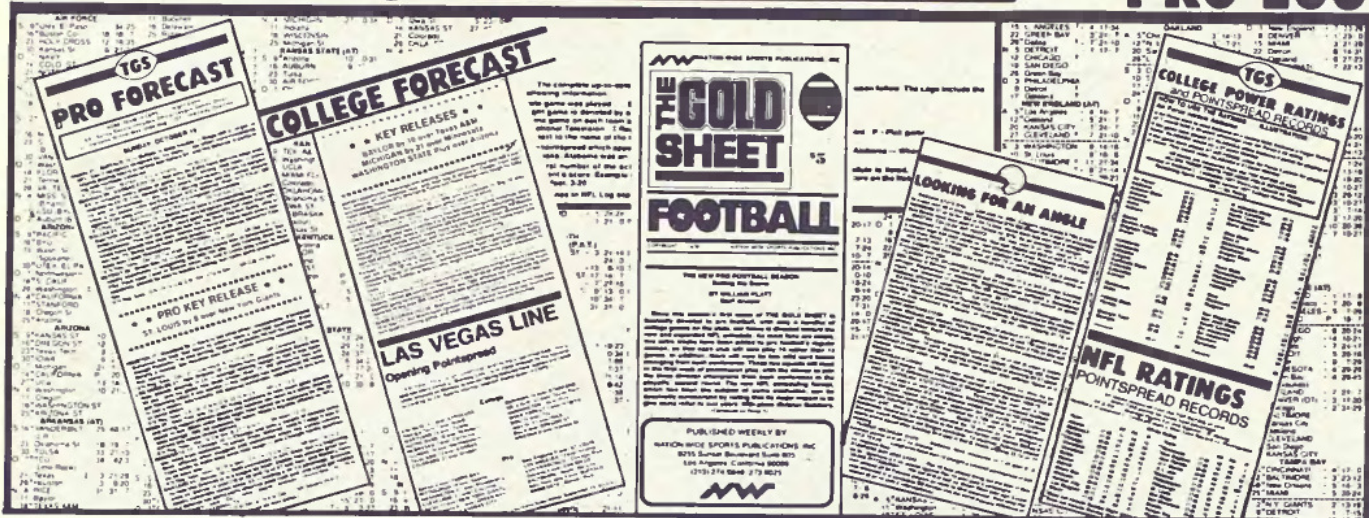
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and Stacy locked the door behind her. "Are you really a virgin?" she asked.

Damone could feel his legs starting to shake the slightest bit. "Come on..."

"It's OK." Stacy walked over and kissed him.

"I feel pretty strange here," said Damone. "Because Mark really likes you. He's my friend."

He kissed her anyway. Standing there, feeling Stacy in her bikini, feeling her kiss him, Damone felt some of his reservations slip away.

"You're a really good kisser," she said.

"So are you."

"Are you shaking?"

"No," said Damone. "Are you crazy?"

But he was. The last time Mr. Attitude had gone this far on the make-out scale with a girl had been with Carol back in Philadelphia. Carol had let him reach into her pants and touch her, *but just for a second*. That had been enough back then. That had been enough to make him feel like he and his brother, Art, could really talk about *women*. But this... this was The Big One.

"Why don't you take your clothes off, Mike?"

"You first."

"How about both of us at the same time?"

And as if that made it emotionally even, they both stripped at the same time. Stacy unhooked her top and stepped out of her bikini bottom. She went to sit down on the red couch in the changing room.

She watched Damone hopping on one

leg, pulling first out of his pants, then his Jockey underwear. Then he caught the underwear on his erection and it slapped back into his abdomen. He sat down next to Stacy, expressionless.

"Are you OK?"

"I'm OK," said Damone.

She reached over and grabbed his erection. She began pulling on it. The feeling of a penis was still new to her. She wanted to ask him about it. Why did it hurt if you just touched it one place and not at all at another? But later she would ask him that. For now, she just yanked on it. Damone didn't seem to mind.

"I want you to know," said Stacy, "that it's your final decision if we should continue or not."

"Let's continue," said Damone.

As Damone lost his virginity, his first thought was of his brother, Art. Art had said, "You gotta *overpower* a girl. Make her feel helpless."

Damone began pumping so hard, so fast—his eyes were shut tight—that he didn't notice he was banging the sofa, and Stacy's head, against the wall.

"Hey, Mike," she whispered.

"What? Are you all right?"

"I think we're making a lot of noise."

"I'm sorry. I'm really sorry." He continued, slower.

What a considerate guy, Stacy thought. He was kind of loud and always joking around other people, but when you got him alone... he was so nice.

Then Damone stopped. He had a strange look on his face.

"What's wrong?"

"I think I came," said Damone. "Didn't you feel it?"

He had taken a minute and a half.

They were unusual feelings, these thoughts pooling in Damone's head as he lay on the red couch with Stacy. He was a little embarrassed, a little guilty... mostly, he just wanted to be alone. He wanted to get the fuck out of there.

"I've got to go home," said Damone. "I've really got to go."

Stacy called Linda as soon as he left.

"Where did it happen?" Linda answered her phone.

"On the couch. In the changing room."

"Bizarre."

"I left it up to him, Linda. I could have made the final decision, but I left it up to him. I said, 'It's you, you make the final decision.' And he said, 'Why not?'"

"Did you talk afterward?"

"A little. He said he was relieved."

"So are you guys boyfriend and girlfriend now?"

"I don't know," said Stacy in a sing-song.

"How do you feel?"

"Guilty." She laughed.

"Did he call you yet?"

"Lin-da. He just left."

"You know, Stacy, that when someone asks him on his deathbed who he lost his virginity to, he'll have to say *you*. He'll remember you forever!"

