

PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR



AUGUST 1979 \$2.00

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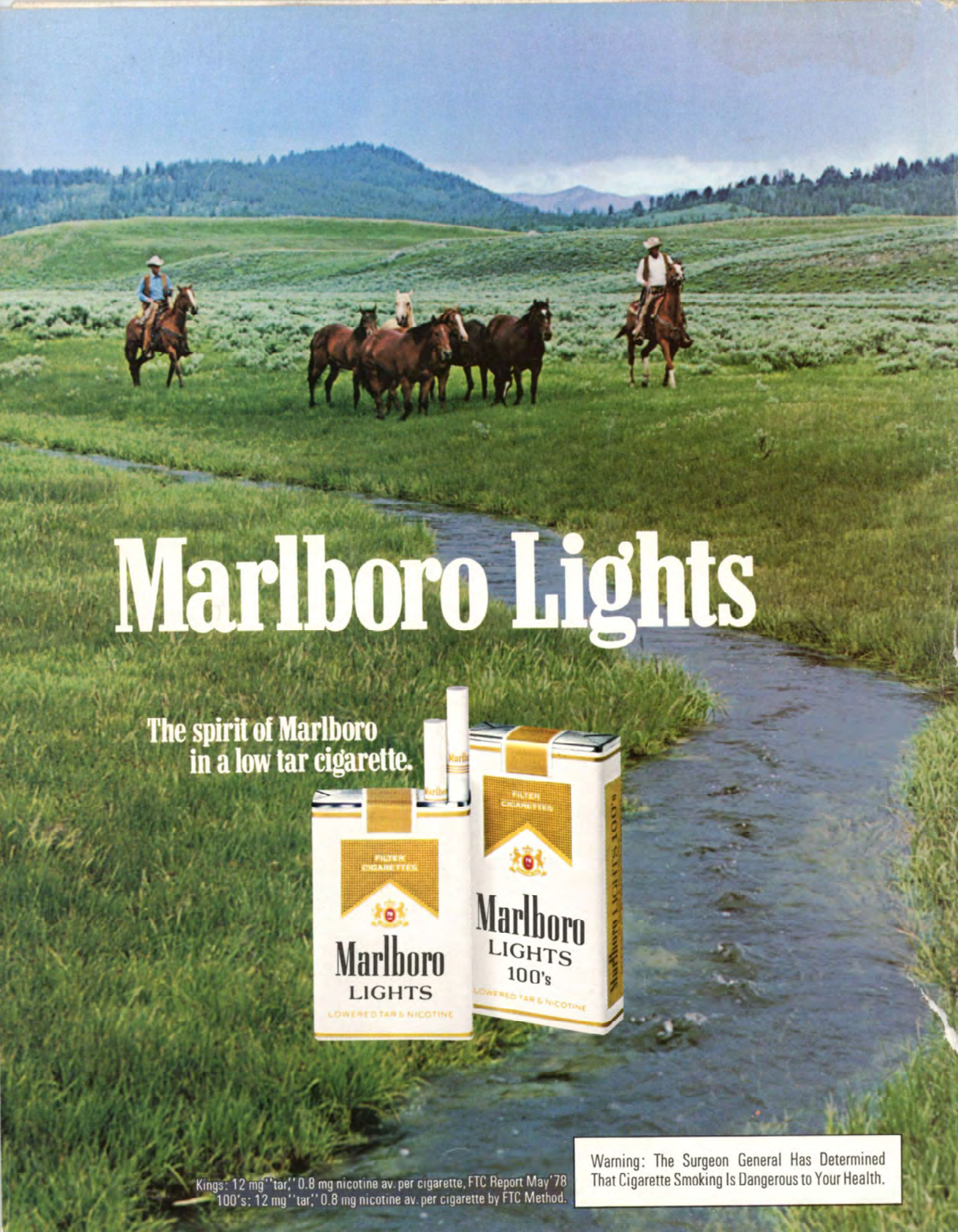
THE AGENT ORANGE
TIME BOMB IS TICKING

INSIDE THE TUBE AT
WAIMEA BEACH

DOUBLE
INTERVIEW:
THE AYATOLLAH
AND YAZDI



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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/August 1979

Worldwide sale: 5,350,000*



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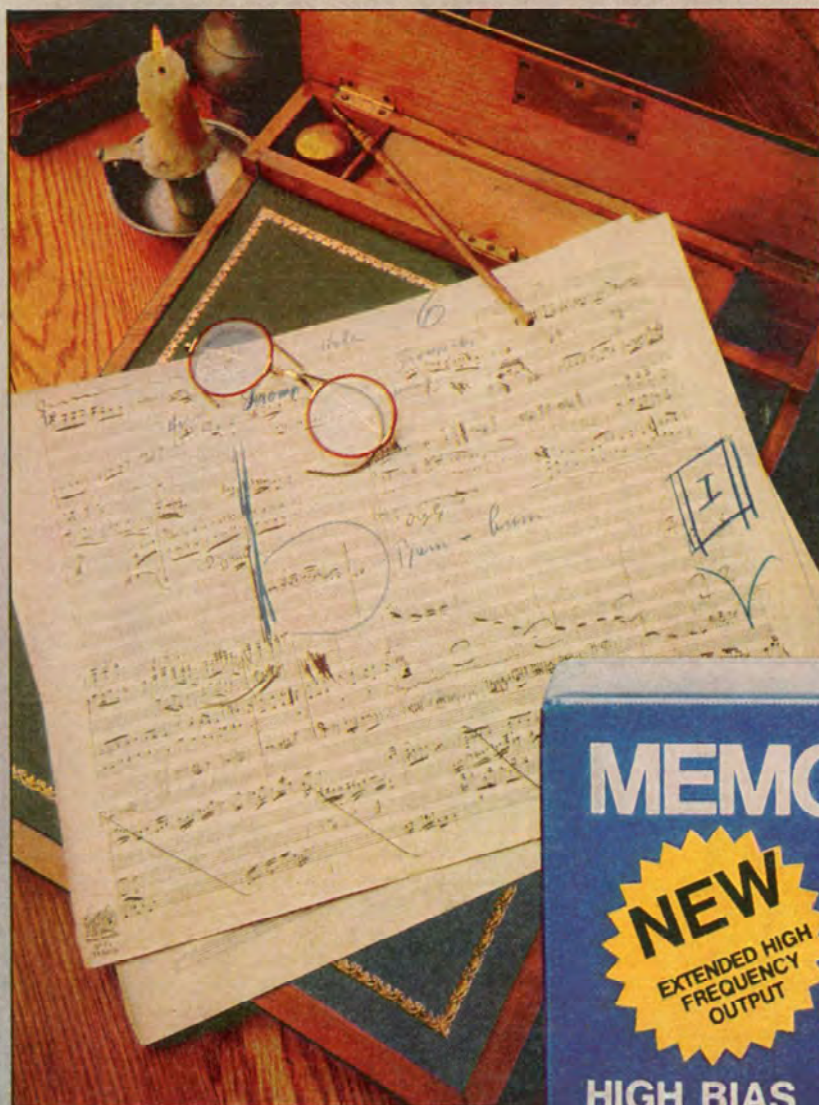
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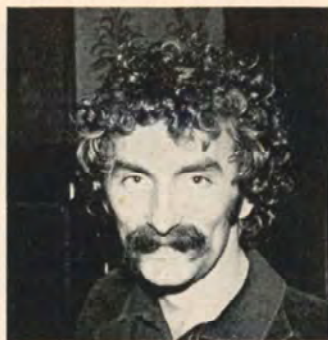
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GREGORY ROSE

HOUSECALL

For years network television has underrated and insulted the intelligence of its viewers. For years they could only switch channels or turn the set off in protest. They had no alternative. This is no longer the case. The bland, bloody, and boring fare served up by the Big Three networks has precipitated a major video revolution. Viewers of the 1980s will be able to choose from video discs, pay television, dozens of cable channels, worldwide satellite stations, two-way talk-back programs, and other innovations that will finally begin to tap the enormous potential of this drastically underachieving medium. In "Breaking the Television Monopoly" (page 52), **David Grunwald**, a free-lance writer with a special interest in television, explains how and why the networks failed and predicts the ways in which they and their many insurgent competitors will cope with the coming video revolution.

Today's victims of terrorism are trying to save their own endangered lives by coping with much bloodier revolutions. The rich and powerful around the world—especially in Latin America—are now sitting ducks for terrorist assassinations and kidnappings; they've learned the hard way that most politicians and governments can hardly be trusted to look out for them. International Security Group, Inc., however, *can*—and does. These San Antonio-based experts offer a comprehensive self-defense course, including the proper use of firearms and "evasive driving" training. They also equip their clients—for a hefty fee—with the newest, most efficient, and most inconspicuous of armored cars, because—they like to point out—most terrorist assaults are directed against cars, including those on President Kennedy and Aldo Moro. Free-lance writer **Craig S. Karpel**, who took I.S.G.'s total self-defense course for *Penthouse*, tells the story in "The Victims of Terrorism Strike Back" (page 70). He "found a group of dedicated professionals ... personally concerned about the people under their protection."

Other forms of violence have delayed—but equally deadly—reactions, as journalist **Marta Tarbell** explains in "The Agent Orange Time Bomb" (page 74). The American troops who were forced to defoliate millions of acres of Vietnamese jungle with Agent Orange weren't told that it contained dioxin, the most toxic man-made substance in existence. As a result, thousands of soldiers have come back from Vietnam only to find out, years later, that Agent Orange can cause birth defects, irrational emotional outbursts, and deadly abdominal cancer. In this horrifying article

Tarbell reveals that once again our government seems to be far more interested in a cover-up than in a cleanup, and that it refuses to take responsibility for this indefensible crime of negligence and deceit. As one veteran, who went into the hospital for the last time, said, "I died in Vietnam and didn't even know it."

Our interview (page 118) this month is with Iran's revolutionary leader, the **Ayatollah Khomeini**, and **Dr. Ibrahim Yazdi**, Iran's minister of foreign affairs and one of Khomeini's most trusted advisers. Yazdi, who is also cochairman of Iran's Revolutionary Committee, is one of Iran's most powerful and controversial figures. In an extensive interview with **Gregory Rose**, Yazdi and Khomeini explain why Iran is cutting back on oil production, how they plan to keep Iran free of U.S. and Soviet influence, and why outsiders like feminist Kate Millett have been expelled from Iran. Rose, who interviewed Jim Jones's son Stephan for *Penthouse* in April, is presently completing a book about the People's Temple for Grosset and Dunlap.

To hear **Joseph Cleary** tell it, playing war can be nearly as harrowing as being in one. In "Apocalypse ... At Last!" (page 78)—written with **John Sack**—Cleary relates his hilarious, nerve-racking adventures in the Philippines while he worked as an extra in Francis Coppola's much-touted Vietnam epic, *Apocalypse Now*. The intrepid Cleary braved floods, angry rivers, mud, mayhem, mosquitoes, and even the advances of a lusty gold-toothed native girl to file with *Penthouse* an account that reads like the unexpurgated diary of a mad GI. Cleary, who calls himself a free-lance writer by choice and a "professional movie extra" by chance, also emerges from the rubble with the kind of behind-the-scenes gossip about Brando, Harvey Keitel, and Coppola that one would never find in *People* magazine.

Harry Minetree takes us behind the scenes of the surfing world this month in "The Last Wave" (page 82), an exciting pictorial report. Surfing, which was once a sport for any kid who could find a board and a beach, has recently become a worldwide championship event. Riding that crest is handsome, blond Shaun Tomson, who has done for wave riding what Arnold Schwarzenegger did for body building. Like Schwarzenegger, he has made himself a star in the process. Minetree, a veteran journalist who is now working on a novel, last wrote for *Penthouse* in January on "The Last Days of Rhodesia."

When you're ready for waves of laughter, turn to "Mommy Bitch, Part III" (page 122), by humorist **Tom Eyen**. In this final episode Anonymous Joy proves that things can, indeed, go from bad to worse—and from funny to funnier.

And for proof positive that things can also go from good to better, our luscious August Pets will improve your mood and perk up your wilting spirits. You'll find them as delectable as ice cream and—we admit—equally habit-forming! 

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PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965
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(U.S. edition)

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AUGUST

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

A quiet evening at home

I am a twenty-two-year-old married college student who looks forward to the new issue of *Penthouse* every month, because it helps take my mind off the pressures at school. My wife also enjoys your entire magazine, and she especially enjoys the "Forum," which we usually read together. Karen and I have a fantastic sex life and keep each other completely satisfied. She is a beautiful twenty-one-year-old, with long, blonde hair and a gorgeous 37-24-36 body. Her best assets are her large breasts, which are the most beautiful I have ever set my eyes on. She loves sex and will do anything to please me when we're in bed, and I will do the same for her. Up until now, we have had sex only with one another. A few weeks ago this changed for both of us.

Karen and I were just sitting in our apartment on Saturday night with no plans. She was lying on the sofa, reading while I put the stereo on, made us a couple of drinks, and sat down to relax. A short time later a knock at the door got me up, and I opened the door to greet Karen's friend, Lynne. She said that she had nothing to do that night and had stopped in to see what we were up to. Karen informed Lynne that we had just planned a quiet evening at home and that she was welcome to join us. Lynne accepted. I got her a drink, and we all sat down to talk and relax as the music of Clapton, Springsteen, and the Allman Brothers filled the room.

Lynne is probably the sexiest girl friend Karen has. She has long, auburn hair that cascades over the upper portion of her tall, slender body. She has small but very firm-looking tits, which she never confines to a bra. She also has one of the nicest asses I've ever seen on a woman. I've fantasized many times about trying to seduce this beautiful sexpot. Needless to say, I was starting to get pretty horny with these two foxy women sitting across from me. After a few rounds of drinks, I rolled a couple of joints, and pretty soon we were all flying high.

Lynne mentioned that she was getting warm and wondered whether we could open a window. Karen said that she preferred not to let the cold night air in. She suggested that Lynne should take her top off if she was warm. This really shocked me, because Karen sometimes gets upset if I even look at other women too much. Lynne didn't seem shocked at all at Karen's suggestion, and a very sexy, eager look came over her face as she stood up and slowly peeled off her clinging blouse. Her

tits were firm indeed, and they stood right up while she walked over to turn up the stereo. I couldn't keep my eyes off this beautiful creature as she strolled over to my chair. Her swollen nipples looked like small chocolate kisses, erect with excitement. She stood next to me and slowly pulled off her jeans and panties. She sat on the arm of my chair and said, "Now I feel much better," as she stretched and ran her hands all over her silken body. I glanced at Karen and saw that she, too, was totally mesmerized by Lynne's goddesslike nude body.

Lynne turned to me and asked me whether I thought her boobs were too small. I replied that I thought they were absolutely perfect for her body. She smiled sexily as she gently pulled my head toward her and guided my nervous lips to her juicy breasts. By now my cock was harder than ever before, and I slid my hand to her soft pussy, which was soaked with her sweet-smelling juices. I was afraid of what Karen might do, but when I looked up, she was standing right next to me, peeling off her clothes!

My attentions quickly returned to Lynne as she started stroking my hard prick through my jeans. Karen was now magnificently naked, sitting on the other side of me. She took my free hand and guided it to her drenched, swollen pussy while she massaged her gorgeous tits right in front of my face. Lynne said that it wasn't fair that I was keeping my clothes on; so they stood me up and stripped me down slowly. Lynne sat me down in the chair again and turned around to look at Karen, who was now on the carpet in front of us, her long legs spread wide open and her fingers stroking her cunt. Lynne, still facing away from me, said, "Sit on the edge of the chair and spread your legs apart." I did as she ordered, and she reached behind her, grabbed my cock, and, slowly lowering herself, worked it into her hot, soaked pussy. Now I was finally fucking this extremely tight slit that I've only dreamed about before, while my hands were busy on her perky little tits.

Moving on my stiff rod with professional expertise, Lynne was now looking at and talking to Karen, who was gently fingering her moist snatch with one hand and kneading her boobs with the other. "I've wanted to fuck your husband for a long time," Lynne told her, "and now I'm doing it right in front of your eyes. He's hung just like I imagined, long and thick, and I'm going to fuck him as long and as hard as I want!" This statement made Karen finger her pussy furiously and

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Obviously, all that went into Pioneer's CT-F950

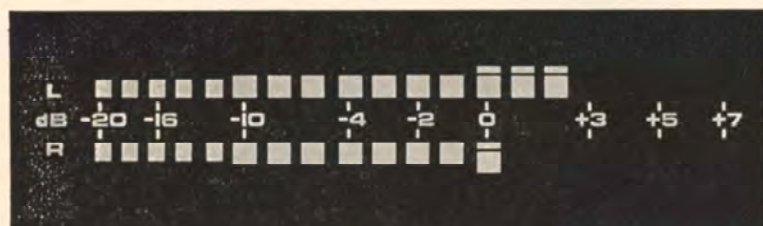
sounds impressive. But it's not half as impressive as what comes out of it.

So we suggest you go to your Pioneer dealer and listen to it. You'll hear what's really made the CT-F950 an instant success.

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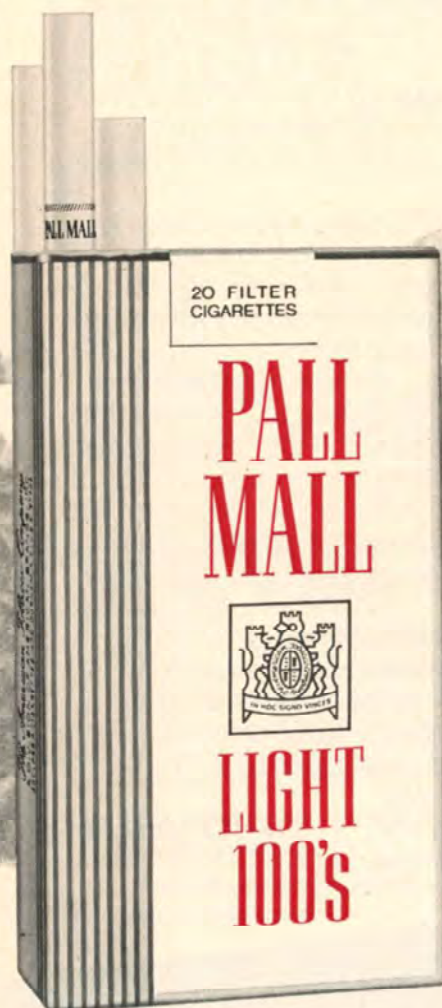
METAL TAPE CAPABILITY FOR HIGHER HIGH FIDELITY.

But it's our third head that keeps us further ahead of the competition. This new Alflex/ferrite erase head permits the CT-F950 to accept one of today's great audio advancements. Metal tape. Though its technology is incredibly complicated, its benefit is incredibly simple. More



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groan with pleasure. I was trying desperately to keep Lynne's hot cunt from milking my swollen dick too fast as I positioned myself to watch Karen play with herself on the thick carpet. I noticed that her eyes were fixed on my cock gliding in and out of Lynne's pussy. I felt Lynne's hand on my cock and saw that she was covering her hand with her own juices. She offered her hand to Karen, who eagerly lifted her head and licked Lynne's fingers clean.

This gesture drove Lynne crazy, and she told me to keep my prick buried inside her and to stay right with her. She was soon on her hands and knees while her pussy still gripped me deep inside her. She then slowly lowered her head between Karen's long, slender legs and began licking and sucking the sweet pussy that only I have tongued before. Karen soared into outer space, and she moaned, "Oh, please, Lynne, eat my hot pussy! I want your soft, sweet tongue inside me so bad! Don't ever stop! Lick my clit and drink my juices!" This in turn drove Lynne and me crazy as we all started bucking, gyrating, and moaning with pleasure. Karen came several times, as did Lynne. Finally, I couldn't hold back any longer and spilled my hot, creamy load deep inside Lynne's pussy.

We collapsed into each other's arms and lay so entangled for what seemed like hours. Karen broke the silence when she looked at me and said she had always wanted to eat a pussy while she was being fucked. Lynne and I didn't have to be asked twice, and in moments I was easing Karen on her back and was sliding my hard prick into her moist slit. Lynne moved over to straddle Karen's face and slowly lowered her pussy to Karen's anxious mouth. I was fucking Karen gently as I propped myself up on my arms so that I could nibble Lynne's tender tits. Karen soon had Lynne coming all over her face, and Karen and I came together shortly after that.

We retired to the bedroom, where it was my turn to be on my back while Lynne rested her steaming pussy on my mouth and Karen mounted my now sore, but hard, cock. I licked and sucked Lynne's delicious pussy while Karen and she played with each other's boobs. Karen was humping me wildly; so it didn't take me long to shoot my load, because Lynne's wet slit and what they were doing to each other were driving me nuts. Neither of them had gotten off yet; so they started pleasing each other. They grabbed, bit, and sucked each other's tits until they looked red and sore. They fingered each other furiously as each started to claim that she could get the other one to come first. This declaration sent them into a sixty-nine position, and they went at each other with renewed vigor. Karen soon had Lynne coming all over her face, and she exploded into Lynne's mouth shortly after. They just lay on the bed next to me, drenched in each other's juices, exhausted.

Lynne slept with us that night, and the next morning we started right in where we had left off. Karen later told me that it was

the best sex that she had ever, and she felt sensations in her body that she had never imagined possible. Our sex together now is better than ever. We fuck as often as possible and with more intensity than ever before. Lynne has invited us over to her place next weekend, and Karen and I can't wait. We've been walking around the apartment naked all week, telling each other what we are going to do to one another and to Lynne. So the next time you're planning just a quiet evening at home, don't be surprised at the outcome. —Name and address withheld

Herculean task

I would like to thank you and those whose letters have appeared for giving me the courage to live out a fantasy I had had since I was a young girl.

Just as I was reaching puberty, I went to a double-feature movie with some girl friends. The second feature was about Hercules. One scene has remained in my mind for years. The mythical muscleman was to be torn limb from limb by two teams of wild horses chained to his wrists. Also chained was a very well built and scantily clad slave girl. The sight of that stud sweating, grunting, and flexing while the slave girl looked up at every bulging muscle made my young juices flow. When Hercules ripped the chains apart with his bare hands, I had my first orgasm. Ever since then I have wanted to make it with my own Hercules.

A few weeks ago I got my chance. It was a warm day, and my air conditioner had broken down. I called for a repairman. While I was waiting, I sunned myself on the balcony, wearing a tiny red string bikini. There was a knock on the door. I opened to find this gorgeous stud who said that he had come to repair my air conditioner. He had to be at least six-foot-three. His T-shirt clung to his body like a second skin. His muscles made my fantasy Hercules look like a runt. I admired his body, and he admired my 38C-23-35 body. He told me he had been into weight lifting and body building for about eight years. I told him about my fantasy and asked whether he'd display his muscles for me. He gladly agreed, saying that he enjoyed showing off his body to someone who digs muscles.

He stripped down to his tiny undershorts. Every muscle was beautifully developed and bulged even before he flexed. I asked him to pose for me, and this beautiful god began to flex. I lay on the floor beneath him as he went from one pose to another.

I could control myself no longer. I said, "There's one muscle I haven't seen." I pulled off his shorts to find a massive, circumcised cock. I told him to keep flexing while I sucked him off. I ran my hands over the bulging muscles in his legs, stomach, and the hardest buns I'd ever felt! I stood up and began feeling the rest of his body. I couldn't believe the size of his muscles. He told me that his arms measured nineteen inches, his chest forty-nine inches, and his waist thirty-one inches. Every part of him

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was hard as iron, especially the bursting organ in my hand. Suddenly, he ripped off my bikini and fucked me harder than I've ever been fucked before.

I had made it with Hercules! Since that time I have watched him work out, and we always end his sessions with a superfuck! If you've never made it with a body-builder, try it! You'll be hooked.—Name and address withheld

Pier grouping

I am writing to you because I have just had my first sexual experience, and it has changed my life. I am an eighteen-year-old boy, five feet nine inches tall, and three days ago my seven-inch-long penis had been touched only by my own two hands.

It all started as I was doing my normal job down at our local pier. Usually, I start my morning by washing down private boats. I walked down to a large, forty-foot schooner, soaped up my sponges, and started to wash down the sides. About halfway through I looked up, and to my astonishment I saw a beautiful blonde sunbathing topless on the deck. Her breasts were glistening in the sun, and she must have caught me staring, because she sat bolt upright, her tits swinging from side to side. My penis was hard against my pants. At first she seemed shocked, but then she smiled. She lifted up a finger and beckoned to me.

I immediately put down my buckets and started to walk toward her, my pants about to burst. I asked her what she wanted, and she pointed to my bulging pants. I asked her why. At first she seemed taken aback, but she just smiled and said that she was a doctor and wanted to find out what was causing that nasty lump in my pants. I almost fainted, but I mustered enough strength to unbutton my pants. I slid them gingerly down to my ankles and just stood there in my underpants, the tip of my penis peeking through the cloth. She ripped down my underpants and thrust her mouth over my aching prick. Sensations unlike anything I had ever felt before were taking over my mind. All of a sudden I felt a liquid surge through my penis and fly into her mouth. She swallowed it all and then took her pretty face away from my sweating body.

She stood up and peeled her bikini bottoms off and threw them off the side of the boat. This was the first time I had ever seen a woman totally nude. I almost choked with excitement. She guided my face to her vagina and told me to lick her clitoris. I had seen pictures of clits in your magazine, but I had no idea how to proceed. I asked her, and she told me to lick, suck, and nibble gently. I did so, and in a few minutes there were wild shudders all through her body, and her fluids started to drain into my mouth. She stood up, her legs quivering, and she planted a large kiss on my moist lips.

Next, she grabbed my penis and led me over to her deck chaise, and we lay down. She kneeled over me, spread her legs, and

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drove her quivering pussy onto my penis. The feeling of being inside her vagina was so strong that my whole body felt as though it were part of hers. Soon the sensations were so strong and so wild that my entire insides flexed inwards and then exploded. The liquid shot out so strongly that my penis felt as if it no longer belonged to my body. My nameless lady screamed and thrust her body flat down on top of mine, her breasts flattened against my chest and her pubic hair enmeshing my own. We lay still for a few minutes, our scents mixed together in a powerful odor.

Then she got up and told me that I had to leave. My body resisted, but my brain obeyed. I gathered my clothes and left, hearing her say that I should not bother to finish cleaning the boat. By now it was well past two in the afternoon, and I had a lot of work to finish. The rest of the day I thought constantly about her, and I could not wait for the following day to see whether she would still be there. I went home that day three hours late and went right to bed.

The next day I hurried down to the dock to find my mystery lady. To my dismay, both she and the boat were gone. I left the site of my first sexual experience, but I shall never forget that beautiful day.—*Name and address withheld*

Party girl

One night I decided to go to a party, although I wasn't really very much interested

in it. Because there was nothing better to do, I went. Little did I know how much fun this party would be.

Deciding to make the most of a bad situation, I dressed to kill. My tight jeans accentuated my long legs and tight behind, and my blouse was opened enough to reveal my firm tits. I felt as good as I looked.

When I arrived at the party someone handed me a long joint, and soon I had a good buzz going. After a while I spotted two very good looking guys sitting in the corner. I introduced myself and asked whether they would mind if I joined them. Ben and Jim didn't mind, and after we had checked one another out, we all decided to get some fresh air outside. I could feel my pussy getting wet. I was feeling pretty horny, and visions of penises were racing through my mind. Suddenly, their hands were all over me as they sandwiched me between them. Then they asked if I would like to leave the party and go someplace where it was much hotter. I couldn't refuse.

So we left, and soon we arrived at their apartment. What ensued was one of the most furious fuck sessions I'd ever been in. Everything was perfect so far: the men, the mood, and the music. Who could ask for more?

Stripping for them was a pleasure. You should have seen the lust in their eyes when my blouse fell away and I slid out of my jeans. In no time at all they were all over me. I love giving head, especially when the

prick is a big one, and when Jim's cock grew hard, I knew that he was enjoying it as much as my mouth was.

While I was feasting on the best part of Jim, Ben was down on me. His tongue felt as if it were going fifty miles an hour. He was sucking on my clit and fingering me as if he hadn't had pussy in a long time. I wanted Ben's cock in my mouth, too. I sucked on his rod with such ease that it made me think this was one of the purposes for which a mouth is made.

There was never a lull in the action. Jim spread my legs and fingered me expertly. "If this isn't heaven," I wondered, "what is?" I asked too soon, because what happened next was even more delightful. They turned me on my side, and Ben wet my behind with my pussy juice and slid his finger in. That sent a tingle through my whole body. Jim then rammed his hard dick into my pussy, and without losing a beat, Ben entered my ass. In and out, in and out, in and out—this is the rhythm of life. Oh, it felt so good! The only thing I could do was to come and come and come. But let me give credit where it is due. They had the stamina of well-hung fuck machines.

Many more times that night, similar animalistic sex sessions went on. I rode them; they banged and fucked me. It was certainly one of the best nights I'd ever had. There's a lot to be said for unadulterated lust. That cock-mad girl in *Goodbar* wasn't so crazy after all. What a way to go!—*Name and address withheld*

Bus stop

I am eighteen years old and in the U.S.A.F. and would like to share with you an experience that I had a few years ago.

It was summertime, and I was visiting some friends in California. One evening I decided to see Led Zeppelin's "The Song Remains the Same" at a local movie theater. I had no car and had to take a bus. While I was waiting at the bus stop, a woman, about twenty-two years old, asked me what town she was in. It was apparent that she was high. As my eyes gazed upon her luscious body, my prick enlarged. She was about five-foot-three and weighed about 110 pounds. Her tits were very prominent. She wore no bra, and her jeans revealed a moist and juicy crack.

As we talked, she indicated she came from Minnesota and was visiting here for the first time. When the bus finally arrived, I asked her if she wanted to go to the movie with me. She accepted eagerly. After we got seated in the back of the bus, she put her hand on my leg and slowly started to massage it. She leered at me and stated, "I love guys from California. They usually have big, circumcised dicks." About then I felt her hand on my cock. It was only fair that I start stroking her cunt through her jeans. Her twat was hotter than fire and wetter than the Pacific Ocean.

The bus finally stopped at our destination, but we had some time before the movie started. We spotted a Taco Bell and decided to have sex in the rest room. It was



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in the back of the building, and we knew we wouldn't be disturbed.

As soon as we entered, she kissed me. She wanted to make a game of taking off our clothes. I slowly started to remove her blouse so that I could see those creamy white breasts. I sucked her nipples while I undid her pants. Her aroma was enough to make me go crazy.

When I finally got her pants off, I saw that her bikini panties were emblazoned with the words "made especially for you." I quickly disposed of those panties. It was now her turn to undress me. Ever so slowly she took off my shoes and socks and then my shirt. But when she took off my Levi's, her eyes almost popped out. She literally ripped my underpants off and, beholding my seven-and-one-half-inch dick, said, "A true California cock." Immediately, her mouth went to work, sucking and licking my throbbing cock. Soon my semen jetted out into her mouth.

Then she lay on the ground and spread those lovely legs of hers. I nearly fainted at the sight of her clit. I buried my face in her cunt, sucking her clit as if it were a strand of spaghetti. As her come drenched my face, I rubbed my nose in her tight cunt. She was moaning and groaning in ecstasy. Finally, after forty minutes of ecstatic fucking, we decided to get dressed and go to the movie.

Before we went in, we smoked five joints of Colombian Gold, and all through the film

she jacked me off and I did the same to her. I guess it was Robert Plant's moaning that kept her horny. As she said good-bye, she reached in her purse and handed me her panties and said, "made especially for you!"—*Name and address withheld*

Command performance

I wanted to share with *Penthouse* readers an experience that happened just recently.

My husband, Ed, and I were just recently married. So we are very much into sex and sexual adventures. This particular adventure started when I got horny from reading *Penthouse* one day. I wrote Ed a very sexy letter. In it I said that he was entitled to one super blowjob, and that I would give it to him any time he wanted it. Next I told him to read a certain "Forum" letter, which sounded just like something we had tried. Just the thought of it made me very horny. I then instructed him to read another "Forum" letter. It dwelt on spanking and discipline. If I misbehaved or acted childish, he was to spank me. I would be his obedient bitch and sex slave. He really liked the idea. I got so horny just from watching him read my letter and seeing his reaction that my love juices began to flow like a river.

He knew that I was hot and wanted to make love to him; so he grabbed me by the hair and pulled me close to him. He called me "bitch" and told me that I was to call him "King Edward." Also, I was to do everything

he said, or else I'd get a spanking. What he said made my pussy swell even more.

It so happened that we had to visit his parents, which is about a thirty-minute drive from here. When we got into the car, he ordered me to sit close to him and to play with his dick. While I was doing this, he talked about how we were going to make love and what it was going to be like. He was driving me crazy, and he knew it. He was going to make me wait and was going to make me earn a fucking.

Well, we didn't stay long at his parents' house. He was growing hornier by the minute. On the way home he commanded me to suck his dick. But first he insisted that I help him pull off his shoes and pants. He was driving down the road with nothing on from the waist down. Finally, I got down on the floorboards and started sucking him. I was so hungry for his dick that I could have eaten it! I deep-throated him, because I knew that would please my king. Meanwhile, he was finger-fucking my butt with his free hand. I thought that I would explode. I knew that he was about to come, and we somehow managed to come together. His come tasted so sweet that I got every drop.

When we arrived home, we went straight to the bedroom. He called me "bitch" and slapped me on the behind. Then he commanded me to turn on the stereo and the yellow light and told me to undress him. I was enjoying being told what to do; so I obeyed.

