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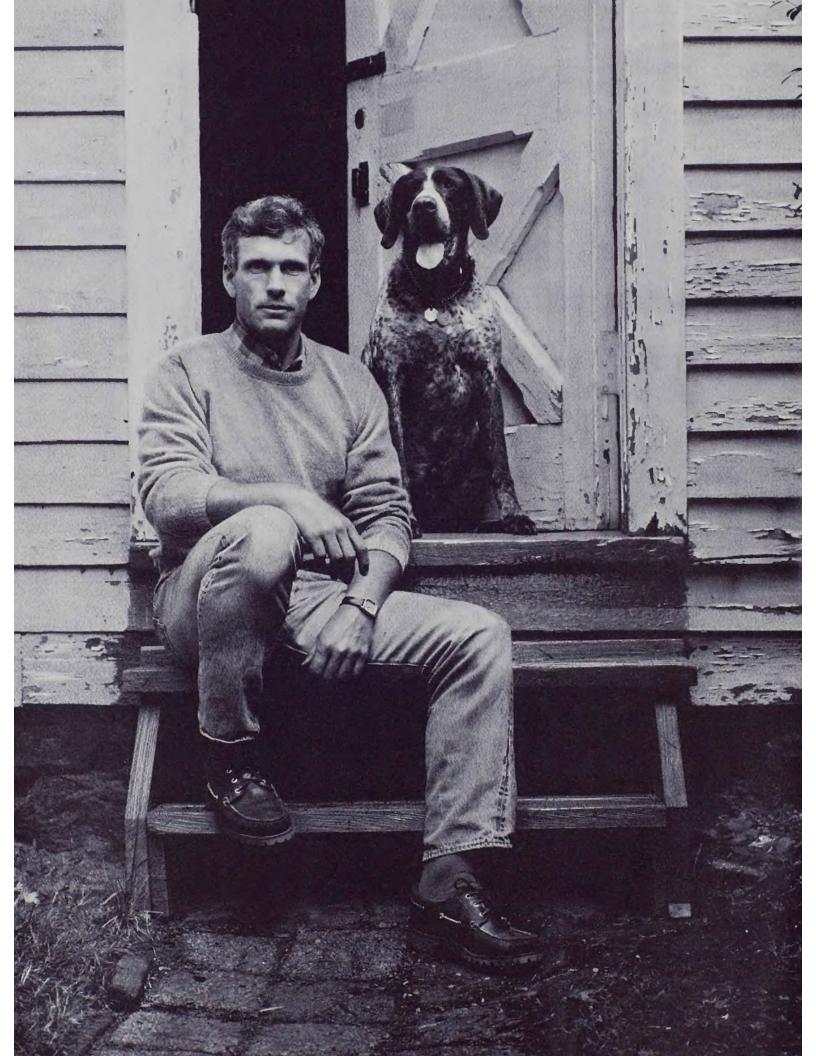
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PLAYB

ACCORDING TO the Reagan Administration, Central America is menaced by a creeping tide of communism that threatens to spread all the way to Mexico. In citing what he sees as a dangerous trend, President Reagan often singles out Nicaragua, where, in the summer of 1979, the revolutionary Sandinista front seized power from dictator Anastasio Somoza, whose family had ruled the country for 42 years. Is the Sandinista leadership really as hostile to the U.S. as some Government officials say it is? We sent Claudia Dreifus to Nicaragua to pose pointed questions to three members of the Nicaraguan junta (and, in a separate session, to Sandinista chief Comandante Daniel Ortega Saavedra). Her Playboy Interview with Sandinista cofounder Tomás Borge Martínez, Minister of Culture Fother Ernesto Cordenol, a Roman Catholic priest, and novelist turned revolutionary Sergio Romírez Mercado will, we think, be one of our most controversial ever. Says Dreifus, "The national directorate of Nicaragua voted to give me the interview. In addition to our tape session at Nicaragua's Government House, interviews also took place at Ramírez' home on the island of Solentiname, where Father Cardenal has his Christian community; in a garrison on the Costa Rican border; and in a truck taking Comandante Borge to a prison farm for Mosquito Indians involved in counterrevolutionary activities." Dreifus asked these gentlemen some very serious questions, as you'll read.

And while we're on the subject of serious subjects, we ask the question "How do you spell serious?" We spell it M-r-.-I. We asked D. Keith Mano, who packs 180 muscular pounds on his 5'41/2" frame, to give us a behind-the-scenes look at the powerful co-star of NBC's hit show The A-Team. Mano rose to the occasion to pen Eye to Eye with Mr. T (illustrated by Brad Holland). Mr. T isn't the only magnificent male specimen in this issue. Anson Mount brings you Playboy's Pigskin Preview of the best teams and players to watch during the coming collegiate season.

So much for brawn. On to brains: the kind that deal in Ks, megawork and loops. Croig Vetter calls young possessors of such brains Technodarlings, and that's also the title of his article, illustrated by Sandra Hendler. Vetter, who spent weeks on campus at MIT researching this piece, says of these students, "One thing is for sure. They all plan on making a lot of money."

Which may or may not make them happy, as Andrew Tobios points out in his Quarterly Report, Financial Foreplay. One guy who wouldn't mind being rich but can't seem to be to save his irreverent soul is singer-songwriter Randy Newman, at whom David Sheff fired our typically blunt 20 Questions. Newman, long hailed by critics as one of America's best living songwriters, explains how it feels to be a critical success and a commercial yawn. And while we're on the subject of irreverence, we have a hilarious excerpt from cartoonist B. Kliban's latest book, Luminous Animals and Other Stories, published by Penguin, and a downright disgusting little exercise in crass vulgarity by television's own Pat McCormick, appropriately titled Taste Takes a Holiday.

To round out the issue, we have a wonderfully humorous (and not too farfetched) short story by James Howard Kunstler called No Trade (illustrated by Wilson McLeon) that takes us behind the scenes of a vaguely familiar big-league-baseball franchise; a memoir by Bill Borich about a star player in an older game (the horizontal mambo), Armand in a Sea of Skin; poster girl Dorit Stevens revealing in Dick Zimmermon's photographs what her poster can only imply; our artistic (in more ways than one) September Playmate Borboro Edwords; and, last but not least, the Girls of the Atlantic Coast Conference, brought to you by Contributing Photographer David Chan, make-up artist Sherral Snow and photographic assistant Norm Stevens. As long as there are young ladies like these arriving at college campuses around the nation every fall, September morns will be among our favorites.









MOUNT















KUNSTLER



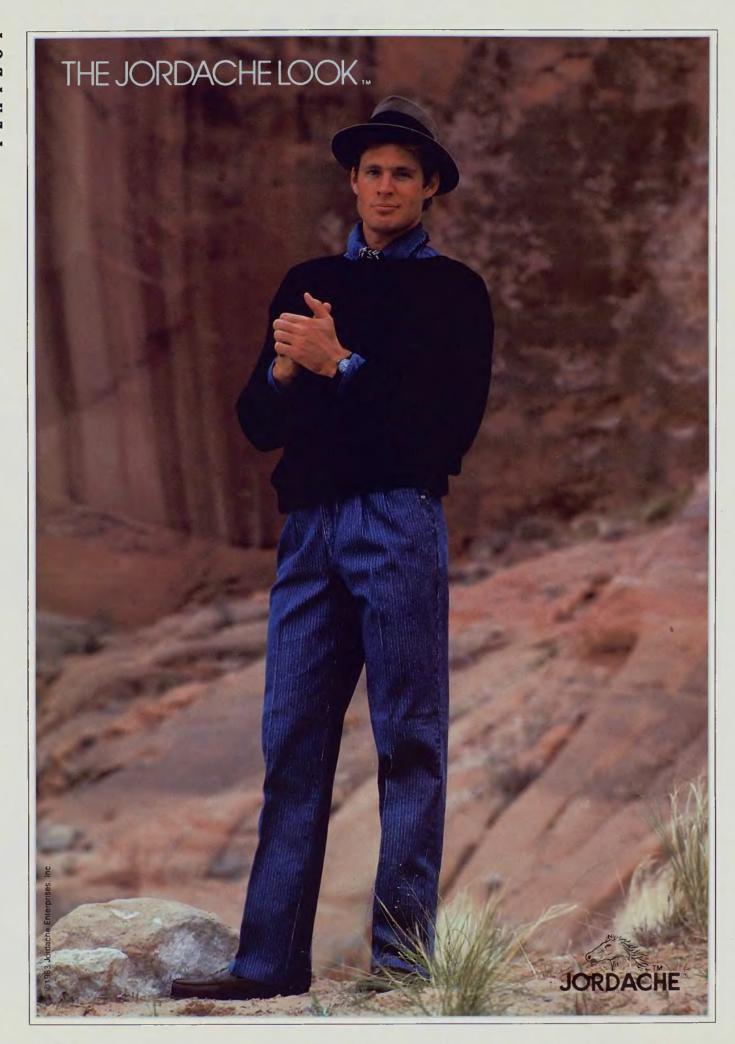




ZIMMERMAN



CHAN, SNOW, STEVENS



PLAYBOY.

vol. 30, no. 9-september, 1983

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COVER STORY

Many of us spend time sweating it out at the health club, where we have become accustomed to seeing women in stretchy fabrics and those mast peculiar of accessories—leg warmers. None of which necessarily prepares you for Playmate Kym Herrin (photographed by Steve Wayda)—wearing a tantalizing scoop du jour. Bodybuilders who are straining their eyes in search of our ubiquitous hare are advised to take a look at the belt buckle.



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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





THE FIRST TIME: PLAYBOY GOES DUTCH

Bunny Jackie Williams and Playmate Ellen Soeters (top) display the initial issue of our new Dutch edition, which sold out its entire press run of 130,000 in five days. That's Ellen above in her inaugural gatefold shot—a very tempting Dutch treat, indeed.



PLAYBOY GRID GREATS GO VIDEO

Above: Sheraton Bal Harbour Hotel g.m. Gerald Gutenstein, Arizona linebacker Ricky Hunley and super q.b. Terry Bradshaw hit the beach during taping of College Football '83: The Playboy All-America Team. Bradshaw co-hosts with PLAYBOY's Anson Mount.

HEFNER PROVES HIMSELF A GOOD DRAW

Below: A former PLAYBOY cartoonist who made good shows his stuff at Playboy Mansion West. Hef hosted a party there for the National Cartoonists Society, and some of America's top penmen signed in with personalized artwork. From top right, Charles M. (Peanuts) Schulz with Hef; Jim (Garfield) Davis and Bil (Family Circus) Keane.





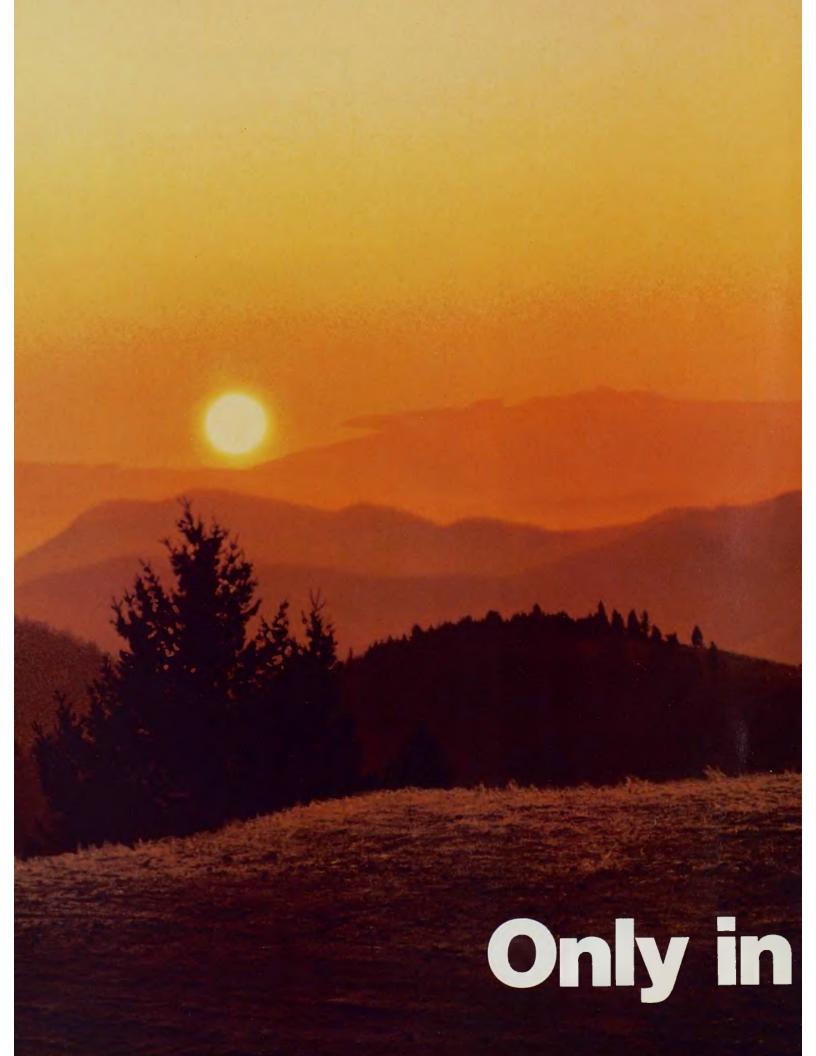
LOURDES IS A CAPITOL GAIN IN HAWAII

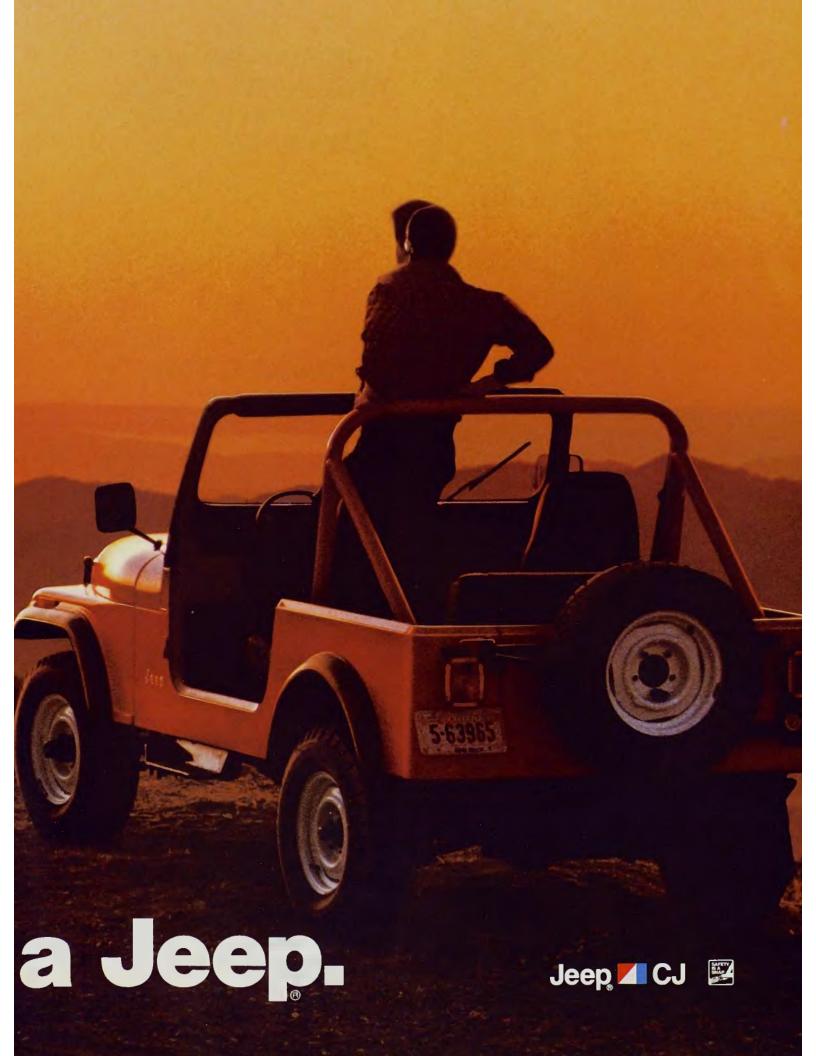
At left is June 1982 Playmate Lourdes Estores. She's looking at her boss (on her right), Norma Wong, state representative from Hawaii's 48th District. Estores is Wong's legislative secretary/assistant. The two took time out to pose before Hawaii's state capitol building, which now houses at least one great legislative body.

RITA, DO DO THAT VOODOO THAT YOU DO SO WELL

At right, April 1981 PLAYBOY pictorial star Rita Jenrette prepares with fellow actresses Diane Clayre Holub (left) and Kristina Wetzel for her film debut in *The Last Picnic*, a thriller in which she and her pals cruise a voodoo bash and subsequently run for their lives, among other things.











DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS DEAR PLAYBOY PLAYBOY BUILDING 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

MERRY ANNUM, MARIANNE



Back in October, I vowed that if you didn't make Marianne Gravatte your Playmate of the Year (PLAYBOY, June), not only would I recommend that the whole lot of you have your eyes examined but I also would never buy another copy of your magazine. My humble apologies.

Eric Baldwin Albuquerque, New Mexico

Just one picture of Marianne Gravatte would have made your June issue worth every penny and then some. Good choice; good show!

Ben Wierman Coon Rapids, Minnesota

Why do you do this to me? Last October, I fell in love with the vision of perfection that graced the gatefold of your magazine. Now, months later, you prove to me once again that our tastes run parallel by naming Marianne Gravatte

Playmate of the Year. But how could you destroy my sweet dreams and fantasies by mentioning that she has a fiancé and then twist the knife by accompanying that revelation with what is probably the most wonderful pictorial I've ever seen?

Michael Lackey
Hello, Dolly! National
Touring Company
Somewhere on the road

Marianne Gravatte is so stunning that I dropped the Playmate of the Year on the floor! A day later, her foldout poster is on the wall at work, and down the street the newsstand is all sold out of June's PLAYBOY. She's everywhere, and she's got everybody watching. Leonine Marianne is a perfect Playmate of the Year—she has it all, from every angle. I'd gladly crash my truck on the freeway for just one more look.

Jeffrey I. Weill Monterey, California

Look left for another vision of our luminous standard-barer for 1983. Everyone had better drive defensively around Jeff Weill.

LITERALLY TERRIFIC

Thank you for the great June Playboy Interview with Stephen King. I have been a fan of his since Carrie. I admire his frankness and his attitudes toward marriage and family, and I'm looking forward to reading his future books (with the lights on).

Sharon McConnell Murray, Kentucky

It's almost disheartening to see how "normal" King is in real life. From the man who brought us pyrokinesis, vampires and Armageddon, I would expect fangs and at least a little howling at the moon. You've given us all a closer look at the friendly bear of terror.

Roy Allbritton Tulsa, Oklahoma

For a grown man, Stephen King really doth protest too much about the potential

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Enjoy it Con Mosca and 55 other ways. Write for new recipe book 84 Pf. Imported by Palmor & Lord, Ltd. Syosset, N.Y. 11791. evils lurking under his bed. I also used to worry about those furry, sneering gremlins that cling, like ferrets, to the bottom of the box springs, just waiting until you douse the lights so they can sit on your face. I worried so much that I finally bought a water bed. Nothing crawls under a water bed, not even an anorectic roach.

Ross R. Whitney Spokane, Washington

SMILE WHEN YOU SAY THAT

I have been a devoted reader of your magazine for 17 years, but in the June issue, you have a pictorial (*Diamonds Are the Girl's Best Friend*) on a "kissing bandit" who is unquestionably the most attractive woman ever to appear in PLAYBOY. I hereby nominate her for 30th Anniversary Playmate. It should be clear that there's no such thing as too much Morganna.

A. White Wenatchee, Washington

Thanks a lot, PLAYBOY! For years, my husband has been satisfied with my 34B, handing me that tired old "Anything more than a mouthful is wasted" line. Well, since your pictorial on Morganna and her 60-inch bust, his mouth seems to have gotten bigger. When you describe her as "I-cupped," is that a typo? You may as well print one more picture of Morganna for my spouse.

Nancy Gerardo San Dimas, California

That was no typo—Morganna's brassieres are made to order by the same people who put roofs on domed stadiums. While we support



busts of all sizes, we suspect the Gerardos might agree that when you say "Morganna," you've said more than a mouthful.

BI-OLOGY

I read with great interest the May installment of The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey regarding sexual identity-straight, gay and bi. It is a definite milestone in modern sex research, and you are to be generously congratulated. Perhaps you are beginning to realize, at long last, just how many gays and bi's faithfully read your magazine each month. But there is hardly an equal representation of male nudity for us, n'est-ce pas? You may also be interested to know that Kinsey's famous study of male sexuality, published in 1948 and quoted extensively in your article, turned up yet another curious male sexual phenomenon. In one of the Kinsey case studies, reported on by Wilson Bryan Key in Media Sexploitation, the showing of nude male photographs, drawings and paintings to 4191 straight adult males led to erotic arousal in 54 percent of them. Thus, it would appear that a substantial number of your straight readers might enjoy a little male nudity now and then as well. A little more beefcake, please!

(Name withheld by request) Los Angeles, California

In compiling and analyzing the responses in part three of The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey, your researchers make many assumptions based on a few nonspecific questions. One of the assumptions about developing sexual preference is that some women may have chosen homosexuality "through identification with feminist politics" or "as a reaction against negative experiences with men." That assumption is not only scientifically illogical based on the evidence present but also dangerous to the understanding of homosexuality in general. It implies that being a homosexual is something that can be selected or decided. Homosexuality is not a choice or a reaction but a predetermined biological mandate, and to imply that lesbianism is a negative response to men is dangerous and foolish. I am one of the 247 lesbian respondents to your survey, and I did not experience homosexual activity until adulthood. It was not, as assumed, because I did not feel any homosexual urges as an adolescent but because I misunderstood and repressed those urges. The opportunity to express homosexual urges is not generally acceptable, and to finally accept a "deviate" sexuality is not done lightly or easily.

(Name and address withheld by request)

GOOD EGGER

I received a pleasant surprise when I read the Data Sheet for the Playmate of the Month in the June issue of PLAYBOY, because Jolanda Egger's dimensions are all in correct metric units. I suggest that you give consideration to including metric symbols in the appropriate spaces on your statistics form. That would encourage Playmate applicants to measure themselves with a meter tape and a kilogram scale. Such a move could do more than anything else to help bring the United States in step with all other countries as far as measurements are concerned.

Louis F. Sokol, President Emeritus U.S. Metric Association Boulder, Colorado

Jolanda Egger will be the 1984 Playmate of the Year, and that's an event I am looking forward to.

Andy Richter Garrison, New York

The first time Jolanda Egger's beauty captured me was in the Ladies of Spain

pictorial in your April issue. What a thrilling surprise it is to see her as the June centerfold! But then again, it's really no surprise at all. As my greediness devours her elegance, I beg of you: One more picture!

Todd Colicchio West Orange, New Jersey Glad to comply, Todd. Here's an elegant



fix for your ravenous avarice, though it sounds as if what you really need is a leash.

MIXED REVIEWS

I read Asa Baber's Men column in the June issue of PLAYBOY and was really impressed. I am a woman who believes in equality of the sexes, though I must regretfully admit that fanatics have taken things too far. Men and women need each other like the two sides of a coin. Although it's difficult to see and accept one's opposite side, we must do it or we're incomplete. I enjoy the company of men and like being treated as a woman-an intelligent woman with capabilities of my own. It is a wonderful thing when men and women can admit their mutual respect-in writing, on television, at work and in the home. Thank you, Mr. Baber, for your support of the human race.

> Terri Walters Modesto, California

I read Asa Baber's Men column in the June issue of PLAYBOY. I really think he's a sick fellow—he ought to be writing for Ms. magazine. Wise up, jelly, and be a man—women don't belong in a man's society. They belong at home raising a family, the way God wants it. Please forward MACHO's mailing address—it sounds like a damn good club to me.

Richard Wilkinson East Greenbush, New York

IT GOES FROM CAR STEREO DIN



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"I think Smirnoff is an excellent value in vodka. And our guests must, too. They keep asking for it."



There's vodka, and then there's Smirnoff.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



THE DESK SET

Executives and secretaries use their desk drawers to store more than paper clips and legal pads. Leonard Itkin, vice-president of The Itkins Office Furniture Company, compiled a list of items left inside rented desks returned to the firm's Manhattan warehouse. They include a leather whip and a matching mask; a Barbie doll dressed in Ken-doll clothes; a video cassette featuring what Itkin described as several men and women "engaged in acts of extreme friendship"; a live turtle; a complete set of 1971 PLAYBOYS in mint condition except for missing centerfolds; and three pairs of bright-red men's bikini briefs found in the desk drawer of a female advertising executive.

The April issue of Soap/Cosmetics/Chemical Specialties reported on a hard-to-resist promise made by a down-under company's eucalyptus soap: "Americans will soon be able to take a shower and at the same time breathe in the fresh smell of the Australian bush."

OUT, DAMNED SPOT

The only thing worse than sleeping on the wet spot is trying to clean it up later. You launder. You dry-clean. And your sheets still look like a map of the Middle East. Cum 'N Go, a new liquid soap "for the intimate stains in your life," promises to make your dirty laundry an embarrassment of the past. In its eight-ounce, eightinch "provocative" bottle, the scented soap claims to be "mild enough for use as a body wash and shampoo." Have we aroused your interest? Just shoot off your check or money order for \$6.95 to Chasing Rainbows, P.O. Box 28962, Atlanta, Georgia 30358.

BIKE WARS

Riding a stationary bicycle is good for your health but duller than your wife's family. Playing video games is fun but exercises only your wrists. Now, Suncome, Inc., has invented a way to combine them—the Aerobics Joystick. One end of this marvel attaches to your floor-bound bike, the other to an Atari or Sears videogame console. And, wouldn't you know, the speed at which you pedal determines the speed at which your spaceship flies and your weapons fire.

The Sun of London ran an ad in its Overseas Property for Sale section that read: "Hollywood Ranch—invest or build in beautiful San Rosa between Texas and California." Thus situated, it's an easy commute to almost anywhere.

The Japanese love English words. Too bad they aren't all that skilled in applying them. Advertising Age listed a number of Japanese products with English-sounding brand names ready for export. Here are a

few: Pocket Wetty hand towels, Trim Pecker trousers, Green Piles lawn fertilizer, Cow Brand shampoo, More Ran teacakes, Shot Vision TV sets and, aimed at the California market, the soft drink Calpis.

HAVE A BALL, HITLER

During World War Two, the British marched to and chanted the Colonel Bogey march, the tune popularized in The Bridge on the River Kwai: "Hitlah has only got one ball./Göring has two, but they are small./Himmlah has something sim'lah./But Doctah Goebbels has no balls at all." Now The Secret Diaries of Hitler's Doctor refutes that allegation. According to Theodor Morell, Hitler's personal physician, the Führer's testicles were perfectly normal. Another nut case laid to rest.

A House subcommittee, charged with assessing the enormous domestic marijuana production, estimated that American entrepreneurs are growing 25,000 tons of the stuff a year, 40 percent of which is the legendary sinsemilla. Representative Glenn English, chairman of the House Government Operations Committee's agriculture subcommittee, gets our *mot juste* award for his quote describing that particular brand of pot as being able to deliver "stupefying blasts of intoxication."

The handicapper for Montreal's Gazette picked Ideal Anus as the best bet in the ninth race at Blue Bonnets track. We heard that the trotter came from behind.

BEEF WELLINGTON

In an act that was indisputably subcontinental, a heavily built Maori protester in Wellington, New Zealand, broke through police lines, lowered his grass skirt, bent over and flashed a royal indignity in the direction of Prince Charles and Princess Diana. Police said the couple,



TAKES A HOLIDAY

By Pat McCormick

Taste is our inner gyroscope, which tells us how to act: Should we hold back or let go? The trouble is, too many of our tastes are shaped by what we think others will think of us. Should we behave like Oscar Wilde or like Wallace Beery? Should we cock our finger while drinking tea or finger our cock? It's not easy. What would it be like if that inner gyroscope gave way? Venture, as I did, on a day when taste had taken a holiday.

7:20 A.M. I awoke to David Hartman, who was interviewing Nobel Prize winner Mother Teresa. She was talking about how funny it was to belch just as a priest gave her Holy Communion.

7:40 A.M. I switched channels to the Today show. George Carlin was commenting about how most women who are against abortion are ones you wouldn't want to screw, anyway. He was on for a charity—a campaign to start a home for the visually unpleasant.

8:25 A.M. The newspaper kept alive the idea that taste had taken a holiday.

Some man in Chicago claimed that when Helen Keller died, she didn't know it. He also said that Beethoven was so deaf he thought he was a painter.

8:45 A.M. Paul Williams called. I suggested that our families get together on Thanksgiving and fuck a turkey.

Because of the kids, Paul will wear a rubber.

8:50 A.M. As I hung up the phone, I wondered whether or not Paul would ever finish his song I Saw Mommy Kissing the Pool Man's Balls.

9:00 A.M. Out of habit, I continued combing the newspaper. An item on page three noted that some charity group had parachuted Sally Struthers into Biafra.

9:10 A.M. I checked my answering service.
The animal shelter called—my cock was ready.

Then I got a message inviting me to a rally—all the widows of Juan Corona murder victims were getting together.

9:25 A.M. Enough messages. I drove into town. I noticed on the way that a new ass-hair repair salon had opened up.

10:25 A.M. Drove by the adult-novelty shop. It was featuring edible rubbers.

10:45 A.M. On the car radio, I heard Joan Crawford's daughter thanking someone for teaching her how to duck.

11:20 A.M. A news bulletin said that a producer's head had been thrown into a horse's stall in New Jersey.

11:55 A.M. As I pulled into a parking lot,

a cop arrested a handicapped man for parking in a regular space.

12:00 noon. Entered the half-Mexican, half-Jewish restaurant, The Casa Hadassah.

12:05 P.M. I met a friend, Martin Mull, inside for lunch. He was upset. He was aristocratic, lived with his family in Connecticut but was broke. He kept up the appearance of class by giving his children candied swan shit.

12:45 P.M. I headed for the men's room. Said hello to Don Rickles, who was on his way to give his kids swimming lessons at a toxic-waste dump.

1:15 P.M. When I returned to the table, I could see that Martin was upset. He told me more than I wanted to know. He had used his finger to have sex with his pet rock! He said that as a boy, he had gone into a field and tried to bring a stalk of corn to climax. I told him to go home and lie down.

1:45 P.M. I drove by the park and saw the weird man Richard Pryor had told me about. The man stands outside the men's room at the children's zoo. He takes little boys into the men's room, because their mothers can't go in with them. Sometimes, he even bathes them, whether they want him to or not.

4:00 P.M. Drove past a furniture store. In the window was a Mafia water bed—a body was floating in it.

7:30 P.M. As I drove to the film lab, I wondered whether or not there was anything to the idea of naming farts, like hurricanes.

9:40 P.M. Drove by the flashing neon sign of the all-night gynecologist's office, Stirrup City.

10:30 P.M. Screened my film of Jimmy Durante hang-gliding nude over Irene Dunne's house.

Care most of the time. But occasionally, don't care. Remember: Henry Ford, with all his money, never owned a Cadillac. Henry VIII never saw "Deep Throat."

Let loose. If you don't, it's like staying in the same town all your life. Venture forth. Let taste take a holiday. who were preparing to leave the plane that had brought them in from Auckland, didn't spot the moon shot.

The tattooed Te Ringa Mihaka, 42, was wearing a piu piu, the traditional Maori grass skirt. In Maori custom, mooning is much more than a youthful prank and represents a highly offensive gesture. Mihaka pleaded not guilty to the charge of offensive behavior and was freed on bail. "If the charge had been showing contempt to royalty, I would have pleaded guilty," said the wisecracking native.

A man who was filming a movie on the dangers of low-level overpasses was killed near Dallas when the truck on which he was standing passed under an overpass. Mike Stewart, president of Auto Convoy Company, was standing, facing backward, in the bed of a pickup truck mounted on the flat bed of a tractor-trailer when the accident occurred. The movie was to be shown to the company's employees.

WOMANPOWER

Kathy Cody, 29, was named secretary of the year by a branch of Manpower Temporary Service, a large national supplier of temporary secretarial help. The award stated that she had "exceeded the highest level of proficiencies as a temporary." Two days after receiving it, Cody drew three years' probation for boosting nearly \$9000 from a company for which she had worked last fall. An assistant state's attorney pointed out that Cody had since paid back the money. Our question is, Did she return the flowers and the candy?

When John De Lorean was arrested on charges of dealing cocaine, his wife, Cristina Ferrare, asked New York designer Albert Capraro to come up with a wardrobe for her to wear in court. Making a good impression is nothing to sniff about.

I SEE LONDON, I SEE FRANCE

After some thought, the director general of Great Britain's Central Electricity Generating Board, Dr. Walter Marshall, awarded a design-and-safety-study contract for the country's first pressurized-water nuclear reactor to a French company, Framatome, despite serious problems the latter had experienced with similar designs in its native land. But this is an appropriate time to buy a French design, said Dr. Marshall, because "[the French] have been caught with their pants down." And the nature of the French reactor problem? Why, cracks, of course.

We won't comment on the fact that there is a Milwaukee realty company that goes by the name of Head & Seemann.

At lunch one day, we spotted the license plate SMEGMA. The driver, we presume, likes to use his horn.

BENSON & HEDGES The Deluxe 100. BENSON & HEDGES 100's DeLuxe Ultra Lights PARK AVENUE - NEW YORK Philip Morris Inc. 1983

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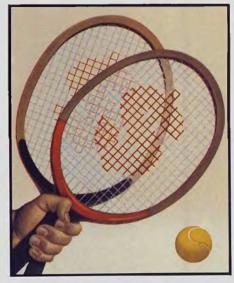
BOOKS

Michael Mewshaw set out to expose corruption in pro tennis. Pro tennis wouldn't cooperate. Mewshaw's Short Circuit (Atheneum) misfires when it comes to getting the real inside dope about men's tennis, because the author never got within shouting distance of the top players. About the best his book can offer is a long interview with John McEnroe's father—who will, reportedly, talk to anybody.

Conversations with the Enemy (Putnam's), by Winston Groom and Duncan Spencer, is the story of Marine Pfc. Robert Garwood, a man interviewed in this magazine (July 1981), a man who spent 14 years as a prisoner of war in Vietnam. From the moment we see his capture by the Viet Cong near Da Nang in 1965 to his court-martial in 1980, what we have here is damned good adventure. We read Garwood's version of his imprisonment: the survival skills he developed, the friends he lost, the quandaries faced by military men who try to live up to the Code of Conduct, the inhumane conditions under which the prisoners lived, the hazards and the uncertainties of coming home again. High drama, in other words. The problem is that the authors have given us little beyond Garwood's point of view. In the case of a man with so complex a history, that's not really enough.

Newton Thornburg wrote a good novel (Cutter and Bone) that became a cult movie starring Jeff Bridges, John Heard and Lisa Eichhorn. The two title characters were down-and-out Southern Californians turned amateur detectives. In Dreamland (Arbor House), Thornburg introduces a new team, Reno and Crow. Reno is a 16-year-old runaway wise-ass chick; Crow is a 35-year-old veteran of the counterculture. The two tackle a group of inept but lethal paramilitary types. The body count is impressive, the banter the best this side of the James Garner-Mariette Hartley Polaroid commercials. It will make a great movie. Read it now.

Hold the phone. We mean the SL 50b Voiceless Telephone. It costs about \$10,000, and it's terrific. In The Complete Spy (Perigee), Robert McGarvey and Elise Caitlin tell you all about it, plus other gizmos, gimmicks and supertech gadgets that can turn you into a James Bond immediately. For about \$5000, you can buy The Electronic Handkerchief-and, yes, you do more than sneeze into it. You scramble your voice with it. This book is fun and informative; by the time you get done reading about what's in the market place (bugs and taps, surveillance devices, cameras, alarms, personalprotection gear, etc.), you'll wonder what's



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A wishbook for would-be spies.

coming up next—and there's a chapter on that, too. The book comes with a list of manufacturers and suppliers, so read it and creep!

In August (Houghton Mifflin), Judith Rössner takes us to the analyst's couch for specious sessions on love, death, sex and growing up. Dr. Lulu Shinefeld is a twice-divorced mother of three who's having an affair with another psychiatrist. One of her patients, ten-year-old Dawn Henley, is an orphan who grew up calling her lesbian aunt "Daddy" and fell in love with her

first analyst (a man). Rossner holds this compendium of modern problems together with cryptic dreams, Freudian analysis and voluminous, repetitive dialog. What we miss is the simpler charm of her earlier work.

The plot of *In the Polomor Arms* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), by Hilma Wolitzer, is a fleshed-out version of an Ann Landers letter, one that reads, "He says he'll divorce his wife and marry me—will he?" Wolitzer takes that familiar situation and energizes it with a cast of marvelous characters and scenes of uncommon depth. You want real life? Get it here.

A terrorist threatens to blow up our national archives; a precious gem disappears; a celebrated historian is stabbed. In *Morder in the Smithsonian* (Arbor House), international art dealers and museum curators spend a steamy July under the scrutiny of D.C. detectives. The author, former First Daughter Margaret Truman, makes you sweat a little, too.

In Politics and Money: The New Road to Corruption (Macmillan), Elizabeth Drew carefully explores the sleazy realities of American campaign financing and concludes that, despite so-called reform, public office is still bought and sold and traded among the rich. So what's new? The way they do it. A fascinating look at democracy's dangerously weak heart.

BOOK BAG

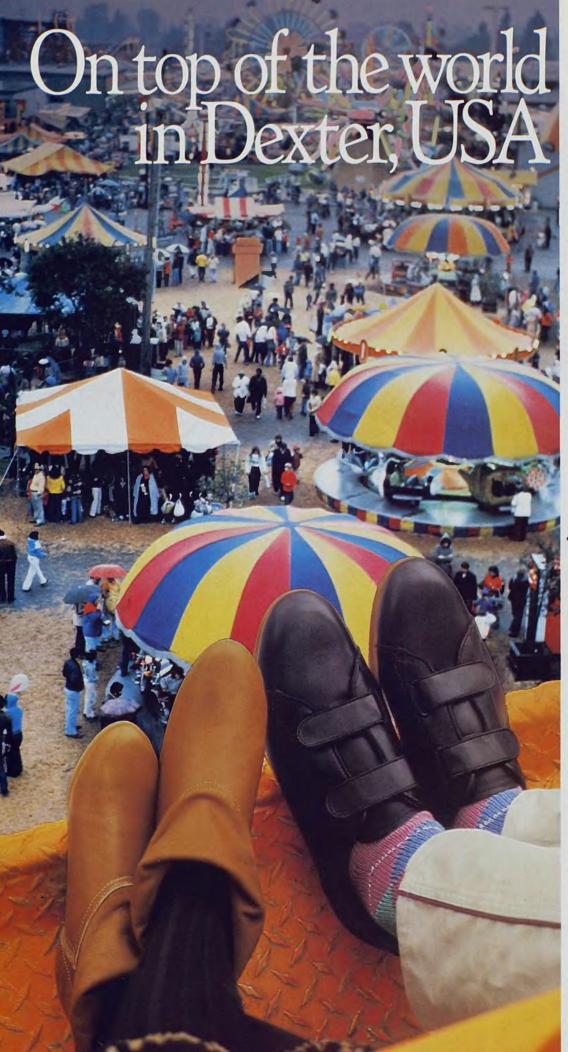
An Ice-Cream War (Morrow), by William Boyd: History is most easily read when it's disguised as a novel. This novel is about World War One as fought in the East African colonies. Boyd makes you feel the heat.

Love & Glory (Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence), by Robert B. Parker: One of the few times the prolific Parker has written a novel not about one of our favorite urban detectives, Spencer. It has moments, but it's not up to snuff.

White Mischief: The Murder of Lord Erroll (Random House), by James Fox: This is a rip-roaring yarn—all true—about the Brits in Kenya in the Twenties and Thirties. It's full of sex, drugs and mayhem. A wonderful read.

The Salamandra Glass (St. Martin's Press), by A. W. Mykel: Here's a formula thriller with the authenticity of the Hitler diaries. If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, Robert Ludlum ought to be charmed.

Suder (Viking), by Percival Everett: First-time author Everett kicks his protagonist mercilessly in a paint-by-thenumbers first novel. An elephant is the best character.



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MUSIC



igh-TECH JUGGLER: Chris Bliss is a juggler but not like any juggler you've ever seen. He tosses tennis balls and mirror balls and scarves, like other jugglers, but he does it to music. That may not sound like much on the face of it, but when Bliss gets going to the Beatles or Jean-Luc Ponty or The Who, whatever he's throwing takes on the life of the music—and, finally, the dance of light that jumps and flies out of his hands resembles nothing so much as good fireworks.

Bliss has been juggling for eight years, but he didn't hone his skills as a street performer, the way most of his contemporaries did. In fact, what he does is so different that he had no theatrical ambitions for it when he started. "It had a very strange and personal evolution," he says, "and I didn't expect much from it. I never had much interest in the traditional forms of juggling, like throwing hatchets through my legs while telling castration jokes. I can't imagine practicing that stuff... spitting ping-pong balls out of my mouth for hours at a time. I just have no feeling for that at all."

His free-form style, augmented with a light show, looks infinitely more difficult than hatchet throwing, because he has nearly abandoned the usual arcs, orbits and rhythms that allow two hands to keep more than two things in the air. "The only reason for the familiar patterns is to establish a rhythm," he told us. "I let the music do that for me, so I'm constantly improvising. Actually, what I do is closer in spirit to dance than it is to juggling."

For the past few years, Bliss has been opening for rock-'n'-roll bands, including Asia, with whom he toured Europe and the U.S. recently. The bands like him as a support act because he tends to focus and heat the energy of the audience with his music and with the nearly psychedelic im-

ages he creates in the air above the stage. Not long ago, after we'd watched him open for Little Steven & The Disciples of Soul, we asked him why such quick, sure hands hadn't ended up playing third base for the Chicago Cubs.

"I'd love to be playing major-league baseball," he told us when he finished laughing. "But as a kid, I was fat, slow, I had bad knees and I never played any sports at all. I do have little muscles in my back that no one else has as a result of juggling, though."

Which figures; because, to paraphrase the classic description of the Grateful Dead, Bliss isn't the best at what he does; he's the only one at what he does.

-CRAIG VETTER

REVIEWS

Trumpeter Lester Bowie is a past member of the Art Ensemble of Chicago who has always subscribed to that band's credo: Keep one eye on the past, no matter

how vigorously you explore new territories. On his remarkable new double album, All the Magic! (ECM), Bowie again looks both ways. On disc one, he pays homage to traditional New Orleans jazz in the company of a percolating five-piece ensemble and two vocalists. On disc two, subtitled "The One and Only," Bowie gives us a look at his intimate relationship with his horn. This group of solos is sometimes sweet, sometimes grating and sometimes mere noodling. But both of these discs are, in the end, a blast. Bowie emerges an imaginative player and composer and a pretty funny guy for an avant-gardist.

The liveliest shards from the Gang of Four, XTC and Out on Blue Six have fallen together to make Shriekback, and their new album, Care (Warner), is built around full, growly rhythm tracks that combine live drums, computer drums and percussion tape loops. Everything else is laid on top, including the almost sinister monotone of the vocals. Perhaps the best description of what Dave Allen, Barry Andrews and Carl Marsh are up to here can be copped from the title of one of the tracks: My Spine (Is the Bassline). This is tight, highly produced stuff and, all in all, an encouraging, evocative show of what you can do with musical chips and circuits if you have enough imagination.

Synchronicity (A&M), crazy as it sounds, is both the most audacious gamble and the surest commercial effort The Police have ever delivered. Just when such cop clones as Men at Work and Duran Duran thought they had the magic formula sussed, Sting and company have shifted gears radically. Instead of the multitracked density and the reggaefied hyperkineticism of their previous albums, such tunes as Wrapped Around Your Finger and Tea in the Sahara are stripped down, midtempo charmers that highlight Sting's haunting, dreamlike melodies and Andy

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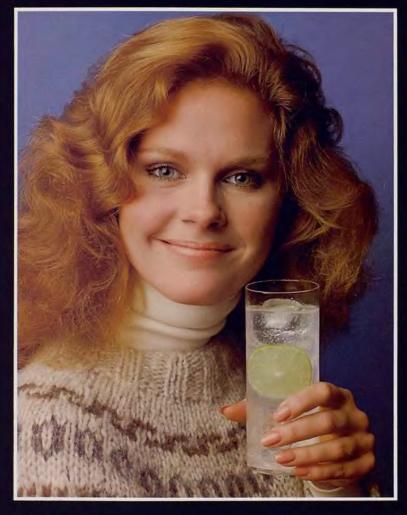
HOT

- 1. Sparks / Sparks in Outer Space
- 2. The Kinks / State of Confusion
- Mark Knopfler / Local Hero (sound track)
- Richard Stoltzman / Weber, Rossini, Mozart
- 5. Billy Cobham's Glass Menagerie /

NOT

- 1. Diet Pepsi Aerobic Program
- Adam and the Ants / Dirk Wears White Sox
- Meat Loaf / Midnight at the Lost and Found
- Duran Duran / Is There Something I Should Know?
- 5. Uriah Heep / Head First

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Summers' Zen-brush-stroke guitar colorations. The secret is in knowing how to do more with less—for example, adding a subtle avant-garde slant to the gorgeous Every Breath You Take or containing innovative synth and sequencer riffs with the Trojan horse of Sting's irresistible hooks and melodies on Synchronicity I and Walking in Your Footsteps. Like no other group since the Beatles, The Police can afford to ignore trends, even ones they helped initiate. These cops have become a law unto themselves.

It's been a long damn time; but at last, the lovers of bluegrass and honky-tonk have reason to rejoice: Delia Bell puts those two kissin' cousins of country side by side and gives them some of the finest sounds they've enjoyed since Willie Nelson went to perdition. Her album is as unaffected as its title-Delia Bell (Warner)and alternates the two styles: such tavern traditions as Back Street Affair and I Forgot More and such grassy classics as A. P. Carter's Wildwood Flower and Will You Miss Me. Banjo, mandolin and steel guitar take their proper places, and there's some righteous harmony by Carl Jackson. Holly Tashian and producer/arranger Emmylou Harris, which explains a lot. Good work, ladies! And you, too. Carl.

SHORT CUTS

Elvis/I Was the One (RCA): Mintcondition reissue of some blue-ribbon Elvis, including Wear My Ring Around Your Neck, Rip It Up and Ready Teddy.

Mose Allison/Lessons in Living (Elektra/Musician): A passel of Allison's most famous tunes, recorded live at the Montreux Jazz Festival and full of the fun and spirit that festival audiences always seem to draw out of the musicians who play there. Sidemen amount to a Who's Who jazz combo, including the amazing Billy Cobham on drums.

Big Joe Turner and Roomful of Blues / Blues Train (Muse): Real wild grit from the guy who premiered Shake, Rattle and Roll, with a backup band that bops, pops and blues rocks.

The Nighthawks/Ten Years Live (Varrick): Even bad boys from Bethesda get the blues, and these D.C. night-life fixtures got it bad, but that's good.

Modness (Geffen): This group ought to be committed. Fortunately, it is.

Cream/Strange Brew—the Very Best of Cream (RSO): Cream was great and its very best still is.

Floshdonce (Casablanca): This sound track stands on its own flashy merit—thanks to producer Phil Ramone.

Muscle Shools Horns/Shine On (Monument): Funk brass from the famous horn section. Stomp your feet and clap your hands.

Sly and the Family Stone/Ain't but the One Way (Warner): His music is still infectious, high-energy stuff.



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TELEVISION

By TONY SCHWARTZ

HE HAS A successful new production company now, Broadway Video, with two floors of elegant art-deco offices on 49th Street and Broadway. Even so, the past is never far away. From his window, Lorne Michaels has an oblique view of 30 Rock, headquarters of NBC. It was there, for a few electric moments, that he presided over the hottest TV phenomenon of the Seventies: Saturday Night Live.

Like everyone I knew, I watched Saturday Night religiously back then, identified with its outsider's attitude, wanted some of its sophisticated brashness to rub off on me. "Saturday Night was a show done by people who felt disenfranchised by television," Michaels said recently. "We dared to attack anything, including the values we

had been most influenced by."

How oddly distant that seems now. The spirit of the original show is moribund. Tom Snyder jokes have no impact when there's no Snyder to kick around anymore.

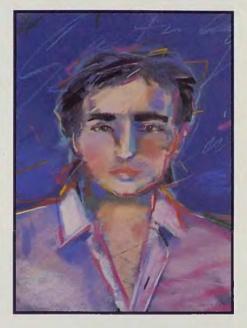
Nor do S.N.L.'s progeny offer much solace. The show's success spawned a series of pale imitations, programs that slavishly re-create the form but not the feel. Even the best of them, SCTV Network—now off NBC and soon to be available on cable's Cinemax channel—suffers because so much of its satirical territory, television, has already been milked by Saturday Night. Saddest of all is the latest incarnation of S.N.L. itself, an often witless ghost of the original that is saved only by the presence of Eddie Murphy and Joe Piscopo.

Equally disheartening is what has happened to the original cast. Most have turned to movies and, almost uniformly, the work they've done has been less interesting than what they did on TV—the medium that most of them deplored.

Michaels tries to explain his former colleagues' career choices. "To the public," he says, "it looks as if you're in charge of every choice you make. In fact, I think that actors usually go into projects because it seems like a good idea at the time. The pressure from the studios is to repeat whatever your last success was. There's no demand at all for risk takers."

Michaels argues that the risk taking on Saturday Night was partly a function of the show's special atmosphere. "What we had was a concept of community. We kept each other in line and pushed one another," he says. Which is Michaels' gentle way of acknowledging that his friends haven't always made the most admirable choices.

"It's much harder to hold a group together in America than it is elsewhere," Michaels adds. "Look at Monty Python. They've been able to stay together for 15 years. I think that they're the best comedy group working. But in this country, there's nothing quite like being a *star*. I don't



For Lorne Michaels, is there life after Saturday Night Live?

think it's necessarily a good thing, but that's the way it is."

What's sad is that along the road, the original cast seems to have lost its feisty anger and its instinct for innovation. What else but money would have induced Chevy Chase to take on a seemingly endless string of feeble projects (Oh Heavenly Dog, Modern Problems, Under the Rainbow) or to settle for utterly mainstream commercial comedies (Foul Play, Seems Like Old Times)? For what reason, other than an inflated sense of self-importance, would John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd have stretched the Blues Brothers, moderately amusing Saturday Night characters, into a self-indulgent multimillion-dollar movie? Aykroyd hasn't chosen noticeably better with Doctor Detroit or Trading Places, either.

Couldn't Gilda Radner have found more original projects than the plodding First Family and Hanky Panky or her recycled stage show, Gilda Live? Or Laraine Newman something grittier than the utterly forgettable Wholly Moses! and American Hot Wax? And who could have guessed that Jane Curtin's biggest score would be Divorce Wars, a mawkish television movie with Tom Selleck?

The exception to all of this is Bill Murray, who joined the Saturday Night cast in its second year. He is proof that it's possible to remain true to yourself after you're rich—and in spite of bad scripts. Even in his mediocre movies—Stripes and Meat-

balls—Murray has been explosive and unpredictable. Most admirable is the genuine chance he took in essaying a serious (and supporting) role as Dustin Hoffman's roommate in *Tootsie*.

"Billy has always been loaded with integrity," says Michaels. "His work speaks louder than anything else."

At the other end of the spectrum is John Belushi, whose difficulty handling success obviously contributed to his death last year. In retrospect, it's not surprising that Belushi did his subtlest and most disciplined work on Saturday Night.

"John was a person with difficulty controlling his appetites," explains Michaels. "The quickest way to destroy someone talented is to let him do everything he wants. The weekly regimen of Saturday Night was pretty strict. After John left the show, he was suddenly in an environment with no controls.

"I wasn't crazy about what he was doing. But part of the problem of my generation was a morality that said you don't tell people how to live. That was garbage! It was just a way to avoid taking responsibility."

For Michaels, the past four years have been a time to lay the foundation for the next move. "Doing 110 or so live shows in five years took an enormous toll on all of us," he says. "Afterward, my instinct was to lie fallow. I got married, I discovered how much I loved my wife, I worked on my garden. What I didn't anticipate was how much I'd miss the show. By the end of the second year, I began to feel useless."

Michaels has been involved in several projects—a Steve Martin TV special, a movie (Nothing Lasts Forever) directed by former S.N.L. writer Tom Schiller, the video version of the Simon and Garfunkel reunion concert in Central Park and a video of a recent Neil Young concert in Berlin. Most of his efforts, however, have gone into building Broadway Video into a state-of-the-art production-and-postproduction facility.

Still, nothing matches the excitement of Saturday Night, and now Michaels is ready to try weekly television again. NBC has been pushing him to produce a prime-time series ever since he left S.N.L., and he expects to have one ready for midseason.

Michaels won't be sure what the show is about until just before it goes on. There will be no pilot. "If Saturday Night had had a pilot, it wouldn't have gotten on the air. It was too different," he says.

I'd be willing to bet that Lorne's new series will be different and worth watching. I feel about him the way he feels about the original Saturday Night cast: "When people have enormous talent, they'll right themselves eventually. Success and material considerations can be distracting for a while. But in the end, talent will out."



MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

ALL'S WELL with Octopussy (MGM/UA), the first of two James Bond epics on tap for 1983. But while we're waiting for Sean Connery's comeback as 007 in Never Say Never Again, a well-seasoned Roger Moore and Octopussy continue the grand tradition of Ian Fleming on film in a rush of nonstop action, wit and innuendo. The Bond formula is sure-fire, virtually beyond criticism (and I'm not about to join that band of petty-minded pundits who feel compelled to take potshots at any movie that becomes a megahit). With George MacDonald Fraser heading a trio of authors, the screenplay directed by John Glen (and adapted from a couple of Fleming stories published in PLAYBOY way back when) clicks right along from the classic crowd-pleasing pretitle sequence to a breath-taking aerial finale. Elegant Maud Adams (paired with Moore in The Man with the Golden Gun nearly a decade ago) warms up the title role as an international jewel smuggler and entrepreneuse with a sumptuous lair in India. The mischief afoot concerns a priceless Fabergé egg and nuclear chess with Soviet agents. There's less high-tech gimmickry than usual and lots of pretty people (Louis Jourdan, Kristina Wayborn and Octopussies galore)



Brains' Martin checks Turner's body heat.

Steve Martin, as *The Man with Two Brains* (Warner), brings off a broad, hilarious spoof of all those spooky s-f flicks about mad doctors with labs full of cerebral lobes in bottles. Written by Martin, Carl Reiner and George Gipe, with Reiner directing the nonstop flow of adrenaline, The Man, portrayed by Martin, is a famous brain surgeon (he invented the screw-top method) who's in love with a disembodied brain. What he needs is a body to go with



Roger Moore and several of the other reasons to see Octopussy.

Hurrah for Bond, Steve Martin and Chapman as Yellowbeard.



Graham Chapman as Yellowbeard.

his dream girl, since he's getting nowhere with a mean, beautiful bitch (played deliciously by Kathleen Turner, the pulse-quickening star of Body Heat) who does not seem to believe in sex after marriage. This comedy is finger-lickin' funny—lewd as it is loud but never out of control. Martin is on the nose and in the money even when he appears to be totally off the wall. A lively double-header. ***

Interviewing and ogling a bunch of unhappy hookers is the business of **Chicken Ranch** (First Run), a sympathetic broadside from the bedside, so to speak, of a legalized Nevada brothel. This establishment borrowed the name as well as the game of the original Chicken Ranch, now defunct, widely known as *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*. In real life, the best is none too good, judging by the evidence gathered on film by codirectors Nick Broomfield and Sandi Sissel. There's occasional humor in such fringe benefits as the Ranch's Passion Chair (37 positions), but the testy proprietor, the customers and the



The chicks of Chicken Ranch.

girls themselves more often evoke sadness than laughter or lust in a stream of antisex small talk. Legal prostitution may well answer a need, but *Chicken Ranch* makes it clear that love for sale is no bargain, whether you're buying or selling. Titillation zero.

A full-sail spoof of pirate movies starring Graham Chapman, Peter Boyle, Cheech & Chong, Madeline Kahn, Peter Cook, James Mason, Michael Hordern, John Cleese, Eric Idle and the late Marty Feldman can't be all that bad. And Yellowbeord (Orion), with Chapman on leave from Monty Python in the swashbuckling title



role, is often outrageously funny. The surprise is that the movie isn't consistently better, considering the talent aboard, all working hard on a screenplay by Chapman, Cook and Bernard McKenna. The trouble with Yellowbeard may be too many cooks and too few of them on the same wave length as Peter. The early scenes, before Yellowbeard escapes from prison and everyone sets off in search of his buried treasure, are rich and ribald. Cleese, Kahn and Chapman initially play the bawdy period farce to a fare-thee-well, but director Mel Damski can't maintain the pace as the plot moves out to sea and inevitably starts drifting. There's evident strain, with a dozen or more actors in totally different styles on a collision course with gags that just aren't working. Too bad, but a comedy that starts out shipshape and ends up slipshod leaves a moviegoer marooned. ¥¥1/2

Lucas and Spielberg are tough acts to follow, but writer-director Michael Laughlin appears to be making some right moves along those lines in Strange Invaders (Orion). Some interplanetary visitors disguised as real people take over a tiny American town, evidently with our own Government's consent and cooperation. Laughlin has a flair for eerie visual effects reminiscent of Close Encounters and also knows how a pregnant silence can start pulses pounding. He's got a good make-up artist, as well (though his aliens look like antiquated E.T.s), and a deft company of anxious earthlings headed by Paul LeMat, Nancy Allen, Louise Fletcher and Diana Scarwid. As a film maker, Laughlin's main problem seems to be finding an over-all tone that rings true. It's tough to tell whether the awkwardness of certain scenes is tongue-in-cheek parody or just a misbegotten movie moment. Anyway, the guy's got enough talent to make me want to see what he does next. **

A rousing, madcap comedy of the old school, Trading Places (Paramount) is chock-full of knock-'em-dead opportunities for Dan Aykroyd and Eddie Murphy. Both, of course, are alumni of Saturday Night Live, and both are irresistible in director John Landis' ebullient spoof of big business at its baddest (clearly on the upswing from his listless share of Twilight Zone, reviewed below). Give some credit to Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod, authors of the uneven but inventive screenplay about two ruthless, manipulative commodities tycoons from staid Philadelphia-played with grand zest by veterans Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche-who make a private bet that they can mastermind a wicked game of role reversal. The idea is to frame and ruin



Meet the Strange Invaders.

Aykroyd, Murphy hot in Trading Places; Zone, Invaders provide scares.



Murphy and friends Michele Mais, Barra Kahn.

their preppie, proper young company manager (Aykroyd) and prove that his shoes can be filled by a feisty black hustler (Murphy) they almost literally pick off the street. Murphy, lording it in a mansion buttled by Aykroyd's sneering butler (Denholm Elliott), is consistently hilarious-with Aykroyd no less effective as the befuddled Main Line business whiz who eventually finds a heart-of-gold whore (Jamie Lee Curtis, out of her perennialvictim role and never better) to help him fight back. When the guys start slipping into comic disguises, stylish fun almost gives way to standard Saturday Night shtick. But the movie always manages to

get back on the track, seemingly guided by vintage Capra and Sturges ground rules, right up to a classic screwball-comedy sequence aboard a train loaded with good guys, bad guys and a lustful gorilla. The facts of the plot, something to do with cornering the market in frozen concentrated orange juice, were way over my head. But you don't need an M.B.A. from Harvard to relish the humor of *Trading Places*. Amid an onslaught of brash dialog, top of the line may be Murphy's mockingly innocent "Motherfucker? Moi?" ****/2

The brief prologue and the closing gambit of Twilight Zone—The Movie (Warner) are sublime tongue-in-cheek tributes to the late Rod Serling's classic TV series. Here, the magic ingredient is Dan Aykroyd, teamed up with Albert Brooks for the freewheeling opener. Everything they do, alas, handily upstages the four ministories sandwiched between the beginning and The End. Dullest of the lot, strangely, is Steven Spielberg's strained fantasy (segment number two) set in an old folks' home where everyone dreams young. Most obvious is segment number one, directed by coproducer John Landis. A waste on every level, this leaden fable about a redneck racist who finds himself hunted by Nazis, hooded Klansmen and GIs in Vietnam is the episode that cost the lives of actor Vic Morrow and two children in a



Quinlan, Licht visit Zone.

tragic helicopter accident on location. Director Joe Dante's OK tale of terror (number three) stars Kathleen Quinlan opposite a monstrous kid (Jeremy Licht) in a comic-strip world where his every whim is law. By far the best of it is Australian director George (The Road Warrior) Miller's slick, fearsome finale, with John Lithgow as an agitated passenger aboard a jetliner in an electrical storm. The in-flight demons are palpable, and Miller maintains a skin-prickling pace that may spoil your next plane trip as thoroughly as it spoiled mine. Otherwise, Twilight Zone as big-screen cinema is a keen disappointment-Serling remembered fondly but

dimly and watered down to suit the taste of audiences too young to know that television once had a golden age. *Y*

Stark simplicity and authenticity combine to make The White Rose (TeleCulture) a uniquely poignant drama on the recently overworked subject of Germany under Hitler. West German writer-director Michael Verhoeven takes his title from a secret society formed by anti-Nazi students in Munich in 1942-1943. For distributing handbills condemning der Führer and the war effort, five of the young activists and a sympathetic professor were tracked by the Gestapo, caught, summarily convicted and executed. Their heroic efforts had very little effect on the course of history, which somehow adds impact to the martyrdom of 21-year-old Sophie Scholl (memorably played by Lena Stolze), her brother Hans and their naïve, idealistic chums-all dissidents in a time and a place when dissidence spelled high treason. Verhoeven avoids sensationalism, concentrating on relationships, family conflicts, thwarted love affairs and the day-byday horrors of war-a sad but fascinating footnote to the Hitler era. ***

Despite the formidable talents of Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret, two top-notch French stars in a subdued suspense drama adapted from a novel by Georges Simenon, there is just one good reason to see L'Etoile du Nord (UA Classics). The title is taken from the name of a pre-World War Two train going from Brussels to Paris. There's a murder after the allaboard, but forget it. The train, the murder and the senior superstars are upstaged by Fanny Cottencon, a glittery Gallic blonde previously unknown to me but glorieuse on all counts. Playing Signoret's daughter, a professional party girl, she's sexy, charming, vulnerable-more aware and self-possessed than Marilyn Monroe, though otherwise strikingly reminiscent of MM in her prime. Encore, encore. **

In Psycho II (Universal), Tony Perkins, as mass murderer Norman Bates, is out of prison, presumably sane again and back in the kitchen of that old, dark house. Trouble is, Norman stammers when he tries to say c-c-c-cut-cutlery. There are other big laughs in this sodden sequel, some of them perhaps intentional, though I wouldn't bet on it. Vera Miles (of the original cast) and Meg Tilly appear as vengeful ladies who might well plead justifiable homicide if they slew the author of such lines as "A psychopath needs you?" My favorite bit was Perkins' moronic monolog about matricide, in which he confides that what he misses most about Mom is the smell of her toasted-cheese sandwiches. Reel by reel, I got a whiff of something ranker. The producers acknowledge their debt to Alfred Hitchcock, so don't be surprised if Sir Alfred comes back from the grave and sends them to the showers. ¥



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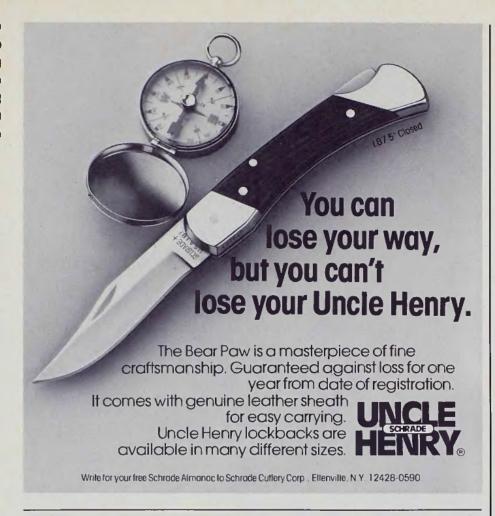
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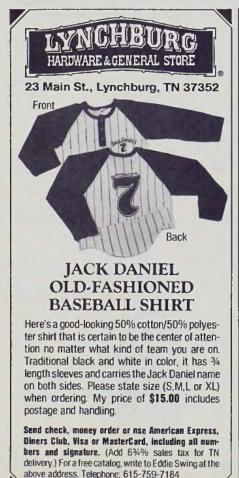
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MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

Blue Thunder Up, up and away with Roy Scheider in a chopper.