A LATE-NIGHT
PHONE CONVERSATION

"So," said Stacy, "he says all these sweet and wonderful things to me when we're alone. But when anyone else is around, he's Mr. Cool."

"Did you talk to him last night?" asked Linda.

"Yeah."

"What did he say? Did he call you?"

"I called him. I just called him and said, 'Guess what?' He said, 'What?' I said, 'I'm reading our English assignment and I just realized we're all going to *die* someday... we're all *dying*.' I said, 'Do you realize that, Mike?' And Mike goes, 'So what?' I said, 'Doesn't it bother you that even if the nuclear reactors don't react and kill us all, we're *still going to die*? Doesn't that bother you?' He goes, 'No.' He says that pain is what bothers most people, not death. And pain doesn't even bother him. That's what he says."

"Wow," said Linda, "I didn't know he was that deep."

THE RAT FINDS OUT

It was just a feeling that Ratner got. There had been a bunch of them sitting around at a cookout down on Fiesta Island. It was a group that was forming—Stacy, Linda, Damone, Ratner, Doug Stallworth, Randy Eddo and



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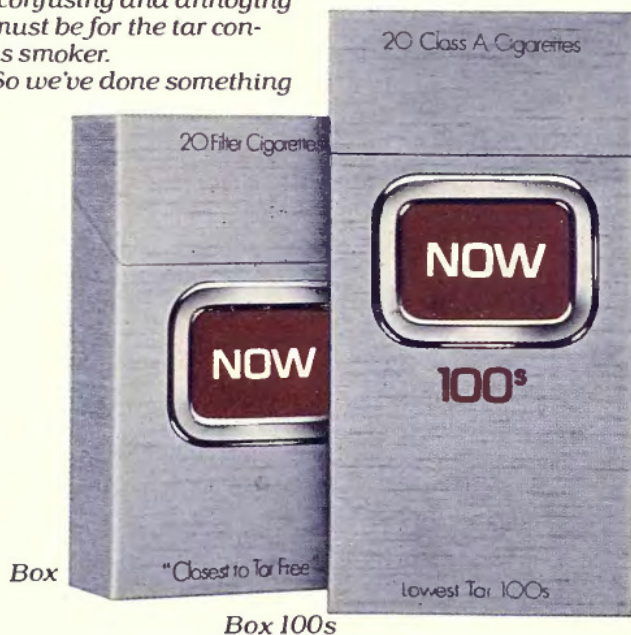
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Laurie Beckman. They had been having a good time, but there were little hints that The Rat didn't quite understand.

Damone got up to leave. "I gotta get to work on some chemistry," he said. "Come on, Mark."

The Rat got up to leave with Damone. He heard an odd conversation behind him.

"That Damone sure works hard," cracked Eddo.

"He gets to play a little, too," said Linda. "Doesn't he, Stacy?"

There were knowing giggles. Giggles that made Ratner think. When he reached the car, he mentioned it to Damone.

"Hey, is there anything between you and Stacy?"

Damone shook his head. "No."

"Really?"

"No. Not really."

"What do you mean, not really?"

"Let me tell you something, Mark."

Damone sighed. "Sometimes girls just go haywire. I went over to Stacy's house to go swimming once—I've been trying to think of a way to tell you ever since, 'cause you're my bud—and we started messing around and. . . ." Damone shrugged. "Something happened. It's nothing serious, and it's all over."

The Rat said nothing.

"I don't like her as a girlfriend," said Damone.

The Rat said nothing.

"I don't even like her as a friend that much. She's pretty aggressive."

The Rat started shaking his head. "No, Damone. I don't understand."

"She wasn't really your girlfriend," mumbled Damone.

"Hey, *fuck you*, Damone. There are a lot of girls out there, and you mess around with Stacy. I can't believe you. What have you got to *prove*?"

"I'm sorry," said Damone. "*Jesus*."

"I always stick up for you," said The Rat. "I always stick up for you. Whenever people say, 'Aw, that Damone is a *loudmouth*'—and they say that a lot—I say, 'You just don't know Damone.' When someone says you're an idiot, I tell them they just don't know you. Well, you know, Damone, maybe they *do* know you pretty good. And I'm just finding out. . . ."

"Fine," said Damone. "Get lost."

Ratner walked away and vowed never to speak to Damone again. It didn't make sense to him. For all the time The Rat had spent talking and dying over girls, he would never consider ruining his friendship with Damone over any one of them. Friendship—wasn't that what it was all about? Apparently not to Damone.

Ratner kept to himself at school for the next several weeks. His first social appearance since the Damone incident was a dance for Marine World workers

held at a local hotel. The Rat wore his green Army fatigue jacket and sat in a corner.

Two Marine World co-workers stood at another part of the dance. "Where's Mark Ratner?" asked one.

"He's over there," said the other, "looking like he's going through Vietnam flashback or something."

WAR GAMES

There had been a poll taken in the *Reader* earlier in the year. The question had been, "Would you be willing to go to war to defend American interests in the Middle East?"

Overwhelmingly, from liberals to reactionaries, the basic student response was, "No way. I wouldn't go to war unless America was attacked."

But you had to wonder just how sincere that was when Mr. Hand began his most popular class exercise, the five weeks in January when his class played War Games.

War Games was a Mr. Hand invention, built as a large-scale version of the popular home game of world domination, Risk. Each player-student was allotted a number of armies, and his own method of strategy, combined with the occasional luck of the die, led them on their course of conquering the U. S. history class.

War Games brought out the maniac in some students. This was a time when the kids who carried briefcases to school reigned. They could barely wait until U. S. history, when the moves began again.

"How are you doing?"

"OK. I've got Bulgaria. I'm going for the entire continent today."

"Are your armies in good shape?"

"Are you kidding? I'm going to blow their heads off, eat their flesh and drink their blood!"

