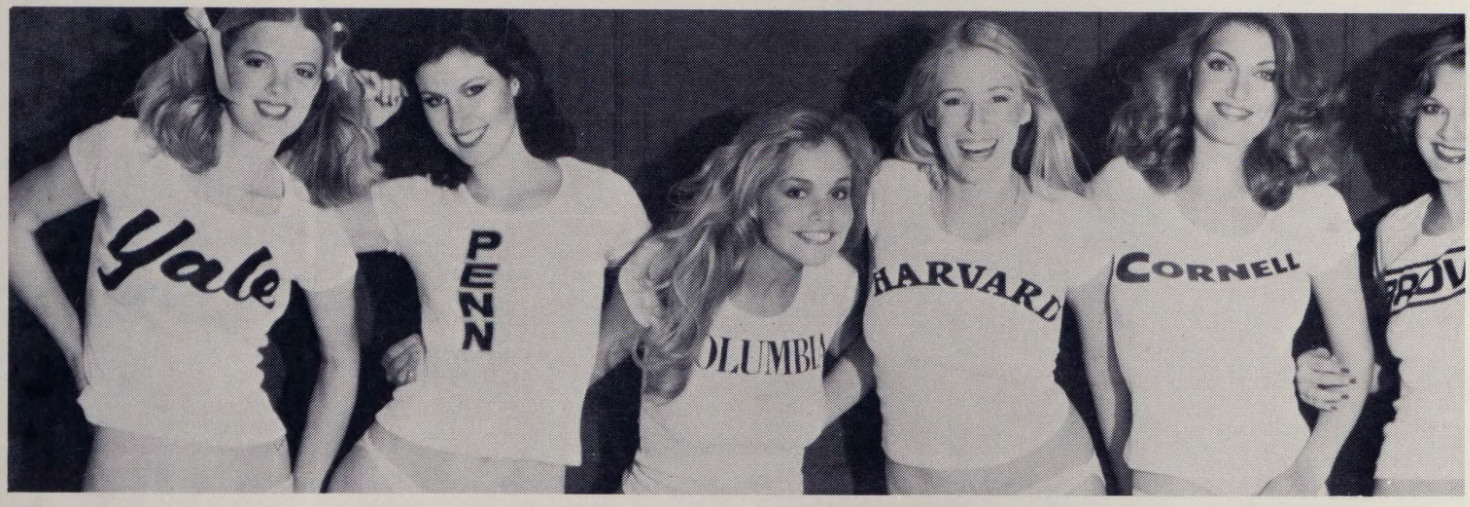
# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1979 • $2.50


# WOMEN ~~Girls~~ of Ivy League Revealed




Playboy photographers' recruiting tour of Ivy League campuses stirs up emotions.

## PETE ROSE SLAMS FANS, MANAGEMENT, MEDIA, PLUGS SELF

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—Twenty some
ago, Peter Edward Rose was jus
in the river wards of Cin
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cars and b ll. Today, a
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## NON-NUKE WAYS TO SURVIVE WITHOUT OIL

Special to Playboy

They're laughing at us. The OPEC countries are laughing up their collective sleeve because they're suckering us and they know it. They ought to be laughing. *We don't need their oil. We never did.*
was always only a means to an end,
several possible means. The end
ove ourselves around convenient-
o make
ffices
le. We
horses
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## *playboy finds phi beta kappa playmate*

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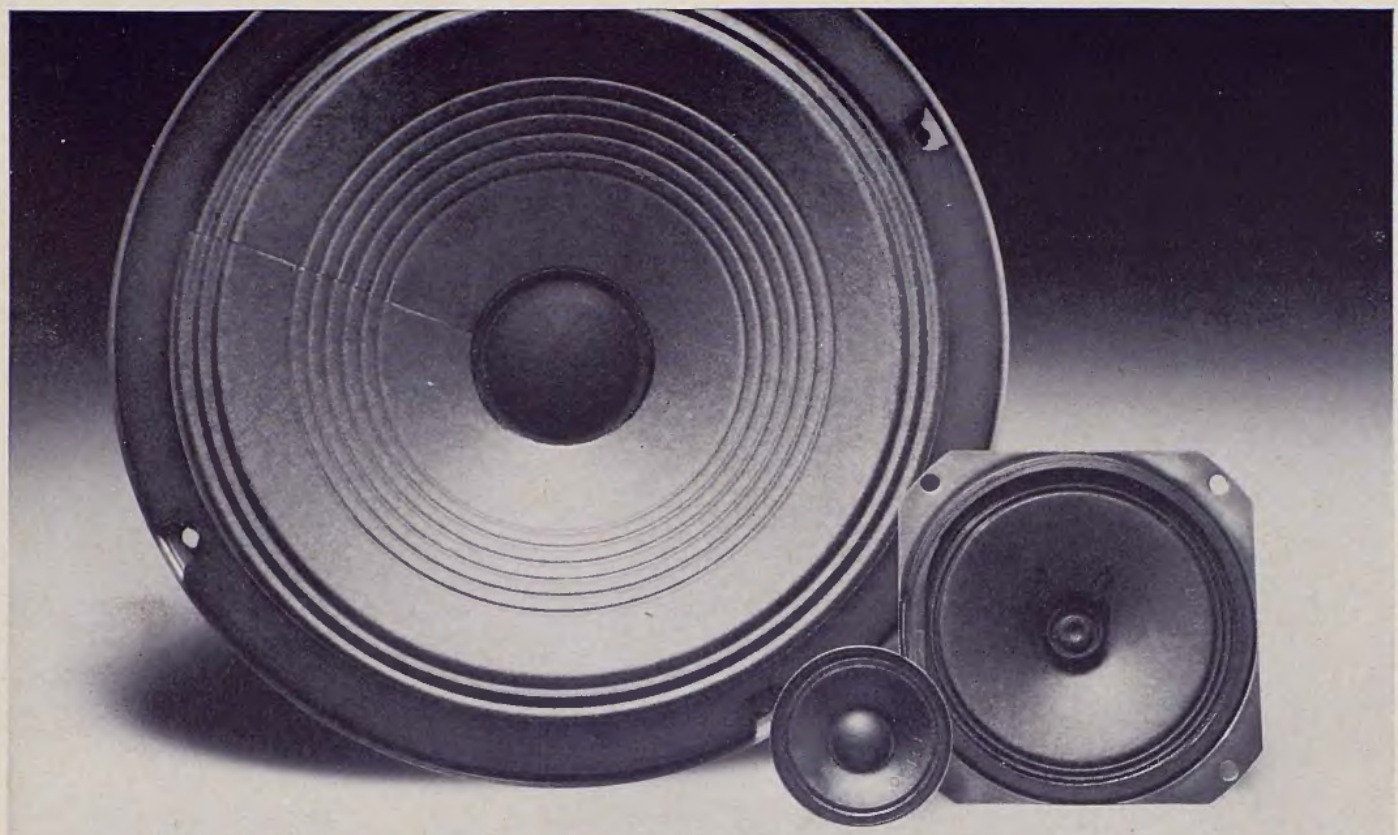

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white rum & soda

# PLAYBILL

WE WERE WARNED that if we tried to shoot a pictorial featuring Ivy League women, those ultraliberated ladies would ride us out of town on a rail. It didn't turn out quite that way, but before Contributing Photographer **David Chan** returned from the halls of Harvard, et al., he'd certainly had his share of controversy. Read what writer **Jesse Kornbluth** has to say about it and see our sizzling photos of *Girls/Women of the Ivy League*, edited by Associate Photography Editor **Jeff Cohen**.

September heralds the beginning of autumn, when the smell of burning leaves fills the air. Or is that the aroma of your local pizza parlor being torched? According to the FBI, arson has become a big-profit business for organized crime, so we sent investigative reporter **James McKinley** out into the charred ruins of America to find out why. His explosive report is called *Fire for Hire* and, believe us, it's hot.

Speaking of heat, **Maury Z. Levy** and **Samantha Stevenson** made baseball superstar **Pete Rose** pretty warm under the collar with some of the questions they asked him for this month's *Playboy Interview*. Fortunately, Rose didn't completely blow his stack before Levy and Stevenson had persuaded him to talk extensively about his phenomenal career, who's on his shit list in baseball and his often troubled home life.

Moving on to one of today's most controversial topics, energy, **Richard Rhodes** contends that the U. S. is embarrassing itself by kowtowing to the oil cartel. He says we should tell the OPEC nations to sit on their reserves; we've got other means of lighting up our lives. He outlines those means in *Oil: Who Needs It?*, illustrated with a slick hand by **Roger Huyssen**.

The word slick reminds us of oysters, and oysters remind us of New Orleans, where—bear with us—we take you for the third installment of our *Sex in America* series (we've already brought you Miami and Chicago). We sent **Peter Ross Range** (who also covered Miami) to the home of jazz, gumbo, Mardi Gras and, of course, the French Quarter. After turning in his article, *New Orleans*, Range said, "More than any city I've ever been in, New Orleans *seethes* with overt sexuality." We think he was trying to tell us he'd had a good time.

When it comes to good times, few of us will ever have the opportunity offered **Irwin Shaw**'s hero in the second part of our excerpt from his new novel, *The Top of the Hill* (soon to be published by Delacorte). A beautiful woman induces Michael to ski with her and make love to her; of course, there's always a catch to such offers, as Shaw's fearless hero discovers.

A fearless hero of the motion-picture variety is **Nick Nolte**, who since his portrayal of a tough ex-Marine in *Who'll Stop the Rain* has been pegged as filmdom's next Robert Mitchum. We assigned **O'Connell Driscoll** to track Nolte down in a Hollywood studio, with a directive to find out if he is as tough and intense in real life as he is onscreen. Driscoll's slightly wacky account of an afternoon spent with the star, *Nick Nolte Hangs Tough*, grittily illustrated by **Robert Goldstrom**, may not answer all our questions, but it's fun to read.

So is *Playboy's China Parody*, written, directed and produced with a wonderfully whimsical hand by Associate Editor **John Blumenthal**. If you liked his Russian PLAYBOY two years ago, you'll love this one. Also a rib tickler, though in a somewhat different vein, is **Shel Silverstein**'s latest poetic contribution to our pages, titled, simply, *Numbers*.

To wrap up the issue, we have our annual *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*, by **Anson Mount**; *Back to Campus*, our traditional overview of styles for the upcoming academic year, photographed by **Stan Shaffer**; *Grooming Hot Lines* (illustrated by **Laurie Rubin**), which tells you how to get the most out of a sauna; and, last (but never least), our September Playmate, **Vicki McCarty**, who's an astonishing combination of beauty and brains. Which, come to think of it, brings us back to where we started. Enjoy!

MC KINLEY

SHAW

RHODES

HUYSSEN

CHAN, COHEN

SHAFFER

RANGE

LEVY, STEVENSON

DRISCOLL

GOLDSTROM

MOUNT

SILVERSTEIN

BLUMENTHAL

RUBIN

# PLAYBOY

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Professional arsonists are doing big business these days—they may even have "burn as you earn" training schools—but Federal task forces are beginning to smoke them out.

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From what we've seen of sex in America, New Orleans may be our most erotic city. Down there sex, like Louisiana hot sauce, is so spicy it brings tears to your eyes.

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It isn't that Hollywood's latest stone jaw is mentally unbalanced; he just acts that way to keep everybody else off balance.

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If you think you're getting the most out of your skin- and hair-care products, wait until you combine them with a pore-opening sauna.



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## COVER STORY

We'd dominate the newspaper business if we could do this every day. Fortunately for the daily press, we can't. How could it compete with our ear-reddening interview with Pete Rose, our controversial pictorial of Ivy League coeds or our visit with brainy and beautiful Playmate Vicki McCarty? But though this cover by Executive Art Director Tom Staebler and Senior Art Director Len Willis is appealing, you might not want a daily *Playboy*; you wouldn't have time to savor one issue before the next landed at your door.


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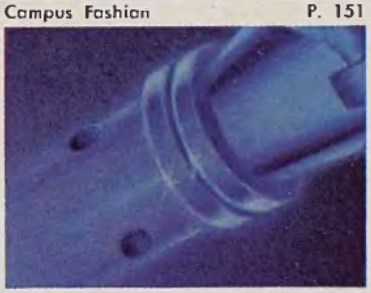

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# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

**MONIQUE—*FANTASTIQUE!***

**Monique St. Pierre beams at left during her Playmate of the Year party at Chicago's Playboy Mansion, where host Bill Cosby broke everyone up. Below, Monique plants one on former Bronco star Bobby Anderson at a second party in Denver.**

**July 1977 Playmate Sondra Theodore and Monique watch as Hef exercises his considerable pinball skill on Bally's Playboy machine, which has rapidly turned into one of Bally's all-time best sellers. All machines were quickly sold, here and abroad.**

**MOSES FINDS CANDY, MOBY DOES SHTICK**

**At left, 25th-anniversary Playmate Candy Loving gets acquainted with veteran actor Charlton Heston, with whom she appeared on WTTG-TV's *Panorama* show in Washington, D.C. Below, San Diego Sea World's killer whale Shamu gives her a big wet one.**

## HEERRRE'S HEF!

**Hef has guest host Bill Cosby out of his seat on *The Tonight Show*, as Orson Bean and Diahann Carroll look on. Below is the box score for our phenomenally successful 25th-anniversary special on ABC: 22.4 percent of all homes with televisions, and 39 percent of all homes watching television, tuned in to it. That's 36,670,000 people who were reminded of Playboy's impact over 25 years.**

### TV RATINGS

*Following are the top 15 national television shows of the past week (Monday, May 7, to Sunday, May 13), listed according to their rank in the ratings compiled by the A.C. Nielsen Company. A rating is a percentage of the total number of United States households with television sets.*

| | Rating | Program | Network |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 25.8 | Laverne & Shirley | ABC |
| 2 | 25.3 | Three's Company | ABC |
| 3 | 23.7 | "Strangers" [S] | CBS |
| 4 | 22.8 | Battle—Network Stars [S] | ABC |
| 5 | 22.4 | Playboy 25th Anniversary [S] | ABC |
| 6 | 22.1 | Happy Days | ABC |
| 7 | 21.5 | Taxi | ABC |
| 8 | 21.3 | Mork & Mindy | ABC |
| 9 | 19.7 | 60 Minutes | CBS |
| 10 | 19.5 | Barnaby Jones [R] | CBS |
| 11 | 19.3 | Fish "n" Enough | ABC |

## GOTHAM, CHICAGO GAGA OVER CASINO 25

**Above, LeRoy Neiman and friend try their luck at blackjack, during the Casino 25 night at the New York Playboy Club. The evening, benefiting the New York chapter of the Multiple Sclerosis Society, also drew former mayor John Lindsay and his wife, Mary (below). At left, Bahamas Bunnies Lim and Terry display $2000 necklace, designed by Lester Lampert for Chicago's Casino 25.**

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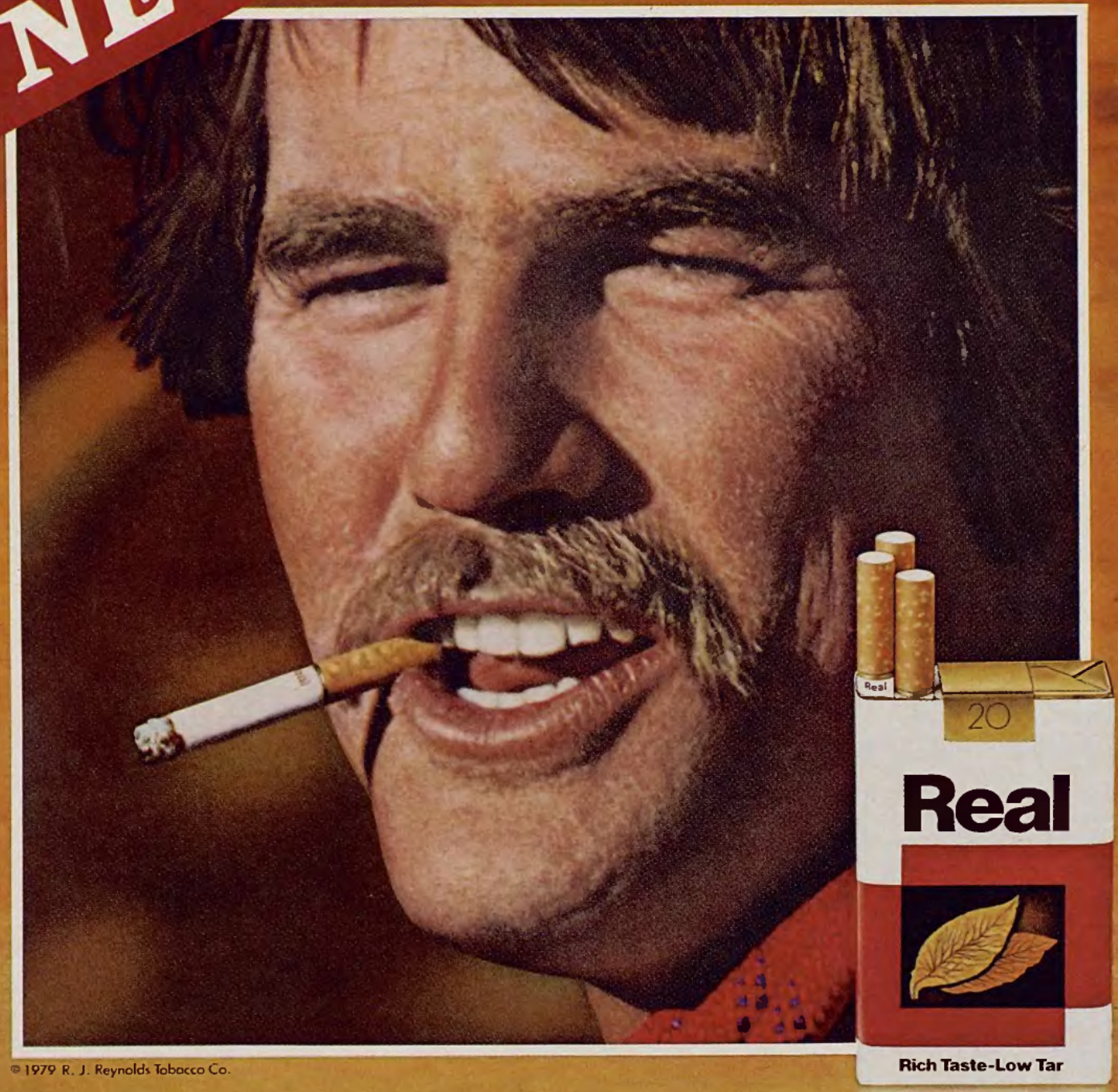


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***The smoking man's low tar***

# PLAYMATE UPDATE

## SEMI-TOUGH, TOTALLY PRETTY

Playmate Pamela Jean Bryant is shown at left as she was seen in our pages in April 1978. Below, she's on the set of *Semi-Tough*, a pilot production for ABC-TV to be seen this fall. The show is based on Dan Jenkins' story (you read it first in our September 1972 issue) about the rough-and-ready misadventures of a pro-football team.

## BRIDGETT GOES BIG BOX OFFICE

Bridgett Rollins (below), our Miss May 1975, is setting out on a theatrical career in Texas City, Texas. Her debut performance is in the College of the Mainland Community Theater's production of *The Line-Up*, a comedy about the backstage tensions of *Tonight Show* guests as they wait to appear on the show. Bridgett plays the show's girl Friday, who falls in love with a comic getting his first shot on the show.

## HOT-AIR HONEY

Susan Lynn Kiger, our January 1977 Playmate, drops in on a Kansas City movie-industry convention to promote her film *H.O.T.S.*, about a sorority rivalry. The balloon figures prominently in the movie.

# British taste/American price: The two sides of Burnett's White Satin Gin

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# GOOD NEWS FOR PEOPLE 7'2" AND UNDER.

If you've always thought a little car meant a lot of crowding, you've obviously never looked into a Volkswagen Rabbit.

There happens to be so much room in a Rabbit that all 7'2" of Wilt Chamberlain can fit comfortably into the driver's seat.

With space left over.

Because the Rabbit has even more headroom than a Rolls-Royce.

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# DEAR PLAYBOY

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### STEVE'S *SHOES*

Just finished reading *Cruel Shoes*, by wild and crazy Steve Martin, in your June issue. The excerpts from his new book show his talents go beyond those of comedian, actor and author. He's an all-round funnyman whose humor just won't quit. He's truly *the* comedian of this generation. Thank you for sharing this entertaining performer's work with us through your magazine.

Randy L. Schlosser
Belle Vernon, Pennsylvania

We at the Free Turds Movement are appalled and outraged at Steve Martin's callous, not to say asinine, treatment of the Turdish people in his recent article. How could Martin write about the Turds and fail to mention the desperate struggle for freedom and fundamental rights being waged between the immoral people of Lower Turdsmania (the loose Turds) and the high-moral-fiber people of Upper Turdsmania (the firm Turds)?

Whereas heretofore we had confined our activities in Western countries to making Hyde Parklike speeches wherever people would listen, we have obviously been too lax. "Off the stools and into the streets" is our battle cry. Beware! The Great Purge is coming!

Craig Bradley
Pretender to the Throne
Free Turds Movement
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

### SILVER BASH BOFFO

Congratulations on the classy and entertaining television production of Playboy's 25th-anniversary special (May seventh, ABC-TV). Not only was it a refreshing review for those of us familiar with the Playboy empire but it also served as an accurate portrayal of what PLAYBOY is all about.

Having been born and raised in the "dreaded" Bible Belt I am as aware as anyone else of the misconceptions about PLAYBOY. However, via the medium of television, you were able to convey the spirit of freedom PLAYBOY has always symbolized, along with its numerous cultural and artistic contributions. Bravo!

R. Michael Crabtree
Paragould, Arkansas

I just watched the enjoyable production of the 25th anniversary of PLAYBOY on TV; and I have to give Hef credit. Any man who started with a $600 investment and now has a $200,000,000 business has got to have brains.

Just one thing—Hef can't sing, as he demonstrated by warbling through *Thank Heaven for Little Girls*. Even our dogs howled.

Robert Nicole
Oakdale, Connecticut

*Are you sure those weren't howls of pleasure from your canine critics?*

### MONIQUE AND MORE

Your current Playmate of the Year, Monique St. Pierre, is the most provocative, sensuous, turn-me-on, spin-me-around, stand-me-up chick we've ever seen.

Billy P. Comerford
Craig D. Chandler
Atlanta, Georgia

Breath-taking! That's my description of Playmate of the Year Monique St. Pierre. While viewing her pictorial, I felt an overpowering closeness to this gorgeous lady. My birth date, November 25, 1953, is the same as hers and my past experience with Sagittarians has been extremely stimulating. Sagittarians click! Thank you, PLAYBOY, for 25 fantastic years. Keep it up!

Marc D. Helms
Pensacola, Florida

Smashing is the word that best describes the gown the unique Monique is

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wearing on the cover of the June issue. Being a leg man, it's dynamite to see her very lovely legs. This is the first time she has been seen without either ski or knee-high suede boots. Allow me to tell you, gentlemen, her calves and feet are just as gorgeous as the rest of this delightful and very beautiful outdoorsy woman.

Michael E. Fields
Evanston, Illinois

The cover of your June issue with Monique St. Pierre has got to be the most beautiful, tasteful, provocative photograph you have ever published. My greatest congratulations to Monique, costume designer Bob Mackie and West Coast Photography Editor Marilyn Grabowski for their best achievement. *Throb.*

E. E. Davis
Redwood City, California

In the 16 years I have been reading PLAYBOY, this is the first time I've disagreed with a Playmate of the Year selection. When you have the likes of Janis Schmitt (my personal choice), Marcy Hanson and Gail Stanton around, why would you make the decision you did? All I can say is, "*Recount!*"

Charles R. Benson
Somerset, Pennsylvania

Monique St. Pierre, PLAYBOY's Playmate of the Year, is a truly fantastic-looking lady. I'd like to see more of Monique soon.

Keep up the good camerawork. I hope PLAYBOY is around for another 125 years.

Jim Bishop
Buffalo, New York

**SPICK-AND-SPAN LOUANN**

Congratulations to PLAYBOY and to photographer Dwight Hooker on the layout of June Playmate Louann Fernald. Miss Fernald is simply the best ever on your pages. I'm sure glad that when she saw an ad for the 25th-anniversary Playmate Hunt, she "decided to give it a try."

Ty Roberts
New York, New York

No Playmate has ever appealed to me as much as Louann Fernald does. Her physical beauty is obvious, but she is much more than just physically beautiful. When I read about how concerned she is about Florida's ecology, it made me feel good to find out that there is one pretty girl in this state who cares about the land she lives in, not merely about the way she looks.

Bob Cleri
Sunrise, Florida

I agree with what Miss Fernald says about our environment, but I'm afraid that pollution is not only on the beaches of Florida but also in most back yards of America. If this is any consolation to Miss Fernald's cause, I think that a lot of us should prevent pollution—starting at our own homes.

Will Paleczny
Saint John's University
Collegeville, Minnesota

*We agree, Will, and suggest that you start by leaving this magazine in a*

*conspicuous place open to this page. We can guarantee any environment would be improved 100 percent.*

The Fernald Entomological Club wishes to extend its congratulations to PLAYBOY for the selection of the June Playmate. As the oldest entomological club in the nation, we feel privileged to extend an honorary membership to Louann Fernald. The enclosed T-shirt, our

memento to Louann, embodies the aspirations of the membership of the club. We have voted her the specimen that we would most like to collect.

The Fernald Entomological Club
Department of Entomology
University of Massachusetts
Amherst, Massachusetts

*While your aspirations may be more suited to fleas than to females, it's the thought that counts. Now, bug off!*

After seeing Louann Fernald in January's *Great Playmate Hunt*, I couldn't wait to see her again. Then, when I picked up the June PLAYBOY, I was very pleased to feast my eyes on lovely Louann again. Now I can't wait till next June to see her again—as Playmate of the Year.

James Michael
Edwardsville, Illinois

**GALLWEY'S GAME**

It surprised me to see in the October 1978 PLAYBOY the article titled *The Inner Game of Sex* using me and the book I authored, *The Inner Game of Tennis*, as the primary reference. Having overcome the displeasure at not being consulted about the piece or the use of the words The Inner Game, I would like to comment on the article.

Most Americans are still reacting in one way or another to the Puritan-ethic notion that excellence of performance is gained only by a kind of grim and deliberate "trying hard" to achieve. Playing is thought to be unproductive.

My experience teaching tennis, golf and skiing, and recently consulting in business, shows the opposite is true. When the mind is in a state of relaxed concentration—i.e., attentive and absorbed in its immediate experience—both pleasure and quality of performance are enhanced simultaneously. Most would-be achievers (buyers of the ethic) are so worried about results and about being measured by their performance that they can't enjoy themselves or get concentrated enough to reach the highest levels of achievement.

Pleasure seekers, on the other hand, usually associate fun with not having to concentrate. As a result, their pleasure is usually shallow. Deep pleasure comes from deep absorption of attention. When the mind is deeply interested in the here and now of its experience, pleasure and excellence of performance go hand in hand.

Experience is the only true teacher. Experience is the only source of true pleasure. Relaxed concentration unites the two, transcending the conflict inherent in the Puritan ethic.

Timothy W. Gallwey
Malibu, California

*For more information about The Inner Game, readers may write to P.O. Box 4206, Malibu, California 90265.*

**PLAYING THE PLAYBOY**

Since one of our major entertainment expenses is playing pinball machines, I thought it may be of interest to PLAYBOY to know some of the statistics my friends and I have achieved on the Playboy machine—one of our favorites, by the way!

Tony Merz, now called King Tony by his pinball mates, almost turned the machine over twice with an exciting score of 1,878,570 on May 6, 1979. Naturally, it was witnessed by several people

Brewed and bottled in Canada; imported by Martlet Importing Co., Inc., Great Neck, N.Y.

and a celebration followed.

We felt this was worthy of note and would appreciate any noted scores that may have surpassed Tony's.

Rorry McKee
Cincinnati, Ohio

*If there's a Pinball Hall of Fame, Rorry, your boy Tony sounds like a prime candidate. Consider: Hef's personal Playboy machine at Mansion West (see "The World of Playboy," page 11) is played constantly by some of the most devoted pinball freaks in Hollywood, and the highest competitive score recorded on it to date is Hef's 1,681,680. The second highest competitive score is 1,492,700. The highest noncompetitive score is 1,689,220. However (and this is where you'll see how good Tony really is), Hef's machine is specially rigged for five balls per game. Tony no doubt earned his score on the standard Playboy machine, which is a three-ball-per-game model. We're fortunate to have a three-ball Playboy machine in our editorial office, and our champion player's high score is a mere 874,000. As Tony knows, it's all a matter of getting a heck of a score on the first ball and then getting those free balls. We think somebody ought to buy Tony a drink.*

**CLASS IN GLASS**

No doubt, J. Frederick Smith has received all due congratulations for his superb pictorial on Debra Jo Fondren (PLAYBOY, April). I could not think of a better way to compliment him than to try to interpret one of those fine shots in my medium—borosilicate glass. Here, then, is

this sculptor's attempt to capture the grace and passion of an exceptional woman.

Robert A. Mickelsen
Gulfport, Florida

**COCKY IN CLEVELAND**

Robert Scheer's June interview with our mayor, Dennis Kucinich, leaves something to be desired—the other side of the

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Imported from Holland

story. At least now he's good for something—a room deodorizer; he really came off smelling like a rose.

L. R. Rosenblad
Cleveland, Ohio

Cleveland has long been the target for many a comedian's joke telling. And now a *Playboy Interview* with its mayor, Dennis Kucinich—and a good one, at that. Unbelievable! May the holy waters of Lake Erie bathe you with applause.

Ronald G. Johnston
Marietta, Ohio

It disheartens me greatly to think that Mayor Kucinich is viewed unfavorably in Cleveland politics. It is the rare modern-day politician who has both the courage and the decency to placate personal aspirations (monetary gains and reelection hopes) in order to stifle the gross inequities handed out by America's "corporate powers." If Kucinich's philosophies were put into practice properly, each citizen in this country could be "represented" in the best sense of the word. In turn, it fulfills the ideal prophecy of democratic theory that the people can be genuinely involved in a decision-making process when determining public policy. If we consider Kucinich a "cocky little bastard," then so, too, were the framers of our Constitution.

Bradley Michael Bittan
Beverly Hills, California

What bothers me is the distressing fact that Kucinich is receiving a considerable amount of undeserved national publicity. Appearances on the *Tomorrow* show, and now in the pages of PLAYBOY, make him out to be the savior of the American metropolis. The truth of the matter is that he hasn't done anything of importance in Cleveland in two years. His administration has alienated an already fragmented city. And, what's worse, he has practically chased job-creating businesses from a city that desperately needs all the help it can get.

Mark H. Rosner
Lansing, Michigan

Your interview with Cleveland's mayor, Dennis Kucinich, is filled with the continuing refrain of his ignorance. While he and your interviewer sustain the myth that this poor lad is poverty-stricken, you fail to indicate that he is drawing a $50,000-per-year salary (one of the highest mayoral salaries in the nation); he is giving himself an abundance of "perks"; he is filling the governmental positions of Cleveland as fast as possible with a group of incompetent, arrogant, foolish and hapless adolescents unable to comprehend the needs of a big city; and, worst of all, he is playing off one ethnic group against another, one section of Cleveland against another, and openly boasting how he's screwing the suburbs even though a majority of Cleveland workers, who pay city taxes for the honor of working there, live in the suburbs.

James Brescoll
Lisle, Illinois

**ON THE MONEY**

I would like to congratulate you on the superb pre-season prediction in your September 1978 issue of the University of Alabama as the number-one football team in the nation. *Roll, Tide, roll!*

Robert E. Dreher, Jr.
Birmingham, Alabama

*Thanks, Bob. Anson Mount's pre-season picks of the top ten teams included six of the teams voted in, post-season, by the A.P. Writers Poll. Of the other four, Mount had Clemson's and Notre Dame's won-lost records right within one game, Houston as a possible breakthrough team and Southern Cal—well, a lot of people were fooled by the Trojans. All in all, not bad for predictions made early the preceding summer. You'll find Mount's predictions for the coming season elsewhere in this issue.*

**OIL'S WELL IN ARABIA**

I *do* believe you people are seriously spreading the PLAYBOY ideology *all* over the world. You see, I am a construction engineer presently working in Saudi Arabia, where booze, sensuously free women and PLAYBOY are banned, due to Saudi religious beliefs. All our PLAYBOYS must be smuggled into the country, which is a sad thing, indeed.

As you can see from the enclosed picture, your efforts have managed to get

the PLAYBOY Rabbit into the Arabic language. I commend you and encourage you to keep up the good work.

Patrick M. Fay
Dhahran, Saudi Arabia

*It is a start, Patrick. Unfortunately, when we translated the sign, it came out* BUILDING AREA—IT IS FORBIDDEN TO ENTER, *with the Rabbit symbol translating as* NO. *Perhaps when gas hits $1.50 a gallon, they'll change it to* MAYBE.

# Will this be the most valuable decanter of 1979?

AN EXCITING NEW SERIES OF CERAMIC DECANTERS. Introducing LeRoy Neiman Sports Commemoratives; strictly limited edition collectors' ceramics that feature colorful prints of original artwork by America's foremost sports artist, LeRoy Neiman. Like the original Jim Beam, Commonwealth, and Wild Turkey ceramics, LeRoy Neiman Sports Commemoratives will be a centerpiece in any valuable ceramic collection.

THE PERFECT GIFT OF QUALITY. From the inside out, everything about LeRoy Neiman Sports Commemoratives says classic. It's a gift you can give with pride. Inside, the decanter is filled with premium Satinwood Blended Whiskey; whiskey as smooth as its name. Outside, Neiman's signed commemorative artwork, painted exclusively for the series, is framed with valuable platinum. Each ceramic is also topped off with a platinum cap. On the bottom is a number identifying the decanters' order in the series. And each decanter is packaged in a handsome jet-black gift box.

THE COLLECTION. The very first ceramic available in the 1979 series was "Basketball." It was followed by "Baseball," (Summer '79) and now "Football" (Fall '79). This is the first series in the LeRoy Neiman Sports Commemoratives collection. Look for them at fine liquor stores. But don't forget, they will be offered in strictly limited editions; with no reissue. So act quickly to get the first series; a chance like this comes only once.

* As noted in Antique Trader Weekly, March 28, 1979.

## LeRoy Neiman Sports Commemoratives. Classics In Their Own Time.

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# TRIUMPH INVITES YOU

TRIUMPH

The new TR7 convertible—the first new production convertible in a decade. Modern engineering has been skillfully wed to legendary excitement in the newest Triumph, the TR7 convertible.

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

The EPA estimate with manual transmission is (19) mpg, with a highway mileage of 28 mpg. Remember the circled EPA estimate is for comparison; your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather, and trip length. California figures are lower, and your actual highway mileage will probably be lower than the highway estimate.

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

The interior of the TR7 is designed around the serious driver, and is at once both functional and comfortable. Controls and instruments have been logically and conveniently arranged for easier, more enjoyable driving.

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For the name of your nearest Triumph dealer call: 800-447-4700; in Illinois call: 800-322-4400.

Attractive and uncomplicated, TR7's convertible top gives you unobstructed vision through the 3-piece rear window. Putting the top up or down is a simple one-person operation.

Now, a true convertible sports car at an affordable price. From Canley, England, where Triumph craftsmen have harbored a passion for the open sports car for over 50 years, comes the new TR7 convertible.

# TO A NEW OPENING

THE SHAPE TR7

# Benson & Hedges Lights

"B&H, I like your style."

Only 11 mg tar

11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method

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

# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Gee, it helps us think. In spring training, Chicago Cubs slugger Bill Buckner explained that the reason he concentrates so hard on not striking out is that he feels "like a boob walking back to the dugout after fanning." In reporting this, the Peoria, Illinois, *Journal Star* ran a story under the headline "'BOOB FEELING' HELPS BUCKNER'S SWING."

### THE REAL GONG SHOW

Last season, many theater lovers voiced alarm at the number of Broadway shows to disappear from the Great White Way before having the chance to prove themselves. With more than a half-dozen shows closing within a three-week period, many Broadway buffs placed the blame squarely on the shoulders of the often harsh New York theater critics. Actually, New York productions have it easy when compared with their thespian peer group in Auckland, New Zealand, where criticism is closer to the teachings of King Kong than of Rex Reed. After students at Auckland University staged a parody of Polynesian dances, for instance, they were met by an audience of somewhat critical Maoris and assorted Pacific islanders. Those local Clive Barneses voiced their disapproval by attacking the performers with clubs, chains and iron bars. As a result, not only did the show not go on but the cry of "Break a leg" took on dire overtones. Somebody had better warn Neil Simon before he makes his vacation plans.

### SPECTACULAR CRIME

A postman who admitted snatching eyeglasses from 38 young women was put on three years' probation by a Croydon, England, court. It seems the man would sometimes wear a homemade black face mask as he crept up behind the unsuspecting ladies to grab their specs. He was said to have told police, "I didn't mean to do any harm. I just wanted to get their glasses off." He had even gone so far as to enter a house to steal the glasses from the startled woman resident. A psychiatrist said this was clearly an impulsive fetish that would need up to five years of treatment. Not to mention an annual eye checkup.

### THE KINDEST CUT

Want a quick and painless way to straighten your posture, drain your sinuses, increase your magnetism (and thus your powers of attraction), smooth your wrinkles, settle your personal energy crisis and much, much more? Get a haircut.

"First of all, don't call them haircuts. It's hair balancing, which I call Aura-Cuts, and they are perfect every time," admonishes Mercury Yount, a revolutionary stylist with a clip joint in (where else?) California. "It's one commonplace of human suffering that everybody, whether he's a prince or a pauper, has suffering in his hair. Your hairs are psychic antennae and when they're improperly cut, it imbalances you. Aura-Cuts are fuller and thicker. They move on a person's head, you do better business, you think better. After you get your hair balanced, *everything* improves."

Mercury is a self-styled "Cosmictologist" who wishes he could self-style his own Aura-Cut, since so far nobody does it better—or at all. A student of Tai Chi, Aikido, yoga, herbology, metaphysics and "a number of natural lifestyles," Mercury discovered hair balancing five years ago during a sojourn in Guatemala. "The first time I cut somebody's hair, I saw the aura of the whole body and head change." He cut back to California, attended beauty school and has been "out there doing this legally for one year."

"I can balance hair down to people's waists or short or curly. I do the haircut three times—dry, wet, dry—until it's a perfect fall. There are no perms, no tints, no curling irons, nothing artificial. I use two different sizes of scissors—straight cutting scissors, not thinning shears or razors—and four different combs to stretch and pull out the hair. That in itself is different. Everything I do is unique, but it all makes perfect common sense." Aura-Cuts cost upwards of $35, which, we assume, includes an ample supply of Halo Shampoo.

•

*If You Have to Ask How Much It Costs, You Can't Afford It Department:* One of this season's creations by fashion designer Adolfo has the following instructions on its label: "Machine washable. Tumble dry. Have maid touch up if necessary."

•

A recent exchange in the Massachusetts State Senate got a little out of hand. While debating a bill to raise the legal drinking age to 21, one senator said that the manner in which the Ways and Means Committee had presented the proposal was "the greatest circumcision ever seen in this Senate!" To which

another senator replied, "I guess he means we've only seen the tip of this bill!"

### FUN DATE

*Occupational Hazard Department:* Morticians, proctologists and Republican campaign workers often feel funny on dates when they make small talk about their jobs. In New York, attractive young lawyer Linda Fairstein has also learned to keep mum when out for a night on the town, since talking shop seems to send most potential suitors into shock. Linda is head of the Manhattan District Attorney's Sex Crime Unit and she's found that, for some odd reason, her occupation seems to take the wind out of many a gent's sails. "When I do finally tell my dates what I do," she reveals, "they suddenly become very uncomfortable. I guess I've missed a few goodnight kisses that way."

Dealing with sex crimes on a daily basis has affected Linda's lifestyle in other ways as well: "I'm much more careful whom I go out with now than when I was at Vassar," she concludes.

•

A recent issue of the *Saturday A.M.* magazine section of the Martinsburg, West Virginia, *Evening Journal* was devoted to the disco craze. A feature on disco clothes included this: "The tuxedo look for disco wear has adapted all the trappings of the menswear tux including cum on pants. . . ." Well, we knew the look was big in New York, but we hadn't realized it had hit West Virginia.

•

A Chicago friend of ours was surprised when she received her new penitentiary-produced license plates in the mail this year. Included in the envelope was a hand-scrawled note: "Help!!! I'm being held a prisoner against my will."

### GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS

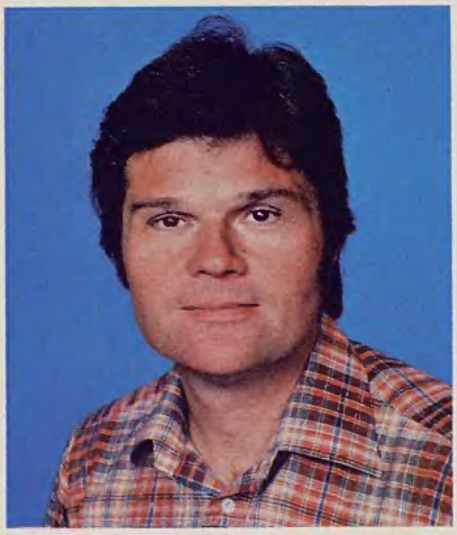
When Princeton University installed a $150,000 computer system in its Firestone Library two years ago, it was thought to be ushering in a new era in library science. The computer, it was announced, was the most advanced library computer in the country. The system was designed to check out books using light pens in the same way as some department stores currently tally up items. In addition, it was supposed to give instantaneous information and circulation patterns on books.

Unfortunately for all concerned, Princeton's computer whiz wasn't playing with a full set of cogs. According to James A. Cogswell (no relation), the university's circulation librarian, the computer "tended to break down a good deal of the time." As a result, many records "were either scrambled, garbled or outright lost." In addition, the clever machine displayed a remarkable imagination when it came to keeping track of books. "A number of records," says Cogswell, "were totally false."

The 3M Company, Dr. Frankenstein to Princeton's mechanized monster, came to the rescue and relieved the library of its burden, picking up the tab for all havoc wrought. Princeton's library is still trying to pick up the pieces. It's back to using human librarians and the old 3" x 5" filing-card system. "It's exceedingly slow," acknowledges Cogswell, "but most of the time it's reliable." Who says automation won't create more jobs for U. S. citizens?

### CHECKING IN

*The cult success of everyone's second-favorite late-night talk show, "America 2Night," was not all host Martin Mull's doing. Second banana* **Fred Willard** *also*



*inspired peals of laughter. And to prove his worth, he has gone on to greater things. Willard is a regular on NBC-TV's "Real People," one of the network's few prime-time survivors. He has also made a movie, "Americathon," in release this month. And a film reuniting Willard and Mull is planned.* PLAYBOY *sent free-lancer David Rensin to catch up with Willard. Rensin reports: "This is one busy guy."*

PLAYBOY: Do you have any regrets about the cancellation of *America 2Night*?

WILLARD: I think the show had a lot to tell the public about hypocrisy. It showed how talk shows are often a sham, with people on only to push their latest film or book while trying not to make it appear that they are. I think our fans were onto that to begin with and that's why they liked us. But the people who didn't care about it—those who would say, "How rude of them not to let Charlton Heston talk"—should have been watching. They should have been forced to sit and watch.

PLAYBOY: Has fame spoiled you?

WILLARD: No. Well, it's only spoiled me by not having enough of it, I'm afraid. I need more. People ask me if I'm bothered by the amount of time I have to spend talking about my shows: *America 2Night* and *Real People*. No. It's not that. It's the amount of time I have to spend telling people who I am. I guess I get them at a bad time. They're in a rush on the way to work and they just don't want to stop and chat while I identify myself.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever collected unemployment benefits?

WILLARD: Oh, sure. I'm an old hand. I've come a long way with them. It's like a success story. I started out back in New York at $35 a week. Now I'm collecting $110. That's stick-to-itiveness. A lot of people would have given up.

PLAYBOY: Are you a funny guy?

WILLARD: Inadvertently, a lot of times I'll say something meaning it to be straight and then realize I've made a *double-entendre*. Hey, but since everyone's laughing, I go with it and say, "Oh, yeah!"

PLAYBOY: Do you own any leisure suits?

WILLARD: No. That's where I draw the line.

PLAYBOY: What becomes a legend most?

WILLARD: Inaccessibility, not those fur coats. In fact, I'd like to be inaccessible, so this will probably be my last interview. I'm going to have a press conference to make that announcement because you might as well get some publicity out of it, too.

PLAYBOY: Do you wear sunglasses to prevent people from recognizing you?

WILLARD: Yes, and it works.

PLAYBOY: Do you like game shows?

WILLARD: I hate them all—ever since my first TV appearance on *The Dating Game*. Not only did I not win but the girl made a definite point of saying, "I do not want number three." The two others, she didn't care.

PLAYBOY: But you seem so cultured.

WILLARD: It's just a veneer.

PLAYBOY: What's your idea of a fun date?

WILLARD: A fun date is someone who keeps the conversation on me.

PLAYBOY: What's a fast date?

WILLARD: Usually, a girl who agrees to go out with me. I consider that kinda fast. Then I lose all respect for her. Also, if *she* asks *me* to go out, I figure the girl must be lonely and hard up, and that's it. Forget this loser.

PLAYBOY: What attracts women to you? Your low forehead?

WILLARD: Yes, its furrowed intensity. No. I think they're trying to find the real me, but usually by the time they do, they're disappointed, and by then it's too late. However, anyone attracted to me, I find *very* attractive.

PLAYBOY: Is the rumor that you appeal to women whose last names have no vowels true?

WILLARD: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Do you wear boxer shorts or Jockey shorts?

WILLARD: Hey, wait a minute. I don't

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mind answering some questions, but let's not get personal, huh?

PLAYBOY: Sorry. Why was Jerry Hubbard so believable?

WILLARD: I think there's a little of Jerry in everybody. If you let him take over, it's very enjoyable. You don't have a worry in the world. Nothing bothers you. It's "What, me worry?" and frankly, I wish I were a little more like him in real life.

PLAYBOY: If you had one wish we could help out on, what would it be?

WILLARD: I guess I'd like to be included in PLAYBOY's *Sex in Cinema* with my shirt off between Farrah Fawcett and Clint Eastwood. Come to think of it, what would be funny is to have Jerry Hubbard in a coat and tie between Clint and Jim Brown.

•

Another politician is caught with his pants down. Toronto's *The Globe and Mail* ran this headline over a story about protest to a garbage facility: MAYOR 'WILL NEED A BODYGUARD' FOR TAKING DUMP, RESIDENT WARNS.

### FOLSOM BEDROOM BLUES

What could be tougher on a young punk than staring at the face of a prison guard for a month or two? According to New Brunswick, New Jersey, municipal-court judge Thomas J. Shamy, it's staring at one's parents for the same length of time. Recently, Judge Shamy began a unique war on street crime, sentencing young loiterers to (gasp!) "30 days at home" instead of 30 days in the slammer.

The judge's new procedure is aimed at persons between the ages of 18 and 30 who are caught loitering at night on the streets of New Brunswick. Offenders are ordered to spend 30 days at home between the hours of nine P.M. and six A.M. While some critics may argue that this home-style remedy is too lenient for young toughs, Shamy disagrees. "If you were a street kid," he explains, "there would be no question in your mind that it's more difficult to sit at home, mainly because of peer pressure."

Peer pressure and visits from your Uncle Edgar, who has buffalo breath. Guard! Guard!

•

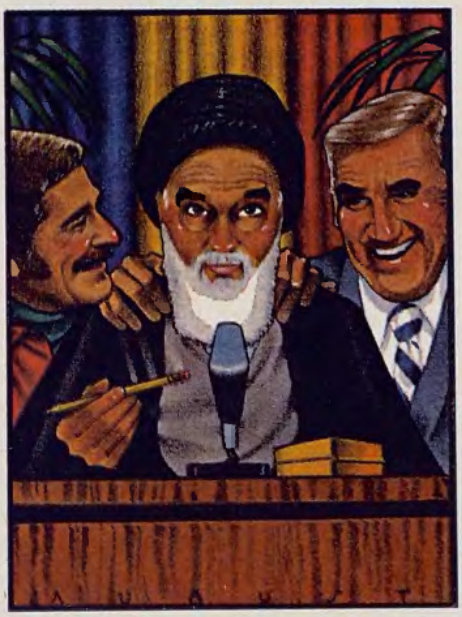
A Virginia prosecutor had more than his share of problems recently. Not only did he have to endure his own bribery trial but *The Washington Post*, in covering that story, also reported that he was "a genial prosecutor with a knack for hiring smart young assistants and giving them head."

•

From our endangered-species file: We understand there are bumper stickers in Southern California that read: WARNING: I BRAKE FOR BRIAN WILSON.

## THE NEW IMPROVED AYATOLLAH

*a purloined memo from the public-relations firm that handles the account for the world's most offhand religious leader*



Well, we've landed the Big Tuna this time, J.R.! As you know, Morgan, Morgan, Morgan & Fosdick was approached secretly last week by certain people representing the Ayatollah Khomeini. *They* think that the Ayatollah has what you might call an "image" problem these days. Iran's unpopular enough due to the oil problem and they think that if the Ayatollah's image is spruced up, things'll get a lot better. I mean, Christ, Jim, the Big A. doesn't even *know* Barbara Walters, hasn't been turned away from Studio 54 *once*, and I hear Earl Blackwell isn't even *considering* him for the Worst Dressed List, though he certainly qualifies. This is going to be a toughie for M., M., M. & F., but the Khomeini people were very impressed with the way we got Western International to build that resort on Three Mile Island and they're practically open to anything. I've taken the liberty of jotting down a few notions for your consideration:

1. Doubleday has already expressed interest in the Ayatollah's memoirs and has given me a preliminary verbal guarantee for a major author tour, Literary Guild main selection, six-figure advance and a big, I mean B-I-G, movie deal. I spoke to Khomeini's people about this the other day and they loved the idea, though they did have a few reservations about the title I came up with—*Ayatollah You So*—but we can work that out. In fact, the Doubleday people tell me they've already made a few preliminary overtures to Paramount and Par's very excited about the movie. Confidentially, they'd like to get Burt Reynolds to play Khomeini, with Ricardo Montalban as the shah, Jane Fonda as Kate Millett and Eli Wallach as Yasir Arafat. They mentioned Tim Conway and Don Knotts as possibles for Bazargan but hadn't made up their mind yet.

2. To get enough interest in the book, we have to get Khomeini into the columns and gossip rags. What we do is this: We send him over to Studio 54 (with a couple of TV film crews, natch) and he tries to get in. Knowing how he dresses, he hasn't got a prayer. The doorman figures he's a Moonie and tells him to buzz off and the Ayatollah gets riled. Meantime, the TV crews are getting this all down on video tape for the *Late News*. The next day, Khomeini responds by buying 54th Street.

3. Once he's a regular in every gossip column in the country, the next step is TV exposure. Since it's incumbent upon us to preserve the Ayatollah's sense of dignity here, I feel a guest shot on *The Muppet Show* would be a good place to launch him. Next stop should be a guest hostmanship on *The Tonight Show*. Instead of a monolog, which would be questionable for a guy of Khomeini's stature (though he's got a hell of a deadpan), I figure we'll get him to sing a new song, something real Moslemy that we title (my idea) *Down with the Shah, Na Na* (which, natch, becomes available as a 45 and climbs up to *numero uno* in *Billboard* in a matter of days!). Then, to liven things up a bit, we get Don Rickles on the show, followed by someone classy like Dr. Joyce Brothers. We should also be thinking about a variety special.

That's about it for now, J.R. Naturally, a heavy merchandising campaign would follow the release of the movie. In the meantime, I've asked the Khomeini people to try to tone down the executions a bit, explaining that, whatever their reasons, they give bad press, no matter how you cut them (pardon the pun). They said they'd try to work it out. I'll keep you posted.

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# BOOKS

Even if you abhor baseball, you're going to love Paul Hemphill's really fine novel ***Long Gone*** (Viking), about three months in the road life of a Class D Florida baseball team called the Graceville Oilers. As the players travel from one hick town to another, living in motels and on hamburgers, you get to know them remarkably well. The two top bananas are Stud Cantrell, the aging pitcher–first baseman–manager of the Oilers, and Jamie Weeks, innocent young rookie from Birmingham. Although the two are obvious opposites—Cantrell is a loud, beer-drinking, hell-raising womanizer and Weeks has yet to reach first base—they become good friends as the summer progresses.

The players' antics—for example, passing off a black player as a Venezuelan recruit (the time is 1956 and the color line has only recently been broken)—are as funny, off the wall and colorful as their women: Stud's girl, Dixie "Hot" Box; Cissy Bowman, who at first seems hot to trot with Jamie; Esther Wrenn, a deacon's daughter; and Selma Myrick, the landlady who wants to give Jamie a helping hand. *Long Gone* is, in our book, a grand slammer.

•

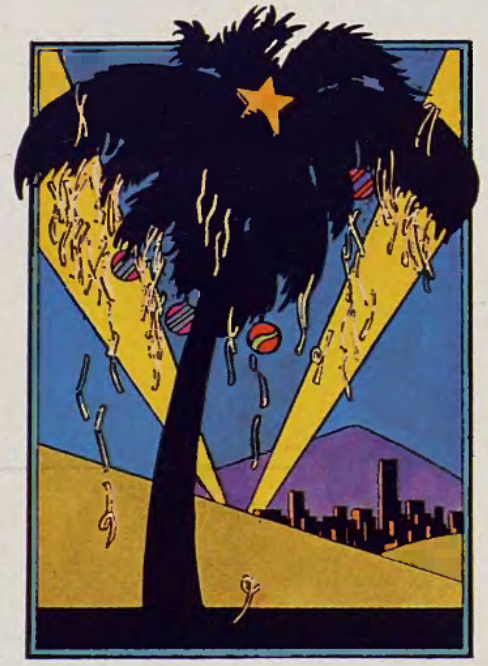
Julian Garvey, Hollywood's hottest producer and most notorious stud, is looking for a starlet to top-line his latest epic, a film loosely based on Marilyn Monroe's last days, called *Tinsel*. It's a delicious role, a guaranteed starmaker, and three women—Ginger, Dixie and Pig—want it desperately. Who will get it? Will Dixie leave her dentist husband to get back into show business? Will Ginger give up hibernation at Vail? Will Pig have a boob job? These are just a few of the pressing suspense ploys that fill screenwriter/novelist William Goldman's latest candidate for the best-seller list, ***Tinsel*** (Delacorte). Primarily, the book is about selling out in Hollywood—an interesting theme for a writer who, with this book, seems to be doing just that. *Tinsel* is trash: unmitigated, unabashed trash. It's cliché-ridden, sloppy, overly written, and its characters are as shallow and superficial as those who populate your average, run-of-the-mill pulp. Years ago, Goldman showed promise as a first-rate, serious novelist. Clearly, he has given in to the sensibility that gave Tinseltown its name.

•

***The Great Shark Hunt*** (Summit), Dr. Hunter S. Thompson's new collection of magazine articles (incidentally, the title piece appeared in PLAYBOY in December 1974), allows us all once again to figure out what we think about this guy. There has been much talk lately that Thompson lost it a few years back; he hasn't come up with a new book in years, and it seems that G. B. Trudeau's character Duke has done a better Dr. Gonzo lately than the master himself has. But in reading *The Great Shark Hunt*, one realizes how large the gap is between the real Thompson and his many imitators. It's easy, after all, to interject savagery into otherwise benign prose and at least approximate on the surface the raw nerve signals that Thompson punches out on his mojo wire. But this collection underscores the point that Thompson is working from a dementia no one in his right mind would want to share. He is a liberal with a broken heart who couldn't take it anymore. It is that dementia, however, that makes Thompson great; he was the only pioneer in the late Sixties and early Seventies who had the moral courage and stamina to send dispatches back from his beleaguered frontal lobes and make us understand how weird, finally, things were back then. Not that they're any less weird now; it's just that the grammar has changed. *The Great Shark Hunt* serves as one of the primary documents in the study of America's social upheaval; we hope that Thompson, as he closes that chapter of our history with this book, will find the right drugs to help us understand the Eighties.

*Long Gone:* No minors batting here.

Hemphill's ode to baseball—catch it; Goldman, alas, strikes out with Hollywood.



All that glitters isn't *Tinsel*.

•

There is less to Marshall Frady's ***Billy Graham*** (Little, Brown) than meets the eye. Alas, much, much less. It is a fat book and the subtitle, "A Parable of American Righteousness," promises much. So does the preface in which Frady solemnly informs the reader of the agonies he went through to produce this book. One reads on, anticipating great truths and devastating insights. What one gets, instead, is a great cloud of the worst kind of Southern prose, like yellow swamp gas, hanging over every page. In Frady's world, telephones do not ring, they "clangor." One adjective per sentence is never enough; three are barely sufficient. The result is that Billy Graham the man is buried under an avalanche of literary effects and those biographical elements that do surface are often not very interesting. Frady, himself the son of a Southern preacher, is quite good about the Christian longings of his countrymen. He is good, too, when at the end of his epic he deals with Watergate, which may be the Shakespearean mother lode of our time. Graham was faithfully and perhaps fatally intertwined with Nixon's downfall and Frady brings that story off successfully. But getting there is hardly worth the effort.

•

***A Year or So with Edgar*** (Harper & Row), by George V. Higgins, is a novel superficially about a lot of things—friendship, camaraderie, Washington lawyers, journalists, religion, divorce, drinking, the Mob, you name it—but, on closer analysis, it's about nothing in particular. Higgins merely uses Edgar as his mouthpiece; this could have been more effective as nonfiction.

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# THEATER

It's not every night, God knows, that the drama critic of *The New York Times* makes his deadline dash up the aisle of a converted print shop about 830 miles west of Broadway. Yet it came to pass, one recent November evening, that Mel Gussow covered the world premiere of *The Woods*, by *Wunderkind* playwright David Mamet. Gussow returned to the Apple bubbling, comparing Mamet to Pinter and Hemingway—predictably, perhaps, since Gussow's voice had been among the loudest acclaiming such earlier Mamet works as *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*, *A Life in the Theater* and *American Buffalo*. Still, who could predict that New York would be ringing with huzzas for a show on the shores of far-off Lake Michigan?

In fact, who could predict anything about the explosive Chicago theater scene these days? Local drama critics, for example, were far harsher with *The Woods* than Gussow was (one saw "the ludicrous range of a soap opera"; another chided Mamet for "coming dangerously close to a stylistic dead end"). What made that November evening significant was not the presence of the august *New York Times* (a classic symptom of a Second City syndrome—"If New York thinks it's important, it *must* be") but Chicago's calm, almost offhand acceptance of major theatrical events.

There's an obvious reason: Chicago, once part of that vast "boondock" where theatrical excitement was defined as the arrival of a Broadway road show, has blossomed in the past few years into a veritable hotbed of original drama. The transplants—*Dracula*, *Dancin'* and *Annie*—still pass through the Loop theaters and still fill them. But the city now has its own hits to bask in: a half dozen from Mamet, the Organic Theater's *Warp* (which went to Broadway with a splash and died of woeful underfinancing) and *Bleacher Bums* (which went to New York with no fanfare and extended its run from two weeks to three months); the runaway *Grease* (which made its debut in a storefront theater on busy Lincoln Avenue) and, next, *Lunching*, a hip-sexy spoof that will head East in the fall.

Chicago may be a long ride from Broadway, but who's counting the miles these days? Certainly not playwright Mamet. Last September, he locked up his New York apartment, packed his typewriter and his Obie Award (for Best New Playwright: 1977) and returned home to become playwright in residence of the Goodman Theater, thereby standing the old equation—local boy makes good, goes to New York, sends postcard at Christmas—right on its hoary head.

"There is a theatrical community in Chicago in a way that there is not in New York," said Mamet by way of explanation. "For, as Eugene Debs said, when you are competing with each other for food, you can't love each other very hard. In Chicago, we *assume* that the best theater is going to take place in someone's garage."

Want to see some life on the stage? Check out Chicago.

From the top: Wisdom Bridge's *Bagtime*, Victory Gardens' *Eden*, Apollo's *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*, St. Nicholas' *Funeral March for a One-Man Band*, Goodman's *Holiday*, Organic Theater Company's *Warp*.

At the Goodman, Mamet teamed up with Gregory Mosher, at the age of 30 one of Chicago's brightest, flashiest directors, to try setting that venerable institution back on its feet. Two years ago, floundering from a combination of stodgy management and an aging, diminishing subscription audience, the Goodman got a nasty shock. The Art Institute of Chicago, under whose wing the theater had long flourished, announced that it was cutting the Goodman loose. That perked up some drooping eyebrows and the Chicago Theater Group was formed to raise the funds necessary to keep the theater afloat. Previously, Mosher had been brought in to take up the cudgels against the brash little North Side theaters that had stolen much of the thunder from the musty old Goodman. Mosher's first project: Goodman Stage 2, a series of smaller, more experimental works. Among his first Stage 2 productions: world premieres of Mamet's *A Life in the Theater* and *American Buffalo*.

So, earlier this past season, just about the time that C.T.G. was announcing that it had raised the $2,000,000 plus it needed, Mosher was scoring consecutive successes with the first professional production of Richard Wright's *Native Son* since John Houseman's 1931 original and a lively musical revamping of *A Christmas Carol*. In March came the world premiere of John Guare's *Bosoms and Neglect* (Guare, who earlier had premiered *Landscape of the Body* in Chicago, talks glowingly of his "Chicago connection"), which drew raves from the critics . . . including, flown in from New York for the opening, a certain Mel Gussow of *The New York Times*. And so, to quote Kurt Vonnegut, it goes.

But if the Goodman story is symbolic of the turnaround in Chicago theater, it is by no stretch of the imagination the only, or even the most heart-warming, one. As of the start of the 1978–1979 season, there were 45 functioning professional and semiprofessional companies in or near Chicago, most of them onetime shoestring operations that have bloomed in recent years, many still in the nickels, dimes and hopes stage. In the space of two short weeks, the St. Nicholas world-premiered Ron Whyte's *Funeral March for a One-Man Band* to loud critical applause; Goodman 2 drew raves for its debut of Elan Garonzik's *Scenes and Revelations*; North Light Repertory, a strong Evanston company, undertook

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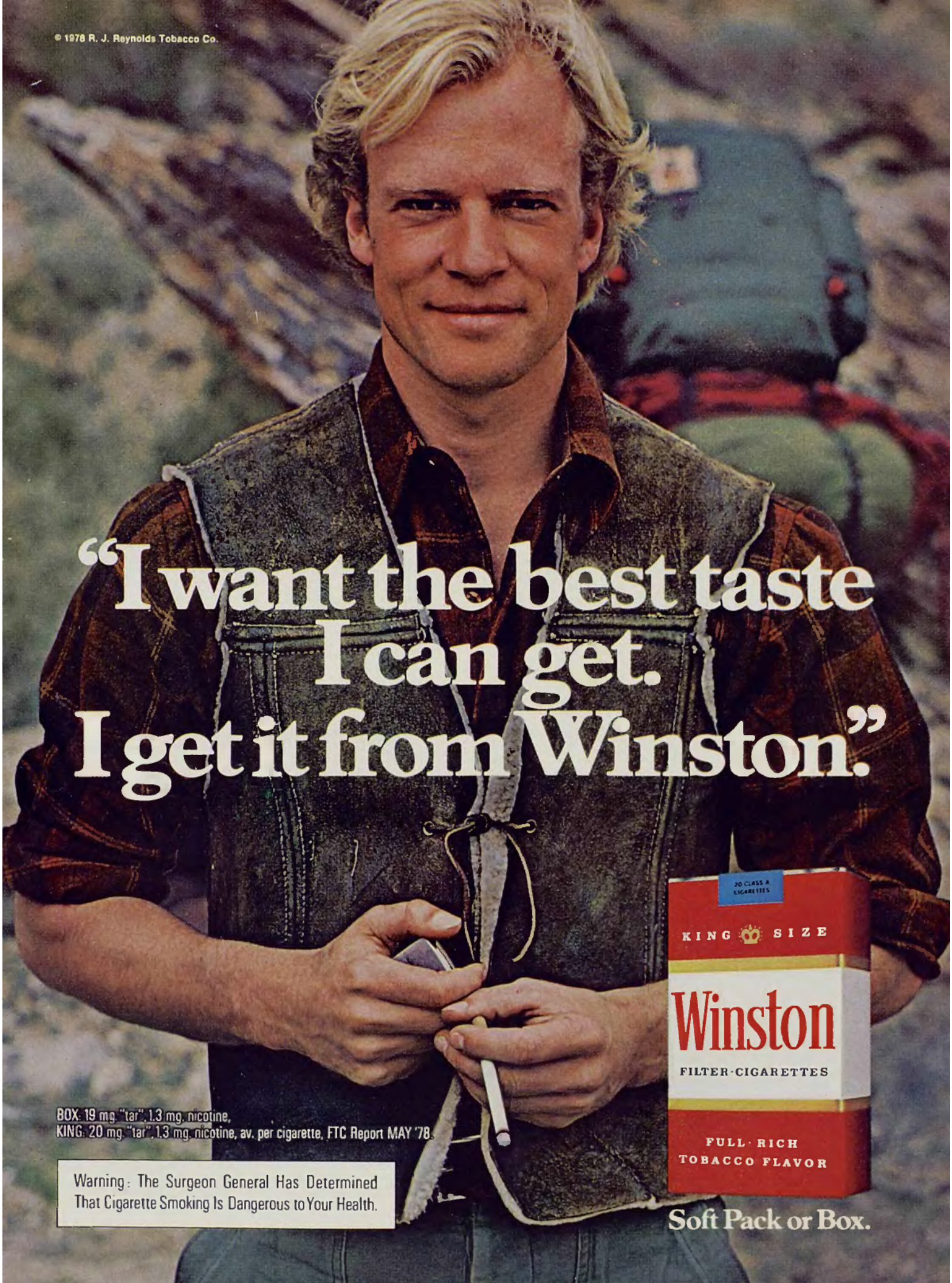


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# shouldn't be

## Composition

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Eve Merriam's *The Club*; and the posh, commercial Drury Lane at Water Tower Place opened *Scrambled Feet*, a madcap revue written by two former Northwestern University students that had originated at the St. Nicholas. Like a berserk popcorn machine, the theater scene is providing so much new material that Chicago's two daily newspapers are now using two and even three critics each to cover the beat.

"The rap on Chicago used to be that there was nowhere to get *training*," said Stuart Gordon, whose Organic Theater, having reached its tenth birthday, qualifies as a granddaddy of the current crop. "Well, if that's true, thank God, because the best training there is is *work*. In New York, the big question is, Who are you studying with? You're in great shape if you get one role a year. Look at our company. Where else could an actor work for five years *straight*?"

Indeed, the Organic is hard at work on two fronts. Artistically, it is preparing to follow its adaptations of Raymond Chandler (*The Little Sister*) and Henry Fielding (*Jonathan Wild*) with a revival of *Warp*, the wacky science-fiction parody/serial that once packed houses for nearly two years. Logistically, the company made the tricky switch from ticket-by-ticket to subscription basis while going about the arduous task of raising funds to renovate the long-abandoned 450-seat Buckingham Theater for a new home.

New stages, in fact, seem to be on everyone's mind. Recently, three smallish companies (Travel Light, Pary Productions and the Performance Community) squeezed into a onetime chocolate warehouse, renaming it the Theater Building. A half mile south, the St. Nicholas is feeling the squeeze of success in its small house and making noises about expanded quarters. Meanwhile, a few blocks away on arterial Lincoln Avenue, a pair of recent University of Illinois grads, Jason Brett and Stuart Oken, are taking an even greater leap of faith. Leasing a huge chunk of *nouveau* shopping mall, Brett and Oken created the Apollo Theater, the city's newest and a total break with the traditional wisdom that commercial theaters flourish only in the Loop or in the rococo suburban dinner-playhouses. North Side theaters, according to the book, start with folding chairs and coffee-can lights and struggle to work their way up to indoor-outdoor carpeting. Not so for the Apollo; with its 333 gray-plush seats, carpeted lobby and valet-assisted parking—albeit under the el tracks—everything is first cabin in this attempt to launch a commercial theater far outside the normal orbit of Not-for-Profit Land.

"We're counting on the existence of an audience for commercial, but intelligent theater in Chicago," said Brett—but he was almost dead wrong. The Apollo's

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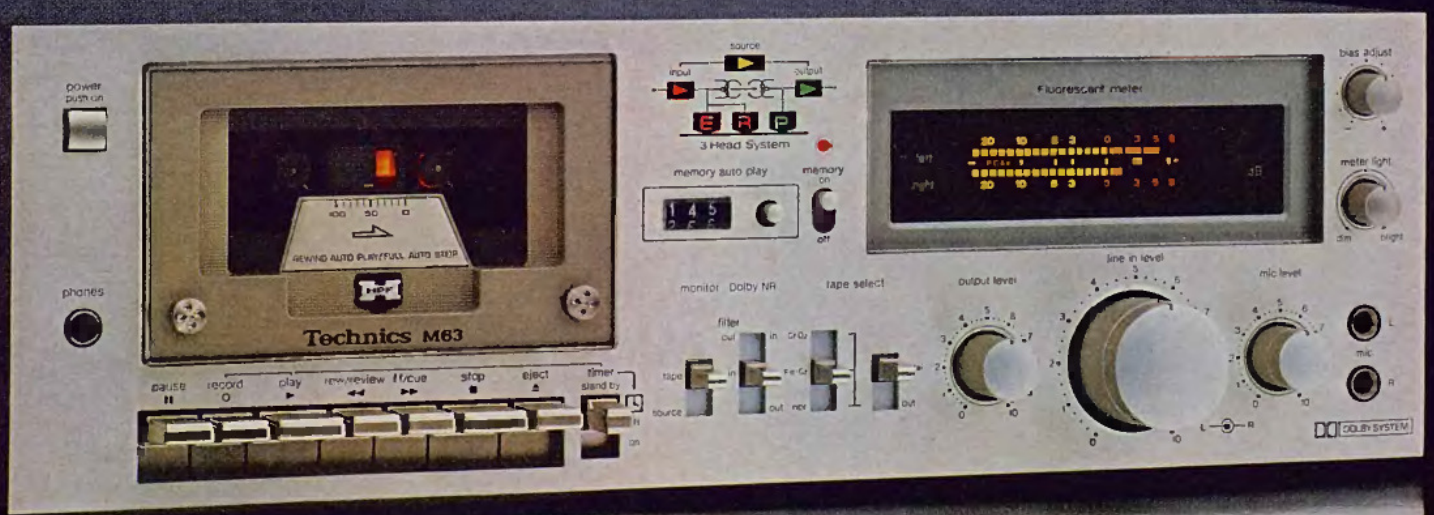

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first production, Albert Innaurato's acclaimed *Gemini*, did mere break-even business, and its follow-up, a locally written comedy revue, flopped miserably. On New Year's Day, the new theater was dark and nearly broke. So who came along to save the Apollo? David Mamet, who else? Brett, Oken and former Second City director Sheldon Patinkin restaged Mamet's *Sexual Perversity in Chicago* (which, in the incestuous way of Chicago theater, was born at the Organic). Heading the revival cast was Jim Belushi, the maybe-more-talented brother of John, who went to Lincoln Avenue by way of Hollywood (an impressive role in a miserable NBC sitcom called *Who's Minding the Kids?*), and the Second City comedy troupe—granddaddy of Chicago's improvisational theater, still alive and well in Old Town. To complete the home-grown circle, Belushi was electrifying as the bullish Bernie Litko, *Sexual Perversity* was a smash, the play's run was extended twice and the Apollo is back on solid ground.

"Not only is there an *audience* in Chicago," said St. Nicholas artistic director Steven Schachter, "but it's an *aware* audience. We learned from our New Work Ensemble series that they're willing to come out and see a new play with an unfamiliar title." Schachter, who's widely regarded as one of the country's most promising young directors, ought to know. In addition to artistic successes (several Mamet premieres, Whyte's *Funeral March*, Julian Barry's *Sitcom*, local debuts of strong plays such as *Ashes* and *Fifth of July*, and solo shows by Geraldine Fitzgerald, Viveca Lindfors and a pre-Broadway run of Lily Tomlin), the St. Nicholas has also blazed a hopeful financial trail. In the past year alone, its advance subscription sales have leaped from 35 to 70 percent of all seats. As the Organic's Gordon put it, "Going subscription is a way of saying, 'Hey, we're gonna be around for a while.'" And at that rate, it'll be a good long while, as the Organic and the Far North Side Wisdom Bridge (where artistic director Robert Falls has won high praise for works as diverse as a *post-bellum* restaging of Molière's *Tartuffe* and the new musical version of *Bagtime*, the delightful newspaper soap opera starring Mike Holiday, an ingenuous supermarket bag boy) join the ranks of subscription houses. These include the St. Nicholas, the Body Politic, Victory Gardens—another North Side theater, where artistic director Dennis Zacek strives conscientiously to serve not only Chicago's card-carrying theater *aficionados* but also the often-ignored communities of the black and the handicapped, slating ghetto-based plays, printing programs in Braille and scheduling performances in sign language—and the revitalized Goodman.

Meanwhile, in suburban Lake Forest, the prestigious Academy Festival Theater

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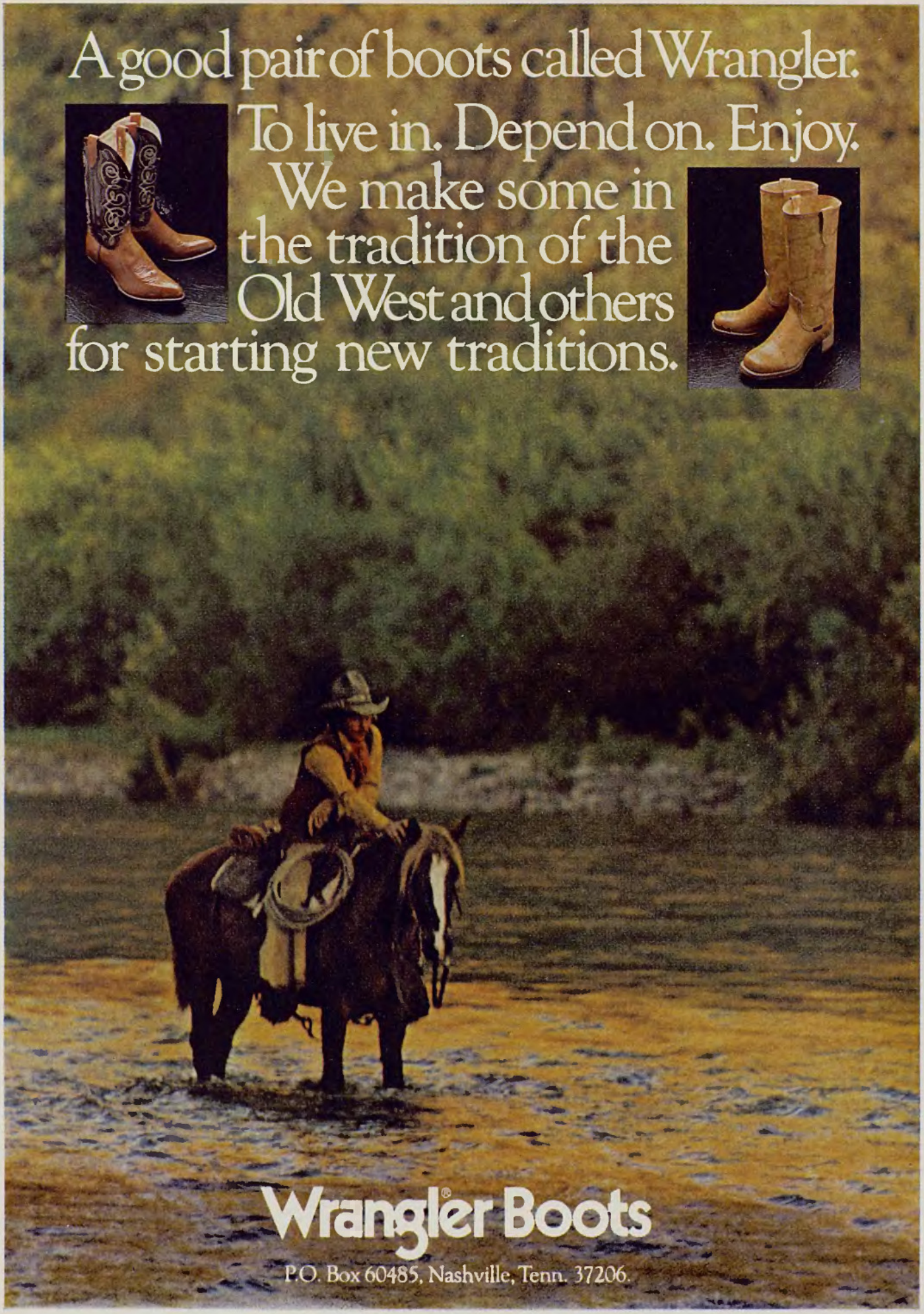

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CALIFORNIA COOPERAGE

is undergoing its own significant face-lift. Previously responsible for premieres such as the Broadway-bound Jason Robards–Colleen Dewhurst *A Moon for the Misbegotten*, John Guare's *Landscape of the Body* and last season's debut of a new Corinne Jacker play and the local premiere of a Lanford Wilson work, the Academy has shifted toward a more local, more community-oriented company. If it works, it will give Chicago the strong repertory company it has lacked.

Not that the Chicago theater boom hasn't produced its duds. The Organic closed its first production of last season, a comedy about the ad biz called *Campaign*, in two weeks. *Scrambled Feet* saw its chance for the future dim when bad business forced an early shuttering. Lincoln Avenue's pioneering Body Politic recently announced that without an infusion of $26,000 to pay off a fire-damage debt, it would have to close. (The money has been raised and the debt paid, though the theater still has a substantial deficit.) And everyone—from the tiniest storefront playhouse to the cavernous downtown houses—is trying to figure out how to weatherproof the theater scene against another disastrous winter like that of 1979, when snowbound theater buffs stayed home in droves.

One innovative attempt, lunchtime theater, which presumably attracts office workers within walking distance, didn't make it past the first eight weeks, but those patrons who did follow *Lake Shore Live*, a wittily written running soap opera about life in a rundown condominium, had a lot of fun while it lasted; and there's been talk of reviving it.

But flops, frets and foldings are as much a part of a vital theater as champagne nights, and seldom is heard a discouraging word in Chicago theater these days. New faces, plays and stages are popping up from one end of the city to the other; the newly formed League of Chicago Theaters—which, uniquely in the country, unites commercial, nonprofit, community, educational, Equity and non-Equity troupes in a common effort to build audiences—has budgeted $100,000 to present what it hopes will be the first annual Chicago Theater Festival in October. The prestigious American Theater Critics Association chose the Chicago theater movement as the theme for its convention held in the Windy City this past May and gave Claudia Cassidy, dean of Chicago critics, its Distinguished Criticism Award. A highlight of the meeting: premiere of yet another Mamet work, *Lone Canoe*, at the Goodman—which, as if to prove nothing's predictable in theater in Chicago or elsewhere, was roundly reviled.

All in all, we'd advise anyone still clinging to the old canard that everything out of New York is Bridgeport to direct his or her eyes stage west—about 830 miles.

—ELIOT WALD

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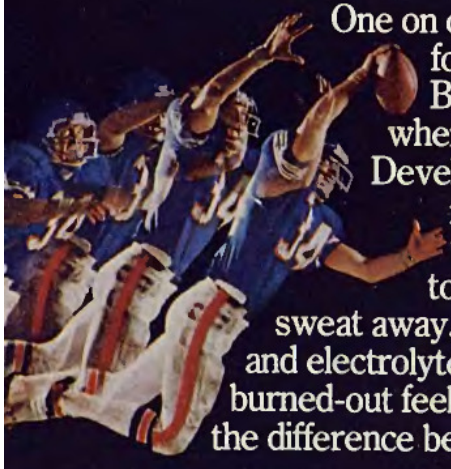
# CATCH SOME OF OUR LIGHTNING.



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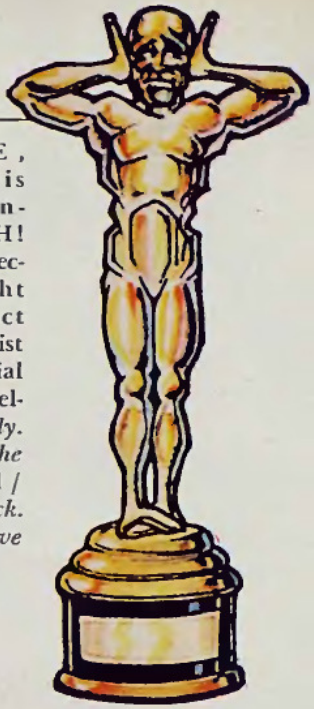
**WHEN YOU'RE THIRSTY TO WIN.**

DOMO ARIGATO, DYLAN-SAN: In the liner notes to ***Bob Dylan at Budokan*** (Columbia), Dylan tells us "they can still hear my heart beating in Kyoto at the Zen Rock Garden." It's beating on this album, too. He gave his Japanese audience a fine gift: a paradigmatic performance, truly the essential Dylan, the way God intended it. A few radical retreads and experiments, but throughout he's down to the Idea of each song, each one fresh again, new and shining. Thanks again, Bob.

ALBUM TITLE OF THE MONTH: *Life in the Foodchain*, by Tonio K. The music's tasty, too.

LE WAX HOT: What you see is all you get. After the lace undies, it's down to disco pits—14:15 of tin-tin **Can-Can.**

ENVELOPE, PLEASE: This month's distinguished OUCH! Awards for Unnecessary, Downright Painful Product From A Major Artist go to: 1. Perennial OUCH! winner Helen Reddy / *Reddy.* 2. Lou Reed / *The Bells.* 3. Ron Wood / *Gimme Some Neck.* 4. Sweet / *Cut Above the Rest.*



PATTI QUAKE: We can't help it. We've done our best to hate Patti Smith, like all our hip friends do, but we can't. Yes, she continues to suffer from Morrison's Syndrome (chief symptoms are overwrought lyrics and delusions of being Rimbaud), but she's got what's becoming one of the most kick-ass ballsy voices in rock, and on ***Wave*** (Arista), her new album, her version of The Byrds' *So You Want to Be (A Rock 'n' Roll Star)* is just flat-out great—at the right volume, it'll give you chills.




**Question: What have you been listening to lately?**

ANN WILSON—HEART: 1. *George Harrison.* 2. *David Gilmour.* 3. *Rickie Lee Jones.* 4. Blondie / *Parallel Lines.* 5. *Cheap Trick Live at Budokan.*

JONI MITCHELL: 1. Miles Davis / *In a Silent Way* and *Nefertiti.* 2. Lambert, Hendricks & Ross / *Greatest Hits.* 3. The Doobie Brothers / *Minute by Minute.* 4. Steely Dan / *Aja.*

GRAHAM NASH: 1. *Dire Straits.* 2. Elvis Costello / *Armed Forces.* 3. *Buddy Holly* (Coral). 4. *Music of Bulgaria* (Nonesuch). 5. *Beethoven: 9 Symphonies,* Berlin Philharmonic, Herbert von Karajan, conductor (DGG).

RICK NIELSEN—CHEAP TRICK: 1. Skafish . . . demo tape. 2. Cheap Trick / *Dream Police.* 3. Sensational Alex Harvey Band / *Rock Drill.* 4. Rolling Stones 1978 tour tapes. 5. *Rock Guitar Made Easy,* Volume I.

## REVIEWS

Their name sounds as though it belongs to a law firm—which might not hurt ***Townsend, Townsend, Townsend & Rogers*** (Chocolate City) in today's music world, where decisions are made ever more frequently in the courtroom, rather than in the studio. In reality, they are Ed Townsend, a veteran R&B tunesmith who first hit 21 years ago with *For Your Love,* and his three grown sons; with ballads that have some guts, rhythm tunes that have some sensitivity and arrangements

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that make some sense, they bridge all the generations of soul.

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Talented newcomers are always at a premium in the what-have-you-scored-with-lately? music business; **Bobby Caldwell** (Clouds) is a young veteran of the trade who is new to the record-buying public but has already parlayed his writing, playing and singing talents into a monster hit, *What You Won't Do for Love*. The rest of the album, which hangs in the mainstream between disco and easy listening, isn't quite so powerful—*Come to Me* is an exception—but make no mistake, you're going to hear a lot of Caldwell in the Eighties.

### SHORT CUTS

**Michael Gregory Jackson / *Gifts*** (Novus): Avant-garde jazz with solid harmonics and a friendly tonality, by a guitarist-singer who's into something different.

**Dee Dee Bridgewater / *Bad for Me*** (Elektra): With good production from George Duke, who also works out on the Yamaha electric grand, the erstwhile jazz singer comes on as a full-throated R&B shouter.

**Raydio / *Rock On*** (Arista): The material doesn't cut deep, but it is catchy and, between the group's solid rhythm and its enlightened use of phasers and what not, Raydio can't miss.

***Rock 'n' Roll High School*** (Sire): Vocational rock as taught by The Ramones with guest lectures by Devo, Chuck Berry, Nick Lowe and Alice Cooper.

**Lenny & Squiggy / *Lenny and The Squigtones*** (Casablanca): Dion & The Belmonts meet Martin & Lewis.

**Thin Lizzy / *Black Rose*** (Warner Bros.): A bore is a bore is a bore.

**Narada Michael Walden / *Awakening*** (Atlantic): Flowery soul tunes with great spiritual uplift—and some fiery guitar solos by Carlos Santana.

**Rudy Copeland** (Fantasy): Larry Williams got slightly carried away with the production, but this incredibly soulful new singer still makes his point, especially when singing about his blindness ("Everybody to me looks like sisters and brothers").

**Teena Marie / *Wild and Peaceful*** and **Rick James / *Bustin' Out of L Seven*** (both Gordy): Disco hot-shot James, who coproduced both, creates some wonderful grooves; unfortunately, he then beats most of them nigh unto death.

**Journey / *Evolution*** (Columbia): More like *de*-evolution. Is there really anyone out there *not* loaded on 'Ludes and vodka who actually *likes* plodding hard-rock space shit?

**Lou Reed / *The Bells*** (Arista): Boo, Lou!

**Bernie Worrell / *All the Woo in the World*** (Arista): The Parliament/Funkadelic keyboardist comes to the fore, as producer George Clinton's idea cup continues to bubble over.

# FAST TRACKS

What sort of teeny-bop heartthrob reads PLAYBOY? Leif Garrett, of course.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** **Teddy Pendergrass**, the hot R&B star, has signed to play Otis in the upcoming film *The Otis Redding Story*. Also in production is a two-record sound track of Pendergrass singing Redding. . . . **Mick Jagger** returns to the silver screen in **Antonioni**'s *Suffer or Die*, co-starring **Richard Gere** and **Amy Irving**. . . . **Firesign Theatre** members are working on a screenplay to be shot in L.A.; it's based on Nick Danger, the character they created for their albums, and will be released next year. . . . **Paul Simon** has finalized the deal on his film project. He has written the script (it's semiautobiographical) and the music, and he's insisting on starring in it. The movie, still untitled, contains 14 songs. . . . **Roger Daltrey**'s new film, produced by The Who, went into production in London. Called *McVicar*, the movie is based on the true story of one of Britain's most notorious public enemies. Last but not least, rumor has it that **Vernon Presley** wants **John Davidson** to play Elvis in an upcoming movie. That's adding insult to injury.

**NEWSBREAKS:** The **Beatles**' reunion is in court, not onstage. They've filed suit against Capitol Records and its parent company, EMI, claiming their former label failed to pay them all the royalties due from sales of albums, singles and tapes. The suit covers the years 1963–1976 and seeks $5,000,000 in damages. . . . **Boz Scaggs** has been appointed by America's only rock governor, **Jerry Brown**, to serve on the California Arts Council. . . . Now It Can Be Told Department: **Marcia Day**, manager for **Seals & Crofts** and **Maureen McGovern**, received a request from the producers of the Easter Seals telethon for her clients to appear on the show. Day informed them that none of the requested performers could make it and suggested instead what she thought was a perfect alternative: **Danny Deardorff**, a young wheelchair-bound singer/songwriter who often opens for Seals & Crofts. No thanks, said the telethon coordinators, Deardorff would be too much of a downer for the 20-hour benefit for crippled children. Easter Seals officials are very upset and looking for the proverbial "responsible party." . . . **Michael Jackson** has been set to play Charlie Chaplin on Broadway in a musical about Chaplin's early life, expected to be ready in early 1981. . . . **Bette Midler**, who is said to be sensational in *The Rose* (to be released at Christmastime), has dissolved her long-term partnership with manager **Aaron Russo**. Midler is being mentioned as a possible co-star (with **Christopher Reeve**) in the film version of the Broadway hit *On the Twentieth Century*. . . . Question: When is a record a drug? Answer: According to *Stone Age* magazine, a new record called *Pythagoron* works directly on the brain to alter the listener's consciousness, inducing dreams and deep sleep. The recording is the creation of a neurological researcher who produced electronic sounds that stimulate and enhance certain brain waves. Now you'll be able to turn up the volume on your stereo and turn on legally (it says here).

**RANDOM RUMORS:** **Frank Zappa**, who got into trouble with the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith last spring for a little ditty titled *Jewish Princess*, is preparing another, *Catholic Girls*. Zappa's theory: equal time. . . . **Rick Sklar**, ABC vice-president of radio programing, has suggested a link between the rise of disco and alienated, lonely divorced and single people who seek solace in the music. So disco has become a surrogate family and its future is in large cities where single people congregate. . . . **Brooke Shields** is slated to sing backup vocals on the next **Blondie** album—honest! . . . We hear that the **Beatles**' song *Yellow Submarine* was named top foreign song of the past 25 years in *Panorama*, the leading Polish weekly.