Breathless Gere triumphs over slick sex and violence.

Chicken Ranch (Reviewed this month)
Best little whorehouse, for real.

Doctor Detroit Aykroyd warm-up for better things to come (see below).

L'Etoile du Nord (Reviewed this month) Signoret, Noiret—and a sexy Fanny.

Exposed The real news here is Nastassia Kinski.

Fanny & Alexander Ingmar Bergman in top form with a warm, wry comedy about an eccentric family.

Flashdance Banal tale with great dancing—like it or not, a smash hit. ¥¥

Gabriela Sonia Braga, plus Marcello Mastroianni—torrid and tropical. ¥¥½

The Grey Fox A legendary outlaw, and they loved him in Canada.

The Hunger High-fashion vampires Deneuve, Sarandon and Bowie.

The Man with Two Brains (Reviewed this month) Dr. Steve Martin giving good head.

Octopussy (Reviewed this month) Bond's back and Maud's got him. ****/2

Psycho II (Reviewed this month) Too little, 22 years later.

Return of the Jedi Luke, Lucas and his irresistible Ewoks weighing good and evil all the way to the bank. Dandy. ***

Say Amen, Somebody Top Gospel singers raising the roof.

Spacehunter And the 3-D could stand for dull, dingy and disappointing.

Strange Invaders (Reviewed this month) Minor s-f, good scare.

Superman III Back again and OK but in a somewhat lower orbit.

To Begin Again Oscar miscast. **

Trading Places (Reviewed this month)

Murphy meets Aykroyd for what used to be known as a laff riot. ****/2

La Traviata Verdi's classic, sumptuously filmed by Zeffirelli.

Twilight Zone—The Movie (Reviewed this month) Better as a TV rerun.

Valley Girl California squares. ¥¥½
WarGames Computer-age whiz kid

invents World War Three. YYY1/2

The White Rose (Reviewed this month)

Anti-Nazi youth gang back in 1943.***

Yellowbeard (Reviewed this month)

All-star clown company at sea. ***/2

YYYY Don't miss
YYY Good show

¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

IDOL GOSSIP: Woody Allen returns to broad comedy with Broadway Danny Rose, described by one insider as "the story of a down-at-the-heels agent." Woody's reallife leading lady, Mig Forrow, co-stars. An early-1984 release is set. . . . James Garner and Shirley Jones star in Universal's Tank, about a soon-to-retire Army officer who uses a Sherman tank to rescue his falsely arrested teenaged son from prison. . . . Sherry Lansing's first project since leaving the presidency of 20th Century-Fox is Racing with the Moon, a Forties love story starring Sean (Bad Boys) Penn and Elizabeth McGovern. Richard Benjamin will direct. . . . Robert Redford, who hasn't starred in a film in ages, will play the lead in The Natural, based on Bernard Malamud's 1952 novel about a gifted baseball player whose innate abilities are subverted by corrupt moneymen and destructive women. Director will be Barry (Diner) Levinson. . . . John



Allen

Farrow

Schlesinger will direct Tim Hutton and Sean Penn in Orion's film adaptation of Robert Lindsey's true story, The Falcon and the Snowman, the tale of two disaffected young Americans who become entangled with the Russians. . . . Rick Springfield makes his motion-picture debut in Hard to Hold, a contemporary love story about a famous rock star who happens to fall in love with the one woman who is not a fan. . . . NBC-TV has set a seven-hour miniseries, Kennedy, to air on the 20th anniversary of J.F.K.'s assassination, in November. Martin Sheen, John (Missing) Shea, E. G. Marshall, Geraldine Fitzgerald and Blair Brown star. . . . Word has it that Steven Spielberg, producer David Geffen and director Mortin Scorsese are talking about doing a 3-D film version of the stage musical Little Shop of Horrors.

ROOM SERVICE: Just wrapped in Montreal and Quebec (subbing for New Hampshire and Vienna) is Orion's film adaptation of John Irving's quirky best seller The Hotel New Hampshire. Although screenwriter/ director Tony (The Border) Richardson is sticking fairly close to the book, I'm told that he sees the movie as being rather in the genre of Tom Jones, his boisterous 1963 hit, and plans to treat the sex-Irving fans

will recall that the novel deals with incest-in a "highly humorous way." But perhaps the most revealing aspect of the project is its casting, a rather odd but strangely appropriate combination of stars and character actors, including Jodie Foster as Franny, Rob Lowe as her brother





Bridges

Foster

John, Beau Bridges as Father, Nastassia Kinski as Susie the Bear, Amondo Plummer as Miss Miscarriage, Wilford Brimley as Iowa Bob and Wolloce (My Dinner with Andre) Shown as Freud. At presstime, The Hotel New Hampshire had not been scheduled for release.

CRADLE ROBBER: Twentieth Century-Fox's Only in Rio (written by Larry Gelbart and Charlie Peters, produced and directed by Stanley Donen) is a romantic comedy with an intriguing twist. Michael Coine and Joseph (My Favorite Year) Bologna play two friends who take their teenaged daughters (played by newcomer Michelle Johnson and General Hospital's Demi Moore) on a vacation trip to Rio de Janeiro. Sounds innocent enough until Bologna's daughter develops more than just a schoolgirl crush





Bologna



Coine

on Caine. Needless to say, complications arise, aided and abetted when Caine's wife suddenly becomes involved in the situation. Shot entirely in Rio, the flick is scheduled for a 1984 release.

SCHMALTZ DEPARTMENT: Is America ready to return to the good old days of wholesome. heart-warming motion pictures? That seems to be what MGM/UA is betting on this Christmas. The studio's only yuletide offerings will be Yentl, Barbra Streisand's magnum opus about a young woman's search for identity in turn-of-the-century Poland, and A Christmas Story, a G-rated,

Capraesque comedy drama about a nineyear-old boy's efforts to persuade both his parents and a department-store Santa to get him a Red Ryder BB gun for Christmas. Yentl, with music by Michel Legrand, co-stars Mandy (Ragtime) Patinkin and Amy Irving. A Christmas Story features young Peter (That's Incredible) Billingsley, Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin. Bring your handkerchiefs.

SEQUELMANIA: In keeping with the recent trend, the third installment of the highly profitable Amityville Horror series is in 3-D. Amityville 3-D, as it is called, is the story of a hoax that turns to horror when an abandoned well beneath the basement floor of the Amityville house is revealed to be the gateway to hell. (You'd think someone would have condemned the place by now.) Woody Allen side-kick Tony Roberts stars as a magazine reporter investigating a séance conducted at the notorious haunted abode, Condy Clork plays a photographer assigned to cover the story and Tess Harper is Roberts' soon-to-be ex-wife. One of the flick's more grisly special effects





Harper

Roberts

involves covering actor John Harkins (he plays the real-estate broker) with flies. To achieve the effect, director Richard Fleischer ordered 1,600,000 sterile male insects from the Department of Agriculture and had 35,000 fake flies assembled and attached to Harkins' body and clothing. Said Fleischer, whose credits include Doctor Dolittle, "I've worked with all kinds of animals before, but these certainly need more training to perform on cue."

HOT AND COLD: Screenwriter/director Lawrence Kasdan must be obsessed with varying degrees of temperature; his last film was Body Heat, his next is The Big Chill. Chill stars William Hurt, Kevin Kline, Jobeth Williams, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, Jeff Goldblum and Tom Berenger as a bunch of old college friends who reunite when one of their group commits suicide. Sexwise, will Chill be cooler than Heat? According to Williams, "There's not as much skin, but there's passion. Tom and I have a couple of hot scenes, as do Kevin and Mary Kay." The Big Chill will premiere in early autumn.





By ASA BABER

ONE EVENING last spring, I arrived home to find a concerned younger son. "I got called down to the lobby this afternoon," he said. "There was a man there. He showed me his I.D. and gave me this paper to give to you. He didn't say much. What's going on, Dad?"

What had been delivered was a notice from the Internal Revenue Service. I laughed at first. It seemed the IRS could always find us when it wanted to.

"They think we owe them money," I explained, "but we don't agree."

"So what's going to happen?"

"Well, I don't know," I said. "We send them information. They never respond. Sometimes, we send the same stuff five or six times. They ignore us. Now they show up at the door, like the police."

"Will you pay them?"

"Not until we get it straightened out," I said. Little did I know how soon I would eat those words.

"Was that guy a sheriff?"

"No," I said, "he was an IRS agent."

"Weird."

"Very," I said. And it was. My wife and I had written to and called the IRS on numerous occasions. We had sent information, copies of correspondence and tax returns, queries, all to no avail. The situation was right out of Kafka. There was no particular person in charge of our case, no appointments could be made, the IRS lost almost everything except the checks we sent and now had shown up at our front door. How do you explain that form of Government to a 14-year-old?

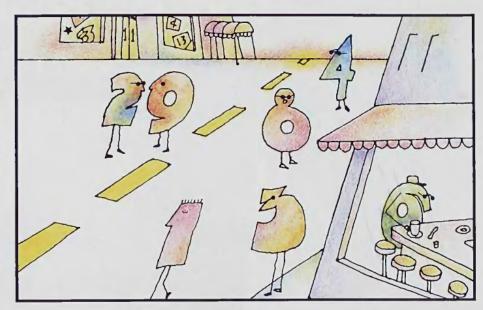
Worse, how do you explain what happened next? In a very few weeks-and in spite of the fact that we had promptly replied to the summons-there was a call from an officer at our bank. "The IRS is going to take what it thinks it's owed out of your account," he said. "We'll try to wait a week. See what you can do."

We called and wrote to the IRS again. Again, no response. And, sure enough, the IRS raided our account the next week, took what it thought it was owed and continued to ignore any questions or proof we had that it owed us a similar sum.

"What's the difference between that and

robbery?" my son asked.

I did not have an immediate or witty answer. But I recognized the empty, angry feelings I was having. They were similar to the emotions I had experienced in 1972 when a judge ordered that I could not visit my home or my children when I was going through a divorce. I felt emasculated, disenfranchised, helpless, impotent (though the IRS action was far less painful than the loss of child custody). I came to the conclusion that I lived in a totalitarian superstate that could take what it wanted from me at will, without fair proceedings.



BALL-BUSTIN' BLUES, PART ONE

"The male's pipe dream that he should be provider and protector is frequently obliterated by the superstate."

The trouble is that we men are raised on the wrong images, images of independence and freedom and self-determination: the lone sheriff in the Western movie who sticks to his guns and cleans up the town, the brave soldier who takes matters into his own hands and wins the battle, the graceful athlete who scores the winning goal. The male as proud, independent protector; that's the diet on which most of us are raised.

It turns out, of course, that our diet is poisonous to us. The images we carry with us have placed us in direct conflict with our bureaucratic, technocratic society. The male's pipe dream that he should be provider and protector is frequently obliterated by the superstate. Face it: Shane can't ride out of town until he has paid his taxes, and Superman can't go faster than a speeding bullet without permission from the EPA. Big Brother has grown into Big Father, and the superstate has taken over most of the functions that men were raised to believe were their responsibility. As a result, we see our ideal selves disappearing before our very eyes-and, as with my involuntary surrender to the IRS, before the eyes of our family.

None of this is to say that women have it easy. But I think that we men are raised with more rigid role models, more heroic standards, and the transition into life in the superstate is probably a longer and more painful journey for us.

"The great majority of men were, and still are, educated according to codes which are almost impossible to put into practice in our society," writes Karl Bednarik in his book The Male in Crisis. "Our world does not want the rebellious man who thinks and acts for himself at any risk. Even though it may officially proclaim the opposite for the sake of public relations, the workaday world actually wants the adjustable, adaptable man who can take orders and carry them out. . . . The old male role . . . is diminished; indeed, it seems to have become completely obsolete, with nothing new to take its place and furnish a guiding code of the same reliability and self-certainty. We have no serviceable, universally recognized image for the passive man. We have no image for the man in retreat . . . for the man who is expected to display the one characteristic most contrary to his nature: submission."

I don't know about you, but to me, Bednarik seems right on target when he writes about the male problem. "The majority of men suffer from a central disturbance in their masculine life," he writes. And I agree. The cause of that disturbance? In major part, the loss of power and control over our lives, lives truncated by the superstate.

Is there a way out of the cell in which we men are trapped? I think so. I'm working on it, and I'll try to share what I'm learning. It involves a revolution in male thought. I think we all have to go through that revolution if we are to survive.

Tune in next month.

Oh, yes, I almost forgot: What odds will you give me on my getting audited by the IRS again?

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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

SCIENTIFIC POLLS have shown that nobody knows how to date anymore. We used to. In the Fifties, the man took the woman to dinner and the movies and kissed her good night. In the Sixties, the man invited the woman to smoke some dynamite shit and spent the night with her. In the Seventies, the woman took the man to a consciousness-awareness seminar and promised to call him the following week.

But here we are in the Eighties, baffled. Nobody knows who is supposed to ask whom what. And yet most of us are still saddled with our huge and unwieldy sex drives, which, if they don't get the proper attention and nurturing, have temper tantrums and hold their breath and turn blue. We must date somehow.

Herein, I would like to propose preliminary dating etiquette for the Eighties, otherwise known as how to get an affair off the ground. Let's start with

POPPING THE QUESTION

It is still permissible and in excellent taste for a man to ask a woman for a date, but there are two hard-and-fast rules he must follow:

1. Do not be unnecessarily suave.

2. Do not be unnecessarily inept.

Sometimes, a man—to hide his embarrassment or simply because he is pond scum—will phone a woman and say, "Hi, there, sweetmeat, how's about you and me steppin' down to the Juke Joint for a few comestibles this P.M.?" That sort of grooviness will make a woman blow lunch—not the desired effect.

A man fearful of appearing suave will take a giant leap in the other direction and say, "Hi, there! Um. Uh.... Well! So, anyway, hello! And how do you like this hot spell? Hot enough for you or what?" With that approach, a woman will be tapping her foot in no time.

Be straightforward, be friendly and, above all, have a dating activity fixed firmly in mind.

DATING ACTIVITIES

Dinner and the movies are still OK, though unnecessarily hectic. Dinner *or* the movies is a better bet, thus giving you more free time to stare into each other's eyes and accidentally brush finger tips.

If you've opted for dinner, stay away from Burger King and Italian restaurants with roving violinists. If things are going extremely well, it is permissible and often desirable to play with your date's hair while waiting for dessert. But never, under any circumstances, play kneesies under the table.

A man who plays kneesies under the table is a man who will wear Bermuda shorts to the opera, a man who thinks Rod McKuen is a fine, fine poet, a man who has never practiced oral sex. Every woman knows that and, with the first hint of insistent knee pressure, will suddenly remember



HOW TO START A ROMANCE

"I would like to propose preliminary dating etiquette for the Eighties, otherwise known as how to get an affair off the ground."

an urgent appointment elsewhere.

Other acceptable dating venues are sporting events (no mud-wrestling or wet-T-shirt contests), the theater (no neighborhood productions of *Macbeth*) and musical events (no hootenannies).

Your date probably will not want to watch your softball team play the Amalgamated Chemical boys, she will certainly balk at visiting your ex-wife and she will have an epileptic fit if you suggest one of those adult motels with X-rated movies. Trust me on this.

WHO PAYS?

If you did the asking out, you must be prepared to underwrite the entire evening's festivities. That will entitle you to absolutely nothing but the pleasure of your date's company. A woman doesn't have to put out just because you sprang for an old bottle of Dom Pérignon and the rack of lamb for two.

Your date may decide she wants to contribute. In that situation, a modern man must be on guard for subtleties. If, for example, a woman says in a small, hesitant voice, "Uh, how much do I, um, owe?" you should not whip out your pocket calculator and five seconds later inform her that her share is \$42.73. You should instead tell her, "Forget it; it's my treat." But if a woman grabs the check and pulls wads of bills out of her wallet before you've had time to formulate your protest, it is only polite to let her pay.

If the woman has asked you out, she

should pay. But take plenty of cash with you just in case she doesn't know that.

DRUGS

A prevalent social phenomenon of the Eighties is the indiscriminate and promiscuous snorting of cocaine.

Certain women will expect you to have a gram neatly tucked away in your cummerbund on your very first date. Shun those women like the plague. Cocaine has no place in establishing a warm, friendly rapport with another human being.

Oh, you'll feel warm and friendly, all right, with a few lines tucked into your nose; but what you will, in fact, be is a blathering, cretinous bore. People tend to tell each other everything when they're on cocaine—such as how they hated their kindergarten teacher and what they really think of the situation in Lebanon. Then they'll have a few drinks and really get stupid. They may even get engaged and remember nothing about it the next day.

WHAT ABOUT SEX?

Well, what about it? How should I know? But I will—what the hell—say this: Sleeping with a woman on the first date signifies that your relationship is either (A) meaningless or (B) meaningful.

Meaningless as in your date doesn't care about you. Oh, she probably likes you a bit but, basically, she thinks of you as a sex object. Women have been known, when in the throes of nameless cravings, simply to rip off their clothes at the approach of the first presentable man they see. If your date had deeper feelings, she'd be more reticent,

Meaningful as in this is it. A real relationship and all that entails.

It's easy to tell the difference. If a woman is simply feeling the liquidity of desire, she'll be very nice and will press her body up against yours a lot, yet you'll be able to discern a subtle distance between the two of you. On the other hand, if you're involved in such a deep communion of souls that only when the sky gets light and the birds chirp does it occur to you both to go to bed together, you may have the real thing on your hands. Fasten your seat belt.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Some men have trouble with premature ejaculation. I have the opposite problem: My partner feels she doesn't turn me on enough. She has multiple orgasms, due to my ability to remain strong and firm, but if I don't reach a climax, then we feel we've missed something. I can have an orgasm during oral sex, but that is because there is much more direct stimulation. We have considered consulting some of those kinky sex manuals, but we both feel that that would be a last resort and could possibly further damage our emotional relationship by putting more emphasis on sex than is necessary. She doesn't know I am writing to you, but if you can give me some good advice on how to remedy this situation, I will come clean with her, because our relationship has always been based on trust and honesty. I would appreciate your professional comments.-T. T., Boston, Massachusetts.

There's nothing like bad or misunderstood sex to damage an emotional relationship. Intercourse isn't the only "normal" way to reach orgasm, nor is it the most efficient, as you've discovered. Our rule of thumb is, do whatever works. And if that fails, try kinky sex. And if that fails, go back to whatever worked. (You might pick up a copy of "The Playboy Advisor on Love and Sex." It's not the final word, but it's the best we could do on ten years' notice.)

I've always been told that the best way to stop a car with a manual transmission is to downshift to use the engine's braking power. But recently, someone told me that that was very hard on the drive train, that I should use only the brakes. When did the change in method take place?—O. D., San Diego, California.

It's hard to pinpoint when the change took place, but it did. What happened was simply that brakes got better. At one time-probably when you learned to drive-brakes had an annoying habit of fading when they were taking a car down from high speed, so you really needed a backup for them. But now they are much more efficient and more resistant to fading. As a result, current wisdom dictates that you should use your brakes alone to do the job. Using the engine's braking effect will, indeed, put a strain on the drive train, can bend valves and will probably shorten the life of your clutch. Naturally, you should still downshift for turns, because you are looking for power on the upstroke. But to stop the car, trust your brakes. These days, they are more trustworthy and much cheaper to replace than the other parts.

My husband and I have a pretty good relationship. My sexual drive seems to have increased, and I have been asking



him to do more things than he usually does. I especially enjoy making love to him when he is wearing a shirt unbuttoned to expose his hairy chest, or a vest without a shirt. I would particularly like to make love to him while he's wearing a suit coat without a shirt—or anything else—on. He thinks I'm going a bit far. I had always wanted my lovers in the past to wear a shirt or a suit coat to bed, but I never had the courage to ask them. Now (after five years of marriage and two children) I have finally asked my husband to wear those things and he is trying to go along with me, though he laughs about it and thinks I'm a bit strange. I don't feel that I'm asking a lot. I wonder if other women like their men to wear certain articles of clothing while making love. I understand that there is not a norm when it comes to sexual relationships, but I would be interested in hearing your comments.-Mrs. D. B., Helena, Montana.

Since many men enjoy having their women wear articles of clothing (most often lingerie) to bed, we see nothing wrong with women's making the same request of men. We think your husband should consent—at least occasionally. However, it would be pushing it a bit to expect him to wear a shirt or a coat every time you made love. If nothing else, the cleaning bills could become enormous. (Of course, if he doesn't want to wear his business clothes at home, you can always follow him to work and jump his bones by the water cooler.)

After practicing with my video gear for a couple of years, I am ready to enter the world of film making. I have a script and want to begin, but I wonder about the legality of filming on the street—specifically, of video-taping people who are

simply walking along. Do I need their permission? Do I need a license to do it?—R. M., New York, New York.

Some people object to being photographed. Some object strongly. And some will turn your video camera into a basketball and dribble it all over your body. While the law is generally on your side when you film in public places, there are plenty of exceptions. If your epic is for your personal viewing only, you're not likely to have a problem. But if you plan to use it for commercial purposes, you could be in trouble—particularly if someone you film thinks he or she is shown in an offensive manner. And since the entire area of invasion of privacy is still being debated in the courts, you may want to save yourself the grief by writing to the Motion Picture Association of America, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10036. It can give you the low-down on the laws and the license requirements for taping and exhibiting your creation. Better safe than

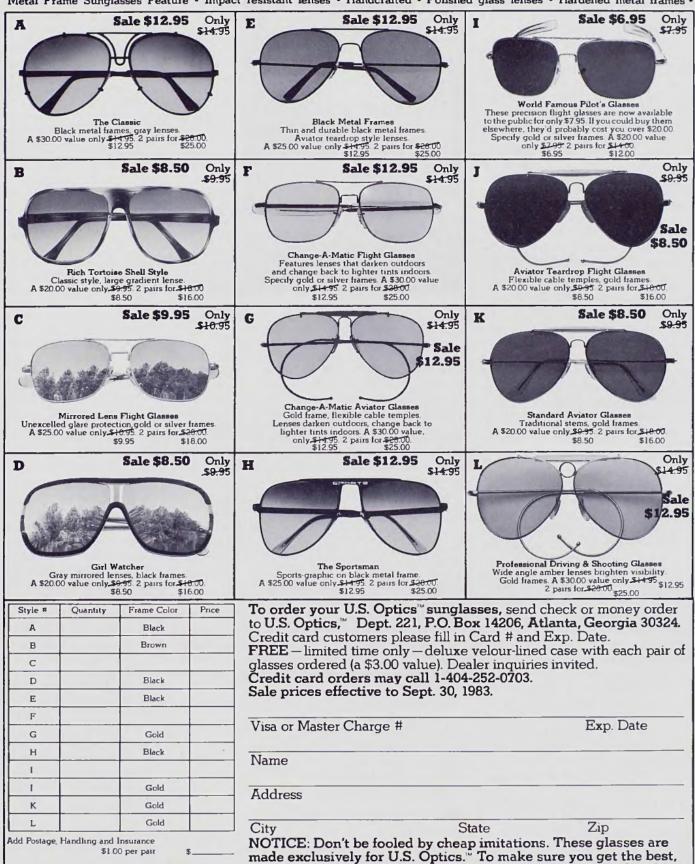
'm 21 years old, yet I feel like an old lady. My boyfriend and I have had a terrific sex life for the past two years, even through my pregnancy. But since our child was born in April 1982, we have made love only four times, and even then, I was very reluctant to give in. I enjoy having erotic fantasies and looking at sexy men, but the physical act of sex does absolutely nothing for me mentally or emotionally. In fact, it is rather boring to me, even though we try a variety of positions and we both climax. I know that we love each other very much, but I can't honestly expect my boyfriend to wait patiently for an indefinite period of time. Should I go ahead and have sex to save our relationship even though I simply don't have the urge for it, or should I break up with my boyfriend? Do you have any advice? I'm surely confused.-Miss R. M., San Diego, California.

We're a little confused by your letter. It strikes us that the circumstances of your baby's birth may have a lot to do with your lack of intense sexual desire. Since we don't know the details, we'll just pass along some advice on postpregnancy sex. As far as we can tell from the women we know who have had babies recently and who have sex regularly, here's the poop: Pregnancy and childbirth seem to produce extreme exhaustion, nervousness, testiness and a measure of fear. After all, this is the big one, and it lasts forever. The people in a postpregnancy situation have to massage each other's egos, since there's a new person taking up time and space. We suggest a lot of oral sex, mutual masturbation and tenderness. None are too physically demanding, and all remind one of the erotic possibilities. When some time has passed and the baby is sleeping longer hours, the couple

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can return to bed without distraction. It's really important to remember yourself and your man during this time. The baby takes a lot and doesn't give much yet. Remember how much fun it was to make the baby? Well, the same guy you did that with is still there, interested in you. You have to work this out with him or without him; the child will be in your life whatever you do. We suggest that you turn the kid over to the grandparents or to family friends for a few days every so often. Then you can have the run of the house. Pick a new spot—the back yard or the diningroom table—and start all over again.

Lately, among the men I work with, an argument has been brewing about the length of a properly tied necktie. My coworkers' contention is that a tie's length determines the knot one should use in order to get the loose ends of the tie the same length from the belt. I disagree, saying that a tie should be tied to meet the belt no matter where the thin end of the tie ends up in relation to the fat end. What is the real story?—D. K. B., Redondo Beach, California.

Sorry, but your friends are closer to being correct than you are. Most ties have a piece of fabric stitched into a small loop on the back of the wide end, and the tie should always be tied so that the fabric on the narrow end reaches and fits inside that loop. Sometimes, that procedure dictates small changes in the knot. And for the record, the tie should cover the lowest visible button on the front of your shirt and should break at or just above the belt.

am concerned about contracting V.D. (especially herpes), so I always ask a new lover to wear a condom (that's my birthcontrol method, along with foam). I have often had negative reactions from men, ranging from complaints about decreased sensitivity to their feeling insulted that I am concerned about V.D. in going to bed with them. I've had trouble with other birth-control methods and am satisfied with what I am using. I find that older men (40 plus) and those with the greatest education object most. There must be a lot of women with this problem. Is there something wrong with my system?-Miss M. W., Berkeley, California.

We're with you. The condom, used with contraceptive foam, is a very effective means of birth control that also greatly reduces the risk of contracting venereal disease. While complaints about decreased sensitivity are valid, we feel that that is a small price to pay for the protection a condom affords. (Besides, a condom decreases sensitivity only during intercourse. You can always take it off for manual or oral high-jinks.) Men who take offense at women's concern about venereal disease apparently fail to realize that condoms protect them as well as their partners. And, unfortunately, there are still many men who are simply reluctant to take on the responsibil-

ity of birth control, feeling that somehow it is up to the woman to provide the protection. We see nothing wrong with your system, and since it seems—for the most part, at least—to work for you, there's no reason to change. You'll find men (as we're sure you have found) who'll willingly accept your method, and among them, there could be one partner worth having and, perhaps, worth keeping.

'm thinking of buying a used computer from a friend who has bought a new model. He has told me that I should inform the computer maker of the sale in order to use the software. What gives? If I bought it, why couldn't I use it?—T. O., Washington, D.C.

In a computer system, the hardware is just that. What makes it work is the software, and computer makers are having a hard time protecting themselves against unauthorized use of their programs. On some models, when you register the machine under warranty, you automatically agree not to transfer the software to an unauthorized user. The program is, in fact, licensed to you for your use only on the machine that you've bought. If you want to avoid hassles when you buy a used machine, you have to tell the company, which will then charge you a fee for the use of the transferred program materials. That is not true of all software, but if the program is a popular one, you may have a problem. Before you buy or sell, make sure you know what the contract is between you and the company. Should the company try to enforce its lien on your new software, it could cost you more than the nominal fee you would pay to be fully licensed.

Every time I get into a hot session with a woman, after a little while I find myself leaking pre-ejaculation fluid. I don't actually come but just leak the fluid. I am very active sexually and have been lucky in the past in that I've used condoms, which delay my real ejaculation. I'm just curious: Am I normal?—S. T., Detroit, Michigan.

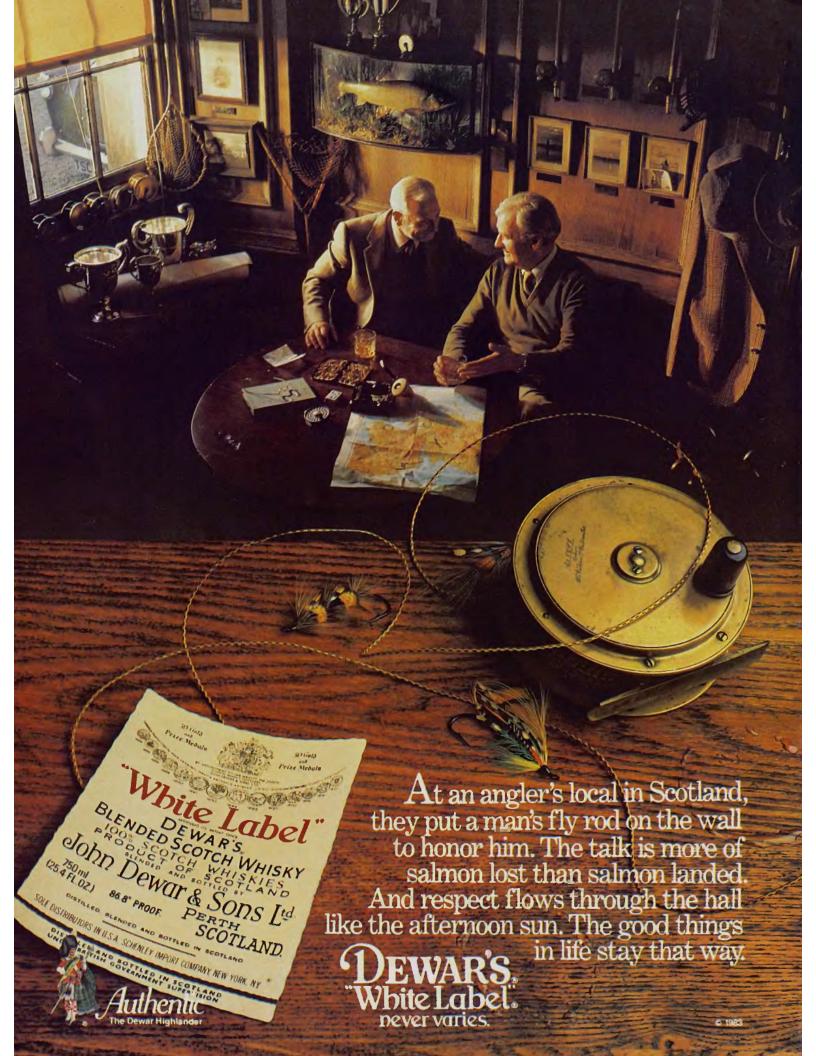
The phenomenon you describe is completely normal. According to figures released by the Kinsey Institute, 21 percent of white college males do not secrete pre-ejaculatory fluid; 28 percent secrete "one drop or less"; 14 percent secrete two drops; 19 percent secrete enough to "wet entire head of penis if distributed"; and 18 percent secrete enough to "drip from head of penis." What you should know is that the fluid contains semen and can impregnate your partner. Put the condom on early.

Infortunately, I am one of those unlucky young women who have contracted genital herpes. It's a bummer, yes, but I've had it for three years, and I've learned to accept it and to live with it. It really hasn't affected my love life that badly—I met and fell in love with a wonderful guy who was mature enough to accept me, herpes and

all. We lived together for almost two years. and he never caught it. Recently, though, our relationship deteriorated for many reasons (all unrelated to herpes). We have called it quits and have parted as friends. So I am now back in the single life, looking forward to partying and meeting new men and dating. That means that sooner or later, I am going to end up in a position where I have to make a decision: Do I tell him now or afterward or not at all? I'm afraid many men won't be as mature or as informed about herpes as my ex, so if I take the honest route and tell them before, I may end up missing out on some possibly enriching sexual experiences. I rarely have an outbreak of the sores, and when I do, I simply refrain from sexual activities until all traces are gone. My ability to control the disease is evidenced by the fact that my ex-live-in never caught it. I see nothing wrong in withholding my little secret until such a time as I'm sure my lover can handle it and it won't jeopardize the relationship. Do you agree or disagree?—Miss L. P., Irvine, California.

Sex between consenting adults is based on informed consent. You can tell a prospective partner what you told us. He is less likely to abandon ship if he knows what the score is. Tell him later and he will be justifiably angry. (Just remember how you felt when you caught it.) You may be interested in the advice of a member of HELP: "At the outset of a new relationship and given that we have assumed a responsible position, we must initiate some discussion of the problem with our potential partner. This is the most stressful area for many of us. While I have never found the telling process to be an easy one, it has had many positive rewards for me. I have found it ironic that we often feel more comfortable becoming physically intimate with a virtual stranger than we do discussing personal matters. By discussing the possible consequences of a sexual liaison before it happens, we open ourselves up to a number of positive experiences. First, we are more aware of selecting partners carefully and are more likely to find those who share our interest in establishing a relationship based on mutual caring and respect before sex. Once this kind of relationship is established, the two partners involved may decide to enter into a sexual relationship based on shared responsibility. Should this decision be made, it will likely be made with communication at its peak, on a firm foundation of honesty and mutual concern."

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



DEAR PLAYMATES

Look at this month's question and answers from a Playmate's point of view: She meets a new guy and is interested. Not only is he slightly intimidated by her smashing good looks but she personifies the PLAYBOY mystique. It's up to her to make him feel relaxed and not be put off.

The question for the month:

What do you do to make a man feel at ease when you are getting to know him?

think I'm easy to get along with and easy to be around. And if a man seems nervous, I can usually make him feel relaxed.

I meet people wherever I go. I work out a lot. I go to the beach and the gym. Once in a while, I go to a party. I go out to dinner often. I'm an eager listener and a willing talker, and I think both are impor-



tant. I listen to what a man has to say, and if he seems shy or ill at ease, I try to bring him out in conversation. It usually works.

Lynda Wiesmeier

LYNDA WIESMEIER JULY 1982

Right away, laugh at his jokes if he has any. Then get him to talk about himself. Don't feign interest that you don't feel, but

do try to draw out a man who interests you, a man who may be worth the trouble. That always works. I seem to have a talent for this; I'm a good talker and a good listener. Making a man feel at ease is a mat-



ter of being yourself and not wasting a minute trying to present any kind of façade. That just doesn't work.

(atry) Sarmouth

CATHY LARMOUTH

HUNE 1981

get the best results when I'm just my real self—no pretending, no acting. If you do fake it, then you have to worry that he'll

find you out later. So just be yourself; that's the best way to make him feel at ease. Now, that can be hard if he's thinking of you as a fantasy, as a Playmate. It's up to you to make him see the person and



not the pictures. If you can sit and talk, that usually works the best. It's important for me to show him that I don't think of myself as perfect. So if I trip or do something silly, rather than get worried about how I look, I laugh along with him.

Carly St. George

CATHY ST. GEORGE AUGUST 1982

may start with a glass or two of wine. Alcohol is still a good icebreaker and often helps people ease into conversation. If

you talk about him—where he's from, where he went to school, anything about his past that you can dig out—you'll make him feel at ease. People feel more comfortable talking about things



they already know about than, say, more philosophical topics. If that doesn't work, if you can't pull out any information that way, rely on *Time* and *Newsweek* and just hit the headlines. Then you'll always have something to go on. We're all surrounded by the same information all of the time. As far as I'm concerned, it's boring to talk about myself. I already know what I have to say.

Marcy Hanson

MARCY HANSON OCTOBER 1978 Sometimes, I have to force myself to be at ease, because some dating situations make me feel very uptight. When that hap-

pens, I don't talk freely nor do I try to ask the man interesting questions. Then he's uncomfortable. If I can make myself feel calm, it usually relaxes him enough so that he can tell me something



about himself. He may turn out to be an easy person to get close to, and that kind of information is something I count as very important when I'm first getting to know someone.

Karen Price

KAREN PRICE JANUARY 1981

talk to him about what he does, where he works, what he likes to do, what makes him happy, what makes him sad, what

kind of people he likes to be around, what type of atmosphere he likes to be in. In the beginning, when I'm just meeting someone, being a good listener is very important. It gives a man a boost of con-



fidence. Like, "Wow, she's really interested in me." If a woman does too much talking at first, it may seem intimidating to a man. So if we talk about what he does in his life, I'm able to make him feel much more at ease.

Louisine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS APRIL 1981

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

Y

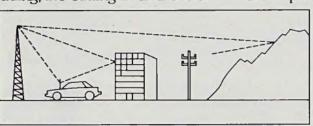
SUPERTUNERI AN FM CAR STERFO WITH RECEPT THINK YOU'RE LISTENING TO THIS.



You know what often happens just when the music really starts cooking on your car's FM stereo.

Because your car's moving, and FM reception conditions are constantly changing, you can end up with something that sounds like bacon sizzling on a hot griddle.

The static, the whine, the fading, the cutting in and out of



A lot of things stand in the way of good reception. Like buildings. Mountains. Even telephone poles. The radio signals bounce off them and cut into the direct signal. Causing listening havoc for those who don't have a new Supertuner III.

stations. The kind of stuff that makes you grind your teeth.

Even with all the advancements in tuner technology, you've been left with only two alternatives.

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But now, there's Supertuner III. From Pioneer.

A car tuner that doesn't merely rely on convenience gadgets to make you happy.

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Nothing interrupts the pleasure of listening to music on your car's FM stereo more than interference.

Engineers have a bunch of tonguetwisting names for the phenomena that causes this to happen.

Names like multipathing and three-signal-intermodulation.

You, on the other hand, also call it names. Like "that *&%#! static" or "the *&%#! station's cutting in and out" or "I'm losing the *&%#! signal." (Not to mention your temper.)

But because nothing is more important than music to

> the engineers at Pioneer, they've been working continuously developing the technology to virtually eliminate the sound of static and *&%#! from your car.

WHICH TUNER GETS THE BEST RECEPTION IS NOW PERFECTLY CLEAR.

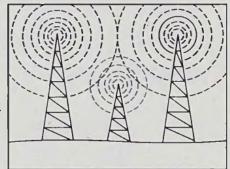
It's one thing to boast that only Supertuner III can all but eliminate the aforementioned irritants to your listening pleasure.

But Pioneer wanted to prove it. By road testing Supertuner III against the highest quality FM stereo tuners currently available.

The test was conducted in perhaps the

Chicago, Illinois. If Supertuner III performed well here, it would perform well anywhere.

Using the same car, with



Three-signal-intermodulation occurs when a weak signal is surrounded by two stronger ones. And, as they worst reception area in America. say, only the strong survive. So you get stations cutting in and out or "bleeding" into each other. Unless you have a new Supertuner III.

thing you could do about it was lose something else. Your temper. the same antenna, and driving around and around the same block on the Near North Side (where the John Hancock Building and the Sears Tower, the world's third and tallest structures, respectively, create FM listening havoc), Pioneer put one

move and radio stations don't, the

further you drive

from the transmitter, the weaker the signal. Until Supertuner III, the only

And the clear winner, time after time, in both downtown and suburban conditions, was Supertuner III. Only Supertuner III received stations with no sound of

tuner after another to the test.

sizzling bacon. And only Supertuner III could capture and lock in the weak stations.

Reading this description of the test may be somewhat convincing. But not nearly as con-

vincing as actually hearing the performance of Supertuner III.

To do that, you'll have to go to your nearest car stereo dealer

and ask him for a demonstration of the new Supertuner III.

There's a very good chance he'll already have one installed in his car.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

BOBBING THE DORK

For the past few months, I have read impassioned cries denouncing the horrors of circumcision. Since I have lived both ways, I feel I can comment authoritatively on that issue.

While diving in the surf off lower California, I somehow got a grain of sand underneath my foreskin. It caused scratches and much pain, and my doctor told me that had I been circumcised, the accident would not have happened. He also stated that the main advantage of circumcision is not for the male but for the female: Fewer bacteria are introduced into the vagina from a circumcised penis than from an uncircumcised one.

I was circumcised and have not experienced any problems because of it nor have I had cause to regret it.

Now, there are two reasons for circumcision. Can anyone give me one rational, unemotional reason against it?

Gary Williams Canyon Country, California

My older brother has a foreskin, but I was circumcised; and to this day, I envy him very much. Once, while he was swimming in the Gulf of Mexico near Corpus Christi, a grain of sand became trapped under the flap of skin covering the head of his penis. He didn't notice it for a long time, but eventually, it grew into a small lump that became bigger and bigger over the years. When he finally had it removed a few months ago, he discovered that it was a pearl.

G. Whitehead Austin, Texas

Ah, whom to believe!

PEDOPHILE LIB

It may be too much to ask, but I'm hoping PLAYBOY, with its record of defending personal liberties and freedom of sexual expression, can bring some of its philosophy to bear on the sensitive issue of adult-youth sex. I'm sure many of your readers have seen the articles in the newspapers and the news magazines clucking in moral disapproval at the very idea of pedophilia, a term the press enjoys using because its connotations are automatically unfavorable among the general public. I'm also sure that most of your readers consider such sexual relations perverted and harmful, which in some cases they possibly are, because of irrational taboos. But I presume that your own extensive research into sexual psychology and behavior will permit you to reassure people that that is

not necessarily the case, especially among intelligent and conscientious pedophiles, who are self-policing and who care about the welfare of their younger partners, many of whom are desperately in need of the protection and the love they receive in such relationships. An increasing number of respected psychologists are beginning to understand the difference between sexual exploitation and true affection and agree

"I'm hoping
PLAYBOY . . . can bring
some of its philosophy to
bear on the sensitive issue
of adult-youth sex."

with me that children, no more than adults, should not be denied the right to wholesome sex regardless of age differentials.

> (Name withheld by request) New York, New York

We're aware that some psychologists condone the altruistic pedophilia you describe, but we seriously doubt that their number is increasing, and our own libertarianism does not extend into such a high-risk area, regardless of the source of the taboo. Adulthood may be an arbitrary concept, but we share society's belief that children should not be recruited into sexual relationships as a means of obtaining the love and protection you so highmindedly describe.



HOLDING HOSTAGES

Did you ever see Blazing Saddles? Remember the part where Cleavon Little escapes from the mob by holding a gun to his own head, becoming his own hostage? That's guerrilla warfare reduced to the terrorism of holding hostages reduced to the ludicrousness of threatening your enemy with your own life. It's like trying to hijack an airliner by holding your breath. If you were well enough known and had one hell of a PR team, that airliner could be at your command.

Which, in a sense, is what's happening today. There's an arms race, and the Soviets and the Americans are seeing who the best bluffer is, with the whole world on the table. It's a poker game, but the stakes are human. Which means that the powers that be, unless they have another planet to go to when the bombs start falling, are actually holding themselves hostage. It's theater of the absurd with real bullets and "Mommy, I'm gonna shoot myself if you don't let me shoot Bobby."

David T. Moore Seattle, Washington

YEAR OF THE BIBLE

How many American citizens are aware of the legislation quietly passed by Congress last year declaring 1983 to be the Year of the Bible? Senate Joint Resolution 165 states that the Bible "inspired . . . our Declaration of Independence and the Constitution" and that it has had "surpassing influence in our country's development."

But if, in fact, the Bible has been such an influence, why is it necessary to pass a law to enforce the idea? Could it be that history does not bear out such a claim and that religious activists are simply passing resolutions to make it so? This tactic is exactly like that of the Communists, who continually relegislate their history to suit present purposes of control.

The truth is, the American Revolution was a rejection of divine authority. And our civil liberties derive from that period of science and philosophy known as the age of reason, which was itself a rejection of the dark centuries of religious control over hearts, minds, bodies, souls and wallets.

Very clearly, the 1983 Year of the Bible is the beginning of religious terrorism in the United States. It is an immoral attempt to force Americans to knuckle under to a system of mythology. And it is an unequivocal betrayal of both the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, which were designed to guarantee every person in this country safety from

Governmental interference and freedom from religious tyranny.

Constance Robertson Peoria, Illinois

ABORTION

Besides the rights of individual human beings to their own reproductive life decisions, the economic, psychological and societal impact of the situation takes some looking into: At last report, it cost about \$100,000 to raise a child to the age of 18—probably a bit more in state (hence, tax-payer-supported) institutions. An abortion costs less than \$1000.

We have a lot of crime, unpleasant craziness and unemployment in our society, one reason possibly being too many people. That means that abortion should be a plus for the conservative ethic, socially and economically.

For the foster child, foster homes do not always lead to a sound, happy and/or contented adulthood. Also consider that the groups that do take on an unwanted child usually are religious and imbue the child with their religion's ethics.

Steve Kidder Anchorage, Alaska

I recently read that while striking down an anti-abortion law in 1977, the Supreme Court made the following statement:

In addition to a direct interest in protecting the fetus, a state may have legitimate demographic concerns about its rate of population growth. Such concerns are basic to the future of the state and in some circumstances could constitute a substantial reason for departure from a position of neutrality between abortion and childbirth.

That is clearly an affirmation by the Court of the rights of the state above those of the individual in matters involving birth as well as an affirmation of the specious argument that the Government should legislate morality. It raises questions of whether or not the state can also decree the use of forced sterilization or ban the sale of contraceptives in the name of "legitimate demographic concerns." Could that logic be extended to permit the state to practice eugenics in the name of "legitimate hereditary concerns" regarding its citizens?

Terry Bartholomew Burke, Virginia

You've got it completely backward; the Court was denying the state's supremacy over the individual by asserting women's right to decide for themselves.

COMMIE AGITATOR

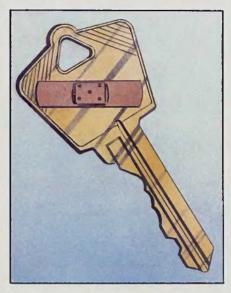
For reasons I can't quite fathom, Poland's Lech Walesa has become the darling of America's Catholics, conservatives and even right-wingers. I can understand the Catholics: He's one of the boys, after all, and has a nice Pancho Villa mustache.

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

DOUBLE TALK

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE—A Federal jury has awarded a 56-year-old Texas man \$25,000 in damages for injuries incurred when he walked into a motel room and confronted a "skimpily clad" woman. He



claimed the management had given him the wrong key and that in "turning around and bolting out" of the room, he suffered a ruptured spinal disk that had to be surgically removed.

LIVING AND LOVING

springfield. Illinois—A divorced father's private sex life does not necessarily prevent him from retaining custody of his child, the Illinois Supreme Court has ruled. The court denied that its decision was a departure from a 1979 ruling in which a Mount Prospect mother lost custody of her children because she was living with her boyfriend. It said that in the present case, the child's welfare took precedence over the fact that his father's girlfriend stayed overnight on weekends.

CONTINUED COVER-UP

SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA-The FBI will have to reimburse the Scottsdale Daily Progress \$14,225 in legal fees incurred during its investigation of the 1976 bombing murder of Phoenix reporter Don Bolles, a Federal district judge has ruled. The Progress was the first paper to conclude, early on, that two of the defendants, Max Dunlap and James Robison, were wrongly sentenced to death for the killing; it later brought suit against the bureau under the Freedom of Information Act. Both convictions have since been overturned by the Arizona Supreme Court, and Dunlap is now suing the city of Phoenix and several police officers for \$605,000,000.

THROUGH THE MILL

WESTMINSTER, CALIFORNIA-A superiorcourt judge finally dropped rape charges against a 30-year-old man after his first trial had led to a hung jury and his second to a conviction before prison doctors found that he had all along been impotent as a result of a childhood illness. His accuser had first described her attacker as six feet tall, though the defendant she identified was short and stout. The attorney hired to represent the man after his conviction said it was unconscionable that impotence was not presented as a defense during his two trials. He said he would file a motion asking the judge to make a factual finding of innocence in order to expunge his client's conviction. Said the rape victim's victim, "How could they just take somebody's word for it that I

FETAL HEALTH

BALTIMORE—A local physician is asking the juvenile division of the Maryland circuit court to enjoin a pregnant woman from taking drugs that he says have already retarded the growth of her fetus and could cause it permanent damage. The woman's lawyer and others connected with the case say that the action raises difficult legal issues of personal privacy and fetal rights and probably will go to higher courts. Agreeing that the doctor's efforts are well intentioned, a domestic-relations attorney said, "What bothers me about this is that it could result in putting all pregnant women into a pen and forcing them to adhere to state standards of good prenatal care."

GAYS IN GOVERNMENT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The National Gay Rights Task Force has called on the Government to stop treating homosexuals as security risks. A 30-year-old Executive order signed by President Eisenhower during the McCarthy era restricted employment of gays and resulted in many firings, but the group said there was never any evidence of foreign agents' obtaining national-security information by threatening homosexuals with exposure. Although the order is currently enforced only in more sensitive positions, Government policy "still assumes that the gay or lesbian employee is more likely to be blackmailed than his or her heterosexual counterpart," according to the organization's executive director.

BIKING UNDER THE INFLUENCE

MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIFORNIA—In what officials believe is a first for the state, a citation for drunken bicycle riding was recently issued to a 21-year-old sailor stationed at nearby Moffet Field. He allegedly ran a stop sign, collided with an automobile, wrecked his bike and suffered a broken leg.

"LOVE SLAVE"

LINCOLN, MICHIGAN—A 38-year-old former pizza-parlor proprietress has been ordered by a court to give \$13,810 in back pay to a 21-year-old man whom the judge described as "a love slave of the defendant." The woman had argued against the settlement, claiming that she had generously supported her employee during 1980 with gifts and spending money from the cash register.

HANDY HOOKER

BOSTON—The Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court has ruled that prostitution includes not just vaginal or oral intercourse but also masturbation. The decision upheld the conviction of a Cambridge woman who advertised massage services in a newspaper. "The decision to engage in the business of sex for money is not the type of intimate, personal decision which is protected by the right to privacy," the court held.

WIN SOME, LOSE SOME

DUBLIN—The current Irish government has suffered its first parliamentary defeat over a bill that would have made the country's existing ban on abortion part of the national constitution. At the same time, the Irish supreme court upheld the constitutionality of a law making homosexual acts crimes under any circumstances.

"CIVIC PRIDE"

HONOLULU—Local hookers and their attorneys are furious with a new police tactic for combating prostitution: giving money to private citizens to have sex with the women and then to testify against them in court. A state district judge has approved



the practice, saying it may be deceptive but does not involve police misconduct. A 26year-old hotel night manager who paid a woman \$70 for sex in his car said he volunteered for the assignment out of a sense of "civic pride." But if he were in this country, our righteous rightists would consider him a radical Commie unionizer and agitator and a good candidate for lynching-political or otherwise. It would seem that our domestic patriotic capitalists are pleased with anybody who's a destabilizing influence on a Communist country, as though Communists were so intrinsically evil that they actually preserved poverty and consumer shortages out of some kind of innate perversity. Let Poland default on its loans until some big U.S. banks take a licking, or let Lech immigrate to this country and hook up with the Teamsters or the United Auto Workers, and see how enthusiastic our patriots are about that stylish rascal.

Bill Turner Oakland, California

MOTHER JONES

Your readers should be alerted to the problems that the magazine Mother Jones is having with the U.S. Government via the Internal Revenue Service, which wants to designate it a commercial enterprise. The publication is nicely printed, effectively promoted, popular with its public and nonprofit, operated by a tax-exempt foundation for educational purposes. If the IRS can deny it tax-exempt status, it will be effectively suppressing the magazine's editorial positions, which are proconsumer and, by its own admission, "radical." What the case ultimately involves is backdoor Governmental censorship.

(Name withheld by request) Kansas City, Kansas

We're familiar with the case and can conclude only that Mother Jones is to Reagan what Lech Walesa is to the Polish military government—a pain in the ass. Mother Jones complies with the same tax laws as Ms., Harper's and other not-for-profit journals. If the IRS cripples M.J., it will simply be complying with archconservative Richard Viguerie's demand that "defunding the left should be a principal priority of the Reagan Administration."

ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS

This is not to take a position on gun control as such but to express wonderment at the way the press handles the issue and decides what is or isn't news.

Before last November's elections, the national press and the TV news made much of the fact that the procontrol faction managed to get its Proposition 15 onto the California state ballot as an anticrime measure to virtually ban the sale of handguns. Since people readily sign anticrime and even antigun petitions, I submit that that is no big news. The fact that voters blew Proposition 15 out of the water by nearly two to one was news but went virtually unreported in the postelection coverage. Also news was the fact that his strong support of Proposition 15 may well have cost liberal gubernatorial candidate

Tom Bradley the election. The proposition greatly increased the uptight-white vote and kept a lot of minority voters at home, where they keep their guns.

It never fails to astound me how liberal reformers and their generally sympathetic press can unintentionally delude themselves on such a sensitive issue. Right or wrong, wisely or not, people want to keep their firearms and don't like other people telling them they can't. Once again, a self-defeating gesture cost liberals an important public office and left them only the masochistic satisfaction of scapegoating the villainous "gun lobby," whose only sin was to publicize what the intentionally cryptic language of Proposition 15 really meant.

Tom Garcia Sacramento, California

NO BARGAIN

Recent newspaper articles here in Washington State have asserted that plea bargaining accounts for about 90 percent of criminal convictions and that the entire legal system is dependent on it. I believe the system would collapse (and ought to) if the full impact of *United States vs. Jackson* (1968) were brought to bear on defendants and prisoners.

A statute that inflicts a greater punishment for an offense when a defendant is convicted by a jury than would be inflicted if the defendant pleaded guilty violates the Constitution of the United States on several grounds and is tantamount to the crime of extortion.

The essence of plea bargaining is extortion: It threatens defendants with greater punishment if they exercise their constitutional rights—the right to a jury trial, the right to require proof of guilt beyond any reasonable doubt with competent evidence, the right to raise all defenses and offer testimony and evidence of innocence or justification, the right to appeal with effective counsel, ad infinitum.

Donald E. Woodley Spokane, Washington

THE CURSE OF A BLEEDING HEART

Shortly after Ronald Reagan's Presidential victory, I panicked and contributed money to a couple of liberal causes. Since then, my name has metastasized throughout the do-gooder system to the point where my financial health is in peril.

To help put a stop to the nuclear-arms race, I can contribute to Citizen Soldier, International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War, the National Mobilization for Survival, the National Peace Academy, the Nuclear Weapons Freeze Campaign, PeacePAC for the Prevention of Nuclear War, Physicians for Social Responsibility, SANE, the Union of Concerned Scientists and the U.S. Committee Against Nuclear War.

To protect civil and personal rights, I

The V.O. Break away



Sweepstakes \$200,000 in Prizes



3 Grand Prizes of \$25,000. Start dreaming about how you would break away from the ordinary if you were a winner of one of these Grand Prizes. Where would you go? What would you do? How would you break away with \$25,000?



5 First Prizes

Sony home entertainment centers. Each entertainment center contains a projec-tion TV with giant 50" screen, a portable videocassette recorder, and a video camera. It's the big break away you've been waiting for in home entertainment.



100 Second Prizes 1000 Third Prizes

Sony Watchman TVs. The dramatic new pocket sized television with its incredible 2" screen will let winners break away from ordinary home viewing.



AM/FM electronic clock radios with built-in telephone. Now, you don't have to break away from the music when the telephone rings.

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1. On an official entry form or plain 3" x 5" piece of paper, print your name, address, zip code and the name of the former Governor General of Canada whose name appears on the Seagram's V.O. label. You can obtain this information by looking at any V.O. bottle at your favorite liquor store or bar or by sending a stemped, self-addressed envelope to Seagram's V.O. Label Request, P.O. Box 82320, St. Paul, MN 55182. 2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be properly completed and mailed in a separate envelope and received by September 15, 1983. Your entry must also include the correct answer to the question on the entry form. Prizewinners will be determined in a witnessed random drawing of entries received by Siebel/Mohr, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. 3. Grand Prize Winners (3) will each receive \$25,000 to be used for a "Break away" vacation of their choice. All prizewinners will be notified by mail. Prizes are non-transferable and non-redeemable. Taxes are the sole responsibility of the prizewinner. 4. Prizewinners must be of legal drinking age under the laws of their home states. Only one prize per family or household. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. All prizes, approximately valued at \$200,000, will be awarded. 5. Sweepstekes open to residents of the continental U.S., Hawaii and Alaska. Employees of Seagram Distillers Co. and their families, its affiliates and subsidiary companies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, advertising agencies and judging organization are not eligible. Sweepstakes void in Ohio and Texas and where restricted or prohibited by law. All federal, state and local laws apply. Prizewinners are required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release, including publicity rights to use names and pictures of winners without compensation. 6. A list of major prizewinners may be obtained after October 15, 1983 by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: V.O. "Break away" Sweepstakes Winners List, P.O. Box 82341, St. Paul, MN 55182.

SEAGRAM'S V.O. "BREAK AWAY" SWEEPSTAKES OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

MAIL TO: SEAGRAM'S V.O. ''BREAK AWAY'' SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. BOX 82335, ST. PAUL, MN 55182

I have read the sweepstakes rules and would like to enter the Seagram's V.O. Break away'' Sweepstakes. I certify that I am of legal drinking age in my home

Io enter the sweepstakes, take a look at any V.O. label. You can see that V.O. is distilled, aged, blended, and bottled under the supervision of the Canadian Government. But every label also includes the name of Canada's former Governor General. What is his name? ANSWER_

STATE

NAME

AGE SEX

ADDRESS

CITY

7IP

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

can send a check to the American Civil Liberties Union, Amnesty International, the Fund for Human Dignity, the National Abortion Rights Action League, the National Organization for Women, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Native American Rights Fund, People for the American

Way, Planned Parenthood and the Sex Information and Education Council of the U.S.

But the most fertile area of all for producing groups dedicated to doing good is, naturally, our earthly environment itself. In my IN tray, I have solicitations from the Animal Research and Conservation Cen-

ter, the Center for Science in the Public Interest, the Cousteau Society, Cultural Survival, Inc., the Environmental Defense Fund, the Environmental Task Force, Friends of the Earth, Greenpeace, the Institute for Food and Development Policy, the National Audubon Society, the National Wildlife Federation, the Natural

LIBERTY AND SAFE STREETS

By RICHARD SHARVY, Ph.D.

Americans disagree about many things. But two things we all want very much are individual liberty and freedom and safety in our homes and in public. Those goals are not as impossible to achieve as many people think. Here is one giant step we could take toward both of them:

Legalize heroin, cocaine, marijuana, homosexuality, teenage sex, sex in general, prostitution, public nudity, pornography, usury, gambling, dueling, suicide, Saturday-night specials and riding motorcycles without helmets.

I realize many people want to live in a world that is free of such things, and they believe that keeping them illegal keeps them down (it doesn't) and that legalizing them would cause their neighborhoods to be filled with them (it wouldn't). I also realize that my recommendation seems to have 15 steps, even though I had promised just one. I'd better explain.

My actual recommendation is a constitutional amendment:

No act shall be considered a criminal offense by the states or by the Federal Government unless it violates the natural rights of individuals.

I call this the Individual Liberty and Safer Streets and Homes (I.L.A.S.S.H.) Amendment, because it aims at those two goals at once. It would increase everyone's individual liberty and freedom of choice simply by legalizing many things that are now illegal and commonplace and in which no one is wronged. And it would double the resources available to fight such crimes as robbery, rape and theft.

As our system exists now, we have two distinct types of "crimes": injustices (acts that harm or otherwise violate the rights of others) and violations of custom (acts that violate no one's rights but are distasteful to many people). Sometimes, they are called hard crimes and soft crimes. Such hard and soft crimes may have nothing in common except their illegality.

Now, I am not making the oft-heard claim that we cannot legislate morality. Criminal violence is certainly immoral and should be punishable. Nor am I referring to so-called victimless crime. If a man drives home drunk but does not have an accident, his drunk driving is literally vic-



timless; yet I maintain that he has committed an injustice in that he violated the rights of others by threatening their safety and security. On the other hand, people whose health is damaged by use of drugs, alcohol or tobacco are "victims" of those things, but their rights have not been violated, since they choose freely to use them. Someone whose business is harmed by efficient competition could be described as a victim. But what matters is whether or not his rights have been violated.

My position here is neither new nor radical. John Stuart Mill, in his famous work On Liberty, argued much the same thing. I differ from Mill only in my emphasis on rights. His view was that the state had no business interfering with anyone's liberty to do things that did not harm others. I prefer to say that the state has no business interfering with anyone's liberty to do things that do not violate the natural rights of others. I have indicated why I prefer that way of putting it. The reason is just that harming someone and violating his rights are not quite the same thing.

What about heroin? Isn't it directly responsible for a lot of hard crime? Absolutely not! Addicts commit crimes (and many of those are soft crimes, anyway, such as prostitution) only to get money. Only the high price of heroin causes their crimes. And the only reason that heroin is so expensive is that it is illegal. Rich narcotics addicts are not waiting on dark streets to mug you.

It is really our lawmakers and our lawenforcement officials themselves who are ultimately responsible for drug-related crime. By attempting to enforce unenforceable laws, they merely drive up the price of drugs for the consumer and drive the low-income consumers into crime. Recall that Prohibition had as its chief effect the creation of organized crime.

If Jerry Falwell and company would take aim against our social problems—drug abuse, alcoholism, unwanted pregnancies, the spread of venereal disease, etc.—by attempting to educate people, I would happily support their efforts. But their view is that sex and drugs are bad in themselves, and they try to combat them by promoting *ignorance*!

There are limited numbers of police, prosecutors, judges and prison cells. Too often, violent criminals receive short prison sentences or are released because prison space is occupied by marijuana dealers. The problem of overcrowded prisons could be solved in one day if we simply released all those people serving time for actions that did not violate anyone's rights. Armed robbers can plea-bargain down their charges because there are not enough prosecutors and judges to try every casethey are busy deciding whether or not some movie is obscene or trying an otherwise law-abiding individual for possessing a handgun. My amendment aims squarely at eliminating such madness.

In Miami recently, a man who had participated in several contract killings as well as the bombing of a commercial airliner in which 73 people died was given immunity from prosecution for those crimes. In exchange for what? For testifying against a group of dope dealers!

If you are ever so unlucky as to have your body or your property violated, remember that the police who could have been protecting you were out making America safe from bookies and pot smokers.

Professor Sharvy teaches in the philosophy department at the University of Miami in Coral Gables, Florida.

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

Resources Defense Council, the Nature Conservancy, the Save the Redwoods League, the Sierra Club, the Wilderness Society and the World Wildlife Fund. How many baby trees, I wonder, were clubbed to death to produce all those letters and brochures?

Mind you, I did no research to compile that list. They found me.