"OK, Delbert, see you at lunch."

"Yeah."

Spicoli was, naturally, one of the first players to lose all his armies and sit doodling for the rest of War Games.

"What is your problem?" Mr. Hand had demanded of him.

"Boredom," said Spicoli.

"Mr. Spicoli," said Mr. Hand, "the next world war will be fought out of boredom."

A LATE-NIGHT PHONE CONVERSATION

"There's one thing you didn't tell me about guys," said Stacy. "You didn't tell me that they can be so nice, so great. . . . but then you sleep with them and they start acting like they're about *five years old*."

"You're right," said Linda. "I didn't tell you about that."

THE AFTER-PROM

It was an uphill battle all the way,

but Evelyn and Frank Hamilton had finally given in on this one. For Brad. The kids wanted to have a prom party at the house and the Hamiltons agreed to stay in their upstairs bedroom.

Brad had thought ahead to spike the pool with Wisk, and by the time kids started arriving at one o'clock, the whole pool was one big steaming bubble bath!

It turned out to be one of the hottest after-prom parties. Everyone was there.

There were some—the shy ones—who stayed in the kitchen. *I'm watching the pizza. I don't want to go swimming.* But most went for it on prom night. They stripped out of their carefully chosen gowns and Regis Sevilles and Regencies. Even Shasta took off his exalted mist-blue Newport II. Everyone put on a bathing suit and dove in.

Graduation time brought in nameless faces from all over. Jerome Barrett, Linda's brain brother, arrived from USC, chain-smoking joints. Then there was Gloria, Linda's best girlfriend from grade school. She'd come in from Chicago for a few days. And there were the usual types you saw only at parties.

Damone and Ratner were also at Brad's after-prom party. They hadn't been speaking since last April, but tonight. . . hell.

"Hey, Rat," said Damone. "I'm really sorry about what happened. I know I shouldn't have done that to a buddy. I'm really sorry."

"I understand," said The Rat. "You can't help it. You're just lewd, crude, rude and obnoxious."

They laughed, shook hands.

Eventually, the 20 kids crammed into the Hamilton Jacuzzi. Then Brad, who had finally convinced his date to shed down to her bikini, reached into a bush and withdrew two bottles of rum from Mesa De Oro Liquor.

"*All riiiiiiiiiiight!*"

The first bottle was passed around the Jacuzzi, and before long the glow of teenage drunkenness—however faked or real—came over the cramped little Jacuzzi party.

Damone felt something. Someone had grabbed his dick! He scanned the faces in the Jacuzzi. It wasn't Stacy! Not only wouldn't she do that to Damone, not again, but she was in the kitchen watching the pizza.

Who was it?

"I'm going under," said Damone. He feigned a drowning man. "I'm dying. . . *blub*."

He slipped underwater, a daring move in the overcrowded Jacuzzi, but he was looking for clues underneath the bubbly water. Who had grabbed his dick? No clues.

He popped back up again. "I'm alive!"

Someone grabbed his dick again.

Later, everyone retired to the living

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room for coffee and making out to a soundless TV. Before long, Brad had passed out by the stairs, rum victim number one.

Damone had gone out by the pool to look at the night sky.

"Hi, Mike."

He turned around. It was Brad's date, Jody. She was still wet, hugging herself to keep from shivering.

"How are you?"

"Pretty good," said Jody. "Brad passed out by the stairs."

"I know."

She stood next to him, breathing softly and saying nothing in the way girls do, Damone knew, when they wanted you to kiss them. It was Jody! It had to be Jody he felt underwater!

He thought. She was great-looking. Should he go for it? He sure wanted to.

"I'm going to go inside," said Damone. "And check on the pizza."

Later, the few who were still awake went to nearby Mt. Palmer to watch the sun rise. It never rose on that foggy morning, and nobody seemed to mind.

"You wait till *our* prom," Damone told The Rat. "We'll have an even *better* time."

"Yeah. That was pretty nice of Brad to throw a party. He's probably going to have to clean it up himself."

"When he wakes up."

"Hey," said The Rat, "let's go to Seven-Eleven and get some coffee."

"Great idea," said Damone. "Let's take the Prickmobile."

Damone and The Rat rolled down the hill in Damone's scratch-marked car. It was that magical hour when the mist was still out and the sky was turning deep blue.

ALOHA, MR. HAND

It was nearly the end of the line. The awards were about to be announced, mimeographed caps-and-gowns information had gone out to the seniors, along with Grad Nite tickets. The annuals were almost ready. Spicoli was counting the hours.

Since Spicoli was a sophomore, an underclassman, there weren't many graduation functions he could attend. Tonight was one of the few, and he wasn't about to miss it. It was the Ditch Day party, the evening blowout of the day that underclassmen secretly selected toward the end of the year to ditch en masse. Spicoli hadn't been at school all day, and now he was just about ready to leave the house for the party out in Del Mar. He hadn't eaten all day. He wanted the full effect of the special hallucinogenic mushrooms he'd procured just for the poor man's Grad Nite—Ditch Night.

Spicoli had taken just a little bit of

one mushroom, just to check the potency. He could feel it coming on now as he sat in his room, surrounded by his harem of naked women and surf posters. It was just a slight buzz, like a few hits off the bong. Spicoli knew they were good mushrooms. But if he didn't leave soon, he might be too high to drive before he reached the party. One had to *craft* his buzz, Spicoli was fond of saying.

Downstairs, the doorbell rang. There was an unusual commotion in the living room.

"Who is it, Mom?"

"You've got company, Jeffrey! He's coming up the stairs right now. I can't stop him!"

There was a brief knock at the door.

"Come in."

The door opened and Spicoli stood in stoned shock. There before him was The Man.

"Mr. . . . Mr. Hand."