—BARBARA NELLIS

# MOVIES

Teens on the loose are a seasonal phenomenon; every summer brings a spate of so-called youth movies, along with other light entertainment to get us through the dog days. One amiable sleeper among the current batch is **Breaking Away,** a surprisingly fresh and free-spirited comedy directed by British-born Peter Yates, best known for such action-adventure epics as *The Deep* and *Bullitt*. Filmed in and around Bloomington, Indiana, from a screenplay by Steve Tesich, a graduate of Indiana U, *Breaking Away* is a different kind of college movie—about four townies, locally known as cutters, who don't continue their education after high school and feel like underprivileged outsiders in their own home town. Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Jackie Earle Haley and Daniel Stern play the pivotal quartet, with special emphasis on Christopher as a romantic dreamer who pretends to be Italian, passes himself off to a pretty coed (Robyn Douglass) as an Italian exchange student, even imagines himself belonging to a championship team of Italian bicycle racers. An event known as the Little 500 Bicycle Race brings our hero somewhat to his senses and brings *Breaking Away* to a climax of sorts. Yates has taken an unhackneyed script, mostly unfamiliar actors (except for Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie as Christopher's dazed parents) and a nice easy sense of truth—and has put them all together in an uncommon little movie that turns out to be more fun than a picnic.

•

A relative newcomer to films, and a promising one, young Christopher is with us again as a Midwestern boy who discovers surf, sand, sun and Glynnis O'Connor in **California Dreaming.** You may well wonder whether or not director John Hancock has fallen into a time warp and emerged back in the Fifties, when there were loads of movies just like this (some of them starring Annette Funicello) with titles such as *Beach Blanket Bingo*. The world was more innocent then. But I guess the joys of being young, beautiful and brainless don't really change.

•

As a period piece set in the Fifties, **Wanda Nevada** provides a title role for the most precocious child-woman of our time, Brooke Shields. Her male co-star, Peter Fonda, also directed this comic adventure (he plays a tumbleweed gambling man who wins the kid in a poker game), and it's weird. Man and girl take off toward the Grand Canyon to find a lost gold mine, with a couple of cold-blooded killers in pursuit, and their misadventures become part fantasy, part scenic tour, part showcase for the budding

John Calvin, Tanya Roberts in *Dreaming*.

On turf or surf, the young strut their stuff; introducing some nubile lasses for hot summer appetites.

Fonda gambles on Shields in *Nevada*.

beauty of Brooke. A cameo appearance by Peter's pa, Henry Fonda, as a grizzled old prospector, adds a touch of respectability to the enterprise. The main business afoot, of course, is a none-too-subtle sexual guessing game. Dirty old men from 18 to 80 inevitably identify with Fonda the younger—will he or won't he succumb to lust for his nubile ward? And what about the ruthless bank robber who has vowed *he's* going to have her? Watching the remarkable Miss Shields as a 13-and-a-half-year-old temptress becomes almost a test of integrity, separating the men in the audience from the child molesters. Yet Brooke's overdone come-hither act is one of her principal charms. Like all great screen sex symbols, she plays at being bad so naïvely that her sweetness and vulnerability shine through. Although *Wanda Nevada* exploits her shamelessly, Brooke just shrugs off the film as if she were making another notch in her gun.

•

Teeny-bopper sexuality is treated with warmth, truth and irrepressible *joie de vivre* in **Peppermint Soda,** a delectable French comedy by *femme* film maker Diane Kurys. Mlle. Kurys dedicates *Soda* "to my sister—who still hasn't returned my orange sweater," and that homey-folksy touch sets the film's tone of piquant reminiscence about her girlhood way back in 1963. Eleonore Klarwein as Anne, who envies her older sister Frederique (Odile Michel), is a universally recognizable schoolgirl—trading data with her friends about the mysteries of sexual adventuring, panty hose, hard-ons and white slavers ("They kidnap white girls and turn them into dancers"). Winner of the Prix Louis Delluc, more or less the French equivalent of a Pulitzer, *Peppermint Soda* deserves to repeat its triumph over here. It sparkles.

•

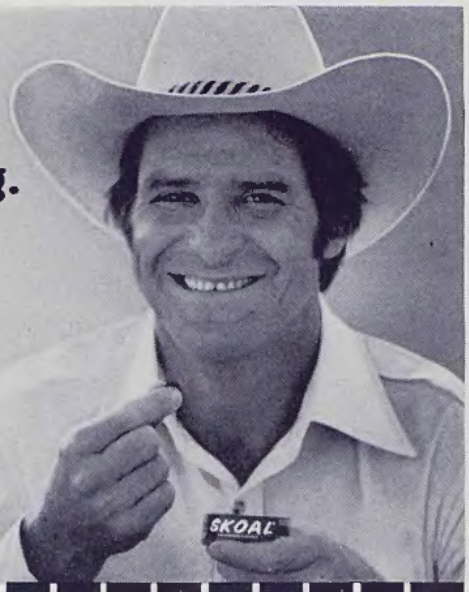
For pure escapism combined with splendid effects, **Alien** has been compared to every science-fiction epic and surreal shocker of the past decade. I suspect that's because it has borrowed a little bit of this and that from numerous other movies. Well, *Alien* can't match the philosophical depth of *2001*, the straightforward fun of *Star Wars* or the mystical *religioso* overtones of *The Exorcist*. But you are apt to enjoy it, just the same, as an edge-of-the-seat monster flick full of futuristic hardware and a bagful of old tricks cleverly reused by director Ridley Scott (who also worked wonders, a year or so ago, with a feebly written swashbuckler called *The Duellists*). Sigourney Weaver, a strong Jane Fondaish actress whose heroics put the men in the company to shame, tests her instinct for survival aboard a space freighter where a hideous blob of extraterrestrial matter grows into quite a problem for Tom Skerritt, Yaphet Kotto, John Hurt, Veronica Cartwright and other unlucky crew members. *Alien* ultimately makes very little sense, but you'll get your share of goose flesh.

•

There must be something wrong with mindless escapism, however, when you sit in a theater feeling trapped. **Beyond the Poseidon Adventure** brings back that upside-down ocean liner, still foundering

Walt Garrison, football and rodeo star.

# How to enjoy tobacco without smoking.

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after all these years, with Michael Caine, Sally Field, Telly Savalas, Peter Boyle, Jack Warden and other unfortunates aboard. This time around, everyone has a venal reason for returning to the stricken ship—Caine and his chums to loot the purser's office, Savalas and his band of terrorists to salvage some stolen plutonium. Producer-director Irwin Allen, who gave us *The Towering Inferno* and *The Swarm*, apparently spent mere peanuts on the script for *Poseidon*. In fact, I'm convinced that author Nelson Gidding wrote it on a dare in a single afternoon. Let's hope the actors were paid handsomely for having to sink so low and bail so hard on Allen's ship of fools.

•

Peter Sellers & Peter Sellers in ***The Prisoner of Zenda***. That's how the billing goes in the latest rehash of Anthony Hope's classic novel (there have been at least three previous screen versions, the best of them in 1937 with Ronald Colman) about a captive king-to-be and the commoner who impersonates him. Under director Richard Quine, this flatulent *Zenda* is so puffed up with stale jokes and sight gags that Sellers often appears to be impersonating himself in a medley of unfunny outtakes from dozens of previous roles. Elke Sommer and Lynne Frederick (estranged but still Mrs. Sellers as we go to press) are both desirable pawns, but the movie *in toto* is a royal-purple pain.

•

Director Paul Mazursky, whose first love was acting (he had a featured role in *Blackboard Jungle* back in 1955), delivers a droll deadpan performance as a computer genius plotting a bank heist in ***A Very Big Withdrawal***. Terrible title for a caper movie, seems to me. Eccentric. But everything about *Withdrawal* is eccentric and disarming. Funny how we become so conditioned to the cynicism of modern cinema—or modern life—that it's not at all strange to root for rip-off artists if their targets are in oil, insurance, banking or other such hate-listed institutions. Mazursky plays a reluctant robber, driven into crime and into the arms of a luscious kook (Leigh Hamilton) by his estranged wife, Doris, whom we never see. Donald Sutherland and Brooke Adams co-star, Sutherland as a fellow thief, Adams as a comely photographer who unknowingly snaps Sutherland's picture for the bank's billboard while he's casing the joint. Directed by Noel Black (*Skaterdater* and *Pretty Poison* top his list of credits), who moves this unlikely trio on an unlikely schedule of arrivals and departures between Vancouver, British Columbia, and the exotic island of Macao, *Withdrawal* is witty, smoothly paced, suspenseful and more romantic than moralistic. The sort of project on which all hands appear to have a damned good time illustrating how to grab a fast $4,000,000. Happily,

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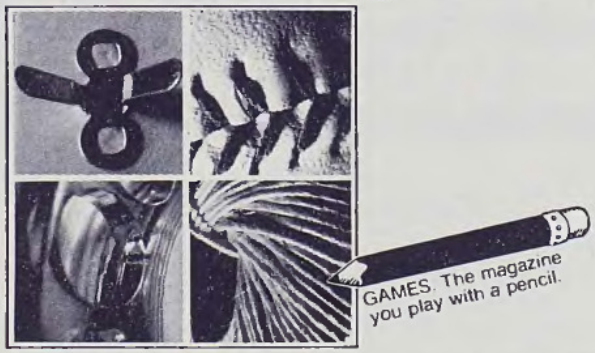

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JEB14

they give as good as they get. Fair enough for a moviegoer seeking low investment, high return.

•

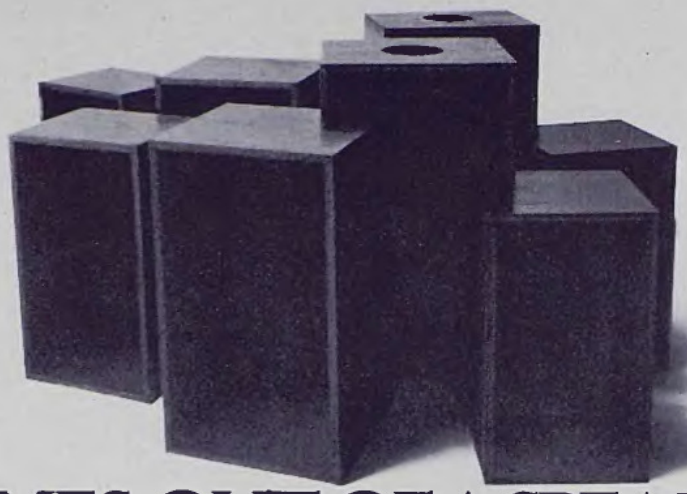
Richard Condon's novel ***Winter Kills*** may have been a literary conceit but was not, as I remember, an out-and-out spoof of power plays and treachery in the family of an assassinated U. S. President. As adapted by writer-director William Richert—with Jeff Bridges as the slain President's younger brother, John Huston as his tyrannical father, the financial tycoon—*Kills* is either a remarkably bad movie or a deliberately bold, sly and stylish effort to give the book a hotfoot. "You know how many times your brother got laid while he was in office?" bellows Huston, citing a figure well over 1000. "And with a schedule like his!" Condon could have written such dialog, but Huston's delivery makes it high camp and Richert's over-all direction conveys many hints that none of this is meant to be taken seriously. For no good reason, he has Bridges flying around the family estates on horseback like a *nouveau* Valentino, and Jeff's favorite bed partner is a liberated mystery girl (brightly played by model Belinda Bauer) who's very noisy as she reaches orgasm. I found myself laughing often, then wondering whether or not I should, then laughing again at an audacious black comedy in rather slapdash disguise as a political melodrama. At least it made me curious to see what Richert would do next.

•

A couple of newsreel cameramen, the women they love, the women they leave, the big stories they cover, the joys and heartbreaks of their grueling job are the elements at work in ***Newsfront,*** which sounds like an old Clark Gable–Spencer Tracy vehicle of the Thirties. Not at all. Crowded with actual news footage of fires and floods, Cold War crises, the Melbourne Olympics and Nixon's visit to Australia back in the Fifties, writer-director Phillip Noyce's colorful drama—which captivated audiences at both the Cannes and the New York film festivals in 1978—is the latest evidence from down under that Australian films are coming of age. Bill Hunter and Chris Haywood, as the newsreel team whose world will be tilted off its axis by the advent of television and other acts of God, look more like crew members than movie stars. That's one reason they are so good in a vibrant, nostalgic, free-spirited little film that shifts from black and white to color, from fact to fiction, without pausing for breath. The result is a haunting movie-movie you cannot pigeonhole or compare with anything else. It's an ode to innocence, and an absolute original.

•

Since his patented brand of soft-core cornography remains fairly constant, Russ Meyer's ***Beneath the Valley of the***



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***Ultravixens*** defies criticism according to the standards applied to ordinary movies. Meyer packages sex and violence (less violence here than in his past several films) with tongue in cheek and with his lickerish eye roaming over a landscape of monumental bosoms. Francesca "Kitten" Natividad, Anne Marie, June Mack and Lola Langusta are some of the cantilevered *Ultravixens* on display in "a cinematic smorgasbord of erotic fantasy . . . served up from the lusty table of Russ Meyer." I'm quoting his synopsis, and there's nothing better than a Meyer synopsis to catch the precise flavor and cultural thrust of Russ's bawdy bedside manner. This one concerns Lamar Shedd (Ken Kerr), a hayseed hero with anal sex on his mind, in a movie that promises to come to grips, quote, with "sexually aggressive females, willing klutzy men, petroleum jelly, gingham and gossamer, tax-sheltered religion, black socks, bedroom prowess, bunko artists, big-breast fixation, rear-window rednecks, therapeutic cuckolding, the 60-mile-an-hour zinger, born-again immersion, unfaithful girlfriends, limp-wristed dentistry and virile garbage men." That's a large order. Meyer serves it piping hot and promises a kind of sequel called *The Jaws of Vixen*.

•

Jeeps, planes, boats, houses and people are blown to bits from the beginning to the end of ***Firepower,*** producer-director Michael Winner's nonstop action drama about the efforts of the U.S. Government—in collaboration with the Mafia—to kidnap an elusive billionaire drug tycoon and bring him back to stand trial. The specifics of the case are somewhat vague, but guys like that are always guilty of plenty, right? James Coburn plays the former hit man lured out of retirement for a cool $1,000,000 to track the well-protected fugitive in such exotic locales as Curaçao and Antigua. Coburn supposedly works with more style and finesse than anyone else in his racket, so it struck me as odd that he finally corners his quarry by demolishing a huge mansion with a bulldozer while dozens of armed guards on horseback apparently take a coffee break. Oh, well, *Firepower* seldom allows logic to delay all its carefully planned destruction. It's the kind of movie in which Sophia Loren, as the mysterious beauty whose presence is required on such outings, appears in several stunning costumes (one basic widow's black) within minutes after her husband opens up a letter bomb and goes boom. Moving right along, when the smoke clears between explosions, you can see O. J. Simpson on the run, plus George Grizzard, Anthony Franciosa, Eli Wallach, Vincent Gardenia and, in bit roles, Victor Mature and former middleweight slugger Jake LaMotta. Except for O.J., they all look tired. Probably thinking that they've

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done this same movie at least a dozen times before.

•

Championship bowling seems an unlikely subject for an onward-and-upward drama, yet some 60,000,000 U. S. bowlers may well turn out to welcome ***Dreamer*** as if it were *Rocky* in the right lane. Tim Matheson (of *Animal House*) affably plays the title role as a Midwestern lad nicknamed Dreamer who yearns to bowl in the professional big time for big money, though his coach and mentor (Jack Warden) tells him, "If you want to be somebody, you gotta choose." Between bowling and broads, he means. Dreamer's distraction is a sassy charmer who doesn't want to take second place to anything; as portrayed by former model Susan Blakely, she never has to, for Susan is blessed with a riveting screen presence that becomes *Dreamer*'s major asset. This simplistic success story, directed by Noel Nosseck, concerns little people living their little lives in little houses in little American towns. Aesthetically, this is more like draft beer than like vintage champagne, but any benched bowler who wants to sit out a match at the movies will most assuredly get his money's worth.

### FILM CLIPS

***The Great Bank Hoax:*** Previously reviewed here (in our November 1977 issue) as *Shenanigans*, writer-director Joseph Jacoby's fine, fresh comedy has undergone several title changes while fighting its way out of oblivion to become, belatedly, one of 1979's most likable sleepers. Burgess Meredith steals the show, as usual, playing a small-town bank official who positively beams with the joy of corruption, though there are also dandy bits by Paul Sand as a shy amateur embezzler and by Michael Murphy as the local preacher who favors sins of the flesh but wants to be sure he can afford them.

***A Bigger Splash:*** An established favorite at film festivals, this biographical docudrama stars British artist David Hockney as himself—a gifted, highly successful painter who needs a little help from his friends when the boy model he has loved and lost, and immortalized on canvas, decides to split. Producer-director-photographer Jack Hazan creates some arresting geometry by using the artist's work as a backdrop for the artist's life, though for me the omnisexual cast of characters (David, Peter, Joe, Celia, Ossie, Mo, Patrick and Henry, all playing themselves) soon began to blur. Unless you already know Hockney or just dig the scene, *Bigger Splash* might seem roughly equivalent to 1001 nights in a gay bar. —REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

# X-RATED

High intensity hard-core sex, anyone? Nobody does it better than director Gerard (*Deep Throat*) Damiano, especially when he works with porn star Georgina Spelvin, doin' it under his discerning eye for the first time since *The Devil in Miss Jones*. Their teamwork makes ***For Richer, for Poorer*** one of the most intelligent, appealing erotic movies to be released so far in 1979. Georgina's role is essentially the same as that of the castoff wife played by Jill Clayburgh in *An Unmarried Woman*, with Richard Bolla as her errant husband, Bobby Astyr as her new love. *For Richer, for Poorer* poses the rhetorical question Is there sex after divorce? Georgina answers it through a series of dreams, fantasies and new encounters photographed in a provocative style that suffers no loss of heat for being flagrantly romantic. Romanticism, in fact, is the key to the film's success—a good move for Damiano, away from guilt and sadism.

Georgina and friend in *Richer*.

Connubial copulating,
a Foxy nursery rhyme
and porn's seven beauties.

*Jack*'s Fox, Eric Edwards fool around.

•

The title roles in Chuck Vincent's jolly ***Jack 'n Jill*** are played by Jack Wrangler and Samantha Fox, both full of exuberance, good humor and sexual stamina as a pair of uninhibited young marrieds. *Jack 'n Jill*'s biggest surprise is Wrangler. Although gay-film buffs know him as a homosexual superstar, such roles afforded no reason to suspect him of genuine acting ability. Here, he performs like the Steve McQueen of hard-core—equally virile but at least twice as funny. The movie's not bad, either.

•

Making it in a car wash (Kasey Rodgers with Howard Cochrain) and aboard the Staten Island Ferry (Arcadia Blue with Eric Edwards) are the erotic highlights of ***Satin Suite***. Otherwise, there is a lot less sophistication afoot than promised by the plot, which is all about a power struggle at the executive level of a modish magazine called *Eighteen*. *Suite* provides routine exhibitionism, with Heather Young and Samantha Fox as the principal climbers, who have to swallow plenty while vying for room at the top.

•

Samantha, Kasey, Arcadia, Vanessa Del Rio and Georgina Spelvin (still more than a match for the new comers) are among the seven ladies whose sexual fantasies are played to the hilt in ***Babylon Pink***. The action is swift, frequent and photographed with a touch of inventiveness, as if someone behind the camera (apparently a writer-director working under the nom de film Henri Pachard) realized at last that eroticism in a porn epic does not increase in direct ratio to the sperm count.

•

***Sex Roulette,*** made by an international crew on the French Riviera, stars Vanessa Melville as a compulsive peroxide blonde who would rather gamble than gambol. She travels with her uncle, an aging roué (Jean de Villroy) whose sexual staying power proves all the old adages about graybeards with galloping gonads. Uncle employs a dwarf as a valet, panderer and amateur pornographer. These two conjure up quite a few perverse diversions before Vanessa discovers there's more than one way a lady can change her luck.—B.W.

# ☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

**IDOL GOSSIP:** The comedy team of **Monteith and Rand,** whose recent Broadway run reaped raves and a goodly share of Hollywood offers, has signed to make its screen debut for Universal with *Turtle Diary*. Based on the **Russell Hoban** novel, the flick is a comedy-adventure in which the two comics play young activists who conspire to swipe two huge sea turtles from the New York Aquarium, trek them through the Hamptons and release them in the Atlantic. . . . **Neil Simon** continues to churn them out. The screen version of *Chapter II*, starring **Jimmy Caan** and **Marsha Mason,** will roll soon, as will *Seems*

Monteith

Rand

*Like Old Times*, based on an original Simon script and starring the comedy team of **Goldie Hawn** and **Chevy Chase.** Meantime, Doc's got another play in the works, *I Ought to Be in Pictures*, which will preem in L.A. in the near future. Doesn't he ever take a vacation? . . . Tokyo will have its own Disneyland by 1983, a $300,000,000 project similar in size and concept to California's Disneyland. The five major theme areas of the new park will be Adventureland, Fantasyland, Westernland, Tomorrowland and World Bazaar.

•

**ACTING LESSONS:** Before taking up where she left off with Superman, **Margot** (Lois Lane) **Kidder** completed a role in **Paul Mazursky**'s new film, *Willie and Phil*, shot in New York City. Co-starring **Ray Sharkey**

Kidder

and **Michael Ontkean,** it's the story of a triangular relationship of a woman and two men. "The truth is I've never been pushed so hard as an actress," says Margot. "Mazursky sees through every acting trick I've got and strips it away. It's like I've been going through intense analysis. He's absolutely awesome! It's horrible, I feel completely naked in front of him. There is *no* bullshit. We've all made asses of ourselves, we've all cried, we've all been scared. This either will be my very best performance or we'll find out that the truth about Margot Kidder is that she is absolutely boring!"

•

**DATELINE NEW YORK:** **Gloria Gaynor,** the reigning disco queen of America, told us she'll be making her first tour of Russia in September. "I'm both thrilled and a bit scared of traveling behind the iron curtain," she says. "It's so foreign to me, but I have a large following there and they play my records everywhere." . . . We ran into **Tammy Grimes** at a party for **Monteith and Rand** not long ago. She said one of her next big projects will be an original teleplay by **John Cheever,** titled *The Shady Hill Kidnaping*, which **Joseph Papp** will produce. "It'll be a first for all three of us," Tammy told us.

•

**THE AGING PROCESS:** **Ann-Margret** will end her half-year sabbatical a month early in order to star opposite **Bruce Dern** in

Ann-Margret

*Middle-Age Crazy*. Inspired by the hit country song of the same name, sung by **Jerry Lee Lewis,** *Middle-Age Crazy* is a comic drama about the apprehensions and crises faced by an American couple when the husband turns 40. "I promised myself I would stay away for the full six months," says Ann-Margret, "but this film is such a challenge I couldn't wait to start work on it. My part is one of the best roles for women I've ever read, sort of a combination of Bobbie Templeton in *Carnal Knowledge* and Peggy-Ann Snow in *Magic*, plus some qualities I haven't had the chance to portray before."

•

**SEQUELMANIA:** Well, the old Hollywood adage "If it works the first time, do it again" hasn't lost any steam. Since American International's *Love at First Bite* has been what they call "boffo at the box office," AIP plans to repeat the idea this fall. The sequel will be called *Divorce Vampire Style* (you have to hand it to these people, they *do* have a knack for titles) and most of the participants in the original will be involved in the sequel, including writer-producer **Bob Kaufman,**

Hamilton

plus **George Hamilton, Richard Benjamin** and **Arte Johnson,** and possibly director **Stan Dragoti** (although, considering recent circumstances, Stan might be a better choice for a sequel to *Midnight Express*). How about some titles for the next few sequels: *Down to the Sea in Crypts, Garlic and Old Lace, Your Neck or Mine, The Good, the Bat and the Ugly, Easy Biter, Never Give a Sucker an Even Break?* Never mind.

•

**TV FARE:** Actress **Diahann Carroll** will play a spinster unable to adjust to her father's death in **Maya Angelou**'s *Sister, Sister*, to be aired by NBC this fall. "I play a woman who is very strict and whose values lie very close to the community," says Diahann about her role in the made-for-TV movie. "Her emotional growth has been stunted, so she can't adjust. I love this character and I see her as being very contemporary." Carroll also spoke about her hiatus from acting. "I didn't work for a

Carroll

while after the death of my husband," she says, "but now I'm working very hard, partly because I want black actors to be part of the mainstream. If we're not, we won't have an equal footing in the industry." —JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I need a little help. I know it's fashionable these days to hear women complain about the lack of quality attention from their men. Well, I'm a man living with one of those "new" women who is busy juggling a career, other relationships and me, and *I'm* not getting enough attention. How do I get it without whining?—F. H., New York, New York.

*Traditional roles have taken such a beating in the past few years, it's hard to figure out who's on first, let alone who's on top. A lot of what women have been complaining about in their relationships with men—the need for more and better communication—goes both ways. Point out that since you are both busy people, you've got to make room for some quality time. Our suggestions: (1) Sunday-morning specials. Unplug the phone Saturday night. Devote Sunday morning to a terrific breakfast, the papers, good talk and slow sex. (2) Go away overnight once a month. Lots of hotels have great weekend deals. (3) Have a weekly activity—karate lessons, jogging, subscription symphony or theater tickets—and do it together like a "date." (4) Meet her for lunch once a week—if Jimmy and Rosalynn can make the time, so can you. Trust us. Whatever you pick, she'll be delighted to find out that you'd like to see more of her. It's exactly what women have been asking for all along. Men, too.*

To avoid stylus wear, I usually set the tracking force on a new phono cartridge at about half that suggested by the manufacturer. Then I increase it as the needle begins to wear. Is that a good practice?—R. P., Los Angeles, California.

*We kind of yearn for the days when you could just tape a quarter to the tonearm and let it go at that. Actually, you're better off using the maximum stylus force from the beginning. The wear and tear from normal tracking is far less damaging than the jumps or skating you get from minimal-force tracking, which tends to widen and distort the grooves. You're right in assuming the less friction, the less wear; but without that friction, there would be no music. Records are being recorded at higher and higher levels, requiring a well-seated stylus to hit the higher frequencies. Neither record nor stylus is meant to last forever. There's just no way to significantly increase stylus life, and if you want to save vinyl, use tape.*

OK. Here's the scenario. You meet a terrific-looking woman who makes smart, funny conversation. Things progress as

they do and you take her to bed. You can't believe it, but she's absolutely terrible in bed and she doesn't seem to know it. What do you do? Try to fix it? Tell her you won't be seeing her again? Tell her why? Help! I have found myself in this predicament and it's killing me.—J. R., Los Angeles, California.

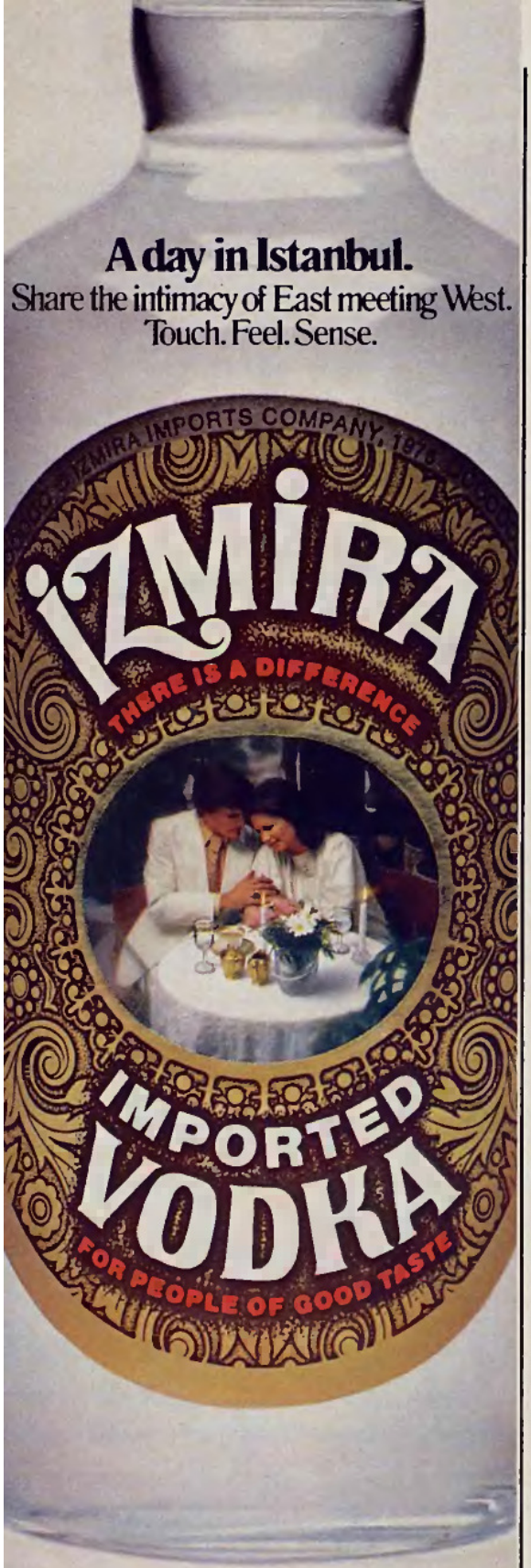
*First, we suggest that she be securely bound and gagged in a padded cell and that you have a supply of tranquilizer darts handy, in case she gets violent. Seriously, the simple fact is that when it comes down to just two, she ain't no better or worse than you are in bed. If you want things to change, don't criticize the way it was. Suggest the way you would like it to be. And don't necessarily start the conversation in bed—where you are most vulnerable to a swift kick or a cutting line. Start it at midday ("Hey, have you ever tried a wet suit and a feather boa?"). That way, the excitement and anticipation can build for a whole day. Or, in the event of a turndown, you have the rest of the day to look for a new date.*

Having my favorite wine with a meal is one of my greatest delights. But that delight turns to horror at some restaurants when I find the prices jacked up so high you'd think the sommelier was on leave from NASA. I don't mind a reasonable increase, but how do I know when I'm being ripped off?—S. T., Chicago, Illinois.

*If the ink on the label is still wet or if the bottle has a screw-off cap, we'd certainly raise an eyebrow or two. But, frankly, the economics of both the wine business and the restaurant business justify most of the seemingly unreasonable increases. First, a fine restaurant (we're not discussing a hole-in-the-wall) will stock a fairly substantial wine cellar, employ a wine steward or sommelier and pay rent, upkeep and salary for all that; whereas your local package store has no such problems. Second, most restaurants make only marginal profits on their food and hope to make up the difference on the drinks. As a result, a bottle of wine in a restaurant will cost two to three times what it would in a retail store. To save yourself some anguish, do a little homework before you go out to eat. Find out the retail prices of your favorite vintages and compare them with the wine list in the restaurant. If the bottle costs more than three times the store price, we think you're entitled to a massage with every bottle. Or ask the headwaiter to live up to his name. Cross that restaurant off your list.*

My question has to do with sex, or, specifically, premature ejaculation. My wife and I have recently separated and are possibly headed for a divorce. Our sex life had always been great; I knew how to please her and she would have an orgasm virtually every time we had sex. However, just before the separation, the last two times we had sex were disastrous. I was terrified of failing to please her, and that's exactly what happened. Both times, I climaxed almost immediately after insertion. Now I'm really worried; that had never happened before. We both knew the separation was coming; we were just waiting for her to find an apartment but were still having sex. Now, here's the big problem. Although we are separated, we are still seeing each other and, from time to time, will most assuredly have sex. How can this premature-ejaculation situation be prevented from happening again? I read *The Sensuous Man*, in which the author recommends a technique with a patient sex partner of manipulating and then squeezing just before ejaculation directly below the head of the penis. He says to do that for a few days and that it will help. In my situation, that would be impossible. My wife probably would not be interested and I seriously doubt that I could find anyone else to help me. I'm really worried that the next time my wife and I make it, it will be the same. And even beyond that, what if I do become intimate with another woman—how can it be prevented with her as well? Any advice?—K. P., Bakersfield, California.

*Since you haven't had this problem*

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*previously and it cropped up only prior to your separation, there's every chance that it occurred because of your state of mind. You admit that you were terrified that you couldn't please your wife. There's a great likelihood that your premature-ejaculation problem will disappear once you can learn to control that fear—if not with your wife, then perhaps with a future lover. Stop worrying about pleasing her. Getting divorced means never having to say you're sorry.*

Over the past year, I have had a string of horrible taxicab rides, both in my home city and on business trips. I've had drivers demand an extra $20 just to take me from the airport during a snowstorm. I've had them refuse to drop off my friends at separate destinations without charging extra. I've had them take me on scenic tours without my asking them. Is there any way to fight back and keep these turkeys in line?—S. K., Boston, Massachusetts.

*Most cabbies are decent sorts, but there are some who seem to be auditioning for the Robert De Niro part in "Taxi Driver." You do have rights in a cab. You have rented the vehicle and you—not the driver—are the captain of the ship. You choose the route, if you desire. In most cities, it is your prerogative to drop off your friends wherever you please. At the end of the trip, you are obligated to pay only what shows on the meter—no more. Tipping is not mandatory—although if the driver has been civil, you should give him at least 50 cents on short hops and 10 to 15 percent of the bill on trips to the airport. If a taxi driver hassles you, take his name and license number (usually, but not always, on the card next to the meter) or, better yet, the number of the cab. Report any incident to the local licensing agency. (In New York, for instance, the Taxi and Limousine Commission handles complaints. In Chicago, it's the Department of Consumer Services. A call to city hall will get you the right agency.) In cases involving price gouging, they can get you a refund. They also have the power to fine and/or ground a driver for several days. Exercise your rights.*

I have been married for ten wonderful years and have enjoyed many wondrous sexual experiences. My wife is a fantastic bed partner and pleases me in every way but one. I have tried for years to come via fellatio with no success, much to my dismay and her feelings of inadequacy. The real mystery is that she gives the best head I've ever had. She can deep-throat and knows all the tricks that should result in a tremendous orgasm, and probably would in a normal man. That is my concern. Am I ever going to reach orgasm through fellatio?—R. M., Zanesville, Ohio.

*First of all, we suggest that you relax. Stop making such a big thing out of your inability to reach orgasm during fellatio. Probably, neither your responsiveness nor your wife's technique is inadequate. Rather, you may be holding back because you subconsciously think that coming in a woman's mouth is somehow dirty or wrong. (You are absolutely right. That's what makes it so much fun.) There are still a lot of taboos surrounding oral sex in our society. You may simply be trying too hard. Performance anxiety is the main cause of most sexual problems. Often, the more one tries, the less successful he or she really is. Both you and your wife should try to dispel any of the nervous tension that might arise during fellatio. Learn to enjoy the pleasurable sensations she gives you, without worrying about the outcome. Finally, you might try switching to fellatio in midstream, interrupting manual stimulation or intercourse for the* coup de grâce.

Some computer somewhere just found out about my new job and hefty salary. As a result, I've been deluged with offers of credit cards. Should I apply for all of them or just a few? And what's the best way to use them?—M. P., Camden, New Jersey.

*Some of the stiffer cards make a dandy emergency windshield scraper. Whatever you do, don't use them to charge anything—unless it's absolutely necessary. That's the quickest way to put a hefty lien on that hefty new salary of yours. Seriously, you'll need one of the monthly billing types for business expenses and probably an extended-pay card for household needs. Other than those, it's purely a matter of judgment and convenience. Remember, though, that you pay for the use of those cards with interest, and the interest may be higher the less you charge (this varies from state to state and from card to card). That means it's better to charge a lot on one card than to spread your charges over several. There's much less paperwork, too. Don't be so flattered by those offers of credit that you forget it's cold, hard cash they'll want in the end.*

Now that large-screen TV has taken a firm hold in the market and holographic TV is still on the drawing boards, I was wondering if I could safely buy one of the jumbo sets without its becoming obsolete before it's paid for. Is there anything else on the horizon I should be aware of?—R. T., Tucson, Arizona.

*Absolutely: the new TV season. Are you sure you want the latest sitcom from the schlock factory spread over half of the living-room wall? Other than that, we'd say go ahead, as long as the set is a good one, service is available and the unit is compatible with any other*

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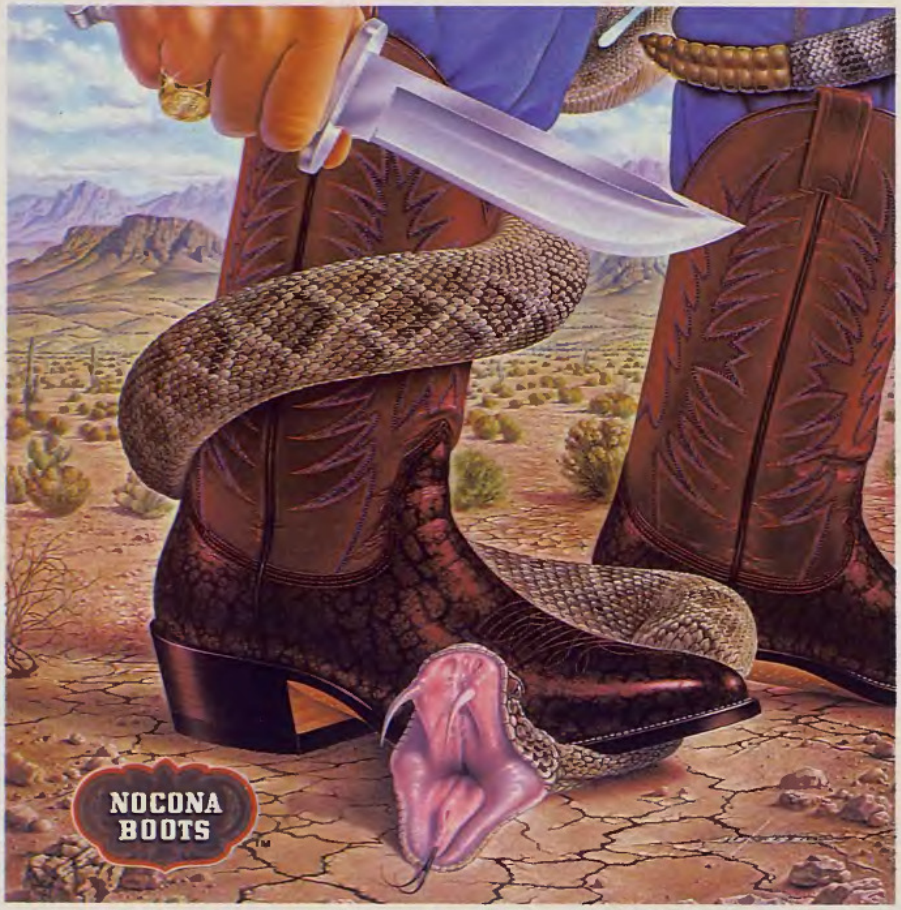


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*equipment you have such as a video recorder. (And it is a rush to see yourself larger than life, "Funny you didn't feel that big" aside.) Just between us, however, Sony of Tokyo has a 3-D system in the development stages. It uses a polarizing screen over the TV screen and a set of (you guessed it) 3-D specs that could pump new life into the likes of "Charlie's Angels." But that's not going to be in the showrooms for a while, so you'll have to make do with two-dimensional women on the tube for now and fill in with the 3-D models that nature has provided.*

While vacationing in Palm Beach, Florida, I had the pleasure of water-skiing with an old high school lover. The afternoon started out slowly but turned out to be something beyond my wildest fantasies. Both of us ski professionally in competition. We had a friend driving for us and another photographing the more exciting moments. Skiing double is a high in itself, especially when both are able to slalom, trick and barefoot. But things started happening. She quickly cut in front of me and began stroking my crotch until my penis was about to rip through my shorts. Kneeling down, removing my shorts, she placed her moist lips on my erection and delivered one of the best head jobs known to mankind. However, before I climaxed, she turned around, facing the boat, and pulled down her sexy little string bikini. She demanded that I get her from the rear (an offer I couldn't refuse). As I reached orgasm, we both looked up to see the other weekend boaters cheering, shooting flares and congratulating us on the beginning of a new water sport (what shall we call it?). Anyway, it's all on film and available any time I need an instant replay of that beautiful weekend in Florida. Do you think that an X-rated water-ski show would stand a chance?—U. D., Villa Rica, Georgia.

*Ahem. This letter has nothing to do with fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars, dating dilemmas, taste or etiquette. And, what's worse, you didn't even enclose the pictures. However, the editors put it to a vote and decided that it was provocative, so—what the hell?—we'll run it. As to your query, we think that in America, anything is possible (though we have doubts about some of the things you describe). You should immediately audition for "The Gong Show."*

*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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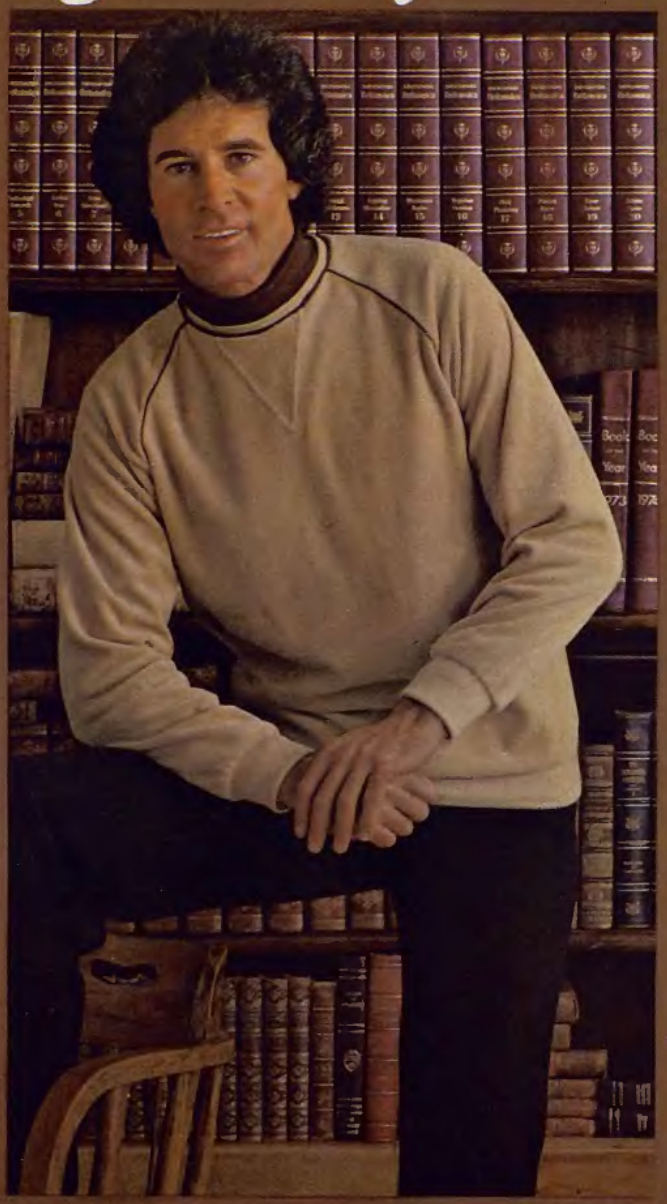

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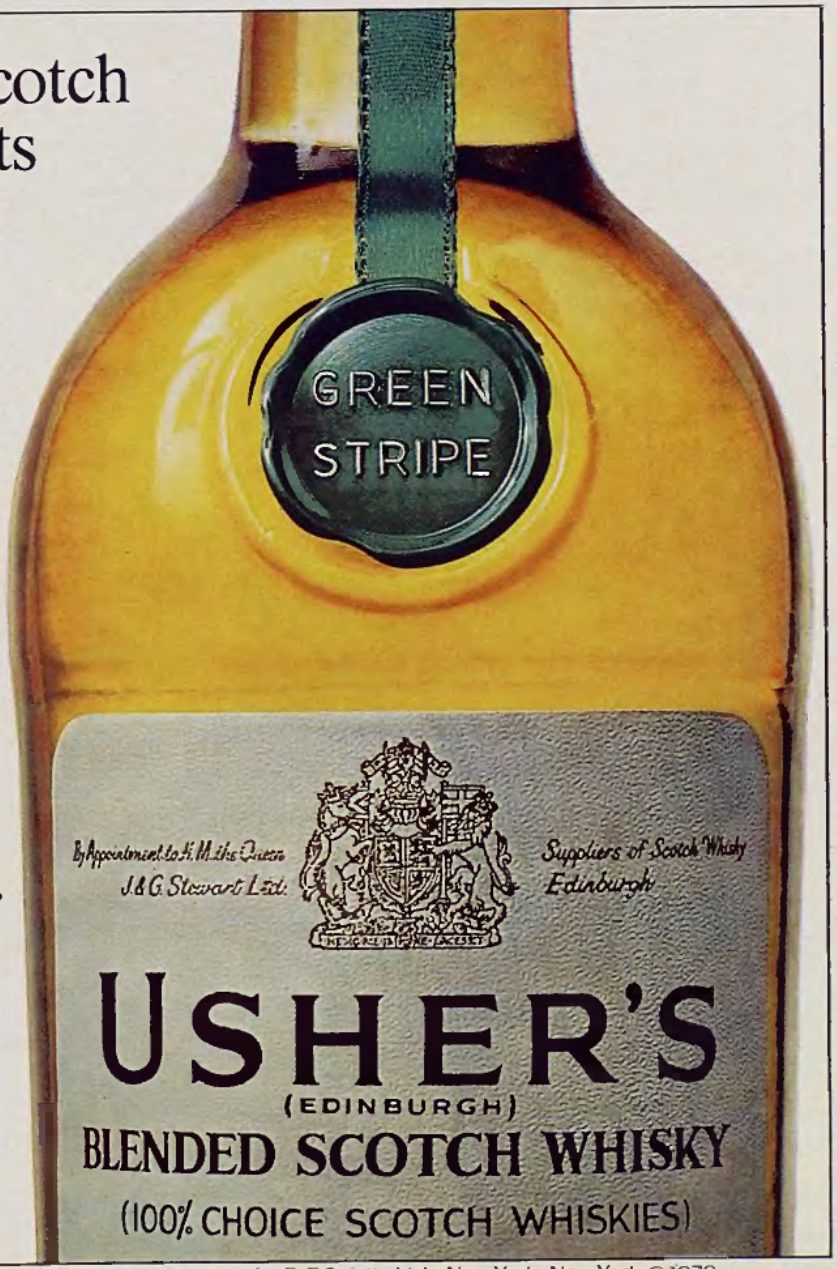


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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

### A MODEST PROPOSAL

Since talk of reviving the draft is becoming commonplace these days, a thought occurred to me that would solve two problems at once. Why not make constructive use of all of the manpower that is now languishing behind bars by giving convicted criminals a choice of serving their sentences in uniform? There's really very little difference. The harsh treatment, the deprivation of freedom and the totalitarian atmosphere are traditional in the Service. Lifers could become career men, thieves could become supply sergeants, forgers could become company clerks—there are jobs for everyone. That way, criminals could get paid for doing what they were previously punished for doing. Certainly, murdering someone while wearing a uniform doesn't make it any less a crime, nor does liberating land or equipment in the guise of freedom. The motivation would be built in. It would be a perfect match of criminals and criminal activities. The right people would be in the Service, not those who believe in peace and nonviolence. It would also be historically consistent, since the Colonists' indentured servants were all manner of convicted criminals who were considered undesirable in England but worthy enough to work in the Colonies until they served their sentences. In any event, we have a growing prison population and an apparently increasing need for a standing Army. The solution is as simple and obvious as the principle of supply and demand.

James Green
Los Angeles, California

### FRIENDLY SKIES

Perhaps this letter should be sent to an aviation publication, but I know they wouldn't have the nerve to publish it.

The weather had been holding out really nice in Santa Monica and I had promised myself the reward of getting into my airplane one day after work and departing Santa Monica Municipal Airport for a local sunset flight. (Sunset flights are always a great experience—it's so nice to leave earthly problems on the ground.) So there I was, leveled off at 2000 feet, watching the sun drop from the sky, when a sexual urge started creeping upon me. Wait a minute, I thought. Flying is supposed to be a serious business, certainly not a time to be thinking about sex. At any rate, the horniness got more and more intense as I watched that big red and hot ball sink into the cold blue sea. Then, without warning, I had a most fantastic and powerful orgasm. The plane must have been coming unglued—or was it me? Well, my altimeter still read 2000 and level, and that was reassuring.

With the sun gone, my anxiety turned to tranquillity and all I could do was grin from ear to ear. That was a flight to remember and to share it with you gives me great pleasure. Happy landings.

*"My anxiety turned to tranquillity and all I could do was grin from ear to ear."*

Santa Monica Private Pilot
Santa Monica, California

### DOWN WITH DOMINANT WOMEN

In response to the letter in the March *Playboy Forum* "Who's on Top?" I would like to tell any castrating feminist that she is like an elephant walking through a rose garden. One day she is going to look back and wonder what happened to her roses. Already we women have stripped men of their control and dominance in the social whirl to the point that we are having to become the sexual aggressors, and if we go so far as stripping their assertiveness in bed, what do we have left?

If we take away their assertiveness, men will feel assaulted and possibly inadequate as lovers. That endangers and diminishes any man. He withdraws, feeling crippled and resentful, selfish and vulnerable to the overpowering dominant woman. She, taking the lead, wants him to react to the change of roles and expects something he hasn't been trained to do—to be weak, submissive and docile. As the submissive partner, again, he withdraws. He is then simply not left with any male guidelines whatsoever. Now that we have sent the joy of pursuit underground, so also have we destroyed the joy a man can give.

*Initially*, let a man take the lead—let him show his attraction to us, and we can respond to that attraction. In time, we can express our assertive role and, in turn, he will appreciate that, just as we did in the beginning. We may find that our political convictions are going to castrate men to the depths of their being, so, come on: "Lay off" or, simply, "Lie back and enjoy it."

Adrienne Burnette
Malibu Canyon, California

### SEXUAL SEMANTICS

That letter about the homosexual implications of football terms (*The Playboy Forum*, May) started me thinking about my own technical jargon. I'm in electronic data processing and I've discovered something peculiar about the technical terms of programmers.

Some of the terms strike me as sadomasochistic. For example, a command is an operation performed on data (a date?). The smallest unit of information is a byte (bite?). And a program that bombs is a blow.

I mentioned this to a friend who has a degree in psychology and who works with computers. He said that programmers were fastidious, picky types with anal-aggressive personalities. As support, he cited their use of the scatological term dump. A computer takes a dump when it prints out everything on a file.

My girlfriend, who is a keypuncher, thinks programmers are normally sexed. She smilingly reminded me of the IBM card-sort operation called match and merge.

Finally, there is COBOL, a computer

language. COBOL is an acronym for COmmon Business Oriented Language. It's pronounced co-ball. Could this be a thinly veiled reference to a gang bang? Or, perhaps more appropriately, might it be a diminutive or colloquial expression for copulation that implies (in deference to feminists) that the balling was consensual and the parties equal? What language are programmers really speaking?

(Name withheld by request)
Atlanta, Georgia

*You certainly gloss over the fact that your girlfriend is a "keypuncher." What does that mean?*

**FREEDOM OF CHOICE**

On the morning news I was treated to a scene in which members of Congress and some other Government types were debating whether or not to ban saccharin as a possible cancer-causing agent. One Representative from Texas, sipping on a diet soft drink and addressing a saccharin foe, said, "As a citizen of a free country, if I want to consume this product, who are you to tell me I can't?" If only our legislators would take that simple and logical position toward the private use of marijuana, we could write an end to the 40-odd years of "reefer madness" that has done more social damage to this country than has any drug imaginable.

(Name withheld by request)
Denver, Colorado

**DRUG ECONOMICS**

Why is this so hard to understand? You can't stop the drug traffic unless you remove the huge profits. The reward-risk ratio applies.

How do you remove the profits? Legalize and regulate it. Opposition to legalization comes mainly from those whose self-interest is best served by its present contraband status and from moralists who do not understand economics. I have absolutely no desire to use any drugs, but I am adversely affected by the enormous amount of corruption and of related crime that the illegal market creates.

F. Allen Resch
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

**CRIMINAL ENTERPRISE**

Don't anyone try to sell me on the idea that pot should be legalized. When I hear my customers say, "Gee, won't it be nice when it's legal?" I only reply, "Why? Don't you like doing business with me?" In the past ten years, I've made more money dealing dope than at any other job. Hell, if pot *were* legalized, just think how many cool, as well as uncool, people would be out of jobs—either selling the stuff or trying to *stop* people from selling it. Even NORML would be put out of business and PLAYBOY would lose one of its favorite topics of debate.

True, it would make some people rich,

# FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

**FREEDOM OF SPEECH**

FORT LAUDERDALE—*While Florida's law makes it illegal to "obstruct or oppose" a police officer, it does not apply to a person who merely cusses out a cop, according to a Broward County court. In the case of a 24-year-old woman who did just that during her*

*arrest in connection with a family argument, the court went on to say: "We would conclude that when the sole resistance to the police is verbal, whether obscene, profane, insulting or vulgar, it comes within the protection of the First Amendment . . . a fair political comment." In the decision, the judge laundered the language attributed to the defendant: "These open profanities consisted of a series of short Anglo-Saxon verbs of provocative biological import which galvanize the personal pronoun; and other comments suggesting that the police in the past carried Oedipus complexes into reality and had committed other forms of incest. The record indicates that [the defendant] is verbally bankrupt and did repeat the same phrases over and over while she walked to the squad car."*

**BACK TO THE BAR**

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—*Living with a man out of wedlock does not make a woman morally unfit to be a lawyer, the Virginia Supreme Court has unanimously ruled. In effect, the decision grants Bonnie C. Cord, a 34-year-old attorney already admitted to the Washington, D.C., bar, the right to take the Virginia bar examination. A state circuit judge earlier had denied her the necessary certificate of good moral character because, he insisted, "A lawyer should be above reproach, above gossip." The state supreme court held otherwise: "While Cord's living arrangement might be unorthodox and unacceptable to some segments of society, this conduct bears no rational connection to her fitness to practice law."*

**FUZZ BUSTED**

MIAMI—*A judge in Florida's Dade County has ruled that police radar units are not accurate enough to sustain speeding convictions. While the decision affects only local cases, an attorney for the defendants said the research and testimony obtained could lead to similar rulings elsewhere and might ultimately upset a 25-year precedent of giving radar blanket credibility in court. During the hearing, experts established that the radar units could be confused by C.B.-radio transmissions, automobile air conditioners and even low-flying aircraft.*

**PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF**

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN—*Police report that a man claiming to be a doctor has been phoning women in the Ann Arbor area and telling them their husbands have venereal disease. He advises the women to go to the county V.D. clinic for a checkup or offers to perform the examination himself at their home. A few of the women agreed to a home visit, but the "doctor" didn't keep his appointments and is now being sought on charges of telephone harassment.*

**COWBOY**

MEDFORD, NEW JERSEY—*After staking out a barnyard, police arrested a high school student who they say was sexually molesting the cows. The farmer became suspicious of some "amorous signs"—milking stools left behind certain cows on certain nights—and finally called the cops. Rape tests were conducted and came back positive. The teenager who walked into their net was charged with breaking and entering, pot possession and sodomy. New Jersey state senator Joseph Maressa, an outspoken opponent of immorality in all forms, declared that the incident was just another indication of our "sick, promiscuous society" and predicted that "buggery between humans and sheep, goats, cows and even horses" would*

*increase under the state's new criminal code, which eliminates many sexual offenses, including bestiality. The farmer was more understanding: "Cows are certainly lovable animals if you treat them with kid gloves and you learn how to control them. They can be either temperamental or tame, just like a woman . . . it all depends on whether you handle them properly."*

### ZAPPED BY ZIPPER

ELGIN, ILLINOIS—*Police and paramedics responding to an emergency call didn't know what to expect, because the male caller refused to tell the female radio dispatcher the nature of the problem. Arriving at the address of the victim, the rescue squad found that a 35-year-old man, reportedly intoxicated, had zipped up his pants without remembering to first tuck in his penis. According to the newspaper account, he was immediately transported to the hospital, "where a local anesthetic was painfully applied through a needle and the problem was corrected."*

### MAN VS. MACHINE

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND—*A worker who slugged a malfunctioning coffee machine and injured his arm is entitled to compensation, the Rhode Island Supreme Court has ruled. The court held that if an employee "performs a permitted act in an improper manner,*

*injuries arising therefrom are compensable. In this case, the employee's obtaining coffee was not in itself forbidden, even though the reflex action of the employee in striking the machine was ill-advised."*

### ABORTION

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*An estimated 20,000,000 illegal abortions are performed in the world each year and are a leading cause of death among women of childbearing age, according to the Population Crisis Committee. The study also found that another 20,000,000 legal abortions are performed annually, that both numbers are increasing and that restrictive laws do not appear to deter women from seeking abortions. More than 60 countries (mainly in Asia, Europe and North America) permit abortion under all or certain conditions; another 30 permit it only under life-threatening circumstances; and 15 countries prohibit the operation altogether.*

### JAWS

PLATTEVILLE, WISCONSIN—*A University of Wisconsin student has been fined $119 after pleading no contest to a charge that he bit a woman student on her posterior. The incident reportedly occurred in the lounge of the school's Student Center when the victim pushed a leg out of her way and its owner put the bite on her buttocks.*

### RAPE OR SEDUCTION?

VERO BEACH, FLORIDA—*A state legal officer has been accused of harboring a disorderly dog that engages in sexual assault. The complainants, neighbors of Florida assistant state's attorney Miles Mank, allege that Mank's English setter, Duster, trespassed on their property on a Sunday morning and twice raped their Belgian sheep dog in violation of a county ordinance against the "destruction of property by vicious dogs." At first put out at the neighbors' action (he was rousted out of bed at two A.M. by a sheriff's deputy), Mank soon decided the matter was funny: "I couldn't get back to sleep for laughing. What the hell? I claim Duster was seduced. . . . Her dog enticed my dog. . . . I'd be willing to bet they won't be able to get his lover to testify against him."*

### BUSTED IN BOSTON

BOSTON—*Robert Randall, the first glaucoma victim to receive legally prescribed marijuana, was arrested by a state narcotics agent after testifying before the Massachusetts legislature in favor of a bill that would make pot available to certain patients. He was released only after officers called Washington and confirmed the legality of his prescription. Randall said later that his arrest only demonstrates the absurdity of existing pot laws and added: "I do notice one danger in marijuana: It seems to induce poor judgment in police officers."*

*Meanwhile, the* American Medical News *reports that more physicians are debating among themselves whether or not to advise some patients to privately obtain marijuana that cannot be legally prescribed. A UCLA psychiatrist noted: "A sort of bootleg pot-procurement operation seems to be under way. Nice old ladies with glaucoma are scoring from their grandchildren."*

### BODY COUNT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*By an elaborate system of calculation, the publisher of a newsletter claims that there are approximately 1,300,000 prostitutes in the U. S.—or about one percent of American women, including many housewives and secretaries who moonlight as hookers. The publication,* TAB Report *("Monthly News Journal of the Adult Business World"), serves primarily the sex and erotica industry.*

*Earlier, an official of a New York child-welfare organization addressing a legal conference in San Diego estimated*

*that 500,000 boys and girls under the age of 16 are presently involved in prostitution. He said that many of those children were sexually abused at home and that a "very high percentage were incest victims at an early age."*

### CALIFORNIA STYLE

*Using animals for stick-ups may be the latest fashion in California:*

*• In Los Angeles, two men armed with a cardboard box threatened to release what they said was a rattlesnake unless a bus driver gave them free rides. They obtained what they wanted and were arrested a short time later—still in possession of a harmless gopher snake.*

*• In Newbury Park, a man armed with a German shepherd tried to hold up a gas station by warning the attendant, "This dog is attack trained. Hand over the money or I'll order him to attack you." According to news accounts, the attendant punched the dog in the mouth, breaking one of its teeth. The dog ran off, as did the holdup man.*

but just guess who. Legalization wouldn't mean lower prices or increased availability (Lord knows, we're selling at the lowest prices and getting as much as we need now). But it *would* destroy the art of smuggling and illegally dealing in a more or less harmless substance. Sure I've been locked up, but that didn't stop me. Only legalization can do that. So let's keep the never-ending chase going, at least until those of us who have no other skills have a chance to retire gracefully.

(Name withheld by request)
U. S. Coast Guard
FPO New York, New York

*It's great to see that old bootlegger spirit still alive in this jaded age, and we only hope it sustains you during any longer periods of incarceration.*

**IN THE BUFF, ON THE BEACH**

Nude beaches have become both so popular and so controversial in the past few years that many false ideas are being spread. As president of the Clothing Optional Society, I feel it's time to clear up some of the main misconceptions.

1. *People go to nude beaches to get laid.* Horse feathers. Granted that you will make many friends of both sexes at a nude beach, but we conduct our sexual activities in privacy, just like other people. Sexual advances rarely occur at nude beaches.

2. *Nudists are low life.* Bull. . . . Social nudists take pride in their bodies and their environment. Visit a Clothing Optional Beach sometime and you'll find it's much cleaner than a regular beach. In fact, we try to pick up after the morbid voyeurs who hang around with their clothes on.

3. *Only people with good bodies go nude.* We social nudists are out to enjoy the sun and to feel spiritual closeness with other human beings. We look upon all people as being created equal. While size, shape and color may vary, we have all been issued bodies by the same manufacturer. (An incidental benefit is that nudity prevents displays of wealth: Most class distinctions are stripped away with one's clothes and people are judged by the kind of person they are rather than by what they wear.)

The Clothing Optional Society is campaigning to open more legal Clothing Optional Recreation Areas and we ask everyone to join this fight for freedom.

Lynn Hensley, President
Clothing Optional Society
Westminster, California

**ANOTHER MODEST PROPOSAL**

With tremendous amazement, I read the letter from the Chattanooga cuckoo, who says that all gays should live in the same city (*The Playboy Forum*, February). Although the idea sounds like a lot of fun, I think we could work it out otherwise.

Considering that as much as ten percent of the American population has strong homosexual tendencies, they should have a whole state. But let's be fair. You'll need states for blacks, Puerto Ricans, WASPs, Indians and any other group that accounts for at least ten percent of the population. Then you'll divide each state into two sections (smoking and nonsmoking), which sections will be further divided into dry and wet counties with legal and illegal pot-smoking areas. The combinations are unlimited.

Federal reservations also should be created for other special kinds of citizens such as criminals, doctors and their patients, lawyers, prostitutes, clergy, bigots, et al. Then you can rename your country the Divided States of America.

(Name withheld by request)
Montreal, Quebec

*Not to disagree, but aren't you good neighbors to our north also having a few problems over national unity?*

**A MESSAGE FOR PRISONERS**

A Chicago-based group of civil-rights lawyers is soliciting information from prisoners who have experienced civil-law problems arising from incarceration. This program will not provide assistance with appeals, prison conditions or matters of criminal law but will attempt to identify problems in areas such as property, leases, divorce, child custody and other civil matters in which inmates need but cannot obtain adequate outside legal help. Letters from prisoners describing in some detail the kinds of civil-law problems they face while incarcerated will help this group set up its program and should be mailed to Concerned Lawyers, 53 West Jackson Boulevard, Suite 1661, Chicago, Illinois 60604.

**YANKEE, STAY HOME**

The letter in the March *Playboy Forum* from the American tourist who was hassled in Mexico represents a very real problem. I have lived and worked on the Texas-Mexico border for the past four years and I have seen and heard many reports of arrests and shakedowns of U. S. citizens by Mexican authorities.

Before I go any further, let me state that the Mexican people are very open and friendly. In fact, I have found them to be much friendlier to strangers and outsiders than most Americans are. There is something within the Mexican government, though, that attracts corruption and allows it to flourish.

Until we have reassurances from the Mexican government that U. S. citizens will be accorded respect when visiting its country, those contemptible events will continue to occur.

Mexico is a beautiful country and its people are truly fine. It's a shame that a few corrupt officials spoil it all.

Chip G. Younkin
Mission, Texas

Last summer, my wife and I were accepted into Montemorelos University Medical School in the town of Montemorelos, Mexico. Just before we were supposed to leave, my wife had a medical emergency and was unable to travel. I decided to take our belongings down and have my wife fly down at a later date.

Our belongings included some furniture, our personal clothing, some air conditioners, a few other appliances and about 1000 pieces of clothing donated by our church for free distribution to the needy in the area around the school. The president of our church gave us a notarized statement about the purpose of the clothes.

Since I was taking electrical appliances, I checked with the Mexican embassy in Washington, D.C., about duties and how to arrange for them to be paid. I was told that duties could be arranged at the border through customs officials there.

Since it was going to be a long ride to Mexico, my father offered to go along and help with the driving. We crossed the border at the Mexican city of Reynosa, where we stopped to declare the items on which I wanted to pay duty. A Mexican official took us to an empty building and told us we could pay the duties the following morning. We said fine, we would go back into town, rent a motel room and return in the morning. At that point, the official blocked the door, placed his hand on his gun and said, "You'll be staying here tonight."

My immediate reaction was one of disbelief. All requests to call our family were denied, as were requests to call the American consul. Finally, on the second day, the officials agreed to release my father, but I was taken to jail and left to rot in a small, filthy, crowded cell. My father finally secured my release by hiring an attorney, who dealt with the Mexican officials and paid $1100.

During the eight terrifying days I was in custody, I was given statements to sign, which I refused to do, and then threatened with life imprisonment for not signing. To this day, the Mexican government has not returned my pickup truck, the rented U-Haul or our personal possessions.

I guess we're just another set of victims of the Mexican shakedown pulled off in the true Mexican style.

James Douglas Clarke
Silver Spring, Maryland

*So many Americans behave so foolishly in foreign countries and then are outraged at the treatment they receive that we're always a bit skeptical of such complaints. But judging from the correspondence we've received from experienced*

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*and respectful visitors to Mexico, something* muy malo *is going on there. It seems as if the authorities may be running out of old-fashioned "heepies" to hassle and, just out of habit, are now picking on the* turistas, *who were once a protected species. As for the increasing costs of* mordida, *otherwise known as bribery, there is, don't forget, the inflation factor to consider.*

**THE OTHER SIDE**

I have just learned that the Supreme Court has ruled that random driver's-license checks are unconstitutional. Being a policeman, this makes my wrists go limp and my head dizzy. As our criminal-justice system slowly goes to hell, it seems unreal to me that the Supreme Court is now making it even harder for a cop to do his job.

We don't use license checks to harass innocent citizens. We use them to stop suspicious cars and check people we think might have done something or are about to do something. Let's face it: When a person has just committed a criminal act, he is going to be a Mr. Perfect behind the wheel. The last thing he wants is to get stopped by the cops. He is going to signal every turn and drive under the speed limit. If the car checks out (all lights working, license plates and inspection sticker OK) and the guy doesn't screw up, he's in the clear, thanks to nine idiots in Washington.

People often turn their backs or refuse to open their eyes and see, but they aren't blind and sooner or later (probably later) they are going to wake up and see what our courts are doing. I shudder to think of vigilantes roaming the streets, but unless our lawmakers and courts wake up to the harsh reality that hard crimes should be responded to with hard punishment, it will eventually come to that.

I am sick and tired of busting my ass trying to get crooks behind bars just to have the courts put them back onto the street before the jail door is even closed. It's up to the people: Either put a little pressure on the jellyheads who make the laws and run the courts or be damn sure the insurance on your car and home is paid up.

There might be one other way to sleep secure at night: Take a cop to bed.

William R. Reynolds
Conroe, Texas

*The decision referred to is one of the rare instances in which the present Supreme Court has strengthened rather than weakened our basic constitutional rights; at the same time, we can understand your sense of frustration with our lawmakers and the criminal-justice system. But don't forget that the movement toward greater civil rights and liberties that began in the early Sixties (and ended with the Nixon era) arose largely in response to decades of discrimination and the widespread abuse of police authority.*

**JERRY MITCHELL FREED**

This is to let PLAYBOY and its readers know that my son Jerry has been granted parole from a Missouri state prison near Jefferson City after serving 14 months of his seven-year sentence for the sale of marijuana. Of course, this comes as wonderful news to Jerry, his mother and myself and we would like to share it with the thousands of people who signed petitions and with the hundreds more who wrote to us directly, offering their sympathy and support. Their letters helped us greatly. I would particularly like to thank the Playboy Foundation and the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws for the great

deal of moral and financial assistance they provided over the past three years.

While I personally oppose the use of marijuana, this experience has convinced me that whatever hazards it may involve are negligible compared with the damage that can be done to young people and their families by present laws.

We hope that now life can begin to return to normal and that Jerry can soon be back in school.

Roy Mitchell
West Plains, Missouri

PLAYBOY *joined NORML in appealing Mitchell's 1976 conviction, hoping to successfully challenge the Missouri drug law that equates marijuana with heroin by providing penalties of five years to life for the sale of any amount of either drug. However, the state supreme court upheld the law and the sentence, Governor Joseph P. Teasdale rejected his plea and Mitchell was taken from college to begin serving his sentence. While we can't say much for Missouri's politicians, law enforcers or courts, we were impressed with the prison administrators with whom we dealt and are pleased that the parole board has seen fit to grant parole. Although Mitchell has been released, he will continue "paying his debt to society" with several years of parole restrictions and a felony conviction that will remain with him for life. (The Mitchell case was reported in "The Playboy Forum" in November 1976 and in February 1979.)*

**PERPETUAL PURITANISM**

It seems to me that a good deal of the drug abuse, suicide and promiscuous sex we see going on can be diagnosed as a reaction to the puritanical background and influence that this country has had to wade through for the past 200 years. That influence has encouraged too many people to think along one general line, to hold everything in, not to think for themselves and to ignore natural urges and emotions. In a society where freedom of mind and action are inhibited, you're bound to run into serious trouble. A hell of a lot of things inevitably have changed since the Pilgrims arrived on our shores. We're living with a different set of realities in the Seventies, and it disturbs me to see people who are still trying to pull us down into the bottomless pool of puritanical mindlessness. There's a sickness rampant in our society, but it can't be blamed on rock 'n' roll, American youth, pornography, marijuana, etc. If we encourage human understanding and tolerance and admonish people to be mature and rational and to take things as they come, we will be much better off. My nod of appreciation goes to PLAYBOY for spreading the word of rationality.

Lance Brandt
New London, Connecticut

**STRIP SEARCHES**

My wife and I lived in Chicago for three years in the early Seventies and we get back to the city once or twice a year to visit friends and take our kids to the museums. We've always liked Chicago, but our last visit was truly our last because of an experience that turned into a bureaucratic, police-state nightmare.

Coming back from shopping, my wife was stopped for an illegal left turn. The woman with whom we were staying was a passenger. Both were taken to a police station, because my wife had an out-of-state driver's license; and before either woman could call for someone to come down with the cash bond, both had to undergo what is known as a strip search. At first, my wife objected and she was told by a police matron, "Honey, either you pull those panties and do your squats or I'll just have to ask those guys in the other room to give you some assistance."

This was not only degrading and humiliating but also plain stupid. We're now involved in a class-action lawsuit against the Chicago police, and as a result, I've learned that this "squatting"

business, which is supposed to reveal contraband, is gynecological nonsense and mainly a matter of police folklore or sadism or both. (Squatting might cause a concealed pistol to rattle onto the concrete floor, but I doubt that's where the average woman would carry a weapon.)

It was six hours, from nine P.M. to three A.M., before my friend and I found out that our wives were alive and only in custody of those whom our tax dollars pay to "serve and protect," to quote the slogan painted on the sides of Chicago squad cars. So I would not like to hear any more complaints from either cops or citizens who think the police do not have enough authority to combat crime. What authority they have, they seem to take delight in abusing.

I would urge anyone who has had a similar experience to contact the American Civil Liberties Union in Chicago concerning the legal action we are taking. If cops like those in Chicago are supposed to be our protectors, I'll take my chances with the criminals.

(Name and address withheld by request)

*Strip searches, not only in Chicago but in other cities as well, have generated quite a bit of mail lately. Either this has been another police fad, like SWAT teams in the suburbs, or the widely reported A.C.L.U. suit is letting more people know that their strip-search experience was not merely a freak incident. The Chicago police supposedly have stopped this practice. What puzzles us is that the police would engage in it at all. We've heard one plausible explanation: Cops feel so frustrated and crippled by civil-rights legislation and legal decisions that, as this correspondent suggests, they eagerly abuse what authority they have—apparently not understanding that that is exactly what leads to public criticism of police and to further restrictions.*

I have a moral sense of right and wrong. I have a conscience. I also have a lovely 15-year-old daughter who will be driving a car next year. If she were ever subjected to a strip search for a minor traffic violation, I would, so help me, God, walk into whatever police station and pulverize some perverts, regardless of the consequences. If they managed to take me alive, and if anyone like myself were on the jury, I know I would be found not guilty.

Russ Carey
Cassopolis, Michigan

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# SOME TOUGH QUESTIONS ABOUT AIRLINE SAFETY

Last spring, an American Airlines DC-10 crashed shortly after take-off from Chicago's O'Hare Field, killing all 271 persons on board and two others on the ground. It was the worst crash ever in the U. S. Among the dead were four people who were friends and colleagues of ours (see page 285).

There's a special scale to the horror when a large airplane crashes. Few other technological disasters cause so much death so quickly and leave so many unfinished lives. In this case, the plane—American flight 191 bound for Los Angeles—lost its left engine on take-off, remained haplessly aloft for 33 seconds and exploded into a fireball when it crashed on the site of an abandoned airport about a mile from its take-off point. It's likely that all of us who knew someone on that plane have spent some bad moments since then thinking about the terror of living 33 seconds strapped into a seat on a doomed airplane.

•

As we go to press, the cause of the crash has not yet been determined, though the possibilities have narrowed dramatically as the evidence has been examined. The weather was good (it was windy, but no pilots had reported problems with that). The air-traffic controllers were on top of things (even as the engine was hitting the ground, an A.T.C. asked the pilot if he wanted to return). The pilot apparently did everything correctly. ("He was a straight shooter," a friend of his, also a DC-10 pilot, told us. "A real by-the-book pilot.") Given those facts, why did a four-ton engine tear loose and why, then, did this DC-10 go down? The answer is maddeningly simple: There was something wrong with the plane, perhaps something wrong with its very concept and design, certainly something wrong with the airframe and its maintenance.

The truth about our technologies is turning out to be more than most of us can handle. For if there is one conclusion to draw from the crash of American Airlines flight 191, it is that we have a confidence in our machines that far exceeds our knowledge of them, and surely exceeds the actual limits of their uses. And that confidence has been created and imposed on us by Government agencies, administrations and private industries willing to balance lives against dollars.

•

On May 27, Ralph Nader wrote a letter to Transportation Secretary Brock Adams that read in part:

> Over the past decade, the DC-10 has been plagued by engineering design deficiencies which have cost hundreds of people their lives. It is apparent that the DC-10 is a troubled aircraft, and many of its problems can be traced back to the late 1960s and early 1970s, when competition to produce such jumbo jets was fierce and when manufacturers pressured the FAA not to take action which might delay production or hurt sales. At that time, Boeing had already come out with its B-747, and McDonnell Douglas and Lockheed were locked in a grim battle to get their respective DC-10s and L-1011s into the skies.
>
> In this battle of the corporate titans, passenger safety was the first casualty. This first became glaringly apparent on June 12, 1972, when the cargo door on an American Airlines DC-10 blew off in mid-flight over Windsor, Ontario. Only the skill of the captain allowed the plane to land without loss of life. FAA staff wanted to issue a public Airworthiness Directive, which would have required the problem to be fixed, but the FAA administrator entered into a private "gentleman's agreement" with McDonnell Douglas, who agreed to fix the door without the issuance of an Airworthiness Directive that was bound to attract unwelcome publicity and scare off potential buyers.
>
> Unfortunately, the problem was not fixed on a DC-10 which was later sold to Turkish Airlines, and on March 3, 1974, shortly after the plane took off from Paris' Orly Airport, the cargo door blew off. This time, however, explosive decompression resulted, and the plane crashed, killing all 346 people on board. The shabby behavior of top FAA officials and McDonnell Douglas executives during this episode is, of course, widely known. In light of last Friday's disaster, however, it is important to raise the issue in order to ask, "Are all the significant bugs really out of the DC-10?" The available evidence suggests that the answer is still no.

•

PLAYBOY has investigated the airline industry in the past and found it to be grossly deficient. In July 1975, Laurence Gonzales wrote:

• Before leaving the ground, every craft made or flown in this country has to be certified by the Federal Aviation Administration as an airworthy machine. Basically, that means that it will fly. But some vehicles considered to be airworthy by the FAA have failed to stay in the air.

• James Eckols, a captain and a representative of the Air Line Pilots Association (A.L.P.A.), says of the FAA, "They're the world's worst. You keep turning over rocks and you don't just find worms. You find tarantulas. And the finger always ends up pointing at the FAA. They don't just commit adultery with the airlines, they commit incest."

• An airplane going 130 knots on a rough runway surface sustains structural damage that can literally cause it to fall apart in mid-air.

• In 1973, it was more dangerous to fly from, say, Chicago to New York than to take a train. This is figured in passenger miles. In 1975, it was reported that the U. S. acknowledged that for domestic carriers on international flights, "the [1974] fatality rate was an increase of 1802 percent over 1969–1973."

Gonzales has refused to fly DC-10s ever since that investigation. Now the rest of us understand his reluctance and, in the wake of the disaster in May, we at PLAYBOY are committing ourselves to a thorough and sweeping examination of commercial air travel in general and of the DC-10, the FAA and the crash of flight 191 in particular. Here are some of the points we hope to cover:

• How does the process of aircraft certification work—and does it? The certification process by the FAA seems to depend largely on self-policing by the airline industry. "The public would be outraged to know that the FAA does little more than rubber-stamp the self-regulating in which it allows the manufacturers to engage," said J. J. O'Donnell, president of A.L.P.A. The FAA is responsible for certifying planes, yet some aircraft to which it has granted approval—notably, the DC-10—have proved cataclysmically unairworthy. How did the DC-10 ever get certified with its proven defects—defects that were known at the time of certification? As we go to press, the hydraulic

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and electrical systems and the airframe itself are seriously in question. New reports from DC-10 pilots and air-industry insiders indicate that the airplane's problems are far from over.

• A representative of the Aircraft Mechanics Fraternal Association has called the FAA "the worst of all Government agencies when it comes to public safety." A House investigation found that decisions the FAA makes or fails to make "may literally endanger human life." Has the FAA ever really regulated commercial aviation or has it simply served as a tool to promote business at the expense of lives? If the FAA is as incompetent and as negligent as it appears, should it not be disbanded?

• The DC-10 has one of the worst records in commercial-aviation history. It is responsible not only for the worst air crash in the U. S. (273 killed in Chicago) but also for the worst single-airplane crash in the history of the world (346 killed in France). As Nader points out, the questionability of the DC-10 goes back to McDonnell Douglas' decision to design it. Lockheed and McDonnell Douglas were racing neck and neck to get a jumbo trijet into production, yet the DC-10 was brought out a full nine months before the L-1011. The disastrous events that followed make it mandatory that we take a hard look at how the DC-10 was designed, how it was allowed to fly and whether or not it should ever be allowed to fly again. It has become the first jet-age aircraft to be officially grounded by the FAA (twice as of this writing). And even Douglas, which staunchly defends the product, decided not to go to court to appeal the second grounding.

• In determining the cause of the crash of flight 191, there are two major questions to be answered: Why did an engine fall off? Why did a plane designed to fly with one engine missing fail to do so? As more information is revealed, it becomes increasingly probable that the engine fell off either because of a fundamental design flaw in the wing-pylon system or because of faulty maintenance of that system. There is evidence now that the aircraft manufacturer was warned in 1977 that a nonrecommended maintenance procedure was damaging the engine mountings—yet there is no evidence at this time that McDonnell Douglas ever passed that warning on to the users of its DC-10 jetliners. Still, this is quibbling. The engine mounting failed, and the responsibility for that failure goes back to the people who designed, built, certified and maintained the aircraft. The stresses imparted to a plane from badly repaired runways, the brutal forces of take-offs and the sudden shocks of landings, and the severe punishment an airframe takes in turbulence are known forces. The DC-10 engine mount was not designed nor maintained sufficiently to cope with those forces.

The second question (why the plane failed to recover from the loss of the engine) is far more complex. In a memorandum to PLAYBOY dated May 29, 1979, four days after the crash of flight 191, Gonzales wrote: "According to all our sources, there is no reason that the loss of the engine should have made the plane crash. Therefore, we're dealing with a situation in which the *cause* of the plane's going down occurred after the engine came off."

Gonzales' memorandum, based on DC-10 design and on interviews with aviation-industry sources, speculated on the possible sequence of events after the engine fell off. The explanation aviation experts found most plausible involved the DC-10's hydraulic systems—by which the plane's control surfaces are operated. Its essential point was that the DC-10's hydraulics, supposedly designed with a mechanical interconnection to compensate for a failure in one of the systems, could go into a state of hyperactivity, overpumping the hydraulic fluid and rendering hydraulic power unavailable—and causing loss of control of the airplane.

In effect, the plane went into automated shock. Gonzales warned in his memo that his information was "preliminary and only a theory." But nine days later, *The New York Times* reported that the National Transportation Safety Board team investigating the crash was, after considering many possibilities, focusing on the hydraulic system as the likeliest factor in the pilot's inability to recover control from the loss of the engine.

A few days later, in another memorandum, Gonzales wrote: "I have conflicting information. DC-10 pilots are telling me that what I laid out is fundamentally correct and possible. Douglas, through its spokesman, is telling me that the hydraulic system would shut itself off if fluid were lost, preventing the scenario I have laid out. . . . I have asked to speak with the director of engineering but have received no response. I consulted an aviation expert on this contradiction and he said he felt that Douglas didn't understand the system to begin with and that it still doesn't understand it."

There is another theory about what might have caused the hydraulic failure. It proposes that the engine flew off over the wing and damaged hydraulic lines in the wing's leading edge. If so, it should be noted that that would not have happened on either an L-1011 or a 747, whose designers had the foresight to put those essential arteries *behind* the main spar of the wing, where they are protected from a frontal strike. Using those two other jumbo jets as a comparison, the DC-10 begins to look like the early Ford Pinto, whose designers put the gas tank exactly where it could be hit. In addition, the 747 and the L-1011 jumbo jets have four hydraulic systems; the DC-10 has only three. Why?

• Many other areas of air safety will be covered in PLAYBOY's investigation. We have known for years, for example, that there are inexpensive fuel systems that can prevent explosion and fire when a plane crashes. While those systems may or may not have saved any of those on board flight 191, they very well might have saved those people who died on the ground as a result of the enormous fireball generated when 80,000 pounds of kerosene exploded. Why has the FAA not made those systems mandatory?

• We know that the materials in the interior of aircraft give off toxic gases when they burn. Numerous deaths have resulted from this. Those materials can easily be replaced by the Nomex race-car drivers use for their fire-retardant suits. Why hasn't that been done?

• Airplane seats are lethal. Most seat mounts are stressed to nine gs. People can withstand about four times that. Countless deaths have been caused when seats have broken loose in crashes that would otherwise have been survivable.

• Maintenance is inadequate. We have reports that even the required maintenance is not always accomplished. The president of the Association of Flight Attendants, Patricia Robertson Miller, said last spring's DC-10 crash was the result of "gross negligence on the part of the airline and the FAA." What is the FAA doing if not monitoring aircraft maintenance?

The list goes on and on, but at the heart of the matter is the fact that the airline industry is in deep trouble, is top-heavy, unwieldy and stretched, as we saw last May 25, beyond its breaking point. Working with aviation experts, we hope to come close to answering some of the questions posed here. People within the commercial-air-travel industry who feel they have information that could help in our investigation are encouraged to write to Laurence Gonzales, Air Safety Investigation, c/o PLAYBOY, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

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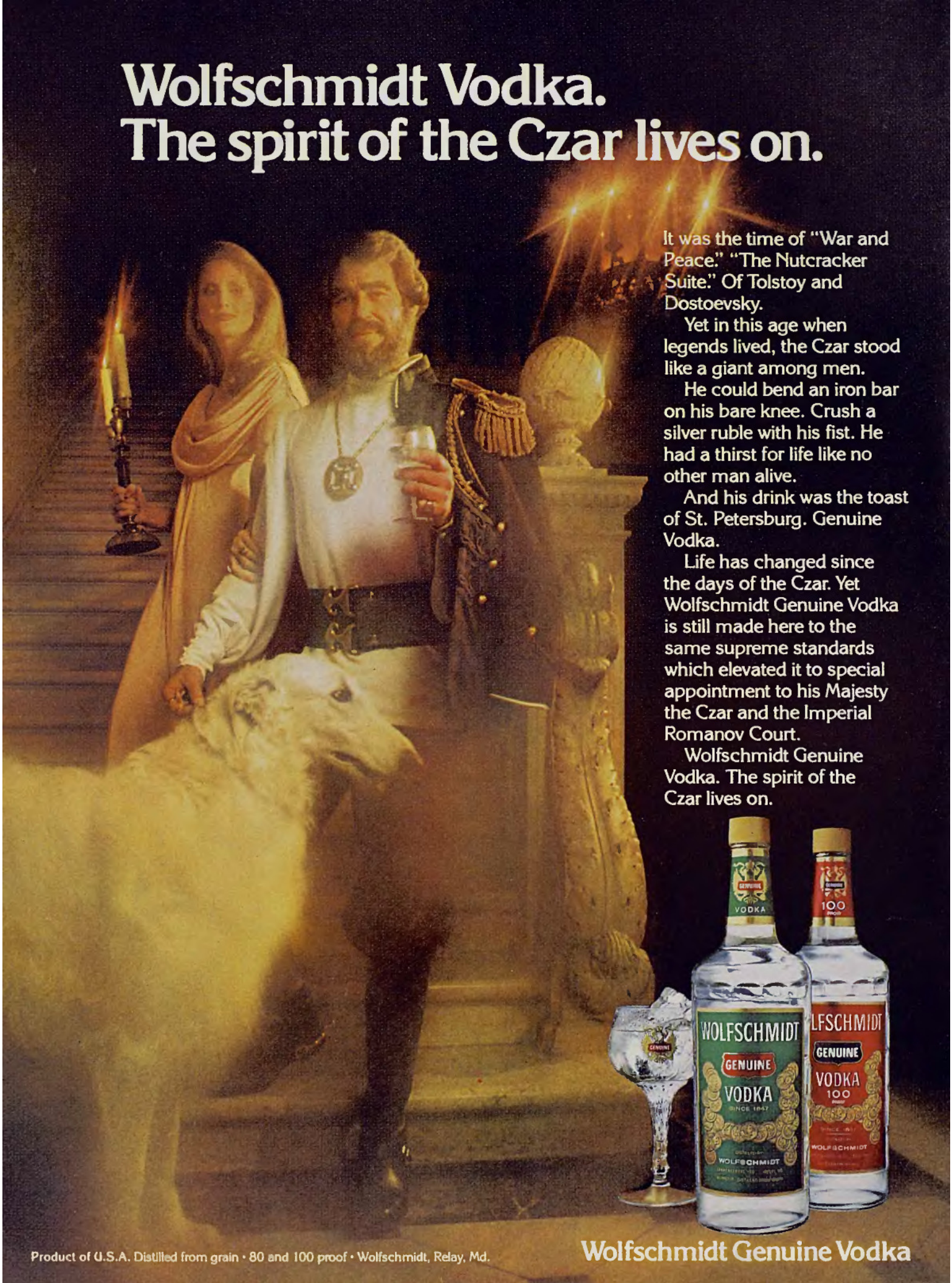
# The spirit of the Czar lives on.