I'm not for a moment suggesting that there's anything wrong with any of those organizations. My problem is that I can't possibly do the investigating that would enable me to select intelligently the ones I want to support.

This state of affairs cries out for a Consumers Union or a Ralph Nader devoted to studying and evaluating all the liberal causes in the land. I realize the rightwingers probably have the same problem, but that's fine with me. The more confused they are, the safer I feel.

> Robert Shea Glencoe, Illinois

You haven't heard from Ralph Nader?

DEATH PENALTY

In regard to your editorial concerning the death penalty ("The Punishment of Death," The Playboy Forum, March), whom it affects and its possible deterrent value, a basic point about violent crime is omitted. The armed person committing a crime, be it a break-in, a robbery or a rape, has already decided on his course of action if disturbed or rebuked. He has resolved to go to any length to prevent his apprehension, taking life if necessary. To my way of thinking, that constitutes premeditated murder, even though the identity of the victim becomes known only at the scene of the crime. Such a crime certainly merits death.

> J. B. Craven, Jr. Lexington, North Carolina

When I am exposed to those who oppose the death penalty, I am compelled to agree with the pro-death penalty extremists. Once anyone displays such disregard for others, he forfeits his right to exist. Indeed, if anyone ever breaks into my domicile while I'm present, I will have no moral compunction whatsoever against ventilating his body to nonlife.

The adage of an eye for an eye is still relevant when serious offenses occur, provided it is not merely emotional revenge. The main criterion for death sentences should be logic. Prison is not the answer; "life" sentences have already proved to be a joke. And screw the deterrence bullshit!

I agree that each step mankind takes toward emotional maturity is admirable, but this isn't one. I find it morbidly amusing that our justice system has apparently decided that since criminals are its life, then it must assure the lives of criminals.

> Robert Rast II San Antonio, Texas

In reference to various death-penalty letters in The Playboy Forum, I, too, am "totally opposed to capital punishment," except in cases where the individual wants to die. Denying him or her the right to take his or her own life is withholding from the individual the ultimate choice, the ultimate and most personal of human rightsthe right to escape, with dignity, from unbearable physical or psychic pain.

> P. E. Bond Washington, D.C.

HERPES UNANIMOUS

I believe it is time to cease and desist with your tasteless herpes jokes and cartoons. For the millions of Americans who suffer from the disease, herpes is no laughing matter. To be made out to be social lepers by an allegedly enlightened publication is inexcusable. I would expect PLAYBOY to take a more understanding position and not to risk alienating and poking a rather sour type of jest at countless numbers of readers. Such a sensitive (no pun intended) issue deserves to be treated in a very sensitive way.

Wallace W. Williams, R.N. Durham, North Carolina

It's our feeling that treating herpes with openness and a bit of humor doesn't make its victims out to be social lepers but, in fact, removes some of the stigma of a malady that is only aggravated by silence and embarrassment. Hell, some of our best friends. . . .

DRUG PENALTIES

In stiffening drug-use penalties for Service personnel, President Reagan did not modify the Uniform Code of Military Justice, as reported in the May Forum Newsfront. It was under the authority of the U.C.M.J., enacted by Congress, that he modified the Manual for Courts-Martial with Executive order 12383. The item should also have stated that the maximum penalty for possession of less than 30 grams of marijuana is-not was-two years.

> (Name and address withheld by request)

REVENGE

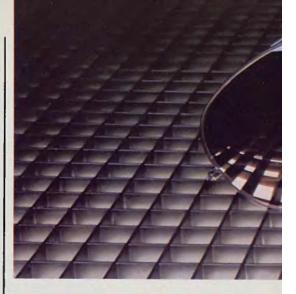
At the risk of starting a crime wave, I'll pass along a story told to me recently by a lawyer friend. He said he had read of a case in which a woman had taken dreadful revenge on her obnoxious boyfriend, who came in drunk one night, pushed her around and insisted on screwing. When the fellow later rolled over and passed out. she gently wrapped his right hand around his still-tumescent dork and secured it there with Super Glue.

Name withheld by request) Fort Worth, Texas

For God's sake, man, what happened then?

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





ESCORT WINS AGAIN!

MAY 1983 CAR and DRIVER TEST

"The Escort looks so comfortable, contented, and familiar at the top of the heap that it's hard to see that something new and special has been added. live with a new Escort for a while and you'll realize it has advanced new circuitry that should go down as a genuine breakthrough.

ESCORT WINS

NOV 1982 CAR and DRIVER TEST

"The Escort, a perennial favorite of these black-box comparisons, is still the best radar detector money can buy. The Escort is a quality piece of hardware."

ESCORT WINS

DEC 1981 BMWCCA ROUNDEL TEST

"The Escort is a highly sophisticated and sensitive detector that has been steadily improved over the years... In terms of what all it does, nothing else comes close.

ESCORT WINS

SEPT 1980 CAR and DRIVER TEST

'Ranked according to performance, the Escort is first choice ... The Escort boasts the most careful and clever planning, the most pleasing packaging, and the most solid construction of the lot.

ESCORT WINS

MAY 1980 BMWCCA ROUNDEL TEST

'This unit ... consistantly outperformed the other products and is the standard to which the others are compared. If you want the best, this is it. There is nothing else like it.

ESCORT WINS

FEB 1979 CAR and DRIVER TEST

"Only one model, the Escort, truly stood out from the rest...once you try the Escort, all the rest seem a bit primitive. In no test did any of the other detectors even come close.

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"Mr. Galvin is a master...bis show is so unusual that people actually set aside time to listen..." (The Wall Street Journal) Sunday evenings on public radio stations. Check local listings.



ESCORT:"A GENUINE BREAKTHROUGH"

If you keep up with magazine tests, you know that ESCORT does more than just outperform other radar detectors. In its most recent evaluation, Car and Driver concluded: "The Escort radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance..." But performance, as measured by warning distance, is not the new breakthrough. After all, ESCORT has been beating all comers since its introduction in 197B.

Now There's More To It

While long detection range is obviously essential it does nothing to solve a problem that has cropped up in the last year. In fact, increasing range by itself just makes the problem worse. If you already have a good superheterodyne unit, you know what we mean. A new generation of imported detector transmits radar signals, and can set off your unit as far as a mile away. The longer the range of your unit, the farther away you find them. As Car and Driver pointed out last November: "Since there are far more detectors on the road than police radar units, interference....could become a genuine nuisance."

Low Level Contamination

At first it was just an irritation. At least ESCORT owners had a way of distinguishing the polluters from the real thing. Our unique audio warning differentiates between the two police radar bands: it "beeps" for X band and "braps" for K band. The polluters' trashy signals triggered both warnings at once, and made a new sound—different than the sounds for police radar. (The rest of the industry didn't even know there was a new problem. Their detectors were making the same sounds as always, just more often.)

Radar Epidemic

As more and more of the "polluting detectors" hit the streets, the problem became more serious. If one of the "polluters" is approaching in an oncoming lane, the alarm from your detector is brief. But if it's traveling the same direction as you, your alarm can go on for miles. And the offending detector doesn't have to be in the car right next to yours. It can be ahead or behind, and up to a mile away. A very serious problem indeed.

Pollution Clean-Up

The problem required an entirely new approach. Examining the interference from these imports, our engineers discovered a subtle difference between their signals and those of police radar, even though they were on the same frequency. The solution, then, was to design new circuitry that would reject the pollution while — and this was the hard part — maintaining ESCORT's industry-leading response to pulsed and instant-on radar. We named it $ST/O/P^m$ (STatistical Operations Processor), and it consists of a CMOS digital processor with built-in memory. ST/O/P is not simple, and it's not cheap. But it is, in our opinion, the most important breakthrough in radar detection since superheterodyne. Car and Oriver would seem to agree: "Now, all the world's Radio Shack detectors can hum right by your car in full



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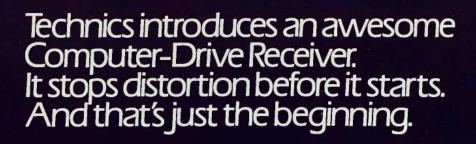
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: THE SANDINISTAS

a candid and lively conversation with nicaragua's marxist leaders about their soviet-cuban connection, reagan's hostility and "bedtime for bonzo"

In April of this year, the President of the United States called an extraordinary Joint Session of Congress to get support for his Central American economic-and-military-aid program, to talk about progress toward democracy that the government of El Salvador had been making-and to denounce the left-wing Sandinista government of Nicaragua. Among President Reagan's charges against the Nicaraguans: They were Marxists; they were becoming a Cuban and/or a Soviet military base; they were encouraging revolution throughout Central America; they were undemocratic; they hadn't held elections yet; they had been rude to the Pope. In light of all that, Reagan announced, "We should not-and we will not-protect the Nicaraguan government from the anger of its own people."

What he was saying openly was that the United States of America would be quite happy if the Sandinistas were overthrown. For at least two years, the U.S. has been financing counterrevolutionary activities against the Nicaraguan government. In addition to many open measures designed to destabilize the Nicaraguan economy, the Reagan Administration has been financing a not-so-secret "secret war" aimed at toppling the Sandinistas: Anastasio Somoza's former National

Guardsmen and other anti-Saudinistas are trained, armed and supported in base camps in Honduras and Costa Rica; those Contras have been making military incursions into Nicaragua.

That so much of America's attention should be focused on Nicaragua's leaders made it appropriate for PLAYBOY to seek out the Sandinista junta and find out something more about those people who so obsess the Reagan Administration. For people supbosedly establishing a regime abhorrent to U.S. interests, they are a group whose views, aims and personalities are remarkably unreported. Journalist Claudia Dreifus, whose most recent credit was the "Playboy Interview" with Latin-American writer and Nobel Prize winner Gabriel García Márquez in February, was a natural choice for the complex assignment. After months of negotiations, Nicaragua's head of state and a panel of three of the most influential Sandinista leaders finally agreed to sit down with Dreifus to speak about their feelings toward the United States.

Speaking with PLAYBOY were Sergio Ramírez Mercado, 40, one of three members of Nicaragua's ruling junta; Father Ernesto Cardenal, 58, a Roman Catholic priest who is minister of culture; and Comandante

Tomás Borge Martínez, 52, outspoken minister of the interior. In an interview P ANBOY agreed to run separately, Daniel Ortega Saavedra, 37, the Nicaraguan head of state, also spoke at length about his life, poetry and politics. Comandante Ortega is an extremely elusive figure who, until the "Playboy Interview," had not sat for an indepth interview with a North American journalist.

But first, a quick history lesson.

Nicaragua is a small Central American republic of nearly 3,000,000 people; it is also a country that has a unique historical relationship with the United States. In 1855, a North American adventurer named William Walker was invited to Nicaragua by the Liberals to aid them in the civil war against the Conservatives. Once there, he declared himself president and reinstituted slavery. Walker was eventually routed from Nicaragua, but after him came three invasions by the U.S. Marines-in 1909, 1912 and 1926. The invasions took place during the era of U.S. big-stick diplomacy, and each of them was designed to protect U.S. economic and political interests in Central America.

In 1927, after the Marines had landed in Nicaragua, a peasant leader named Augusto Cesar Sandino decided to wage a nationalist



BORGE: "Somoza left us ruins. Thousands dead. Illiteracy. Incredible poverty. Debts in the billions and five cordobas in the treasury. Beyond all that, beyond the deaths and torture, he left us bad taste—mal gusto."



FATHER CARDENAL: "The person responsible for the fact that I no longer write poetry is Ronald Reagan. If he had not been elected, perhaps I would be happy and tranquil. He really messed up my personal life."



RAMÍREZ: "Latin America has to change in different ways. The worst thing would be for the U.S. to always, repeatedly, be against any changes. It shouldn't, it mustn't be on the side of the villains in this movie."

war against the invaders. Sandino's peasant band, armed with sticks, machetes and guns, succeeded in keeping the Marines pinned down for a full six years. It was jungle warfare-fought on the guerrillas' turf; the Marines, despite superior armaments and training, were never able to defeat Sandino's guerrilla fighters. After six years of stalemate, they turned their power over to a new Nicaraguan National Guard they had trained. At the head of that National Guard was an obscure but rising politician named Anastasio Somoza García. Somoza had gotten his job because he spoke English and because he had high-placed friends at the U.S. Embassy. In 1934, Somoza invited Sandino to Managua for a series of "peace talks." After one of those conversations, Sandino was assassinated.

The death of Sandino marked the end of his radical nationalist movement; it also marked the rise of the Somoza dynasty. For 42 years, three successive Somozas would rule Nicaragua as if it were a private estate. They were the last of the old-time Latin-American dictators, and for them, the National Guard was nothing more than a family army, the country itself just a private preserve; indeed, the Somozas used their power to corner many of the country's basic industries: At one point, the Somoza family owned 30 percent of Nicaragua's arable land.

Besides greed, the other keynote of Somoza rule was its pro-Americanism: It was the first Somoza about whom Franklin Delano Roosevelt said, "He's a son of a bitch, but he's ours." And in one of the most ingratiating gestures ever made by a sovereign country, Anastasio Somoza Debayle, the last of the dynasty, put a U.S. Ambassador's picture on the 20-cordoba note.

In the kind of Nicaragua that the Somozas created, to talk of Sandino was to invite arrest. Over the years, Sandino and his beasant warriors were erased from the history books. But Nicaraguan history was changed on a day in 1961 when the anti-Somoza radicals Carlos Fonseca Amador, Tomás Borge Martinez and Silvio Mayorga met in Honduras and formed what would become the Frente Sandinista de Liberación Nacional-the F.S.L.N. According to its founders, the Frente was to be a new nationalist guerrilla army of peasants, students and workers that would avenge Sandino. Its immediate goal: the destruction of the Somoza regime. Its long-term goal: a social revolution that would end the interminable backwardness of Nicaragua.

The destruction of Somoza took the F.S.L.N. almost 20 years to achieve—through jungle battles, general strikes, kidnapings, exiles, assassinations and a civil war that cost more than 50,000 lives. When it was over, Fonseca, Mayorga and dozens of other top F.S.L.N. leaders were dead. Of the three founders of the Frente, only Borge survived to see July 19, 1979, the day the Sandinistas marched triumphantly into Managua. By then, Anastasio Somoza Debayle had already fled the country for Miami. With him

had gone his wife, his children, his mistress and most of the assets of the national bank. Thousands cheered Borge and the F.S.L.N. as they entered Managua. "Sandino has been reborn!" Borge declared.

Latin-American revolutions have a history of ending up with one strong man's grabbing the spoils. To avoid that fate, the Sandinistas opted for a collective leadership. Although a directory of those who hold power in Managua today is confusing, Playboy's interview subjects are a cross section of the top leadership. Dreifus negotiated the interview with various intermediaries, then spent several weeks in Managua last spring. Her report:

"This is undoubtedly the first 'Playboy Interview' ever brought formally before a national cabinet for a vote. The verdict was positive, but getting to that point after months of negotiations was a logistical nightmare. You know, we're fighting a war right now, one Nicaraguan official told me, even after the vote was taken. 'The leaders you want to interview never have 15 minutes together in one place.'

"As nothing came through in the way of firm appointments, I decided to take a bold step: I would fly to Managua and try to pin

"Reagan's people despise us.
As a people. As a revolution.
To them, we deserve only
annihilation."

people down from there. So I left for Nicaragua with my colleague Marcelo Montecino, a talented O.A.S. translator and photographer who would be handling the simultaneous-translation chores.

"The first things you see at Managua's Augusto Sandino Airport are those three famous Soviet helicopters that Reagan is always showing in aerial photographs on television. The next thing you notice is a huge sign that says, WELCOME TO NICARAGUA—A DINERS CLUB COUNTRY.

"Revolutionary Managua is a chaotic and exciting place. There are posters and slogans everywhere—even in the women's rooms. Managua, in fact, is the only city I've ever been to where there is political graffiti on public-bathroom walls. In one women's room, hand-scrawled notes said things like, luis manuel saballos—hipócrita. To be in Managua was like being in a time machine: Here was a place seemingly run by the kind of people who were Sixties radicals. Wherever one went, people were young, singing political folk songs and chanting, 'Power to the People.' One night, there was even a Pete Seeger concert in town!

"As for me, my first few days in Nicaragua involved a lot of chasing after high-ranking Sandinista officials. None of my efforts came to very much until the third day, when an appointment with Father Cardenal was finally arranged. Then, suddenly, everything fell into line: Ramírez, then Borge. We even got to see elusive Ortega for four hours. Once the breakthrough was made, the Nicaraguan leaders gave us unlimited time; they seemed eager for the opportunity and aware that PLAYBOY takes its 'Interviews' seriously. Soon, the 'Interview' became a piece of local gossip. News was breaking fast in Nicaraguafighting at the border, Reagan's big speechbut none of the press corps staying at the Inter-Continental Hotel could get to any of the top leaders for reactions; could PLAYBOY be having better luck? We had promised the Sandinistas that we'd keep our interviews secret; they didn't want to be deluged with other requests. One morning, a network reporter approached me over breakfast at the Inter-Continental.

"What is PLAYBOY doing here, anyhow?"
"The scouting a story—"The Girls of
Managua," I answered quickly. For a while,
anyway, he believed me.

"After the interviews were under way, some of the Nicaraguan leaders began inviting Marcelo and me to, well, hang out with them. Things we did in Managua: go with Borge to a prison farm for Mosquito Indian counterrevolutionaries; watch Father Cardenal put on an all-day Latin-American-song festival in Revolutionary Square; take seven uninvited people to dinner at Ramírez' house.

"Ever since I've returned from Nicaragua, people have been asking me about the atmosphere down there: 'Is there much anti-American feeling?' I must say that, all things considered, there was surprisingly little. American rock 'n' roll blared every day from Radio Sandino. Not once did I encounter any rudeness or hostility-and Marcelo and I wandered off quite a bit to do unofficial reporting. The day after Reagan gave his Congressional address, 250,000 Nicaraguans marched in protest in Revolutionary Square. It was an armed demonstration-250,000 people with guns. Yet Marcelo and I walked out into the crowd and went freely among them. No one threatened us.

"But the Nicaraguans with whom one talked on the street did have mixed feelings toward the U.S. They liked our rock 'n' roll, our blue jeans, our friendly, open ways; what they didn't like was what they called 'Yankee arrogance.' The moment that summed it all up happened one night when a group of us went to a restaurant with Borge. Some American tourists came over to him and said how surprised they were to see the Comandante in an ordinary restaurant. Borge joked with the tourists, welcomed them to Managua and then said, with a grin, 'All North Americans are welcome here, any time—just don't bring the Marines!"

PLAYBOY: To many North Americans, you of the *Sandinista* leadership are faceless guerrillas—people whom Ronald Reagan describes as Marxist dictators. Let's start by getting a brief sense of each of you as

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people. Tomás Borge Martínez, as the sole surviving founder of the *Sandinista* front 22 years ago, you're regarded as a sort of Thomas Jefferson of *Sandinista* Nicaragua. What are the personal experiences that turned you into a revolutionary?

BORGE: Personal questions are always terrible to answer. They always seem like Argentine questions. Although I have spoken very little about my personal life, I will make an exception this time. Let me begin by saying that Nicaragua today is a country where "I" almost doesn't exist. It is difficult to find my past. It almost doesn't matter where I was born. It almost doesn't matter that I grew up in the kind of family where my mother once told me, when I was just beginning to have my political awakening, "The day you become a Communist, I will fall over dead." And I told her . . . well, I better not tell you what. . . .

FATHER CARDENAL: Go ahead—what did you tell her, Tomás?

BORGE: I told her that I would not be blackmailed by her gentleness and her naïveté and that I was a Communist. Needless to say, she did not fall over dead. PLAYBOY: How did you come to that political awakening?

BORGE: Perhaps I could say that I was led to the revolutionary life by reading an author named Karl May, Karl May, not Karl Marx. May was a German who wrote novels about the wild West in the United States [without ever visiting America]. I was about 12 years old when I read his books, and they affected me profoundly. In the May Westerns, the heroes were archetypes of nobility-they courageous, audacious, personally honest. I wanted to be like them. But since in Nicaragua we didn't have the Great Plains of the North American West, and since the injustices we were facing were different from those in the Western novels, I decided to confront Nicaraguan injustices.

Around the same time that I was reading May, I had a girlfriend and we would walk around our town and talk with some of the peasants. Learning of their misery, their poverty, their traumas was what really turned me into a revolutionary. They would tell me about the horrible conditions they lived under, conditions they attributed to Anastasio Somoza García, the first Somoza-the father of the dictator we overthrew. From the time I was 13, I struggled against Somoza. Then, in 1956, the first Somoza was assassinated and there was an immediate repression-all kinds of anti-Somocistus were rounded up and imprisoned, myself included. I was taken prisoner and condemned to five years' imprisonment.

A solidarity movement of students sprang up to keep me out of jail—and among them was Carlos Fonseca Amador, an extraordinary compañero. A kind of poet and scientist, something like a saint and an ascetic. When I got out of jail, our relationship continued, and I had the priv-

ilege of being taught in my political thinking by Fonseca.

In July of 1961, we decided to found the Frente Sandinista de Liberación Nacional. We took up arms to initiate the guerrilla struggle against the second Somoza, who was governing just as tyrannically as his father.

PLAYBOY: When you first took up arms, did you think you'd live to see a victory?

BORGE: I was convinced there'd be a victory—but I wasn't sure of surviving. There were so many years of imprisonment! Once, after an armed confrontation with a National Guard patrol, I was condemned to 200—or was it 230?—years in jail. I don't know what the sentence was; it really makes no difference. The first nine months in the jails, I was handcuffed, hooded and tortured. Sometimes, I was left in solitary confinement for so long that I welcomed the return of my torturer—just so that I could see another human being.

Once, when I was tortured, I said to my jailer that someday I would have revenge on him. "How?" he asked. "By forgiving you," I told him. I can say now that I did take revenge on that jailer.

PLAYBOY: How?

BORGE: I forgave him.
PLAYBOY: How did you get out of prison?

BORGE: After the 1978 F.S.L.N. raid on the National Palace, the front captured the building and held hostage many of Somoza's congressmen. We were released in exchange for their freedom. Then came the triumph in July 1979. What hurt me most was that my wife didn't live to see the victory. Through all my years underground, my wife and our five daughters had suffered terribly. They were abandoned without protection. They were persecuted, threatened by Somoza. Most of the time, they were practically living on public charity. It would have been very satisfying to my wife to see her daughters living a new life.

PLAYBOY: How was your wife killed?

BORGE: During the [final] insurrection, she was looking for her daughters in Chichigalpa. She was in a local taxi that was detained by a patrol of the National Guard. One of the guards recognized my wife and immediately captured her. She was taken to a National Guard outpost, where they raped her and tortured her. Then they finally riddled her with bullets.

PLAYBOY: How did you find out about it? BORGE: After the triumph of the revolution, I set out to search for her. She had disappeared. So we published her photograph, and some people who had seen her killed directed us to a mass grave. She was there, with ten other cadavers. . . . It is very hard to talk about this. I have remarried, had two children since and adopted a third—but it's still hard to talk about.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps we can shift to Father Ernesto Cardenal. Father, you're the minister of culture, and the first question that comes to mind is How can a Catholic priest also be a Marxist revolutionary?

FATHER CARDENAL: As Christians, we don't think that there should be any incompatibility with Marxism. One can be a Marxist without being an atheist. What Christianity gives us is a set of goals: All men should love one another, should live in a society of justice, fraternity and equality. Those are goals that Marxism and Christianity have in common. Ever since the F.S.L.N. was founded 22 years ago. there has been a feeling that our revolution should not be antireligious. During their years underground, the F.S.L.N. founders constantly sought me out to talk about how we could create a truly Christian revolution in Nicaragua.

PLAYBOY: You come from an extremely wealthy family, don't you?

FATHER CARDENAL: The Cardenal family were very rich businessmen. It is a very large family, and it is a divided family. Some Cardenals are with the revolution, others against, a few neutral. In my cousin Julio Cardenal's family, one son died as a Sandinista revolutionary, while his son-in-law died a counterrevolutionary. It is true in the divided Robelo family, too. This is a very common phenomenon in Nicaragua. But I can't think of another country where there has ever been such a large sector of the upper bourgeoisie that has so identified itself with revolution. There are even some comandantes from millionaire families.

PLAYBOY: How did you go from millionaire to priest to revolutionary?

FATHER CARDENAL: As a young man, I had great love for girls and for poetry. Eventually, I began to write poetry against the Somoza dictatorship. Around the time the first Somoza was assassinated, I had an encounter with God-though the two events aren't necessarily connected. God revealed Himself to me as love-and then I forgot all human love. I became madly in love with God, and I wanted to live in some place where I would have complete solitude and be alone with God. This eventually led me to a Trappist monastery in Kentucky, where the famous theologian Thomas Merton lived. This was in 1957. Merton and I became very close there, because we were the only poets in the monastery. But I grew very dissatisfied with life at the monastery-never speaking, getting up at two A.M., not eating fish, eggs or meat. Merton was dissatisfied, too. We wanted to start something new.

Eventually, I left to study for the priesthood, and in 1964, I founded a religious community in the Solentiname archipelago on Lake Nicaragua. In Solentiname, we created a community of young peasants from the region. We organized cooperatives, art workshops, poetry workshops and there was also a lot of Bible study, in which, together with the peasants, we developed liberation theology. On Sundays, we would discuss the Gospel in terms of the problems of the poor, in terms of what was happening with Somoza. Those



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discussions came to a point where, in 1977, a group of the young men from Solentiname went to the nearby town of San Carlos and attacked the National Guard barracks there. Three of our young men died in the raid. The raid was really the beginning of the rising against Somoza. But what Somoza did in retaliation was destroy Solentiname—the houses, the books, the pre-Columbian art we'd collected, the craft workshops, everything!

From then on, I was in exile, traveling around the world seeking support for the F.S.L.N. I traveled to many countries looking for solidarity. I did that up until the day of the triumph, and then I became minister of culture. A job I really dislike, by the way.

PLAYBOY: Why?

FATHER CARDENAL: I loathe diplomatic receptions. They're horrible. All that false politeness, those false toasts. They're sterile hours. Quite frankly, I'd much rather be back in Solentiname-which has been partially rebuilt-writing my poetry. For me, working in the revolution is a sacrifice. I've often wished the revolution would free me from this ministry. And I've been asking for it. But they tell me that they still need me, and I understand this, because the revolution is suffering so many attacks. The person who is responsible for the fact that I do not write poetry is Ronald Reagan. If Reagan had not been elected, perhaps I would be in Solentiname, happy and tranquil, writing poetry. So he really messed up a lot of my personal life.

PLAYBOY: Sergio Ramírez, you are one of the three members of the Nicaraguan junta, but you were once one of Nicaragua's best-known novelists. Do you, like Father Cardenal, feel a certain resentment that politics has taken you away from your art? RAMÍREZ: No. It's been ten years since I've written a line-ten years that I've been involved in overthrowing a dictatorship and then helping build a new country. That's been a kind of happiness of its own, I am very happy that I was offered this opportunity, that I accepted it. How many times in the life of a man does he find a chance to participate in the building of a new world? Perhaps if I had used those ten years to write, today I'd be a most famous artist. But I still prefer having participated in the revolution.

PLAYBOY: You also come from a well-to-do family, don't you?

RAMIREZ: No—we are not like the Cardenals, if that's what you're asking. My father was a businessman, my mother a schoolteacher. But on both sides, it was a family closely tied to the dictatorship—to the Liberal Party, which was Somoza's party.

PLAYBOY: What turned you against your family's values?

RAMÍREZ: My first experience came in 1959, when I was 17, at the university in León. One afternoon in June, the army fired upon an unarmed student demonstration. There were four deaths, 80 wounded. I

was one of the survivors. From then on, I hated Somoza-though I did not take up a gun. I did not become clandestine. I went on with my life, doing many things: I got a degree in law, a profession I never practiced; I wrote novels, edited a book on Augusto Sandino, Then, in 1969, I became the secretary-general of the Central American Superior Council of Universities in Costa Rica, For the next few years, I worked at that in Costa Rica, and during that time, I was linked to the struggle against Somoza—though, as I said, not as a guerrilla. To go underground was almost to accept a kind of revolutionary sainthood. I traveled around Central America during that period, getting to know people like myself-intellectuals and revolutionaries fighting dictatorships in Guatemala and El Salvador-people who are mostly now dead . . . murdered. Anyway, I opposed Somoza but didn't play much of a part in the struggle against his regime.

PLAYBOY: When did that change?

RAMÍREZ: Between 1973 and 1975. I was in West Berlin on a fellowship that permitted me to work full time as a writer. For a long time, it seemed that the dictatorship would take who knew how long to overthrow. But in 1974, events were moving very rapidly in Nicaragua, In 1974, the F.S.L.N. raided the house of Somoza's close friend Castillo-the famous "Christmas party." In exchange for freeing Somoza's friends, many guerrillas, including Comandante Daniel Ortega, were released from prison and allowed to go into exile in Cuba. After that, the F.S.L.N. had an international name and became a large organization. So there I was in Berlin, with an offer to go to Paris and become a screenwriter for a new project at the Pompidou Center. I had to make a choice: to stay in Europe as a Latin-American writer in exile or to return to Nicaragua, where things were happening.

PLAYBOY: And you chose the latter?

RAMÍREZ: Yes. When I returned to Central America, I was assigned a specific task. Till then, the front had always been characterized by the dictatorship as a terrorist organization-bank robbers, common criminals, disoriented youngsters. That image isolated the F.S.L.N., and my job was to organize a group of people with solid prestige who could serve as a form of political support for the guerrilla struggle-businessmen, lawyers, financial leaders, intellectuals. We organized prominent citizens to sign a statement supporting the F.S.L.N., and we called ourselves the Twelve, Father Miguel D'Escoto, our foreign minister, was one of the Twelve, as was Ernesto's brother Fernando, who is a Jesuit. The organization of the Twelve was a tremendous blow to the dictatorshipand Somoza ordered our arrest. At that point, some of us had to flee to Costa Rica. But in the summer of 1978, the Twelve returned to Managua, defying the arrest order, and it was an extraordinary moment: Thousands of people lined the road from the airport to greet us. A huge crowd. After that, we traveled openly throughout Nicaragua, stirring the public against the dictatorship. Somoza couldn't repress us as he would have liked—because international pressure wouldn't allow it.

Then the insurrection really began. We went underground. In September of 1978, Somoza's security men went to my parents' house in Masatepe, took my father away and threatened him with execution. My father was 75 years old and had been a supporter of Somoza's! By that time, Somoza didn't care about public opinion or anything else, and it was clear that he would murder me if he could find me.

PLAYBOY: What were your feelings when you heard that your father had been kidnaped and threatened?

RAMÍREZ: It was terrible. I knew it was an attempt to smoke me out. My brother, who is now our ambassador to Costa Rica, escaped from the family house, because a family member who worked for the police warned him in advance of the raid. Eventually, they released my father.

PLAYBOY: There has been so much bloodshed in Nicaragua-more than 50,000 dead just from the uprising against Somoza. There is still killing from the border raids. Has all that carnage hardened you? RAMÍREZ: That's a difficult question to answer. For us, hardening has been relative. Little by little, comrades and companions fall, and they continue to fall-and it affects us less. We see it as inevitable. But I don't think we have ever become insensitive. I think that it's this sensitivity, this incredible sensitivity, that allowed us to avoid masses of executions here of Somoza's National Guards. During the uprising, we made a public promise that we would not execute prisoners. We had guaranteed the lives of the Guards. We had established places where they could seek refuge, and we respected all of those commitments. And all our leaders respected them. That gave us one of the great moral advantages in this revolution. It is something that even the dirtiest propaganda has not been able to destroy. There is a moral authority that we got from not executing prisoners. There were hundreds of Guards who fled to Honduras because we gave them safe conduct, because we didn't persecute them or follow them to murder them. And the consequence of that policy is right next door at this moment. Now we have Guards at the border-threatening us with their counterrevolutionary raids. But if we hadn't spared them, we wouldn't have a revolution as we conceived it.

PLAYBOY: Now that we know a little about you three as people, let's discuss the revolution that you've created. You are obviously Marxists in your political beliefs, yet you've expressed pride that there are Christian principles involved and that certain human rights have been protected. Can one of you further characterize the nature of your revolution?

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DANIEL ORTEGA

a candid conversation with nicaragua's revolutionary head of state

PLAYBOY: Perhaps it shouldn't surprise us that you—Nicaragua's head of state—are also a poet, since many of the top *Sandinista* leaders are poets as well. Is that some kind of credential for a political post in Nicaragua?

ORTEGA: I wouldn't say I'm a poet. But Nicaragua's great national poet Rubén Darío gave all of us an obligation to write. Nicaraguans *like* to write poetry. Given the culture, many sorts of poets emerge—good poets, all kinds of poets.

PLAYBOY: And you are-

ORTEGA: An amateur,

PLAYBOY: We understand you wrote a poem with an unusual title: *I Never Saw Managua When Miniskirts Were in Fashion*. Under what circumstances did you write it?

ORTEGA: I was in jail—in Somoza's jail. I was there for a total of seven years, including the late Sixties.

PLAYBOY: Your family had a history of strong opposition to the Somozas; is that correct?

ORTEGA: On both sides—my father's and my mother's. Both were strong fighters against the Somozas; both were jailed by Somoza. My father was in the struggle with Sandino at different times, different places. Once, he was taken prisoner in the mountains in the north of Nicaragua. Later, my grandfather, who was a respected director of a school in Granada, used his influence to get my father freed.

PLAYBOY: That was the first Somoza?

ORTEGA: Yes. El primo Somoza. Well, Somoza personally scolded my father and said that the only reason he wasn't killed was my grandfather's intervention. Then Somoza gave my father a scaled envelope. When my father got home, he opened the envelope and found money inside. He immediately returned it. So Somoza responded by sending him a telegram with the following words: EAT SHITE When I was a child, my father would often show me and my

brothers that telegram.

PLAYBOY: So the fact that you ended up in jail, writing poetry, under the third Somoza, was hardly surprising. Father Cardenal gave us this copy of one of your efforts:

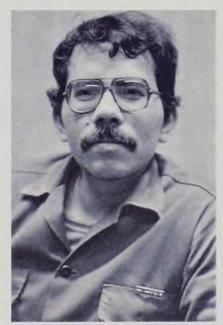
The shit and piss,
hot damn, so many people. . . .
Jail man!
Don't let nobody talk with this man;
let 'im sleep on the floor,

and if he makes a move, belt 'im one. . . .

The galleys, Auschwitz, Buchenwald Nicaragua.

Did you really feel a parallel to Auschwitz and Buchenwald?

ORTEGA: Well, our situation often seemed to me very much like the concentration camps I've read about. For instance, I was in a tiny cell with 150 other prisoners-99 percent of them were common criminals. We had only one toilet, and there was a permanent line of 50 to 60 men to go to the toilet. There was terrible hunger. You got one tortilla, a small one, and maybe 30 beans—you could count them. Nothing else. There were all kinds of vicesdrugs, homosexuality. There was a code among the common criminals to respect the political prisoners, but sometimes, when the prison warden came to visit, the common criminals were ordered to beat us. Later, they'd excuse themselves. Needless to say, there was tortureand a lot of isolation periods. Beatings-many beatings. You know, it's interesting: One of the wardens once slit a prisoner's stomach open and then took a needle and thread and sewed him up on the spot. I believe he is still



"When Reagan says he's tried to negotiate with us, he lies. . . . Many times, we have shown our willingness to have a dialog. We have said, "We want normal relations with the U.S." But their position is closed."

inside one of the embassies here in Managua, getting political asylum.

PLAYBOY: You were eventually freed as part of the prisoner exchange during the famous 1974 "Christmas party" commando action. As a result, a group of you were allowed to take a plane to Cuba.

ORTEGA: Yes. I must say that when we got to Cuba, finding ourselves free in Havana was a tremendous experience. After seven years of imprisonment, it seemed unreal—it took all of us quite a while to adapt ourselves to freedom.

PLAYBOY: After your time in Cuba, you went back to fighting the guerrilla campaign against Somoza—until your victory on July 19, 1979. After all those years, going back two generations to Sandino's original revolt, what were your feelings as you marched into Managua?

ORTEGA: Actually, the triumph in Managua was kind of anticlimactic for me. We had already captured León, and although Somoza had already fled, his National Guard was still fighting us in Managua. That was on the 18th of July-the last night of the old regime. There we were, resting up for the next day's march, watching television in León. And on that night, for the first time, I saw some old film footage of Sandino being broadcast. During all the years of Somoza, we had never seen any film of him and I had known about Sandino only from photographs and books. But there he actually was, waving his hat! And that was the thing that impressed me most: to see Sandino waving his hat on TV.

PLAYBOY: And now you have the power that you always fought for. We wonder, *Comandante*, whether or not you find it more difficult to run a revolutionary country than to overthrow a dictatorship.

ORTEGA: Well, we still have all kinds of problems—not the least of which is Reagan's war against us. But we're preparing ourselves to resist any type of aggression by the United States in Central America—and to defeat it. We're already facing this invasion at our borders, and we're defeating it—the first phase. There will be other waves of invasions coming, including, perhaps, as a final element, the North American Army. We're preparing for all of that. This war may (continued on page 196)

BORGE: First of all, ours is neither a Marxist nor a Christian revolution. This is a revolution in which Marxism and Christianity are integrated with all other ideologies. We believe in pluralism and practice it. We do not have people in the government who want to destroy our revolution, but we do have members who are not in the F.S.L.N. One of the members of the junta, Córdova Rivas, is a member of the Conservative Party, for instance.

RAMÍREZ: You could say that we're a people who, four years after the triumph over Somoza, still feel the fever of the revolution—looking for answers in very many ways. I'm hoping that will still be true in

ten years. We don't want our revolution to become gray, orthodox. The basic thing we have to deal with is the extreme poverty of Nicaragua. It's not easy. In July 1979, the first time we entered this Government House, we thought we could do everything in a day. A year later, we thought we could do everything in five years. Now we think that we can do everything but that it will be the work of several generations.

It should also be said that we don't see our revolution as a copy of any other. When Ronald Reagan or Jeane Kirkpatrick says that we're another Cuba, that is just a North American invention. We don't believe that the problems of Nicaragua can be solved by merely copying other models. That means we have not reproduced the sociopolitical mechanisms of the United States *or* the Soviet Union. We're not following *any* form. What we are doing is seeking a profound solution. To what? To the poverty of this country.

PLAYBOY: So to you, the revolution is continuing.

RAMÍREZ: Yes. The struggle is the same. Against whom were we struggling? Somoza's National Guard. Who supported, armed, financed the old National Guard? The United States! Against whom are we struggling now? The National Guard. Who arms and supports the National Guard today? The U.S. Government! The only difference I see is this: Before, we did it from underground, from the mountains. Now we do it from the Government House—now we do it from power!

PLAYBOY: That brings to mind a famous photograph of Zapata taken just after he'd gotten power in Mexico, sitting uncomfortably in a thronelike chair. Or maybe you remember the movie with Marlon Brando, Viva Zapata!——

RAMÍREZ: Great movie!

PLAYBOY: Zapata, as played by Brando, arrives in Mexico City to govern but after a while asks himself, "What are we doing here? Let's go back where we belong." Does any of that strike a chord?

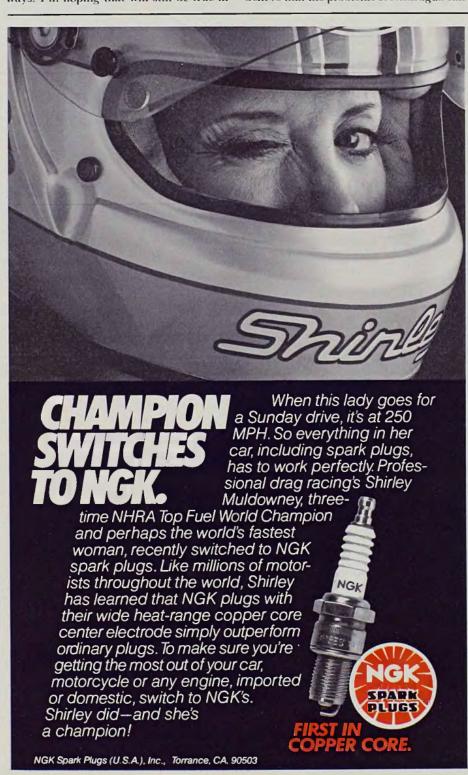
BORGE: Of course. It's the kind of thing we've asked ourselves 200 times. To make war is relatively simple. But to carry on after victory, to make war against poverty and backwardness and egotism and bureaucracy is something else. Especially now that we're fighting North American imperialism, which is infinitely more powerful than the poor historical memory that was Anastasio Somoza.

PLAYBOY: What did you find when you took over the country from Somoza in 1979?

BORGE: Ruins. Somoza left us ruins. Thousands dead. Backwardness. Illiteracy. Incredible poverty. He left us old factories that could not compete in the market. He left us no money in the national treasury. What did we find in the bank in July 1979? Five cordobas! The money—everything but the debts, billions in debts—went abroad. Beyond all that, beyond many deaths, the torture, the poverty, Somoza left us bad taste—mal gusto.

PLAYBOY: Bad taste?

RAMÍREZ: There was no official culture under Somoza—which may be a kind of blessing. When it came to culture, he was like one of those black holes in space. Here in Nicaragua, we speak of something we call Somocista quiche, which refers to the way Somocistas slavishly imitated the habits and the tastes of the North Americans—the worst tastes of North Americans, at that. What the Somocistas really wanted was to turn Nicaragua into a kind of Miami—which is not the best cultural tradition of North America. Somoza's



wife, Hope, the leader of this cultural movement, did not think of the United States in terms of New England or the Midwest but, rather, Miami. Low camp. Ouiche.

BORGE: It was incredible what they considered art, poetry. They used to publish poems in homage to Somoza—"I give this song to you, Somoza, along with my heart. . . ." Ernesto [Cardenal]'s poetry, by contrast, was unacceptable, because it didn't rhyme.

PLAYBOY: Former U.S. Assistant Secretary of State Thomas Enders charged that you were consolidating a monopoly force with Cuban assistance and building the largest military establishment in Central America. Is his charge true?

RAMÍREZ: In a sense, yes. But with an important difference that Enders would never be able to understand. Yes, we do have a large armed force. At this moment, thousands of citizens have guns, and they are not professional soldiers—they're workers, students, peasants. And if the aggression increases, we will double that number. So, in that sense, Enders is correct.

He is *not* correct when he says that this is an aggressive force that threatens the stability of the rest of Central America. Sometimes I think that there is a huge gap of understanding in some North Americans when it comes to what we're doing here. Even from people who do not think as Enders does. For instance, there were a group of Congressmen from the United States who came through here the other day and they said some extraordinary things to us.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

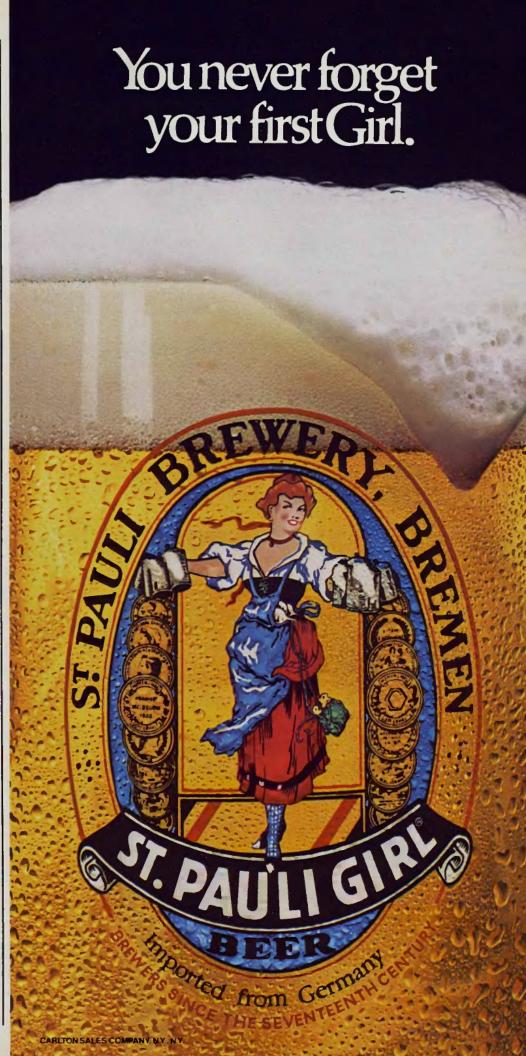
RAMÍREZ: One of them actually said, "If you had good relations with the United States, none of this would be happening." Meaning the covert support of our enemies, the murders, the terrorist attacks....

PLAYBOY: How did you answer that?

RAMÍREZ: We said we've tried to have good relations. But if we assume that relations are bad, does that authorize us to put a bomb in the White House? If you took that argument to its logical end, bad relations would give us the right to try to kill Reagan as our enemies have tried to kill us. Oh, but we have long experience with meeting with U.S. Congressmen. They come to Nicaragua and act as though they were in Arkansas or Nevada. For them, there is no international border. We are the back yard. For them, there is no such thing as our independent sovereignty-what exists, instead, are the so-called strategic interests of the United States.

PLAYBOY: Reagan's people accuse you of not really wanting to negotiate with U.S. officials. You've met with Enders and with then–Secretary of State Alexander Haig. What do you claim happened?

RAMÍREZ: Comandante Ortega will be telling you more about that, but I can tell you a little bit about those meetings. Briefly,



what we got mostly from Enders and Haig when we met with them was extreme arrogance. With Haig, there wasn't even a dialog, because he always barked at us. With Enders, it was more a litany of the things we were supposed to do—and then threats if we didn't obey. That was his style. We have been spoken to in one of those two ways for more than 50 years.

After George Shultz replaced Haig, we had hopes to start afresh. Our foreign minister, Father Miguel D'Escoto, requested a meeting with him while he was in New York for a UN session. Our request was ignored. Not a single word back.

PLAYBOY: When did that happen?

RAMÍREZ: Last September. Father D'Escoto had our instructions to continue trying to talk with Secretary of State Shultz in any possible way. As it happened, Shultz was giving a reception for the UN missions, and Father D'Escoto was on the diplomatic list. Nothing special about that. At the head of the receiving line, there was Shultz, shaking everybody's hand. Father D'Escoto was announced, he put out his hand—and Shultz refused to shake it. Father D'Escoto plunged on, asking him if the two governments couldn't simply meet to discuss things. Shultz refused to say a single word.

That incident shows us the mental and ideological problems the Reagan people have. They despise us. As a people. As a revolution. From their viewpoint, we de-

serve only annihilation. Why should they waste their time speaking with such a small, weak country?

PLAYBOY: Despite all that, do you still want your position to be better understood by the U.S. public?

RAMÍREZ: You know, we have never forbidden any representative from the U.S. to enter the country. We've received innumerable delegations of U.S. Congressmen. I've spoken with at least 20 delegations during the past four years, and we've always given the same explanations, because they always ask us the same things. With patience, with cordiality we've responded. We've never said, "What are you people doing here? Why don't you solve your problem of racial discrimination? Why don't you solve the problem of chicanos in the U.S.?" That would be stupid on our part, to give that sort of answer. Here, the U.S. Ambassador is treated with every courtesy and respect-which perhaps shouldn't be due to the representative of a country that is financing and directing an invasion against Nicaragua. Nevertheless, this is one of the few countries in the world where a U.S. Ambassador can go to a barbershop to have his hair cut and be completely unconcerned for his safety. He can even act in amateur theatrical productions. I don't know whether Ambassador Anthony Quainton is a good or a bad actor, but he takes part in community theater here.

BORGE: He must be a better actor than Reagan.

FATHER CARDENAL: We would be very happy here to receive Reagan's son, who is a ballet dancer.

RAMÍREZ: Besides, he's unemployed.

BORGE: Why don't you invite him, Ernesto?

FATHER CARDENAL: I don't know how to get in touch with him.

RAMÍREZ: Perhaps through PLAYBOY.

BORGE: It would be interesting if President Reagan could come.

PLAYBOY: Why?

BORGE: So that he could see, even with his atrophied vision, the reality we are living.

RAMÍREZ: No, Tomás—it wouldn't do any good. It would probably be like the Pope's visit, when he didn't *see* anything. You can attribute that statement to Father Cardenal. Just a joke: Only *cardenales* can speak about Popes.

PLAYBOY: When Reagan went before a joint session of Congress to give his address on Central America, he began by saying, "El Salvador is nearer to Texas than Texas is to Massachusetts. Nicaragua is just as close to Miami, San Antonio, San Diego and Tucson as those cities are to Washington." What was your reaction to that?

RAMÍREZ: Those are the same ideas that were behind President Monroe's doctrine. That theory of influence due to geographical proximity was what impelled a

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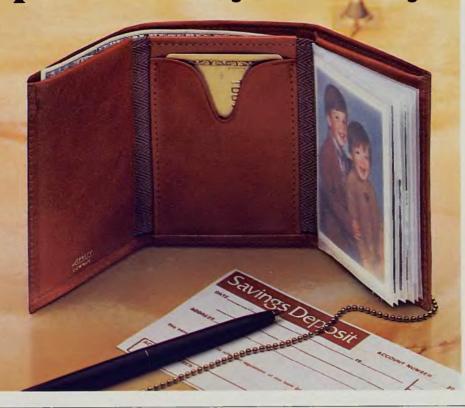


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North American named William Walker in 1855 to come to Nicaragua and to try to conquer Central America. According to Walker and his Southern soldiers, Central America was a natural part of the United States, along with Mexico.

The important thing about that speech was that Reagan seemed to be personally declaring war on us. In a very solemn moment, he invited his wife to listen to this declaration of war-giving a sentimental touch to the matter. Both houses of Congress were there. The speech was broadcast throughout the nation. It was a declaration of war stated from the most august halls of the United States-a war against a small and weak country. I think that Washington and Jefferson would have blushed, because it wasn't for this that the founders of North America fought their revolution. What I think was behind the speech really had a lot to do with the military situation in El Salvador. Reagan wanted to tell Congress and the North American people that he was doing everything possible: He warned them that if El Salvador falls-as it probably will-he can wash his hands of the matter.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the leftist insurgents are winning in El Salvador?

RAMÍREZ: Absolutely. I don't see how the U.S. can prevent their taking power—unless the U.S. introduces an invading force into El Salvador.

PLAYBOY: After a speech like Reagan's, do

you gentlemen ever ask yourselves, "What is going through the mind of the President of the United States?"

FATHER CARDENAL: I don't think he thinks. Close friends of his say that no one has ever seen him reading a book. Besides, I believe he's mad. What he says about us is worthy of a madman, and he may end up in an insane asylum. It all sounds like some wild-West movie he's acting out. He's playing the cowboy who kills all the "bad guys" in Nicaragua.

RAMÍREZ: I think of Reagan as a sort of Frankenstein's monster. Not in the pejorative sense, but when you think of the Frankenstein legend, the monster was made up of the bodies and brains of different people, with horrible results. Within Reagan's mind, I don't think there's any one person but, rather, a mixture of any number of extremists who have dwelt in academic and corporate catacombs, who have waited all these years to put their policies into effect. Reagan is a character of this period in North America the same way Colonel Sanders was a character representing Kentucky Fried Chicken-just an image with a whole apparatus behind

So the apparatus is there, no matter what happens to the image. If Reagan resigned, the system would be left behind, though perhaps George Bush's policies would be somewhat different.

BORGE: What Sergio is saying is absolutely

right. Reagan, or his image, is entirely determined by economic interests. Such is the degree of power of advertising in the United States that the people could just as easily elect Coca-Cola as President. And that's what we believe Americans did—swallowed Reagan as if he were Coke.

RAMÍREZ: There can be differences, obviously. Carter was a different sort of President from the usual. He did not invade Iran with 500,000 troops to rescue the hostages as a demonstration of his machismo. That's how Reagan won, by telling the United States it needed a strong man to direct its destiny.

BORGE: It's very difficult to try to get inside the head of Reagan. I suppose he's always onstage, in front of a movie director. We realize that his speeches are prepared and that he probably doesn't think about what he says too much. But Reagan has become an obsession for us—and we've become an obsession for him. His obsession with us is visceral.

FATHER CARDENAL: By the way, do you know anything about those monkey movies of Reagan's?

PLAYBOY: Monkey movies? Do you mean his film *Bedtime for Bonzo*?

RAMÍREZ: Yes. I think that's it. It's an old movie in which Reagan plays a person who controls a monkey. It's very difficult to get hold of prints of that movie. It seems as if someone has bought all of them so that they cannot be shown.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that the collective leadership of the *Sandinista* government has been trying to get prints of *Bedtime for Bonzo?*

BORGE: Yes. But we haven't been able to. The movie deals with a monkey, and the monkey's master is Reagan. So this is a wonderful allegory—almost a premonition.

FATHER CARDENAL: Some months ago, we tried to find the movie at various film societies around the world, but we couldn't.

BORGE: Perhaps PLAYBOY could help us obtain a copy.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to the interview, gentlemen. . . . In the same speech, before a joint session of Congress, Reagan made a lot of strong charges. Let us quote some of them: "The government of Nicaragua has imposed a new dictatorship; it has refused to hold the elections it promised; it has seized control of most media and subjects all media to heavy prior censorship; it denied the bishops and priests of the Roman Catholic Church the right to say Mass on radio during Holy Week; it insulted and mocked the Pope." He says more. Do you want to answer those charges?

BORGE: Some of this is very much of the level of Ripley's Believe It or Not!

PLAYBOY: What about those elections?

RAMÍREZ: On August 22, 1980—a year after our triumph over Somoza—we announced that elections would be held in 1985. We haven't changed on this matter one bit. What has changed is the circumstances. When we announced elections, other political groups decided to take up the counterrevolutionary armed struggle, so in 1985, they probably will not be able to participate in those elections. I recognize the fact that that has changed.

But the ideal of elections continues. There will be elections among many parties. There will be a direct vote by secret ballot. Possibly we will elect a national assembly that can vote on a new constitution and can institutionalize the country. If we can achieve that in 1985, we will set a record for elections after a revolution.

BORGE: Don't forget that in the United States, there were eight years between the triumph of your revolution and your first elected President.

PLAYBOY: If the activities of the *Somocista* Guardsmen—known as the *Contras*—continue and intensify, will there still be an election by 1985?

BORGE: In principle, yes; unless there is a total war that makes an electoral process impossible.

PLAYBOY: What about civil liberties? Ever since you declared a state of emergency more than a year ago, you've had censorship of the press. *La Prensa*, which has become an opposition newspaper, has been ordered to suspend publication for several days and, on other occasions, has had to kill articles your censors prohibited.

BORGE: To understand why we've instituted censorship, you have to understand that we are a people at war—we've been invaded. When a country is at war, it is a special situation and an emergency that we must cover.

RAMÍREZ: Yes, it's true that we've imposed limitations, temporary limitations, on the fundamental right of freedom of the press. We think freedom of the press is a fundamental right. The problem with La Prensa is that it is not a newspaper that publishes healthy criticism of the revolution. Rather, it is a newspaper identified with interests trying to overthrow this revolutionary government. La Prensa doesn't want to improve our form of government but to replace it with something we consider worse, much worse. Under those circumstances, we have no choice but to defend our revolution. We're clear on that.

PLAYBOY: Why censor *La Prensa*, though? Isn't it enough to answer it with ideas? If a newspaper is publishing lies, prove it.

RAMÍREZ: You can do that in the United States, because *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* are not linked to terrorist organizations. But imagine first that the United States had an enormous army of terrorists at the Mexican border trying to overthrow its Government. If there were a newspaper supporting that, I would say its constitutional rights and freedom of expression might be questioned.

FATHER CARDENAL: Perhaps you should ask why we haven't *abolished* opposition newspapers.

PLAYBOY: OK. Why?

FATHER CARDENAL: Because we want a revolution with freedom of expression-the first revolution in the world to be waged with freedom of the press. We want to create a good example. A democratic revolution. A humanistic revolution. Sometimes we think that the kind of pressure the counterrevolutionary activities put on us-and the measures we must take to protect ourselves against it-are exactly what the United States wants. It wants us to have religious persecution; it encourages some priests to speak from the pulpits against the revolution-priests who never spoke against Somoza. It would even like it if we were executing people! What are we supposed to do?

PLAYBOY: The abolition of the death penalty and the early release of many Somocista prisoners may be human-rights accomplishments in which you can take pride. But to many human-rights groups, your slate is flawed. Americas Watch, for example, in a recent report stated: "Though others, notably the United States and Honduras, undoubtedly bear some responsibility for continuing disorder along Nicaragua's northern border, this cannot, in our judgment, justify the increasing number of pretrial political detentions, the newly established prior censorship of the press, the continued involuntary relocation of more than 8000 Mosquito Indians

in the Tasba Pri camps. . . . Unless these actions, and the pattern of governance which they reflect, are promptly reversed, we believe that human rights in Nicaragua may deteriorate still further and that many of the human-rights advances of the July 1979 revolution may be lost." How do you answer that?

RAMÍREZ: The first thing we did after the triumph was sweep away the completely corrupt Somocista judiciary. In its place came a very young judicial system with little experience. In faraway places in the country, we have very young people exercising police authority. There are probably some who are not educated as to the precise length of time, for instance, that prisoners can be detained before putting them on trial. That can happen. But what we do not accept, what does not happen, is that inexperienced policemen torture prisoners to get a confession! When Americas Watch says that it is concerned with the possible loss of freedoms, I say I would worry, too, if there were a progressive and irreversible deterioration of human rights. At the moment, I would accept and agree that in certain circumstances, there are abuses. We cannot deny that.

PLAYBOY: But UN Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick charges that there are thousands of political prisoners in Nicaragua's jails.

BORGE: No. That is wrong. In Nicaragua, there are some thousands of prisoners, but a great majority are common criminals. However, there are certain kinds of prisoners incarcerated for counterrevolutionary activities. A lot of those prisoners—perhaps 500—are Mosquitos who have joined up with the *Contras*.

I must say, though, some of the questions you ask us are rather odd. When we took a vote and agreed to be interviewed by PLAYBOY, I thought at least I would be asked about my reputation as a seducer.

PLAYBOY: Comandante Borge, it is mentioned around Managua that you're a well-known seducer.

BORGE: Well, if you had asked me about that, I would have had an answer ready: that a revolutionary *has* to be a seducer.

PLAYBOY: All right, we'll go along with the diversion. Do tell us why a revolutionary has to be a seducer.

BORGE: Because we even have to seduce the birds out of the trees to put them into the service of the revolution.

PLAYBOY: Are you claiming that having charm makes your revolutionary duties easier?

BORGE: [Laughs] It's a kind of duty. I don't know if I'm charming or not. I'm sure that I'm not sympathetic to quite a few people. I'm a heavy to a lot of people.

PLAYBOY: If we can get back on track here. . . . The issue of the Mosquito Indians is a serious one for your government. Since taking power, you've forcibly relocated thousands of Indians from their homes near the Honduras border and have

(continued on page 140)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He misses their planned recreation—PLAYBOY readers, after all, take home almost a quarter of the sports equipment sold in America—but he has a talent for the unplanned variation. As any number of supermen will tell you, there's room in a phone booth for dozens of upright activities. So while it looks as if the rain may last forever and their shelter may swirl away to the sea, he won't call up the National Guard. There's no need for relief, because our man always makes plans.



The truth of it, of course, is that America's new illiterates are those who speak and read and write only English or one of the world's other human-to-human languages. It's all very nice to know a little Shakespeare, or perhaps the history of the republic, or perhaps the difference between a tort



and a felony; but it won't necessarily get you a job. And if it does, the M-O-N-E-Y is likely to be P-E-A-N-U-T-S.

And if that yell seems a little arrogant, it is. But then, the kids at MIT, the technodarlings who are warming up to design the systems that will see us into the 21st Century, figure they've earned it.

It's not easy at MIT. Not easy to get in (you pretty much need straight A's), not easy to pay for (\$15,000 a year), not easy to do the work (about 40 hours a week, not counting lectures and labs) and not easy to compete with the 9500 other scienceheads with nearly perfect high school records and big scores on the big tests—the other kids who took their first pocket calculator apart and reprogrammed it to play Dungeons and Dragons.

The seniors will tell you that the school's academic philosophy is to take the strongest student and crush him—or her—and that the first couple of years resemble trying to drink from a fire hydrant. Suddenly, these students are no longer smarter than their teachers; in fact, as often as not, their professors have written the books they're working from. And for the first time ever, the students at the desks around them represent major-league competition. As one professor put it, "You know these students are serious when you walk into class and say good morning and they write it down."

Altogether, MIT tends to shatter whatever confidence its students have come in with. And sometimes it's worse than that.

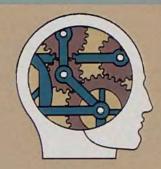
"We get a few suicides every year, it seems like," one grad student told me while I was on campus for a couple of weeks last spring. "A few days ago, a guy hanged himself in his room at Burton House. He borrowed the rope from a friend of mine, who is feeling pretty terrible by now."

Jeff Kletsky, an electrical-engineering senior, told me that several years ago, the administration put the freshmen on a pass/fail system to ease the initial pinch, and it closed the roof of the 20-story Green Building, which had been a favorite for jumpers over the years. The Green Building was so notorious, in fact, that several years ago, someone crept into the court-yard below it and painted two large targets on the pavement. The first was for upperclassmen, and its concentric circles read ABCDE. The other was for freshmen, two circles only: PASS and FAIL.

There was a time for Kletsky, however, when it all came a little too close to be funny. He was crossing McDermott Court, under the Green Building, on his way to an exam in computer science. All of a sudden, a lounge chair shattered an upperstory window, and he heard a voice behind him say, "Oh, my God." He looked up, saw someone trying to jump—and, he says, he just put his head down and kept walking. The jumper was restrained, but

TECHNOVALUES: A GUIDE TO THE SYSTEM

when the technodarlings inherit the earth, what kind of culture will the rest of us inherit?



INDUSTRIAL AGE

HISTORY-The sum of recorded human experience

LONG TERM— Λ period of time corresponding roughly to a generation or the life of a corporate bond

EASTERN CULTURE—Those goddamned Japs and all the inexpensive, high-quality goods with which they're flooding our markets

LL.D., PH.D., M.B.A.—The men of letters who run the world

TAKING STOCK—The act of reflection and self-criticism that precedes important career moves

press for success—A prescriptive code of corporate dress based on the belief that you are what you wear, and if you want to be a big shot, you should dress exactly as the big shots do—in suits and ties of conventional cut and color

THE LOST GENERATION—Members of the post–World War One generation who were tragically incapable of dealing with the realities of 20th Century American life

FAITH—The leap required to arrive at a belief in certain things, such as God or justice

CREDENTIALS—Where you prepped, what college and grad school you attended, the names of rich or influential relatives or ancestors, the clubs to which you belong

FRIENDLY—The quality of a human who is pleasant to other humans

CAREER MOVE—A calculated risk in which the security of an established job is sacrificed for the hazards of a new one in hopes of long-range advancement and benefits. Like bachelorhood and divorce, frequent job moves are seen as a sign of instability.

YOUNG EXECUTIVE—A corporate v.p. or a law-firm partner in his early 40s

MARRIAGE—A holy state entered into for love or money, often with a passion. A sign of stability required for corporate advancement and favorable insurance rates

RAISING A FAMILY—One of the conventional ingredients of a fulfilled life—a given

CHERISHED MEMORIES—Family photo albums and home movies

WORKAHOLISM—The pattern of compulsive striving and relentless stress, common among corporate executives and other overachievers; often leads to professional and financial advantage, coronary thrombosis and early death

RETIREMENT-Being put out to pasture at the age of 65 whether you like it or not

Forget EPCOT Center. The real world of tomorrow is being shaped in the handful of communities where high-tech firms have staked their claims-along Route 128 near Boston, in the Research Triangle of North Carolina and, most prominently, in California's Silicon Valley. This is where tomorrow is being lived, not just displayed. And it doesn't take more than a few days in the Valley to see that today's young engineers and entrepreneurs are doing more than redesigning the way we receive our info-they're also rewiring some of the basic beliefs that generations of American careers have been built around. Proceed with care-the plug is hot.