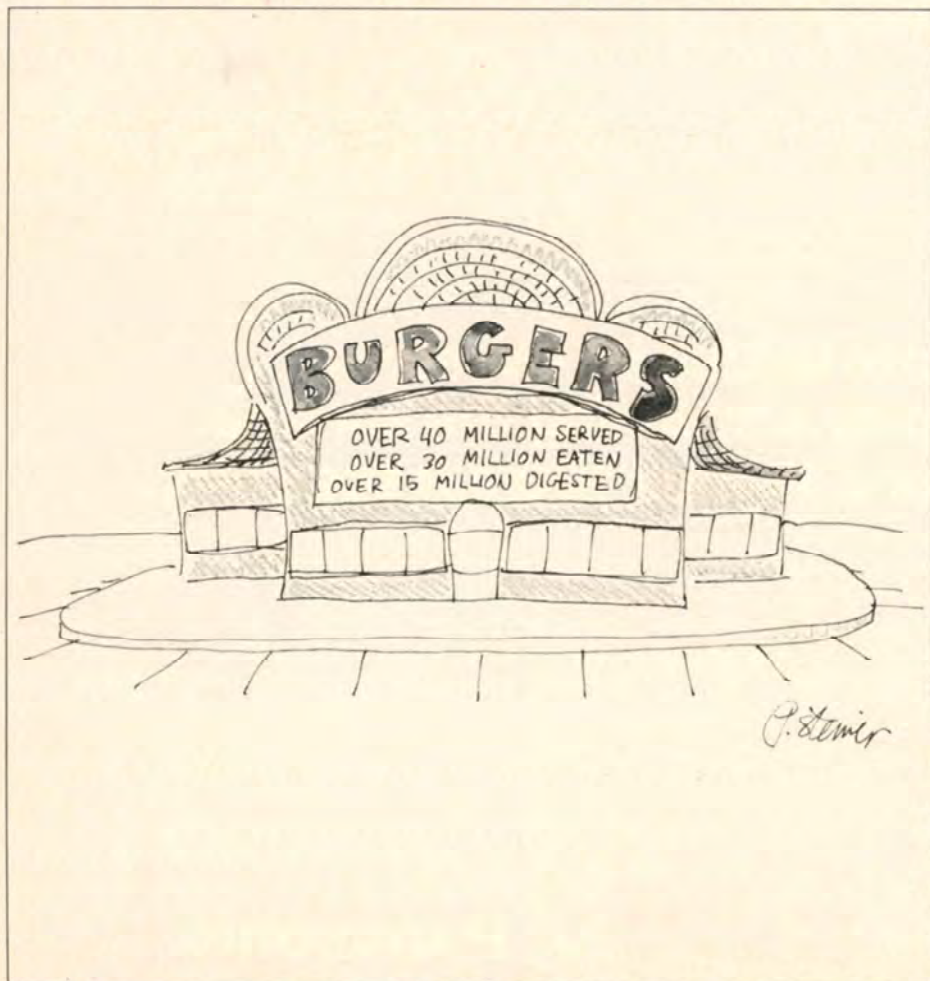
His dick was begging for release. It was hard, and I was very wet. He told me to strip and then to suck his dick. He told me that if I didn't suck it well enough, he would give me a spanking.

Apparently, I didn't suck it properly; so he made me lie on my stomach on the bed, and he spanked me with his hand. The pain was just enough to make me come. "King Edward, I promise to do better," I yelled, and he stopped. I sucked his dick as I never had before. His moans made me come even more.

Then he commanded me to stop and to lick his behind. I flicked my tongue around it and then jabbed my tongue up it. His moans got even louder. I didn't think I could stand much more.

He next commanded me to lie on my back and finger-fuck myself, and he became so aroused watching that he began to eat me out. We did a sixty-nine, with him on top. It was fantastic.

Finally, he got off me, rolled me over, and spanked me. Then he commanded me to put his dick in my butt. So I sat down on him until he was very deep inside me. My whole body felt as if it were exploding. His body was trembling so much that I thought he was about to come, but he slapped my ass and told me to ride him hard and fast. I rode him as hard as I could and kept having orgasm after orgasm. After I came again, we took a little break. But then we continued fucking through the night. Believe me, we slept late the next morning!—*Name and address withheld*





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Gay blade

I never thought I'd ever have reason to write to you, but now I must tell a story I think your readers would be interested in.

I met a man last year at the same place where I worked, and we soon became roommates. Duane is a very good-looking, muscular man who has no trouble attracting the opposite sex, and even I found myself admiring his physique more than once. Duane and I became very good friends, but my place was too small for two people, and so he moved into a vacant apartment next door.

After a couple of months Duane frequently brought up the subject of gay sex, but I never gave it much thought since he is a real ladies' man and I was involved with a woman of my own at the time.

One night, Duane, his date, and I all went to a company party at a condominium clubhouse. Well, we had been smoking some good Colombian before the party and got pretty drunk during it; so we all decided to take a quick trip down to the sauna.

By this time, I had developed a bulge that was hard to conceal. Since we were the only ones in there, I slipped my swim shorts off and began to beat off my nine-inch dick in front of the shocked couple. I came like a volcano and slipped the shorts back on. Nothing more was said.

Over a period of a week I began to masturbate more and more in front of Duane,

who would just watch. Having someone other than a female watching my shaft get hard and then seeing my come spill all over was a super turn-on for me, but it must have been frustrating for him.

Then one night Duane knocked on my door, walked in, and pushed me back onto my bed. He began to tear off my shirt and pants in a frenzy. I pretended to put up a fight but finally gave in when I saw the perpendicular prize I was about to be given. He had removed his shirt and pants to reveal a hard, seven-inch dick, circumcised like my own, and the most beautiful round ass I had ever seen. He ripped off my shorts, and my own hard-on sprang to life. He grabbed the base and began to lick and suck the head of my huge dick.

I felt sensations I never knew existed. Then he took my balls into his mouth, while dipping his hand into a jar of Vaseline. Next he slowly began to jerk me off while allowing my hands to roam over his beautiful buttocks. I grabbed two handfuls and pulled him closer to me. By this time, we were both so enflamed with passion that our moans filled the room. Duane pulled on my dickhead faster and faster while I parted my thighs for him. Meanwhile, I was in a wonderland of lust, feeling his sexy body, hard dick, and round, globular buttocks. Finally, he let out a low moan and said, "I'm going to pump out my thick goo on you." He came like a gusher. At the same time, I felt my own jism rising through my

dick, raised my ass off the bed, and shot my wad onto his hard stomach.

Since then we have savored each other's bodies like fine wine, and even though we both love to screw women, this is a nice change. I have not even begun to plumb the mysteries of his incredible body. His penis has become the lodestar of my life.—Name and address withheld

Dream lovers

One night, several months ago, something happened that I still can't believe. Charlie, my lover and apartment mate, called me at work to say that he and Ned, his best friend, were going downtown to hear some music. I told him to have a good time and said that I would see him at home later.

I got home about ten o'clock, opened a bottle of wine, stripped to my panties, and got into bed. I thumbed through several *Penthouses* and got excited looking at a picture of two men paying homage to a beautiful, full-bodied woman. My breasts tingled with excitement, and my hand slowly caressed my body as I looked at the pictures. Soon I began imagining Charlie and Ned doing those things to me.

I got up and put on my sexiest silk and lace panties and a thin, see-through tank top. Standing in front of the mirror, seeing my erect nipples, I was turned on even more. I returned to bed, drank several more glasses of wine, and thought about being "serviced" by two studs. At about midnight I heard Ned's car drive up. I put the magazine away and lay back, ready, as they say, for my quota of cock.

My heart quickened as I heard them both come in the front door and into our studio apartment. I greeted them, and they admitted sheepishly that they had had a few drinks and had wandered into a peep show. I said that I didn't mind and sat up in bed, talking with them. I could feel their eyes on me. The down comforter pretty much covered me, but every time I reached for my wine or a cigarette, I let the cover fall enough to expose my torso. I could literally feel the sexual energy growing in the room. I was a little worried that Charlie would think I was flirting with Ned, but it soon became apparent that they were both enjoying the show. Charlie went to the bathroom, and I stretched across the bed to put out a cigarette, exposing my full breasts and nipples, which were very erect and barely covered by the flimsy material.

When Charlie returned, he took off his shoes and climbed into bed with me. We pulled the comforter around us and almost immediately his hands engulfed my breasts. What a delicious feeling it was to be caressed secretly while I was talking with another man! Then Charlie's left hand moved down my flat stomach to the warm, moist silk covering of my very excited pussy. He slowly, hesitantly, caressed my crotch. I think that he was nervous about doing this with Ned there, but instead of tightening up, I spread my legs and opened my warmth to him even more.

In a few minutes his hand was doing a



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number on my clit. Keeping a reasonable conversation going and preventing my hips from undulating was becoming difficult. It was about this time that we all realized we were on the same groove. Ned's hand moved up his slacks to the now obvious erection blossoming down the side of his pants. This sight really turned me on, and as we talked, Charlie let the comforter fall to our waists. Almost at once, he slipped off the strap of my left shoulder, exposing my breast. As he cupped and caressed it, the conversation came to a halt. Ned's hand was now gently rubbing his bulge. I was breathing hard, and Charlie unbuttoned his Levi's. Suddenly, I felt his totally erect penis running up the small of my back, warm against my skin.

Then my fantasy went into high gear. Charlie suggested to Ned that he would be more comfortable in bed with us. He peeled off his clothes, and out sprang a short, thick cock with a prominent foreskin. Charlie was also naked. As Ned got into bed, I removed my tank top. We all lay down in a beautiful lover's sandwich. I rolled toward Ned, and our mouths met in a hot French kiss. Ned's hands went for my swollen breasts, and I reached for his cock, playing with the prepuce. Charlie's hands were soon on my ass, and he put his fingers on the elastic and peeled my panties down to the bottom of my ass. A shiver went through me as his cock slid between my legs, the circumcised head neatly moving

back and forth over my excited clit. We moved in unison, Ned and I kissing, while I stroked both cocks, overcoming any remaining reservations I might have had. I wanted their cocks so badly that not even a tornado would have made me budge from bed.

I rolled on my back and turned and swallowed as much of Charlie's thick rod as I could. Ned moved lower, slipping my panties the rest of the way off. Immediately, his tongue was darting into my cunt and around my throbbing clitoris. Charlie's succulent love stick probed my mouth and throat. I took him deep, to the hilt, into my throat and then sucked the glistening head. Ned's tongue brought me a tingling climax.

Charlie pulled his cock down from my drooling mouth and moved to my side, stroking his shaft and rubbing the head of my erect nipple. Ned moved up to the other side and directed his dripping cock to my right nipple. Lying there and watching these two beautiful men facing each other and servicing their erect cocks on my tits sent me into another orgasm. My hand shot between my legs, and I brought myself off again and again. Charlie was now kissing my left breast, kissing, licking, and sucking. Ned continued to place his cock against my right breast.

As I jerked in yet another orgasm, Ned's penis moved across my chest and into Charlie's mouth. I lay in absolute fascina-

tion and total excitement, watching Charlie giving his best friend head. I moaned for them to fuck me. My legs were now wide apart. My pussy had to have some cock. Ned and Charlie separated, and Ned straddled me, thrusting his swollen cock deep into my slithering, juicy hot cunt. With my eyes closed, I lay there, fucking in ecstasy, swaying my head from side to side. On one sway, I felt the head of Charlie's cock on my lips. I opened my eyes and saw his engorged cock in front of my face. I eagerly took it deep into my mouth again.

Ned pulled his prick from my juicy cunt long enough to roll me on my side, facing him. He licked Charlie's love fluid from my lips and cheeks and reinserted his cock into my pussy. Charlie's penis moved between my legs from behind. Then I felt an unbelievable new tingle as the head of his cock rubbed against my anus. The area "back there" became supersensitive as Charlie slowly rotated his hips, causing his cock to probe my anus. I wanted it inside me! Ned sensed my mood and hesitated. Suddenly, I relaxed, and the head of Charlie's cock entered my other hole. I let out a loud, guttural scream of pain and excitement. Gently, tenderly, Charlie stroked five or six times. Each time it felt better and smoother until the three of us were thrashing in ecstatic unison, biting, caressing, and moaning. I could clearly feel both of their cocks, the heads doing bumps through the two inner walls. Charlie's movements became more rapid; the tight fit of my ass was too exciting for him. He stiffened, kissed me violently on the neck, squeezed my large breasts, and shot a huge warm load into my "back burner."

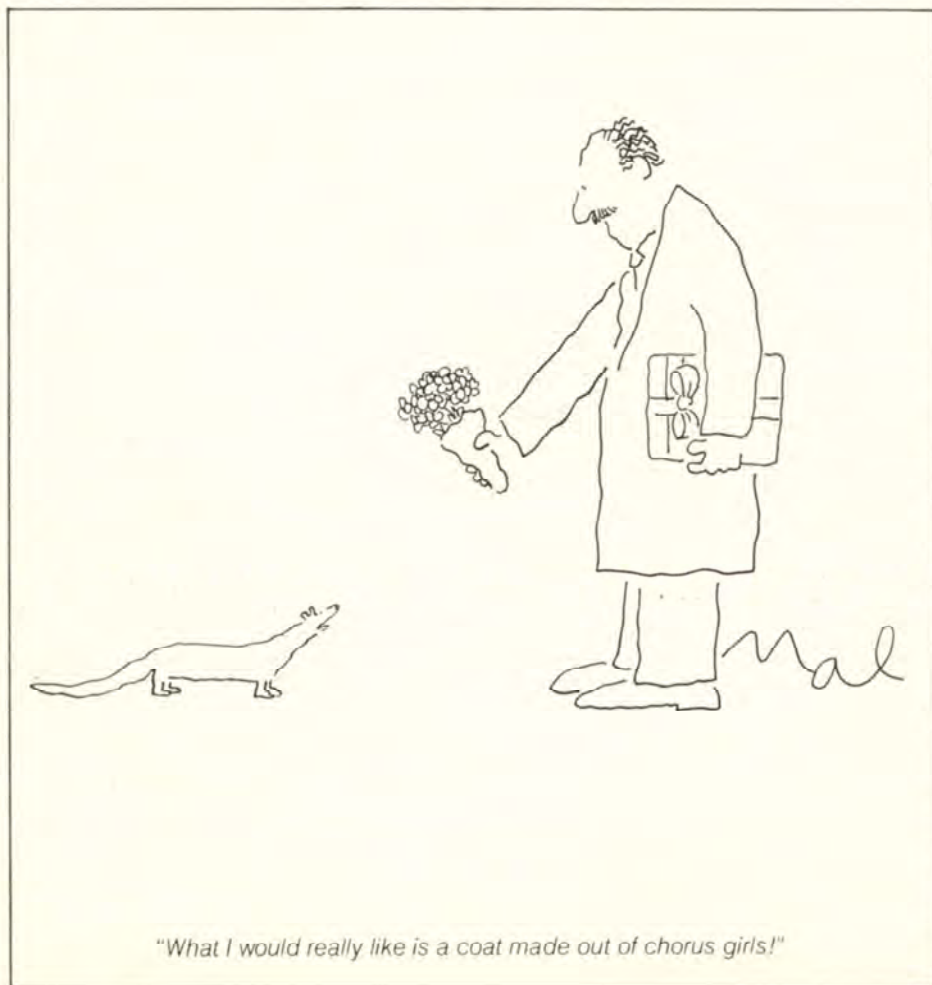
Charlie removed his now half-erect cock from my ass, and Ned pulled his joy stick from my pussy. Ned at once knelt by my face, and eagerly I took him all the way down my throat. Charlie was now stroking his erect penis. One hand was on my breast, and the other was a flurry of activity. He moaned and again came, this time shooting into my face and hair. I felt Ned coming, and he pulled his cock from my mouth, spewing on my face, neck, and breasts the largest stream of come I have ever seen.

The three of us collapsed in exhaustion, embracing, slick with sweat and love juice. The reality was even better than the dream.—Name and address withheld

Major production

I'd like to tell you about some on-the-job training I received a few weeks ago. It will never go on my résumé, but it ranks as one of my most valuable work experiences!

I'm employed by a high-powered Madison Avenue advertising agency as a production manager—I work with printers in preparing the kind of posters and signs one sees on subways and buses around the United States. Because I am a twenty-five-year-old woman, I am often at a disadvantage in my work because the printing industry can be old-fashioned and is largely male dominated. Until my recent

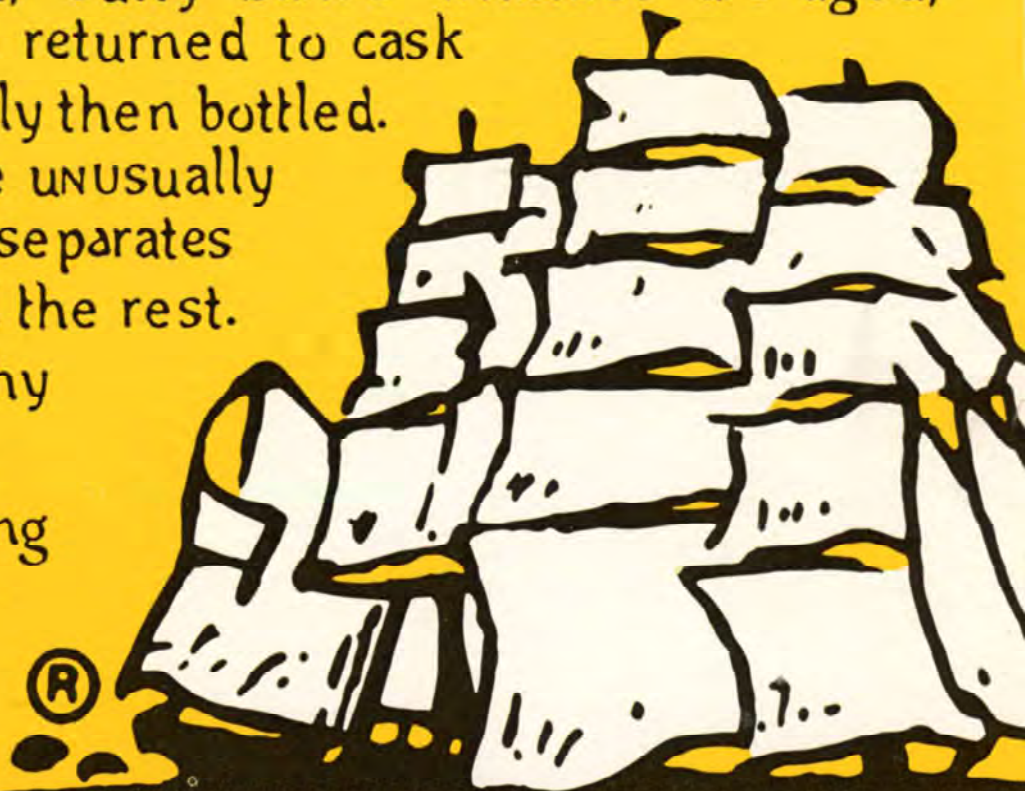


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experience, I never really paid much attention to all the men I meet through my job, choosing to be businesslike and finding my social life elsewhere.

One Thursday afternoon I received a frantic phone call from one of our printers out on Long Island. It was production trouble, and they asked whether I could come out to the plant right away. The sales representative for our account picked me up at my office, and we drove off madly. The tensions in advertising are unbelievable, and we were working on a burning-hot schedule for this particular job. Paul, the representative, was normally a cool and self-assured young dude about my age, with the lean looks and grace of a tennis player, but that day he was frantic, because his job rested on keeping my agency—and me—happy.

I felt quite uncomfortable because I wasn't dressed properly for a plant visit. Usually, when I go to a factory, I wear plain, unsexy clothes so that the pressmen are kept busy with their work and do not notice me. I'd planned to go out with a new lover after work, not visit a factory, and I was wearing a real city-slicker sexpot outfit—tight silk shirt, tighter thigh-high slit skirt, and spiky sandals. With my big boobs and long legs, accentuated by four-inch heels, I was enough to arouse a gay boy. Paul couldn't keep his eyes off the slit in my skirt the whole way down the Long Island Expressway, and I couldn't help noticing his well-stuffed trousers. As we chatted anx-

iously about the job at hand, the air became charged with sexual electricity.

Once I got to the plant, I got even more uptight. The foreman in the pressroom, a magnificent stud whose green khakis fit like a second skin, took one look at me and sprang to life. His hard-on was so obvious under the glare of the factory lights that I had to go to the ladies room to cool down. I tried to talk myself into a sensible, professional frame of mind, but I'd lost control because of all the pressures involved. It didn't help that Franco, the foreman, wore a gold necklace, dangling in his dark curly chest hair; it said, "10½." No need to ask ten and one-half what! His cock was practically bursting through his fly, and it looked every inch of the proclaimed 10½.

Paul, Franco, and I retired to an empty executive office (it was now getting late, and all of the employees in the plant except those working on my job had gone home) to look over the sample sheets from the job, which were a disaster. At that moment the phone rang—it was the president of my agency, a well-known ball-buster, demanding to know if the job was finished. He made it clear that if it wasn't, my job with the agency certainly was. Paul took the phone and told him a pack of lies, assuring me that he didn't care if he lost his own job as a result. I was trembling with rage, frustration, and suppressed sexual tension.

Franco wisely opened a cabinet, pulled out a bottle of Scotch, and the three of us

put half of it away in minutes. I got pleasantly bombed and casually mentioned how uncomfortable I was in my "city" clothes. Paul had slipped out of the room to work on the job (I guess, since it did get done on time!), and Franco went to work—on me. I was sober enough to stop things but saw no reason to do so since the situation looked hopeless at this point, and I never expected to be in this plant again. He laid me down on the couch and began to stroke my back, mumbling hoarsely about how good they were at everything there and how I would find out how well they treated their favorite customers. He had incredibly long, strong fingers, which he ran up and down my back, behind and legs. He slipped off my shoes and rolled down my panty hose and began to lick and suck my toes, alternating between delicate and hard strokes and then moving up my legs to gently pry apart my thighs.

At that point I was completely hot and flushed, and I practically ripped off my sexy clothes, stopping at my panties out of some vestige of modesty. He crooked one finger at the side seam and tore them off me, which excited me beyond belief. I'm not the dirty-word-screaming type, but he wasn't my usual kind of lover either; so I found myself begging, "Eat me, oh please make me come! Suck me, ball me!" Franco obliged me by flipping me over with one hand and slipping one long finger up my oozing cunt while he bore down on my thrusting tits. He flicked my nipples with his tongue while his fingers slipped in, out, and around my whole pussy, sending wild waves of pleasure through my body. My cunt lips were swollen and purple, and my clit was popping out like a third nipple.

Then he began to slide down my body with his lips and tongue, nipping, licking, and biting me as he gave me a passionate tongue bath. When he got to my stomach, my whole body rose up and arched to make my throbbing clit stick out even further. He approached my enflamed clit with his tongue slowly, working his fingers around my pussy and ass, now sopping wet, caressing my whole cunt with hot, languid strokes, then lightning stabs at the epicenter of pleasure. I came screaming in a tremendous smash of ecstasy, starting with monumentally deep waves of pleasure that went on and on, turning into smaller and lighter spasms of delight. My cunt winked and churned as my pussy opened for any cock available. Franco pulled off his clothes with as much dexterity as he could manage while I recovered, both of us panting and gasping. His cock was a perfect rod of sinew, fully ten and one-half inches as advertised, patterned with thick veins. Kneeling over him, I forced him down onto the couch. I diddled his balls with my tongue and lips and then suddenly forced his cock down my throat as far as it would go, repeatedly stroking and biting it. His whole body went taut with pleasurable tension, and he moaned and growled as he bucked and pumped ribbons of come down my throat, over my tits, and into my



"I don't know if it's a tribute to my cooking, but George farts a lot."

face and hair.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, Paul appeared, his face contorted with lust. Naked, his body was a perfect foil to Franco's swarthy masculinity—blond, lean, and tense rather than thickly powerful; circumcised as opposed to the "natural man" look of Franco's prick. Paul's engorged prick jutted straight up out of a bush of golden hair, and at the sight of this my cunt got even wetter. I moved away from the couch, and without a word Paul grabbed the cheeks of my ass and plunged into my cunt, driving deeper with swordlike thrusts until we both came violently. Franco was jacking himself off to our rhythm and came as we did.

The three of us fell in a heap on the plush carpet, the two men fondling and stroking me. As we played through the night, each new friend fucked me once, and I went down on Paul while Franco rearranged the nerve circuits in my twat. Never was nervous tension so successfully dissipated. Thank God that we had the foresight to get ourselves out of the plant before the morning shift arrived! Paul and I now see each other often outside of work; and whenever a job with his company comes up, I always make sure that it includes a visit to the plant so that the three of us can take care of business. They've taught me a lot about the two things I like to do—work and play!—
Name and address withheld

Jogger's reward

Although I am a regular reader of *Penthouse* and of the "Forum" section in particular, I never thought I'd have occasion to write to you relating a sexual adventure of mine. Recently, however, I did happen to take part in such an encounter and feel privileged to be able to tell you about it.

My friend Dave and I both attend the same small midwestern university and were hitchhiking back to school on a Sunday afternoon. Not far from the university, we were given a ride straight into town by two of the sexiest girls we had ever seen. As I got out of the crowded car, I thought that my jeans would tear if I stood up straight. We were even more amazed when the girls told us their names and indicated that they also attended the university. Small world, we thought, as the two beauties, Linda and Joan, drove off toward the other side of the campus. Since most of the girls around here seem to be professional cock-teasers, we unpacked and didn't give the matter much further thought.

About a week later Dave and I were out jogging, enjoying the unseasonably warm weather. As we were running, we noticed two very nice-looking behinds about fifty feet in front of us. We caught up to them, and saw that they belonged to none other than Linda and Joan. So we stopped and talked and sat down to rest, since Dave and I were quite tired and the girls said that they had just put in a couple of miles. As we lounged in the shade of a huge oak tree in a fairly secluded part of the campus, Dave and I were getting pretty horny, watching these two well-stacked babes lying back,

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showing off their perfect bodies. Linda was the shorter of the two, with a nice tan, long blonde hair, a cute smile, and a pair of tits that seemed to be straining to be set free from her braless but extremely tight top. Joan was tall and lean, with dark, silky hair and deep, brown, sensuous eyes to match.

After a few minutes of small talk, Linda suddenly reached down and grabbed her thigh with both hands, a look of pain and anguish on her face. Startled, we asked anxiously, "What's the matter?" She gasped, "My leg—I've got a cramp in my leg. Please massage it for me." I didn't know much about first aid when it came to leg cramps, but I sure wasn't going to pass up this opportunity. As soon as I touched her silky-smooth thigh, my prick sprang to life, and I carefully caressed her soft, warm legs. After a few minutes of this, Linda's cramp seemed to be gone, but I continued to stroke her thigh, since it looked as though she were enjoying it. As she softly sighed, my cock ached to jump from my shorts and suddenly I looked at Linda, who had a look of blissful joy on her face. She stared at my bulging crotch and said softly, "I bet you could use a massage, too." With that, she was immediately on me, her nimble fingers rubbing my straining member through my shorts while I reached down and fondled her breasts with my two frenzied hands.

Meanwhile, Joan had one hand on Dave's crotch and her other hand down her own shorts, furiously masturbating. Dave got to his knees and placed his engorged organ next to Joan's anxious face. She gasped as she eyed the full nine-inch tool but eagerly licked the few drops of Dave's love liquid off the glistening, swollen head and gradually took the organ into her mouth. At the same time, Linda had worked my shorts down to my ankles and was working my eight-and-one-half-inch rod into her mouth, kissing its mushroomlike head gently and stopping occasionally to lick my aching balls. I figured by this time her pussy would be nice and juicy; and as she began sucking my cock with ardent fervor, I placed my hand on the quivering wetness of her crotch. She groaned and gasped and jerked her pelvic region violently. Just as she had a tremendous orgasm, I pulled out of her mouth and exploded, my load of creamy love syrup splashing against her ecstasy-lit face. As she smiled and cleaned the come off her cheeks and chin, I looked over at Dave and Joan. They had gone into a sixty-nine position, and Dave was pretty well buried in that deep brunette muff, while Joan was moaning and groaning and sucking on Dave's rod.

I was still not done with Linda, though, and she looked as if she were ready for more. Placing her on her back, I pulled off her shorts and began stroking her damp panties, gently teasing her by reaching inside and tickling her anus a few times. Doing this made her come twice before I could even get her drenched panties off. I finally managed to get them down by her ankles, and she then playfully kicked them

off onto the ground near us. Now, before me, lay her juicy, dripping honeypot. She gasped, pleading with me to put my cock in—she couldn't stand another minute without it, she said. I spread her legs wide and slowly entered her. Her warm snatch engulfed my pulsating prong, and as we pumped away, I could see on Linda's face that she had never been fucked like this before. "Prickhead, sweet prickhead," she moaned. All of a sudden she bucked her hips toward me in one tremendous convulsive spasm. I could hold back no longer and shot my enormous load into her beautiful cunt, my love torch enflaming her entire groin, sending her into heights of orgasmic delight she had never before experienced. There was so much come that it was running out of her pussy and down her bronzed inner thighs. We were so exhausted that we collapsed on top of each other. Judging from the moans and groans of pleasure coming from Joan and Dave, they were having just as good a time as Linda and I had had.

After this terrific fucking session, we both went back to our respective dorms and cleaned up, contemplating the events of the afternoon. Since then the girls have joined us on various "exercise missions" many times, and we have had some great experiences. So don't let anyone tell you that jogging isn't good for you.—Name and address withheld

Leave it to beaver

I am a twenty-seven-year-old female. My measurements are 38-25-37. I've been married about seven years to John, a bank manager. About a month ago my best friend, Betty, came over one afternoon after lunch. We began talking about our husbands, and I began complaining that John doesn't pay much attention to me much lately, and that we rarely make love. She told me she'd recently had the same problem with her husband until she put him in his place. She said that her husband is now her slave.

I told her I'd love to have my husband worship me and do everything I told him to, and she said the way to do it was to know his weakness and use it to one's own benefit. I told her that I could remember back when we were in high school in the mid-sixties. All the girls wore panty girdles, and I could remember that John was always trying to look up girl's dresses. He is always trying to get me to wear a dress, but I hardly ever do. "That's it," Betty said, "We'll beaver-shot him into submission." I was all for it.

First, we went shopping and brought ourselves each a panty girdle and a sexy dress. Then we went back to the house and changed into bras, panties, girdle, hose, and dresses. My ass really looked great in the girdle, and Betty's ass looked super, too—even to me. Then came the high heels. Both our dresses were very sheer; and when John got home, his eyes nearly popped out of his head. Betty took command and told me to get John a drink. When I returned to the living room, he was

already trying to take a peek up her dress. She was seated across from him with her dress above her knees, and John could see a very slight white "V" between her legs. I could tell that he was getting hot.

Betty pretended not to notice and started talking about old times, asking John what he missed most about his college days. John said that he'd really liked all the girls wearing sexy dresses; and when Betty asked him if he ever looked up the dresses, his face turned bright red. He didn't know what to say. Then Betty stood up and walked over to John's seat, reached for the hem of her dress, and lifted it just a little higher. She then asked if he would like her to lift it up to her waist. He replied yes. Betty told him then that she would do it only if he did something for her first: namely, take off all his clothes. He stripped so fast that I couldn't believe it! There John stood, with his stiff cock hanging out. Then Betty told him to sit back down. He did, and she put his hand on her ass. He began feeling her through the dress and girdle, his cock growing noticeably harder. She stepped back and reached for her riding crop, which we'd hidden under the couch.

Then she told me to stand up, and I stood facing her, with my back to John, while she lifted my dress and let John see my girdle-covered ass. "Doesn't your mistress have a beautiful ass?" she prompted. He said yes, and she then got him to agree to do anything for his mistress he was told to do. "Beat your cock for her, then," said Betty. I turned around to see him beating his meat. Betty began taunting him, "Faster, you ugly monkey. Beat it."

Just as John was about to come, Betty whacked his balls with her riding crop and ordered him to stop. She forced him to get on his knees and beg me to let him come. I told John that he must first promise to be my slave. "Yes, anything," he moaned, "just please let me come." I lifted my dress, turned around, and ordered him to kiss my behind. Then I made him remove my girdle, using only his teeth. He couldn't do it, though he tried for five minutes.

Then I told him he had to be punished for disobeying and started whipping his butt with the riding crop. Betty stood there, giggling, and then removed her girdle and hose and sat on the chair, asking me whether my monkey would eat her pussy. I ordered John to lick her cunt and made him lie on the floor face up while Betty sat on his face. While he was eating her, I got some string and tied one end of it around his balls. When Betty groaned and came, she stood up, claimed he didn't do a good job, and said he needed more practice. So I ordered John to beat his meat, while I pulled on the string to cause him some pain. Betty and I called him an ugly ape; and when I lifted my dress up to my waist, he came—his sperm flying all over.

Well, since that day I don't do any housework at all. When John gets home, he strips and follows my orders. If he gets a hard-on without permission, I force him to attend my bathing, shave my legs for me,

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Agriculture's anthem

My friend and I have been reading *Penthouse* for a long time, and it is our belief that you will enjoy this verse we came up with. We hope that you and your readers get a good laugh:

I SUPPORT THE AGRICULTURAL MOVEMENT

Jimmy Carter is my shepherd; I shall not want. He leadeth me beside still factories and abandoned farms. He restoreth my doubt about the Democratic party. He anointeth my wages with taxes and inflation so my expenses runneth over my income. Surely poverty and hard living shall follow the Democratic party, and I shall work on a rented farm and live in a rented house forever. Five thousand years ago Moses said, "Pack up your camel, pick up your shovel, move your ass, and I will lead you to the promised land." Five thousand years later FDR said, "Lay down your shovel, sit on your ass, light up a Camel, this is the promised land." This year Jimmy Carter will take your shovel, sell your camel, kick your ass, and tell you he gave away the promised land. I'm glad I am an American. I am glad I'm free. I wish I were a dog and Jimmy Carter was a peanut tree.—*Rick Brown and Keith Jones, Grand Junction, Colo.*

Conflict of interest?

Fred Powledge's article "The South Will Fall Again" (May 1979) is another example of irresponsible journalism. His article is shrouded in vague, unsubstantiated accusations of exploitation, slavery, topographical rape, and pestilence. Early in the article Powledge states: "It is as foolish to generalize about southerners as it is about any other ethnic group." He then continues throughout the remainder of the article to "generalize" about the northern-based businesses he so freely accuses, the employees of these businesses, and the importance of their work.

After rereading this article several times, I've concluded that Powledge has chosen to write from a negative position and is interested in rabble-rousing. He touches briefly on the importance of phosphate but spends many paragraphs on the negative aspects of the way it is mined.