"That's right, Jeff. Mind if I come in? Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Spicoli," Mr. Hand called back down the stairs. He took off his suit jacket and laid it on the chair. "Were you going somewhere tonight, Jeff?"

"Ditch Night! I've gotta go to Ditch Night!"

"I'm afraid we've got some things to discuss, Jeff."

There were some things you just didn't see very often, Spicoli was thinking. You didn't see black surfers, for example. And you didn't see Baja Riders for less than \$20 a pair. And you *sure* didn't see Mr. Fucking Hand sitting in your room.

"Did I do something, Mr. Hand?"

Mr. Hand opened his briefcase and began taking out lecture notes. He laid them out for himself on Spicoli's desk. "Are you going to be sitting there?"

"I don't know. I guess so."

"Fine. You sit right there on your bed. I'll use the chair here." Mr. Hand stopped to stare down last month's Playmate. "Tonight is a special night, Jeff. As I explained to your parents just a moment ago, and to you many times since the very beginning of the year, I don't like to spend my time waiting for students in detention. I'd rather be preparing the lesson.

"According to my calculations, Mr. Spicoli, you wasted a total of eight hours of my time this year. And rest assured that is a kind estimate.

"But now, Spicoli, comes a rare moment for me. Now I have the unique pleasure of squaring our accounts. Tonight, you and I are going to talk in great detail about the David Amendment . . . now, if you can turn to chapter forty-seven of *Land of Truth and Liberty* . . ."

"Would you like an iced tea, Mr. Hand?" Mrs. Spicoli called through the door.

Jeff was still orienting himself to what was happening. Was he too high? Was this real? He was not going to Ditch Night. That was it. He was going to stay in his room tonight with Mr. Hand . . . to talk about the David Amendment.

"I'd love some iced tea," said Mr. Hand. "Whenever you get the time. . . ."

Now, Mr. Hand had said they'd be there all night, but at 7:45 he wound up with the battle of Saratoga and started packing up.

"Is that it?"

"I think I've made my point with you, Jeff."

"You mean I can go to Ditch Night after all?"

"I don't care what you do with your time, Mr. Spicoli."

Spicoli jumped up and reached to shake Mr. Hand's hand.

"Hey, Mr. Hand," said Spicoli, "can I ask you a question?"

"What's that?"

"Do you have a guy like me every year? A guy to . . . I don't know, make a show of. Teach the other kids lessons and stuff?"

Mr. Hand finished packing and looked at the surfer who'd hounded him all year long. "Well," he said, "why don't you come back next year and find out?"

"No way," said Spicoli. "I'm not going to be like those guys who come back and hang around your classroom. I'm not even coming over to your side of the building. When I pass, I'm *outa* there."

"If you pass."

Spicoli was taken aback. *Not pass?* No thumbing up the Coast, meeting ladies and going to Hawaii for the dyno lobster season? Summer school? "Not passing?" he said.

Mr. Hand broke into the nearest thing to a grin, for him. It wasn't much, of course, but it was noticeable to Jeff. His lips crinkled at the ends. That was plenty for Mr. Hand.

"Don't worry, Spicoli," said Mr. Hand. "You'll probably squeak by."

"All right!"

"Aloha, Spicoli."

"Aloha, Mr. Hand."

Mr. Hand descended the stairway of the Spicoli home, went out the door and on to his car, which he had parked just around the corner—*always use the element of surprise*. Mr. Hand knew one day next year he would look to that green metal door and it would be Spicoli standing there. He'd act like he had a million other things to do, and then he'd probably stay all day. All his boys came back sooner or later.

Mr. Hand drove back to his small apartment in Richards Bay to turn on his television and catch the evening's *Five-O* rerun.



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TARZAN & BO

(continued from page 147)

match of conversation—first John, then Bo, then John, then Bo again—until the thought is complete.

And it's apparent in the big things, too, such as *Tarzan, the Ape Man*, their new movie. To hear them recount how *Tarzan* came to be—with Bo as star and producer and John as director and almost everything else—you get a more detailed picture of the Dereks as a team. In fact, it almost sounds as if it's John and Bo against the world.

The *Tarzan* project started as a notion in John's head called *Me, Jane* when he was searching for an appropriate vehicle for Bo's larger-than-life image after the success of "10." "I don't think she should portray life," John says. "I think she should portray fantasies. I mean, I think there are enough people who are doing *Dog Day Afternoon* and the heavy kind of shit. Why ask the audience to buy her as an actress when she does not come with those credentials?"

Unfortunately, Warner Bros. owned the rights to the *Tarzan* property and had plans of its own that didn't include the Dereks. But John, who fended through the jungles of Hollywood long enough as an actor to know that there's always a loophole, had their agent call MGM, which had produced many of the old *Tarzan* movies back in the Thirties. And, true to John's hunch, MGM had maintained the rights to remake one of the old series, *Tarzan, the Ape Man*, made in 1932 with Maureen O'Sullivan as Jane and Johnny Weissmuller as Tarzan. Ironically, it's one of the few *Tarzan* films that focus on Jane. "The whole front 60 percent is the story of Jane," John says of the original. "She's a very liberated kind of lady and more than half sexy all through it."

MGM signed the deal, despite howls of protest from Warner's, and it was agreed that John would direct, an announcement that was greeted with some skepticism in Hollywood.

"I guess I come to them with a crazy tag on me, that I'm a madman, arrogant and all that kind of crap," admits John. "I guess all those things are true in perspective."

If John as director raised a few eyebrows, imagine the consternation Bo's appointment as producer caused—after all, she's a 24-year-old with minimal experience even as an actress. But with Bo's name on the marquee, MGM felt it could gamble, particularly with a film budgeted at \$5,500,000, a mere pittance in today's Hollywood.