HIGH-TECH AGE

HISTORY—The world since the discovery of the silicon chip

LONG TERM-Five years at the outside

EASTERN CULTURE-Yale, suits and ties, the University Club, the New York Social Register

"DOUBLE E"-Not the shoe size but the degree (in electrical engineering) held by the guys who are designing our future

TAKING STOCK—The act of establishing equity—preferably founders' stock—by moving from an established high-tech firm to a smaller new company

WEAR CLEAN UNDERWEAR IF YOU'RE GOING TO THE DOCTOR—A code of corporate dress in which neither conformity nor formality matters. The necktie-to-income ratio is probably lower in Silicon Valley than in any other place outside the Arab world.

THE LOST GENERATION - Members of the post-Vietnam generation of computer illiterates and technophobes who are tragically incapable of dealing with the realities of 21st Century American life

LOGIC—The steps required to arrive at a belief in certain things—any things, in fact

CREDENTIALS—Once you're in the game, the only thing that matters is what you've done to produce a profitable product, what hot or conspicuous projects you've been a part of. Age, lineage, diplomas count for nought.

FRIENDLY—The quality of a machine that is pleasant to humans

THE SILICON SHUFFLE—As a matter of course, technokids change jobs the way young lawyers change their rotation of suits. The rate of turnover is astronomical—35 percent a year is not uncommon among Silicon Valley firms.

YOUNG EXECUTIVE—A 26-year-old corporate president; a 32-year-old C.E.O.

MARRIAGE—An arrangement created rationally and maintained as long as it doesn't interfere with work. No stigma is attached to the termination of marital bonds-or to the failure to establish them in the first place.

"DOING" KIDS—A decision to expand the family unit, made almost like a marketing move and followed by copious study of the literature on birthing and parenting

CHERISHED MEMORIES—Bubbles and floppy disks

MEGAWORK—The pattern of extraordinary productivity, achieved during grueling stretches of 12-to-16-hour workdays that are broken up by periodic long weekends or extended leaves; common among the new breed of competitive young engineers and high-tech marketing experts; often leads to early retirement and substantial wealth

RETIREMENT—A couple of years off after a highly lucrative burst of career activity

(concluded on page 204)

somehow, that didn't help Kletsky concentrate any better on his exam.

Vignettes like that travel the grapevine hard and fast on any campus, but most of the kids who get into MIT don't kill themselves and they don't flunk out. Something like 90 percent of them graduate. But by the time they are seniors, the combination of the work load and the pressure to do well has usually put a certain cynicism into their outlook. "The ambitions of most students around here," said one of them, "can be summed up in four gets: Get in, get through, get out, get a job.'

"We live in a bubble," said Eric Shrader. "And we're a pretty apathetic crowd. Most of the people I know don't read a paper and don't have any real idea what's going on in the world. There aren't any political movements on campus to speak of, and I'd say, in general, that the students around here are more motivated by money than they are by causes.'

Shrader, who is in mechanical engineering, had decided to go on to grad school instead of to work. For one thing, he'd been interviewed by 12 companies on campus over the winter and the spring and he hadn't had an offer from any of them.

"In 1979," he said, "there were so many jobs out there that the grads around here interviewed the companies instead of the companies' interviewing them. But it's a buyers' market now, so you put on a suit and a tie and what you hear most is that they're not sure they are going to be hiring at all. It's tight."

Jim Cannon, an aero-astro senior, said he thought that a decent starting salary for his major would be \$27,000 to \$28,000 a year but that these days, those who were getting offers at all were taking more like \$24,000 to \$25,000. But he said he realized that things could be a lot worse. He could have gone to Harvard, for instance, and majored in the arts. "I really can't imagine spending all that time and money to study something like history," he said. "And then have to take a job at McDonald's."

No matter how much the technical-job market may have shrunk recently, though, most seniors at MIT seem to have a calm sort of faith that they will get a job and that it will pay relatively well, even if it isn't exactly the one they want and even if they have to go off to a place like Houston for a while. And if they do begin to doubt that, they need only remember the unwritten instructions on how to sport their class ring. It's made of brass and has a beavernature's engineer-on top. They call it the brass rat, and the lore of it goes that while you're an undergrad, you wear it so the beaver shits on you. When you graduate, you turn it so the beaver shits on the world.

"You don't really need a watch around here," said Kletsky as we made our way across campus to a class of his called Aerials, Antennas and Receivers. "If the parade is going toward the great dome, it's ten of. If it's coming back, it's ten after."

The great dome is a pompous-looking building right off the back of a nickel. It sits on Massachusetts Avenue and Memorial Drive, on the bank of the Charles River, and it's the rough architectural center of 30 buildings on the east campus, all of them connected by a vast series of indoor passages, some of them underground. "They say," Kletsky told me, "that there are more miles of hallway around here than anywhere but the Kremlin and the Pentagon."

That's not the only connection between MIT and the War Department, of course. Well over half of the students there will eventually work for the Department of Defense in one way or another, and some of them will only have to cross the street to do it: to The Charles Stark Draper Laboratory. The MIT-catalog description of the work they do at Draper makes it sound as if its main business is the exploration of space and the deep seas. The truth, however, is symbolized by a steel pole in the lawn out front. It's the zero point from which the trajectories of all of America's nuclear missiles are calibrated, and it's there because the guidance systems for those missiles are designed at Draper.

The students I talked with didn't seem to have any moral problems about doing war work. All of them had pretty much accepted the old red-white-and-blue arguments that you imagine hang in cross-stitch in those endless Pentagon hallways: AMERICA MUST BE STRONG TO BE FREE; YOU OWE YOUR COUNTRY SOME SORT OF SERVICE, AFTER ALL; SCIENTISTS DIDN'T INVENT WAR, THEY JUST MAKE IT EFFICIENT; IF WE'RE LUCKY. WE'LL NEVER HAVE TO USE THESE DAMN THINGS; and, of course, SOMEBODY HAS TO DO IT.

One senior told me he had changed his major from marine engineering when it became clear that the only work he would get with that degree would be designing aircraft carriers and submarines. But in that same conversation, an acro-astro major told me that he was into the technical joy of high-performance aircraft and that the Department of Defense was the only outfit that had any need for that sort of engineering. "So, mostly, you try not to think about the moral issues," he said. "You just focus on the science of it. You concentrate on the pieces. You say to yourself, 'Wow, this is neat. It works!"

Kletsky and I went through the lobby of the main building, past a pair of students and what must have been somebody's class project. The students were hopping from one square to another on carpet pieces that were cut to look like a giant piano keyboard and were wired to a speaker. They were playing *The Star-Spangled Banner*. We walked down the long main corridor—infinite hallway, they call it—climbed a set of well-worn steps, then

crossed a covered bridge to another building, and on our way down another long passage, we passed three professorial-looking men, one of whom actually said, on his way by, "Then I guess it's back to the drawing board."

"This is it," said Kletsky as he opened a door. Then, "Oops. Wrong floor, I guess."

On the way down one flight, I said, "Is this class a sometime stop for you, Jeff?"

"They're all sometime stops for me," he said.

There are only two kinds of students at MIT, they say—the very smart and those who work their butts off. Kletsky's friends will tell you that he is in the first group. He goes to only about half of his classes, does only about half of the assigned problem sets and still has better than a B average. Stereo is his passion, and in the summer of 1982, he worked at Texas Instruments, helping develop a quadraphonic system. This semester, he has a part-time job at a Boston hi-fi store for the fun of it and for the pocket money.

"I take my three days off a week and an extra day at the end of vacations, and I usually blow off Monday or Wednesday night or both," he said. "I decided a long time ago that there was more to life than grades; and around here, if you don't relax, you'll crack up. But, really, I think I just hide my studying better than most people. Right before finals, I shut my door, don't talk to anybody, then I pile up the problem sets and the books and work my way through them. It makes for a bad couple of weeks, but it's better than grunging along for the whole semester."

Grunging is a piece of slang out of a larger glossary, some of which is particular to this campus. Grunge is busy work, such as chasing long columns of numbers through a formula to an answer. To flame out is to break under pressure, and to punt something is to blow it. A hack is a prank, usually involving some degree of technical skill, or someone who spends too much time with computers. A tool is anyone who has grown narrow and dull from excess study, also called a troll and, sometimes—but not often around here—a nerd.

They call Kletsky's cram-it method power tooling at MIT, and there's a current saying on campus that credits authorship of the ancient technique to the Big Engineer Himself. "God didn't make the world in seven days," it says. "He fooled around for six and then pulled an all-nighter."

When we got inside the small classroom, 22 students sat over their notebooks while a balding radio astronomer in a white shirt and a tie returned corrected problem sets and began lecturing. He translated such phrases as cassagran system, ideal parabolas and far fields into the vaguely Greek cryptology of science, and within ten minutes, he had filled three blackboards. No one asked any questions, and when his

multifunction digital watch squealed, the professor dismissed the class.

Back in the corridors, Kletsky offered to show me the secret place known as The Tomb of the Unknown Tool. As we walked, I asked him about the hierarchy of nerds on campus.

"The people over in artificial intelligence—if you can call them people—are the worst of the tools," he said. "They can sit for 24 hours with a keyboard on their laps and never move. Some of them even speak in computer languages. Like, if you say something they don't understand, they'll look at you and say, 'Syntax error, syntax error.' I hate that."

Almost as bad, he said, are the tools who live in the Student Center Library on the fifth floor of the Union building. Literally *live* there. Some of them have no other rooms, and since the library is open 24 hours a day, they cat, study and sleep at the enclosed desks (called toolboxes), shower in one of the labs or bathe in the Charles, and if they don't own clocks, they get wake-up calls from the librarian.

We took an elevator into the bowels of the main building, a set of subbasement corridors lined with labs and storage rooms, hung with huge overhead pipes and full of groaning machine sounds. At one point, we passed a hand-lettered sign that read, DISARM THIS DOOR.

"That's the hackers," said Kletsky. "A group that has this campus completely wired. They can go anywhere they want, through every security system and lock in the place. It used to be easy, because the whole campus was on a master key that had only three pins. You could duplicate it with a file. Now they're using one of those ugly Yale Z blanks, so it's a lot harder."

We made several more turns, walked a long, straight stretch, then Kletsky squeezed through a small vertical opening where the underground corners of two buildings didn't quite meet. I followed him into a tall cement shaft, about 6'x4', where the light came from above and the walls celebrated the kind of moments that don't make the yearbook: BOOMER JACK AND TZ MADE LOVE HERE 12/14/81. . . . VIDI. VICI, VENI-1 SAW, I CONQUERED, I CAME, There were the Greek letters of several fraternities, a list of names commemorating something called The Great Institute Hack Night and a set of conflicting imperatives, one of which read NO TOAD SEXING ALLOWED, the other TOAD SEXING ENCOURAGED.

"Well," said Kletsky, "I think that's probably biology-department humor. If you want to find out the sex of a toad, you have to get it down and spread its little legs wide open."

I was going to ask him whether or not the men at MIT really thought of the women there, who constitute about 20 percent of the student body, as toads, when I spotted a drawn dot that said below it,



"Well, look who's back! The master of the long bow and the short stroke!"

PUSH THIS MAGIC BUTTON AND ALL THE TECH COEDS WILL TURN INTO FEMALES.

The women at MIT chuckle at jokes like that. Outnumbered four to one as they are, they can afford to. And they have a few laughs of their own:

• "Why can't women be civil engineers?" one of them asked me. When I shook my head, she held her thumb and forefinger about an inch apart and said, "Because all their lives, they've been told that this is 12 inches."

 "How do you know if you're sleeping with an electrical-engineering major? It isn't hard."

 "What's the difference between an MIT man and a toilet? A toilet doesn't follow you around after you flush it."

"That's terrible," said one.

"But true," said another. We were at a Chinese restaurant in Cambridge for lunch, and all three of them agreed that the women at MIT held almost all the cards socially. Which, they said, was not without its problems.

"A lot of girls come here out of high school, where they never had any dates at all, and they move into a dorm like Baker House and all of a sudden, there are guys coming out of the woodwork. But not necessarily the guys you want," said Julie Foster, a mechanical-engineering senior. "A lot of them are overwhelmed by it."

Baker House is a 350-student dorm that sits on the edge of campus overlooking the Charles, and it generally has a reputation as the hardest-partying dorm at MIT. It's sometimes called the largest fraternity on campus, which seems to be true in spirit except that it is cheek-by-jowl coed. The men and women here live next door to one another, eat and sleep with one another, and they even use the same bathrooms.

"That was the hardest adjustment for me," said Dawna Levinson. "I grew up with sisters only, and it was hard to get used to using a bathroom where there was a guy in the stall next to you."

"It's like a small town," said Foster. "Everybody knows everybody else's business. The women know more, because each of them is going out with, like, five guys and they tell one another all about them. The guys are going out with maybe one or two girls, so they don't have as much information. It gets difficult at times, when you break up with somebody or when a friend wants it to be more than a friendship. But I think it's good overall. It forces you to be open and honest, because the lines of communication are instantaneous—like superconductors."

Most students tend to stay on campus to socialize, they said, partly because of the nerd stigma they suffer at the hands of their preppie contemporaries around the Ivy League. And when they do go officampus for fun, they don't usually wear Tech sweat shirts or otherwise flash their school colors, because when they do, they hear the same things over and over: "You're from MIT—you must be smart" or "What are you a genius at?" or "Where's your calculator?" or "Say something in FORTRAN." Sometimes, in situations like those, they just flat-out lie about where they go to school; and now and then—at a Wellesley dance, for instance—you can overhear a guy from MIT saying he is from Harvard to a girl from MIT who is saying she goes to Smith.

In general, though, any woman at MIT can have a date just about any time she wants one, as long as she isn't too particular. If you are choosy, one Baker House senior said, MIT probably isn't very different from any other campus: "It may be four to one, but in there you have two nerds and one gay, so you're back to even."

The wide-open dorm life at MIT is only one part of what the administration intends as a sort of denerding process for its students, many of whom were shut out or chose their way out of the normal social ebb and flow in high school. While others dated and danced and played baseball, these kids sat alone building ham radios or watching for comets or playing fantasy games on their home computers. Many of them have no team experience at all, and without it, no matter how bright they are, the fast-lane real world of the technical-job place is likely to overwhelm them. All most of them really needed was a benevolent atmosphere in which to try their hands at some of the things they missed.

Around four o'clock on a bright Friday afternoon, an eight shell and a four shell pulled away from the dock at Pierce Boathouse into a stiff, cold wind on the slateblue Charles. There were coveys of small sailboats out, a half-dozen wind surfers, and as the eight shell picked up the beat, the coxswain read to the crew with great feeling through her megaphone from a trashy romance novel. "'She arrived in Chicago in 1868, heiress to a vast fortune, the only woman who could make him fall helplessly in love. . . ."

This was the women's lightweight crew, and as they slipped under Longfellow bridge, the coach paralleled them in her launch and spoke to them through a red bullhorn: "With the legs, not the back. You're timid; you're rowing as if you were on cracked eggs. All right, in the race tomorrow, about this point, your lungs will start to burn, your legs will start to burn and you will ask yourselves that age-old question 'Why am I doing this?'"

Cady Coleman, a chemical-engineering senior on the number-three oar in the four shell, had told me earlier that afternoon why she did it. "I didn't play any sports at all in high school, and neither did a lot of the other kids who come here. But the great thing is, at MIT, you don't have to

be good to compete. Almost nobody is ever cut from the varsity teams. If you show up for practice, you're on."

She said that being on the crew had increased her self-esteem and had given her a metaphor for hard academic work. "It's difficult to do well out there," she said. "It takes as much finesse as it does strength. The races are about a mile long, and when it starts to hurt, you have to tell yourself that you get to the finish line one stroke at a time, which is something like those moments when you have what seems like an impossible amount of reading to do for an exam. And I like the camaraderie of being on a team and the feeling at six in the morning that you're up and working hard while the rest of the slime is sleeping."

Crew is one of 32 sports that MIT offers for varsity athletes, along with an intramural system that's run by the students and that may be the most enlightened athletic program at any school in the country. There are almost 1300 intramural teams, 80 hockey teams alone, and about two thirds of the students play one or another of 25 sports that include football, softball, fencing, water polo and Frisbee. There are four leagues and the novice level requires only that you have the desire to step up to bat or lace on the skates. And intramurals, they say, generate more student interest than the intercollegiate sports.

While I was on campus, I watched an A-league hockey game between Sigma Alpha Epsilon and mechanical engineering that was hard and fast and noisy and full of the kinds of bad feelings on both sides that make for a good match. About 100 spectators sat in the stands at the new athletic center and yelled things like, "Mech E., what a concept!"

And a petite math major from Baker House told me that although she could barely skate, she had played D-league hockey this year and loved it, though it got a little rough at times. "The guys are usually pretty helpful," she said. "But it gets a little strange when some hulk smashes you against the boards and then asks for a date while he's helping you up."

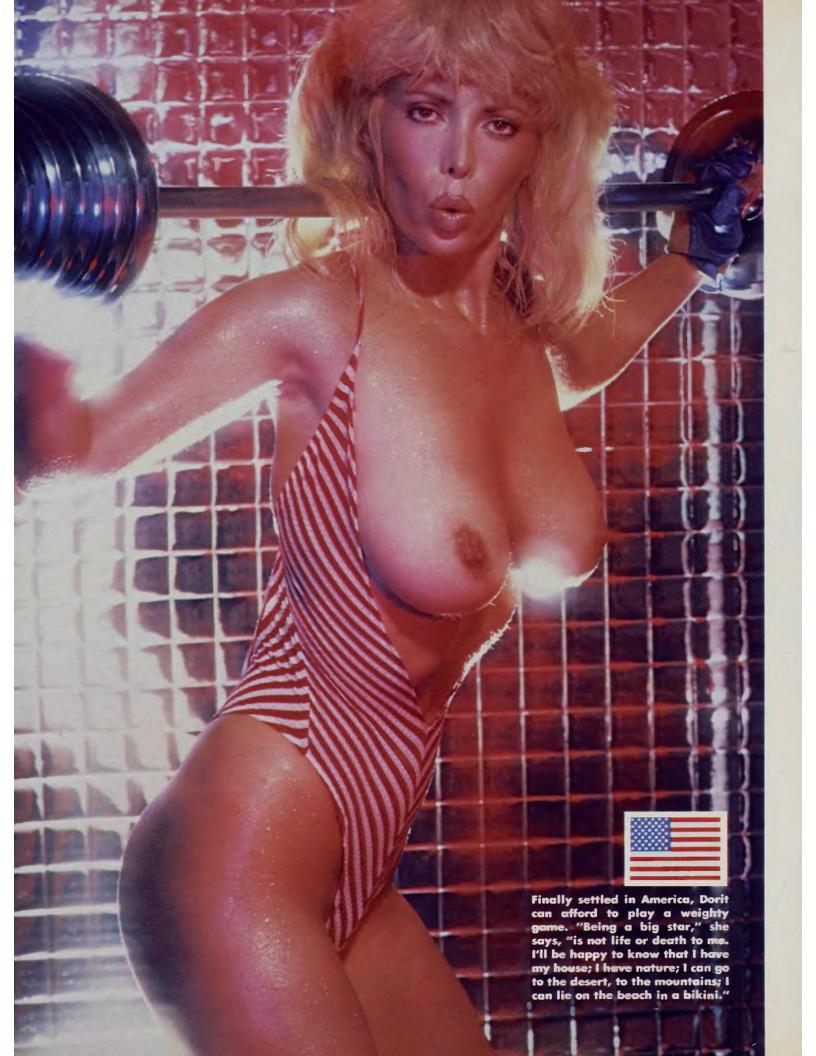
Finally, for those who like the new-age no-team sports that don't require you to get the wind in your hair, there's the videogame room in the Student Union. You can't get a place at one of those machines most afternoons, and if they are training modules for the next generation of fighter pilots, as the President suggested not long ago, we'd better hope to God we don't go to war against the Asians. Because the list of immortals celebrating the highest scores on those machines reads like a page out of the Hong Kong phone book.

They said they were meeting to plan The Great Institute Hack Night. Remember when somebody put a giant happy face (continued on page 202)

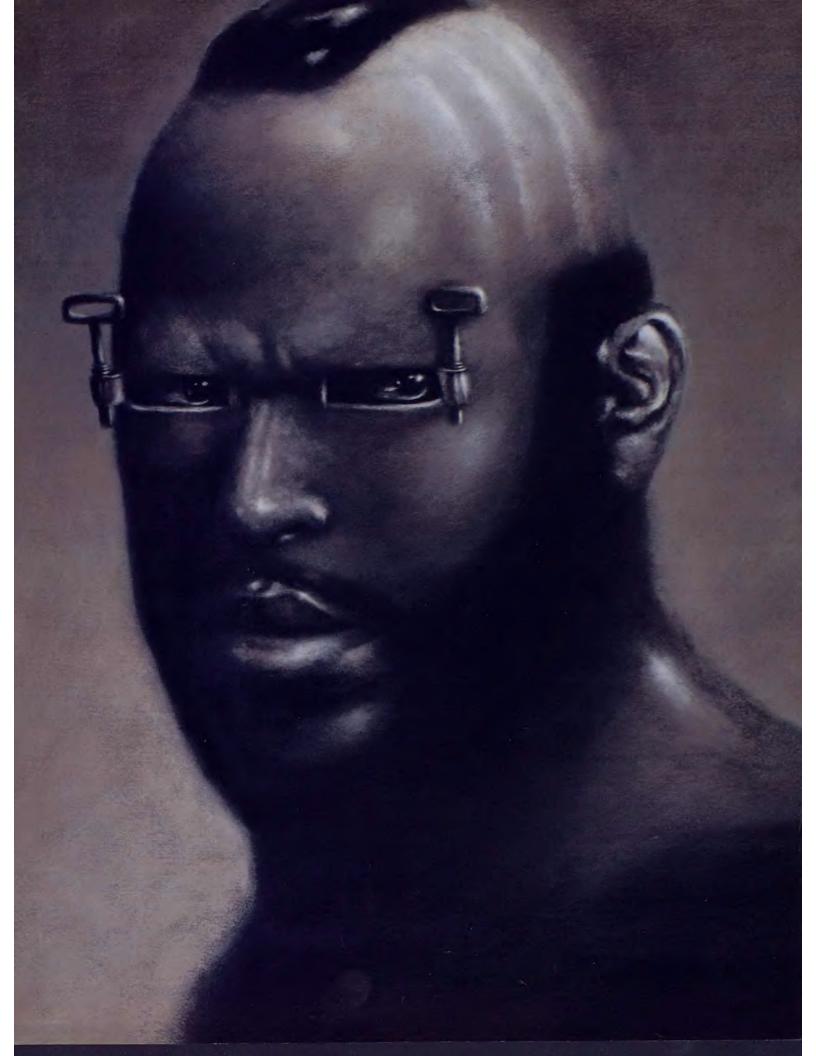












TIETO EXE

we went after america's latest cultural phenom with a simple question—what's going on here, anyway?

in not just rappin' off at the mouth, I know what I'm talkin' about, I can quote Dante, John Donne, Socrates, Euripides and Aristophanes, I'm not just one of those brothers that only know about boxin' and football, I know what's happenin' in the Middle East, I know all about Omar Qaddafi, I know all about the AWACs missiles and all that, I know about the nuclear bombs and all this protestin', I know about the I.O.U.s, money runnin' out and stocks and bonds, most fellows are one-dimensional, me, I am not a conversation dropout." -MR. T

AT DINGBAT'S ON Ontario Street in Chicago, they like to remember hard about Mr. T. Ron Briskman, the white and Jewish owner of this get-on-down, all-acrylic black disco, hired T as a bouncer somewhere around 1977. Well, he didn't have much choice; it was either that or be eaten, steak by steak, out of his funked-up son et lumière. Calvin Hollins and John Bitoy were closer to T than Patti and Maxene were to LaVerne. Right now—as Smoke, a dancer in an all-male striptease act, presents us with the dark open sandwich of his body—Calvin

will begin reminiscing about T again.

"John and T and me, we didn't go out to murder anybody, but God forbid if any guy touched one of us. This hand's been broken three times for T." The fore-finger knuckle is grotesque, almost flat, like a stepped-on melon ball. "John's expert in karate. One night outside Dingbat's, a guy attacked him. John handled him good, but one of the guy's partners came behind and stabbed John in the side. Well. Oh, man. I can't begin to tell you what T did to that guy. He picked him up and bounced him on a fire hydrant about nine times. Up and down on the fire hydrant. Oh, God."

("Oh, God" is right, brother. Take time out here: Just think what it'd be like, getting dropped on a fire hydrant. Over and over again. You know those pointy orange-juice squeezers? The guy must've been nothing more than a wet rind when T got through with him.)

"John bled pretty bad. So T went out to flag a cab down. Well, no cab would stop, the man looked so terrifying. T was there in the middle of the street and cabs were goin' all around him. Finally, T steps in front of one, stops it, grabs the

personality

By D. KEITH MANO

driver, vanks him out, throws John in the back seat and drives the cab to a hospital. Police came, they looked at the guy who did the stabbing and they said, 'We don't know who we should arrest; he's in so much worse shape than you are."

T first went to Dingbat's as a welldressed, 300-pound freeloader. John: "Calvin and I were gonna throw him out one night-he hadn't paid to get in-then we looked at each other and said, 'Now, how we gonna do that?' So after a while, he got to helping us and we didn't pay him any fee, but we promised to feed him.'

"Amazing man," says Briskman. "He'd dress up and come down here looking like the cat's meow. And he'd have on spats and he'd have a cane. And if somebody gave him a hard time at the door, he'd take the cane and shove it onto the guy's toe and he'd press hard and say, 'I'd like you to know that my temper is as short as my hair.' He was completely bald back then."

"But it got to a point," Calvin recalls, "when Ron looked at my food vouchers and said, 'What is this? What? You've been signing out eight or nine steaks a

"Yeah." Briskman has to laugh. "I put T on salary then. I decided I'd rather pay the guy than feed him."

Poor NBC has to do both. Give T a year, there'll be nothing but peacock bones left. Out in Hidden Valley, California, where The A-Team, his perplexingly successful TV series, is on location today, he has just bankrupted the network lunch wagon. Fish du jour double helping, quart of orange juice, victory-garden-size saladin one hand. In the other, a steak sandwich. For T, a steak sandwich is two large steaks with one slice of bread between. "This ain't all for me," he protests. "Got two brothers in my van, they too shy t' come out. Where's my pie?" Whaddya think the T-bone steak was named for?

T is-if Valley-girl hyperbole hasn't made English into a vapid-fog sponge by now-awesome. Even massive. His forearms are certainly tubular. And right now, this 232-pound fallen-rock zone is mad at magazine people. Mad, therefore, at me. Frankly, I'd rather be hated by, oh, Newark or Bulgaria. But you gotta understand T: The man is both generous and mistrustful. One week before, see, he agreed to do a fashion layout for some other magazine, at no fee. T, the mistrustful half of him, doesn't have an agent. "I know I'm just meat out here, man, I don't need someone takin' ten percent of my meat." Yet, after a while, he thinks he should be paid for the spread. Soon he is downright huffy about getting ripped off. Sooner yet, a contact at his production company says, he wants a limousine to pick him up. The poor editor will cave in on that, as you'd cave in if a Scenicruiser asked you for pocket money. But then T orders the limo to follow his car so that he can walk out on the whole damn photo shoot, goombyc.

And here I am, that one week later, nerve-wrecked in the Wilshire Manning lobby. This condo joint feels sodden with wealth, full of magenta-haired women and maintenance men who keep changing the dirt in a decorative palm-tree pot because, well, it's dirty. T set himself up at this Wilshire Boulevard address not long ago; what a joke on Whitey-combat boots, bare-arm denim. Sal Mineo would've looked more appropriate playing Jesus on Golgotha. Me, I'm not afraid: I've just got this mental catheter, and it's dripping down the side of my brain. And here he is, driving some cheap, cream-colored Iacocca. Classy and exclusive as the first seating on a coal barge.

I rise. I'm suddenly patriotic in his presence, like before a hockey game or something. T isn't overtall (5'111/2"), but neither is a flat-bed truck. He has the bouncy ball-of-foot stride that athletes affect: Imagine throwing your office Coke machine on a trampolin; that'll give some idea. The skull is more part than hair. That distinctive Mandingo hedgerow up its middle may remind you of a sculpted ski mountain in summer; give it some snow and you can see tiny Phil Mahres slaloming down T's neck. Deep, evil furrows whorl at forehead center, as if he'd been tummy-tucked there. T is black-hole dense: He seems to suck in surrounding light. Mine.

He has started talking in this no-period, all-comma Muhammad Ali-sound-alike flume ride of monolog. It'd be easier for me to knit a suit from mozzarella strands than to get any question past him. His nosc is flaring. The wild eyeballs stone-wash my head. His mouth is snappish, like somebody biting off one cigar tip after another. We're each seated in a big armchair, and all at once I notice-my God, I notice that his chair is breathing. I mean, when he inhales, exhales, just plain hales, the entire chair goes along. By now, he has looked down at me and said, "Thing that sets me apart from everybody else is-I never had an ego problem." Hey, neither would I, bro, if I wore my furniture.

T is rapping off: about Christian commitment, about Mother, particularly about his positive effect on the ghetto vouth of America. I'd get a more responsive interview from Mr. Coffee. So, just to see if my voice will still work, I say, "My two boys watch you all the time."

"Mmmm, brother?"

"And. And. They're white."

T has looked at me, Caucasian me, as if maybe I'd been smoking my toenails in Bambu that afternoon. "They are? Both of them?" Then he spazzes out in a ridiculous te-hee giggle. He has this nimble, boyish grin that could bend your spoon one half block away. Unmitigated charm: The effect, coming out of that Iron Maiden scowl, can disconcert. Rather as though

you'd seen Eldridge Cleaver in a spaghettistrap outfit. And we both have to laugh.

"T is a pussycat," says Dwight Schultz, the brilliant young comic actor who has been playing Mad Murdock on The A-Team. "He doesn't have a private thought, or so it would seem. He's completely forthright and spontaneous. Whatever he thinks comes out immediately; there isn't any seven-second delay."

But T does have one problem: The man could use another finger or two. He has ten gold rings already, including one T-shaped shiner that small craft could take off from. A quarter of a million dollars' worth of gold is looped around his neck, like rope around a bollard. Not to mention seven earrings. If T had been in town when Pizarro was collecting for the United Spanish Appeal, Atahualpa would never have died. In fact, what we've got here is the human equivalent of a vanity license plate. But T will explain.

"Two reasons why I wear gold, one, I can afford it, two, when my ancestors come from Africa, they were shackled by their necks, their wrists, their ankles, I turn those chains into gold, which symbolize the fact that Mr. T is still a slave, only my

price tag is higher."

And going way up. T, with his face like a two-minute warning and his outfit on loan from the Vatican collection, has become a sort of live logo for The A-Team. "It bothers other people, maybe, that I'm doing all the promos and whatever, but I'm the one who's selling it. People don't want t' see nobody else up there, you know, I don't mean to sound conceited or cocky, but I just put it where it is."

And what do you think is behind this paroxysm of success? Fear, what else? Nielsen doesn't base his chart system on homes with little black children in them. T, from a young age, has had fun scaring the cheese-it out of honkie. This is not a pleasant, chino-colored O. J. Simpson. This is the buck black black who rents space in our worst middle-class fantasy. Lock your wife up; nothing more terrible than being raped by a stereotype. Although T's A-Team character will turn out to be thoughtful, even soft, danger is always implicit. This man, after all, can break people across a fire hydrant. And has. The sensation is both scary and titillating. T knows it.

"People come up and say, 'You're so mean, I hated you, but I love you, can I have your autograph?' I think people like being frightened." Yes, they do. And since Sonny Liston scared Floyd Patterson and America into false whiskers, no baaad

black man has done it better.

His show is often fourth or fifth on the Nielsen chart. Goes to show how salable sheer down-and-out, hard-legged black bad-assness can be. The A-Team, after all, is not a paramilitary Masterpiece Theatre. In fact, you might consider it the neutron



"I can't go in the house yet. My parents are watching X-rated video and I'd only embarrass them."

bomb reversed: It will destroy property but not people. Since the pilot film, 4,136,442 machine-gun bullets have been fired without anyone's being hit. Those men lack a killer instinct; they could also use target practice. When a jeep gets maxed, nose-diving upside down, the occupant will be seen to worm out from underneath and dust his trouser crease off. The A-Team is violent/surreal-commando soap opera, more or less.

Despite all that ho-daddy bravado (he calls himself One Take T), the man has to work like a posthole digger. T is no graduate of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Before each scene, he will hold his script in both hands, as if to steer by it. On one occasion, the line "Oh, Hannibal, you know I can fix anything" cleft his palate. At co-star George Peppard's suggestion, it was abridged to "Oh, Hannibal."

T is aware of his dramatic shortfall. "You give me too much dialog, that kills what I'm about, people want to see me bustin' through a door, pickin' up something and throwin' it." Yet, after some makeshift rehearsal, his line interpretation improves appreciably. By the last take, he can give a competent if somewhat beaverboardish performance. Through lunch, he will memorize some more while listening to religious tapes and praying, presumably, for his digestive tract.

Peppard has it in perspective: "To say that T is apt would be an understatement. He's quick; he's very quick. The thing that

people don't remember is that he didn't spring out of the crib looking like that, talking like that, acting like that. He created a character and he plays it very well." T had begun to doll up that character

even in Chicago's Robert Taylor Homes housing project. When you're one of 12 children, you distinguish yourself quickly or they give you a retroactive abortion. Robert Taylor is so monotone glum and depressed, people there can't even afford Central standard time. High-rise, lowrent building after high-rise, low-rent building; you want to serve a subpoena on the whole neighborhood. But young Lawrence Tero stood out.

"In high school, I used to wear whiteand-black handmade wrestling boots that cost \$110. I used to come in the ring with a robe on, I was special, it pays to be different, white people say all blacks look alike anyhow." Lawrence won the Chicagowide 167-pound wrestling championship twice. That was fortunate: Doesn't matter what they wear, losers have less visibility than a socked-in airport.

In 1970, at the age of 18 or 19, Lawrence Tero became Mr. T. (He had already, in the eighth grade, changed his name from Tureaud to Tero, seeking a persona slowly and diligently, as a dowser with his rod.) He had, so the legend goes, heard both his father (who left home when Lawrence was five) and his elderly uncle called "boy." Now he would be Mister T, thank you. Whatever the rationale, it was rather a precocious, if not a precious, demonstration. If my 18-year-old started signing in as Mr. M, I'd think his wet cell had run down. T, at that time, was also forward enough to father a child, Lesa, out of wed-

Soon after, he set out for Prairie View A & M (football scholarship) but went back after just one year. He began working with children in a program backed by Federal funds. Children seem to be his particular constituency. "Here I got an opportunity, I can mold kids' lives, they look up to me, that's what I try to tell them, the producers, in each segment to show me with a kid, that's very important to my character." But by 1975, the Federal slush had melted off. T was out of work, with, it appeared, only a talent for flagging down attention to put on his résumé.

Briskman thinks back. "He used to get dressed up-coat and glasses-and he'd hire a limousine. He didn't have a pot to piss in, and he'd go to the Crystal Ball, a predominantly Jewish affair in Chicago. Two thousand people at \$200 a seat or something. He'd walk right in-you don't ask him if he has a ticket-and hobnob with the men and dance with the women. He'd tell me, 'The only way you're gonna get rich is to hang around with the rich."

T never had much trouble protecting himself: after all, not many would mug a solid-steel toll booth. So he thought, at that jobless moment, of protecting other people for cash. He joined a National Guard MP unit-it would "look good on paper"-and, right off, broke one fellow recruit's leg in combat practice. He then got some training at the U.S. School for Law Enforcement. In time, he opened a bodyguard-and-entourage service known as Mr. T's Enterprises. It was at that juncture that John and Calvin appeared. The three went into partnership. On and off, their firm landed local jobs escorting rock stars and actors to, then from, arenas and auditoriums. They also set up TCB ("taking care of business" in black jive) Enterprises, Inc.-a concern that would eventually comprise two restaurants, a liquor store and a car-repair shop. Meanwhile, all three continued to bounce for Briskman at Dingbat's.

"I am the best bodyguard," T says, "because I'll take a bullet, I'll take a stab wound, I'll take a hit upside the head, I'm like a kamikaze pilot, the President got shot because his men relaxed, and anyhow, they was lookin' for a black guy with an Army coat on with a natural two feet

And there he might've stayed-human retaining wall for the famous-if Leon Spinks hadn't been so unsurpassably d-u-l-l. In 1978, T became Spinks's duen-

na throughout a controversial Chicago exhibition. Leon produced such miserable copy (the gap wasn't just between his front teeth) that newsmen, desperate, began concentrating on this bald, gold-plated specimen built like some floor sample from a granite quarry. Great press coverage followed, even one local TV bio. T began to charge \$1000, even \$5000 per diem-a tremendous rise in the cost of living. But his image wasn't quite barbered yet.

"T felt there were too many bald black men around," Calvin says. "So he decided to go with the Mohawk. He let his hair grow out a bit and we put masking tape on his head to get a straight line.'

They did everything together, John, Calvin and T. They worked out and hit many handballs. They ate: Between them, an average breakfast after work could run \$85. Together, they didn't drink or smoke. "If a woman lit up a cigarette, we'd all leave," John says. "None of us drink, though T's on a champagne kick right now. We agreed even on the way we liked our steaks done. We didn't agree on women, though. T likes big, ugly women. He'd say, 'Good-lookin' woman start lookin' worse when she take her clothes off, ugly woman start lookin' good when she take her stuff off."

In 1978, NBC decided that the ceiling at Dingbat's was too low. Ah? said Briskman. Too low for what? Well, NBC was shooting a segment of Games People Play featuring the World's Toughest Bouncer contest, and they needed overhead reach to accommodate their crane, and did Briskman know . . . ?

Did Briskman know? It was a serendipitous moment, like when that nifty little fungus sat itself down on Sir Alexander Fleming's Petri dish. Or when Joshua Revnolds invented the mood ring. Briskman knew this perfect club. He also happened to have the World's Toughest Bouncer working for him. NBC had no entry space left, but since Briskman had been so helpful, they let T in. That contest fit him, ummm, to a T. He threw this 120pound stunt man 17 feet, which was farther than I would trust him. He jumped a bar and broke through four inches of door without knocking. Then, as his coup de gross, he outboxed his nearest competitor. And he did it again in 1979, when the casting director for Rocky III was watching. The rest is Hollywood.

"The reason why I won, you know, and will continue to win whatever I get into. because the cause I represent is far more greater than other guys' causes, see, when I won that contest, I gave that money both times I won to my church, to feed the less fortunate people.'

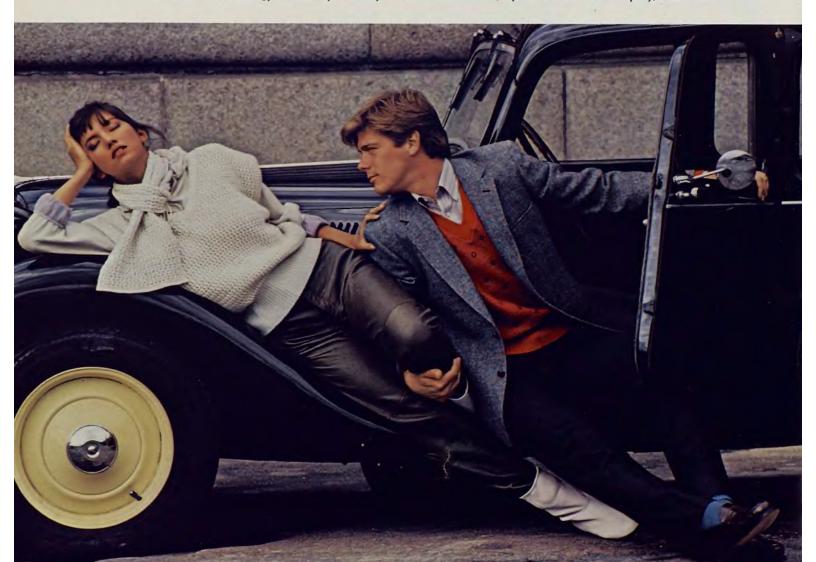
John and Calvin are also devout. Although Catholic, they have often visited T at his place of worship-Cosmopolitan Community Church on south Wabash. (concluded on page 182)



SEPTEMBER IN PARIS...

The chestnuts aren't in blossom anymore, but the undergrads are, as students from Syracuse to Stockholm head to the cafés, bistros and *brasseries* of the City of Light. (If they're lucky, Pierre, they get a fittle studying done, too.) And since PLAYBOY has been returning to Stateside hallowed halls of ivy for 25 fall semesters, this year we thought you might like to wing over to Paris for a change of academic scenery. But while the classrooms and the hangouts where international students work and play reflect a European *élan*, the clothes that expatriate male undergrads put on their backs are more Main Street, U.S.A., than Champs Élysées, as most students did their shopping before they went abroad. Specifically, a mixture of updated classic styles, such as tab-collared herringbone tweed sports jackets, along with fatigue looks, jeans, bulky wool shirts and plenty of sweaters, are wardrobe

Below: The undergrad at left is wearing a wool sports jacket, by Racquet, \$170; wool V-neck, by Ron Chereskin, \$60; cotton/polyester buttondown shirt, by 417/Van Heusen, \$20; wool/polyester flannel slacks, by Salvation Plus, about \$35; plus crew socks, by Interwoven, \$3.25; and penny loafers, by Johnston & Murphy, \$105. His running-board mate, too, is dispensing Gallic chorm in his houndstooth sports jacket, \$110, and ploid shirt, \$22, both by Sahara Club; Shetland wool five-button cardigon, by Kenneth Gordon New Orleons, \$48; corduroy slacks, by Sedgefield Sportswear, \$30; wool tie, by Italo Piccolo, \$27.50; Argyle socks, by Givenchy, \$6; and saddle shoes, by Walk-Over Shoe Company, about \$60.





You'd smile, too, if your campus were just a cancon kick away from the cafés of Paree. The lad abave left has on a military-style waol jacket, by Caumont for Cherchez, \$125; ragg wool/acrylic sweater, by Jantzen, about \$34; plaid shirt, by Sero Shirtmakers, \$33.50; cotton moleskin slacks, from British Khaki by Robert Lighton, about \$B0; virgin-wool tie, by Pendleton, about \$13; Argyle socks, by Interwoven, about \$5.50; and leather shoes, by Sperry Top-Sider, \$58. Above right: A reversible polyester/cotton/wool jacket, from Lobo by Pendleton, about \$115; chambray shirt, by Levi's Movin' On, about \$30; twill slocks, by Boston Traders, \$40; cotton boot socks, by Calvin Klein, \$10; leather boots, from Radiols by Rockport, \$70.



staples. The layered look continues to supplement heavyweight outer jackets. (A soft chambray work shirt and a blue-denim vest are two good-looking items to layer with sweaters.) Two other styles we especially like are a pile-lined polished-leather vest combined with a plaid wool shirt and a wool-melton varsity jacket with leather sleeves. Denim is alive and well on all campuses, of course, and you can find it used in a variety of ways, from basic blue jeans to pinstripe black-denim pleated slacks. When you're choosing a sports jacket, take a look at overplaid or houndstooth patterns and consider choosing a style that's slightly roomier so that you can wear, say, a knitted patterned vest or a cardigan beneath it. Ragg sweaters knitted in rich, bold colors make a strong statement, as do a plaid c.p.o. shirt, an olive-drab fatigue jacket and a pair or two of colorful Argyle socks. Bon voyage.

Below: These two young Americons in Paris are into (left) a cotton denim vest, by Levi's, about \$30; acrylic/nylon sweater, by Jordache Men's Sportswear, \$30; cotton plaid buttondown shirt, by Hathaway Private Stock, \$44; tweedy corduroy slocks, by Salvation Plus, about \$40; and nappa-leather boots, by Peter & Steve Fuchs for Fratelli, \$150; plus (right) a wool-melton-and-leather varsity jacket, by Golden Bear Sportswear, \$100; cotton plaid shirt, from British Khaki by Robert Lighton, \$44; cotton denim prewashed jeans, by Lee Company, about \$25; Argyle socks, by Keepers Hosiery, \$4; and leother loafers, by Timberland, \$70. Right: Vive la différence of this fellow in his acrylic crossover crew-neck with rib-knit design, \$34, and acrylic/wool lumberman's shirt, \$26, both by Union Bay Sportswear; worn with cotton denim suspender slocks, by Bugle Boy, about \$28; crepe-soled suede bucks, by Walk-Over Shoe Compony, about \$60; and cashmere fringed scarf, by Amicale, \$45.





ARMAND IN A SEA OF SKINS A SEXUAL MEMOIR

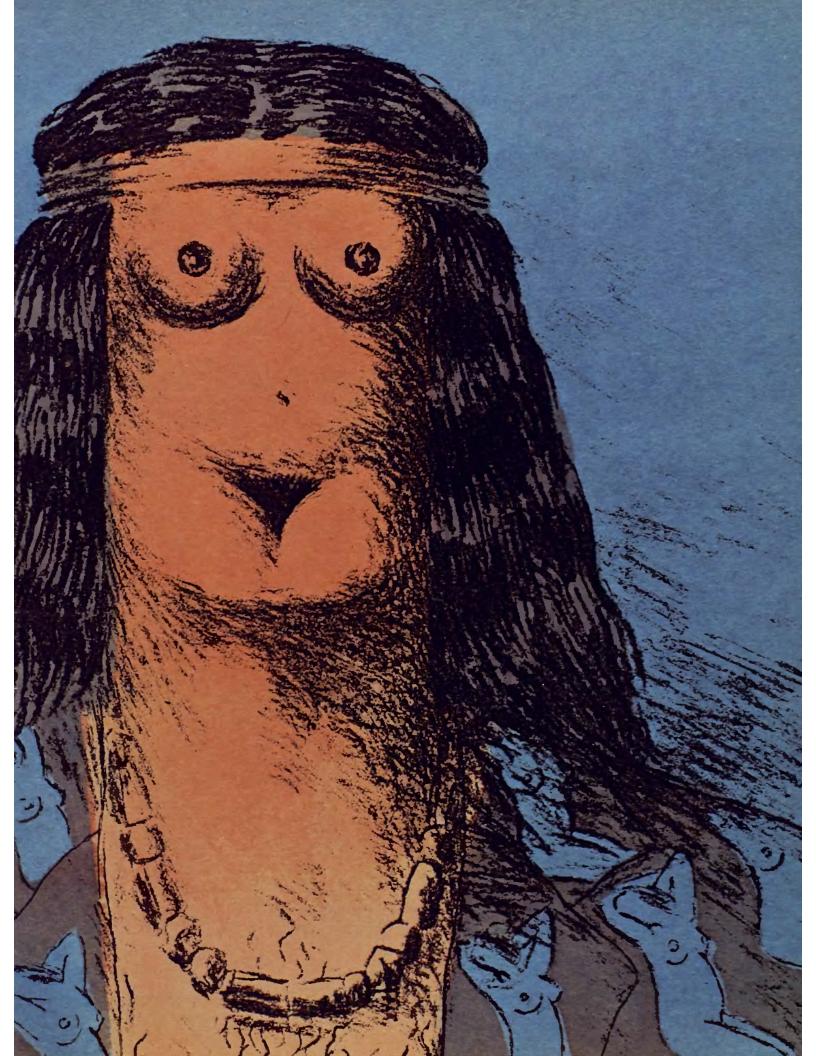
he was an artist of miraculous talent and his medium was the seduction of women

article EY EULL BARICM

LAST CHRISTMAS, I got a card from my old friend Armand Daniel that shocked me considerably. The card was one of those photo things that have such currency in the suburbs, and it showed a happy family grouped in front of a fireplace: Two little boys with miniature Armand faces were smiling for all they were worth, probably in anticipation of the spoils of the season, and their mother was resting her head on Armand's shoulder. That was what shocked me. Years ago, when Armand and I had been close, I'd seen hundreds of similar heads on his shoulder, and it had never occurred to me, once I'd lost touch with him, that he would fall victim to monogamy. He had such miraculous rapport with women, such a gift for getting laid, that it was difficult for me to imagine him entangled in ordinary domestic life. I thought he would still be out in the world somewhere, carrying on as he'd done in the past.

During the time of our friendship, I lived in constant envy of Armand. We met in San Francisco, back in the late Sixties. Supposedly, you could find free love on any corner in those days, but that wasn't true for most of us. Instead, we struggled with our desires, as young men almost





always do, and spent long hours wondering why we were so frequently tongue-tied in the presence of beauty. It should be a simple matter to express your feelings to a woman who attracts you, but often it isn't, especially when you're not yet toughened by experience and so remain terrified by the possibility of rejection. Armand was the only person I knew who was always able to surmount those fears. If there was any free love to be had, Armand got it. He gave substance to the myth. I was too blind and jealous then to puzzle out the secret of his success, but I thought that now, with some distance and maturity under my belt, I might come to understand how a lanky, hawk-nosed bookstore clerk had been such a killer when the chips were down. So I put the Christmas card on the mantelpiece, poured myself a drink and set about the task of reconstructing Armand in his years of glory.

The first thing that came to mind was Armand's technique for approaching women. Actually, technique is too strong a word. There was really nothing special about what he did. It was based on straightforwardness, on time-honored principles of flirtation. "I like the way you wear your hair," he'd say, walking up to some gorgeous girl perched on a barstool. Then he would begin asking questions in a soft, cloying voice that had a hint of cunnilingual syrup in it: "Where'd you get it cut? Is it naturally curly? How about the color? Do you use a rinse?" Armand was a master interrogator. His carefully fabricated curiosity made even the most trivial subject-hair, polished nails, the cover of a book protruding from a purse-seem vitally important. It also gave him an air of unimpeachable innocence that caused girls to trust him. He could have been a kid brother from down the block, stealing hearts with his cute inquisitiveness.

The innocent act worked wonders, but perseverance was Armand's biggest asset. If the woman he was after failed to collapse at the crucial moment, he never let it bother him. The most insulting refusal had no effect on his determination. He believed in himself. He just brushed the ashes from his shoulders and sauntered through the cigarette smoke and the jukebox roar, smiling his available smile and searching the crowd for another potential bedmate. Soon enough, he was asking questions again: "Do you always stir your drink with a swizzle stick? Is it better to stir from left to right or right to left?" It was amazing how many diverse types wilted under the glare of his unwayering attention. Stewardesses, nurses, drug fiends, attorneys, devious housewives on the prowl-Armand savored them all, filling a drawer in his room with the sweetly perfumed underwear his paramours had lost in the

deserted him, he fell into a funk and tried to participate in the beer-soaked, pseudointellectual conversation I was usually having with my pal Bendel, the aspiring novelist. It must be said that Armand was like a duck out of water when it came to ideas. A kind of misery crossed his face as he wrestled with himself to formulate an opinion about, say, Wittgenstein's theories of language. It never occurred to him that Bendel and I knew nothing about Wittgenstein. We were shy and overly sensitive in the presence of women. For us, sex could be frightening as well as exhilarating, so we chose our partners in exacting fashion, with the precise scrutiny of a jeweler looking for flawless gems, which kept us, through most of our youth, in a state of exacerbated horniness. "I can't get involved with a girl unless I love her,' Bendel would remark, lighting another Old Gold filter. He was referring not to suspect free love but to the undying devotion Dante had visited on Beatrice. Poor Bendel! A single fuck, deeply felt, drove him to the altar. At 26, he was twice divorced yet ever ready to tie another knot. As for me, I spoke often of the need for a "meaningful relationship," holding myself so tightly in check that I would probably have melted down an orgone box if I'd had courage enough to volunteer for therapy.

All the intellectual nonsense was mystifying to Armand. What was the point of being unattached and blessed with gigantic reserves of testosterone if you were going to waste your nights talking garbage? The only fear Armand had of sex was that he might not get enough of it. He went a little crazy after a few days' deprivation. His sense of discrimination, never very strong, began to function like a faulty instrument, and he was seen in company with some odd-looking women. I remember one whose figure was so abundant that she wore nothing but Hawaiian muumuus, and another whose ability to think had been severely impaired by hallucinogens. Once, during a particularly bad dry spell, Armand took me on a drunken tour of the Tenderloin district, where sad, sunkenarched hookers were walking the streets. They seemed so cold, tired and abused that even Armand, in his ravenous condition, could not bring himself to formulate a request. "You want to stop?" he asked unconvincingly. I didn't want to stop. He shrugged. "Someday," he said, his breath redolent of the wine we'd been drinking, "I'm going to be President."

That was Armand's grand obsession. He believed, as others believe in miraculous cures or UFOs, that someday he would be elected President of the United States. The process by which the transformation from lowly bookseller to head of state would take place remained obscure, rooted in Armand's psyche. He could discuss it only in general terms, which evi-On those rare occasions when his charm denced his faith in the providential workings of the universe. But the belief told much about the sort of person he imagined himself to be, especially if you examined it in tandem with his dreams of flying. He had the dreams often. In them, he soared unfettered through the stratosphere, descending to earth every now and again to help out beleaguered mortals. Sometimes, he wore a cape, like Superman. The dreams always left him feeling content. On mornings after he'd had one, he'd sit behind his cash register at the bookstore, perfectly at peace, as if he'd just returned from a vacation in a country where the only demands ever made on the meat and the bones that conspire a body were made for a noble purpose.

In a way, Armand's flying dreams had their origin in what he'd gone to San Francisco to escape. He had been studying for the priesthood at a small Southern seminary during the two years prior to his arrival on the Coast. How Armand, with his lusty juices, ever got himself into a seminary in the first place was something of a mystery, though I always figured it had to do with his mother, a staunch Catholic to whom he was devoted. In any event, his experience at the seminary was negative in the extreme. He was subjected to every cliché of monastic life-bad food, hard beds, cold showers, periods of enforced silence. The worst thing that happened to him, though, in terms of his masculinity, was the constant threat that he might get entangled in a homosexual affair. He had no active interest in homosexuality; in fact, he'd been engaged to a hometown girl until religion had gripped him. But in seminaries, as in every other all-male enclave, brotherly love has been known to flare into something more tangible and less serene. At 19, Armand was still a bit unsure of his sexual identity, and he came close, once or twice, to joining a fellow seminarian in a passionate embrace. That the embrace could be pure-not definitional in any way-was beyond his understanding. He thought he'd be stamped forever, a gay version of Hester Prynne. That fear was not responsible for his decision to leave the seminary (he just didn't have the necessary spirit of sacrifice), but it lent a certain edge to his career as Casanova, which began in earnest shortly after I met him in 1969.

There was still a hint of the failed priest about Armand then. He was overly polite, awkwardly solicitous. He dressed primly, in wash-and-wear shirts and brown corduroys, and he wore black-horn-rimmed glasses that gave him a scholarly look. He was living with his former fiancée, a thin, pretty girl who had followed him from his home town in Georgia to the West. She was an optimistic sort, always eager to

(continued on page 158)







PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

introducing barbara edwards, our inventive miss september

BARBARA EDWARDS has blossomed. There were those who thought it would never happen. And if it ever did, not quite so . . . gloriously. She was, after all, a bit of a cutup early on, her mind never quite focusing on the subject at hand; instead, wandering, dreaming.

She admits it: "This kid did sooo badly in high school. I never liked it."

As it turned out, she had an excuse for her eccentric behavior. A classic excuse. She was an artist. She found that out in her senior year of high school, when a teacher took some of her drawings from her first art class and submitted them to a scholarship board; to everyone's surprise, she won an art scholarship to Orange Coast

"Everyone in our family has some artistic ability," says Barbara Edwards (below), who plans to parlay her gene pool into a future as a commercial artist.







College. That affirmation of her talent was to Barbara an affirmation of her worth, and she was inspired.

In the world of art, Barbara found a place where she was comfortable. Well, almost.

"I took a life-drawing class my first semester," she recalls, "and the first day, this guy walked out with a robe on, and when he dropped the robe, I couldn't believe it. I didn't know the models would be nude! I could have died, I was so embarrassed. After a while, of course, I got used to it, and soon all the bodies looked the same, but that was the most trying class I ever took."

One of four daughters of a Marine Corps lieutenant colonel, Barbara had been obliged to toe the line while growing up. The family moved around a lot. She was born in New Mexico and has lived "in Virginia, the South and California, but I really consider Hawaii my home. I spent the best years of my life there, all through junior high and high school. We never even studied American history, only about Hawaii and Tahiti and the Philippines. I didn't even know who the Presidents were until we came to the mainland. I knew Lincoln and Washington and that's it. But I could name all the kings and queens of Hawaii."

At Orange Coast College, things changed for her. "I don't know what happened, but I was getting A's and B's. That had never been the case before. In college, you have to want to go to school or it's a waste of time. I started getting good grades, and I wanted more. I've got two more years to go. I already have enough credits for my art degree, but I want to get a science degree also."

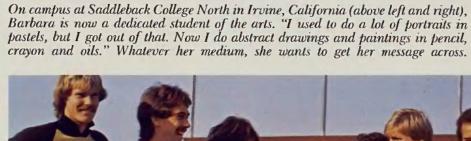
Now attending Saddleback College North in Irvine, California, Barbara is enthusiastic about life. While working toward a commercial-art career, she is trying her hand at modeling and so far has been very successful. She still likes to play around but not in class.

"I like to go to parties," she says, "and I love to dance. And I

Although born in New Mexico, Barbara spent her formative years in Hawaii, so the mainland is still a mystery to her. When she has time (left, top and bottom), she hops aboard Amtrak to see America and, in the process, gives America a chance to see her.











As a featured guest at an L.A. Lazers soccer game at The Forum (left and above), the prospective Playmate receives her own jersey and admiring looks. "I couldn't believe people were asking for my autograph," she remembers. "Little kids were coming up to me with their programs to sign. I think it was their dads who really sent them over."

"There's nothing wrong with being liberated if you don't overdo it. It can destroy a relationship if you take away a guy's masculinity. A woman's trying to be the dominant one can ruin his ego."

"You have to learn that everybody has faults and nobody is perfect. My biggest fault, I realize, is that I'm too trusting. I trust everybody, and I shouldn't. As a result, I find that I get hurt a lot."





like to go to plays and the ballet. I like parties especially because I like to meet people. When I go somewhere, I have to meet everybody in the place. Especially famous people. I've met a lot of them since I've been out here."

Admittedly star-struck, Barbara has a growing autograph collection, but she's unlikely to get one from any of those artists who head her list of all-time



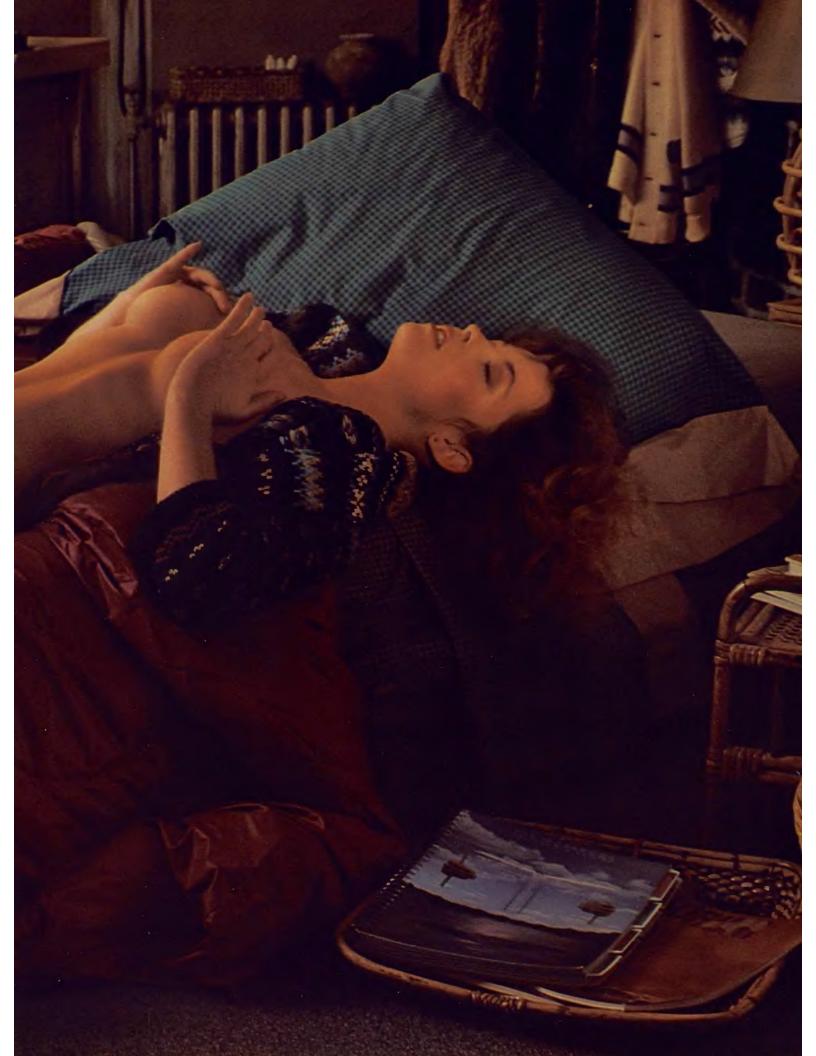
favorites. "I worship Da Vinci. I also love Rembrandt and Michelangelo and Rodin. He's the best. Isn't he the best? I flew all the

way back East, spent all the money I had saved, just to see an exhibit of his work."

"I can't wait to start working," she told us. "I sold a drawing of a foot to a magazine once. I got only \$25 for that, but it sure was exciting to see it in the magazine. I kept telling people, "That's my foot!"

Barbara's not bragging, just proud. When you've finally found your niche, a little pride is in order.





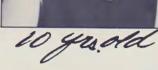




"I'd like people to see me as a real person; I never put on a front. I accept people as they are. I got that from living in so many different places. I can understand that that can be difficult for people who've lived in only one place with one kind of person.".



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PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When I get home after a rough day at the office," sighed the executive with an 18-inch penis, "the first thing I want to do is get un-dressed, climb into a hot tub and unwind."

You might show me just a little more respect," the girl complained to her date as they drove back from lovers' lookout.

"Like doing what, for instance?" the young

man inquired smugly.

"Like not flying my panty hose from your radio aerial!"



Since the crowned heads of Europe are few, It's not strange that they got in a stew When their coup-conscious courts Heard disturbing reports That a prince might be mounting a Koo!

We've been told about a grateful massageparlor girl who repaid a compassionate magistrate by giving him a judicial discharge.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines male prostitutes as laddies of the evening.

As the climax of a sleazy carnival act, the performer pried open the jaws of a tethered alligator with a stake and then proceeded to unzip and display a huge sex organ. Next, he inserted his penis into the beast's maw for perhaps ten seconds before snapping away the stake and whipping out his member just before the gator's teeth crunched viciously together.

"And now," he asked following the applause, "would any gentleman here care to duplicate

that feat?"

"I'd like to try it," quavered a voice from the crowd, "except for one thing."

"And what is your reservation, sir?"
"I don't think I could get my mouth open quite that wide."