Mr. Powledge should know the following facts about phosphate.

In the United States each person typically consumes about 3,000 kilocalories in energy per day. This energy is equivalent to approximately one and one half pounds of dry plant material, such as corn.

Agricultural plant foods consist of three basic elements—nitrogen, phosphate,

and potash. Today's American farmers, representing approximately 3 percent of our population, use these basic elements to produce more than 35 percent of the total world food requirements. Each American farmer in the United States produces enough food to feed fifty-nine other people. The world average is 5.1.

The amazing production performance of the American farmer began in 1867, when phosphate rock deposits in South Carolina were first mined. The first German potash was imported in 1870. Thanks to the direct synthesis of ammonia at Syracuse, N.Y., in 1921, it was possible to utilize the unlimited resources of nitrogen in the atmosphere. The development overcame the last natural barrier to building the chemical industry essential to fertilizer manufacturing today.

From his discussion of the negative aspects of phosphate mining, Powledge has chosen to exclude any reference to the multi-million-dollar payroll that the workers annually receive and pump into the economy of their communities. Nor does he mention the millions of tax dollars paid annually by the companies involved.

Reclamation of land where phosphate is mined is another subject that Mr. Powledge chose to treat in a negative manner. To learn what can be done when a company is responsible and concerned about the ecology, he would do well to visit Hooker Chemical's phosphate-mining operation near White Springs, Fla. Hooker's reclamation project has provided recreation areas for local residents and pasture lands. Wildlife is abundant in these reclaimed areas. Water pollution is another concern of Hooker. The famed Suwannee River flows near a portion of the mining operation and chemical complex; yet it is clear and abounds with wildlife.

Anyone can dig up "dirt." Apparently, Powledge and *Penthouse* feel that the American public will read only articles that give a negative or alarming viewpoint. The average American, including northerners, southerners, and employees of the companies that Powledge badmouthed, may be more aware of what is truth and what is fiction than you think.—*D. L. Wood, Houston, Tex.*

Fred Powledge replies:

My article clearly stated the fact of phosphate's indispensability in agriculture, along with the fact that it is our methods of extracting and processing phosphate that cause environmental horrors—horrors that can be avoided even without disturbing the payrolls, taxes, and other alleged boons to



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the economy that exploitative industries have classically used in order to get their hands on the land of underdeveloped countries. Mr. Wood shows courage in citing Hooker Chemicals as a firm "responsible and concerned about ecology." This is the same company, a subsidiary of Occidental Petroleum, that produced the ecological—and human—disaster at Love Canal in Niagara Falls, N.Y. At Love Canal they not only "dig up dirt" but dig up doomsday poisons as well. Mr. Wood's letter also modestly omits mentioning that he is a credit manager for a division of Hooker Chemicals.

Keep on truckin'

Thank you, *Penthouse*, for publishing "The Plight of the Independent Trucker," by Michael Parkhurst (May 1979). Mr. Parkhurst tells it like it is. Most of the American press and Washington's bureaucrats are controlled by "big money"—oil, rail, coal, and others. The small trucker-owner-operator is a thorn in the side of big money. Consequently, the small businessman-trucker doesn't get much favorable press. Thank you! —F. A. Schafer, Hector, Minn.

I wanted to let you know how much I enjoyed reading "The Plight of the Independent Trucker." As an independent trucker's wife, and one who is proud of it, I was very pleased to read an article that tells people a story which doesn't portray an image of

truckers as something less than road demons. I've read articles in other publications that have made me sick! Thank you for allowing Michael Parkhurst to tell it like it is. He really has his act together.—G. Sweitzer, Milroy, Pa.

I'm sitting here in the drivers' lounge of the Union 76 Truck Stop in Breezewood, Pa., reading the May issue of *Penthouse*, and I just had to write and thank you for letting Mike Parkhurst have his say. I've been a steel hauler and an independent trucker for thirty-three years and have never had anyone stick up for me or go to bat for me the way Parkhurst has done.

If we had a few more people like him looking over our industry, we wouldn't all be going down the tube, as we are now. In a hard-boiled business, Mike Parkhurst is a hard-boiled guy with a heart of gold for truckers.—Milton Hill, Sandy, Utah

As a reader of *Penthouse* for many years and an independent trucker of twenty-seven years, I want to commend you for Michael Parkhurst's article about the independent trucker.

He told it like it is, as he always does. Mike Parkhurst, *Overdrive* magazine, and the Independent Truckers Association have been the only light at the end of the independents' tunnel.

I've watched Mr. Parkhurst in his campaign to clean up our industry since he first

started—from his fight to clean up dirty truck stops to his head-on fight with the bureaucrats in Washington who have been suppressing us for so long.

No one but an ex-trucker could understand the pain and the hardships involved in being an independent. Mr. Parkhurst has stood up for us constantly in battles with everyone from the Teamsters Union to the Department of Transportation, and he pays the bills himself—for us. In demonstrations and shutdowns, he never asks us to do anything he wouldn't do or hasn't done himself.

His enemies say that he only wants to sell magazines. His thousands of supporters know better. In his battles he never mentions *Overdrive* magazine but prefers to fight under the ITA banner. There is no one else in this business I respect more and will support more.—Bill Jennings, Bedford, Pa.

People: picks and pans

In most storytelling there is a clear-cut distinction between hero and villain. This differentiation enables the reader to know the intention of the author and begin pulling for the side of the hero.

In some movies and books, the distinction is not quite so clear. The storyteller wants the viewer to note that some evil lurks in the hearts of all men. We leave these stories with an inclination to think about what we saw and come to our own conclusions about the system and how we play a part in it.

The excerpt from the book *Brando before Breakfast*, which you published as "Last Tangle with Brando," by Anna Kashfi Brando and E. P. Stein (May 1979), was a little bit different. I'm assuming that Anna Kashfi intended that her ex-husband appear as the bad guy. The article began this way. But about halfway through the piece, I became a little hostile toward the author, feeling her wrath to be too great for such minor offenses. I even thought that it might just be my male ego being offended. However, by the conclusion of the piece, I knew that my negative assessment of Anna Kashfi had been too generous. To say the least, the author did a hatchet job on Marlon. But the real impact of the article was the hatchet job she did on herself, apparently without realizing what she was doing. Then, too, this might be a new wave in writing—to use the villain of the story as the vehicle for presenting the vindictiveness and shallowness of the author. I predict that this new style of writing will be the rage among all writers in the near future. I greatly appreciate *Penthouse's* efforts to find these new trends and present them to their readers first.—W. K., Houston, Tex.

The excerpt "Last Tangle with Brando" was the most disgusting article I have ever read. Why should Ms. Kashfi continue to use the last name Brando? The reason, I suppose, is the power and recognition it holds, for without it she would be no one and would certainly sell no books. I imagine that the book from which the piece is taken, *Brando*



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0.05% WRMS	20Hz-20kHz (metal) 20Hz-18kHz (FeCr/CrO ₂) 20Hz-17kHz (normal)	67 dB Dolby in

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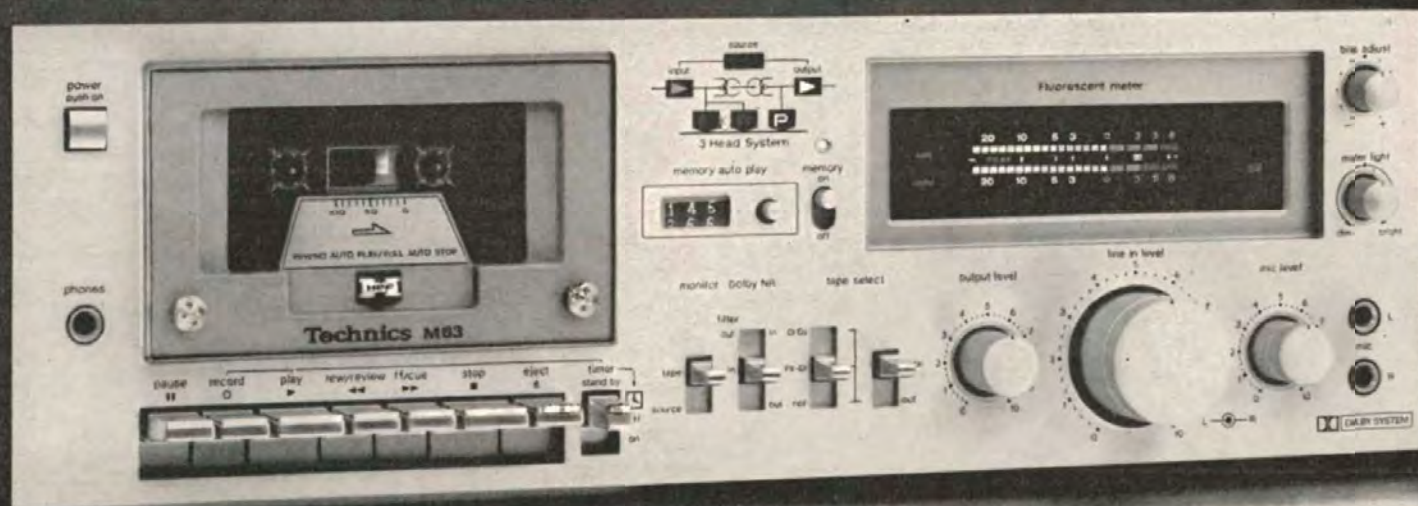
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before *Breakfast*, is as insensitive and heartless as Ms. Anna Kashfi Brando appears in the excerpt.—A. S., North Hollywood, Calif.

Bravo for an absolutely splendid interview with Pete Rose in your May issue! I am sure that Pete is glad to get it all off his chest. The interview was written in an exceptionally professional way.—Name and address withheld

I am writing regarding the laudable profile of Billy Joel, written by William Kowinski (May 1979). In my estimation, it was an informative, accurate, interesting portrait of this multi-talented individual.

In my musical experience, I have never encountered a more gifted composer and writer than Billy Joel. I admire him very much, and I have purchased every recording he has ever made. In my opinion, his musical compositions are poignant, realistic, and appropriate.

This profile was a satisfying and gratifying in-depth article about an extraordinary musician, and I commend the author and your magazine for your editorial endeavors. If you continue publishing features of this caliber, you can count on my purchasing your publication for a long time. Once again, thank you, *Penthouse*!—K. Baldrow, Brandon, Manitoba, Canada

I had a few problems when I tried to figure

out what Billy Joel stood for until I read William Kowinski's profile. In it I read that "The Stranger moves from the rejection of meaningless inherited roles through the attractions and fears that the thereby split personality unleashes, to sorting out reality from the detritus of the past and desperate searches of the present . . . to the conclusion of a simple dream. . . ."

Now, of course, it's all clear.—D. Lillehaug, Cambridge, Mass.

Kid stuff

Having been an avid reader of *Penthouse* for years, I find the ladies featured stimulating and exciting. But what is more important and keeps me reading is your articles. After stretching out under my covers, I became engrossed in "Children in Jail," by Nat Hentoff, in your June 1979 issue.

Experience is considered the best teacher. Reading your article brought to surface my past useless life. As I read on, I realized that I was reading my life story, and this cold realization sent chills down my spine. When I finished the story, the chills turned to sweat.

I am thirty years old. I have been locked up, on and off, since I was fifteen years old. I was termed "unmanageable," as a result of my first crime, running away and auto theft.

My father, whom I love very much, was a fireman at Manteno State Hospital, in Manteno, Ill. He knew many psychiatrists and

doctors. I had been running away from home almost since I was old enough to walk, and if I ran away once, I must have done so twenty times. He and my step-mother decided that something must be wrong with me, and they had me talk to several different psychiatrists at the hospital. I overheard the evaluations of the doctors, and all claimed that there was nothing wrong with me. Despite this, I was committed to Elgin State Hospital, in Elgin, Ill., not by order of a court, but by my parents. This is where everything started.

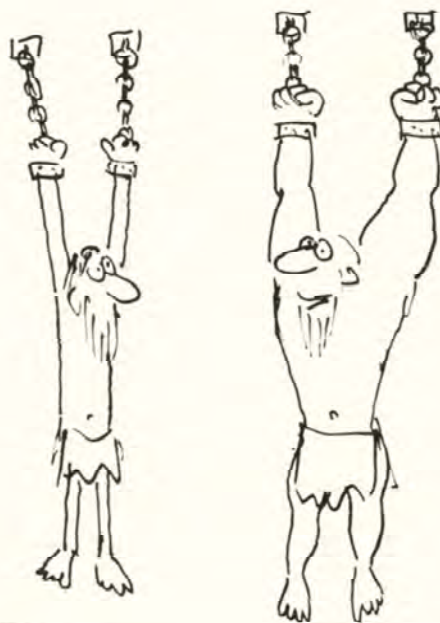
When I first arrived at the hospital, I was assigned to the children's unit. I saw brutality, homosexual activities, and children locked in the "quiet cell" for minor offenses—sights no young child should have to see. I ran away numerous times and eventually ended up on the maximum security ward with the criminally insane.

In this ward a person's clothes are taken away, and he is given a robe and slippers and kept drugged to the point of almost total submission. I've seen men strapped down to a bed and drugged with Thorazine; they remain that way for weeks at a time—for so long, in fact, that they have to be turned over because bedsores spread over their backs. Bars covered the windows, and steel doors led to the ward. But still they couldn't hold me, and I managed to escape three times. I had to get away from that deplorable situation and was lapsing right back to my behavior pattern of running away. Finally, the doctors told my grandfather that they would let me come home if I stayed on the ward for thirty days without running away. Somehow I managed to do so, and I was released to my grandfather's care.

Since that time I have seen the inside of Ashland Federal Correctional Institution in Kentucky, Milan Federal Reformatory in Michigan, and other institutions and reformatories in Terre Haute, Leavenworth, El Reno, Canon City, and Coweta. I now am in the Texas Department of Corrections, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex.

I must sound as if I had an impressive track record as a criminal, but in reality I didn't. While still young, I learned in the various institutions faster ways to steal a car, drill a safe, and just about any other criminal information a young mind can absorb. It was not that I really wanted this "training" and sought it out, but there was nothing else to do but sit in a cell and talk to others who had more experience and "knowledge" than I.

My crimes consisted of auto theft and burglaries. I believed in my lawyers and did what they suggested—"plead guilty." Now that I am older and can look back on my experiences, I realize that lawyers, especially court-appointed lawyers, don't care at all about the individual. All they care about is getting the case through the court by getting the client to plead guilty, thus making the process move much faster. I pleaded guilty to some crimes that were not even crimes. I just didn't know any better and was easily intimidated.



Joe Cole

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As I look back on my life, I realize now why I ran away and what started my problems. I was crying for help in my humble way by trying to draw attention to my family life. I needed love from my parents and didn't get it. I cried out for it and ran away because I didn't get it. I was ignored or misunderstood and ended up being put away for the initial crime of wanting love!

Someday I will get out of this place and, by finding the true love of a woman, discover, I hope, what has eluded me all my life. I hope that your article will cause the people who lock kids up to look a little closer at the situation and try to understand it. A child is not born a criminal, but he learns to be one by being placed in "correctional institutions." They are criminal breeding grounds and nothing else.

Thank you for a fine article.—Larry L. Miller, TDC, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex.

I would like to compliment you on your article "Children in Jail," by Nat Hentoff. This is a subject that really needs to be brought to the attention of responsible adults, if there are any. I am nineteen years old and have been out of school for almost one year. I didn't graduate, because on the day I went to school to enroll for my senior year, I was told that I would need two more years of school to get enough credits to graduate. I don't know why I wasn't told this when school recessed for the summer. As I had a reputation with the school officials for being

a drug user and didn't get along too well with them, I didn't want to do the extra year. No one really encouraged me to stay.

I have had my scrapes with the law. In the town where I live you can commit anything from petty larceny to murder and only get a slap on the wrist. Most of the kids here who steal, destroy property, and get high do these things because there is nothing else to do. The only recreation provided for teenagers is a pool hall with five tables and a couple of pinball machines. There are no outdoor programs or recreational halls. The City Council could do something, but it doesn't do a thing. I guess the biggest problem is that no one cares until it's too late, and then they just lock kids up and throw away the key. Maybe articles like this and letters like mine may help open some eyes. Keep up the good work.—Name and address withheld

MOANS & GROANS

The article "Opportunity in the New South" by Fred Powledge (February 1979) aroused feelings of *déjà vu* among black acquaintances who read it here. "Here we go again," one of them said rather wearily.

Mr. Powledge's observations about the changes in the South were fair enough, as far as they went, but "distance" is precisely

the problem. Mr. Powledge sees the South from his vantage point as a liberal white man, and that is fine. However, it seems that black people in the South—the people against whom all those degrading and dehumanizing laws and customs were directed—should be the logical ones to determine just how much the South has truly changed.

Some of us hoped that the rise of black voices in the sixties would serve to persuade white editors and publishers that black people are the rightful (though not necessarily exclusive) judges and evaluators of just how much of America's vaunted "freedom" and "democracy" we have. For a time, at least, white liberals were eclipsed as spokesmen for black concerns. Lately, in a variety of magazines, the tables seem to have turned, back to the way things were prior to the sixties.

But blacks are out here ready, willing, and able to state where we are in the New South and elsewhere—if *Penthouse* is interested.—Hoyt W. Fuller, Executive Editor, First World Magazine, Atlanta, Ga.

Mr. Powledge's "Advise and Dissent" did not pretend to speak for black people. Rather, it described his observations as a reporter who has lived in both the South and the North. Of course, *Penthouse* is interested in suggestions for forthcoming articles made by any writer, regardless of race. ☐

“Not many women would want to be caught in bed with you when your husband comes home from work. You may “love the idea,” but remember: it’s *your* idea.”

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

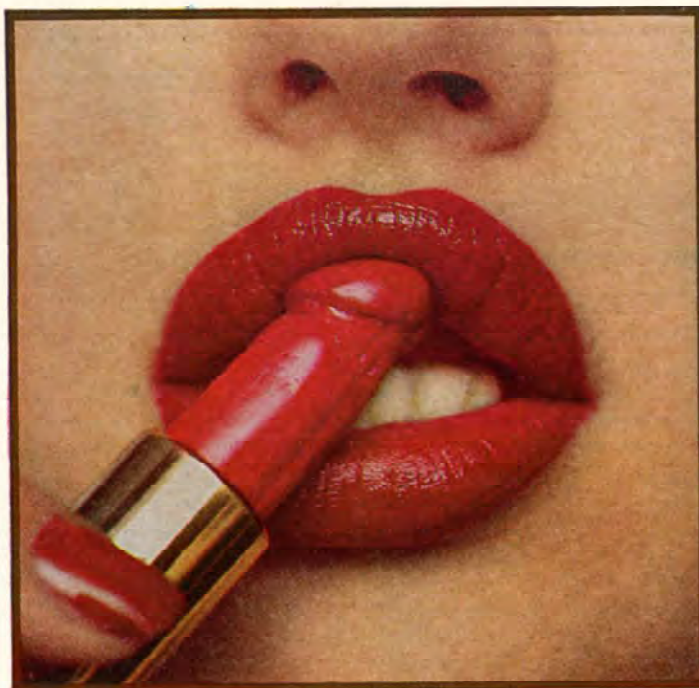
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Last week I went to San Antonio, Tex., to talk to my lawyer, as I am separated from my wife, Michelle, and will be divorced in about a month. I arrived too late in the day to see the lawyer; so I checked into a motel for the night and went to a restaurant for something to eat. When I arrived, I noticed an adorable Oriental girl alone at one of the tables. I debated about whether or not to ask her if I could join her. Then she looked up and gave me such a beautiful smile that my mind was made up for me.

We stayed at the restaurant for a couple of hours, telling each other about ourselves. She was born and raised in Japan and was in the States going to school. She said she had taken this semester off so that she could travel and see as much of the United States as possible. This was her last night in Texas. I told her about my upcoming divorce and that I had been separated for a few months. After a while she got very quiet, looked at me for a long time, and asked how long it had been since I’d made love to a woman. My answer was: about three months. She then asked where I was staying that night, and I told her. With a smile she said that it was getting late and she had to go. We left the restaurant and said good-bye. I shrugged the whole thing off as wishful thinking and went back to the motel. About an hour later she arrived.

When I answered the knock on the door, she asked if she was disturbing anything. I told her no, as I was only watching television, and asked her in. After I had closed the door, she started slowly to undress me. When she had finished, she led me to the bed and told me to lie down. She then ever so slowly got undressed. She was typical of many Oriental women in that she was physically small, but she had one of the most beautiful bodies I have ever seen. Her face was one that most men only dream of, and her hair



hung straight down to the middle of her back. Her breasts were small but perfectly formed, with small, pert nipples. Her waist was delicate and her legs shapely. Her pubic hair, like the hair on her head, was black and was in startling contrast to her skin.

She told me to turn over and lie on my stomach. She then got onto the bed and started to give me a slow, sensual massage, starting at my neck and working all the way to my feet, surprising me with the strength in her hands. She then knelt between my legs, with me still on my stomach, and started running her fingertips ever so lightly down my body. When her fingers reached the small of my back, she moved down the bed a little and continued the soft touching with her fingertips. She slid her hands back and forth across my but-

tocks, then down the outsides of my legs to my feet and back up the insides of my legs, softly caressing my balls and cock from behind. She continued this for quite a while, and even though I was horny as hell, believe me, I didn't complain. By this time I was game to let her take her time and do anything she wanted to.

She got up and told me to turn over on my back. Again she got onto the bed and started the same slow, sensuous massage as before. And again, after giving me a firm muscle massage, which was so relaxing that my cock was still soft, she started with her fingertips, like before. After a bit of this, she got off the bed and told me to come take a shower with her. After the shower, she would not let me dry myself off—she did that, and then she dried herself off.

I was led back to the bed and instructed to lie on my back. She knelt between my legs, leaned toward me, and gave me a long French kiss. She then worked her tongue down my body, stopping at my nipples, and then went down on my waiting cock. And she sucked my balls for what seemed like ages. Then my sexy lady

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moved her tongue up the shaft of my cock, stopping at the head, which she licked. She took more of my cock into her mouth than I thought she would be able to and slowly moved her head up and down while sucking with more pressure than I have ever felt during a blowjob. When I came, she continued to suck until every drop had left my cock and balls. After this, she sat up and smiled. While we were lying in each other's arms, I thought about all that she had done to me. I understood why my brother liked Japan so well while he was in the service. Just thinking about what she had done made my cock hard again. I then told her to lie on her stomach, as it was my turn to pleasure her.

I gave her a firm muscle massage, and when I turned her over, I massaged the front of her body as slowly as I could. I then leaned down and sucked on her nipples and stroked her beautiful face and neck with my hands. As I moved down, stopping at her navel and tonguing it, I cupped and fondled her bottom. When I reached her pussy, I found it wet and hot. I do not remember ever tasting anything as sweet; so I won't even try to guess how long I licked it. After a while she raised her hips and climaxed.

After resting a while, I again began to play with her. When she was again very wet, I got on top of her, and she guided my cock into her vagina. As much suction pressure as her mouth had had, her pussy had more. We fucked like that for a while until we both came, and we lay in each other's arms until dawn. Then she got up, went into the bathroom and got a warm washcloth, and washed my now-limp cock. She then washed herself, got dressed, kissed me good-bye, and left. I wanted to go after her and ask her to stay, but I didn't.

I have had sex with a lot of women, but I think that was the only time I have ever made love to someone, and been made love to, when the emotion of love was not involved. Fucking and making love are two different things completely. Don't you agree?—R.B.

Not exactly. Fucking is just fucking. But making love always involves a lot of good fucking.

SHIPS THAT PASS

Recently I was on a cruise to Mexico, taking publicity stills of a television production company that was shooting a television movie on the ship. While the regular passengers were sometimes included in the scenes, they weren't allowed too close to the television camera because the clicking of their cameras would upset the sound track. Having had much experience at this, I knew when to shoot and therefore was allowed access to the sets.

On this particular day we were shooting aft around the swimming pool, and I was having a ball and getting harder by the minute, shooting the lovely young starlets in their bikinis. All of a sudden I heard a sexy, throaty voice in my ear saying, "This looks

like a good position. Mind if I use it, too?" I turned around and looked into these big blue eyes. I proceeded to tell her about passengers not being allowed this close, all the while taking in her red-bikini-clad body. She was of medium height with black hair, a rather large mouth, and a very sensual and well-proportioned body. She said she knew the rules but pointed out one of the girls at the pool and told me it was her daughter. After she took a couple of shots of her daughter, we got to talking about photography. It seems she accompanied her daughter, Annie, on all these location trips because Annie was only a teenager. I asked who chaperoned the mother, and she told me that her husband was a wealthy industrialist but very ill. By this time I was calling her Paula, and I expressed my sympathy. She said she didn't need my kind words but would rather I make love to her instead. My cock just about burst out of my pants at that statement, and she took my arm and said, "Let's go have a drink. Annie will be on the set for at least three hours."

We sat at the bar, and as we ordered drinks, she turned toward me and slid her right knee between my legs and started to massage my cock. I stammered out our drink order and then suavely proceeded to pour the drink into my lap when it arrived. Paula wiped off my crotch with her hand. I told her we had better get out of the bar before my body became a lethal weapon.

Once inside my stateroom, Paula plastered herself up against me and proceeded to run her tongue all around my mouth before plunging it inside. I started to unzip my pants, but she wanted to undress me. First, she took off her bikini top, and those ripe melons burst free and quivered like jelly, with the nipples sticking straight out, begging to be sucked. "Wait, don't touch me," Paula said as she undressed me. She kissed and nibbled my nipples, trailed kisses down and into my navel and then, as she unbuckled my belt and took off my pants, slowly kissed almost every part of my body. As soon as I was naked she bent over, crouched in front of me, and fit my throbbing cock between her heaving breasts. When I told her I was going to come, she didn't say a word but took my prick into her mouth, with her tongue trying to enter the "eye," and ended up swallowing the whole load.

I was pretty weak-kneed, and I went to sit over on the bed, where I watched Paula remove her bikini bottom with her back to me. I pulled her to me and began kissing her ass and thrusting my tongue into the crack. As I began to play with this incredible body, watching all the while in the mirror, the door opened and there was the room matron with a bucket of ice I had forgotten to cancel. Paula didn't miss a beat and invited the British lass in to join the fun. She declined, saying she was too busy, but asked if she could come back in an hour. For the rest of the trip, every time Annie was on the set, her mom and I were in the sack.

My question is this: although I haven't

any intention of seeing Paula again—at least, I don't think I'll have the opportunity—why is it that sex seems so much more uninhibited when there are no strings attached? Also, when you find an incredible woman like Paula, how do you attach some strings to make the relationship last?—P.W.

It all depends on what you mean by strings. Guilt, fear of pregnancy, and sexual fidelity are some of the "strings" that take the pleasure out of sex. For instance, if you want to screw with other women but your loved one won't let you, well, that's a pretty tight string. And it can interfere with your sex together.

Sex without strings can be hotter because you simply don't know the person very well, and it's a lot easier to fantasize. In effect, you're fucking your fantasy woman. As soon as you get to know her, it's sometimes more difficult to maintain the fantasy. Of course, sometimes the real woman is better than the fantasy, as is the case with your Paula.

You want to attach some strings? Why ruin a good thing? Unless she's everything you want in a woman.

CARNAL CRAVING

I am writing to you concerning my particularly strong passion for fellatio. I have long been a fanatic for this type of sex, but a recent event has compelled me to write you. Just the other day I blew six different men.

I purposely woke up an hour early that morning so that I could wake my lover, Jan, up with a nice, refreshing tongue bath. I slid the covers down and began working my mouth up and down his shaft while he blissfully slept. About the time his cock turned bright red, he woke up shuddering and sent a nice present down my throat. Unfortunately, he had to rush off to work, although I tried my best to keep him at home by grabbing his cock through the light pants material and rubbing it up and down.

I thought I could contain my lust until he came back, but I soon realized that it was not to be. I didn't feel like going in to my job, and so I called in and told them that I was sick and couldn't make it in. Then I called a small local grocery store and asked to have a few things delivered. Actually, I had plans for the delivery boy, and I could hardly wait for him to arrive.

When he got there, I invited him in and stepped out of the room to get him the money. When I returned, I was totally naked, and his young mouth dropped open. He began to stutter something, but I grabbed for his zipper and pulled it down. He was silent as I grabbed through his underwear for his huge, thick cock. It already felt so hard and so smooth that I dropped to my knees and licked it like a cat. He sighed and smashed my head to his groin while I sucked madly on his engorged penis. I was soon so hot that I pushed him on the floor and sucked him off while he furiously licked and sucked my pussy. I wanted more after we both came,

but he said that he had to get back to the store or he would get fired.

At this point I had to have more. I called David, this dark-haired guy that I know who lives upstairs. He works out of his apartment, and I have often used him at times like this. I told him I needed a good stiff prick and asked if he could help me out. He was at my apartment door in seconds flat. I sucked him right there in the doorway, licking around the head and in the little pee hole, which made him shake and moan. After that David fucked me a couple of times, and then I blew him once more.

When he was gone I went to my room and put on some sexy black stockings, high heels, and a tight, low-cut top with a short skirt. I headed out to a local hangout for some more guys. There three men caught my eye, and I walked over and sat down. I didn't say much, but they got my message. When I put my hands on two of their cocks and told them I needed "some help," they were more than willing to help me. We left and headed for my apartment, and on the way I sucked one of them off and played with the other two.

When we got to my place and stripped, one guy—Tony, I think it was—stuck his cock in my ass while Lou played with my breasts and the third one, Marc, put his cock in my mouth. Marc's cock was long and thin, and I played with his balls while I deep-throated him. When Tony conked out, I pulled Marc out of my mouth and asked Tony to join me in front. Within moments I had two hard rods in my mouth. Meanwhile, the third guy fucked me between my breasts. I was in heaven.

While I don't consider my actions a problem, I do wonder why I have this oral fixation. This was not a typical day in my life, but it is common for me to suck three or more guys a week. Why does the sight of a penis cause such a craving, and why is fellatio becoming more important to me than straight sex?—T.D.

Is this a problem, or are you just bragging? I can't tell you how many husbands wouldn't love to have you for a wife, or at least for an hour or two a week. A major request of most johns to a prostitute is to get blown. Many women simply won't perform this blessed task, and so hookers are left opening their mouths. It's a shame, and I hope nonoral women will read your wonderful letter and realize that there's a lot more to balling than the old in-and-out.

So what if fellatio is more important to you than fucking. I'd only worry about it when blowjobs altogether replace your need to take a little cock someplace other than your mouth.

Why do you crave giving blowjobs? I don't know. Maybe you gave up smoking and need something to replace the drive. Who knows? But don't worry about it.

TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS

I am twenty-seven years old and definitely not beautiful, although I am reasonably well built and attractive. I've been married

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twice, the first time for only a year. I was still a virgin when I first married, and then I met John, my present husband, and for the past four years have been very content.

John travels quite a bit and is out of town several times each month for periods of four or five days at a time. The reason I am writing, I guess, is because I work for a very old lawyer, who is fifty-eight years old. It seems that Jason, my employer, is a widower, and nearly six months ago, while John was traveling, he insisted that we go to dinner together. After dinner, he walked me to my door, and the phone was ringing. It was John, and when I told him about the dinner his comment was that old Jason was a very nice gentleman and that at his age I was in good company.

Thinking about John's remarks later, I wasn't completely sure that I agreed with him. As my boss was still there, I fixed us some drinks. Whenever John is out of town, I am horny by the fourth day. And this was the fourth day, and John still had one more day to go! Maybe that was part of it, but Jason was telling me about what a wonderful lover his late wife had been. I know that he was watching me very closely as he continued to say that it was always pleasant being able to give pleasure to a woman orally. I explained to him that John was very well built but that he didn't like oral sex. Jason then asked me whether I liked oral sex, and I told him that I used to enjoy it when it lasted long enough but that it had

been some time and it was a little difficult to remember. Somehow, he suggested that it would be nice if we both took a shower and lay down together. As he put it, just the feel of our bodies together "certainly wouldn't hurt us."

I knew better, but I did like his company and it was very comforting having him around. The next thing I knew, we were in bed and he was going down on me. After two orgasms, we got into a sixty-nine position, and I began fellating him. It was really funny, and I nearly laughed when I first took his little two-inch penis into my mouth. Even after my sucking for five minutes, it couldn't have been more than four inches long. It took more than twenty minutes before it even got hard, and by then it was just a good six inches and beginning to taste and feel more enjoyable to me. And of course he was very busy eating me out, and we were both loving it.

The first few times John was away after that, Jason would take me out to dinner before our repeat performances, which I really did enjoy. Whenever I managed to get him stone hard, he would ask me to mount him. I will always remember the first time, because it was a "first" for me to try being on top, and even though his cock was much smaller than John's, it did feel extremely good.

Now that it has gotten so even though he can last for only one good mutual orgasm, I really want and need to have him at least

once each week. The rest of the time I'm satisfied with John. To add to my confusion, Jason and I began taking off early on Friday afternoons to have a "weekender," as we refer to it, before John got home. The third time we did this, after Jason had gone, the telephone rang before I had a chance to clean myself. John came in while I was still on the phone, and he had taken a shower before I was finished talking to his sister. I don't know whether it was just John's mood or maybe my lack of clothes, but as soon as John and I got into bed, he was ramming his huge cock into me. He felt better and more wonderful then he ever had before. John never even guessed why I was so well lubricated. He just said that he loved how wet and juicy my pussy was because he was able to penetrate me quickly and easily when I was that way.

Jason and I now take off early two, sometimes three, afternoons each week. He always leaves forty-five minutes before John gets home, and I just wait for John because I know I'm well lubricated.

Jason has been telling me that inasmuch as he is at least two inches smaller than John, I really shouldn't worry about his getting me pregnant, because John gets so much deeper into me. What really worries me, though, is John finding out about Jason. Can a man tell whether another man has been "there" ahead of him? Is there any way John could know if I should accidentally get pregnant by Jason? Jason also says that a man his age doesn't have to worry about getting a woman pregnant, that he is too old. Is this true?

I have never enjoyed sex so much before, and I admit that I love it best during the week, when I have both Jason and John on the same day. Thanks for your help.—S.C.