Once John and Bo arrived on location in Sri Lanka, they started making more waves. MGM had approved a staff



"Thank you very much, Mr. Gray, but I'll do those."

for the Dereks to use on the film; but within days, that staff started returning—most fired by the film's producer, Bo, on the grounds they were not dedicated or able enough to meet the pair's standards.

"Everybody kept saying, 'You can't get rid of those people. My God, you're out in the middle of nowhere, halfway around the world,'" recalls John.

"Whenever we let responsibility out to someone else, we found that we should have done it ourselves," says Bo. "I know that sometimes I'd much rather stay up a little later and do something myself than have someone around you can't count on. These people came to us wanting to do the film, to be involved. But when it came time to really work, they forgot about what they'd said and deceived us. And they're never hurt, these people. That's the sad thing. They've already been paid exorbitant sums. They've already got their first-class round-trip ticket home. Even when you fire them and send them home, you feel you've been taken."

As key crew members—several production managers, an auditor or two, et al.—streamed back to L.A., Bo and John either filled the slots with loyalists or did the jobs themselves. Bo signed checks and accounted for every cent that was spent. John did his own camerawork and set up his own lighting. Those who didn't agree or didn't share the Dereks' penchant for working long hours found themselves out of work.

Meanwhile, MGM's top brass stuck by the Dereks. "I think they were anticipating trouble," explains John. "They had the right to take the director off the picture, but they were happy with the material coming back."

"They were fantastic," agrees Bo.

It was, however, one of Bo's decisions

that caused the couple the most grief. When John first suggested the idea of *Me, Jane*, Bo countered with Lee (*Paradise Alley*) Canalito as Tarzan. John agreed and, as the deal progressed, Canalito was approached to audition.

Both John and Bo liked him and, in a typical exchange, they explain why:

John: "He looked like an able man. He looked primitive."

Bo: "From certain places, he had a gorgeous face."

John: "Every once in a while, he'd look like a classic drawing."

Bo: "Like the illustrations of Tarzan."

John: "Like the great illustrations, not the comedic illustrations."

Bo: "The really old ones."

But there was a problem. "He was overweight, considerably overweight," claims John, who extracted a promise from Canalito that he'd be in shape in time for filming.

Because Canalito had suffered an injury, MGM wanted the Dereks to at least look at other candidates. One of those, Miles O'Keeffe, stood out, and as the decision got down to the wire, John started to opt for O'Keeffe, while Bo voted for Canalito. Bo won.

"See, I'm 54 and Bo is 24," explains John. "Obviously, she's going to be here—if all things go right—a lot, lot longer than I'm going to be here. I'm going to defer to her, not because I'm subservient to her but because it's her fucking life. She has the longevity to worry about, not I. And she's the one who allows us to be in a position to make a picture with a major studio. So I think she should be allowed to do it."

But according to the Dereks, Canalito didn't lose the necessary weight, and Bo had the difficult job of telling him.

"I spoke to Lee," recalls Bo. "And I said, 'We told you that if you weren't

Tarzan when the time came, we wouldn't use you as Tarzan. We're not going to close our eyes and ignore it. We're going to do something about it.' So he knew what was coming. He just didn't believe it would really happen. He said, 'Well, maybe I should have had more time.' As soon as he said that, it wasn't difficult anymore. He had known about the film for a year and had a year to get in shape. He was a fighter—a contender for heavy-weight—so he knows what shape is."

"Lee was in the best shape of his life," says Reggie Turner, his attorney. "In fact, he lost 12 pounds in Sri Lanka."

Turner refuses to say more about the incident, but gossips had a field day when Lee was sent home and Miles O'Keeffe summoned to replace him. One report said that John fired Canalito because the actor became overenthusiastic during his sex scenes with Bo. "If the audience can be aroused to some degree, I think they should be," maintains John. "And I don't think what goes on up there is coming into our bedroom. I have a fatter ego than that, a better relationship with her than that."

Bo still refers to the hiring of Canalito as her "biggest mistake," and John's not above pointing that out. "If she hadn't lipped off, we would have gotten rid of him before we did, which would have saved us an enormous amount of money, because we wouldn't. . . ."

Bo humbly finishes the sentence, "We wouldn't have had to pay him."

Nonetheless, both are happy with O'Keeffe. "He just has this glorious, glorious, fucking body," enthuses John. "Nobody can deny his body—man, woman, dog, priest or anything. You've got to flip over this guy's body."

Both John and Bo are adamant that they'll work only as a team in the future, including their next project, *The Sea Mistress*, an \$8,000,000 feature starring Bo as a female pirate. John will continue to direct and sometimes write, Bo will produce and star, and woe to any crew member who doesn't understand the Derek method of making movies. In fact, the only change either Derek can see is that someday Bo will step totally behind the camera and produce while John directs another actress.

"Film making interests me a lot; a lot more than acting, that's for sure," says Bo. "Like John says, I'm hot and that brings power. With my being involved in the films, if they're no good, it's my fault. I can't blame it on a producer or a studio. And that's nice."

John also sees her strengths as a producer. "Everybody says, 'Gee, she talks back to me now.' She does it because she has the credentials to talk back. She comes up with things that are for me fantastic," he says. "She's not just bouncing bosoms anymore."



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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GEAR

ROUGH AND READY

Ordinary luggage is fine for the man who thinks roughing it means carrying one's own bags to the check-in counter. But for those whose destinations are more adventuresome, Andiamo has designed Valoroso luggage. The exterior of each piece is covered with a fabric called

bomb cloth, which was originally developed to wrap undersea gas lines—and it can take just about anything short of a direct hit by a cruise missile. Add a rugged twill lining, plus military-specification construction and hardware, and you've got a line of tough totables that can even defeat the baggage-handling gorillas.