It was the time of "War and Peace." "The Nutcracker Suite." Of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

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**Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka**

# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PETE ROSE

## *a candid conversation with baseball's "charlie hustle" about managers, fans, hitting, sliding, money, drugs and sex—and his own over-all terrificness*

*Twenty-some years ago, Peter Edward Rose was just another tough kid growing up in the river wards of Cincinnati. He was a tough kid who liked girls and fast and fancy cars and baseball. Today, at the age of 38, not much has changed about Pete Rose. The girls have turned to women and fast cars are getting more expensive. But Rose, who makes his living—and a very good one, at that—playing baseball, is still tough. And he is still very much a kid.*

*Rose may play with different toys now—a $4000 fur coat, an $8000 gold-and-diamond watch and a $44,000 car that goes 130 miles an hour—but he hasn't really changed. Baseball has. The game has become big business and he has grabbed more than his share of the big bucks that go along with it. At an age when the major decision facing most players is whether to become a car salesman or to open a taproom, Rose was faced with the enviable task of choosing from among a slew of major-league teams offering him millions of dollars for starters. And Rose, who had never played a home baseball game outside Cincinnati, picked the Philadelphia Phillies, who would pay him at least $3,200,000 over four years.*

*But how, many asked, could Rose be worth the money? Well, he packs ball parks. And while, as a technician, he really can't be ranked up there with the Dave Parkers, the Rod Carews and the Jim Rices, Rose has one very important thing going for him. He has become perhaps the most famous white sports star in the world.*

*Just last year, a world far beyond baseball watched as Rose took on the seemingly unbreakable record of Yankee great Joe DiMaggio—who hit safely in 56 straight games. In a streak that started in mid-June, Rose scratched, clawed, hustled and bunted his way to one plateau after another. On July 31, 1978, he set a National League mark of 44 straight games. The streak would stop there, but Pete Rose would go on to a White House visit with Jimmy Carter, a highly heralded tour of Japan and commercial deals that would make him millions. And while Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium was only a line drive away from his boyhood home, Rose had come a long way.*

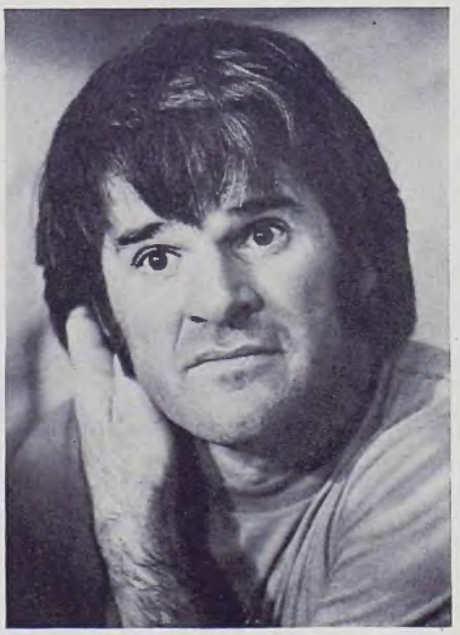
*Rose is the son of a bank employee. His father's passion for sports rubbed off easily on him. Too small to make it as a football player, he concentrated on baseball. He played hard and tough, but he never had a great deal of natural talent. Luckily, he knew somebody in the business. His uncle was a minor-league scout for his hometown team, the Reds. He talked them into giving the kid a tryout. Rose was impressive enough to be signed to a minor-league contract. He spent three years riding the battered buses of the farm teams. The Reds finally called him up in 1963.*

*That's when baseball people really started to take notice of this hard-nosed kid who ran to first on a base on balls, the hustling hot-shot who, instead of sliding, dove headfirst into bases. They noticed him enough to vote him Rookie of the Year.*

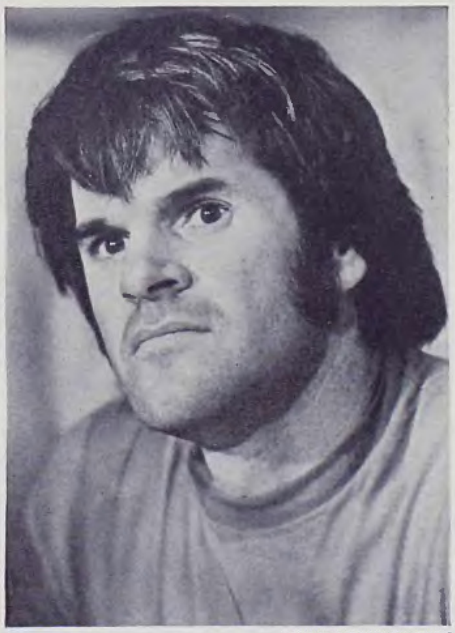
*It was the beginning of a notable career. Along the way, he would lead the league in batting, runs scored, hits and doubles. Rose would become the perennial All-Star and consummate team player, switching positions, moving to wherever he was needed most.*

*In 1976, Rose, who broke in making*

*"I've been here 16 years and I still do it all. I got the fan appeal. I've played against Mays, Musial, Aaron, Clemente. It's hard to become number one with guys like that around. But I done it."*



*"I go into bars, but I don't drink. People have a tendency to think you're drinking if they see you in a bar. If they see me go into a room with a girl, they think we're in there screwin'."*



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

*"I ain't going to try to satisfy everyone. The Reds' management told me not to drive my Rolls-Royce to the ball park, because it makes the fans mad. I told them to go to hell. I worked hard for that car."*

*less than $15,000, led his team to a world-series sweep over the Yankees. He had become the major drawing card for the 2,600,000 fans who came to Riverfront Stadium that year. He had become the strongest driving force on a team that was called the Big Red Machine. And Rose decided it was high time his wallet got oiled. He decided he was worth $100,000 a year. That, he said, was what the Reds would have to pay him to retain his services.*

*That contract ended with last season, one that had Rose spending much of his time in the sports headlines. When the Reds' management refused to talk to him about a bigger money package, he decided to test his value in the open market. He became a free agent, negotiating with any team that would have him. And many would. They saw Rose as a team leader and a great drawing card. He traveled all over, eventually narrowing his choice to five cities—St. Louis, Atlanta, Kansas City, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. He presented his case and sat back and listened to the offers. In addition to tremendous amounts of money, they included everything from a beer distributorship to race horses.*

*The team that was offering the least financially was Philadelphia. Why go with the lowest price? Well, Rose had some friends there. But mostly it was because the team was a winner. And if there was one thing Rose hated more than anything else, it was losing.*

*He had survived some rocky times in his marriage, a relationship that yielded him a 14-year-old daughter, a carbon-copy ten-year-old son and, last summer, a troubled separation from his wife, Karolyn. And just when things were back together and looking good again, Rose was slapped with a paternity suit by a young woman from Tampa who had spent a good deal of time in his company.*

*With the pressures of the season, the suit and the big money hanging over him, Rose has been reluctant to talk about much more than baseball clichés. To get the real story behind this curious American folk hero,* PLAYBOY *sent* **Maury Z. Levy** *and* **Samantha Stevenson,** *who had teamed up recently to write "The Secret Life of Baseball"* (PLAYBOY, *July), to talk with Rose. Levy is editorial director of* Philadelphia *magazine and Stevenson is a seasoned sports free-lancer who made headlines when she successfully sued to get into the Phillies' locker room.*

*They followed Rose halfway across the country, starting in Philadelphia, following him home to Cincinnati, and then on the road to St. Louis and New York, to talk with him. Levy's report:*

*"Rose thought this was going to be just another interview. And he'd been through so damned many of them, he had his act down pat. We spent the first couple of hours in his hotel room in Philadelphia. It was all very patterned. He had answers to questions that weren't asked. He was running through his basic Pete Rose interview, the one he had done on national TV with Phil Donahue and others and the one that had appeared in almost every newspaper in the country. He had it down so well he didn't even bother looking at me through most of it. Instead, he lay in bed, his eyes fixed on the television set that he insisted on leaving on. He was watching 'Days of Our Lives.'*

*"It was clear through all the clichés, though, that Rose was not just another dumb athlete. He's not much of an elegant speaker, but you learn quickly to look beyond that. He has a street sense that is very sharp. It was OK for him to be talking about baseball in generalities, but when it came to money, he was specific to the penny. He rattled off profit margin from projected business deals like a Wall Street wizard.*

*"'I see you're wearin' one of them Cartier watches,' he said to me. 'See this baby,' he said, pointing to a very large Corum gold-and-diamond Rolls-Royce watch on his own wrist, 'this baby cost me 8000 bucks. That could buy a lot of Cartiers, couldn't it?'*

*"Rose had easily convinced me that he could buy and sell me. He had also proved that he had the attention span of an eight-year-old. He couldn't sit still for more than a few minutes. His mind would wander and then his body. 'Ain't you asked enough questions yet?' he would constantly want to know. 'You're all business, man. Don't you ever have any fun?'*

*"Rose's idea of fun was driving me around Cincinnati at 90 miles an hour while he blasted Rod Stewart tapes on his stereo. I kept expecting him to pull into a hamburger joint, grease back his hair and try to pick up some girls. When I told him about my own hot-rodding experiences, he was finally convinced that I was all right.*

*"'But why are you carrying that excess baggage around with you?' he asked when we were alone. He was referring to Samantha. He just couldn't see her as one of the guys."*

*Says Stevenson:*

*"Rose never thought of me as a journalist. I was just window dressing to him. He thinks a woman's place is in the kitchen and the bedroom. And when he looked at me, I felt he was thinking exactly that.*

*"And I wasn't the only one. During one session, we watched a golf tournament together. Nancy Lopez was playing. Rose kept commenting on how pretty she was and he kept asking me if I didn't think her breasts had gotten bigger.*

*"He just couldn't understand why I wanted to know the answer to all those sports questions. Why would a girl be so interested in all that? He kept referring to my suit against the Phillies that finally won me equal rights in the locker room.*

*"'Tell me,' he said, 'how does it feel to have all those cocks staring you in the face? Doesn't it make you embarrassed? Do you like it?'*

*"'All those cocks,' as Rose called them, finally got to him. He realized that some of the other players didn't think it was too cool for him to be seen talking with me in the locker room. And Rose is the kind of guy who never wants to look like he's not cool. So he gave into the peer pressure. He stopped talking to me. He made the last hours of the interview like a wild-goose chase, setting up appointments with me and then standing me up, going to the track with the guys instead. He was stonewalling me, but I wasn't so sure whether it was just because I was a woman or because I stopped asking the baseball questions and started getting into his personal life. That's when he ducked me the most. And that's when he really started to lose his cool."*

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*"You can take my word for it. There will be no athlete anywhere that will make more money than me this year."*

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**PLAYBOY:** Who's the best player in major-league baseball?

**ROSE:** I am.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you figure that? Are you a better hitter than Rod Carew? A better slugger than Dave Parker? A better all-round player than Cesar Cedeno?

**ROSE:** It's not that simple. If you're talking about everything included—selling the game of baseball, public relations, popularity off the field as well as on the field, versatility playing more than one position, hitting the baseball from both sides—I'm number one. That's why I make the most money.

**PLAYBOY:** A lot of people would dispute that. There are other players who make more——

**ROSE:** You can take my word for it, there will be no ballplayer or no athlete. I don't think there will be any athlete anywhere that will make more money than me this year.

**PLAYBOY:** What about Carew's salary and Parker's?

**ROSE:** Yeah, you can read this stuff about Dave Parker and you can start saying—well, you can get $100,000 if he is a Most Valuable Player and $50,000 if he is second. So he will be a millionaire if he does all these things he has to do, including helping the parks that draw 1,500,000

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people. So there is a lot of stipulations in his contract.

**PLAYBOY:** And there aren't any stipulations in *your* contract?

**ROSE:** No. That is my salary. I don't have to get 200 hits or draw 2,000,000 people or anything like that.

**PLAYBOY:** You sound pretty sure of yourself.

**ROSE:** Look, I've been here 16 years and I still do it all. I got the fan appeal. I play harder than anybody. I've played against Willie Mays, Stan Musial, Henry Aaron, Roberto Clemente. It's hard to become number one when you've got guys like that around. But I done it.

**PLAYBOY:** Does that make you a superstar?

**ROSE:** Yeah, I think so. I think I'm consistent, adjust to situations, handle people. I think I do all those things. A superstar don't necessarily mean you have got to hit 40 home runs. It don't mean you have to get 234 hits or 235 hits every year. I mean, a superstar does a little bit of each. A little bit of everything. Now, Frank Sinatra is a superstar in what he does. He's consistent over a period of time. He can handle situations. That is why he is a superstar. Just like me.

**PLAYBOY:** So you feel you're some kind of legend?

**ROSE:** I don't even know what a legend is. A legend is old times. A legend to me is something like a Jesse James or Bat Masterson or somebody like that. Jesse James. Babe Ruth is a legend. I guess. I have a lot better chance of being a legend if I get Stan Musial's record [for most hits in the National League]. You know, I will become the number-one hitter in the history of our league. That is really something to work for. How many guys in the history of this league do you think have a chance to do that?

**PLAYBOY:** Is that how you feel you became a legend?

**ROSE:** Well, you know a legend—there aren't too many guys who can look at you and say I have got a little girl 14 years old. I only failed to hit .300 one time since she was born. Fourteen years old she is.

**PLAYBOY:** If you're not a legend yet, how *would* you describe yourself?

**ROSE:** How would I describe me? Well, I have fun. I play the game with enthusiasm. I play unorthodox. I'm not graceful. You know, most guys are graceful. But I'm not one of those guys that everything's got to look smooth. I swing good. But I'm not smooth when I catch a ball. I'm not smooth when I run. But I just play like a roughneck. I play baseball like a football player would play it. I'm hard and I'm tough.

**PLAYBOY:** And you're pretty cocky.

**ROSE:** Well, some people will call me cocky and arrogant, but I'm not arrogant. I'm just confident. And I just learned a long time ago that I have to have confidence and believe in myself, because there's going to be people who doubt you out there. There's going to be people who don't like you out there. I mean, a lot of people thought that I was arrogant when I made the statement that I felt I should be the highest-paid player in baseball. A lot of people don't realize that I'm not the same as the other ballplayers in baseball. There's a little difference with me, because the other ballplayers in the game, they're not as well known as I am everywhere. That's the truth. There may be a couple close. But other than Muhammad Ali, who is the most recognizable athlete in this country?

**PLAYBOY:** O. J. Simpson, maybe.

**ROSE:** And me. So I'm the only white one, right?

**PLAYBOY:** If you say so.

**ROSE:** No contest.

**PLAYBOY:** And you didn't exactly get to the top on grace and finesse, did you?

**ROSE:** Naw, like I said, I was a roughneck. I wasn't scared of nothin'. And I didn't give a shit about anything. I still don't worry about anything. I'm not a worrier. If something's going to go wrong with your business or your marriage or things like that—the best way to make the problems easier is to have a good year. You create more problems if you hit .220. You create less problems if you hit .310 every year. You'll have less problems than anybody. That's the best way to go about your job, just have a good year and everything will fall into place. It'll take care of itself. You'll get the commercials. You'll get the raise in pay and everything.

*"How would I describe myself? I have fun. I play the game with enthusiasm. I play unorthodox. I'm not graceful."*

**PLAYBOY:** That's if it's all going right. What if it's not?

**ROSE:** Everything goes wrong when you have a bad year if you're an athlete.

**PLAYBOY:** And as you get older, isn't it easier for things to go wrong?

**ROSE:** Well, I didn't shrink last year. It was one of the most at-bat seasons I ever had in my career, 700, and I struck out 30 times, the all-time low. So what that says is, the more experience you get, the smarter you get and the more you learn. I'm smart enough to know it's going to come to an end someday. But I've been fortunate to be able to prolong it.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you say fortunate? Don't you have the reputation for taking good care of yourself?

**ROSE:** I like to think I play every game like it's the last one. That's a good way to play the game. But maybe it's just something that's interlocked inside your mind, that this might be your last year or next year might be your last year. So I don't think about what's going to happen tomorrow. I worry about what's going to happen today.

I play like a machine. I don't get tired. I just keep coming back and coming at you. I'm the type of guy, if I was in a fight, the other guy would knock me down and I would get back up and he would knock me down and I would get back up. I would be like Rocky.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that how you'd like to be remembered?

**ROSE:** Well, I don't want them to forget me as a man out of baseball. I don't want them to forget me. I mean, I just want people to say there is a guy that worked the hardest and the longest to become a switch-hitter, the best switch-hitter that ever lived, plus the guy who no matter where he played, he was a winner.

**PLAYBOY:** You mentioned being the most popular guy in the game—but you do have a lot of people who dislike you. Why is that?

**ROSE:** There's people who would dislike me if I'd signed for the Reds for $300,000, or if I had said I'll play for the Reds for $100,000 and to hell with the money. There's still somebody who'd say, well, he still makes too much. You know, there are so many people in the world. There's idiots everywhere. Just downright stupid people. They have no values of money or no values of talent or nothing. They're just stupid people.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think makes the fans so angry with you?

**ROSE:** There's a lot of things that make them mad about me. Maybe the way I talk on TV. There are some people who don't like me the way I play, because I prove to people if you work hard at something, you can accomplish it without super talent. And, see, I make the lazy guy look into the mirror and be mad at himself. I show up lazy people because I play hard and play every day. Because they could do it if they worked hard themselves, and they know they've messed up.

**PLAYBOY:** And so they resent you?

**ROSE:** Sure. They resent it because they're saying, "There's no ballplayer worth that." I mean, was I supposed to say I don't want it? I'm not worth it? You know, I don't understand people.

**PLAYBOY:** Maybe the fans forget that you are being paid to entertain.

**ROSE:** Yeah, but they don't get mad if Rod Stewart makes millions of dollars for his concerts. They don't say nothing. I

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never hear anybody say anything about Wayne Newton making $5,000,000 a year in Vegas. You know, I'm not saying he's not worth it. He's the best entertainer out there. Frank Sinatra gets $250,000 a week out there. Ann-Margret makes $200,000 a week. But they're worth it, because they get up and they do two shows a night.

**PLAYBOY:** And Sinatra doesn't get booed if he misses a note. How does it feel, getting booed?

**ROSE:** Booing's something you learn to live with. But sometimes the fans go nuts. Like, a guy threw a whiskey bottle at Bake McBride in St. Louis. You know, that kind of shit, that ain't part of the game. And I've had that happen to me. I've had to be taken off two or three fields. L.A., New York and Chicago. I had to be taken off the field because garbage was being thrown at me. I don't agree with people who think that's part of the game.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you in danger at any of those times?

**ROSE:** Well, a whiskey bottle just missed my head. I got shot on my neck with a paper clip and it bled for three innings. What if the guy had put my eye out? What's the guy gonna get, a $25 misdemeanor fine? And my career is over? Guys threw bottles, chicken bones, garbage. A guy threw a crutch at me once in left field in Chicago.

**PLAYBOY:** That sounds as though it could have hurt.

**ROSE:** See, you're just like the fans. Whadya mean, that *coulda* hurt? When a crutch hits you, you get hurt. I don't classify them idiots as fans. Most fans who go to the ball park are good fans. There's always a couple. You know, you get a 40,000 crowd, there's got to be an idiot in the crowd. I mean, there's got to be some people who just don't have any sense. They're just there to make a scene.

Look, I go watch *Rocky*, Sylvester Stallone ain't gonna give me an autograph. He's not gonna give me a boxing glove. He's not gonna talk to me. If people go to the ball park, they think they're supposed to get an autograph. You're supposed to give them a bat. They think all that's part of the four-dollar ticket. I mean, they forget about the entertainment of the nine-inning game.

**PLAYBOY:** Maybe there are some people who still don't think *you're* worth it.

**ROSE:** I don't give a shit what people think. I used to really worry about that, too. I really did. When I used to hold out for more money every year, I used to worry about that, because I always wanted to make everybody like me. Playing hard, being nice, signing autographs. I used to give in to the Reds a lot, because I didn't want to hold out. But when you start getting letters like I get and phone calls and stuff like that, and people being

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idiots, I say the hell with them. I'm not going to worry about anybody.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of letters do you get?

**ROSE:** Oh, you know . . . racial letters and shit like that. I say the hell with them. I mean, some guy is sitting behind me when I'm getting in my car one night. He's getting in his truck and he's got his load of people with him and he's gotta yell at me. He's gotta tell me, "Got all your money in your suitcase?" I say, "I can't get it all in there, asshole." And he just shut up. I mean, why don't he just get in his car and move on?

**PLAYBOY:** Fans can be fanatics.

**ROSE:** Oh, yeah. They always want a piece of you. I was at a place the other day; I'm sitting upstairs with [Larry] Bowa and Schmitty [Mike Schmidt], we're having breakfast and I come in and I go to the john. So I'm sitting there, going to the john, and all of a sudden I hear this guy come in. Now, I haven't said nothing to Bowa and Schmitty. And this guy, I guess he's taking a leak or something, and this other guy walks in and he asks him how he's doing. He says, "Oh, I'm doing fine." He says, "I just been upstairs and had breakfast with Pete Rose and I been talking to him." And he don't know I'm sitting in there. You know, I'm sitting there, saying, "You're a goddamn liar." That's why when I go in a bar, I don't drink and I never let anybody buy me a drink, never. Because people go to work next day and say, "I was out drinking with Pete Rose till four in the morning"—only I left at 10:30.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you hassled by fans at home?

**ROSE:** Oh, I can go home, where I can listen to prank telephone calls. Shit, I get my phone number changed every three months. It's the idiots that just sit and think of reasons why they should call. That's the way people are. I just laugh at them. That shit don't really bother me. Nothing bothers me except these people that start calling me disloyal and stuff like this. I abandoned Cincinnati? I put in a lot of endless hours of hard work for that city, both on and off the field. And I'm not looking for anything for it. That's why I ain't gonna try to satisfy everyone. Just like the time the Reds' management told me not to drive my Rolls-Royce to the ball park, because it makes the fans mad.

**PLAYBOY:** And, naturally, you didn't agree with their way of thinking.

**ROSE:** I told them to go to hell. I worked hard for that car. They didn't tell [Joe] Morgan and those guys not to drive their $20,000 Corvettes and Cadillacs to the ball park.

**PLAYBOY:** Those sound like the problems of a rich and successful athlete. Were you always a winner? How about when you were growing up?

**ROSE:** No, I was a loser with the books. I was too busy playing ball and getting into trouble.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever get into any real trouble in school?

**ROSE:** No, just punk stuff, like throwing rocks at windows and putting shit in a bag and setting it on fire. Knocking on somebody's door. Let them open the bag.

**PLAYBOY:** What about chasing girls?

**ROSE:** I had my share when I was a kid. I think I got the pretty girls. I don't know if they got the good-looking guy, but they got the guy everybody knew.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you first get involved with girls?

**ROSE:** What are you asking, when did I get my first piece of ass? Is that what you are asking?

**PLAYBOY:** Not exactly, but that's a good start.

**ROSE:** I don't remember specifically what day it was or how old I was. I'm no different than any other kid.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, were you a teenager?

**ROSE:** Probably. No, I don't think I was a teenager yet, I don't remember.

**PLAYBOY:** Since we brought up the subject, let's talk about sex. Should an athlete have sex before a game?

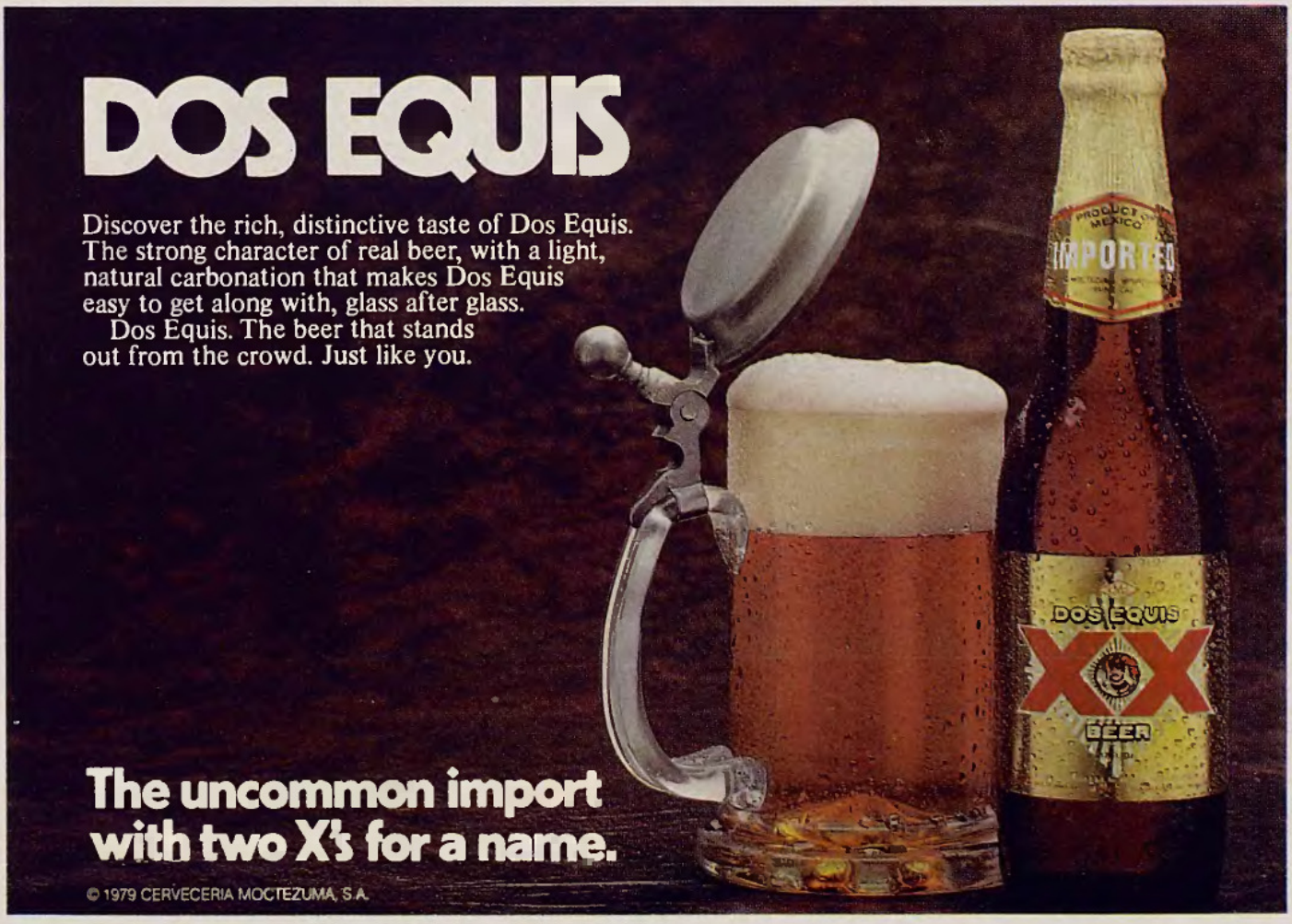
**ROSE:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**ROSE:** It makes you tired.

**PLAYBOY:** You believe that old wives' tale?

**ROSE:** Well, let me ask you a question. If you make love for a half hour or 45



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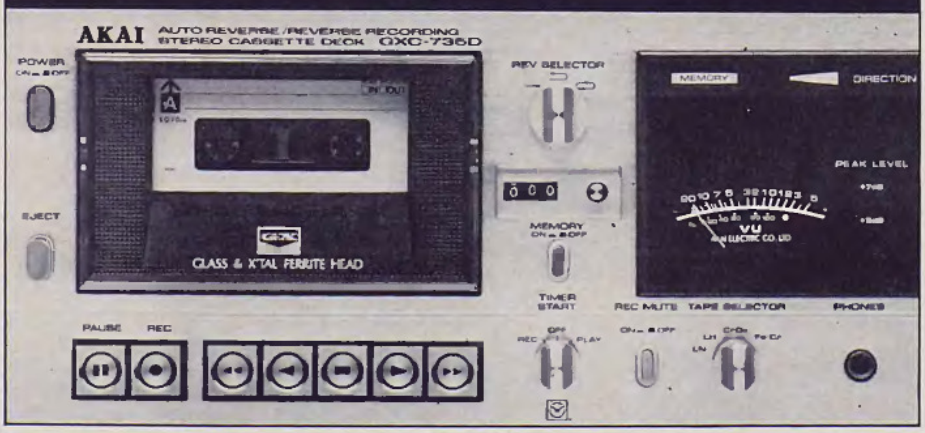



minutes or an hour on the day of a game, are you tired? How are you going to go to the ball game and perform at the utmost of your ability if you are mellow? If you have got to go to the ball park hyper?

**PLAYBOY:** But you've had other things to take your mind off the game. You and your wife, Karolyn, separated last summer. Wasn't she ready to file for a divorce?

**ROSE:** Well, I don't think it is anybody's business. I don't know what the accounts were. But I don't think she was going to file for a divorce. It was better to separate when I did, because, like I just said, one of the secrets of playing baseball is not going to the ball park and being worried or being mad about something. So if I was going to be mad living at home, the separation was my fault, it wasn't her fault. So it proved that I had some weaknesses. I mean, I am not the only guy in the world who ever separated from his wife for a couple of months. So it ain't that big a deal to me. It ain't nobody's problem in Philadelphia and no one's problem is the same as mine. And I handled it. I handled it in my own way. Other guys would have handled it differently. I handled it my own way.

**PLAYBOY:** Did it work?

**ROSE:** Yeah, well, obviously.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, aren't there women everywhere who turn your head?

**ROSE:** Once in a while they turn my head. As long as I don't touch.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of women do you like?

**ROSE:** Just, I guess, I like class. I don't mean rings and cars and clothes. I mean just people who you can just tell have class by looking at them. You know, just the way they handle themselves and the way they walk. I like people with personality.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you like pretty women around you?

**ROSE:** Oh, yeah. I like women with pretty legs. Pretty legs and pretty mouths.

**PLAYBOY:** What is it about mouths?

**ROSE:** I just think because that is what you look at. You don't talk to somebody and look at their navel or at their shoulder. People with pretty mouths are pretty. And most people with pretty legs are built good. So those two qualities usually make a complete girl.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't like breasts?

**ROSE:** I can only speak for mine. I don't like mine. I mean, to be kissed. I don't know. I can't stand it. It bugs the shit out of me. It makes me feel like someone's taking their fingers to a screen door.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your fantasy life like?

**ROSE:** What's a fantasy?

**PLAYBOY:** Imagination. Illusion. You can have sexual fantasies.

**ROSE:** What is the sense of having a fantasy about going to bed with somebody that is supposed to be the prettiest girl

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in the world? If I can't do it, why should I waste my time even wondering about it? Sitting here right now, I am fantasizing about playing in the world series with the Phillies. I would like that to happen. Yeah. That is the utmost thing on my mind right now.

**PLAYBOY:** OK, back to baseball. You mentioned earlier that you get "racial" letters from baseball fans. What did you mean?

**ROSE:** It goes back a long way. I was actually called into the office in 1963 for hanging with the black players too much.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**ROSE:** The white players didn't want to associate with me. See, in 1961, the Reds won the pennant and they had a guy named Don Blasingame on second base. In 1962, he had his best year ever. He hit .281. So because of those reasons, in 1963, they all thought that he could help them win their pennant again. Fred Hutchinson, the manager, stuck me at second base, and they all resented that. They didn't want a rookie on second base, because they had veterans in all the other positions. And the only guys that treated me with any dignity and decency was Frank Robinson and Vada Pinson, the black guys. It was a very cliquish team in those days. That's why they didn't win.

The black players were just like me when I was a kid. No car, no money, no suit of clothes. All they had to do was play sports. If you ride downtown Manhattan, every time you go by a basketball court or a handball court, they're all blacks out there playing. How else are they going to get an education? How else are they going to make a good living? So the blacks do it because they don't have the things.

**PLAYBOY:** Had you always been a second baseman?

**ROSE:** I was a catcher all the way up to high school. That's why I was never a polished fielder. When I made the big leagues, I was only second baseman for three years. One year of high school and two years of the minors. And you don't become a good fielder if you don't practice day in and day out.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think that fans started coming back to baseball?

**ROSE:** Because we brought them back. Me and the Reds, after that '75 world series with Boston. That was the greatest world series in the history of baseball, actionwise. Five out of seven of the games were one-run games. That's what started people coming back. Baseball was exciting again. And then there was my hitting streak. . . . What that did, what the 44 streak did, what that did to me is, a lot of people were rooting for me that didn't even know me, that didn't know anything about me. Because that got a lot of national attention—or publicity. You know, 'cause people started following that every day. Every day that I hit, they




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had it on TV. So that really helped me out in that respect. It brought a lot of fans back, too.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the most memorable thing to you about the '75 series?

**ROSE:** I was Most Valuable Player.

**PLAYBOY:** Anything else?

**ROSE:** Well, getting some key hits, making some key plays and winning. There's a big difference in winning a world series or just losing one. Most guys are just happy to get there and they don't even concentrate on winning. Not me. I don't get nowhere to lose.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you find Philadelphia? Is it as strait-laced a town as Cincinnati?

**ROSE:** We had too many rules in Cincinnati. I guess it was because it was such a conservative town. No long hair, no mustaches—things like that. I guess in Philly, I can really let my hair down.

**PLAYBOY:** And you don't like to follow rules?

**ROSE:** Well, if a guy sets rules, yeah, I'll follow them. In Philadelphia, you have the type of players who don't need a lot of rules. Danny Ozark don't have to stand there with a gun and make sure I get my ground balls. He's got guys that are professional enough that they go about their job in the right way. What Danny does is tell you what he wants done and lets you go about it. He lets you be your own man.

**PLAYBOY:** Is one of your goals to become a team leader to the Phillies?

**ROSE:** No. That's not my goal. I probably coulda had a better impact on the team as far as leadership if I had a good spring training as far as getting a lot of hits. But I hit .194. You know. But I think the guys on the Phillies know that I work hard and I do my job and I'm just gonna play hard every day. You know, it takes some time to earn the respect of your teammates. You just don't walk in and say, "I hit in 44 in a row, I got 3000 hits, I'm your leader." I mean, you just can't do it.

**PLAYBOY:** But you would *like* to be the leader of the team, wouldn't you?

**ROSE:** Oh, sure. I think it took a long time for me to become a leader in Cincinnati, even though you got a guy like Johnny Bench. He hits all them great home runs, makes all them All-Star teams and is a great player. Great, but that don't qualify you as a team leader. A team leader has to come from a guy respected from the way you play day in and day out. Consistency. You don't have to be the best player to be a team leader. No, you have to be a certain type player. Johnny Bench is good, but he just ain't the type.

**PLAYBOY:** When do you think you became the leader of the Reds?

**ROSE:** I think probably after the '73 playoffs with the trouble with New York. The fight I had with Bud Harrelson. I

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just knocked the Mideast war off the cover of the New York *Daily News*.

**PLAYBOY:** And *that's* when the Reds noticed you?

**ROSE:** Yeah: "Look at this guy. He's incredible. He don't care about nothin'. All he wants to do is win." I was playing the whole city of Manhattan.

**PLAYBOY:** You were certainly swinging away then. Would you categorize the Phillies as a swinging team?

**ROSE:** I don't know what you mean by swingers. I don't drink, so I never been out with any of them. I don't know what they do off the field. In order to have that image, you have to hang in bars. I mean, because girls don't hang in supermarkets. I just don't like to go to bars and stuff—and I'm not a prude or anything—I just haven't been able to convince myself that drinking is gonna do anything for me. That don't make them guys bad guys and me a good guy. Some guys like to go have a beer after the game and just relax. It's good for you in that respect. I'd rather go home and watch TV and get room service and that way no one bothers me. I take my phone off the hook at 11 o'clock, and I'll be a son of a bitch if some guy didn't call me at 20 after two and wanted to get an autograph. In the hotel. I don't know how he got through. They say it's the price you gotta pay, but if I go someplace to eat, all I do is sign autographs.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that bad?

**ROSE:** It's getting worse. I don't have no time of my own. Somebody always wants somethin' from me.

**PLAYBOY:** So you just stay in your room and hide?

**ROSE:** No, I go out some. I go into bars, but I don't drink. Yet, there will be people who say they saw me in there drinking. People have a tendency to think you're drinkin' if they see you there in a bar. If they see me go into a room with a girl, they think we're in there screwin'. That's what people want. They think what they want to think. It's the truth. Regardless of what happens, people are always going to think the negative things. That's just the way the world is.

**PLAYBOY:** How about on the field? How is the atmosphere in the Phillies' dugout?

**ROSE:** Good. Wide-awake. Well, you're rooting for each other and if you make a good play, they're always patting each other on the back. You know, keepin' in the game—bein' involved in the game. The players should be out there rootin' for each other. They shouldn't be up in the clubhouse during a game, drinkin' coffee or playin' cards during a game.

**PLAYBOY:** What do players talk about in the dugout?

**ROSE:** The game. The situation of the game. Always. You don't talk about where you're going to eat and shit like that. You may do that if you're ahead 12–1 or something. A laugher. But in a close ball game, there's strict attention to what's going on.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you give advice or offer help to players?

**ROSE:** I always do. Every time I come back, I always tell the guys what the pitcher is throwing. If they're smart, they listen to me.

**PLAYBOY:** Who's the most eccentric player you know?

**ROSE:** The guy that's craziest, is that what you mean? On the field?

**PLAYBOY:** Yes.

**ROSE:** Probably the most eccentric guy I ever played with was Pedro Borbon. He'll pitch his ass off any time they ask him and if there's a fight, he'll be the first one there. He's the type of guy if he gets in a fight, you just have to kill him to stop him. He don't give a shit about nothin'. Just a nice, even-tempered guy, but if you push him the wrong way, he's got that Latin temper and he can get his dander up real good.

**PLAYBOY:** What are your feelings now about being on first base?

**ROSE:** There's a lot of action there. Boy, it's fun. I'm getting more and more used to it every day. I like the communication there. The action part of it is nice. Hell, you talk to the runners, the coach, the umpires, the pitcher. You're talking to

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everybody there.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you psych guys out when they get on first base?

**ROSE:** No, you can't psych major-league ballplayers out.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you say on first base to your visitors?

**ROSE:** I just tell them nice hitting. What kind of pitch was it? You want that one back you fouled? Stuff like that. Kidding. Having fun. I might ask them about their family, 'cause a lot of guys ask me that——

**PLAYBOY:** Such as "How's Karolyn?"

**ROSE:** No, like how my little boy is. They just talk about my boy, they don't talk about how my *wife* is.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have it a lot easier now in the field, playing first base?

**ROSE:** Hey, the people who say first base is easy are full of it. It's the most involved position I've ever played. You make put-outs, you hold the runners on base, you work real close with the pitcher. You don't have to have a ball even hit to you and you get an easy 15 chances a game. You never handle that many chances at third base. Plus, you've gotta bust your butt hustling over to be the cutoff man. But it's fun.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the hardest thing you've ever done in baseball? Was it your hitting streak?

**ROSE:** No, the hardest thing I ever had to do was keep my edge during the 1975 world series against Boston. We were rained out . . . what . . . three straight days? I guess that was good for the league, 'cause they got all that extra ink, but it was tough on the players. I'll never forget a bus ride out to Tufts University for those practices. There we were, a major-league baseball team in full uniform, sitting on a Greyhound bus, stopping at a gas station to ask directions to the school.

**PLAYBOY:** Doesn't it all get to you after a while, playing baseball every day without rest?

**ROSE:** When you don't play games, you lose your sharpness. You gotta play a week, ten days straight to really find your groove. When you play a game, then sit around for two or three days, it slows you down. If I set up the schedule, I'd have all the Eastern clubs play on the West Coast the first month. There's a lot of things they could do to improve the schedule. They could eliminate off days. That way, they could start the season two weeks later and end it two weeks earlier. Weather wouldn't be as big a factor. We don't need off days. I didn't have an off day last year. Every day we didn't have a game, I worked out. What's the difference?

**PLAYBOY:** After a game, your locker looks like a delicatessen on a Saturday morning. All those people waiting to talk to you. Does that get to you?

**ROSE:** It's been quite a challenge to get my work done and still be cooperative with the media. I could have been a bad guy about it, but I'm not that way. I try to cooperate with everybody, but it's hard to find peace. The games are the easiest part. So you can get away from all the questions. I wish they'd stop asking me about my salary. That's all anybody ever talks about—money. In St. Louis the other day, a group of fans said they expected me to catch a ball that was ten rows in the stands because I was making $800,000 a year. It's just not fair. I didn't ask for anything. I turned down twice that amount.

**PLAYBOY:** What really makes the Phillies your kind of team?

**ROSE:** Well, this team will entertain you more ways than any team in baseball. We have speed, long-ball power, great defense, guys who are capable of pitching no-hitters, a great bull pen. And, sure, I think we're gonna win, but what's more important, I think we're gonna have fun. The old Reds team, we used to have fun. Everybody was loose, cutting up. Did you see the Reds when we played them this spring? I stood around the batting cage. I couldn't believe how quiet it was. Nobody said a word. That's not like the Reds. Morgan and those guys were always yapping. There's just something missing now.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you analyzed the *Phillies'*

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problems? The team seems to fold during play-off games. What do you think?

**ROSE:** I don't know, they just ran into bad breaks. They don't play with the same aggressiveness in the play-offs that they do in the season, it seems like. Why? I don't know. It's just experience. If we get in the series this year, things will be all right.

**PLAYBOY:** And what if you don't make it to the world series?

**ROSE:** Well, I can't do everything.

**PLAYBOY:** One of your trademarks is the headfirst slide into first base. Have you always done it that way?

**ROSE:** Yeah, always did it that way. I used to practice that. I used to practice in the swimming pool all the time, used to always dive in the swimming pool like that. Exactly like you're playing baseball. That's about the only place you can practice that without getting hurt.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you do that? Some people think it's just to showboat.

**ROSE:** Showboat, shit. It's just the easy way to slide and the fastest. And the safest, I think.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that how you got the nickname Charlie Hustle?

**ROSE:** No, that came in 1963, in spring training. Mickey Mantle and Whitey Ford gave it to me because I ran to first every time I got a walk.

**PLAYBOY:** What made you start that?

**ROSE:** Oh, my father brought that to my attention one night. He just said that's the way to play the game of baseball. You play it hard. Always run. Have fun and be happy.

**PLAYBOY:** That was the Hustle. When did the Charlie come in?

**ROSE:** Back in those days, any time you did anything, you know, you put Charlie in front of it. Hot-dog Charlie. Hollywood Charlie. Charlie Tuna. Anything.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you like that name?

**ROSE:** Yeah, that name's all right. The image is OK, because it's not a phony image. It's not something that I started doing when I became a big-league baseball player. I can honestly say that the reason that I run to first on a base on balls is just that it's a habit. It's something I've been doing ever since I was nine years old. I run to first if I'm 0 for 15 or if I'm 15 for 15. I still run to first on base on balls.

**PLAYBOY:** How about running to your position? You've stopped doing that.

**ROSE:** I know how to conserve my energy. I don't walk to my position. But I don't sprint. I get out there and I look good on the way.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think you are such a consistent hitter?

**ROSE:** Well, there's a lot of reasons. I'm a switch-hitter. I don't strike out. I know how to hit. I hit the ball to all fields. There's a lot of reasons why I'm a good hitter. But when I give a hitting clinic, the less you can talk about, the better off you are. There's just three or four different things you talk about—you don't want to get a kid thinking about 15 different things. I just think if you've got good eyes and strong hands, you can be a good hitter if you practice.

**PLAYBOY:** OK, so a kid is up there ready to learn how to hit. Tell us what you would tell him.

**ROSE:** Well, aggressiveness. Swing and get the bat out front, lift from the top. Don't worry about your shoe, or your feet or your knees or hip. Don't worry about anything. Your ribs, your shoulders. Don't worry about how you look. Just go and hit the ball. Because it's immaterial how you look. The whole secret to hitting is being comfortable.

Then you just put the basics of getting the bat out in front and being aggressive and being quick. You can't tell a guy to swing at strikes only. Because there's some guys if they swung at strikes only, they wouldn't be aggressive. Roberto Clemente, if he swung at strikes only, he'd have been a .230 hitter. But he was super-, superaggressive. Yogi Berra was another one. Bad-ball hitter. But a good one. Joe Morgan swings at nothing but strikes, and he's been successful that way. So, you know, whatever you're successful at, that's what you should do.

**PLAYBOY:** Is choking a mental thing?

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***Leading the way in fashion.***

**ROSE:** Yeah, 75 percent. There's 15,000 different things that can go wrong as you hit the baseball, and when you're hitting the baseball, everybody knows what you're doing wrong. All the experts know. I do six things when I go in a slump. I move back in the box, up in the box, further away from the plate, closer to the plate. Heavier or lighter bat. I can tell what I'm doing wrong by the flight of the ball. If I'm batting left-handed and everything I'm hitting is over the third-base dugout, I know it's swinging late. If I'm fouling everything down here, I'm swinging too early. That's why before every game, I clean my bat off. After I bat the first time, I go back and look at my bat. I can see where I'm going wrong, where I'm hitting the ball. I make adjustments when I'm not at the plate hitting. Other guys don't do that.

**PLAYBOY:** Are baseball players an unintelligent group of men? Are they dumber than other groups of athletes?

**ROSE:** Oh, I don't know. I think baseball players are some of the smarter guys. Because, you know, a lot of the football and basketball players, when they have college education, all their college education is, is physical education. And baseball players get the education of hard knocks, going through the minor leagues and becoming street smart like me. You know, they may not talk like it, put their words together right. Just like me. I don't talk good, but you understand everything I'm saying. I think I have a vocabulary and tone for getting things people understand. Kids understand me. I can get across to kids because I talk just like them. I've listened to football players and basketball players on interviews and I don't know what the hell they're saying. That don't mean they're stupid. I can get up in front of a bunch of people and I can have them laughing for a half hour. But I have to—because I can get $5000 for starters to do it.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't seem to be stupid when it comes to making money.

**ROSE:** Well, nowadays you have to be more conscious about what you are going to have and what you are going to do after you get out of baseball. You know, 20 years ago, 30 years ago, the old-time ballplayers, they didn't worry about saving money. They didn't worry about what they were going to do when they got out of baseball. But today, with the prices the way they are and what is expected of you today, to be in a baseball park, you have to be taught about what is going to take place when your baseball-playing days are over. You don't want to play baseball your whole life and at the age of 35, you have to pick up and get a new job and don't have any money to start in that job. So I think we are more thinking about what is going to happen when you are through playing.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you realize that you are only playing a *game*?

**ROSE:** I realize it's a game, but the odds of the game are the win. You know, you learn that in professional sports, you get in trouble sometimes, when you say that around kids, but winning is everything.

**PLAYBOY:** What kids are told is that winning or losing isn't important; it's playing the game that counts.

**ROSE:** It all depends on what kind of person you are. I mean, there are some guys that just fall in the trend that they're used to losing. Other guys—some guys can't stand the pressure of playing on a winning team. They can't. I mean, that's what I was reading the other day. I didn't say it, but somebody was saying the other day that they wondered how Carew's reaction would be if he played with the Yankees, a winning team. I don't know. There are some guys who can't play—because there are some guys who feel the pressures of being on a winner every day, day in and day out. Anybody can play on a last-place team.

Winning and losing *is* everything. I think you learn the differences in professional sports. I think you should teach it to kids, because winning and losing is important in life or in sports or in schoolwork or anything. I mean, if you had to worry about winning and losing in school, you wouldn't worry about passing or flunking. I mean, winning or losing is passing or flunking, isn't it? So when parents say that it is not important to my kid to worry about winning and losing, it's just not true.

*"Winning and losing is everything. . . . When parents say that it's not important to my kid to worry about winning and losing, it's just not true."*

**PLAYBOY:** But the bottom line today, past who wins or loses, is how much money you're paid to win, right?

**ROSE:** Well, I'm not in it to make everything I can as fast as I can, just to make a fast buck. The guys in Atlanta offered me $7,000,000 for four years—with some conditions attached. That's pretty serious. So I didn't get into this game to try to become independently wealthy overnight. A lot of people seem to think that. The Philly deal is a great deal. All the deals were great deals. I couldn't have gone wrong with any deal. And when you start talking about friends on other teams and personnel on other teams and fans and ball parks, the Phillies lack nothing. Everything I looked at, the Phillies were right at the top. Fans, fan appeal, ball club, personnel on the ball club, the ball park, the ownership. Everything I looked at for the Phillies was positive. Now, Pittsburgh is a good ball club, good ownership, good management. No fans. No fan appeal. Nobody goes to the ball park.

**PLAYBOY:** Having all those people bid so highly on you must have swelled your head a little.

**ROSE:** I don't know why that should be. The only difference between this year and last year, or the only difference today as compared with when I was nine years old, I get just as dirty today playing ball as I did when I was nine years old. The only difference today, I make better money. I wasn't a poor guy last year. I made almost $400,000. That's not exactly suffering. But I gotta play to make it. My philosophy is, I gotta prove to Philly I deserve it. That's the funny thing about this game. No matter how old you are or how good you are, you can hit .300 for 15 years and you get 38 years old and you gotta prove to people that you're not old. By hitting .300 this year, I've got to prove to them next year that I'm not going downhill. Because there's some people who are just sitting there, waiting for me to go downhill, so they can start yelling at me.

**PLAYBOY:** What is your net worth? With all the deals and endorsements you've got going, do you really know how much money you've got?

**ROSE:** I get a statement every three months. But I'm not going to tell you how much. It's not good to do that, because you get idiots who're kidnapers sitting out there, waiting for that kind of stuff. But unless it's totally necessary, I don't see the importance of putting a specific figure in the paper. I mean, so I'm a millionaire ballplayer. OK. I mean, everybody knows that. So what's the difference if I got $2,200,000 or $1,600,000?

**PLAYBOY:** It's a big difference from last year, isn't it?

**ROSE:** Oh, I made good money last year. Well, I knew all that hard work and all that busting my ass and everything was going to pay off. I mean, the one reason, besides pride, I guess, that I worked so damned hard to get it is so I won't have to worry about where I get my next meal from. I've seen many, many of my friends and guys I've played with, and they don't even have a job. They're looking for a job and their home is in hock and their family is hungry. Once I sign the contract, I forget about the money. Money's not that important. It goes to my financial advisor, anyway. I never see a check.

**PLAYBOY:** How has your lifestyle changed?

**ROSE:** None. Hasn't changed at all.

**PLAYBOY:** Nothing? Still buy the same clothes?

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**ROSE:** My wife still shops at K Mart.
**PLAYBOY:** You have a Rolls-Royce.
**ROSE:** Well, you know, I don't try and be a big shot because my wife drives a Rolls-Royce. I think it's smart to buy a Rolls-Royce rather than buying a Lincoln or something—or a Cadillac every year and losing $3000, $4000 on it. Get a Rolls-Royce, you ain't going to lose no money.
**PLAYBOY:** How did you manage to become an international media celebrity out of Cincinnati, Ohio?
**ROSE:** The reason for that is that I've been very fortunate to have a lot of things exciting happen to me on national TV. The fight with Harrelson started the All-Star thing with Ray Fosse. The world series, the hitting streak, you know, all the magazine articles, covers of *Sport*, *Sports Illustrated*. You know that I've been on the cover of every magazine. I mean, I've been on the cover of *Ebony*!
**PLAYBOY:** You've become a highly marketable commodity, in other words?
**ROSE:** Other ballplayers don't understand that that's why I got that big contract. Because I'm recognizable. I'm marketable. You know, Parker, [Jim] Rice, Carew, those guys are tremendous ballplayers, but I mean, do you think they deserve the money that I do? Because you have to put more things in perspective than just hitting the baseball. I mean, Ted Turner, in Atlanta, wanted me to play for his team so he could sell his TV station. You know, the guy from Pittsburgh wanted me to play with their Pirates so they could turn their attendance around. The Phillies wanted to sign me to a contract and surpass their all-time record of season tickets by 5000. That proves something to me, that somebody thinks I'm marketable.
**PLAYBOY:** Is there a point where you begin worrying that you might be overcommercializing yourself?
**ROSE:** No, because if the stuff is credible and it's class, you can't be overexposed. If you get attached to a nice bank or a good supermarket, a good automobile agency, oil company, you don't have to worry about it. But baseball players as a rule don't make a lot of money in commercials. I mean, I do commercials for Aqua Velva and I get paid pretty good. But, hell, if I told you some of the salaries that Bob Hope and those guys get. . . . Because there's only one Bob Hope. If they don't want Pete Rose, if he says no to Aqua Velva, they can get Larry Bowa. If he says no, they'll go to Dave Parker. There's so many guys they can get.
**PLAYBOY:** But one of the reasons you are considered so marketable is that you're a white athlete, wouldn't you agree?
**ROSE:** It has *something* to do with it. Look, if you owned Swanson's Pizza, would you want a black guy to do the commercial on TV for you? Would you

Wouldn't miss the Reverend Judd's "Evils of Drink" sermon for love nor money. Reckon when you're in the home distillery business it pays to know what the competition is thinking. So, one Sunday a year, me and the boys head for town, done up in our best. Which this year includes these fine looking new Timberland handsewn shoes we've got on. Latest thing from the folks who make our boots that we wear for tending the mash and making deliveries. Our Timberland handsewns are made with real soft leathers and they will keep fitting right and looking natty for a long time 'cause they're all hand lasted and hand sewn. They are also leather lined and got a padded collar so they're nice and comfortable over a long walk. Which is the way Reverend Judd prefers us to arrive. Parking our delivery car outside the church seems to make the Reverend *real* nervous!

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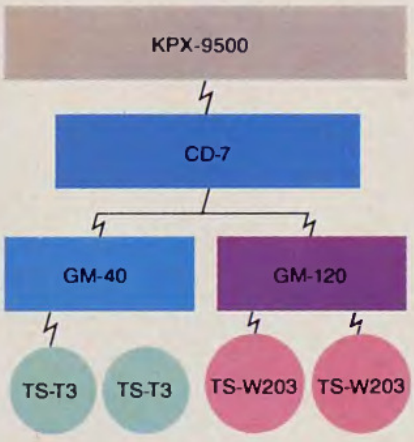


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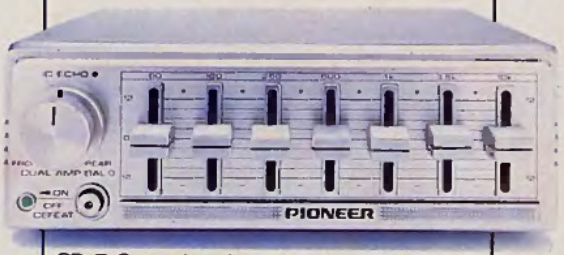


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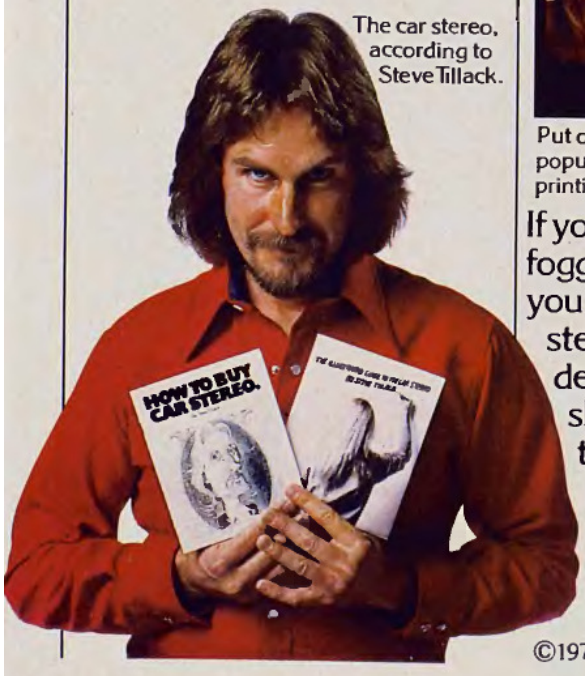


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like the black guy to pick up the pizza and bite into it? Try to sell it? I mean, would you want Dave Parker selling your pizza to America for you? Or would you want Pete Rose?

**PLAYBOY:** Doesn't all that show business interfere with your game?

**ROSE:** Oh, I don't do that shit during the summer. No, once baseball starts, I don't fool with it. I don't do no autograph signings, no charitable work, none of that stuff when the season starts. I'm not going to mess up the hand that feeds the mouth. I just play baseball in the summertime.

**PLAYBOY:** But off season, you seem to be everywhere. What's next, the movies?

**ROSE:** I could have went into that last year. I just didn't feel like it. What they wanted me to do, it just seemed like a lot of time and hard work for what they were going to pay me.

**PLAYBOY:** What movie were you going to be in?

**ROSE:** I was going to be a copilot in an airplane cockpit. Something to do with the Government. I didn't get all the details, because I didn't want to do it. I don't need them. I didn't need that film publicity.

**PLAYBOY:** How about the new candy bar you've come out with? Supercharg'r?

**ROSE:** Not candy. Don't put candy down there. It's all natural. It don't have no sugar.

**PLAYBOY:** Just lots of royalties.

**ROSE:** Yes, that could be the best royalty I've ever got. I've had other bars—energy bars. When you took a bite out of them, you almost needed a glass of water to wash it down. But you can substitute them for a meal, too. They sell half of what the projection is, I'll make one and a half times more than I do with the Phillies.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have a ball-park idea of how many you think you'll sell?

**ROSE:** Some of the competitors sell 57,000,000 and they don't taste good. If I sold 300,000,000 of those bars, I would make $4,500,000 myself, just me. There's no question about it. I can't wait.

**PLAYBOY:** So you're a pretty good money man. That must have helped you in your negotiations with other teams.

**ROSE:** Yeah, I guess you could say I really had my pick.

**PLAYBOY:** What were some of the other deals like, the ones you didn't take? We've heard some outrageous stories.

**ROSE:** That ain't so outrageous. Ted Turner, he's a real character. He wanted to pay me 1,000,000 bucks a season for the years I could play and then $100,000 a year for as long as I live. See, he owns the TV station down there that carries the Braves games. He figured he'd make up the money easy in what they'd bring in on bigger ratings.

**PLAYBOY:** Sounds good. Why didn't you go for it?

**ROSE:** I'm tellin' you, I really wasn't in it for the money. What could I have done for the Braves? Make them a contender, maybe. There's not much more one man could do for that club. It was more important to me to play with a team that could win the pennant, a team that could take the world series.

**PLAYBOY:** But turning down $1,000,000 a year?

**ROSE:** And that wasn't the only one. John Galbreath, the Pirates' owner, wanted to make me a millionaire, too. He owns Darby Dan Farm, too. He was going to give me race horses. Brood mares. He knows what a horse-race nut I am. He was going to give me some mares to breed with a couple of the best studs in the world. You know what that would be worth? You can't even put a price on that. And the guy was going to pay me $400,000 a year besides that.

**PLAYBOY:** That must have been hard to turn down.

**ROSE:** Yeah, and there was others, too. Kansas City was offering me over $1,000,000 a year. And Augie Busch in St. Louis was going to throw in a big beer distributorship with his money. I really coulda had my pick.

*"My problem over all these years with contracts in Cincinnati was that I am always too fair."*

**PLAYBOY:** And you picked Philadelphia for less money?

**ROSE:** Well, the money wasn't *that* much less. And I got lots of friends on the Phils. This team's got a first-class front office. That meant a lot to me after what happened in Cincinnati.

**PLAYBOY:** What exactly *did* happen?

**ROSE:** Well, I'll tell you, my problem over all these years with contracts in Cincinnati was that I am always too fair. See, some guys, if they want $100,000, they ask for $500,000. If they want $50,000, they ask for $80,000. You know, one year, I wanted $100,000, I got $92,000. Another year, I wanted $85,000, I got $75,000. I asked for $50,000 and I got $36,000. I never went over my head and then compromised. That's the way it should've been done.

**PLAYBOY:** The president of the Cincinnati Reds, Dick Wagner, seems to have been a thorn in your side during negotiations with the Reds. If he had come through, would you still be a Red?

**ROSE:** I looked at Dick Wagner last year and I said, "Dick, what do you negotiate a contract on?" "All right," he said, "it's consistency. Years of experience. Popularity and statistics." And I said, "What the hell do I lack in? On those four categories, what do I lack in as far as being number one in America? Who's been more consistent over a 16-year period than me? Don't say Rod Carew, because he's only been there 12 years. And stats. Who's got the stats? Now, if you say stats and a guy looks at me and says, well, you've only got 150 home runs. That's more than anybody in the history of the National League for a switch-hitter."

**PLAYBOY:** What did Wagner say to that?

**ROSE:** He didn't say nothing. What could he say?

**PLAYBOY:** Does he have something against you?

**ROSE:** Evidently. Maybe it's the flamboyant style I have off the field. But he should realize that all that does is sell tickets.

**PLAYBOY:** Let us play the devil's advocate for a moment.

**ROSE:** All right. You give me what you think he's saying and I'll answer it.

**PLAYBOY:** He's got you under contract. He's paying you $400,000 and you're busting your ass and he knows it. You're the big draw. Let's say 40,000 people come to a game. Now, if he doubles your salary, you're not going to double attendance for him.

**ROSE:** That's probably right.

**PLAYBOY:** You might not even add 10,000 more people a game.

**ROSE:** Well, look at it like this. Just like the Phillies said. They sold 5000 more seats in tickets per game this year.

**PLAYBOY:** But the Phillies didn't have you.

**ROSE:** No, you're misleading yourself. Because the Reds were not going to take me from $400,000 to $800,000. The Reds could've had me for $450,000. Four-five-oh for the rest of my career. They would not do it. Not $550,000, not $650,000, not $750,000—$450,000.

**PLAYBOY:** And you would have been happy with that figure?

**ROSE:** When I got my 3000th hit on May fifth, the Reds decided to have a Pete Rose Day, and my attorney, Reuven Katz, said, "Mr. Wagner, why don't you give Pete—for the fans on Pete Rose Day—a career, nonguaranteed contract of $450,000 a year?" Career nonguaranteed contract. Wagner said, "Well, we don't want to negotiate during the season." But a week before, he was negotiating with Mike Lumm and his attorney and he had a meeting set up for two weeks after that. Which was later canceled because we found out about it. So those are the double standards I'm telling you about.

**PLAYBOY:** When was your next meeting with Wagner?

**ROSE:** After the season was over, we go in

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to see him and he says, "Well, that's just a little bit too much." I said, "Well, OK, if that's the way you feel, there's no reason why I shouldn't just go through the free-agent draft to see what other teams think I'm worth." Then we went to Japan for exhibition games and the draft took place. At no time in Japan did the Reds ever try to negotiate with me. So, finally, two days before Wagner leaves to come back to the United States, he says he'd like to have a meeting with me when he gets back. I said, "Don't worry about it. I will never sign another contract before I talk to the Cincinnati Reds." We get back and we go down and have a meeting with him. Now, this is almost two months after the season is over, right? And we go in there and we sit down, and he has an idea what these other teams have offered. We say, "Well, Dick, have you come up with anything? What do you think?" You know what he says? He says, "I haven't had time to think about it." Been two months. It's a Friday. He says he'll get back to us Sunday. He gets back to us Sunday. He calls me and says, "I don't think we have any common ground to negotiate with." And that was it. He's still on the $400,000 figure. Which is less money than he's paying a couple other players on the team. Now, is there any way possible you can see it to be fair for me to be the third-highest-paid player on Cincinnati's team? They even had polls on TV in Cincy. Should Pete Rose be the highest-paid player on the Reds? You know, should he make the most money? More than any other player on the Reds? I mean, that's a stupid question for anybody to ask anybody.

**PLAYBOY:** Did Wagner realize he could have gotten you for $50,000 more?

**ROSE:** Well, what happened, Wagner knew that he could've had me for $430,000, $440,000 or $450,000 way back in June. And he probably told his bosses that. Now, all of a sudden, it's up to $650,000. What's he gonna do, tell his people he can get me for $650,000? Well, they'll say, "Hey, you could've gotten him for $450,000 three months ago. What the hell happened?" It makes him look bad. So he just said, "The hell with it. Take a chance." Wagner took the chance that I wouldn't have a good year. Do you think he knew I was going to go on a 44-game hitting streak? He took a chance and he lost.

**PLAYBOY:** How did that make you feel? Hurt, pissed off?

**ROSE:** No, I can't be hurt because one guy didn't like me. How can I be hurt?

**PLAYBOY:** Because he prevented you from having what could have been a continuous career—hometown boy, sticking with one uniform. . . .

**ROSE:** Well, that's another thing that was awful peculiar, as far as I'm concerned. Here's a guy, Wagner, that's an outsider. I'm 16 years a Cincinnati Red. Louis Nippert is a grand gentleman who owns the Cincinnati Reds, 89 percent, or something like that. I negotiate with all these guys I'm just telling you about. They pick me up at the airport, they drive me to their house, they negotiate and they drive me back to the airport. Mr. Busch, I negotiated with him four hours in the hospital where he was in for a hernia operation. So, finally, I asked Mr. Wagner, I said, "Mr. Wagner, why don't you let me sit down and talk to Mr. Nippert? He owns the team. He's from Cincinnati." You know what he says? "You can talk to him but not about money." Then doesn't it seem strange here that at no time did I ever get to talk to the Cincinnati Reds' owner? I spent 16 years, starting headfirst and playing anywhere they wanted me to play.

**PLAYBOY:** Did Nippert try to contact you?

**ROSE:** Mr. Nippert made a quote in the paper that no one ever asked him if I could talk to him. I never once got to negotiate about my contract. And I used to sit with him on the bus in Japan on the way to the ball park and talk to him. Nice fellow, great. But that just goes to show you that in Cincinnati, Mr. Nippert has nothing to do with what goes on with the ball club. It's all Mr. Wagner.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you really want to finish out your career in Cincinnati?

**ROSE:** Sure. I used to think, especially when I went to St. Louis, I used to walk to the ball park there. I used to dream about having a statue like they've got of Stan Musial down at the Reds' stadium. I probably screwed that up now.

**PLAYBOY:** How has all the fuss affected your wife? What is Karolyn like?

**ROSE:** Crazy. Funny personality. She's got a better personality than I got. She gets along better with people than anybody I've ever seen. Very outgoing. She'll go to a banquet, a baseball banquet, and before we leave, she'll have already kissed ten guys goodbye. I mean, nice to see you again and you know. She's like a Jewish person. You know, all they do is kiss and shake hands.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that right?

**ROSE:** Yeah, you know it's true.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you keep your marriage together? Obviously, there have been rocky times.

**ROSE:** I don't worry about it. Nothing bothers me. If I'm home in bed, I sleep. If I'm at the ball park, I play baseball. If I'm on my way to the ball park, I worry about how I'm going to drive. Just whatever is going on, that's what I do. I don't worry about a bunch of things.

**PLAYBOY:** Is Karolyn a good baseball wife?

**ROSE:** She's a perfect baseball player's wife. Yeah. She went to a Cincinnati wrestling match and refereed the match

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between the Sheik and Bobo Brazil, and she came home, I swear to God—she had a sweat suit on, and she had, on one side, all the way down one side, nothing but blood on her pants. I mean, real blood.

**PLAYBOY:** She really got into it?

**ROSE:** Oh, man, they threw a chair and it just missed her. She had blood all over the damn place. She had fun.

Karolyn is understanding. She knows I go on road trips. She knows I am going to be away from home half the time. And she is a great mother, great housekeeper. She has got her own personality. She is outgoing, with a great personality. I guess marriagewise, her best enemies are her friends.

**PLAYBOY:** Why? Do they tattle on you?

**ROSE:** Because a lot of people have a tendency to think they know everything that goes on about me. They don't know nothing. So a lot of people always talk about hearsay. And they can't wait to tell her about hearsay. And hearsay can start more trouble than anything.

**PLAYBOY:** Karolyn told us that she has called you on the road and not been able to find you; she said she presumes you are screwing around. She seems to make a joke out of it.

**ROSE:** Well, she wouldn't make a joke about it. But she will take it. She won't say nothin'. She knows what I like for her to say or not to say.

**PLAYBOY:** Doesn't sound like much of an example as far as equality goes. What about kids? Do you think much about the example you set for them?

**ROSE:** You mean in baseball?

**PLAYBOY:** Not necessarily. How about other areas—such as drugs?

**ROSE:** I have never been on drugs.

**PLAYBOY:** No one ever passed a joint at a party?

**ROSE:** I have been around where there has been, but I never did. I always worry too much if I do, something like that and some guy with a camera takes my picture or they arrest me. I have got too much to lose for something like that.

**PLAYBOY:** Cocaine has become the playtime drug of the major leagues, according to a PLAYBOY poll. What do you think about your teammates' using it?

**ROSE:** It is OK with me. You know all of my teammates don't do it. I hope the guys who I play against do it. I don't give a shit. It is just going to make my job easier.

**PLAYBOY:** What if you found out that particular teammates were doing it?

**ROSE:** I'd try to straighten them out. And I would try to make them see the light. I mean, I am no Elmer Gantry. Even though I don't hang in bars and drink or nothin'. I mean, I'd try to make them see the light. In everything you do, there is a right way to do something and a wrong way to do something. And just explain it to them the right way without . . . I forgot the word . . . you know I'm not—I don't disagree with everything—I am not a pure person.

I guess I heard some of the guys I used to play with did cocaine or marijuana and I tried to talk to them, but, you know, I can think of a couple of guys that should have listened to me. 'Cause they are under 30 and they are out, they are gone now, looking for jobs.

**PLAYBOY:** A lot of guys say they need an amphetamine, or two or three before a game. What do you think?

**ROSE:** Well, a lot of guys might think that there are certain days you might need a greenie, an upper.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you take one?

**ROSE:** I might. I have taken stuff before.

**PLAYBOY:** What stuff?

**ROSE:** A painkiller when I had a bad arm. You know, just, it's not against the law to do that.

**PLAYBOY:** No. We mean something to pick you up.

**ROSE:** Well, that would get you up.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you taken greenies?

**ROSE:** Well, I might have taken a greenie last week. I mean, if you want to call it a greenie. I mean, if a doctor gives me a prescription of 30 diet pills, because I want to curb my appetite, so I can lose five pounds before I go to spring training, I mean, is that bad? I mean, a doctor is not going to write a prescription that is going to be harmful to my body.

*"A lot of guys might think there are days you might need a greenie, an upper. . . . I might have taken a greenie last week."*

**PLAYBOY:** It depends on your body.

**ROSE:** So a greenie can be a diet pill. That's all a greenie is, is a diet pill. Am I right or wrong? I know I am right. An upper is nothing but a diet pill.

**PLAYBOY:** But would you use them for anything other than dieting?

**ROSE:** There might be some day when you played a double-header the night before and you go to the ball park for a Sunday game and you just want to take a diet pill, just to mentally think you are up. You won't be up, but mentally you might think you are up.

**PLAYBOY:** Does that help your game?

**ROSE:** It won't help the game, but it will help you mentally. When you help yourself mentally, it might help your game.

**PLAYBOY:** You keep saying you *might* take a greenie. *Would* you? *Have* you?

**ROSE:** Yeah, I'd do it. I've done it.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever found homosexuality among baseball players?

**ROSE:** I have never heard anything mentioned about any homosexual in baseball. Either on my team or on the opposing team. So I know nothing about it. I read about it on football teams, but I don't know.

**PLAYBOY:** Psychologists have claimed that there are homosexual tendencies in everything athletes do—patting and hugging. Do you agree?

**ROSE:** I disagree with it. When the shot is from under the butt, it is just a good place to slap because of the way your hand is. Your hand is right there, I mean. In hockey, they do that, too. They also hit each other on the head. Well, most guys pat guys on the butt because they already passed them. We always hit each other on the hand. But you can't hit a guy on the hand if he has already walked by you, so the only place to hit—there is only one place to hit him. I disagree with that stuff. They want me to *be* that way, that is why they say that. You can't tell me. Because I hit more guys on the butt than anybody. They're going to say that I have homosexual ways. I just scream at them. I just say that is stupid.

**PLAYBOY:** There's just one more topic to talk about, and that's the paternity suit filed against you by Terryl Rubio, the young woman in Florida who says she had your baby.

**ROSE:** I ain't gonna say nothin' about that. You're wastin' your time even askin' me.

**PLAYBOY:** Why won't you talk about it?

**ROSE:** It's nobody's business. It's private.

**PLAYBOY:** Private? It's been on national television and in every newspaper in the country. And there are a lot of people in baseball who've told us that you spent much of last season traveling around with the girl while she was pregnant. You didn't seem to be hiding it then. How can it be so private? Do you deny the allegation now?

**ROSE:** Look, you can say anything you want, 'cause you ain't gonna get nothin' from me.

**PLAYBOY:** Then let's go on and finish the interview. There are still a couple of things we'd like to clear up.

**ROSE:** What the hell more do you need? I've already talked to you for weeks.

**PLAYBOY:** We know that; we made that clear to you from the outset. You're the one who has canceled appointments and stood us up.

**ROSE:** Well, it's finished. I don't want to talk to fuckin' reporters anymore.

**PLAYBOY:** Why? You made such a point of how you always cooperate with the press.

**ROSE:** Look, I know what you're gonna ask me and I ain't gonna talk about that shit. So why bother me? That's personal shit, man.

**PLAYBOY:** So the interview's over?

**ROSE:** Fuckin' right it is.

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*for those organizations whose product is arson, business has never been hotter*

*article* **By JAMES McKINLEY**

# FIRE FOR HIRE

HE HAD WORKED *in this nice mid-American town for several years, I'd been told. He was firmly allied with the city's ruling Mafia clan, doing odd jobs—paper scams, mostly—such as running the bookmaking operations. He'd been suspected of heavier crimes, too, including arson. But although the police, the FBI, the Department of Justice, insurance investigators and prosecutors were sure he'd burned things, he'd never been convicted. Until recently, his official business had been running a disco, and that's where I met the man I'll call Lenny Ajax one morning just after closing.*

*Stale smoke, booze fumes, body odor and perfume hung in the air. It was a slick place, with fancy furnishings and high overhead, the sort of place that burns when business falls away, as this joint had a few months before. I told Ajax I just wanted information; I didn't want to put anybody in jail. He laughed. A Federal indictment for bank fraud had landed on him three weeks before. Now he sat in the gloomy vapors silhouetted by the red fire-exit sign. In his mid-30s, stocky and muscular, with dark disco-frizzed hair, he seemed like one of Hogarth's bluff and hearty villains come to life. Except that when you asked questions, Ajax' eyes narrowed so that his head looked like a bunker.*

*"How many fires have you set?" I asked.*

*"Who said I set fires?"*

*"I heard it, but I wouldn't tell you where, just as I wouldn't tell anyone who you are." This is called covering your ass.*

*"About twenty," he said.*

*"Tell me about some."*

*"The biggest was a warehouse, down by the river. Guy wanted the insurance and to get new stock, so we burned it. It was simple—just some gas in leaking jugs and a*

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM EVANS

*candle. He got the money."*

*"How about you?"*

*"I got some, too. I've also burned things for nothing, as a favor."*

*"What kind of things? For whom?"*

*"Houses. If a friend wants a new house or needs money, I'll burn something for him."*

*"Such as?"*

*"A restaurant. A bar. You don't have to take 'em down. Do it right and you'll cause enough damage to get the money and then you rebuild. Or get a new partner."*

*"Did your fires ever hurt anybody?"*

*"No. Killing people's dumb. You want to burn when nobody's around."*

*"What do you feel when you see something burning that you've set?"*

*"I don't see it. I'm long gone. In Vegas or somewhere."*

*"You don't feel anything?"*

*"What's to feel? It's just a piece of brick. Arson don't hurt anybody except insurance companies. And who, your average citizen, doesn't like to fuck insurance companies?"*

•

The young mother lies beneath the burglar-barred window leading to the fire escape. She cradles an infant in each arm. The three are charred, stiff—fired like stoneware in the last rictus of death by flame. One baby's mouth presses his mother's blackened breast. The other child's is open, caught in mid-scream. One small tooth gleams. Six feet away, under the kitchen table's skeleton, are a boy and a girl, about 11 and 12, hiding there, they thought, and reaching for each other. Their charcoal hands now touch in last communication. Three feet farther on, three smaller children make a clump, their basted bodies fused like amber wax. Their seared skin flakes off when the fire fighters, hiding their pain in gallows humor, call them crispy critters and, averting their eyes, put the charred remains into the body bags.

Twenty-one died in that fire in Hoboken, New Jersey. They were murdered by an arsonist. At 3:30 A.M., someone splashed gasoline in a first-floor hallway and tossed a match. Someone as yet unknown. With an unknown motive. The arsonist could have been seeking revenge on some of the 12-in-a-room East Guyanese and *latino* tenants; it's estimated that at least half this nation's yearly 200,000-plus arson fires are set to avenge a real or imagined wrong. It could have been a pyromaniac or other twisted sort: About one in ten arsons is. Maybe the arsonist was a kid fevered by street-punk glory, or perhaps he was someone lashing out at a landlord in ghetto desperation: Vandals set 20 percent of the nation's arson fires.

But if this murderous blaze was part of arson's fastest-growing category, then the building's owner—or his hired torch—set the fire. To collect insurance.

Five tenements like that one went up in northern New Jersey within three months, killing more than 50 people. All were insured, and if national trends hold, the owners will have collected their claims, since fewer than 20 percent of the claims are rejected, arson or not. Only about two percent of arson incidents result in a conviction because, unlike other crimes, to prove arson, you must prove both the crime (the set fire) and the criminal—the arsonist as either hired agent or owner of the structure.

Thomas E. Kotoske, attorney in charge of the Organized Crime Strike Force in San Francisco and a fierce arson investigator, flatly says that "arson is the toughest case to prosecute." As a result, in many locales, the greenest or most lackadaisical prosecutors are assigned to arson cases, because, as one arson investigator put it, "Arson cases are hell on your won-lost record." Even fewer convictions are returned in arson-for-profit cases, in which the link between crime and criminal must be completely taut.

Unfortunately, several other factors usually make the linkage loose. Among them:

- an insurance system inviting fraud.
- undermanned, underfinanced, undertrained arson-investigation agencies.
- the difficulty of detecting arson, especially when torches use sophisticated techniques such as time devices to remove themselves from the scene of the crime, or other methods to conceal the fire's origin. (See box, page 250.)
- a public whose attitude toward arson has been, "So what? It's only property." Until Congress recently acted, arson wasn't even the same category of crime as auto theft, despite the fact that it kills about 1000 people per year.
- shrewd, resourceful criminals determined to take advantage of all such weaknesses.

Little wonder that arson for profit is, according to the insurance industry and law-enforcement officials, one of the country's hottest growth industries, a nearly risk-free crime that lets bodies and buildings fall where they may. How big is this racket? How costly? How does it work? Who's doing the burning? And what, if anything, is being done, or can be done, to stop it?

First things first. In terms of raw numbers, arson for profit is very big. Fire and police officials estimate that nearly 50,000 fires a year are set with the express purpose of collecting insurance, costing insurance companies upwards of $350,000,000.

To understand how arson for profit works, one has first to understand a bit about the current state of the fire-insurance business. It has problems. The first is that the United States' insurance industry, unlike Canada's, as yet has no computerized registry to retrieve and cross-reference data on where the fires are popping up and who owns the particular buildings. The U. S. insurance companies are currently putting together such systems at the state level and hope to hook up a comprehensive national registry in 1980. Even so, dummy real-estate ownership can render such data meaningless. Furthermore, since no reliable cross-reference system yet exists among companies, someone can insure with several companies in succession. He can deny or even admit to previous fires. One person in Kansas City who periodically collected tidy fire sums actually told an insurance investigator that his occupations were "used-car dealer, real estate, gambling, arson."

In any case, the insurance company is usually liable. That's because most states have some sort of "bad faith" insurance law, a statute designed to protect the public from shaky insurance operators by requiring a company to pay claims within a short time after they're filed (say 30 to 90 days) or face big punitive claims.

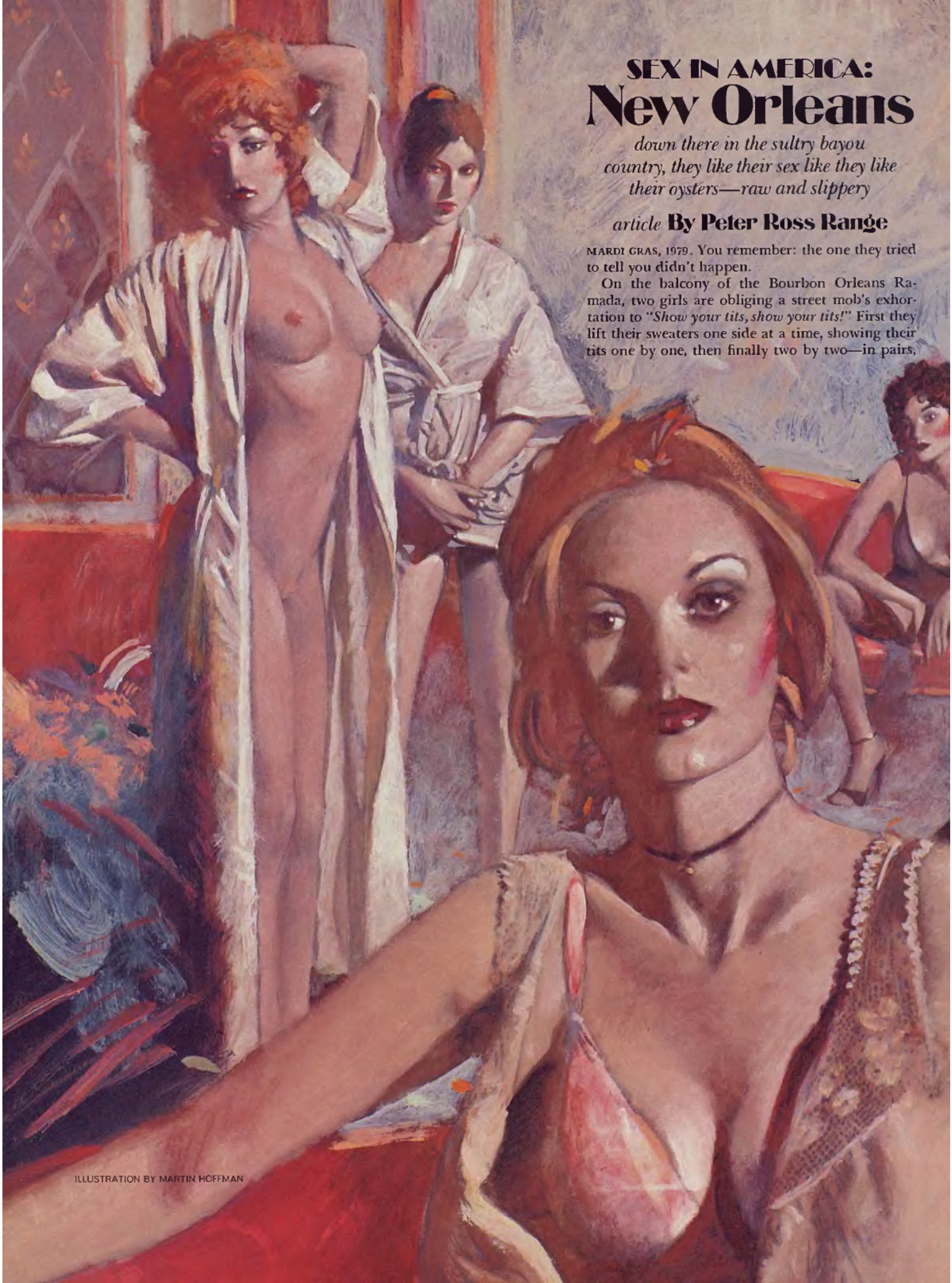
In some states, a company that fails to settle in the allotted time must pay three times the claimed loss; and in a few states, the company must pay a percentage of its *total* assets. A known arsonist in California received $1,500,000 in damages that way, after his insurance company refused to pay a $25,000 fire claim. Most insurance firms would rather pay than fight, especially on small claims (under $100,000, though some now will fight claims as low as $25,000). This merely encourages the arson business, as evidenced by the dramatic increase in small-claim fires, for which, as one insurance executive said, the companies "pay off like a slot machine."

The arsonist goes where the going's easiest. The consumer pays the freight. The fare is increased by another insurance-company handicap. In many states, it also constitutes bad faith for the insurer's investigators to share their intelligence with law-enforcement officers. In several states, large judgments have been granted to arsonists in civil cases—despite their conviction of arson in criminal court—on the basis that the arsonists' right to privacy, according to the Federal Privacy Act of 1974, was breached by information sharing.

Yet even those regulations pale beside the greatest current incentive to arson: the Federally mandated Fair Access to Insurance Requirements plan (FAIR). Enacted in the aftermath of the urban burns of the Sixties, notably the one in

*(continued on page 170)*

*"Not here, darling! Nobody's watching!"*



# SEX IN AMERICA: New Orleans

*down there in the sultry bayou country, they like their sex like they like their oysters—raw and slippery*

*article* **By Peter Ross Range**

MARDI GRAS, 1979. You remember: the one they tried to tell you didn't happen.

On the balcony of the Bourbon Orleans Ramada, two girls are obliging a street mob's exhortation to *"Show your tits, show your tits!"* First they lift their sweaters one side at a time, showing their tits one by one, then finally two by two—in pairs,

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

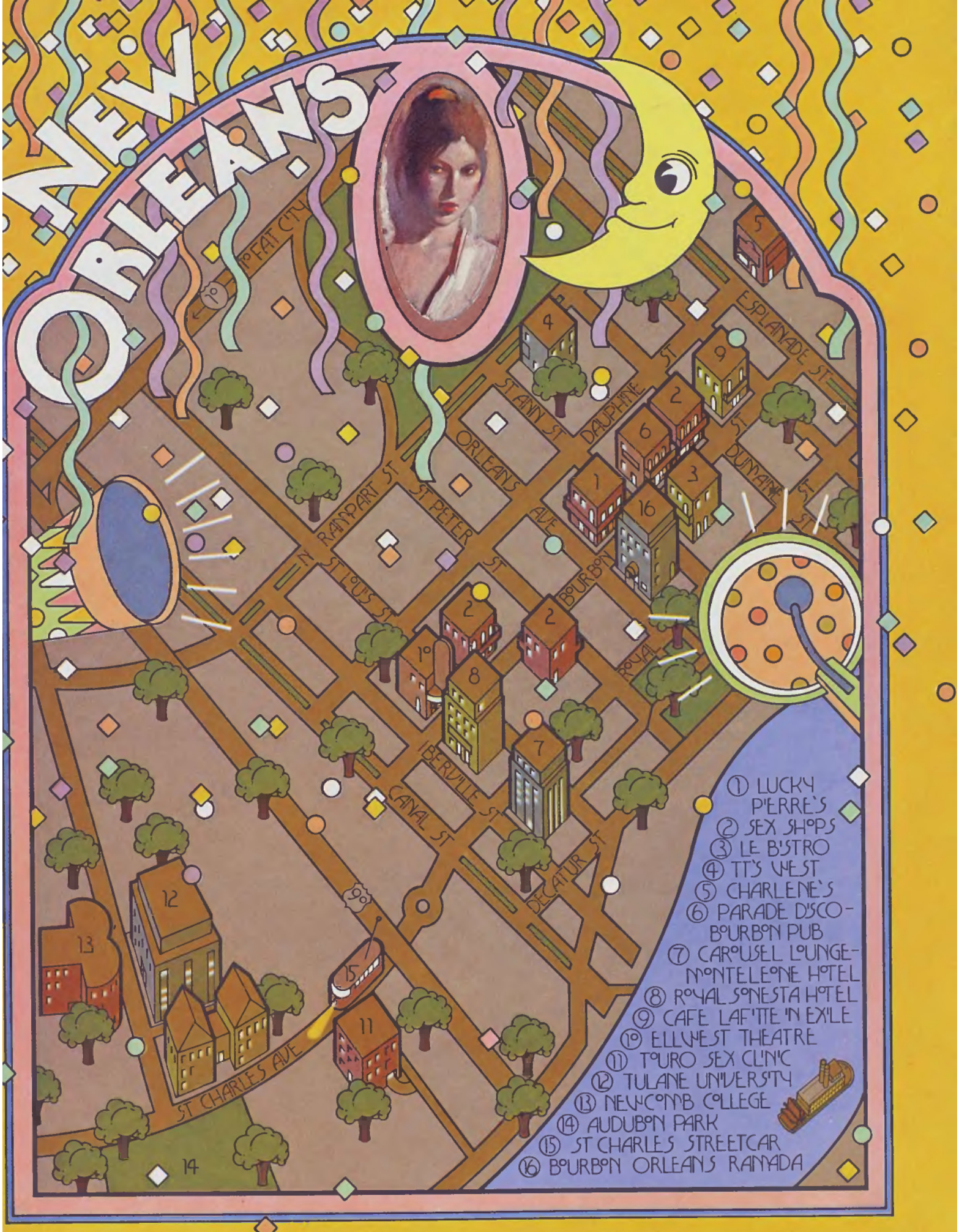



ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CRAIG

so to speak. As soon as one girl takes her sweater off altogether, the mob chant changes to *"Show your pussy!"* She immediately begins unzipping her pants, but her lower parts are obscured by the large dark-blue banner hung over the railing: WISCONSIN MARDI GRAS HQ., it reads. Suddenly, her boyfriend comes up behind her, jerks her pants down to her ankles and hoists her upside down over his shoulder, giving the crowd a good view of, well, more ass than pussy. Then he spins her around and reappears in more or less the same pose but with his head between her kicking legs in simulated cunnilingus. Crowd most happy.

In the French Quarter, four guys have rigged a costume that amounts to one great big penis. They run around the streets like Chinese doing a dragon dance. The fourth guy is carrying two large, brown stuffed garbage bags—the balls. The dragon cock makes fine sport of charging at a startled woman, then squirting her with a water-pistollike device mounted in the penis head.

On the balcony at the Bourbon Orleans, a man and a woman are throwing plastic beads and doubloons to the crowd. But they do it with a twist: Each bead and each play coin makes a visit to the lady's obviously lubricious private parts before sailing down to the drunks below.

On a private balcony on a side street, one lady gives simultaneous hand jobs to two men standing beside her, facing the crowd: One guy is black, the other white.

On the balcony of the cushy Royal Sonesta Hotel, one thing leads to another until one couple, to the ecstasy of the mob below, actually copulates.

•

New Orleans is outrageous—beautiful, brassy, classy, sleepy, snooty, permissive, tacky, filthy, elegant and grand. New Orleans is a whore; New Orleans is a soft drizzle; New Orleans is two guys sucking one girl's tits on a Bourbon Street balcony during Mardi Gras; *(text continued on page 124)*

The city fathers of New Orleans tend to write off the French Quarter (see map on opposite page) and Mardi Gras as tourist attractions. The guys and dolls shown here may have been from out of town, but they were obviously enjoying this year's Mardi Gras—the one the same city fathers said didn't happen. *Vive* New Orleans!

*since we first uncovered her in 1969, playmate of the year claudia jennings has gone on to become queen of the b movies. here she is a decade later, still looking sensational. hail to the queen!*

# CLAUDIA RECAPTURED

*pictorial essay*

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

TEN YEARS AGO, she used the money she had earned as a Playmate to move from Chicago to Los Angeles. Since then, Claudia Jennings, who went on to become Playmate of the Year, has never had to look back. That's not surprising, since Claudia obviously looks even better than she did when she began to build her rep as queen of the Bs by playing some baaaad mommas in movies such as *Unholy Rollers* and *Truck Stop Women*. Her latest are such hell-on-wheels epics as last year's *Deathsport*, with David Carradine, and the new Canadian-made *Fast Company*. Somewhere in between, after a big broken romance followed by a period of readjustment and a brand-new man, *(text concluded on page 176)*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

CLOTHING DESIGNED BY PATTY FERRY

Claudia's last session with photagrapher Mario Casilli was far *Claudia Observed* (December 1974). This time, says she, their aim was "to take really pretty pictures in tough clothes. To be tough in leather is obvious and boring . . . ta look a little vulnerable is nice." Mission accamplished.

Under the sophisticated veneer, Claudia sees herself as a quiet girl. "In the movies, even as a Dynamite Woman, I was always the heart-of-gold type. I'm gentler, calmer than peaple think. Here I tried to be more sensuous and personal than I'd ever dared to be in frant of a camera before."

Working with leather frightened Claudia initially. "In private life, I never wear leather, never even wear black. I'm nat heavy into S/M. Honest, when they first put that cat-a'-nine-tails in my hand, I didn't know what it was for. Sa I ate it."

# SEX IN NEW ORLEANS *(continued from page 117)*

*"When not swaying or dancing, the girls don see-through tops and hustle drinks and tips."*

New Orleans is semitropical private courtyards hung with wisteria; New Orleans is oysters and sex.