A new screen comedy starring the improbable duo of Chevy Chase and Uncle Miltie has been tentatively titled Goy Meets Berle.

You say she went down on you in return for some grocery-rebate coupons?"

"Yeah, that's right."

"Look-just how good could a girl like that be at giving head?"
"Nominal face value."

t's being rumored that M*A*S*H may be succeeded by another TV military series whose original, somewhat unwieldy title-Girls Are a Soldier's Happiness-has been shortened to G*A*S*H.

Our Unabashed Cockney Dictionary defines computer guru as a master byter.

While they dined at the Waldorf, McGill Planned his conquest with cunning and skill: He unzipped, wrapped a ten Round his manhood, and then Told his date she'd be stuck with the bill!

The young wife had decided she was going back to Mother, and her husband accompanied her to the airport, trying all the time to make her change her mind. "You're wasting your breath, you worm," she flung at him as she flounced through the gate into the crowded passenger

The husband pressed his face against the grillwork. "Just one last thing," he called out, and his wife stopped and half-turned. "If you ever work this town again, baby, be sure to give me a call!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines 69 as doing a number on each other.



And then there was the naïve girl who was so very proud of the fact that she'd sucked her first cock that she pressed some of the feathers between the leaves of her diary.

The sexpot confided to a close friend, "I had trouble deciding which one to shack up with: Larry, who has a smooth, classically shaped pecker, or Fred, whose dick is, shall we say, more ruggedly constructed."

'And which did you select?" "I chose the scenic root!"

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.

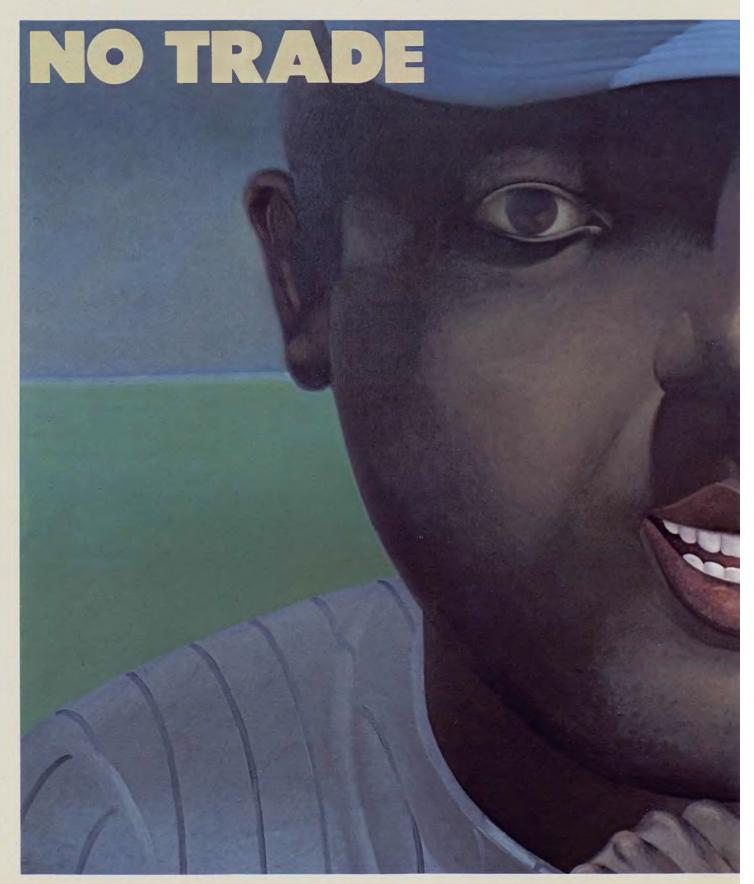


"Of course I faked an orgasm . . . I'm an actress."

the owner of this outfit, he be the biggest asshole in baseball. i be coming off a good year and he wants to ship me to texas—but i ain't going nowheres

fiction By JAMES HOWARD KUNSTLER

THAVE WENT through some changes in life. Vietnam put me in the hospital, but the American League pennant race almost park me six foot under. My road roomy, Kid, say, "Roland, why you don't just forget the man, play out your option and sell your ass first week of November?"

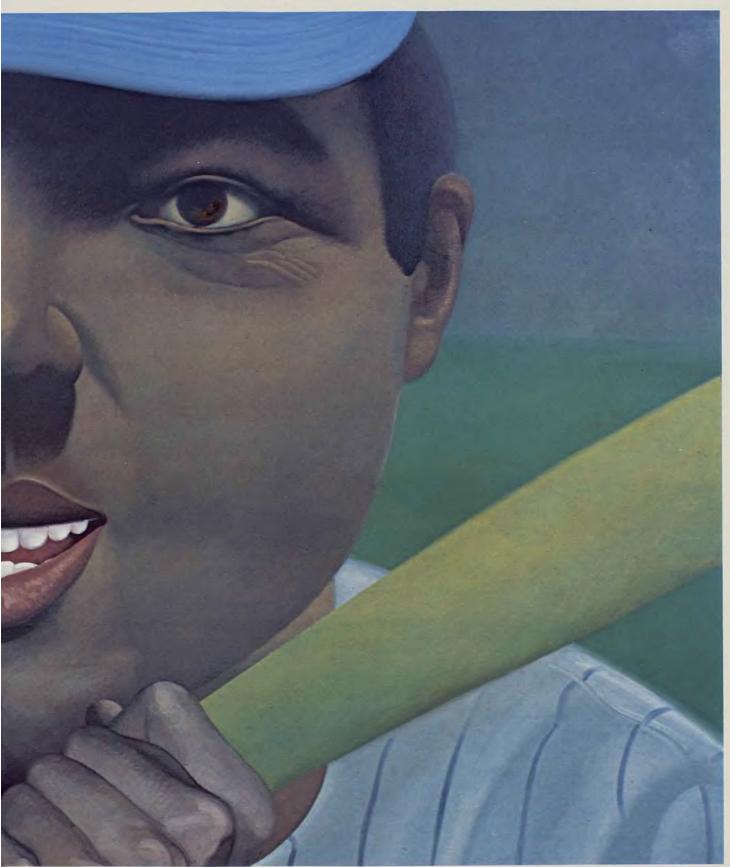


Kid, he remind me of my own self when I come up: quick and brash and dumb as a box of rocks. Where I would go, anyway? Thirty-eight-year-old with a bad attitude. Troublemaker, too. "Cleveland," Kid say. Bum-fuck Egypt be more like it.

See, I didn't have no idea what I was

in for when I show up in St. Pete last spring. I be coming off a year anybody be glad to have: .279 with 24 home run and 90 R.B.I.s, 108 run score. Lead the league in walk. Not bad. Sport Magazine Comeback of the Year! Off season, I work like a motherfucker, run five mile

every day, pump Nautilus, eat like a damn parakeet. My ex, Rayette, she say I look like one of them Nubian in the gladiator flick. Thirty-eight-year-old. Hot stuff. Not bad. I show up at camp, ain't even hardly unpack at the Ramada Inn when I hear I be D.H. against (continued on page 124)





Center row, left to right: RCA's VJP900 Convertible videotape recorder can be used as either a table model or a portable and features a five-head recording/playback system for jitter-free special effects, \$1300, including the cordless remote control shown. Next to it are Pentax's slick-looking PV-U020A tuner/timer, \$435, and PV-R020A recorder, \$1064, which allow for dubbing and sound-onsound recording. The silver-colored V-536 8eta Hi-Fi VCR unit not only gives great sound but also is front loading, which makes it an ideal model for use on a narrow shelf, by Toshiba America, \$1099. Atop it is a superlightweight VC-220 video-tape recorder, \$999.95, that's hooked up to a QC-70 camera, \$859, both by Sharp Electronics. The camera with the red stripe is Sanyo's V5C530 with automatic iris control, \$699.95. In the front row, left to right, are a VC-X2 auto-focusing camera that can be preset for time-lapse shooting, by Akai America, \$1195; a Canon VE-10 video editor that's handy for organizing scenes shot out of sequence, about \$150; and a Quasar VE582UQ editing controller that's easy to operate, \$169.95. Center

how to go hollywood with your portable vcr

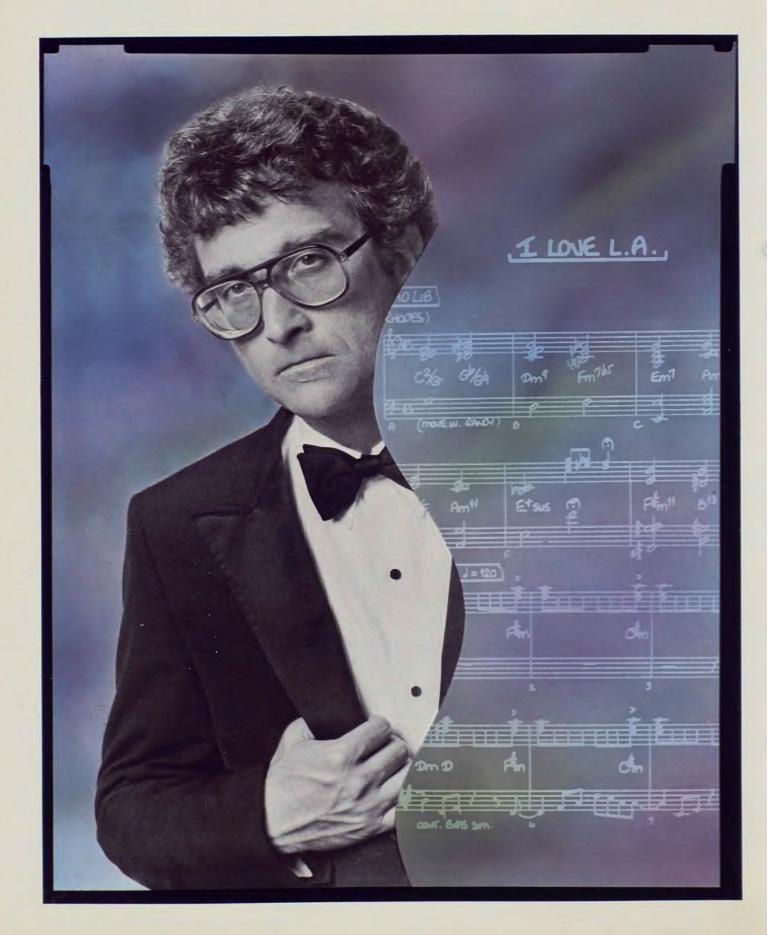
YOU DON'T HAVE TO HAVE an advanced degree in cinematography to attach a video camera to a video cassette recorder (VCR) and make like Cecil B. De Mille. But after several sessions of lights, cameras and plenty of action (we won't ask what kind), you may be tempted to shelve your beret and megaphone and leave the directing to Steven Spielberg. Think again, C.B. The current crop of video cameras and VCRs goes a long way to close the gap between Hollywood and home town. You can now equip yourself with a video camera that can capture the image of a speeding object, such as a race car, on tape instead of just reproducing a

blur, or one that operates in low-light situations slicker than Errol Flynn ever did. Cassette recorders have also become leaner and trimmer, some weighing as little as five pounds. The lightest models, in fact, call for a mini video tape that snaps into an adapter for playback on your tabletop receiver. And color processors and editing equipment designed for the home market have finally become available so that you can now assemble your miscellaneous tapes into a major video opus. To further put you in the director's chair, we've taken ten ordinary home-video problems and have examined them in light of the (continued on page 176)



row, left to right: A 20" color-TV monitor featuring an F.S.T. picture tube that eliminates reflections, by Toshiba America, \$949.9\$, including the cordless remote control shown. Next to it are a VC-734E recarder with materized front loading, by NEC Home Electronics (U.S.A.), \$599; and a Panasonic CT-7711A monitor with 94-channel capability, \$459.95. Atap the NEC unit: HR-C3U top-loading recarder, \$850, and a lightweight GZ-S3 video camera, \$895, that operate an mini video tapes that snap into an adapter for viewing on a VHS standard VCR, both by JVC

of America. Top row, left to right: VR8238 video camera with an electronic view finder, by Magnavox, \$749; Sony's HVC-2400 video camera with auto fade in/fade aut and a four-position color-temperature control, \$1250; and Minolta's K-20005 video camera with a 6x power zoom and a sensor that helps eliminate image burns when the camera is aimed at a strong light, \$2150. Up front is a tubeless TC-100E C.C.D. video camera featuring a charge-caupled device that helps do away with video distortion, by NEC Home Electronics (U.S.A.), \$2000.



20 QUESTIONS: RANDY NEWMAN

america's best songwriter wonders why europeans take reagan seriously, why his 15-year-old son cut off all his hair and why he doesn't sell more records

Although many critics and musicians be-lieve that Randy Newman is the ranking satirist and the major talent among living American songwriters, he has received most attention for his score for Milos Forman's "Ragtime," which earned an Academy Award nomination, and for a funny song about a lunatic who hates "Short People." "Trouble in Paradise," Newman's most re-cent LP, includes "I Love L.A.," a bouncy send-up of his home town, and a disturbing, edgy vision of Cape Town, South Africa, as well as a cluster of societal woes and personal miseries. Although a recluse at heart, Newman, who comes from a family of musicians, met with David Sheff in Beverly Hills. "I asked him about his much-reported eye problem, which causes him to see double," reports Sheff. "He shrugged it off. 'It's no big deal,' he said. 'I can see fine.' To prove it, he focused on me and said, I know which one is you.' He pointed toward the window."

1.

PLAYBOY: What is the trouble in paradise? NEWMAN: You know, places like L.A., Miami, Cape Town are supposed to be, and probably used to be, like Bora-Bora or some other paradise. But things went wrong. But I do love L.A. It's not the most beautiful place in the world, but I love the weather and everybody I know well lives here. I admit that the song is a little ambiguous; the streets I picked are not the most beautiful, and I took a few shots here and there—like the bum—but, basically, I do love L.A. I love the Beach Boys. Like I said in the song, "Rollin' down the Imperial Highway / With a big nasty redhead at my side. . . ." That wouldn't be bad.

2.

PLAYBOY: Do you like to be in the center of the music business? Do you take meetings at the Polo Lounge?

NEWMAN: I've been to a meeting there, but I didn't get into how awful it was that I was doing it. I didn't give a shit where I was. Except a lot of nice-looking women were there in hats. Black hats. I like that. I may go back there.

Otherwise, I don't pay attention to the music business. I don't read the magazines or look at the charts. If I were in the magazines occasionally, I might. When Short People was a hit, I subscribed. But, really, I'm not interested in that at all.

3.

PLAYBOY: On *Trouble in Paradise*, the list of background singers is pretty impressive: Linda Ronstadt, Wendy Waldman, Paul Simon, Jennifer Warnes, Don Henley, Bob Seger, Rickie Lee Jones, Lindsey Buckingham, Christine McVie. Why did they agree to sing on your record? Did they need the money?

NEWMAN: A lot of them like mc, I suppose. I don't exactly know why, but they like what I do. I think. You should check. Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe they did it as charity.

Linda and Jennifer have done my songs. Other people called Lenny [Waronker] and Russ [Titelman—Newman's producers] and asked if I needed background things. I can't do backgrounds. I sound like a bunch of sheep. I didn't know some of those people. I like Seger's stuff, but I didn't know he liked mine. Henley called; we're friends. I sort of knew Simon. I knew Rickie Lee. And they were great to work with. They all have real enthusiasm for music in general. They worked really long hours, to where I would get embarrassed and say, "Don't you have to go to a fitting or something?"

4

PLAYBOY: Because of your song, a lot of people think you really do hate short people. Does it bother you when people misinterpret you?

NEWMAN: Sometimes, though it may be my own fault—the execution. I remember in high school, you analyzed poetry and some of the hippie teachers would say, "That's fine, that's fine—however you see it is fine," but that isn't fine with me. I set out to do something, and that's what I want people to get. Sometimes I don't care. A song comes—boom! Sometimes there is a lot of work with your head: "Is this funny? Or is it merely vulgar? If it's merely vulgar, why do it?"

5.

PLAYBOY: Your sound track for Ragtime was nominated for an Academy Award. How did that project come to be?

NEWMAN: After turning down many movies, I agreed to do that one because I knew it had great music potential.

I had read the book. Some of it I did in advance of the shooting, like when you see musicians playing in the movie—they actually had to be playing something—but the rest was done afterward. In some ways, it was easier than writing my own songs, because I didn't have to pull something right out of the air, but in other respects it was harder, because I was dealing with someone else's ideas and writing for an orchestra—which I really liked. It's a real art to match and enhance what is going on up there. You try to help tell the story. You make the romance mean a little more. If the guy is looking happy driving his car, you try to make happy music—a real difficult job for me.

I'm not used to having to deal with other people when I work. I do what I want to do. But film is a director's medium. Music is about 14th in importance. If the director wants to take a piece of music and cut it down or move it from here to there, he does it. So I wasn't entirely overjoyed with the experience, but I did all right, I thought. And I was rather proud of the job I did. In the time of the movie, there were fewer chords than they know now, so I liked it.

6.

PLAYBOY: Your uncle Alfred won nine Academy Awards for his scores for such movies as *The King and I* and *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. Did that make your Oscar nomination particularly gratifying?

NEWMAN: I guess I was gratified by it. I knew I wasn't going to win, but I went for a weird experience, and it was a weird experience. I sat next to Johnny Williams, and Liberace did a medley that included our music. He played Ragtime and Raiders of the Lost Ark. You know what they have at the Academy Awards? They have people who sit in your chairs when you're gone. Johnny Williams and I went to the bathroom and—ppflitt!—two people were in our scats. That way, if the camera pans the audience, there are no empty scats.

7

PLAYBOY: Since Ragtime, do you follow music written for Broadway and for films? NEWMAN: I don't enjoy Broadway music. I haven't seen a Broadway musical I have enjoyed. Oh, Fiddler on the Roof, years ago. How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying. The movie of The King and I. I did admire the music in A Chorus Line. But I saw Cats and Sweeney Todd and actually saw (continued on page 122)

BKWan-LUMINOUS ANIMALS

a wickedly funny wild kingdom



Debbeer Fam Visit India



AND OTHER DRAWINGS



Some Island Metolens EASTER MANHATTAN MAUI BAFFIN JERSEY FIRE

EDGAR ASLEEP



EAT HIGHLY SPICED FOODS.





ONE MORNING EDGAR, FORMERLY ATHREE-TOED SLOTH, WOKE UP TO FIND THAT HE HAD BEEN CHANGED INTO A JUNIOR ACCOUNTANT NAMED MONROE SCROD.

IT WAS ALLTOO DIFFICULT FOR HISTINY BRAIN TO SORT OUT, SO HE JUST ATE HIS BREAKFAST AND WENT TO THE OFFICE.







EDGAR COULD NOT DO MONROE'S JOB WELL AND WASTHE OBJECT OF MANY A SCORNFUL REPRIMAND FROM MS. PLOP, HIS IMMEDIATE SUPERVISOR.

LUNCHTIME CAME AT LAST, AND EDGAR VAGUELY FOLLOWED HIS FELLOW WORKERS TO THE OFFICE CAFETERIA IN THE BASEMENT.

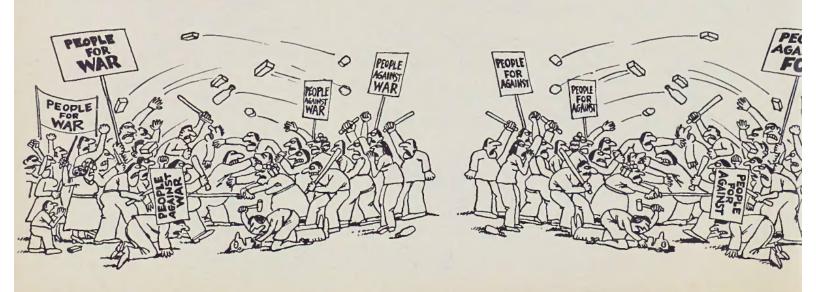


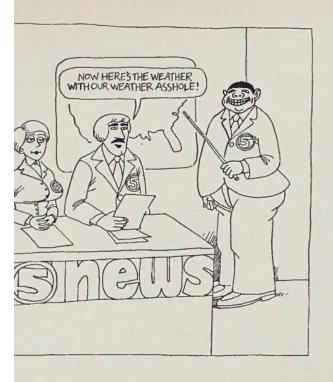


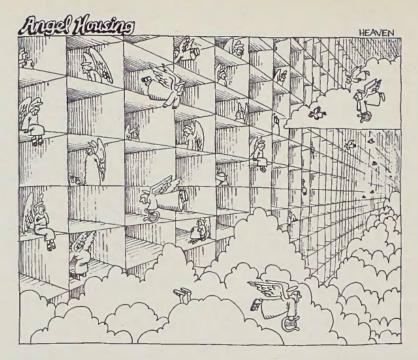
FOR LUNCH HE HAD THE NUMBER 3. IT WAS HOT-DOG CURRY SURPRISE.

A SNAKE WOULDN'T TOUCH THAT NUMBER 3.EITHER.











RANDY NEWMAN (continued from page 117)

"You should cut some of this whining about not selling records. I hate whining, don't you?"

Chorus Line, and I tell you, I felt like I was from Yugoslavia and didn't understand English. I felt like I used to feel at high school football games when I'd be getting loaded in the corner and the crowd would be going, "Yea! Yea!" and I didn't feel a part of it. I wanted to-I'm telling youbecause I paid \$29 or something for a ticket. At Cats, I kept looking at the price of the ticket. To me, there is more in Kiss on My List than in all of Cats.

Movies are another story. They are the great art form of the 20th Century. One of my favorite scores is my uncle Al's How Green Was My Valley. I like his Song of Bernadette. I like Superman, by Williams. I like Patton, by Jerry Goldsmith, and Stagecoach. Psycho, by Bernard Herrmann. Chariots of Fire was a good score. I noticed it only the second time I saw the movie. The first time, I was too bitter, because of the Academy Award [laughs]. I wouldn't have done it that way. It was the Twenties, and I would have had an English band perform the score instead of synthesizers, but then it wouldn't have won the Academy Award and the picture wouldn't have made 80 billion dollars. There are a lot of good scores. I like Gone with the Wind, by Max Steiner. Leonard Bernstein did a good job for On the Waterfront. When I go to movies, I notice the scores more than anything else-which is bad, because you can't tell whether a score is good out of context of the movie. A good score shouldn't jump out at you.

8.

PLAYBOY: Are there performers and songwriters whose work you particularly follow?

NEWMAN: Yeah. Neil Young. I don't know about his new computer stuff, but I may grow to like it. I don't know whether he can compete with people who have grown up with synthesized brains. It's sort of rudimentary music for someone who is as complex and talented an artist as he is. I like Seger. Emmylou Harris. George Jones. I admire Hall and Oates and Michael McDonald very much for writing those things that are complex harmonically.

Lyrically, there are only a few people I pay much attention to: Young, Rick James, though he only did one really good record I love. Van Morrison. I like Rickie Lee's lyrics. Prince's, X's. I admire some stuff critics absolutely hate. Rod Stewart. Some people don't like his persona or something, but I take him seriously, because he can relate a lot of information in a short amount of time, which is very hard to do. He is expressing something that is true. He brags a little and stuff, but Only a Boy, on his last record, is a very good song. He is the best of English rock. People won't like that, but that's the way I feel. Elvis Costello may be better, but I can't hear the words all the time. I bought a songbook, so I'm looking.

PLAYBOY: What music did you grow up on? NEWMAN: Mostly classical. I always studied music and figured I'd be a musician. And then Ray Charles, Fats Domino and that sort of R&B. Sonny Boy Williamson. John Lee Hooker. And when I got into high school, the Beach Boys.

10.

PLAYBOY: You're the first to admit that your work hasn't sold that well, with the exception of Short People. Does it bother you after so many years in the business? NEWMAN: Yes. It's a drag. I would like to be able to go on this tour and not worry about the poor promoter's taking a beating. It would be nice to be a part of mainstream America, the way Seger is-you know, to be on the stations. I listen to his albums and my albums, and there isn't a great deal of difference in how hard they rock or in the content of the lyrics. I mean, he's got a bigger voice, but the disparity isn't the difference between having a numberone record in the country and not getting played. Programers don't think I'm right for rock radio or something, but I don't know why. I sell records in Germany, France, Holland, Belgium. Switzerland and Norway and stuff. In Europe, the record is number 20 or something, and here it is number 8,000,000. They are really serious about music there. They listen intently. Radio isn't as strict. They aren't afraid to play something different. Maybe stations here think that if they played my records, people would turn off the radio or something. It's a little frustrating, but it doesn't bother me too much. But my songs should do better here. The stuff is real American, it seems to me.

PLAVBOY: Is there a certain satisfaction that comes with being out on the fringe? NEWMAN: Well, there is satisfaction in appealing to the people I appeal to and in

being critically received the way I have been, but it's not enough for me anymore. I can't change the way I write, but I would change anything else. [Thoughtfully] I'm whining, aren't I? You should cut some of this whining about not selling records. I hate whining, don't you?

PLAYBOY: Is the darker side of things-the trouble in paradise rather than paradise itself-the side you see the most?

NEWMAN: You see, I don't necessarily know the places I am writing about well at all. Of those on this record, I've been to Miami once. I've never been to Cape Town, and after Christmas in Capetown, I doubt I'll ever go; I don't think they'll invite me. I know San Francisco pretty well and I know L.A. very well. But for Baltimore, I just went through the place once and immediately went home and attacked it. Of course, there is a danger that your observations may be totally inaccurate. Before Bertolt Brecht had ever seen America, he had done this stuff about Chicago and gangsters. It wasn't true, but it was more interesting than the stuff he wrote after he had seen it. I remember seeing this one side of Baltimore in National Geographic: all the white-marble stairs and the pretty porches. It was just great-looking. But when I wrote Baltimore, it was about a different side. And I had no case when the mayor was angry about my song and Miss Baltimore gave me a bunch of letters saying things like, "Randy Newman is not human." I had no case, because I didn't know the town well.

13.

PLAYBOY: You have described the classic Randy Newman song as being "a real pretty song with nasty intent." Does that still apply?

NEWMAN: Sometimes I've written real pretty songs, you know. I've never thought of my songs as particularly nasty. I've always thought that the audience is better than the people in my songs. Almost everyone is, in fact.

14.

PLAYBOY: One theme that has pervaded your music, from Sail Away and Good Old Boys to Trouble in Paradise, is racism. Do you remember when you first became aware of it?

NEWMAN: I remember it very well. I was five or six, walking in New Orleans with my mother, and I saw a water fountain that said COLORED and one that said WHITE. I asked my mother what that meant. It was a shock. I didn't cry, but I couldn't understand it. I saw the same thing on an ice-cream truck that had two doors on the back. One said WHITE and one said (continued on page 180)

Quarterly Reports

a timely accounting of timeless principles of personal finance

article

By ANDREW TOBIAS

FINANCIAL FOREPLAY

the wisdom of wealth is like the wisdom of sex—the longer you take in getting there, the more enjoyment you'll find along the way

ONEY, it's often been said, won't buy happiness. This is a myth.

I mean, come on!

But there is an element of truth to even the tritest saying, and the fact is that money will reliably buy happiness only for those who don't have it. Getting money

brings happiness; having it may or may not.

In the first *Quarterly Report*, we talked about getting rich slowly; in the second, getting rich quick. But what's this preoccupation with getting rich at all? Just how much fun is it—really—to be rich?

(Hint: How much fun is it to be great-looking?)

Here are the advantages of being rich: You don't have to take the subway, you don't have to clean your bathroom, you don't have to wait until after 11 to call. Here are the disadvantages: taxes, accountants, guilt and the persistent fear that you will somehow lose your money and be reduced to taking the subway, cleaning your bathroom and waiting until after 11 to call. (Also, truly incredible amounts of junk mail.)

But this is the crucial point: There is a world of difference between cleaning your toilet when you have always cleaned it and cleaning it after years of having had someone clean it for you. There is a world of difference between living in a smallish apartment on the second floor and living in a smallish apartment on the second floor after you've lived in a biggish apartment with a view.

It's which way you're headed that counts, not how much you've got.

Consider two families, one making \$75,000 a year but knowing, somehow, that its income will be falling to \$40,000; the other making \$15,000 a year but assured of an increase to \$25,000. I submit that the family getting by on \$15,000 a year, with its eye on \$25,000, is likely to be happier than the \$75,000-a-year family facing \$40,000.

One family is earning a fifth as much as the other, yet it is likely to be happier. Why? Because things are looking up.

This, indeed, is one of the things that make inflation so pleasant in its early stages, before folks catch on. Almost everybody feels he's doing a little better. Wages are rising, home prices are rising, profits are rising—and, at first, no-body pays much attention to the fact that prices are rising, too, so the gains are illusory. (In fact, in the early stages, they may not be. The prosperous feeling inflation at first brings can bolster confidence and stimulate growth.)

It's also one of the pluses of growing older. Your income is likely to rise gradually with seniority. Even if it doesn't, your standard of living can improve every year. That is because a toaster oven, once acquired, need not be reacquired each year. Gradually, even without a rise in real income, you may find yourself with a growing pile of household appliances, a larger and larger savings account, a cozier and cozier life. (Or you may squander it all.)

A lot of the inequality in the world is inequality based simply on age—and is, thus, inequality of the least offensive kind. A kid fresh out of college—even Harvard—is likely to own nothing but some books, clothes and a stereo, while a postal worker who has been careful may have \$75,000 stashed away by the time he retires, plus his home free and clear (plus Social Security and his pension). And that is undoubtedly a good thing. Bad enough that, physically, we should decline steadily after the age of 25, or whenever it is—wouldn't it be depressing if we also started out rich and grew progressively poorer?

I had \$400,000 worth of stock options when I was 21, but was fortunately too busy to spend any of it. The president of the company ultimately went to jail for the enthusiasm of his bookkeeping, and my options wound up worthless. Because the paper fortune had never seemed quite real to me (well, it wasn't real, as it turned out), I didn't particularly miss it. But others in the company had easily secured loans against their impending bonanzas—surely, the stock couldn't drop 90 percent in six months, they and their bankers had reasoned; oh, but it could!—and had begun living like the rich people they would doubtless soon be. But weren't.

Even if our ship had not foundered, they were sailing too fast, in my view. For if you have a Learjet when you're in your early 30s, as the president of the company did, what sort of toys have you (continued on page 172)

NO TRADE

(continued from page 113)

"I know guys around the league, superstars, wouldn't sign with this outfit for a million five a year."

left-handers. What this shit is all about?

I go right out to the ball park, Cappy's office. "Well?" I ax him up front.

"Roland," he say, "every man got to bend with the seasons, and it's the autumn of your years, my boy."

"What the fuck you talking about, Cappy? I hit two-seventy-nine last year playing in one hundred and fifty-two game. Look at me. I be in better shape than half your prospect out there. You want to win ball games? Put me back in right field."

"Uh-uh, Roland." He shake his head.
"You be D.H.ing for now."

First three week of camp all be drills and condition. We play a squad game. I be motherfucking D.H. "Why that is?" I ax Hobie, third-base coach. Everybody trust him, 'cause he tell it like it is.

"The man upstairs," all he say.

The man upstairs. You ax any fivevear veteran in the league who be the biggest asshole in baseball, they points to that same sky box between home and first. Why that is? Because Mr. Bossman live up there. The secret is out. He can take a perfeetly good ball club and fuck it up. I know guys around the league, superstars, wouldn't sign with this outfit for a million five a year. They take half that, stay up in Boston, down in Baltimore, where at least you know where you are at. It be hard enough to hit for average in this game when you concentrating good. The man upstairs, he don't allow that. Got to fuck you up. That's how it all start.

We open against Texas at home. Worst team in both divisions. We be 12 and two against them last year and they ain't improve one bit. It be great weather for the winter Olympic. First game snowed out. Second game, it be so cold, every foul ball you hit feel like them bats is electrocuted. Sting like a motherfucker. They be night games, you understand, because Mr. Bossman, he don't believe peoples come out to the ball park on a weekday. "Who would come here for a day game on Thursday?" he say. "Winos? Junkies? People with no jobs? Our fans work, damn it!"

I ax Kid, "Who come to the ball park in a motherfucking snowstorm at night?"

He say, "Maybe Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer and my momma."

We get beat four straight, score seven runs all toll. I go one for 11, get the collar in three game. Bobby Duncan, our best starter, give up three walk, two base hit and a gopher ball in the top of the first inning. We look bad. Mr. Bossman tell all the reporter, "There going to be some changes made." If you play for this outfit, that is how you find out what's happening. Other teams, they got the bulletin board, hold a team meeting. This outfit, you got to keep up with the press. Otherwise, you be the last person in the world to find out you be put on waivers.

Chi Sox come in and whip our ass. We win one out of four and only 'cause of a wild pitch in the 12th inning. Dumb luck. K.C. come to town. They be tough. Mr. Bossman tell the newspaper, "We got to sweep K.C. and get back into this thing."

What the fuck he is talking about? Get back into this thing. The season ain't but two week old. We split two and two. I get the game-winner R.B.I. in one. Next day, newspaper say I be bench indefinitely on my own request for the sake of the team. The story quote Bossman: "Roland came to me and said, 'Sir, my slump is hurting this team, blah, blah, blah,'"

It must be obvious I didn't do no such thing. In the first place, I ain't even been in the man's office since I sign my last contract. Second place, I ain't in no slump. I be a slow start for 14 year, including my triple crown and two league-leading R.B.I. year. Anybody in the league know that I gets hot when it get hot. But that beside the point. The whole motherfucking team ain't hitting but .204 all toll. Pierce be leading the team at .242. Kid hitting .190! And finally, I don't call that man sir. Who the fuck he think I am? Bat boy? Shoeshine? I be hitting cleanup on the American League All-Star team when he be getting his first pussy in college, and I ain't 100 percent sure he even got that far. Fact, that could be it right there: He be starve for pussy. Kid think so. You seen his wife? Ugh. .

Well, I don't take this shit lying down. We fly out to the Coast, first road trip of the season. A lot of guys don't know it, but you can use them press. Visitor clubhouse be swarming with them. This outfit be a big deal everywhere it go. Best road attendance in both league. L.A. Examiner ax me, did I really take myself out the line-up?

"Most certainly I did not," I say.

"Then how come the man say you did?"
"I don't know. Why you don't ax him?"

I ride the bench that night. We lose five to four, leave 11 on base. Saturday, we blow it in the ninth. Later that night, back at the Hilton, a knock come on my door. "Who it is? Well, I'll be damn!"

"Mind if we talk, Roland?" the boss ax.
"Man to man, like?" I rib him, but he
don't get it.

"Where's Gerald?" he ax, meaning Kid.

"He out on pussy patrol."

Bossman nod his head and do this thing where he suck on his lip to show how he understand, which he don't, of course.

"That kid can't get enough," I keeps it up. "We got it all figured out. He get on base twice for every piece of ass he get. Remember last scason divisional play-off? Second game? He went four for five. Night before, he brung these two foxes—uh, what it was you wanted to talk about?"

"Roland," he say, "I think I can make a trade with Texas for Rivers and Sundberg."

"Oh, yeah? Who for?"

"For you, Roland."

"You dreaming, Bossman."

"No, I'm not. They want you. They want the deal. I spoke to their G.M. an hour ago."

"No, you dreaming, 'cause I got a notrade clause."

"You want to play this season or ride the lumber, Roland? You're thirty-eight years old."

"I don't want to play at no motherfucking Texas."

"They need you. We don't."

"No trade."

"OK, Roland, if that's the way you want it."

Two nights later, in Oakland, Ricky Holland, my replacement, step into a drain screen in right field on a routine fly ball. His spike catches and rip the fuck out his knee. I mean, you can hear them ligaments snap and pop all the way in the visitor dugout. It be pitiful. Holland have to be carried off on a stretcher straight to the hospital. I know right then and there the season be over for that poor boy.

"Put me in, Cappy," I say, half-joshing. Only half. Cappy just frown and shake his head. He put in Haines, just up from Topeka, Triple-A. Adequate field. No bat.

"You do what you told, right, Cappy?"

"I run this team on the field, buster."

Sure you do, sure you do. We split four in Oakland, lose three out of four in the Kingdome. That ball park have got it in for us. Rojack pop one into one of them hanging speaker. Would have been a dinger. Umpire give him two base. Seattle hit 12 home run in four game. You think we be playing the 1927 American League All-Star, Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig. Goddamn. Haines, he go one for 18. I feel sorry for him. He already been up with this outfit twice last year and sent back to Topeka. I give you three guess who behind that.

Speaking of the Devil, who come over to (continued on page 164)

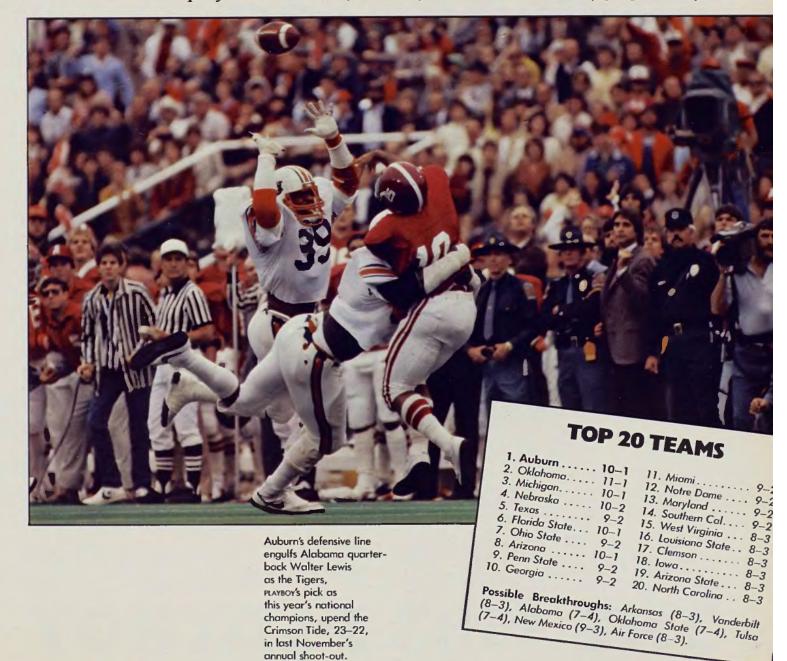
PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

leading expert gives his pre-season picks for the top college teams and players

the country's sports By ANSON MOUNT

AN UNFORESEEN revolution has begun in college athletics: It will soon be fashionable for 280-pound defensive linemen and jetpropelled halfbacks to have reading and writing skills. Assistant coaches on recruiting safaris these days study high school players' S.A.T. scores almost as assiduously as their times in the 40-yard dash. Some academic counselors in athletic dorms are under as much pressure as head coaches coming off 3-8 seasons. And, most wondrous of all, the pre-season hype about AllAmerica prospects is suddenly laden with references to academic majors and gradepoint averages.

The shit hit the fan last winter, when a contingent of university presidents showed up at the N.C.A.A.'s annual meeting in San Diego, demanding to be heard. Those academic hard-hitters insisted on reform of academic standards for N.C.A.A. athletes. Their militancy had been inspired, they said, by a long-standing bastardization of university standards by coaches who keep giving scholarships to



annual shoot-out.



Left to right, top to bottom: Rick Bryan, lineman, Oklahoma; Terry Hoage, defensive bock, Georgia; Ron Faurot, lineman, Arkansas; Jack Del Rio, linebacker, University of Southern California; William Fuller, lineman, North Carolina; Doug Smith, lineman, Auburn; Jimmy Colquitt, punter, Tennessee; Russell Carter, defensive back, Southern Methodist; Rick Hunley, linebacker, Arizona; Don Rogers, defensive back, UCLA; Victor Scott, defensive back, Colorado; Wilber Marshall, linebacker, Florida.

THE 1983 PLAYBOY



Left to right, top to bottom: Tony Slaton, center, University of Southern Colifornio; Bill Frolic, tackle, Pittsburgh; Doug Dawson, guord, Texas; Lance Smith, tackle, LSU; Stefan Humphries, guord, Michigan; Jerry Stovall, Coach of the Year, LSU; Mike Rozier, running back, Nebraska; Vaughn Broadnax, fullbock, Ohio State; Irving Fryar, receiver, Nebraska; Ben Bennett, quarterback, Duke; Gordon Hudson, tight end, Brigham Young; Ernest Anderson, running bock, Oklahoma Stote; Fuad Reveiz, kicker, Tennessee.

ALL-AMERICA TEAM

BEST OF THE REST

(Listed in order of excellence at their positions, all have a good chance of making someone's All-America team)

QUARTERBACKS: Frank Seurer (Kansas); Daug Flutie (Bostan College); Todd Dillon (Long Beach State); Jeff Hostetler (West Virginia); Boamer Esiason (Maryland); Chuck Long (Iowa); Tom Tunnicliffe (Arizona); Wayne Peace (Florida)

RUNNING BACKS: Marcus Dupree (Oklahoma); Mel Gray (Purdue); Bo Jackson (Auburn); Alfred Andersan (Baylor); Greg Allen (Florida State); Vance Johnson (Arizona); Eddie Phillips (Iowa); John Kershner (Air Force)

RECEIVERS: Kenny Jackson (Penn State); Jim Sandusky (San Diego State); Robert Griffin (Tulane); Duane Gunn (Indiana); Dwight Collins (Pittsburgh); John Frank (Ohia State); David Lewis (California); Mark Lewis (Texas A & M)

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: Bill Roberts (Ohio State); Terry Long (East Carolina); Mark Adickes (Baylor); Brian Blados (North Carolina); Ron Solt (Maryland); Guy McIntyre (Georgia); Gary Zimmerman (Oregon); Joe Ramunno (Wyoming)

CENTERS: Tom Dixon (Michigan); Mike Ruether (Texas); Tom McCormick (Florida State); Philip Ebinger (Duke)

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: William Perry (Clemson); Keith Millard (Washington State); Bill Maas (Pittsburgh); Bruce Smith (Virginia Tech); Alphonso Carrecker (Florida State); Keggie Singletary (Kansas State); Greg Gattuso (Penn State); Jon Hand (Alabama)

LINEBACKERS: Jay Brophy (Miami); Keith Browner (Southern California); Andy Ponseigo (Navy); Larry Station (Iowa); Scott Radecic (Penn State); Andy Hendel (North Carolina State); Mike Johnson (Virginia Tech)

DEFENSIVE BACKS: Mark Robinson (Penn State); Tom Flynn (Pittsburgh); Lupe Sanchez (UCLA); Jeff Sanchez (Georgia); Stacey Toran (Notre Dame); Vaughn Williams (Stanford); Rocky Colburn (Alabama); Leonard Coleman (Vanderbilt)

KICKERS: Mark Fleetwood (South Carolina); Ralf Mojsiejenko (Michigan State); Luis Zendejas (Arizona State); Sean Pavlich (Air Force); Mike Johnston (Notre Dame)

FIRST-YEAR PHENOMS

(Incoming freshmen and transfers who should make it big)

Flipper Anderson, receiver	UCLA
Roosevelt Snipes, runner	
Carl Woods, runner	
Doug Riesenberg, defensive lineman	
Gary Webster, kicker	Washington
Winston Williams, runner	
Curtis Battles, defensive lineman	Long Beach State
John Mazur, quarterback	Texas A & M
Kevin Willhite, runner	Oregon
Spencer Tillman, fullback	Oklahoma
Ricky Greene, quarterback	Oregon State
Kirk Jones, runner	Nevada-Las Vegas
Randy Norvelle, defensive lineman	
Thornton Chandler, tight end	
Troy Bodine, quarterback	Cincinnati
Alvin Miller, receiver	Notre Dame

superstuds who can't read the menu at McDonald's. The academicians pointed to an embarrassing incident last year, when a Los Angeles judge passed sentence on a former UCLA linebacker, requiring that he be taught to read and write as a condition of his probation.

Over martinis at ancillary cocktail parties, the university presidents decried (anonymously, of course) the scandalous exploitation of illiterate black athletes by predominantly black schools in the South. At those institutions, it seems, athletes are steered into ludicrous academic courses and then are booted out of school once their athletic eligibility expires.

Penn State's Joe Paterno, coach of the 1982 national champions, joined the outcry. "We have raped an entire generation of young black athletes," he told network TV reporters. "We've taken kids and sold them on the idea that bouncing a basketball or running a football was going to be an end in itself. We can't afford to do that to another generation. We can't afford to have kids coming into our great educational institutions unprepared to take advantage of what those institutions can

All of that sounded very good. The nation applauded the reforms that were promised. But, in retrospect, things don't look so black and white. The predominantly black Southern schools, in particular, were incensed by Paterno's pontificating.

do for them."

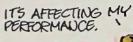
"The real problem lies in what has happened to black kids as a result of the racial integration of public schools," an athletic-department spokesman at Tennessee State told us. "With the onset of integration and the Federal Government's insistence on a specified percentage of white teachers in previously all-black schools, everything changed. White teachers either deliberately ignored academic standards or were scared of the flak they would get if they tried to discipline black kids. So they just automatically passed the kids from one grade to another and graduated a bunch of black illiterates.

"Sure, we give some athletic scholarships to academically deprived youngsters. We have courses at our school, such as agriculture and brick masonry, that a lot of snobby schools would laugh at. But these kids come to school and spend four years learning job skills. They go out of here skilled workers. And you know what? They'll probably make a lot more money than someone who graduates from Yale with a degree in medicval literature. So we're exploiting an academically deprived kid by giving him an athletic scholarship? Bullshit!"

We intend to watch the coming academics-vs.-athletics struggle from neutral high ground. For now, though, (continued on page 146)

NAR Pand HUB







I NOW CHECK FOR COLD SORES BEFORE KISSING A GIRL.

I NEVER DRINK FROM THE SAME GLASS.



I NECK MORE AND DO LESS THAN ANYTHE SINCE HIGH SCHOOL.

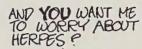


WHAT DO YOU DO ABOUT HERPES, HUEY?



BERNARD, I'N 45 YEARS OLD, I'VE SCREWED MAYBE 10,000 CHICKS IN MY LIFETIME. I CAUGHT THE CLAP AT LEAST 6 TIMES. I KNOCKED UP 25 CHICKS, PAID FOR 14 ABORTIONS AND TUITION FOR 11 KIDS WHO DON'T EVEN KNOW I'M THEIR FATHER.











GIRLS OF THE ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

from u.n.c. to u.v.a., these are the a.c.c.'s initial attractions

OBORROW a hook from New Wave's Eurythmics, sweet dreams are made of this: sugar and spice, intimations of vice, sunny young women scented with pine on sticky Southern nights.

Close your eyes and start on the shores of Chesapeake Bay, where the wind chips at a Maryland coast line that was familiar to Colonial fishermen. This is old country. Echoes from the Revolutionary War rattle between the trees. Wander inland to College Park, then follow a southwesterly line through Virginia, North Carolina and the red hardpan of north Georgia to Atlanta. You'll be in the land of cigarettes and basketball. Every other hill hides a green field dedicated to the taste of fine tobacco. Tar Heels and Terrapins roam among the rows. Demon Deacons



No fair-weather friend, Tigress Shannan Hallawell (left)—she laves "contact sports, like foatball . . . and caaking"—protected aur photographers from Bible-thumping agitatars. Weight lifter Debra Jean Richards of Duke (abave) detests "obviously drunk men." Act saber, guys.



exorcise Blue Devils, and every so often—it happened one night last spring—a Wolfpack goes Cinderella and turns them all into pumpkins.

This is the home of the Atlantic Coast Conference. More important as far as about 70,000 A.C.C. boys are concerned, it's the home of the girls of the A.C.C. Yes, Virginia, the Girls of the Atlantic Coast Conference are finally here. Better tell the other states.

These girls are the cream of the current college crop, and they're pretty levelheaded. Clemson's Lisa Smith is a budding neurosurgeon. Lynell Lowren of Georgia Tech says that aerospace engineering is a blast. Cara Lee Macdonald of Virginia and Duke's Michele Nelson have already settled on law and med schools, respectively. Terry Lynn Richardson of Clemson gets a boot out of programming computers. Maryland's Kerry McClurg, on the other hand, aspires to be a Playmate. Thank heaven for old-fashioned girls. The girls are not at all level below the head, but that's about the end of it as far as similarities go.

FUN FACTS ABOUT THE A.C.C.

*Clemson is the only school that ever won the N.C.A.A. football championship one year and went (text concluded on page 186)

Virginia's Cara Lee Macdonald (left) disdains keggers for casebooks. She plans to belly up to the bar as a barrister. Cynthia Ellington of N.C. Stote (top left on the facing page) gets her kicks from Teddy bears and cuddly men, but modeling's her goal. Rounding things out nicely clockwise from Cynthia: Clemson's Lisa Smith, already a macrosuccess in microbiology, may soon be picking your brain os a neurosurgeon; Michele Nelson, the duchess of Duke, is a ballerina who wants to be a doctor; and Debra Delise of Georgia Tech wants NASA to fly her to the moon.













Nancy Charlton of N.C. State (below) hopes to get a leg up on a foshion career os glittering os her lounging clothes. Virginia bleacherite Liso Winsor (right), a computer whiz who's half-Swedish, con't help but call up thoughts of nights that last for months. Georgio Tech's Brandy Brandenburg (the brunette ot far right), who likes to be alone but loves to do "wild things," ond Lynell Lowren (Brondy's blonde componion), an aerospace cadet, keep the Yellow Jockets humming. Long painting sessions keep Wake Forest's Anne Ballance (far right below) bristling with excitement.























That's a member of the Carolina contingent, Tina Lovings, at left. Of Tina, it's said that her guitar is not all that's electric. Clemson computer programmer Terry Lynn Richardson (tap left) told us that all she wants is "to be physically fit at 50," which for her will be in 2007. North Carolina's Deborah Bell Maore (tap right) practiced for this appearance by dressing up as a Playboy Bunny for Hallaween. She gets happed up over "firm, healthy bodies." N.C. State's Kelly Parker (above right) gets plenty of strokes for her speed in the pool, while fellow Wolfpackers share bosketball cheer at lawer left.









Sandra Wilsan af Narth Caralina, reclining at the top of the page, seems to have her life well in arder. Her favarite activities are caoking and eating. Asked what she dislikes in men, Sandra responds, "What's there to dislike?" Maryland's Kerry McClurg hates "the macho party-guy image." She enjays Tom Jones but prabably wouldn't ga for Tam Janes. A future attorney, our anchor girl, N.C. State's Lorena Broaks (right), doesn't like "peaple who assume anything." We assume she means anything but innacence.



"The Pope did not understand us. He got off the plane as an ideological conquistador."

placed them in resettlement camps farther inland. Your rationale thus far has been to remove the Indians from the influence of your Contra enemies across the border; but to North Americans, your actions are reminiscent of "strategic hamlets" in Vietnam or the relocation of Japanese-Americans during World War Two. How do you explain what Amnesty International and even your strongest supporters say is a deep stain in your record?

RAMÍREZ: It's an extremely complicated situation and one that was forced on us. I'll try to summarize: Yes, when the Contras began invading from Honduras, we had to move entire populations of Mosquito Indians farther into our territory. It wasn't gratuitous. It wasn't something we thought was good. But it was necessary.

PLAYBOY: You're implying it was necessary for their own good. If that were true, you wouldn't have Mosquito Indians still eagerly joining up with the Contras. They obviously oppose you strongly. Didn't your forcible relocation of them have a lot to do with that?

BORGE: The Mosquitos were moved, first of all, because there was constant fighting in the region. But, yes, it's true that they join the counterrevolutionaries quite easily. The Mosquitos-about 70,000 people-were incorrectly treated by the revolution right after the triumph. But let me give you a little history: The region along the Atlantic Coast in which they lived is so isolated that Somoza largely ignored it. What he did do was give them propaganda through the years about the dangers of Communists, but for them, he wasn't a repressive force the way he was for the rest of the country. So they didn't have the same anger, the same need for change that the rest of us had.

After the triumph, we sent a group of compañeros into the region who didn't understand things the way they should have-they knew more about astronomy, some of them, than about anthropology. They made terrible, alienating mistakes in dealing with the Mosquitos. At the same time, the main leader of the Mosquitos, a former agent of Somoza's security police, began making some vicious broadcasts in the Mosquito language. It was claimed, among other things, that our government had a policy of exterminating all Mosquitos over the age of 30-things such as that. Not surprisingly, with the coinciding of our blunt policies and that propaganda, many Mosquitos became confused. It remains a very painful situation.

PLAYBOY: Another blot against your government was the way Pope John Paul II was treated during his visit here in March, when he was shouted down in front of TV cameras. This is the official Vatican version of his visit: "During the holy Mass, Sandinista activists shouted slogans of a political character without interruption, disturbing the Mass. . . . Furthermore, the great crowd of faithful were not only kept at a distance but did not have megaphones or access to microphones. They were not able to make their own voices heard or to express their support for the presence of the pontiff and his religious message.'

RAMÍREZ: The whole business of the Pope's visit is very complicated. The Pope did not understand this country. He got off the plane thinking as a Pole. He came here with a preconceived notion. He thought that here was a totalitarian regime that oppressed the Catholic people and that these Catholics would take advantage of his presence to start a rebellion. He thought this was the opportunity they were waiting for to "liberate themselves" from religious persecution. Basically, he got off the plane as an ideological conquis-

FATHER CARDENAL: Many, many untrue things were said about the Pope's visit here. One of the lies that were said first by Archbishop Miguel Obando y Bravo [who opposes the Sandinista regime] and then later repeated three times by the Pope was that the people were prevented from attending the Mass, During his Mass, he actually said he was addressing his remarks to those who were not allowed to come. But in the plaza, there were 700,000 people! At the Mass, the Pope did many political acts: He started by permitting Archbishop Obando y Bravo to speak. That was not on the program, had not been negotiated in advance. And Obando v Bravo's speech was political. Everything he says is to annoy the revolution. The Scripture texts that were chosen for the Mass insinuated attacks on the revolution. PLAYBOY: For instance?

FATHER CARDENAL: For instance, he used the text on the construction of the Tower of Babel-which is something that has no relationship to the current situation in Central America. By using that text here, he was insinuating that ours was a very proud and arrogant government that wanted to substitute itself for God. In the text, those who built the Tower of Babel were lifting themselves as high as God, and then God destroyed everyone. That was the message.

There was also a prayer for the people in

PLAYBOY: You mean for the Somoza

Guardsmen vou imprisoned?

FATHER CARDENAL: For the prisoners. But there was no prayer offered for people who had died during the insurrection against Somoza and now at our border. No prayers for those who died at the hands of those Guardsmen now in prison-those Guards who are criminals! The day before the Pope's visit, 17 young men had been killed by the Contras. There was no prayer for those dead! What was most interesting was that in every Mass the Pope has said everywhere in the world-no matter how bad the government-there has always been a prayer for those who govern. But not when the Pope came to Nicaragua!

PLAYBOY: Are you certain? Did he say such a prayer for the government in El Salvador?

FATHER CARDENAL: It is in the text of every Mass. And here it was suppressed. It is not a prayer that asks rulers to continue in power-just that God should enlighten them so that they can rule well. But this was suppressed.

PLAYBOY: If you had to do it over-the Pope's visit-would you do anything differently?

FATHER CARDENAL: I think what happened was very good.

PLAYBOY: Good?

FATHER CARDENAL: Yes. Because what the Pope found here was a very mature people, a very Catholic people, but also a revolutionary people. Our people said that they were Catholic but they would not be living with false myths-with fetishism. Now the image of the Pope has changed since he came to Nicaragua. In Italy, recently, they velled at him, too.

PLAYBOY: It is true that the Pope objects to your participation and that of four other priests, including your brother, Father Fernando Cardenal, and Father Miguel D'Escoto, in this government?

FATHER CARDENAL: As far as I know, the Pope doesn't want a priest to have a government job. But we've not had any official communication. My brother Fernando, a Jesuit, who heads our literacy program, recently met a Jesuit from Colombia who was with the ministry of education there for a long time—and he had no problem. I suspect we're having problems because the Pope doesn't want Christians to be revolutionaries-he wants Christians to separate themselves from revolution.

PLAYBOY: If he were to demand that you choose between the government and the priesthood, what would you do?

FATHER CARDENAL: As for now, it doesn't seem to be a problem. The way things work is that each priest is under a bishop. I report to the bishop of the Solentiname region, not to Archbishop Obando y Bravo, who opposes us. But all the bishops, (continued on page 188)

THE DRESSMAKER AND THE NUN

A convent nun once had a lover Living in the neighboring town. Their greatest problem: to discover How, secretly, they might bed down. All wives' or maidens' guile outrunning, There's nothing like the convent cunning: In woman's clothes he personates a Seamstress and so transits the gateway. The ruse had oft been tried before, But it succeeded as of yore. Together in the close-barred cell, The lovers sewed and sowed full well, Unheeding of the time of day Or how the hours flew away, Until, at last, refection bell: "Adieu, my love; one kiss; farewell!" "How's this?" exclaimed the abbess, "Why The last at table?" "Madam, I Asked my seamstress to repair a slit And she's been busy needleworking it." "So," asked the abbess, "you have made her stay Mending one fissure throughout the day?" "Madam, so much we have yet to do, It could easily last the whole night through. When in our task we find enjoyment, There is no end to the employment."

THE PITCHER

Dear, simple Jane was sent to bring Fresh water from the nearby spring. Her mistress warned, "No time to waste." Jane took her jug and ran in haste, Bosom heaving, skirts a-flurry (The less control, the worse the hurry), Tripped on a random stone and broke Her precious pitcher-'t was no joke. A grave mistake. 'T were better far To break her neck than such a jar! Her dame would soundly flagellate her-No way could Jane propitiate her. Heartbroken in her grief and fears, Our pretty Jane broke into tears. "I can't go home without the delf," Sobbed Jane. "I'd rather kill myself. So here I am, prepared to die." A gentlemanly passer-by O'erheard the damsel's lamentation And kindly offered consolation. "If dying's what thou really meant, I'll help thee in thy sad intent." Throwing her down, he drew his dirk And plunged it in the maid—a work You might think cruel. But not so; Jane, Enjoying all the pleasant pain, Begged to be stabbed so neat again. Amid a world of ills and harms, For some, even death will have its charms. "If that's the penance I must make, I'll find a thousand jars to break!"

THE LESSON ALICE LEARNED

Sweet, foolish Alice, as the story's told, Must all day listen to her mother scold: "Go, wretched dolt, and try to find some wit; I'm quite exhausted at your lack of it."



So Alice hurried to seek out advice Where she could buy some sense at modest price. "No shop, my dear," her closest friend explained; "It's from a holy friar that wit's obtained. Good Brother Bonaventure has a stock That he, at times, dispenses to his flock." Thus, to the cloister Alice quickly ran And begged an audience of the holy man: "Dear Brother, make me clever; well, I mean, If you can help a girl who's just sixteen." Her innocence much added to her charm. He smiled and gently took her by the arm And seated her-no maiden in his book Who carried more temptation in her look. "Most reverend sir," she said, "my friend has told Me in this convent, wit is sometimes sold. Will you allow me some on loan to take? I have no money, but I've much at stake. For earnest, I have just this one small thing." She offered to the monk her silver ring. But when the friar saw the girl's design, He cried, "Good maid, that pledge we shall decline. To some 'tis freely given, to others taught, But wisdom oft turns hollow when 'tis bought. Come, follow me into my simple cell, And on this bed you'll learn to reason well." He raised her clothes and on the couch she lay; He kissed her and began the gentle play. She'd never dreamed that sageness came this way. "The divining rod it now is time to view, Oh, fortunate girl to have it used on you! Kindly take the recipient position, Close your eyes and wait for intromission." He held her close and soon began to glide. "Oh, what a joy is knowledge!" Alice cried.

A second dose the friar soon bestowed, And then a third, so fast his bounty flowed. At last, 't was time to go; the maid retired, Reflecting on the wit she had acquired.

Two days had passed when came another friend, Fair Nancy, curious to apprehend Why Alice was so lost in distant thought. With Nancy, practice had not gone for naught; Her questioning she managed with such art That soon she learned all Alice could impart, From first to last, each touch and mystic hit, E'en to the bigness of the friar's wit, The repetitions and the wondrous skill He had displayed, his wisdom to instill. "And now," said Alice, "favor me, I pray, And tell me freely, candidly, the way That you obtained the wit you do possess, And all particulars to me confess." "If I," said Nancy, "must admit the truth, Your brother Alan was the lusty youth Who put me on my back and taught me well All that the friar has shown you in his cell." "That story," Alice cried, "cannot be so! The very simplest thing how can you know? My brother Alan is a heavy clot-How can he give what he had never got?" "Ninny!" the other said. "He was inspired, But for this exercise no wit's required, And Alan freely gave what I desired!"

On such a point we readily should say: Long live the fools who wit sn well display!

—Translated by Jem Buller

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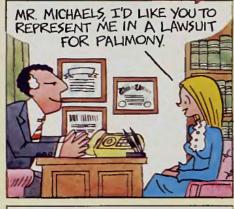






Saturday Nite Tive

BY BILL JOHNSON























Sarah Downs-

PIGSKIN PREVIEW (continued from page 128)

"The Big Ten story has the same old plot, the same actors: Michigan and Ohio State in the lead roles."

let's take a look at the prospects of the various teams, hopeful that the demands of brick masonry and medieval literature alike won't overtax too many performers.

	THE	EAST	
	INDEPE	NDENTS	
Penn State West Virginia Army Boston College Rutgers	9-2 8-3 7-4 6-4 6-5	Navy Colgate Pittsburgh Temple Syracuse	5-6 5-6 4-7 4-7 2-9
	IVY LE	EAGUE	
Dartmouth Brown Pennsylvania Yale	8-2 7-3 6-4 5-5	Princeton Harvard Columbia Cornell	4-6 4-6 3-7 1-9

ALL-EAST: Jackson, Robinson, Radecic, Gattuso (Penn State); Hostetler, Woodside, Agee (West Virginia): Carroll, Sartiano (Army); Flutie, DeOssie (Boston College); Dumont, Andrews (Rutgers); Ponseigo, McCallum (Navy); Calabria, Erenberg (Colgate); Fralic, Maas, Collins, Flynn (Pittsburgh); Riordan, Young (Temple); Winter (Syracuse); Daly, Pare (Dartmouth); Daniel, Jones (Brown); Chambers, Lista, Smith (Pennsylvania); Andrie, Zanieski Guthrie, Cusma (Princeton): Azelby (Harvard): Witkowski (Columbia); Harmon (Cornell).

Enough talent was graduated from Penn State to stock a pro franchise, but that doesn't mean the squad'll be Nittany Kittens this year. The backups waiting in the wings could be as good as their predecessors. A new quarterback (either Doug Strang or Dan Lonergan) will be throwing to Kenny Jackson, one of the nation's better receivers. The defense, anchored by tackle Greg Gattuso and safety Mark Robinson, will be nearly impenetrable.

West Virginia's Jeff Hostetler will once again be one of the nation's best quarterbacks, but he may be upstaged by a trio of flashy young runners on his own team-John Gay, Tom Gray and Pat Randolph. After two years of top-20 finishes, the Mountaineers are beginning to make all those flatlanders respect them.

The Army football program is rising from years of oblivion and will have a winning season for the first time in memory, largely because the early-season schedule is seeded with pushovers. After a purgatorial spring practice under new coach Jim Young, the Cadets will probably obliterate their weaker opponents

Boston College's schedule is so topheavy with top-20 teams that the Eagles could be one of the country's better bets and still post a so-so record. The quarterbacking of Doug Flutie will again be excellent and the running attack, led by Troy Stradford and Ken Bell, will be improved, but coach Jack Bicknell needs to find some people who can catch the ball.