DAVID DEAHL

Clockwise from 12: This 25" x 12" x 12" Valoroso duffel bag of sturdy Cordura nylon bomb cloth can hold enough duds for a trip of up to seven days, \$170. At three o'clock is a 21" x 13" x 8" carry-on Pullman bag that's ideal for quick getaways when you don't want to wait in line at the airport-baggage counter, also \$170. Next to it, an 18" shoulder tote with two compartments that's also ideal for stashing under an airplane seat, \$110. And at nine o'clock, a lockable 28" x 18" x 8" Pullman with extra compartment that's recommended for trips of up to 21 days, \$205. All bags by Andiamo Inc.

FASHION

BOOT CAMP

First, it was cowboy boots riding into town with everything from jeans to three-piece suits. Then the jogging/jock craze came along and suddenly the foot had to look like it *did* something. Now come rugged demiboots of the hiking variety that would be right at home on an Outward Bound survival course. The timing, of course, is perfect. Not only do these boots complement the look of the puffy and padded outerwear styles that younger guys are wearing these days (see our *Back to*

Campus fashion feature in this issue for a closer examination of what's at the head of the class in collegiate wearables) but they are right in step with the weather—old man winter being just around the corner. And when you consider that you're getting super-rugged construction, water-repellent protection and heavy-duty soles and heels of construction-worker quality, the prices are practically giveaways. Anyway you look at it, old sock, that's a kick, to boot.

—DAVID PLATT



From left to right: For a fall foot-loose ramble, try lacing up this ultracomfortable nylon and waxed-split-leather hiker's boot with a padded collar, beveled heel and rubber lug sole, by Nike, \$59.95. Next is a brushed pigskin suede lace-up work boot with contrast-stitch trim and slip-resistant rubberized sole and heel, by Wolverine, about \$50. If pull-on boots are the type of footwear you fancy, try a leather water-repellent model with a traction-tread cushioned crepe wedge sole, by Red Wing Shoe Company, about \$69. Fourth is an easygoing two-eyelet brushed pigskin suede chukka boot with moc toe, contrasting white stitched trim and slip-resistant rubber wedge soles, by Wolverine, \$45. Also by Wolverine is the silicone-tanned cowhide waterproof lace-up boot with a steel shank and a slip-resistant rubberized sole and heel, \$85. Last, a leather and beige-nylon waterproof hiker with soft padded collar, round toe and rubberized lug and wedge sole, from Rocky Boots by Wm. Brooks Shoe Company, about \$76.



DON AZUMA

DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

Labor Day used to mark the end of the season for wearing white. Today, however, dated rules such as that become a creative challenge for designers, case in point being the increasing use of white as a winter color. And why not? A white fisherman's-knit sweater combined with white flannels, for example, is perfect for a weekend party. And if the evening's a bore, you can drift outdoors and make like a snowman.

In these liberated times, the definition of just what constitutes black tie is being expanded. Yes, a pair of well-polished black loafers or smooth black lace-up shoes (not wing tips) are suitable with a dinner jacket. And we would even go so far as to suggest that if you want to be really dashingly different, try an elegant plaid silk shirt in place of the standard formal style. There's even a leather bow-tie/cummerbund combo on the market.

If you pick up one or more pairs of the boots shown on these pages, you might try wearing them with your trouser legs tucked into the top or under thick outdoor socks. It's all part of the military/Western/hunting/survival look that reminds us of World War One doughboys marching off to war.

Prediction: Skivvies in the form of silk knit long johns with matching long-sleeved undershirts will be this winter's status energy saver. Ski shops are already cashing in on the idea.

For a cool late-summer evening out, show off your hard-won summer tan with the understated look of a cashmere V-neck sweater, combined with lightweight gray flannel slacks and dark loafers (no socks). It's an easygoing look that's ultra-comfortable and sexy as well.



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DECADE OF THE DE LOREAN?

They say it can't be done. No one has started a major new car company in America and succeeded since Walter Chrysler did it in 1925. The last to try was Malcolm Bricklin, who built flashy, gull-winged sports cars bearing his name in the mid-Seventies before the financial tides sucked him under. So here we have ex-G.M. executive John Z. De Lorean building flashy, gull-winged sports cars bearing his name.

Complicating that task is the car itself, which is unlike any other ever built. De Lorean wanted it to last forever, so its skin is rustproof stainless steel. He wanted it light yet strong, so its structure is glass-reinforced plastic over a central backbone frame of epoxy-coated steel. He wanted impressive performance with reasonable fuel economy and rugged durability, so he chose a light, strong, overhead-cam, aluminum fuel-injected 2.8-liter V6 engine from the PRV combine of Peugeot and Renault of France and Volvo of Sweden. He wanted sex appeal, so he hired the famous Giugiaro Ital Design studio of Turin to fashion the body's

contours, with stunning gull-wing doors that swing up and over like hatches on a Darth Vader space shuttle. He wanted racerlike road holding, so he contracted England's Lotus (of Grand Prix world-championship fame) to help develop a fully independent suspension around low, fat Goodyear NCT tires with a tread design patterned after Goodyear's best racing rain tires.

First approach this unique automotive creation and you're struck by how low it is—just 45 inches from tire patch to rooftop, or belly-button high to a six-foot man. The shape is a classic aerodynamic wedge: low and flat in front, rising smoothly past a laid-back windshield, tapering over a louvered back light and terminating in a tall rear deck. Engine and transaxle are in the rear, putting 65 percent of the car's weight on its back tires, which are significantly larger than the front ones, to ensure handling stability.

The stainless-steel skin is hand-brushed to a finish alternately dull and bright, depending on the light reflecting from it. De Lorean is adamant about shipping the cars unpainted, because the stainless steel is one of their most important features . . . but he adds that dealers and buyers can easily paint them if they wish.