I doubt that your husband can tell if someone else has "been there" ahead of him. However, he might begin to wonder if some telltale hairs are left around on the bed. Or he might wonder where you got that hickey or those wild scratches on your neck. I mean, forty-five minutes isn't much time to get your act back together, is it?

Can a fifty-eight-year-old man get you pregnant? Oh, only for about nine months. What's the matter, woman? Didn't anyone ever clue you in on the facts of life? Many men well past the age of seventy have sired children. But then, maybe those men had cheating wives, which is, at least, something you know a lot about.

THE AWAKENING

I'm a married woman with a 37-26-39 body. I'm a past beauty-contest winner, and as recently as six months ago, I won a legs contest at a nightclub. My husband, Joey, is a truck driver and very attractive.

For many years I had been true, but I became tired of sitting at home at night while Joey was out working. A girl friend who is single asked me to accompany her to a nightclub, and it was there that I met Jerry. He's extremely tall, very handsome, and unmarried—and he owns the club.



"Cut the crap, Harry. How bad is it?"

Doctor discovers method of regaining lost hair

Once Attainable Only in Private Doctor Run "Baldness" Clinics,
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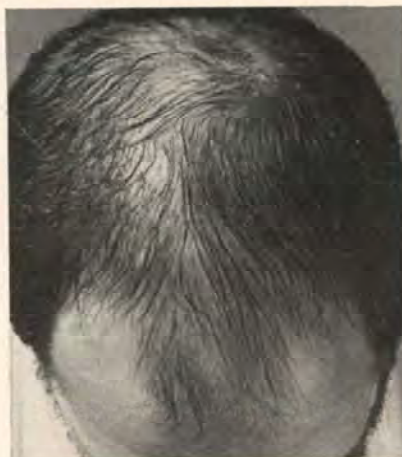
Now, you can do it for yourself right at home for hundreds of dollars less. With the same results. With Biotin Solution Hair Restoration Gel.

Biotin Solution Brings Life to Dormant Rootlets.

Each hair on your head grows for an average of four years; then it enters into a dormant, or rest, stage before a new hair coming from beneath the scalp in the same root channel pushes it out. The balding/thinning problem develops when the new hairs force the old ones out, but fail to continue to grow themselves.

The hair stops growing because the hormone androgen (testosterone) shortens your hair's growing phase. Quite plainly, your hair rests too soon! This is not an unnatural process: almost every man alive has noticed that his hair starts to thin as he becomes more mature . . . and it's the accumulation of the testosterone hormone that does it!

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Before Biotin Treatment.



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Restoration Gel is the remedy.

Biotin Solution combats the testosterone build-up and the hair's normal cycle of growth has a chance to return. If your hair is only "sleeping," Biotin Solution will wake it up, and you'll be on your way to the most fabulous head of hair you can possibly have!

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The average person's hair loss (male and female) is between 50 and 100 hairs per day. That's not really very many. Are you losing more than that? Are you finding hairs on your pillow? On your suitcoat? Are too many hairs coming out in the wash? You had better get Biotin Solution to work on the problem right away!

In the intensive research done with Biotin, in addition to proving Biotin able to catalyze hair growth in dormant scalps, Biotin brought excessive hair loss under control in 9 out of 10 cases!

A Doctor Discovered Biotin's Secret, But You Don't Need A Doctor To Use It.

You can get Biotin Solution Hair Restoration Gel to use and apply by yourself. You don't need any special training. You don't need any special, expensive equipment. All you need to do is massage a small amount of Biotin Solution into your scalp once every morning and once every evening.

If you're balding, or losing more hair than you should due to a testosterone accumulation, Biotin Solution is exactly what you need!

It's not a magical baldness cure. It's Biotin Solution Hair Restoration Gel. Backed by science and research.

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After meeting Jerry, I began returning to the club just to see him. One evening, while we were dancing, he asked me to go with him to his house to pick something up. Upon arriving at his home we had a couple of drinks, and he asked me to dance. I reminded him that we should be getting back, but he was so handsome and the liquor made me so relaxed that I found myself dancing very closely. For a second I thought I would resist, but I soon found myself returning his kisses and twisting and thrusting my hips up against the huge bulge in his pants.

I stiffened for a moment when I felt his hand at the zipper of my dress, pulling it down, but his hungry lips and thrusting tongue soon made me forget I was married. His hands pulled the dress free of my shoulders, and I felt it drop to my waist. One hand sought the clasp of my bra, and it fell away.

We shouldn't be doing this, I thought, with a twinge of alarm, but it was too late. I felt his tongue lick my breast. My whole body shook with excitement as he made his way from one trembling globe to another. I became so weak in the knees I thought I would fall. With his arm around me and my head spinning with excitement, I was half-carried to Jerry's bedroom, where I soon found myself lying naked on his bed. In no time he was out of his clothes and coming toward me. His cock seemed immense and was very thick. It was at least

four inches longer than my husband's.

I must admit, I had often wondered what a large cock felt like, but in my wildest dreams none would come up to what I was about to experience. In the next second he was between my legs with his huge frame hovering over me. My last protest was a weak "Jerry, we shouldn't." I felt the head of his thick cock slip tightly between the lips of my pussy. "Jerry, Jerry," I gasped, clinging frantically to him. My legs flew up in the air as he sank his shaft to depths where no one had ever been before. I clung to him, my inch-long red nails clawing at his back, at his firm buttocks rising and falling over me, "Oh, Jerry, Jerry, it's never been like this before!" He was fucking me so hard I thought I would go crazy. I was gasping for air, lifting my hips, thrusting them violently upward to meet his insistent blows.

Soon, too soon, the room seemed to explode in a blinding flash of light. I screamed and began bucking my hips, carrying him high off the bed. I was coming like mad. I nearly fainted when he drove even deeper and his swelling cock began to spurt deep inside me. Finally, Jerry collapsed, panting with exhaustion.

Since that night I realize that I am deeply in love with this wonderful man. I want him very much, and he wants me and has asked me to marry him. My question is: how should I go about telling my husband and making this as easy as possible for him?—W.N.

There's no easy way out, and trying to find one is like attempting to fly: Just be honest and tell him the truth.

CHEATING ON HER MIND

Eleven years ago I married a twenty-one-year-old girl shortly after she had graduated from college. She was a beautiful girl, with a body that easily qualified for a centerfold layout. Anita was a virgin when we became engaged, but we soon started having sex. I loved her so much that I couldn't wait until we were married to enjoy the fantastic lovemaking I knew we would have every night. Right from the start of our marriage, she turned on to sex and would try almost anything.

For ten years we have had a good marriage, and we have two beautiful children. We have had all the usual ups and downs and problems that most marriages have. As I look back, I can see that most of our problems were due to a lack of communication from both sides. From time to time I would get the feeling that I wasn't giving Anita everything she needed as far as sex went. If I would ask her about that or try to get her to talk about it, she would always say that she had no interest or desire in having sex with anyone but me. A few times I suggested swapping with another couple, or I would ask her if a certain person we knew turned her on. Each time she would say that I gave her all the satisfaction and sex she wanted. I also talked with her about masturbation and her fantasies, both of which subjects she said weren't worth talking about.

After a few years, I started to fantasize about her fucking another man. I always envisioned this as a threesome, me included. I didn't tell her this for a long time. One night when we were making love, I told her about this fantasy. She said it sounded neat and that she would like to try it. She said she would like to have the other guy in her pussy and me in her ass at the same time. As she was telling me this, she got hotter and was starting to fuck very fast and hard. After this incident, it was easier for Anita to discuss her fantasies with me.

In the past year and a half, I have noticed things that lead me to believe that she might be having an affair. About six months ago I felt I was about to lose her. One night I sat her down and told her we had better have a talk. I began and told her everything I could think of about myself during the past ten years. I told her about some of the affairs I had had and confronted her with my suspicions. At first Anita denied everything. So I backtracked and retold her things about us that hurt me a lot. I did it all with one thing in mind: I wanted Anita to know everything about me. I wanted her to have confidence in our ability to save our marriage, if only because I was willing to reveal anything and everything about myself.

In the six months since that night, I have learned a lot about my wife. She has told me things about herself that I had no idea she was capable of. She has told me of nine different men she has fucked during





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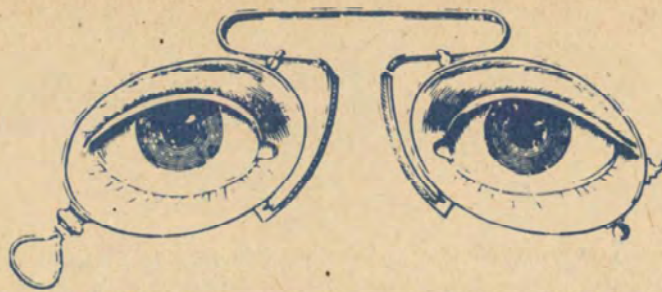
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

MAN BITES DOG... DOG SUES!

BY NICK TOSCHES

Gloria Sykes, a twenty-nine-year-old Sunday-school teacher, was aboard a San Francisco cable car when it crashed into a pole on Hyde Street on a September day in 1964. She later filed suit against the city, claiming that the trauma of the accident had caused her to become a nymphomaniac. Since the crash, testified the tender Miss Sykes, she had been whelmed by lewd desires and had been driven to fuck more than a hundred men. Slut juice flowed from her uncontrollably, and every God-given aperture in her once-pure body had been defiled beyond salvation. She demanded that the city of San Francisco pay for her sins. The jury decided in favor of the plaintiff. The court awarded Miss Sykes \$50,000 to defray the cost of her fall from virtue. Marvin E. Lewis, her attorney, declared the case "a legal breakthrough."

He was right. *Sykes v. San Francisco* augured a new sort of jurisprudence. Our courts of law have come to be occupied by an increasing number of absurd battles and an ever-rising babblement of bizarre grievances, otherworldly defenses, and judgments of greater novelty than of equity. This babblement, remindful of the Court of Chancery in Charles Dickens's *Bleak House*, is orchestrated by lawyers whose theatrical excesses are surpassed in audacity only by their greed. Test cases have come to resemble long-shot pilots for television series, and legal proceedings in general are closer in spirit and substance to *People* than to the *Harvard Law Review*. Yes, justice is blind—just like Daredevil.

One wonders what Clarence Darrow would make of the case of *Phillips v. Brown*. In 1974, thirty-eight-year-old Julie Phillips of San Francisco came to Dr. John R. Brown to have her sex changed. (Whether or not the idea came to her while riding a cable car has not been disclosed.) Dr. Brown, contends Miss Phillips, performed upon her person such a slovenly sex-change operation that she is now wholly without gender, neither man nor woman. She—one hesitates to employ the neuter pronoun—has filed suit against the physician for the sum of \$7 million. In his defense, the noble Dr. Brown has stated that "every doctor sets his own standards."

Indeed, sex figures mightily in modern law. Take, for example, the recent case of *Rideout v. Rideout*, in which Greta Rideout accused her husband, John, of raping her. The Rideouts of Silverton, Oreg., were a typical married couple. They fought, and she fucked other guys. The problem was, apparently, that she wasn't too big on fucking him. Taking Mrs.

Rideout's attitude in the wrong spirit, Mr. Rideout imposed himself upon her, and she, in turn, dragged his ass to court. Eventually, Mr. Rideout was acquitted, and the couple announced their reconciliation. Two months later, Mrs. Rideout filed for divorce. Reports that Mr. Rideout has fled to San Francisco to be neutered by Dr. Brown have not been substantiated.

A case currently in the chancery court of Memphis is that of a seventeen-year-old woman who claims that she was married for four months when she discovered that her husband was a woman. The bride began to suspect that something was amiss when she noticed that her husband's friends referred to him by the name of Harriet. The innocent belle has sued for an annulment on the grounds that she was tricked into entering a homosexual marriage. I would send the young lady a vibrator for solace, but she'd probably chip her teeth.

When William Milligan of Columbus, Ohio, was tried for rape in 1978, he sought acquittal on the grounds that he possessed ten different personalities. The twenty-three-year-old gentleman testified that he was, at various times, a lesbian, a three-year-old girl, a withdrawn young boy, a British scholar, and an eighteen-year-old rock-'n'-roll drummer—among others. Mr. Milligan, all ten of him, was found not guilty.

Another curious rape case was that of *Niemi v. NBC*, in which that network was accused of causing the rape of a young girl named Olivia Niemi. Her attackers, it seems, assaulted her in a manner inspired by the fictional rape of Linda Blair in the made-for-TV movie *Born Innocent*, which NBC had aired four days before Miss Niemi was ravaged. The \$11 million suit ended in an acquittal for NBC. The losing attorney was

Marvin E. Lewis, the lawyer who had won the case of *Sykes v. San Francisco* a few years before. Counsel for the defense was Floyd Abrams, whose efforts were a spin-off of "Kaz."

Women who think of murdering their husbands should take advantage of the current tendency toward acquittal in cases of hubby-slaying. Jennifer Patri of Waupaca, Wis., Marlene Eagle of Sisseton, S. Dak., and Jeanette Smith of Gaylord, Mich., are but a few of the recent Danaides to be found not guilty, and the Women's Right to Kill movement is growing stronger every day.

In the courts of babblement, not even client and attorney are safe from one another, as *Hearst v. Bailey* illustrates. In the summer of 1978, Patricia Hearst, publishing heiress and former Tupperware hostess to the Symbionese Liberation Army, accused her celebrated lawyer, F. Lee Bailey, of incompetence. She





claimed that during her trial for armed robbery Bailey was so hung over that he had to clasp his hands together to keep them from shaking. The eminent attorney, who has a contract from G. P. Putnam's Sons to write a book about Patty, was last seen on the NBC game show "Whodunit?" He denied the charge of intoxication.

Even a funeral can turn into a juicy lawsuit. In the case of *Gearhart v. Simmons Funeral Home*, the five children of the late Nellie Gearhart in Kansas City, Mo., have filed a \$20,000 suit alleging that the driver of a hearse in the funeral procession for their mother

of pain and loneliness.

A loser on a much grander scale is Mr. I. Walton Bader, who filed suit in the U.S. District Court, New York City, against General Motors and others for polluting the continental United States. Mr. Bader sought damages of \$675 trillion, which is slightly more than ten times the national wealth.

Most ominous of all recent goings-on in court are those attempts by old girl friends to sue their lost boyfriends. The *Marvin v. Marvin* case ended with Michelle Triola Marvin winning a settlement of \$104,000. Other cases are now pending. Attorney Marvin Mitchell

SCENES



FALL-OUT SPIN-OFFS

For the entertainment industry, the recent *The China Syndrome* and the Harrisburg nuclear accident became two parts of a single, exploitable phenomenon. Suddenly, movies that go bang in the dark were big-box-office. Within days of the nuke "event," Times Books steeled itself for a barrage of queries regarding film rights to *Smoke*, a year-old "prophetic" novel by Alexander Cockburn and James Ridgeway (in which President Carter is forced to negotiate with some antinuke terrorists); Chelsea Pictures announced its forthcoming antinuke film, *The Prometheus Crisis*, "the

most incredible disaster of them all"; agent H. N. Swanson confidently circulated Arthur Hailey's pronuke novel, *Overload*, for a film or television sale. ("It's the opposite of *The China Syndrome*," said Swanson. "Hailey feels that nuclear is here to stay and that the public has to get used to it.") And a reader at a West Hollywood typing service revealed that a dozen pronuke and antinuke screenplays had miraculously appeared to be processed.

Things certainly are mushrooming in the nuclear genre. Not that Hollywood had ever really forgotten about the emotional appeal of nuclear power. Back in 1946, MGM rushed into release the story of the A-bomb, *The Beginning or the End*, and ever since then bomb entertainment has viewed the atom in just those extremes: beginning or end, utopia or hell, but never just a little blessing or a little curse.

Soon after the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Albert Einstein proclaimed that, since legislators ultimately derive their power from the village square, "to the village square we must carry the facts about atomic power." But filmmakers have always had a problem accepting Einstein's challenge: they face a vacuum at the heart of their nuke films. The sus-



Lee and Michelle: law is a many-splendored thing.

speeded up and left them in a cloud of dust so that he could stop and eat a sandwich.

A favorite case is that of *Hansen v. Hansen*, in which twenty-four-year-old Tom Hansen of Boulder, Colo., sued his parents. Demanding \$350,000 in compensatory and punitive damages, the tender, young Hansen claimed that Mom and Dad, who are scientists at the National Center for Atmospheric Research, neglected his needs for "psychological support." While conceding that Mom and Dad had paid his psychiatric bills and established a trust fund for his bread-and-butter support, Hansen complained that they "spent nothing for what I wanted, nothing on music or art." In the end, the judge threw the case out of court, and Hansen is once again ambling through the mean streets of Boulder, strumming upon his guitar the chords

son, who is a specialist in the field of bitch law, was quoted by *Time* as saying, "Don't you just love all the ramifications?"

Ramifications, indeed. If an ex-girl friend can sue her former meal ticket on the grounds that the comforting ministrations of her carnal housewifery had helped her unappreciative sir to attain success, can we be far away from that day when suits will be filed in the names of faithful dogs? One envisions a rise in veterinary law and sees F. Lee Bailey pleading the case of Warren Oates's schnauzer, which for so many years had been Mr. Oates's "confidant and friend, which shared the burden of the hard times and fanned the flames of hope, and which was told repeatedly by the defendant: 'It's just you and me, Laszlo, all the way.'" Another breakthrough case, as they say on the Coast.



Fonda in *The China Syndrome*: box-office bombs



Notorious: Alfred Hitchcock's dilemma with uranium.

pense in *The China Syndrome* is extraordinarily keen, considering that radiation is invisible, is silent, has no smell or taste, cannot be felt. By what artful contrivance can the pestilence, or pride, of the twentieth century be made palpable to the audience?

Long gone are the days when filmmakers could get away with Gaby Rodgers (in *Kiss Me Deadly*, 1955) jimmying the lock of a shabby suitcase filled with something and blowing L.A. to kingdom come, or Grant Williams sailing through a shimmering mist of radioactive DDT to become *The Incredible Shrinking Man* (1957).

Until recently there were three principal strategies. The monster-movie genre welcomed the likes of *Them*. Sci-fi emphasized the twin themes of an apocalypse (*The Day the Earth Caught Fire*, *Crack in the World*, *On the Beach*)

and a new beginning (*Panic in the Year Zero*, *Glen and Randa*, *Last Woman on Earth*). The Cuban missile crisis and the Berlin Wall changed sci-fi to poli-sci-fi, and the protagonists were not survivors of nuclear holocaust but instigators with hot-lines and fail-safe systems (*Fail-Safe*, *Seven Days in May*, *The Bedford Incident*, and, of course, *Dr. Strangelove*).

Such recent national events as the Silkwood trial, Harrisburg, and the Seabrook demonstrations provide the context for the latest wave of nuclear films, television shows, and novels, both pronuke and anti-nuke. Besides *The Prometheus Crisis* and *Overload*, we can all learn something from Walter Mirisch's production of *The Third World War August 1985* (it starts with a Soviet nuclear warhead detonated over Britain), Lorimar's *The Good Leviathan* (a nuclear-

powered supertanker with the healing powers of Lourdes), and CBS's six-hour *Atomica* (a history of the A-bomb). Also forthcoming are such novels as *The Wave* (floods threaten a nuclear-waste-disposal site), *Status 1SQ* (an American nuclear submarine is trapped beneath the Soviet Arctic ice cap), *Triple* (Middle East politics complicated by nuclear weaponry), and *The Aswan Solution* (see *Triple*).

Over the years, with few exceptions, producers made nuclear films with impunity. True, the FBI wondered why Alfred Hitchcock happened to select uranium as the McGuffin in his 1944 thriller, *Notorious*; the BBC first financed and then buried Peter Watkins's *The War Game*; and the PBS dumped producer Don Widener's 1977 documentary, *Plutonium: Element of Risk*. Nevertheless, there has been little official interference with the nuclear genre—until now. And two examples stand out.

The first case involves Buzz Hirsch, an independent producer who outmaneuvered *Ms.* magazine, Jane Fonda, and others for film rights to the story of Karen Silkwood, the twenty-eight-year-old employee of Kerr-McGee who was killed in an auto wreck while presumably en route to a whistle-



The Beginning or the End.

blowing meeting with the press to expose irregularities in her employer's handling of plutonium. Silkwood's survivors have sued Kerr-McGee for wrongful death, and in its defense Kerr-McGee obtained a subpoena for Hirsch's notes, films, and tapes. Insisting that the Oklahoma plutonium manufacturer was trying to suppress his film, Hirsch battled the subpoena on the grounds that a filmmaker enjoys the same First Amendment rights of protection of sources that journalists do. During the litigation Hirsch was effectively prohibited from fund-raising, let alone filmmaking, since no one



Peter Watkins's *The War Game*: BBC fallout from a nuke film.



wants to buy into a lawsuit. But last fall the Tenth Circuit Court of Appeals upheld his First Amendment argument. Quickly, Hirsch teamed up with producers Alex Rose and Tamara Assayev, and a month later ABC optioned their project. The network insists, however, that no Silkwood docu-drama will be aired until all appeals to the trial are exhausted.

The other example of alleged harassment involves Stephen Doran, a twenty-two-year-old filmmaker, who had filmed antinuke demonstrations against the Diablo Canyon reactor at San Luis Obispo, California. The district at-

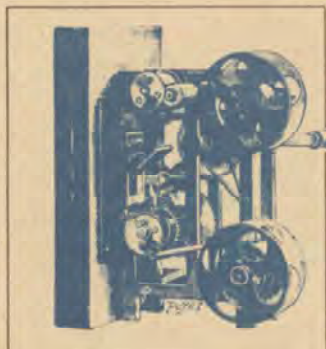


Sellers as Dr. Strangelove.

torney subpoenaed his film as evidence in the city's "showcase trial" of twenty out of the more than four-hundred fifty demonstrators arrested. Eventually, the subpoenas for Doran's materials were dropped on the basis of his First Amendment defense and the fact that since Doran had run out of funds the district attorney would have had to pay \$10,000 in lab bills to actually get a look at the film. That entanglement—and Harrisburg—allowed Doran and his coproducer, Robert Jacobs, to complete their fund-raising and finish *Direct Action*, their one-hour documentary on Diablo Canyon which they describe as "a film about how a national issue is fought out in a small town."

Which is just what Einstein had in mind.—*Mitch Tuchman*

FILMS



PHANTOM LADIES

Everything about the release of Billy Wilder's *Fedora* suggested disaster. A year passed before it opened. The major companies didn't want to risk it. Finally, it had its New York premiere on a Sunday (how to avoid the more influential weekday reviews) at a small art theater on the Upper West Side. You see, "the word" on the movie was bad. (In years of reviewing movies I have often heard, in advance and second hand, "the word." I have never been able to learn where "the word" comes from. "The word" is almost always bad.) But when it finally became possible to screen *Fedora*, none of the predictions made much sense. Because, if the film is sometimes wacky, it is much

more often moving and scary, and every so often very beautiful indeed.

It might help to have some background for this tale of the end of a Hollywood star. It might help to remember something about movies made before, say, the mid-1950s but especially about Billy Wilder's own *Sunset Boulevard* (1950)—also the story of the end of a Hollywood star and, certainly not by accident, as much the subject of this film as anything else in the movie industry as a whole. Marthe Heller, who plays the legendary Fedora, must be modeled after Garbo. But in her makeup she also recalls the faded Gloria Swanson of *Sunset Boulevard*. And the brash, young, opportunistic William Holden who invaded Swanson's universe nearly thirty years ago is now the brash, old, opportunistic William Holden, who again breaks the protective boundaries of a world that has drawn within itself, within the solace of its own mythologies. Of course, those mythologies serve the needs of the industry. And so the cruel, delusional relationship between private person and public image, between film and Fedora, becomes the subject of the movie.

It begins when Barry Detweiler (Holden), luckless producer of "independent" features, arrives carrying a script, with which he hopes to

lure the aging but still miraculously young-looking Fedora out of her self-imposed retirement. She lives, when she is not in her Paris mansion, on a tiny islet off the Greek island of Corfu, together with a chauffeur-bodyguard, a stern and sullen nurse (Frances Sternhagen), the brilliant but discredited plastic surgeon (José Ferrer) who has cheated time of its due, and an irascible, chair-ridden old countess (Hildegard Knef) who seems to rule the household by sheer force of will. By extreme persistence, Detweiler makes his contact. He even engages the restless interest of Fedora—who may have been unbalanced by the drugs used in her rejuvenation treatments, as the doctor suggests, or who may be held virtual prisoner by the others, as she herself protests on the wild night when she escapes to Detweiler's hotel room on Corfu.

Her bid for freedom fails. She is spirited off to the doctor's clinic near Paris. From there she again escapes, but only to throw herself in front of a moving train, to end her life and set in motion the stately funeral that is the dramatic framework for the story of Fedora.

I've only begun to tell that story. Written by Wilder and his favorite collaborator, I.A.L. Diamond, and based on a Tom Tryon short story, it is very complicated and rather far-fetched and is encased in enough narrative devices—voice-over, flashbacks, flashbacks within flashbacks—to stock several more ordinary movies. Much of it runs to excess, and some of it to near absurdity. But *Fedora* nevertheless earns our trust, partly because our incredulity is one of the elements from which it makes its sense. The "embodiment of a legend"—that old Hollywood hokum has by now become as exotic a fiction as have the personalities of the stars that were its standard-bearers. Everything about *Fedora* ages—not just the leading lady but also the presumption that her image must prove fascinating. Yet it *does* prove fascinating in the context of something like a horror movie, with a convoluted plot and the detailing of the desperate measures that might be assumed by any creature that



William Holden and José Ferrer: skin grafts and movie deals.



Frances Sternhagen and Marthe Keller: exotic hokum.

has lived beyond its time.

It all receives support from an uncommonly strong cast (most certainly including Marthe Keller, the essence of whose role is a suspicion of being always in the wrong place at the wrong time); from Miklós Rózsa's lush musical score; and from Gerry Fisher's haunting photography of the Greek islands, the Paris mansion, the movie sets and shoreline of California. But even more it receives support from a flood of private images: the costumes and dark glasses of the beautiful, timeless monster herself, the gauze mask hiding the outcome of the twentieth face-lift, a drawer full of white cotton gloves, a copybook with "I am Fedora" written down every page, a secret wall pasted with fan-magazine photos of Michael York—the male lead of Fedora's last, unfinished picture.

At one point in the movie somebody mentions Fedora's acting, and the Countess snaps back: "Acting, that's for the Old Vic"—Wilder and Diamond must have cherished that line—"but sometimes the camera finds a face that it loves..." Two-bit Hollywood wisdom, but in a way it explains *Fedora*. It's not only that the camera is a demon lover, mercilessly exposing whatever it admires. It's also that the face begins to assume a power, even over the person wearing it, that should never be allowed.

The key to *Sunset Boulevard* was the memory of a career, an intensity of performance that the old actress preserved even to her final mad scene in real life. The key to *Fedora* is the memory of an image, a perfection so without content as to be as frightening in its prime as in its fiendishly hidden decay. The chance of a life rattling around in there, behind the sunglasses and the skin grafts, sparks our interest in the movie. The fantastic revelation of that life rewards our interest. And it justifies the rich, bitter, disillusioned romanticism of surfaces that is the film's glorious and terrifying style.

What have these things in common: a supersecret Secret Service agency, an obscure verse from the Book of Deuteronomy, a Princeton professor of Aramaic, a string of turn-of-the-century Jewish whorehouses, an intense young woman studying paleontology? Not enough, as it happens. And that is perhaps the central difficulty with Jonathan Demme's *Last Embrace*, an attempt to do a murder-mystery-spy-revenge drama in brilliantly new but nevertheless solidly traditional colors. For the most part, the model is Hitchcock. But where Hitchcock always makes continuous sense (even when he doesn't make for much plausibility), Demme mostly makes effects.

Some are fairly expert. There are whole sequences in which the slow dissolves, the ponderous, always-moving camera, work for an ominous density and mysteriousness that look very classy and good. But then a promising passage will lead nowhere special. Or worse, it will lead to obvious imitation, like a chase sequence to the top of a Princeton bell tower, right out of the climax to Hitchcock's *Vertigo*, that could be a classroom exercise in how to copy your betters. When that sequence is over, incidentally, with secret-agent Roy Scheider knocking off his former brother-in-law and former colleague Charles Napier, the film seems to drop half its plot. And I mean *drop* it—without any explanation or (except perhaps for an unwritten message in a tube of lipstick) any return reference at all. Christopher Walken, as the ice-cold boss of the Secret Service agency, says of Scheider, "Kill him!" But for the remaining hour of screen time, it's as if he had been issuing orders to the wind.

Scheider has returned to New York from a rest cure for a nervous breakdown brought on by the murder of his pretty young wife. He returns to find himself without an assignment and with an apartment already sublet to a stranger—Janet Margolin, busy preparing for her Ph.D. It is she who hands him

the note, slipped under the door, threatening him, in Hebrew characters, in the name of the "Avenger of Blood." The search for his enemy takes him to synagogues, to cemeteries, to rabbis, to Macy's, to Princeton, to Niagara Falls, to Janet Margolin's bed—until so many bases are touched that there seems no time for asking whether any of them count.

Such vagueness may look stylish, and *Last Embrace* is not without its claims to style. But to me it seems like giving up half the resources available to a mystery movie—and in this case the resources that remain aren't always the most important. They do include some ingenious locations, especially lots of stunning, deafening Niagara Falls. They also include Tak Fujimoto's camera and an intentionally overevocative score by—again—Miklós Rózsa.

Enough elements exist to have made a movie. Jonathan Demme, who is still young and who, except for last season's *Citizen's Band*, has worked mainly in promising trash, hasn't quite yet made a movie. But he's getting very close. It's impossible not to want to like *Last Embrace*. Some filmmakers go through their whole profitable careers without ever making a movie good enough to disappoint you when it didn't turn out as well as it might. —Roger Greenspun



Roy Scheider and Janet Margolin: Hitchcockian effects.



WORDS



LAUGH LINES

In the last few years, humor, like transsexualism, has become a fad in America. And if it's surprising what a man will do these days for a free drink at "happy hour," it's not so surprising as how far seemingly normal people will go to prove that they, too, can be funny.

Some people are content with imitations, wearing balloon hats and screaming "Excuse me!" until you want to rip out their vocal chords with a claw hammer. But others, too many others, crave more than just the polite chuckles of, long-suffering friends. They want to cash in on the humor game, make big bucks off yuks; and unfortunately the humor frenzy is allowing them to do just that.

Perhaps the most stunning example of bore turned jokesmith is Richard Smith, author of *The Dieter's Guide to Weight Loss During Sex* and most recently of *The Bronx Diet* (Workman, \$2.95). Now, if you thought the calorie count of sperm was funny—by which I mean, if you actually laughed out loud at the calorie count of sperm, memorized it, and told it in an amusing way at parties or one-night stands—then you're a major asshole and will probably laugh at anything, including *The Bronx Diet*. But in memory of Lenny Bruce, I feel compelled to state that Richard Smith is a humor fraud. He is not funny, and he cannot write humor. What he does know is one humor formula and one humor concept: joke words, which, without a natural sense of comedy,

serve him as well as braces would a toothless hag. Using Smith's formula and some familiar joke words, let's see if you, the reader, can't rewrite some of *The Bronx Diet* and make it at least amusing:

Smith's formula is simple and is exemplified by this excerpt from page fifty-three of his book. For your edification, I have italicized the joke words:

WHAT ARE THE SYMPTOMS OF OVERWEIGHT?

You are carrying excess poundage if you:

- Bend *seesaws*.
- Displace a volume of water equal to that of a *Buick*.
- Hide *cookies* in the folds of your skin.

Smith continues the symptoms down to the bottom of the page and ends with a boxed quote:

"My passion for fudge knows no bounds."

—ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER

Now, circle the joke words of your choice. Let the kids play, too, and see if your family can't write humor a lot better than Richard Smith:

WHAT ARE THE SYMPTOMS OF OVERWEIGHT?

You are carrying excess poundage if you:

- Bend (a) wing chairs
(b) bar stools
(c) only at the neck.
- Displace a volume of water equal to that of (a) Kate Smith
(b) Larchmont
(c) a Volkswagen Rabbit.
- Hide (a) anorexics
(b) granola
(c) scofflaws

As for the boxed quote, I'd rewrite it to read:

"Our passion for fudge knows no bounds."

—THE VILLAGE PEOPLE

But you do as you like—you're the humorist now.

And now that you are in the humor field, let's talk about some books that can help you in your newfound craft. For historical background try *The Mahogany*

\$2.95

THE BRONX DIET

The diet sensation of an entire borough!

Researched & devised by a leading figure authority

Featuring

- The radical principle: to reduce, eat less; to gain, eat more
- A map of the Bronx

RICHARD SMITH

Author of the No. 1 national best seller:
The Dieter's Guide to Weight Loss During

MEMORANDUM FOR EACH DAY OF THE NEXT DECADE!

Tree (Hawthorn, \$15.00), by Arthur Prager. An informal history of *Punch*, the English humor magazine that began as a paper in 1841 and is still going strong and funny 135 years later, *The Mahogany Tree* is thoroughly researched, written with clarity and humor, filled with cartoons and drawings old and new, and rife with anecdotes and works of such humor masters as William Makepeace Thackeray, P. G. Wodehouse, James Thurber, A. A. Milne, and Mark Twain, to name but a few. If you don't know *Punch*, you should—it is a humor institution. Buy this book; and if you care anything about the future of American humor, when you've finished it, forward your copy to Richard Smith. Who knows? Maybe he'll learn something.

If you want to be entertained, take in some funny facts, and sample some skilled humor writing while you're at it, *Omnivores* (Viking, \$8.95), by Alfa-Betty Olsen and Marshall Efron, is a good bet. Like *The Bronx Diet*, it's about food. Unlike *The Bronx Diet*, it's funny about food. Marshall and Alfa-Betty explore truffles, garlic, mutton. They take you to all sorts of eating places, from the roman vomitoria to the Evelyn K. Food Eating Dynamics Institute. They bring you a bad wine chart and a few bad puns. The heroic cutlet? There's a foreword by Mel Brooks, who says, "This is a book that will profoundly interest anyone who has ever been hungry." I guess in India that would make it a children's classic. The very fine illustrations are by Ron Barrett.