The sexual climate of New Orleans is 18th Century romantic, Mediterranean *macho*, New World tropical. New Orleans descends directly from the Colonial concubinage tradition. Unlike most of America, New Orleans is Continental European, not English. Beyond the cultural heritage, there is the sensuous lushness of a city shaded perennially by enormous live oaks hung sleepily with Spanish moss, dotted with palmettos and scented by the overwhelmingly aphrodisiac fragrance of green-olive and tulip trees. With the seething intimacy of the French Quarter, the condo/disco madness of Fat City and the lush grandeur of exclusive uptown Garden District mansions, New Orleans has the makings of a lifestyle more attuned to sensuous fulfillment than to professional achievement; New Orleans is dedicated more than any other American city to the pursuit of pure pleasure. It may have the highest sexual temperature in the country.

The French Quarter is the overt embodiment of New Orleans' exceptionally unabashed sexuality. Sex is the chief theme of Bourbon Street, whose shopwindows are hung with five-dollar T-shirts emblazoned with sexual clichés: IF GOD HAD NOT MEANT FOR MAN TO EAT PUSSY, HE WOULD NOT HAVE MADE IT LOOK SO MUCH LIKE A TACO and FOUR OUT OF FIVE DENTISTS RECOMMEND ORAL SEX. Hoarse-throated hawkers promote half a dozen go-go girlie shows (G string and pasties required) and the legendary Gunga Den female impersonators' show, which may, in fact, have the best-looking girls (boys) in town. One go-go joint has a pair of (wooden) girl's legs protruding through the window curtain every two seconds; inside, one of the nearly naked dancers takes a ten-minute turn lying on her stomach, swaying back and forth on a pallet suspended over the bar and surrounded by mirrors. When not swaying or dancing, the girls don see-through tops and hustle drinks and tips ("Wanna give me a dollah for mah dancing, mistah?").

Bourbon Street also includes seven sexual novelty shops owned by Ruth Ann Menutis, who sells over 2500 pairs of pasties every month, "mostly to tourists and conventioneers, but we also supply about 30 strippers." The Ellwest Theater is the street's heart of hard-core porn: 19 large-screen booths in a clean setting attract even couples to watch the rawest things coming out of California these days.

The backside of the French Quarter—from St. Ann Street all the way into the adjacent Faubourg Marigny neighborhood—is the home of one of the most cohesive gay communities in America. No fewer than 40 gay bars, restaurants and clubs (including three gay baths) dot the area, serving a well-organized gay community (estimated at about 100,000 persons). Dancing at the Parade Disco above the Bourbon Pub, cruising for sex at Jewel's on Decatur Street or just surveying the general decadence in tight jeans and leather jackets from the balcony at the Cafe Lafitte In Exile, New Orleans gays intensify the pervasive sensuality of the city where Tennessee Williams and Truman Capote felt at home decades ago.

New Orleans leads a double life. While the French Quarter is blatantly hedonistic, the tradition-minded burghers of the "American sector" who run the businesses west of Canal Street at least go through the motions of propriety and conservatism. Theirs are the stately homes that fill the Garden District and theirs are the sons who sow the wild oats at Tulane University [see box, page 222]. Theirs are the votes that got the Superdome into New Orleans and theirs are the anti-Semitic, antiblack rules that keep the Mardi Gras balls exceedingly exclusive and hierarchical.

Yet the city's aristocracy is obviously not immune to the sensuous lures of New Orleans. The pillars of respectability have traditionally been among those patronizing such legendary French Quarter madams as Norma Wallace, who retired in 1965 after 40 years in the business. It is the community leaders who take their clients to the barstool ladies at the Carousel Lounge in the Monteleone Hotel on Royal Street and to Lucky Pierre's on Bourbon Street. And it is the newly rich who today maintain private trysting places within the maze of courtyard apartments in the French Quarter.

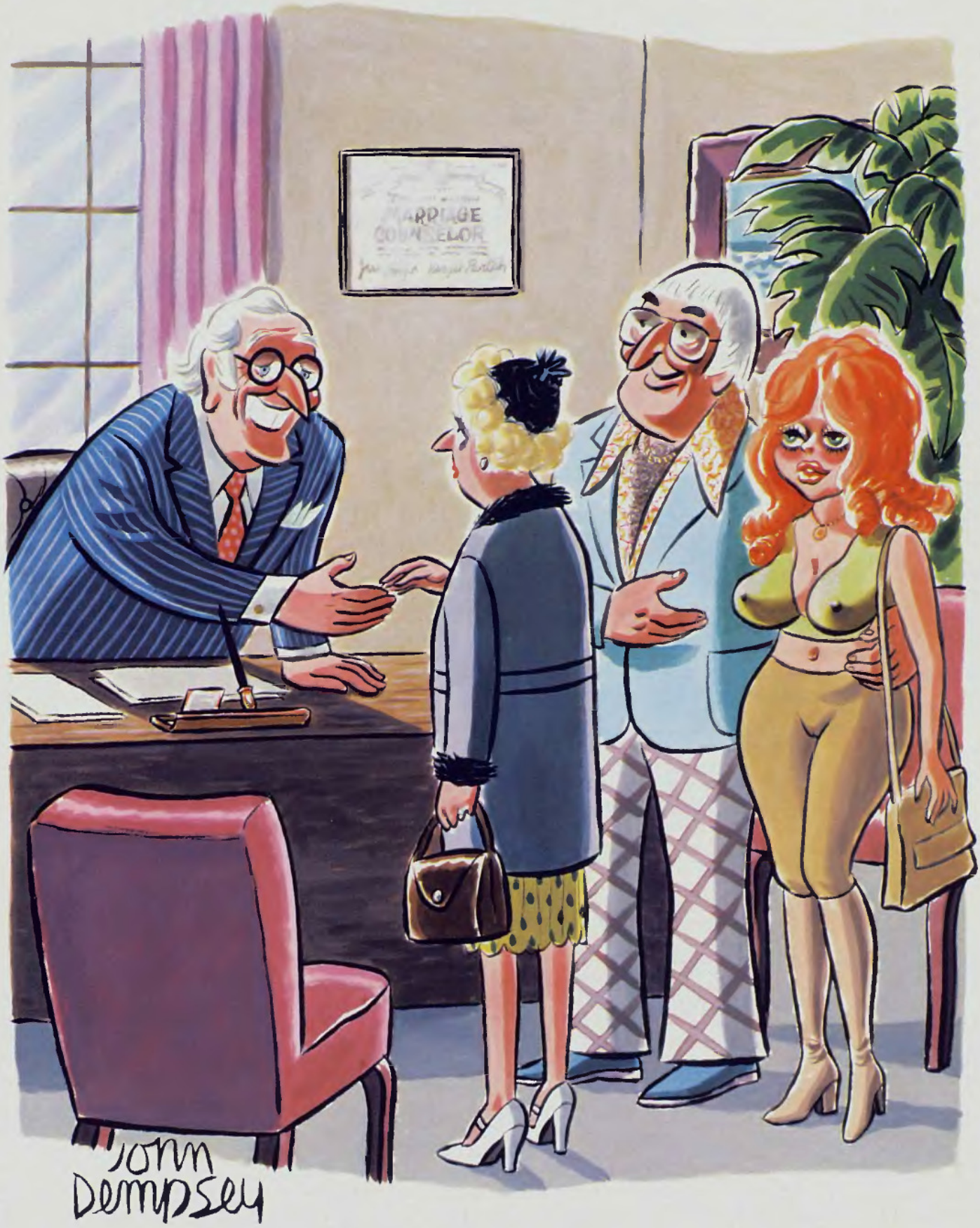
The complex sexual kaleidoscope of New Orleans includes the "free people of color"—the city's inordinately large community of fair-skinned, educated, middle-class blacks. UN Ambassador Andrew Young descends from this world, and so does Ernest "Dutch" Morial, the city's first black mayor. Like the whites, a strikingly large proportion of New Orleans blacks are Catholic, well married and fathers of large families (Morial, for instance, has five children). Yet, like the whites, the blacks fancy themselves bearers of the *macho* standard in the Mediterranean South. Stories of prominent blacks patronizing the white ladies of the evening in Lucky Pierre's (and in the ranks of political election-campaign volunteers) are legion in New Orleans. "The light-skinned blacks are the sexiest men in town," says one young white woman flatly. Music to their ears.

### SINGLES

New Orleans is an all-night town. When Atlanta and Miami are beginning to shut down, New Orleans is just waking up. The bars that close at all close at four A.M. "I just put a pillow over my face for 30 minutes, then I'm ready to party," explains David Marcello, a young bearded man in corduroys. He is sipping whiskey at midnight in a funky live-music bar called Tipitina's on Tchoupitoulas Street in a dingy wharf district outside the French Quarter. Marcello just happens to be executive counsel to Mayor Morial. During the heat of last winter's police strike, Marcello was a principal negotiator for the city team. Yet no one thinks it at all amiss that one of the city's top lawyers, after a 12-hour stint in the office, should be out drinking at midnight. "They know they can always reach me at Tipitina's," laughs Marcello. "Sex in New Orleans? Sure, it's everywhere: polymorphous perversity!"

"If I arrived in Dallas at two in the morning and wanted some sex," explains Eddie Sapir, New Orleans' only long-haired, cowboy-booted municipal judge, who drives a white Cadillac convertible, "I would have to get out my address book and start making calls. In New Orleans, everybody is still out at two." Sapir is telling me this during a pleasant crawl that *begins* at 11:30 P.M. in a posh, dual-discoed bar and restaurant called The Forty One Forty One, continues to the fancy digs of Georgie Porgie's disco in the Hyatt Regency Hotel opposite the Superdome, onward to La Boucherie, a crowded second-floor bar and disco in the French Quarter, which gives free drinks to the ladies on Thursday nights. The marathon finally ends near four A.M. with one more round at the superhooker watering hole of Lucky Pierre's. Lucky Pierre's is where even those not looking for ladies come for an after-hours meal. Breakfast on Lucky's patio is said to be better than brunch at Brennan's, but Lucky's closes at seven A.M. We are not looking for ladies: Sapir, also a boxing promoter and pal of Joe Namath, Billy Martin and the like, has on his arm tonight one of the finest examples of pulchritudinous Southern womanhood not yet in the movies.

*(continued on page 218)*




*"And this is Miss Eaton, whom you or nobody else is going to talk me into giving up."*

# NICK NOLTE HANGS TOUGH

*in the star business, sometimes you have to be a little berserk—to keep from going berserk*

*personality*

By O'CONNELL DRISCOLL

IT'S ONE-FIFTEEN," the man in the green-corduroy jacket said. "He was supposed to be here at one. My appointment was for one o'clock."

The man said this to a middle-aged woman who was sitting at a desk on the other side of the plushly decorated reception room. The woman was sitting so that she faced away from the man, and she answered him without bothering to turn.

"The production office said he was on his way over here now," she said. "I'm sure he won't be long. Why don't you sit down, doctor?"

"I don't feel like sitting down," the man who was the doctor said.

As if to emphasize this, he moved away from a comfortable-looking wing chair and stepped over to the windows that looked out—from the second floor—onto the back lot of Paramount Pictures. Directly outside there were three anonymous-looking office buildings arranged in a horseshoe around a small park; two attractive women were sitting on a bench in the middle of this area with their shoes off and their faces inclined to the afternoon sun.

"People think that when we come up here, we have all day to spend," the doctor said. "People have no concept of time here."

The woman at the desk looked over at the man, but only briefly. She quite evidently did not like him. "I'm *certain* that he's on his way," she said.

The doctor gave her a humorless smile. "I know this man," he said. "This man is irresponsible. This man doesn't keep appointments."

"But he knew you were coming," the woman said. "I'm sure——"

"No," the man said, cutting her off. "He wouldn't care at all about something like this. It would be the last thing on his mind."

The doctor looked outside again; he was suddenly furious. He observed the people passing below as if they had offended him personally. "You'll have to make another appointment," he said. "I don't have time to waste like this. I'll have to come back."

He took his car keys from his jacket pocket and put on a pair of sunglasses. "You're going to be billed for this visit," the doctor said. "One hundred dollars. And another hundred dollars for the return visit. Is that understood?"

The telephone rang and the woman reached across her desk to answer it. "Mr. Nolte's office," she said. She listened for a moment. "No, I'm sorry, he's not, but he's on his way. He should be here shortly."

"On his way," the doctor said. "I'll bet."

He picked up a heavy-looking black satchel that was sitting nearby on the geometric-patterned carpeting. "Call my secretary," he said, and walked out the door.

The woman at the desk put down the telephone. She stared after the doctor in the green-corduroy jacket with undisguised hatred.

She was still staring at the door when it opened and Nick Nolte walked in; he was wearing blue jeans, cowboy boots, a black warm-up jacket with gold trim and an Oakland Raiders training cap. He had a long, full mustache and a two-day growth of beard.

"Hey, Barbara!" he said. "What's happening?"

The woman rose to her feet. "You just missed the doctor," she said. "You probably walked right by him."

Nolte pointed over his shoulder to the hallway. "That guy?" he said. "How come he didn't say anything?"

"He was angry that you were late," the woman said.

"Oh," Nolte said. He nodded to himself but did not appear disturbed. "I guess he couldn't hang out, huh?"

"He was so *rude*," she said. "He said that you were an irresponsible person who didn't keep appointments."

"Yeah?" Nolte said. He smiled. "Well, he's right."

He took a couple of giant steps sideways, grabbed a script off a small table and began looking through it.

"He also said that he was going to have to come back *(continued on page 132)*



ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT GOLDSTROM

Left: Hemp/horsehair friction mitt, from Coswell-Massey, Chicago, $25; and Kanon's soap on a rope, by Scannon, $9. Below: Terrycloth mitts, by Mane Mitts, $15.

# GROOMING HOT LINES

*want to look and feel really terrific? combine a sauna with these skin and hair helpers*

*modern living* **By WILLIAM WILSON**

SAUNA is a Finnish innovation—one of the few Finnish innovations. Still, what the Finns lack in versatility, they make up for in intensity. With temperatures often in excess of 200 degrees Fahrenheit (and humidities of less than ten percent), sauna is one of the most extreme forms of physical detoxification in the history of the world. *You* may think you're simply relaxing in that pristine, self-contained, all-wood environment, but your body knows better. Hard pressed to keep its own temperature at an acceptable level, it works overtime to lose heat, throwing open its pores, flash-flooding them with sweat, rushing blood to skin surfaces, where it's cooled by evaporation to 100 degrees.

But a sauna, while purgative in nature, doesn't have to be *only* purgative. It's also an occasion for unabashed sybaritism, for the appreciation of the body. Which means that a sauna is a good time to pay a little attention to grooming—*body-wide* grooming. As added incentive, all that sweating flushes impurities—bacteria, oil, *old* sweat—from your skin. Plumped and reddened, it awaits the

Left: Givenchy's Gentleman shower and bath gel, $10.50. Right: Sixteen ounces of Aftabath cologne water, a citrusy after-bath rub, by Caswell-Massey, $7. Below: Chanel for Men shower/bath gel, $7; and Baekgaard Ltd.'s sisal-fiber back scrubber that stimulates skin and muscle, from Caswell-Massey, $10.

SAUNA COURTESY OF VIKING SAUNA / PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL GREMMLER

Below: Formula 405 lotion, a hand-and-body moisturizer, by Daak Pharmacal, $6; Devin Country Shower Body Shampoo, by Aramis, $8.50.

scrubbing, the massage and—ultimately—the soaping that will burnish its surface to a healthy radiance.

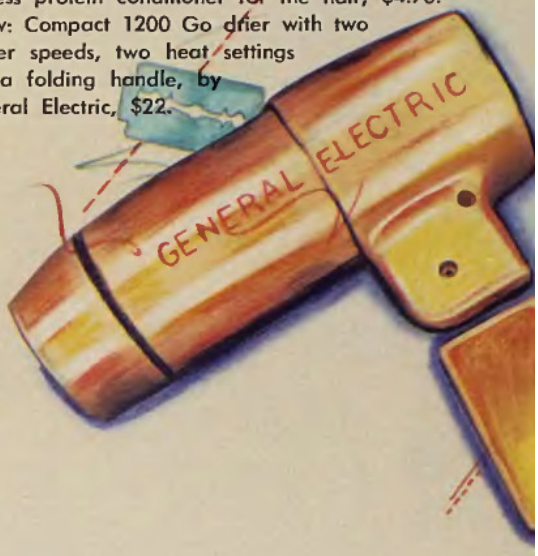
The tools are familiar. Friction mitts made from hemp and horsehair, and sisal back scrubbers that stimulate skin and muscle aren't all that new, rare or exotic. The point is, they're rendered potent in this atmosphere of intense heat, where skin is most willing to slough dead and dying cells, most susceptible to the idea of tone and most likely to take a polish. Ideally, you'd have a masseur in the sauna with you, but a horsehair scrubber isn't a bad substitute.

In Finland, the sauna is a half-day undertaking, involving not only baking and massage but business dealing and a postbath dinner, too. Chances are, you won't want to spend more than a half

Above: Clinique's regular-strength face soap comes with its own case, $8.50. Left: Another Clinique product—a bottle of multistrength Scruffing Lotion 2½ for cleansing the skin, $7.50 each. Below: Nongreasy moisturizing body rub, by Aramis, $7. Right: A 16-oz. can of Aramis' Muscle Soothing Soak, $15, and its Super-Rich Shave Foam Concentrate for Normal Beards, $5.

Below: Aramis' rich and creamy Sun-Bronzed Moisturizing Concentrate for all types of skin, $8.

Above: Coppertone's SunGér Moisturizer, by Plough, $4.50; and Redken Laboratories' Climatress protein conditioner for the hair, $4.70. Below: Compact 1200 Go drier with two blower speeds, two heat settings and a folding handle, by General Electric, $22.




hour in and around the experience, but that still represents a considerable investment of time. Use it—and the 200-degree temperature—to treat yourself to one kind of grooming procedure for which there usually isn't enough time. Hair conditioning, at its best, isn't a 90-seconds-and-then-down-the-drain shampooing afterthought but a gradual, give-it-time-to-be-absorbed operation. A sauna provides the opportunity for it. Apply, say, Redken Climatress moisturizing creme and protein conditioner to clean, wet hair, and let it soak in during the minutes you're baking. Your hair will gain in shininess and manageability, and you'll be making dynamic use of down time.

Now, while friction and conditioning are appropriate in-sauna activities, you're going to have to wait till after you've left the *(concluded on page 244)*

# NICK NOLTE *(continued from page 126)*

## *"'It was all my fault. I admit it. I'll tell the geek I'm sorry when he comes back. . . .'"*

for another appointment and that we'd have to pay him for coming today," Barbara said. She sat down at her desk. "What a creep."

Nolte looked up from the script. "OK, Barbara," he said. "Just relax and take it easy, now. It was all my fault, I fucked it up. I admit it. I'll tell the geek I'm sorry when he comes back, so . . . you know . . . just call him up or something." He tossed the script back onto the table. "Do whatever."

He took off his cap and ran his hand quickly through his hair. "I can't have a physical today, anyway," he said. He put the cap back on his head like a ballplayer on television. "You have to be in *shape* when you have a physical, Barbara."

He took an expansive breath and clapped his chest. He coughed horribly. "Have to be in shape," he said, clearing his throat. "Not diseased."

As he spoke, he walked through a doorway that led to an enormous wood-paneled office suite. The main room—which was large enough to accommodate a volleyball game—had a fireplace at one end, with two deeply cushioned sofas and a square-shaped coffee table arranged in front of it; at the other end of the room, an executive-style desk and high-back padded chair sat in a sunny bay with a view of the Hollywood hills.

Nolte walked behind the desk, stood there a moment and looked at its surface. It was clean except for some loose sheets of paper—letters, script pages, newspaper clippings and notes—all stacked together and set off to one side. He took a pack of cigarettes from his jacket pocket, then removed the jacket and threw it across the room so that it landed on the arm of one of the sofas.

Barbara followed him into the office, carrying a notebook and a manila envelope. "The wardrobe people are stopping by this afternoon," she said. "And Hal called from the gate; he's on his way up."

"Good," Nolte said. He sat down and lit a cigarette.

Barbara put the manila envelope down in the center of his desk.

"What's that?" Nolte said.

"Paul sent it over," she said. "It's a copy of *Esquire* with your picture in it. There's a little piece that goes along with it."

"About me?" Nolte asked. He picked it up.

"No," she said. "Not exactly about you."

The magazine had a cover letter paperclipped to it, and Nolte scanned it. "'Thought you would enjoy seeing this . . .'" he said, reading from the letter.

Nolte opened the magazine to the center, where there was a double-page color photograph of a sexy-looking blonde in a slit sequined dress. "Good Lord," he said, looking at the girl a moment.

"It's on the next page," Barbara said.

He turned the page and came to an article titled "The Beefcake Boys." Under the title, there were black-and-white photographs of three young actors. One of the pictures was a still of Nolte from *Who'll Stop the Rain*.

Nolte looked at his picture, then looked the page up and down. "Beefcake boys," he said. "What the hell's a beefcake boy?"

Barbara, who was standing above him, looked down but did not answer.

"Huh?" Nolte said, turning to her. "What's this supposed to be?"

"I'm not exactly sure," she said.

"Beefcake boys," he said again. He seemed to be trying to get the sound of it right. He picked up the cigarette, hit on it and read the text of the piece.

"I may be wrong," he said when he was finished, "but I get the impression that what they're saying here"—he hit on the cigarette again and exhaled a cloud of smoke—"I get the impression that they're saying I'm not that good an actor."

He looked up at Barbara. "Do you get that impression?" he asked her.

Barbara was thoughtful. "I think it's ambiguous," she said after a moment.

"Aha," Nolte said.

He stood up and walked around his desk. "Well, what I don't understand," he said, "is why they should send over a copy of something that says I'm not a good actor. Why am I supposed to enjoy that?"

Barbara looked at the letter. "He says it's a good picture of you," she said.

Nolte sighed. "A good picture of me."

He left the office and entered an adjoining conference room. A television and a video recorder were set up against one wall and at least half the room was filled with cardboard boxes of video cassettes.

There was a built-in bar, which was served by a galley-style kitchen; Nolte went into the kitchen and examined the contents of a double-door refrigerator. There was a dried-out sandwich on a paper plate that looked like a piece of ceramic sculpture. There were discarded plastic holders for aluminum cans, peanuts in a paper cup, several small cans of V-8 juice and an opened can of beer. Nolte took out the beer and tasted it.

"Jesus," he said, putting it back. He took a can of V-8, popped it open and took a handful of peanuts.

"Barbara!" he called out. "We need a case of beer or something sent up here. Something fast."

He came out eating the peanuts and found a man standing in the doorway of the office. The man was in his 40s, had a beard and wore a tall black hat with an Indian headband. He drew an imaginary pistol with one hand and pointed it at Nolte.

"Give it up, pretty boy," the man said.

"Hal, baby!" Nolte said. He threw the rest of the peanuts into his mouth.

"Hal, *babe*," the man said, lowering his hand. "I had it shortened."

Barbara appeared, holding her notebook. "Do you want something?" she asked.

"Yeah," Nolte said. "A case of beer. And some sandwiches or something. You want some food, Hal?"

"No, I just ate breakfast," Hal said. He took off his coat but left his hat on. "I need some coffee, man. I need some naked coffee."

"OK, well, get me something to eat and a case of beer," Nolte said. "And a quart of vodka, too."

"A quart of vodka?" Barbara said. "Seriously?"

"Yeah, seriously," Nolte said.

Hal returned from the kitchen holding a steaming mug; Nolte went over to his desk, sat down and regarded the man good-humoredly.

"You're looking a little bright-eyed there, cowboy," Nolte said. "You must have smoked some dope on the way over here."

"Smoked some dope," Hal said. "Hah! What I fucking *need* is some dope, man. I'm telling you. The shit storm has started and the skies are open wide."

He sat down on one of the sofas. "This project has taken a turn for the unreal, man," he said. He drank some of his coffee. "I mean, the *totally* unreal, man. You should have seen this scene on the weekend. Up at The Beverly Hills Hotel, man. Frank and Ted and me. All of us up there at the fucking Beverly Hills Hotel, man."

Nolte started laughing at the thought.

"Frank, he calls me up," Hal said, "and he tells me, 'I fucking want you up here *tonight*!' He gives me all this bullshit. I say, 'But, Frank, I've been working

*(continued on page 198)*

*"Why don't you be a dear and get on your skate board and go downtown and buy some condoms?"*

*one look at phi beta kappa, summa cum laude, soon-to-be lawyer vicki mc carty and you'll bring in a verdict of beautiful*

# Beauty and the Bench

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

*After graduating summa cum laude and Phi Beta Kappa from Berkeley, Vicki McCarty spent two years at Hastings College of the Law and has just completed a year's postgraduate work at Cambridge University (above right).*

*This month's Playmate, a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the University of California at Berkeley soon to be a doctor of jurisprudence, is an unusually articulate young woman. So we thought we'd let her tell her own story.*

By VICKI MC CARTY

I AM WELL EDUCATED, I am a feminist and I don't act or sing, so what am I doing posing nude for PLAYBOY? Well, I suppose that the reason is that posing nude for PLAYBOY was just about the last thing I would ever do. Not that I ever thought that either nude women or PLAYBOY was a suitable object for disdain; they just did not seem to be compatible images with the successful-female-attorney image that I had created for myself.

That was my attitude for a long time—in fact, right up to the moment when I decided to become a centerfold. I was a law student, I was politically active, I was a successful person who happened to be a woman. That is not to say that I adhered to the notion that women, to be successful, had to forget they were women, but my definition of success often required the severing of my

*"I'm specializing in international law," says Vicki, here posting a letter home, "and eventually I'll have two degrees—an LL.B. and a J.D."*

*"I'm pretty sure the dons at Cambridge won't react to my* PLAYBOY *centerfold; if they did, they'd have to admit they looked at the magazine."*

sexual personality from my professional personality. Total separation was impossible and the two identities often invaded each other's territory, but I was a bit defensive about the possibility of suggestions that my professional gains rode on the coattails of a nice smile.

Even while growing up, I manifested the smart girl/pretty girl dichotomy in all sorts of schizophrenic ways. In elementary school, I sought the noble distinction of being the best reader and speller in my class; but after that laurel had been won, I was free to be the sugarplum fairy in the Christmas play and bask in the glory of pink slippers and sequins.

In high school, I devoted my energies to local and national politics and I was elected the school's first female student-body president. Even my endless campaigning for this and that was recessed,

however, when I was chosen queen of the prom. By the time I got to college and law school, it was second nature for me to counter the rigors of academe with the pleasurable vanities of modeling.

I cannot even honestly say that I had overcome that dilemma when I introduced myself to PLAYBOY in the summer of 1978. The search for the 25th-anniversary Playmate was being conducted in Los Angeles, and I had read about it in the *Times*. I was applying for an internship as a reporter with the *Herald Examiner* at the time, and that endeavor entailed writing unusual feature items. A firsthand story, à la George Plimpton, on what it was like to be a Playmate hopeful seemed to be just the story to secure my place with the paper, so I phoned PLAYBOY and made an appointment for an interview. Ludicrous as it sounds in

*"I'm curious as to how feminists will react to my posing for* PLAYBOY. *I think the tragedy of the women's movement has been that women are inhibited about showing their sexuality for fear that they won't be taken seriously. To me, that's unfortunate, because I think it's important that women be seen not as sex objects but as sexual beings."*

*"My thoughts on sex? Well, to me, the bottom line is that when you've gotten through inhibition and insecurity, impotence, frigidity, whatever, sex all boils down to one maxim: 'When you're hot, you're hot; when you're not, you're not.' Also, I think we turn ourselves on, really; when we find ourselves sexually attractive, then we're ready to have good sex."*

retrospect, it was a major decision for me to go through the interview looking, even *acting*, as though I were a serious contestant. It had been funny the night before, when my friends and I wondered whether or not I would be allowed to add inches to my vital statistics to equal my grade-point average; but things were unnervingly different when I was among strangers and clad in little more than a bathing suit and my Phi Beta Kappa key.

Oh, yes, I forgot to explain that I pinned the key, which had sat untouched in my jewelry box for two years, on the bottom of my bathing suit. I am not exactly certain why I did it, except, perhaps, that I found it subconsciously comforting to know that even if PLAYBOY were not too impressed by me, I would still have an entire fraternity and a secret handshake on my side.

A few weeks later, when I had given up on the story for the *Examiner*, I received a call from PLAYBOY, telling me that it was interested in taking more pictures of me for the magazine. I was having a dinner party at the time, and the news provided terrific dessert conversation, but I saw no further use in it. Still, it was great fun to hear that even a dedicated overachiever could be *(text concluded on page 242)*

MISS SEPTEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Vicki McCarty

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Vicki McCarty

BUST: 33 1/2 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5-7 WEIGHT: 105 SIGN: Capricorn

BIRTH DATE: 1-13-54 BIRTHPLACE: Los Angeles, California

AMBITIONS: To play for a while longer, and then take over Playboy Enterprises, Inc.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Annie Hall, Gunga Din, Adam's Rib, Black and White in Color, Saturday Night Fever.

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: Gloria Leachman, Lily Tomlin, Cynthia Gregory, John Klemmer, Stevie Wonder.

FAVORITE FOODS: Popcorn, Fraises du bois, spinach salad.

FAVORITE DRINK: Grape juice and Perrier mixed.

FAVORITE MONARCH: Prince Charles - his ears are so regal.

LEAST FAVORITE PHRASE: "What's your sign?"

FAVORITE COUNTRY: San Francisco, after it secedes from the Union.

PEOPLE YOU'RE TIRED OF HEARING ABOUT: Anita Bryant, Amy Carter, Billy Carter, Ruth Carter Stapleton, Ronald Reagan.

Alert and very well fed, 9 1/2 months.

8th grade: white frosted lipstick, newly pierced ears.

At the Great Playmate Hunt: Note ♦ BK key.

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

How's that gymnast girlfriend of yours these days?" the fellow was asked.

"She's fine and in great shape," he replied, "and she's been working on developing really concentrated muscle tone."

"Concentrated, eh? What particular muscle is she toning up?"

"Mine."

*The girl told the lawyer, "Let's net us*
*Enough so the jerk won't forget us!*
*I said I'd cohabit;*
*He fucked like a rabbit—*
*And so now I want half of his lettuce!"*

You seem to be having some difficulty chewing that gum, sir," remarked the conductor as the commuter boarded the train.

"It was only on the way to the station this morning," mumbled the masticator, "that my nearsighted wife came across the packet of condoms in the glove compartment."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *jobless porno performers* as the hard-core unemployed.

Homeward bound late one night on the freeway, the recently marrieds started fondling each other, and before long the bride unzipped the groom, worked out his tumescent organ, scrunched down in the seat, began by giving him tantalizingly slow head and then gradually increased the tempo. Suddenly, he exclaimed, "Oh, my God! No!"

"What's the matter, Harvey, honey?" the girl managed to articulate after she had disengaged. "Was I, maybe . . . giving you more . . . than you could handle?"

"No, no, I just missed our exit," muttered Harvey.

It's rumored that the Pittsburgh Steelers, reacting to the brouhaha last year over N.F.L. jiggle contingents, may field only certified virgins during the upcoming season. The girls will be called, naturally enough, the Stainless Steelers.

Looking grim as she slammed the door of her would-be employer's office behind her, the young secretarial-job applicant saw the DO NOT DISTURB sign the man had apparently covertly hung on the door as he ushered her in. Flipping the sign over, the girl whipped out her lipstick and proceeded to print her own notice: BEWARE OF DONG!

What a girl has to put up with in this business!" fumed the bottomless go-go dancer as she flounced angrily into the dressing room. "Some slob at the bar stuffed a ten-dollar bill into my snatch and then kept right on fingering me!"

"So what?" philosophized a sister artiste. "Ten bucks ain't bad, even for a long feel."

"Of course it's not," snapped the steamed-up one, "but when the bastard finished, he had a five as change!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary redefines *one-armed bandit* as a gas pump.

But it's impossible for you to charge both of the men with whom you were living at the same time with being the father of your child," the lawyer advised the girl. "The law makes no provision for paternity suits with two pairs of pants."

When I told you I wouldn't object to your having a mirror installed in the ceiling over our bed," the woman told her husband, "I had no idea that you were thinking of the funhouse kind."

*In our cult," said the girl, "it was true:*
*The mahatma'd get stoned and then screw.*
*In the buff, he'd smoke bhang*
*While his drug-plugged-in whang*
*Just guh-rew . . . and guh-rew . . . and guh-rew!"*

We don't necessarily accept the theory that Robinson Crusoe was the first advocate of the four-day work week because he liked to get Friday off.

Shattering the serenity of a woodland lake, a man in a rowboat suddenly began shouting and grappling in the depths with the boat's anchor. "Hey, you," yelled an angler over the water, "what are you trying to do—fuck up the fishing?"

"Hell, no," shouted back the grappler. "My wife's fallen in—so I'm trying to fish up the fucking!"

*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.*

*"Stand somewhere else, can't you, miss?"*

*SYNOPSIS: Michael Storrs is a man who seemingly has everything: He is handsome, successful in business and married to a beautiful woman, Tracy Lawrence. He is, however, attracted to the most dangerous of sports—downhill racing, sky diving, surfing, hang gliding. When two of his companions are killed in a parachute jump, Tracy is deeply disturbed. But Michael refuses to give up his hobbies and, as a consequence, their marriage begins to come apart. Michael's out-of-town business trips increase; he no longer calls Tracy when he's away; and he has taken up with an old girlfriend, a beautiful model who is always happy to drop everything to oblige him.*

*One weekend, Michael and Tracy go out to her parents' home in the Hamptons. The weather is rough, but his father-in-law insists that he and Michael go sailing. On board, they discover that there is only one life jacket, and Michael forces Lawrence to put it on. When the boat capsizes due to high winds, they are thrown into the water and it is hours before they are rescued and taken ashore. For Tracy, this is the last straw. Accusing Michael of risking not only his own life but her father's as well, she refuses to believe his side of the story and asks for a separation. Michael leaves that very night.*

*A couple of years pass before Michael contacts Tracy. They meet for dinner and Tracy asks for a divorce, mentioning that there is a new man in her life. Michael reluctantly agrees to call the lawyers. After the meal, Tracy surprises him by suggesting that they go to hear Antoine—an old friend of theirs—play the piano. At the bar, Michael gets involved in a fight with several loudmouthed Texans who persist in insulting Antoine. He winds up in the hospital with a concussion and three broken ribs. While recuperating, Michael makes several decisions about his life. He is going to quit his job as a management consultant, leave Manhattan and retreat to Green Hollow, a ski resort in Vermont where he spent an idyllic winter many years before. When he tells Tracy his plans, she wishes him a good winter and confesses that she has had a change of heart and does not want to proceed with the divorce.*

*At the end of Part I, Michael is driving optimistically toward Vermont, looking forward to the snow.*

# THE TOP OF THE HILL

*fiction* By IRWIN SHAW

*michael leaves his failing marriage and his job for the mountains and finds a woman who skis the same way she makes love—with confidence, grace and daring*

FIRST LOOK
at a new novel

PART II MICHAEL decided to stay at the new hotel in Green Hollow called the Alpina that was owned by an Austrian couple, the Heggeners. It was pleasant-looking, architecturally unpretentious, rambling, of white clapboard, rooted in New England, making no claims to be part of a Tyrolean village.

Inside, Michael saw that it was furnished comfortably with Colonial and rustic pieces, everything impeccably polished. Mr. Lennart, the manager, was a stout, unflappable-looking man of about 55 and seemed friendly as he asked Michael how long he expected to stay.

"A week, maybe," Michael said, as he signed the register. "At least for starters."

"We're still just about empty," Lennart

said, "so we give you the best room in the house."

Just as Michael was about to go up to his room, a woman came down the main staircase into the entrance hall, followed by a big golden retriever. She was handsome, in her 30s, with a mass of ash-blonde hair done up in a neat, rather severe bun. She had blue eyes set in a long, pointed face and was wearing a light-gray lynx coat.

"May I introduce our new guest, who's going to be staying with us for a while? Mr. Michael Storrs. Mr. Storrs, Mrs. Heggener."

"How do you do, sir?" Mrs. Heggener said. Her voice was reserved, her accent slight but unmistakably foreign. She did not offer to shake hands. "I hope you have a pleasant stay, Mr. Storrs."

"I'm sure I will," Michael said.

Mrs. Heggener fluffed the collar of her coat up around her face and made a little clicking noise to the dog, which had been sitting beside her, making small, impatient sounds. Michael watched her go out. No nonsense there, he thought.

Michael followed the bellboy up one flight of steps to a large room, with a double bed, a fireplace, a wide desk, a rocking chair and two deep-green corduroy-covered easy chairs, everything crisply clean and in order, brass lamps on the desk and tables throwing a subdued and comfortable light.

After the bellboy had left, Michael went over to one of the windows to see the view. The room was at the front of the building and in the light of the lamps that lined the driveway, he saw Mrs. Heggener, bundled in her coat, with the dog trotting beside her, walking toward his Porsche. She stopped and peered at the car. The dog lifted its leg and peed against the rear wheel. Mrs. Heggener looked up at the window of Michael's room. He knew he was outlined against the light of the lamps and he knew she was staring at him. He had the impression that she was smiling.

He stepped back hastily. I hope the damn dog isn't an omen, he thought. He was sorry Mrs. Heggener had seen him at that moment.

•

He unpacked, bathed and shaved, put on fresh clothes and wrote a short note to Antoine, giving him the address of the Alpina.

Then, carrying an old sheepskin coat that he had had since his days in college, he went down to the lobby.

Mrs. Heggener, now dressed for the evening in a long black gown, was sitting in a little sitting room lined with bookshelves, reading a book, but looked up as Michael stood at the desk and nodded to him and he nodded back. As Michael was waiting for the stamp to put on his letter, a tall, slender, exquisite black girl, very young, dressed as a maid, in black, with a small white apron, crossed the lobby, carrying a tray with a bottle of white wine and a single glass, and went into the room where Mrs. Heggener was sitting. He couldn't help but stare.

The girl poured the wine into Mrs. Heggener's glass and Mrs. Heggener raised it in salute to Michael. She was obviously used to the guests of the hotel staring at her beautiful servant. She said something to the girl that Michael couldn't hear and the girl came over to Michael and said, "Mr. Storrs, Mrs. Heggener asks if you would like to join her for a glass of wine," her voice melodious and shy.

"Thank you very much," he answered, and the maid went off to fetch another glass.

"It's very kind of you, madam," he said, as he threw his coat over the back of a chair.

"Please do sit down," Mrs. Heggener said. "It's good of you to join me. This is the time of the year I like best—before the season really begins and you have the place practically to yourself. But there are moments when one is grateful for a little company. You are familiar with the town?"

"I spent a winter here many years ago. This hotel wasn't built then."

"No, my husband and I are comparative newcomers." Her tone was even, the words carefully spaced and clear, giving or taking nothing.

"When I was here before, no one dressed for dinner. I'm afraid I left anything fancy back in New York."

"Oh, this," Mrs. Heggener said, flipping a fold of her skirt slightly. Her hands, Michael saw, were long and pale, with polished, pointed nails. "I dress as the mood moves me. Our guests are encouraged to do the same. Tonight I happened to feel rather formal." She studied him frankly. "Don't worry, you look splendid."

He put his hand in the pocket of his tweed jacket. Nobody had ever told him he looked splendid.

"Do you plan to stay long?" she asked.

"For the season. At least," he said. "If all goes well."

Mrs. Heggener arched her full, unplucked but shadowed eyebrows, as though surprised. "For the season? Well, we shall have to see that all goes well."

The maid came back with a second glass and Mrs. Heggener poured. She lifted her glass. "*Prost.*"

"*Prost,*" he said.

"The wine is delicious," Michael said, drinking.

"Austrian," Mrs. Heggener said. "Have you ever been in Austria?"

"I've been in St. Anton, Kitzbühel, a couple of weeks."

"You're a skier, of course."

"I manage to get down the hill," Michael said. He had the feeling his credentials were being examined by this cool, critical woman, with every movement measured.

Mrs. Heggener sipped at her glass. She had a wide mouth, with full lips, somehow, Michael thought, not fitting the same face as the cold blue eyes and the fined-down, almost ascetic lines of her cheeks. "My father makes this wine," she said. "I've drunk it since I was a child. One grows attached to the tastes of childhood. Shall I have Rita, the maid, leave a bottle for you in your room?"

"That would be very nice. Thank you."

"If you don't mind a rather mournful empty dining room"—she hesitated—"perhaps you would like to share your dinner with me."

"That's very good of you, madam," Michael said. "But I'm planning on looking up some old friends."

"Of course," she said and then added, "If there's anything you need, please don't hesitate to ask. The service will be worse later—when the crowds come."

"Good night, madam." Glacial, he thought, as he left the hotel. Then he shivered and put on his coat and got into the car and drove off.

•

When he got back to his room later that night, there was a fire going in the fireplace and an opened bottle of wine was in a cooler with two glasses. He wondered whom the maid thought he was going to bring back with him for the second glass. He threw off his coat and jacket and put another log on the fire, poured a glass of wine for himself, sat down and leaned back luxuriously, sipping the cold wine, staring into the flames. Snow tomorrow. That would make everything perfect. He would get up early and buy himself some ski boots and skis and be ready to go before lunch if there was enough snow.

There was a knock on the door. He looked at his watch. It was nearly midnight. Puzzled, he went to the door and opened it. Mrs. Heggener was standing there, still dressed in the long, loosely flowing black gown.

"Good evening," she said.

"Good evening," he said, not moving from the door. "Is anything wrong?"

"No, I was coming along the corridor and I happened to see the light under your door and I decided to make sure you were comfortable."

"Couldn't be more so."

She looked past him into the room. "Do you mind if I come in for a moment and see that everything's all right?" She crossed the room, inspecting it as she did so. Michael was sorry he had thrown his coat and jacket carelessly over different

*(continued on page 158)*

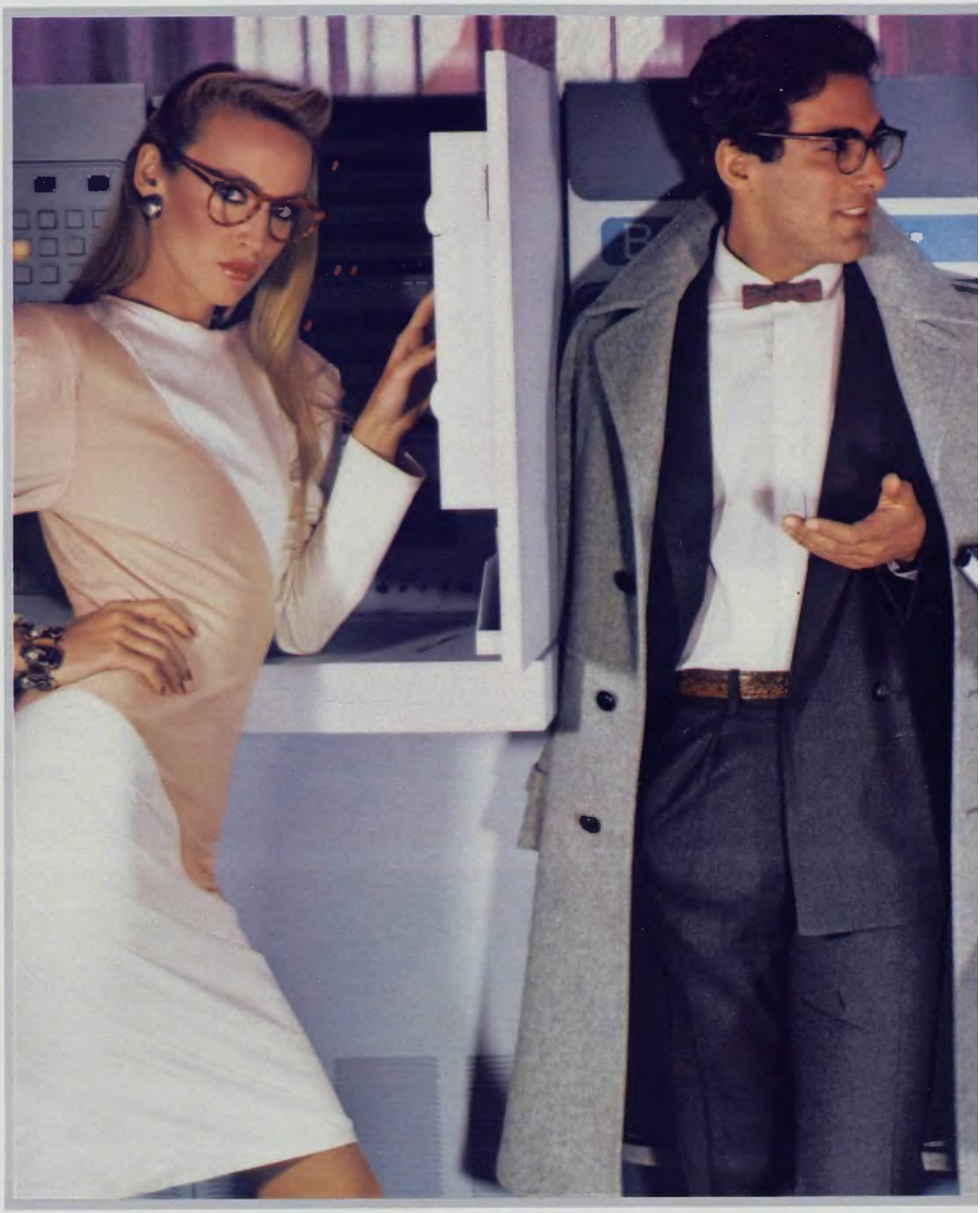
# BACK TO CAMPUS

*our annual survey of styles for the upcoming academic year*

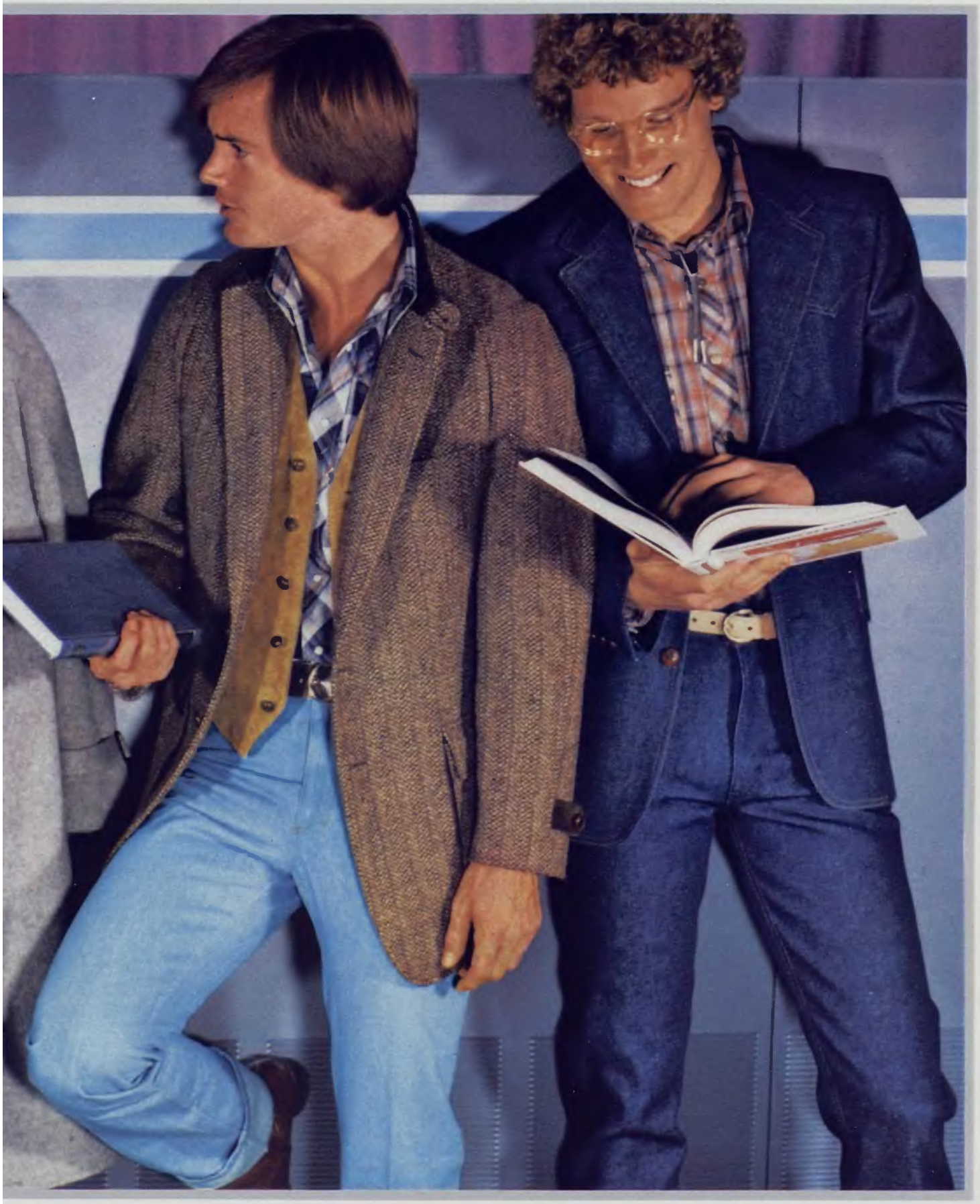
*attire* By DAVID PLATT

WHILE THE COMPUTER ROOM may be the heart of the university of the future, those heading back to campus this fall will be wise to round out their wardrobes with wearables that are more Mork than modern, more Fifties than futuristic. Gone are letter sweaters and other throwbacks to collegiate provincialism. Headbands and similar hold-over items *(text concluded on page 154)*

Plugged-in B.M.O.C.s sport (left) a corduroy ventless jacket, about $60, with matching slacks, about $27.50, both by Angels Flight for Tobias Kotzin; polyester/rayon shirt, from Brigade by Arrow, about $20; waffle-stitched pullover, by Logistix for Huk-A-Poo, about $24; and a leather tie, by Vicky Davis, about $23; and (right) a wool tweed placket-front sweater, from Lobo by Pendleton, about $62; plaid cotton shirt, from Hennessy by Van Heusen, about $20; polyester/cotton gabordine single-pleated slacks, by Country Roads, about $52.50; and a cotton knit turtleneck, by Cross Creek, about $15.



Above: The three undergrads here have made top fashion grades (and who knows what else?) sporting their latest collegiate threads. The bow-tied fellow at left wears a wool/nylon raglan-sleeved topcoat with self-belt, by Stratojac, about $175; over his flannel unconstructed four-buttan double-breasted suit, by Haspel, about $145; polyester/catton round-collared shirt, by Van Heusen, about $17.50; and cotton baw tie, by Vicky Davis, about $8.50. His studious friend in the middle prefers a multicolor wool tweed jacket with raglan sleeves and



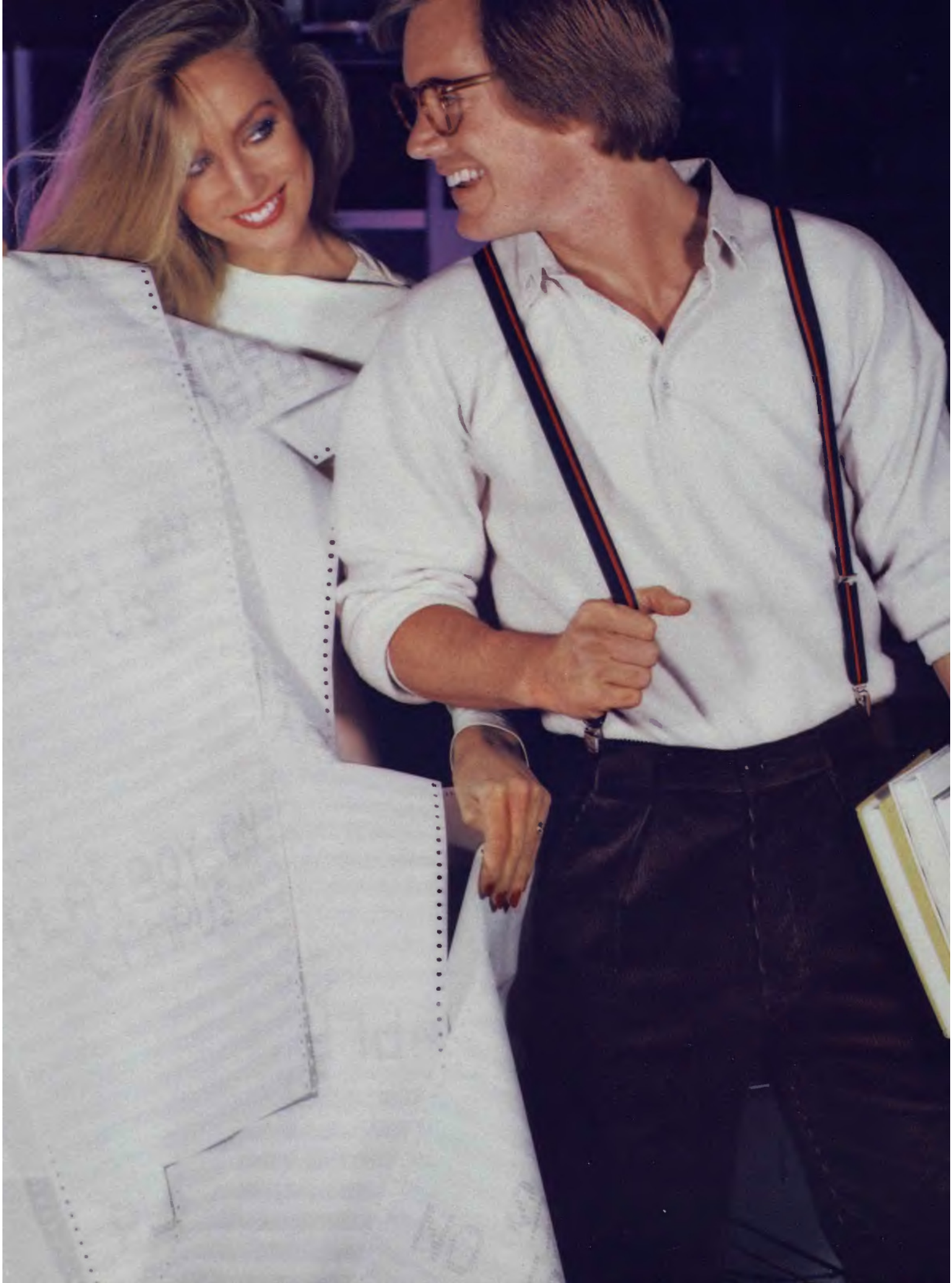
corduroy trim, by Cricketeer, about $130; worn with prewashed denim jeans, by Male, $25; metallic-plaid Western shirt, by Career Club, about $21; and a split-cowhide Western vest, from Stunts by Big Smith, about $42. The end man boning up for a forthcoming quiz (perhaps anatomy?) likes a denim two-button jacket with flap front packets and contrast-stitched yoke, about $65, with matching straight-legged slacks, about $16, and a polyester/cotton Lurex plaid Western shirt, about $18, all by Wrangler; plus a leather string tie, by Vicky Davis, about $10.

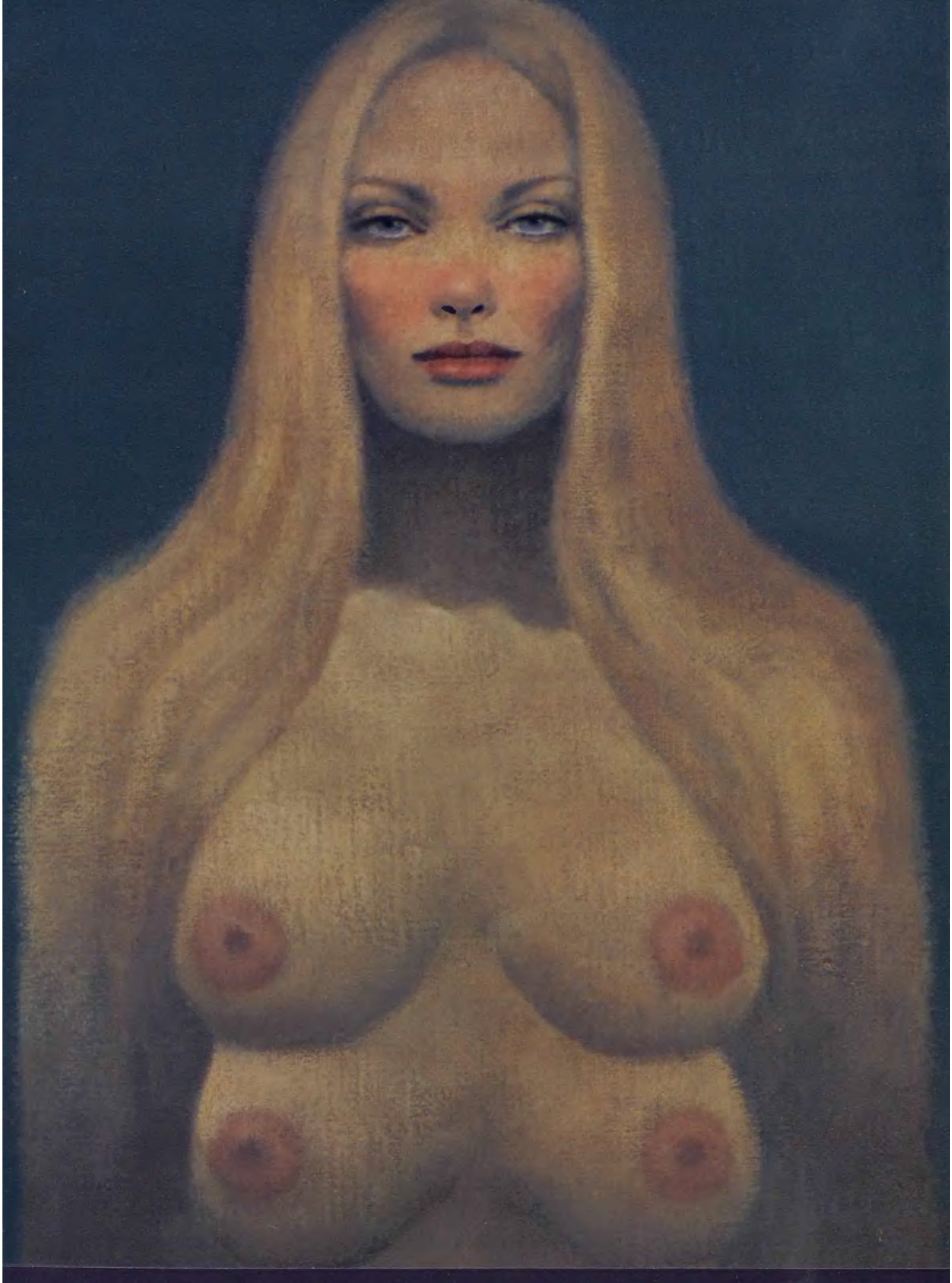
Above: More extracurricular activities in Old Main's computer central. The lad at left has an a cotton corduroy jacket, by Sedgefield, about $50; polyester/acrylic Sherpa crew-neck, by Campus, about $20; and flannel slacks, by Pendleton, about $60. The unlonesome collegiate cowboy at center opts for a split-cowhide fringed jacket, by Cooper Sportswear, about $125; a plaid cotton shirt, about $24, worn under a wool sweater, about $28, both by 8ugle 8oy; and cotton corduroy slacks, from Lobo by Penwest, about $36. Why is the third student laughing? He's got good friends, good grades and great clothes—including a nylon quilted poplin jacket, by William Barry, about $70; knit shirt, about $25, worn under a striped shirt, about $40, both by Country Roads for Creighton; and cotton slacks, by EBE Fashions, about $27. Right: 8race yourself: Suspenders, such as these narrow ones, by Vicky Davis, about $10, are back and looking good when worn over a fleece pullover shirt, about $23, and corduroy slacks, about $25, both by A. Smile.

from the hippie-dippy days of the activist Vietnam era are also as dated as Day-Glo shoelaces. Today's campus wardrobe is adaptable to almost any situation, reflecting a sophistication of taste and the fact that contemporary fashion design has fluidity, functionality and free spirit that appeals to the young in heart of any age. Naturally, you'll want to keep your wardrobe as compact and economically feasible as possible (tuition costs being what they are), with ample room for the dual use of selections. Corduroy, for example, is a particularly versatile fabric to consider for its ability to be dressed up or down. And considering the demands of economy and academic pressure, it's appropriate that rugged Western wear is back in the fashion picture. Also not to be forgotten are the energy shortage and the probability of another cold winter. It would be wise to stockpile a variety of outerwear and some extra sweaters. If all else fails, you can always burn your textbooks.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STAN SHAFFER





# Numbers

By Shel Silverstein

I was settin' in Friday's suckin' on a glass of wine,
When in walked this chick who almost struck me blind.

She had wet blue eyes and her legs were long and fine;
On a scale of one to ten, I'd give her a nine.

Now, on my scale there ain't no tens, ya know.
Nine is 'bout as far as any bitch can go.

So I flashed her a smile, but she didn't even look at me,
So for brains and good judgment I'd have to give her a three.

I said, "Hey, sweet thing, you look like a possible eight.
You and me could make eighteen—if your head is straight."

She looked up and down my perfect frame,
Then said these words that burned into my perfect brain.

She said, "Well, well, another one of those *macho*-matician men
Who grade all women on scales of one to ten.

And you give me an eight? Well, that's a generous thing to do.
Now, let's just see just how much I give you.

You comin' on to me with that corny numbers jive,
Man—your style makes me smile, I give it a *five*.

When you walked up, I noticed that suit you wore;
It's a last-year's, double-knit, shiny-ass, frayed-cuff—I give it a *four*.

And that *must* be your car parked out on the curb;
That '69 Chevy homemade convertible gets you a *three and a third*.

Now, as for your build, I guess it's less than a five,
Except for your potbelly—I give that a *ten* . . . for size.

And that wine you're pourin' might be fine to you,
But I'm used to fine champagne—I give your booze a *two*.

It's hard to tell what your flashin' smile is worth;
I give it a *six*—you could use some dental work.

But it's your struttin'-rooster act that really makes me laugh;
It may be a ten to these country hens, but to me it's a *three and a half*.

And there really ain't too much to add, once the subtractin's done,
But since there ain't no zeroes—I give you a *one*!"

Then she walked out, while up and down the line,
The whole damn bar was laughin'. "Hey, Shel, what happened to your nine?"

"Nine?" says I. "Hell, soon as she started to talk, I knew
The bad-mouth bitch didn't have no class—I barely give her a *two*.

Yeah, no matter how good they look at first, there's flaws in all of them.
That's why on a scale of ten to one, friend . . . *there ain't no tens*."

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

# TOP OF THE HILL *(continued from page 150)*

*"Half past 12 and we're still talking, he thought. But he'd be damned if he'd make the first move."*

chairs instead of hanging them up when he came in and that he had left a pile of shirts on a table.

Mrs. Heggener touched the radiator. "Warm enough?"

"Just right."

"The wine cold enough?" she asked. "I could ring down for some ice."

"It's fine, thank you." He was feeling ill at ease. The sight of the handsome woman moving around his room so intimately in the middle of the night began to make him wonder if perhaps with her. . . . "Oh," he said, making a sudden resolve, thinking, What have I got to lose? "would you like to join me in a little wine? There seem to be two glasses."

"So there are. I suppose Rita doesn't approve of solitary drinking." She seated herself across from the chair in which he had been sitting, crossing her legs, showing a very pretty, rounded calf and a fine ankle. Whatever she was, *she* wasn't ill at ease.

He sat down and poured some wine for each of them.

"I was speaking about you this evening," Mrs. Heggener said.

"Oh, you were?" Maybe he ought to stop all this inane small talk and just grab her and see what happened. His erection was firm and unmistakable, caught awkwardly in the folds of his shorts and trousers, and he had to sit twisted to keep it from being noticeable, like an old-fashioned actor in a drawing-room comedy.

"An old acquaintance of yours dropped by. David Cully. He was coming from a meeting and he gave me the schedule of the courses and the events they've planned from Thanksgiving until Christmas. As the head of the ski school, he and I often have things to discuss for the benefit of my guests. He said you were a very good ski teacher and that he'd like to see you. They're running short on instructors this year."

"Maybe I'll look in on him," Michael said.

"I ski, too," Mrs. Heggener said. "But I'm one of those timid souls who have to follow an instructor at all times."

"I must say," Michael said, "you don't look like a timid soul to me."

"Appearances can be deceiving. And remember, I am on my own home ground here at the Alpina. No ski slope feels to me like my home ground." She poured some more wine for both of them, leaning forward as she did so, her breasts stretching the cloth of her dress a little. She put the bottle down and leaned back again. "I know all the instructors here well," she said. "Too well. The conversation is limited, to say the least. Country boys who are only beguiling when they are going downhill. In my country—peasants. Only you can't call anyone a peasant in America."

"No," he said. "In America, we range only from middle class to noble."

She looked at him speculatively. "I have a feeling that your conversation would not bore me."

She is getting ready to lay it on the line any minute now, he thought. "You must not flatter me, madam," Michael said ironically.

"Eva," she said.

"Eva," he repeated.

"If I tell David I want you, he will assign you to me as a private instructor. I pay the ski school and the ski school pays you. It is an impersonal arrangement."

"The best kind," he said. He sneaked a look at his watch. Half past 12 and we're still talking, he thought. But he'd be damned if he'd make the first move. "And," he said, "if you find that my conversation, too, bores you . . . ?"

She shrugged. "I will tell David that we do not hit it off. That you go too slow for me, or too fast, or are too demanding. And ask him to suggest someone else."

Bitch, he thought, but sounded interested as he asked, "Do you ski every day?"

"No. Only sporadically. And usually in the afternoons. But I like to have the instructor on tap, in case I get a sudden urge to go up the hill. When I am in a dark mood, I seem to want to ski more often. It is a way of forgetting." Her speech, he noticed, was beginning to sound a little thick, the accent more marked. He wondered if she had been drinking all evening, alone. "I thank God for winter," she went on, her voice crooning sadly now.

"What do you have to forget?" he asked.

"That I am living in a country not my own." She seemed on the verge of tears and Michael wondered if she were one of those women who had to cry a man into bed. "That when I want to see my husband, I must go to clinics, hospitals all over the country, different places, every time my husband hears of a doctor who has developed a new treatment for his rare form of t.b. That when he is at home with me, I am a nurse. That when I say, 'Take me home to Austria,' he says, 'Yes, dear, perhaps next year.' He was born there. But when he goes there, he can't stand it for more than a week at a time. It is a dying country, he says, it is no place for him."

Finally, Michael felt moved, though whether it was for the woman who, acting or not, was on the verge of tears, or for the doomed husband he had not yet met, he did not know. He leaned forward and took her hand. It was cool and steady and limp in his own hand. "I hope I will not go too slow for you or too fast for you or be too demanding," he said.

"We shall see," she said abruptly. She withdrew her hand, stood up and moved quickly to the door. He watched, stunned, thinking, What in hell was *that* all about?

She stopped at the half-open door, then pulled it shut with a sharp little click and locked it. She turned and faced him, her head high, put her hands up to her hair, pulled something and the ash-blonde hair, almost reddish in the light, cascaded over her shoulders to her breasts and to the middle of her back in golden tumult. "Now," she said, staring at him seriously, "please put out the damned light."

•

Her body was deceptive. Given her height and the narrowness of her face, he had taken it for granted she was thin and angular, and later, in the loose black gown, her figure had been hidden. But now he saw that it was full and rounded, nourished on Viennese pastries and pots of rich hot *chocolat mit Schlag* in the best *confiseries* of the old capital of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

The ascetic face proved also an illusion. There was nothing ascetic about her tastes and no reticence in her performance. She was instructive and demanding and he was happily instructed and answered all her demands.

He had no idea how much time had passed before she finally rolled off him and stretched out beside him, one leg across him. She sighed contentedly. "Another way of forgetting," she said. "Maybe the best."

He noted, a little bitterly, for future reference, that she was categorizing him merely as a teammate in a particularly vigorous sport and was not pleased with the image. Affection, he guessed, was not in her repertoire.

"Have you any idea what time it is?" Mrs. Heggener asked.

"A quarter past delirium," he said, and she chuckled complacently. She was, he could tell, used to pleasing men. "It's twenty past four."

"*Mein Gott*," she said. "The maids will be moving about soon." She got briskly out of bed and dressed quickly, but left her hair down. Then she went over and kissed him.

*(continued on page 178)*

# ~~Women~~ GIRLS OF THE IVY LEAGUE

*defying demonstrations, censorship and feminist flak, coeds from america's most prestigious schools help playboy prove that beauty and brains are not mutually exclusive*

*pictorial essay*

By JESSE KORNBLUTH

WHEN OUTSIDERS imagine what the Ivy League is like, they tend to dream about small worlds of leather chairs and English shoes and oarsmen named Saltonstall rowing their sculls down unpolluted rivers at sunset. The men in these dreams are either John Kenneth Galbraith or Ryan O'Neal. The women are always Olive Oyl.

Ivy Leaguers know better. They say their once gentlemanly schools are now preprofessional jungles, where bookaholics vanish into libraries in September and emerge only in May. This epidemic of careerism, they continue, has blurred the old class differences so effectively that you can no longer tell the few remaining Saltonstalls from the potential Solzhenitsyns. But while Ivy League men will hold forth on this turn of events as long as you're willing to listen, they are curiously silent on the subject of their social lives. And because of their reticence, the notion that Ivy League women are brilliant but rarely bountiful has somehow survived the most demystifying century in the Ivy League's long history virtually intact.

Or did, until recently.

*Veritas* came to Harvard, for example, last November 29 in the person of David Chan. A soft-spoken, non*macho* wisp of a man who stands 5'5" short and punishes the scales at 120 pounds, Chan attracted no great attention as he strode along Massachusetts Avenue toward Plympton Street. Wearing his usual Shetland

On the preceding page, Penn men C. Sean Sutton, Bruce Epke, Alexander T. Cook and George S. Horvath are ready to raw, with the help of Penn coeds Barbara Bauer (left), her sister, Charlotte (far right), and Deborah Chan. Brown's Eliana Labo (top) says she posed "because I wanted Brawn to be able to show it has really pretty girls." Dartmouth's Suzanne Baldwin (bottom) voted for some nudity: "I like the way I look."

Angela Ray (above left), the only woman at Brown to live in a froternity, handles scoreboard chores for her baseboll-playing frat brothers but dates none of them seriously. Wendy Brewer (obove center) keeps people from scoring oltogether: She's goolie for Yale's top-flight women's soccer team. Carrie Morgolin (above right) is no jockette. After posing for us at the height of Dortmouth winter, this Ph.D. candidate went home to bed—with a 103-degree fever. Brown senior Lisa Cobb (below left) wos more than a little surprised when PLAYBOY photographer Nick De Sciose whipped out his business cord: It feotures a shot of her sister, olso a model. Harvard extension student Anne Donelson (below right) tells us her ambition is to return to Oregon, where, for a change, she con relox in a relatively calm atmosphere.

TIME

We Couldn't Have Said It Better Deportment: *Time*'s coverage of David Chon's "Ivy League educotion" ran more than a page last February, bringing momentary fame to these forward-thinking daughters of Yale.

**Press**

**All the Nudes Fit to Print**

*A Playboy photographer's Ivy League education*

Yalies and would-be Sex Objects Wendy Yellin, Tina Hlavaty, Ellen Collett, Elizabeth Johnson

David Chan finds that publicity makes his job easier. Chan, 41, recruits and photographs women in various stages of

from a swamp of newer and raunchier skin magazines, dispatched Chan to per-

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NUDE. That evening
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PLAYBOY's Officer Krupke Award goes to Providence Police Chief Angelo P. Ricci for defending public morality. Ricci lost. Public morality survived.

## *Chief considers lensman's arrest*

PROVIDENCE — Police Chief Angelo P. Ricci said today he would consider arresting *Playboy* photographer David Chan if he attempts to shoot pictures of young women for the magazine in Providence.

"If I think it is morally wrong and I can get the law to back me up, I'll go after him," the chief said. He said he

Amy Petronis, Brown '81 (above), a National Merit Scholar, hopes to build spare parts for humans as a biomedical engineer. Princeton's Anne Helsley (right) was a girl-scout troop leader until this year; right now, she's spending five months in Peru.

There's no dog in *this* window: Russian-born Vita Shusterava is cramming a B.A. in international politics and an M.A. in Slavic languages and lit into four years at Penn.

Some Princetonians (left) welcomed us. The ad below had a terrific headline but missed our point.

Women of Princeton:
YOU'RE BRILLIANT
YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL
Playboy captures none of what you have to offer.
Don't be reduced to an absurd male fantasy.
WE ASK EVERYONE TO DEMONSTRATE AGAINST PLAYBOY AND THE AD. MEET TODAY AT 12:30 BEHIND NASSAU HALL.

sweater and corduroy pants, he might have passed for an assistant professor as he stepped into the office of *The Harvard Crimson* and asked to purchase a two-column display advertisement.

It is a matter of record that when Chan slid his text and a check for $188.72 across the counter, no one screamed.

Because Harvard was the first stop on an eight-campus tour, Chan returned to the *Crimson* the following afternoon to inspect the printer's proofs of his ad. They were flawless. But the myth of Harvard's excellence began to crumble a few hours later, when a *Crimson* representative telephoned PLAYBOY's Chicago offices in search of Chan. At that moment, as the most cursory glance at either the ad copy or the insertion order would have indicated, Chan was sitting in his Cambridge motel room, no farther from his *Crimson* caller than a hefty Frisbee toss. The PLAYBOY operator passed the message along to Chan, who returned the call. Moments later, *Crimson* president Francis J. Connolly personally informed Chan that his ad would not appear in the paper because it was "simply too offensive."

Chan was puzzled. Not only had the ad been the very model of understatement—"PLAYBOY is scanning the Ivy League for a cross section of women for the upcoming September 1979 issue," it read—but in his 14 years as a PLAYBOY photographer, he had successfully placed ads like it in college newspapers across the country. Never had his copy been refused. Yet now the *Crimson*, which owed its reputation in part to its long-standing defense of free speech, had decided to censor an advertisement from a magazine that owed its reputation in part to its long-standing defense of free speech—and for reasons that Connolly later described as "contrary to all established principles of journalistic ethics."

As the majority of the *Crimson* staff explained in an editorial a few days later, the paper's policy of refusing ads that contribute to economic or

*(text continued on page 166)*

Yale's Elisa Fitzgerald (above left) lost $400 playing poker the week she posed for PLAYBOY, but she swears she can win it back on the backgammon circuit—if she finds the right backer. Robyn Ewing (above right) made Cornell's female lacrosse squad as a freshman and was recently named to the New York State team. Below, Yalies Lana Avedan and Olivia Ortiz are roommates. Do Yale men ask them out because they posed for PLAYBOY? "If they do, they don't tell us."

No campus was without a "Chan, Go Home" protest, but our enlightened photographer applauded them: "They contribute to the story."

Boston Evening Globe · Tuesday, December 5, 1978

## Playboy Photog Is Serious About Yale

Playboy photographer David Chan says he's been terribly misunderstood at Yale, and that all he wants to do is help prove Ivy League women can be smart

Chan, 41, was in New Haven Tuesday scouting talent for Playboy's "Women of the Ivy League" issue, due out next September. Yale is the fifth Ivy he's

everywhere he's encountered the same stumbling block getting campus newspapers to run his ad.

No Yale women showed up to be interviewed that afternoon. But Chan and Dan Shaylan, a Playboy writer and

Princeton's Sue Hunt happened to be visiting her twin, Helen, at Yale when Chan arrived in New Haven; the two went to see him on a whim. That's Sue at left, Helen at right above. Donna Kennedy, a Columbia grad student (above right), posed because she wanted to go beyond "disinterested intellectual curiosity"—and would want to write about the experience for *Cosmopoliton* magazine. Cornell's Lisa Jackson (below) is every bit as progmatic: "If people want to look at my body and I'm getting paid for it, that's OK."

Cornell's Debbie Solomon backed those who posed but offered "heartfelt sympathy" to PLAYBOY's "victimized" readers. Athletic PLAYBOY supporters obscured the controversy by taking it off.

The Cornell Daily Sun

Tania Blaze

## Defending the Big Red Bare

Debbie K. Solomon

Although political stereotyping generally makes me want to crawl into a hole and divorce myself from politics altogether, allow me to state here for the sake of clarity that I consider myself a feminist. Because I am committed to the conviction that all women should have the right to choose whatever lifestyle and occupation best pleases them, I find myself offended by the dogmatic attack protesters have launched against Playboy. To insist, as protesters have, that Playboy's advertisements should not be run by college newspapers, that photographer David Chan should be evicted from Statler Inn, that Cornellians should be forbidden from answering his advertisement, and that President Rhodes should take a stand against Playboy is as insanely narrow-minded as the Right-to-Lifers' contention that women be forbidden to have abortions.

"I changed my mind about posing semi-nude at least a hundred times," recalls Hillary Clayson (left), a Brown sophomore who majors in classics because "there's a beginning and an end to it." Her reasons for unbuttoning: "I'm not extremely modest and, anyway, this isn't *Town & Country*. Sure, I have some weird feelings knowing how many people will see the magazine. The way Brown's feminists focused on this thing was much weirder, though; one told me this was a step up from prostitution. I hope this onnoys them, so they'll know exactly where I stand."

"I've looked at PLAYBOY since I wos little," says Gail Hoffmon of Columbia (above). "I always wanted to be in it. When I saw the ad, I thought, Here's the chance, but do I have the nerve?"

More women—a rousing 340 strong—filled out bio sheets for photographer Chan at Cornell than at any other Ivy school. Not surprisingly, feminists protested en masse. Chan's reaction: "I think it's time for a new assignment."

Thursday, March 1, 1979 ITHACA JOURNAL

## 'Protest, don't pose,' say angry feminists at Cornell

By JUDITH HORSTMAN
*Journal Writer*

Feminists of both sexes at Cornell University rallied today for a noon march to protest a Playboy magazine spread on women of the Ivy League.

A Playboy photographer, David Chan, is at Cornell on the last stop of a tour of the eight Ivy League colleges, looking for women to pose dressed, semi-dressed and nude for the September issue.

Posters around campus warn: "Baring your ass takes away my

was too important to be ignored.

"We're angry because Playboy portrays women as only impersonal sexual objects for the enjoyment of men," said Kim Foglia, spokesman for the Ithaca Women's Center.

"They're telling us that 'Even though you've made it to one of the top universities in the country, you're still just a sex toy to us.'"

The women eventually chosen for the spread will be paid, with a fee of $400 to those who pose nude.

"That's one of the most striking issues," said Karen Beckwith of the

free speech but what they object to is that it is selling things."

• • •

Not all Cornell women are protesting. Many refused the leaflets handed to them, and Sheridan says 225 have already signed up to be interviewed as prospects for the spread. Counter comments like "Restricting my choice takes away my freedom as a person," have been scrawled on posters.

At least one fraternity vowed to streak the protest today.

Unfortunately for the men of Cornell—and the kids she counseled at the Ithaca Bureau of Youth—Kathryn Kamper (above) has just graduated. Her schoolmate Jennifer Rosenberg (below) will be around for two more years. Here she poses in front of one of her paintings. Posing au *naturel* was easy; Jennifer often paints nudes.

political oppression was the basis for its rejection of Chan's ad. A PLAYBOY pictorial featuring women of the Ivy League would, the editors claimed, contribute to the exploitation of American women. This oppression might be less clear-cut than South African apartheid, for example, but it was no less real, they said.

The *Crimson* editors understood that they would be accused of denying PLAYBOY legitimate access to its advertising columns. And they were aware that many would find their ruling to be paternalistic—or outright sexist—because of its implicit assumption that Harvard/Radcliffe women are intellectually enfeebled bimbos who are incapable of judging PLAYBOY's intentions for themselves. But their reasons for turning down Chan's ad, they said, were so simple they couldn't concern themselves with these trifling criticisms: "The *Crimson* does not want to be party in any way to PLAYBOY's exploitative tactics." Their strategy, they concluded, was an effort to distance themselves as completely as possible from that exploitation: "The decision to avoid participating in any way in the production of PLAYBOY assures the *Crimson* that it will not have any influence whatsoever on the magazine's editorial content on a national level."

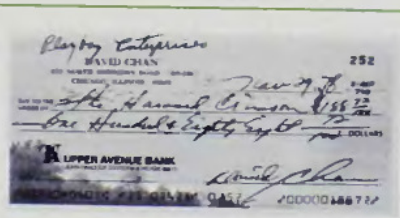
Whatever the philosophical merits of the *Crimson*'s argument, the journalistic naïveté of *that* conclusion will stand, in retrospect, as one of the most boneheaded editorial opinions of recent years—for if anything guaranteed the success of Chan's mission, it was the controversy sparked by the *Crimson*'s unexpected moralizing. If Chan's ad had run for four days, as planned, and produced no response at Harvard, PLAYBOY would then have abandoned the entire Ivy League project; but thanks to the *Crimson*, the case of David Chan was featured in every major Boston newspaper, on every Boston television news broadcast and in newspapers around the world. As a result, some 80 Harvard/Radcliffe women contacted him—and an estimated 20,000,000

On the Phil Donahue show, Cornell's Debbie Solomon (second from right) and Brown's Beth Castelli (far right) joined Chon in debating PLAYBOY. "Women not wanting other women to hove the freedom to make up their own minds—that's what's really dehumanizing," Debbie insisted.

Lindsey Palmer, a Harvard English major (left), saw the feminist issue as phony: "You can be exploited just as easily with your clothes on." For Princeton's Lisa Bennett Fedors (above), who runs a solar-energy consulting firm with her engineer husband, self-sufficiency's the only issue: "We need to prove that solar works in Jersey."

Yale's Jeni Powell (above) used to leave high school—where she was president of a feminist organization—at noon, so she could study four hours a day at the Joffrey Ballet school.

Chan's check for his *Harvard Crimson* ad was cashed—"a mistake," the *Crimson* said—but after the nation's press picked up on the school newspaper's refusal to run it, the *Crimson* made another mistake: It kept the dough.




The Journal-Courier

## Harvard Crimson says Playboy is in wrong league

This ad did not run in the Harvard Crimson because the staff said it was exploitative of women. Now Playboy photographer David Chan is claiming censorship.

**PLAYBOY**
is scanning the IVY LEAGUE
for a cross section of
women for the upcoming
1979 September issue

Yale's Drusilla Lawton races with partner Sumner Parker. Meanwhile, at Penn, Emily Harrison (above right) divides her time between her studies and dancing. Laura Klibère (below), who labors as a section chief at the Penn hospital's anaerobic bacteriology lab, barely has time to take courses, jog—and dance.

PLAYBOY readers get to experience the photographs here.

(As a corollary to the controversy, PLAYBOY's editors got their own consciousness raised. This Ivy League feature is but the latest in a long string of pictorials starting with October 1960's *The Girls of Hollywood* and marching on through geographical areas and college athletic conferences. Always the pictorials had been titled *The Girls of . . .* whatever. Chan and a PLAYBOY news consultant, Dan Sheridan, who accompanied him on his Ivy League foray, soon discovered that, in the Ivy League, at least, the word "girls" raised a lot of feminine hackles. It was a point well taken. So make that "women.")

After the Harvard episode, Ivy campuses had different reactions to Chan's presence—and all of them helped PLAYBOY. In Providence, a feminist group calling itself Brown Educated Women Against Rape and Exploitation (BEWARE) urged women to make appointments with the photographer and then not show up. "We have brains and we have brawn, we're not here to turn you on," chanted the protesters at Princeton, where one wag draped a passing dog with a sign that read, MISS SEPTEMBER. At Yale, where the editorial board of the *Daily News* had announced the PLAYBOY ad would be summarily rejected, the paper's publisher decided that Chan's notice would appear after all—to the mortification of some feminists and the paper's editorial writers. And in Hanover, the Student Advisory Committee recommended that students "consider carefully how their involvements in ventures outside of the college reflect on

*(text concluded on page 257)*

It was a winter for snow bunnies on several campuses. At Penn, this pro-PLAYBOY student impressed a low-flying lensman with his footwork. Dartmouth men, as this cartoon illustrates, wondered aloud what PLAYBOY would turn up on campus.

Laurie Osmond, program director of the Brown radio station (above left), hopes someone will call and help her career in the media, but expects some "heavy breathing at two A.M." Columbia's Charlotte Nutt (above right), who says she likes her men "witty and somewhat devious," modeled to fuel her acting career. Sharon Cowan, a Dartmouth Russian major (below), used her PLAYBOY money to buy blue jeans, which she says she's thought of selling on a visit to Russia. Sharon's ambition: to be a Moscow correspondent for *The New York Times*.

# FIRE FOR HIRE

*(continued from page 112)*

*"Our toyman, like many 'respectable' arson hirers, had contacted people who knew how to set fires."*

Watts, it authorizes the Federal Insurance Administration to *require* companies to provide fire and riot insurance to inner-city landlords, the theory being that that prevents their flight to the safer suburbs. The companies must pool their coverage under FIA regulations that force them to insure almost anyone, regardless of his criminal or fire-propensity record, and at the *replacement* value of the structures, not the fair market value. Inflating replacement values is simple for arson rings, so, lo and behold, many inner-city properties have been combusting spontaneously with increasing frequency.

Since 1968, total arson fires in the U. S. have more than doubled, and property damage has quadrupled, with a significant proportion of the damage coming in the downtrodden, crime-riddled FAIR-plan neighborhoods.

The FIA maintained in 1978 that no more than ten percent of its FAIR-plan claims were arson for profit. Those figures contrast sharply with those of insurance companies and law-enforcement officials. Regardless, in areas where the people must bear poverty, overcrowding and unemployment, they must also bear more than their share of arson, because one arm of the Federal Government is *ipso facto* encouraging it, while other Federal arms, in task forces, are frantically trying to put out the burn-and-earn racket.

•

Arson task forces are the only real weapons against arson for profit. True, a local arson unit often catches a one-time burner who incinerates his house to collect his homeowner's insurance and head off the debt collectors. But sometimes an arson scam is so grand and convoluted that it takes the full resources of local and Federal officials even to begin to trace a white-collar offense that ends with blackened buildings and money in the bank.

Take as an example a case on the East Coast, where arson for profit has increased so dramatically that it threatens to overtake vengeance as a motive. A man in the Philadelphia area had a nice toy factory covering a square block, a factory packed with new merchandise. An unlucky man, this manufacturer had had a terrible fire a while before—a $3,500,000 blaze that ruined all the nice toys he had contracted to sell to a large retail chain that, most unfortunately, was about to collapse like czarist bonds. But all that was past and forgotten by his insurers. Now this toymaker had another fire, this one for $2,500,000 in insurance. It came just after he had had hints that a sale to a leading discount-store chain was about to fall through. The fire was set in an elaborate manner with timer, transformer, coil and other gear to trigger the traditional fire "accelerant," gasoline. Naturally, the fire, smoke and water ruined the toys, and the insurance claim was filed. But the fancy arson set, found by investigators, brought heat to bear on the case and brought in the Philadelphia arson task force of the U. S. Treasury Department's Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms.

Until 1970, the ATF concentrated on busting moonshiners and enforcing laws governing interstate transportation of firearms. But in 1970, as arson began booming, the Explosives Control Act included an expanded interpretation of explosive devices, so that the ATF could extend its investigations into other areas. By 1978, with arson indistinguishable from wildfire, the ATF had 23 regional arson task forces operating and two national emergency teams training, usually in combination with the U. S. Attorneys and the FBI. As they explored arson-for-profit fires, they quickly learned to focus their limited manpower on cases in which they could bring the greatest investigatory pressure.

For instance, our toyman, like many "respectable" arson hirers, had obviously contacted people who knew how to set fires. (In cities riddled by the Cosa Nostra, that can be as simple as prowling the right bar. A big fire is usually brokered by a middleman, who checks out the potential customer, clears the deal with a don and, when the businessman agrees to a fee to be paid up front—often 25 cents on the insurance dollar claimed—contacts the torches.)

Arson investigators were virtually certain that the set used to burn the toy facility was identical to one used in Miami, as well as to one used in an abortive arson staged in Suffolk County, New York.

But a better example of a single arson case leading to a larger, more complex crime scheme can be found in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, where three men were apprehended with their gear near a pizza parlor they apparently intended to burn. The three—I'll call them Bellini, Salerno and Locarno—may become key figures in the ATF's attempt to crack an immense Mafia arson ring operating in the Northeast that the ATF thinks is either directly or indirectly involved in 90 percent of the arson for profit in that area of the country. The clue to the big picture was the Pottstown pizza parlor.

More than a score of pizza parlors and several restaurants have been burned in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and Delaware in the past two years, and investigators believe those burnings are evidence of a gang war between two old-line Sicilian families: the heirs of the late superdon Carlo Gambino (notably, Giuseppe and Emmanuel "Manny" Gambino) and Carmine Galante, recently returned from a long dope-trafficking prison term. Galante has apparently resolved to regain the pizza fiefdom lost to the Gambinos when his associate Joseph "Joe Bananas" Bonanno was kidnaped and exiled by rival bosses in 1965.

The way those gentleman slice it, there's more at stake than a pepperoni to go. According to investigative writer Jonathan Kwitny, author of *Vicious Circles*, the Gambinos have been importing aliens, many of them Sicilians, setting them up in pizza parlors at loan shark's rates and, as an additional price of passage, requiring them to buy cheese, sauce, ovens, fixtures—the works—from Gambino-controlled companies such as Ferro Foods, Inc., of New York. The regrouped Bonanno forces want a piece of that, the theory goes, because, since the Forties, they have controlled cheese-making facilities in Vermont and Wisconsin. The Bonanno family has employed "arson diplomacy" to force some of the Sicilian immigrants into its camp. Happenings such as the accidental incineration of two clumsy Bonanno-clan arsonists in a competing pizza parlor fuel the suppositions, as do a series of recent arson fires in south Jersey restaurants associated with Gambino interests.