After two 5-6 seasons, Rutgers will crack the winner's column if a young offensive front can hold the line. Scarlet football has become a family affair, with two sets of twins on the team, plus several squad members whose older siblings once toiled in New Brunswick.

Navy will be much stronger than its West Point rival, but the schedule will make for some rough sailing. The Mids have another sturdy defensive unit, plus a deep offensive line to protect quarterback Ricky Williamson. With a stable of good receivers, look for Williamson and the Middies to come out firing plenty of surface-to-air missiles.

Colgate will field an experienced squad led by record-breaking quarterback Steve Calabria, but a tough schedule will preclude a winning season for the team that made fluoride famous.

The Pitt Panthers are young and inexperienced. The departure of last year's superb senior class left big gaps almost everywhere in the line-up. The one bright spot is in the offensive line-Playboy All-America tackle Bill Fralic just may be the best in the history of the game.

Temple has a new coach (Bruce Arians), a top-grade quarterback (Tim Riordan) and an excellent defensive backfield-but hardly anyone on the bench. The Owls' fortunes, therefore, will depend largely on the vicissitudes of injury.

The Syracuse athletic department ought to be declared a disaster area. The Orangemen have averaged four wins per season for ten years now. Morale is in the pits. A telephone call soliciting information (Syracuse refuses to fill out media questionnaires) brought one curt comment: "We're going to be shitty." The defensive unit will be respectable, but any offensive output will depend largely on whether or not three of last season's top Orange runners can regain academic eligibility.

The Ivy League invariably has the most evenly balanced-and the least predictable-championship race in the country. This year, Dartmouth will have the most improved team in the brain chain and should, therefore, take home the laurels. The main reason for the Greenies' improvement is the maturation of last year's freshman team, the best in school history.

Brown, with solid crews of returnees on both offense and defense, ought to slip into second.

Pennsylvania and Yale have unsettled quarterback positions, Both schools, though, boast strong defensive units built around veteran lines.

Princeton quarterback Steve Cusma will emerge this year as the Ivy League's best. He has a pair of sure-handed targets in Kevin Guthrie and Derek Graham, but other than that, the Tigers have no claws.

Harvard has been depleted by graduation, so the Crimson will be rather green until late in the season. The biggest problem is the quarterback position. Soph Brian White will probably win the job.

Columbia and Cornell are in the midst of rebuilding projects and both teams still have a long way to go. Columbia will have to play even its home games on the road while a new stadium goes up, but the Lions, with quarterback John Witkowski, can play the passing game with the best of them. New Cornell coach Maxie Baughan inherits a squad crushed by commencement.

THE MIDWEST

Notre Dame

Cincinnati

	BIG	TEN	
Michigan Ohio State	10-1 9-2	Purdue Michigan State	5-4-
lowa Illinois	8-3 6-5 6-5	Wisconsin Indiana Minnesota	4-3-2-
Northwestern MID-A		Minnesota N CONFERENCE	2-

Bowling Green 5-6 Ohio University Western Central Michigan Michigan Miami Eastern **Ball State** 3-8 Michigan 6-5 Toledo Kent State **INDEPENDENTS** Louisville 2-9

ALL-MIDWEST: Humphries, Dixon, Smith, Boren (Michigan); Broadnax, Roberts, Tatum, Frank (Ohio State); Phillips, Alt, Long, Station (Iowa); Juriga, Thorp (Illinois); Kidd, Schwab, Harvey (Northwestern); Benson, Gray (Purdue); Banks, Turner, Mojsiejenko (Michigan State); Wright, Melka (Wisconsin); Gunn (Indiana); Rasmussen (Minnesota); Emans, Bayless, McClure (Bowling Green); Moore, Harter (Ohio University); Faulkner, Offerdahl (Western Michigan); Marshall, Calhoun (Eastern Michigan); Russell, Kelso (Toledo); Roth, Hicks (Northern Illinois); Adams (Central Michigan); Peterson, Pillman (Miami); Chitwood (Ball State); Hedderly (Kent

The Big Ten story has the same old plot, the same old actors: It's Michigan and Ohio State in the lead roles, with a largely inept (except for a possible Iowa cameo) supporting cast.

State); Toran, Pinkett, Johnston (Notre Dame);

Foster (Cincinnati); May (Louisville).

Michigan can overwhelm most opponents with sheer waves of manpower. The Wolverines have more depth than the Marianas Trench. They have more quality running backs than you can find on most N.F.L. rosters. Both lines are, in a word,

The Ohio State attack-surprise!-will be ground based. Playboy All-America fullback Vaughn Broadnax should benefit mightily from the blocking of the biggest offensive line in OSU history. If a thin defensive line can stay clear of injuries, the Buckeyes will be right there with the



top-dozen teams in the country.

Iowa just may provide an exciting subplot in the otherwise repetitious Big Tenscript. The Hawkeyes were surprisingly strong last season, and nearly all of the offensive mainstays are back in camp. The only potential problem is a youthful defensive line, but it looked good in spring drills.

The big question at Illinois is, Who's going to throw the ball? There is no heir apparent to Tony Eason for the quarter-back job, but there are three passable passers in camp, and coach Mike White has a way of finding anonymous Joe Namath types in the California junior college circuit. Whoever takes the snap, look for the Illini to field the most potent offense in the conference. Again.

Northwestern, with 19 of last year's starters returning, will be the most dramatically improved team in the league. Quarterback Sandy Schwab set 15 N.C.A.A. records and countless Big Ten and school records during his freshman year and should be even more impressive as a sophomore. Look for the Wildcats to challenge for the Big Ten title in 1985, when Schwab will be a senior.

With a lethal attack unit and a laughable defense, Purdue will be involved in a lot of high-scoring games. Transfer wide receiver Jeff Price looks like an instant star. The Boilermakers have their strongest stable of runners in many years, plus five quarterbacks talented enough to be starters. The offensive line will be mature, massive and malevolent. The Boilers could easily put some pressure on the rest of the league.

Michigan State has a new coach, George Perles, a new pro-set offense, a fine crop of recruits—and not much hope for a winning season. With little proven talent and even less experience, the Spartans will have a very Spartan autumn.

Wisconsin's hopes this season lie with a large contingent of freshman redshirts. Best of the newcomers are tailback Larry Emery and linebackers Michael Reid and Craig Raddatz.

New Indiana coach Sam Wyche has installed a pro-type passing attack to be run by sophomore quarterback Steve Bradley. The defense, with only three returning starters, will be, well, porous.

Minnesota coach Joe Salem has eight new assistants, and their work load is heavy. They must rebuild both lines, find a new quarterback (rookies Greg Murphy and Brett Sadek are the best bets) and try to figure out a way to avoid a repeat of the unbelievable string of injuries that wiped out the Gophers last year.

The Mid-American Conference race will be a four-team scramble. Bowling Green has the inside track, thanks to sophomore quarterback Brian McClure and a seasoned defensive unit.

Ohio University and Western Michigan, with experienced offensive crews, are

also title contenders. The surprise team of the league could be Eastern Michigan. First-year Huron coach Jim Harkema has his choice of two talented quarterbacks, Steve Coulter and Robert Gordon.

Both Northern Illinois and Miami face suicidal early-season schedules. If either turns in a winning record, somebody should break out the medals for battlefield valor.

This will presumably be the year Notre Dame returns to gridiron respectability. The big problem in South Bend has been the ineffective leadership of Gerry Faust, who has often been more of a cheerleader than a head coach. Faust got the job three years ago, and not just because he was the nation's most successful high school coach-he's even more Catholic than Lech Walesa. For many years, some of Notre Dame's big-bucks alumni have had their noses out of joint because of the growing ecumenical spirit in Irish athletics. There was sullen grumbling in the Sixties when a Presbyterian, Ara Parseghian, became the most successful coach in school history since Rockne, and some alumni have more recently been miffed by the growing number of Protestants on the squad.

If the Irish can avoid a repeat of last year's roller-coaster syndrome (they beat the big teams but died in games with weaker opponents), they could contend for the national championship. A ridiculously easy early-season schedule won't hurt.

The Cincinnati schedule, conversely, is murder. New coach Watson Brown, the college game's ranking young offensive genius, will install an anything-goes attack featuring transfer quarterback Troy Bodine and a flock of rapid receivers.

Louisville quarterback Dean May, one of the nation's best, will also be filling the sky with passes. The Cardinals' schedule is the most ambitious in school history and may daunt the ambitions of the players before season's end.

As usual, many of the best Southeastern Conference teams will fatten their won-lost records against weak nonconference opponents while avoiding one another. Auburn is a notable exception. The Tigers are not only the best team in the South, they have a rugged schedule that will prove their excellence. The whole squad is loaded with top-drawer talent. The defensive line, led by Playboy All-America Doug Smith, is the nation's best.

Georgia, with three quality tailbacks motoring behind the best offensive line in Bulldog history, may not miss defector Herschel Walker as much as 'Dawg fans fear. The talent at quarterback, however, is dangerously thin.

We award our Coach of the Year honors to the mentor we feel has done the most admirable job of all in recent seasons. No coach ever inherited such a difficult assignment under such tragic circumstances as did LSU's Jerry Stovall three years ago. He has returned the Tigers to their traditional role of perennial championship contenders. We take special pride this year in the fact that Stovall is the first Playboy All-America player (1962) to go on to become our Coach of the Year.

This season, Stovall's Tigers will feature the South's best tailback duo, Dalton Hilliard and Garry James. Soph quarterback Jeff Wickersham has tremendous potential, so the future looks bright in Baton Rouge. Stovall has also brought in the best crop of recruits in LSU history.

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Auburn	10-1	Mississippi	
Georgia	9-2	State	7-4
Louisiana State	8-3	Florida	5-6
Vanderbilt	8-3	Mississippi	4_7
Alabama	7-4	Kentucky	3-8
Tennessee	7-4		

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

Maryland	9-2	Wake Forest	7-4
Clemson	8-3	North Carolina	
North Carolina	8-3	State	5-6
Duke	7-4	Georgia Tech	3-8
Virginia	7_4		

INDEPENOENTS

Florida State	10-1	Southern	
Miami	9-2	Mississippi	5-6
Tulane	8-3	Memphis State	4_7
East Carolina	6-5	Vitginia Tech	4_7
Richmond	6-5	South Carolina	2-9

ALL-SOUTH: Smith, Humphrey, James, Jackson, Thomas (Auburn); Hoage, Sanchez, McIntyre, Gilbert (Georgia); Smith, Malancon, Hilliard (Louisiana State); Coleman, O'Connor (Vanderbilt); Lewis, Jones, Hand, Colburn (Alabama); Reveiz, Colquitt, Cockrell (Tennessee); Knight, Bond, Jackson (Mississippi State); Marshall, Peace (Florida); Austin, Townsend (Mississip-pi); Grimsley (Kentucky); Esiason, Solt, Glover, Joyner (Maryland); Perry, Farr (Clemson); Fuller, Blados, Franklin (North Carolina); Bennett, Ebinger (Duke); Rice, Dombrowski (Virginia); Schofield, Ryan (Wake Forest); McIntosh, Johnson, Hendel (North Carolina State); Lavette (Georgia Tech); Carrecker, Allen, McCormick (Florida State); Brophy, Kohlbrand, Griffin (Miami); Griffin, Boyle (Tulane); Long (East Carolina); DuBois (Richmond); Dejarnette (Southern Mississippi); Walker, Oliver (Memphis State); Johnson, Smith (Virginia Tech); Fleetwood (South Carolina).

Vanderbilt alums are crying in their corn squeezings because prime quarter-back Whit Taylor has graduated, but his replacement, Kurt Page, may be even better. The Commodores should be a better team this fall, but they may post a worse record than last year's if they lose their uncanny ability to win close games.

This will be an iffy—and perhaps painful—transition year at Alabama. New coach Ray Perkins inherits the usual talent-laden squad, heavily reinforced this fall by 17 quality redshirts. Perkins has installed a new pro-set offense. Transfer tight end Thornton Chandler leads the new wave for the Crimson Tide.

The Tennessee defensive unit was dreadful last season. A new collection of

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assistant coaches will remedy that problem—and the young replacements they have to work with offer more raw ability than their Volunteer predecessors. The kicking game is the nation's best, boasting two Playboy All-Americas, place kicker Fuad Reveiz and punter Jimmy Colquitt.

This could be a lovely autumn in Starkville if coach Emory Bellard can plug up a leaky Mississippi State defense. His stopper crew had more walking wounded last fall than the Confederates at Appomattox. The passing game, with quarterback John Bond, could be declared a lethal weapon.

The Florida Gators will be even more dangerous than last season's 8–3 crew, but (here's the bad news) this year's schedule could be overwhelming. The defense, led by Playboy All-America linebacker Wilber Marshall, will probably suffer fewer decimating injuries than last fall, so don't be surprised if the Gators are back in the thick of the S.E.C. title fight.

First-year Ole Miss coach Billy Brewer put his Rebels through bone-crushing spring drills in an effort to overcome a severe shortage of quantity and quality in the manpower pool. If senior tailback Buford McGee can remain healthy, the Rebs will have a scintillating running game to support their pass-oriented offense.

At Kentucky, this year's prospects are bleak and even the future looks grim. Coach Jerry Claiborne is trying to rebuild the Wildcats' fortunes with aggressive recruiting, but any noticeable progress is still at least a year away. The most hopeful development this fall will be the debut of redshirt quarterback Bill Ransdell.

Maryland was the surprise team of the Atlantic Coast Conference last fall and ought to be even better this year, due to the players' familiarity with coach Bobby Ross's multiple offense. Boomer Esiason will be better than ever at quarterback. Although the defense is youngish and shallow up the middle, the Terps should again wind up among the top-20 teams by season's end.

All of last year's starting Clemson backfield has gone on to the pros, but the backups are able and game-hardened. Quarterback Mike Eppley will get a lot of ink this year. The Tigers' defensive line will be anchored (almost literally) by 330pound middle guard William Perry.

O TELEPHONE BILL C. College

"Mildred, they didn't say you had to reach out and touch everyone!"

North Carolina will also be a much younger team, but the Tar Heels may still be better than last year. Their biggest problems are lack of experience at quarterback and in the offensive line. Tight end Arnold Franklin is a future superstar.

If new Duke coach Steve Sloan can find a way to upgrade his defensive unit from dreadful to merely mediocre, the Blue Devils may be the surprise team of the A.C.C. Sloan's air attack, featuring Playboy All-America quarterback Ben Bennett and a gaggle of great receivers, will likely be the nation's best. Mightymite tailback Mike Grayson (he's 5'6" on tiptoes) will make the running game a gogo operation.

Virginia and Wake Forest have greatly improved chances. Both should more than double their victory output of last year. Virginia has 16 returning starters, but depth will be a problem at most positions. The Wake Forest attack will again feature passer Gary Schofield and runner Michael Ramseur, both protected by an excellent front wall.

New North Carolina State coach Tom Reed has two big problems—at quarterback and in the offensive line. The Wolfpack's major asset is a stable of fine runners led by supertailback Joe McIntosh.

Georgia Tech enjoyed an unaccustomed winning season last year, but that performance will be difficult to duplicate. The backfield, led by tailback Robert Lavette, isn't bad, but both lines are thin.

Florida State's 8–3 finish with a squad full of fresh faces was a major stunner last autumn. With 16 starters returning, the Seminoles will be a genuine powerhouse this time. All the key players return from an attack unit that was one of the nation's most productive. Greg Allen, the country's leading scorer last fall, heads a talented group of runners that includes heralded junior college transfer Roosevelt Snipes. The Seminoles' greatest fear should be the road schedule—it's a horror on the order of *Psycho II*.

Miami was only a few points (and a couple of dumb officiating calls) away from national prominence last year. Coach Howard Schnellenberger (founder and president of the American Association of People with Long Names—no fooling) has an embarrassment of talent at quarterback, a superb defense led by Jay Brophy (the best Miami linebacker since Ted Hendricks) and a bonanza crop of rookies. The Hurricanes' main problem will be an offensive line that blows hot and cold.

Tulane, under new coach Wally English, will be the most improved team in the South. If last season's rash of physical breakdowns doesn't recur and the new pass-on-every-down pro-type offense works, the Greenies will get a bowl bid for the first time in years.

The starting 22 at East Carolina are the



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best in school history, but squad depth is a question mark. Guard Terry Long is one of the nation's finest offensive linemen.

Both of Richmond's lines will be top grade. The opening game with Southern Mississippi will likely go to the team that gets the better performance at quarterback. Napoleon DuBois will do the throwing for Richmond. Robert Ducksworth is the Eagles' new quarterback.

Memphis State is a team of the (nottoo-immediate) future. The best crop of recruits in MSU history joins a large contingent of veterans. Rookie runners Irving Atkins and Troy Myers will join sophomore Jeff Womack to give the Tigers a fearsome ground attack.

Virginia Tech's fortunes will depend on a stalwart defensive side. The offense will be crippled by a severe lack of muscle in the line.

New South Carolina coach Joe Morrison faces the toughest schedule in the country without an established quarter-back (Bill Bradshaw is the best bet) or a dependable defense. A prime crop of freshmen is a harbinger of hope for the future, but there's a bleak autumn in store for Columbia.

THE NEAR WEST

	BIG I	LIGHT	
Oklahoma	11-1	Kansas	6-5
Nebraska	10-2	Colorado	5-6
Oklahoma St	ate 7-4	Kansas State	4_7
Missouri	7-4	Iowa State	3-8
SC	UTHWEST	CONFERENCE	

Texas	9-2	Houston	6-5
Arkansas	8-3	Texas Tech	6-5
Texas A & M	7-4	Baylor	5-6
Southern		Texas Christian	4-7
Methodist	6-5	Rice	1-10

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

Indiana State 9-2	Illinois State 7–4
Wichita State 8-3	Southern Illinois 7-4
Tulsa 7-4	Drake 4-7
New Mexico State7-4	West Texas State 3-8

ALL-NEAR WEST: Bryan, Dupree, Parker, Shipp (Oklahoma); Rozier, Fryar, Gill, Steinkuhler (Nebraska); Anderson, Harding (Oklahoma State); Goode, Bell (Missouri); Seurer, Kallmeyer (Kansas); Scott, Hestera (Colorado); Singletary, Wallace (Kansas State); Washington (lowa State); Dawson, Ruether, Leiding, Cade (Texas); Faurot, Zinamon (Arkansas); Lewis, Bryant (Texas A & M); R. Carter, M. Carter, McIlhenny (Southern Methodist); Hilton, Turner (Houston); Gann, Lewis (Texas Tech); Anderson, Adickes (Baylor); Clifton, Maness (Texas Christian); Robinson (Rice); Martin (Indiana State); Eckels (Wichita State); Gunter, Lilly (Tulsa); Young, Barker (New Mexico State); Prior (Illinois State); Taylor (Southern Illinois); Holt (Drake); Harbin, Wood (West Texas State).

Both Oklahoma and Nebraska play 12 games this season, but there's a difference: The Sooners' extra game comes at the end of the season against Hawaii, while Nebraska starts the season in August against Penn State. Won-lost records, therefore, will not necessarily determine either team's standing in the charts, but their

November 26 battle could well decide the national championship.

Oklahoma's assets are a massive pass rush, led by Playboy All-America Rick Bryan, and a pair of hot-shot young runners, second-year tailback Marcus Dupree and freshman fullback Spencer Tillman. They'll both be the nation's best at their positions before they graduate.

Only nine of Nebraska's 1982 starters return; still, the reserves are big, numerous and experienced. The Huskers' only problem area is the kicking game. Two Playboy All-Americas, runner Mike Rozier and receiver Irving Fryar, will nevertheless make Nebraska a high-scoring team.

With a little luck, Oklahoma State could be the dark horse of the Big Eight. Playboy All-America running back Ernest Anderson and jaw-buster fullback Kelly Cook make for an awesome running attack. The Cowboys have traditionally been weak in both phases of the passing game, but most of the leaks have now been plugged in the secondary, and two rookie receivers will make the air attack more productive.

A coterie of talented young runners and more dependable quarterbacking will give Missouri a more potent offense this fall, but the defensive unit—especially the line—is vulnerable. Ergo, the Tigers will be better than last year. But not much.

Kansas has a supercharged new coach (Mike Gottfried), the best quarterback in the annals of Jayhawkdom (Frank Seurer), one of the nation's better ball carriers (Kerwin Bell), a talented group of receivers and 11 returning offensive starters. Too bad about the defense. Still, the Hawks should fly higher than last year's pitiful two-win edition.

Colorado, also much improved, will sneak up on respectability for the first time since the athletic department was given over to the meddling of big-bucks alumni several years ago. Coach Bill McCartney has at last built a pocket of order and discipline on a campus long famed for flakiness. Last year's most serious liability, a puny offensive line, will be bigger and stodgier. The secondary, led by Playboy All-America Victor Scott, is easily the best in the conference.

Kansas State is coming off its first winning season in 12 years but needs heavy reinforcements in both lines. Coach Jim Dickey redshirted 34 players last season, so the replacements will be numerous. The Wildcats' main offensive star will be tongue-twisting tailback Iosefatu Faraimo.

New coach Jim Criner takes over a junk yard at Iowa State; his rebuilding project will take a long time. Only eight starters return from a team that won all of four games last fall. The schedule, fortunately, is less than intimidating.

Texas fans are lamenting the graduation of superpasser Robert Brewer, but their distress may be needless. Two quality veterans will vie for the quarterback job, and incoming freshman Bret Stafford is good enough to beat them both out by season's end. The offensive line, anchored by Playboy All-America guard Doug Dawson, will be among the nation's best. Ditto for the entire Longhorn defensive unit.

The Arkansas Razorbacks were slaughtered by graduation. Only two offensive starters are coming back. Best of the new starters is quarterback Brad Taylor. Playboy All-America end Ron Faurot will be the mainstay of an otherwise questionable defensive line. Freshman Greg Horne will give the kicking game a needed lift.

Texas A & M will have a winning season if (1) the Aggie defensive unit can be substantially upgraded; (2) the injury epidemic abates; and (3) either of two quarterback candidates, John Elkins or John Mazur (a transfer from Southern Cal), can keep the interceptions from outnumbering the t.d. passes.

Southern Methodist lost two of the nation's best runners and 11 other starters to graduation. Less spectacular running will give quarterback Lance McIlhenny a chance to throw the ball more often. There's still a plethora of good, if inexperienced, players in camp. A ridiculously easy early-season schedule will give the Mustangs a chance to get their act together.

For the past six seasons, Houston has been without a breakaway runner—something necessary for any veer offense to work—but this year will be different, thanks to freshman Winston Williams. Quarterback Lionel Wilson will throw to one of the best receiving corps in the country. The Cougars' Achilles' heel will be a baby-faced and inconsistent offensive line.

Texas Tech's problem the past few years has been with the second string, so when coach Jerry Moore took over in 1981, he began a redshirt program that will start paying big dividends this fall. Twentynine chunks of prime beef come out of the deepfreeze to join 47 returning linemen. The schedule is tough, but if the Red Raiders can retain their uncanny ability to win games just before the buzzer, they should enjoy a red-letter year.

Baylor has two abundantly talented young quarterbacks (Cody Carlson and Tom Muecke), plus two of the Southwest's best runners (Alfred Anderson and Allen Rice). The offensive line, unfortunately, is offensive in the wrong sense of the word. And the secondary may soon be downgraded to tertiary.

New Texas Christian coach Jim Wacker is reportedly an 18-hour-a-day positive-thinking whirling dervish. Good thing, since he takes over a team that suffered from acute lethargitis last year. There's plenty of raw talent in the skill positions. The defensive line, last year's weak spot, will be much bigger and angrier.

Rice is the basket case of the Southwest Conference. The Owls' season will end, mercifully, on November 12. The coaching staff and the athletic-department functionaries are crying for community and

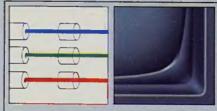


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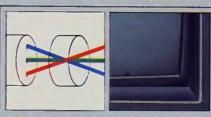
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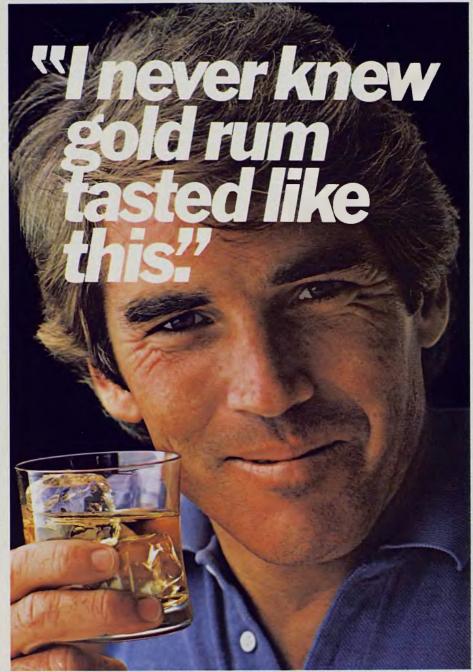
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alumni support, but they won't get it until the university administration makes a commitment to athletic respectability. Just look at what's happened lately at Vanderbilt, Miami and Duke.

Missouri Valley teams play such varying schedules that their final won-lost records will have little to do with the relative strengths of the teams.

Indiana State will have the best record—17 starters return and the Sycamores don't play Tulsa, the league's best team. Tulsa, on the other hand, faces an evil nonconference slate. A large contingent of transfers will give the Golden Hurricane impressive depth, but the schedule is simply too tough.

Wichita State has a lot of good players on tap, but none of them is a quarterback. Romie Mayfield has the best shot at the job.

New Mexico State and Illinois State will be the most improved teams in the M.V.C. Graduation losses were light at both schools. New Mexico State's Fred Young is a remarkably diverse talent—he is both his team's best defensive end and the league's top punt returner.

Southern Illinois and Drake won't be making much noise on the field this year, so we won't make any about them here.

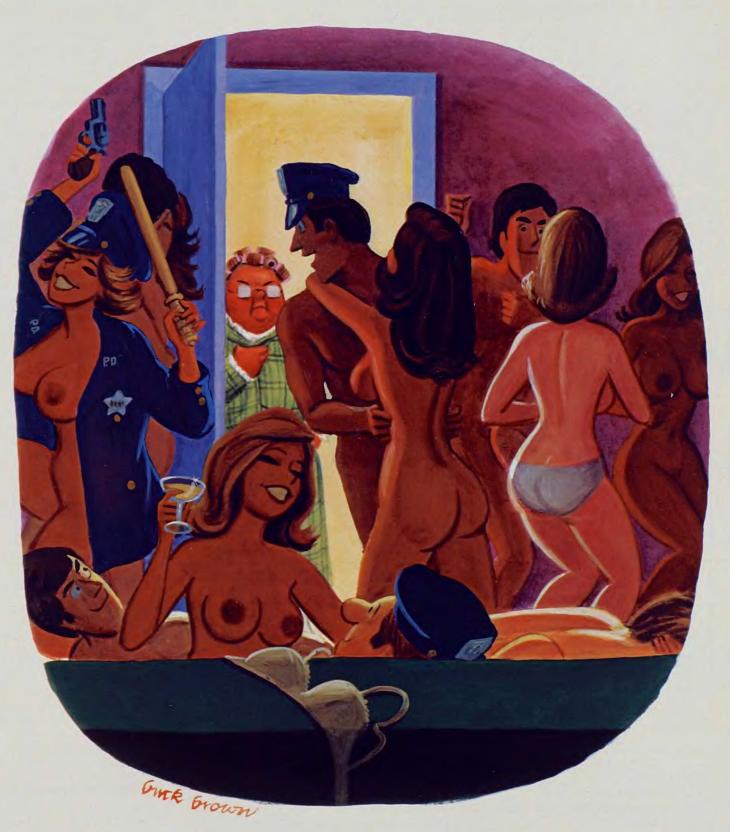
The rebuilding project at West Texas State is coming along, but coach Don Davis has a long row to hoe. The major improvement this year will be a newly respectable defensive unit.

This will be an inverted season around the Pacific Ten. Some of yesteryear's alsorans will vie for championship honors, and a couple of last season's powerhouses will be mired in reconstruction.

Arizona has the best chance. The Wildcats won six games last year against a brutal schedule and return almost intact. Quarterback Tom Tunnicliffe and runner Vance Johnson will provide offensive punch. Playboy All-America linebacker Rick Hunley leads a rugged defensive erew. The kicking game is one of the nation's best and—perhaps most important of all—the schedule is nothing to fear.

New head coach Ted Tollner inherits a typically talented—but very young—Southern Cal squad. The season's outcome will depend on how quickly the youngsters mature, the psychological effects of a second year of N.C.A.A. probation and whether or not another injury epidemic can be avoided. Playboy All-America center Tony Slaton anchors a youthful, massive offensive line. Playboy All-America Jack Del Rio, only a junior, is the nation's best linebacker. He's also one of the most impressive and intelligent young men we have ever met.

Graduation gutted Arizona State's toprated defense, but the ASU offense will be better than ever. Two first-rate quarterbacks—Sandy Osiecki and Todd Hons—



"It's a good thing you called us about this wild party lady. Otherwise, we might have missed it!"

are available, but soph tailback Darryl Clack, a one-man offense, could be the whole show this fall. Two important intangibles will also help—eight games at home and the fact that the Sun Devils are at last out of the N.C.A.A.'s doghouse.

How will Stanford do without John Elway? Probably better. Senior quarterback Steve Cottrell would have been a starter for most teams two years ago. He inherits a blue-chip corps of receivers. Best of all, nearly all of last year's defensive players are coming back.

Washington State also has a wealth of prime defenders. There are more quality linebackers in Pullman than most teams see in a decade. The problem area is a

THE FAR WEST PACIFIC TEN 5-6 5-6 3-8 Arizona 10 - 1**UCLA** Oregon State Southern California Washington 3-8 Arizona State 8-3 California Stanford 7-4 Oregon Washington State 6-5 PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE 7-4 Fresno State **Fullerton State** 5-6 Long Beach **Utah State** 7-5 State Nevada-Las Vegas Pacific 6-6 3-8

New Mexico	9-3	Brigham Young	5-6	
Air Force	8-3	Texas-El Paso	5-7	
San Diego State	7-5	Utah	4-7	
Wyoming	6-6	Hawaii	4-7	
Colorado State	66			

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

San Jose State 5-6

ALL-FAR WEST: Hunley, Tunnicliffe, Johnson, Lesnik (Arizona); Slaton, Del Rio, Browner, Salisbury (Southern California); Clack, Zendejas, White (Arizona State); Williams, Harry, Veris (Stanford); Millard, Williams (Washington State); Rogers, Sanchez, Bergmann (UCLA); Murphy, Phillips (Oregon State); Robinson, Mallory (Washington); Lewis, Rivera (California); Zimmerman, Baack (Oregon); Neville, Glover (Fresno State); Dillon, Montgomery (Long Beach State); Camp, Berner (Pacific); Richardson, Cocroft (San Jose State); Aguilar (Fullerton State); Kimball (Utah State); Cunningham (Nevada-Las Vegas); Jackson, Carter (New Mexico); Louthan, Kershner, Pavlich (Air Force); Sandusky, Morales (San Diego State); Ramunno, Goffigan (Wyoming); Call, Champine (Colorado State); Hudson, Young (Brigham Young); Russo (Texas-El Paso); Smith, Walker (Utah); Noga, Murray (Hawaii).

kiddie-corps offensive line. Rueben (that's the way he spells it) Mayes and Don LaBomme are the best pair of Cougar runners in many years. Soph redshirt Mark Rypien could be one of the best quarterbacks on the Coast by late season.

Although the main contributors to last year's awesome UCLA passing attack have moved on, the Bruins' offensive philosophy is the same: wide open, go for broke. Four quality candidates will battle for the vacated quarterback job, and rookie receiver Flipper Anderson, though not a porpoise, could be an instant celebrity in Tinseltown. The main Bruin shortcoming is a diploma-gutted defensive line.

Playboy All-America Don Rogers is the best collegiate free safety alive.

Oregon State has the manpower to produce—with a little luck, of course—its first winning season in a decade. The offensive line'is the best in ages. Transfer quarterback Ricky Greene has impressive advance billing and a multitude of quality runners to work with. The schedule doesn't present many worries.

Few teams have ever been so broken up by commencement ceremonies as Washington's. When we talked with coach Don James during spring practice, he said, "This year, we're going to build character!" He will also need to build a functional team from inexperienced backup players. Best (and most useful) of the rookies will be punter-kicker Gary Webster.

The California Bears will be every bit as qualified as last year's surprisingly successful 7–4 edition. Most of their opponents, unfortunately, will be even stronger. The offensive line has been reinforced with j.c. transfers. David Lewis is one of the country's best tight ends, but look for freshman defensive tackle Doug Riesenberg to become a superstar before he leaves Berkeley.

The Oregon Ducks will be improved, but since they've won only four games in the past two years, that's not saying too much. Ballyhooed tailback Kevin Willhite and fullback Ladaria Johnson will carry a superb running attack. The stopper crew, a major asset a year ago, will be very green and not very mean.

There's plenty of raw talent at Fresno State but not much experience. Quarter-back Kevin Sweeney and new receivers Dave Williams and Danny Trejo will star in the Bulldogs' spectacular air show.

With the entire backfield returning, Long Beach State will again boast one of the nation's best passing attacks. With a little luck, the 49ers could take league laurels.

New Pacific coach Bob Cope takes over a team that degenerated into a major disappointment last fall. A horrendous defense and a penchant for fumbling the ball at inopportune times are the first problems Cope must address. A flock of j.c. transfers will help. Best of the newcomers is runner Tom Leong.

Nineteen eighty-three will be a rebuilding year at both San Jose State and Fullerton State. Finding a starting quarterback in pre-season drills will be the first order of business at both schools.

Utah State, under new coach Chris Pella, will be rougher, but so will the schedule. The Aggies run a wide-open offense triggered by transfer quarterback Gym Kimball, who, Pella says, has the skills to become another Jim McMahon.

Nevada-Las Vegas faces an upgraded schedule that will preclude a winning season. Randall Cunningham (younger brother of Sam) and a bumper crop of recruits give the Rebels a glimmer of hope for the future.

New Mexico will have a better team than last year's 10-1 bunch, but a terrifying early-season schedule will make a repeat of that record impossible. Buddy Funck will be the Lobos' new quarterback.

Air Force can fly high with a rushing attack and a kicking game that are among the best in the nation, but it's unlikely that the Falcons can sneak up on as many opponents as they did last year. A year of experience has made the veteran defensive crew much stronger.

Thirty redshirts will give San Diego State a major transfusion of manpower. If coach Doug Scovil can get all the new cogs in his machine meshing early enough, the Aztecs may be explosive by midseason. Incumbent quarterback Mark McKay will be challenged by freshman whiz Jim Plum.

Wyoming's efforts to make amends for last year's disappointing performance are going to be handicapped by depth problems in both lines. Quarterback Brad Baumberger steps up to run the new wishbone attack.

The rebuilding program at Colorado State shows still more progress this year. Quarterback Terry Nugent will probably break nearly every school passing and total-offense record before the year is out.

A lot of familiar names will be missing from the Brigham Young roster this September. The crucial problem spot is the offensive line—five starters have departed. Quarterback Steve Young seems to get better with each game, and Playboy All-America Gordon Hudson is the best tight end around, so the Cougars will, as usual, have a splendid passing game.

Texas-El Paso is the most improved team in the league, but a winning season remains a year off. This crop of recruits is the best in UTEP's history. Everything hinges on how well the defensive unit can be repaired.

The key to Utah's fortunes this fall will be finding a new starting quarterback. Junior college transfer Mark Stevens has the tools to do the job.

Graduation took the heart of Hawaii's offensive line and the entire backfield. "We have the most unspectacular, unproven group of players we've ever had," says coach Dick Tomey. Fortunately for us, his players do have interesting names. Pili Faagai, Foti Failautusi, Moamoa Vacao and Ana Tuiasosopo are four of the Rainbows' defensive linemen. The three Kafentzis brothers (Kent, Kurt and Kyle) all play in the secondary. The linebackers are Aui Fitisemanu and Dwight Kahoohanohano. The team's top offensive star is the one they all think has the really weird name—he's running back Mike Scott.

If you ever get a chance to hear a mainland sportscaster attempt to do a play by play of a Hawaii game, don't miss it. It's a gas. Aloha.



"Thousands of women waited for a courageous finger to trace an indecent proposal along their thighs."

please. She loved Armand so blindly that he could have picked his toes in her presence without getting scolded. He seemed to be using her as a security blanket. She was safe, a known quantity whose body was as familiar to him as the back roads in the neighborhood where he had grown up. Nothing he did or didn't do-in bed or elsewhere-would have the slightest effect on her feelings for him. But he was uncomfortable around her, anyway, because she assumed that they'd be engaged again as soon as he was firmly established at the bookstore. That wasn't the case. Armand was sick of commitments. Matrimony was about as appealing to him as a prefrontal lobotomy, but he wasn't yet ready for total liberation. So he played the dutiful husband-to-be, went back to the apartment right after work and lit up a briar pipe instead of a bomber joint of Acapulco gold. He was never truly unhappy. He had an honest affection for the girl and a genuine desire to do the proper thing.

Finally, though, he exploded. He just couldn't contain himself anymore. It was a victory for biology, for the power of repressed forces to rise and have their day. One afternoon, an attractive woman with fine, straw-colored hair walked into the store and bent over to reach for a book on a bottom shelf, revealing an ass of classical proportions. Armand left his station by the cash register and struck up a conversation. He didn't quite know what he was saying, but, much to his astonishment, the woman was responsive. They had a picnic lunch in Union Square. Armand smelled the perfume roaring off her skin. He said, voice quaking, "I'd like to see you again sometime."

She smiled fetchingly and said, "How bout tonight?"

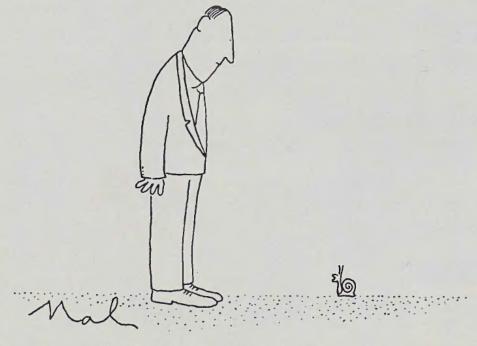
Armand couldn't believe it. She had a house in the Marina district, and he went there in a daze. She gave him wine, chicken in dark sauce, some funny kind of rice with raisins in it. He could barely eat; anxiety was knotting up his stomach. He was waiting for a signal. It came without warning-a hand massaging the back of his neck. Her sheets were purple. There were pictures of Florida all over her walls. Armand, too busy enjoying himself, never asked why.

A week later, he bumped into a girl coming out of a movie matinee, apologized, went with her for coffee and spent the evening at her town house. Suddenly, everything he touched was turning to gold. He was surprised by his success and worried that his live-in lover would find out. He became even more uncomfortable at home, cupping the phone to his mouth and speaking in whispers. A different Armand began to emerge-one with confidence, aplomb, a gift for sensuous adventures. Each new conquest made him bolder and more rapacious. In less than a month, he had discovered one of the major secrets about sex-that every so-called fantasy has its mirror image in the real world. There were, indeed, thousands of women waiting breathlessly for a courageous finger to lift the hem of their skirts and trace an indecent proposal along their thighs. You could have the fish-net stockings, the crotchless panties, the leather boots; that's what Armand learned. Of course, he encountered resistance sometimes; but more often than not, he got what he was after, simply by asking. Like so many other things, gratification proved to be a function of language. You had to express your desires so concretely that they acquired substance in the material world.

The notion that women were ready, even eager, to indulge in carnal games had a profound impact on Armand. His inhibitions started to drop away. I saw him once at a Jefferson Airplane concert with a ravishing blonde who kept her tongue in his ear through most of the 20 minutes it took Jack Casady to complete a bass solo. The next night, Armand showed up at a party with two British secretaries who appeared to be graduates of the Diana Dors School of Mammary Development. The secretaries wore minidresses and spoke with all the street-wise charm of Cockney trollops. They were driving a Bentley that belonged to their employer. "Shall we go for a ride, loves?" they asked.

We went for the ride-appropriately, to Coit Tower, that phallic monument. "This is fantastic," Armand sighed, sinking into the back seat as if into a cloud and emitting sounds of pleasure, "Is this fantastic or what?" I didn't know how fantastic it was, but it certainly beat talking phenomenology with Bendel in smoky bars. It made me think that I, too, might lose my inhibitions and land a bit of free love. So when Armand broke up with his girlfriend and proposed that we share a place to cut expenses, I agreed, hoping that by osmosis I'd absorb the essence of his mastery.

We found a terrific seven-room railroad flat, the entire upper story of a decrepit building on Stanyan Street. The first thing I did after moving in was set up my stereo. The first thing Armand did was set up his new water bed. I assisted. According to his floor plan, which had maximum ease of seduction as its governing principle, the bed's wooden frame had to be situated in the absolute center of the room. We spent about an hour fiddling with its orientation. Next, we hooked a garden hose to the bathtub tap and attached it to a nozzle in the mattress. Watching the red plastic swell was almost an act of voveurism. The bed seemed to have a will of its own. It



"I may not be much here in America . . . but in France, I'm a delicacy."



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grew like the Great Raft of Sex, a billowy cushion on which the most shocking copulations could be carried out. When it was fully distended and about to burst, Armand covered it with clean sheets and a batik spread he'd bought at an import store. And then, on the far wall, he tacked up a crucifix.

Over the next few weeks, Armand changed his outward appearance, bringing it in line with his new-found raunchiness. Gone forever were the nondescript collegiate clothes, replaced by turtlenecks, flowered shirts and tight trousers that hugged the crotch. When he put on jeans and a favorite pair of Tony Lama boots, he looked like a Hollywood cowboy who ran a stud service on the side. He let his hair grow until it fell in curls across his forehead. He even splashed after-shave on his cheeks, much to my disgust. Armand was not exceptionally handsome, but he had superb muscular grace and knew how to display his body to its best advantage. When we went to the Fillmore Auditorium or to Winterland, he commandeered a portion of the dance floor and proceeded, in stoned rapture, to demonstrate his steps. Women on the fringe of his performance ached palpably to be tapped, to be swept for a moment into his whirling embrace.

I felt like the hippie rat of hell when I joined Armand for a night on the town. Everything about him was slick and streamlined, prepared for action. Only Bendel, who often accompanied us, gave me solace. He was a dear man, a great unpublished writer, but he was also a sartorial zero. A funky beret crowned his balding dome, and his stocky body was always cloaked in an oversize peacoat he'd won from a sailor in a poker game. We made a pretty pair. As soon as we entered the tavern glow, we settled into a booth and picked up the thread of our ongoing dialog, secretly praying that perspicacious ladies would see through our masks, divine the beauty of our poetic souls and offer us the kind of transcendental commingling that would ease our suffering.

Meanwhile, Armand embarked on a much more practical tour. He combed his hair; he flashed his smile. Within minutes, he was yakking up a storm. Why did apparently normal women respond to his questions: "Is that barstool comfortable? Does it need oil?" Dumb questions; questions you wouldn't ask a moron. But they worked. They broke the ice. A shy grin, a slight shifting of weight, a brief release of pheromonal perfume: Armand had another heart in his pocket. He leaned closer to the woman, laughing. His knee pressed lightly against her buttock; his hand tickled the small of her back. He bought a round of drinks. He whispered something in her ear. She blushed. There was a moment's hesitation. Then she excused herself, ducked into the powder room and left with him, off for a night's voyage on the Great Raft of Sex.

How could it be so simple? Whenever I tried to copy Armand's approach, I failed miserably. I stuttered or spilled my beer or lit the wrong end of my cigarette. The thought of rejection killed what little spontaneity I'd mustered; rejection, real or imagined, drove me back to the booth, where I sat with Bendel. Envious, we downgraded the women around us. Sure, they had nice tits, and legs that went on forever, but what did they know about the experimental novel in Argentina? Doubtless, they had no brains. We informed Armand of these opinions. Sometimes, we took out our frustration on him, cruelly probing his soft spots. He listened politely, because the voice of reason, however corrupted, was his mother's voice.

"Well, maybe," he'd say, eyes on the floor. "But I'm still going to be President someday."

The obvious fact that Bendel and I failed to grasp was that intellectual force had nothing to do with bedding girls, at least not in a sleazy beer joint. The girls had no use for complexity; they were after a good time. Armand was keenly aware of that. He was after a good time, too, and he succeeded in getting it by virtue of his unalloyed fondness for women. His tireless pursuit of them was a form of celebration. That's what they responded to-being celebrated. If a girl had an ugly nose, Armand noticed hitherto-unremarked perfection in her lips, her ankles, her eyebrows. The lack of discretion he sometimes showed was really just a generosity of spirit. He absolved his partners of their human flaws-which were as sins in the world of unblemished, late-century sex-and saw them as they wished to be seen. Armand was decent; Armand was fun.

Little wonder, then, that for a while, all his love was free.

Eventually, Armand's life became very complicated. Demands were made on his time and on his physical reserves. He confessed to me once that it wasn't easy servicing a different lady almost every night. And they'd started calling in his promises, too, like I.O.U.s. When would he be taking them to dinner? To the concert? To that party over in Berkeley? Armand shook his weary head. He had a date on Saturday, a date on Sunday, a midweek assignation. Rosa, a girl from Ceylon, stayed in the flat for a week, claiming to be lost. A hippie girl who reeked of patchouli refused to leave the water bed. A girl with doe eyes thought Armand loved her-really loved her. Armand lost perspective. He had minor delusions. When he sat next to a famous topless dancer at the counter of a North Beach restaurant, he gave her his phone number and fully expected her to ask him over. Also, he committed a couple of judgmental errors with other men's wives and almost got his ass caught in the closet door. His reputation suffered, but he seemed oblivious.

It was inevitable, I guess, that Armand would fall from grace sooner or later and learn what love was like for ordinary mortals. He got his lesson when his sister, Marie-Therese, arrived at the flat for a week's visit, following her graduation from high school. She was tall and rawboned, and she had the same good-natured temperament as Armand. She'd brought a friend from Georgia with her. To say that Doreen was pretty is to make a terrible understatement. Doreen was a knockout. She had a translucent beauty. Petite, with an hourglass body that brought tears to the eyes, she seemed the very avatar of innocence. Her skin was tanned to a coppery hue, and when she moved, which she did exquisitely, the subtle swish of her skirt seemed to imply that treasures of the highest order were hidden underneath.

None of this was lost on Armand or me. For once, I was as intrigued by a girl as he was. I wouldn't have cared if Doreen were a functional illiterate. And I thought I had the inside track with her, too, because Armand had to act the part of Marieupright, honorable Therese's brother. He was really bad at it. He seemed to think that the part required a sort of Stepin Fetchit subservience, so he shuffled from room to room, depositing luggage in dusty corners. Marie-Therese was given the putative guest room (actually, a barren cubicle with a mattress on the floor), while Doreen was assigned to the living-room couch. That worried me a little, since the living room was only a few steps from Armand's bedroom. Would he be able to resist temptation?

In the afternoon, we hit the streets for some obligatory tourism. We drove the girls around the city and showed them such hippie landmarks as the Grateful Dead's house and Panhandle park. I was more animated than usual; taking advantage, I guess, of Armand's uncharacteristic decorum. We had dinner in one of those family-style Italian restaurants where the food is served in quantities large enough to mask its basic offensiveness, and we drank two liters of wine, which stoked my ability to tell funny stories at great length. The wine also had a noticeable effect on Doreen. Although she was technically underage in California, she drank with gusto and assurance, polishing off Marie-Therese's glass whenever Marie-Therese hesitated. A coquette began to shine through that virginal façade. Doreen knew how to handle a double-entendre; her stories always had a sexual edge. Once, she exhibited her pink tongue so lasciviously that I had to look away. I'm sure Armand was about to boil, but he remained on his gentlemanly best behavior. Nothing in his manner suggested that he was interested in her. Even later, when she wanted to dance to the jukebox in a bar, Armand kept his cool. His steps were stiff, Practice your Canadian, because practice makes perfect.





Molson Golden.
That's Canadian for great taste.

unrevealing; he could have been her bodyguard.

It was after midnight when we got back to the flat. Armand said good night and went directly to bed. Marie-Therese did the same, bending to peck Doreen on the cheek. I was overjoyed by their departure, reading in it the magical workings of fate. Clearly, Doreen and I were destined to be lovers. So I put my haphazard program into action by offering her a Budweiser nightcap. She stifled a yawn with her fist and apologized. She was tired from the plane trip, the sight-seeing, the wine, and she needed to catch up on her sleep. The only salve I could squeeze from the moment was that I had six more days in which to romance her. For a while, I lay in bed, in the dark, imagining her breathing just two rooms away. I tried, by hard concentration, to lure her to me, as I often did when there was a woman I wanted in the flat, but I fell asleep before any telekinetic miracles could occur. Not much later, though, I was awakened by the sound of music playing softly somewhere in the night. I slipped on my jeans and padded down the hallway. The living-room door was ajar. Inside, I saw Doreen, swaying back and forth in the moonlight. She was not alone. Armand stood behind her, working wonders with his fingers.

In the morning, I learned that Marie-Therese had also observed the seduction in progress. She blamed Armand for it, even though she must have known that Doreen was equally responsible. It was a case of kindred types' recognizing each other, then exploding. Marie-Therese didn't create a scene, but she conveyed to Armand, by her chilliness, that she was disappointed in him. He felt guilty. He'd bitten into the apple; this was his fall.

For days, he wandered around the flat with a hangdog look on his face, aware for the first time that sex could have negative consequences. He believed that he'd violated a sacred family trust, and so, when Doreen and Marie-Therese left earlier than expected, he retired to his study

and did penance. He answered old letters, paid overdue bills and tidied up his bookshelves.

Some evenings, I kept him company. We shot the breeze or played cards. Although I was kind of happy, in a perverse way, that Armand had finally been introduced to the notion of complexity, I hated to see him so depressed. Then, one night, in the middle of a deadly boring cribbage game, he threw down his hand and grabbed for the phone. He dialed a number from memory. "Hello, Rosa?" he said, using his syrupy voice. "How you been lately? You finish that book you were reading? You like it all right?" The Ceylonese girl's melodious response poured out of the receiver, sweet as honey.

Pretty soon, Armand was back in action again, rolling in at odd hours with new women he'd met on a bus or at the bookstore. But I had the feeling, watching him, that he would never again be as free as he'd been during his days of glory.

A few months after the Doreen episode, Armand and I drifted apart. I managed to get past my shyness and express myself to a woman I loved, and we moved into a new flat, far from Stanyan Street. Armand was offered a job with a publishing company in the East. He headed for New York, planning to make a big splash, but things didn't work out very well, and he wound up back in Georgia. On the Christmas card, he hadn't said what he was doing there, so I decided to give him a call. I wanted to tell him that, in thinking about him, I'd finally figured out how he had attracted all those girls.

One of the little Armands answered the phone, then put the receiver down to look for Daddy. When Armand came on the line, I recognized his voice immediately. He still had the syrupy accent, the soft-assilk manner. He said he was glad to hear from me. He told me that on his return to Georgia, he'd driven a taxi for a while, feeling very blue and upset about his bad luck in New York, but that now he ran a company that manufactured automobile parts. "I'm the president," he said, laughing. He had met his wife when she'd come in to buy some bearings at a discount. They had been married six years and had a third kid on the way.

I told Armand that I thought it was terrific how he'd settled down and had a family and made a respectable life for himself. It just went to show that there was a potential husband inside every rogue. But I wondered if he didn't suffer sometimes from the old itch. Could he really hold himself in check when he saw an extraordinary pair of legs glide across a room?

There was a pause.

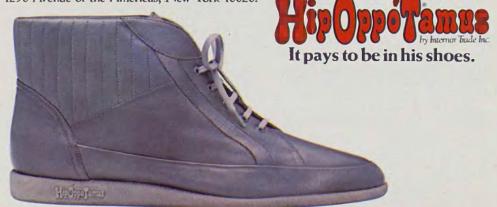
"Well," said Armand, almost in a whisper, "you know, I do get up to Atlanta every now and then."



"You want to know how many guys I've made it with? You mean ever or since our last date?"

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NO TRADE (continued from page 124)

"Fourteen year in the bigs. I love this game, going to miss it real bad when it over."

my table at the Hilton in Minneapolis after we blow the opener with the Twins?

"Have a onion ring," I say. "I be watching my waistline."

"Cleveland says they'll give me Spillner and Rick Manning for you, Roland."

"Have a French fry."

"You could play in Cleveland, Roland. Every day. Why don't you do the intelligent thing?"

"Here, have the whole motherfucking

steak!"

"Be realistic!"

"No trade."

Poor Haines. Bossman, he be getting desperate. Haines get a one-way ticket back to Topeka. Up come Bobo Johnson, terror of the Central League. Bobo be in for a shock. Up in the bigs, them pitcher have what they calls breaking stuff. I don't know if he ever even seen a good slider or a fork ball down in Chattanooga, but it don't take long for the Twins staff to get his number. After that, word get around. He don't see a fast ball from Minnesota to Maryland. Kid say Bobo be Triple-A, all the way. Kid the bright spot on the team now, hitting .331 when we come back off the road. Bobo be hitting .068 after six

Meanwhile, the hometown press be full of speculations. "WHY ROLAND IS OUT OF THE LINE-UP?" "TRADE: ROLAND FOR HAL MC RAE?" The Post be the worst, as usual: "ROLAND STILES VICTIM OF MYSTERY DISEASE!"

This be our first really big home stand of the season, all Eastern Division club: Milwaukee, Boston, Baltimore. Great hometown crowd, foxes galore. Stadium be packed. I glance at the line-up card tape to the dugout wall. Say what? It have me in right field.

"What happen to the terror of the Central League?" I ax Cappy.

"Gone South," all Cappy say.

Hot damn! It be a beautiful night for baseball, outfield grass so pretty and green under them light. I sure don't feel no 38. Home uniform so crisp and white against the green. During the anthem, I realize how great it have been. Fourteen year in the bigs. I love this game, missed it riding that lumber, missed it bad, going to miss it real bad when it over. Except it ain't over.

Caldwell on the mound that night for Milwaukee, and I hit the living shit out of his change of speed. Don't fool me once. Two double and a three-run dinger in the sixth-game-winning ribbie. I come back up bottom of the eighth, that whole crowd be on its feet, chanting, "Roland, Roland, Roland!" Sound like a big oh. I look up at that sky box between home and first. He up there, all right. Tip my cap. Bounce

back to the box. Oh, well.

Next day, I be back in the line-up still. But Bossman already been shooting off his mouth to them press. Headline in the morning rag: "TWO WEEKS ON BENCH INSPIRES ROLAND." The way Bossman tell it, he stuck me on the lumber to fire up my competitive spirit. I never read such bullshit in my life. That man is too much. He have to take credit for everything. Saturday game, I go two for four, two R.B.I., walk, score three time. Afterward, home clubhouse be crawling with reporter. One thing lead to another and I tell them this: "The man who own this outfit is a damn liar. He want to trade my ass twice so far this season, and it ain't even June."

Sunday, there be a note in my box at the clubhouse from You-Know-Who. Won't I please go up to the front office before B.P.? I suit up and go. I know the uniform make Bossman nervous 'cause he ain't allowed to wear one. Sometime, I picture him home in some plushy bedroom, nobody else around, he put on a home uniform and just stare at himself for hours in the mirror. Sometime, I even feel sorry for him, the way you feel sorry for a retarded kid in one of them hospital we always going around to off season. Anyway, I go on up.

He be leaning way back in a big leather chair behind a desk the size of a Buick 88.

"Why, come on in, Roland." He all smiles. This big act last about ten second. Soon as I shut the door, he say, "You dare call me a liar, you washed-up has-been son of a bitch."

"If we wasn't who we was and where we is," I tell him, "I would unscrew your pointy little head like a forty-watt light bulb, motherfucker. You are a liar through and through."

"And you're through playing for this

'No trade."

"I don't have to trade you, Roland. I can just sit you down."

"Fans be wondering, Why that is? Who you're going to put in right field, anyway?"

"I'll put Newsome out there."

"Newsome utility infield."

"He's a professional ballplayer. If he can't catch a fly ball, then he doesn't deserve to wear a major-league uniform. I just thought you would like to know how it all stands.

"Thanks a lot."

So he send Newsome out in right field. That poor boy fuck up real bad. He misjudge a routine fly ball that drop in and cost us a run in the fifth. Top of the eighth, he misplay the carom on a two-base off the wall by Molitor, turn it into a inside-thepark home run. It be a sad spectacle to watch. We lose five to three.

Ain't no shortage of press in the club-

"Why aren't you out in right field, Roland?"

"Bossman personally bench me," I say, "'cause I be a washed-up have-been."

"He took you out of the line-up him-

"I guess he did. He say I'm through. If he can't trade me, he going to sit my poor old have-been ass down."

Well, don't you know, Monday the shit be hitting the fan. Commissioner be calling me up at my penthouse. Marvin Miller of the players' union call me, say we be filing a grievance at once. Owner can't be interfering with the on-field operation.

"Go ahead, file," I tell him. "All I want is right field back and the number-five spot in the batting order." What do you know: Monday night, that exactly where I be at.

ABC Television showing us on the game of the week against our old rival, Boston. During B.P., Cosell interview me on tape.

"Roland," he say, "it's no secret that you have been having your differences with the gentleman upstairs"-he nod his wig hat up at the sky box of You-Know-Who. You got to understand, of course, Cosell never ax you no simple question where you can speak your own mind. He act like he be your defense lawyer in a manslaughter rap. A lot of us vets, we know how to use that.

Anyway, Cosell put his arm around my shoulder. "Roland, he tried to trade you, didn't he? Not once but twice. He threatened to bench you when you said no trade. And yet, here you are, your team six games in back of the league-leading Boston Red Sox, virtually carrying the team on your shoulders in the tradition of a Reggie Jackson or a George Brett, batting .322 going into tonight's game and playing like you did almost fifteen years ago, when you came up out of Memphis and set this league on fire, Roland. And tonight, after defying the wishes of the man who signs your pay check, you are starting in right field, where you belong."

Cosell, he shut up for a moment.

"Is that a question, Howard?" I ax.

"Tell me and the fans out there what's happened in the past twenty-four hours, Roland," he say.

"Well, Howard," I say, "the boss come to me at my penthouse at three o'clock in the morning and he say, 'Roland, you got to save this team. I done made my mistakes,' he told me. 'I shouldn't never tried to trade you. I should have never brung up Haines. Please, Roland, go back into right field and carry this team.

"'Well,' I says to the boss, 'I don't know. It's nice riding that lumber. I gets to watch the whole game from a good seat, don't have to muss up my uniform or



break a sweat, pick up the same pay check. I got me a sweet deal.'

"So, Howard, he get down on his knees.

'I beg you, Roland,' he say."

"He got down on his knees," Cosell say in that tone of voice like the idea of it make his head hurt. "He got down on his knees and begged you?"

"That's right, Howard. It was pitiful."

That bullshit go out to 42,000,000 peoples coast to coast. I go out to right field and whip them motherfucking Boston 11 to two. I go four for five, double, three R.B.I. Next day, papers be full of it. "BOSSMAN BEGS ROLAND!"

Meanwhile, Bossman done flown the coop-to a undisclose hideaway in Florida, paper say, where he be unavailable for comment. He don't even stay in town for the home stand, which we gets red-hot in. Kid, he start hitting like his bat have eyes and running them base path like the repo man be after his ass. I don't look too shabby, neither: three taters against Boston; 22 total base in the series, which we sweep. Suddenly, we only two game back. Baltimore come in. Slam, bam! We take first two, lose third game on a sac fly in extra innings, kick the living shit out of them Oriole in the Sunday game. Boston drop a double-header in Cleveland. We be one out. Detroit come in Monday night. ABC-TV be back. Cosell, too. This time, he interview Kid on the pregame.

"You're very close to Roland Stiles,

aren't you, Gerald?" Cosell ax Kid in his Uncle Howard voice and then don't let him answer, naturally. "The two of you are tearing up this league like another famous May-December twosome"—Howard keep flapping them lips—"of course, I mean none other than Joe DiMaggio and the immortal Lou Gehrig on those great 1936 and 1937 teams."

"Uh-huh," Kid say.

"And after an abysmal start, an April rife with controversy and recrimination, here you are, suddenly a hair's breadth from the top of your division. He looms pretty large in your eyes, doesn't he, Gerald?"

"Uh-huh."

"You're learning more or less at his knee, aren't you?"

(Yeah, I be thinking, Kid learning how to get pussy on a road trip.)

"This team has been a veritable pressure cooker all spring, hasn't it, Gerald?" Howard ax, and I know a baited hook when I see one. Sad to say, Kid fall for it:

"We be doing fine ever since the big boss of this outfit took himself to Florida and quit trying to run this team," Kid say, right oncamera, and my blood run cold. He be chewing bubble gum, grinning like a possum. I be thinking, Uh-oh. . . .

Well, we pull out a squeaker against Detroit that Monday night, three to two. All our run score on Kid's bases-loaded triple. We climb into a tie for first place, fly out to Cleveland. Boston be idle on Monday. Tuesday, Tudor get shelled in Milwaukee. Them murderers' row they got up there hit seven dingers off Red Sox pitching. We take over first place undisputed and stay there 'most all summer long.

Of course, Bossman finally do come back. Press ax him about Kid's statement on TV. He only say, "I'm very happy the team is playing up to first-division standards, like I knew it could all along." Uh-huh.

September roll along. Everything be too quiet, too slick. We still playing respectable, nine game over .500, but we ain't setting no league on fire anymore after the All-Star, like we done in June. I be hitting .304 with 72 ribbies and 22 home run. Kid, he slumping a little. Go down from .334 on August first to .296 on September 15. But he also have 26 home run and rack up 70 stolen base. Not too damn shabby. He just overanxious at the plate. Pulling his head. Boston be keeping pace on us all season long, never more than four game back, more usually one and a half, two. Them motherfucking Oriole be right behind. Can't never count Baltimore out.

This what it come down to: four-game series against the Red Sox at Fenway, three in Baltimore, wrap the whole motherfucker up at home against them Sox.

First game, Thursday night in Bean Town. They kick the shit out of Bobby Duncan in the first. Eckersley be dealing some smoke. We can't touch him. Twelve strike-out. Rice hit three double and a dinger for Sox. Evans two dinger. We get six measly hit all night. Final score nine to one, Boston.

After the game, me, Ernie Lowe, Martinez, Rojack and Butch Dees be having a cocktail at the Copley Plaza bar. Hobie come over to our table looking like he just seen the Boston Strangler in the elevator.

"Bossman traded Kid."

"Say what?"

"Traded Kid," Hobic say.

"You bullshitting. He bullshitting."

"No bullshit."

"Who to?"

"Who for?"

"Chicago. For Bill Denny and Doc Raymond."

"What the fuck?" Ernie say. "We got a perfectly good four-man rotation already."

"Yeah, looks like we got a six-man rotation now," Martinez say.

"This can't be true."

"It's true, all right," Hobie say. "Hey, where you going? Roland?"

Drexel answer the door when I knock on Bossman's suite upstairs. Drexel, v.p. of operations and world-champion kiss-ass. He look like a white rat, little pink nose always twitching, little rat tooths.

"I want to see Mr. Bossman."

"Uh, sorry, Roland, he's-

"Out my way."

"Uh, Roland. Uppgghh---"



"Before I ask the little filly to join you for a drink, you might like to know this is a gay bar, and <u>that</u> little filly is a little stallion in drag."



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I lift him up by the front of his official club blazer, put him out in the hall, go inside and lock the door.