Omnivores: food satire.

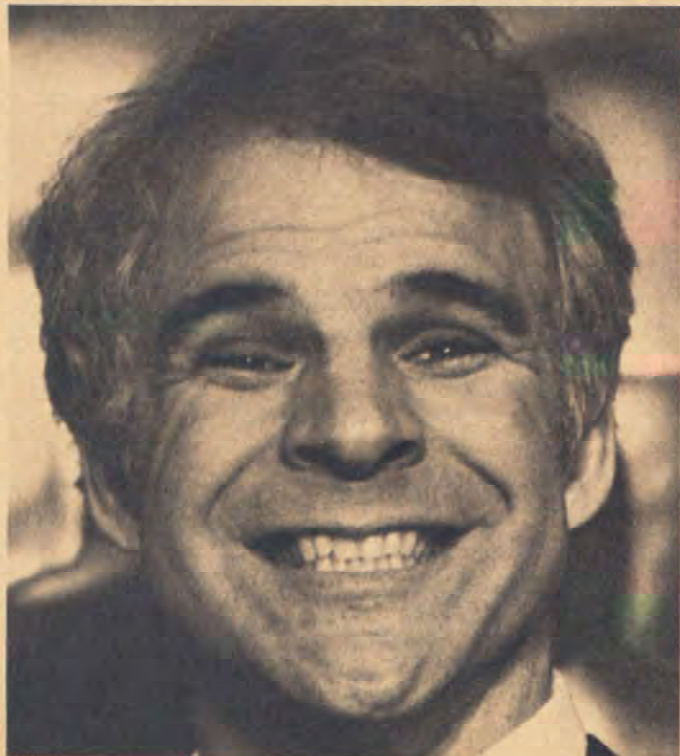
Steve Martin, the one and only gray-haired six-year-old, has written a book. It's called **Cruel Shoes** (Putnam's, \$6.95), and it consists of forty-two very short stories and seven or eight poems, interspersed with pictures of Steve in concert as well as one photo study of his white-on-white suit. I think Steve Martin is a great comedian. He brought surrealism to the masses, though I don't guess they know it; and many of his

stories are as good as seeing him in person: "Serious Dogs," "Cruel Shoes," "The Day the Dopes Came Over," "Cows in Trouble." And then there are other stories that are kind of disconcertingly weird and that maybe only Dada would find seriously funny. And some poems that really only Bernadette Peters and Martin's cats could forgive him for. But no matter. The book is good, very good compared with most—genius compared with *The Bronx Diet*—and many kids who may never read anything else will read it just because Steve Martin wrote it and because he is a — and — guy."

***HUMOR FINAL:** Fill in the above blanks with the two most humorous adjectives that best describe Steve Martin and are as catchy as pinkeye.

- (a) wacky and zany
- (b) nutty and loony
- (c) handsome and sexy
- (d) wild and crazy

Richard Smith, author of *The Bronx Diet*, answered (b). It figures.—Emily Prager



Steve Martin: bringing surrealism to the masses.

SOUNDS



A FUNKY FAIRY TALE

Evelyn "Champagne" King's discovery at the age of fifteen reads like a funky disco fairy tale. She was singing in the bathroom—not just any bathroom, of course, but the bathroom at Philadelphia International Records, where her mother was a cleaning woman. While Mom worked outside in the hall, chubby little Evelyn, dressed in a head rag, sneakers, and dungarees, was in the ladies' room, scrubbing the floor. For a little girl she had a mighty voice, and she was turning it loose on her favorite song at the time, which was Sam Cooke's "A Change Is Gonna Come," appropriately enough, when a Philadelphia International session guitarist and budding independent producer named Theodore Life—T. Life for short—happened by. "Say," he asked Evelyn's mother, "do you happen to know who that is in the bathroom singing?"

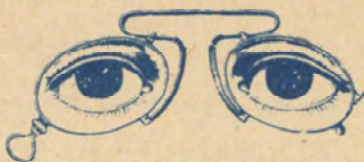
"Yes," Mrs. King replied, "that's my little baby daughter." Baby daughter? She sounded grown-up to say the least. Life knocked on the door and asked her to come out, and when she did, he cajoled her into singing, right there in the hallway, to make sure there wasn't somebody else still in the bathroom. "Look at this little mouse," he said. Evelyn wrinkled her nose and called him a rat. "Young lady," he said, changing his tack, "one day you're going to be a star."

Evelyn, who is nineteen now and has made two gold albums and a string of hit disco singles with Life

as producer, giggles when she recounts the story. Sitting in an RCA conference room with her older sister as chaperone, she isn't particularly striking at first glance. But she's cute, for sure, and when you put that together with her personality, she's a knockout. She is also an exceptionally self-assured young lady. "I don't believe everything people tell me," she says, continuing the story. "So I just said okay and went right on back into the bathroom."

But not for long. A month later Evelyn and her mother went to visit Life, and he was ready with a batch of original tunes, arrangements, musicians, a studio, and a contract. The first song he showed Evelyn was "Smooth Talk," which became the title tune of her first album, released by RCA in the summer of 1977. It was a fortuitous meeting of talents. Life's canny productions played off a whopping disco beat, a use of brass and voices that recalled the heyday of Motown, and the big-toned melodic exposition of saxophonist Sam Peake against Evelyn's unusual singing, which ranged from a deep, authoritative lower register to the most silken highs. Two songs from the album, "Shame" and the sexy "I Don't Know If It's Right," became disco and then pop hits, and the next album, *Music Box*, continued in the same winning vein. "All my life," Evelyn says, "I've been under the pillow, thinking, God, when is your dream gonna come true? 'Cause I always wanted to do somethin' in my life besides runnin' in the street with my girl friends and boyfriends. That just didn't make sense. Now I'm headlining, out on the road, runnin' all the time. I have a tutor, and I do my homework in the hotels. I hardly see my dog, my room, my family, but I'm getting used to it."

Evelyn's story is the perfect disco fable all right, but as with most fables, there's more here than meets the eye. To begin with, her family is musically oriented: she's been singing in regular King "amateur hours" at home since she was five. Her father, Eric King, sometimes worked at Harlem's Apollo Theater as a stand-in with



various singing groups, and her uncle is Avon Long, who played Sportin' Life in the original *Porgy and Bess* and most recently starred in the successful Broadway revue *Bubbling Brown Sugar*. So Evelyn was always encouraged and coached by her family; and even before T. Life heard her, she had performed with a Philadelphia group called Volume 1.

How could Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff, the prominent producers who own Philadelphia International, have let a talent like Evelyn sing in their bathroom and then slip through their fingers? "My father took them a tape," says Evelyn matter-of-factly. "They sat there, they were nodding, but my father said they started to look strange. In their minds they were saying, 'Oh, she's got a good voice for a young age, but I don't think we should take her, not right away, 'cause you never know what she might get into as soon as she gets there. She might think she's big and all that.' But they were all wrong. People ask me, 'Wouldn't you rather be with CBS?' (CBS distributes Philadelphia International Records.) And I say no, that I'd rather stick with the ones who helped me from the start."

Then, too, the success of Evelyn's first album didn't come overnight. In fact, the album had been out for almost a year, with very little positive response, before anything happened. In Boston a few disc jockeys at discotheques began



Evelyn King: "God, when is your dream gonna come true?"

playing "Shame," a cut from the album, and getting an enthusiastic reaction. Boston's radio station WILD picked up a hint from the discos and began programming "Shame," and from there the tune spread down the East Coast, following the same progression from disco play to radio exposure. It went on to make the national R&B charts, which means that black record buyers were purchasing it in quantity, before it crossed over—again, largely through discotheque and disco-format radio play—to a broader audience.

Evelyn's story is an object lesson in the way the disco record business actually works. It takes hun-

dreds of thousands of dollars for a record company to establish a new rock group today. Costly tours that involve moving mountains of equipment and, often, making good the performers' losses have to be underwritten by the company in order to "break" the new rock act in important local markets. And the process isn't just expensive; it's risky and takes time. Disco artists become established solely through radio and discotheque play; only after they've had hits and can command a reasonable figure for personal appearances do they go on the road. Often a single disc jockey in a single club can launch a disco hit. This seems like a much

more democratic process than what goes on in rock, and in many ways it is. At the same time, it's important to remember that most rock groups write their own songs and help produce their records. Evelyn King puts her vocals on songs that have been written and on instrumental tracks that have been arranged and prerecorded by T. Life, who has the final say in shaping the sound. In a way, the star—that is, the singer—is the most disposable commodity in the disco business. Stars come and stars go, while producers who can "stay hot," or keep producing hits, grow rich.

So perhaps Evelyn's story isn't really a disco fairy tale after all. She was a seasoned performer when T. Life discovered her, unlike many of disco's overnight sensations, and she has something most disco vocalists lack—a strong, readily identifiable musical personality. When you hear her coming over the radio, languidly caressing a string of syllables and then groaning from deep in her chest, you can't mistake her for anybody else. Besides, her close family life has given her something most entertainers might well envy: two feet planted on the ground. One suspects she will be around for a while.

"Aren't you going to ask why they call me Champagne?" Evelyn asks in a teasing tone of voice after the interview is over. Okay. She blows a spit bubble and explodes in giggles.—Robert Palmer



Kwame Brathwaite

**“I want the best taste
I can get.
I get it from Winston.”**



BOX: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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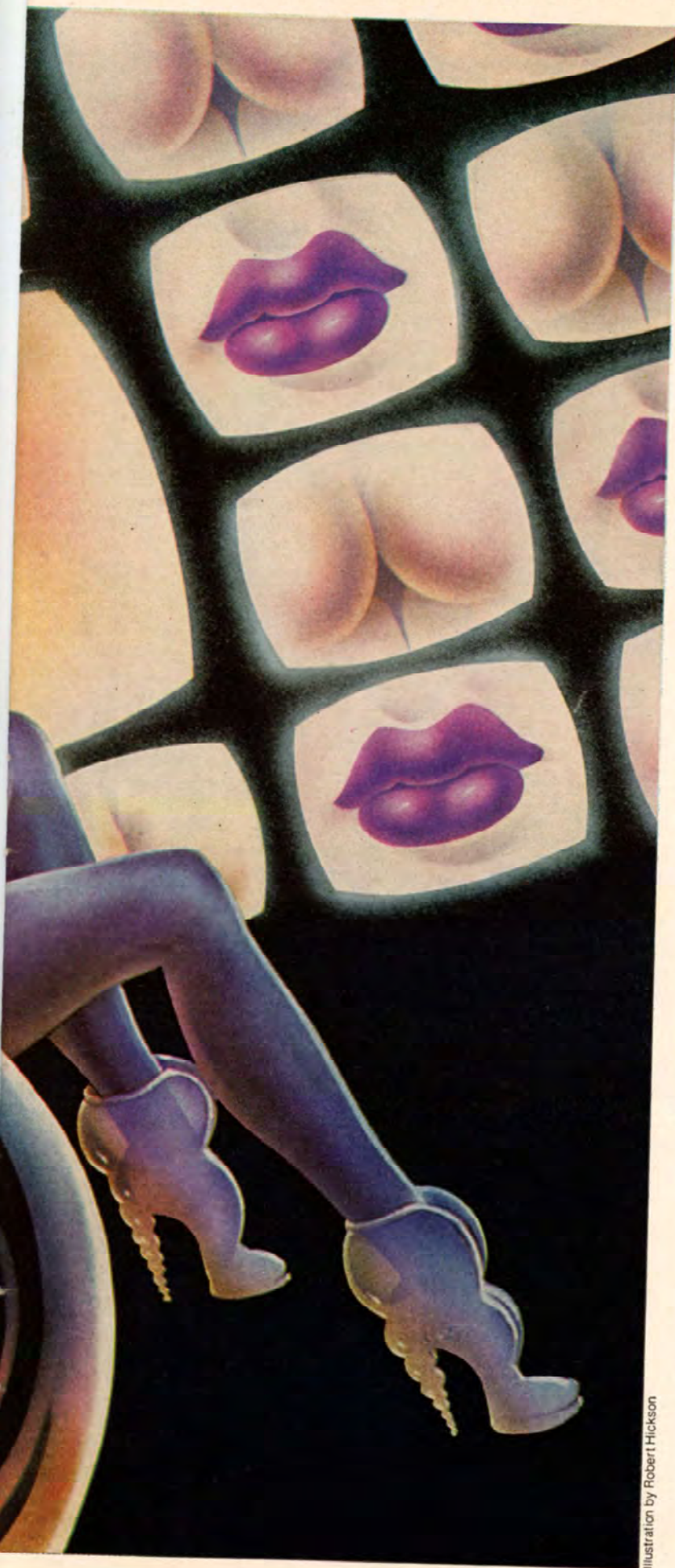


Illustration by Robert Hickson

The dominance of the big three commercial networks is ending as dissatisfied viewers switch to cable, pay-TV, discs, tapes, video games, and independent programming.

BREAKING THE TELEVISION MONOPOLY

BY DAVID GRUNWALD

We are in the midst of a video revolution that is changing the way we use and think about that cathode ray tube that sits in our home. The dominance of the three big commercial television networks in our lives is coming to an end as dissatisfied viewers and advertisers increasingly turn to other forms of television. Our options are opening up. No longer will most of us be limited to viewing three network affiliates, a public television station, and possibly an independent or two. We are leaving the age of television behind and entering the video era.

Just look around:

- A majority of Americans say that they are watching less television now than before. A nationwide poll conducted by the *Washington Post* last fall reported that 53 percent of the 1,693 people interviewed are watching less than they were five years ago. A separate poll by *Good Housekeeping* showed that 64.5 percent of more than 60,000 women surveyed are watching less than they did three years ago. And it is interesting that the Nielsen ratings so far this season show a nearly 1 percent decline from last season in viewership of prime-time network television.

- An advertising newsletter predicts a severe dropoff of network viewing following the Olympics and next year's presidential election, with viewers increasingly turning to cable television, pay television, home video, and non-network programming. It cites three factors: a decline in new shows likely to last more than a season, the head-to-head scheduling of special programming in order to hype ratings, and the inordinate amount of money spent on such rating disasters as NBC's "Supertrain."

- Cox Cable Communications recently paid \$8 million for a Gainesville, Fla., cable system with 26,000 subscribers, even though it is an old system capable of providing only twelve channels at present. Three years ago the local ABC station changed hands for \$2.3 million.

- ABC is seriously considering providing programming for use on video discs, video cassettes, and cable and pay television, possibly as early as this year, and has placed Frederick S. Pierce, the president of ABC Television and the man who pushed ABC into first place, in charge.

- RCA, which owns NBC, recently offered to build and maintain, at its own expense, satellite earth stations at all 725 commercial stations, which would circumvent the more costly, time-consuming existing methods of distributing both network and syndicated programming and allow each station to receive four different programs at the same time. This would ease the setting up of "instant" networks, allow producers to bypass established networks if they wish, and give affiliates the option to take something off the satellite instead of the network feed.

- Seeing stunning possibilities as a significant new advertising vehicle, the world's largest advertising agency has booked all the commercial time on two supplementary cable services—one that provides sporting events from Madison Square Garden; the other, a twenty-four-hour news service

from UPI. It believes that they will be cheaper and considerably more effective than the three commercial networks.

- When asked to explain why last summer was the best ever at the box office, one movie executive said, "There has been a profound lack of interest in television. Television has finally bored even its bedrock customers."

By Christmas 1981, predicts Bill Donnelly, a vice-president of the Young & Rubicam advertising agency, "the television set will no longer be perceived as a television set but as a CRT, a cathode-ray tube ... the modular display device for a whole host of information and entertainment resources, and they will all be electronic. The typical American consumer will be able to receive thirty-six cable-television channels, one or more pay-television channels, perhaps one supported in part by advertising. This display device will be fed by a video-cassette machine, with which one can view everything from the son's bar mitzvah to the daughter's wedding. It will be fed by video discs bringing him the Audubon Bird Guide and Elton John in Concert. There will be programmable video games providing him with not only casino-type enjoyment but also the ability to balance a checkbook."

This is no pipe dream. In America, 14.2 million homes have cable, 3.6 million of which subscribe to a pay-cable service, such as Home Box Office, Showtime, or Fanfare. As for the video disc, North Amer-

ican Philips introduced players in the Atlanta area last December at a cost of \$695 each, selling out the first shipment in fifteen minutes, and MCA provided an initial catalog of 200 titles ranging in price from \$5.95 to \$20, depending on length and subject.

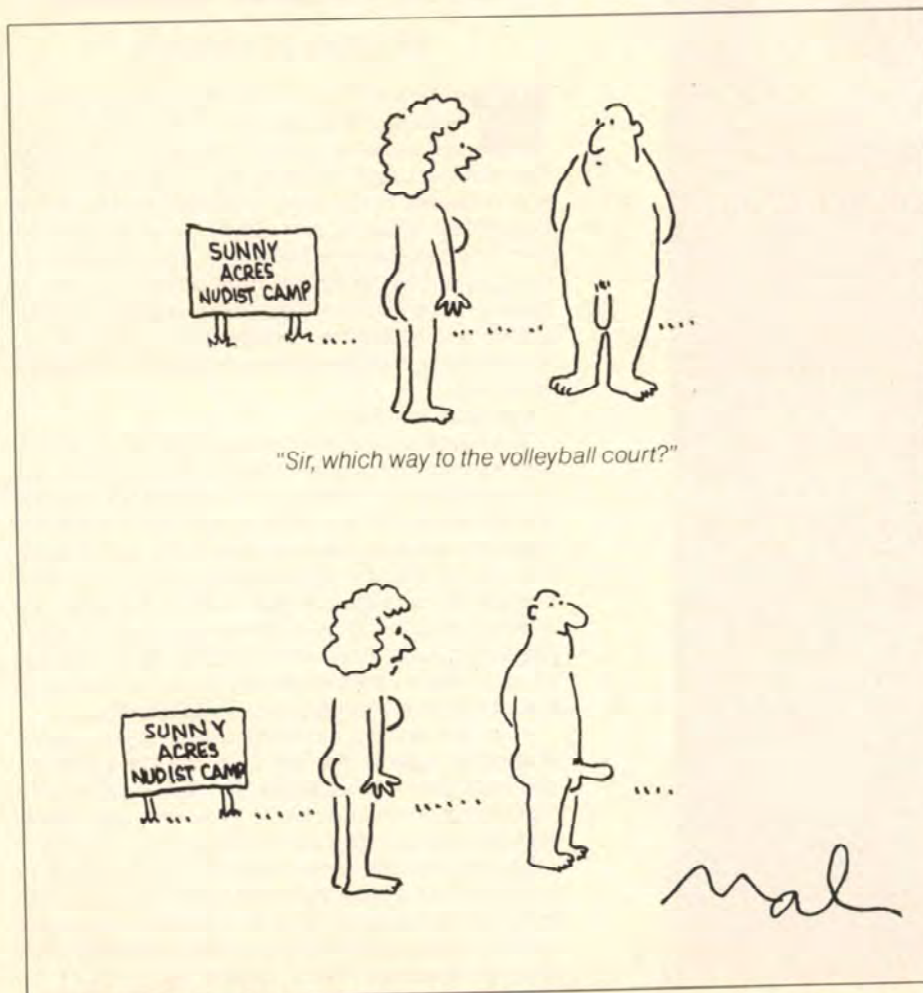
For the time being, though, for most of us the CRT will still be a television, our choices limited to happy news, "Fantasy Island," and "Different Strokes" on the networks, opera and Julia Child on PBS, sports and old movies on the local independent. That's not to say that what we have available is necessarily awful or exceptionally rarefied, just that our viewing options are narrowly limited, leaving us the choice of either tuning in or turning off.

There are two main reasons for this: the FCC has placed restrictions on the number of stations in a particular area because of technical limitations, and, more important, the primary constituents of the three networks are not the viewers but the advertisers. We are the product they sell. Our financial support is strictly indirect, the advertisers paying all the direct costs, which is not the situation with magazines and newspapers.

Consequently, the networks strive mightily to provide advertisers the largest possible audience at a cost they can afford. Thirty-second commercials for a top-rated series, such as "Laverne and Shirley" or "Happy Days," go for over \$100,000, while for a series not expected to pull anywhere near that kind of audience, such as the critically esteemed "Paper Chase," the rate hovers around \$45,000. This means that the programming is largely that which will appeal to most of us—what we will find, in former NBC programmer Paul Klein's all-too-apt phrase, the least objectionable programming.

Everything is numbers these days, the more the merrier. The A.C. Nielsen keeps the score by using arcane devices called audimeters that are hooked up to the television sets in 1,170 out of 74.5 million homes and linked by special telephone lines to a Florida computer. The accumulated data provide two basic sets of figures about network programming: the percentage of television homes watching a particular program and the percentage of those homes watching television tuned to that program. The first figure, a program's rating, determines the cost of a commercial, and the second figure how well it is doing against the competition. If a program doesn't consistently pull at least 30 percent of the viewers watching, it is often a prime target for quick cancellation no matter how good a program it might be.

Unfortunately, since the money involved is so big—nearly \$4 billion in advertising revenues this year, each prime-time rating point being worth \$35 million over the course of a year—the networks no longer feel that they can afford to program anything that would jeopardize the rest of their schedule, resulting in constant program juggling, abrupt cancellations, and few



When you really get it all together.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.

prime-time documentaries. Bob Wood, a former president of CBS television, points out that "the creative process is not like slicing baloney; it's very fragile. Out of thirty-five pilots you get five or six shows, and you're lucky if two are renewed for a second season."

True, all three networks make staggering piles of money, but the gap between top and bottom can mean an extra \$200 million in revenues for the number-one network. Thus new programs are rarely allowed to find their audiences anymore. At the same time, because of largely lower ratings, much of the more interesting and enriching programming has been shunted off to PBS. So for every "Lou Grant" that survives there is a surfeit of "CHiPs" and "Love Boats."

But there are other constraints besides numbers:

- Programming is locked into specific time frames—thirty minutes, sixty minutes, ninety minutes, and so on—as if they were building blocks instead of entities in their own right.

- There is a short time between conception and airing of a new series. Last fall 107 producers, writers, and directors signed a protest complaining that the networks, by pushing forward the start of the 1978 season, didn't give them enough time to prepare their programs properly. Warned *Hollywood Reporter* columnist Richard Hack: "Any network which feels that it can gain an audience by racing to the finish line with a

premiere episode of a new series still dripping wet from the lab is pulling the wool over its own eyes Television is already the singlemost pressured form of creativity, and all that's necessary is for the weakest link to fall apart, and the entire Ivory Tower will come tumbling down."

- In the course of a season the producer must churn out a large number of episodes, usually twenty-four. "It's a difficult task to capture the interest of viewers and then sustain it," comments Bob Wood. Once the problem was worse—thirty-nine episodes a year. In Britain a series often plays for six weeks and then is rested.

- Because of mounting production costs, with hour shows costing more than \$400,000 per episode, program suppliers must stick to tight production schedules that seldom allow them the luxury of extra takes and adequate rehearsal time.

- Slots must be left for commercials, severely limiting the creative freedom of the writers, who are forced to stop the flow of a show every few minutes.

Beyond that, programming cannot alienate large blocks of viewers because that would mean a cut in viewership; thus, self-imposed censorship. Consequently, much of the programming seems stamped out of the same plastic mold, formula shtick, visual Muzak, whether it be game shows or sexcoms or serials or action-adventure—something to watch, nothing to experience.

It is not surprising that the three networks

have come under increased fire. Viewers are dissatisfied, some because they believe that the amount of sex and violence portrayed on the tube has negative effects on children in particular and on society in general. For example, the Mississippi-based National Legion of Decency picketed Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers to protest Ford's sponsorship of shows that they regarded as excessively violent and sexually suggestive.

But mostly viewers complain that hardly anything on television is really interesting and involving. One mother wrote to the *Washington Post*, "The networks have finally done it. They've turned my children off television," their sets now kept in the closet, taken out only when there is a program so exceptional that they can stomach watching it through all the commercials. "I knew that if I waited long enough, it would self-destruct."

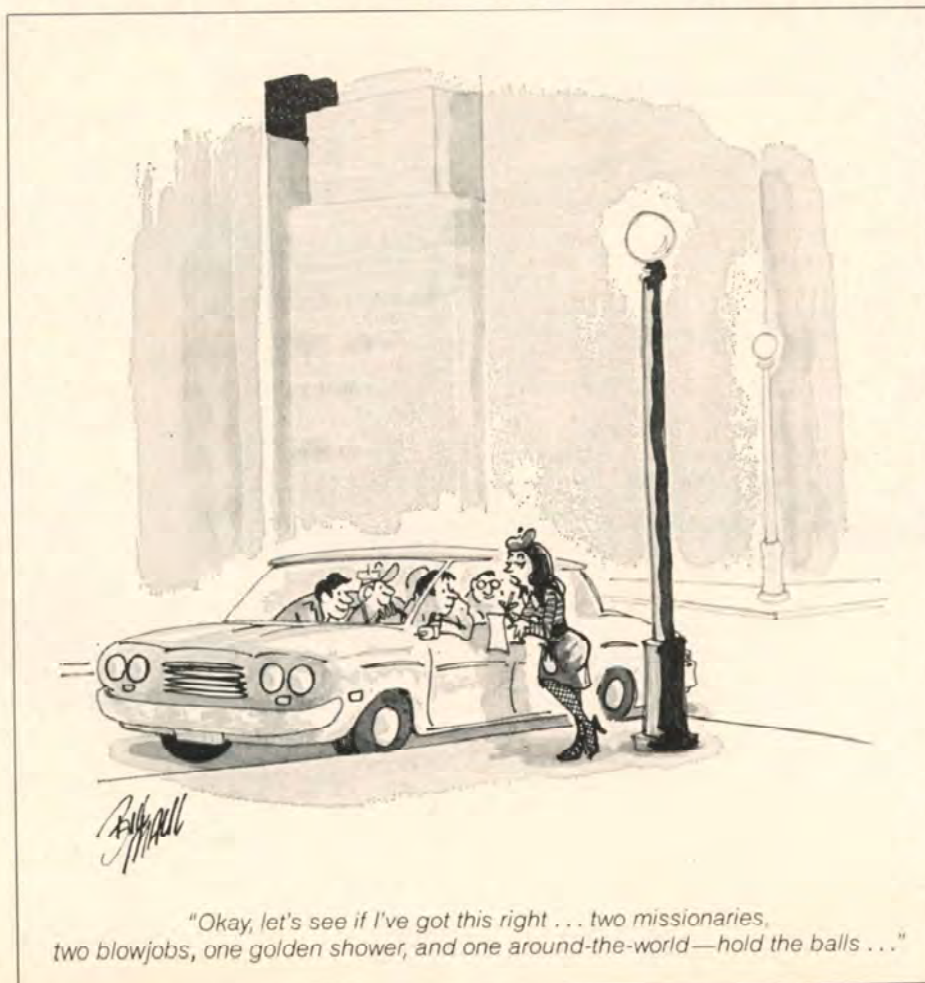
Affiliates, the roughly 600 local stations that carry network programming and that gross lucrative profits, are dissatisfied with shows that alienate their viewers and drive them away to other stations. They are also outraged by the increasing amount of prime-time clutter, those extra commercials and upcoming program promotions that the networks have slipped in, in violation of the industry's own code of practices. Indeed, one study claims that the three networks grossed an extra \$31 million during the first three months of 1978 alone by this practice.

Advertisers are unhappy because of higher rates and the networks' seeming total concentration on ratings at the expense of quality and impact. Castle and Cooke, for instance, has shifted much of its advertising from television because of poor program quality and high cost. What most advertisers want is consistency, a known audience that will be responsive to their ads. They don't want program juggling, because it damages their own interests. One advertising agency executive declares, "Advertisers are in business to maximize their own interests, not to support an irresponsible and grasping medium."

As for the FCC, the governmental agency that regulates broadcasting, not only has it begun a two-year probe into network programming practices, but also its chairman, Charles Ferris, has repeatedly decried television's blandness and wants to develop a broadcasting system "that gives us greater diversity."

And if that isn't enough, Congress is currently considering a new bill that could turn the entire broadcasting industry inside out by extending television license terms from three to five years and eventually ten, limiting multiple ownership to five radio and five television stations with a maximum of no more than three television stations in the top fifty markets and no more than one station in any market, prohibiting federal regulation of cable television, and allowing telephone companies to enter any telecommunications market, including cable.

Ironically, for a business whose survival





Gump

depends on the Nielsen numbers, the very veracity of those figures is under question. During jury selection for last year's "Born Innocent" case in San Francisco, it was discovered that despite ratings indicating that more than one-third of the prime-time audience had watched the program, only three of the eighty-one prospective jurors had actually seen it and most of them didn't watch television all that often. In fact, one woman who worked for an ad agency said that she seldom watched because "I don't care for the programs."

A two-part series in *TV Guide* suggested that actually there is a 2.6-point sampling error in both directions for any set of weekly Nielsen ratings. A Nielsen spokesman said that the sampling error lessened to 1.8 over thirteen weeks. Still, such an error could result in a show's being ranked well below what it should be or the reverse, even to the point where it would fall below a network cutoff line and be canceled. *TV Guide* also suggested that the 1,170 television home samples did not adequately account for minorities and college students.

But even if there was no sampling error, the ratings give no indication of just who is watching or with what involvement. A second Nielsen panel is used to determine age, sex, income level, and educational background of the viewers; but since it uses filled-out diaries, it is considered less reliable. It is very interesting that even during the winter in close to 40 percent of American homes with televisions, the set is

off during the evening (for what it's worth; no one is watching between 2 and 4 percent of the sets turned on).

However, what really has the networks running scared is the recent resurgence of cable television and the possible shift of programming and advertising dollars to pay cable and the supplemental cable services, causing network brass to leap to the barricades and brandish intemperate statements. One executive likened cable to a shark "whose head is against the viewer's throat. The costs will come out of our own pocketbook." One station owner has even gone so far as to concede defeat if pay cable and pay television aren't eliminated immediately.

Originally designed to provide decent reception to areas otherwise isolated by geography or topography—a Clovis, N.M., or the hilly terrain of San Francisco—cable now means, with the help of satellite transmission, a menu of up to thirty-six different choices, not to mention such add-ons as burglar and fire alarms plus two-way capability, such as Qube uses in Ohio. In addition to local stations, this means twenty-four-hour news, weather, and sports services; local access channels providing everything from high-school football to talent shows to city council meetings; stations from other areas; supplemental services, such as sporting events from Madison Square Garden or UPI Newstime; and one or more commercial-free pay channels. And with the advent of fiber optics—a

transmission system utilizing thin strands of glass fiber that carries signals emitted by lasers—the cost of laying cable will drop significantly, not to mention making cable even more versatile because of its greater capacity. In fact, some experts feel that America will be a completely wired nation within a decade.

Pay cable is now in its infancy, but its impact is already evident in the rapidly increasing number of customers. Five years ago Home Box Office started with 365 subscribers in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and now has more than 2 million. Showtime, started the summer of 1976, had 100,000 subscribers at the beginning of 1978, went onto satellite that March, and now has more than 700,000.

Both services show recently released, uncut movies, plus special concerts and nightclub acts, again uncut and uncensored—roughly fourteen new movies and shows a month for about nine dollars a month (split fifty-fifty between the cable operator and the pay-cable service), or the cost of two adult admissions to a first-run feature.

Unlike commercial television, pay TV has no restraints. There is no need to worry about commercial breaks; one can experiment and take risks, not just turn out the same old slick pap. Television producer Michael Shamberg of TVTV says that pay cable will provide new outlets for young producers learning their craft. "It's going to make network programming better."

Wrote one Houston, Tex., woman to Showtime, "I have found that just having it available has made me much more discriminating in what I watch on TV. First I look to see if there is anything on Showtime that I haven't seen or particularly want to see again; then I look at the regular *TV Guide* to see if there is anything I want to see. If not, I don't turn on the set at all—a first for a long, long time. I used to watch just anything and sit through those hours of commercials and other junk, just to be watching something."

And it isn't just the affluent and better educated who are signing up. In San Angelo, Tex., Home Box Office has found that a higher percentage of subscribers were located in the Chicano barrios than in the richer Anglo areas. Says Home Box Office executive Robbin Ahrold, "We are sure now that we are not sure where the ceiling is for pay cable. A year ago we were pretty sure 20 percent of all cable subscribers was the ceiling. Now it is up to 30 percent and way over that in new cable systems."

In a sense, the pay-cable services are new networks, but with one crucial difference: it's the viewer who pays the freight. And as they grow, more money will be available to buy programming. Home Box Office is airing sixty made-for-pay productions this year, compared with twenty-four last year. As for Showtime, it has arranged with the producer of "The Streets of San Francisco," Quinn Martin, to make a science-fiction movie that would first be shown on pay cable.



There is another difference: each movie and show, with the exception of sporting events, are repeated from four to eight times during a month, giving a subscriber several chances to see a program.

What makes pay cable—and, to a similar extent, supplemental cable services—so potent is the use of satellites to reach individual cable systems. In order to receive the programming, all a cable system needs is access to an earth station, which costs at most \$30,000 installed. That circumvents the need for expensive land-line telephone company hookups that would otherwise make such services prohibitive. It costs just under \$2,000 to send an hour show from Los Angeles to New York via telephone land-lines, not counting the additional costs to link up the stations receiving it. By satellite the cost can be as low as \$150 and at most \$800, and there would be no additional connection charges, since the earth stations are already in place. This means that the more specialized programming that a network would find disastrous in the ratings as well as prohibitive to distribute would be both economical and practical for cable.

So far, pay-cable operators have shied away from advertising, feeling not only that it would turn off their subscribers but also that pay cable can be profitable without advertising support. But the thinking in the advertising community is that advertising will come, placed between programs rather than interrupting them, the advertiser sharing the cost with the viewers in much the same way reader and advertiser share the cost of print media. This, says Young & Rubicam's Bill Donnelly, will change the rules of the game by eliminating total dependence on advertising and loosening programming constraints. Already the supplemental cable services are partially supported by advertising.