But common as arson is as an intimidator among underworld entrepreneurs, my investigation suggests that the pizza-war arsons are mostly for profit, and probably serve as a ready-cash source for the Gambinos. The pizza parlors can also launder a lot of money. One parlor might "do" $100,000 the first year, $150,000 the second, and then $450,000. Then it burns. The straw-man owner, perhaps an alien or a family member, could then collect both the insurance on the building and equipment and a hefty chunk of "business interruption insurance," based on the inflated value of the money made, say, in dope or pornography and poured through the place for washing. The whole scam might net upwards of half a million dollars.

In order to derail investigators, such

*(continued on page 248)*

$136.25
021
OIL:
WHO
NEEDS
IT?
ROGER HUYSSEN

# FIRE FOR HIRE *(continued from pa*

*"Our toyman, like many*
*had contacted people who*

Watts, it authorizes the Federal Insurance Administration to *require* companies to provide fire and riot insurance to inner-city landlords, the theory being that that prevents their flight to the safer suburbs. The companies must pool their coverage under FIA regulations that force them to insure almost anyone, regardless of his criminal or fire-propensity record, and at the *replacement* value of the structures, not the fair market value. Inflating replacement values is simple for arson rings, so, lo and behold, many inner-city properties have been combusting spontaneously with increasing frequency.

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# who needs it? not us. and the sooner we tell the opec countries to can it, the better

*opinion* By RICHARD RHODES

THEY'RE LAUGHING AT US. The OPEC countries are laughing up their collective sleeve because they're suckering us and they know it. They ought to be laughing. *We don't need their oil. We never did.*

Oil was always only a means to an end, one of several possible means. The end was to move ourselves around conveniently and to make our homes and offices comfortable. We used to move ourselves around on horses and in trains. We used to make ourselves comfortable with wood and coal. Oil was easy, so we switched.

Oil's not easy anymore. Last year, we paid out 42 billion dollars for foreign oil. The price goes up. OPEC can cut off the supply whenever it wants. Foreign oil is expensive, inflationary and politically and strategically risky. Sooner rather than later, it's going to run out.

The end hasn't changed. We still want to move ourselves around and to be comfortable. But it's time and past time we switched the means again, away from oil.

Nothing more convincingly demonstrates the bankruptcy of Federal energy policy under at least the past three Presidents—Nixon, Ford and Carter—than our continuing increasing dependence on foreign oil. Nothing more convincingly demonstrates the cowardice and corruption of Congress, its capitulation to the lobbying of Big Oil. If we had started to switch from oil to other liquid fuels at the time of the 1973 Arab oil embargo, we wouldn't be facing potential gasoline shortages now. Instead, domestic oil production has actually *declined* since the embargo. Remember that the next time you go down to the polls to vote. Energy policy in the United States in the past decade has been a crying shame, if not an outright scandal.

But we can still save the day. It's not too late if we get in gear. The immediate answer is technical fixes, the long-term answer renewable sources of fuel. Technical fixes are ways to improve efficiency that don't change lifestyles. Everybody in the U. S. could start riding bicycles to work, for example, and that would solve most of the oil problem, but most of us don't want to ride bicycles to work. A reasonable alternative, a technical fix, has been to pass laws requiring cars to become more fuel-efficient. A long-term solution must be to find renewable fuels to replace gasoline for running our cars.

Renewable resources—sunlight, wind, garbage and manure, woody materials, to name the most important—have received only token attention from the Department of Energy and from the energy industry. They're what the high-technology fanatics like to call unconventional alternatives. The implication is that they're inadequate and impractical. Don't be fooled. They're completely conventional. They're even ordinary and homely, the common sources of mankind's energy for at least the past 10,000 years. The truly unconventional alternatives are the monstrous, untested inventions that the high-technology fanatics are touting: gasoline from oil shale or coal, both processes fiercely expensive and enormously wasteful of energy; island after three-mile island of nuclear reactors to make electricity we don't need and to waste capital we ought to be investing in plants to make liquid fuels; or such absurdities as giant satellites to collect sunlight and beam it to earth as microwaves, the beam frying every passing bird. Crazy stuff, and unaffordable as well, and unforgiving. Suppose, for example, that the U. S. had gone nuclear as the nuclear-power industry dreamed it would. Suppose in the year 2000 A.D. there were 1000 giant nuclear-power reactors on the land supplying almost all our electricity. Suppose then an accident only a little worse than the accident last March at Three Mile Island in Pennsylvania. What would we do? We'd be stuck, wouldn't we? You see: unforgiving.

We don't need the high-technology solution. *(continued on page 212)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ROGER HUYSSEN

ROGER
HUYSSEN

*"I may not be much to look at, but my foreplay is dynamite."*

# *the goldsmith's wife*

Ribald Classic

**from *A New Atlantis for the Year 1758*, printed by M. Thrush, Fleet Street, London**

THE GOLDSMITH entered the chamber and, seeing his wife, accosted her thus: "My dear, I've come a day sooner than expected."

"You're very welcome, love," said she, yet looking as one who's been surprised.

"Aha!" said he, looking about the chamber. "A wig new powdered and I'm sure it's none of mine. And a pair of breeches on the bed?"

"They're yours for aught I know," said the wife a little surlily.

"Let me see what there is in 'em," he said, searching in the pockets and pulling out a gold watch, nine or ten guineas, a silver snuffbox and several picklocks. "So ho! You can get none to serve you but some Newgate stallion who breaks into houses by picking the locks? Where is this villain that I may run my sword into his heart?"

Poor, dejected Bramble, afraid of being stuck to the floor, now came trembling out from underneath the bed and begged on him to save his life and so he would tell him all he knew.

"Don't tell me what you know," cried the goldsmith, "but tell me what satisfaction I shall have for that you did defile my bed."

"Indeed," answered he, "I never did it but once before."

With that, the wife with open mouth came to him and said, "O villain, art thou not ashamed thus falsely to accuse me? Hast thou not been soliciting me to uncleanness for a long time and I refused it always? And did I not, tiring of that, appoint thee to come here tonight because I knew that my husband would be at home to reward thee?"

"I am satisfied that there en't an honester woman in the kingdom," said the goldsmith. "Why, 'tis she that has discovered all your roguery."

"Please give me leave to put some clothes on," said Bramble, "and then but let me speak and I will tell you how false that woman is. First, I do acknowledge that I did ofttimes solicit your wife to lie with me. She still refused until the time I put in pawn a gold ring with you and borrowed fifty guineas. Those I gave her and went to bed with her. I thought nothing more of her until she sent for me yesterday morning to say that you were away and that she loved me and that she would return me both the guineas and the ring if I but came here tonight."

"Pray," said the goldsmith, "why did you need picklocks in your pocket?"

"To open the cabinet in which the ring was put."

"Now I know that what you say is false," said the goldsmith, "for what need had she to desire you to bring picklocks when the key of the cabinet I'd left in her keeping when I went out of town?"

"Very true, my dear," replied his wife, "and here it is in my chest of drawers."

"No, sirrah, you are a rascal and you accuse my chaste and virtuous wife because she has discovered your baseness. 'Tis plain enough that your design was to debauch my wife and then to rob my house; and I will make you suffer for't before I have done with you. I have been robbed of above five hundred pounds already and, for aught I know, you may be the thief, for I have found you in my chamber underneath my bed while there were picklocks in your breeches. Here, boy, go call a constable."

The poor beau, finding himself in such bad circumstances, begged not to be sent to gaol, for thus his reputation would be lost forever. Matters were still private and, if they could be kept so, let the goldsmith make his demands.

This did somewhat qualify the goldsmith's passion and he called for his man to fetch his books. There, he calculated that the record showed that he had lost some £400 by a thief, and he told Bramble that he would take his bond for £350, including the 50 guineas he had lent him on the ring. And the ring itself Bramble should bestow on the goldsmith's wife in satisfaction for the gross manner in which he had abused her.

Hard terms, poor Bramble thought, but better than going before a justice and off to gaol.

The bonds being made and the ring fetched, Bramble presented it to the woman and desired her to forgive him for the affront. And after they had restored his clothes and other things and opened a bottle of wine at parting, they let him go. As he was going out the door, she came and spoke to him and said that she hoped that this would be a warning to him forever after not to put tricks upon gentlewomen or make his boast what private favors he had received from 'em.

FORTUNE

*Thus still the bawd tempts all she can to sin*
*And leaves them in the lurch when once they're in.*
*To heap up gold, which she so much adores,*
*She makes men atheists and makes women whores.*
*She lives by sin and if she can but gain,*
*She has her end. Let those who list complain.*

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

# CLAUDIA RECAPTURED *(continued from page 118)*

*"'I don't have boyfriends. I have men who are friends and I have love affairs. Great love affairs.'"*

Claudia was semiretired. "I quit the business for two years. I had worked so long and so hard, I had just lost touch. Now that I've got my second breath, I'm going to come out real strong this next year. Tell 'em Jennings is back on board."

When Claudia talks about her decade in Hollywood as a perennially promising girl about town moving up, down and sideways across the star-spangled landscape, you'd better listen. "It's not bad out here; it's just very tough. I see what's become of people who started out exactly when I did, and it's frightening. There are so many things to divert your energies. You can stay high all the time, party every night; there are a thousand traps."

She projects a steely, street-smart image on camera that the real Claudia Jennings calls a total contradiction. "Actually, I have led a very sheltered life, seeing a lot but not *doing* all that much. I never even knew about drugs, never even tried marijuana until I was 26. I thought I'd turn purple and grow claws where my hands were supposed to be."

When she came to L.A., Claudia and record producer–songwriter Bobby Hart made beautiful music almost instantly. They kept house together for five or six years. "Then I met Jack, my dentist. Jack Garfield. He's everyone's dentist out here. Bobby is still my best friend; we're inseparable. With Jack, I got to the point of seriously discussing marriage, but our relationship had quite a different ending. That was a hot affair . . . very."

David Niven, Jr., Jonathan Axelrod and Jim Randall (Marisa Berenson's ex) now top a list of regular escorts whom Claudia classifies as friends, not to be confused with a mysterious, attentive millionaire businessman whose current passions are Claudia and championship tennis. She refuses to name him. Is he bigger than a breadbox? "He's a *lot* bigger," Claudia acknowledges gleefully. "I don't have *boyfriends*. I have men who are friends, and I have love affairs. Great love affairs. Generally, I hate going out. I hate dinner parties, hate openings. What I like best is staying home with my old man, whoever he happens to be. A real normal life."

Career goals, however, are her consuming interest for the moment. We had scarcely begun to talk about where she'd been and where she wanted to go next when Claudia received an important phone call, red-alerting her that she was a prime candidate to replace Kate Jackson as the new Charlie's Angel this fall season. Within the week, she'd had an interview, a screen test, a chance to grab the golden apple of TV superstardom and was on the phone sounding as if she'd been caught in a flash flood. "I'm sitting here on tenterhooks, I can't speak," she reported. "Whether it's yes or no, I'll be all right as soon as I know. Don't go away. Whatever happens, I bounce back."

Two days later, the bad news behind her—Charlie's new Angel, she had learned, would be model Shelley Hack—Claudia bounced into a Beverly Hills bar wearing white—white-silk shirt, tight white pants, spiked sexy shoes—and looking miraculously recovered. "I've got an *ulcer*," said Claudia jokingly, "and my nerves are shot, totally. Otherwise, I'm OK. When they first called me, I *flew* over there in my tennis shorts, absolutely no make-up, hair flying, looking like a cheerleader. I told 'em I was sorry about how I looked. They said: *You look wonderful . . . just be sweet, gentle and Midwestern . . . don't be sassy.*

"I never would have thought they'd consider me. Because of my image, I guess . . . B-movie queen, tough lady, PLAYBOY nude. Wouldn't they rather play it safe? With such a successful show, why risk getting even one angry letter? None of that seemed to matter. I left that first day, thrilled beyond belief because they seemed so high on me."

Claudia screen-tested on a Wednesday. "By the following Tuesday, I was hysterical. Pure trauma. I got word back that my test was the best, without question. Everyone said so, yet I didn't get the part. I didn't understand why. I still don't. I thought I had it. They should have taken me, because I deliver. Anyway, the whole experience was a real rush for me, an honor. They accepted me as myself, wanted me to be *myself*. Playing an Angel is completely opposite to what I have done previously, and people have heard and are calling me. Suddenly, I'm a hot property for TV."

While she waits to weigh the fringe benefits of being a fallen Angel, Claudia takes a down-to-earth view of her future. "I just said no to a movie I was going to do with Hardy Kruger. Not because it had nudity in it but because it was the same role I've played a million times: You know, another Truck-Stop Momma. Those roles were the easiest thing for me when I first came to L.A. I was hiding in them and felt very defensive. I didn't want to take insipid, sexy roles or ingénue parts. I was afraid people would think I was just a sex symbol. Guys would come on to me, sure. So I walked into every office with my dukes up, determined to prove that I was bright, cultured and not at all what they expected.

"Well, I proved that I was a good actress. But I played the same part over and over again. In 26 movies—I won't even tell you the titles of some of them."

She *will* mention such titles as *40 Carats*, *The Man Who Fell to Earth* ("Working with Nick Roeg was fantastic"), *Moonshine County Express* ("Three hillbilly girls in Appalachia, it's a fun movie, good entertainment . . . CBS keeps running it now and there's talk of a possible TV series"), and even *Deathsport* ("The worst movie I've ever made, though David Carradine is one of the best actors I ever worked with").

By her own estimate, the new Claudia "is a little more timid, a little more fragile. That's OK, but I didn't use to realize it. I never object anymore to my reputation as queen of the Bs, because I *was* that, just as Jane Fonda was Barbarella. She grew and changed as a person and has been able to show that on film. I want to show who *I* am, too.

"Though it may sound contradictory, my reappearance in PLAYBOY is really my salute to Hef and myself, ten years later. Happy anniversary time. Both Hef and Roger Corman—and Roger used *women* in leading roles, long before everyone else started doing it—have been extremely supportive during the past decade: emotionally, professionally, in every way. I'm very loyal to Hugh Hefner and to Corman and feel blessed to have had such friends."

In work, love and friendship, Claudia aims for at least 99 on a scale of 100. "Some people accept much less, but that's their problem," she says. She adds, as sisterly advice, a few simple precepts for any who might choose to follow in her fast-paced footsteps:

"Never compromise.

"Always stay true to yourself.

"Don't do anything the whole world can't know about.

"Above all, hold yourself in the highest esteem.

"My God." Claudia finishes her second bloody mary and sits back with a pensive, provocative smile, as if surprised at herself. "I've led my life that way because it's important to me. Maybe I *am* an angel, hmm? PLAYBOY's angel."

That's our girl.

# CITY STICK-ERS

*food* **By EMANUEL GREENBERG** *shish kabobs, shashliks and satés point the way to the skewerable pleasures of the east*

THE LATEST FAD in chic New York street food is something called meat sticks—bite-sized chunks of beef, charcoal broiled on small bamboo skewers, eaten alfresco. Introduced to the Big Apple during a recent rash of ethnic-food fairs, they are now hawked all over town, with vendors setting up portable grills or hibachis on any likely corner. This culinary innovation is, in fact, a Westernized version of *saté*, the favorite nosh of southeast Asia. From Bandung to Singapore, open-air food stalls offer *satés*—bamboo or palm-leaf skewers strung with cubes of well-seasoned grilled chicken, beef, pork, shrimp . . . even water buffalo or turtle, if that's your pleasure. And *satés* *(continued on page 258)*

# TOP OF THE HILL (continued from page 158)

*"'Mrs. Heggener wants you, and what madam wants, we supply. It's not a favor. She's hard to please.'"*

"You're something," he said.

"A lady does her best," she said and kissed him again.

Well, he thought, be grateful for the small gifts the night bestows.

•

The next morning, Michael ate a late hearty breakfast in the deserted dining room. Looking out the window, he saw that it had snowed, but lightly, and what there was on the lawn was already melting in the warm sunshine. No skiing today. No matter.

Mrs. Heggener, as he still thought of her, was nowhere to be seen. He remembered that Cully had told her he wanted to talk to him and when he had finished breakfast, went out to get into the car and drive into town to the ski school.

He found him not at the ski school but at the diner, having coffee. He was seated alone at a table in a corner, drinking out of a mug and scowling at a newspaper he had spread in front of him. Cully was a big man, much heavier than when Michael had seen him last, and was beginning to grow bald.

"Hello, Dave," Michael said.

Cully looked up. "Hi," he said.

"Mrs. Heggener tells me you'd like to talk to me."

Cully nodded. "Sit down. Coffee?"

"Thanks."

Cully called to the waitress behind the counter. He examined Michael across the table. "You seem to have weathered well."

"Careful living," Michael said.

"I would have given odds you'd be dead by now," said Cully. His voice was heavy, without timbre or inflections. "Nobody would've taken them."

"I'm still around."

"So I see. Thanks, Sally," he said, as the waitress brought the coffee. "It looks as though it ain't going to snow before Christmas this year," he said, looking unhappily up at the blue sky through the big plate-glass window of the diner. "There ain't much to do around this town unless you can ski. What'll you do with yourself?"

"I saw a poster in town for a hang-gliding school. On a nice day, I might take a few flights."

Cully looked at him incredulously. "Don't tell me you still go in for that sort of thing."

"Occasionally. You ever try it?" Michael asked.

"At my age? My idiot days're over."

"You're missing some great kicks."

"You mean to say you like it?"

"Why else would I do it?"

"Showboating. Look, Ma, how brave I am." Cully looked sharply at him. "Those exhibitions you gave doing double somersaults and twists off cliffs. Almost every kid here could beat you in the downhill, but they wouldn't dare try half the things you did."

"I had a peculiar talent," Michael said mildly. "I worked out tumbling for years in gyms. It was fun. . . ."

"Maybe," Cully admitted. "Maybe. But maybe you were trying to prove something to yourself that you didn't ever want to admit was bugging you. You really serious about saying you might want to work this year?" he asked abruptly, getting down to business. Michael realized that they had been sparring with each other, feeling each other out. "Mrs. Heggener called me," Cully said, "and said you might, and that if you were going to teach, she wanted you assigned to her. I said I'd arrange it if you were serious."

"I guess I am," Michael said.

"You were a good teacher. I won't say yea or nay about your off-time activities." Cully grinned sourly. "You been skiing much? You look in good shape. Better than me," he said glumly. "If you want the job, it's yours, and glad to have you back."

"Are you sure?" Michael asked doubtfully.

"Mrs. Heggener wants you and in this town, what madam wants, we supply. I ain't doing you any favors. She's a hard lady to please. Last year she went through four instructors. Just make sure there's no damage to the goods from now to April. You'll earn your pay. Which ain't saying much. If you don't get killed dropping out of the clouds before lunch, come into the office this afternoon and I'll fit you into one of these jackets and a Green Hollow sweater; they're due in by three P.M. And if we ever get any snow, maybe we could do a couple of runs together."

"Thanks," Michael said, standing.

•

The hang-gliding school was in a narrow valley, with a respectable hill behind looming above it. A battered pickup truck and a mud-spattered living trailer, each with GREEN EAGLE HANG-GLIDING SCHOOL painted on in irregular letters, stood nearby.

Just as a glider was slowly circling for a landing, Michael looked up and felt the first tingle of excitement. The man in the glider landed expertly and came toward him. Young and gangling, blond, with a sad, sunburned, skinny face, he introduced himself as Jerry Williams, proprietor.

Michael told him that he had been up a few times before and wanted to go up today. Williams agreed, took him up to the wooded mountain in his truck and warned him not to wind up in a tree, and that if he busted the machine, he'd have to pay.

Michael agreed to the terms. After reaching the top of the hill, Williams checked to see that everything was secure. Michael could feel his body trembling with impatience as he took three deep breaths and started running. The wings made him feel like a land-bound bird as he soared off in the updraft. "Ah," he whispered to himself, "ah, God."

He banked to the left, then to the right, and all too quickly, he banked down, everything in dreamy slow motion, time suspended. Williams asked if he wanted to go up again, but Michael declined. Williams told him that when the season started, there'd be some competitions. "Tricks, landing in target circles, length and duration of flight, stuff like that. I know some fellas who already signed up. You want to join?"

"Thanks," Michael said. "If I have the time. . . ." He said goodbye to Williams. As he drove back to town, he was humming.

•

It had become a routine, each evening, after dinner, which Michael and Eva Heggener ate together in the dining room, for them to go for a walk, with the retriever trotting beside them. Although there was still no snow, there were a few guests who had booked their rooms in advance and who by the hour kept looking hopefully up at the recalcitrant sky.

This night the sky was overcast and the moon could not be seen and Michael took along a pocket flashlight to light their way. Eva had been especially silent during dinner.

Finally, she said, "There will be some slight changes tomorrow. My husband is arriving."

"Oh," Michael said. He didn't know how Eva expected him to receive this news. "Perhaps," he said uneasily, "I should find another place to live."

"I've been thinking about that," Eva said. "And I want to show you something."

They were approaching a large stone gate, behind which was the main house, which was in the process of being redone. Two heavy iron gratings swung open onto a graveled driveway. "Let's go in here," she said. Just behind and to one side of the gate, there was a small brick cottage. Eva took out a key and opened the door

*"Snow White withheld her favors this morning, so we all got up Grumpy."*

and flipped on a light inside. "Come in, come in," she said. "This is the gatekeeper's cottage, from a time when there still were gatekeepers."

The living room was quite large, with a Victorian sofa covered in worn beige silk and a big desk and old oil lamps now wired for electricity. There was a fireplace with the mounted head of a stag with spreading antlers over the mantelpiece. Through an open door, he could see a small kitchen. Another door led, he saw, to a bedroom. There was even a telephone and a television set.

"How would you like to live here? The big house is four hundred yards away and there are woods in between and you can make all the noise you want without disturbing us or our seeing who comes and goes here. You can make yourself useful, shoveling snow, keeping the driveway clear, bringing in wood for the fire, driving my husband when he's too tired or I'm too busy, things like that. We have a maid, but she's seventy years old and she's barely strong enough to cook our meals. Naturally, we wouldn't expect you to pay rent."

"I could always sell my Porsche," Michael said, "and live in luxury at the hotel and I wouldn't have to bring in the wood." She was, he felt, talking to him as though she were hiring a servant.

"Once I move into the house," she said coldly, "it will not be possible for me to visit you in the hotel. I hope you understand that. Unless, of course, that is of no importance to you."

He took her in his arms and kissed her. "I'll show you later how little importance it has for me."

She pulled back, smiling, then opened her coat and pressed hard against him. "I would like a demonstration immediately," she said. "Let us inaugurate this dear little house here and now."

He followed her into the bedroom, where she had turned on a lamp next to the big, oversized bed, with a patchwork quilt. He closed the door to keep the dog in the living room. There were some sights, he believed, that dogs should not be allowed to see.

•

That night, in his hotel room, Michael was having a nightmare. He was going down a steep, icy slope on skis, with mean little rocks showing in the bare spots and sparks flying up from his skis as the steel edges hit the rocks and threw him off balance. He was going faster and faster and below him there was a deep, dark gully. The wind was screaming past his ears, as his speed became greater and greater as he neared the gully. He tried to stop, but he knew it was impossible on that ice. He screamed, but the wind took the sound out of his mouth. He knew he was going to crash and he knew it was going to be bad and he resigned himself to how bad it was going to be.

Then the telephone rang and he awoke, sweating. His hand shook as he reached for the receiver.

It was Dave Cully. He sounded happy. "Mike," he said, "it's really coming down. There should be over a foot of new powder by morning. I'm opening the lifts at nine. How about making the first run of the season with me?"

"Great," Michael said, trying to keep his voice steady. "I'll be there."

He left the drapes pulled open so he could watch the snow fall and got into bed and tried to go back to sleep, but the phone rang again. It was Susan Hartley, the woman Antoine thought he was in love with, calling from New York. She told Michael that she and Antoine were arriving Friday night. "Stay up for us."

He sank back into bed, pulling the blankets around him, half-hypnotized by the steady, straight, silent fall of snow outside the window, and fell asleep quickly and did not dream.

•

Cully was waiting for him at the chair lift exactly at nine in the morning. The slopes above them shone untracked in the sunlight. Cully had an expression of faraway, almost sensuous pleasure on his weathered, tough face. All he said as Michael greeted him was, "It's about time we had it."

They rose steadily and silently upward through the swath cut in the forest for the chair lift.

At the top, they skied down the little slope off the lift. Then, without saying anything, Cully skied off on a traverse on the bald top of the mountain. Michael followed. It was as steep a hill as any Michael had skied anywhere. It dropped, almost sheer, below them, for a straight 100 yards, then veered sharply to the left, out of sight, into the forest.

"Follow me, you son of a bitch," Michael said and skated off and down. He whistled tunelessly as he sped straight downhill. He had wanted to schuss the whole thing to the turn, but he knew he was out of control halfway down and it wouldn't do to wind up smeared against a tree on the first run of the winter. As he made his turn to brake his speed, he saw Cully glide past him, his skis together, pointed straight downhill. Michael was relieved to see that at least Cully didn't schuss the whole face but made four turns before stopping and waiting at the place where the run curved into the forest.

"Pretty good for an old fart," Michael said when he stopped beside Cully.

From then on, Cully was merciless. Comradely, smiling, but merciless. He never stopped, never looked back, jumped bumps 20 feet in the air, landed lightly as a bird.

Michael hung on doggedly, sweating through his parka, his city muscles screaming within his legs, fell twice, forced himself to scramble up and pound down after the inexorable broad back below him.

It was nearly noon before Cully finally stopped and asked as he was bending over a ski, "Have a good morning?"

"Never had a better one," Michael gasped, leaning forward on his ski poles. "Thanks."

When he got back to the hotel, he asked if there were any messages. There was. Mrs. Heggener wished to ski at 2:30 that afternoon. He hoped she wouldn't be as active on the slopes as she was in bed.

•

At 2:30 promptly, Eva came down into the lobby. She was wearing a navy-blue ski outfit that showed off her figure and a fur hat that made her delicately colored, sharply cut face look like that of a court beauty in an old Dutch painting. She glanced up at the clock over the front desk and nodded approvingly at Michael's promptness.

They drove to the lift in Michael's Porsche, and at the bottom of the lift, Michael bent and put on her skis.

As they mounted in the crystalline, silent air, Eva asked if he played backgammon. He did. She explained that her husband was always looking for partners but warned Michael to be careful, because he was a wily player.

She then invited him to have dinner with the two of them that evening. Michael accepted, though he wondered why they didn't have dinner alone his first night back.

"Do you know the slopes by now?" she asked, as they reached the top.

"Cully had me all over the place," Michael said, "and I've looked at the maps of the runs. Do you have any preferences?"

"Any run but the Black," she said. The Black Knight was the first one Cully had taken him on that morning. "Steep places give me vertigo. Go ahead, now, I'll follow you. I'll tell you if you're going too fast for me."

Michael set off on the easiest of the slopes, looking back from time to time to see how Eva was doing. She skied confidently and with grace and had obviously had a great deal of expert instruction. He put on speed and she followed on the heels of his skis. Vertigo, my ass, he thought. What is she trying to prove?

It was getting dark when they made their last descent, this time with Michael going at about three-quarter speed and Eva having no trouble keeping up with him. When they stopped near the lodge, her face was glowing as she looked up at the mountain and said, her voice tinkling

*(continued on page 262)*

# 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*

Two Playboy All-Americas mesh their skills as USC offensive lineman Brad Budde clears the way for running back Charles White in last January's Rose Bowl. The Trojans, our pick as the team most likely to capture this year's national championship, defeated Michigan 17–10.

HE INSPIRES the Walter Mitty fantasies of millions of football buffs who earn average livings in ordinary jobs. He is George Patton, John Wayne and Billy Graham rolled into one. The college football coach is a much-envied man. Yet his may be one of the most pressure-ridden and insecure jobs around. A few lost games can turn an adoring public into one that dumps garbage on his lawn.

College football coaches who hang on long enough to qualify for the university pension plan are rare, indeed. Of the 128 major college teams we cover in this preview, 22 have new coaches this fall. That's a 17 percent turnover in one year. Four of the Big Eight schools have new coaches. Lee Corso has been head coach at Indiana only six years, yet he is second only to Michigan's Bo Schembechler in Big Ten seniority.

But there are a few coaches—very few—who make it big and have the job security of John Paul II. How do they do

## TOP 20 TEAMS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | Southern Cal. 10–1 | 11. | South Carolina 9–2 |
| 2. | Purdue 10–1 | 12. | Auburn 9–2 |
| 3. | Alabama 10–1 | 13. | Washington 9–2 |
| 4. | Texas 9–2 | 14. | Michigan State 9–2 |
| 5. | Penn State 9–2 | 15. | Houston 8–3 |
| 6. | Nebraska 9–2 | 16. | Florida State 8–3 |
| 7. | Stanford 9–2 | 17. | Notre Dame 8–3 |
| 8. | Michigan 9–2 | 18. | Georgia 8–3 |
| 9. | Oklahoma 9–2 | 19. | N. Carolina St. 8–3 |
| 10. | Pittsburgh 9–2 | 20. | Arizona State 8–4 |

**Possible Breakthroughs:** *Ohio State (8–3), Baylor (8–3), North Texas State (9–2), Florida (8–3), North Carolina (8–3), Texas Tech (7–4), Texas A & M (7–4).*

# PLAYBOY'S 1979 PREVIE

Left to right, top to bottom: Tim Foley (73), lineman, Notre Dame; Anthony Munoz (77), lineman, USC; John Robinson, USC, Playboy's Coach of the Year; Mork Herrmann (9), quorterbock, Purdue; Brad Budde (71), linemon, USC; Melvin Jones (75), lineman, Houston; Jim Ritcher (51), center, North Carolina Stote; Darrin Nelson (31), runner, Stonford; Emanuel Tolbert (21), receiver, SMU; Johnny Jones (26), receiver, Texas; Charles White (12), runner, USC; Billy Sims (20), runner, Oklahoma; Rex Robinson (5), ploce kicker, Georgia.

L to r: Purdue passer Mork Herrmann, Stanford runner Darrin Nelson, SMU receiver Emonuel Tolbert, Oklahoma runner Billy Sims.

# W ALL-AMERICA TEAM

Left to right, top to bottom: Clevelond Crosby (95), linemon, Arizona; Jim Stuckey (83), lineman, Clemson; Ron Simpkins (40), linebacker, Michigon; Dovid Hodge (42), linebacker, Houston; Jim Miller (39), punter, Mississippi; Roland Jomes (14), back, Tennessee; Doug Martin (73), linemon, Woshington; Johnnie Johnson (27), back, Texas; Scot Brantley (55), linebacker, Florida; Dave Waymer (34), back, Notre Dame; Kenny Easley (5), back, University of California at Los Angeles; Hugh Green (99), lineman, Pittsburgh.

L to r: Arizona lineman Cleveland Crosby, Michigan linebacker Ron Simpkins, UCLA safety Kenny Easley, USC coach John Robinson.

# 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:** *Mike Ford (Southern Methodist), Rich Campbell (California), Art Schlichter (Ohio State), Phil Bradley (Missouri), Paul McDonald (Southern California), Bill Hurley (Syracuse), Roch Hontas (Tulane), Mark Malone (Arizona State), Marc Wilson (Brigham Young)*

**RUNNING BACKS:** *Vagas Ferguson (Notre Dame), James Hadnot (Texas Tech), I. M. Hipp (Nebraska), Joe Steele (Washington), Curtis Dickey (Texas A & M), James Wilder (Missouri), James Brooks (Auburn), Matt Suhey (Penn State), Major Ogilvie (Alabama), Amos Lawrence (North Carolina), Marion Barber (Minnesota), Joe Cribbs (Auburn), George Rogers (South Carolina)*

**RECEIVERS:** *Mardye McDole (Mississippi State), Mark Brammer (Michigan State), Ken Margerum (Stanford), Junior Miller (Nebraska), Cris Collinsworth (Florida), Eugene Byrd (Michigan State), Dave Harangody (Indiana), Bubba Garcia (Texas–El Paso), Eugene Goodlow (Kansas State), Doug Donley (Ohio State)*

**OFFENSIVE LINEMEN:** *Greg Kolenda (Arkansas), John Schmeding (Boston College), Ken Fritz (Ohio State), Allan Kennedy (Washington State), John Arbeznik (Michigan), Craig Wolfley (Syracuse), Ray Snell (Wisconsin)*

**CENTERS:** *Dwight Stephenson (Alabama), Brent Boyd (UCLA), Ray Donaldson (Georgia), Paul Tabor (Oklahoma)*

**DEFENSIVE LINEMEN:** *Bruce Clark (Penn State), Gary Don Johnson (Baylor), Ron Simmons (Florida State), Hosea Taylor (Houston), John Adams (Louisiana State), Keena Turner (Purdue), Dave Ahrens (Wisconsin), Matt Millen (Penn State), Steve McMichael (Texas), Jacob Green (Texas A & M)*

**LINEBACKERS:** *Mike Singletary (Baylor), Mozell Axson (Miami), Dennis Johnson (Southern California), John Corker (Oklahoma State), George Cumby (Oklahoma), Mike Forrest (New Mexico), Brad Vassar (Pacific), Ben Apuna (Arizona State), Lance Taylor (Texas), Otis Wilson (Louisville)*

**DEFENSIVE BACKS:** *Mark Haynes (Colorado), Woodrow Wilson (North Carolina State), Pete Harris (Penn State), Darrol Ray (Oklahoma), Ricky Barden (North Carolina), Lovie Smith (Tulsa)*

**KICKERS:** *Mike Lansford (Washington), Bill Adams (Texas Tech), Steve Steinke (Utah State), Joe Williams (Wichita State), Craig Jones (Virginia Military)*

# TOP NEWCOMERS

*(Incoming freshmen and transfers who should make it big)*

Willie Sydnor, *receiver* ..... Villanova
Jimmy Smith, *running back* ..... Purdue
Keith Chappelle, *receiver* ..... Iowa
Robert Budde, *offensive lineman* ..... Wisconsin
Joe Lukens, *offensive lineman* ..... Ohio State
Tony Hunter, *receiver* ..... Notre Dame
Glenn Ford, *running back* ..... Tennessee
Buford McGee, *running back* ..... Mississippi
Malcolm Scott, *tight end* ..... Louisiana State
Chris Janes, *running back* ..... Kentucky
Leon Chadwick, *receiver* ..... Georgia Tech
Clyde Riggins, *running back* ..... Colorado
Keith Dearring, *running back* ..... Kansas State
Darryl Sheffey, *defensive lineman* ..... Oklahoma State
Mitchell Bennett, *receiver* ..... Southern Methodist
Eric Dickerson, *running back* ..... Southern Methodist
Tom Jones, *quarterback* ..... Arkansas
Reuben Jones, *quarterback* ..... Texas Christian
Eric Hipp, *kicker* ..... Southern California
John Elway, *quarterback* ..... Stanford
Wayne VanDerloo, *kicker* ..... Wyoming
Claudio Cipolla, *quarterback* ..... Pacific

it—what are the elusive characteristics of a successful college football coach? We've discussed this with scores of coaches over the past 20 years and have assembled a check list of desirable attributes in an approximately descending order of importance:

1. Get a job at a major university with an established football program and a winning tradition (such as Notre Dame, Southern California or Penn State), where the recruiting process isn't so much like selling used cars as choosing goodies from a lavish buffet. Penn State, for example, hasn't had a losing season since 1938. It has had only four head coaches since 1930, and one of them served only a year on an interim basis.

2. Get a job at a large university with a miserable football program but a large number of very rich alumni whose influence has not been creatively exploited by previous coaches—then proceed to do so. An amazing number of hot-shot high schoolers have decided on the university of their choice after Daddy has unexpectedly received the job offer of a lifetime. One blue-chipper last winter suddenly changed his educational plans after his grandmother, a lady of very modest means, bought him a $14,000 automobile.

3. Be a productive recruiter. That involves the highly specialized ability to charm the mothers of outsized teenagers. Especially desirable assets are (A) a molasses voice with the timbre of the low pedal on a pipe organ (such as Bear Bryant), (B) the weathered good looks of a Biblical prophet (also such as Bear Bryant) and (C) the hypnotic persuasiveness of a traveling evangelist.

4. Be a combination of organizational genius and father figure. Delegate all but the most critical decisions to qualified subordinates, leave the practice-field ass kicking to the assistant coaches and be on 24-hour call to listen sympathetically to the personal problems of a 280-pound defensive tackle.

5. Concentrate your recruiting efforts on offensive linemen, who are the scarcest of all the building blocks of a successful football squad because they must be not only big, fast and quick but also reasonably intelligent. With the current squad limits, almost every team in the land can recruit a good supply of runners, receivers and defensive players of all sorts. But good blockers are scarce because high school coaches rarely put their best athletes in the offensive line.

Now that you know how to do it, apply for a job. There will be at least two dozen openings next December. And remember—the pay is good; at many major schools, it runs to $45,000 per year in salary and over $100,000 per year in

Summer Cruise-
You summon all your craft to launch the Summer Party to Remember. And, for the crew you've strung along, you stash a special stow-away on board— plenty of Smirnoff to brighten the juices and tonic you've stored. Then it's clear sailing for all hands. Smirnoff® vodka. It leaves you breathless.
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fringe benefits. And your wife gets two free tickets to every game.

Let's take a look at how the various coaches will make out this year.

## THE EAST

### INDEPENDENTS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Penn State | 9–2 | Syracuse | 6–5 |
| Pittsburgh | 9–2 | Colgate | 5–5 |
| Rutgers | 8–3 | West Virginia | 3–8 |
| Villanova | 8–3 | Boston College | 3–8 |
| Navy | 7–4 | Army | 1–10 |
| Temple | 7–4 | | |

### IVY LEAGUE

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dartmouth | 7–2 | Columbia | 5–4 |
| Cornell | 7–2 | Harvard | 2–7 |
| Brown | 6–3 | Pennsylvania | 2–7 |
| Yale | 5–4 | Princeton | 2–7 |

TOP PLAYERS: Clark, Millen, Suhey, Harris (Penn State); Green, Heath, Jacobs (Pittsburgh); Steward, Mangiero, Dorn (Rutgers); O'Brien, Long (Villanova); Thornton, McCallister, Feldman (Navy); McCarty, Broomell (Temple); Hurley, Wolfley, Monk (Syracuse); Colosimo, Kimmel (Colgate); Holmes, Thomas (West Virginia); Schmeding (Boston College); Mayes (Army); Dufresne, Shula (Dartmouth); DeStefano, Roth (Cornell); Sinnott, Farnham (Brown); Hill, Regan (Yale); Biaggi (Columbia); Woolway (Harvard); Winemaster (Pennsylvania); Crissy (Princeton).

Penn State will again be one of the premier defensive teams in the nation, but it will be very difficult for the Lions to duplicate last season's 11–0 record because of graduation losses from the offensive unit. Hardest vacancy to fill will be the quarterback slot. Heir apparent to the job is Dayle Tate, who is a better runner than predecessor Chuck Fusina, but he may be rusty after missing the past two seasons with injuries. Best of the offensive returnees is fullback Matt Suhey, who is already classed among Penn State's all-time great runners. A replacement must also be found for record-setting kicker Matt Bahr. There is, as usual, a large supply of promising understudy players on the Penn State squad. It may take a few weeks for the offensive unit to work the wrinkles out (and the early-season schedule includes toughies Texas A & M, Nebraska and Maryland), but by midseason the Lions will be as fearsome as usual.

Pittsburgh coach Jackie Sherrill has revamped the Panther offense to take advantage of an abundance of talent at the skilled positions. There are more prime-quality athletes on the Pitt squad than in any year since it won the national championship in 1976, the legacy of three excellent recruiting years. The passing offense, featuring three fine quarterbacks (Rich Trocano, Dan Daniels and Dan Marino), will be greatly improved. The defensive line, led by Playboy All-America end Hugh Green, will be nearly impregnable. Also, the schedule is an easy one, with only North Carolina, Washington and Penn State offering promise of much resistance.

Coach Frank Burns is rapidly building Rutgers into an Eastern power. Each year, the schedule is upgraded, but recruiting has been very good for several seasons and the skill and size of the players keep improving. Both lines will be strong and experienced. The return of both of last year's quarterbacks, plus a prime crew of receivers and a veteran group of fast runners, will give the Scarlet Knights a high-scoring offense.

After three successful recruiting years in a row, the Villanova team has better depth than at any time within memory. Another dimension will be added to the offense (last season, the Wildcats did little but run) with the arrival of superfast receiver Willie Sydnor, a transfer from Northwestern.

It will be difficult for the Navy team to duplicate its surprising success of last fall, when it posted a 9–3 record and wound up 17th in the national rankings. Although the Middies will have a veteran defense, their biggest and perhaps best offensive line ever and an awesome running attack, the passing game looks problematical at best. New quarterback Bob Powers is a better runner than passer. Also, as coach George Welsh told us, "It will be tougher to win games this year, because other teams will spend more time getting ready for us."

Temple will field a fine passing team with matured quarterback Brian Broomell, a brace of excellent receivers and a strong offensive line; but graduation decimated the running attack. Fortunately, the defensive unit will be the strongest in many years.

It's been a long and arduous reconstruction process, but Syracuse is on the verge of rejoining the major Eastern football powers. Thirty-eight of last year's top 44 players return. Quarterback Bill Hurley, a slick ball handler, strong runner and accurate passer, makes Syracuse one of the most explosive teams in the country. If opposing defenses key on him, runner Art Monk is off like a rocket. Monk is also a dangerous receiver. The Orangemen play an ambitious schedule this fall, but look for some pleasant upsets along the way.

Although the Colgate team will again be very young, it will benefit from much more depth and experience than last year's disappointing edition. Quarterback John Marzo and the offensive line will be especially improved.

The '78 season was a disaster for the West Virginia team. Facing the toughest schedule in history with an extremely young squad short on speed and skill, it was physically whipped in the early games, confidence faded and it was near collapse by season's end. The Mountaineers will be a stronger and deeper team this year, but (except for classy receiver Cedric Thomas) they will still be short of explosive potential. The defense, though still too small, slow and shallow, will have more quality athletes, and the schedule is a little easier. Despite all this misfortune, there is much confidence in the future in Morgantown—a new attendance record was set last year and a snazzy new stadium is now abuildin'.

Boston College, with an 0–11 record, didn't have such a happy '78 season, either. If the injury plague subsides, especially in the offensive line, incoming hot-shot freshman runner Shelby Gamble may add a lot of gusto to the offense. As many as 17 sophomores and several freshmen will see a lot of playing time this fall. Incumbent quarterback Jay Palazola could be displaced by sharp-passing sophomore Dennis Scala before the season is over.

New Army coach Lou Saban, who has made a career of rebuilding football teams, both college and pro, takes on his biggest challenge ever. Not only did graduation take a heavy toll but several players who would have been returning starters have quit the team, leaving the always-thin Cadet squad with fewer warm bodies than ever. There are abundant opportunities for any incoming recruits, particularly in the skilled positions. A few of this season's starters and most of the backup personnel will be inexperienced. It will be a bleak autumn on the Hudson.

Dartmouth, last fall's surprise Ivy League title winner, still looks like the team to beat. Coach Joe Yukica will have some patching to do, especially in the offensive line and the linebacker corps. A new quarterback must be found, with Larry Margerum the leading contender for the job.

Last year was the first winning campaign at Cornell since 1972 and the Big Red should have even more success this time. If a top-grade runner can be found to complement the skills of quarterback Mike Ryan, Cornell could be a leading contender for the Ivy championship.

The Brown team should profit from an abatement of the injury epidemic. The Brownies' principal enigma on entering pre-season drills will be locating a new quarterback. The rest of the offensive unit is in great shape, with excellent depth and talent in both the line and the backfield.

Yale coach Carm Cozza must find replacements for 18 departed starters, but there are enough quality players waiting in the wings for the Elis again to have a good chance to capture the championship. The man most likely to be quarterback is Dennis Dunn, a transfer from Montana State. He will be working with

Two for Tea-
You surround yourself with all the essentials for a lazy afternoon— good book, a snack, iced tea—when once again she surprises you. She pours 6 parts tea to 1 part Smirnoff. And with one sip there's no question it's a whole different kind of Two for Tea! Smirnoff® vodka. It leaves you breathless.®
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a deep stable of running backs, including elusive speedster Ken Hill.

The Columbia team will have a much-improved running game, thanks to the arrival of a strong group of sophomores. Senior Larry Biondi and junior Bob Conroy will battle for the starting quarterback job and soph Steve Wallace could become one of the better receivers in the East.

The Harvard offensive platoon was nearly obliterated by graduation. Brian Buckley is the leading candidate for the quarterback job, but it may be impossible to adequately restructure the offensive line, and the running will be much less impressive than a year ago.

Both the Pennsylvania and the Princeton teams sustained severe graduation losses and this will be a rebuilding year at both schools. The Quakers, fortunately, have a sterling crop of sophomores, and one of them must be groomed for the quarterback position in pre-season drills. Princeton coach Frank Navarro's main job will be replacing the entire offensive line. Cris Crissy could become the premier runner in the Ivy League before he graduates.

**THE MIDWEST**

BIG TEN

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Purdue | 10–1 | Minnesota | 5–6 |
| Michigan | 9–2 | Wisconsin | 5–6 |
| Michigan State | 9–2 | Iowa | 3–8 |
| Ohio State | 8–3 | Illinois | 3–8 |
| Indiana | 6–5 | Northwestern | 2–9 |

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ball State | 9–2 | Toledo | 5–6 |
| Central Michigan | 9–2 | Kent State | 4–7 |
| Western Michigan | 7–4 | Northern Illinois | 4–7 |
| Ohio University | 6–5 | Bowling Green | 3–8 |
| Miami | 5–6 | Eastern Michigan | 3–8 |

INDEPENDENTS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Notre Dame | 8–3 | Cincinnati | 5–6 |
| Louisville | 7–4 | | |

TOP PLAYERS: Herrmann, Turner (Purdue); Simpkins, Greer (Michigan); Brammer, Bass, Anderson (Michigan State); Schlichter, Fritz (Ohio State); Harongody, Harkrader (Indiana); Barber, Kitzmann (Minnesota); Ahrens, Snell (Wisconsin); Chappelle (Iowa); Norman (Illinois); Strasser (Northwestern); Brown, Hinton (Ball State); Hogeboom, Jackson (Central Michigan); Manns, Murphy (Western Michigan); Groves (Ohio); Hunter (Miami); Hohenberger (Toledo); McQueen, Hrenya (Kent State); Lewandoski (Northern Illinois); Wright (Bowling Green); Johnson (Eastern Michigan); Waymer, Foley, Ferguson, Huffman (Notre Dame); Wilson, Henry (Louisville); Harvin, Bell (Cincinnati).

The long and tiresome era when Michigan and Ohio State dominated Big Ten football has ended. The Wolverines and the Buckeyes have not exactly turned into patsies, but for the first time in a decade, neither is a pre-season favorite for the conference title. This year, the nod goes to Purdue. Going into fall practice, the Boilermakers seem to have everything needed to give them a shot at both the conference and the national championships. Sixteen returning starters provide a wealth of experience, Playboy All-America quarterback Mark Herrmann has enough quality receivers for two teams, a flock of fleet runners keeps opposing defenders off guard and the defense is veteran, quick and strong. Add a superb crop of recruits, best of whom is highly touted running back Jimmy Smith, and a favorable schedule (Ohio State has been replaced by Minnesota and the two toughest opponents, Michigan and Notre Dame, must play in West Lafayette), and nothing short of a plague should keep the Boilers out of January's Rose Bowl.

If Purdue does falter, both Michigan and Michigan State, last year's co-winners of the Big Ten title, will be waiting in the wings. Michigan coach Bo Schembechler must find replacements for seven graduated offensive starters. The quarterback slot is the most vital problem, with B. J. Dickey and Gary Lee the prime candidates for the job. Guard John Arbeznik and tackle Bubba Paris are big and quick enough to cushion severe graduation losses in the offensive line. Much help could come from a fine group of freshmen, including two promising quarterbacks (Rich Hewlett and Steve O'Donnell), either of whom could be a starter by season's end. The veteran defensive unit, built around Playboy All-America linebacker Ron Simpkins, will be much stronger than a year ago and should hold off the enemy while the attackers work out the kinks.

Michigan State will also unveil a new quarterback, sophomore Bert Vaughn, who is short on experience but very long on potential. There is a plethora of heady runners on tap, with tailbacks Steve Smith and Derek Hughes the best bets for stardom. Mark Brammer could be the best tight end in the country. Also like the Wolverines, the Spartans will have a deep and veteran defensive unit that should dominate most opposing offenses. An important psychological plus is the expiration of the N.C.A.A. probation period, giving the Spartans a chance for a bowl bid at season's end.

New Ohio State coach Earle Bruce inherits a squad that features a superb quarterback (Art Schlichter), a great receiver (Doug Donley), some dependable runners, but (compared with Buckeye squads in years past) not much else. Said a veteran of the Ohio State athletic department, "I've been here nearly 30 years, and I don't remember a season when we had such a shortage of big, tough linemen on both sides of the scrimmage line." The defense, subpar last season, will again be a problem area. Bruce will likely resort to multiple defensive alignments in an effort to confuse opponents. With all this, Buckeye fans can at least look forward to a lot of high-scoring games.

The Indiana team will be much improved just from the healing of last season's multiple injuries. New quarterback Tim Clifford has a better arm and better receivers than his predecessor, and the running-back positions are so overloaded with talent that an impressive group of incoming freshman tailbacks may have to switch to other positions. There will be plenty of job openings across the line of scrimmage—eight starting defenders got diplomas last spring. One source of optimism is the schedule, on which Vanderbilt, Kentucky and Colorado have replaced Louisiana State, Washington and Nebraska. How's that for a serendipitous swap?

New Minnesota coach Joe Salem, an avid disciple of the aerial game, intends to fill the air with footballs in Minneapolis this fall. He will have a choice of five promising quarterbacks, including highly touted incoming freshman Tom Pence. Whoever gets the job (Wendell Avery and Mark Tonn are the best bets) will have the benefit of a big, strong and experienced offensive line. Tailback Marion Barber, only a junior, will almost certainly break Paul Giel's career rushing record this season. Enthusiasm among the Minnesota fans is at a high pitch. They remember Salem as a very popular backup quarterback (to Sandy Stephens) when Minnesota last won the national championship in the early Sixties, and they feel he can take the Gophers back to the Rose Bowl in the near future.

Although the Wisconsin team lost last year's leading rusher and top pass receiver and the heart of the line, the replacements are more than adequate. The defensive unit, however, will have serious depth problems and many positions will be filled by a good-looking group of redshirts. Until they get some experience under their helmets, the young Badgers will be heavily dependent on the leadership of sterling linebacker Dave Ahrens and quarterback Mike Kalasmiki.

New Iowa coach Hayden Fry, who has successfully doctored two previous football programs (Southern Methodist and North Texas State), now undertakes the most difficult healing job of his career. Fry has backed up his promise to field a gambling throw-on-any-down Hawkeye attack by recruiting two bazooka-armed junior college quarterbacks (Tony Ricciardulli and Gordy Bohannan) and the nation's leading junior college receiver (Keith Chappelle). Unfortunately, the schedule includes five teams that went to bowls last season. Incoming freshman

Sun Shower–
Everyone talks about the weather, but you do something about it. You get out the sprinkler and the icy cold Smirnoff, and throw a big splash of a lawn party. Suddenly everyone's out of the doldrums and into the swim. Smirnoff® vodka. It leaves you breathless.®
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kicker Reggie Roby should make a big splash his first year.

The Illinois team has suffered through two miserable seasons in a row. Last year's debacle was caused primarily by a tendency to fumble the ball in critical situations, a problem undoubtedly related to the fact that 32 members of the 54-man travel squad were freshmen or sophomores. The Illini thus should benefit enormously from experience. Help will also come from a jackpot group of recruits.

If Illinois had a bad year in '78, Northwestern fared worse—not a single win. The main problem was the defense, where the players were small, green, inexperienced and hurt most of the time. This fall, the Wildcats will be heavily dependent on a promising group of freshmen, several of whom could displace last year's starters before the first game at Michigan (what a baptism!). The Wildcats' major hope for respectability lies in the passing game—quarterback Kevin Strasser and his kiddie corps of receivers could be impressive.

The Mid-American Conference race looks like a dead heat between Ball State and Central Michigan. The Muncie Cardinals, with a strong offense and a weakened defensive unit, will be a mirror image of their '78 edition. Quarterback Mark O'Connell looked great in spring practice and could displace incumbent Dave Wilson.

If Central Michigan's young offensive line can mature quickly, and if quarterback Gary Hogeboom continues his noticeable improvement of last fall, the Chippewas could go into their final game with San Jose State undefeated. That game, incidentally, could well be a preview of the new bowl game to be played beginning in 1980 between the champions of the Mid-American and the Pacific Coast conferences.

Western Michigan, with the improved passing of Albert Little and the best set of receivers in school history, will have a more balanced attack than last year. Rookie tailback Larry Caper and bowling-ball fullback Bobby Howard will keep the running game as potent as last year's.

New Ohio University coach Brian Burke knocked heads in spring practice, and only the heartiest and most dedicated survived. The Bobcats may have trouble moving the ball this year, but the defense, anchored by premier lineman Steve Groves, will be rock-ribbed. Several of the returning defenders will likely be replaced by newcomers or suddenly mature sophs.

This will be an off year for Miami, due largely to the inroads of graduation (last season's quarterback and two top receivers are missing) and spring-practice injuries (the two best runners are wearing leg casts).

Toledo's starting offensive unit last year was almost entirely made up of freshmen. Obviously, they'll be stronger, bigger, tougher and smarter this fall. If quarterback Maurice Hall, prone to freshman mistakes last season, can settle down and improve his passing, the Rockets could pull off a few big upsets. By 1980, with another incoming crop of quality recruits, they could challenge for the conference championship.

Two junior college arrivals, strong-armed Jeff Morrow and swift receiver Bob Whitt, will team with slotback Mike Moore to give Kent State a dramatically improved aerial game. Another key to the Flashes' chances will be the healing of halfback Mike McQueen's knee; he gives the veer offense the needed outside speed.

Northern Illinois has a splendid runner (Allen Ross), two of the better linebackers in the flatlands (Frank Lewandoski and Mike Terna), a high-scoring kicker (Rome Moga) and a veteran offensive line; but the ranks are thin or green (or both) everywhere else.

Last year's Bowling Green attack unit was one of the most productive in the league, and it returns nearly intact. Unfortunately, the defense, distressingly porous in '78, won't be much better this year.

Coach Mike Stock's rebuilding program at Eastern Michigan is moving apace, but there is still a long way to go. A large and promising group of incoming freshmen will flesh out a squad that was acutely undermanned last season. Stock's primary job in pre-season drills is to find a capable quarterback.

The Notre Dame team has lost a dozen of last year's starters, but there is always a phalanx of brawny youths waiting around South Bend for a chance to play. The keystone of this year's success, or lack thereof, will be the quarterback job, which could go either to Rusty Lisch (a better runner than departed Joe Montana but not as good a passer) or to Tim Koegel, who has yet to realize the great potential he showed in high school. Whoever gets the job will benefit from a spectacular crew of receivers, best of whom is future All-America Dean Masztak. Other Irish assets include an experienced offensive line, featuring Playboy All-America tackle Tim Foley, and the running of Vagas Ferguson. The best runner in school history, Ferguson will break Jerome Heavens' career rushing record this fall. Notre Dame's defensive unit will also survive heavy graduation losses with minimal damage. A large contingent of supersophs, plus the return from injury of lineman Scott Zettek, will make the stopper crew as big as ever and even quicker. The fireplug of the defense will again be Playboy All-America defensive back Dave Waymer. The Irish schedule, unlike the patsy slates of the recent past, is a rough one. Only two pushovers (Air Force and Navy) are on the schedule and its first two games, against toughies Michigan and Purdue, will be played on the road.

Coach Vince Gibson is rapidly building the Louisville team into a Midwestern power. Gibson redshirted nearly his entire freshman team last fall and it will now join a good nucleus of veterans to face the hardest schedule in school history. Diminutive quarterback Stu Stram (son of Hank) will again direct the offense, but this fall's superstar is likely to be rookie runner Mike Sims.

Cincinnati's freshman tailback sensation Allen Harvin should be even better this fall as a sophomore. He will team with Ohio State transfer fullback Mike Schneider to give the Bearcats a devastating running attack. Another supersoph, offensive lineman Kari Yli-Renko, looks like a future All-America. The Bearcats will be a much-improved team, but the upgraded schedule will likely preclude any improvement over last year's 5–6 record.

•

The Alabama team won't be as strong as last year, but neither will the schedule. Its '78 opponents Nebraska, Missouri, Southern Cal and Washington have been replaced by Georgia Tech, Baylor, Wichita State and Miami, so even if the Tide wins as many games as last year's national-championship club, the pollsters won't be as impressed. The team's major asset is a superb offensive line, but the all-important quarterback position is a big question mark. Steadman Shealy, the heir apparent to the job, was challenged in spring practice by two youngsters, Tommy Wilcox and Alan Gray. E. J. Junior, moved from defensive end to strong safety, could become an All-America at that position.

Auburn's hopes were scuttled by injuries last fall, but all the hurts have healed and there are all kinds of players with pro potential in camp. There is also a strong sense of purpose and togetherness among the squad members—a feeling that this will be the big year the Plainsmen have been working for since coach Doug Barfield took over three years ago. Joe Cribbs and James Brooks should be one of the better running duos in the country, and linemen Charles Wood and Frank Warren, plus linebacker Freddie Smith, will make life miserable for opposing runners.

Georgia lost a half-dozen excellent players to graduation, but the replacements—though young—are loaded with talent. Transfer Ed Guthrie and freshman Carnie Norris will add zip to the running game, and the tight-end job will be held by either of two promising freshmen, Guy McIntyre or Donald Dixon.

*(continued on page 230)*

MONTH OF ANNIVERSARY OF FALL OF GANG OF FOUR

# PLAYBOY

ENLIGHTENMENT FOR MEN WORKERS

## HOT STUFF: GIRLS OF SZECHWAN

## PLAYBOY TESTS TURBO-POWER RICKSHA

## HOW TO THROW RICE-PADDY PARTY

## UP-TO-MINUTE MOVIE PICTURE — "THE AMERICA SYNDROME!"

## NEW CHINESE EDITION!

# PLAYBOY ADVISOR SAY

My wife is extremely beautiful. She have very large sumptuous breasts, lovely backside area, legs as smooth as duck's ear and scent of jasmine. Problem is, all men consistently flirt with her and attempt to drive her into unfaithfulness. What to do, please?—R. K., Tientsin.

*Playboy Advisor say: Man who offer wife to Playboy Advisor get free subscription.*

My friend say it is proper to eat lark soup with chopsticks. I say it is impossible to eat soup with chopsticks. Who is correct?—S. Y., Chowdown Province.

*Playboy Advisor say: Man who ask stupid question have subscription canceled.*

My girlfriend is Mongolian. At night, she says, "Chang, please put reproductive baton in spring well." What does she mean by this?—C. K. F., Sinkiang.

*Playboy Advisor say: Man who have Mongolian for girlfriend must be idiot.*

My mistress prefers autoeroticism to sexplay with me. How should I interpret this?—L. F., Canton Province.

*Playboy Advisor say: Man whose mistress prefers sexplay with auto should have battery checked.*

*Playboy Advisor say: Girl who ride bicycle upside down have crack up.*

My honorable wife always takes bowl of rice to bed and puts it on her private parts. Then she asks me to eat rice. My problem is that I do not like rice. What shall I do?—H. K. F., Manchuria.

*Playboy Advisor say: Man who do not like rice at home should eat out.*

# WHAT SORT OF MAN READ PLAYBOY, PLEASE?

Is hard-working honorable fellow whose name is Chang or Chung, possibly Ching or Cheng. He drink large quantities rice wine, own bicycle plus umbrella and have 6785 honorable relatives.

# PARTY LINE JOKES

Our Inscrutable Dictionary define *inscrutable* as describing woman so ugly that no man is able to have sex on her.

Riddle: Why did Ching Wang wear red suspenders? Answer: Because he was honorable member of Communist Party.

A fisherman from Tientsin had been walking all day long and was lost when he came to farmhouse of Mr. Chang.

"Honorable farmer," he said, "I have walked all day and I am weary. Can you spare a bed for me?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Chang. "You see, I have 678 children and only two beds. Already it is crowded in my humble farmhouse."

"Perhaps I can sleep in your bed with your wife," said fisherman, "and you can sleep in barn."

"How will that benefit me?" asked Mr. Chang.

"I will tell you in morning," fisherman said.

So Mr. Chang agreed and slept in barn, while his visitor slept in his bed with his wife. Next morning, Mr. Chang asked, "So, honorable fisherman, how did it benefit me?"

Humble fisherman replied: "It didn't."

Our Inscrutable Dictionary define *69* as average number of children fathered by average Chinese man.

Our Inscrutable Dictionary define *Hong Kong* as gorilla with large private parts.



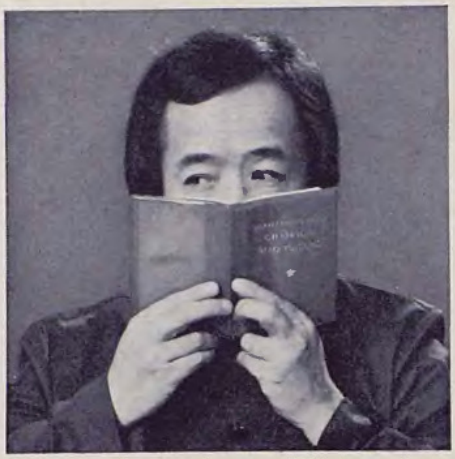
WRITTEN AND PRODUCED BY JOHN BLUMENTHAL

# GIRLS OF SZECHWAN

Oh boy oh boy, what lucky fellows are men of Szechwan! From left to right, these moon-graced daughters of Seventh Sun are named: Poo, Loo, Mai, Tai, Gum, Shoo and Irving. They are preparing themselves diligently for night of disco boogers! Holy cow! Those funny hats they are appearing to wear are not hats at all but hair-drying machines. What wonders will be coming from West next? As esteemed Chairman Mao said: "Man who stares unceasingly at beautiful woman winds up with eyestrain, four-eyes!"

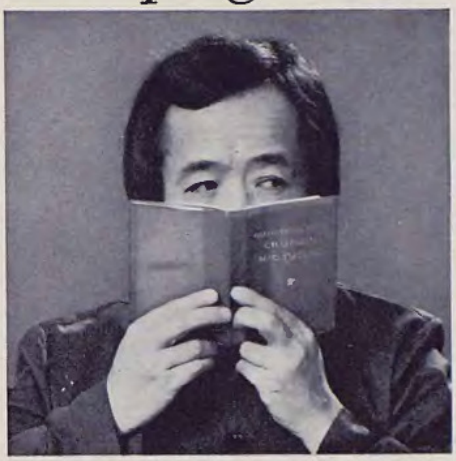
# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LO REH TING

## *candid conversation with honorable tv programer*



*"We have imported many TV shows from West, but, in accordance with teachings of esteemed Chairman Mao, we have altered these programs for our own people."*

*"Soon, our people will be watching such programs as 'Twenty-Three's Company,' 'Make Room for Szechwan,' 'Eight Thousand Is Enough' and 'Mao & Mindy.'"*



*"Other shows include 'Rice Paper Chase' and very humorous program about some wacky Chinese soldiers who operate field hospital in North Korea, 'M*U*S*H.'"*

# NEW FASHIONS!

BUSINESS-SUIT LOOK: What visiting American executive would nat be impressed by grace and dignity espaused by this business attire (below)? Notice, please, saphisticated cut af fabric, stylishly shaped lapels and cuffs and latest improvement—buttons! Also, far first time, dapper Chinese executive need nat remove his trousers to utilize relieving place—he must merely pull down zipping fastener ta release his pee pee! This definitive Chinese executive laokness was fashioned by our very own Rick af Peking and will be available for purchase saon at Peking's new hat-shot store, Blue Ming Dales.

FORMAL DINNER JACKET AND TROUSERS: One day you may be called upon ta go to "formal dining party," and if sa, you must dress in new formal attire such as this (above). Notice, please, sophisticated cut af fabric, stylishly shaped lapels and pleased loak of model! Yau will certainly be outstanding party persan now! As Chairman Maa so wisely taught us: "Man wha wears clothes will be warmer than ane wha daesn't."

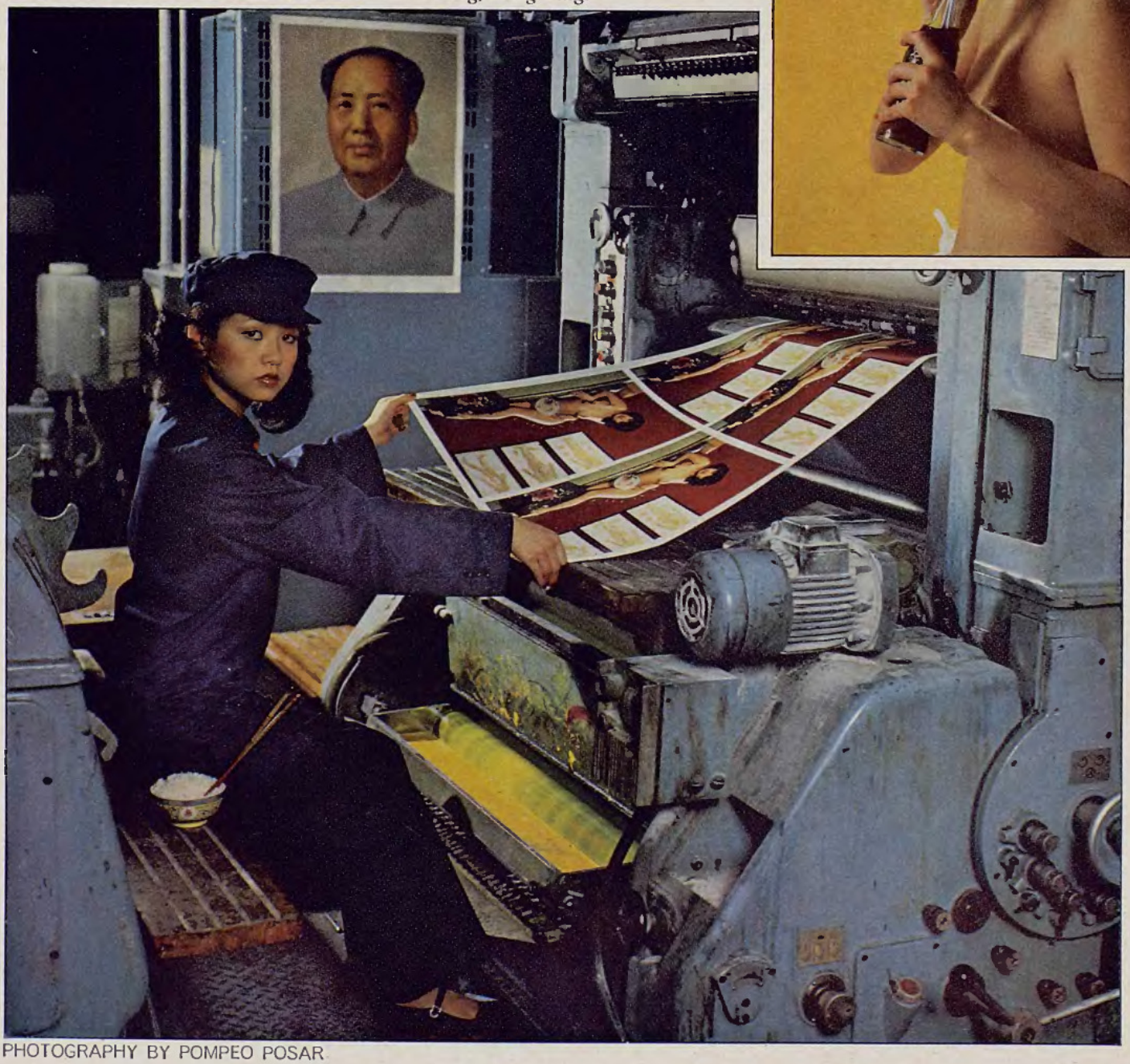
SPORTY LOOK: Sa you want to take fun bicycle ride through Tibet? Or you want to just hang around Forbidden City ane afternoon? Maybe you just want ta stay at home and curl up with good poster? What will yau wear for such pastimes? We knaw far sure! Laok ta picture below and you can find out! This new line of classy spartswear has distinctive look, unlike anything else. Notice, please, sophisticated cut of fabric, stylishly shaped lapels, etc., etc. Makes good beachwear for you, tao, because special fabric takes only 13 hours ta dry! Don't wait—we have anly 14,000,000 in stack!

# PARTY GIRL

Hey, swinging Chinese guys, here is first PLAYBOY pinup girl for you! She is hard-working girl who like to drink Coca-Cola and go to disco to shake her boots! She want to be successful actress and happy, too, she say. How about that? "For pastime, I make hats from rice," she is telling us. "Also, rice sculpture of Chairman Mao and others. I use soy sauce for eyes and seaweed for hair and sell them to American tourists." What else does Wing Ding like to do? We blush to guess!

*honorable playmate worker, wing ding, in top physical shape for making quota and pinning up!*

PLAYBOY *pinup, Wing Ding, work on press (below) that prints centerfold. "Printing is big turn-on for me," she say. Sure thing, Wing Ding.*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

# WING DING

PLAYBOY'S PRICELESS PINUP OF MONTH

# NICK NOLTE (continued from page 132)

*"'At one point, I just started growling and I got up and pulled the whole chair along with me.'"*

for three days straight. Give me a break, I'll be fresh in the morning.' Frank says, 'Fuck fresh! You get your ass up here and bring that script! Bring it *bound*!' "

Nolte was laughing so hard that it brought on a coughing attack. "Jee-zuz!" he said, pounding his chest.

He went over to a wrought-iron bookcase and picked a football off one of the shelves.

"Totally fucking weird and unreal, man," Hal said. "Then I get up there. It's Frank and Ted. I case the scene out and immediately I get these poisonous vibrations; like you might pick up around a place where they slaughter animals. Vibrations of death and horror."

He got up and began to pace, his hands stuffed into the pockets of his Levis. "For one thing," he said, "I can see that old Frank and Ted have been in this room for some *time*, man. Like, maybe a *week* or something. And they haven't just been holding hands or anything; it's worse than that. They've been *working*. I mean, there were pages of shit all over the place."

"They were writing a script," Nolte said.

"Yeah, I *know* they were writing a script," Hal said. He pointed to himself. "I thought *I* was writing the script, man, and they were doing whatever they do."

Nolte began walking around and tossing the football into the air. "It's paranoia time," he said. "That's why I left town last week. I knew everybody was set to go crazy."

"Ted is making his move," Hal said. "He's taking the old power shot."

"Ted is making his move," Nolte said, nodding his head in agreement. He threw the football too high and it collided with the ceiling and went ricocheting across the room.

"Look," he said, recovering the ball, "consider Ted's position here. He's going to direct a movie in two weeks, or three weeks, or whenever. Number one—the movie is all about football, and Ted, he doesn't know much of anything about football. So that's number one. Number two—he doesn't understand what the fuck the main character is all about. Now, this is a problem. Ted says to me, 'I don't think I really understand this guy Phil, Nick.' You know, he calls him 'this guy Phil.' "

"Yeah," Hal said. He sat down again and lit a cigarette. "And, number three, it's not his script."

"And number three, it's not his script," Nolte said. "Exactly. According to them, it's *our* script. See how it is, Hal? It's them and us."

"The old power shot," Hal said. "I love it."

"The way I have it figured," Nolte said, "Ted gets Frank all worked up——"

"He stirs Frank's creative urge," Hal said.

"Which Frank loves," Nolte said. "Frank wants every picture he produces to be his life story."

"Yeah, he thinks everything is him, man," Hal said.

"Then Frank and Ted go off and write a script," Nolte said. "Now it is *their* script, not *our* script. This is Ted's way of taking control."

"A coup!" Hal said. He reached out and grabbed the air with his hand. "I *love* it, man."

"But their script is fucked," Nolte said.

"They have all these *ideas*," Hal said. "Where do they get all these ideas? Frank's hiring gag writers and shit—where's all this coming from?"

"The fucking gag writers," Nolte said.

 For full color reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19" by 21", send $2 to Box 929PB, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005

"Those were the guys that came up with the idea of the rubber prick."

"Ah, yes, the rubber prick," Hal said reflectively. "What a tasteful idea."

Nolte drop-kicked the football and it banged against the fireplace with considerable force. "I told Frank that we have to keep all rubber pricks and all rubber-prick-related ideas the *fuck* out of this movie," he said. "We're supposed to be making a real movie here, for Christ's sake."

"Yeah," Hal said. "There *are* aesthetic considerations."

Nolte grinned. He went over and sat opposite Hal. "I went up to this meeting," he said, "right before I split town. And it was a pisser. This is where Ted told me he didn't understand my character and everything. But, like, I knew this was all coming, so when I went over to the meeting, I made sure that I looked real grubby, like I'd just driven in from Fresno, and I had a torn-up T-shirt and just basically looked like a dangerous derelict. I figured it would put them at a disadvantage trying to power-trip a derelict. *Plus*, right before I went in, I went to the gym and lifted weights. Got a lot of veins bulging and shit. Then I went crashing into Frank's office, and I'm this seething, sweating visceral fucker. I didn't even talk, I just exhaled."

"Did Frank let you sit on his furniture?" Hal said.

"Hey," Nolte said, "Frank was cool, man. Frank was in his element. I scared the shit out of Ted, but Frank, he just went head on. He was screaming the whole time, all this bullshit about *his* input, *his* ideas. I couldn't even fucking understand what he was saying. At one point, I just started growling and I got up out of the chair and I sort of pulled the whole chair along with me. Fucking Ted, man, he wouldn't even look my way. Frank was shouting, 'Fuck you, Nolte! We won't *make* this picture if it's not right!' I'm shouting back, 'Fuck *you*, Frank! *I* won't fucking make this picture if it's not right!' "

"Phew!" Hal said, fanning his face. He stood up suddenly, as if he had heard gunfire. He went over to the nearest wall and ran his hands along it. "Do you think this place is bugged, man?" he said.

The telephone rang and Nolte walked over to his desk to answer it. "Yeah?" he said. He listened for a second. "OK, bring them in."

He put the phone down. "Wardrobe," he said to Hal. "The show goes on, man. I mean, we've got no script, but we've got wardrobe."

The wardrobe lady was a tall, elderly woman, dressed entirely in navy blue. She came striding purposefully into the room. She was accompanied by an assistant, a serious-looking girl in her 20s. The girl was carrying several pairs of pants on plastic hangers and she had a sheepskin coat draped over one arm.

"Just a few little things to discuss, Mr. Nolte," the wardrobe lady said. She settled herself into a chair. "It will only take a moment, I'm sure."

Hal got up from his place on the couch and took his cup of coffee into the conference room.

"I have some boots to show you," Nolte said to the lady. He went to the outer office and returned with a pair of fancy-stitched cowboy boots. He held them up for display and the wardrobe lady put on her glasses to study them.

"Lovely," she said. "Such workmanship. Such intricacy."

She traced a pattern in the air. "But"—she paused as a thought seemed to strike her—"I don't know if they are quite right for *you*, Mr. Nolte."

Nolte looked at the boots, which he held in mid-air, and back to the woman. "How do you mean?" he asked.

"They seem, somehow, too *formal* for you," the lady said. "Too dressy." She pointed with her index finger, as if to secure her words in the air. "I would think these boots would be worn by a wealthy ranch owner . . . in Santa Barbara County, perhaps. . . ."

Her eyes glowed a bit as she developed the image. "And he would always keep them highly polished," she said. She made

*(continued on page 238)*

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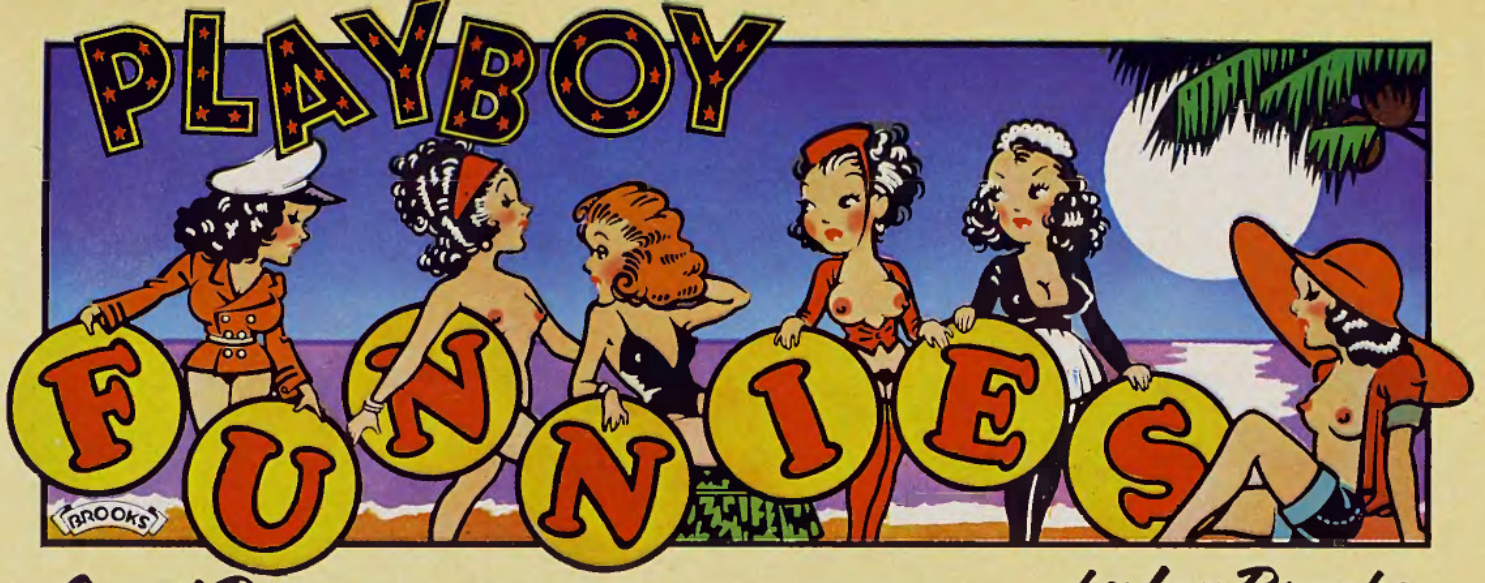
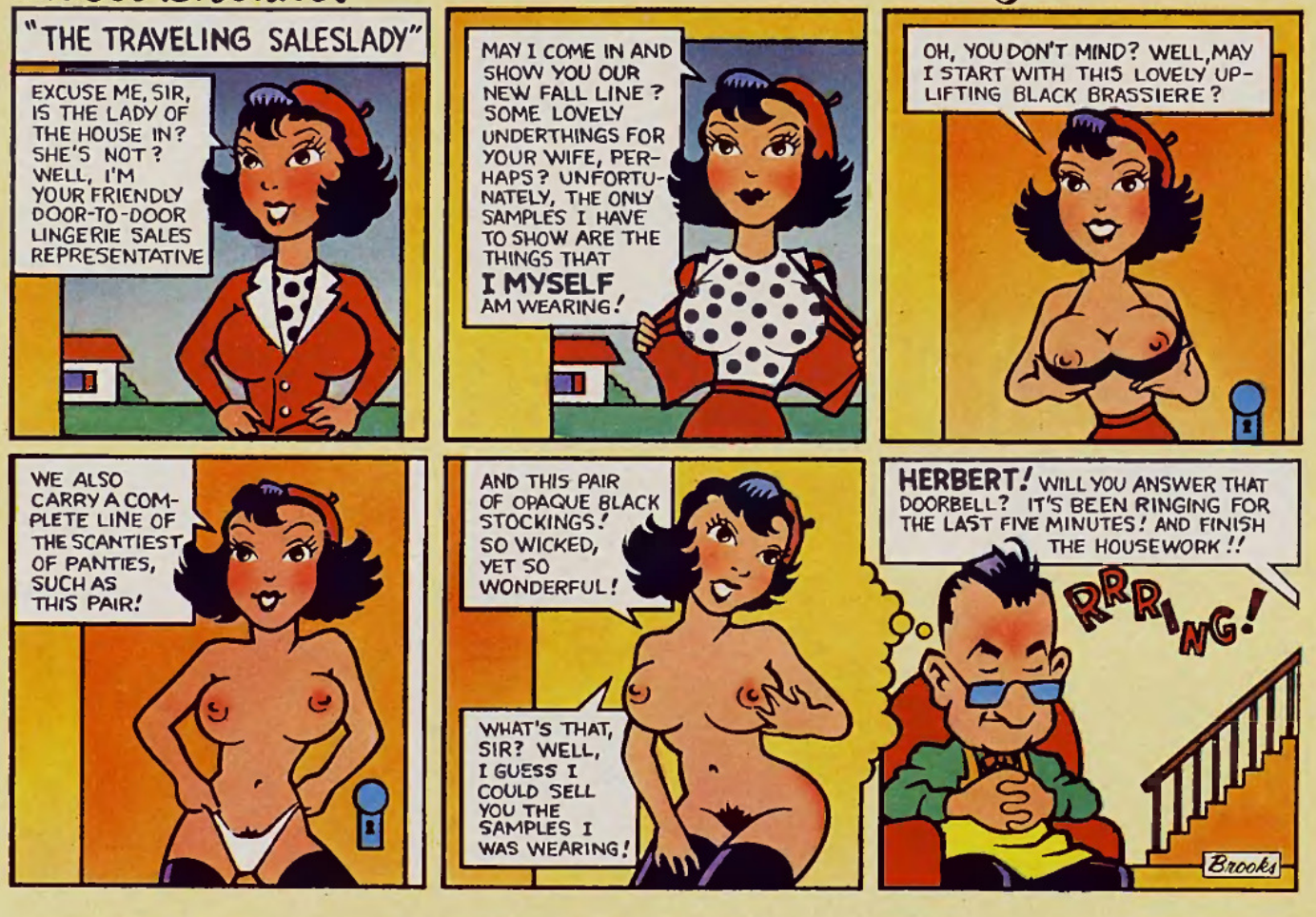


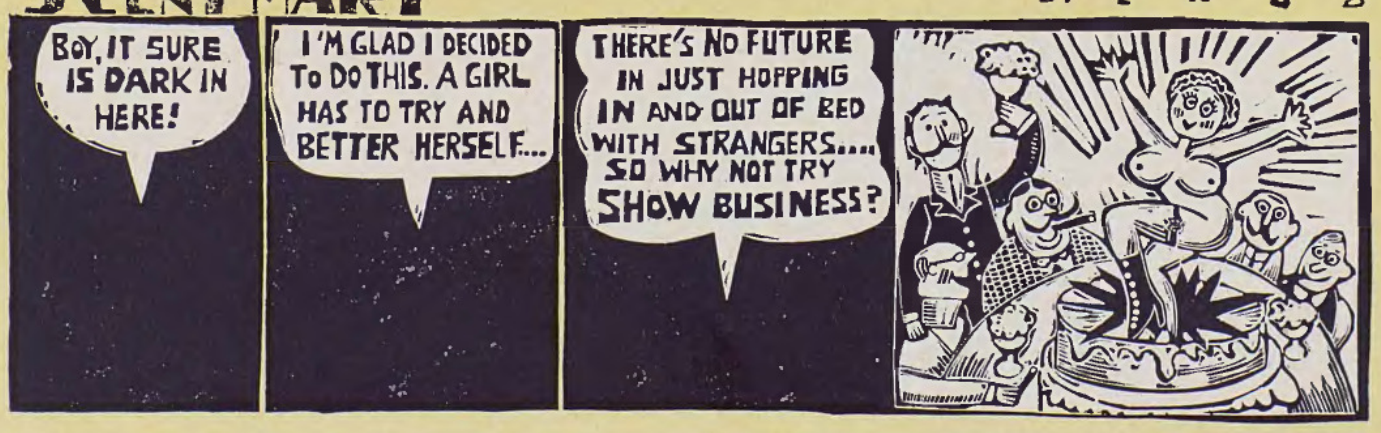

## Sweet Dreams

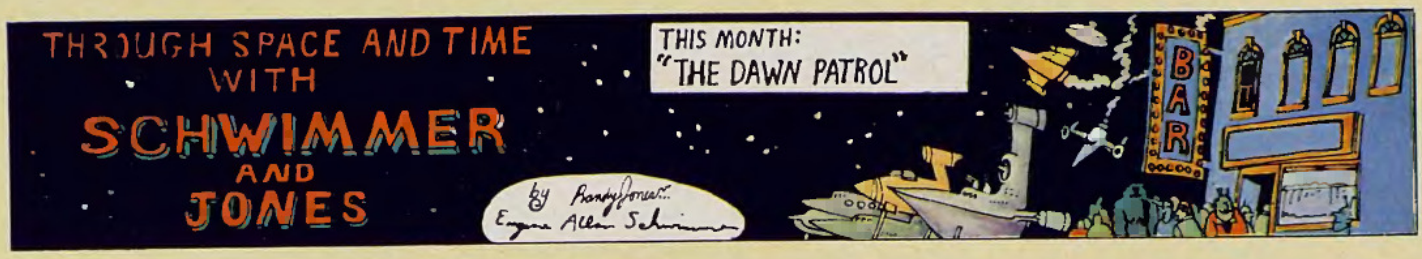
by Lou Brooks




## 5 CENT MARY

BY E N O S



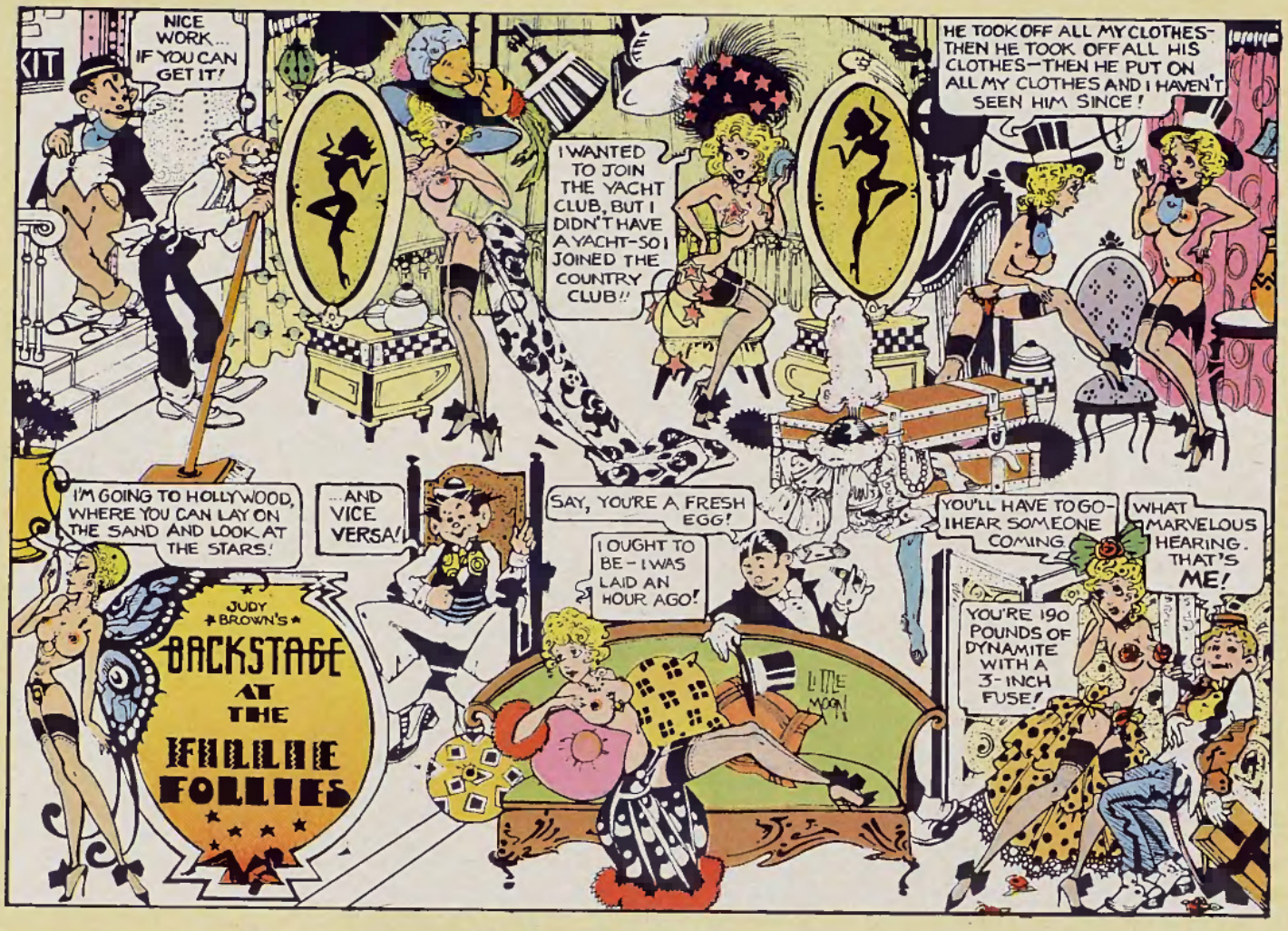

THROUGH SPACE AND TIME WITH
SCHWIMMER AND JONES
by Randy Jones & Eugene Allen Schwimmer
THIS MONTH:
"THE DAWN PATROL"
BAR

TODAY OUR HEROES ARE IN A LITTLE BISTRO ON THE PLANET IOT, WHERE JONES THINKS HE HAS FALLEN IN LOVE....
PICKLES
I GOTTA MEET THAT GIRL!
WELL, WHY DON'T YOU SAY SOMETHING TO HER?
PICKLES

WHAT SHOULD I SAY?
I DON'T KNOW— SOMETHING SUBTLE.
HMMM....
PICKLES
AHEM!
PICKLES

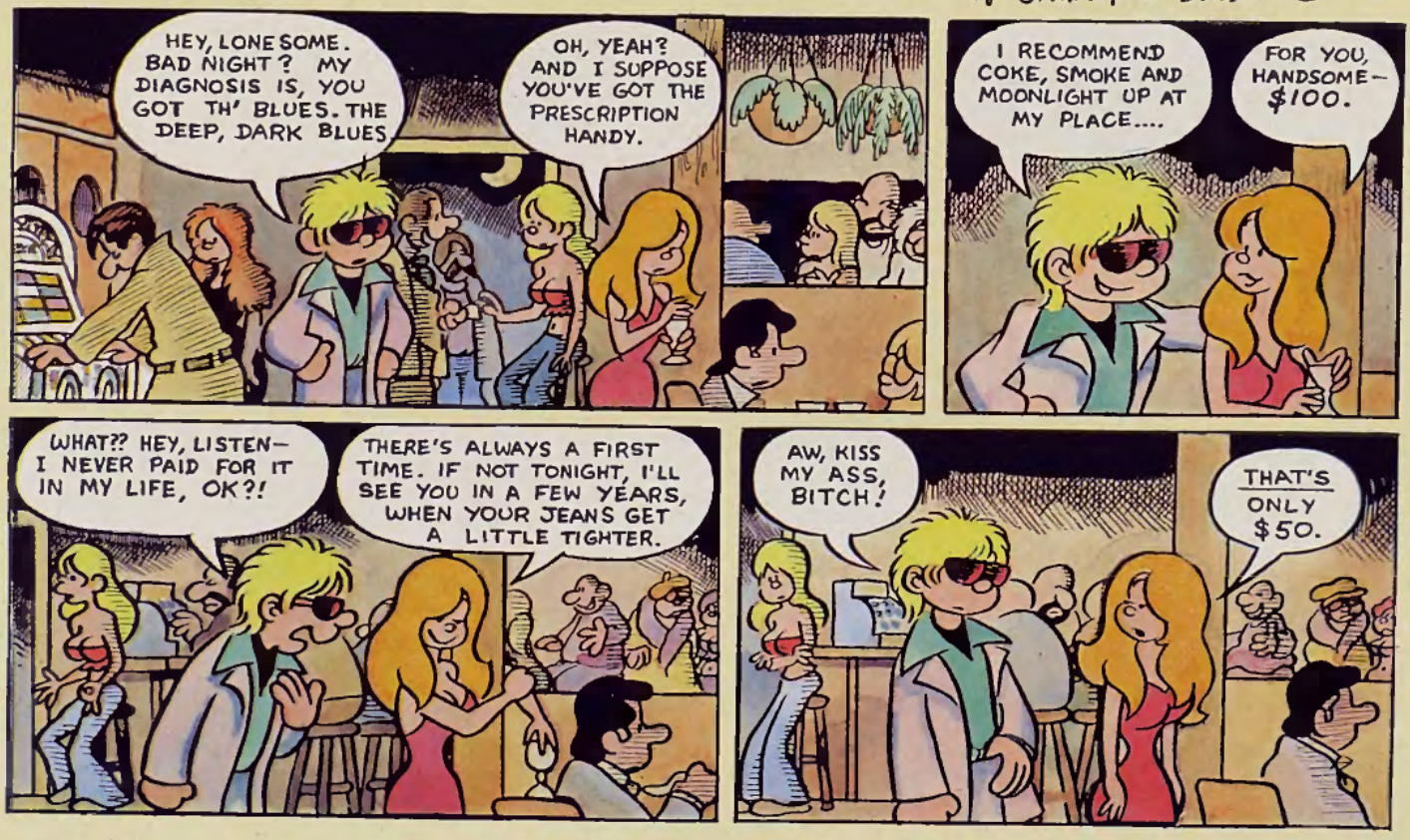
AH...THESE...AH... PICKLES REALLY SUCK— DON'T YOU THINK?
PICKLES
AH... SPEAKING OF SUCKING PICKLES... AH... WHAT ARE YOU DOING TONIGHT?
PICKLES
JORG!