The heavy-looking gull-wing door almost opens itself,



Top right: Poised with its gull-wing doors open, the stainless-steel-bodied \$25,000 De Lorean resembles an exotic bird of play that can gobble up 0 to 60 in nine seconds as you wind the fuel-injected 2.8-liter V6 engine through five fast gears. **Top left:** Rearview mirrors on the trim 168-inch body are electrically operated. **Above:** Although the De Lorean is definitely a two-seater (no kiddie seat here), there's storage behind the driver/passenger and, yes, those buckets are top-grain leather. Air conditioning, power windows and door locks also are standard. The open road awaits you.

assisted by a special torsion spring. A gas-filled strut holds the door open while you slip underneath and settle into a wonderfully comfortable contoured bucket seat upholstered in rich supple leather. There's plenty of leg room and both the seat-back angle and the steering wheel are adjustable for comfort.

Maneuvering in close quarters is complicated by the low nose and restricted rear visibility—only a small "toll booth" side window retracts—so you may want to pop the gull wing to sight down the fender for backing up. But once under way, you soon feel right at home. All controls are in easy view and reach; acceleration is quick enough (about nine seconds 0-60 with the standard five-speed); handling is superb; braking from the four-wheel discs is straight, stable and fade-free; and the supple suspension soaks up surfaces that would shake the bejesus out of ordinary cars.

The De Loreans we drove were early production examples, and they did suffer from some niggling quality glitches. De Lorean says he won't ship any Stateside until the quality is right, and, if so, his 342 dealers should have little trouble selling them at the expected \$25,000 price. That's well above the original target, the Corvette, but a bargain compared with, say, a Lotus or a Ferrari. Maybe it can still be done.

—GARY WITZENBURG



Dressed to Swill

We love this woman. She can leap from the sublime to the ridiculous in a single bound. Right now, at a theater near you, CAROL BURNETT is starring in *Chu Chu and the Philly Flash*. See Chiquita go bananas.

Men Do Make Passes at Girls Who Wear Glasses

If they happen to look anything like LONI ANDERSON. We read that she's paying her ex-husband alimony. We think he owes her. How hard could it be to go home from a tough day at the office and find Loni?



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If You Lived Here, You'd Be Home Now

These roommates are pretty excited because their apartment building didn't get demolished by the ratings. JENILEE HARRISON gets Suzanne Somers' old room and JOHN RITTER is obviously ecstatic to remain the primary male on *Three's Company*. We let you peek at Joyce DeWitt's breasts last month and now we've accounted for everyone.



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Proud Tina Keeps On Churning

One long look at TINA TURNER's front and we know she's back. No one can caress a microphone, or shout, or whip her hair around, or sing about pain and pleasure any better than Tina does. There is no contest this month for celebrity breast. We editors know a good thing or two when we see them.



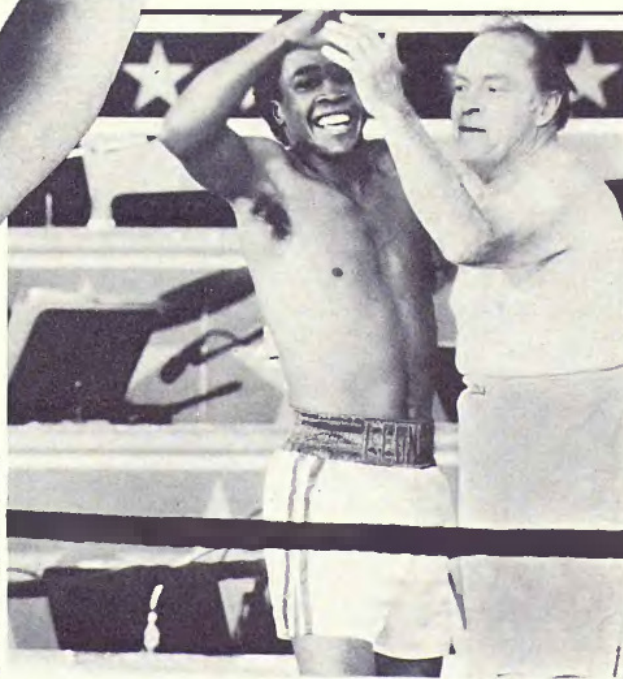
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Continental Divide

Someone once said that you can't be too rich or too thin and he might have been thinking about MARISA BERENSON, part-time actress, part-time socialite. We like the dress. Marisa knows how to take the plunge.



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The Great White Hope

Here's a couple of dancin' fools, SUGAR RAY LEONARD and BOB HOPE, performing the famous birthday waltz. Leonard, along with the usual bevy of big-busted ladies, appeared on Hope's televised birthday party. When you're a living legend, you can dance with anyone you want, even a guy named Sugar.

COCK BLOCK

A new vasectomy technique, excluding surgery, is being tested by Dr. Joseph Davis in New York. The technique involves injecting a formalde-



Is this the team T-shirt for Plato's Retreat? It's \$10 from 40th Story Artists, 407 North Maple Drive, Suite 205, Beverly Hills, California 90210. It's not even crude!

hyde-alcohol solution into the vas deferens. No hospitalization and no incision. Unfortunately, it may be even less reversible than surgical methods.

THE SEX-CHANGE SHORTCHANGE

It seems simple enough. A man decides he really ought to be a woman and has his body physically altered to conform. Deep down inside, he's still

the same person, with the same sense of humor, likes and dislikes, only he's a woman. The irony for the sex-change patient is that somehow transsexualism itself brands him or her a second-class citizen, as though something morally degrading has taken place.

The Los Angeles chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union has formed a committee to protect the rights of sex-change patients; there are about 70,000 Americans who either are considering transsexual surgery or are veterans of it. We talked with Joanna Clark, founder and committee chair-

"Transsexuals are in the same place blacks were 25 years ago," she says.