The magic number in advertising, says Donnelly, is reached when 30 percent of the country is hooked up by cable, a figure he expects to be reached by Christmas Day 1981. Cable will then be big enough not only to attract sizable advertising support in its own right but also to start to divert some advertising from the networks, primarily because the advertiser will have a better chance to reach the specific audiences he wants and at a lower cost. In fact, he will actually know who's watching what.

Just as significant to advertisers, though, will be the number of homes with cable television, which by then should reach 50 percent. "Suddenly, over half the U.S. households could at low cost become cable subscribers," says Donnelly. And the gold rush will be on as advertisers begin to use cable on a broad scale, providing the kind of bucks that will dramatically improve programming. Investors, spotting a virtual klondike of profits, will rush in to construct new cable systems and rebuild and expand existing ones. Within a decade cable could easily become the dominant factor in television.

Naturally, the three commercial networks

are worried. NBC, in a study entitled *Broadcasting: The Next Ten Years*, recognizes that "the major area of uncertainty is the extent to which future growth of cable and pay TV will have an impact on commercial broadcasting." Not only will it affect local stations significantly because of cable's ability to bring in stations from other parts of the country via satellite, but also its economic leverage will effect the choice of programming available to the networks. "Even at relatively low penetration levels," concedes NBC, "the economies of pay cable are such that substantial monies could be used to outbid sponsored television for selected major events." Asks ABC counsel Everett H. Erlick, "How long will it be before many of the popular free television events, particularly movies and sports, disappear from free television and appear only on pay television?" And that isn't even considering the supplemental cable services.

The networks, and particularly their affiliates, are also concerned about the growing strength of local independents. Traditionally, television's stepchildren, the independents, with few exceptions, have survived on the edge of bankruptcy with an erratic mix of local professional sports, ancient flicks, and numerous repeats of old reruns of "I Love Lucy." As for their news programs, they were perfunctory at best, little more than rip and read.

But with the increasing blandness of network programming and the hunger of

advertisers for television time, the independents have become a force to be reckoned with. They have formed rump organizations, such as Operation Prime Time to provide their own mini-series, such as "Testimony of Two Men" and "Evening in Byzantium." In fact, last year's "The Bastard" garnered ratings that matched that of the commercial networks, even surpassing those of the local affiliates in New York, Los Angeles, and Chicago. In addition to twenty-five independents, sixty-six affiliates carried it, and on two out of every three affiliates it was the top-rated show in its time period. It is not surprising that Operation Prime Time has ordered an additional five mini-series for this year and next. Four years ago ten of the bigger stations formed the Independent Television News Association as a national daily half-hour news film exchange and has now expanded to twenty-one stations.

Most crucial was a 1969 ruling preventing network affiliates in the top fifty markets from running syndicated series during prime time, allowing the independents to counterprogram. Now, when so many new network series are so inept and mediocre, the independents can program anything from "Mary Tyler Moore" to "Hogan's Heroes," reruns of old series with proven audiences. And with their large inventories of old movies, they can easily score well against network rating disasters such as "King" and "Loose Change" by showing blockbuster films.

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• When I'm hungry for something besides love, I eat at a Chinese restaurant.
My lover once gave me some dessert under the table—and it didn't require chopsticks. •

SALLY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F.W. ECK

"I'm definitely a San Francisco flower child," admits pretty, blue-eyed Sally Whitstable. "But not the kind you think. I'm literally into flowers. I spend all my spare time growing and arranging them. Someday," she says, showing us around her miniature-jungle apartment, "I'll have my own florist's shop." Sally's talent for creating beautiful things extends to her own 37-25-36-inch body, which she arranges in ways that don't exactly bring horticulture to mind. Sally likes men who openly admire her, but she prefers those who bring "real originality and humor to their compliments. Once, for example, I spent the night with a man who looked me in the eye the next morning and said, 'Baby, if you were a streetcar named desire, I promise I'd never get off!'"





Sally also goes for men who are full of pleasant surprises. "My favorite was the time I spent my birthday soaking in a hot tub on a lover's rooftop. He told me to close my eyes, because he had a present for me. When I opened them, he and his best friend, both suitably wearing nothing but their birthday suits, had slipped into the water beside me. Each was holding a bottle of champagne..." "What then?" we ask. "What do you think?" she says, grinning. "We celebrated!"















"When I'm hungry for something besides love, I like to go out to eat at a Chinese restaurant," Sally tells us. "My lover once gave me some dessert under the table," she recalls, smiling, "and it didn't require chopsticks!" Sally is a true Gemini, she claims. "Witty, flirtatious, and very adaptable. I sense what a man needs from me, and then I give it to him!" With that attitude, Sally is destined to make any traveling man she meets leave his heart in San Francisco... 





Grady Van Horn

A small Texas company
gives its millionaire customers a fighting
chance to stay alive.

THE VICTIMS OF TERRORISM STRIKE BACK

BY CRAIG S. KARPEL

There is an ism abroad in the world today that supersedes all previous isms. It's not communism, fascism, nihilism, nationalism, or neo-anarcho-syndicalism. This one is called terror-ism, and do not be confused by the claims of its perpetrators or apologists that it is not an end but a means. Terrorism is the newest ideology. It is grounded in the perception that the likelihood of replacing the current system with a better one is less than zero. Rather than aspiring to be programmatic revolutionaries or commissars, radicals settle for the adrenal rush of extracting plutocrats from their Mercedes-Benzes, ordering them about at the point of a Kalashnikov for several fortnights, during which they are forced to sit for unflattering portraits, liberating as many million dollars as possible from their relatives, and then putting a 9mm slug through their heads and leaving their remains in the back-seat of a stolen car, ready for the *paparazzi*. If you can't make an omelet, get your rocks off by breaking eggs.

The effectiveness of governments in dealing with the present blight of assassinations and kidnappings is demonstrated by Italy's deft handling of the Aldo Moro case. Moro's car was waylaid on a Rome street, his five bodyguards given a dose of people's justice; the political leader hauled off, subjected to a succession of indignities as the government dickered over the value of his life, and eventually shot and dumped.

The situation in such emerging terror centers as El Salvador, Guatemala, Nicaragua, and Colombia is even uglier. In the summer of 1978, El Salvador's three warring Marxist guerrilla factions started kidnapping foreign executives to draw international attention to this crowded country, where the literacy rate is 44 percent, 80 percent of those employed earn less than \$225 a year, and most wealth is concentrated among a few rich families. In the last three months of last year, there were

ten kidnappings of local and foreign businessmen, with an average ransom of \$4 million; for example, the amount handed over in a pickup truck loaded with duffel bags full of old small bills by the family of the local Coca-Cola bottler, who was abducted by ten armed men and held in a plywood box for twenty-nine days. It is good thinking for the kidnapping bands to give themselves names like "Armed Forces of National Liberation," since otherwise one might imagine that they were primarily after the money.

In such places one hesitates to call the authorities when one's astronomically wealthy husband has been kidnapped on the way to his coffee plantation, because it is entirely possible that the abduction was planned and financed by the agency whose help is being solicited—the government, the army, the police—or perhaps the owner of the coffee plantation across the road. The result has been a demand for private security services provided by foreigners—and the rise of a company known as International Security Group, Inc.

International Security Group offers a complete package of security services to individuals who do not wish to be the next Hanns-Martin Schleyer, a package built around bullet-resistant automobiles that I.S.G. manufactures. Its headquarters are located near the San Antonio, Tex., airport, convenient to clients arriving in private aircraft from points south. Office walls are decorated with blowups of photographs of picturesque assassinations involving unarmored cars. The company was founded two years ago by Richard Medlin and Ronald Kimball, both in their mid-thirties. Medlin began by spending three months building one car, working alone until five in the morning. "After years of working for other people, I wanted something I could do all by myself. It didn't turn out that way," he says, with a smile that does not reach his eyes and suggests the wariness with which he is sniffing for the first time the sweet smell

of success. Medlin and Kimball started I.S.G. with \$40,000. In 1978 it grossed \$4.7 million, with 184 employees and plants and offices in San Salvador, Guatemala City, Bogotá, and Madrid. Medlin and Kimball do not wish to publicize their background in local and federal law enforcement within the United States and in Latin America, because they believe that too many security firms coast on their agency backgrounds and connections. They prefer that I.S.G. be judged by the quality of the product and services it provides. They invite me to visit their operation as if I were a prospective "principal"—an individual to be protected—and draw my own conclusion. I agree and suggest that when I write my article, I will present case histories with minor alterations. I introduce no such changes when I report that the paper-towel dispenser in I.S.G.'s executive washroom has been meticulously covered by I.S.G.'s upholstery shop with wallpaper the color of the good earth of West Texas. If they have this covered, I note, chances are that they have everything covered.

It is explained to me that 90 percent of all kidnap and assassination attempts are made while the principal is traveling in an automobile. The attackers intercept the car and encourage the principal to emerge by perforating his driver and bodyguards. The entire incident usually involves five assailants and takes between seven and fifteen seconds. If the attackers discover that their bullets do not penetrate the passenger compartment within this time window, the prudent move is for them to find another victim, preferably one who does not have a bullet-resistant car. This is particularly true if the driver is saying crude things about the desperadoes' mothers over the armored vehicle's public-address system while spraying them with tear gas and shooting at them through gunports concealed in the doors.

When you consider the sense of security you feel when you roll up the windows and lock the doors of your mean machine, it is interesting to also consider that it is in the safety of your car that you are most vulnerable to attack. I speculate as to what a different place the world would be if big people would only get into the habit of using armored vehicles. Do any of you remember Gavril Princip? If you do, it is only because Francis Ferdinand and Sophie, heirs to the throne of Austria-Hungary, were not riding in a bullet-resistant vehicle on June 28, 1914. If John F. Kennedy had been wearing his bubble top, we might have been spared sixteen years of looking at autopsy drawings and photographs of blood-stained shirts. I open my *New York Times*. On page A2 the photo caption reads, "The body of Emilio Alessandrini, a Milan magistrate, slumped at the wheel of his car in a city street after leftist guerrillas shot him as he waited for a traffic light." On page A6 the story reads, "Protesters reached into the smashed Mercedes-Benz of Maj. Gen. Taghil Latifi during a violent demonstration in Teheran yesterday and

pulled him from his car. He was reported to have survived the attack." I close my *New York Times*. Those who do not remember the past are condemned to be bothered in their automobiles.

There are two related reasons why many people would rather be dead than use an armored car. One is weight. The other is price. For an example of the popular image of the bulletproof car, see a *National Enquirer* squib headlined "Car Fit For a King—Only \$300,000."

The article described Saudi Arabia's King Khalid's armor-plated Stutz: four feet longer than a standard Cadillac limousine, weighing over 7,000 pounds, and powered by a 425-cubic-inch V-8 engine. The car is equipped with a revolving throne chair, covered in crushed velvet. The article continues: "Along with standard features, such as [bulletproof] electric windows and stereo, the limo's posh interior has mouton lamb carpeting, a phone, recording equipment, a writing desk, and eighteen-

6

The goal of the
attacker is to force the
victim's car to
a standstill. "If you stop,
you're dead,"
drivers are warned.

,

karat gold trim."

At I.S.G. such vehicles are the butt of derisive laughter. Tungsten steel armor plate adds between 2,000 and 2,700 pounds to the weight of an automobile. Six figures for a car that handles like a bulldozer and brakes like a supertanker is no bargain, especially since the inordinate wear on its drive train requires that the vehicle either be used only on special occasions or replaced frequently. I.S.G. manufactures an armor plate made of Kevlar, an acrylic fabric, and ballistic nylon, laminated with plastic resin into a rigid sheet. I am shown samples of this material at which super-power ammunition, such as .357 Magnum and .30 cal. M-1, has been fired point-blank. None goes through. I.S.G.'s armor adds from 600 to 700 pounds to the vehicle's weight, no more than the weight of four passengers and well within the design tolerance of the drive train. The cars do not ordinarily have mouton lamb carpeting or throne chairs and sell for a Spartan \$23,000, for an International Scout, or \$65,000, for a Cadillac or Mercedes limousine. They handle like stock cars and have the same useful life.

I.S.G. will armor any model of automo-

bile, filling orders within thirty to forty-five days. During my visit a Mexican industrialist arrived in a Mexican-made Ford that he'd driven up from Guadalajara for I.S.G. to armor. Another gentleman telephoned from New Orleans to ask whether they would armor his Jaguar XKE. They thought the request rather odd but told him they would. I had expected to see them working mainly on Cadillac limos, Mercedes-Benz 450 SELs, and BMW 733i's. As it turned out, most of the cars they were working on were Caprices, Ford LTDs, Chevrolet Suburbans, and Scouts. "The desire to avoid being noticed," reads an I.S.G. brochure, "will prompt a continuing move from the large limousine to the more common, less conspicuous vehicle." My preference was for the armored Caprice in a black-and-silver paint job with red pinstriping. An attractive and roadworthy conveyance but not one that would stop traffic in Managua. The Suburban, Wagoneer, Cherokee, and Scout are particularly popular because most Latin American countries classify them as farm vehicles and assess a duty less than half the large import fee one must pay on a passenger car.

The gate of I.S.G.'s armored-car factory is opened electrically, and I am given a visitor's badge by an armed guard. The plant is well lit and immaculate. Mexican-American technicians deftly and swiftly remove windshield, windows, headlining, seats, carpeting, and inside door panels from production cars. A bullet-resistant windshield is installed. It is fabricated by Pittsburgh Plate Glass with an outer layer of bullet-resistant glass and an inner layer of polycarbonate resin and costs I.S.G. \$3,500. I am shown a piece of the windshield and rear window at which a clip of .45 caliber bullets has been fired. The glass is shattered, but nothing penetrates the plastic layer. Side window frames are widened with welded steel strips to accept glazing with "lightweight transparent armor" composed of an inner layer of G.E. Lexgard laminate. Between the glass and the polycarbonate is a space filled with nitrogen to prevent condensation. Because of their thickness, the side windows do not open. Would there be any point in paying fifty big ones for a car with bulletproof windows that are rolled down when the Popular Front for the Liberation of Your Bank Account made its move?

The floorboards, roof, and firewall are lined with nylon ballistic cloth stitched into batts. The doors are armored with sheets of Kevlar/nylon laminate through which gunports are cut to enable the occupants to return the attackers' fire. When the upholstery is replaced, these are covered with panels held on by Velcro. I look to see the gunports from the outside of a finished car, but there is no outer opening. "You just shoot right out through the sheet metal," I am told. "By the time you'd be using the gunports, the outer skin would be shot up already, anyway."

An additional battery is installed. One does not wish to be in the position of having

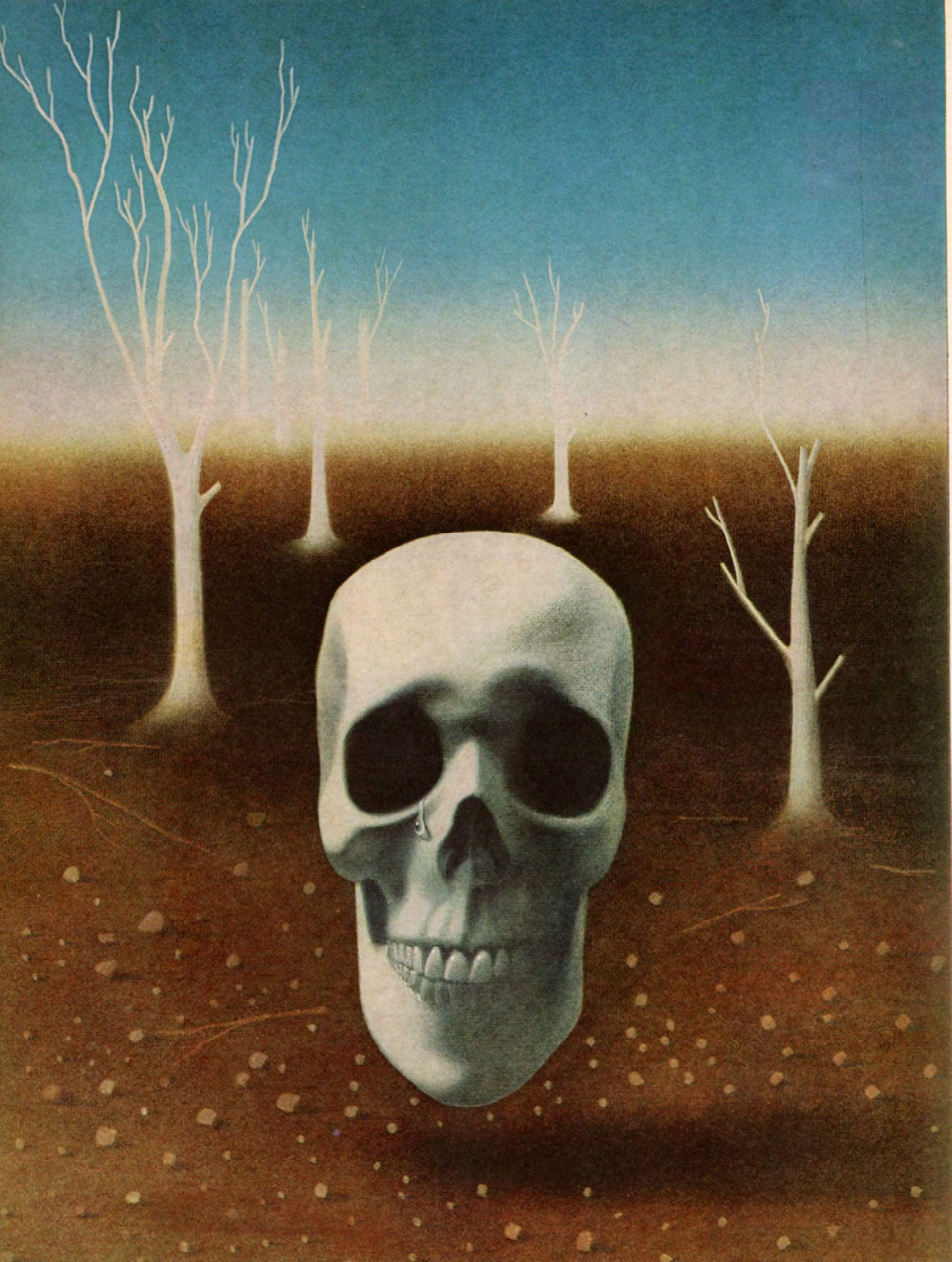
CONTINUED ON PAGE 174



Because you enjoy going first class.

On the Riviera or at home, life's more satisfying when you're enjoying the best. That's Passport. Enjoyed worldwide because it's made of Scotland's finest whiskies. Ask for Passport—go first class.

Passport Scotch.



Between 1962 and 1970
we destroyed 6 million acres of
Vietnamese forest, using the most deadly man-
made substance known. Today
thousands of the 2 million American soldiers
who were exposed to this poison are
living under sentence of death.

THE AGENT ORANGE TIME BOMB

BY MARTA TARBELL

For Paul Reutershan, the Vietnam War did not end until last December. But before succumbing to cancer, the twenty-seven-year-old former army sergeant sparked what is becoming an international drama, publicly accusing Dow Chemical and the United States government of his own murder. Reutershan was convinced that his cancer had stemmed from his repeated exposure to Agent Orange, the Dow-manufactured defoliant employed by U.S. troops in Vietnam.

Paul Reutershan's 1977 Labor Day weekend was interrupted by what he thought was a case of food poisoning. After he experienced sharp abdominal pains, he checked into a Norwalk, Conn., hospital; two months later tests taken there revealed widespread abdominal cancer. Tumors proliferated outside of Paul's colon; since two were attached to the main artery, the cancer was inoperable. Doctors gave him only a few days to live.

But Paul rallied, and by March he was back at his job as a Conrail commuter train conductor.

One morning rush-hour run, Paul was explaining his long absence to a passenger, detailing his suspicions about Agent Orange's contributions to the disease. The passenger, a cable-television talk show producer, offered to book Paul for an interview. A publicity campaign was quickly put together, as thousands of veterans contacted Paul, saying that they were experiencing similar symptoms. Paul advanced to the guest's chair on national radio and television shows. This was his message: "Agent Orange is killing me, and it's probably going to kill every person who came into contact with it in Vietnam."

In 1968, at age seventeen, Paul had enlisted in hopes of learning skills that would land him a well-paying job after his discharge. Having been trained as an airplane mechanic, he came home to the 1970s' escalation of layoffs in that industry and was unemployed for more than a year. When Conrail hired him as a conductor, he told his friends that he felt especially lucky. The pay was good. He enjoyed his work, and company benefits were generous.

But the benefits stopped when Paul was no longer able to work. He died owing more than \$40,000 in medical bills.

Agent Orange was the code name for a defoliant sprayed to eliminate dense Vietnamese jungle cover. A cynical Defense Department dubbed the project "Operation Hades," and between 1962 and 1970, repeated sprayings of the chemical had covered a total of close to 6 million acres of South Vietnam. A synthetic growth hormone, Agent Orange sent plants off on a wildly careening, cancerous growth spree. Soon they would explode; their remains lay limp and exhausted. Carcasses of two-foot-long bananas, weeds tree-sized and grotesquely misshapen, and mangrove trees bowed down by their own weight would rot, quietly surrealistic in the sweet-and-foul-smelling mist. Those once exotic Vietnamese jungles could now be the set for a hallucinatory, doom-prophecy horror film. Soldiers mocked the natives' refusal to venture into what they called, with canny prescience, "the land of the dead."

Agent Orange is a mixture of two chemicals; one, trichlorophenoxyacetic acid (2,4,5-T), of which half of the mixture is made up, contains minute amounts of an inevitable contaminant by-product, dioxin. Called "the most toxic man-made substance known" by Dr. Barry Commoner, outspoken science critic and the director of the Center for the Biology of Natural Systems at Washington University, dioxin is so potent a killer that just three ounces of it placed in New York City's water supply could wipe out the populace. In laboratory studies conducted in the early 1960s, dioxin began to emerge as a fetus-deformer 1 million times as potent as thalidomide, and also as a potential carcinogen. And an estimated 130 pounds of dioxin were loosed on South Vietnam before 1970, when well-publicized pressure from environmentalists forced the United States government to cut back on its repeated Operation Hades blitzes.

"They had to spray it as punishment detail," says the wife of one victim. "Their eyes would be tearing."

Many veterans don't know whether or not they came into contact with Agent Orange during their time in Southeast Asia. But recent evidence shows that the dioxin contaminant in the chemical makes a stealthy journey through air,

food, and water, insidiously creeping into the body tissue even when the victim is not directly exposed.

Peter Lablance was stationed in Vinh Long, in the Mekong Delta, in 1968 and 1969. "I would say it was a heavily sprayed area, but I don't know," he says. "I got hold of the VA people in Chicago, but they wouldn't tell me anything about it."

Peter is now exhibiting symptoms that are classic results of dioxin exposure: "Since I got out of the service, I've had a very bad stomach; right now I can't keep any food down. I just can't eat. I've had tests run, but the doctors can't classify what I have. I've got terrible chest pains. My hands and feet turn white sometimes; they don't stay white—it's off and on. I don't know if it's symptoms of that stuff or not. But it scares me enough to want to try to find out."

Commoner thinks that dioxin accumulates in body fat, where it may remain undetected for years. When weight is lost, the fat breaks down and dioxin is sent into the bloodstream. The victim falls prey to irrational emotional outbursts; hands and feet become numb; an acnelike rash often covers the entire body. And there are sharp, shooting stomach pains.

"It now appears that dioxin may be a kind of toxicologic time bomb," Commoner says, "and that people exposed to it may exhibit harmful symptoms [which] appear only many years later." That is cheerless news for the nearly 2 million Americans who abetted the Agent Orange campaign, not to mention the Vietnamese people against whom it was perpetrated.

Veterans are caught in the crossfire of a battle that has been raging for years. At the Geneva Convention the United States was the only participant to refuse to sign a treaty forbidding biological, chemical, or germ warfare. And the U.S. fought to keep herbicides classified as defoliants, rather than as a form of chemical warfare. For the VA to distribute Agent Orange-related disability benefits would be tantamount to admitting that the government had been wrong—if not lying—when it assured troops that the defoliants they were spraying were not harmful to human or animal life.

Veterans are afraid that if word leaks out that they're experiencing symptoms of dioxin exposure, their jobs and personal lives may be jeopardized.

"They're caught between the rock and the hard place," says John Upton, director of health services for the National Alliance of Concerned Veterans, when asked why most veterans won't discuss their symptoms with reporters. "They've been hearing about dioxin—and they're scared. But they've already been burned. They're afraid to come forward; they don't know if their private lives can take the repercussions."

John has been contacted by thousands of veterans requesting that he provide them information on Agent Orange. "But they don't want me to give out their

names—not to the VA—not to anybody."

When Paul Reutershan went on "The Today Show," Jane Pauley was skeptical about his "hunch" that Agent Orange had caused his cancer. It seemed to Paul that she was accusing him of trying to stick the VA.

"I've let everybody down," he told his sister, Jane Dziedzich, after the show. "Now the public will think we're just out for the money."

Jane now heads up Agent Orange Victims International, an organization Paul founded to reverse government, Dow, and VA disavowal of responsibility for veterans' Agent Orange-exposure symptoms. "He knew he wouldn't live to see them admit that he was right," says Jane. "But he couldn't stand knowing that other guys would take the same crap he'd gotten—and that they'd die without even knowing what hit them."

Paul had to give up his apartment; he

The military insisted that Agent Orange wasn't harmful. But, one veteran recalls, "we were told not to spill any on ourselves because it would burn like acid."

moved in with Jane until he went into the hospital for the last time. His CB-rigged Datsun is perched in her driveway; she points out his two dogs, which have made sawdust out of her front porch. The wood-paneled living room sports a profusion of pictures of a smiling, uniformed Paul; crucifixes dangle over doorways. Jane's five-year-old son plays with a train he got for Christmas, and he tells anyone who will listen about the time his uncle took him for a ride on the Conrail. And in the kitchen letters from worried veterans spill out of file cabinets. A bulletin board keeps Jane apprised of what's happening with the most serious cases; index cards list when and where the men were in Vietnam and are crosshatched and filed when she hears that they've died.

When a barely perceptible fifty parts dioxin per trillion is put in the diets of monkeys, the effects on them can be lethal, according to studies conducted by Dr. James Allen, a professor of pathology at the University of Wisconsin's Medical School. And while it's impossible to judge precisely how much dioxin crept into the tissues of soldiers and civilians in Vietnam, it's now thought that

the quantity was great enough to guarantee devastating repercussions. "The air force admits to having as high as forty-nine parts per million dioxin in Agent Orange," Dr. Allen reports. Unofficial sources estimate that the levels sometimes were much higher. As one chemical company official admits: "It's hard to tell during wartime, because manufacturers come and go."

A nine-month exposure to dioxin caused a 50 percent mortality rate in Dr. Allen's monkey test group. "There's a malabsorption of the nutrients. [The monkeys] continue to eat well; yet they lose a lot of weight and become malnourished. There are hemorrhages all over the body. What happens, basically, is that they bleed and starve to death."

Desperate for sustenance for its reckless, unhinged growth, the body consumes itself.

"There is no question that many of the symptoms are similar to those recorded in humans," Dr. Allen states. "We cannot say that the same thing that occurs in monkeys will occur in man. But [the study] does give us good leads for what we should be looking for. We found reproductive failures in monkeys after six months with just fifty parts dioxin per trillion. We should be cognizant of this and look for low-level exposure in the human population. There are suggestions of cancer; we found it with rats, and certainly we should start looking for it in Vietnam veterans."

Paul Steinke, a law student, is convinced that he was one of the Agent Orange guinea pigs. "And as far as I know, I'm the only vet on the West Coast with a pending claim for Agent Orange disability benefits."

Paul was a helicopter pilot for the 101st Airborne Division at Camp Eagle, in South Vietnam's northeastern sector. He estimates that he spent between twenty and sixty hours' flying time in spraying Agent Orange. He reports that the 101st just released a statement to the VA that the division's helicopters had never disseminated defoliants.

C-123 and C-130 cargo planes were used for Operation Hades's massive defoliation jobs. Helicopters were used for the delicate, close-in work. "We sprayed when the area was near friendly hamlets," Steinke says.

The helicopters flew without cargo doors so that frequent ground fire could be returned. The rotary blades would kick up what Paul describes as "little tornadoes" of spray into the men's faces. Paul knows that he got a good, strong dose.

"The cockpit was full of fumes," he says. "The stuff smelled sickly sweet; it was dank, like mold. I've never smelled anything like it."

Despite the fetid fumes, the men were told not to wear masks. "Command insisted that the spray wasn't harmful to any animal or human life, although we were told not to spill any on our fingers or hands, because it would burn like acid. And we had to use old, beat-up planes, because it peeled the paint off."

Alive with pleasure! **Newport**

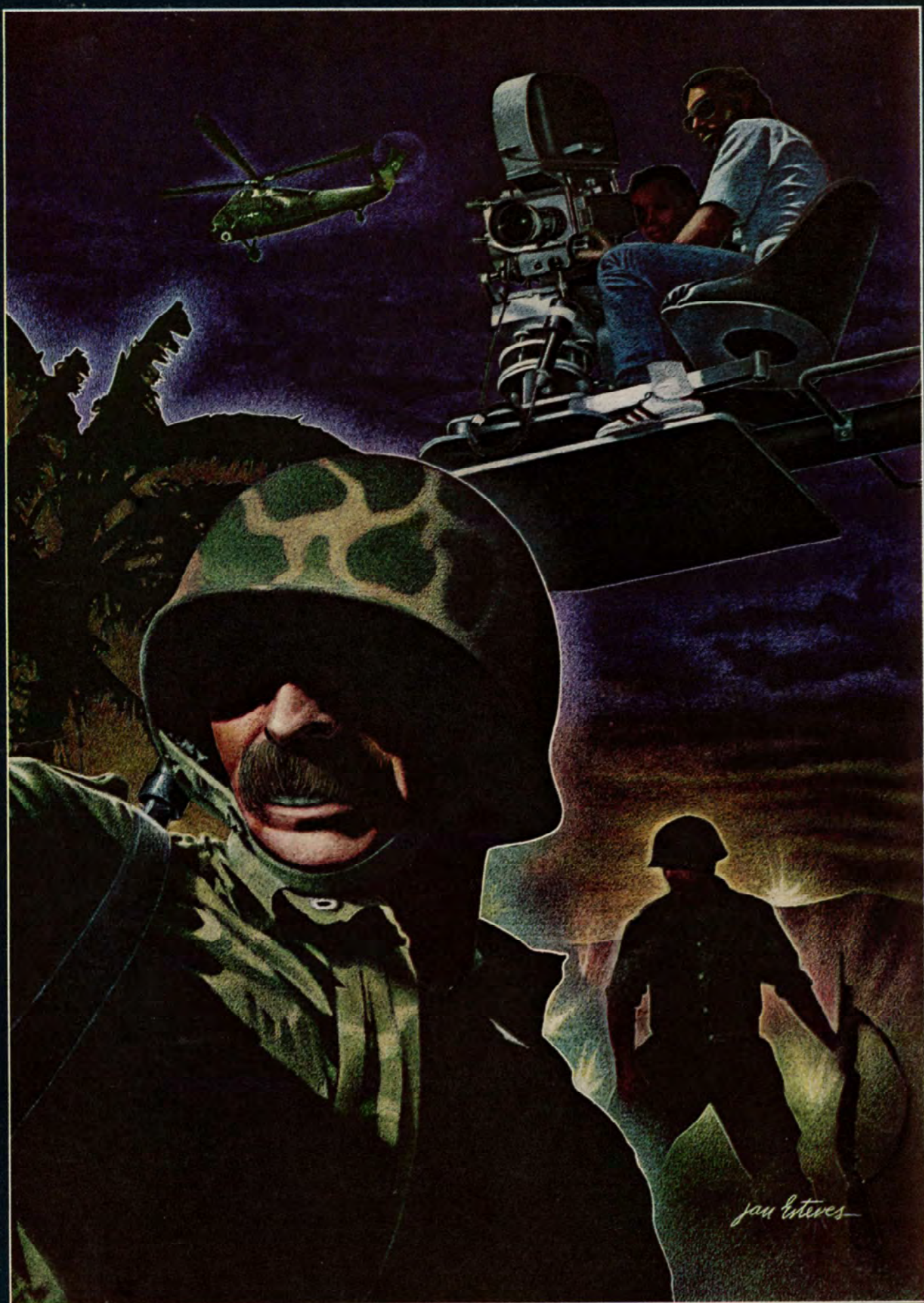


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Long before *The Deer Hunter* and *Coming Home*, Francis Ford Coppola began filming his Vietnam War epic, *Apocalypse Now*. A movie extra tells what happened on the set and why filming took so long.

APOCALYPSE... AT LAST!

BY JOSEPH CLEARY WITH JOHN SACK

March 24, 1976
En route to Manila. To fall asleep, I've taken a Quaalude and two six-packs of San Miguel, but I'm wide awake. I'm excited. I'm going to be an extra in Coppola's movie *Apocalypse Now*, his first since the *Godfathers* and the first major one about Vietnam. For one-half year I'll be a Green Beret in the command of Col. Marlon Brando. Me, who wasn't even a boy scout.

March 26
Manila. Airport temperature ninety, and I go directly to Coppola's stucco home in Manila's Beverly Hills. His whole decor (except for his Oscars on his stereo tuner) is Philippine kitsch. One mahogany woman, nude. One mahogany Jonathan Livingston Seagull. One one-yard water buffalo, mahogany, shined like a pair of bad cordovan shoes. It's mental milk of magnesia, and I almost get the shits from seeing it. I half expect to see place mats with Manila's skyline.

Coppola isn't here, but Coppola's gofer is. Over here a gofer is a girl, generally, a gold-toothed *mestizo* girl in this case, whose duty it is to go for coffee or Coke or whatever for Coppola. "Hi," she tells me. "You're going to be at the El Dorado Hotel."

"In Manila? I want to go to the jungle, man! To go into battle, man!"

"Mañana," the gofer tells me. "Or the day after mañana. But we're in a holding pattern now."