SMASH!
YES, DEAR?
NOT SUBTLE ENOUGH, HUH?




# CRUISER

by Christopher Browne



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# MAN & WOMAN



## AFTERPLAY: THE LAST FRONTIER OF SEX

With all that's been published to enhance every aspect of your sexual experience, it's surprising that so little attention has been given to what happens after the loving, henceforth known as afterplay. Even the most highly regarded and popular sex experts have shunned this anticlimactic subject: Afterplay rates only six pages in Masters and Johnson's *Human Sexual Response*, four pages in *The Hite Report* and no mention at all in *The Joy of Sex*.

Now, just when you thought it was safe to go into the bedroom, psychologists James Halpern and Mark A. Sherman have come up with *Afterplay: A Key to Intimacy*, the results and conclusions of their survey of the sex habits of 234 randomly selected American men and women. After dividing lovemaking into four phases—foreplay, intercourse, orgasm, afterplay—they found that although most people actually do fall asleep within an hour after sex, many do not; that respondents report less satisfaction with their afterplay than with any other phase of lovemaking; that men and women want approximately the same things in afterplay; and that the duration of postcoital touching correlates strongly with over-all satisfaction in the relationship.

### THINGS TO DO

The most frequently preferred form of afterplay—which the authors define as "whatever you do and whatever happens to you after sex"—is some kind of physical contact. "The ideal after-intercourse experience for me involves a continuation of massaging and continued contact," states a 63-year-old man. A 21-year-old woman says, "I like him to stay inside me for a while, then remain close with gentle caresses." Different strokes for different folks include hair brushing, back scratching, body rubbing and licking. Words that most often describe favored forms of contact are snuggling and cuddling.

Besides touching, various kinds of pillow talk top the charts. A 24-year-old woman who gets something out of sweet nothings enjoys "listening to my mate tell me how much he loves me, how he can't live without me and other sweet and loving things in my ear." Another woman applauds an ovation: "I like to be told positive things—'I love you, I love to make love to you, you're a great lay.'" Many use the enhanced intimacy of afterglow to share honest feelings and serious thoughts; a 34-year-old woman calls it "a dreamy and relaxed time that is conducive to free talk—things can be discussed that cannot be approached at other times. In this somewhat hypnotic state, we can reveal ourselves."

To bathe or not to bathe; that is the question vexing some afterplayers. Although 40 percent of the men and 30 percent of the women clean up their acts soon after sex, more than a quarter of them claim they rarely or never do. Many shower together and some call wiping each other off "a tender ritual." Yet others take offense when partners seem overly eager to cleanse themselves of love's fragrances and fluids. An irate 24-year-old female describes "a partner who got up almost immediately after intercourse to wash himself—yech, terrible for the 'mood'—and my ego."

### THINGS NOT TO DO

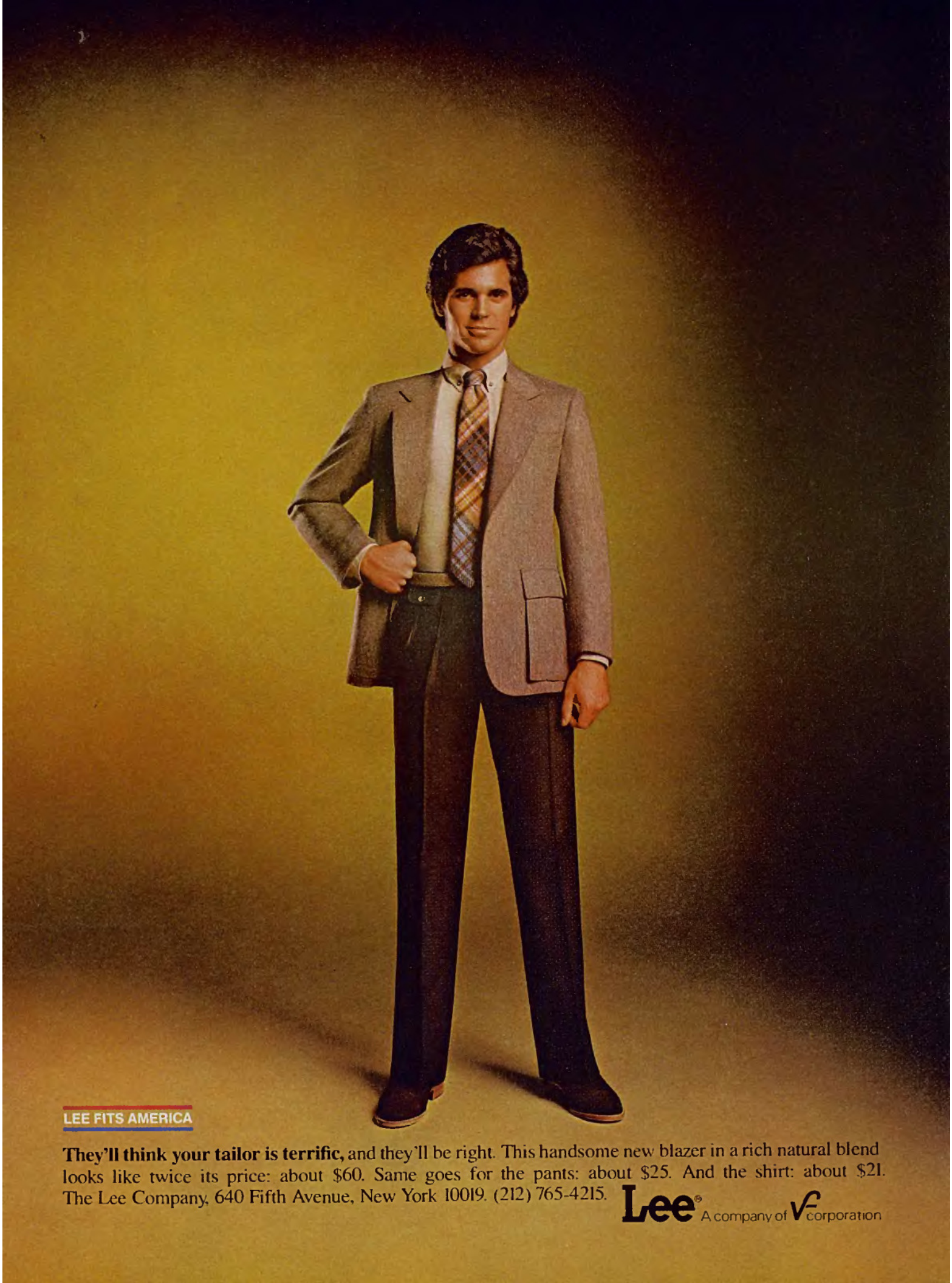
Activities respondents cited as afterplay turnoffs include partners who depart, ignore them, read or watch TV (one woman complained ironically, "I'm satisfied with my postcoital experience except when there's a guest host on *The Tonight Show*"), interruptions (phone calls, kids, waterbed leaks), arguments, critiques of performance (our advice: Offer praise but don't solicit it) and discussion of previous partners.

### SOME DELICACIES

Male notions of the ideal afterlife range from that of the 21-year-old student who craves "drugs such as pot or coke . . . followed by oral sex. This would be called 'the total burn-to-exhaustion scenario'" to that of the 26-year-old who appreciates "a quiet environment . . . a late sunny afternoon, or night with candles burning. Some soft jazz on the stereo. A big bowl of strawberries and watermelon. Wine. French cigarettes . . . touching and caressing and gentle conversation about our lovemaking or our relationship in general. Afterward, I'd like to take a sauna."

### SUMMING UP

In the wrong hands, a book on afterplay has the potential to open a whole slew of new frustration and recrimination. Despite their occasional lapses of sexist warmongering ("Women are, for the most part, better afterplayers"), patronizing sententiousness ("Good afterplay certainly doesn't have to take place in a newly sown field, but why not try it—even once?") and the dismal suggestion that "intercourse could just as well be called 'mainplay,'" Halpern and Sherman's tone is enlightened and humane. Their final caveat is good advice for approaching their book as well as any of the others that would presume to restage your loveplay: "Don't be too serious. If you never laugh during afterplay, then the chances are that you have made of it another 'assignment,' which is exactly what you shouldn't be doing."—THEODORE FISCHER

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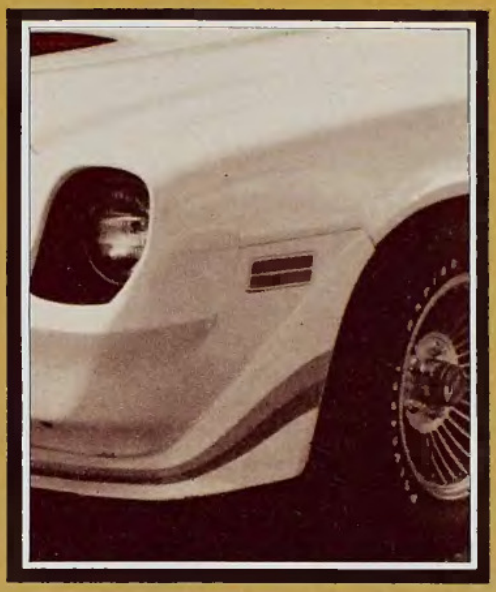

# ALL ABOUT BUYING A NEW CAR

Buying a new car is the moral equivalent of stud poker—some cards are up, some are down and there's bluffing. Sticker prices are just for openers.

For example, the new Iguana V8 may sell for $9400 at Alfredo's Motorcars, Ltd., and for $9200 at Ace Auto, across town. But Ace may charge 25 percent more for service. Overall, the car could be cheaper at Alfredo's.

You have to consider the car's total cost: sticker, options, trade-in, financing, extended service contract, dealer prep and insurance increases. The strategy is to pick the models that interest you, the options and the top dollar you're willing to pay before you go to the showroom. Making decisions at the dealership is risky, because the salesman is sure to know the game better than you do.

## THE DEALER'S HAND

The dealer's favorite ploy is conditioning you to answer yes. "Isn't it a nice day? Isn't this a snazzy car? Would you like yours in red? Would you sign here?" He may throw you a low ball: a tiny price with the same function as a night crawler on a fishhook. While you greedily ponder the low ball, the salesman goes out to "check with the manager." Actually, he goes to the men's room, then returns crestfallen—the manager said no. But for just $149.98 more. . . .

Salesmen push cars already on the lot. That trims the dealer's finance charges. And showroom cars usually are packed with options, which can hike a car's price $3000 or more. Ordering from the factory takes time, but then you buy only the options you want.

Financing a new car with the dealer is convenient but not necessarily the cheapest way to pay. Usually, a bank or a finance company actually puts up the cash, so you pay its rate, plus a bit extra for the dealer. To save, comparison shop at banks, credit unions and auto clubs. Bank loans average about two percent less than dealer loans. Short-term loans have steeper monthly payments, but the overall finance charge (the total dollar fee you pay to use the bank's money) is less. For instance, a $5000 loan at 12 percent for two years has a monthly payment of $235 and a total finance charge of $649. The same loan for four years has a monthly payment of $132 and a total finance charge of $1320, more than twice as much.

## A FAIR TRADE

Trading in? Settle on the new car's price before you dicker over Old Betsy. Juggling both prices at once is confusing. To make a few dollars, sell Old Betsy yourself.

At most, a dealer will give you the wholesale value for your trade-in. (Check a used-car price book, such as *NADA Guide*, available at most banks.) For example, if your car's retail value (with mileage and options factored in) is $2500, its wholesale value might be $2000. A salesman offers more? He's taking less off the new car's sticker price or making it up some other way.

If you do trade in, a dealer with a big used-car side line is apt to offer more than a new-only dealer. Also, a dealer selling the same make as your trade-in might be more generous. Without a trade, a new-only dealer might give you a better deal on the new car's price.

You should be able to whittle away five to twenty percent from a new car's sticker price. Dealer markups are lowest on subcompacts, highest on luxury cars; the costlier the car, the bigger the discount you can expect. Option prices are negotiable, too. But you also should consider maintenance costs.

Ask the service manager what he charges for warranty work. How long does it take? Does he pick up and deliver? Provide loaners or cheap rentals? Ask other customers about the service. Hassle-free maintenance may be worth a few bucks less off the sticker price.

## WHEN TO BUY?

Waiting until September, just before new models arrive, for bargains in leftovers makes sense only if you drive your cars until they die of arteriosclerosis. Otherwise, your "new" car will instantly be a year old, losing one quarter of its trade-in value. Also, manufacturers have been pricing new models (especially subcompacts) low in October, then upping prices during the year. Midwinter, when sales are slow, usually is good hunting.

Be sure the salesman's bill tells all or, on delivery day, you could find you owe an extra $200 because he forgot to tot up the sun roof. And specify factory-installed options. Dealer add-ons cost more.

Your contract should hold the dealer to the agreed deal, unless the manufacturer hikes prices. For instance, barring an accident, your old car's trade-in price should stand—no reappraisals when the new car arrives. Incidentally, at most dealerships, only the sales manager's (not the salesman's) signature on the contract is binding.

Before signing for the new car, be sure the sticker and the bill of sale match. Is anything omitted? Added? Have the dealer initial changes and keep both documents. Be sure dealer prep is done before you sign, or the company could wiggle out of the warranty.

Check the car for dents, dings and wiggly armrests. If you can, take a test drive before signing. A zip through a car wash is a good test for leaks. —RICHARD WOLKOMIR

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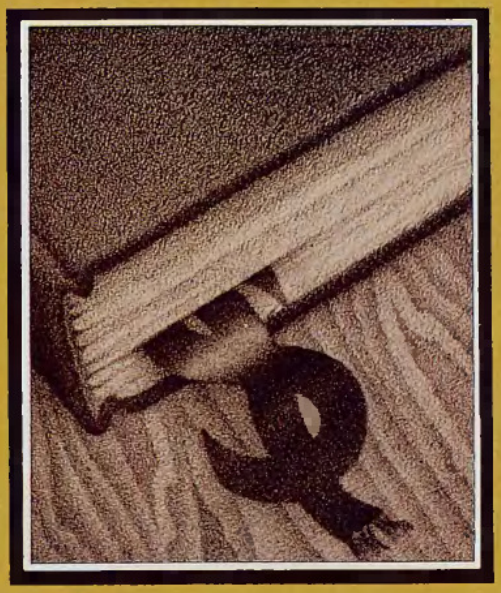

# GETTING INTO GET-RICH-QUICK BOOKS

One by-product of inflation, or any severe distortion in the economy, is that it creates a raging bull market in books that tell you how to get rich. The unique quality of the current crop is that they also tell you how to merely survive. From scrutiny of these tomes, it would seem that the higher the book rises on the best-seller list, the less rational the solution to either greater wealth or mere survival. For example, one current best seller, Howard J. Ruff's *How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years*, begins with a doomsday scenario that even a Nixonian economist couldn't bring to life, and then uses dubious economics to save you from the disaster he's invented. His breath-taking solution is to store a year's supply of dried food and to buy gold, diamonds and money-market funds—hardly Nobel-quality economic wisdom.

## PIE IN THE SKY

There are books with systems that will blithely tell you how to beat the market, how to get rich on commodity futures and options and how to build a fortune with coins, antiques, art and, soon to come, I'll bet, by saving string. Seldom do they tell you that you can lose your shirt in the very same things.

Can you get rich merely by reading a book? The answer is that some people understand more than others how the investment structure works, and some people understand better than others how to write books. Only rarely are they the same people.

This is not to say that you can't learn some useful things about the stock market and investing from a book. But of the bumper crop of quick-fortune books, which are the wheat and which the chaff? Here are some clues.

## WHAT TO BUY

In this field, you frequently *can* tell a book from its title. The more the title promises, the less likely the book is to fulfill that promise. A book called *Making Money*, by Ian Andersen, is a case in point. It describes a number of questionable tricks the author claims made him rich, not one of which is based on sound business principles. The ingredient he supplied was not transferable wisdom—it was *chutzpah*. But if you've got *chutzpah* to begin with, you don't need a book to tell you how to get rich with it.

Look at an author's credentials. Some retired admirals and stockbrokers made money in the last bull market and wrote books (usually self-published) about their systems. Those systems couldn't possibly work in today's market. Rare is the broker who is trained in the sophisticated techniques needed to do well in both good and bad markets. Security analysts and investment managers, and some academics, on the other hand, do understand basics and are more likely to have something useful to say.

Be wary of any system. Systems don't work any better at the bourse than they do at the track. If an author has a system, he should be able to demonstrate it with his own portfolio. You'd be amazed at how consistently absent that little feature is from most books on investing. Without a list of all of the stocks the author bought and sold under his system, the theory is pure fantasy. And if the list is included, be sure it covers at least two cycles of market ups and downs. Anybody can make money in the market in the short run, but virtually nobody consistently outperforms the market through more than a few cycles. And the exceptions don't have time to write books.

Almost 600 billion dollars of pension-fund money is managed by professionals. Of that, some seven billion dollars is invested by managers who know they can't beat the market in index funds (funds made up of stocks that represent a profile of the market itself and perform exactly as the market does). Of the remainder, some individual managers may outperform the market for a period of two or three cycles. But rarely, very rarely, do they do so by more than eight percent. Not bad performance, but hardly a way to get rich.

## WHAT'S REALLY HAPPENING

The truth is that in the market, there are no startling secrets. The professionals may use fundamental techniques of analysis, such as those described in the classic *Security Analysis*, by Benjamin Graham, David L. Dodd and Sidney Cottle. Or they may use technical analysis, which charts stock movement and uses historical patterns to project future patterns. More and more professionals are now using modern portfolio theory, a mathematical method to judge risk-return concepts. Two good books that describe all of these techniques are *Guide to Intelligent Investing*, by Jerome B. Cohen, Edward D. Zinbarg and Arthur Zeikel, and *Stock Market Strategy*, by Richard A. Crowell.

But those are sound books on basic investment principles, written by experienced and successful investment professionals. They are not get-rich-quick schemes.

Is there a system that will consistently beat the market? Sure there is. There's also a pill to put in your gas tank that will triple your mileage. The gas companies are keeping the pill a secret, and the investment professionals are keeping their systems so secret they won't even allow themselves to exceed eight percent.

Of course, you can always get rich by writing a book on how to get rich.

—BRUCE W. MARCUS

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# WHO NEEDS OIL *(continued from page 172)*

*"We could cut oil imports by half a million barrels a day—about as much as the Iranian shortfall."*

We've got better options, options that are cheaper, simpler, more diverse—options that are dispersed, domestic and safe, are renewable forever and that we can get to faster.

Here's how we make the break from Arab oil.

1. Immediately, we crash-program development of gasohol from grain and subsidize its production so that its price undercuts unleaded gasoline at the pump.

Gasohol is a mixture of gasoline and alcohol. The usual mix is ten percent alcohol—commonly grain alcohol, ethanol—and 90 percent gasoline. You can buy gasohol at Midwestern filling stations today. It burns better than unleaded gasoline and any car can run on it without modification. According to Dr. William A. Scheller, professor of chemical engineering at the University of Nebraska and a recognized authority on gasohol, we could fairly quickly convert about 40 percent of U.S. gasoline consumption to gasohol. We'd have to build big new distilleries. We'd grow fuel grains—corn, milo, whatever—on farmland the U.S. Department of Agriculture presently requires farmers to leave unplanted if they want to qualify for Federal price supports on the grains they grow for food. We'd also start using up some of our huge grain surplus, about one twelfth of it each year. If we did those things, we could cut down on our oil imports by half a million barrels a day—about as much as the Iranian shortfall. Gasohol on this modest but quickly achievable scale would improve our balance of payments by about three billion dollars a year. Investment would be a one-time four billion dollars.

2. While rushing to gasohol, we go all out to build a massive industry for the production of fuel ethanol from woody materials and wood. (Woody materials include cornstalks and straw, waste biomass today.) Such an industry would require facilities perhaps 14 times as extensive as our present beer-and-wine industry—well within the range of possibility, especially since fueling all U.S. automobiles with ethanol would allow us to shut down permanently half of our oil refineries.

Ethanol from wood isn't quite commercially feasible. Process efficiency needs improving. The Department of Energy, dulled to the point of severe retardation by its bias toward high-technology mega-gadgets, hasn't seen fit to invest more than a pittance in development of this ever-renewable option. The Germans ran their war machine on gasohol and alcohol during the Second World War, and two of their plants stayed competitive until low-cost Arabian oil shut them down in 1958. Brazil, which has no oil to speak of, is moving rapidly toward an all-ethanol economy. So should we. We need our oil for petrochemicals.

3. While we're developing ethanol, we should also be developing automobiles adapted to burning it. It's pure 106-octane alcohol and it's far less polluting than gasoline. An alcohol-fueled car needs a preheater and a carburetor with different-sized jets. For full efficiency, it needs a higher-compression engine to take advantage of the higher octane of the fuel. You can retrofit an existing Detroit engine for alcohol, but it won't get as many miles per gallon as it would with higher compression. Ethanol could phase in just as unleaded gasoline is phasing in, new cars beside old. When we're fully converted, we'll have a liquid-fuel source that is perpetually renewable, a fleet of cars at least as fuel-efficient as today's, a nation of prosperous, happy farmers and a


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Photo By Bruce Dahl

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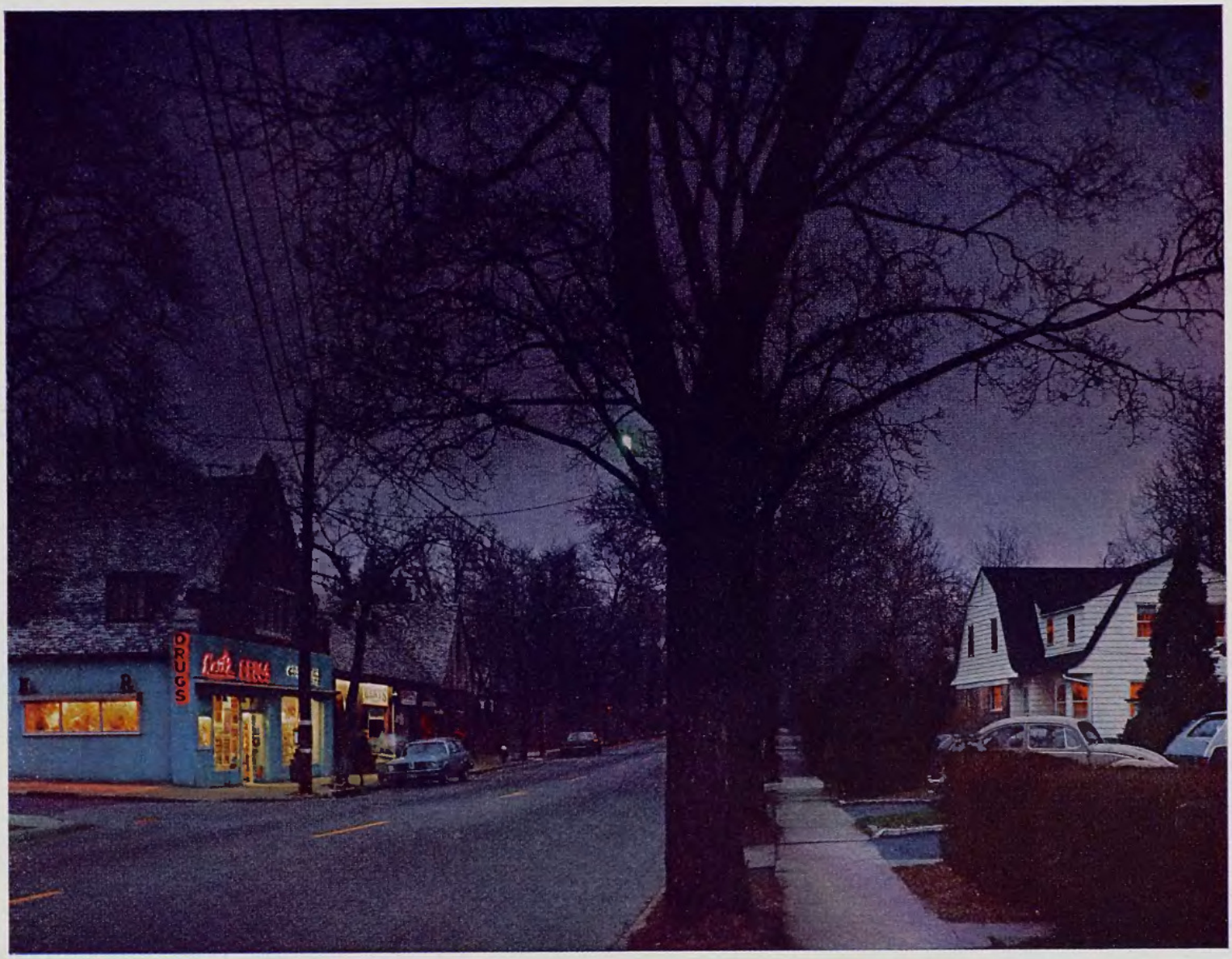


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vastly reduced demand for foreign oil. Thirty-one percent of U. S. energy today goes to vehicles.

4. This step involves potential lifestyle changes, but many of us would probably find them to be changes for the better: We Federally fund low-cost—possibly even free—mass-transit systems for all major U. S. cities and restore full-scale, clean, prompt, efficient, low-cost, Federally subsidized railroad passenger service.

The point is to give people alternatives to private automobiles and to improve transportation efficiency. Under 500 miles, starting and finishing as they do from stations within central cities, trains are probably faster in most cases (counting airport-travel time) than airplanes. If they were clean, efficient and available, people would probably use them, especially if they knew they'd find convenient mass transit at the other end. People might use mass-transit systems more extensively for daily commuting to and from work if such systems were low-cost or free: they could still drive their cars for shopping and for pleasure. Aircraft serve best for long-distance travel.

5. We're also dependent on foreign oil because we use it to heat homes and offices, a use that is not only expensive but absurdly inefficient. To end this dependency, we go directly solar. If every new home built in the United States in the next 12 years were designed for passive solar heating, we would save almost as much energy as we expect to recover from Alaska's North Slope. Passive solar heating is designed into a home. It's sophisticated, but it's simple—glass walls on southern exposures and some intelligent ductwork inside. We ought to program for passive solar with generous tax credits or even direct subsidies. It ought to be *cheaper* to build solar than to build fossil-fuel-heated. In the long run, it will be, anyway—for all of us.

Most oil-heated homes are existing older homes located in the northeastern United States. It would be prohibitively expensive to convert them to passive solar heating, but they could be converted to active solar heating by retrofitting rooftop collection systems. They ought to be, massively, the conversion funded by tax credits or direct subsidies.

6. Every building in the United States ought to be properly insulated and sealed. Tax credits already on the books encourage this obvious and painless conservation measure, but they're inadequate. They ought to cover a larger share of the cost. Utilities should be required to bank-roll the homeowner's insulation investment. They'd see a better return on their capital if they did, and they'd be too profitably tied up in home-insulation loans to invest in any more unneeded nuclear-power reactors.

7. A Federal task force should begin immediately to identify every Federal, state, county and city law and ordinance that might bar or inhibit the development of soft-energy alternatives. Access to sunlight should be guaranteed; plumbing and building codes keyed to fossil-fuel construction modes should be changed.

8. You're probably wondering how we'll pay for all these programs. One immediate source of tax income should be the repeal of the foreign-oil tax credit, which gives oil companies dollar-for-dollar credit on their U. S. income tax for money they pay to foreign governments for the right to extract oil. This dinosaur tax loophole was installed in the mid-Fifties when the U. S. State Department wanted to win the loyalty of the new oil nations of the Middle East. Over the years, it has cost the U. S. Treasury some 15 billion dollars. It has been responsible in part for the decline in U. S. domestic oil production.

9. But the most important source of funds should be a new kind of tax. Not the oil and gas deregulation and windfall-profits-tax mechanism that Jimmy Carter proposed last April. That mechanism gives the profits from oil-price increases to the oil companies and then tries to


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snatch half of them back with a loophole-ridden windfall-profits tax. Rather than so indirect and easily jimmied a mechanism, the American people should demand, and Congress should shake off its cowardice long enough to pass, a direct replacement-value tax on fossil fuels, a sort of oil-depletion allowance in reverse, that would slowly increase the cost of depletable fuels such as oil and natural gas to the ultimate cost of their replacement. If it will cost $40 a barrel, say, to extract oil from oil shale, then the oil we pump right now ought to cost some increasing fraction of that amount as it depletes, or we're kidding ourselves.

A tax on fossil fuels will increase the cost of gasoline at the pump and of fuel oil and natural gas at the supplier. Some oppose any such increases on the grounds that the poor can't afford them. The argument is well meant but misguided. The primary cause of inflation in recent years has been the increasing cost of oil. Inflation robs the poor far more insidiously than a graduated tax would, and without any recompense in the form of tax rebates or progress in developing steady-state, renewable alternative energy sources. A tax would cost no more than inflation has cost. It would slow and eventually even halt inflation; in the long run, it would unquestionably cost less. The champions of the poor should champion it.

The return from a replacement-value tax would pay for all the programs we've planned in points one through seven and many more besides. It would also allow adjustments to ease the burden on the poor of increasing energy prices. We wouldn't be paying any less for energy in the short run, but when we were through with our conversions, we'd still have our oil, we'd no longer need foreign oil, the money would have been plowed back into the American economy, into American jobs and American investments, and we could tell OPEC to get lost.

10. The final point, crucial to all the others, is the removal from office of U. S. Energy Secretary James R. Schlesinger, the man who told the Mexicans to keep their natural gas and the man who said that the nuclear accident at Three Mile Island in Pennsylvania last March just showed how safe nuclear power had been. Schlesinger, a pipe-smoking Harvard Phi Beta Kappa of truly monumental ego, is a good example of the diehard high-technologists who have misled U. S. energy policy nearly to ruin. They mean to see us go hard and high, even if it bankrupts and ruins us, which it would. We can't afford them. They need to be rooted out of government before they bollix up the works any worse than they already have.

These ten steps are only a beginning. There's much more that we could do to improve our energy future with technical fixes and alternative energy sources. If we were only as efficient as the Swedes, we would use one third less energy than we do. With technical fixes, we could nearly double our efficiency in the next 20 years. With renewable fuels, we could sustain ourselves through the centuries.

The most intelligent single book about energy matters written in the 20th Century is Amory B. Lovins' *Soft Energy Paths*. If you haven't read it, you should. Lovins is a brilliant young American physicist and international energy consultant. He writes:

> So great is the scope for technical fixes now that the U. S. could spend several hundred billion dollars on them initially, plus several hundred million dollars per day—and still save money compared with increasing the supply! And one would still have the fuel (without the environmental and geopolitical problems of getting and using it). The barriers to far more efficient use of energy are not technical, nor in any fundamental sense economic. So why do we stand here, confronted, as Pogo said, by insurmountable opportunities?

Why, indeed? Ask your President. Ask your Senators and your Congressmen. Kiss off, OPEC! Take that, Big Oil!

*"Well, Chuck, I'm very energetic—I can go all night long. I'm into group sex—I swing both ways, of course. I like Greek, English and S/M—and I give terrific head. I also play the cello and sing a little. . . ."*

Really tying one on.

Getting s___ faced.

Having one more for the road.

Becoming polluted.

Drinking someone under the table.

Being plastered.

Bragging about the size of your hangover.

Going out and getting looped.

## IF YOUR IDEA OF A GOOD TIME IS LISTED ON THIS PAGE, YOU OUGHT TO HAVE YOUR HEAD EXAMINED.

With the possible exception of sex, no single subject generates as many foolish tales of prowess as the consumption of alcoholic beverages.

But there is a basic difference between the two subjects. Excelling at the former can be highly productive. Excelling at the latter, very destructive.

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Then the next time someone tells you how lousy he feels because he had "one too many," you can tell him how great you feel because you had "one too few."

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# SEX IN NEW ORLEANS *(continued from page 124)*

*"'It's part of the fiber of this city that we allow everything. The French Quarter is an aphrodisiac.'"*

Playboy's Telephone Survey discovered that New Orleans is a night crawler's paradise—22 percent of the people we contacted cited restaurants and bars such as Pat O'Brien's, Caesars East, Cisco's Club and Spankey's as the places to meet people. Another 42 percent said that just walking through an area like the French Quarter was enough. City law allows revelers to carry their drinks from bar to bar in paper cups; the streets are an all-night party.

A reasonable question would be whether or not people in New Orleans have any energy left for sex after all the partying. They do. Consider Betsy, 29, a lady of good figure and fine upbringing, who keeps a pair of antique shackles attached to the foot of her four-poster bed. Betsy and her lover, a wealthy businessman from a small Cajun town an hour's drive from New Orleans, are into mild S/M. She shackles; he masturbates. Betsy's is a classic New Orleans situation: a small house in the French Quarter, crummy and shuttered on the street side but elegant and open on the back, where it is faced by a bricked courtyard and two-story slave quarters—all the amenities of a Parisian *pied-à-terre*, the ideal trysting place with her lover, a happily married Catholic who pays for the dwelling.

"I have had the most fantastic sexual experiences in my French Quarter apartment," says another New Orleans lady who nominally lives in the suburbs but has a "kept" apartment with a wrought-iron balcony overlooking Royal Street. "There is something incredibly romantic about making love there—the mustiness of the rooms, the high ceilings, the brass bed. When my lover comes to visit, he rings the buzzer on the gate, comes into the courtyard and by the time he's up the stairs, I'm ready to tear his shirt off."

"You have to remember the traditions of the French Quarter," says a local newspaperman with a fine sense of history. "In the old days, when a boy from a wealthy family turned 18, it was traditional for his father to give him a horse, a quadroon and a cottage on Rampart Street." A quadroon, in case you don't comprehend the checkerboard ethnic history of southern Louisiana, is a person—they always meant a woman—with one fourth Negro blood (an octoroon is, in turn, one eighth black). Rampart Street, the northern boundary of the original Nouvelle Orleans, is now the fringe of the French Quarter. One block away, across Basin Street, stood Storyville, for 20 years (1898–1917) the leading legalized red-light district in America—teeming with elegant bordellos, razor-wielding whores, fugitive murderers, professional gamblers and other "sports" who made the sin district live.

Storyville is gone (a neat, red-brick public-housing project now stands on the spot), but the French Quarter remains as a kind of unofficial legalized sin center of the South. Ninety percent of New Orleans' 100–200 prostitutes operate in the French Quarter. All the skin shows are on or near Bourbon Street. Most of the wide-screen, no-holds-barred peep shows and adult moviehouses are in or near the Quarter. During Mardi Gras, it is in the Quarter that you may see gays flashing their cocks in front of leather bars or a college girl walking down Bourbon Street raising her T-shirt for amateur photographers. It is in the French Quarter that the gentry make assignations for a trip into adultery and fornication.

"It is part of the fiber of this city that we allow everything," explains Bonnie Crone, former editor of *New Orleans Magazine*. "And the French Quarter is an aphrodisiac."

Natives of New Orleans tend to write off both the French Quarter and Mardi Gras as something for the "college kids and tourists." The police like to say that most visitors to Mardi Gras "come here with five dollars and a shirt and never change either one."

The fact is that Mardi Gras sets the tone for the city for 11 months of the year; and if the French Quarter is filled with tourists, there's always Fat City.

Fat City. Action Central. Ten miles northwest of the city, a few blocks off the interstate on your way from the French Quarter to the airport. Two hundred seventy-seven acres, about 12 blocks square, with 60 liquor outlets, one massage parlor and one of the city's few X-rated motels. Seven years ago, Fat City was just flat swampland. Now there is an apartment complex where 2057 units house 4650 people—mostly young, single and horny.

Fat City is also the hub for suburban shopping, but at five, the tone of the malls changes. It's happy hour. Just ask around and find out where ladies' night is and follow the crowd.

"You have to move fast," explains one young attorney. "Free drinks for the ladies stop at ten at most places and if you haven't scored by then, you have to be sure you don't get stuck buying drinks for some chick who's going to tell you to get lost at midnight."

The action in the discos doesn't even begin until about ten P.M. Then the beat

takes over at The Godfather and Night Fever for the young professionals, while the college crowd swings at Guess What's Coming and Rumors. For live entertainment, there's The Place. But a lot of the action is on the sidewalks and in the streets, where the crowds mill around à la Bourbon Street. Paul, a systems analyst with a large computer company, explains the Fat City lifestyle: "I'm only interested in casual sex. I've had it with marriage and responsibility. I often sleep with five different girls in one week. They are usually between 19 and 35. I find that young girls are most liberated."

We watch a young woman with a mane of blonde hair hanging out the window of a Pinto. "You wanna have some fun?"

Paul checks out the body behind the voice and the brunette behind the wheel. "Sure, why not?" he says with a grin and hops into the back seat. The girls live ten miles away, in a quiet subdivision, but never mind. They've taken a hotel room for the weekend. It's Fat City.

Jack Dunn, a local lawyer, describes the scene: "I've handled 300 divorce cases in the last two years. People still get married—and divorced. I see a lot of young couples who have married right out of high school, and then the fast life slows down and they get restless.

"It's not that everybody who lives or works in Fat City goes out and tries to score every night. It's that you can if that's what you want."

The city's double standard accounts for a certain frustration on the part of single women in New Orleans. "This is not considered a good woman's town," says a striking, brown-haired model who lives in the Garden District, New Orleans' paradisiacal residential section just west of downtown. "The men aren't serious. It's very hard to find a substantial person with a good income who is predictable. It's different from Houston—there the guys are into settling down."

New Orleans is a distribution center whose revenues from tourism come in second only to the income from its Mississippi River port (chiefly Midwestern grains and petroleum products). It is a family-conscious society with ethnic clannishness (Catholics, Creoles, WASPs, Italians) whose stratification is expressed in the rigid social structure of the krewes, or Mardi Gras clubs. At the pinnacle of nearly 100 krewes stand Comus, Rex and Bacchus, whose annual Mardi Gras fetes are a cross between New Year's Eve blowouts and fancy debutante balls. While the king of each krewe (a tightly held secret) is always a moneyed man of high standing, the queen is always a fine-featured 18- or 19-year-old nubile from good family who has been groomed for years to be a Mardi Gras queen. The Louisiana State Museum in the magnificent *cabildo* beside St. Louis Cathedral on Jackson Square memorializes the gowns and names of past Mardi Gras queens. For a daughter of New Orleans gentry, it is almost better than getting married.

PROSTITUTION

"I only do hundreds—hundred-dollar tricks," says Mary. "I treat a man nice, which is why I have so many old customers still coming back to me. Some of them have sent their sons to me. Most of my business is local—that's the best business in the world. They bring their clients to you. I'm 50 years old. I had a face lift, but I'm really making it on bullshit and personality. I'm not stingy about how long they stay; most of it is spent talking and drinking, anyway. Occasionally, I'll do two in one day, because I don't like to turn down an old friend. But don't forget: Whores are whores and they're greedy. As long as there's a nickel, they'll try to get it."

A semiretired hooker who stayed out of jail and put three kids through college during her years on Bourbon Street, Mary now does a thriving one-trick-a-day business out of the modest home she purchased on the fringe of the Garden District. Her white clapboard house with wall-to-wall carpeting looks no different from any of the other middle-class homes on her shaded street not far from stately St. Charles Avenue. "My neighbors are good friends," she says. "They probably don't even know the meaning of the word hooker."

Mary works the nice part of town, receiving visitors in her home between 4:30 and 7:30 P.M.

"I have one fellow who likes to be hung up. He's the captain of a ship. He's real nice, always brings me a bottle of booze or some cigarettes. What he does is, he cuts a deck of cards and whatever number comes up, that's how many minutes I'm supposed to leave him hung up. He brings handcuffs and I hang him on the shower rod. Once when I still lived in the French Quarter, another girlfriend and I went off and left him and turned another trick while we were out."

Down at Lucky Pierre's, they serve a straighter trade—your basic traveling businessman who will buy a girl a drink or two, then pop for $50 (minimum) or $100 (tops) to take her to his hotel room for 30 minutes. The standard service is "half and half"—half blow jobs, half straight sex. When Lucky Pierre's turns on its glitzy chandelier and opens the doors at nine P.M., the working girls drift in and position themselves singly at small empty tables or alone at the bar, but not around the piano, which is too distracting for business. Their mission is apparent even to visiting chicken farmers from Mississippi, who, incidentally, are a favorite clientele among the whores. "Those chicken farmers are always nice, and they

*(Text continued on page 222. "Sex and the Law in New Orleans" follows on page 220.)*


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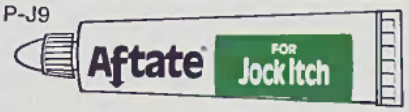


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# Sex and the Law in New Orleans

Historically, New Orleans has always had an enlightened attitude toward commercial sin. The city fathers were the first in the nation to wrestle with the notion of a legalized red-light district. In the late 19th Century, prostitution was so generally tolerated by a corrupt police department that it flourished and spread throughout the residential districts of the city. Outrage eventually turned to outcry: It was left to a city alderman named Sidney Story to introduce an ordinance that restricted "bawds and houses of assignation" to a 20-square-block area along Basin Street. To Story's everlasting dismay, the area became known as Storyville. (Years later, Boston would adopt the same strategy of restricting commercial sex to an area known as the Combat Zone.)

For exactly 20 years, Storyville prospered as a combination sin pit and fun house for the Middle South. Eventually, Uncle Sam intervened. Storyville was declared a hazard to military men during World War One and laws were introduced to banish prostitution. The lasting legacy of Storyville is its contribution to American jazz—some 200 musicians, including Jelly Roll Morton, performed nightly in large whorehouses. The combination of sex and showbiz infiltrates the legal code.

For example, one law declares that "Any courtesan, bawd, lewd woman or similar inmate of a bawdyhouse, house of prostitution or assignation, brothel or house of bad reputation or any woman convicted of prostitution or loitering in a house of prostitution who shall be employed singing or dancing in any bawdyhouse, in a public or private place or resort . . . shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

Section 63-18 of the Municipal Criminal Code forbids "an entertainer wearing the clothing of opposite sex mingling with the public attending any place of entertainment." In short, New Orleans has laws against various forms of behavior where most cities don't even have behavior.

New Orleans has laws on the books that could, if the need arose, be used to harass and arrest fledgling sex businesses. For example, it is against the municipal code for massage parlors to lock their doors during business hours. The obscenity laws define nudity in such a way as to eliminate most of what you see on disco dance floors: "Nudity is defined as the showing of the human male or female genitals, pubic area or buttocks with less than a full opaque covering or the showing of the female breast with less than a full opaque covering of any portion thereof below the top of the nipple or the depiction of covered male genitals in a discernibly turgid state." If you get excited, guys, don't show it.

The city statutes against obscenity are quite detailed: "Hard-core sexual conduct is the public portrayal for its own sake and for ensuing commercial gain of: (A) ultimate sexual acts, normal or perverted, actual, simulated or animated, whether between human beings, animals or an animal and a human being. . . ." If Mickey Mouse ever makes a move on Minnie, it will be against the law in New Orleans.

But law and enforcement of the law are two different things. As soon as Uncle Sam left New Orleans, the local police readopted the community standard that had condoned Storyville. Today, virtually all of the city's commercial sin—from prostitution to phony massage parlors to peep shows—is localized in the French Quarter. It is as though one passes through a curtain when crossing Canal Street, North Rampart Street or Esplanade Avenue into the Quarter.

Bar girls are relatively free to ply their trade. But heat on street-corner hookers has increased—in part because of the epidemic in prostitution-related crimes such as mugging and assault. The New Orleans vice squad keeps systematic pressure on the corner trade—mostly on Iberville and Decatur streets—while leaving what one deputy police chief calls the "honorable professional" alone. How do officers enforce the law?

To make a case, as the cops call it, an officer must be propositioned, undressed, exchange the money and let the hooker try to start making love to him. At that point, he flashes his badge and calls in his vice-squad partner, who can then testify in court that he saw both the girl and the other cop naked together. The funny part is deciding just when to flash the badge. In New Orleans, the police like to let the girls try to begin a blow job so they can be charged with section 14-89—"crime against nature"—which is a felony. Simple prostitution is a misdemeanor. By nailing the girl for trying to have oral sex with him, "we get the girls in a position where they will usually plea-bargain for the prostitution charge," explains police department information officer Lieutenant Frank Hayward.

"It is important that the officer stop the girl just before she goes down on him," says a former vice detective. "Otherwise, he becomes a principal in the case. Once we asked an old judge what it would actually take to get the 'crime against nature' conviction. He thought about it for a few minutes and then said, 'Oh, about three sucks should do.' "

Actually, no number of sucks will do, according to the guys running the vice squad today. "As a felony, a crime against nature requires trial by a six-person jury," says Sergeant Danny Lawless of the vice squad.

"And what you can't do in these cases is give the jurors anything *they* can identify with," says vice-squad detective Wayne Jusselin. "We once tried someone for a crime against nature and she was acquitted. When we make cases against pornography stores, we try not to show the jurors books or movies that they can watch and start thinking, Hey, I'm going home and try that tonight myself."

"Our attitude is that there is no such thing as victimless crime," explains Hayward. Yet the realities of life in the country's most sensuous city have forced police to practice a certain double standard. While over 300 prostitution arrests were made in New Orleans last year—many of them violence-prone transvestite streetwalkers—only 60 cases made it to court.

In keeping with its own *macho* spirit, however, it apparently never occurred to New Orleans authorities to arrest men as well as women in the act of paid sex. While the vice squad has included female cops, they are never sent out as decoy hookers on "John patrols" to nab unsuspecting horny men, as has been the practice in such grim antisex campaigns as the Miami Police Department is waging.

New Orleans police are trying to bring a steady pressure onto the porn trade, but with only moderate success. "We are trying to get to the suppliers and distributors," explains one vice cop, pointing out that the center of the wholesale action appears to be in Atlanta. You can see and buy almost anything you want in New Orleans—except kiddie porn, where even the smut-minded draw a line of respectability. "One guy who runs an adult bookstore told me that when he receives a box of pictures showing children doing it, he returns it without even taking them out of the carton," says vice-squad detective Rickey Bruce. "He knows that would go beyond the community standard and we would have a case against him."

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# Sex and the Sons of the South

"We have a saying around here," says a scraggly bearded junior in the Zeta Beta Tau house at Tulane University. "The only reason to fuck a Newcomb bitch is because you're too lazy to whack off."

"Newcomb pussies all smell."

"How would you know? You've never fucked one!"

This is the tenor of the conversation in a crowded bedroom at the ZBT house on Broadway. It is early Friday evening and sex is on everybody's mind and lips. Not because it's Friday, mind you. In Tulane frat houses, where the sons of the South (and their brothers from the rest of the country) major in the fine art of partying, they think of sex seven days a week. Most of their general frustration is directed at Tulane's 3658 coeds, known among the college's 5975 men as Newcomb bitches because they are technically enrolled in Newcomb College, a part of Tulane. The bearded brother sets the tone:

"I'm into butt fucking. But you definitely ain't gonna find any on this campus. Back home in Charleston, you give a girl a 'Lude, you can damn near do anything you want."

"If you can get her to take the 'Lude."

"Yeah. Give a girl coke and she'll just disco all night."

The Zebes, who are not even regarded as the leading animal house, have a special dispensation: Any freshman who makes it with a Newcomb bitch in the telephone booth on the first floor of the house during rush can become a brother without passing through the dread initiation rites. "Last year, a couple of guys misunderstood the rules," says one brother. "They went downtown and got this black hooker and fucked her in the phone booth, right in front of everybody. We didn't make them brothers, but we did name the telephone booth after them."

College kids are full of such wondrous tales. Members of Beta Theta Pi pride themselves on an annual party where they force their dates to crawl through a maze in the basement. Mattresses and boxes of condoms are located at strategic points in the dark. Beta Theta Pi holds current title to the leading animal house at Tulane, chiefly because the rich and celebrated Dekes (Delta Kappa Epsilon) are "offcampus," or on probation. Among other traditional atrocities—such as forcing pledges to fuck a goat, trying to work Tabasco sauce up a girl's panties with one's toe during dinner and surprising an outcoming deb by placing one's member over her shoulder during a dinner party—it seems a pledge was seriously injured a year or two ago.

Not everybody at Tulane lives in an animal house. Many of the women live in Butler Hall, which is reserved for freshmen and thus known as virgin territory. The guys across McAllister Drive in Phelps Hall have got the southern flank of Butler plotted on a grid; they train their telescopes on the windows at night and pass out coordinates whenever anybody scopes a good show.

Last year, *Jambalaya*, the school's yearbook, took a sex poll. Two hundred randomly mailed questionnaires produced 35 respondents—17 female, 18 male. Three of each gender reported themselves to be virgins, a somewhat lower figure than conversations with students would lead one to believe. The consensus at the Beta and ZBT houses is that 80 percent of the Tulane women are as yet unspoiled.

"Due to the shortage of females," says Jerry Pepper, former director of advertising for the school newspaper, the *Hullabaloo*, "you sort of get an unstated, unwritten agreement among the guys that you share. Just because the numbers are against you, if your roommate has a girlfriend and he goes away for a weekend, well, you might get to know her *really* well. . . ." Pepper, like many well-heeled Tulaners, lives in an apartment offcampus.

The girls favor guys with offcampus apartments, where privacy is assured and some fairly fancy sexual acrobatics can be practiced. "One weekend, my roommate broke a chair, a coffee table and even a crystal vase on the mantelpiece," says one astonished student: "They got it on everywhere."

The drugs of choice at Tulane, besides alcohol, follow the national collegiate pattern: marijuana for general use, Quaaludes for sex ($3.50–$5 a pop) and, because of the extraordinary affluence of the school, a fair share of cocaine.

Then there was the fellow with the bag of nitrous oxide slung over his shoulder at last year's zany Beaux Arts ball at the school of architecture. "He had it rigged to give people little hits from a tube he had running between his legs," laughed one coed. "To get a hit, you had to bend down like you were giving him head. It was nice."

never haggle over price," clucks Rosene, who spent ten years working the bar at Lucky's before giving it all up for marriage to, of all people, a cop. "The local businessmen are the worst," she says. "They think they should get a discount just because they're from here." Hookers also speak highly of the growing numbers of Oriental businessmen coming to New Orleans. "The Japanese have plenty of money—and they're so clean," said one prostitute. "They'll take a shower before *and* after a trick. And if you go again, they'll shower again."

The rest of the hooking trade is not so nice. After midnight, Iberville Street in the French Quarter is lined with black streetwalkers and an astonishing number of transvestites who will take almost anything, down to $10–$20 for a blow job in the car. Along Decatur Street, they frequent the Greek bars and hustle the increasingly inebriated lonely guys working hard on their general frustrations. Business turns rough after three A.M., when the vice squad quits work. "That's when the muggings, wallet snatchings and key thefts really pick up," says detective John Auster of the vice squad. "That's why we have to keep a certain amount of heat on them all the time."

Some of the nastiest of the streetwalkers are the transvestites. "They wear a gaff—a kind of jockstrap that pulls their stuff down," explains Auster, current record holder in arrests made during the past 12 months. "Some of them are knockouts—they look better than the real girls. And the customer is so drunk, he fucks the guy in the ass and doesn't notice the difference. After he's been mugged and beaten up, if we catch the whore, he'll say, 'Yeah, she's the one.' I say, 'That ain't no she, pal.' He calls me a liar. He swears he fucked a chick."

### GAYS

Sunday night is beer-bust night at Jewel's. For one dollar at the door, you get a stamp on the back of your hand and all the beer you can drink from six until nine. A rough-cut spot on a shabby stretch of Decatur Street, Jewel's is an unremodeled former seamen's bar that caters blatantly to blue-jeaned gays in search of sex. You can meet a happily outgoing cross section of New Orleans' large gay community, have your crotch felt a time or two as a friendly passing gesture and watch a shirtless volunteer dancer doing disco steps on a barreltop get his cock sucked by a gay passer-by.

Thursday night, you go to TT's West, the gay community's other "hard-cruising" bar in the French Quarter. TT's, as it is called, is host to the Knights D'Orleans, a gay motorcycle gang-*cum*-Mardi Gras krewe. The theme at TT's is hard leather. If you don't have a rig, you can buy it right there. TT's has a trinket

*(Text continued on page 226. "Playboy's Telephone Survey" follows on page 225.)*

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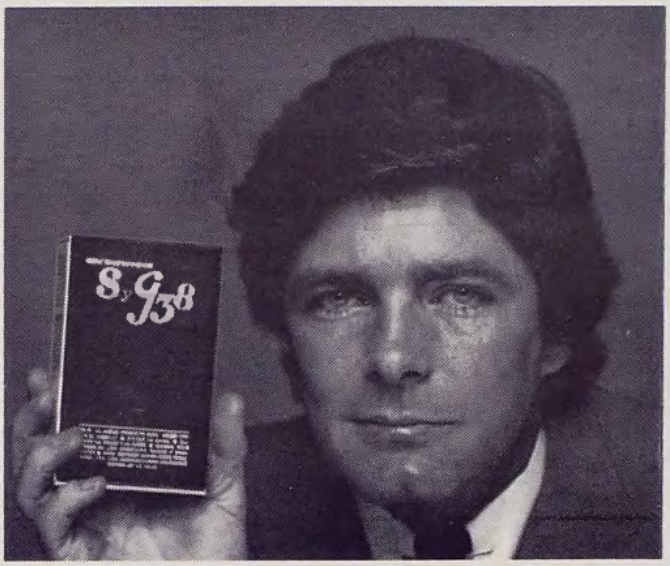


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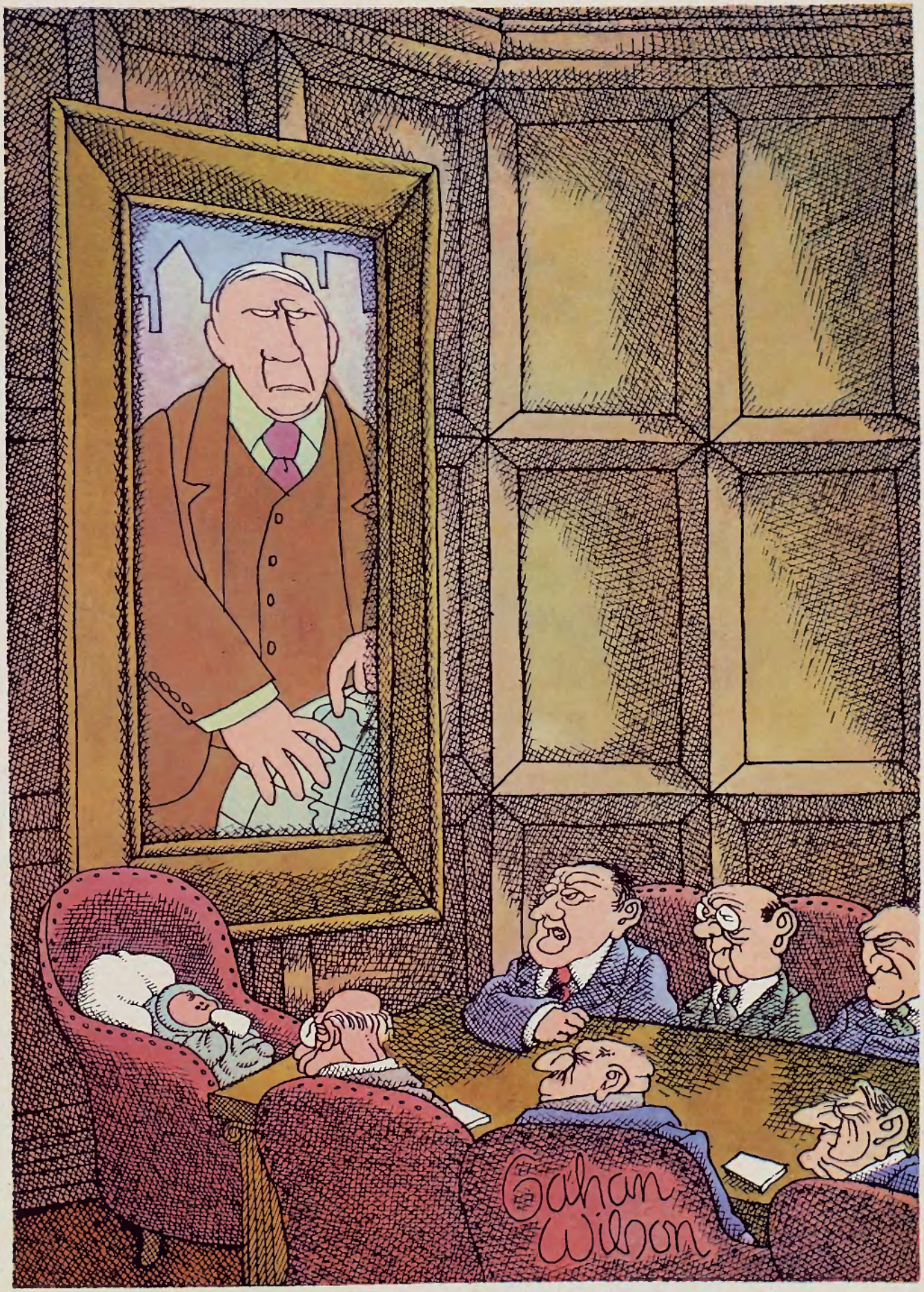


*"We're just going to have to be patient, gentlemen."*

# Playboy's Telephone Survey

The natives of New Orleans do not have a high regard for the rest of the country. When we asked 545 randomly selected people between the ages of 18 and 40 to rate the sexual temperature of their city against that of five other cities, we discovered an interesting division: The people who answered our survey gave themselves a fairly high temperature of 75 degrees (and 59 percent thought that it was on the rise). In contrast, they ranked Los Angeles a mere 60, Miami a modest 63, Chicago a 69, New York a 77 and Las Vegas an 84. The average of their ratings (71) is lower than the average rating we obtained in Chicago (74) and much lower than the average rating we obtained in Miami (83).

Most Orleanians liked their city: 86 percent thought there was a lot to do; 38 percent thought it was a great place to live. They were backed by 41 percent who thought things were good. When we asked the citizens to agree or disagree with certain statements about New Orleans, we found that natives had a relatively pristine view of their city. Fewer than half of the respondents (48 percent) thought that New Orleans had become more permissive in the past five years.

Fifty-seven percent thought that organized crime had a free hand in the New Orleans area.

Seventy-four percent thought that drug use had increased over the past five years.

Seventy-one percent thought that if a person wanted to gamble in the New Orleans area, he could find some action.

Forty-nine percent thought that there had been an increase in the number of adult bookstores.

Eighty-two percent acknowledged the existence of gay bars in the area.

Fifty-seven percent knew of places where prostitution was openly practiced; 44 percent thought that the police were closing their eyes to the oldest profession.

Those figures are the lowest to date in our survey of American cities. Local politicians claim that most of the sex in New Orleans is for the tourists, that the natives of the city are a fairly decent crew. Perhaps. What we can say is that they are rather restrained in their support of the sexual revolution. When it came to erotic movies, porn or prostitution, they were less likely than the citizens of the other cities we surveyed to think that such activities should be allowed, to know someone who engaged in such activities or to engage in them themselves.

*Adult Movies:* Fifty-eight percent of the people we polled thought that adult films should be allowed in the New Orleans area. Sixty-two percent knew someone who had been to an X-rated flick, while only 35 percent had gone themselves. Slightly more than a third of those reported that they had enjoyed the experience.

*Pornography:* Only 48 percent of the people with whom we talked thought that adult bookstores should be allowed in New Orleans. Forty-six percent said they knew someone who had visited a porn shop, but only 26 percent reported having browsed in one. While a relatively high percentage of those (42 percent) reported having purchased erotic material, an even higher 50 percent found those purchases stimulating. And only one out of four of the people we polled had ever opened a sex manual such as *The Joy of Sex*.

*Prostitution:* Only 33 percent of the people thought that the oldest profession should be allowed to practice in the streets of New Orleans. A significantly higher percentage (52 percent) thought massage parlors were OK. Twenty percent knew someone who had been to a prostitute, but barely one percent had been themselves.

*Homosexuality:* Fifty-seven percent of the people we interviewed thought that gay bars should be allowed to exist. Thirty-four percent knew someone who had been to a gay bar, while a surprising 17 percent had gone to one.

store on the premises: motorcycle chain belts (for your pants and, maybe, your ass), leather harness for assorted fun, a 20-inch curved double-headed dildo (presumably for fucking two asses at once) and a 16-inch dildo in the shape of a fist instead of a penis. All in a night's sadism. TT's also has the proverbial back room, where more or less anything goes.

"Sex is so much easier between men," says Mark. "You just climax and that's it." Mark and his lover, Alan, are protectively leading my guided tour of gay night life in New Orleans. "There's no question of whether a man puts out or not—I mean, that's a silly question."

New Orleans has for decades been the chief Southern stop on the national gay circuit. Truman Capote was a frequent visitor. Tennessee Williams wrote *A Streetcar Named Desire* in a small room at the Maison de Ville (then a boarding-house, now an expensive hotel) on Toulouse Street. Some gay bars go back 20 years. Because of the city's laissez-faire attitude, it was one of the first to come out of the closet. "New Orleans is Continental and has a more tolerant attitude," says Alan. "The rest of the country is English and more restrictive."

The gay community in New Orleans has the advantage of occupying an almost self-contained part of town that begins in the residential half of the French Quarter, runs eastward through the Faubourg Marigny and culminates in the next neighborhood, the Bywater. There are enough gays concentrated in one place that an excellent gay newspaper, *Impact*, publishes 15,000 copies a month. It is distributed free in the several dozen men's and women's restaurants and bars.

There are three bars within one block of one another on Bourbon Street that form the axis of social life in the gay community. The Cafe Lafitte In Exile is a three-sided sitting-and-looking bar with stools lining the walls. It is the social headquarters of the community and less of a hard sex hangout than, say, Jewel's. To put the make on a man you like at Lafitte's, if there is no one around to introduce you, you do the same thing you might do for a pretty woman in the Palm Court of the Plaza Hotel in New York: buy him a drink. The *only* woman ever seen in Lafitte's is the dusky, bare-breasted Creole whose dignified portrait hangs over the bar. On Lafitte's second floor, young hustlers who may be on the line between their straight pasts and their gay futures take on all comers at the pool table. One wall contains a print of a branded male ass, a drawing of one man going down on another and two deer heads.

One block down the street, the Bourbon Pub and Le Bistro face each other at the corner of St. Ann Street. Le Bistro is known as a pickup place for older gays looking for young chickens (gay jailbait from the suburbs), while the Bourbon Pub is noted chiefly for the nonstop dancing in its upstairs disco, the Parade. Most of the dancers are males, but one sees occasional straight couples visiting the Parade for its good music and lively dance floor.

Like the straights, the gays build their lifestyle around bars and restaurants. "In New York, even if you live on Christopher Street, a lot of gays are really trying to make it professionally—in the theater or whatever," explains Alan. "Here, gay life is mostly social. People resist even getting involved politically."

Yet the New Orleans gay community is already regarded as an organized political force within the city. An estimated 32,000 gays are registered to vote. Morial actively cultivated the gay vote during his successful election campaign—adding gays to the classic new coalition of blacks and liberals that is putting black mayors into city halls around the country.

"I sometimes fuck men, but only for political reasons." She is blonde, strong-featured and, judging by the action beneath her loose-fitting knit dress, well built. She is a sometime writer and political activist. She is also gay, semi-closet. She is nice. One could gladly imagine being one of the men she fucks, but she has already announced that it would be a purely political act.

"I get wet," she admits. "But I don't come. I come only with women."

New Orleans is like that. The lady has obliged more than one man of political prominence and is presently entertaining an offer from a judge of some notoriety to join him and his wife in the conjugal bed. "He wants me to sleep with her because he thinks she is gay," she explains. The rationale for her lifestyle: "I figure I can do more good for the gay community by living as a quasi straight."

"Women, gay or straight, are just less promiscuous than men. I think it is a matter of temperament." This is a gay woman, a feminist to boot, speaking, who still, for the rather sobering fear that she will be booted out of her profession, has one foot in the closet. In the French Quarter, she has the other foot out. The lifestyle of female gays is not only less flamboyant than that of gay men but even more conservative, it seems, than that of straight women. There are only three "women's bars" in New Orleans, and none of them is a true cruising bar. "People come to my bar for talk or a drink after work or to dance later on," explains Charlene Schneider, barkeeper and outspoken gay columnist in *Impact*. "But it is not really a pickup place."

"For years, we had no place to go in public," explains one gay woman. "So we got into the habit of having private dinner parties. That's where I meet other

*"Then she took the divorce settlement and set up a company that is putting me out of business!"*

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women." Parts of the lesbian community are so exclusive that they are never seen at Charlene's or even at other French Quarter dinner parties. One such well-to-do uptown set is known among other gay women as "the River Ridge dykes."

A more common sight in the gay bars is of girls in their late teens who are just now coming out. "We call them baby dykelets," laughs one gay hospital worker.

While the men's gay community feels its strength enough to get away with just about anything, the lesbian community still feels threatened a bit not only by the straight world but by gay men as well. "They don't much like us in their bars," says Alan, "because they think if a lot of men come, we'll take over." Charlene's chief concern is keeping away predatory straights, especially couples cruising for a gay woman to join in a threesome. During Mardi Gras, a sign on her door read: IF YOU AIN'T GAY, YOU CAN'T STAY. Charlene controls the traffic flow with seven electronic remote door buzzers distributed around her bar. She can examine people at her front door because it consists entirely of one-way mirrors. If she doesn't like what she sees, no buzzer. Inside, Charlene maintains order with three rules: "No fighting, no fucking, no dope." She explains: "I make you a deal: You don't smoke dope in my bar and I don't shoot your kneecaps off."

### SWINGERS

What Kim is looking for is the ultimate orgasm, a communal coming that flies fearlessly beyond the boundaries of Erica Jong's zipless fuck: "I would like to have three guys come inside me at once," says Kim, smiling that broad-toothed Oriental smile that gives a man some strong ideas about which part of her he might like to be in at the time.

Kim, a Korean, and her American husband, Clinton, run a circle of young and old swingers whose chief joy seems to lie in multiple orgasms. "This is what I've been looking for all my life but couldn't find," explains Peggy at a swingers' mixer with free buffet in a suburban bar just off Interstate 10. She recently had the experience of making it with five men in one night, this at a new on-premise swing club she visited near Washington, D.C.

While New Orleans swingers generally look askance at the impersonal, mindless, mob-scene orgiastics of a large swing club such as Plato's Retreat in New York, plans for a very private, on-premise club in New Orleans are already a gleam in the eye of Ben, Peggy's swing partner and the man primarily responsible for organizing New Orleans swingers into the Crescent City Couples Club.

Swinging is just reaching the take-off stage in New Orleans. According to Playboy's Telephone Survey, only 4.7 percent of the people in New Orleans have been to swingers' parties. That figure may change. Thanks largely to the efforts of Ben and Peggy, Orleanians are now in a position to look over their potential bedmates for the night before the negotiating has reached an embarrassing stage. "We used to have to put ads in the paper and then tell another couple we would meet them in a dimly lit bar with a red carnation in my lapel," recalls Ben. "You'd show up and sometimes they turned out to be people you wouldn't sit next to on a bus." The move away from swingers' ads in the newspaper came just in time, too; last year, the underground weekly *Figaro* canceled its "Companions" section of the classifieds and refused to accept any more swingers' ads. Ben now places a general "couples ad" in the underground newspaper *Gris-Gris* every week.

As in many other cities, organized swinging in New Orleans appears to be the belated awakening of conservative middle-class nonprofessionals who have recently decided they wanted something more out of their sex lives than their own mates or occasional unconfessed adultery. They are part of what appears to be the second American sexual revolution: people over 35 who lead otherwise perfectly straight, suburban lives and who missed out on the youthful upheavals and new sexual freedom of the Sixties. Now it is their turn.

"I have been married for 15 years," says Jim, who drives two hours every Saturday from Biloxi, Mississippi, with his stunning blonde wife, Karen, 34 going on 25, to join other couples at the swingers' mixer. "For the first five years, I didn't do anything. Then for about seven years, I started going out with my buddies and screwing around—without telling Karen. You'd think screwing around with your best friend would be great, right? But it wasn't. One day I said, 'Why not screw around with your *really* best friend?' That's when I got Karen into swinging. Now it means more than ever, because we're closer than we were before."

New Orleans swingers most frequently use motel rooms or, occasionally, private homes for their get-togethers. Every two or three months, the club organizes what it calls a social in a larger hotel or country club outside town. To the unwitting, the 20 to 24 couples who show up for the event appear to be just another trade association or private club having a weekend cocktail hour. What they don't know is that the group has reserved an entire floor of the hotel, and that half the mattresses have been dragged into one room, turning it into a wall-to-wall sexual playground. "We make sure to get the mattresses back in our rooms before the maids show up in the morning," laughs Ben.

There is an almost religious zeal in the voices of some of the swingers, including a handful of surprisingly young couples, who have converted to swinging like taking up a new faith.

"It's inspiring," says Gretchen, an interior designer. "It's so inspiring that the man can get off sometimes six, seven times in one evening. I mean, this is for a guy who normally can go only three times in a night at the most."

"The thing you like is seeing your lady get satisfied," says Ryan, her lover.

Lonnie and Brock go to the club during the winter but favor a local nudist camp in the summer. Although it's nominally a family camp, a number of couples hit it off so well on the volleyball court that they have taken their games into the privacy of the bedrooms. "You have to be very discreet," says Brock. "It's all behind closed doors. But you can always tell the other swingers by a certain look in their eyes. And at the camp, the nice thing is that you can see exactly what you're going to get beforehand."

Light drug use is popular among New Orleans swingers, who favor marijuana ("Everybody smokes," says one) or home-brewed MDA, the renowned "love potion." "The nice thing about MDA is that it lasts four or five hours and gets better toward the end," says one swinger. "On the roll-off, you feel incredibly sexy." Cocaine, they say, is rarely used.

Swingers in southern Louisiana are at great pains to keep their lifestyle a secret. Most of them are the last people their friends and colleagues would suspect of swapping their wives or girlfriends every weekend. Some are Government employees, others small businessmen, another in the Navy, and so forth.

Nonorganized swinging seems to be the more common pastime of people with money and names to protect. "We don't ever talk about swapping," explains a wealthy New Orleans businessman who keeps a cottage and a girlfriend in the French Quarter. "Everybody just gets loaded and it happens."

•

Ultimately, New Orleans is an orgasm *waiting* to happen. As a city, it is the San Francisco of the South—devoted to the twin pursuits of hedonism and style. It is a city of limited material ambitions, which partially explains why Houston (to the west) and Atlanta (to the east) have bypassed New Orleans as commercial hubs of the New South. "Achievement is the one thing nobody here gives a shit about," says one medium achiever. "Partying is what is important to us." Yet it is for the same reasons an urban place that retains the beauties and benefits of that lifestyle, with equal parts of history, comfort and modernization combining to produce an easy pace, a sensuous atmosphere and sufficient money to enjoy them both. It is a town, says one young New Orleans woman, "where you can be whatever you want and people will still leave you alone."

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# PIGSKIN PREVIEW *(continued from page 190)*

*"The Rebels can hold off the enemy with the booming barefoot punts of Playboy All-America Jim Miller."*

Incumbent quarterback Jeff Pyburn could well be displaced by blue-chip sophomore Buck Belue. Unfortunately, the defensive unit has problems, most serious of which is the lead-footed linebacking corps.

## THE SOUTH

### SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Alabama | 10–1 | Mississippi State | 6–5 |
| Auburn | 9–2 | LSU | 4–7 |
| Georgia | 8–3 | Vanderbilt | 4–7 |
| Florida | 8–3 | Kentucky | 3–8 |
| Tennessee | 7–4 | | |
| Mississippi | 6–5 | | |

### ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| North Carolina State | 8–3 | Clemson | 5–6 |
| North Carolina | 8–3 | Virginia | 5–6 |
| Maryland | 7–4 | Georgia Tech | 4–7 |
| Duke | 6–5 | Wake Forest | 3–8 |

### SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Chattanooga | 8–3 | Appalachian State | 5–6 |
| Furman | 8–3 | East Tennessee | 5–6 |
| Western Carolina | 7–4 | Marshall | 2–9 |
| The Citadel | 6–5 | | |
| Virginia Military | 5–6 | | |

### INDEPENDENTS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| South Carolina | 9–2 | Richmond | 7–4 |
| Florida State | 8–3 | Virginia Tech | 6–5 |
| Tulane | 7–4 | William & Mary | 6–5 |
| Miami | 6–5 | Southern Mississippi | 4–7 |
| Memphis State | 4–7 | | |
| East Carolina | 7–4 | | |

TOP PLAYERS: Ogilvie, Stephenson, Hamilton (Alabama); Cribbs, Wood, Warren, Brooks (Auburn); Robinson, Donaldson, Scott (Georgia); Brantley, Collinsworth (Florida); James, Streater, Harper (Tennessee); Miller, Walker (Mississippi); McDole, Jones, Cooks (Mississippi State); Adams, Gajan, Atiyeh (LSU); Mordica, Heflin (Vanderbilt); Jaffe, Carter (Kentucky); Ritcher, Wilson (North Carolina State); Barden, Lawrence (North Carolina); Sievers, Burruss (Maryland); Broadie, Riordan (Duke); Stuckey, B. Brown, L. Brown (Clemson); Anderson, Vigorito (Virginia); Kelley, Chadwick (Georgia Tech); McDougald, Kitson (Wake Forest); Creager, Burke (Chattanooga); Henderson, Morgan (Furman); Harp (Western Carolina); Mitchell, Kreber (The Citadel); Alston, Jones (Virginia Military); Brown, Beasley (Appalachian State); Hutsell (East Tennessee); Inquartano (Marshall); Rogers, Schechterly (South Carolina); Simmons, Flowers (Florida State); Hontas, Simon (Tulane); Axson, Gonzalez (Miami); Locke, Clark (Memphis State); Brewington (East Carolina); Williams (Richmond); McDougald, Lewis (Virginia Tech); Shull, Scott (William & Mary); Stewart, Harvey (Southern Mississippi).

Florida fielded an extremely young team against a very rugged schedule last fall, and lost some close games against strong opponents. The experience, therefore, should make the Gators a leading contender for the Southeastern Conference title this fall. New coach Charley Pell spent the spring instilling confidence in his squad and looking for a quarterback to back up John Brantley, who has had trouble staying healthy. The defense, with Playboy All-America linebacker Scot Brantley and 18 more of last season's top 22 defenders returning, will be superb.

Coach Johnny Majors' long rebuilding job at Tennessee is beginning to pay dividends, but there is still a way to go before the Vols can regain their prominence of a decade ago. There are some gem-quality players in camp; the best are Playboy All-America defensive back Roland James and quarterback Jimmy Streater. Redshirt freshman Glenn Ford and incumbent Hubert Simpson will give the Vols the best pair of fullbacks in the South. Add prize soph tailbacks James Berry and Terry Daniels—plus a much-improved offensive line—and Tennessee's running attack could be spectacular.

Much of Mississippi's fortune this fall depends on the recovery of a number of players injured during spring drills. Several incoming freshmen—best of whom is runner Buford McGee—will undoubtedly be pressed into immediate duty. Veteran running back Freddie Williams has been moved to flanker, so the passing game should get a big lift. If all else fails, the Rebs can hold off the enemy with the booming barefoot punts of Playboy All-America Jim Miller.

The Mississippi State team has recovered, it is hoped, from the emotional turmoil of the sudden departure last January of coach Bob Tyler. New coach Emory Bellard will, of course, install the wishbone attack (he invented it), and it should be an instant success, thanks to the presence of an impressive stable of runners and a solid offensive line. Bellard will also utilize the pro-set formation in time to exploit the pass-catching abilities of split end Mardye McDole.

This is Charlie McClendon's final year as coach at LSU, and the prognosis for a glittering departure isn't very bright. All but two of last year's offensive starters have graduated and, though the LSU squad always has good depth, there will likely be shakedown problems in the early weeks of the season. The defensive unit will feature John Adams and Lyman White, two of the better ends in the country—a fortunate circumstance, since the linebacking will be below par. A more serious threat will be the possible squad-morale problems generated by McClendon's imminent departure and the uncertainty about his successor.

New Vanderbilt coach George MacIntyre's major job will be to construct a respectable offensive line, the lack of which has been the major cause of the Commodores' past three successive 2–9 seasons. Despite puny blocking, runner Frank Mordica gained over 1000 yards last season and quarterback Van Heflin emerged as a possible future great. Together, they will put on quite an offensive show this fall. The defense is in bad need of repair, so don't look for miracles in Nashville this year.

It will also be a lean year in Lexington. Losses from graduation, disciplinary action and other assorted misfortunes have left Fran Curci with the thinnest Kentucky squad in his coaching career. The crop of recruits looks promising and many of them will be pressed into immediate action. The quarterback situation is especially critical. Fortunately, sophomore runner Chris Jones is a gem and seems destined for future stardom.

With a little luck, North Carolina State could be a leading contender for the national championship. Graduation losses were few, the offensive line (led by Playboy All-America center Jim Ritcher) is big, strong and experienced and the defensive unit is the Wolfpack's best in more than a decade. Incumbent quarterback Scott Smith will have trouble keeping his job from being usurped by redshirt freshman Darnell Johnson, who looks like a certain future superstar. One of State's most prolific scorers will be diminutive field-goal kicker Nathan Ritter. The air in Raleigh is heady with optimism.

The North Carolina team was booby-trapped last season by the players' inability to adapt to coach Dick Crum's newly installed veer offense. In midseason, Crum reverted to the I formation and the Tar Heels finished strong. Last year's problems, including the players' lack of confidence in the new coaching staff, now seem solved by time and familiarity. Unfortunately, the squad isn't as deep in talent as last fall, especially in the defensive line. Freshman Kelvin Bryant will team with Amos Lawrence to give the Tar Heels a splendid pair of running backs.

Best news at Maryland is that runner George Scott's leg is healed. If coach Jerry Claiborne can figure a way to get both him and soph Charlie Wysocki into the backfield at the same time, the Terps will have an awesome running attack. Claiborne's main task is replacing seven graduated offensive starters. The replacements, though green, are promising, so Maryland should again be a top contender for league honors by season's end.

The Duke schedule, fortunately, offers much relief from last fall's murderous slate. New coach Red Wilson has installed the veer offense to take advantage of the returning talent at the skilled

positions. Runner Stanley Broadie will be the work horse of the new attack. The defense needs reinforcements, but young talent could fill the gaps in a hurry. Soph defensive tackle Paul Heinsohn will be a terror when he finishes growing.

Last year's splendid Clemson team was wiped out by graduation. New coach Danny Ford's major problem will be to construct a new offense around slippery tailback Lester Brown. The defense, led by Playboy All-America tackle Jim Stuckey, will have to hold off the enemy while the attack forces regroup.

This appears to be the best Virginia team in many years. The Cavaliers were very impressive in their final two games of last season, due largely to the emergence of freshman Todd Kirtley as a prime-quality quarterback. Although depth will still be a serious problem, especially on defense, the Virginians will benefit from much added experience.

Georgia Tech joins the Atlantic Coast Conference this season, but with only one conference game (with Duke) on the slate, the Jackets won't be eligible for the league title. The presence of wonderfully talented sophomore quarterback Mike Kelley has inspired coach Pepper Rodgers to switch to the pro-I offense. Unfortunately, graduation made serious inroads in the offensive line and receiver corps, and Rodgers spent all of spring practice searching for adequate replacements. The Jackets will have to depend on a veteran defense to keep them in the early games. If the offense gets its act together, it will be wide-open and exciting to watch.

Wake Forest will also field a much more mature squad than a year ago, with 17 starters returning. Halfback James McDougald is already the school's all-time leading rusher. Add flashy soph quarterback David Webber, plus a sure-handed set of receivers, and the Deacons should field a dazzling offense.

Chattanooga, having shared the Southern Conference title two years in a row, will try to win it outright this season. Its success will depend on finding a dependable quarterback and healing the emotional wounds from last fall's racial dissension.

Furman, with its entire starting backfield returning, will be Chattanooga's main rival for the conference crown. The other Southern Conference teams face such widely varying schedules that the final won-lost records will likely be no indicators of their relative strengths. Western Carolina, after several seasons of explosive offenses, will be a defense-oriented team. The Citadel team could have a successful season if it can survive consecutive encounters with Navy and Vanderbilt. VMI will depend on a veteran defense while new quarterback Larry Hupertz settles into his job. The Keydets' top scorer this fall could be splendid place kicker Craig Jones. Quarterback Steve Brown and receiver Rick Beasley will again make Appalachian State a very exciting team to watch. East Tennessee begins its first conference race with a serious lack of meaty linemen. At Marshall, new coach Sonny Randle takes over a squad with high hopes for the future but very little depth. Fortunately, there is a bumper crop of incoming freshmen, most notably, fullback Chuck Inquartano.

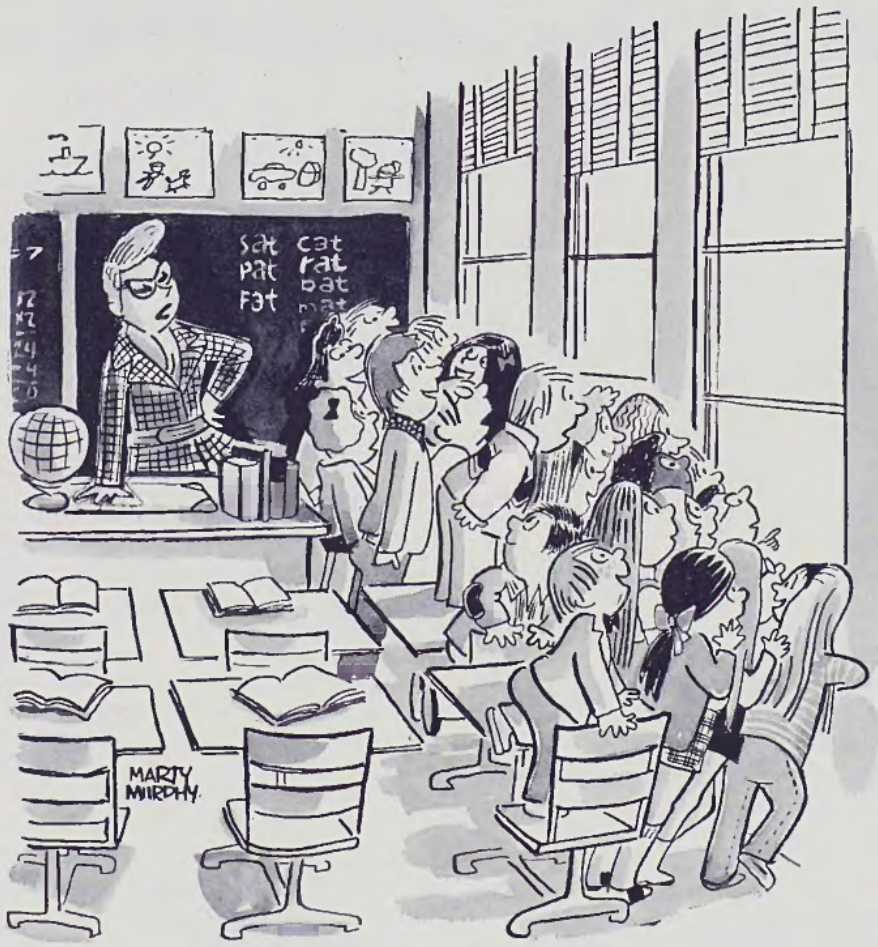
South Carolina should be one of the surprise teams of the country. The Gamecocks won only five games last fall but were within 13 points of winning four others. With 18 returning starters, a solid stable of running backs (best of whom is fullback George Rogers), an excellent group of receivers and added maturity for quarterback Garry Harper, this should be the super season for which coach Jim Carlen has been building. The road schedule is rugged, with the likes of Georgia, Notre Dame and Florida State, but look for the Gamecocks to wind up in a bowl.

Florida State also has 18 returning starters, but the Seminoles' optimism is largely based on the return of last year's successful quarterback tandem. Wally Woodham is the starting pitcher, but Jimmy Jordan often comes out of the bull pen to bail Woodham out of troubled situations. All of last year's receivers also return, so the aerial fireworks should be dazzling in Tallahassee this fall. Aided by a hard-nosed defense, the Seminoles should be a top-20 club this season.

There is also much optimism at Tulane, where most of the key players return from a '78 squad that was much better than its 4–7 record indicates. A severe lack of depth in the offensive line may prove to be the Wave's Achilles' heel.

New coach Howard Schnellenberger takes over an extremely young Miami squad that should improve dramatically over the next two years from maturity. Fourteen frosh earned letters last fall and many of the other steady players were sophs. Add those to another good crop of recruits and look for the Hurricanes to come on strong by season's end.

Kevin Betts will replace the departed and much-lamented quarterback Lloyd




*"All right, class, all right. I believe we've all seen the janitor expose himself before."*

Patterson at Memphis State, but he could lose the job to any one of three promising sophs. It will also be impossible to adequately replace graduated receiver Ernest Gray, so look for a much less potent air attack in Memphis this autumn. Fortunately, both lines are deep and experienced.

The East Carolina defensive unit, rated second best in the country last fall, should again carry the Pirates to a successful season, despite a strengthened schedule. Linebacker Mike Brewington and catquick quarterback Leander Green will again be the headliners.

For the past two seasons, the Richmond line-up has been heavily laden with freshmen and sophomores, who have now become experienced, so the Spiders will be much improved on the basis of experience alone.

Virginia Tech will benefit from a bumper crop of recruits, including three gem-quality tailbacks, best of whom is speedy Cyrus Lawrence. Added to incumbent runners Kenny Lewis and Mickey Fitzgerald, they should give the Gobblers a superb running attack.

The William & Mary team—especially the defense—was nearly wiped out by graduation. Luckily, a veteran and very good offensive line returns; but whoever wins the quarterback job will be green.

Southern Mississippi's major problem is a horrendous schedule. Dependable quarterback Dane McDaniel and a classy group of runners are returning, but both the offensive line and the kicking game will be serious problems.

•

The Big Eight conference championship race will again be a dead heat between Nebraska and Oklahoma. Both teams will have new quarterbacks, a host of impressive runners and reconstructed offensive lines. The Nebraska defense is tougher and deeper, however, which appears to give the Cornhuskers the inside track.