That's a pretty accurate statement, considering that in 1975 the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals ruled that the 1964 Civil Rights Act does not apply to transsexuals. Among other things, that means a company can fire a transsexual, leaving him or her without recourse.

Another hot topic is medical insurance. Clark says the committee is currently lobbying for California legislation requiring insurance companies to include sex-reassignment coverage. Some companies already pay for the surgery,



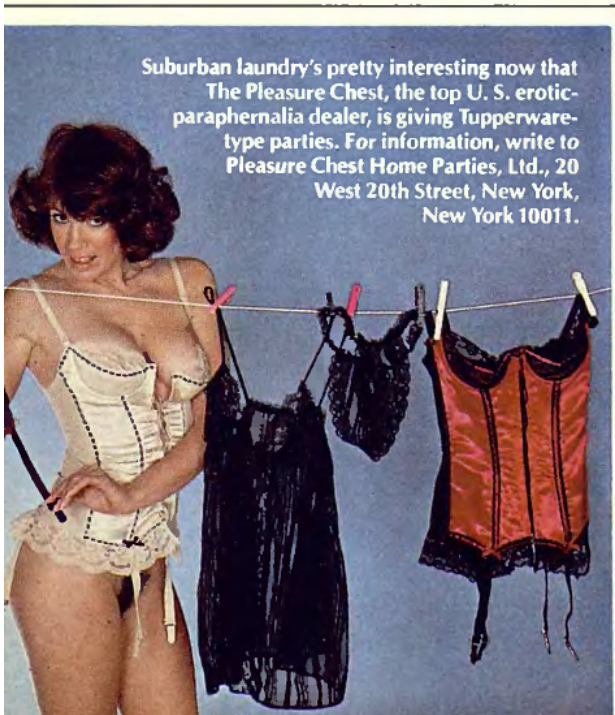
person, to find out what transsexuals gripe about.

Clark, a transsexual herself who speaks in a slightly husky feminine voice, proclaimed that transsexuals are "the most discriminated-against group in the country." The passion in her speech, of course, springs from experience. Clark just finished a four-year legal battle with the U.S. Army. As a 17-year Navy veteran with an honorable discharge, Clark had obtained sex-reassignment surgery and then enlisted in the Army as a woman. When the brass found out she was a transsexual, Clark contends, they trumped up all kinds of false claims, including accusations of subversive activities, to successfully drum her out of the Service. Ultimately, the court took her side, and now she's been given an honorable discharge, though she's still battling for her pension.

provided a doctor can convince them it is a "medical necessity." Recently, though, research hints that sexual dysmorphism may be a genetic abnormality. If that turns out to be true, then the insurers will have to listen.

So far, transsexuals have scored some successes. Until last year, the Federal Rehabilitation Services Administration didn't recognize mental or physical disabilities related to transsexualism. For example, a normal woman with a beard could get electrolysis and medical screening if her condition interfered with her work. Transsexuals couldn't. As a result of lobbying, now they can.

Another case, in Oakland, ended in a draw. A transsexual was allowed to keep her job after surgery, but her employers couldn't figure out whether she should rightfully use the men's or the ladies' room. Following intense negotiations, it was decided that one of the company lavatories would be converted to a unisex potty for her, fully equipped with lock and key. It is not full-fledged acceptance, but perhaps it's a beachhead in the transsexual-liberation movement.



Suburban laundry's pretty interesting now that The Pleasure Chest, the top U. S. erotic-paraphernalia dealer, is giving Tupperware-type parties. For information, write to Pleasure Chest Home Parties, Ltd., 20 West 20th Street, New York, New York 10011.

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DANGEROUS SPORTS



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"A FLAG FOR SUNRISE"—PABLO TABOR, A.W.O.L. FROM THE COAST GUARD, GETS MIXED UP WITH SMUGGLERS (AND A GUN-RUNNER'S VERY HORNY WIFE) IN CARIBBEAN WATERS. A SUSPENSEFUL STORY—BY **ROBERT STONE**

DONALD SUTHERLAND TALKS ABOUT HIS MOVIES, FROM *M*A*S*H* TO *ORDINARY PEOPLE*; DIRECTORS, FROM ALTMAN TO FELLINI; HIS LOVE LIFE, FROM CHRISTIE (ONSCREEN) TO FONDA (OFF) IN A DARING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

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"THERE'S NOTHING THE OXFORD DANGEROUS SPORTS CLUB WON'T TRY"—IN THE GRAND TRADITION OF VICTORIAN ECCENTRICITY, **DAVID KIRKE** AND FRIENDS RATTLE DOWN MOUNTAINS IN WHEELCHAIRS, DIVE INTO CANYONS AND OTHERWISE DEFY DEATH DAFFILY—BY **GEOFFREY TABIN**

"PLAYTIME WITH PLAYBOY"—TAKE A WALK ON THE BOARDWALK TO ATLANTIC CITY'S NEW ATTRACTION, **THE PLAYBOY HOTEL AND CASINO**, FEATURING FUN, GAMES, FABULOUS FOOD AND 400—COUNT 'EM, 400—BEAUTIFUL BUNNIES

"THE FAMOUS WRITERS' COOKING SCHOOL"—WHADDAYA GET WHEN YOU ASK A BUNCH OF BIG-TIME AUTHORS FOR THEIR FAVORITE RECIPES? WELL, THERE'S **HARRY CREWS'S** SNAKE STEAK, **KEN KESEY'S** *HUEVOS WHATEVEROS*, **ROY BLOUNT, JR.'S** POEM TO GRITS AND A WHOLE BATCH OF POTBOILERS (AND ROASTERS) FROM THE LIKES OF **NORMAN MAILER, IRWIN SHAW, TOM WOLFE** AND **WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.**

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