We go by Impala to one of those purple streets in *Monopoly*. Cars, congestion, noise, like Mediterranean Avenue, and I get checked into the El Dorado. In the shower there is a sound of a thousand octopuses as I pull up the shower mat (I don't want athlete's foot) to discover a ball of black pubic hair in the shower drain. I shower, though, and I dry myself, and Christ! In the living room the gofer is still on my double bed. She asks, "Are you happy here?"

"Yes, I'm happy here." In fact, I feel like the advance man for the bubonic plague.

"Are you happy to see me? I mean *really* happy to see me?"

"Yeah, I'm happy." The hell I am: I didn't fly 10,000 miles for any Philippine pussy. I flew here to fight in *Apocalypse Now*. I keep unpacking my combat clothes until the gold-toothed gofer goes.

March 28
Over hill! Over dale! En route to the combat zone in six beige school buses are 300 American GI extras, a cross section of fat, thin, dissimilar men in Hawaiian shirts. *It must be like this in the U.S. Army*, I think. All, incidentally, are staring at me in my camouflage suit and my GI boots and my GI flat-top haircut.

After eight dusty hours we stop at the grammar school in Baler, on the Pacific Ocean. "Gentlemen! Let's fall out," a big black dude (an ex-army sergeant, probably) says. "Lessgo! Lessgo!"

At this point an extra says, "So where is

the pussy here?"

"Can that stuff! And you two gentlemen," the sergeant shouts, "where are you shufflin' off to?"

"We're gonna get us a Coca—"

"No, you're not! If you wanna be in this movie, you're not! Now listen up! I want everyone get a cot, a blanket, a room, and I want twenty-five men in every room!"

Or nuts-to-butts in the black holes of Baler. I carry a cot, though, to a room on whose wooden walls are the *abc's* and a colony of gray-green lizards. Then I carry another cot in. Then I carry *another* cot in. "I got it, Joe. We gonna *depopulate* us," an extra in my little schoolroom says. He's right, and I now live with a dozen men and two dozen cots in what we're calling the Saigon Hotel. Me, just call me Milo Minderbinder.

March 29
I've seen the other schoolrooms, and now I'm calling us the Saigon Hilton. I've got us a cooler for our San Miguel. I've taken out the 40-watt bulb, and I've, well, requisitioned a 150-watt one. And after waiting, waiting in a washbasin line, I've taken off the tap handle, and I'm keeping it in my toilet kit, and I've my own private basin now. As they say in the army, protect your ass.

March 30
Camera! Action! Brando still isn't here, but I am on TDY, or temporary duty, in the command of Col. Robert Duvall, and I'm to at-

tack a VC village. We see the village at seven o'clock today: the huts, the bamboo walls, the thatch roofs, the Vietnamese in their black pajamas. It's just like on Walter Cronkite! "God almighty," an extra says. "I've been to Vietnam, and these are the same fucking hooches! The same fucking dinks!"

At eight o'clock we are issued our M-16s. "Now, gentlemen," the sergeant shouts, "this is your arm, your leg, your dick, and I don't want *never* to see you without it!"

Someone whispers, "The guy's married to an M-16."

"I see you without it, and you're out of the movie, understand? Now, gentlemen," the sergeant goes on, "I'm setting this on semiautomatic. I'm putting down a paper cup, and I'm firing at the paper cup." And bam! He blows it to tatters, saying, "Gentlemen, I was using blanks! A man can be *blinded* and a man can be *killed* using blanks! I don't want *never* to see you fucking with an M-16!"

It's nine o'clock now, and I'm waiting in an assembly area as six helicopters hit the VC village. *Tatatata! Tatatata!* Charlie retaliates with a few fifty-caliber machine guns and a goddamn anti-aircraft gun. And then *kaboom!* "Holy shit," everyone says. "What was that?" But we're under coconut trees in the assembly area, and we can see nothing at all. Isn't that like the army, though? To hurry up and wait?

March 31

Still waiting. In the assembly area we are sleeping on palm fronds, drinking pineapple juice, and tossing our bayonets at the coconut trees or at other people's feet. One man is off practicing karate, and I'm busy reading *Reader's Digest* and Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*. And listening to the *tatatatas*.

April 1

Still waiting. We commence the First International Coconut Bowling Contest. The object is to roll your coconut so as to nudge an opponent's coconut. If that happens, I'm the judge and I call out, "Nudge!"

April 2

Still waiting. An extra who is a Dutchman is talking into a little stick of bamboo as if it were an assistant director's walkie-talkie. "Hello, Godfather? Hello, Godfather? We must do something for the men's morale. You are rolling, but we are bowling, and we will require a bulldozer for our coconut bowling alley. What? What?" He turns to us others disconsolately. "I'm sorry, but Mr. Coppola—he pronounces it Coopola—"has told me it might appear in his high-angle cinematography. He told me there wouldn't be any bowling alleys in VC villages."

In fact, I run into Coppola in the lunch line. He has on a gold-braided admiral's hat, and he's spooning up some mangoes. "Hi," Coppola says to me. "I hear someone's making a movie here."

"No, you're kidding," I say.

April 3

Still waiting. One extra places a paper cup (or rather, a Styrofoam cup) on the muzzle of his M-16. "Now, gentlemen," he starts shouting. "I am setting this on full automatic! I am firing into the paper cup!" And *bam, bam, bam*. In the air there is white confetti. I think we're getting ants.

April 10

Still waiting. It's one week later, and I've run into Col. Robert Duvall and Capt. Harvey Keitel in the Coppola lunch line. Duvall is athletic, approachable (he plays tennis on an old basketball court with the sergeant every day), and is eating mangoes. Keitel is tight, uptight, like an alarm clock that's never gone off, and is eating mangoes, too. The star of *Apocalypse*, he commands a little riverboat, and his mission is to go to Cambodia to contact me and Marlon Brando. He doesn't look like a leader, though. As one extra tells me, "Who in the fuck would follow him?"

“

"I've directed a fucking million-dollar movie, man," Dennis Hopper shouts at Coppola. "I don't know how you can write, produce, and *direct* and go around looking like Gabby Hayes!"

”

April 11

Still waiting. But hallelujah, the call sheets call for twenty helicopters tomorrow, enough for all 300 extras. I go to Baler and get wrecked on San Miguel and come home singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

April 12

It's D-Day! "Now, gentlemen, this is it," the sergeant tells us in the assembly area. "We gonna *fight* today." We jump on the helicopters—we are sardines in aluminum cans, and we are scared of the noise, the rotors, the open doors. We swoop down on the little village and run out like sonofabitches, and Jesus Christ! I hit the dirt, and it is so goddamn hot that it practically presses my combat clothes. My helmet slams on my nose, too.

"Joe, you're bleeding," someone shouts. "What is it? Special effects?"

"No, goddammit! It's me!"

A moment of combat, and I've got the red badge of courage. All around are the huts catching fire, burning up, blowing up, as I go running into the VC village, and Jesus! Jesus! We weren't warned! There are the VC waiting there! "Get down," someone

shouts as they shoot at us. "It's Charlie! It's Charlie!"

We hit the dirt, we hide behind trees, we put our rifles on full automatic, *tatatatatata*. I hide behind a bush and—

"Cut!" It comes over the megaphone from an assistant director. "All right, gentlemen, that'll do it."

Slowly, we stand up and rendezvous at the assembly area. At lunch I have some salad with a Thousand Island dressing. My nose is still bloody, and an extra tells me, "Joe, I think you're taking this all too seriously."

April 13

D-Day Plus One. But nobody wants to go into battle again. The extras say, "I got the shits today." "I got the flu today." "I gotta see the doctor today." Or they hide under camera trucks, but I can't blame them. On the copters there aren't doors, and we aren't belted in as they bank at 1,500 feet. "I think I must communicate with Mr. Coppola," an extra says. "I think I'm subject to stunt salary." He takes twenty milligrams of Valium, and he passes out in the assembly area.

April 14

D-Day Plus Two. But today there's a rumor that the *Apocalypse* star, Keitel, is no longer with us. "It's true. I've telephoned Mr. Coopola," the Dutchman says, "and Keitel has been shot in the face rather horribly. But he's getting plastic surgery, and—"

"No, listen," I begin.

"If it doesn't succeed, he will be replaced by Charlie Heston, and Coopola's being replaced by Charlie Bronson."

"No, listen! He's been fired," I insist. The story is that Keitel had been stranded, accidentally, at the end of the day yesterday. He was up the river, in the jungle, in the darkness, and he shouted at Coppola, "You wouldn't do it to *Brando*," and Coppola canned him.

"No, that's wrong," the Dutchman says. "He was upset with the air conditioning in his mobile home, and—"

"He doesn't live in a mobile home," I say. "Or didn't until today."

April 15

D-Day Plus Three. But today is Maundy Thursday and the first day of Easter vacation for us. Keitel has disappeared, and Coppola (or so the rumor is) has shaved his big black beard to fly in disguise to Hollywood to get another star for *Apocalypse*. Now, I sleep all day, I go to Baler, and I'm getting wrecked on San Miguel, and God! The gold-toothed gofer comes in. "Hi," she chortles. "I drove down from Manila. I got this real nice house here. Do you want to come over tonight? We can have chicken adobo and—"

No thanks. I use escape and evasion to get to the Saigon Hilton and get eight-packed on San Miguel.

April 16

Good Friday. Exfiltrating the Saigon Hilton, I go to the art director's house to lie low over

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World Champion
Shaun Tomson loves surfing so
much he hates to see it
turn into a professional sport.

BY HARRY MINETREE

Waimea is a small notch, a surfing beach on the north shore of Oahu, Hawaii. In the dry season a jungle river forms a pool behind the dunes, but tonight the river, swollen from a week of heavy mountain rains, has pushed through the dunes, and a high wind is singing down the valley. Everything is right for a big wave.

Ordinarily, the beach would be crowded with surfers—world-class pros from Australia, Britain, Japan, South Africa, Hawaii, and the Mainland. But only a couple of raggedy-assed grem rats are out under the moon, hugging their knees against the chill air. They are rootless surf Arabs who scavenge the coastlines of the world, making do with trash breaks and leftover waves, because, in the unwritten rules of surfing, the best waves always go to the pros, the heavies. Tonight, however, the heavies are otherwise engaged.

The television crews could wait no longer for good waves. The World Cup, the final contest on the eleven-event international Grand Prix surfing circuit—the last chance for aspirants to the World Championship to accumulate points—was held this morning in shifty, irregular surf. The pros are at the awards banquet. Three years ago, before surfing





Lance Trout/Surfing Magazine

became a business, they would have been on the beach waiting for the swell, never mind the closed circuit, the finished season, or whatever the average person would regard as reason *not* to be there. Because three years ago, professional surfers were *not* average; they weren't even normal. They were pristine existentialists who had never heard the word *existential*, visionaries devoid of interest beyond the ineffable rush afforded by a wave, the transcendent stoke. And they sought it single-mindedly throughout the world.

The grem rat with the ass out of his baggies—the one called “the Roach”—drops a handful of magic mushrooms garnered from a nearby field. The vibes are right between him and his mop-haired pal, and between them and the electric night. In the morning the heavies will be hung over from raging self-celebration. Surf stardom's loss will be the grem rats' gain.

Meanwhile, fifteen miles up the beach, coffee is being served to surfdom's top six point-getters for 1978 at the International Professional Surfers (IPS) luau in the chic Kuliima Hotel. Seated at the speakers' table beneath a large Pan Am sponsor's banner—which says “MAHALO [welcome] TO ALL PARTICIPANTS”—are Wayne (“Rabbit”) Bartholemew, from down under, famous for a polished routine and knowing his limitations; angel-faced Cheyne Horan, another Aussie, dancing master of small waves and, at seventeen, the youngest pro on the circuit; swarthy Michael Ho, quick, stylish, the savage pride of the Islands; the controversial Peter Townend, 1976 short-circuit world champion and 1978 leader of the Bronzed Aussies' union movement against IPS, surf czar Fred Hemmings's control organization; and haole (white) Hawaiian Buzzy Kerbox, famous for a surfing fashion spread in *Vogue* magazine.

Throughout the meal these five young men have been watching—or fighting an inclination to watch—the sixth. His name is Shaun Tomson. One year ago to the day, this deceptively mild-mannered South African won the World Cup and, garlanded with leis and covered with kisses, became surfing's first full-circuit world champion. One year ago to the day, as he handed Tomson a trophy and a check from IPS, the iron jaw of Fred Hemmings was decorated with a wide, eager grin. All the surfers—otherwise remarkable for their egoma-



niacal indifference—were stoked, even the deadly competitive Aussies, because they knew, sensed in the vibes that dictated their direction on a wave or in the world, that Shaun Tomson was the stuff of which dreams are made, a potential messiah, surfing's savior from an epidemic of dissent, and the key to conjuring really big bucks for everyone. They had looked at him then as they did now, but unabashedly.

Take the finest creation of a PR wizard—one aware of surfing's lingering image as a layabout pastime for brawlers and brain-damaged dopers, one who knows just what this fledgling professional sport needs to sell itself. Shaun Tomson, towering over his colleagues, is six-two, broad-shouldered, and lean. He moves like a world-class athlete, of course, and has sculpted features, feathered hair, a great even-toothed smile alternating with brooding, little-boy looks through heavy-lashed hazel eyes. He is gorgeous. Moreover, he's bright and articulate . . . with a pinch of South African accent for the exotic controversy that's in it. So Fred Hemmings gave him the trophy and the check and that anticipatory, million-dollar smile, and to complete the dream package, Tomson delivered an acceptance speech that matched his physical brilliance. That was in late December 1977. No one doubted that professional surfing, with Shaun Tomson as its champion and advance man, would skyrocket in scope and purse size.

During the first two weeks of January 1978, Shaun remained in Hawaii to conclude a detailed set of recommendations that he and his cousin Michael had been working on with Peter Townend and Ian

Cairns, the leaders of the Bronzed Aussies, a marketing consortium that the two Australians had started when IPS and Hemmings had failed to promote surfing to their satisfaction. The new idea was a surfers union: the Association of Professional Surfers. There had been problems with the surfers themselves, whose style was naturally antithetical to organization, and criticism—accusations of ingratitude—from all quarters. But the four surfers persevered, and two weeks into the new year they presented Hemmings with their plan for standardizing contest sanctions and judging procedures. Hemmings, admitting that there were kinks in the system but insisting that they would sort themselves out, turned down their proposals.

That was the end of Shaun Tomson's participation in surfing politics. From then on he would spend his nonsurfing energies on the business opportunities his world champion status would undoubtedly draw. But for the moment he was tired from ten months of knocking around the world and drained by the ordeal of his triumph. He was homesick, too. After advising his Los Angeles business agent to begin gathering up endorsement offers, Shaun kissed his Hawaiian girl friend, Josette, good-bye and twenty-four hours later kissed his South African girl friend, Vivian, hello. Six hours later he was straddling a surfboard out beyond the break of his favorite wave, by Durban's famous Bay of Plenty. But something was wrong. So for a few minutes he sat there, rising and falling with the swell, and in an effort to discover the source of this new, peculiar depression, he took stock.

Shaun Tomson was born in Durban,



Aaron Chang/Surfing Magazine



Dan Merkel



"Have a Good Wave," says this flag above, and all the contenders for the World Surfing Championship, held this year in Oahu, Hawaii, are shown in action. (from left) Cheyne Horan, seventeen, dancing master of the small wave, shooting out of the pipeline at a speed that makes all the bad ones worth it; Peter Townend—organizer of the Bronzed Aussies, a group of Australians who think that they should get more out of surfing—showing how a cutback should be done; Michael Ho, the pride of the Islands and a Dark Hope against the invading haoles (white) surfers, hanging on to a tricky one. The young man below is South African Mick Tomson, cousin of former world champ Shaun Tomson. Mick and Shaun washed out this year.

Dan Merkel



Aaron Chang/Surfing Magazine

eyes upward and smiled. Every morning at daybreak, whether he was sleeping at his girl friend's or at his mother's, Ernie phoned him with a surf report. Shaun had it all. Yet here he sat, a stone's throw from three loving homes, on one of the world's best waves, his own private break, feeling the onslaught of a profound bummer. So, surf it out!

For the next three hours, a crowd of people on the beach watched intently as Shaun Tomson executed a series of brutal maneuvers on wave after wave across the Bay of Plenty. Paddling to the curl of a twelve-foot breaker, he would rise to a wide stance on the board and, assuming a leaning crouch, slice down, faster and faster, across the face until he struck the base flat and hard and guided the recoiling board to a cutback, pointing skyward, up, up to the peak, then back down in a hell-diving insult to gravity. Then a snap at the wave base, up again, cut to a radical layback—the board flush against the wave face, his body horizontal with and inches off the water. To the left and right, over and over, again and again. When the sun was gone and the lights on the ship in the harbor made little moon roads on the sea, he decided to come in. He was happy, stoked in a mindless fatigue until his feet touched the sand.

That evening, Shaun received a call from his American business agent. He had approached thirty corporations with endorsement deals, but no one was buying. A week later Shaun flew to Johannesburg. Despite the fact that he was a recognized public figure who fit well with the South African government's quasi-official morality, Shaun's petitions for endorsements met

with no success. A world champion? He could barely make expenses on the road, and now he was being rejected by the people who had applauded his so-called success. His response, besides disappointment, was to cast a hard eye toward Hemmings and the IPS—what good was a marketing vehicle if it couldn't, or wouldn't, sell a world champion in his home country?—and to sympathize more strongly with the Bronzed Aussies' plan to blast the bugs out of the system. Why wasn't someone there to help him? The blues enveloped him.

It seemed that no sooner was he settled in with Vivian, no sooner was he spoiled for road food by his mother and his stepmother, than it was time to draw a deep breath and hit the circuit again, not as a challenger, but as the champion. While he had reveled in the cachet lent by the title, he did not look forward to defending it.

The Stubbies Classic (named after its surfwear sponsor) was the first of eleven IPS-sanctioned contests that would determine the 1978 World Surfing Championship. It was held at Burleigh Heads, a semitropical resort town on Australia's celebrated Gold Coast. Having been touched for a luggage excess of sixty pounds in addition to the \$1,800 air fare, Shaun arrived in an uncharacteristic foul mood that would plague him throughout the first leg of the long tour. After checking the surf—which was small and lousy—he and his cousin Michael checked into the Goodwin Towers, an apartment block across the way from the contest break.

Shaun told Michael that he didn't feel ready.

South Africa, to a Maltese-English mother and a Russian Jew, at twelve, he acquired an American stepmother. His father, Ernie, was a champion swimmer, an Olympic hopeful, until a shark tore his right arm out of its socket. From that time on, he focused his ambitions on his son, first as a swimmer and later, when it became evident that South Africa would be denied Olympic membership, as a surfer. Meanwhile, Shaun's mother encouraged him to read, to think deeply, and to pursue his education beyond the requirements for simply getting a good job. Now he was a world champion and one course away from a high-honors degree at the University of Natal. And they all loved him, indeed fawned over him—his mother, his stepmother, his grandmother, his sister, and his girl friend—cooking for him, stroking him, chucking him under the chin, the baby, until he rolled those soulful

"You don't have to feel 'ready' now. We've got two days before the contest."

"That's not what I mean," Shaun said.

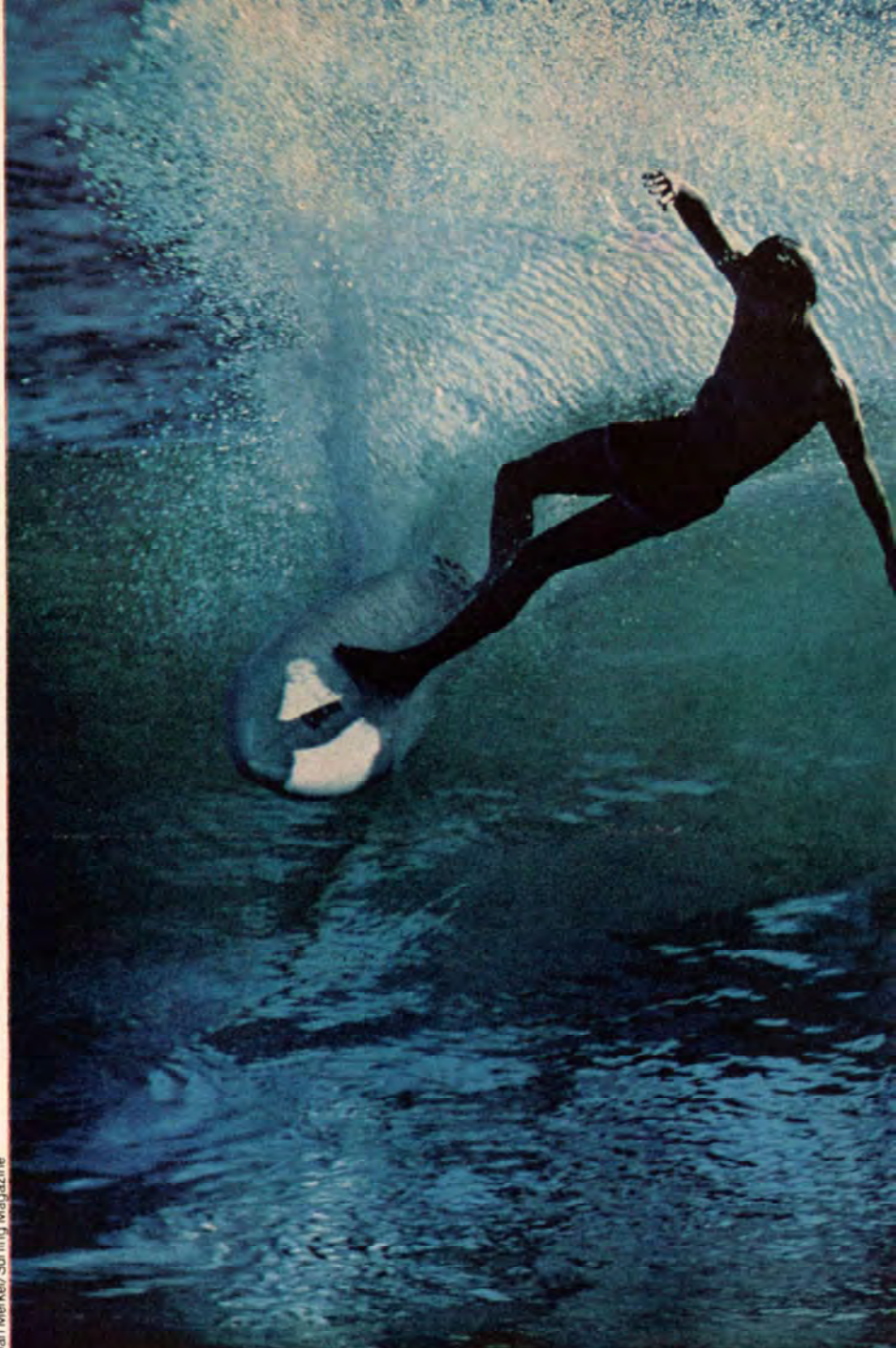
"Then what do you mean? Ready for what?"

"I don't know," he said.

That evening they had dinner at the Captain's Table, where they introduced themselves to two girls who had recognized Shaun. Then the four of them stopped by the Miami Hotel to hear Bill Bolman, who was running the contest, bad-mouth Fred Hemmings and the IPS for "living off you guys." Shaun had enough grief, thank you, worrying about the small surf, his quiver of new, untried boards—worrying about worrying. But the girl helped—girls always helped—if he could only remember her name. But then, as the reigning world champion, maybe he wasn't supposed to remember her name! They window-shopped their way to the apartment, to the sort of simulated home atmosphere that Shaun would create wherever he happened to be. He was twenty-two. He had been on the road since he was fourteen.

The draw for the man-on-man heats was held the next morning in the lounge of the Miami Hotel. Shaun was matched with Aussie Col Smith; under the circumstances, he could not have pulled a worse opponent. Small surf favors small surfers: the break was as flat as a mill pond, and Col Smith was an acrobatic shrimp. Moreover, to Shaun's mind, while the man-on-man procedure provided an easy-to-follow spectacle for television viewers, it enhanced the luck factor to an unreasonable degree. Two guys would paddle out beyond the break and surf like mad for thirty minutes. They were judged according to their best three rides (degree of maneuver difficulty, aesthetics, and so on—a "perfect ride" was twenty points), and the loser was gone for good. Shaun preferred the six-man system, where all six fought it out for waves; the top three advanced, while the others entered a second round with a chance to surf their way back to the finals. Most circuit contests were man-on-man; it made the television rights easier to sell—another rub Shaun had against IPS.

During the rest of the day, Shaun worked his way through the eight new surfboards that he had brought from Durban; none of them was right. In the pro ranks, where the fine points count, a surfer is only as good as his surfboard, and a surfboard is only as true as the relationship between the man who rides it and the man who makes it. For six years Shaun had had the same shaper—a friend and student of his style who knew exactly how to mold the surfaces for the maximum maneuverability in the type of waves for which they would be needed. After winning the championship, Shaun had started his own surfboard company and hired a new shaper. From a quiver of eight, he had hoped that at least one board would be right. Late that afternoon he contacted a local shaper who had recently been licensed to manufacture Shaun Tomson boards in Australia. Shaun



Dan Merkle/Surfing Magazine

told him precisely what he needed. That night he read and worried late, and he awakened before dawn.

The board was delivered an hour before his match with Col Smith. It looked right. He was still rubbing a coat of wax on the deck when the starting horn sounded. There were 8,000 people on the beach, three television crews, and innumerable photographers.

The one abiding fear that Shaun harbored—and with good reason, given his father's tragic experience—was a terrifying aversion to sharks. They were regularly featured in his nightmares, and he seldom surfed a session without imagining a dark dorsal fin in his wake. On his first ride against Smith, as he was rising to catch a wave, a fish bit him on the instep. The tremor in his guts lasted for ten minutes. Then,

just as he was about to regain his confidence, he made a radical cutback on a reentry, and the stabilizing skeg on his board snapped. And so it went. Rabbit Bartholemew, who had been runner-up to Shaun in 1977, won, but not before a fracas with Hawaiian Michael Ho, who was caught smearing Vaseline on Rabbit's board. Like the anti-IPS rumbling, Shaun didn't need this. He went back to the apartment alone and read for the rest of the day and well into the night.

Bell's Beach, the site of the second contest, was 1,200 miles farther south and a full season closer to deep winter. The temperature stood just at freezing while a gusty wind bent the grassy coastline inland from the sea. Tasmania lay on the horizon and, beyond that, Antarctica. Appropriately enough, Rip-Curl wet suits sponsored the



Wayne (Rabbit) Bartholemew, 1978 World Champion Surfer, falling off his board at Burleigh Heads, Australia. He did much better in Hawaii.

was usually held in a small, left-breaking wave, which was altogether wrong for him. But he was happy to arrive in Sydney, to be out of the lonely cold at Bell's and in his own special bedroom at the home of his old friend and former shaper Darryl Holmes. The more Shaun lamented his bad luck of late, this odd, lingering depression, and his slipping sense of self-worth, the more home-cooked food Lynn Holmes piled on his plate. It was almost better than girls.

It was no surprise to Shaun that he was eliminated in his first face-off, but before the disappointment set in—the shame of being knocked off by cocky little Cheyne Horan—he was asked to do color for the television coverage for pay. The crowd responded to Shaun before the mike and camera as enthusiastically as they would have had he been in contention. "I liked it," he told Michael. "Not as much as winning, maybe not as much as even placing, but I liked it, and I was having fun!" Although he didn't mention it to anyone, for the first time Shaun began to consider a career related to show business—after he was surfed out, of course. The idea convinced him that he should accept an invitation to do a promotion tour of Japan before returning to the next circuit contests in South Africa.

For two weeks he appeared on television and radio shows and in surf shops in Japan's major coastal cities. It was the longest Shaun had been off a surfboard for as far back as he could remember, but the exposure, besides being a pleasant vanity trip, would likely generate some business for his surfboard and clothing lines. After all, he had to begin planning for the future.

On his mid-May arrival in Durban, Shaun was not greeted with a hero's welcome, but his various beds were turned down and fresh towels were out and awaiting him. He ate at his mother's, talked at his father's (a source of replenishment when his ego flagged), and slept at Viv's. And early the next morning, he took off for East London to practice on the break where the Gunston 500 would be held.

Shaun had hit his rhythm well before the pro crowd arrived, and he was on the way to getting his boards in tune when he received a frenzied phone call from Sydney. A novice promoter named Ken Brown had whipped together a television surf show featuring the top eight pros according to IPS ratings. The first prize was \$6,000, with a \$1,500 guarantee for each contestant, all expenses paid. It was a miracle second chance, a new start for the season. Shaun caught the next plane for Sydney only to learn on his arrival that the deal had fallen through, that the contest had been canceled. It was an absolute bummer, and it couldn't have come at a worse time. Having almost regained the stoke, he had blown it all again. On the flight back to Durban, Shaun resolved to hang it up after the South African competitions and return to the uni-

contest—and it was held at the coldest break on the continent. Shaun, who hated cold weather almost as much as he feared sharks, spent the first three days in bed, swathed in blankets and surrounded by books. He and Michael and two other South Africans had rented a house within sight of the break. They took turns checking the surf—glassy morning after morning—and washing the dishes; otherwise they reflected on the gloomy weather and kept to themselves. On the fourth day Shaun told Michael, "I'm not having any fun. I'm worried about business. I'm worried about my boards. I'm worried about the future. I'm worried about the shit surf. I'm not having any fun, and I can't win unless I'm having fun." Michael just looked at him. On the fifth and last day allotted for the contest, a small swell came in with a low-

pressure system from Adelaide, and the competition began in a rain squall.

Despite the cold, the break was reasonably big—from six to eight feet—and so better suited to Shaun's aggressive, powerful style than were the ripples at the Stubbies. Ripping and tearing before a line of winterized judges and no spectators, Shaun came in third after Rabbit, again, and Aussie Mark Richards, the winner. Still, his boards weren't right. But he was too cold to worry or, for that matter, to enjoy the fact that he had broken into the scoring: 1,000 points for first, 850 for second, 730 for third. He jogged back to the house and read *Rich Man, Poor Man* before dinner.

With a purse of \$30,000, the Coke 2SM Surfabout in Sydney was the richest contest on the circuit and the only one where Shaun had consistently come up short. It

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versity and his final course.

Back home, he silently regretted how the tour and bigger purses had changed surfing. The relationships among the guys were no longer easy and relaxed. There were no really good parties anymore, no totally abandoned raging for the sheer hell of it. The vibes were wrong. The freedom had been compromised. And too much contest tension carried through to personal lives—furtive glances, subtle stabs. Shaun had never had any close male friends and had never felt a need for them. But he had known camaraderie, and he missed it, and with it the possibility of one day building strong friendships. He missed the young-old days. But at the same time—and therein lay the source of his confusion, indeed the cross-purposed turmoil of surfing itself—he wanted a piece of the action, if there was any.

In late July, against all predictions and with his secret sense of being a true champion, Shaun won the Gunston 500, South Africa's main event, for the sixth consecutive time. After being knocked back to the losers' rounds early in the contest and summarily dismissed as a consistent nonstarter, he smashed and hummed across his home waves as though he did in fact own them. Backsides, frontsides, off-the-lip, he literally surfed circles around Aussie hot-dogger Chris Byrne and then Cousin Mick until he met the inevitable Rabbit in the final and left him in a rooster tail of flung spray. Walking out of the water to standing applause, he smiled so broadly that his face ached. He forgot his plan to return to college and began looking forward to the first move west toward Hawaii—the Brazilian 500. But once again an unforeseen problem arose.

The vagaries of stress and pressure do not wash well with athletic fans, particularly in South Africa, where machismo is still considered a positive pose. Hence Shaun's explanation to the press was that his slow start had been due to "equipment problems," in effect putting the blame on boards manufactured by his own company. So, after the Gunston win, most of his time was taken with publicity-boosting the Shaun Tomson "Ocean Arrow," which he had ridden back to contention. One week before he was scheduled to leave for Rio, Shaun stopped by the surf shop to check on sales. Ernie led him directly to the shaping room in the back, out of earshot of the customers, and told him that he had a big problem.

"Sales are off," Shaun said.

"Bigger," Ernie replied. "The minister of sport just rang up from Pretoria. There's a problem with your Brazilian visa."

Shaun looked bemused. He'd filled the visa in correctly, as a "contestant," not a tourist. The year before, in Rio, a company of black-uniformed police sporting machine guns and shiny jackboots had shaken down several surfers who hadn't applied for work permits.

But that wasn't it. The Brazilians had simply turned down Shaun's visa applica-

tion. No explanation.

Shaun drew a deep breath and shook his head in disgusted disbelief. Was it the apartheid issue?

Ernie said he wasn't sure. Maybe it was apartheid. Since Shaun was the world champion, maybe the press would focus on him in a negative way and embarrass Brazil.

"What about the bloody IPS?" Shaun said indignantly. "Aren't they supposed to handle things like this?"

But Ernie had already checked with Randy Rarick, an IPS official. Rarick hadn't been able to come up with much, except the possibility that the Brazilian government's decision had been influenced by the Volkswagen people, who were sponsoring the contest; they had marketing plans in certain Third World countries.

Shaun's concern about his "equipment problems" comments to the press paled to no significance in light of the headlines that followed the Brazilian shutout. There was

The Florida contest was held off a marsh that harbored a large colony of mosquitoes. He watched horrified as a surfcaster landed an eight-foot shark a few yards down the beach.

familiar official outrage and implied re-creations. While Shaun was no fan of South Africa's racism, he was appalled that one injustice should be predicated on another with him as the victim, and that surfing, already threatened by commercial adulteration, should become an object of political bickering. Neither the visa nor an explanation arrived.

Finally, rather than remain in South Africa in the martyr's role, Shaun decided to push off for America. It was early August, a month before the Grog's contest in New Jersey, but he had a standing invitation to visit an acquaintance on Long Island, a painter named Leif Hope. He could keep fit in the break out there until the others arrived from Brazil; then he would go to New Jersey.