The new Nebraska quarterback will be either Jeff Quinn or Tim Hager, with Quinn emerging from spring practice as number one. Transfer Jarvis Redwine (from Oregon State) joins I. M. Hipp, Andra Franklin, Craig Johnson and Tim Wurth to give the Huskers a horde of fearsome rushers. The receivers are also plentiful and good, and Junior Miller is an awesome tight end.

Heisman Trophy winner Billy Sims and David Overstreet will give Oklahoma a sizzling halfback tandem. Although new quarterback J. C. Watts has a strong throwing arm, which could signal a new dimension to the Sooner attack, Oklahoma will continue to be a run-oriented team. Coach Barry Switzer must find a kicker among the fine crop of incoming freshmen to replace graduated superfoot Uwe von Schamann.

The Missouri team will feature two superstar juniors, quarterback Phil Bradley and runner James Wilder. A large percentage of the other key players are also third-year men, which means the Tigers could be a serious contender for the national championship a year from now. They would be on equal footing with Nebraska and Oklahoma this season were it not for the lack of a dependable backup for Bradley and proven replacements for last year's three leading receivers. An asset this fall is the fact that the three toughest opponents—Texas, Nebraska and Oklahoma—all will be played on home turf. Missouri is the only Big Eight school with a natural-grass stadium, and that's a distinct advantage for home games.

New Colorado coach Chuck Fairbanks brought with him a skilled staff of assistants who will do the actual on-field coaching while he talks to the press, hobnobs with wealthy jock freaks and puts his best face forward for the television cameras. The new staff, headed by Doug Dickey, has already installed a more flexible and imaginative offense than

**THE NEAR WEST**

BIG EIGHT

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Nebraska | 9–2 | Iowa State | 6–5 |
| Oklahoma | 9–2 | Kansas State | 6–5 |
| Missouri | 6–5 | Oklahoma State | 5–6 |
| Colorado | 6–5 | Kansas | 3–8 |

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Texas | 9–2 | Texas A & M | 7–4 |
| Houston | 8–3 | Arkansas | 6–5 |
| Baylor | 8–3 | Texas Christian | 2–9 |
| Southern Methodist | 7–4 | Rice | 1–10 |
| Texas Tech | 7–4 | | |

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| New Mexico State | 8–3 | Indiana State | 7–4 |
| Southern Illinois | 8–3 | Drake | 5–6 |
| Tulsa | 7–4 | Wichita State | 4–7 |
| | | West Texas State | 4–7 |

INDEPENDENTS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| North Texas State | 9–2 | Air Force | 2–9 |

TOP PLAYERS: Hipp, Miller, Saalfeld (Nebraska); Sims, Cumby, Tabor (Oklahoma); Bradley, Wilder, Richards (Missouri); Brock, Haynes (Colorado); Boskey, Cuvelier, Neal (Iowa State); Goodlow, Miller (Kansas State); Corker, Bailey (Oklahoma State); Irvin (Kansas); Johnson, Jones, Acker, McMichael (Texas); Jones, Hodge, Taylor (Houston); Singletary, Johnson, Abercrombie (Baylor); Tolbert, Ford (Southern Methodist); Hadnot, Adams, Reeves (Texas Tech); Dickey, Green (Texas A & M); Kolenda, Stewart (Arkansas); Talley, Grimes (Texas Christian); Hertel (Rice); Evans, Niles, Pope (New Mexico State); House, Phillips (Southern Illinois); Blackmon, Smith, Nicholson (Tulsa); Allman (Indiana State); Ball (Drake); Williams (Wichita State); McElroy, Keller (West Texas State); Case, Morris, Jackson (North Texas State); Ziebart, Williams (Air Force).

last year's attack, which largely featured runs between the tackles and passes on third down and 15 yards to go. The most interesting feature of pre-season drills will be the battle between senior Bill Solomon and sophomore Charlie Davis for the quarterback job. Incoming freshman Clyde Riggins will give much-needed help to the running attack. Dickey's main concern in fall drills will be the search for dependable depth—spring practice revealed a wide difference in quality between starters and reserves.

If everything falls into place, new coach Donnie Duncan could make it big his first year at Iowa State. With only eight starters returning, the ranks would appear to be thin, but the replacements—many of whom were part-time starters in '78—are top quality. Duncan will enjoy a rare luxury, three dependable veteran quarterbacks (Walter Grant, Terry Rubley and John Quinn). The defense, though dangerously thin, will be anchored by sensational sophomore lineman Chris Boskey, a certain future All-America.

After years of futility, prospects are brightening at Kansas State. Skilled new passer Sheldon Paris will be throwing to the best set of receivers in the league, Eugene Goodlow, John Liebe and Eddy Whitley. Add fullbacks Roosevelt Duncan and Darryl Black, who together caught 23 passes last year. Also add brilliant rookie tailback Keith Dearring, who will bring much muzzle velocity to the running game. Other pluses will be a veteran offensive line and a solid kicking game. Look for the Wildcats to pull off a couple of staggering upsets this season.

New Oklahoma State coach Jimmy Johnson takes over a squad that is hobbled by N.C.A.A. probation and a precarious lack of depth everywhere except among the running backs. Despite these problems, the squad caught Johnson's contagious enthusiasm during spring drills. Excellent recruits give hope for the future.

Don Fambrough begins his second tenure (he was pressured out in 1974) as head coach at Kansas. He has scrapped the wishbone attack and installed a pro-set offense that will emphasize passing. The field general will be soph quarterback Kevin Clinton. Two freshman runners, Wayne Capers and Garfield Taylor, will give a much-needed infusion of talent to the running attack. If some adequate reinforcements can be found for both lines, the Jayhawks could be the most improved team in the league. That will still leave them a long way to go.

Texas won nine games last season, including the Sun Bowl annihilation of Maryland, and 39 of the top 44 players on that squad are back in camp—which gives you an idea of how strong the Longhorns will be this year. The only possible trouble spot is the quarterback position, where soph Donnie Little is the only contender who saw action last year. Fortunately, Jon Aune returns after being out for more than a year with an injury. Superstar receiver Lam Jones may have to share kudos with noteworthy soph runner Jam Jones. Were it not for playing in the country's toughest conference, Texas would have an inside track in the national-championship race.

On paper, Houston would appear to have lost much of its offensive prowess to graduation. The replacements, however, are 24-kt. types. Delrick Brown is a faster and more dangerous runner than departed quarterback Danny Davis, an important factor in running the Houston veer offense. There are at least four top-quality runners on tap, and the split-end job will go to Eric Herring, one of the best pass receivers in Houston prep history. The pass rush and pass defense, weaknesses a year ago, were much improved in spring drills, and the schedule seems favorable.

Baylor (with South Carolina and Oregon) could well be one of this season's big surprises. The Bears won only three games in '78, but five losses were by a total of 21 points. Two of the victories were demolitions of archrivals Texas and Texas A & M. Fifteen starters from that team return and are joined by some standout newcomers. Converted tailback Mickey Elam (hero of the upset over Texas) will battle with redshirt Mike Brannan and incoming freshman Kyle Money for the quarterback job. If one of them delivers, Baylor will challenge Texas for the league title. Tailback Walter Abercrombie could turn into a household name in the Southwest.

Southern Methodist, Texas Tech and Texas A & M will all be much-improved teams. The big question is who will survive in a conference in which at least five teams look good enough to win the championship with the aid of a little luck and the absence of critical injuries. Look for Southwest Conference teams to fatten up on nonconference opponents this fall, then knock one another off in unpredictable ways.

Southern Methodist is reputed to have garnered the third best crop of recruits in the nation last spring. At least four of the newcomers—runners Eric Dickerson and Craig James, defensive back Stanley Godine and receiver Mitchell Bennett—have good chances to become starters by season's end. Whatever the Mustangs' fortunes in the conference race, they will be an exciting team to watch, with sterling passer Mike Ford throwing to Playboy All-America receiver Emanuel Tolbert.

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a 240-pound fullback (James Hadnot) who runs like an enraged rhinoceros? You have the Texas Tech running attack; and if the Raiders can avoid critical injuries in key positions, they may just trample other teams into submission. The defense, with nine starters returning, will also be tough, deep and mean. In short, visiting teams will find the hospitality in Lubbock far from pleasing this fall, and Southern California's national-championship contenders could get their plows cleaned the first game of the season, on September eighth.

Texas A&M's new I formation (installed at midseason last year, when former head coach Emory Bellard walked off in a huff and the job was given to Tom Wilson) will give breath-taking runner Curtis Dickey an opportunity to have a banner senior season. The passing game, featuring quarterback Mike Mosley, will also be improved, so the Aggie offense should be explosive. End Jacob Green, probably the best defensive player in school history, leads an aggressive defensive unit.

Few teams have suffered such diploma deprivation as Arkansas. The Hogs, therefore, will be critically shy of both depth and experience, especially in the defensive unit. Kevin Scanlon, last year's backup quarterback, will likely be the starter in the early games, but he could lose out to redshirt freshman Tom Jones, who looks like a future great. If crippling injuries can be avoided, this will be a typical Lou Holtz team—a wide-open attack and a prayer that it gets the ball last. The schedule, fortunately, is easier than usual.

The Texas Christian team suffered through a second straight 2–9 season in '78, but it could easily have been a 5–6 year had it not been for a long streak of severe injuries. On the assumption that such misfortune won't strike two years in a row, and with the best recruiting season since the mid-Sixties, we can only assume the Frogs will be much stronger. Several incumbent starters will likely be displaced by freshmen before the season is over.

Rice University is the football poverty center of the Southwest Conference. The Owls won only two games in '78 and, with only five offensive starters returning, prospects look even bleaker for this year.

The final won-lost records of the teams in the Missouri Valley Conference will have little correlation to their relative strengths. The schools don't play one another very often and the nonconference schedules vary from puny to awesome. Tulsa will be much the strongest team in the conference this season, but the Hurricane plays only two other conference teams and the rest of the slate would terrorize some Big Ten teams.

At both Tulsa and New Mexico State, the big-play passing attacks of a year ago will be missing, but both schools have a deep and veteran corps of runners that will take up much of the slack.

Southern Illinois is similarly blessed with runners, but the Salukis also have sterling passer John Cernak and superfast receiver Kevin House to balance the attack.

Since 19 starters are returning, acute greenness will no longer be the major problem at Indiana State. But the squad will still lack adequate size and depth, especially in the lines.

With Dwaine Ball, Wayne Williams and Wardell Wright sharing the ball-carrying chores, Drake should have a productive running attack.

Wichita State will feature a potent brother act this fall. Mickey Collins (who will become the leading rusher in Shocker history) is joined by little brother Herbert (who is rumored to be bigger and faster than Mickey). The sibling rivalry should be fun to watch. New coach Jeff Jeffries is the first black ever to be a head football coach at a major college.

West Texas State has only three senior starters (and only six seniors on the entire squad) and a plethora of talented sophs and transfers, so the future looks bright. Freshman tailback Gus Williams could make big waves his first year on campus.

New coach Jerry Moore takes over a North Texas State team that is deep, experienced, fast and skilled. Last year was supposed to be a rebuilding season in Denton, but the Greenies won nine games. Moore has installed the I formation (à la Nebraska), the better to utilize the services of two super runners, Bernard Jackson and Milton Collins. If Moore can find adequate reinforcements for the linebacker crew (the squad's only lean area), the Mean Green could have an undefeated season.

The Air Force team will also have a new coach, Ken Hatfield, and he will need a lot of luck. The fly boys are few and small. Adequate linemen of both varieties are especially scarce.

•

Whatever it takes to have a great football team, Southern California has it, including the wily coaching of John Robinson, whose professional excellence we acknowledge by naming him Playboy's Coach of the Year. Robinson will be working with the best collection of college football talent in the country. Fifteen starters return from the team that won last season's United Press version of the national championship. Included are Playboy All-America runner Charles White (this year's leading candidate for the Heisman Trophy), a pro-quality offensive line (led by Playboy All-America linemen Anthony Munoz and Brad Budde), the best quarterback in school history (Paul McDonald) and *three* tight ends who are good enough to be starters. Add to that a defensive crew that will be much more experienced than last year's group

# Doctor discovers method of regaining lost hair.

## Once Attainable Only in Private Doctor Run "Baldness" Clinics, Now You Can Receive Biotin Directly Through The Mail!

Scientists nation-wide are raving about a special treatment of Biotin, the H vitamin, and absolutely fantastic test results that have been attained by a city doctor using Biotin as the reactivating agent in the revival of dormant hair roots!

Hundreds upon hundreds of men and women who were losing their hair have flocked to the expensive newly created treatment centers where 'specially trained' personnel apply a Biotin gel to these people's scalps to get their hair to grow lush and full once again.

Now, you can do it for yourself right at home for hundreds of dollars less. With the same results. With Biotin Solution Hair Restoration Gel.

### Biotin Solution Brings Life to Dormant Rootlets.

Each hair on your head grows for an average of four years; then it enters into a dormant, or rest, stage before a new hair coming from beneath the scalp in the same root channel pushes it out. The balding/thinning problem develops when the new hairs force the old ones out, but fail to continue to grow themselves.

The hair stops growing because the hormone androgen (testosterone) shortens your hair's growing phase. Quite plainly, your hair rests too soon! This is not an unnatural process: almost every man alive has noticed that his hair starts to thin as he becomes more mature . . . and it's the accumulation of the testosterone hormone that does it!

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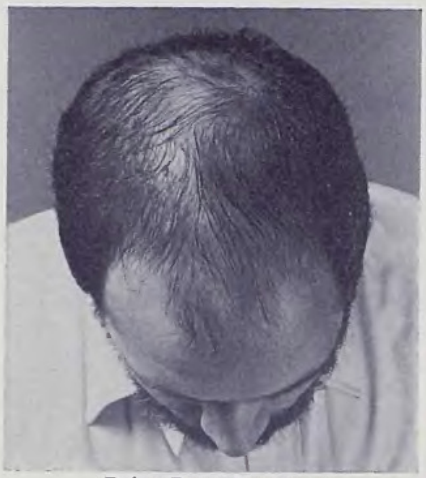
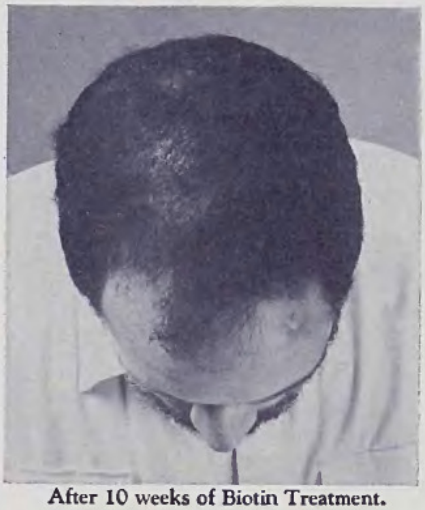


Before Biotin Treatment.



After 10 weeks of Biotin Treatment.

Biotin Solution combats the testosterone build-up and the hair's normal cycle of growth has a chance to return. If your hair is only "sleeping," Biotin Solution will wake it up, and you'll be on your way to the most fabulous head of hair you can possibly have!

### Biotin Solution Controls Excessive Hair Loss, Too!

The average person's hair loss (male and female) is between 50 and 100 hairs per day. That's not really very many. Are you losing more than that? Are you finding hairs on your pillow? On your suitcoat? Are too many hairs coming out in the wash? You had better get Biotin Solution to work on the problem right away!

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### A Doctor Discovered Biotin's Secret, But You Don't Need A Doctor To Use It.

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(ten of the twelve top tacklers of '78 return), plus another bumper crop of grade-A freshmen, and the Trojans look to us like the best bet to take the national championship.

Both the Stanford and the Washington teams are strong enough to win the Pacific Ten title in most other seasons. The usual flock of fine receivers (led by Ken Margerum), plus the best group of Stanford runners in many years (best of whom is Playboy All-America Darrin Nelson), greet new Stanford coach Rod Dowhower. The quarterback job will go to Turk Schonert, who is as good a passer as either of his two famed predecessors, Steve Dils and Guy Benjamin, and a better runner than either. Dowhower insists that Milt McColl and Kevin Bates are the best pair of outside linebackers on the West Coast. The most exciting Stanford player will again be diminutive (5'9", 174 pounds) scatback Nelson. He is the only player in college football history to rush for 1000 yards and catch 50 passes in a single season, and he's done it two years in a row. He could easily be the second runner in history (Tony Dorsett was the first) to have four 1000-yard seasons.

The Washington team will also benefit from flashy running, provided by Joe Steele and Toussaint Tyler. The Husky defensive line, anchored by Playboy All-America lineman Doug Martin, could be the best in the nation. Two transfers, punter Rich Camarillo and tight end Dave Bayle, will make big contributions their first year. If Washington has a vulnerable area, it is the thin offensive line, where a few key injuries could wreak havoc.

The Arizona State team has a similar problem up front. Fortunately, the Sun Devils have three excellent quarterbacks, Mark Malone, Mike Pagel and Steve Bratkowski (son of Zeke), in case one of them gets knocked out of the box by onrushing defenders. The passing attack will be hypoed by the addition of redshirt receiver Ron Washington. Freshman Wayne Apuna could become an even better linebacker than his older brother Ben. The two should be playing side by side by season's end.

Arizona coach Tony Mason will have a stadium full of prospects from which to fashion his '79 team. Sixteen starters and as many second-stringers are joined by six senior college transfers (four from the University of Cincinnati, where Mason was head coach until two years ago), ten junior college transfers and a flashy group of freshmen. Rookie Richard Hersey and veteran Larry Heater will give the Wildcats an impressive one-two punch at tailback. Playboy All-America tackle Cleveland Crosby will be the physical and emotional leader of a much-improved defensive unit.

Look for Oregon to be one of the sleeper teams of the year. The Ducks won only two games last fall, but five of the defeats were by a total of 13 points. Last year's raw youngsters are this season's hardened veterans. A key ingredient in the Oregon scheme for sudden success is the quarterback slot, which will be filled by either of two gem-quality newcomers, redshirt Andrew Page or transfer Reggie Ogburn. They will be well protected (four 270-pound offensive tackles are in camp) and will be throwing to game-breaking receiver (and world-class sprinter) Don Coleman. Both quarterbacks are elusive runners and may drive opposing defenses batty with their roll-outs. The early-season schedule is suicidal, but look for the Ducks to sneak up on some of the biggies.

### THE FAR WEST

#### PACIFIC TEN

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Southern California | 10–1 | Oregon | 6–5 |
| Stanford | 9–2 | UCLA | 5–6 |
| Washington | 9–2 | Washington State | 5–6 |
| Arizona State | 8–4 | California | 3–8 |
| Arizona | 7–4 | Oregon State | 3–8 |

#### WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| New Mexico | 8–3 | Utah | 5–7 |
| Brigham Young | 7–4 | Texas–El Paso | 4–7 |
| Wyoming | 6–6 | Colorado State | 2–10 |
| Hawaii | 6–5 | | |
| San Diego State | 5–6 | | |

#### PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Utah State | 8–3 | San Jose State | 5–6 |
| Long Beach State | 8–3 | Fresno State | 4–7 |
| Pacific | 7–3 | Fullerton State | 4–7 |

TOP PLAYERS: White, Munoz, Budde, McDonald, Johnson (Southern California); Nelson, Margerum, McColl (Stanford); Martin, Steele, Lansford (Washington); Malone, Kohrs, Apuna (Arizona State); Crosby, Heater, Oliver (Arizona); Williams, Elshire (Oregon); Easley, Boyd (UCLA); Grant, Kennedy (Washington State); Campbell, Graham, Skaugstad (California); Smith (Oregon State); Forrest, Wright (New Mexico); McMahon, Wilson, Titensor (Brigham Young); Ogrin (Wyoming); Allen, Tuinei (Hawaii); Inge, Halda (San Diego State); Griffin, Rodgers (Utah); Garcia (Texas–El Paso); Formica, Stockdale (Colorado State); Jones, Hipple, Parros (Utah State); McGaffigan, Caffey (Long Beach State); Vassar, Nelson (Pacific); Luther, Hines (San Jose State); Slaton, Woods (Fresno State); Harris, Campbell (Fullerton State).

UCLA, a perennial West Coast power, seems destined for an off year. Last June's commencement ceremonies spared only nine starters. One of the survivors, fortunately, was senior quarterback Rick Bashore, who, it is hoped, will return to the form of his sophomore year. With the exception of Bashore and tailback Freeman McNeil, the Bruins are dangerously green in the skilled positions. However, Playboy All-America Kenny Easley, a superb athlete and an even more impressive person, is probably the best defensive back in the country.

Washington State coach Jim Walden will switch to a veer attack, featuring running quarterback Steve Grant, Samoan runner Tali Ena and junior college All-America rusher Tom Ramberg. A large contingent of redshirts will give the Cougars unaccustomed depth and add much heft to a defensive unit that was riddled by injuries last fall.

California's great '78 expectations went awry as the hospital wards filled with injured Bear players. Injuries, or the lack thereof, will again play a vital role in the Bears' success, because both lines are dangerously thin. There is the usual plethora of wide receivers and an ace quarterback (Rich Campbell), but good runners are scarce in Berkeley. Paul Jones is a splendid fullback, but he needs help. Freshman runner Floyd Williams could be the answer.

Coach Craig Fertig is reviving a moribund Oregon State football program, but progress has been painfully slow. The Beaver squad at last includes a number of seasoned veterans, especially in the all-important offensive line. Prize recruit Gary Lee will team with Steve Coury to give quarterback Steve Smith a prime pair of targets. The kicking game, fortunately, is one of the best in the West, and the schedule is much easier than in recent years.

Although the New Mexico team enjoyed a winning season in '78 (only the second in the past seven years), the Lobos were short on linemen, so last winter coach Bill Mondt recruited a small herd of bulldozer types to clear the way for a star-studded backfield. Despite the presence of speedy tailback Mike Carter and fullback Mark Williams (younger brother of former Lobo rushing record holder Mike), Mondt may go to a wide-open passing attack to take advantage of his flock of road-runner-fast receivers.

The optimism at Brigham Young is primed by the presence of quarterbacks Jim McMahon and Marc Wilson, a veteran offensive line and a crowd of redshirts, transfers and quality freshmen to fill the openings in the diploma-depleted defensive unit. Transfer defensive end Glen Titensor (from UCLA) wrecked practices while serving his probation year on the scout team last fall, so look for him to terrorize opposing quarterbacks this season.

The absence of an adequate passing game hurt the Wyoming team in '78, but that problem was solved in spring practice with the emergence of sophomore Phil Davis and the arrival of junior college transfer Greg Tucker. They will be throwing to the best set of Cowboy receivers in a decade.

Hawaii joins the Western Athletic Conference race this fall, and the Warriors' debut will be a happy one if the offensive line can be adequately rebuilt and new quarterback Mike Stennis has a good year. An experienced defense will have to carry the load in early-season

games while the attack unit shakes down.

San Diego State quarterback Mark Halda (one of the nation's best) at last has some fast receivers, so the passing game should be awesome. Alas, there are no proven runners in camp, but a large contingent of junior college transfers will fix a flaccid defensive unit.

A tough early-season schedule (including Washington and Tennessee) could prevent Utah from repeating last year's 8–3 success. A new quarterback must be found, but supersoph Del Rodgers will provide the Utes with spectacular running.

It's been a long, long drought at Texas–El Paso, but the youth movement of the past two seasons should begin to pay off this fall, and the Miners could enjoy their first respectable season in many years. Among this year's many recruits are three capable quarterbacks, with David Stone (a transfer from Texas Tech) the likely starter. Also look for new running back James Copeland to make it big.

This will be an off season at Colorado State, because both lines, hard hit by graduation, are weak and thin.

The Utah State team will be even stronger than the 1978 squad that won the Pacific Coast Athletic Association championship in its first try. The big catch is that the schedule has been toughened, with Idaho State and Wyoming being replaced by Nebraska and Arizona State. Eric Hipple, a smart, tough and wonderfully versatile quarterback, will be the principal key to the Aggies' success.

Long Beach State will also depend heavily on the talents of its quarterback, Paul McGaffigan, who will have the help of one of the best offensive lines in recent years. A good group of junior college transfers will upgrade the ground attack.

New Pacific coach Robert Toledo is an avid disciple of the passing game, and he will have three promising quarterback prospects to choose from (junior college transfer Claudio Cipolla and freshman redshirts George Harrison and Bob O'Rourke). The linebacking crew, led by Brad Vassar and Dallas Nelson, could be one of the best in the nation, but the other defensive areas will suffer from inexperience.

San Jose State could easily be the strongest team in the conference yet have one of the least impressive won-lost records. The schedule includes four Pacific Ten opponents, plus toughie Central Michigan. The all-new coaching staff, headed by Jack Elway, promises to fill the air with passes. Ed Luther will do the throwing and there is a host of good receivers in camp.

Fresno State coach Bob Padilla has made sweeping changes in both the offensive and the defensive systems. He also worked overtime this past spring in the recruiting wars, capturing several prize rookies. Junior college transfer Kent Slaton could mature into one of the country's better offensive linemen and freshman Henry Ellard should become one of the top receivers on the Coast before he graduates.

The Fullerton State offensive unit will have a lot of new faces, with all of last year's top rushers and receivers having gone the graduation route. Coach Jim Colletto's main job, however, will be to shore up a defensive unit that was pitifully leaky last season.

And, finally, an observation about a coach's most important survival skill, knowing when to quit: We called Ara Parseghian, legendary ex–Notre Dame coach, at his insurance agency in South Bend and asked him if he ever suffered from the fire-horse syndrome. "Hell, no!" he said. "I haven't chugalugged a bottle of Maalox in years. And I sleep like a baby at night. The weather is beautiful in northern Indiana—come on down and let's go fishing."

So if you're selling insurance—or even fighting a typewriter—don't be too envious this autumn when you're sitting in a stadium, watching the side-line dramatics. Someone down there may wish he were in your place.

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# NICK NOLTE

(continued from page 199)

*"'It's insane,' Hal said. 'Let's go to Mexico, man. Throw in with bandits or something.'"*

a small rubbing motion with her hand. "*Highly* polished."

She glanced down at the boots Nolte was wearing, which were not highly polished. "Not exactly you, I shouldn't think," she said.

"Well, now, don't let these boots I'm wearing deceive you," Nolte said, a bit defensively. "These are actually very expensive boots." He picked up one leg to show them off. "You know, I just use them to shit-kick around in. . . ."

"Yes, but don't you see, Mr. Nolte?" the lady said. "The man who would be wearing *these* boots would *always* have them polished. That would be . . . how would you say? . . . his *character*."

Nolte looked at her without expression for a moment; then he smiled. He reached over and touched her arm. "Yeah, OK," he said.

He started laughing to himself; he turned and took the sheepskin coat from the assistant's arm. "Let me try this on," he said.

He went down a hallway and into a large bathroom; the walls were upholstered with bright-orange fabric.

He put on the coat and looked at himself in the mirror. He turned from side to side very slightly, then stepped back. He looked for a long moment; then he put his hands in his pockets and stood as if it were snowing. He wrapped the jacket around himself and turned the collar up around his neck. Then he took it off and put it over his arm.

"Great," he said, returning to the office. He handed the coat back. "It's perfect."

"Splendid," she said, beaming. "That's it, then. We're through in a flash."

She stood up in a way that gave the appearance she was being raised on wires. "I must always be moving along," she said. "I simply cannot be still." She drew her hand to herself in a theatrical gesture. "I suppose that's *my* character."

The lady motioned to her assistant and they made their departure. Nolte watched them go, then rubbed his face with his hands as if he had been suddenly exhausted.

Hal appeared around the corner, moving cautiously. "I think maybe they were spies," he said.

Nolte stretched, supporting his back with his hands. "I can't even wear the good boots, man," he said. He walked over to his desk and stood behind it, holding the top of his chair.

"It's insane," Hal said. "We're insane. Let's go to Mexico, man. Throw in with bandits or something."

Nolte turned his cap around so that it was backward on his head. He sat down and lit a cigarette; he blew out the smoke and threw the match into an ashtray. He picked up the magazine with his picture in it and looked at the page again.

"I mean, what are we doing here, after all, man?" Hal said. He threw himself down onto the floor and shouted at the ceiling. "What the fuck are we doing here?"

Nolte took the magazine and, in one fast motion, sailed it like a Frisbee across the room. "Well, I don't know about you," he said. "I'm just waiting for the goddamn vodka."

•

"You're a fox, babe," Sharon Nolte said to her husband. She was sitting on top of a wooden exercise block in the studio gymnasium; she was wearing skintight blue jeans, knee-high beige boots and a wine-colored T-shirt.

"Bullshit," Nolte said. He was lying flat on his back, staring up at an enormous bar bell. "I'm a mean-ugly son of a bitch and don't you forget it, Legs."

"I love it when you talk like that," Sharon said. "So crude and everything."

A short, dark-haired man in a leather aviator's jacket had a camera bag unpacked on a nearby bench; he was standing above Nolte, watching him through his view finder.

"Can you lift that thing?" he asked Nolte.

"Fuck, yes, I can lift it," Nolte said.

"He's so strong," Sharon said. She made a muscle with her arm. "He's like Tarzan."

"Shut up, Legs, for crying out loud," Nolte said, placing his hands on the bar. "I need my total concentration here. Don't fuck around."

Nolte set himself, then heaved the weight off its supports. He held it aloft for a few beats and the muscles in his arms bulged; then, slowly, he set it back to rest. The photographer shot the whole sequence in a rapid burst of fire.

"Goddamn," Nolte said, limp from the effort.

"Do it again!" Sharon cried. She jumped down off the block and landed on the concrete floor with a clatter.

"Go away," Nolte said. "Go home."

He went over to a battered wooden stand that held a row of small hand weights. He picked one of them up and began to work with it.

"Do you think you could take your hat off?" the photographer asked. He backed up a bit to accommodate Nolte's new position.

Nolte removed his cap and shook his hair free.

"That's how you should wear your hair," Sharon said. "Just like that."

"I don't like it," he said, shaking it again. "I have to grow it some more. Get it funkier-looking."

"Ugh," Sharon said. She got on an exercise bicycle that was set up in front of a large wall mirror, and she watched

*"You know, it's true. We get better mileage in the country."*

herself pedal for a little while.

Nolte lay down on the floor in front of a leg press and fitted his feet into the device. "This is my favorite," he said to the photographer.

He pushed up on the weight with what appeared to be a mighty effort, and his face and neck glowed in a rush of circulation. After a brief moment, he brought his feet down. "OK," he said, "that's enough of that."

He got to his feet and sought to regain his composure; across the room, Sharon was doing ad-lib dance steps in front of the mirror.

"I want to be in your movie, Nick," she said. "I want to be a cheerleader."

She did a burlesque-house strut with imaginary pompons.

Nolte watched her as he wiped his face with a towel. "Sorry," he said, shaking his head. "No cheerleaders."

"But I want to be a star!" she said. She went over and wrapped her arms seductively around his neck.

"Will you do nude scenes?" he asked.

"I'll do one tit," she said.

The photographer repacked his camera bag and slung it over his shoulder. The three of them left the building and walked out onto the studio lot.

"God, I'm getting to be an old man," Nolte said, breathing the air deeply. "If I keep doing this physical shit, I'll be dead."

They came to a series of outdoor sets that made up a Western town. The street was hard-packed dirt and the building façades looked like an episode of *Gunsmoke*—a hotel, a blacksmith shop, a general store, a barbershop and a sheriff's office. They walked all the way to the end of the street and stopped in front of a building with the word SALOON painted on it.

"This is the place," Nolte said. He stood back and looked at it for a moment.

"Do you think there's a toilet in there?" Sharon asked him.

He regarded her with a sideways glance. "Sure there is, Legs," he said.

He took a seat on a wooden bench in front of the saloon; the photographer got out his camera and started shooting.

Sharon pushed open the swinging doors and went inside to investigate. She returned a few seconds later. "There's nothing in there, wise guy," she said.

"Legs," he said, "you've got no imagination."

Several men in work clothes were having their lunch on the steps of an adjoining building. One of them, a long-haired man in a plaid shirt, called to Nolte. "Hey, Nick, you want a can of beer in your hand for that?" he said.

Nolte nodded appreciatively at the man. "Yeah, I sure would," he said. "I saw you there, but I didn't want to take your only beer."

"Hey, it's cool," the man said. He brought Nolte the can.

"He has to have his can of beer," Sharon said. "It's his image."

A young black man came whizzing up the street on a bicycle. He was carrying a sack lunch in his hand and he departed the bicycle by simply leaping off and letting it go crashing into the side of the building.

"All right!" Nolte said. "That's action!"

The black man spun around and his face lit up with recognition. "Hey!" he said. He pointed at Nolte. "You're the dude!"

Nolte shaded his eyes with his hand and squinted at the man. "Yeah, I'm the dude," he said. "That's me."

"Hey, that's far out," the black man said with a grin. "What's happening, man?"

Nolte pointed with his beer can in the direction of the photographer. "Getting my fucking picture taken, man," he said. "I'm so goddamn irresistible-good-looking it seems they have to put my picture in magazines."

"Yeah, that's cool," the black man said.

"But what about *me*?" Sharon said. She stepped between Nolte and the camera. "What about *my* picture?"

The photographer refocused on Sharon and continued shooting.

"Who the hell are you, anyway?" Nolte said, looking out from behind her.

Sharon turned to the group of workers and smiled sexily.

"My name is Goldie," she said. "Nick lets me hang around when his old lady is away." She went over and sat on his lap. "Don't you, baby?"

Nolte cradled her in his arms, but he raised his head so that he could speak to everybody.

"A mental case," he said, pointing to his wife. "Been in hospitals and shit. A real sad story."

"Could I get the two of you looking over here?" the photographer said.

They struck a pose in which Nolte looked like an outlaw with a bar girl on his lap.

When they finished, Nolte handed the beer can back to the man in the plaid shirt. "I owe you one of these," he said.

"How about a picture instead?" the man said. "My lady would dig it."

Nolte laughed as if the man had told him a joke. "Fuck, yes," he said. "Sure, just come on up to the office."

"See, you're a sex symbol, dollface," Sharon said as they were walking away. "I thought you said you were ugly. Mean and ugly."

"I have many facets," Nolte said. "I'm many-faceted."

They left the Western town behind, passing sound stages and rows of house trailers turned into offices. They cut across a huge concrete basin with a drive-in-style movie screen rising above it at one end; in an open area just beyond, three vintage-model Rolls-Royces stood gleaming in the afternoon sunlight.

"Nice," the photographer said.

"Hollywood all the way," Nolte said.

When they returned to his office building, Nolte went over to a metallic-blue 280-Z that was parked in a space bearing

*"Although some men feel threatened when women assume traditionally masculine roles, I personally applaud this long-overdue step toward the abolition of sexual stereotypes."*

his name. He opened the back and took out a football.

"Come on, Legs," he said. "Let's play some catch."

"OK, hot-shot," Sharon said, setting herself up a fair distance away. "Let's see some stuff."

He threw a gentle pass, which she caught easily.

"That was nothing," she said. "Try this, tough guy."

She released the ball as fast as if the entire Rams defensive line were a breath away. Nolte caught the pass, but it burned his hands.

A man in a pinstriped suit who was passing by stopped to admire the sport. "Some ballplayer," he said. "Good arm. Good everything."

Sharon waved at the man.

"But she's got no discipline," Nolte said. "And she can't run worth shit, either."

With that, he threw a long bomb. Sharon began to back up for the ball, but it overtook her with such speed that finally she had to go charging after it down the street.

"You son of a bitch!" she shouted.

When she returned, a few moments later, the photographer was preparing to leave; Nolte was resting against his car, smoking a cigarette.

"You made me run," she said accusingly, as they went into the building.

"It's good for you," Nolte said. "You're young. You need your exercise."

They went up a carpeted stairway and down a short corridor to Nolte's office. When they went into the room, they were greeted by a good-looking man dressed in Western-style clothes who was sitting with his feet propped up on Nolte's desk.

"Tom, you fucker!" Nolte said. The man stood up and Nolte went over and embraced him. "Where the hell have you been, man?"

Nolte introduced the man to Sharon.

"Oh, I know *you*," she said excitedly. "You were on that show——"

"You mean *Faggot Flats?*" Tom said.

"No, no," she said. "You know the one."

"Yeah," Tom said, "I know."

"You were Ryan O'Neal's younger brother," she said.

"Yeah, it was a curse," he said. "Put on me by an Amazon witch doctor."

Sharon turned to her husband. "I was so in love with him," she said of Tom.

"Hey," Nolte said, "he's a cute little sucker."

"Fuck you," Tom said. He sat down on one of the sofas and looked around the room.

"This is some office," he said. "What the hell do you do up here?"

"All kinds of shit," Nolte said.

"This office used to belong to a producer I knew," Tom said. "He always had these top-secret projects going. If you asked him what was happening, he'd say, 'Can't tell you! It's secret!' He never did anything that wasn't secret."

"Yeah," Nolte said, "that sounds right."

He left the room and returned momentarily with several cans of beer.

"I didn't know you two knew each other," Sharon said.

"Hell, yes," Nolte said, puncturing the top of a can. "Tom and I've known each other for twenty years."

"Twenty *years*!" Sharon said. She looked at the two men. "That means you knew each other when I was two years old."

"Please," Tom said, "don't mention it."

"Tom and I knew each other in Pasadena," Nolte said. "Tom was at the Pasadena Playhouse. I don't know exactly what I was doing."

"Nick was doing social research at fraternity parties," Tom said. "Gathering a wealth of human insight."

"Yeah, I remember now," Nolte said. "Those were wild times. I don't have the stamina for that now."

"Nick would go to any party," Tom said. "He didn't have to be invited or anything. He'd just show up and pound on the door until they'd let him in."

"You sound just like a Hell's Angel, sweetie," Sharon said.

"My youth," Nolte said, sipping his beer.

"Do you remember that time in Newport?" Tom said. "Easter week?"

"Yeah," Nolte said. "That's where we wrecked your Corvette."

"Right," Tom said. "We had seven people in that car. Tore the whole bottom off it, I think."

"That's impossible," Sharon said. "You can't get seven people in a Corvette."

"We were pretty inventive," Nolte said.

"Yeah, we were crazy," Tom said. He reclined somewhat and put his hands behind his head. "Nick and I would hang out and I'd tell him things that actors did. All this shit we did at the Pasadena Playhouse, like blowing out candles and standing upside down and stuff."

"I thought all that shit was flaky as hell," Nolte said. "I used to ask, 'Tom, do you guys really wear leotards?' "

"And look at you now, man," Tom said, laughing.

"Yeah," Nolte said. "Life is perverse."

He got up and walked over to his desk and found a pack of cigarettes; he lit one and looked out the window. A giant white cloud hung above the studio like a special effect.

"How's your movie going, man?" Tom asked after a moment.

"It's fucked," Nolte said, still looking out. "Fucked up the ass, man. I can't even begin to tell you all the paranoia and shit that's going on around here. It may lead to violence before it's all over."

He turned to Sharon and Tom. "I may do somebody some bodily harm," he said merrily.

"That's his wild streak," Sharon said to Tom. "That's his crazy-man side."

Tom laughed. "You asshole," he said to Nolte. "You're still the same, you fucker."

"Yeah, I suppose," Nolte said.

He sat down in his desk chair and leaned back; he observed the ceiling briefly. "I just don't have the temperament for this business, Tom," he said. "I try to control myself, but something in my nature seems to rebel. Guys have been telling me this forever, man. Guys have been saying, 'Listen, kid! You don't fucking understand this business!' "

He pounded his fist on the desktop to provide some percussion.

"Nobody understands this business," Tom said. "It's a mystery. It's like God."

"Weirder than shit, man," Nolte said.

He stood up all at once and rubbed his head vigorously. "Hey!" he said, moving across the room. "You remember, Tom, that TV show I did years ago? That thing in the hospital?"

"Yeah, I remember," Tom said. "You played a psycho or something, right?"

"Yeah, I played a psycho," Nolte said. "The big scene I had was in this emergency room that was all rigged out with all kinds of equipment—carts, and trays, and instruments, and shit—I was supposed to be a psycho and come in and kind of go crazy in the room. I was supposed to flip out."

He backed off a few feet to give himself room to act out the scene. "The director told me to let myself go," he said with a glint in his eyes. "So that's what I fucking did, man. I tore up the whole fucking set! Shit flying everywhere! The director yells, 'Cut!' man, but I don't stop! I have to fucking *destroy*!"

Nolte had his hands in the air as if he were wrestling with demons.

Tom fell backward on the couch, laughing.

"I tell you, man," Nolte said. "It really blew everybody away. They wouldn't talk to me or anything after that."

"They knew you were twisted," Tom said.

"Yeah," Nolte said. "They got a flash of my own personal form of expression."

He paced around the room, rubbing his hands together. "I sort of have this fantasy," he said, "of something like that going down for real, man. I'll be sitting around in the middle of all this bullshit, trying to keep my cool, and then, pow! The dam will burst!"

He turned to face Tom and Sharon, his eyes blazing like those of a man on drugs.

Sharon watched him from where she sat. "Then what, baby?" she asked. "What happens next?"

Nolte grinned. "Dig it," he said. "I go berserk."

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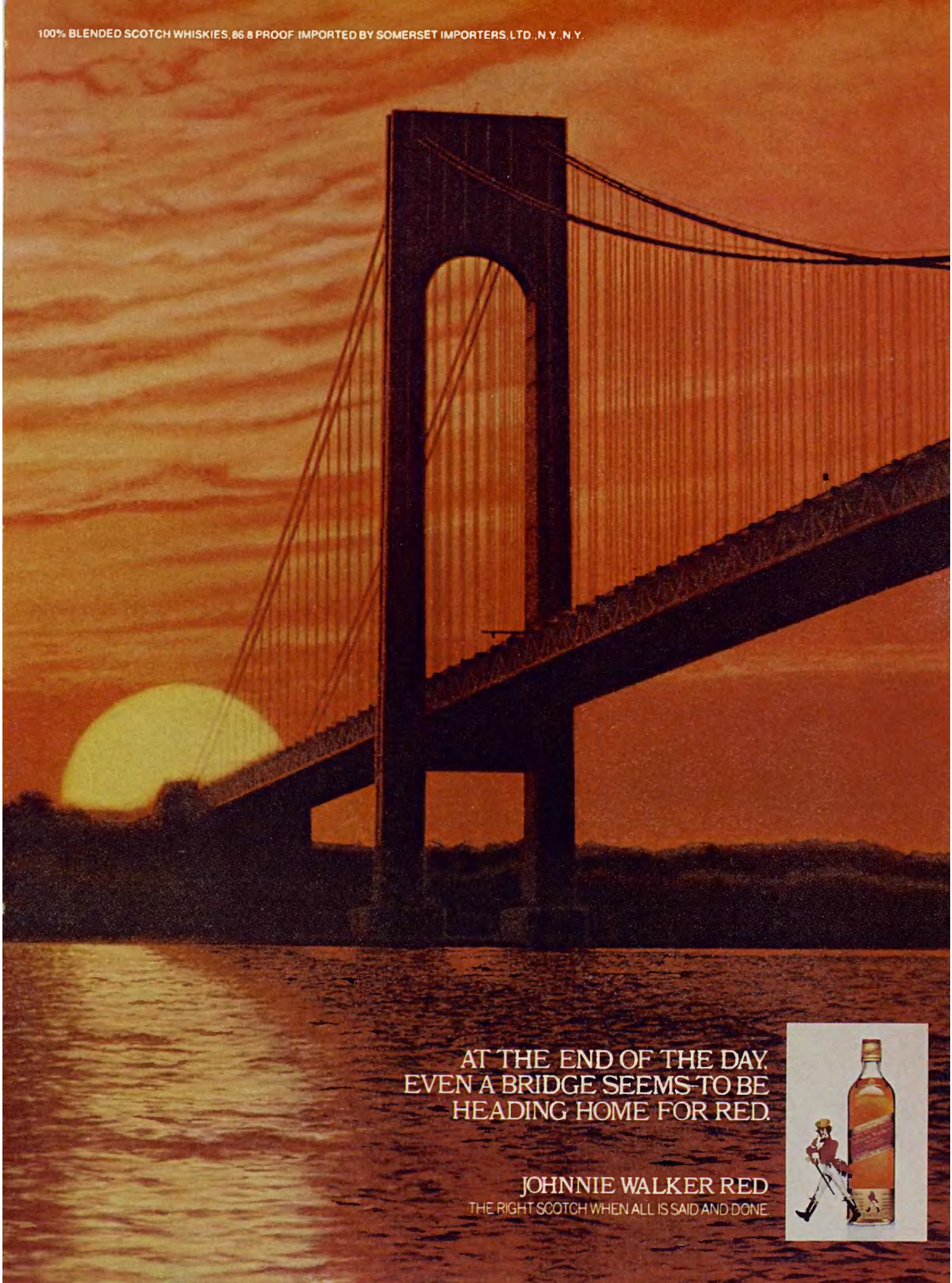

## *Beauty and the Bench*

*(continued from page 141)*

cheesecake if she wanted. It was the perfect librarian-takes-off-her-glasses-to-reveal-a-sexy-lady fantasy.

Well, turning down the magazine's offer was not as easy as I had thought it would be. I knew that appearing nude in a men's magazine might jeopardize my future in corporate law; it would certainly minimize my chances of being elected President; and it would subject me to suggestive remarks from some men, as well as political questions from some women.

Naturally, my answer was yes.

Perhaps that sounds too glib, and I should make it clear that the reaction of people whom I respected was of concern to me. After all, being a centerfold was, to some, tantamount to selling out to the chief exploiter of women. Ever since I was 17 years old, I had allied myself with dynamic and talented women who had that view, and I was reluctant to cast it aside in the name of a new thrill.

Yet, never having felt the detrimental effects of exploitation, the threats of it did not seem real enough to discourage me from trying something totally new. In fact, as time went on, it began to seem that my first experience with sexual stereotyping would be self-inflicted if I succumbed to the notion that being a liberated woman meant that I could not pose nude for PLAYBOY.

Obviously, I eventually took my more characteristic route, which does not allow for much in the way of self-denial, and agreed to be in the magazine. There was no accompanying great revelation, really, just the conviction that I can be successful in all sorts of ways because I am a woman and women are at their best when they are not restricted by anything—in particular, the notion that intelligent and liberated women cannot freely express their sexuality. The old attitude about being an accomplished this or that and "just happening to be a woman" is obsolete.

The tendency to suppress a woman's sexuality in order to try to fit into worlds that were previously inhabited only by men has contributed to the stereotype of feminists as humorless man-haters. And yet there is no reason why the women's movement should not be strong enough to allow whole and complete women to redefine those worlds.

So, while I never did get my undercover Playmate story published by the *Herald Examiner*, the summer proved successful, nonetheless. Not only was I invited to write an article for an international magazine but I also got to have a hand in the illustrations.

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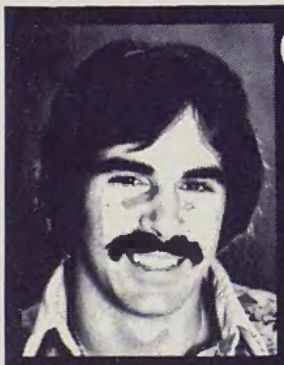

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# HOT LINES

*(continued from page 131)*

wilting heat to undertake the rest of your basic grooming. Which brings us to a fundamental point: A sauna is not, simply, spending a little time in a very dry, very hot room. Its very essence demands that the body (and, for that matter, the mind) be subjected to contrast. After the confinement, a swim and a bath or shower—*some* immersion in cool water—are *de rigueur*. It's then that the blood vessels constrict, the pores snap shut and the body returns more or less to its normal routine.

It's then, too, that you should complete the cleansing process that the heat of the sauna has begun. A shower invites skin care that's thorough and precise. Bath and shower gels, such as the ones in the Devin, Chanel and Givenchy men's-toiletries lines, provide an alternative to conventional bar soaps but also function effectively as shampoos. Kanon's soap on a rope obviates chasing your favored cleansing agent around the floor of the shower stall. Meanwhile, of course, those who prefer tub to stall can benefit from a product such as Aramis' seaweed- and mineral-rich Muscle Soothing Soak.

For the care of a delicate or temperamental complexion, select the appropriate-strength soap (regular or extra) and Scruffing Lotion in Clinique's Skin Supplies for Men line that's specially formulated for male skin. Skin that's been saunaed also takes a closer-than-usual shave, especially when slathered with a rich shave-foam concentrate, such as the one manufactured by Aramis.

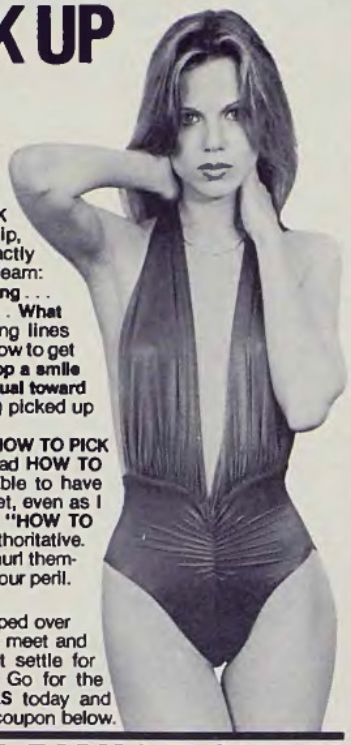
Shaving is, of course, optional—at least in this pronouncedly bearded decade. Moisturizing is not. After a sauna, skin is unclogged and whistle clean; it's also parched. You have to compensate with the liberal application of a lotion that replenishes lost moisture, then locks that moisture in beneath a light layer of oil. To accomplish this, try Doak Pharmacal's Formula 405 or Coppertone's SunGér, both suitable for application to body and face. Also containing a moisturizer, as well as coloring agents to lend the face a healthy day-at-the-beach glow, is Aramis' Sun-Bronzed Moisturizing Concentrate. Of all men's grooming products, bronzers are perhaps the most revolutionary, flirting with the idea of make-up for men while imparting a masculine color.

What completes the postsauna, whole-body grooming regimen? The same elements that complete *any* grooming regimen: a splash of cologne to make skin tingle for a few minutes and smell good for a few hours and a few quick passes with a compact, portable hair drier. The concept of sauna may be Finnish, but the lifestyle it promotes is absolutely American.

(Advertisement)

# GIFT GALLERY

## HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!



*By Eric Weber*

Most guys think you have to be good-looking or rich to date pretty, sexy women. Not true. My book **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** features interviews with 25 hip, good-looking girls. They tell you exactly what it takes to pick them up. You will learn: **Why a man doesn't have to be good-looking** . . . How to make shyness work for you . . . **What makes girls horny** . . . Fifty great opening lines . . . **How to do better in singles bars** . . . How to get women to pick you up . . . **How to develop a smile that can make women feel warm and sexual toward you** . . . Girls' favorite places for getting picked up . . . **and much, much more.**

Famous author Dan Greenburg says: **"HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** inspired me . . . and if you read **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** you will probably be able to have dinner with a beautiful lady you just met, even as I did . . . " The brilliant E. Kibble writes: **"HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** stands alone, unrefuted, authoritative. Unless you be so gifted . . . that women hurl themselves before you, you ignore **HTPUG** at your peril. It is a masterpiece."

**HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** has already helped over 400,000 men discover how easy it is to meet and love the prettiest girls around. So don't settle for a girl who doesn't really turn you on. Go for the best. Send for **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** today and learn about our great free book offer on coupon below.

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*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*

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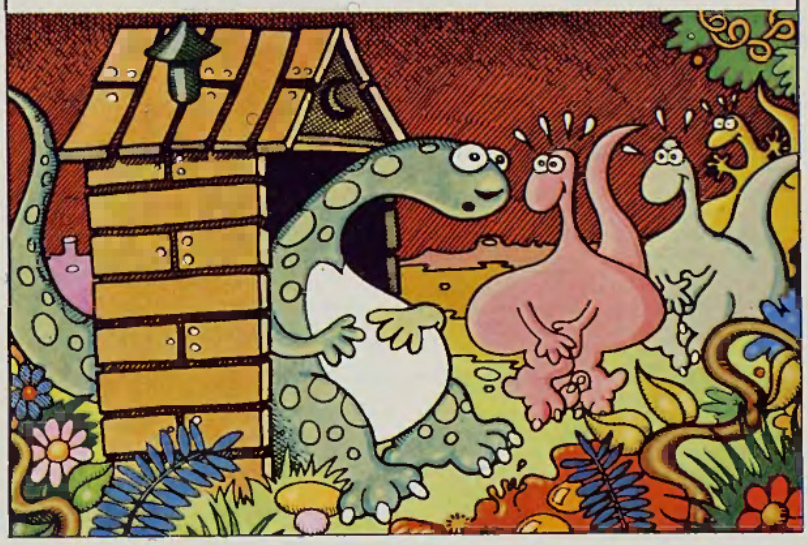

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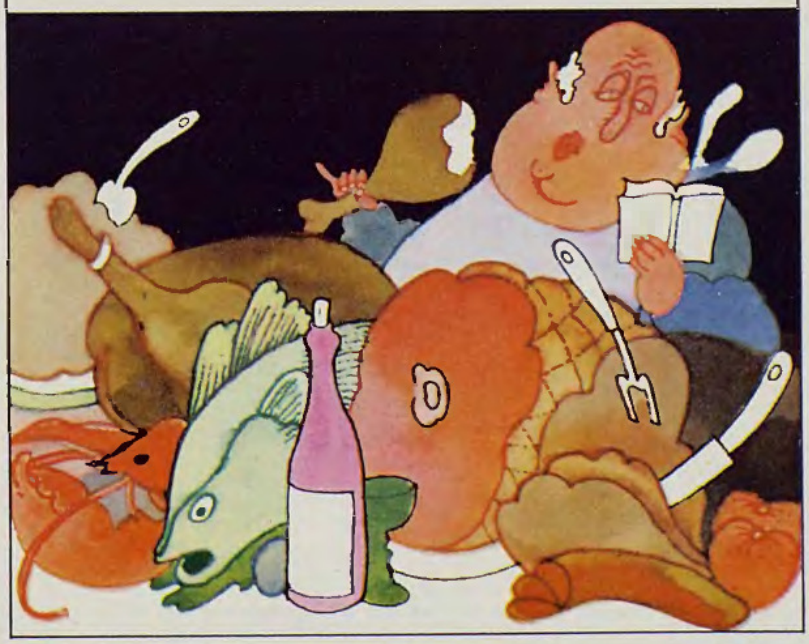
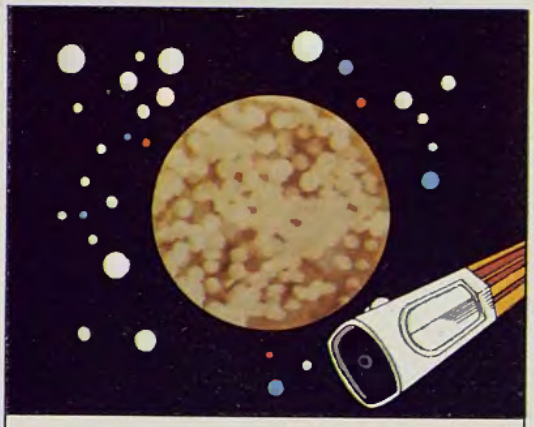
If you've always wanted to know the six herbs James Beard can't do without, the world's most obscure cheeses or the letter frequency in a can of Campbell's alphabet soup, then pick up a $4.95 softcover copy of *The Food Lover's Book of Lists* or *The List Lover's Book of Foods*, by Patricia Altobello and Deirdre Pierce. It contains more than 150 zany culinary lists, plus a number of unusual recipes such as one for *The Godfather* spaghetti sauce. Burp.





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## PRETTY SEXY!

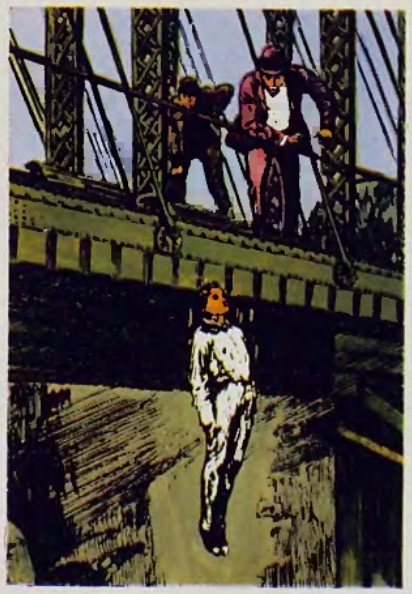
Back in the Forties, before there was PLAYBOY to uplift all you wild and crazy guys, young bucks could wander by the local arcade and put their pennies into a machine that dispensed colorful 3¼" x 5¼" pinup cards of perky, scantily clad girls, perhaps posing with a pitchfork and saying, "My calves took first prize," or lolling in a skintight bathing suit and laughing, "Mother said I should always avoid a dive." Well, you can still get 20 original girlie cards, but now—inflation being what it is—they will cost you $11.95 sent to Stu's Place, R.R. 1, Box 60, Greencastle, Indiana 46135. When they arrive, be sure to check them out under the bedcovers with a flashlight after your Mom is asleep.

## GETTING HIS GOATEE

Long before Paderewski, the Polish pianist, died in 1941, he snipped off his goatee and presented it to his close friend Havrah Hubbard, the music editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, as a wispy little something to remember him by. Hubbard eventually joined Paderewski at that giant keyboard in the sky, but his proudest possession—the goatee—is being offered for sale in the latest catalog of its current owner, Federal Hill Autographs, P.O. Box 6405, Baltimore, Maryland 21230, for $650, including an 1893 recital program and other miscellany. Federal Hill also is selling Ulysses S. Grant's top hat for $1250 and F.D.R.'s coverlet for $1000. Wow!

## STUNTING YOUR GROWTH

Attention, adventure seekers: Kim Kahana, the owner of Kahana's Self-Defense Center (21710 Devonshire Street, Chatsworth, California 91311) and a former member of the Stuntmen's Association of Motion Pictures, is offering a stunt person's workshop, where, for $1500, he'll teach qualified men and women the basics of studio fights, car hits, high falls and horseback riding. Now the bad news: Graduating from his class won't land you a job in the movies unless you've been admitted to the Screen Actors Guild—and that's about as easy as diving off a ten-story building into a damp sponge.



# FIRE FOR HIRE

*(continued from page 170)*

*"'Nine out of ten arsons for insurance fraud are connected with organized crime in one way or another.'"*

an arson-for-profit operation—and this seems to be the case in the pizza arsons—involves dummy corporations using family members or friends as officers, multiple title switches to "prove" the business is in demand, thus eligible for greater fire insurance, and even a "front" insurance company controlled by the arson ring. The Mob's insurance company might write a $100,000 policy on a parlor, then insure *its* policy with an "offshore" insurer—such as Lloyd's of London—for $200,000. When the pizzas go up in smoke, the Mob is up not $100,000 but $200,000, once the paper is shuffled.

To penetrate such a grand scheme obviously requires either an informant or a thorough and painstaking paper chase. FBI agents in Philadelphia not long ago revealed they had a former hit man talking to them about Mob business—including the murder of Jimmy Hoffa—in such detail that they expected soon to be able to cripple the Syndicate's Eastern Seaboard operation. Arson was one of the operations the killer talked about, which is logical, since hit men and burglars often double as torches.

But to date, the pizza-fire scam hasn't been busted, and those captured arsonists aren't talking. One reason may be the example of Locarno. Out on bond, he was found dead with 54 stab wounds. Towels were stuffed into his mouth. Bellini, the nephew of a well-known New York *mafioso*, is sitting tight.

That leaves the arson task force as the main hope. According to Wallace P. Hay, special agent in charge in Philadelphia, "We can put four or five men on it for months, something the local guys can't. We've learned more about organized crime investigating arson than from anything else. It's their Achilles' heel, because it was so easy they didn't put enough distance between themselves and the operation—like they did with narcotics and gambling."

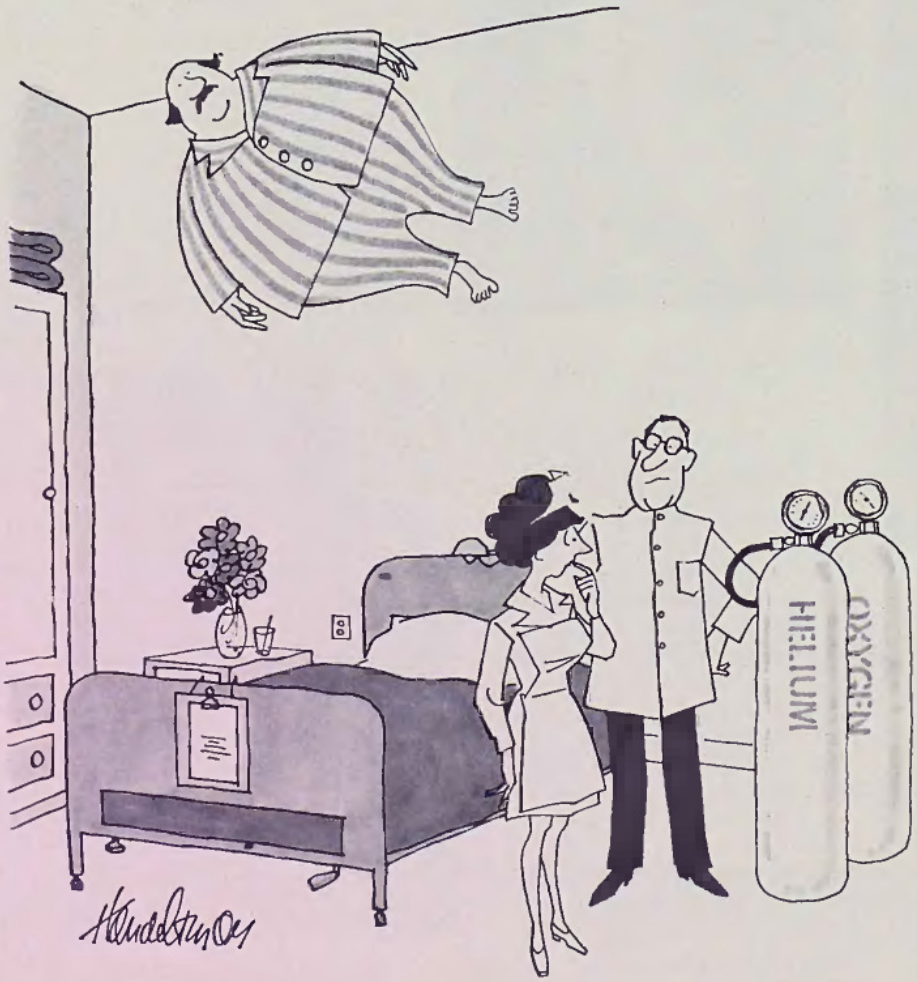
In Rochester, New York, the FBI and the county sheriff's office eventually caught Frank Valenti's band of *mafiosi* with their fires burning—when a torch finked. But not before they had cashed $120,000 in insurance checks collected on torched buildings. The money again may have helped out other Mob activities, perhaps dope, whores, numbers or gambling. A fire official allegedly covered for them, but he was acquitted of the charges against him, along with three others of the eight indicted. Three were convicted, the longest sentence being ten years. *Capo* Valenti wasn't tried because his health was bad.

Where arson is concerned, organized crime doesn't always mean Mafia. "Nine out of ten arsons for insurance fraud are connected with organized crime one way or another," says one grizzled arson investigator, "even if it's just some nice country-club fellow asking around for a bum to burn his failing envelope factory."

A country-club fellow in Philadelphia named Sigmund Moskow commissioned more than 17 torch jobs, burning down for money the slum properties he owned. Each time, he tried to make sure they were empty. Moskow specialized in small claims, the biggest about $14,000. No insurance company—most of these were FAIR-plan insurers—recognized him as an arson profiteer (until the ATF task force did), because each property was a separate corporation (e.g., 1132½ Chestnut St., Inc.) held by Moskow's parent company. True, he insured with several firms, but no more than one torched building belonged to the same company. The lack of data, or perhaps a so-what attitude, prevented any insurance company from denying Moskow's claims. Coincidentally, it seems, the same four adjusters handled all the claims, but nobody could show they weren't straight. Moskow hiked his insurance coverage by pretending to make improvements—scattering a few cans of paint about. The buildings burned nicely when the arsonist—several times it was a bozo behind in rent to Moskow—went in, trailed gasoline around and threw the match. When finally convicted, Moskow, much to his surprise, got nine months. (Arson juries aren't noted for meting out prison terms.)

Free-lancers do well in rural areas, too. Probably even better, since most rural police aren't well trained in arson detection, nor are the members of the often-volunteer fire departments. Arsonists are helped by some state laws, such as those in Missouri, which hold that all fires are accidental or natural until proved otherwise, a provision that compounds the usual arson problem of proving a negative—that is, that the fire *wasn't* accidental.

One Missourian we know of was his




*(Text continued on page 252. "Accident or Arson" follows on page 250.)*

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# ACCIDENT OR ARSON: HOW FIRE FIGHTERS TELL THE DIFFERENCE

Although convicting an arsonist is difficult, *detecting* arson is comparatively easy for experienced investigators. They begin by finding the fire's point of origin, because, as one told us, "if there's more than one, it's arson."

Next, the investigators look for heavy burning along the lower walls and the floor, because that signals an unnatural, downward-burning fire (though some canny arsonists foil this by smearing jellied gasoline, rubber cement or plain old panel adhesive on the upper walls and lighting it). Some arson detectives use "sniffers" to detect hydrocarbon residues (as from gasoline), and some are aided by mass spectrographs and infrared chromatographs as well.

With that kind of equipment on their side, it's not surprising that today's arson probers find few of the elaborate "sets" glamorized in the movies and detective stories. Oh, of course there are some here and there, such as the trademark of a certain torch in Kansas City: mason's twine as a timer, suspended burning over a tray of inflammable liquid (an "accelerant" in the trade). Other fancy sets include a gasoline-filled balloon suspended by a cord from the ceiling, set swinging, and then coming to rest over a candle after the arsonist is gone; high-resistance wires run through timers and rigged to ignite natural gas; and innumerable combinations of electrical appliances timed to ignite trails of liquid or photographic paper or magnesium chips.

But to trained eyes, accelerated fires leave distinctive traces. Melted copper (melting point: 2000 degrees Fahrenheit) spells hot, hence accelerated, fire. Shiny alligator-pattern char reveals intense heat. Heavily crazed glass tips off an abnormally hot fire, just as clear, unsmoked glass blown away from a building indicates an explosive device. To foil the detectives, sophisticated arsonists are now forsaking intricate sets.

"Simplicity is the key today," says Jerry Gosnell, president of National Fires Associates, a topflight investigative agency hired by insurance companies. "You don't need an accelerant to do enough damage to collect the insurance. Empty a few ashtrays in a trash barrel, then toss in a lighted cigarette stuck in a folder of matches. You get a nice, slow, smoky fire. Or leave a French fryer on in a restaurant, or a hot plate with a container of grease. Do it late, it'll take off and we probably won't be able to physically prove arson, even though we've got every other indication."

For people like Gosnell, other indications are things like business records, ease of access to the building, recent insurance increases, recent changes in the structure's contents and troubles with neighbors or business partners. But all that is abstract. To gain a practical view of arson investigations, we went out on a case with one of Gosnell's best investigators, Richard Dyer.

Dyer is young, dark, short and fascinated by fires. He spends more time in burned buildings than he does at home. Our case, though, was more blown out than burned out: a ranch-type home, owned by a prosperous businessman who rented it out. The insurance man had said that while the house was vacant, the furnace had exploded and totaled the place. Probably an accident, but would Dyer take a look?

Totaled was right. The house, on the outskirts of a small Midwestern city, rested precariously on what was left of a concrete-block basement. Not much had burned, but it listed crazily, like a two-year-old's block house. Dyer first determined the home's exact location by map and compass, then took a picture of the place and got his tools. Arson investigators don't need much for most work. A crowbar, broom, shovel, rake, ohmmeter, ordinary hand tools, coat and helmet and a camera with a macro-close-up lens.

We picked our way into the basement, through the litter and charred furniture. Above us, the main I beam had been twisted by the explosion's force. Dyer went immediately to the furnace and turned his lens on the propane-gas lines leading to the furnace and the water heater. Close up, they looked to have been cut, not ruptured by the blast. If cut, someone had wanted gas to fill the basement. Dyer shook his head. "Things are never simple. I'm getting so cynical I think everything's arson." He went to the southwest corner. "See?" He pointed to two whitish teardrop-shaped burn marks scarring the wall. "Hot fire makes that."

He swept away the dirt and debris to reveal a 30-inch patch of crumbling concrete. "That's called spalling," he said. "Intense heat or a localized explosion causes it. See, when the gas lines are cut, the pilot lights go out. Next you got to have an ignition source. This circle may be it." Then he found a charred piece of cord and a burned cardboard cylinder. "A tampon. Could be a wick." Dyer then traced the smoke pattern across the basement and up the heating vents. "LP gas stays low, like gasoline, so you need a low igniter. Someone here could have used a low-grade explosive and some sort of timing device. This guy owns a farm. They've got stuff to blow stumps. An explosion's great. Destroys the place and you get the whole value. But you know, I hate fires where there's hardly any burning."

He took many more pictures, and then we left the shattered basement to go around front and break into the boarded-up living quarters. We poked through the rooms, inhaling the fire smell. The house rocked as we walked. Dyer peered into a bedroom above the furnace and the greatest blast area. "Bingo!" he said. "There it is." Etched into the cheap yellow shag rug, even to my untrained eye, was the pattern of a liquid that had burned. "They probably poured gas here, hoping the fumes—they're two and a half times heavier than air—would go down into the vents and ignite when the explosion went. But it didn't, so all they got was the blast." I asked what he thought. "Ninety to ten it's arson," he said.

Later Dyer upped the odds to 95 to five. The empty rental property, worth $25,000, had been insured for $50,000, and in the man's wife's name. There was other circumstantial evidence, too, but Dyer didn't know whether or not there was enough to let the insurance company reduce or refuse its claim. He shrugged. "I got the cause of the fire, but I don't really have the cause of the cause. Arson's easy to find, easy to commit and damned hard to prove."

—JAMES MC KINLEY

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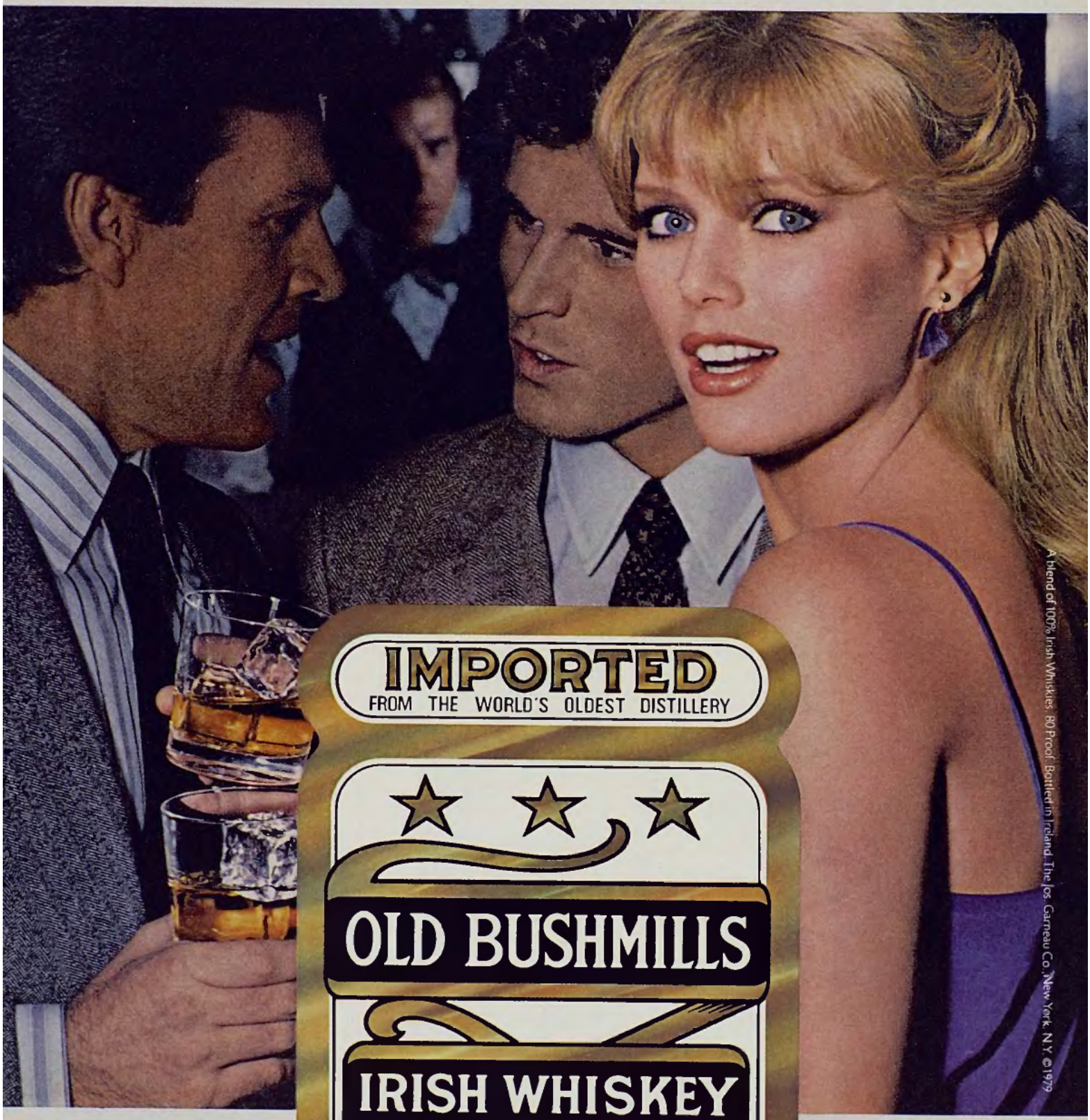


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own one-man arson ring. He was both a real-estate man and an independent insurance agent. He would buy trashy rural properties, then buy inflated fire insurance, maybe $12,000 worth, on one of 35 companies, listing each structure as a corporate entity. To garnish the deals, he made sure his fire insurance included mortgage insurance—since he was the mortgagee—knowing that such insurance must by law be paid, even if both arson and arsonist can be proved. Finally, he hired low types to light the fires. Soon his buildings were burned out. The scam was undone only when the wife of one torch who worked for him broke down and confessed to the county sheriff. He collected around $125,000 for 20 fires before being caught and tried. He got two years on one count, five years on four more counts, was paroled early and is now a free man.

Free-lancers like Moskow and the Missourian are everywhere, from the wife who wants a new kitchen and decides to just let the grease burn, to the TV dealer stuck with last year's models who sets a fire big enough to turn on the sprinkler system and ruin the equipment but not big enough to take his building down. They're all bilking insurance companies, some for large amounts.

But it remains the organized arsonists who ring up the largest scores. My curiosity led me to other arson-for-profit operations akin to the New Jersey pizza-parlor fires. These involve organized crime, too, but here, as if proving the catholicity and vertical mobility of America, the arsonists are *very* recent immigrants, taking a leaf from the Mafia's book and taking advantage of an insurance industry that in the first case, seems to be Allah-sent.

•

In 1974, officials in Detroit and surrounding Wayne County noticed that small grocery stores were being burned with some regularity (this may have been hard to notice, since in Detroit about 39 percent of investigated building-damaging fires are arson). The Wayne County Organized Crime Task Force soon learned that an arson ring was at work, one composed of several families, nearly a tribe, of Chaldean Arab immigrants. The task-force investigation brought enough heat to bear so that by 1976, after some 40 arrests, the number of Arab grocery fires had decreased from 85 to 13. A victory for law enforcement.

*"Here it is Saturday night and the jester's broken!"*

Except that from Detroit, lines radiated clear across the country to California. Not long after the Wayne County prosecutions, arson investigators in San Diego noticed a dramatic increase in small-grocery-store fires—small groceries in large, decaying neighborhoods, inhabited mostly by Arabs. "They were going up like balloons," one detective says. And the strings, it was found, were held by the same tribe of Chaldeans that had made money burning the mom-and-pop businesses in Detroit.

According to Captain Art Robertson of San Diego's Arson Task Force, the Detroit elders—the first immigrants—send out arsonists after previously sending out people to buy the businesses. The Arab ranks soon were augmented by other immigrants incorporated into the scam. A favorite ploy was the round-robin business venture: Buy a store here, move the meat and cigarettes and booze out of it, giving or selling that to others of the estimated 100 family members, then gas the store and run—secure in the knowledge that over here, a cousin has a store to launder the money; and over there, another cousin has one to serve as a storage place for the next switched goods; and way over there, yet another cousin has another place to serve as the next target. Simple. In fact, the investigators learned the Arabs had honed their skills on automobile-insurance fraud, faking accidents and personal liability, stealing another's car and the like.

It seemed they were entranced with the idea of insurance. Nothing like it at home. In America, you give a company a little money, have an accident or a fire and get a lot of money back. Allah be praised! The San Diego front is quiet for the moment, but I found out that Robertson was right when he sighed and said, "The West Coast is still considered the mother lode by these guys."

In fact, the Arab arsonists are working their way up the Coast, and they aren't the only organized arson ring at work west of the Great Divide. In Los Angeles, arson increased 91 percent from December 1977 to December 1978 (a big part of the increase is due to better detection and reporting), and the Arab arsonists played a big role in that. "They know the laws," Captain Pat McGuinness of the L.A. Fire Department Arson Unit says, "and certain loopholes in the laws presently written allow these people to operate with virtual immunity."

The plot is the same, except that in L.A., the Arab organization is based on an interlocking network of import shops and other businesses tailored to claiming large losses, with the help of friendly adjusters, on merchandise that's been switched to other locations. "They burn up old stereo carcasses after moving out $1,000,000 worth of merchandise they

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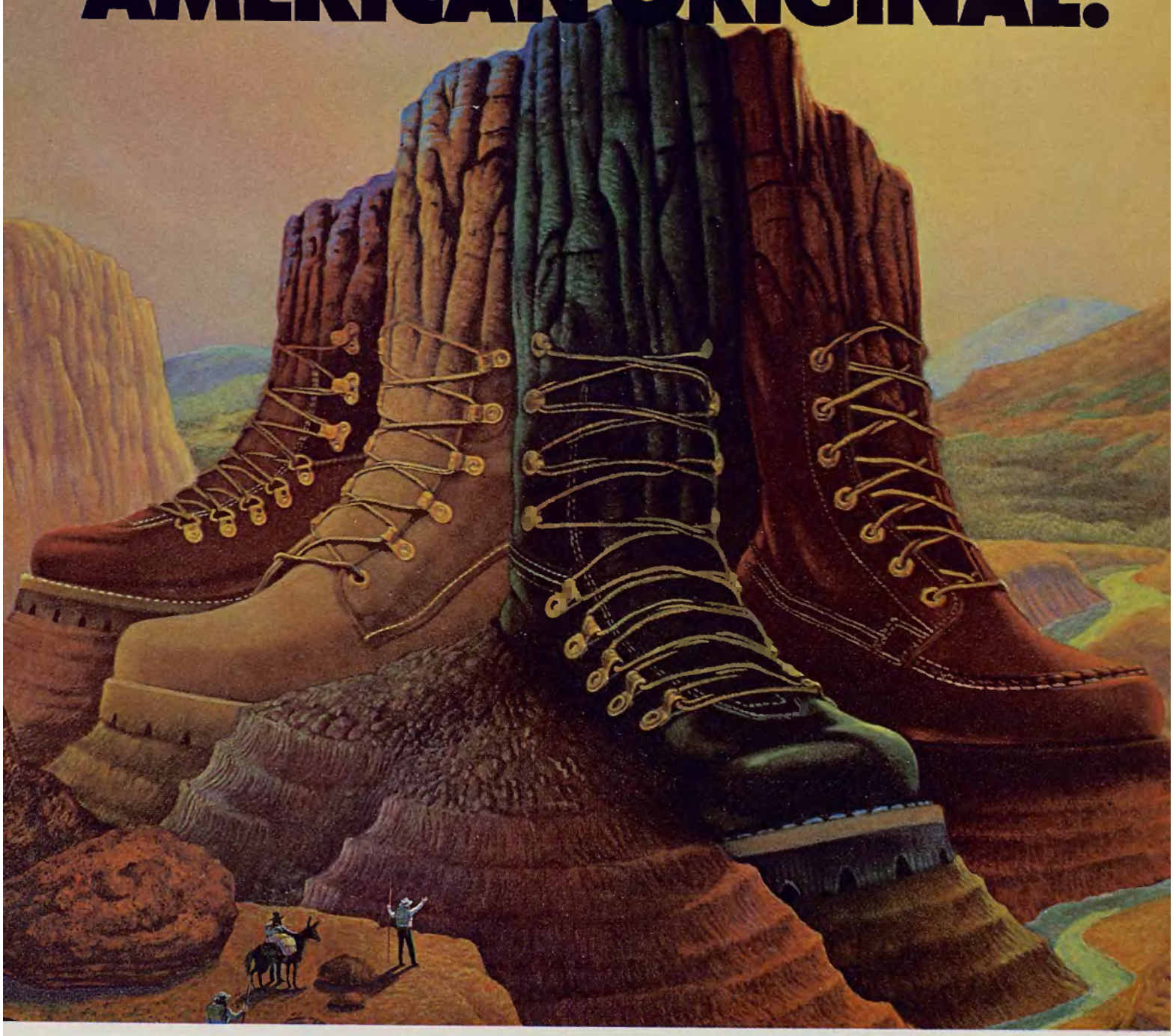

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ordered and will never pay for," says one of McGuinness' investigators. "Sometimes the stuff shows up in other parts of the state in other stores they own. If they don't collect *all* the insurance money, they just declare a tax loss."

McGuinness has an 18-man squad for his city, only one man on duty for every 500,000 residents. Even so, the squad has had impressive successes, but too few. Sighs McGuinness, "These Arabs, they're burning right in front of the law." And not, clearly, only for the substantial profits. My investigation revealed that the Arabs also use fires to break leases, discipline subordinates, cover other crimes and perhaps move in on businesses.

The Arab legion may be making such moves in San Francisco. Earlier this year, a six-alarm, $2,000,000 fire broke out on the Bay City's Market Street, starting in a building owned by a Chinese import firm. The arsonist's crude gas-and-match technique tended to corroborate police suspicions that some arson neophytes among San Francisco's Arabs wanted a piece of Chinese business action. There are also rumors in San Francisco of Arabs' conducting arson schools to train a new generation of arsonists in more sophisticated methods. More ominously, I learned that a "Detroit" torch recently went to the Bay Area along with two public insurance adjusters. That could mean the adjusters will direct the torch to likely arson targets, with or without the connivance of the owner. Such an alliance pays off both ways. When the fire starts, the adjuster rushes to represent the poor victim. If he's in on the fraud, the ring gets the torch's fee, plus the adjuster's ten percent. If not, it still gets the adjuster's cut.

California's Arab arsonists are not alone in their enterprise. Proving that arson for profit transcends geopolitics, I found that Israelis had formed another ring, as organized and sinister as any Arab or Sicilian brotherhood. Many of the Jewish "Mafia West" came to America at the time of the 1967 Six-Day War, say authorities, and settled in Los Angeles. In many cases, Israel had used the war as an excuse to deport them. Most had criminal records, were the dregs. Like the Arabs and the Sicilians, they fell with glee on the hapless American insurance industry. Like the Arabs and the Sicilians, they have bolstered their forces by importing illegal aliens. They use arson for profit in interlocking businesses, and they use it to extort and threaten new arrivals, forcing them to participate in the racket. One detective reports that if the Israeli racketeers encounter resistance from a Jew who might not want in on the scam, they'll threaten his family back in Israel. "Just like the Nazis," the detective says. "They learned well."

They've *done* well, too. I'm told that one Israeli in the burn business is a multimillionaire now and moves in good circles. Those circles also include "a lovely house up on Mulholland Drive," an investigator marvels, "where there's all-night swinging, $100 to get in, all the coke and grass you want. All from arson. You know, it used to be if your name wasn't Italian, it wasn't organized crime." What's most worrisome about the Sicilian, Arab and Jewish rings is not their concentricity but their possible interpenetration. Elements of the Arabian group have moved arson profits into narcotics and are now providing dope in Las Vegas. You don't do that without Sicilian permission, at least not for long.

Most important for California, my investigation indicates that one or all of the arson rings had a California state assemblyman in their corner. That legislator, investigators say, at times has taken favors from arsonists and acted to hinder arson-task-force investigations at the state-wide level.

Pondering the ultimate implications of all these arson-for-profit episodes, one can't ignore the specter of a nationwide arson cooperative. It's doubtful, for instance, that the coast-to-coast epidemic of porn-shop, massage-parlor and gay-bar fires is coincidental. (Not coincidentally, they are mostly insured by the FAIR plan.) A series of gay-bathhouse fires in California was traced to organized-crime operations in Boston, Atlanta and Miami. Several porn-shop and massage-parlor fires in the Midwest and the East were triggered by electrical devices powered by "Doc Johnson" porn-shop batteries. Since it's known that Mob elements control a hefty chunk of the porn business, a connection seems ineluctable. One convicted arsonist, I was told, has quietly mentioned to officials the existence of a national "arson service" composed of men from various arms of organized crime. A person with the right connections and something worth burning could be put in touch with that service and it would, six or eight or twelve months before the fire, secure higher fire and business-interruption insurance, cover all the paper trails, arrange for the fire and the owner's alibi, all for only 25 to 30 percent of the take.

Most law-enforcement officials would scoff at the idea of a national arson service. They say the vast majority of arson-for-profit frauds are planned no more than 30 days in advance, about when the policyholder really feels the pressure of creditors or business reversals or taxes. Perhaps. But what about the man who knows in advance his serious money needs or who wants his old building down so he can put up a new one?

It may well be that no formalized and national Arson, Inc., exists. There's no question, though, that Mob-connected arsonists are for hire, either home-grown or imported. The famous torch Merill H. "Morrie" Klein makes the point. As others are still doing, Morrie "arranged" fires all over Pittsburgh for the Mob and friends of the Mob. "I sold fire like other people sell anything else," he said when finally caught, after a career that had caused at least $7,400,000 in damages. There's also no question that arson in America, particularly arson for profit, is making the Chicago Fire look like a cub-scout campfire. What can be done? The following, for starters:

- Arson-task-force activity can be expanded and reinforced, both locally and nationally.
- Local units can be better trained in arson detection and investigation, perhaps through the Law Enforcement Assistance Agency.
- New arson-detection equipment can be brought into play.
- Prosecutors can be trained in arson prosecution and encouraged to stick it to the burners.
- The insurance business can quit overwriting fire insurance; it can inspect every property before insuring it; it can speed up efforts to pool its information about fire-prone people and addresses; it can train better adjusters and investigators and cull the crooks.
- State legislatures can look at their bad-faith insurance laws, and the definition of arson (in many states, it's *legal* to burn down your own property if you don't get anybody else's), to see what new statutes are needed.
- The Federal Insurance Agency should look at its numbers again and see whether or not the FAIR plan, which lost insurers over $400,000,000 from its inception in 1968 until last year, is an incentive to arson and, if so, how better control can be exerted to forestall arson while continuing to insure the inner city. (One Federal official says, "The FIA's arson numbers are flat-ass wrong.")

Much of this program can be implemented without new laws. The Senate's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations has been holding hearings on the arson problem, but the minority's chief investigator, Jonathan Cottin, believes that no new statutes are needed. "We have the laws," he says. "The fact is, we've all been lax and apathetic. The public, the insurers, the FBI, LEAA, other agencies, everybody. Arsonists had to rub our noses in it for us to move."

•

*Lenny Ajax looked as if he wanted to end the interview. I wasn't reluctant, especially since I'd heard that he wasn't averse to cracking heads.*

*"You admit you're an arsonist, then?"*

*"I've burned things."*

*"The cops would like to put you away, you know that?"*

*"Sure. But let 'em prove I set any fire. You know, fires can just happen.*

*"To anybody. Remember that."*

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# IVY LEAGUE *(continued from page 168)*

*"Brown's Eliana Lobo wants to be able to tell her grandchildren that she appeared in* PLAYBOY."

the Dartmouth community as a whole." Women at Dartmouth, or WAD, put it a bit more plainly: "We want him [Chan] to leave feeling very unwelcome here," a spokeswoman said.

The debate over PLAYBOY's "sexism" and "exploitation" was especially heated at Cornell. There, *The Cornell Daily Sun* columnist Debbie Solomon, a professed feminist, riled her already agitated sisters with an article that unequivocally defended the right of women to pose for PLAYBOY. "Why is it," she asked, "that PLAYBOY never seemed so offensive when it was just one of those relics hidden in the back of Father's closet or brother's top desk drawer? Why is it that PLAYBOY never angered us when those lusty centerfold models seemed remote from our own lives? . . . The feminist with a Cornell degree arrogantly assumes she is too good for the pages of PLAYBOY, and this smug superiority not only violates any sense of sisterhood but does damage to the entire female sex in its haughty implication that PLAYBOY models—or any women who professionally devote themselves to the cultivation of their physical appearances—are necessarily brainless."

Three hundred and forty Cornell women filled out questionnaires and smiled into Chan's Polaroid for the test pictures from which PLAYBOY editors would select a more manageable number of contenders. At a noontime protest rally, 300 others chanted slogans urging them not to pose. That day was won, however, by fewer than two-dozen Cornell students—a gaggle of fraternity types who streaked the rally, most clad only in their jocks.

Chan watched this demonstration from his hotel room and sighed. "Before I started, I was 6'5"—and look at me now," he joked wearily. In his three virtually nonstop months on the Ivy circuit, he had seen almost 1400 women and made time for hundreds of interviews. At Penn, he'd enjoyed an amusing hour with members of The Mask and Wig Club; a trio of actors from its annual drag musical dropped by, in full female gear, to present him with a bouquet.

Through it all, Chan was able to maintain his focus. Demonstrations, he said, are "healthy for the community, for the campus. Why waste money going to school if you don't express what you learn? I had no objection to any of it." What he *did* mind was the assumption that the stereotype of the Ivy League woman was preferable to the truth. "People think, even now, that the Ivy League woman is skinny, wears thick glasses, keeps her hair in a bun and, of course, is sexless," Chan said. "I wanted to show that beauty and brains can easily coexist. But you couldn't talk to some of those feminists about that possibility. To me, they were like puppets. They were told when to march, what to do, what to say. That's not liberated."