"What's going on out there, Ned?"
Bossman ax from the bedroom. I step in.
Bossman be sitting in bed, all dress up in
his cute little red pajamas with the team
insignia on the pocket, reading glasses on,
attaché case open and paper all over the
bed—contracts, schedules, checks.

"Why, hello, Roland."

I sit down on the edge of the bed. You can see it just about drive him batshit. His upper lip get all glisteny. He be diddling a pen between his finger, real nervous-like.

"You looks comfy and cozy."

"What can I do for you, Roland?"

"You can kiss my ass, but we save that for later, OK?"

Bossman mouth get all grim; them thin snake lips go pale. Real suddenly, he reach for the phone on his night table. I reach for his reach.

"Uh-uh," I say and rip the motherfucker right out its jack. Next, he try to get up, but I push him back. You can tell, after that, he give up.

"We hears you traded Kid."

"That's right. We needed more pitching, Roland."

"You must be out your mind."

"My advisors are among the best-paid executives in major-league baseball. This wasn't a decision taken lightly."

"Your advisors! Shit. You mean Drexel? How do he even get his lips off your pink pecker long enough to say five word? Cappy? He don't have the balls to make out a line-up card on his own. Your advisors tell you to dump a twenty-two-year-old future superstar in a neck-to-neck pennant race for a sore-arm lefty and a gopher-ball artist. You goddamn dickhead, who going to play center field? Newsome? You done tried him, remember? You do anything you can to fuck up this outfit, don't you? You trade Kid just to fuck us up. Don't you? Goddamn it, don't you?"

"My advisors-"

"Your advisors fuck you up your ass! I ought to hoist you out that motherfucking window by your ankle, you goddamn dickhead!"

And all of a sudden, I be so inflame that I grab him out the goddamn bed and almost do it. But that fat piece of shit go limp on me and collapse on the carpet. Then I got half a mind to bust his ribs with my boot heel, but I don't even do that. There be all this knocking on the door. I straighten my shirt.

"Bossman," I say, "you got the mind of a little baby pig. I hope you squeal yourself to death."

I leave that suite. Drexel be out in the hall with Cappy and half the team. They acting like maybe I killed the mother-fucker.

"He all right," I tell them. "In fact, he ready for sloppy seconds."

I don't even get no chance to say good-

bye to Kid. He have to fly straight out to K.C. and join up with them Chi Sox. Funny thing is, I don't hear nothing about my scrape with Bossman. No police, no Drexel, no press, no nothing. Not a damn peep. But guess who show up in the visitor clubhouse Friday night, hour before game time: terror of the Central League, Bobo Johnson. That night, we lose. I ride the lumber. Bobo go zero for four, two Ks. Newsome forget to back up Pierce on a shot off the green monster and Boggs score from first base. It be pitiful. We lose four to two. Boston one game back. Next night, we lose again, eight to five. Doc Raymond give up three-run homer to Stapleton, solo to Boggs. Bobo beat out a infield hit. That boy have got a little speed on him and that is all. The pennant race all tied up. We charter late down to Baltimore.

Baltimore like a smart thoroughbred. It lay back until the final furlong and then—poom!—she bust out of the pack, like a rocket. First game of the series, Bobby Duncan have his good cut fast ball working. Palmer be dealing for Baltimore. It be a shoot-out, but we win one to zero. Boston beat Detroit up in Fenway.

Tuesday, them Oriole whip our ass, ten to two. Cappy start Sore Arm, our new acquisition, and he don't last two inning. Ripken, Murray, Lowenstein, consecutive gopher ball. Bobo go one for five. He be racking up more Ks than the Ku Klux Klan. Wednesday, we win three to one behind Martinez. We charter home after the game. Boston sweep Detroit. Hello, second place. We be one game back of them Sox now.

Thursday night, our clubhouse be a Loony Tune. You never seen so many press. There be such a crush around my locker, I don't hardly have no room to suit up.

up.
"You going to ride out the pennant race,
Roland?"

"That's up to You-Know-Who."

"Is it true the two of you had some kind of altercation up in Boston?"

"We didn't have no altercation. I try to throw him out the seventh floor of the Copley Plaza, but I figure, Hey, why muss up a perfectly good sidewalk? Only be more work for some poor brother. Serious, though, ax yourself: If I really done pull that shit up in Boston, how come he don't fine me? You know why. Because then he have the commissioner office all over him, like a cheap suit."

"They say this team can't win the pennant without you, Roland."

"Yeah? That what they say? Well, I don't like to have no swell head, but it probably be the truth. Anyway, I got to suit up now, boys. Give me a little breathing room."

Boston wipe up the floor with us. We use six pitcher. They base-hit us to death: 12 single, three double. No dinger. (Rootytoot-toot.) Newsome throw a ball into the motherfucking screen on a play at the plate with two men on. All three run score.

Bobo go one for five. We two game back now. Lot of the guys start to give up mentally.

Commissioner call me at my penthouse the next morning. He seen them paper already.

"We're concerned about some possible irregularities in the management area of your team, Roland, and it's my duty to make sure there's nothing to these allegations. Well, is there?"

"Hell, no," I say. "Of course, the man who own this team be the biggest fucking asshole in the history of the game, but ain't nothing irregular about that. It be par for the course around here. But you already know that, so why you bugging me?"

"Roland, did you hold him out of a hotel window by his ankles in Boston?"

"Hey, look, you the commissioner or you a motherfucking police? Anybody press charges on me? Huh? I ain't heard nothing. I ain't even been fined. Maybe you heard something I ain't."

"I read the papers, Roland."

"Oh, yeah? Well, if you believe what you read in them press, then I feel sorry for you. And do me a favor, huh, commissioner?"

"What's that, Roland?"

"Don't ever call me here again at tenfifteen in the morning after a motherfucking night game."

I hang it up.

Friday night, what do you know? Bobo down, Haines back up. Bossman done reactivated the Triple-A express elevator. We take an early lead, hang on to it all the way. Red Sox can't hit Ernie Lowe. We win five to one. We only one game back again. Saturday, Bobby Duncan be throwing flame. Roger Rojack take a Bob Stanley sinker ball that don't sink and pull it downtown in the visitor bull pen. We win. A miracle. Tie for first.

That night, I can't sleep. I keep picturing Haines out in right field. Yastrzemski hit a long fly ball out there. Haines go back, back, back... crash into the wall and collapse, like a puppet with his string cut. I hear that P.A.: "Now playing right field, Roland Stiles...." Shit, I done had that same kind of dream when I were 14-year-old in Memphis dreaming of making the bigs. Three A.M., the phone ring.

"Yeah?"

"Hey, Roland, guess how many fox I got here in this bed."

Sure good to hear Kid's voice. Like hearing your own self 20 year younger.

"Where you at, Kid?"

"Pennant Fever City," Kid say.
"Motherfucking Texas. We had four thousand paid attendance tonight. I don't know if I can stand all this excitement. Hey, Roland, you really try to throw Fat Ass out the hotel window?"

"Naw. That be pure bullshit. You know them press."

"Hey, big one tomorrow, huh?"



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"I guess so."

"Man, I wish you was in it."

"I been there before, Kid. Ain't no big thing, long as I get my winner share."

"I wish we was both in it together, like last spring. Hey, Roland. . . ."

All of a sudden, I realize he crying.

"I feel like an orphan."

"We get together off season, Kid. Don't you worry."

"Promise?"

"Promise. Hey, how many fox you got?"

"None."

"None! Goddamn it, Kid, you go right out and get you some pussy. Hear me? I mean it. Got to keep them stats up, boy. See you when it's all over. 'Bye."

That Kid, he about to break my motherfucking heart.

Next day be the big one, all right. Look like there ain't no empty seat in the ball park. National press all jam into that little pen next to the dugout. Beautiful fall day. Everything be spanking bright. Play ball! It start out to be a fast, tense game. First three inning, no run, we each got one hit. Then, top of the fourth, Sox explode: Yaz double down the line and Rice single him home. Allenson cream a Doc Raymond curve ball into the left-field seats. We get two back in our half. They score two more in the seventh on a Boggs dinger. We come

up. Bull Pierce get a hold of a Bruce Hurst fast ball and park it 20 rows back. Rojack singles. Then Newsome dribble into a double play, his specialty, to end it. And that's how it go until the bottom of the ninth, when it look like the end of the road for us.

With two out, Butch Dees loop a single just over Remy's head. Craig line a shot so hard it practically rip Hoffman glove hand off and it go through to left field for a base hit. Who up? Terror of the Triple-A, Darrell Haines.

Cappy stick his fingers in his mouth and whistle him. Haines pop the lead doughnut off his bat in the on-deck circle and point to hisself, like he can't believe it.

"Me?" His mouth form the word.

"Yeah, you, Haines. Get the hell in here!" Cappy holler.

The fans is going apeshit.

"Roland! Roland! Roland!"

"Stiles, get up there," Cappy say, not even looking at me.

I grab my bat and a hard-hat, stop on the dugout step for a moment.

"Hey, Cappy," I say. "Don't think you going to be a hero for this. You been a goddamn chickenshit all season and you still be a goddamn chickenshit in my book when it all over."

He don't say nothing.

I walk out there, put the doughnut on my bat for a few second, swing it around. P.A. announce me, like the dream. I walk up to the plate and everybody in the stands be standing up, rising like a wave on the ocean, clapping and cheering. After 14 year, it give me a chill down my spine. A minute later, they all sit down at once and that ball park grow as quiet as a midnight graveyard. I pull on my batting glove, dig my rear-foot hole in the box. It just me and Hurst now, big scowly-looking fast baller. Over my shoulder, way up in the sky box, stand Mr. You-Know-Who, his finger all pressed against the Plexiglas. I touch the brim of my cap, stand in the box, settle in. Hurst pitching from the stretch with Dees and Craig on. That fast ball come in at the knees, slightly outside. I catch that first pitch and drive the motherfucker into the left-field mezzanine. Crowd be jumping up and down like a meadowful of grasshopper. Butch and Craig leaping all around home plate. All the guys, even that goddamn chickenshit Cappy, be pouring out of the dugout. Coming around third base, I got something for the Bossman: one finger held high and proud right up at that sky box.

Them press didn't run the picture, but the story told it. Commissioner fined me \$500. We beat K.C. in the league play-off and went on to lose to St. Louis in the series, four to two. In November, I went free agent. I got to learn a whole new national anthem now, but at least it ain't no motherfucking Texas. I love this game so bad it hurts, but it have put me through some changes.

¥

The truth about condoms and herpes.

It's been estimated that up to 20 million people in the U.S. have genital herpes. The figure is growing in epidemic proportions.

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"My reading light bothering you?"

"If it is a problem to be born rich, consider what happens when a fortune falls on you in mid-life."

to look forward to when you're 40 or 50? A yacht? A castle on the Potomac? He had those, too.

A director friend of mine who really did make a small fortune at an absurdly early age, and not just on paper, understood the importance of pacing. Rather than immediately rise to the Jaguar and Bel Air style he could have afforded but not necessarily maintained indefinitely or improved upon, he put most of his money to work for the future and allowed himself a pleasant succession of indulgences. It was a decade before he finally sprang for the house with the spectacular view, and there is still some question about putting in a pool. Every year, life gets a little better.

In broad form, here are the possibilities: You can start out with nothing to speak of and get nothing to speak of-drab. You can start out with nothing to speak of but gradually get more-satisfying. You can make a pile and lose it, as I've described. You can make a pile and keep it, which has got to be kind of fun (one self-made friend

of mine, 36, has, as a footnote to his grander extravagances, a weekly \$50 Oriental bone massage). Or you can have great wealth handed to you at birth. Not so surprisingly, that last is a decidedly mixed blessing. It can rob you of your sense of purpose; it can instill no small measure

I know a man who had the misfortune to inherit \$1,000,000 when he was three. (His grandfather was a minor oil titan.) He is exceptionally talented, superbly schooled and, fundamentally, a mess. In truth, he's less of a mess now that, at 41, he has finally come into his own (though his father still manages his money). But his better frame of mind has little to do with his wealth; it's his professional and civic successes that have saved him. And yet, even now, when he stops long enough to stare into his vodka martini, he is, at root, unhappy.

One day not long ago, he told me-with no small sense of pride-that after nearly a year, he had finally opened up to the new

shrink he'd begun seeing. (If I were paying somebody \$85 an hour, I'd try to get it all on the table in the first half hour.) He had been holding back, he said, but had now just put it all out there. Everything. Whereupon he enumerated a list of miseries and peculiarities with which I had long since become familiar.

"What about your main problem?" I

"What main problem?" he answered.

"Your money! Surely, you've talked to your shrink about that.'

"My money is not a problem!" he shouted. "Why do you keep bringing it up?"

In nearly a year with his new shrink, my friend had never mentioned that he was rich. Or that his dad managed his affairs and saw all the checks he wrote. Or that many of his friendships over the years had broken up over his suspicion that people liked him only for his money.

He hadn't mentioned it, he finally lied, because he was afraid the shrink would up his fee. But the real reason he hadn't mentioned it was that it was too personal and painful. The stuff about the carrots and the brassieres and his ex-wife was easy to talk about, by comparison.

And then there's my friend whose ancestor had been given much of Long Island by King George. The wealth into which he was born was such that as a child, where you or I might have knocked a porcelain figurine off the coffee table, he had once scribbled in crayon in a Gutenberg Bihle. Anyway, this fine fellow has wallowed much of his adult life in the kind of aimless depression only Woody Allen has the skill to portray. Alone in a huge house except for the staff; jetting off to be alone in another huge house except for the staff-

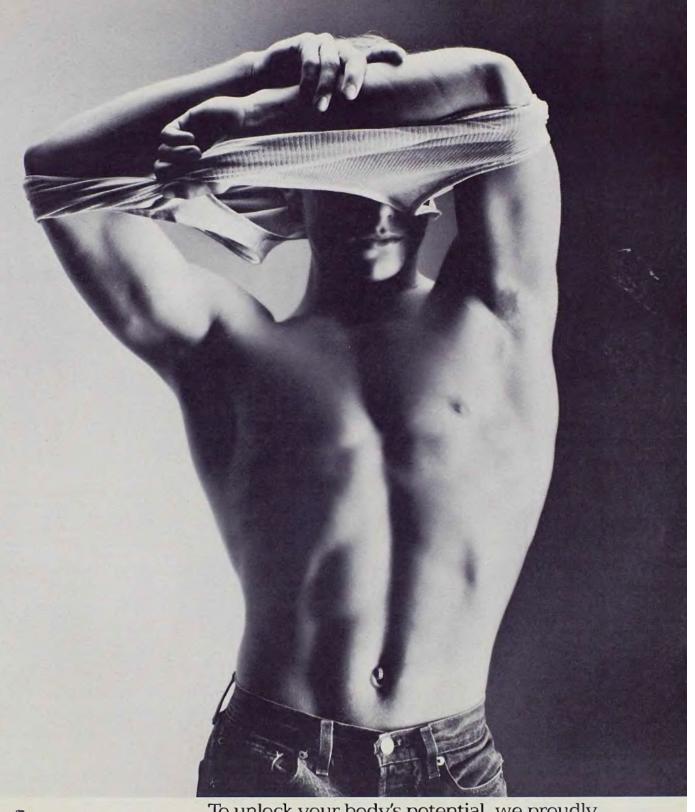
But if it is a problem to be born rich, consider the problem of having a fortune fall on your head in mid-life, as it does when you win the lottery or when Michael Anthony shows up at your door with a cashier's check for \$1,000,000 drawn on the Gotham City Trust & Savings, which you are not to know came from that reclusive student of human nature John Beresford Tipton. What a discombobulation that is! Some handle it well, others less so.

Ken Proxmire had been earning \$15,000 a year in Detroit when, in 1977, he won the Michigan lottery. He went bankrupt five years later. It seems that his first move was to quit his job and that his second was to transplant his family from Detroit to Fresno, California, where he bought a new house and a new car and started picking up the tab when he went out with friends. It was, in his words, "a big ego trip.'

He wanted to start a bowling alley but couldn't find a bank willing to lend him \$500,000 against his annual \$50,000 lottery winnings. So, instead, he bought a pool hall and later began selling pool



"Not so damned tight, I can't breathe. . . !"





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tables at three locations. He moved his two brothers and their families out from Michigan to work in the business, but a failing economy and high interest rates killed off the pool-table market, leaving him with \$60,000 in debts, three households to support and no income but his lottery winnings. He filed for bankruptcy in 1982 and told *The New York Times* that it was such a bad experience he was planning to write a book of advice for other lottery winners. (Now, there's a big market.)

You can have problems no matter how much money you've got. In fact, the more you've got, the richer your mix of problems.

I was once a minor speaker at a Young Presidents Organization meeting in Munich. It was a meeting of men and their wives—mostly Americans—who had attained corporate presidencies before the age of 40 and had flown to Munich to further their executive educations.

Three of the most popular talks at the University, as the week in Munich was called, were "Acupuncture," "Passive Men, Wild Women" and "How to Make Health Food Taste Good." A talk on the Soviet energy situation and its impact on the world economy, offered by the Harvard professor most often quoted on such subjects, drew 18 people to a room set up for 500

I was not a big hit at that multimillion-dollar confab, because my talk, "Getting By on \$100,000 a Year," was meant mostly to be funny, whereas these folks, facing a bad economy (not that they were likely ever to be reduced to so little), came expecting some hard money-scrimping advice.

One of the major speakers (or "resources," as Y.P.O. calls its faculty) was C. Northcote Parkinson. You've heard of Parkinson's laws? Parkinson, at 73, was magnificent—ever so slow but ever so British, ever so classy. Even watching him ascend the podium—no brief spectacle—was engaging. Picture Alfred Hitchcock in the role.

"I have been asked to talk to you to-

day," Parkinson said slowly, "on the subject of Parkinson's . . . laws." (Drop your voice a half octave and tuck down your chin on "laws.") "I suppose," he said, "I am as qualified as anyone to address this subject."

But, he said, before speaking about Parkinson's six laws, he wanted to tell us that he had, just the day before—at this very meeting place, gazing out upon this very audience—formulated his seventh . . . law. (Drop your voice, tuck your chin.)

I need hardly tell you that the members of the audience were rapt, edging forward on their chairs to attend the christening of Parkinson's seventh law, even if, in truth, the only one of the first six they remembered was the one about work expanding to fill the time allotted to it.

"Parkinson's seventh . . . law," said Parkinson, "holds that the ablest men" . . . pause . . . "get the prettiest girls."

The woman to my right, a total stranger, very beautiful, very Neiman-Marcus, perhaps 36, turned to me and whispered loudly: "Yeah—and when they hit 40, they get dumped."

My eyes widened and I stuttered reassuringly—it was all I could think of— "Oh, I'm sure that's not true."

"You bet your sweet ass it is, honey," she replied.

Parkinson went on about his business. But the point of this, none too swift in coming, is that I have myself, without even so much as querying the great man for permission, formulated Parkinson's eighth . . . law. And, for that matter, his ninth.

Parkinson's eighth law states, or should, that expenses expand to the income plus credit available.

Or: Whatever you've got, you spend a little more.

Or: Enough is never enough.

(Or, as the sign over the Lone Star Café has it: TOO MUCH IS NOT ENOUGH.)

Parkinson's ninth law: A luxury once sampled becomes a necessity.

You say you don't particularly mind not having remote-control TV? I can state with some certainty, in that case, that you've never had one. You don't mind having to jump in and out of bed every time you want to change the channel or kill the sound? I never minded, either.

Touch-Tone dialing, the six-minute baked potato, sea planes vaulting Friday-afternoon traffic to the beach—those are things it's a cinch to be happy without before they've been invented; possible to be happy without even after they've been invented; but oh, so tough to be happy without once you've gotten used to them.

Pace yourself! *Tease* yourself with anticipation. *Ease* the fingers of your aspiration up the inner thigh of your cupidity. Tickle your fancy.

Of *course* money buys happiness! But both will last longer if you remember the importance of foreplay.



"It's not that I'm shy with girls—I'm just afraid I'll say something sexist."



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THE PLAYBOY CLUB

HOME VIDEO

(continued from page 115)

"A low level of ambient light should rarely inhibit video taping—if you use the proper camera."

latest equipment on the market. And while your early efforts may not gross \$6,000,000 at the box office during the first three days, be comforted by the fact that you're starting your career a step ahead of where most big-time directors started theirs.

Let's say you're a racing fan. You buy a portable VCR and a video camera to tape the custom-car heats at the local track. But when you replay your first recording at home, the coupes are nothing more than loops of light purling around one another. The problem is "streaking" (or "lag"), a

function of the way the great majority of video cameras record images. That is, they use tubes, rather than solid-state devices, to translate light into electronic impulses. The frequent result is a blurring of fast-moving objects or a related problem, "burn-in," in which strong light sources within the camera's field of view remain visible on tape long after the camera has turned away from them. At presstime, only five of the more than 50 video cameras available in the U.S. use solid-state pickups: Hitachi's VKC-2000 (\$1900) and VKC-3400 with auto focus (\$1995),

Hondol Duran

"Apparently, young and impressionable people, half-crazed by the violence of real life, are turning increasingly to scriptwriting."

Minolta's K-2000S (\$2150), NEC Home Electronics (U.S.A.)'s TC-100E C.C.D. (\$2000) and Sears's 5389 (\$989.95). What many consider the next best thing, Saticon tubes, are in Akai America's VC-X2 (\$1195), Hitachi's VKC-850 (\$1395) and VKC-870 (\$1125), Hitachi Denshi/Everex' GP-61M (\$1295) and GP-61A with auto focus (\$1395), JVC of America's GZ-S3 (\$895), Minolta's K-700S (\$1150), Pentax' PC-K030A (\$1099), RCA's CC012 (about \$795), Sanyo's VSC530 (\$699.95) and Sony's HVC-2800 (\$1350), among others.

The two of you find yourselves rolling around on top of the dinner table, and it's not because dinner was especially good. So you roll your way into the media room to see how you might look together on video tape. She dims the lights. You flip on the VCR, with the camera on a tripod. Later, when you play the tape, it's all black snow—an anticlimax.

She should never have dimmed the lights, right? Actually, in technical terms, a low level of ambient light should rarely inhibit video taping-if you use the proper camera. When you're choosing a model, the feature to consider is minimum illumination, a spec usually given in luxes. Look for a figure no higher than 20 or 30 luxes if you want to do any shooting in low light. (The average spec for current consumer cameras is around 45 luxes, with some models rated as high as 75 to 100 luxes.) Among the cameras available today, rated at ten luxes, that could have saved that romantic recording in the media room: Curtis Mathes' JC768 (\$1299), General Electric's 1CVC4035E (about \$1400), Magnavox' VR8280 (\$1399.95), Panasonic's PK-957 (\$1250), Quasar's VK747WE (\$1300) and Sylvania's VCC120 (\$1000).

You want to hike the Adirondack Trail and shoot a video tape about it. Since you bought a good, small, portable VHS recorder—the Pentax PV-R020A (\$1064), for example—your equipment fits neatly into your old kit pack. But there's no room left for food. So you have to turn back early, and the last piece of nature you shot was Exit 87 of the New Jersey Turnpike.

There's a smaller, related format called VHS-C (for VHS-compact), an unusual kind of miniature equipment that uses tiny tapes compatible with conventional VHS gear through the use of a special adaptercassette. A VHS-C recorder is about the size and the weight of a James Michener novel. So far, there are only two VHS-C models: JVC of America's HR-C3U (\$850) and Sharp's VC-220 (\$999.95). JVC also has a camera designed to snap onto its VHS-C recorder on a shoulder mount: the GZ-S3 mentioned above. Not incidentally, Sony offers a Beta-format recorder that's practically as small as the VHS-C but doesn't require the use of any special adapters or additional



FROM THE DIRECTOR'S CHAIR

the pros' advice on making your home-video movies box-office successes

SYDNEY POLLACK (whose movies include Tootsie, The Electric Horseman, The Way We Were and This Property Is Condemned): The biggest problem with most home productions is that people get too complicated, trying to get special angles, and so on, instead of just letting something happen. And if you're handholding the camera, jerking is very hard to avoid. If you put the camera on the tripod, move slowly and zoom minimally, you will get a better result. When you get hold of one of these video cameras, the temptation is to treat it like a toy-zooming all over the place and jiggling the camera.

BOB CLARK (whose movies include Porky's, Porky's II: The Next Day, Tribute and Murder by Decree): Continuity is important. For instance, if you're shooting a birthday party, get a shot of the parents followed by a shot of the child, as if they're looking at one another. I would suggest studying class cinematographers to see how to frame and edit. Excess camera movement is the most common flaw in home productions; there's no reason it can't be improved. It just takes a little practice to pan and zoom artfully.

ROBERT BUTLER (whose movies include Underground Aces and The Computer Wore Tennis Shoes; his TV credits include Remington Steele, Hill Street Blues and The Rockford Files): In video, you're editing as you go, and I'm told that that's tough for a film guy who is making the transition, because there's a hell of a lot of choice making involved. When you're video-taping a baseball game or directing live TV, you have to learn to call your shots immediately.

In home productions, the temptation is to get so involved with the technology and the equipment that you forget the people. Don't worry about the equipment. Make it simple. If you're shooting people, use long lenses and shoot tight. If you're shooting scenery, use a wide lens.

Event, content, scene, moment, drama. That's what it's all about. Taking a picture of idle activity doesn't have much meaning. The content doesn't have to be complicated. But you have to get to that point, that moment, such as when the person takes the first dive off the high board. Most people recognize that point instinctively. I'd also advise listening to everybody and then

doing precisely what you think is right. What people do naturally is often the best. I'm always amazed at the amount of good stuff I see in primitive home movies and student films—even the bad ones. They all have one or two terrific things in them.

RICHARD HEFFRON (whose movies include *I*, the Jury and Futureworld. His TV movies are A Whale for the Killing, A Rumor of War, I Will Fight No More Forever, Toma and, out this fall, Mystic Warrior): Don't do a lot of panning. So many beginners use a camera like a hose, spraying all over the place. There's a lot of jerking, too. Don't bounce the camera around. Shoot a lot of close-ups. The human face is always interesting.

JOHN RICH (who directed All in the Family, The Dick Van Dyke Show and Condo): Home productions with video cameras are almost mistakeproof. People tend to pose when you put them under lights. When you're shooting with video, you can catch them more naturally. Quality is not all that important. What you want is a record of what's going on.

JAY SANDRICH (who directed Neil Simon's Seems Like Old Times and the TV series Soap and The Mary Tyler Moore Show): My advice to the guy making his own video productions at home is to really study how movies are made, especially the editing. See how things work and try to do them. But the only way you really learn is by making mistakes, so don't get discouraged.

AL SCHWARTZ (whose TV specials include Hollywood's Private Home Movies, TV Censored Bloopers and Whatever Became Of?): It's important to remember that you can edit on the spot. You can take a wide shot, put the camera on pause and immediately go into a close-up, then put it on pause and go to a two-person shot or whatever.

The biggest mistake people make is taking pictures of things they don't really want. You're going to have these pictures a long time, and eventually, you're going to ask yourself, "Why did I spend half an hour on flowers?" The trick is to think in advance and get your story together. A movie is about telling a story, whether it's a major motion picture or something at home. It should have a beginning, a middle and an end. A good storyteller will be a good homemovie maker.

equipment. Highly recommended: the SL-2000 (\$700).

As a favor for your roommate, you video-tape his ensemble performing a Bach fugue for the group's use in trying to attract a booking agent. But when they play the tape, all the agencies have the same response: "Sorry, we don't handle punk rock."

Get Bach to where he once belonged—rich in nuances, not noise. With homevideo equipment, the way to achieve topflight fidelity—sound virtually as superb as digital audio—is with one of the new Beta hi-fi recorders incorporating audio-frequency-modulating (A.F.M.) circuitry. The single portable in this elite breed is Sanyo's VCR7300 (\$999.95). In tabletop models, there are NEC Home Electronics (U.S.A.)'s VC-739 (\$1000), Sony's SL-2700 (\$1500) and Toshiba America's V-S36 (\$1099).

You're witness to an event that happens only once—such as your friend Sid's finally picking up a dinner check or your sister's second marriage—and you want to get it all on tape. And you have to do it right the first time. There is now an excellent way to evaluate your recording immediately, in the field. That's with the one consumer VCR equipment with a built-in four-inch monitor for instant playback of recorded tapes (but without a receiver for tuning in TV broadcasts): Hitachi's VT-680M (\$1395).

Intrigued by an advertisement for a video dating service, you decide to give the trial membership a whirl, which requires you to make a video movie about yourself for distribution among the club members of the opposite sex—an auto-record, autofocus autobiography. The only problem is that after you've covered your background, your talents, your hobbies and your ambitions, your VCR stops. The battery's dead halfway into your life—before you've had time even to mention your humility and your modesty.

Plenty of home-video movies are thwarted by dead VCR batteries, which, on the average, are designed to operate for periods of 60 to 90 minutes. A little-known alternative for power-hungry video tapers is an external battery pack, the likes of which come in several configurations, including backpacks and belts. One of the best is the five-and-a-half-pound 12-volt Model 12BB battery belt from Acme-Lite (\$150, including charger and suspenders), meant to operate a portable VCR and a camera for several hours, depending on the recording equipment involved.

You promised some friends that you would shoot your alma mater's biggest basketball game of the season; you also have a lot of change riding on the N.B.A. play-offs scheduled for the same time on the same night. You don't want to miss

either game any more than you want to lose your bet-or your friends.

Obviously, all you have to do is take a TV set with you on your shoot to catch the N.B.A. play-offs at the same time. One of the top models is Panasonic's CT-7711A, a seven-inch 94-channel color portable (\$459.95). Not so obvious, though, is the real boon of using this monitor. Since it's color and its screen is seven inches, it's ideal for evaluating tape quality as you shoot the team shooting hoops.

Although you don't have too much trouble making your own tapes, your new trouble is making too much. It doesn't bother you that you've spent so much time making tapes that you haven't gotten a chance to watch any of them; your problem is somehow organizing all those miles of magnetism.

Whether your problem is one of quantity or of quality, the same unique piece of video equipment should solve it. It's a miniature video-tape editing console meant to enable video-movie makers to insert and erase sequences, dub in background sound tracks and perform other simple editing functions. The first home editors are Canon's VE-10 (about \$150) and Quasar's VE582UQ (\$169.95). And a handsome monitor to show off the finished product is Toshiba America's 20-inch CZ-2010 model (\$949.95).

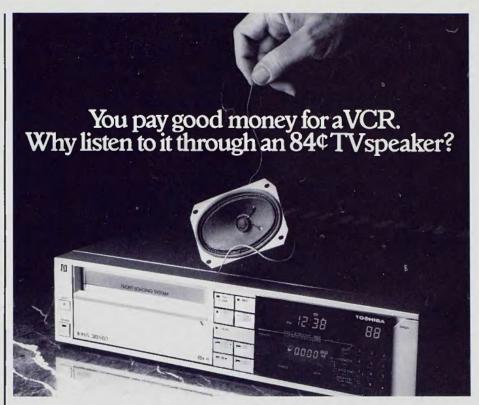
Ever since you saw Return of the Jedi, you've seen your life as one special effect. Now you want your video tapes to measure up.

No home movie will look like a segment of *Star Wars* unless you live in George Lucas' back lot. Still, there is one special product from Sony that can help home-movie makers achieve such slick, big-time-studio effects as montages, superimpositions and titles. The \$550 HVS-120K is really more a color processor than a full-fledged special-effects generator, but it can add some pro-style touches of detail and flair to any nonpro production.

You're of two minds sometimes. You like the freedom and the versatility of a mini portable VCR. Yet the sturdy security of a big tabletop machine also appeals to you.

RCA's high-tech archetype of electronic schizophrenia, the VHS-format VJP900 portable/tabletop (\$1300), is just for you. For live-action shoots, the recorder half of the machine snaps off its TV-tuner twin and functions like any other freewheeling portable. Then, for taping from TV or for other, more mundane taping tasks, the recorder and the tuner snap together (without wires)—and they work and look like any living-room VCR.

So let there be lights, cameras—and you direct the action. Don't be afraid to go Hollywood. It's never been easier for you to make moving pictures of your life.



Toshiba's V-S36 VCR gives you true high fidelity stereo to the tune of 20 hz to 20 Khz, with an unheard-of dynamic range of 80 dB. Plus 4-head tracking, 117-channel cable capability and wireless remote.

Shouldn't a VCR give your ears their money's worth? Instead of just 84 cents worth?

TOSHIBA



RANDY NEWMAN

(continued from page 122)

"The big problem with what I do is that I can't guarantee I can do it. I don't know how I write songs."

COLORED. Such a strange idea did not jibe with ice cream.

That is why it is so surprising to me that some change has come about. It's still awful for blacks in this country. I don't think it will ever be the way it should be really, but the South has improved. You can see it. And that's something.

People in the North think they are so superior, while their cities are racist as ever. It hits me when I am touring. I go into a

ways happy when I see some slums outside

town and, invariably, you know who is going to live in the worst neighborhood. It's naïve to think that it's going to get better, but in this country, it just shouldn't be. It hurts. You know, when you go to Germany and you look for the slums, you can't find them. It's getting a little worse there now, but nothing compared with here. As an American, that hurts. I'm al-



"Sorry, Roxie; all my money's tied up in bail."

Paris. I can't help it. I still tend to think that everything should somehow be better here. Because Americans are the nicest people in the world. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Are you the pessimistic and depressed artist your songs suggest?

NEWMAN: I don't like to write. I feel great when I get something going. I feel terrible when I don't have something going. But my subject matter is not all depressing, and I'm not depressed when I write about it. I'm happier than most people I see. I have every reason to be. I live in a nice place. I have a nice family. I don't have to work nine to five for a bad boss. I don't have a lot of the problems that regular people have. The big problem with what I do is that I can't guarantee I can do it. If you sell insurance, you sort of know how to sell insurance. But I don't know how I write songs. I can't go out and say, "I'll write you a song" and then just do it. But my life is pretty good, actually. And I never forget it. This is not as bad as working.

PLAYBOY: How can you write songs about regular people if you don't live like one? NEWMAN: Good question. Some people end up writing songs about being on the road and the taxman. But I watch it. I'm isolated. I don't have friends in this business, particularly. I see the rest of the world. I see it in neighbors and I read and I go to the laundry. I watch for it.

17.

PLAYBOY: What kinds of things do you worry about?

NEWMAN: My work. My kids. What kind of father I am. And that's it. I don't worry too much about getting bombed or nuked or the economy or Reagan. They sure do in Europe, man. I mean, they are really scared. I think he's crazy, but I found myself defending him over there. I couldn't believe it. I'd say, "Ah, don't worry, he's all right."

"What do you mean he's all right! He's going to blow everybody up! He wants to put nukes in my back yard!"

I said, "Naah. He'll be gone soon. Don't worry about it."

It's like I said: We believe our country is the best place in the world, and so we defend it even when it's ridiculous. For me, it's hard enough dealing with three kids who are different and a wife and people.

PLAYBOY: What is your family like? NEWMAN: I've got three kids. A 15-year-old, a 12-year-old and a five-year-old. And a wife I've been married to for 16 years. Mexican maids. Stableboys. Three butlers. No, really, just the five of us. The oldest kid is into punk music. He plays the drums, wears an earring, has all his hair

cut off. Nice boy, though. He's probably the best-looking person who ever did that to himself. It's usually an excuse to be ugly, but he's real good-looking. So he plays drums and used to sing in a band that fell apart. It was called Smashed Infant. He's against the Army and the police. I asked him, "Why go after such an easy target?" And he hates hippies. How can you hate such nice, friendly people? He and the band did have some good songs. At least, they were genuinely angry. I always thought the name was a little too obvious. They changed their name to Armed Response. Now it's Civil Defense or something.

I had to punish him for something the other day. I had to'tell him, "You can't get your hair cut." Honest. I couldn't believe it. That was punishment for him. He thinks Woodstock is a million laughs. I knew it would happen. It's a reaction. It just happened so fast. It seems to me that I was just 14 and I was in the Sixties and had long hair and purple curtains everywhere and dope. Like San Francisco still is. He thinks I'm all right, though, 'cause I say fuck occasionally in a song.

The middle kid does very well in school. He likes Men at Work. The youngest one will sit through a whole opera if I tell him the story.

Being a parent is a tough job. There is no training for it. I think we're doing a better job with this last one than we did the first time around. We believed in all that let-him-do-his-own-thing stuff and sent him to a free school and all, which was current at the time. But there has to be some sort of structure, I've discovered. It seemed like the right thing to do. We were really trying all the time. But love and good intentions aren't enough. You have to know what you're doing. We jerked him around all the time.

19.

PLAYBOY: What is it like for your family living with Randy Newman?

NEWMAN: It's all right. He's sort of a remote figure in his room, reading. I'm not bad, a little selfish. Like, I'll cat too much for dinner and want to read or lie down or something and they'll say, "Daddy, let's play chess." Now, playing chess with a five-year-old is an experience all its own. But I try to do it. So all in all, he's not a bad guy.

20

PLAYBOY: What do you think when people call you one of the best living American songwriters?

NEWMAN: It's not going to buy me a cup of coffee anywhere. When I was a kid, boy, I wanted that. I thought it would be great if people who knew music would really think I was great. And I got that. And sometimes you get your dream and you ask, "What do I have now?" But I'm grateful. And they're probably right. I'm probably one of the best—but what do I know?







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EYE TO EYE WITH MR. T

(continued from page 86)

Calvin: "It hasn't been, like, maybe five years T got into it. He was going to church, but he wasn't really deeply into it as he is now. We went to his baptism. It was complete immersion. The preacher goes, 'I baptize you in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit,' and he dunks T under. John and me tap our feet. Been down there an awful long time. And the preacher's trying to pull T back up and T is 230 pounds and he can't do it. Had to call some deacons to help bring T up. It was close."

T's devotion to his family—in particular to his mother, who somehow kept one dozen Tureaud children from chilling out on life-is almost obsessive. Mrs. T, a religious woman of simple taste, doesn't much concern herself with the entertainment world. When T appeared in his bouncer competition, he had to hump a TV set up 17 flights so Mother could watch him. He has the following agenda: (1) Buy a home for his mother. (2) Build some sort of community center to serve less fortunate people. (3) Feed 5000, as Jesus did. Right now, Hollywood must seem to him like the miraculous loaves and fishes. But no matter what he may be earning in 1983, his quick generosity could be self-destructive.

"T likes to live. He always did know how to spend money," John can remember. "We used to rent a limousine and ride up and down. T would go to his old neighborhood and just give out money. We didn't have money to give, but we'd give what we had. Show the kids there's another way out of the ghetto. Not just by pimping or dope dealing."

For T, that other way involved hard work and a hot cuspidor full of luck. "I had to beat out 1500 black guys for *Rocky III*. Joe Frazier, Earnie Shavers, Ken Norton, Jim Brown, all black, brown, darkskinned guys—even Puerto Ricans and Jamaicans." After his initial test, T was given a call-back. John and Calvin scuffed cash together for his plane fare to L.A.

Calvin: "Later, T was working the door at Dingbat's. I went down to check on things, and he said, 'I got it. I got a telegram, I got the part.' And we both started crying like two big babies." Sly Stallone had hung his tripe on the sill for T: a brilliant risk.

What he got was this bizarre and powerful character playing this bizarre and powerful character. I mean, which sounds like the fictitious name, Clubber Lang or Mr. T?

Did it work? Does a sheep have pubic hair?

Y



"When you asked my father if you could take me out tonight, perhaps you shouldn't have mentioned the blow job."

WONDER OF THE WORLD

(continued from page 77)

we have to get this one."

Dorit sauntered over and said, "Hey, guys, do you like that poster?" "Yeah, yeah, sure," they chimed in. "Well, that's me," Dorit announced. One kid looked at her and said, "You wish!"

Westwood is a long way from the mountain slopes of Europe, and, when you think about it, the odds against someone born in Innsbruck, Austria, going to live in Hollywood, U.S.A., are probably more than 1,000,000 to one. In Dorit's case, though, the move wasn't a gamble; it was an inevitability. Anatomy is one hell of an influence. And the body of Dorit (pronounced Doreet) Stevens obviously belongs in the dream capital of the world. OK, so it took her awhile.

"I was born in Austria," she told us, "but I grew up in Italy, France and Israel with my incredible father. He was much older than my mother and they were separated when I was about a year old. So I had a sort of different kind of life. My father was Russian. He had a lot of women. He was sort of the Hefner typebut not really; he did not live in a mansion. I traveled over the world with him. We ended up in Israel. It was a place that he felt-because he was Jewish-would be the best place for me to grow up. When we were in Italy, he said to me-I was about eight-'Where would you like to go? We can go to America, where there is a lot of snow and people and big buildings, or we can go to Israel, where there is sunshine and oranges and honey.' And I said, 'I want sunshine and oranges!' So off we went."

One consequence of Dorit's varied background is that she speaks five languages, including English, which she delivers in a seductive accent that seems to evoke no particular locale yet has all the allure and mystery of any exotic place that comes to mind. You don't know what it is, but you like it.

"When I was little," Dorit recalled, "I learned to say 'I love you' in 12 languages. My father said that was the best way to get through life, to know how to say it in all languages. He was very passionate, a crazy man. So when I came to the United States, I knew just a few words. I knew how to say 'I love you,' 'I'm sick,' and 'food.'"

For a time after she learned English, Dorit worked in New York as an interpreter for an international corporation. A respectable profession but, as everyone who met her told her, a waste. She headed West.

"I came to Los Angeles and just started going to the studios. I didn't know what to do. I didn't have an agent. What I did was this: I took some shots and I wrote a letter to every agent in town, more than 60 of them. I got about 16 phone calls from people who wanted to see me. Some weren't very legitimate. They wanted something else from me. I was very naïve. I wrote, 'Hi, I'm new in town. I'd like to meet you. I'd like to hear from you. My phone number is. . . .' Not knowing, you understand, that this town has some people who say, 'Oh, new in town! Let's train this one!' But they didn't know that I'm a killer.

"My first part was on Charlie's Angels; I was sort of discovered in the commissary by one of the producers. He said, 'I'm reading girls this afternoon who look like you. Would you come and read for us?' I said, 'Sure.'

"When I arrived, the room was full of girls who looked exactly like me-you know, clones. We all sat there shivering and staring at one another, because we knew there was only one of us who was gonna get it, right? It was my first reading and I didn't exactly know how to approach it, but I had a lot of guts. The part was a secretary who had this rapport with a guy. During my reading, I went to the producer, who was sitting there, and I stroked his head. And the casting director said, 'Dorit, physical stuff is not necessary.' I said, 'But it's written here. I need to play off somebody!' And the producer said, 'Well, I don't mind,' and I said, 'Well, he doesn't mind!' And I finished. They said, 'Thank you,' and a day later, I had the part. That's how it started, but that doesn't mean that Hollywood isn't the toughest place on the planet!"

After that, Dorit showed up on a number of television programs and in a best-selling poster. She has done most of the talk shows and has had guest shots on 240-Robert, CHiPs, Fantasy Island, The Jeffersons, \$weepstake\$, The Dream Merchants, a Don Rickles special, Matt Houston and the pilot for Magnum, P.I.

"I met Tom Selleck about a year before we made the pilot. It was at Paramount, in the parking lot. I saw this big, tall guy and he stopped me and said, 'You look familiar; aren't you on a cigarette-ad billboard?' I said, 'Yes, I have a billboard on Sunset.' He said, 'God, that's you! Wow, great! You look great.' Then he said, 'Would you like to have dinner?' or something to that effect. I said, 'No, I can't; I'm married.' [The lucky fellow is Dorit's personal manager, Joel Stevens.] We talked a bit more, I said goodbye and I forgot about him. Then, a year later, I got a call to read for Magnum. When I walked in, I saw him sitting on the couch. I said, 'We met!' He said, 'Of course we met. Why do you think you're here?' I said, 'You remembered me? That's so nice!' He said, 'Yes, it is,' so I did the show."

In the pilot, Dorit was a stewardess. Stewardess, secretary, model, bathing beauty—those are the parts Dorit usually gets, and she understands why.

"Listen, when people see a girl like me, they do not want to hear that she is smart. They do not want to know how much she knows. To them, I'm a fantasy, you see, and a fantasy does not talk, does not say anything, just stands there. It doesn't bother me, because I know I'm smart. I know what I'm doing. I know I can't be cheated. I know people too well from living in all those countries and experiencing at a young age so many things.

"The girl in the poster for those kids in Westwood was a fantasy. They didn't want to see the reality standing there with sneakers and a jogging suit and wet hair. They wanted to put the poster on the wall, and God knows what they were going to do with it."

And did those boys buy the poster?

"Oh, they bought the poster, all right. They ran out with it as though they thought I were going to run after them.

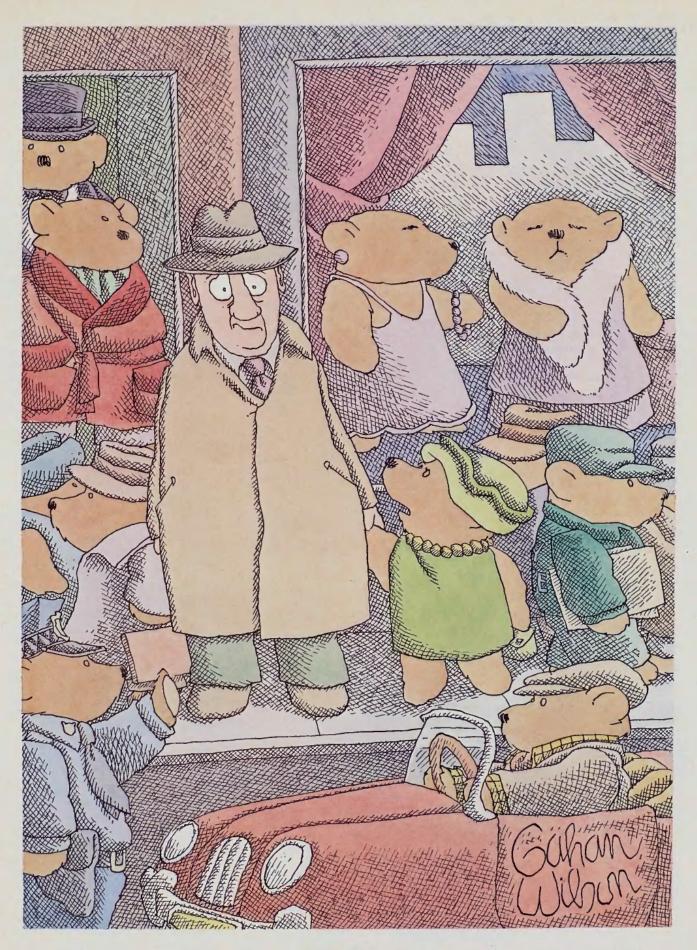
"But you know, the fantasy stuff is all right. I understand it. That's who we are. We're all impressions of life. We're all the stuff of memories. It's here today [snaps fingers], gone tomorrow. So you make the best of it. I just want to have some fun with my life. I want to be remembered as someone who didn't hurt anybody, someone with ethics and integrity who just liked to have fun and laughter and smiles and flowers. That's it!"

X



"These are my last
words.... No, these are my last words!...
Those weren't really my last words! Here are my
real last words! Here they are!... These are my last
words! No, no, just kidding! These are
really and truly my last words..."





"Face it, Edwin—it isn't that we've all turned into Teddy bears, it's that you're going crazy!"

"'A girl going to college shouldn't be told what to do. She should decide for herself."

on probation the next. In 1971, the thenhip Underground Guide to the College of Your Choice said the school's attitude toward a sexually active coed was "Let her get pregnant so we can stone her." Some Clemson coeds get stoned even today.

· Virginia, founded by Thomas Jefferson as an "academical village," should be referred to only as "Yoo-vee-ay." It's known as the school Edgar Allan Poe left and Ralph Sampson kept going back to.

· Georgia Tech offers courses in almost anything nuclear. It's the school that most loves the bomb.

· North Carolina State, last year's upset N.C.A.A. basketball champ, had the first nuclear reactor ever used for educational purposes (the A.C.C. is big on the atom). Now it has two. It's situated in Raleigh, which is situated where it is because the North Carolina General Assembly mandated way back in the 18th Century that an "unalterable seat of government" be established less than ten miles from a joint known as Isaac Hunter's Tavern. Even then, legislators knew their capacities.

· North Carolina offers a major in insurance for Tar Heels who want to make sure they get a premium education. The bells in

Morehead-Patterson Tower weigh from 300 pounds to two tons. You might expect heavy metal from such heavy metal, but the bells peal boring tunes from dawn to

· For more than a century, Wake Forest was in Wake Forest, but then it was moved to Winston-Salem. Freshmen who show up at the school's old location can't see the Forest for the trees.

· For years, the Rossborough Inn, built in 1788, housed the University of Maryland's Agricultural Experiment Station. Recently, it was turned into a faculty club. So much for agricultural experiments.

· Of Duke, named for the former head of the American Tobacco Company, the Underground Guide said, "There aren't any hangs for the freaks, which do not exist." Sad to say, nonexistent freaks still have no hangs in which to hang out in Durham.

Selecting just 19 girls from eight such noteworthy schools was no piece of cupcake, even for Contributing Photographer David Chan, who puts together this College of Carnal Knowledge for us every

The girls he discovered were unabashed

and beautiful. He charmed them with his Lilliputian size and his Cheshire-cat smile, the way he always does. Meanwhile, particularly in College Park, protectors of academic purity were busy getting up on their steeds of discontent. Maryland chancellor John Slaughter said that PLAYBOY photographers wouldn't be seen on his campus "if I can help it." Some campus conservatives were equally Center member Women's Madge McQueen-probably a zoology majorcharged that we portray women as only Bunnies, foxes and chicks. "It just exposes the fact that we're still vaginas in women's bodies," said McQueen. Student legislator John Rogers was no less eloquent, if questionable grammatically. "Women are rewarded for use of their body as an economic tool," he told the Maryland Diamondback. "PLAYBOY promotes this. They just promote something like, 'Hey, wow, she's got a nice ass."

To which we'd have to own up. Hey, wow, she does. The fact that we appreciate her many other fine qualities doesn't, thank God, keep us from noticing that.

Like the old collegiate hand he is, Chan took an offcampus apartment and let the ladies come to him. The spoils of his toil, presented here, must be worth at least 19,000 words. (You'll get off lighter than that with this article, but keep it in mind.) Chan packed and left the A.C.C., still bewitched by the beauties and befuddled by the brouhaha.

"A woman is liberated, to me, when she decides to come see PLAYBOY or not to come see PLAYBOY," he says. "A girl going to college shouldn't be told what to do. She should decide for herself."

These encounters with various stripes of campus Polizei are good publicity for us, of course. "They help us rather than hinder us" is how Chan puts it. "And they bring me out into the limelight. Those demonstrations are for kindergarten. When we were shooting Shannon Hallowell of Clemson for the opening shot, three or four Bible people were there trying to convert her. They were telling me this and that, too, until she told them off."

In Valleyese, you'd call a girl like that a tubular belle, but we just marked her down as one of the girls of the A.C.C. We figure the Atlantic Coast schools, academic hotbeds all, can foster and develop the first half of Juvenal's very collegiate axiom Mens sana in corpore sano-"A sound mind in a sound body"-so we'll take care of rewarding the other half.

"I've wanted to be in PLAYBOY since I was 14," Maryland's own Kerry McClurg told us. "My parents have always supported my dreams and are as excited by this as I am." For Kerry and the other girls, for us and for countless real and absentee guys of the A.C.C., sweet dreams are made of this.



"But after seeing 'Tootsie,' I had to be sure!"



"We made a decision that we didn't want to create cults around Sandinista personalities."

including Obando y Bravo, have permitted us to continue in our positions on the condition that we do not exercise our priestly duties while in public office. We've agreed.

You must understand that not all the bishops in Nicaragua oppose the revolution. Some are for it, others are indecisive. Archbishop Obando y Bravo is against it-clearly, strongly against it. When I spoke with Cardinal Casaroli, the Vatican's secretary of state, I told him that in Nicaragua, there were questions about revolutions that needed answering-that if bishops in the Catholic hierarchy reacted automatically against revolutions, there would be great divisions among Christians, not merely in Nicaragua but throughout Latin America, throughout the world. These divisions could someday have effects as far-reaching as those of the Protestant Reformation.

RAMÍREZ: When we've said that this revolution can be an example to Latin America, we haven't said it boastfully. But there are important elements in this revolution that help define the future of change throughout the continent. For instance, our revolution did not consider religion a backward element, something we had to leave behind. We never felt that atheism had to be an essential characteristic of the country so that things could improve. Here, the humble people exercise religion as a part of their lives in a fundamental way that isn't true of the upper classes. Now the upper classes use religion as political instrument and have sought refuge in the Church because their power has weakened. The rich never went to Mass before. They believed in the golden calf, and the churches were superfluous. Now they go and fill the churches.

PLAYBOY: Why is Archbishop Obando y Bravo so opposed to you?

RAMÍREZ: Because he's a man who's afraid of change. He has very orthodox ideas of communism and anticommunism, and that has clouded his understanding of the revolution-and put him in a position of complete enmity to the revolution.

telegraph office GARGL

"You can get up to ten words without paying additional. Wouldn't you like to tell him more than 'Fuck you'?"

PLAYBOY: The archbishop is hardly your only adversary. There is an exile opposition of several thousand former Somoza National Guardsmen who operate out of Honduras; Alfonso Robelo Callejas, who was once a member of the junta, has formed another exile guerrilla organization; and in Costa Rica, Edén Pastora, the former Sandinista "Comandante Cero," leads a guerrilla group of perhaps 500 men. They're getting a lot of publicity on American television. How do you explain the defections of such people as Robelo and Pastora?

BORGE: Robelo is easy to understand. It is very difficult to be a revolutionary when you have 200,000,000 cordobas.

PLAYBOY: And Pastora? Right after the triumph over Somoza, he was one of the great Sandinista heroes. It was he who led the raid that resulted in your liberation from prison, Comandante Borge.

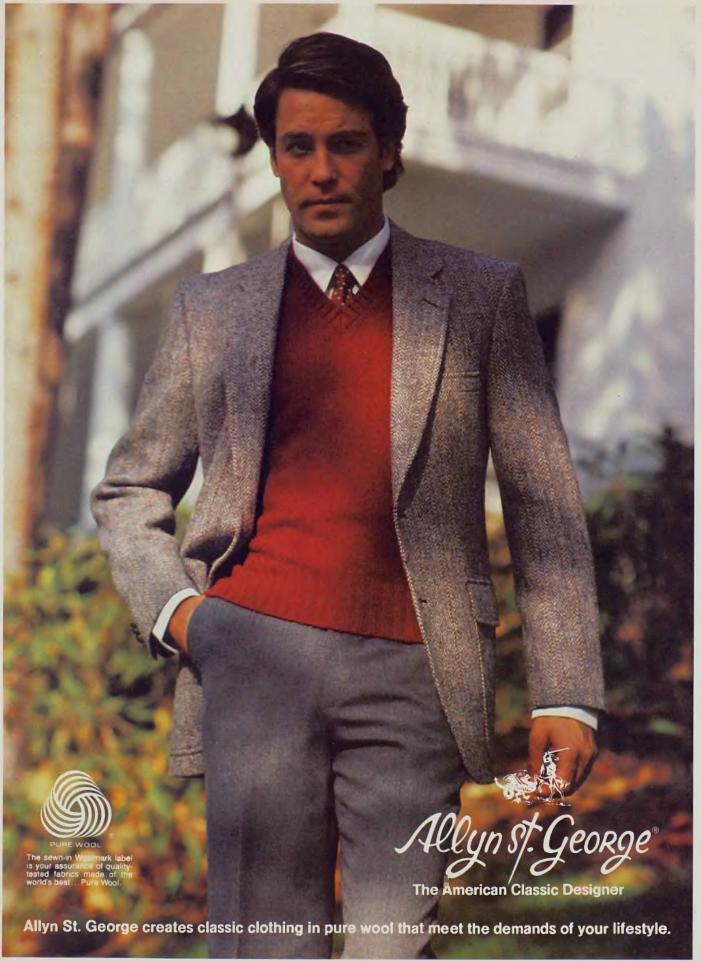
BORGE: He wasn't the only compañero at the National Palace. My personal opinion about him is that he should be treated in a psychiatric hospital.

PLAYBOY: Wait a second, Comandante. Dismissing a political opponent as crazy and talking about psychiatric hospitals has ugly overtones. Don't you have a better argument than that?

BORGE: Well, you know, a lot of us compañeros have sat around and tried to analyze him-and we have all come to the same conclusion. I could even tell you some anecdotes that everyone here knows that would help you understand the personality of this poor man. He used to claim, for instance, that his mother had such incredible power that she'd look at a piece of glass and the glass would actually shatter. He used to claim that when he and his brother were in marksmanship competitions, they were so good their bullets always went into the same hole. The curious thing is not that he told those stories but, rather, that he told them with complete seriousness. He'd tell us those things, and we'd laugh, because he was a man who always lived on a stage, always trying to call attention to himself.

PLAYBOY: Are you trying to tell us that his defection from you wasn't ideological but a matter of ego?

BORGE: Exactly. Pastora became internationally famous during the National Palace action, when all the compañeros were instructed to keep their identities secret. Everyone obeyed that commandexcept Pastora. At the time, he did not have a long history with the F.S.L.N., but the National Palace action was so spectacular that he immediately acquired world-wide fame, like a movie star. After the triumph, he wanted a position commensurate with the hoopla around his name. Well, many people had questions about his personal limitations. We made a decision early on that we didn't want to create any cults around any personalities. Pastora didn't get the position he wanted. At that point, he began to have conflicts



Photographed at the Greenbriar Resort, White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.

with the revolutionary process. One thing led to another, and he eventually said he wanted to go to Guatemala to join the revolutionary struggle there. We said, "Fine." The next thing we knew, Pastora had decided on treason.

FATHER CARDENAL: Pastora's vanity is no small matter. I knew him well. Once, right after the National Palace affair, he asked me if a man could be more vain than a woman-and I think he asked me that because he was beginning to feel that vanity. RAMÍREZ: It's really difficult to explain a man who one year speaks against the rich and against imperialism and then, suddenly, goes to the other side of the street. Do you know what he recently did? He made a public statement that he was giving a deadline to all the Cubans working in this country to get out of Nicaragua in 15 days or all of them would be killed. All Cubans! Doctors, teachers! He is making some very odd alliances these days, too. When Alfonso Robelo resigned from the junta on April 22, 1980, it was Edén who made the speech in the plaza condemning him. Now Pastora is in the final stages of an agreement with Robelo. His next alliance will probably be with Somoza's National Guard.

PLAYBOY: In a *Newsweek* article on the covert war against you, it was stated that Pastora wouldn't take a penny from the CIA. Would you grant him that?

BORGE: It's true. He hasn't taken a penny. He's taken dollars.

FATHER CARDENAL: Pastora spends a lot of money abroad. So it has to be from the CIA. Where else could it come from?

PLAYBOY: That brings us to the subject of U.S.-financed covert actions against your government. When Reagan went before Congress last April, he said that the United States had every right to support covert activities against you, because you were permitting Nicaragua to become a military outpost for the Russians and the Cubans—not to mention the Libyans and the P.L.O. In effect, he warned that you were going to become a Soviet base.

RAMÍREZ: That's not true. That's a cheap argument. What does building a Soviet base mean? We're not members of the Warsaw Pact—we have absolutely no military agreements with the Soviet Union. The heart of the matter, Reagan's real problem, is that we're not a North American military base—and until July of 1979, that's exactly what we were. The Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba was launched from here—as was the U.S.—sponsored coup against the Arbenz government of Guatemala in 1954.

Some of Reagan's propaganda against us is really quite fantastic. For instance, the charge that Nicaragua is going to permit the Soviet Union to build a canal through our country. What's the proof? On our Pacific coast, we're permitting the Soviet Union to build a floating dry dock from which it can repair its fishing fleet in the Pacific—

BORGE: By the way, there is something very similar in Peru that doesn't bother the U.S.

RAMÍREZ: What military advantages do we get from that arrangement? The country will receive some payment for the service. Twenty people have employment at the dry dock. But the distance between that and a new canal is the same as the distance between Reagan and Orson Welles as movie actors. . . . It's exactly like the missile thing: Reagan says we plan to let the Soviet Union install nuclear missiles here—an incredible fiction!

PLAYBOY: Can you say categorically that if the Soviet Union offered you missiles placed on Nicaraguan soil, you'd turn them down?

RAMÍREZ: Yes, I could say so categorically. But to me it's a uscless discussion, trying to answer the Reagan Administration while it accuses us. For us to answer that it's not true about the missiles is to put ourselves on the defensive, because the Administration makes us justify something that we're not doing. And we know that this is interminable. Because even if we deny it, no matter how much we deny it, within a week, Shultz, Kirkpatrick, any of them will repeat that Nicaragua is willing to install nuclear missiles, and we will have to say once again that it's not true. And it becomes a useless game.

PLAYBOY: If we accept what you claim—that you're not now in the Soviet camp—let's play out a different scenario: What if U.S. covert activities against you continue? What if U.S. economic pressures on you increase? Could you be driven, as some feel Fidel Castro was driven in 1960, to make an alliance with the Soviets?

RAMÍREZ: We are facing the same kind of divided world that Fidel confronted in the early Sixties. But for us, the world is not divided as strictly into East and West. The truth is that the United States Government has declared war on us-but that doesn't mean that we're at war with the NATO countries. We have excellent relations with Holland, Belgium, Spain, Greece. [The embassy of the Netherlands in Washington disagrees with Ramírez' description of Dutch-Nicaraguan relations as "excellent." The foreign minister recently said, "I am concerned that Nicaragua may evolve into a dictatorship of the left." The other embassies referred to relations as normal.] At the moment, we have the support not just of the socialist countries but of Western countries, of Arab and African countries, of Latin-American countries as well, despite their ideology. We have the support of Brazil, Peru, Venezuela, Mexico. If all of that diversified support disappeared, hypothetically, we might be left with the support of only the Eastern European countries. But we don't think that moment will come.

PLAYBOY: Let's get down to specifics. Reagan talks of thousands of Cuban advisors working for you in Nicaragua. *Are* they here?

BORGE: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Doing what?

BORGE: The Reagan Administration would have everyone believe that they are all spies and military men who pretend to be doctors and teachers. We would like to ask the President to check with the people the Cubans are teaching and ask them whether or not they're real teachers and doctors. And, yes, we have dozens of Soviet experts who help us with maritime and mineral exploration. It would be absurd if Nicaragua were offered thousands of North American doctors and teachers and we refused them. We inherited a country where we have no doctors or teachers, and the Cuban government has generously sent some. We will keep them in Nicaragua, even though it may irritate some leaders of the world.

PLAYBOY: Since you claim that your support from Cuba consists mainly of economic help and advice, what sort of advice has Castro personally given you?

FATHER CARDENAL: It may seem surprising, but Fidel has basically recommended moderation. He said that we should go more slowly on the nationalization of industries than he did, for example. Although he didn't say it to me personally, he warned us against committing some of the errors Cuba did.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

FATHER CARDENAL: He didn't specify which ones while I was around.

RAMÍREZ: There are several important differences between our revolution and the Cubans'. First, Cuba was much closer to the U.S., and its economy was completely dominated by North American interests—all the way from sugar production to the gambling casinos. To break that grip, Castro had to be more radical. That isn't the case in Nicaragua. We inherited limited North American interests, and we still have excellent relations with business investors four years after the revolution.

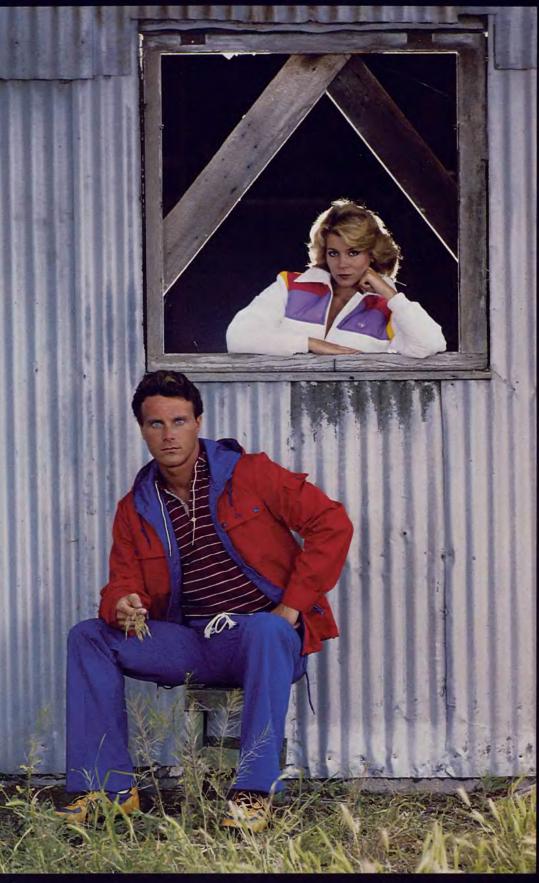
BORGE: The fact that Cuba is an island is another big difference. Although it is closer to the U.S., it could be pressured by the U.S. only from the sea. The Bay of Pigs, despite the power of the North American Navy, could be launched in only a limited way. But with our borders, we have a constant Bay of Pigs, in slow motion.

PLAYBOY: What about your other foreign supporters? How do you explain aid from Libya when Muammar el-Qaddafi is thought of as a fanatic dictator?

BORGE: Ours is a country that is being attacked. We require military help—we have an absolute right to that. Libya has offered to help. In no way do the Libyans determine the policies of the Nicaraguan revolution. Reagan, on the other hand, certainly *does* determine policy for El Salvador and Honduras in return for U.S. aid. In any case, France helps us militarily, too. Reagan never mentions that.

RAMÍREZ: We don't choose our friends





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according to the pattern of the United States. That would be very difficult. We would have to accept other types of allegiances we wouldn't like. The United States has its own interests, world interests, and according to those world interests, it chooses the villains and the heroes of the movie it is directing. Those characters—those countries—don't necessarily coincide with our own heroes and villains.

For instance, by North American standards, Qaddafi is a more odious villain than Chile's military strong man, Augusto Pinochet Ugarte. For us, Pinochet is far more odious! But he does not threaten the strategic interests of the United States, while the Qaddafi government supposedly threatens U.S. strategic interests in the Mediterranean. It's all a matter of perspective. For instance, Ferdinand Marcos of the Philippines elects himself every four years, but no one ever worries about him in the United States, because he represents the strategic military interests of the United States in the Pacific.

PLAYBOY: What about the P.L.O.?

RAMÍREZ: We think the Palestinians have a right to exist as a nation, and they struggle for that right. And we respect that.

PLAYBOY: And are the reports true that there are as many as 50 P.L.O. pilots flying jet fighters in Nicaragua?

RAMÍREZ: Untrue. It's a lie—not because we have anything against the Palestinians but because we don't *have* 50 planes. And if we did have them, we'd have Nicaraguan pilots fly them!

PLAYBOY: What is your explanation of the incident in April when some cargo planes from Libya, supposedly loaded with medical supplies for Nicaragua, were found by Brazilian authorities to contain arms and military supplies? If you're so open about taking your friends where you find them, why the deception?

RAMÍREZ: We didn't know that that was a secret operation. We received an offer of support by Libya, and we accepted it—as we are willing to accept support in this difficult moment from any country that wants to offer it to us. We don't feel any sort of shame. We feel proud that a country such as Libya would support us in a moment like this. It should serve to demonstrate that we're not tied to Soviet military support, because Libya is not a country aligned with the Soviet Union.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about some of your neighbors. What do you think of José Efraín Rios-Montt, the president of Guatemala?

BORGE: There's a movie called *The Good*, the Bad and the Ugly. Let's just say that Rios-Montt falls into one of those three categories.

PLAYBOY: And the new military leader, Alvaro Magaña Borga, in El Salvador?

BORGE: He's *definitely* a bad guy. Perhaps the guy who's not good, bad *or* ugly is Dr. Roberto Suazo Córdoba, from Honduras.

PLAYBOY: What is he, then?

FATHER CARDENAL: Nothing. He has no role in this film.

PLAYBOY: The fact is, you of the Sandinista government are perceived by many North Americans as the bad guys. Aside from your Marxist beliefs, why do you think you've managed to get such poor press in the U.S.?

RAMÍREZ: First of all, I think it has to do with the impossibility in the midst of a revolution of a small and poor country's penetrating the consciousness of a very large, complex country. You know, we once tried to hire a public-relations firm in the United States. Representatives from the agency came here, and we even paid them to do a poll on the most sensitive points of North American opinion about Nicaragua. But we would have had to spend \$1,000,000 a year to barely make a scratch in the skin of an elephant.

So we feel that it's due to our lack of material resources, our lack of experience and sometimes our lack of intelligence. We've never developed a strategy on American public opinion.

Your television networks in the United States will show a film in which you see the Somocista guards in their camps in Honduras and how they go bravely into Nicaragua. We couldn't finance or get that type of favorable propaganda, because we're not going to convince the North American public overnight that we're the type of democracy that is acceptable to the normal American.

When you North Americans see the new uniforms of the *Contras* while our soldiers wear old boots and torn clothes, you'd swear the *Contras* were the regular government army. Our young boys are still fighting for a cause, not for money. So when we can convince the North American public that the *Contras*' cause is unjust, in that sense we win a battle. But it's an uphill battle. Because if the Reagan Administration manages to convince the North American public that its position toward Nicaragua is just and legitimate—if someday the polls change and one says that 60 percent of the Americans agree with Reagan instead of the other way around—the situation will become more difficult for us.

PLAYBOY: To change the subject, does anyone here know who killed Somoza? On September 17, 1980, Anastasio Somoza's Mercedes-Benz was blown to bits in Paraguay, where he lived in exile. Who did it? RAMÍREZ: We'd have to answer that question like Lope de Vega in his play Fuente Ovejuna, act three: "Who killed the commander?" The villagers answer, "All the people!" If the people of Nicaragua could have killed Somoza, they would have done it. Whoever did it had the support of the Nicaraguan people. There's an Argentine organization that took responsibility for the execution, and one of the members of that commando team who fell, Captain Santiago, now has a street named after him in Managua. That wasn't our ideait was the people's initiative.

PLAYBOY: So nobody was sorry.

RAMÍREZ: On the contrary; there was a great *fiesta* here the day Somoza was executed.

BORGE: I happened to meet one of the men involved in that action sometime afterward. In an odd way, it made me



"Great, Manny, you invited your lawyer, too!"

sad. What saddened me was a situation in which the death of *any* man could make so many people so happy.

RAMÍREZ: I dissent from you on that, Comandante. I think it was legitimate joy. I do not feel sad about the joy that we all felt.

PLAYBOY: Father Cardenal, the Ministry of Culture, where you work, is located in the mansion that Hope and Anastasio Somoza called home. When we were in your office the other day, you told us a strange story about a tree in the back garden. It's a huge tree with enormous, gnarled roots. You claimed that a few days after Somoza's assassination, the tree sickened and part of it died.

FATHER CARDENAL: Well, I don't believe in magic, but I remember you were struck by my mentioning it, even though I only thought it ironic. But since then, I've reflected on it. You know, North American scientists have done studies showing that there can be relationships between human beings and plants—perhaps some sort of communication. Perhaps plants react to the people around them. Perhaps that tree had a true affection for Somoza. So although he was an evil criminal, perhaps he loved that tree—and it was one of the few living things that would react to his departure with sadness.

PLAYBOY: On a more prosaic note, let's discuss some of the charges made against you

by the U.S. Government. To quote Jeane Kirkpatrick: "Within weeks after the fall of Somoza in July 1979, the Sandinistas began to cooperate in support of the Salvadoran insurgents by establishing training camps and the beginning of arms-supply networks. This clandestine assistance initially involved local black markets and relatively limited resources. In 1980, after meetings in Havana had unified Salvadoran Marxists into a single military-command structure, the Sandinista leadership agreed to serve as a conduit for an arms-trafficking system of unprecedented proportions, originating outside the hemisphere. That structure remains in force today." How do you respond?

BORGE: We are very courteous with women. We prefer not to respond.

PLAYBOY: That is hardly the point. Kirk-patrick is a representative of the U.S. Government.

BORGE: Yes, of course. I'm just saying that I've already answered the specific charges, as far as I'm concerned.

PLAYBOY: Then will you respond to the general thrust of her remarks—that Nicaragua is the first domino in Latin America? That since the revolution triumphed here, it will be exported to El Salvador, then Guatemala, then Honduras, then Mexico? BORGE: That is one historical prophecy of Ronald Reagan's that is absolutely true! PLAYBOY: Why?

BORGE: These revolutions are a necessary and an inevitable step in the historical process in countries such as ours, where injustices are immense, where everything has yet to be done, where it is a crime to be young, where there has been a permanent denial of the higher values of man. It is logical that there will be profound and serious changes in other countries, each with its own characteristics. Don't think that the Nicaraguan revolution is the result of happenstance. Those same conditions are accumulating in the rest of Central America, and their inevitable result is revolution

So Reagan is correct when he points out that today Nicaragua, tomorrow El Salvador. We would like to invite Ronald Reagan to build with us! If Nicaragua triumphed, El Salvador will also triumph! PLAYBOY: Reagan is hardly likely to join in building revolution with you. In fact, though somewhat restrained by the U.S. Congress, he hasn't made much of a secret of the fact that covert support has been given to your enemies. Do you think North Americans know what you would like them to know about covert actions?

RAMÍREZ: The important thing is not what the North Americans don't know about covert action but, rather, what might happen here. In the minds of the extremists of the Reagan Administration, there are several ideas that, when put into practice,





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have been really dangerous to the history of humanity.

PLAYBOY: As we said, Reagan obviously feels that you people are the extremists.

RAMÍREZ: Yes. Í know. But we're not the extremists. We're not the ones who are as extreme as Hitler or Pol Pot.

PLAYBOY: Meaning what? Are you comparing what Reagan is doing in Central America with what Hitler did in Europe—or Pol Pot in Cambodia?

RAMÍREZ: Yes-insofar as Nicaragua is concerned. Now, Reagan is not Hitler insofar as the United States is concerned. North American society continues to be an open society with guarantees of rights for its citizens. But those same rights don't exist for Nicaraguans, thanks to U.S.-sponsored covert actions. The rights you have don't exist for the children who have been mutilated by mortar fire, the peasants who have had their throats slit, the farmers who have been kidnaped, the technicians who have been murdered, the health workers and the rural teachers who have been killed. All of those Nicaraguans are victims of a genocidal and criminal policy.

I say this as an enemy of rhetoric—I am not just being rhetorical. Murders have been committed, crimes against unarmed Nicaraguans. And all of those crimes have depended on the political will of Ronald Reagan. Somoza's Guards wouldn't have committed their crimes if they hadn't been given the weapons, the logistics and the

confidence by Reagan. And there are many other things the Reagan extremists have in mind besides supporting thousands of Guards from Honduras: They've got a slew of operations that have not yet been put into effect. Some of those plans involve introducing terrorist commandos to murder the leaders of this revolution. There are very concrete plans for this.

PLAYBOY: How do you know? Do you have any proof?

RAMÍREZ: We know. We know. We have the means to know. There exist organized groups of murderers who are infiltrated into a country to kill its leaders.

[In early June, after the return of PLAYBOY's interviewer from Managua, the Sandinista government announced that three U.S. diplomats were being expelled for, among other charges, conspiring to kill foreign minister D'Escoto. A day later, President Reagan announced that all of Nicaragua's consulates in the United States were being closed, and Nicaragua's consuls were given 24 hours to leave the U.S. The following portion of the interview toak place after those events.]

PLAYBOY: You had predicted that there were plans to kill your leaders, and apparently you acted on that premise by expelling three U.S. diplomats. But your proof that at least one of them was conspiring to poison foreign minister D'Escoto seems unconvincing thus far.

RAMÍREZ: I don't know what you've seen in U.S. reports, but we have all the proof that any reasonable person would require. As we speak, our government is issuing a full report on the incident. Briefly, one of the U.S. diplomats, Ermila Rodriguez, had induced a contact in our foreign ministry to deliver a bottle of Benedictine brandy to foreign minister D'Escoto. We determined by chemical analysis that it contained thallium, a poison. There will be more details available by the time your interview goes to press, but for now, let me ask you: Wouldn't it have been absurd of us to concoct such a wild story if all we wanted to do was to expel three CIA agents?

PLAYBOY: Not if you intended it as a gesture: It can be very popular in some parts of the world to spit in Uncle Sam's eye, and the pretext doesn't always matter.

RAMÍREZ: Look, we had no recourse. For instance, we know that there are at least 15 other CIA agents in Nicaragua right now in the guise of diplomatic functionaries—we didn't expel *them*, though we know them to be agents. It was simply that the evidence against these three was so overwhelming that we had no alternative but to expel them.

PLAYBOY: Reagan's new Ambassador at Large for Central American Affairs, Richard Stone, was met at the airport just after the expulsion by a middle-level official. Did you intend that as a snub?

RAMÍREZ: He was met by an official

appropriate to his rank as Ambassador. I am giving you a formal response based on protocol.

PLAYBOY: And a less formal answer?

RAMÍREZ: Of course, it's true that the poor relations between Managua and Washington were reflected in our formal reception of Stone. He had, after all, made some extremely hard-line statements about our government even before arriving.

PLAYBOY: How did his meetings with you

RAMÍREZ: Comandante Ortega tells me that Stone was somewhat more cordial and conciliatory in private than he was in public. But let me tell you a personal story: Back in 1979, Comandante Ortega and I were in Washington on an official visit to President Carter two months after our victory over Somoza. Senator [Edward] Zorinsky invited us to lunch up on Capitol Hill. It was a social occasion attended by other Senators, and Stone was introduced. In the middle of this friendly lunch, he leaned over and began to grill Comandante Ortega—our head of state—as if he were in a police line-up: "Is it or isn't it true that you are a terrorist indoctrinated in Cuba?" Stone then left the luncheon and gave waiting reporters a statement he had prepared beforehand condemning our government-just two months after we'd taken over. So with a precedent like that, it's difficult to be optimistic about a man with such prejudices.

PLAYBOY: Then you're becoming more pes-

simistic overall?

RAMÍREZ: Yes; recent events seem to confirm what I've been telling you—which is that, little by little, the extremists in the Reagan White House are taking over. For instance, there is now all-out support by Washington for General Gustavo Alvarez Martínez, Honduras' military leader. For the first time, Honduran military units have joined the *Contras* in attacking our troops along the northern border, and they are also providing artillery support. This could rapidly escalate into full-scale war.

PLAYBOY: Do you think war with Honduras is inevitable?

RAMÍREZ: If General Alvarez keeps getting the kind of support he is getting in Washington, yes.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Reagan reacted to your expulsion of the diplomats the way he did because of this new hard line?

RAMÍREZ: Reagan reacted the way someone who is powerful reacts when he feels offended by someone weaker. He had to react more strongly than we did: He couldn't just expel three of our diplomats; he had to shut down every one of our consulates. It was simply another roar of the MGM lion—and we've heard that roar through the years.

PLAYBOY: What if, despite the restraints, the war against you escalates? What if it becomes a war as long and as grueling as Vietnam?

FATHER CARDENAL: We would be scared;

but we are willing to do anything. And no matter what, the struggle would continue. The war would become internationalized. We will not pretend that we would stay within our own borders. If we're defeated here, we can go someplace else and continue the struggle. So, in that sense, there is a parallel to Vietnam: The struggle would be for 20 years, until a new triumph, until we won.

PLAYBOY: You admit that you're scared as political leaders; are you scared personally?

RAMÍREZ: What we feel this minute is as good an example as any. Here we are, sitting relatively tranquilly—but there are 2000 armed Guardsmen pouring over our borders; a hostile government in Honduras; an even more hostile Government in Washington; the knowledge that every day, we are being discussed in the National Security Council, that the CIA has contingency plans to destroy us, to murder us.... How do I feel?

I feel as if anyone could be waiting to murder me the minute I leave the Government House. My children go to school without protection—they could be kidnaped at any time. These are everyday possibilities, but we've become accustomed to living like this. All we can do is try not to lose our morale. Otherwise, we'd lose control—not only of our nerves but of the country.

PLAYBOY: What specific actions are you planning if the counterinsurgency widens? **RAMÍREZ:** It's hard to say. All kinds of



things could happen. It's even possible that, as a last resort, there could be an invasion of North American soldiers in Nicaragua and a long-term war. We wouldn't lose. We have experience with such wars. We were invaded by the North American Marines in 1909, 1912 and 1926. What the United States would have to do is send a squadron of 300 airplanes to destroy the most important centers of the country. They could, perhaps, conquer Managua—but that means nothing in the long run. As I said, we're only a small piece of Latin America.

PLAYBOY: Do you really believe the U.S. would invade?

BORGE: The North American Government has many kinds of contingency plans that would lead to further logical steps. First, there's the plan we see being acted out now: the invasion of our country by counterrevolutionary forces from Honduras to create the false idea that there's a civil war in Nicaragua. The next step would be to try to assimilate it into the real civil war in El Salvador-which would be pure fiction. At the same time, that plan would keep as a reserve the Honduran army as a sort of military checkmate at the right moment. And if that plan were to fail from a North American point of view, then perhaps, as a last resort, there might be an invasion by North American forces.

FATHER CARDENAL: But this war may never happen—and can be prevented if there is sufficient pressure from the people, the

press and the Congress of the United States on Reagan.

PLAYBOY: Are you optimistic that the American people will understand your viewpoint?

RAMIREZ: There is no other road but to understand. There must be a mutual understanding that Latin America has to change and that there may be different ways for that change to occur. The worst thing would be for the United States to always, repeatedly, be against any of those changes. The CIA would have to repeat its covert operations ten, 15 times in Latin America. And that would be a terrible historical lesson for the United States to always bet on the losing side. It shouldn't, it mustn't be on the side of the villains in this movie.

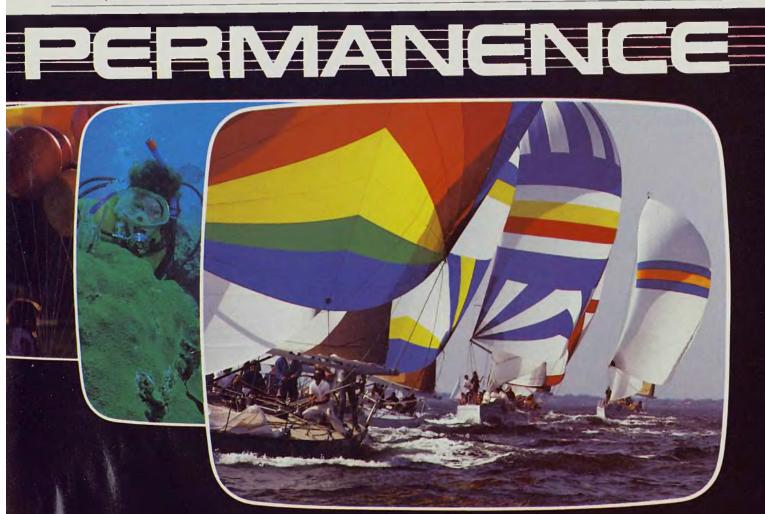
BORGE: Let me add something-and I'm happy that this conversation has been a collective effort, because that makes it part of the revolutionary process. Although it's rather late, let me stress how much the North Americans are loved and appreciated by the Nicaraguan people. Americans who visit here are constantly surprised at how affectionately they are received. So if it fits within this Interview, we want to express that affection and respect to a people who knew their great historical responsibility during the war in Vietnam. We know they will become aware of what it means to wage aggression against a poor and small country and that they are with us and against the imperialist designs of their present Government.

RAMÍREZ: Perhaps this isn't the moment to say it, but we are aware of the bountifulness of North American civilization. We think we still have a lot to learn from the technology and the spirit of progress that have characterized North American society. But we believe that this trying to dominate a weaker people is a tumor in the body of the North American society. Because of the present situation, there is great ignorance on both sides. What is stressed most to the North American people is that we have a revolution tied to the Soviet Union, and the danger is that, little by little, that view will become accepted by the U.S. public. Conversely, Nicaraguans may begin to think of the United States as synonymous with aggression, invasion, dictatorships, threats. Both images are equally superficial.

PLAYBOY: So to return to your frequent metaphor, what you would like is for North Americans *not* to see you as the bad guys in the movie.

RAMÍREZ: Yes. We're the heroes. We're not Greek heroes who get saved at the last minute by a deus ex machina and are without fault. We are human heroes, full of frailties, defects, error-prone—but on the side of justice! That much we're sure of; we're not on the side of a bad cause! What we want is to be able to prove it.

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"Yes, Nicaragua is turning into the Vietnam of the Eighties. It's started to happen."

last much longer than the war in Vietnam. But that's our situation, and we're as determined as the Vietnamese were to confront invasion and aggression.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that Nicaragua could become the Vietnam of the Eighties? ORTEGA: That depends on what the Reagan Administration does. The way things are going now-yes. Yes, Nicaragua is turning into the Vietnam of the Eighties. It's already started to happen.

PLAYBOY: Do you really believe that Reagan and his people are that dangerous? ORTEGA: Yes. The Reagan Administration is playing with fire-a fire that, once started, would not be easy to extinguish; a fire that could spread everywhere very quickly. They are not just doing that with us. To play, for instance, with the fire of nuclear weapons is a very dangerous game. From the moment nuclear weapons stopped being the possession of one country, the need to be the dominant power became absurd. Those who insist on a dominant position are risking not only their own people but all of humanity as well. We cannot separate the phenomenon of Reagan's aggression against Nicaragua and Central America from the international tension it raises-and it is that fire, lighted here, that could start greater fires. PLAYBOY: Your brother Humberto Ortega, the minister of defense, recently suggested to The New York Times that if the U.S. deployed new missiles in Europe, you might permit Soviet missiles here in Nicaragua. Is that true?

ORTEGA: I think possibly The New York Times misunderstood what Humberto said. He couldn't have spoken in those terms, because the situation doesn't exist. What does exist, clearly, is the desire of Reagan or his advisors to regain public support in the U.S. and to frighten the Europeans into siding with him.

When the matter of the missiles is brought up, the only people claiming that there could be missiles here are Reagan's people. The missiles we do have in Nicaragua are the people of Nicaragua, and we think they are a very powerful missile, more powerful than those invented by scientists.

PLAYBOY: That doesn't quite answer the question. Are you saying categorically that you wouldn't accept the missiles if they were offered to you?

ORTEGA: We have a situation of confrontation that we're not going to solve with missiles. We're going to confront and destroy the North American invasion with armed people.

PLAYBOY: Let's try another tack: When you talk of the possibility of this conflict's escalating into something larger, perhaps even a global holocaust, you're implying that the Soviets might defend you if push came to shove. But that's hardly realistic. The U.S. traditionally does little more than protest when the Soviets do something in

their geographic sphere of influence-such as in Czechoslovakia or Poland-and the same is true of the Soviets in the North American sphere of influence. When you met Soviet premier Yuri Andropov last March, did he give you any indication that the Russians would break that tradition and support you militarily?

ORTEGA: I wouldn't-I don't want to discuss the matter of spheres of influence. What I should say is that in Nicaragua, we are not counting on the support of other countries in preparing our defense; rather, we prepare by assuming that we will have to defend ourselves alone.

PLAYBOY: Then how are the Soviets supporting you? What precisely did Andropov offer you?

ORTEGA: Economic support. Development aid. Help in getting our hydroelectric projects started, for instance. They have a lot of experience with that.

PLAYBOY: The Reagan Administration says you are getting far more-tanks, guns, Migs and all sorts of military hardware.

ORTEGA: I'm sure that's what Reagan says. Icane Kirkpatrick is also always talking about the incredible number of Soviet, Bulgarian and German Democratic military advisors we're supposed to have here. But I can tell you, those numbers are invented. We make a great effort to develop our own cadres without rejecting the minimum necessary advisory help.

PLAYBOY: As proof that you're planning on getting Russian Migs, Reagan has charged that you intend to extend your airport runways to accommodate them.

What is your response?

ORTEGA: First of all, we have every right to obtain fighter planes-whether they are Migs or of any other manufacture. Why shouldn't we have an air force to defend our country? Remember, we tried to get weapons from the United States, but our effort was completely blocked. Actually, we don't even buy weapons-we look for countries that will give us donations, grants.

PLAYBOY: Grants?

ORTEGA: Yes. Our economy would be wiped out if we bought all the weapons we needed. But as to this constant reference to the Migs and the expansion of our airfields, this was something already being planned when Somoza was in power! The runways were simply too short to accept larger aircraft. We've had occasions when a North American plane couldn't make a safe emergency landing. So we started thinking about lengthening for that reason-not because we were expecting Migs.

But I repeat, people must understand that we're a country driven into a corner, suffering aggression, and we have to buy weapons where we can. If Libya wants to give us weapons, we'll take those weapons. That should be understandable. Remember how the North American people, in



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their fight for independence from the British, tried to get weapons anywhere they could.

PLAYBOY: What is your answer to the charge that those weapons aren't for self-defense but to export your revolution throughout Central America?

ORTEGA: We export nothing but our example. The greatest stimulator of revolution in Latin America is the United States, not us. It was the U.S. that supported such dictators as Somoza, and he was hardly the exception. In every country of Central America, the same conditions prevailunemployment, exploitation, hunger. So no matter how many "elections" you give them, no matter how much propaganda you throw at them, no matter how much you suppress the populace, it always results in the same thing—a revolutionary situation. No matter what Reagan says, Nicaragua did not invent this. Unjust policies did.

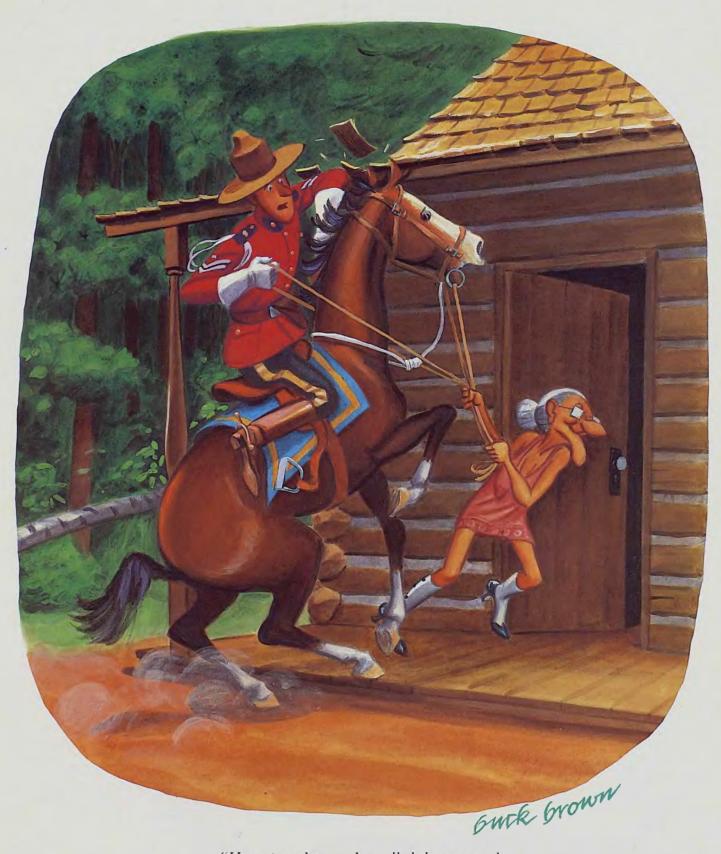
PLAYBOY: Let's talk further about El Salvador. The Reagan Administration says you're shipping arms to the insurgents. You say, in effect, "No—we'd like to, but it makes too much trouble for us." When we heard that response from the other Sandinista leaders we've interviewed, we found it hard to believe that you would not help your comrades in El Salvador by "allowing" them to get arms.

ORTEGA: First of all, the insurgents have the financial means to buy weapons. They're much better off economically than we were from 1975 through 1977. Furthermore, the weapons that the insurgents are using have been in their hands for a long time-long before our revolution triumphed here. Now, certainly, we openly sympathize with the Salvadorans. But to send them weapons would be to play into the hands of those who want to name Nicaragua as the great arms supplier to El Salvador. That does not mean that our territory cannot be used at some time to move weapons to El Salvador. Revolutionaries use all manner of territory to move arms. We ourselves, during our time of insurrection, used the territory of the United States to move weapons through!

PLAYBOY: When was that?

ORTEGA: In 1972. The first big batch of weapons—M-1 carbines and M-2s—was bought in the U.S. and moved out clandestinely. In fact, our minister of tourism was even arrested in the U.S. for his work. PLAYBOY: To put it directly: If you found Salvadoran weapons moving through Nicaraguan territory, would you stop them?

ORTEGA: Yes, we would. It would go against our feelings to do it, but we would—because reason has to be the important thing. We have to act with seriousness and responsibility. When Thomas Enders was here, we asked him to give



"Honest, ma'am, we're called the mounted police only because we ride horses!"

us what information he had on these arms shipments through our country. He simply said that since U.S. relations with us were so bad, it was not possible. We went even further: We spoke with the president of Honduras at that time, General Policarpo Paz García, on the need to have a joint patrol on the border between Honduras and Nicaragua to interdict the movement of weapons. General Paz thought that was a good idea, as did the members of his general staff. But the United States did not think it was a good idea. What they did was sack those military commanders, and they brought in the hard-line General Gustavo Alvarez Martínez as chief of staff.

I would say that the principal weapons supplier of the Salvadoran rebels is the North American Government. The arms that the rebels are getting are weapons that the United States had given Salvadoran-government soldiers. They inevitably get captured; so the more weapons the United States sends to El Salvador, the more weapons for the revolutionaries.

PLAYBOY: In Reagan's speech before Congress, he said, "The government of Nicaragua has treated us as an enemy. It has rejected our repeated peace efforts." Is that true? Have you rejected them?

ORTEGA: I know the others have talked to you about this-in fact, Sergio Ramírez replied to the charge that we treat the U.S. as an enemy, "Ah, the old story of the pigeon attacking the buckshot." But let me add a little more: When Reagan says he's tried to negotiate with us, he lies. For instance, in 1981, Enders came here and we asked to set the basis of a dialog. What was the answer of Reagan and the State Department? They immediately tried to set all kinds of conditions for a dialog to even start—that Nicaragua couldn't arm itself; that Nicaragua could not permit the trafficking of weapons to El Salvador; that the "opposition" be a part of the regime.

On many occasions since, we have shown our willingness to have a dialog. We have said, "We have never tried to become a threat to North American security. We want normal relations with the U.S." But their position seems to be a closed one. A few times over the past few years, contacts were made. Once, there was a meeting between Secretary of State Alexander Haig and our foreign minister, Father Miguel D'Escoto. Haig left the meeting giving one version of what happened, and Father D'Escoto left the meeting and gave his version. The same thing happened when Enders came here. So this really goes nowhere.

PLAYBOY: Is there any way around it?

ORTEGA: Yes. We have a proposal; we've made it elsewhere, but we'll make it here in playboy, too. We propose contacts with the U.S. to establish a dialog in the presence of a third country—any common friend of the United States and Nicaragua. It could be in Mexico, Canada, Venezuela, France—there could be several countries represented. That would prevent the problem we've encountered in the past: everyone leaving the meeting saying what he pleased.

PLAYBOY: So you're saying here, categorically, "We want to negotiate. Name a place."

ORTEGA: Yes! Yes!

PLAYBOY: Turning to the question of freedom of the press in Nicaragua, *La Prensa*, the opposition newspaper, has been shut down on several occasions. There is also censorship of your newspapers. Journalists throughout the West find that particularly abhorrent.

ORTEGA: Censorship was imposed because we're in a very vulnerable state. Even the United States has censorship in emergency situations. But it happens that right now, the United States is not living under the same pressure as Nicaragua. So when a

North American looks at our situation, he has to step aside from his own reality and see *ours*.

PLAYBOY: Pablo Cuadra of *La Prensa* was recently quoted in *The New York Times* as saying, "A revolution that loses its critics soon stagnates." When you censor the press, you lose your thoughtful critics.

ORTEGA: I think he's right! I think a revolution that loses its critics is condemned to congeal, become frozen. It can die. But the problem with Cuadra is that he confuses the kind of freedom that he and members of his class had under Somoza with the type of freedom we have now. Under Somoza, someone with Cuadra's views was permitted to speak; most others were denied the possibility. It would be good to remember that in 1944, Cuadra was a fervent admirer of Somoza's. He had a typically fascist position—he supported the Blue Shirts, a movement reminiscent of Mussolini's Fascists. As a congressman under Somoza, he wished Somoza would stay forever in Nicaragua. So it's understandable that Cuadra would think that now the situation was very bad for him.

PLAYBOY: It still doesn't explain your brand of censorship. You even kill disrespectful cartoons.

ORTEGA: You have to be aware of what a revolutionary situation is like. Revolutions are often characterized by their effervescence, their excesses and, especially, their violence. There are no guillotines or firing squads in Nicaragua. But we *are* being invaded, and some of these overreactions have to be understood.

PLAYBOY: Revolutions are also characterized by people who take power but aren't qualified to govern. Do you feel limited by the fact that you've spent most of your life as a guerrilla, as a warrior?

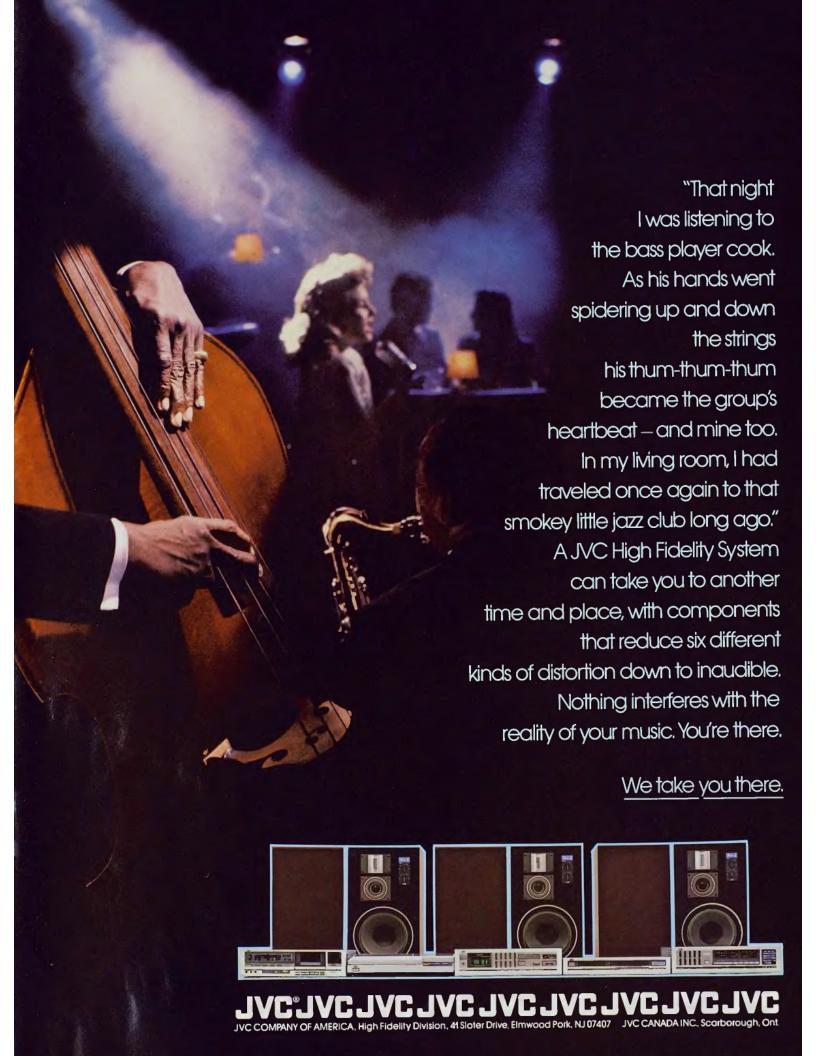
ORTEGA: Well. . . . No, we have been primarily politicians. War is a part of political action. I had very rich experiences, despite my years in hiding and in prison. The dimensions have been human and have led me to see all sectors of the population: the poor, the needy, the workers, the peasants—and the houses and the chauffeurs of the rich. That has given me an opportunity for wide human contacts.

PLAYBOY: And yet, remembering that you are a poet brings to mind these lines of Bertolt Brecht's: "By chance I was spared. If my luck leaves me, I am lost." Given what you've been through—prison, torture, the insurrection, the revolution and now the fight to keep the revolution—does that bit of poetry describe your life?

ORTEGA: Yes, precisely. My time in prison hammered that thought into us every day. As prisoners, we always faced the possibility that each day would be our last. I think that in this time, too, we are surviving day to day.



"How do you like my new tennis grip?"







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TECHNODARLINGS

(continued from page 76)

on the radar ball up on the Green Building? Well, that was us, they told me, and as they passed a picture of it, a visible pride swept the room that seemed to characterize the fun they got from using their knowledge of how things really work to a mischievous end.

The group had found me at happy hour, a sometime Friday event at Baker House where 150 or so men and women crowd the bar in the lobby of the dorm for 50-cent Scotch and 25-cent beer while they talk and laugh and try to figure out what to do with their weekends from here. They don't date much at Baker House. They don't have to. They just sort of hang out till something develops.

Not long after the party started, a man in a brown coat and glasses introduced himself and said that if I had a minute, there were some people he'd like me to meet. While we walked, he asked whether or not I had ever heard of hacking; and when I said yes, he opened a dorm door and a dozen shy faces, three of them women's, said hi and introduced themselves as The Technological Hackers' Association.

It was a game, they said. The institute, including the campus police, pretty much knew who they were, but they were almost never caught. When they were, it usually meant no more than a \$50 fine and the confiscation of the sophisticated equipment they used to foil the sophisticated equipment that the school used in a vain attempt to keep itself secure from its own.

The year before, they had pulled off one of their favorite hacks. In the dead of night, they had used a crane and a pulley system to put a working phone booth on top of the great dome. They monitored the police radio, and in less than two hours and to the delight of several hundred students who watched from the rooftops of nearby buildings, they hoisted the booth, ran the necessary cables up to it, then folded their equipment and were gone. Then they listened to their radios as the police discovered it.

"What is it?" asked the cop at the command post when another cop got to the roof

"It's a phone booth," came the answer.

"What the hell is it doing up there?"

"It's ringing," said the cop on the roof.

"Well . . . answer it," said the first cop.

So now it was just past ten o'clock Friday night, and the intense young man who was pressed flat against the wall next to me said, "Make as little noise as possible, and remember—when the elevator doors open, we have to get in before they close."

We were somewhere in the basement, and we were on our way to the roof of the Green Building, a forbidden BUILD THE BEST BODY OF YOUR LIFE! FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!

NEW! Build up your whole body INSIDE and OUTSIDE with this totally new way! This combined method increases your physical activity up to 60% and accelerates your body development up to 300%!

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high impact fingerthick material that even meets military standards!) whose weight you increase simply by filling it with heavier material like water or sand etc. weighing from 18 to a professional level of 155 lbs. The continually increasing strength of your developing muscles will be your signal to increase the weight of the dumbbell step by step.

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days! With us, such equipment costs only \$39.95.

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		and handling. Two can FORMULA 70
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TECHNOVALUES: A GUIDE TO THE SYSTEM

(continued from page 73)

INDUSTRIAL AGE

HIGH-TECH AGE

HEROES—Babe Ruth, Joe DiMaggio, Vince Lombardi—men of epic achievement in highly traditional endeavors HEROES—Nolan Bushnell (Atari), David Packard and William Hewlett, Robert Noyce (Intel), Steve Jobs (Apple)—postindustrial pioneers who have blazed the high-tech trail and have amassed major fortunes

BEST SELLER—Robert Ludlum

MATURE COMPANY—Fortune 500. A stable enterprise with a well-established market, steady (if modest) growth, long-term stability. Hearing that a company is mature is music to the ears of pension-fund managers, who favor the safest possible stocks.

LADDER—Abstract representation of the corporate structure up which ambitious employees must gradually climb—and down which all decisions are passed

CAMPUS—The grounds of a college or a university, often designed after the fashion of such venerable Eastern institutions as Princeton and Yale

SABBATICAL—The yearlong relief from teaching responsibilities often granted to tenured university professors, generally every seven years

GOLF—The game that greases the wheels of industry; played at a pace that allows plenty of time to talk business

CADILLAC—The traditional luxury car and, more than that, the very quintessence of excellence—and not understated excellence, either

MORTGAGE BURNING—The ceremonial conflagration marking the end of the long, slow march toward permanent home ownership and freedom from debt

SUCCESS—A steady, hefty pay check from a secure, comfortable job with the usual trimmings (medical and dental), all leading to a pension and a modest stock portfolio

NERD—A frumpily dressed, socially inept science major, probably more comfortable with equations or electrical circuitry than with other humans BEST SELLER—Visicale

MATURE COMPANY—Any firm no longer on an ultrasteep growth curve nor on the extreme cutting edge of the business. Hearing that their company is mature can be the death knell for young techies who want to hook up with only rising enterprises.

LOOP—The number of people with whom you need to clear an idea in order to bring a project to completion. For high-tech go-getters who want to be close to the action, the size of the loop is a key factor in deciding whether or not to join a given company.

CAMPUS—Corporate facilities, including pools and fitness centers, often designed after the fashion of such venerable Eastern institutions as Sony and Mitsubishi

sabbatical.—The 17-week paid leave given to employees every five years by many people-oriented, paternalistic high-tech companies

RACQUETBALL—When your basic unit of time is a nanosecond, you don't take leisurely strolls around the greensward for business meetings or for exercise.

BMW—You never hear a dataprocessing system referred to as "the Cadillac of computers." Techies prefer understated elegance. Porsche and Mercedes qualify, too.

ZEROING OUT—The manipulation of numerous 30-year mortgages on investment properties so that tax deductions equal income; marks the rapid arrival by affluent techies at complete freedom from Federal-tax debt

success—Making a quick fortune by establishing an equity position in a new company is crucial, but it is only the by-product of the real mark of accomplishment: leaving your mark on the market place, having your name on a company, a computer, even a component—"getting your fingerprints on the murder weapon," as they say.

NERD-A liberal-arts major

Å

destination. There were six of us in the group, including scouts, lockpicks and alarm specialists, all of whom had made this trip many times before. So many times, in fact, that they had named the route we were about to follow "the Green line." When the elevator arrived in the basement, the six of us piled in and rode it to one of the upper floors. A scout checked the hallways before we got off, while another of the hackers went to work defeating an alarm system that was connected to a smaller elevator that we then rode the rest of the way. When the elevator doors opened, we were 20 stories above the campus, in the cool night air, next to the big plastic ball that protects a gaggle of weather equipment. They pointed out campus landmarks, including the dome below us, and after some discussion, decided that while we were out, we probably ought to breach it, too.

We rode the elevators back to the basement, and while we threaded our way through the labyrinthine hallways, I asked how they knew so much about the layout of the buildings.

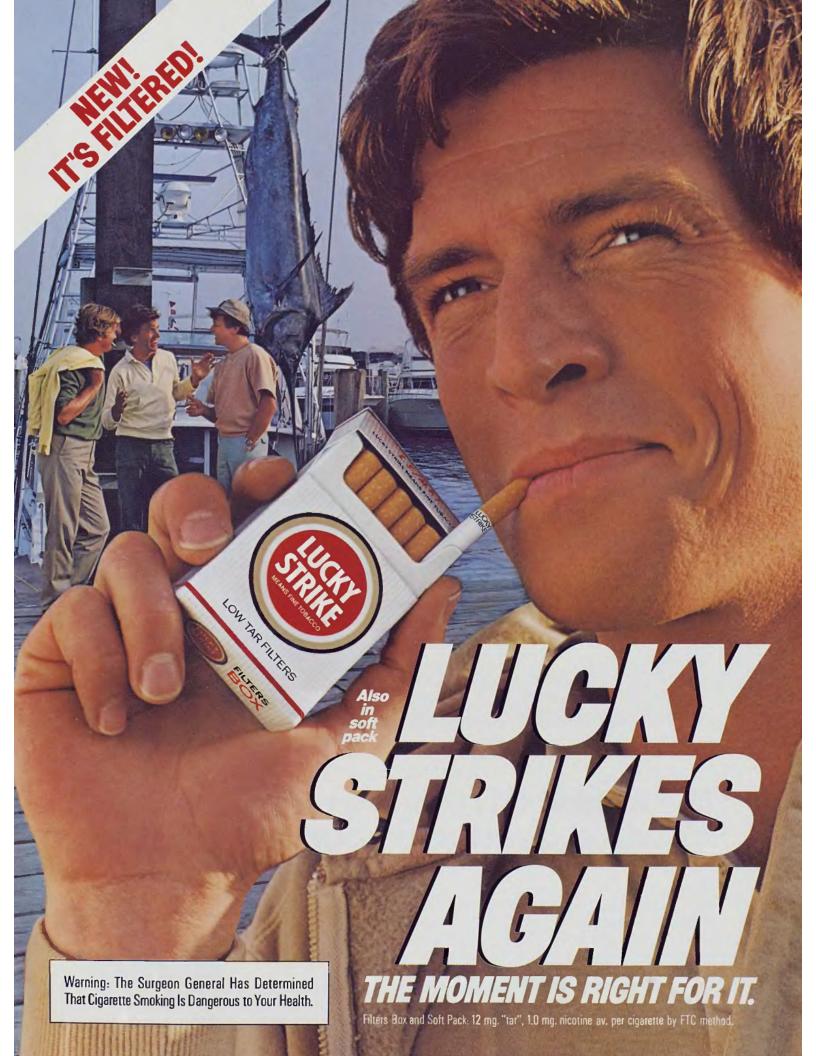
"We have floor plans and technical drawings of every building on campus," one of them said. "Seven million, two hundred twenty-four thousand, three hundred and ten usable square feet, to be precise."

Another elevator got us to the top floor of the dome building, "Highly illegal," said a smiling hacker as he produced a set of lockpicks and undid the big padlock on the steel grating that prevented window access to the roof. A ladder waited on the outside landing of the dome itself and was lifted into place. We scrambled 50 feet up it to the sandstone curve of the dome, and with a little duckwalking, we were on top.

We stayed about ten minutes while the tech commandos laughed and talked among themselves about past hacks and about what they might do this year (a Volkswagen up here, maybe?), and I couldn't help thinking that it was a good thing that they thought of this as a game, because there was no doubt in my mind as I listened to them that if they wanted to, they could make their way into and through the maze of corridors at the Pentagon to put a live pig or a live bomb in the war room.

Because, unlike most of us, these people are not tyrannized by the machines that run our world. In fact, they like them; can fool with them; can do them and undo them; can make them play *The Star-Spangled Banner* or launch a flight of last-chapter warheads.

And I thought that of all the roofs on all the campuses in America right now, this was the cathird seat: with the lights of Boston across the Charles, the lights of Massachusetts off to the west and, beyond that, a whole country full of circuits and chips—all just waiting for these kids to get out and start fiddling with them.





*\$7,990. Mfr's sugg. retail price includes a 12-month unlimited mileage, limited warranty. Transp., tax, license, dealer prep add'l.

"The Rabbit GTI is more than just fast; it's wired directly to your synapsis."

Esquire, April 1983

Is that good? We looked it up to be sure. And learned the synapse is really the core of your central nervous system.

Then it all made sense. Because the VW Rabbit GTI has such razor-sharp reflexes, it responds to your commands almost before you've given them.

The free-reving 1.8 litre engine and

5-speed close-ratio gearbox take you from 0-50 in just 7.2 seconds.

The suspension is taut. The steering quick. For cornering unequalled in a car its size.

And the high performance Rabbit GTI delivers all this precise German engineering and German design at a very sensible price. Precisely \$7,990*.

We figure giving your synapsis a thrill is great. As long as it doesn't give your budget a nervous twitch.

Seatbelts save lives.

Nothing else is a Volkswagen.



GEAR

CUTTING THE CORDS

he portability that everyone who owns a small radio or TV takes for granted has now eased on down the road and cut the power cords of such products as telephones, computers and even video-game joy sticks. (No more tripping over wires as you repel extraterrestrials.) And as the electronics industry continues to streamline its offerings, you can expect to see a proliferation of the cordless trend. Telephones that aren't wired for sound come in loud and clear at greater distances, and there's a new take-it-with-you mentality that lets the owner of, say, a radar detector easily unplug and pocket the unit when he's leaving his car. Uncorded history is being written. Celebrate!



HOT FOOTIN'!

he smashing selection of classic tweed suits and sports jackets that are just hitting the fall market calls for "sensible shoes" (as the British are wont to say). But that doesn't mean that the footwear you team with your tweedy threads has to be clunky-looking. On the contrary, manufacturers have put their best foot forward and have crafted a variety of styles, including such classics as the penny loafer and the saddle shoe, served up with a fresh twist. The new penny loafer we're referring to has a black-buckskin vamp mated with polished leather, and the saddle shoe combines olive suede with brown leather. And the flip

side of this fashion story is that dress and sport socks have finally broken loose from their conservative moorings. Argyle and diamond patterns will be prominent in the fall footwear picture, as will such surprising offerings as a pink-cashmere sock that's combined with a brown-leather kiltie loafer. The same goes for a geometric-pattern sock coupled with an updated saddle shoe and a black-pigskin-and-suede lace-up ankle boot with metal closures teamed with a bright-teal sock. Kick some of these ideas around, Mr. Hot Foot, and the combinations you come up with should have you stepping out lively.

—HOLLIS WAYNE



Above: Two classic footwear styles hang in there and steal the city scene. The shoe at left is a black-calfskin, low-cut penny loafer with a black-buckskin inset vamp, by Vittorio Ricci, about \$185; coupled with an Orlon-acrylic crew sock, by Interwoven, about \$3.25. The other loafer is a look that's equally hot to trot in—it's a lizardskin style with a kiltie and tassel, by Ralph Lauren Footwear, about \$570; you can go for broke and combine it with a cashmere cable-stitched sock, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, about \$85. (You'll have to sock it away for those socks, gang.)

These tony two-tone shoe styles include (near right) a calfskin lace-up look with a contrasting vamp and side detail, from David & Joan by Joan & David, about \$140; worn with a wool sock, by Henry Grethel for Camp Hosiery, about \$6; and (far right) a suede/leather saddle shoe, by Cole-Haan, about \$110; and an Argyle sock, by Marum for Alan Flusser, \$10.50.

Below: Climb aboard the fancy-footwear band wagon with styles that include a black-pigskin-and-suede lace-up ankle boot with metal buckles, by Charles Jourdan, about \$105; plus a cotton boot sock, by Calvin Klein, about \$10; and a classic calfskin lace-up wing tip, by Bostonian, about \$98; and an Argyle wool sock, by Marum for Alan Flusser, about \$10.50.





SHAPING A NEW IMAGE

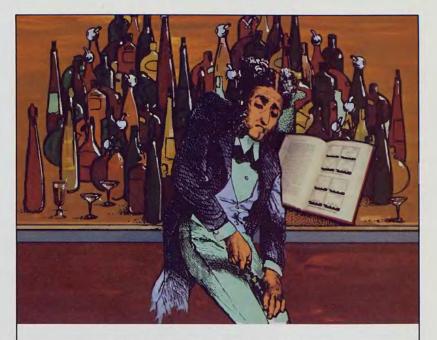
If you're tired of the basic greeting card that just wishes someone HAPPY BIRTHDAY OF GET WELL SOON, try Brazen Images. Its mixed bag of 12 cards for any occasion includes sentiments from IJUST ADORE BIG BALLS! (that goes with the picture below) to IT DOES NOT LOOK LIKE A TACO! and YOU CAN HAVE YOUR CAKE AND EAT ME, TOO! Brazen Images' address is 50 West 86th Street, New York 10024. Pretty racy stuff for \$12 a dozen.



CHEAP SHOTS

For those of you who have gone the route from asking zodiac signs to wearing a NO HERPES button and still come up empty-handed in singles bars, you can now try flashing Rockshots matches. A dirty dozen matchbooks with such subtleties as DON'T KISS ME STUPID on the cover and FUCK ME SILLY inside sell for only \$6.50, postpaid. (Rockshots' address is 51 West 21st Street, New York 10010.) Our favorite: BIRTHDAYS COME JUST ONCE A YEAR/THANK GOD YOU'RE NOT A BIRTHDAY!





POORHOUSE TO POUR HOUSE

Your 30 basic cocktails, pouring techniques and a few jokes are just some of the subjects covered in *Buller's Professional Course in Bartending for Home Study*, by Jon Buller, a guide for fledgling mixologists who want to earn their living dispensing good cheer. The book is available from The Harvard Common Press, 535 Albany Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02118, in two editions—a hardcover for \$13.95 and a softcover for \$9.95. In it, we came upon one cocktail we'd like to make: Shake 3/4 oz. brandy with 3/4 oz. dark crème de cacao and 1 oz. cream; pour and garnish with an Oreo cookie. You've just put the moves on a Tuesday Weld.



RETURN OF THE KING

King Kong may have faded away (where did they bury that big monkey, anyway?), but his name lingers, sort of, in a product called King Tong, an adjustable two-foot-long steel-and-brass fork that's counterbalanced for hands-off fireside or campfire cooking. Murray Kramer of Kramer Creations, P.O. Box 144, Watervliet, Michigan 49098, sells the rotatable Tong for \$37.50, postpaid, claiming that it will hold everything from a fistful of humble hot dogs to two pounds of prime aged beef at just the right angle to the flames. That leaves your hands free to monkey around with a King Kong-sized martini or two-and your date.

WAY TO GO!

Pack up all your summer cares and woes, here you go, back to the groves of academe. But when you get there, you don't have to stash that trunk you've toted in the frat-house basement. Seward Luggage is manufacturing a 31"-high footlocker that turns into a bookcase. Named The Bookcase Locker, it's available for \$60 at most luggage stores. The shelves are just the right depth for issues of PLAYBOY, too.



TOMATO PASTED!

Once the tomatoes take over in Revenge of the Beefsteak Tomatoes, will we ever ketchup? Only the one handling the joy stick knows, and he's too busy building walls against the vicious veggies to talk. Revenge is just one of 20th Century-Fox's latest video games designed to fit the Atari 2600, the Vic 20 and the Atari 400/800 personal computers. If tomatoes aren't your pick, there's also Porky's, based on the movie. The games cost about \$30 each.



TRUCKER CHIC

Calvin Klein, watch your ass! There's a new brand of designer jeans named Long Haul on the market; and it's cut for the kind of guy who isn't exactly built like a male model-the professional truck driver. Long Hauls are made of stretch denim to survive the ups and downs of driving an 18-wheeler, and they have a wider seat and thighs, plus larger pockets. But what makes them authentic is that they're sold in truck stops. (The price is about \$20 a pair.) And if Long Hauls continue to roll, the manufacturer, Jonbil, Inc., is considering constructionworker jeans labeled Hardhat.



THE HOMEWARD WAY IN THE COOL OF DAY STOCKWELL STATION

LONDON POSTERS COMING DOWN

Just after the turn of the century, the London Transport office began commissioning contemporary artists to create charming posters encouraging citizens to ride public transportation. Now the same city agency has plucked 60 vintage posters from its archives and has reproduced them for sale in various sizes and prices. (The one pictured here, by Walter Spradbery, is about 35" x 23" and costs \$24.) For only \$1, the U.S. agent, London Transport Historic Posters, P.O. Box 1896, Murray Hill Station, New York 10156, will send you a sheet depicting all 60 posters available. Jolly good buy!

ADOPT A BIMBO

Aging trendies wishing to get in on the current baby boom without having the inconvenience of feeding, clothing and changing their own little monsters may wish to send away for Baby Bimbo-a poly-filled muslin soft sculpture, about 22" tall, of a crazy kid dressed in a hooded sweat shirt, short pants and shoes. (Since each one is different, you may choose hair color, eye color and name tag. The pants, shoes and socks vary from Bimbo to Bimbo.) Elbow Grease, P.O. Box 25056, Richmond, Virginia 23260, sells the handmade Bimbos for \$38 each. A real kitschy coup.



GRAPEVINE

The Heart of the Matter

What are (from left) CHRISTOPHER GUEST, TRACY HUTCHISON, ROB REINER and JESSICA BADOVINAC doing? Spoofing the rock-'n'-roll life in their movie, Spinal Tap. Directed by Reiner, the film is a comedy about an American band on tour and a film maker who wants to capture its every moment. This is one of our favorite moments: a job interview, so to speak—but not for singing backup.



YEN THINK

HY CALL IT



That's JOHN
COUGAR getting
high the oldfashioned way.
He's been busy
this summer
producing the
Mitch Ryder
album, promoting Prince and
playing the Us
Festival. That
doesn't mean
he made it on
the back of
his guitar player, does it?



Foul Ball

Tennis bon vivant VITAS GERULAITIS has a "What, me worry?" expression these days. His legal problems seem to be a thing of the past, his tennis game is good and he's the most popular guy on the circuit. But can he dance?



A Little Night Music

This cute number is PATTY SMYTH, lead singer of Scandal—not the Patti Smith who was a scandal. This Smyth's group had an album on the charts last spring. More success like that and they can afford real guitars.

No Matter How You Slice It, Meat's Loafing

Bankruptcy can't stop MR. LOAF. He appeared in a video for recording artist Will Powers long enough to see himself on TVand, probably, to consume a snack or two. Then it was on to his own recording studio to finish Midnight at the Lost and Found. The moral is simple: You can make the big guy sit down, but you can't count him out.







"I'd be lost without my soft contacts"

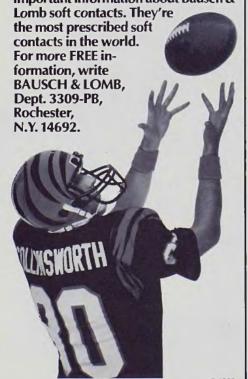
Cris Collinsworth Cincinnati Bengals

"When I'm going out for a pass, I've got to see everything clear as can be." Like a lot of professional athletes, Cris wears Bausch & Lomb soft contact lenses. "I couldn't do it without my Bausch & Lomb contacts." There's no frame to get in the way so Cris can enjoy great vision—a wider field of vision. And he can count on his contacts to stay put even when he takes a hard tackle.

Cris says, "They're so easy to wear, I don't even know I've got 'em on." Fact is, they're so extraordinarily thin, so finely tapered—eye care professionals rank Bausch & Lomb soft contacts number-one for comfort among all leading brands.

Imagine! You can get more enjoyment out of any sport. Play better too because there's no more fogged-up, slipping, sliding glasses to worry about. No more hiding your face behind a shield of glass and frames. You'll even look better.

Find out if you can wear them. Ask your eye care professional for more important information about Bausch &



NEXT MONTH:



THE HILL STREET BLUES GANG—CAST AND CREATOR OF TV'S MOST INNOVATIVE COP SHOW LET US IN ON THEIR LIVES, IN AND OUT OF CHARACTER, IN A FAST-MOVING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

"QUANTRILL AND THE GOLDFISH"—BARTON WAS A POACHER, BUT IT WAS THE LORD OF THE MANOR WHO SNARED HIS QUARRY. A TALE WITH A TWIST—BY REG POTTERTON

"THE LAST GREAT NETWORK OLYMPICS"—WHAT HATH ROONE WROUGHT? HE HAS DONE IT SO WELL THAT 1984'S OLYMPICS MAY BE THE LAST OF THEIR KIND. A REPORT BY RON POWERS

"BRUNETTE AMBITION"—YEAH, WE KNOW WE PROMISED YOU PICTURES OF LORETTA MARTIN, THE GIRL WHOSE PLAYBOY HOPES WERE EXCISED FROM HER HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK, LAST MONTH. THIS TIME, WE MEAN IT. HONEST, GUYS

"FEAR OF INTERFACING: A USER-FRIENDLY COMPUTER PRIM-ER"—FIRST OF A THREE-PART SERIES DESIGNED TO CONVINCE YOU THAT COMPUTERS DON'T BYTE, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PER-SONAL COMPUTER BOOK—PETER MC WILLIAMS

"REDHEADS"—YOU'VE HEARD THE STORIES, DREAMED THE DREAMS. YOUR FANTASIES COME TRUE IN A TEN-PAGE PICTORIAL

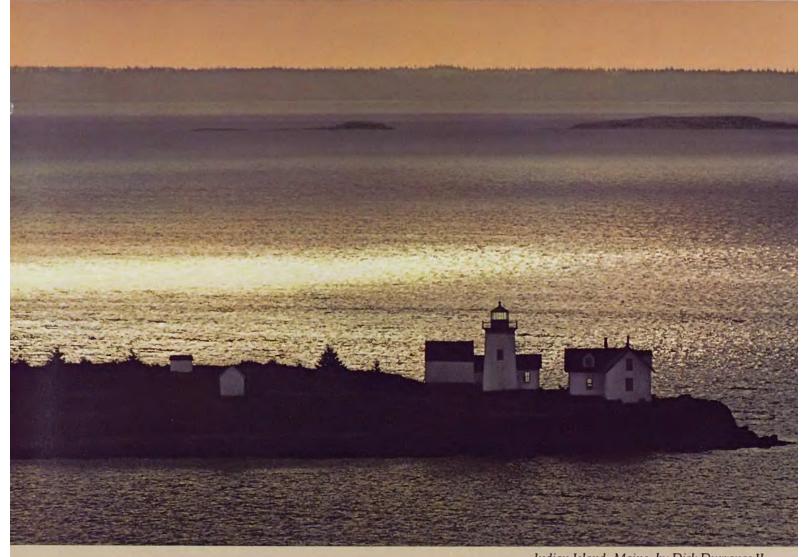
"THE SPREAD IN COLLEGE FOOTBALL"—TO THE DYED-IN-THE-WOOL GAMBLER, A WINNING RECORD ISN'T EVERYTHING. A TEN-YEAR STUDY REVEALS WHAT IS—BY JOHN A. WALSH

"EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO ASK A WOMAN ABOUT SEX"—WE WEREN'T AFRAID TO ASK, BUT YOU'LL BE SURPRISED (AND INVIGORATED) BY THE ANSWERS YOU'LL FIND IN THE PLAYBOY READERS' SEX SURVEY, PART FIVE

JOE PISCOPO TALKS ABOUT HANGIN' OUT WITH S.N.L. BUDDY EDDIE MURPHY AND WHY HE LIKES HOUSEWORK AND LOVES DOING FRANK SINATRA IN A LIVELY "20 QUESTIONS"

"WINNERS"—HIS NEW BOOK ABOUT SPORTS CHAMPIONS OFFERS UNFORGETTABLE IMAGES FROM THE BRUSH OF LE ROY NEIMAN

The Spirit of America



Indian Island, Maine, by Dick Durrance II

Off the craggy coast of Maine, adventurous men still seek the bounty of the sea. And at journey's end, they welcome the sight that means they're safely home again. Home to their families and a glass of America's native whiskey: Kentucky Bourbon. Old Grand-Dad still makes that Bourbon much as we did 100 years ago. It's the spirit of America.

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