The women who did pose—for Chan and his PLAYBOY compatriots Nicholas De Sciose and Pompeo Posar—defied all neat stereotyping. Some were ardent feminists—one had been president of her high school women's group but had, she said, "passed out of the stage where you have to blast your mouth off about every little thing"—while others envied their housewife mothers. Two had long careers in girl scouting. One—Dartmouth's Sharon Cowan—has written the first quarter of "a Dostoievskyan novel about a woman who's victimized in her marriage and consciously chooses insanity." Another, Brown's Eliana Lobo, wants to be able to tell her grandchildren that she appeared in PLAYBOY, while Amy Petronis of Brown has a grandmother who's so tickled by her inclusion in this pictorial that she's buying PLAYBOY subscriptions for all her friends. And yet another—Dartmouth's Carrie Margolin—signed on "because, for three generations, there's been a tradition in my family that the women have nude portraits done. I figured with PLAYBOY I had a chance to have one of the best photographers in the country do mine."

What all of PLAYBOY's Ivy finalists do seem to share is a ready explanation of their behavior in the controversy that, for some, will swirl about them for months to come. "TV is horribly stupid and violent, and everybody watches it without much protest," Yale coed Wendy Brewer snapped. "If women feel like cheesecaking it around, it's up to them."

Lisa Bennett Fedors had been friendly for years with the leader of the anti-PLAYBOY campaign at Princeton. "I agreed with everything she said as a logical beginning, but I just couldn't buy her conclusion," she said.

"I don't expect people to come up and say, 'I saw your boobs in PLAYBOY,'" Columbia's Gail Hoffman joked. "But if they do, I know what to say: 'You've seen them through a thin T-shirt, anyway, so what's the difference?'"

Harvard's Lindsey Palmer raised the same question more abstractly. "If looking at a picture of a nude woman is sexual exploitation," she wondered, "is reading a book literary exploitation?"

Ivy League directors of admissions will, no doubt, be plagued by bright young men eager to attend their colleges and answer that conundrum for themselves. Others will be too busy defending some of their most sacred campus organizations—some Harvard final clubs and Princeton eating clubs, Yale's Skull and Bones and Dartmouth's legendary fraternities—from charges that these all-male bastions are sexist and antediluvian. In that scenario, PLAYBOY's pictorial may come to be regarded less as exploitation than as the break shot in a larger drama that might transform the Ivy League.

*The Harvard Lampoon*, which often has the last word on campus matters, rather doubts this, casting a long, cynical view on these proceedings. Commented a 'Poonie: "The women are going to take this lying down." Surely the *Crimson* will have something to say about that.

*"Aw, come on, honey. Won't you tell me just one itsy-bitsy, teeny-weeny little juicy confession you heard when you were a priest?"*

# CITY STICK-ERS (continued from page 177)

*"Skewer cookery originated and grew because it was easy, convenient and satisfying."*

are but one of a host of skewer-broiled specialties throughout the world.

Huntsmen and warriors who roamed the Caucasus Mountains were probably most inventive in developing the art of skewer cookery. Swords that raffishly lopped off enemy heads by day were transformed into skewers at night, the blades threaded with chunks of lamb and laid in the fire to make *shashlik*. Those fierce tribesmen also dabbled in delicate marinades such as pomegranate juice.

The multiple benefits of marinating are widely appreciated today, extending well beyond the exotic pomegranate. Lemon, lime and papaya juices, vinegar, wine, yogurt and sour cream are staple marinade bases that tenderize and lend pizzazz to skewered preparations. When the marinade is laced with herbs, spices, seasonings and a splash of oil, the effect can be ravishing. Savvy *grilladins* add unexpected nuances to marinades by deft infusions of walnut, hazelnut or pumpkin-seed oil and by exploiting the array of scented vinegars. Strawberry or plum vinegar does a lot for pork, mint vinegar perks up lamb, tarragon vinegar gives zest to fish and poultry and the red-wine vinegar imparts a lusty note to beef or lamb kabobs. Lemon and vinegar are largely absent in Far Eastern skewery, because the petite slivers of seafood, fowl and pork used need no tenderizing. Instead, chefs lean heavily on soy sauce, fresh ginger, coriander, curry and other Oriental blandishments.

Skewer cookery originated and grew because it was easy, convenient and satisfying. But no one ever leaves well enough alone, and a few flourishes have been added over the years. There's one invention that loads and mechanically rotates half a dozen skewers at a time. Our suggestion is to lavish your creative energy on the fare, leaving the heavy hardware to commercial operations. The joy of skewer cookery is still in its simplicity. You can become a notable practitioner of the art without special equipment, by observing the few simple rules that follow.

• Use quality charcoal briquettes, arrange in a single layer in the firebox and let them burn down until they are covered with gray ash before starting to cook. Knowledgeable skewer chefs advocate spreading the hot coals so that they are spaced *between* the rows of kabobs on the grill above. This minimizes flare-ups and distributes heat more evenly.

• Of course, there are exceptions, but in most cases, the grill can be set about five inches above the coals, which should give medium heat—350° to 375° Fahrenheit. If you can keep your hand above the coals three to four seconds, it's right.

• Cooking time of meat will depend on the type (pork requires longer cooking), size of cubes, fat content and how well done you like it. For juicy, rare kabobs, push the contents of the skewers close together. If you prefer meat well done, leave space between the kabobs.

• Pair meats and vegetables that require the same cooking time. Longer-cooking vegetables can be parboiled before grilling, if necessary.

• To keep bamboo skewers from burning, soak them in cold water for at least an hour before using and wrap the tips in foil. These are best used for quick-cooking kabobs.

• Skewer preparations are usually served with or over rice, bulgur or other grains. They may also be sandwiched in thin French loaves (flutes), pita bread or hot-dog rolls.

*"Gimme an F; gimme a U; gimme a C. . . ."*

### SHRIMP TERIYAKI

*(Serves two to three)*

1 lb. large shrimps, in shell
3 tablespoons soy sauce
3 tablespoons sake
2 teaspoons salad oil
1 clove garlic, crushed
1 teaspoon finely chopped fresh ginger root (or candied ginger)
½ teaspoon sugar (omit if using candied ginger)
Freshly ground pepper

Slit shrimps up back and remove black vein; don't remove shells. Combine all remaining ingredients and pour over shrimps. Marinate 1 to 2 hours, turning occasionally. Meanwhile, soak bamboo skewers in cold water. Remove shrimps from marinade and thread 2 or 3 (depending on size) lengthwise on skewers. Broil, turning once and basting with marinade, just until shrimps turn pink—5 to 8 minutes.

*Note:* Japanese marinades tend to go heavy on sugar, but Americans prefer them less sweet.

### PEANUT CHICKEN

*(Serves four)*

1½ lbs. boneless chicken, breast or thigh
½ cup chunky peanut butter
⅓ cup lemon juice
2 tablespoons dry vermouth or chicken bouillon
¼ cup finely chopped scallions (including some green)
2 tablespoons finely chopped *cilantro* (or parsley)
2 cloves garlic, crushed
2 or 3 grinds fresh pepper
Salt, to taste
½ teaspoon curry powder
½ cup plain yogurt

Cut chicken into 1- to 1½-in. cubes;

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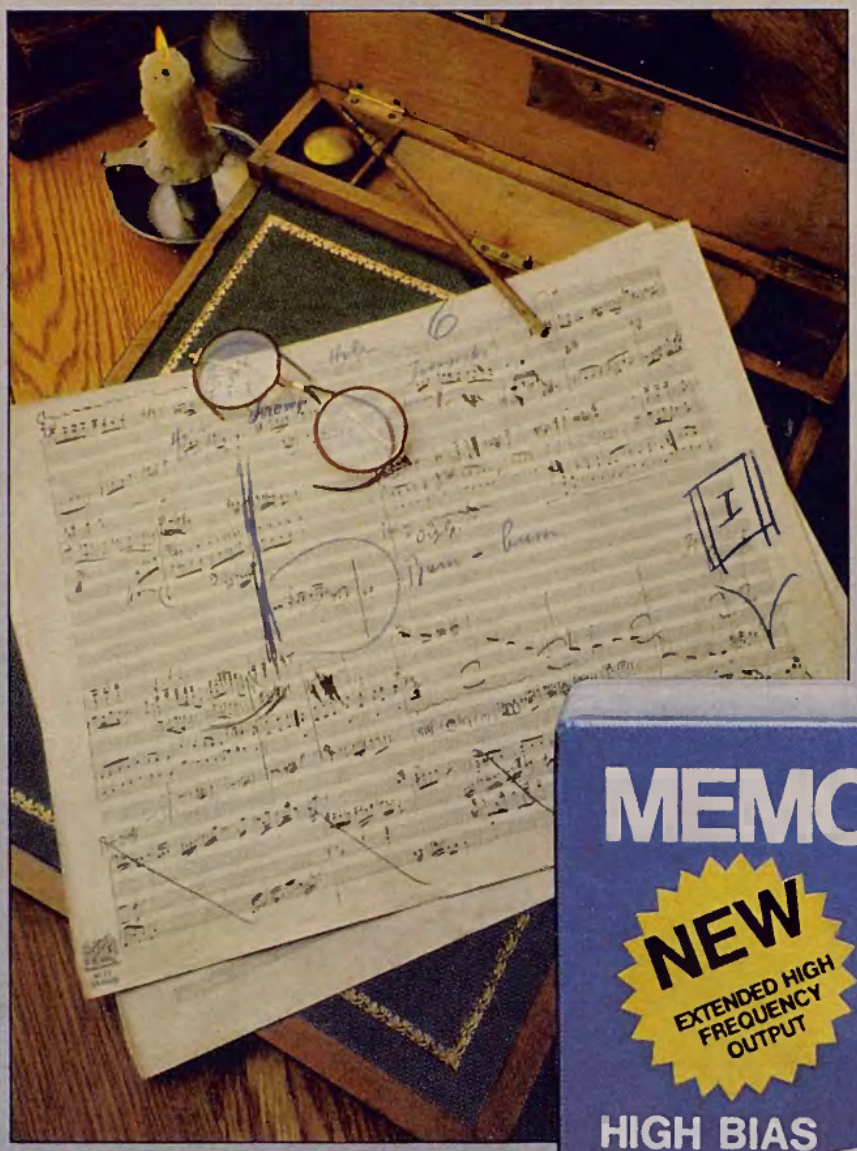

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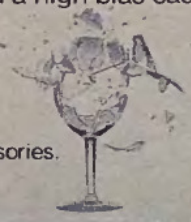

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combine remaining ingredients, except curry powder and yogurt, in bowl. Mix well. Remove ⅓ cup and set aside. Stir curry powder into remaining mixture, then add chicken cubes. Marinate ½ hour, stirring occasionally. Combine reserved ⅓ cup peanut-butter mixture with yogurt and season to taste with salt and pepper. String chicken pieces on presoaked bamboo skewers and arrange on greased grill rack. Broil, turning once, until lightly browned and just done. Breast-meat cubes will take about 5 minutes, thigh meat about 8. Serve with yogurt sauce.

*Note:* These skewers can be done over hibachi, on charcoal grill or in oven broiler.

SHISH KABOB
(*Serves six*)

2 to 2½ lbs. lean, boneless beef or lamb
⅓ cup each red wine, wine vinegar, salad oil
3 tablespoons water
1 large clove garlic, crushed
¼ teaspoon each oregano, thyme
½ teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon salt
Several grinds fresh pepper
3 medium green peppers, cut into 1½-in. squares
3 medium onions, quartered
3 medium firm tomatoes, quartered

Cut meat into 1½-in. cubes. Combine remaining ingredients except vegetables and pour over meat. Marinate several hours. Remove meat from marinade and alternate with vegetables on skewers. Broil, turning and basting with marinade, 12 to 15 minutes or until done to taste.

*Note:* Lamb is at its most flavorful when broiled pink—medium done.

BUL-KOGI
(KOREAN BARBECUED BEEF)
(*Serves four to six*)

1 to 1½ lbs. boneless sirloin (or other tender beef)
3 tablespoons sesame seeds
1 small onion, very finely chopped
2 cloves garlic, crushed
3 tablespoons soy sauce
2 tablespoons cream sherry
2 tablespoons sesame oil (or salad oil)
3 or 4 grinds fresh pepper

Cut meat into very thin strips. Put sesame seeds in small skillet and stir over low heat until browned. Watch carefully, as seeds can burn. Crush seeds in mortar with pestle or put in heavy plastic bag and pound with bottom of skillet. Combine crushed seeds with all remaining ingredients. Marinate beef strips about ½ hour. String strips lengthwise on skewers, accordion fashion. Grill 1½ to 2 minutes on each side.

*Note:* Meat will be easier to slice if slightly frozen.

SPIEDINI ALLA ROMANA
(*For four to six hors d'oeuvres*)

Long, narrow loaf of firm-textured French or Italian bread
½ lb. mozzarella cheese
8 to 12 anchovy fillets, rinsed and dried
¼ lb. (1 stick) butter
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley

Preheat oven to 450°; put large shallow baking pan in oven to heat. Slice bread ¼ to ⅜ in. thick. Remove crusts. Slice cheese same size and thickness as bread. Each serving takes 4 slices bread and 3 slices cheese. Alternate bread and cheese on skewers, beginning and ending with bread. Finely chop anchovies. Melt butter in small skillet; add anchovies and stir with fork, shredding them so that they dissolve into butter. Add parsley and keep sauce warm. Place skewers on heated baking pan and bake about 5 minutes, until bread browns and cheese melts. Slide bread and cheese onto heated plates and spoon anchovy-butter sauce over each.

*Note: Spiedini* are often deep fried, but they're lighter and more appealing when baked.

ANGELS ON HORSEBACK
(*Serves four to six*)

6 slices bacon
24 small mushroom caps
2 dozen shelled oysters
⅓ cup lemon juice
½ stick butter, melted
Several grinds fresh pepper
Lemon wedges

Cook bacon until half done. Put skewer through one end of each slice bacon. Follow with mushroom cap and oyster. Repeat, weaving bacon over and under each set of mushroom and oyster, until skewer is loaded. Combine lemon juice, butter and pepper; brush each skewer with mixture. Broil, turning, until bacon is crisp and edges of oysters start to curl. Serve with lemon wedges.

*Note:* Chicken livers may be substituted for oysters.

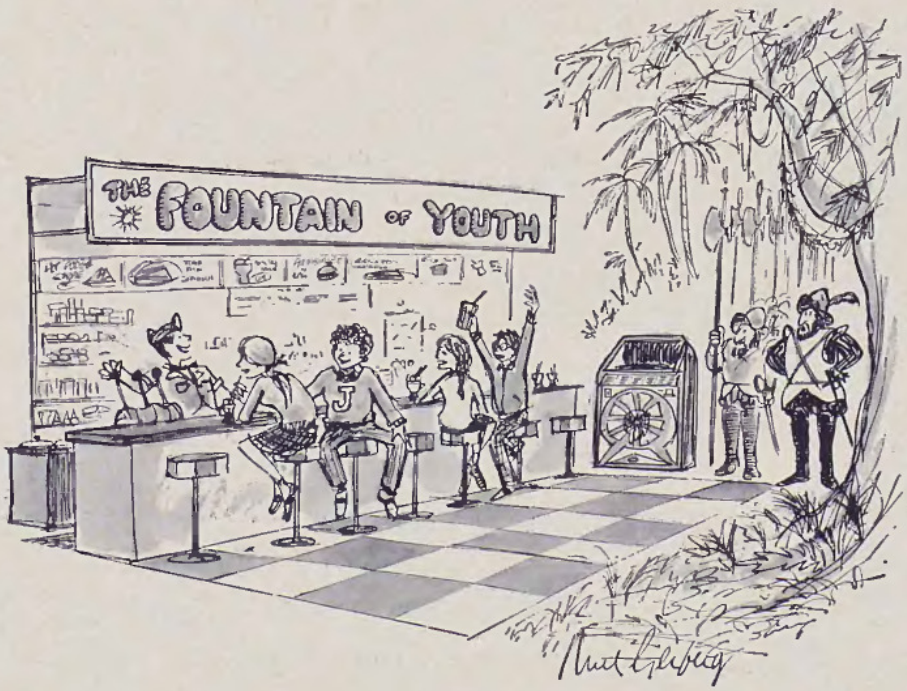
FRUIT KABOBS FLAMBE
(*Serves eight to ten*)

¾ cup Cointreau, Grand Marnier or Corange
3 tablespoons honey
Dash cinnamon
3 large, firm bananas
3 large, firm peaches
½ ripe pineapple, peeled and cored

Soak about 1½ dozen bamboo skewers in cold water for 1 hour. Combine ½ cup liqueur, honey and cinnamon. Set remaining ¼ cup liqueur where it will warm slightly. Cut bananas into 1-in. chunks and cut each peach into 8 slices. Cut pineapple into 1-in. cubes. String 4 to 6 pieces fruit on each skewer. Dip skewers into liqueur-honey mixture and turn to coat fruit on all sides. Grill 5 minutes, turning, or until fruit is lightly glazed. Place skewers on shallow heatproof platter. Ignite warmed liqueur and pour flaming over fruit. Serve when flames burn out.

*Note:* You can use other high-proof liqueurs or combine liqueurs and brandy.

Shish kabob is a Turkish word, or, rather, two words. *Shish* is the pointed metal rod on which chunks of meat, *kabobs*, are threaded and grilled. Get the point?




*"This is not what I was given to expect."*

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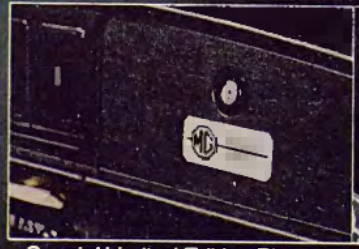

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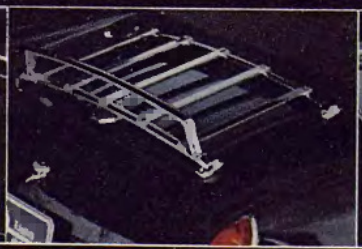

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Front air dam.

# TOP OF THE HILL *(continued from page 180)*

*"'Eva has her seasonal young men. You, I would say, are infinitely more acceptable than the others.'"*

in the frozen twilight, "That's what it's all about, isn't it?"

•

Andreas Heggener turned out to be neither bent over nor coughing, rheumy-eyed nor barely able to move. He was a slender, gentle-looking man, perhaps 55, his skin translucent, with a full head of white hair and a small, neat white beard. His manners were exquisitely polite and formally friendly. He was wearing a beautiful dark-green loden jacket, with elaborate black embroidery around the buttonholes, and a gleaming white shirt and dark silk tie. Although the table at which they were seated was in front of the fireplace, he had a Scotch-plaid lightweight blanket over his shoulders. A little nervously, Michael had dressed for the occasion, too, and wore a shirt and tie and a blue blazer. Eva was wearing the same loose long black gown she had worn the night Michael had arrived, but she had on pearls and a gold broach tonight.

Heggener was a perfect host and the conversation, Michael was relieved to discover, flowed easily—mostly about the lucky downfall of snow, the condition of the runs, the difficulty in finding ski instructors of acceptable caliber, the comparison of runs in Europe, the inevitable growth of the town since Michael had been there before and the accompanying changes. Heggener had a light, pleasing voice and spoke without an accent and was careful at first not to monopolize the conversation, bringing first his wife and then Michael into all the discussions. During the meal, he never touched his wife's hand, but Michael could see that he was deeply attached to her and listened intently when she spoke, which was not often. She seemed content to listen most of the time to the two men and sat back relaxed in her chair and ate with a good appetite and smiled when her husband complimented her on how well prepared the meal was.

Over dessert, Heggener said, "I suppose, my dear Mr. Storrs, that you, like so many of our guests, wonder how I came to be here. My settling here, if it could be called settling, might be considered . . . ah . . . fortuitous. There is a clinic outside town that somebody told me was run by a professor who had performed miracles. Perhaps he had"—Heggener laughed lightly—"with others. Unfortunately, he was not in his magic phase when I visited him. But I fell in love with the town. The gentle mountains pleased me. The majesty of the Alps dwindles men who live in their valleys. I come from a hotelkeeping family. When I see a place that has a certain intangible, attractive atmosphere, a combination of geography, population, beauty . . . and"—he chuckled—"I must say, the lure of profit about it, my thoughts immediately run to building, buying, landscaping, personnel, length of season, etc. So with Green Hollow. Hotelkeeping, if one keeps a proper distance from the inevitable daily annoyances, can be a very satisfactory profession."

Heggener poured the cognac that had arrived, carefully, but with relish. He raised his glass. "To the best of all possible winters," he said.

They drank to the best of all possible winters, though Eva barely touched the glass to her lips.

"You've skied, Mr. Heggener?" Michael asked after Heggener mentioned that one of his disappointments as a young man had been that he'd never won a race. Somehow, it was hard to imagine the frail figure in the chair opposite him as ever having been robust enough to cope with snow.

"Yes, I skied. After all, my dear Mr. Storrs," Heggener laughed, "I was born in Austria." He looked at Michael seriously. "Skiing, I take it, is not your profession?"

"No," Michael said, but added nothing.

"Mrs. Heggener has told me certain things about you, but she has been vague about your profession. If you don't mind my asking, what is it?"

"I suppose you could call it business," Michael said uncomfortably. "It used to have to do with dollars and cents."

The manager came into the room and announced a call for Eva.

She went to the office to answer the call and Heggener looked after her, his eyes sad, as though he didn't expect her to return.

Heggener played idly with the cognac bottle, twisting it on the table. "I suppose," he said, "you've heard that I'm dying?"

"I've heard."

"I'm a medical rarity," Heggener said, almost with relish at the distinction. "I have tuberculosis. Nowadays almost instantly curable by antibiotics. But I seem to have the honor of being afflicted by a new, clever, resistant strain. I am for the moment in a state of remission. If it weren't for Eva, I'd gladly just turn my head to the wall and go. But she means a great deal to me. More than I show to anyone. Maybe more than I show to her. She has her seasonal young men," Heggener went on matter-of-factly. "You, I would say, are infinitely more acceptable than the ones who have gone before you——"

"Mr. Heggener——" Michael began.

"Please don't protest, Mr. Storrs. I have gone through too much and have worn too thin to indulge in that worst of passions—jealousy. She is more like a beloved daughter to me than a wife." He stopped, then spoke after a pause. "By the way, do you hunt, Mr. Storrs?"

"What has that got to do with it?" Michael asked, bewildered.

"I have hunted a great deal in my life. It is one of my passions. I have no patience with the pseudo humanitarians who eat steak and deplore the killing of game. Which would you rather be—a stag shot down with one shot on a green hillside or a poor castrated steer dragged squealing into a slaughterhouse? Well, I won't argue the case. However, as I was saying, I am a hunter and I killed a man. An accident, naturally, such as happens every hunting season. One of my best friends. Unfortunately, he had degraded my wife. We both attended his funeral. This was in Austria, some time ago. The deer are plentiful in Vermont. Perhaps we can hunt together when the season opens. Eva says you are considering staying here permanently. I'm sure you would not regret it if you decided in our favor. The autumns here are magnificent."

Eva came back into the dining room, her black gown swishing around her legs, the pearls and the gold broach shining in the firelight.

"Anything wrong, dear?" Heggener asked.

"Nothing," Eva said. "The Hortons. They want to know if we have rooms for them over the holiday."

"Charming family," Heggener said. "Charming. And now, dear, if you don't mind, I'd appreciate it if you helped me upstairs and turned on a little Brahms while we prepared for bed. Ah—Eva has told me you play backgammon. Perhaps we can have a game soon. And now good night, and thank you for a most enjoyable evening."

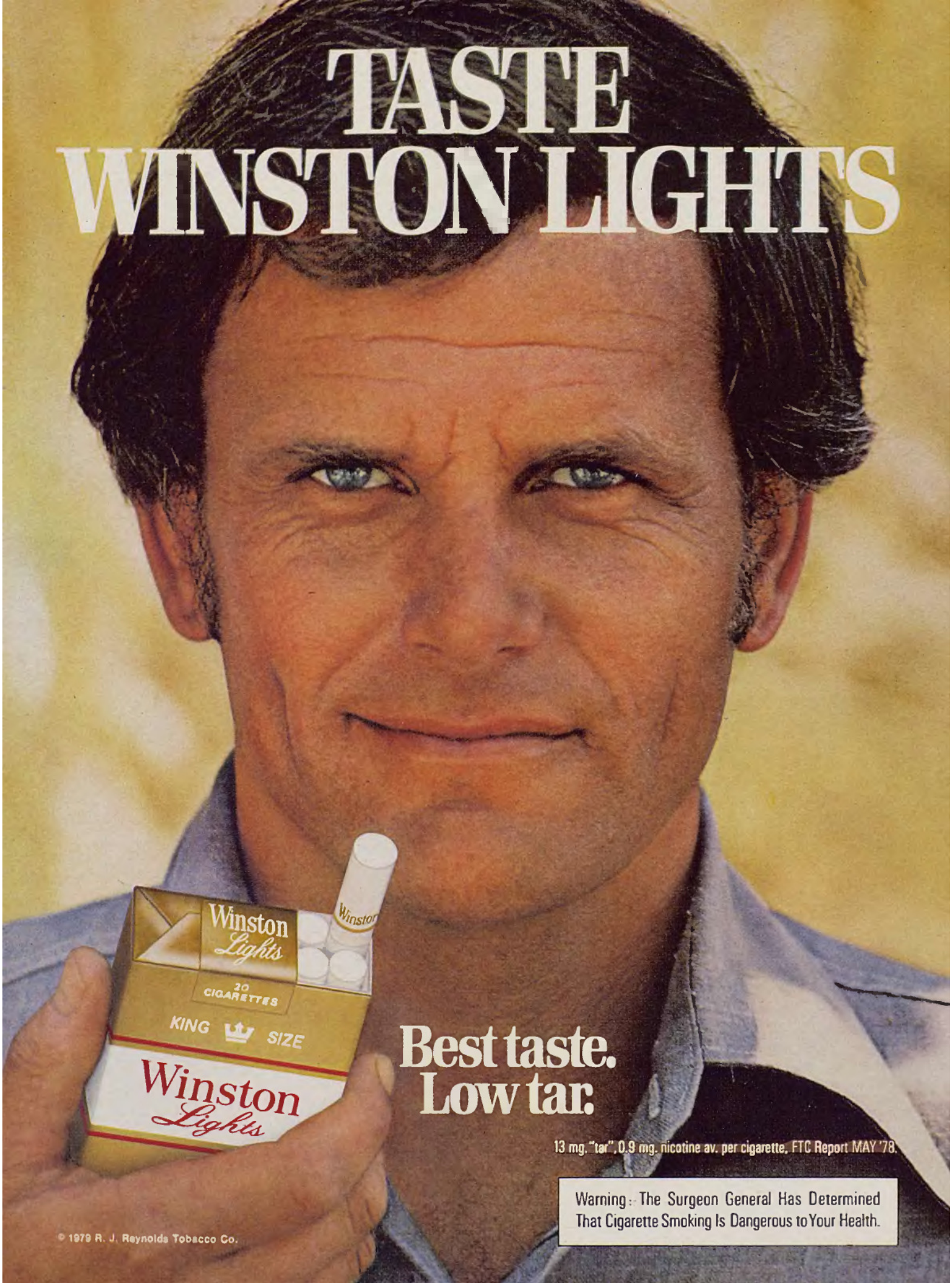
"I thank *you*," Michael said stiffly. "Good night, madam. Good night, sir."

"Good night, Michael," Eva said. With her husband leaning on her for support, she led him slowly out of the dining room.

Michael sat stiffly for a moment, then rubbed his eyes wearily. From above he heard the opening strains of the Brahms *Variations on a Theme by Haydn*. He looked up at the ceiling and smiled wryly, then dropped his head on his chest and sat staring into the fire, listening to the faint music from the room two floors above him.

•

For the next several evenings, Michael had gone to bed early, to be fresh for the morning. He had not been disturbed: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There had been no nighttime visits from Eva; and the Heggeners had dined in their rooms, so Michael had eaten alone and spent the evenings reading. He had seen Heggener walking, with his cane, once or twice, at a distance, but they had not spoken to each other since their dinner.

Michael had skied twice more with Eva, but she hadn't said anything about her husband and Michael had not brought the matter up, though he was both eager and reluctant to know more about the frail Austrian gentleman. In his mind, he couldn't quite accept him as an American. No American had ever confided to him that he had shot a very good friend because he had degraded his wife.

For a couple of hours one morning, Michael skied alone. As he was going down to the footpath, he spotted Heggener.

"Good morning, sir," Michael said, as he came to a stop just above the path. "You're up awfully early."

Heggener shrugged. "Sleeping is not my strong point these days. Oh . . . I have a message for you. Two, to be exact. Eva can't ski today. Too busy, she says. I'm not quite sure at just what. I was to tell you if I happened to run into you. And, two—your friends arrived."

"So early?"

"They said they drove all night. A very handsome lady. By the way, how're you getting back to the hotel?"

"On foot, I'm afraid," Michael said. "I came out in Cully's truck."

"Good," Heggener said. "Then we can walk back together. If you don't mind."

"My pleasure," Michael said politely and got out of his skis and put them over his shoulder. They started walking back toward town, Heggener moving with surprising briskness, taking deep, satisfying breaths of the cold, thin air.

"Ah, the mountains," Heggener said, sighing. "I'm devoted to everything about them. The crispness of the air, the color of the shadows, the sound the snow makes under your boots. A morning like this makes me nostalgic for my own skiing days. My last run was from Zermatt, under the Matterhorn from Switzerland down to Cervinia. It was a day like this. Blue sky, cloudless, perfect snow, no wind. Just about two years ago. I was feeling up to anything, like a young boy. I always made a point of being in good shape to start the season. I respect the mountains; one must not take them lightly. Before the season started, I climbed, did an hour of calisthenics a day, ran. . . . For a man my age—I don't like to boast, but I was considered a formidable skier. I loved the mountains, but, as I said, I respected them. I never believed that any run was worth a death. Do you know Cousteau's phrase 'the euphoria of the depths'?"

"Yes."

"That day, under the Matterhorn, I felt the euphoria of the heights."

"I know what it's like," Michael said thoughtfully, engaged with his own memories now.

"Euphoria," Heggener said. "Even the word sends a tingle up your spine. It is a wilderness word—you wouldn't ever think of using it to describe anything that might happen to you in a modern city. Joy, perhaps, ecstasy, but euphoria never. Euphoria is a word that needs silence." As if speaking the word had hushed him, he walked on another 20 paces, the only sound the crunch of their boots on the snowy path.

"Cousteau caught something there," Heggener said finally. "The relationship between exaltation and danger. The prerequisite, you might say. The danger of drowning in the depths, the danger of uncontrolled speed, daring the mountain, outrunning avalanches." He laughed lightly. "I'm older now, I no longer can ski, I can speak wisely about a run not being worth a death, but I have ridden avalanches down precipices in my time. I had a friend, a magnificent skier, and he died that way—going into an avalanche slope. It took twenty-four hours to find the body. Still, when we did find him, I swore there was a smile on his lips." He had spoken softly, elegiacally. Now his tone turned matter-of-fact. "On that day, I had a slight cough. When I got back late in the afternoon, coming down to Zermatt after a marvelous Italian lunch, the cough became more annoying. My wife insisted upon my seeing a doctor. The doctor insisted upon X-raying me. They are neurotic about lungs in the Alps. He diagnosed tuberculosis. Not an advanced case, he assured me, I'd be skiing again the next year. It happened he was wrong. Not the first doctor to make a wrong prognosis." Heggener shrugged, made a little, uncharacteristic dandyish wave with his cane. "So here I am on foot, plodding along."

Michael stopped walking. "How far is it to the hotel from here?"

Heggener stopped, too, and looked at him, puzzled. "A mile and a half, maybe a little more. Why?"

"If you can walk more than a mile, what's to prevent you from skiing? Slowly, of course."

Heggener laughed. "My doctor would refuse to see me again."

"He's not doing you any good as it is, is he?" Cruelty was to be preferred to manners today.

"It's possible," he said, "that I could do a little mild skiing. As long as there were someone to pick me up when I fell."

"Look," Michael said. Although the man had, to all intents and purposes, just about threatened to shoot him the night they had met, he could not help but admire the candor and courage and grace with which he was facing his fate. And the stoical finality with which Heggener had described his last run down the mountain touched him. "Look—I'm being paid for a whole day's work by the ski school. Your wife usually skis only in the afternoon, and not every afternoon, at that. I'd be delighted to take you out."

Heggener nodded. "What have I got to lose?" He spoke almost gaily. "If it's a nice day tomorrow, I'll take you up on your offer." He looked up at the sky. "Sun," he said, "shine tomorrow." He laughed, sounding young and full-bodied.

They were in the town now. With his cane, Heggener saluted the shopkeepers standing in front of their establishments, and tipped his hat to two ladies who were wheeling baby carriages. Everyone seemed to know him and smiled warmly at him and told him he was glad to see him back.

"Contrary to most people my age," Heggener said, brushing some snow off his mink collar, "I do not applaud the approach of spring. Winter is my season. Luckily, we are far from spring. Which brings up another point, Michael. Do you really intend to stay the entire season?"

"As of now, yes."

Heggener nodded. "Eva told me that you had not yet said yes or no about the offer of the little cottage on our property. I sincerely hope you will accept it. I gather that you can afford to stay at the Alpina as long as you like, but living in a hotel for three months at a time, even one as spectacularly comfortable as mine"—he smiled deprecatingly—"can finally be dreary. I must admit that Eva and I are not being completely unselfish. I have to go out of town on business, or to Boston to the clinic, sometimes for weeks at a time. I worry about leaving Eva alone. During the season, as you may have heard, the town is visited by some extremely undesirable young people—ski bums who live by stealing—whole groups of young people who shoot up on heroin and indulge in other modern amusements of a similar kind. Has Eva happened to tell you why we are having the house redone completely?"

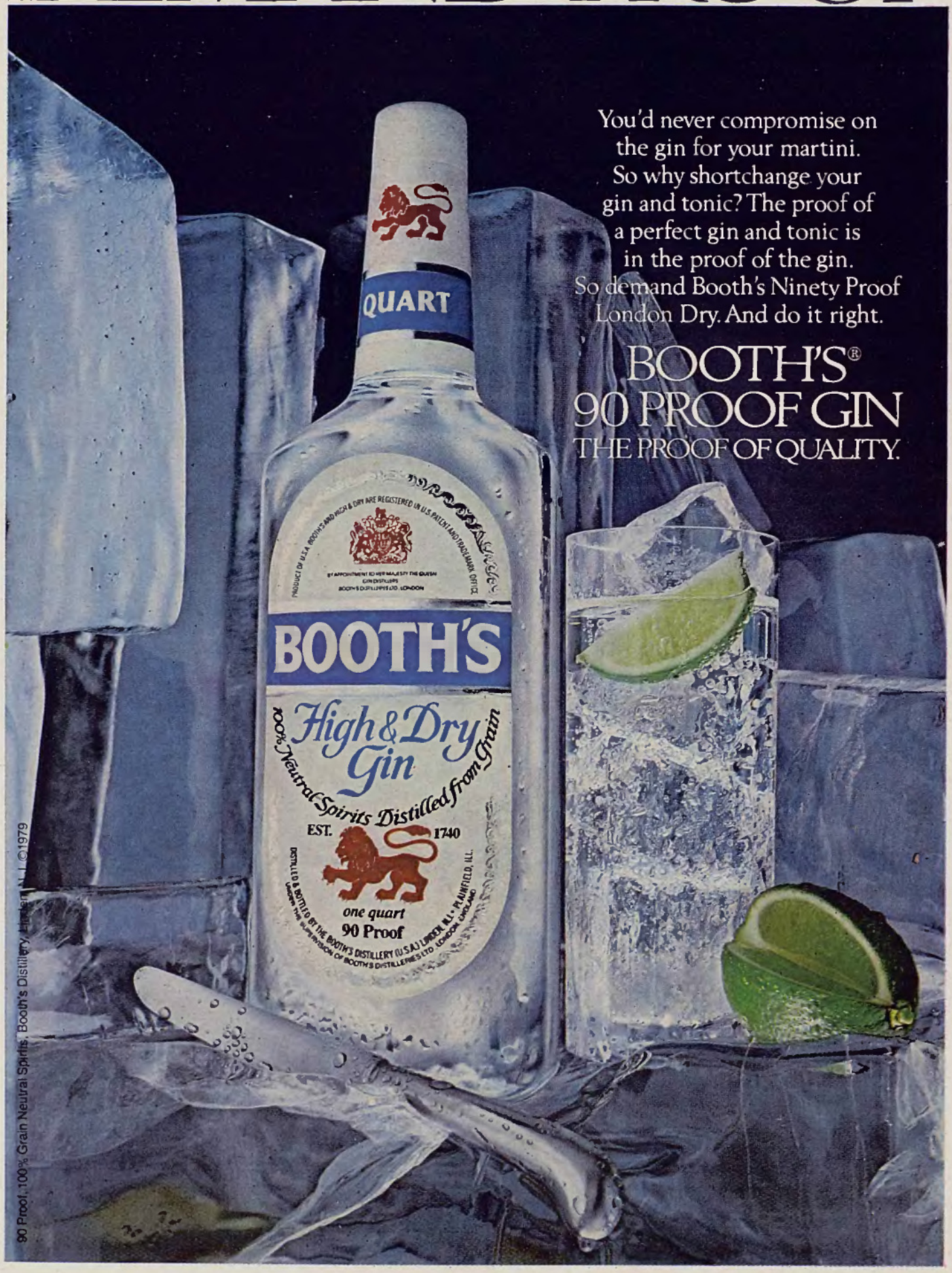
"No."

"Last spring," Heggener said, "we were in New York for a few days and only Hulda, the 70-year-old maid, was in the house. A gang of young men and girls broke in. The dog must have been barking, so they shot him. Shot him. Bruno is a replacement. Then the gang tore up the house, ripped every cushion, broke all the china, smashed the doors to the cupboards, sliced the clothes hanging in the closets, everything. Then, as a final touch, they shat on the floor. Hulda slept through it all. Now I keep a pistol in a drawer, a useful German P38. Having you nearby would tend to discourage any further depredations. If you do move into the cottage, I will show you where I keep the pistol. Have you ever used one?"

"No."

"No matter. You never have to use it

# DEMAND PROOF



at more than ten feet if you want it to be effective. At ten feet, it's almost impossible to miss."

The idea of using a pistol at ten feet did not make Heggener's offer of a place to live any more attractive, but Michael felt that it was impossible to refuse.

"I'll move in when you tell me it's ready," Michael said, without hesitation.

As they neared the front steps of the hotel, they heard the sound of a piano being played from within. "My friend Antoine," Michael said. "He's a professional. It there's a piano anywhere, he'll find it."

Heggener cocked his head appreciatively, listening. "Schubert. He plays very well."

"Poor bastard. He got into a ruckus in New York in the bar he was playing at and the police came in and they found out he didn't have a work permit and the boss fired him and he can't work in New York anymore."

"What times we live in," Heggener said sadly. "You have to have the permission of the Government to play the piano."

They went in together. "Thank you for a most pleasant promenade." Heggener smiled wryly. "Until tomorrow morning, if the sun shines. . . ."

Michael watched him climb the steps, with effort, then went downstairs to the bar, which was located in the basement. Antoine was bent over the piano, playing intently, a cigarette hanging from his lower lip, his sad, dark eyes squinting against the smoke.

"Antoine," Michael said, loudly enough to be heard above the music.

Antoine stopped playing and bounded up and embraced Michael, without losing his cigarette.

Michael and Antoine talked about New York, Green Hollow, the snow. But then Antoine started in on his immigration problems. He was terrified that he'd be sent back to France, that he'd have to leave the country that he'd learned to love. Michael agreed to help him by financing him for a few months.

"I knew I could depend upon you," Antoine cried and bounced down to the piano stool and hit three resounding triumphant major chords.

"By the way, where's Susan? Sleeping off the ride last night?"

"Not a bit of it," Antoine said. "She is a woman of demonic energy. She's skiing. She couldn't wait."

"How is she?"

Antoine sighed. "Elusive."

"I thought you told me you were just friends."

"She may think that," Antoine said darkly. "I am more demented about her than ever. She is a glorious and infuriating woman."

"Will she be back for lunch?" Michael asked.

"Who knows? She never tells me her plans."

"Well, if she comes back," Michael said, "we'll have lunch together. The food here is very good."

"I will never leave here."

As Michael started upstairs, Antoine swung the stool around and began to improvise on the sad melody *Send In the Clowns.*

•

Michael was drying himself off after his shower when there was a knock on the door. He threw on a terrycloth bathrobe and opened the door. Eva was standing there, looking businesslike in a plain skirt and sweater. "May I come in?" she asked.

"I'm not exactly dressed to receive company."

"It won't take long." She came into the room and faced him, unsmiling. "You're doing something unforgivable," she said.

"What are you talking about, Eva?" Having one sock on the bed and one on the floor might be careless, but it could hardly be called unforgivable.

"Tempting my husband to believe he could ski again. You ought to see him now," she said accusingly. "He's stretched out on the bed as pale as a sheet, gasping for breath. I forbid you to mention the subject again."

"Eva. . . ." Michael said. "Nobody forbids me anything. Not even you."

"You'll kill him," she said flatly.

"I doubt it. In any case, he's a grown, highly intelligent man and he knows how he feels better than either you or I and it's up to him to make decisions that concern him. I happen to think that a little easy skiing will help him, if not physically, then at least psychically."

"Up to now," Eva said sardonically, "you have successfully hidden the fact that you have a degree in psychiatry. You've talked to him twice and you think you know him. I've been married to him for twelve years and I assure you, you don't. You talk about a little easy skiing. That's because of your ignorance. He does nothing easily and never has——"

"Listen," Michael broke in. "Maybe I was wrong to suggest it, but now that he's got the idea, he's going to ski, whether he does it with me or with somebody else."

There was a soft rap on the door. "You have company. We'll discuss this some other time," Eva said.

Michael went and opened the door, leaving Eva standing rigidly in the middle of the room. Susan Hartley was standing there, in ski clothes, her hair blown from her morning on the mountain.

"Hi, lover," she said and kissed Michael before she saw Eva behind him. "Oh."

"That's all right," Eva said. "I was just leaving. I hope you had an enjoyable morning on the slopes." She had transformed herself in the flick of an eye to the mistress of the establishment, but her voice was cold. "That's a pretty outfit you're wearing." Susan was in an all-white ski suit. "The color becomes you." The manner in which she said it made it plain that she did not think that the color became Susan at all. "I'll leave you two now. I'm sure you have many things to talk about."

She marched stiffly out of the room. Michael closed the door behind her gently.

"Did I interrupt anything?" Susan

*"I tell you, there's a sanitary-napkin dispenser in the executive washroom!"*

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asked when they were alone.

"A medical discussion," Michael said. "Nothing."

Susan looked around the room. "What a shining morning. I feel like a new woman already. Can you see it?"

"The white flower of the hillside."

"Approve?"

"Unreservedly."

"The beautiful lady didn't. Approve, I mean." She made a little grimace.

"Don't jump to conclusions."

"I sensed an aura of . . . ownership." Susan looked obliquely at him, half-smiling.

"Her husband owns the hotel," Michael said stiffly.

"I know that. That isn't what I sensed. I sensed romance."

"You'd sense romance in an ad for surgical trusses. The lady is not romantic. I'm her hired help. I'm her ski guide."

"There is guidance and guidance." Susan laughed good-naturedly. "I'm waiting for something."

"We're having lunch in a little while."

"That's not what I'm waiting for." She approached him, playing at being extravagantly coquettish and batting her eyelashes. She had her sports, Susan, skiing outdoors and flirting within. She held out her arms.

He embraced her, kissed her lightly on the mouth, uneasily conscious that he was naked under the robe, broke away.

He tried to talk to her about Antoine, about how he had told him that he was demented about her. Susan made it clear that she wasn't demented about him. Then she teased Michael about Eva and about how he was catnip to the ladies. As he was asking her to leave his room so that he could dress for lunch, there was a knock on the door.

Michael pulled the robe tightly around him and opened the door. Antoine was standing there, holding a bottle of champagne and two glasses.

He stepped gaily into the room, then stopped abruptly when he saw Susan. "Oh," he said, "I see I'm short a glass." He started back toward the door. "I'll go get another one. . . ."

"No need," Michael said. "There's a glass in the bathroom."

He heard Antoine say accusingly, "Susan, you said you wouldn't be back until dark. What're you doing here?"

"What do you think I'm doing?" Susan said airily. "I was learning how to make parallel turns."

Michael poured for the three of them and lifted his glass. "To deep snow and sunny days," he said.

Susan looked demurely at him and with two hands held the glass to her lips, like a small girl innocently drinking her morning milk.

•

That afternoon, Michael took Antoine to The Chimney Corner, an easygoing bar where everybody talked to everybody else.

Jimmy Davis, the owner, with whom Michael had drunk on many long winter evenings, came over and Michael made the introductions.

They ordered whiskies and Davis himself brought them over. "That piano in tune?" Michael asked.

"I wouldn't know," Davis said. "Nobody's played on it yet this year. Why? You want to give us a concert?"

"My friend, Antoine here, might play us a tune. He's a famous pianist from France."

"Be my guest," Davis said to Antoine. "A famous French pianist might just be what we need to tone up the joint."

"What do you know?" Antoine said. "It's actually in tune." He began to play *Stormy Weather*, because he knew that Michael liked the song. They stayed late at The Chimney Corner. Antoine played to the delight of the customers and Michael chatted with Davis and several others he knew.

•

The next morning, Heggener was standing in the sunshine in front of the hotel, holding his skis and poles, waiting for Michael. "Ah, Michael," he said. "It's such a lovely morning I wanted to get all the sun I could."

They drove silently to the bottom of the lift in Michael's Porsche.

Once on top, Michael slowly and carefully led Heggener down the easiest of the runs. Heggener skied easily and stylishly, fully controlled. He breathed normally when Michael stopped to let him rest and there was no sign of effort on his face. It was hard to believe that this elegantly dressed and graceful man had been declared doomed by the doctors and had not been on skis for two years.

They made only two descents that morning. Michael didn't want to take Heggener back to his wife exhausted. Heggener looked pleased with himself and there was good color in his cheeks and he agreed immediately when Michael said he thought the two runs were enough for the first time out.

"How do you feel?" Michael asked as they were driving back to the hotel.

"Tingling," Heggener said gaily.

Michael felt a sudden surge of admiration and something more than admiration for the courageous and complex man sitting erect, his fears secret, beside him.

When they got back to the hotel, Michael went up to Antoine's room and found Davis there. Davis had been impressed with Antoine's playing and wanted him to play six nights a week, from ten o'clock until one in the morning. Davis offered him meals, a small room in the back that he could live in and $75 a week.

Antoine accepted the offer and agreed to start the next night.

•

When the weather was fine, Michael skied every morning with Heggener. He was surprised at how much pleasure it gave him to see the man get stronger and stronger with each passing day. While they still stayed away from the Black Knight, they ran all the other slopes, doing three, then four a morning, with Heggener moving more swiftly and with greater assurance every day.

On a clear, sunny morning, when they had done four runs and Michael had suggested that it was enough, Heggener had shaken his head and had said, "I'd like to do one more."

Michael hesitated, then said, "If you feel up to it. . . ."

"No problem," Heggener said.

So they went up in the chair lift again. As they soared above the trees, Heggener said, "Have you noticed something?"

"I've noticed that you're really skiing," Michael said.

"Not that," said Heggener. "Haven't you noticed that not once today have I coughed? Last night I threw all my medicines away. It may be meaningless; but then again, it may not. And I've put on two pounds this week. That, too, may be meaningless and it may not."

They rode in silence. Michael was so moved that he didn't trust himself to say anything. Somehow, he thought, by luck, I have come to the right place at the right time.

•

A week later, Michael was ready to move into the cottage. He drove to the big house to announce his arrival. It was the first time he had gone there and he rang the front doorbell and waited. The door was opened by Heggener.

"Come in, come in, neighbor," he said. As usual, he was impeccably groomed and dressed, his white hair and beard carefully brushed, his face, which was now tanned, freshly shaved. He was wearing a shirt and tie and a loose corduroy suit and his brown shoes were polished to a high, rich gleam.

"Eleven o'clock," Heggener said. "What should our pleasure be at this time of the morning? Would you object to a bloody mary?"

"Not strenuously," Michael said.

Heggener went over to the sideboard, where there were bottles and glasses, an ice bucket and a silver pitcher filled with tomato juice. His movements were deft and precise and his hands were steady and he obviously enjoyed bartending. He gave a drink to Michael and lifted his own. "*Prost*," he said.

"*Prost*," Michael said.

"Ah," Heggener said, after the first sip. "The perfect thing for eleven o'clock. Eva thinks it is a barbaric drink, but I have begun to grow a bit tired of her Austrian wine. Sit down, sit down," he said and went over to the backgammon table. He sat in one of the wooden chairs and motioned to Michael to seat himself

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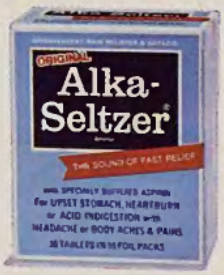


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in the other. "I understand," he said formally, "that Eva has been trying to prevail upon you to stop our skiing together."

"She has mentioned it once or twice."

"So she tells me." Heggener sipped at his drink. "I trust that our—ah—divergence of opinion has not made you uncomfortable."

"If I thought it was doing you any harm, I'd tell you so," Michael said.

"She is a determined woman," Heggener said, "and is used to having her way. But she has an absurd faith in doctors. A faith that I have given up for some years now. Oh, I almost forgot to give you the key to the cottage. Will one key do you?"

"Until I lose it," Michael said. He was sure that another key existed and that Eva had it.

"I may not be able to ski with you next week, Michael," Heggener said. "Eva is insisting that I go to New York for a series of tests. There is a doctor there whom she has heard of. . . ." He shrugged. "There is always a doctor she has heard of," he said, and there was a note of weariness in his voice. "We had the worst scene of our marriage the night I threw away all my medicines. She accused me—and, I'm afraid, you—of shortening my life. I tell you this because I don't want you to be surprised if she turns on you."

"Thank you," Michael said. He didn't say that nothing that Eva would do or say could surprise him.

"I have not yet given in. But in the end—for the sake of peace. . . ." He left the sentence unfinished. "But, on the brighter side, it will give you more time to ski with that beautiful Miss Hartley. It's amazing that she isn't married. A young lady as pretty and delightful as that."

"She prizes her freedom."

Heggener nodded. "It is a state that one can overvalue. It is the old saying—giving up the good in search of the best. You, I understand, are still married. I'm not prying, am I?" he asked hastily.

"Of course not. As far as I know," Michael said, "my marriage is public knowledge. We've been separated for quite some time."

"Am I wrong in feeling that you miss her?"

"No," Michael said slowly, "you're not wrong."

"If it's painful for you to speak about it, we can talk of other things."

"She demanded that I give up something it was impossible for me to give up," Michael said. He knew so much about the man opposite him who was now his friend and his responsibility that it seemed to him only just that Heggener should know more about him. "Somewhat as your wife thinks about you, she thought that I was shortening my life. It all started on our honeymoon, when I took a bad fall in a ski race because I was skiing above my talent, taking risks. . . ." It was coming out in a gush now, in a relief from pressure that had been building up ever since he had left Tracy. "And she had the bad luck to be on the spot when I was doing some sky diving with friends and two of them were killed. She asked me to give up just those moments that made me feel that life was worth living. If I had given in and had stayed with her, our marriage eventually would have been worse than any divorce."

"Everyone to his own destructive necessary passions," Heggener said. "Yours, mine, Eva's, your wife's. We live by them, we die by them. We are understood and misunderstood by them. When we believe we are shouting, we are screaming soundlessly, as we do in dreams. My dream is a young wife, whom I can no longer serve, except as a refuge. In our day, we like to believe that we can explain all behavior—sane, insane, almost sane. In the case of the gay and high-spirited young woman I married, there were explanations—though it was years before I learned them. But after the first manifestation, she left me and disappeared entirely for two months. I consulted with her father, who, by the way, is an old rascal and not to be trusted at any time. He told me Eva's mother had committed suicide, as had her brother. That much, at least, I found to be true. The father also told me that as a child, when Eva was denied anything, no matter how trivial or impossible, she would fall into convulsions or merely run away from home until she was brought back by the police. Genes, I'm afraid, play their role in all this, but it is difficult to know what the role actually is or the moment when a particular gene is triggered into disastrous action. There are long periods when Eva is serene—overcontrolled, the pressure building up silently and secretly. They are periods of peace and beauty. But she is always poised for flight, as she was as a child. And if she escapes, I know she will be destroyed and I fear I will be destroyed along with her. If I were an honest man, I would have counseled you to leave the first night I talked to you. Eva is on the verge of madness. Verge is the wrong word. She slips across the border, slips back. I use what measures I can to hold her. Psychiatrists, clinics that are too expensive to be called by their correct name—asylums. You are this year's measure, my poor friend. I am selfish. I should tell you to get into your car and drive off once and for all. But I won't. Perhaps you cannot save her, but I feel you are saving me." He put down his glass on the backgammon board with a sharp, decisive click and stood up. "I would be most grateful if you would be good enough to drive me to New York for the tests."

"Of course," Michael said, standing.

"Oh," Heggener said matter-of-factly, "I nearly forgot. I told you I would show you where I keep my pistol." He went over to a fragile inlaid little writing desk near the door of the living room and pushed a small button that was almost undetectable on the side. A drawer slid out. He picked up the pistol from where it was lying on a soft piece of flannel. "I am happy to say that it has never been fired. Eva, I must tell you, does not know of its existence." He put the weapon carefully into the drawer and snapped the drawer back into place. He made a little stiff bow and went out of the room, leaving Michael to find his way to the front door alone.

•

Michael was unpacking his bags in the cottage when Eva came in. She was wearing a red cape, with the hood up, protecting her hair. She looked decorous in her cape, and rustically sensuous, like a Watteau shepherdess, and certainly not mad. It occurred to him that perhaps Eva was not the mad one in the family, that it was the elegant, soft-spoken aging man, the confessed murderer in the white-pillared mansion with the concealed, loaded pistol, who was involving him in some cunning lunatic scheme and was even now chuckling to himself about how he had taken in a credulous and easily deceived stranger.

"I see you left the key in the lock," Eva said. "Were you expecting company?"

"You."

"I am under instructions from my husband to see to it that you have everything you need," Eva said, smiling. "Do you?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Aren't you missing something?"

"What could that be?"

"This, for example." She went up to him and kissed him, her mouth open, her tongue sliding over his. For a moment, he stood rigidly, trying not to respond, remembering what Heggener had just told him, but the touch of her lips, the feel of her body against his made him forget or not care about anything else and he held her hard and ran his hands over her, under the cape, on the thin silk fabric of her blouse.

"Damn it, Eva," he said, shaken, "we shouldn't do this."

"Why not?" She took off her cape and threw it carelessly over the couch.

"Your husband is why not. If I had met him before I met you, I'd never have——"

"You say that now. Anyway, my luck, you met me first."

"I like him," Michael said. "More than that. I admire him. His courage, his gentleness. . . ."

"I admire him, too. But that's another department. We have some very well-defined conditions in our marriage. You

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fit one of those conditions admirably. Shall I go in and see that the bed is made properly?" she asked, mischievously.

"Can't we wait for tonight?"

"There's nothing wrong with tonight. And nothing wrong with right now. Don't try my patience, Michael. I really should be offended at your lack of gallantry."

"There's nothing gallant about us," Michael said bitterly. "We fall on each other like two wild animals. We're not lovers, we're antagonists."

"Whatever you wish to call it, my dear," she said sweetly. She started toward the bedroom, but stopped, because there was a knock on the door.

Michael opened the door. Susan was standing there, holding an azalea plant. "I brought you a housewarming gift," she said as she came into the room and Michael closed the door behind her. "Although," she said, nodding politely and greeting Eva, "the house seems to be pretty warm already."

"Good morning, Miss Hartley," Eva said coldly. "That's a very pretty plant. Although, in general, I dislike azaleas. They hang on so long. One grows tired of looking at them."

"When Michael gets tired of looking at this one, he has my permission to throw it out. I won't know—I'm leaving tomorrow."

She looked around the room. "What a charming little house. Don't you think you might offer the ladies a drink of welcome?"

"Sorry," Michael said. "Of course." He opened a bottle of Johnnie Walker.

Susan sat down gracefully on the little sofa, pushing Eva's cape gently to one side to make room for herself. "No ice, please," she said. "Just a little water."

"I don't like whisky," Eva said. "Don't you have some wine in the house, Michael?"

"I'm afraid not," Michael said.

"I must tell the boys at the hotel to bring you a case," Eva said. The implication beyond the remark was clear and the little smile that played around Susan's mouth told him she had caught it.

He poured a drink for Susan and himself.

"Michael," Susan said as she drank, "Antoine is giving me a farewell dinner tonight at The Chimney Corner. And, of course, you're invited. And you and your husband, too, madam."

"I'm afraid we're busy tonight, Miss Hartley," Eva said. "Please convey my thanks to Antoine."

Susan finished her drink quickly. "Well, I must be pushing off. Congratulations again, Michael, on your cozy little nest. See you around eight. Goodbye, Mrs. Heggener. And thank you for how beautifully everybody at the hotel treated me. I look forward to coming back."

"I'm sure all the help will be pleased to see you again, Miss Hartley." There was just the slightest emphasis on the word help.

Susan went out, supple and springy, and neither Michael nor Eva spoke until they heard the sound of her car driving off. Then Eva said, "There is only one rule in this house. You are not to entertain that lady here."

"In that case, thank you for everything and I'll find someplace else to live. I'm peculiar—I like to make my own rules." He began to throw the things he had just unpacked back into the open suitcase.

Eva watched him for a moment, then went over and held his arm. "All right, you bastard," she said. "No rules."

•

The dinner at The Chimney Corner was surprisingly good and Susan was in high spirits, just a little tipsy and preparing for the city with green eye shadow, little circles of rouge on her cheekbones that made her look like a child's doll and a new streak of blonde in her hair. The room was full and Antoine was playing marvelously. Michael stayed late and thoroughly enjoyed the conversation and Antoine's playing. And Antoine didn't look as melancholy as he usually did.

During a break, he told Michael, "Things're looking up. I bared my heart to Davis and he's been talking to people and he says he's pretty sure he'll get the Immigration to give me a green card and a work permit in a couple of weeks. He's got connections everywhere, Jimmy. He's not much on paying, but he's great on connections."

"That's the best news I've heard in a long time," Michael said.

•

The next morning, Michael took Heggener up the mountain. On the way up, Heggener said, "Eva has kindly agreed to let me wait until next Wednesday before going to New York. Do you think you can take me down?"

"Of course," Michael said.

The skiing was good and Heggener seemed inexhaustible, his color high, a small, pleased smile on his lips when he stopped. It seemed foolish to Michael that a man who looked so formidably hale should have to go into a hospital, but he said nothing to Heggener.

"Ah, that was a nice morning," Heggener said, as they drove up to the big house. "It will help get me through all those doctors' hands—at least for a day or two."

Eva was waiting for Michael and said she wanted to skip lunch and take advantage of the good snow and the sunlight, so Michael and she went right off, leaving Heggener, standing between two of the white pillars, waving amiably at them.

They spoke very little while they were on the hill but concentrated on whipping around other, slower skiers and working on technique. If it were always like this, Michael thought, I'd stay on here forever.

In the middle of the afternoon, Eva said she'd like something to eat and they went into the lodge and had a sandwich and tea. "Eva," Michael said, pouring his tea, "I must tell you once more that I think you're wrong in insisting that Andreas go into the hospital."

"I hope you haven't told him that."

"I haven't. But he looks so well—and he skis like a boy of twenty."

"Michael," Eva said sharply, "you don't know the harm you're doing."

"Harm?" he said incredulously. "He's getting stronger every day."

"He *thinks* he's getting stronger. And you're encouraging him. He's beginning to hope again."

"What's wrong with that?"

"The hope is false," Eva said dogmatically. "When he has a relapse, which can be any time now, it will shatter him. And you'll be responsible."

"What do you want me to do—tell a man who's just beginning to reach out to life again that he's living a dream, that he must just sit wrapped up in blankets and wait to die?"

"Obviously," Eva said ironically, "you know better than all the doctors."

"Maybe I do," Michael said stubbornly.

"If you won't do it for him," she said, "do it for me."

She was exasperating him with her tenaciousness, her serene belief that only she could possibly be in the right. "We have a certain arrangement," Michael said, brutally. "I ski with you for pay and make love to you for pleasure. There's nothing else in the contract."

"You know," she said thoughtfully, refusing to be insulted, "I believe you have an ulterior motive."

"What ulterior motive?"

"You're deliberately trying to shorten his life," she said.

"Oh, my God! Why would I want to do that?"

"To reap the rewards," she said calmly.

"What rewards?"

"Me," she said. "The rich widow, who is passionately attached to you, or at least to your useful body, and who would, after a decent interval, be delighted to marry you."

He stood up. "The fun is over for the day," he said, controlling his fury. He strode out of the room. Crazy, he thought, crazy. The man is right. I should leave this town right now. But the thought of never having that soft, practiced Viennese body in his arms again was intolerable and he knew he would not leave.

---

*The conclusion of "The Top of the Hill" will appear in the October* PLAYBOY.

# WHY TRAVEL THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE IN A BORING CAR?

In America, the average person drives 8,700 miles each year, 87,000 miles each decade and nearly half a million miles in a lifetime.

A staggering prospect. Especially when you consider that most people are doomed to spend these miles in depressingly uninspired cars.

Cars that provide adequate—perhaps even opulent—transportation. But little of the one thing that makes the act of driving something to be enjoyed rather than something to be endured: extraordinary performance.

WHY PEOPLE WHO OWN A BMW ENJOY DRIVING MORE THAN YOU DO.

First and foremost, the engineers at the Bavarian Motor Works in Munich, Germany are racing engineers by nature and by profession. Automotive enthusiasts who could not bear to drive a conventional sedan, let alone build one.

So, while the BMW 320i provides all the practical considerations one expects in a small family sedan, it also provides a driving experience so rare that people who have never before enjoyed driving find themselves seeking out long sweeping curves and challenging back roads.

THE TACTILE REWARDS OF PERFORMANCE.

When you drive the BMW 320i for the first time, you will experience a curious sensation of being part of the car itself—an exhilarating feeling of control.

When you press the accelerator, the two-liter, K-Jetronic, fuel-injected engine responds without lag.

The four-speed transmission (automatic is available) is engineered to let you run through the gears with a smoothness and a precision that, for the automotive purist, borders on the esthetic.

Its suspension system—independent on all four wheels—provides the driver with an uncanny feel of the road that is positively unique to BMW.

Its interior is biomechanically engineered to the nth degree. The front seats are shaped to hold their occupants firmly in place, and so thoroughly adjustable that it is all but mathematically impossible to not find a proper and comfortable seating position.

All controls are easy to reach; the driver has an unobstructed view of the instrument panel.

Even the interrelationship between pedal placement and pressure has been carefully balanced to reduce driver fatigue.

If the thought of owning a small, practical family sedan that's exciting to drive intrigues you, call us at 800-243-6000 (Connecticut 1-800-882-6500) and we'll arrange for a thorough test drive at your convenience.

**THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.**

Bavarian Motor Works, Munich, Germany.

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# "WE SWITCHED TO SOMETHING NEW."

Times change. Tastes change.
But, for 184 years, Jim Beam hasn't.
By sticking with our basic recipe since 1795, Jim Beam has come to be the most popular bourbon in the world. In a mix. With water. On the rocks. Neat.
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Isn't it time you did?

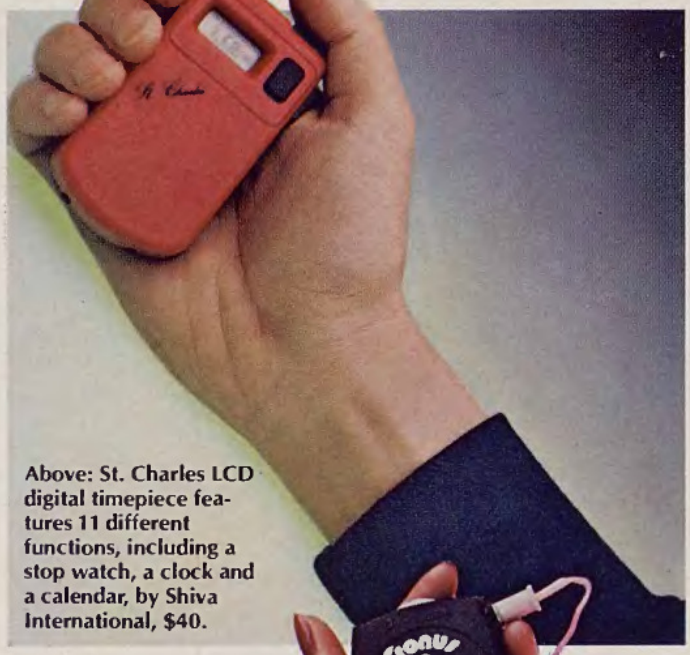
# 184 YEAR OLD JIM BEAM

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. 80 PROOF. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KY.

SPORTS

# KEEP ON YOUR TOES

Now that jogging threatens to replace sex as our national pastime, all types of portable products are being designed to make the time you spend pounding along the tarmac or sprinting through the park as safe and pleasurable as possible. The lightweight, hand-held gizmos for the road pictured here include a digital clock/stop watch, a wind-chill meter for those freeze-your-tail-off months, a sports stop watch that can be easily read in sunlight and an adjustable device that plugs into your ear so you can time your stride to the sound of its beeps. Hit the bricks!



Above: St. Charles LCD digital timepiece features 11 different functions, including a stop watch, a clock and a calendar, by Shiva International, $40.

Above: Edmund Scientific's wind-chill meter is a battery-powered instrument that measures temperature and wind-chill conditions to within two degrees Fahrenheit, $9.95.

Above: The beep goes on when you jog with the Strider, a tiny adjustable pacing unit that helps keep your running speed constant, by Cronus Precision Products, $19.95.

Above: Round Microsplit stop watch with liquid-crystal display, by Heuer, gives split time and time outs to 1/100th second, $69.95, with two-year battery.

RICHARD IZUI

# GETTING YOUR PATTERNS TOGETHER

The old rule of never mixing more than two patterns has been superseded—albeit with (pardon the expression) mixed results. It does take skill and daring, we admit, to pull off the mixed-pattern look, but the added dimension to your wardrobe is worth the trouble. Of course, designers and manufacturers have taken note of this development and are offering preassembled multipatterned ensembles, but beware: Often they give the wearer a somewhat canned look. Better that you give the subject a little study and develop your own taste. You can't package style.—DAVID PLATT

**The simplest way to mix diverse patterns (and textures) is to concentrate on smaller ones that are fairly monochromatic, such as the subtle multicolored acrylic tweed sweater, above, by Huk-A-Poo, about $31, that's been combined with a multicolored cotton striped shirt featuring a rounded button-down collar, by Country Roads for Creighton, about $40, and tapered polyester/wool herringbone double-pleated slacks, by 98 Battery St. for Levi, about $38.**

ONOFRIO PACCIONE

Below: For a truly sophisticated look, try mixing several patterns (even a bold plaid shirt), textures and colors in such a way that no one element overplays the others. For example, the multicolored wool/nylon jacket, by Wrangler Menswear, about $80, couples well with brown herringbone slacks, by EBE Fashions, about $35, a gold acrylic/wool tweed sweater vest with double button-through inverted-pleat pockets, by Bugle Boy, about $24, multicolored polyester/cotton plaid shirt with short-point collar, by Career Club, about $14, and a narrow burgundy wool tweed tie, by Vicky Davis, about $12.

Center: Here's an ensemble that's been made slightly more complicated with the addition of other colors. To keep it from getting out of hand, we've related the blue in the polyester/wool double-breasted jacket, by Cricketeer, about $130, to those found in the pinstriped cotton shirt, by Country Roads for Creighton, about $37.50, and the cashmere tie, by Yves Saint Laurent, about $18. The brown in the tie and the jacket also coordinates with that in the polyester/wool herringbone double-pleated slacks, by Country Roads, about $52.

# AFTER THE FOX

Audi has just introduced a brand-new sporty model, the 4000, to replace its much-appreciated Fox, and judging from that company's previous track record and our chance to test-drive the 4000 on Bavaria's byways and autobahns this past spring, the road looks wide open for this latest little hummer.

The 4000 is about two inches longer and two inches wider than the Fox. Dual round headlights have been replaced by rectangular ones that integrate nicely with the grille. A new dash layout features two rows of easily reachable wrap-around rocker switches that border the instrument cluster.

The front-wheel-drive 4000, like the Fox, couples MacPherson strut suspension, rack-and-pinion steering and a four-speed gearbox (a five-speed will be available later this year) to a fuel-injected four-cylinder overhead-cam engine that cranks out enough oomph to get you from 0 to 50 in about eight seconds.

We topped the 4000 out on a no-speed-limit autobahn at close to 100 mph—partially out of curiosity and partially because a behemoth Mercedes truck was hovering on our tailpipe like a moth to a flame—and felt as secure as we did at 55 mph. Driven more prudently during Environmental Protection Agency tests, the 4000 delivered 34 miles per gallon on the highway and 22 miles per gallon in town. Fill up the 4000's 15.8-gallon gas tank and you should have a cruising range in excess of 500 miles.

The price for a two-door 4000 is $7495, with a four-door going for about $200 more, not including such creature comforts as factory-installed air conditioning, a four-speaker AM/FM stereo radio and power windows and locks. It all adds up to a peppy little package that's a ball to drive and is still under $9000. Be thankful for small favors.

—DAVID STEVENS

INSET PHOTOS: MICHAEL CRAVEN

**The Audi 4000 features as standard appointments fully reclining bucket seats, adjustable headrests and carpeting that extends up the lower door panels. Note the dash layout with its twin rows of wrap-around rocker switches bordering the instrument cluster—all easily reachable without removing your hands from the wheel. We also like the 4000's exterior tailoring; rectangular lights both front and rear dovetail nicely with the car's slightly wedge-shaped body lines. The four-door model goes for about $7685; the two-door is about $200 less. And, of course, options abound.**

© 1979 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

# CAMEL TASTE. NOTHING ELSE COMES CLOSE.

The only thing a Camel puts between you and the tobacco is quality. And the quality Camel blend has never been matched in 66 years. The result is taste and satisfaction, and it's the reason Camel smokers stay Camel smokers.

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel."

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

25 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

R. MANNING / SYGMA

## I'm Dancing with Tears in My Eyes

We know about NUREYEV and Fonteyn, but Nureyev and ROLLERENA? Rudi is famous all over the world and Rollerena is famous in New York, where he/she skates in all the posh watering holes—Bloomingdale's and Studio 54, for example. When Rudi dances with an international ballet company, he is all business. When he dances at a disco, he's all fun. By the way, Rollerena's button does not say REAGAN FOR PRESIDENT; it reads, HOW DARE YOU PRESUME I'M HETEROSEXUAL. We presume nothing. Shake your booty, Rudi!

## Sounds a Little Tart to Me

ROBIN WILLIAMS can't even eat out like a normal person. But after watching a season of *Mork & Mindy* and catching his club act, we have a sneaking suspicion that being strange is what drove him into showbiz in the first place. Even so, this definitely is not good restaurant etiquette. Everyone knows you're supposed to roll the wine around in your mouth first—*then* stick it in your ear.

© 1979 RICHARD E. AARON

## Holding Action

Asked at a recent Stones concert what kind of settlement divorce lawyer Marvin Mitchelson expects to get for Bianca, MICK JAGGER, holding the family jewels, said, not these. Supposedly worth $25,000,000, Mick could afford to be magnanimous; but, then, one shouldn't expect too much from the author of *Let It Bleed*.

© 1979 RICHARD E. AARON

## Never Follow a Dog Act

THE FABULOUS POODLES were already a hit in London when their American debut album surfaced last spring. Influenced by Frank Zappa satirically and musically, they are rockers first, jokers second. This pic is part of the second part. Does unzipping your fly get attention? We ran the picture, didn't we?

© 1979 LYNN GOLDSMITH

## Light My Fire

Starlet CATHY LEE CROSBY (no relation to Bing) salutes the camera with a little cigar, a little hat and lots of cleavage. Aren't you sorry you're out of matches?

JEAN LOUIS URLI / GAMMA-LIAISON

STEVE SCHAPIRO / SYGMA

## Do You Believe in Magic?

ANGIE DICKINSON and ORSON WELLES are working on a magic act. Angie was all set to try the impossible—making Orson thinner—when she got tied up. Welles said he'd let her go if she watched his next four *Tonight Show* appearances. Angie's still tied up.

### BRA-OMETER

First there was the chastity belt; then came panty hose. Now a Scottish biologist has invented the zenith of contraceptive lingerie—an electronic brassiere that tells the wearer when she is most likely to conceive. Glasgow's Dr. Hugh Simpson has equipped a bra with sensors that register temperature changes caused by sex hormones during the menstrual cycle. When the temperature goes up, ovulation is occurring and it's time for precautions. Although oral temperature changes have long been used to detect ovulation, hormone changes produce more heat in the breasts than anywhere else in the body, so Dr. Simpson believes his bra will prove more accurate. Sounds like a plot to undermine the braless look.

GARRICK MADISON

**Here's the September T-shirt of the month, with a straightforward slogan. If you like your rock hard, Stiff Records are for you.**

### PORKING

We've heard of male-chauvinist pigs, but this is ridiculous. British scientists are hinting that Boar Mate, a spray used to arouse female pigs sexually, has a similar effect on female humans. Researchers in London randomly sprayed chairs in a hospital waiting room with the substance, which smells like a turned-on male pig. Unsuspecting women patients selected the Boar Mate chairs over the unscented ones. Leave it to the wily British to show us a new way to attract women in singles bars. Just spray the barstool next to you. Or, better yet, spray your mustache and maybe she'll sit on your face. One fellow tried to make the skies more friendly by wafting the porcine love drug around a 747 cabin during a transatlantic flight. Pig farmers tell us that meat from an uncastrated pig carries the scent. So chances are, if you fry up the bacon from such a pig, you might wind up having breakfast in bed.

### PERIOD PIECE

A new study involving the menstrual cycle and outside stimuli concludes that a woman actually feels less when she has her period. Researchers have deduced that the brain functions as though it has a sensor adjusting the impact of stimulation to the five senses. When a woman feels menstrual pain, the brain reduces the amount of pain perceived. Likewise, other stimuli are experienced less. The sense of smell is diminished, food tastes blander, sexual stimulation becomes more difficult. In a simple touch test, female subjects were asked to judge the width of an unseen object held in their hands. Results showed that they suffered lowered perception during their periods. The findings suggest that, rather than overloading on stress during menses, the female brain adjusts to absorb stimuli in lesser amounts. It's as though the brain creates its own padded cell.

### NEW FORM OF SAFE DEPOSIT

The condom has definitely made a comeback. It's a cheap, safe and effective bubble of security against pregnancy and V.D. But applying the latex sheath sometimes takes a bit of the edge off the heat of the moment. The solution? *Coyote Howls*, the prostitution trade paper, suggests oral sex. For your edification, we reprint *Coyote*'s professional advice: "Pop a rubber in the mouth, making sure it is rolling the right way (test it on your thumb), and slowly put it on while giving the *macho* male some head. If it is done in the dark, chances are he'll never notice until afterward."

RICHARD KLEIN

**When the Fiorucci boutique debuted in Chicago, potential customers enjoyed a hidden bonus in these flash buttons, given away on the streets before the opening.**

### WAKE ME WHEN IT'S OVER

Anyone who has ever gone to sleep with a friend and awakened to find himself engaged in coitus probably wondered how it happened. The answer might be that the couple's REM (rapid eye movements) sleep phases coincided. Several years ago, researchers found that most men experience penile erection during the REM phase of sleep, which occurs about every 90 minutes. Research now suggests that women, too, show signs of arousal during the REM phase. In a study, researchers found that 90 percent of the time women experienced a consistent rise in blood pressure and a drop in blood volume during REM sleep. Those changes differ from arousal when awake. If the result is the same, who cares?

MICHAEL WILSON

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

**Why was Margaret Thatcher the big winner in the recent national election in Britain? Well, *Sex News* has a theory. Barely clad beauties such as Nicki Debuse (left) regularly appear in the pages of English tabloids to boost circulation. However, the London *Daily Mirror* announced that during the election, political news would replace cheesecake. At voting time, readers, we assume, must have transferred their allegiances to the nearest available female substitute.**

# So little money has never bought so much SLR.

Introducing the Olympus OM-10.

But before you check into how little money it is, you should know how much SLR it is. The OM-10 is a fully automatic aperture-preferred compact SLR designed with the extraordinary simplicity Olympus is famous for. With features you've learned to expect from much higher priced SLRs. Or never expected from an SLR at *any* price.

*Until now,* no camera in this price range offered electronic off-the-film exposure control (OTF). Measuring the light that actually reaches the film surface during exposures from 2 seconds to 1/1000.

*Until now,* no camera at *any* price beeped in conjunction with a super-bright blinking LED during self-timer operation.

*Until now,* no camera displayed the shutter speed this way: merely touch the shutter release collar and the red light appears in the viewfinder.

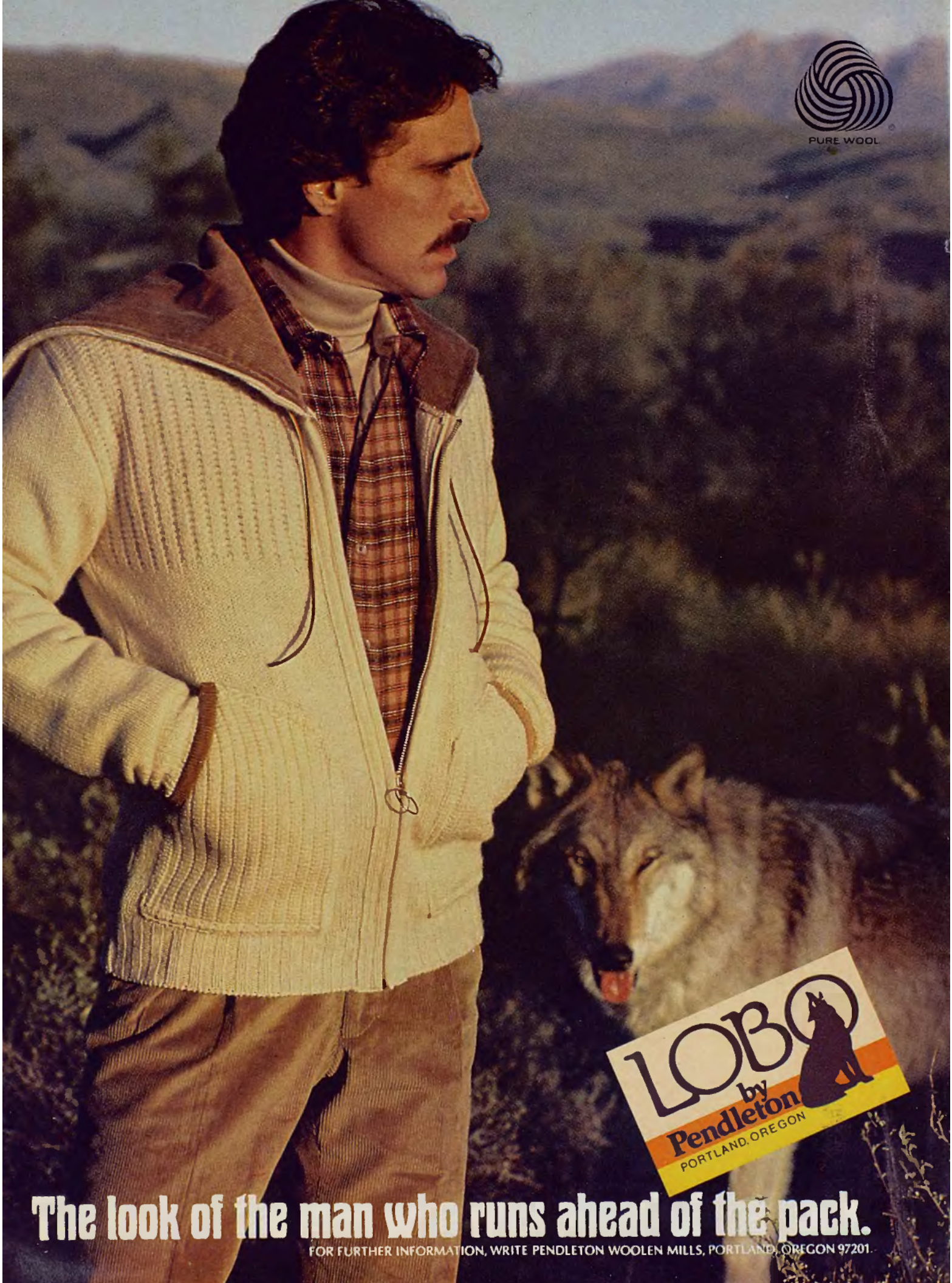
*Until now,* no viewfinder had an LED that lit to signal a fully-charged flash and blinked to confirm correct flash exposure.

*Until now,* you couldn't enter the largest compact SLR system in the world—the OM system—for so little money.

If you want to know just how little money buys this incredible compact SLR, the first new OM in four years, ask your dealer.

You'll be as surprised as he was.

# OLYMPUS OM 10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# IN MEMORIAM

Many of you know that four people who were very special to us at PLAYBOY were killed in the aircraft tragedy in Chicago on May 25. They were Sheldon Wax, our Managing Editor; his wife, Judith Wax, the author and a longtime PLAYBOY contributor; Victoria Chen Haider, our Fiction Editor; and Mary Tierney Sheridan, the Administrative Director of our International Publishing division. What you could not know is how enormous the personal and professional loss is for their friends and colleagues. Since editors traditionally ply their trade behind the scenes, we wanted to share our feelings for them with you.

Shel Wax was our guiding spirit, muse and wit—and, from time to time, the gentlest of whipcrackers. He'd been around PLAYBOY longer than most of us—19 years—and it was he who kept a rather idiosyncratic staff pulling together. A sturdily built, handsome man who moved with a tidy grace, he would glide about the editorial floor making certain that all in his wild domain was unfolding as it should: typewriters clacking, copy being revised, egos being soothed. He wasn't a talkative man and communicated with no more than a raised eyebrow when a piece was overlong, an encouraging grin when a caption fit just right, an anxious chew on his pipestem when copy for the *Interview* or the *Advisor*, as always, came in late.

We turned to him more often than we knew. The Art Directors called him "It Won't Work Wax," and most often he was right, which only resulted in a new and better graphic idea. Yet, for a perfectionist, he was enormously flexible. Until a few years ago, Shel tried to set a certain tone by coming to work in a suit and tie. One of our great joys was seeing him concede defeat and begin wearing jeans with many of the rest of us. Of course, Shel went us one better: Great, hulking clodhoppers began to appear, then brassy belt buckles and, finally, completely ridiculous billed caps with wings above the ears.

And when the magazine has refused to take itself seriously, the influence has largely been Shel's. Chances are, if a cover line or the title of an article made you smile, Shel dunnit. (A service feature on cheeses became *What a Friend We Have in Cheeses.* A layout on barometers: *Weathering Heights.*) When the editors decided to award a prize—a typing ball mounted on a plaque—for the best staff-written copy of the year, naturally, we called it the Waxy.

We can't help feeling that these words never would have got past Shel's desk ("What's with this gushy stuff?"), but a flavor of the man and what he meant to us can probably best be conveyed by quoting from a memo he once sent us:

> Subject: Bureau of Missing Persons
>
> Gee whillikers, gang, here I am being beaten about the head because of the mountain of overtime charges the magazine has piled up due to lateness and when I look around in the morning for someone to discuss them with, I wind up talking to myself. Not that I don't find the conversation brilliant, but I'd much prefer other voices in other rooms. At the risk of sounding starchy (starchier?) . . . I'm not asking that everyone punch in at nine (IBM we're not), but coming close strikes me as a reasonable request.
>
> Environmental note: You'll be surprised to discover how clean the air is at that hour.

Judy Wax was a familiar and sisterly figure to our staff, dropping by unexpectedly to *schmooze* with Shel and to make the rounds of various offices. Her writing career began at the magazine, where she wrote humorous verses for our year-end issues: *Playboy's Christmas Cards* and *That Was the Year That Was.* Her parody of Watergate, a Chaucerian take-off titled *The Waterbury Tales*, made her a national figure when the piece was reprinted in newspapers and magazines everywhere. And a month before her death at the age of 47, she published her wry and witty autobiography, *Starting in the Middle.* We at the magazine knew her as a vivacious and effervescent woman whose only vanity, considering that she looked 20 years younger than she was, was a lament that she was sliding into her "middle years."

•

In one sense, Vicky Haider had just begun her career. It was less than two years ago that our friend took over our Fiction Department. In another sense, Vicky had accomplished a great deal at the age of 34: She was a writer, an editor and, most recently, a mother. In her short time at the magazine, she had encouraged a number of young writers to contribute to PLAYBOY and, at the same time, had established an enviable reputation among the magazine's more noted contributors of fiction. Irwin Shaw told us that in his considerable experience, Vicky was "the sweetest and smartest person in publishing"; and Joseph Heller recalled that when he told Vicky he'd be coming to Chicago on a book tour, he asked her, "You'll take care of me, won't you?" On a personal level, she was a sounding board, a quiet voice in contrast to the frenzy of the other editorial departments.

•

Mary Tierney Sheridan was the one all of us knew "over in foreign editions." If publishing an established magazine sometimes seems rough to us, Mary's role in helping to launch no fewer than eight editions abroad seemed overwhelming. Not all of us could understand how a gentle person such as Mary, with her soft Irish brogue, could cope with the clattering telexes and conflicting demands of eight staffs of foreign editors. A few of us realized Mary was a rare combination of sweetness and toughness, tempered by a childhood in which she made her way alone from Ireland at the age of 16, rose to her position at Playboy through a number of editorial jobs.

Job descriptions and names on a masthead cannot tell you what unusual people they were nor how much poorer we feel without them. But this is the point at which Shel would be telling us to tighten it up, to send it out to paste-up and, for God's sake, to watch out for dangling participles. So. . . . Done, Shel.

## NEXT MONTH:

'79 BUNNIES

GARY GILMORE

SNAKE HEAD

APOCALYPSE NOW

**"THE EXECUTIONER'S SONG"**—FIRST OF THREE PARTS FROM AN IMPORTANT NEW BOOK, A RIVETING, OFTEN POIGNANT PROFILE OF **GARY GILMORE,** THE CRIMINAL MISFIT WHO BEGGED TO BE EXECUTED—BY **NORMAN MAILER**

**"THE DAY THE DOLLAR NEARLY DIED"**—YOU MAY NOT HAVE REALIZED IT AT THE TIME, BUT WE HAD A FEW DAYS LAST OCTOBER THAT THREATENED TO MAKE THE CRASH OF '29 LOOK LIKE A MERE DIP—BY **CHARLES A. CERAMI**

**"THE TOP OF THE HILL"**—IN THE CONCLUSION OF THIS EXCERPT FROM THE NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF *RICH MAN, POOR MAN,* MICHAEL LEARNS SOMETHING ABOUT THE NATURE OF OBSESSION—BY **IRWIN SHAW**

**"TELEVISION'S LAST HURRAH"**—STEP BY STEP, TV HAS BEEN SELF-DESTRUCTING. THE RISE OF FREDDIE SILVERMAN MAY HAVE BEEN THE BEGINNING OF THE END, BUT NEW TECHNOLOGY IS SPEEDING UP THE PROCESS—BY **GARY DEEB**

**"'APOCALYPSE NOW'"**—LAVISH PICTORIAL COVERAGE (AND UNCOVERAGE) OF FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA'S $30,000,000 GAMBLE—AND THE GIRLS WHO GAMBOL IN IT, INCLUDING **COLLEEN CAMP** AND 1974 PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR **CYNDI WOOD**

**"BEAR BRYANT'S MADNESS"**—WHAT MAKES THE CRIMSON TIDE RUN? A STREET-SMART KID FROM NEW YORK BRAVES CULTURE SHOCK TO GET A HANDLE ON ALABAMA'S GODFATHER OF THE GRIDIRON GAME—BY **RICHARD PRICE**

**"1980-1989: YEARS OF LAUGHTER, YEARS OF TEARS"**—FROM THOSE WONDERFUL FOLKS WHO BROUGHT YOU *NOT THE NEW YORK TIMES,* A HILARIOUS SPOOF OF THE PREDICTION BIZ—BY **TONY HENDRA, CHRISTOPHER CERF** AND **PETER ELBLING**

**"SNAKE HEAD"**—IT WAS ONLY A HALLOWEEN PARTY, AND A SERPENTINE COSTUME SEEMED AS GOOD AS ANY—UNTIL IT GREW ON THE LADY. A BIZARRE TALE BY **LYNDA LEIDIGER**

**"BUNNIES OF 1979"**—HERE THEY ARE AGAIN, THE PRIME ATTRACTIONS FROM PLAYBOY CLUBS AROUND THE WORLD

**BURT REYNOLDS** TALKS ABOUT WHAT IT'S LIKE NOT TO BE *MACHO* MAN, HIS RELATIONSHIPS WITH HIS LADIES, HIS UPCOMING MOVIE AND HIS NEW CAREER AS A THEATRICAL IMPRESARIO IN A FREEWHEELING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

This Canadian has a reputation for smoothness. So you won't catch him drinking anything less than the smoothest whisky around.

Windsor. A whisky made with glacier-fed spring water and aged in the clear, clean air of the Canadian Rockies.

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**It's got a reputation for smoothness.**

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# Marlboro Lights

The spirit of Marlboro
in a low tar cigarette.

Kings: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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