South Africa is one of the few civilized countries on earth where a person of Shaun Tomson's talent, intelligence, and looks could go virtually unnoticed. Had he been born in the United States, he would long since have been awarded superstar status and salary. But South Africa, which was without television until two years ago (and even now it is under strict state control), is not inclined toward youth heroism or adula-

tion. There are no rock stars, no movie stars, and no media machinery for creating and sustaining them. Since Shaun was part of that system, he was as unaware of his potential as was anyone else from Durban. But his visit to the Hamptons changed that.

In the smart, artsy atmosphere of East Hampton and Bridgehampton, he met numerous people whose books he had read—Irwin Shaw, Kurt Vonnegut, Willie Morris, Shana Alexander—whose careers and opinions he had followed with an enthusiasm that only a foreigner without a cultural equivalent could exhibit toward literary America. At first, he couldn't believe that these accomplished people were actually interested in him. He had never before been exposed to the mentality of the American winners' circle, the favor-for-favor mutualism that keeps it going, the national fascination with champions. Nor had he been exposed to the enthusiasm of Long Island surfers who had never seen a wave higher than five feet, who papered their bedroom walls with pictures of Jeffreys Bay, Cave Rock, and the Bay of Plenty—the breaks on which he had been brought up.

The day before Shaun left for the New Jersey contest, some of the local surfers gave him a birthday party. Fifty people were invited; 350 showed up. And they weren't just curious kids. The majority of them had committed to memory the details of his life, as it had been depicted in the surfing magazines. "Dad," he told his father on the phone, "there's something big going on over here, much bigger than we had realized, and it's got style."

The Grog's Seaside Pro was held in tolerable surf off the pilings of Casino Pier in Seaside Heights, a barnacled peninsula of ferris wheels, tilt-a-whirls, and inner-city folks on holiday. Shaun, surfing loose and easy, recovered his form from the Gunston and, fueled by the Brazilian fiasco, looked like the winner. He had progressed to the semifinals with ease and was waiting for his match with Pat Mulhern, an American, when Bronzed Aussie Ian Cairns and Hawaiian Michael Ho (the one who had Vaseline'd Rabbit's board in Australia) had a fight. That, and a complaint by a pier concession that the surfers were "fuckin' up the cotton candy trade," brought the sheriff with an order to move the contest elsewhere. Most of the pros were stoked at this resurgence of the old Surf Nazi spirit (the Aussies and the Hawaiians had been at it all year, and a showdown was imminent on the North Shore); Shaun was disgusted. Mulhern beat him in the alternate break. Rabbit won, once again widening the gap.

Instead of kicking around New Jersey or pushing on to Florida to practice for the Waverider Pro, Shaun moved into a suite in New York's Blackstone Hotel. For the next ten days, he dined well, discoed late, and followed up some of the connections he had made in the Hamptons. Actor Kevin McCarthy introduced him to the William Morris Agency. Author John Hemingway took him to Paramount Studios and arranged for him to meet a casting director on

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“Growing up with four brothers made me a sometime tomboy and a sometime vamp —but I’m always eager, whether I’m flirting or fighting!”

DIANE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND





"My high-school graduating class voted me best all-round girl," delectable Diane Weber tells us—and a far-from-casual glance at her well-rounded 36-22-36 figure helps explain why. Another reason: our nubile nineteen-year-old Pet of the Month is "interested in practically everything. I always have my body in motion and my mind in gear," she enthuses. "I may only go 'round once, but I'll make it seem like twice!"

HEAVEN ON WHEELS









Part of her effervescent nature, she admits, is due to a natural survival instinct. "Growing up with four older brothers made me a sometime tomboy and a sometime vamp—but I'm always eager, whether I'm flirting or fighting!" Diane loves shooting pool, roller-skating, and swimming, but when she thinks about a career, her biggest passion is music. "I'd like to be either a music critic or a disc jockey," she confides. "My favorite singers are those whose lyrics are really personal and who belt out a song with so much feeling it gives you goose bumps—singers like Van Morrison and Linda Ronstadt."



● I always have
my body in motion
and my mind in gear. I
may just go 'round
once, but I'll make it
seem like twice! ●



Her favorite lovers, on the other hand, are men who are "masters of the surprise attack. I don't like *anything* in my life to be routine or expected—especially sex!" she laughs. "And I like funny, outrageous men who don't know what the word *inhibition* means!"





Diane's one big weakness, however, is that she "hates to be alone . . . maybe because I'm used to such a big family." Luckily, though, a girl as lively and appealing as Diane Weber isn't likely to have that problem. As a matter of routine, our fetching devotee of the sneak attack probably has her house surrounded!







MISS DIANE WEBER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



LAST WAVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

the Coast. "Where," the executive at Paramount asked, "have you been hiding?"

The Florida contest was held on a deserted beach off a marsh-grass flat that harbors one of the world's largest colonies of mosquitoes and flies. During Shaun's second ride on a tiny wave teeming with migrating mullet, the crowd's attention was drawn to a surf caster a few yards down the beach. Everyone watched intently as the fisherman landed an eight-foot shark. Once again, the Aussies and the Hawaiians were on the edge of violence. "This contest," Shaun told Peter Townend, "should never have been sanctioned by the IPS." Shaun failed to place; his hair was still wet when he boarded a plane for Los Angeles.

And then the California Pro, the premier contest in a state that boasted more than a million active surfers, was called off. As in the old days, there was no explanation, no consideration for people who had come from halfway around the world. It was another wasted bullet toward knocking Rabbit out of his increasingly firm lead. A lot of things would be decided in Hawaii—the championship, the fate of the IPS, as well as the Aussie-Hawaiian thing. Before leaving for Hawaii, Shaun signed a contract with the Mary Grady Agency and then called on Paramount. The casting director and two assistants *seemed* impressed with him, but they made no commitments. When Shaun was midway across the Pacific, it occurred to him that the upshot of the meeting amounted to a movieland cliché: "Don't call us; we'll call you." This conclusion and a review of the turmoil in professional surfing caused him to long for the days before the championship, before the IPS and circuits and television and purses of any sort, when it was only he and a board and the juice of a giant wave... total involvement, the pure source.

Josette had taken an elegant golf course condo near the North Shore's Kuilima Hyatt Hotel. She met Shaun at the Honolulu Airport with a kiss, a lei, and the latest surf report—Sunset (where the Cuervo, the first Hawaiian contest, would be held) was from eight to ten feet. "But that's not the big news," she said. "Some of the locals on the North Shore have formed a club called the Black Shorts. Peter Townend wrote an article about it for a Sydney paper. He said they have vowed to intimidate any non-Hawaiian who drops in on them [steals a wave]."

"Really?" Shaun smiled. "Is that true?"

"They have formed a club," she said. "I know that much. In another article he misquoted Hemmings—something about Bill Bolman, the guy who runs the Stubbies, as being the most dangerous influence in surfing."

"I wish they would just drop this bloody shit," Shaun was not smiling. "The Aussies and the Hawaiians have been at it since the first contest. It's sheer foolishness. Why don't they just surf and shut up?"

"Well," Josette said, lighting a cigarette. Shaun frowned at her, and she snuffed it out. "Anyway, Fred was furious. He wrote P.T., saying the articles were insulting to Hawaiians, and then sent copies of the articles and the letter to the Black Shorts."

"And then what?"

"Nothing," she said. "Yet!"

Not all the top pros make every contest on the circuit, but no one misses the concluding leg in Hawaii. Sunset, the Banzai Pipeline, Off-the-Wall, Rocky Point, Gas Chambers, Velzéyland, and Waimea are magic names made in heaven for the biggest and best surfers like Mark Richards, Ian Cairns, Michael Tomson, the late, legendary Eddie Aikau... and Shaun Tomson. And among them Shaun Tomson stands alone in his mastery of the sine qua non of big-wave maneuvers: tube-riding, getting inside the closed curl of one of the rolling, roaring monsters for which the North Shore is famous. They were all there

“
He lacerated the
rising face like a swift
sword and then
disappeared into the tube,
surrounded by a
curtain of falling water.
”

for the Cuervo—high and low pros, aspiring amateurs, grem rats, groupies, photographers, television crews, IPS officials, and the Black Shorts, and everyone was stoked to the red line.

Sunset was crowded with pretty girls in string bikinis, spaced gremmies, and locals with wide smiles and mean dogs on leashes. At the top of the beach, the photographers focused and refocused their 600mm lenses on the critical section of the breaking waves. Between them and the crowd, the competitors waxed their boards in earnest circular strokes or, standing alone, stared at the sea as it rose in a hundred shades of greens and blues before exploding, again and again, to froth. The starting horn sounded for the first of six six-man heats—no one-on-one. It was Shaun's type of contest.

At the end of a violent day, Shaun and Hawaii's Reno Abellira met in the finals. At the end of forty-two minutes—with three more to go—they tallied high and even on the judges' scorecards. Then Abellira caught one of the largest and most spectacular waves of the day and ripped it from top to bottom like a crazy bullet, kicking out over the top of the wave before it closed.

After that, Shaun matched him cutback for cutback, bottom turn for bottom turn, until the last wave—which was Shaun's—a peaking monster, a true Sunset cathedral. In an astounding exhibition of power, he lacerated the rising face like a swift sword and then disappeared deep, deeper into the tube, working the walls in there all alone, surrounded by a falling curtain of water, until the wave collapsed and spit him out like a dart from a blowgun. Then he glided onto the beach to cheers, a cool Botticellian birth from the sea. It was now numerically possible for Shaun to beat Rabbit.

A few days later, at the next-to-last contest, Peter Townend came face to face with the Black Shorts. All the contestants were there, including Shaun.

"Hey, P.T.," one of them yelled at him on the beach. "See the Black Shorts? You like the Black Shorts, P.T.?"

"Yeah," Townend said. "They look real good," and he started paddling out.

Then another one yelled at him, "Hey, you fuckin' *haole*! You fuckin' write that shit, you catch the next wave to the beach, you fuckin' don't come back!" Later that day, Fast Eddie Rothman caught Townend in the water and slapped him off his board. "Hey, don't ever write that shit," Rothman said. Everyone on the beach watched and listened, but no one did anything. A few minutes later, after Townend had left the water, a Black Short named Squiddy, who was six-two and 200 pounds to Townend's five-six and 132 pounds, smashed him in the eye with an elbow.

That evening Shaun and Josette discussed the incident over dinner. "Why do these things happen?" he asked. "Don't they realize what they're doing to surfing? No one in this sport seems to think in terms of consequences. And where was Fred when all this was going on?"

They had finished dinner and were watching the news on television when the phone rang. It was for Shaun. "Yes, yes... yes!" he said, smiling, and then turned to Josette. "It's my agent. Paramount wants me to start acting school in the spring!"

Shaun came in ninth in the Pipeline Masters, and though he beat Rabbit, it was now impossible for him to retain the championship. "I tried my best," he told Josette. "There were three minutes left, and I grabbed a mediocre wave. I simply blew it."

The World Cup was next. The weather was bad, the surf was bad, and so were the Black Shorts. Two enforcement heavies told Townend not to surf in the contest. They threatened him. Then suddenly Fred Hemmings, trim at 220 pounds, stepped into the middle of it and challenged both Hawaiians. They backed down. That one move on Hemmings's part proved to be the salvation of the IPS. He and Larry Lindberg, who was producing the event for NBC, called the police and guarded Townend as he surfed. But as a result, Townend bombed out, dropping from second to fifth in the ratings. Shaun tied for fifth and ended up in fourth place overall for the season.

In the dining room of the Kuilima Hotel,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 202



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ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



By Tony Scaduto

The author, a former investigative reporter for the *New York Post*, has written several books, including *Scapegoat*, in which he proved that an innocent man was executed for the kidnap-murder of Charles Lindbergh's baby. His latest book, the novel *A Terrible Time to Die*, was recently published by Putnam's.

JIMMY CARTER'S PERVERSIONS OF JUSTICE

Jimmy Carter's blatant attempts to protect his friend Bert Lance from the laws of the land make it clear that our current president has no more respect for justice than his predecessors had. But this administration is exercising a far more dangerous perversion of justice: an underpublicized use of power to veil the federal bureaucracy in a cloak of secrecy that could be the burial shroud of our Constitution.

"It is incredible that the man who promised an open and honest administration seems to have all the instincts of a second-story man climbing in through the bedroom window," says one Justice Department attorney who, for obvious reasons, cannot be identified. "The gap between Carter's rhetoric and his performance is nowhere more evident than in his handling of the administration of justice, the way he is using his Justice Department to make new laws in the courts that will undermine our historical right to be protected against the excesses of federal police power, and in the way he is attempting to persuade Congress to enact laws that will make the government the most repressive we've ever seen. This administration's concept of justice is: protect our friends and our government, and stick it to anyone who gets in the way. It's a Nixonian concept of justice, designed to protect the government from the people."

"It all began even before Carter took office," the attorney says. "Officials at the CIA convinced him that national-security interests must override all other considerations. They scared the hell out of him with nightmarish projections about the loss of Europe, the loss of Asia and Africa, of everything, if the CIA was going to be forced to work in a fishbowl, as its critics in Congress were demanding. That's when Mr. Clean turned into a president with a clandestine mentality."

In February, a month after Carter was inaugurated, he sent Stansfield Turner to his confirmation hearings as CIA director with instructions to signal clearly the president's intention of placing the need for tight security above the need for stricter congressional controls over intelligence agencies. Turner was asked by one of the senators whether the Carter administration believed an "official-secrets act should be enacted into law." Turner replied that that was indeed the administration's belief, that only such an act can protect the nation's secrets. Since then Carter has been seeking much more than tighter lids on true military secrets; he has been moving stealthily and directly toward the enactment of official-secrets laws that would make it possible for any president, any attorney general, to suppress information that might simply embarrass a politician or a bureaucrat.

Great Britain has had an Official Secrets Act since 1911. The act is a legal weapon used by the bureaucracy to stifle all independent inquiry into the operations of state power. In England it is an offense simply to collect any information about the workings of government. To violate the act, an Englishman doesn't have to pass the information to another party and doesn't have to publish it. Just possessing information that the government doesn't want one to have is punishable by up to fourteen years' imprisonment. That's any information, without even the pretense of a threat to national security.

Jimmy Carter has been trying to create that kind of law in America. This objective becomes clear when several interrelated events are examined.

Within the bureaucracy itself the administration tightened

☛ All that Carter has done, from the Bert Lance cover-up to his attempts to keep all functions of government secret, clearly shows his inability to distinguish the national interest from his own. ☛

control over the flow of unauthorized information by spreading fear of arrest or dismissal among government employees. For example, in a brief period of three months at the end of his first year in office, Carter's Justice Department had FBI agents and government lawyers asking hundreds of federal employees questions in an attempt to learn the sources for at least four articles in the *New York Times*, investigated the way a secret affidavit entered the public record and became available to the Associated Press, and conducted an investigation of the way the *Washington Star* obtained information for articles about corruption in the Interstate Commerce Commission. It must be stressed that none of the published stories involved national-security secrets. They were simply an embarrassment to the administration.

While these investigations were being conducted, Carter's administration was preparing a case that it knew would give the government greater power to silence its own employees than it ever had before. The case was the lawsuit against Frank Snepp, an ex-CIA official who had written a book about the fall of Vietnam. It cannot be denied that the government has not only a right but also a duty to protect vital military secrets. But in the Snepp case the government admitted that the book contained no classified information; no secrets were involved. Something else was going on. Carter's lawyers sued Snepp for breaking a contract with the CIA to submit his book for approval before publication. If he could be found guilty of breach of contract in its broadest sense—that the contract he signed as a CIA employee required the agency's clearance of every word he wrote—then no government employee would ever dare risk the wrath of government in the future. In essence, government would establish prior censorship, a key part of any official-secrets act.

To load the odds in its favor, the administration brought the Snepp suit before a judge not known for his reasoned opinions, one who demonstrated his impartiality by saying, long before all the evidence was heard, that Snepp was guilty of "willful, deliberate breach of trust . . . and I think he did it for the money." Most naturally, the judge did rule against Snepp. Jimmy Carter's victory against the First Amendment is all the more serious because a half-dozen other federal agencies have been forcing employees to sign CIA-style contracts, and others are preparing to do the same.

"The Carter administration believes that merely passing information to anyone, not necessarily a foreign agent, is espionage," the Justice Department attorney told me. "And to make that interpretation the law of the land, Carter's people have convinced the Senate to include in its Criminal Code Reform Bill S.1437 several clauses saying that in order to be convicted of espionage, the defendant need only be aware of the significance of the information that he passed to someone else. Of course, the government itself will be able to decide just what is meant by significant. Under a paranoid president everything will be significant."

"Still, the Carter people weren't going to place all bets for an official secrets act only on Snepp and S.1437. They were just waiting for another case to bolster their interpretation of the espionage law and establish an official-secrets act, and they got their chance last year with a poor schnook named Ronald Humphrey. That case was virgin territory, and the Justice Department used it to shoot bigger holes in the Constitution."

Ronald Humphrey, a middle-level foreign-service officer in the U.S. Information Agency, was accused of passing government documents to a Vietnamese agent.

One count in the indictment that the government insisted was necessary for its protection of national-security secrets was a rather bizarre charge of "larceny," based on a federal law that anyone stealing from the government property of value is guilty of theft. But in this case the "larceny" was of information, the government charging that the defendants "stole" government information.

The jury agreed, and it is now the law of the land that disclosing government information without permission can land a man in prison just as though he had stolen a typewriter or a car. Like the British civil servant who can be jailed for disclosing the amount of tea that his government gives him, and like the British recipient of that information who may be jailed for receiving it, the U.S. government may now punish an employee who reveals information and may punish any journalist who receives it, for both are guilty of "theft" of that information.

"This has already had an inhibiting effect on all of us," a government scientist told me. "The press should be very upset about this case, because it has established a new law that can be used to punish the disclosure of any information, including that which shows that someone is ripping off the government, on contracts or anything else, or that presidents are obstructing justice."

More recently, Carter succeeded where even Nixon failed in his attempt to create repressive censorship law in the Pentagon Papers case. In March government lawyers won the first prior restraint against publication in the nation's history. This time the administration came down on the *Progressive*, a small magazine that was about to publish an article explaining how easy it is even for a nonphysicist to learn to build an H-bomb. The magazine said it wanted to show that government secrecy in such matters was primarily designed to stifle debate on public issues, including "peaceful" uses of atomic energy. Although the author used no "secret" information and although government scientists swore that a technically more accurate article on H-bomb manufacture can be found in the *Encyclopedia Americana*, the Justice Department invoked "national security" to forbid publication.

And why did Carter fight so fiercely to become the only president ever to succeed in tearing up the First Amendment? No doubt because he'd already decided to make reliance on nuclear power the cornerstone of his energy policy, and he didn't want public debate on nuclear safety to jeopardize political policy. (Ironically, two days after the ruling against the *Progressive*, twenty-five years of official lies about the safety of nuclear power were exposed by the Three Mile Island accident. But we've still lost part of the Bill of Rights.)

The Justice Department attorney puts it this way: "Carter has demonstrated, as have other presidents before him, that his administration is dedicated to its own preservation and will move forcefully against what it perceives as threats to that preservation. All that Carter has done, from his unconscionable cover-up of the charges against Lance to his attempts to keep all functions of government secret and punish those who violate that secrecy, clearly shows his inability to distinguish the national interest from his own." ☛

SIREN SONG

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTER FLODQVIST

For some women *looking* like a Greek goddess isn't enough. Circe Stathakos, our twenty-four-year-old, 37-23-36-inch gift from the Aegean Sea, was actually named after one. "The Circe of ancient myth," she explains to us in her rich accent, "was a beautiful siren, a sorceress who turned men into swine. I'm more interested in turning them into *gluttons*," she teases, "so that they can never get enough of me."





When pressed, Circe will admit that she's rather insatiable herself when it comes to sex. "After all, there is no guilt attached to hedonism in this country."

"I allow my body as much freedom as I do my mind, and both of them *love* to wander!" Despite her exotic bent, however, Circe has one simple desire.







"I want to find a man who can satisfy both my need for devotion *and* for adventure. If he exists, it wouldn't matter whether he was the owner of a fishing boat or a rich Greek shipping magnate." We sense that she'll have her way. A girl with Circe's magic could turn any man into an avid sorceress's apprentice . . . 



AGENT ORANGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

Paul's description of defoliated areas indicates that Agent Orange harmed more than foliage. "There was no animal or insect life; the land was dull and dirty and gray—and it was dead. The jungle looked like a little pond near where I used to live that had been flooded for a number of years. The trees were bent over, dying; it was a desolate, dead place."

Now, nearly nine years after his discharge, Paul has been diagnosed as having partial parasthesia (a partial numbness in his fingers and toes). His wife has had four miscarriages. Paul tries to stay forty pounds over what his weight should be; he finds that when he's thinner, he is subject to irrational emotional outbursts. He is convinced that Agent Orange figures in his ailments.

But Paul's symptoms are mild compared with some that have been reported. Abdominal cancer has killed a disproportionate number of Vietnam veterans. Their wives have had trouble conceiving and then with carrying children to term; when a pregnancy is completed, there is a heightened risk of delivering a deformed or retarded child.

"When I got out of the service, I experienced severe emotional trauma. I attributed it to the war," Paul says now. "I'd had to play John Wayne over there. I didn't think I had mental problems—I just figured it was a reaction to being in the war and doing what I was doing. I'd take live bodies out to the field; I'd bring dead bodies back from the field. We all went a little crazy over there. We knew it was a crazy war."

Paul tried to minimize his problems. Until he saw a Chicago television station's one-hour documentary on Agent Orange, he had assumed that his symptoms were isolated. "I hadn't really confided in anybody. I figured it was just something that I had to live with, and that I'd grow out of it."

Now, he admits, he feels betrayal and rage. "Why didn't they at least give us minimal safeguards?" And there's a more immediate question: When will the U.S. government acknowledge its obligations to those whom it subjected to dioxin in Vietnam?

After seeing government studies conducted during Agent Orange's Vietnamese reign, Barry Commoner found that even then government research had turned up substantial evidence that dioxin remained active in the environment for at least fourteen years.

Now dioxin has surfaced in America's backyard. Information emanating from Niagara Falls' Love Canal indicates that dioxin remains toxic for up to thirty years. This evidence is a powerful contradiction of results of tests funded and run by Dow Chemical, which "prove" that dioxin is photosynthetic (destroyed by the sun) and biodegradable.

The Love Canal dump was a repository

for wastes from the Hooker Chemical and Plastics Company between 1947 and 1953. Experts calculate that 141 pounds of dioxin are in the canal's groundwater (they expect to find 2,000 pounds stored elsewhere in the county), a result of Hooker's dumping trichlorophenol, a not-so-distant relative of 2,4,5-T, into their devil's brew.

Hooker unloaded the Love Canal waste site in 1953, selling it to the Niagara Falls Board of Education for a dollar—and a contract absolving the company of any responsibility for problems that could arise later from the chemicals stored there.

On "The Today Show," a Hooker vice-president said that "years ago many companies weren't aware of the hazards" of burying chemical wastes. But Dr. Robert Mobbs, a Boston physician active in pesticides control, says that Hooker "damn well knew" just how dangerous its wastes were. In 1948 Mobbs had conducted tests that showed that one of Hooker's chemicals dumped in the canal had caused

Dioxin victims fall
prey to irrational emotional
outbursts, hands and
feet become numb, rashes
cover the entire body, and
there are sharp, shooting
stomach pains.

tumors in rabbits. Mobbs presented his evidence in testimony before Congress.

In August 1978 residents were evacuated from the contaminated Love Canal area. No epidemiological study has been conducted, but the New York Health Department reports that there was an increase of birth abnormalities, an increase in the frequency of cancer among residents, and an unusual number of reports of emphysema, skin rashes, and respiratory ailments. One resident told a reporter last December, "We've lost six or seven cats. They get down by the stream, and it starts eating the skin and the fur off their feet. Then they die a few days later." No resident could recall a neighborhood pet that had lived to be more than three years old.

A July 10, 1976, explosion at Seveso's Givaudan chemical plant in Italy sent up a cloud of trichlorophenol (the same compound present in the Love Canal) along with from two to eleven pounds of its companion chemical, dioxin. Birds dropped from the sky; pets fell dead.

Residents of the industrial suburb, thirteen miles north of Milan, were evacuated, many suffering from nausea, dizziness, and chloracne. Residents have developed

lung and nervous-system disorders; some report suffering stomach pains.

Attempts at cleanup were nearly impossible. The area was cordoned off; thousands of tons of dioxin-contaminated topsoil was hosed down to prevent the wind from spreading it. The topsoil was soon bagged—but nobody could agree on a way to dispose of it. Incineration was suggested, but Seveso residents—many uncomfortably relocated in nearby hotels and housing projects—almost rioted to prevent the ascension of a second toxic cloud. Then officials decided to dump the cache far out in the ocean. That solution was rejected because of the cost and because it wouldn't destroy the contaminant. An abandoned West German mine was suggested and then rejected. So bags containing 200,000 tons of contaminated topsoil are stored in a Seveso school building along with bags containing the carcasses of 81,000 domestic animals.

The outside walls of houses in the contaminated area were resurfaced, and residents began to move back last fall. But traces of dioxin are still cropping up—some as far as twenty miles away.

Scientists in government and industry did not begin conducting comprehensive studies on the toxicity of herbicides until 1962, when Rachel Carson's *The Silent Spring* signaled a public alert. There are, however, reports dating back to 1949 that hint at the dangerous side effects induced by dioxin.

Once the lid had been pried off their Pandora's box, however, officials moved quickly. By 1969, the Health, Education, and Welfare Department's National Cancer Institute (NCI) was hushing up findings on the toxicity of dioxin.

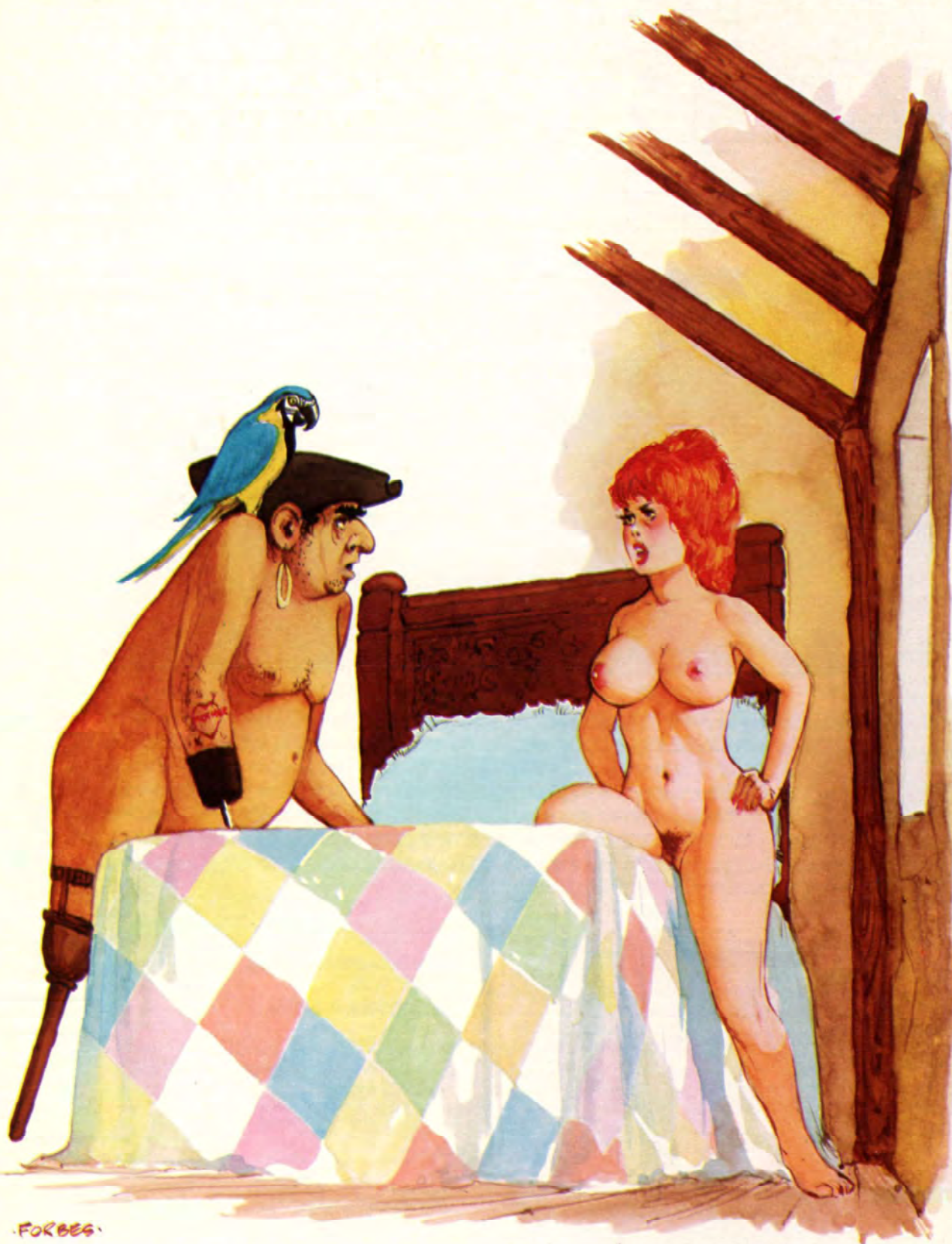
In 1964 it had commissioned the Bionetics Research Laboratory in Bethesda, Md., to study the teratogenic (fetus-deforming) and carcinogenic effects of widely used pesticides on laboratory animals. The resultant report confirmed dioxin's toxicity—on both counts.

But the findings were not passed on to FDA officials until 1968. During the four-year interim, its contents were privy only to officials in the Defense and Agriculture departments.

The NCI finally released the report's carcinogenicity findings in 1969. Omitted from the release was information on dioxin's fetus-deforming properties.

An infuriated FDA employee slipped a copy of the unedited report to one of Ralph Nader's Raiders. The ensuing publicity forced the government by 1970 to discontinue widespread spraying of Agent Orange in Vietnam.

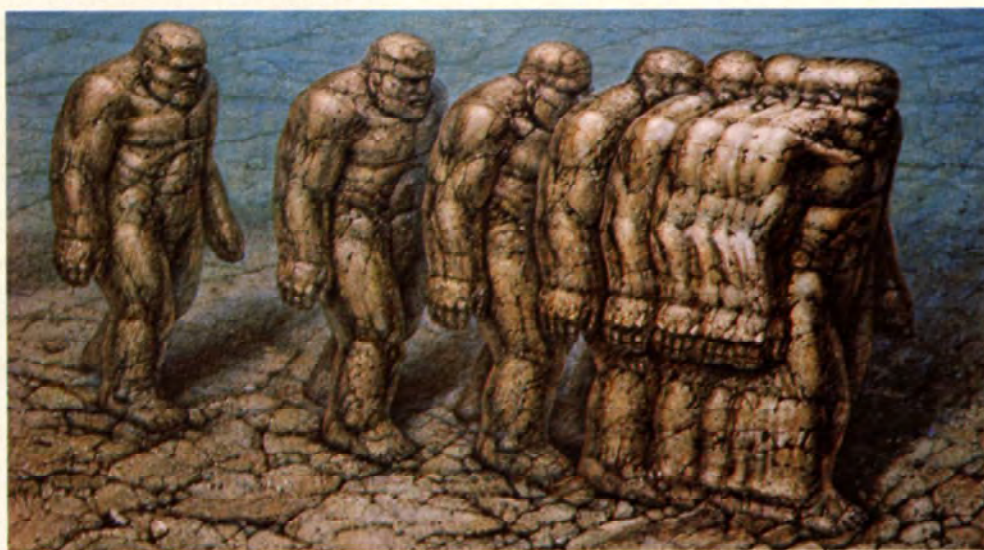
According to one former White House staffer, the full disclosure of the bionetics report would have fueled the growing anti-war movement and also would have contributed to international criticism of American chemical warfare. FDA officials claimed that chemical companies had applied pressures that kept the agency



"Look, I don't mind the hat; I don't mind the hook; I don't even mind the peg-leg.
But I'll be damned if I can hack the parrot shit!"

HOW MUCH WOULD YOU PAY TO SEE THE FUTURE?

De Es Schwertberger



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from disclosing its findings.

Just before the Ninety-fifth Congress adjourned, a one-day hearing on Agent Orange was held before the House Committee on Veterans' Affairs. "The hearing was a whitewash," says Sandy Horowitz, aide to Illinois Rep. Abner Mikva, who pressed for the session. "It was ridiculous. No veterans were asked to appear, let alone academics who have done studies suggesting that there could be a harmful health consequence of exposure to Agent Orange."

"We don't have any one single response at this point," Gary Jones, who spearheads public relations for Dow's Ag-Organics Department, said when asked at the time this article was being written what Dow's response was to the charges being brought against dioxin. "The larger problem is the ubiquity of dioxins, and we don't know whether it's a problem or not. We don't know what it means to human health."

Jones explains that dioxin is present in such minute amounts in 2,4,5-T that looking for it "is like analyzing a river when you're looking for a grain of sand." He dismisses the dioxin problem: "One part dioxin per trillion means one inch for 16 million miles of 2,4,5-T."

But subtract the zeros, and suddenly Jones is saying that one part dioxin per million means one inch of dioxin in sixteen miles of 2,4,5-T. The dioxin ratio in Agent Orange's 2,4,5-T went as high as forty-nine parts per million. If three ounces can kill 8 million people, the dioxin ratio in Agent Orange is far from insignificant.

But Jones counters this as well: "We've searched for dioxin in 2,4,5-T, and we have not found it."

(If Dow is not looking very hard, others are. In March of this year, the Environmental Protection Agency ordered a temporary, emergency ban of 2,4,5-T. Dow denounced the ban and went to court to have it overturned. At the time this is written, all that can be said with any certainty is that the controversy will continue in the courts for some time.)

"I'm convinced now that there is a link," says Bill Kurtis, anchorman and executive producer of an investigative reporting unit for a CBS-affiliate station in Chicago. Last year, Kurtis and his staff put together a documentary on dioxin—and on Agent Orange's role in its dissemination—that convinced Paul Steinke that others shared his problem.

"Frankly, I had filed away the herbicide problem as no story," says Kurtis, whose years of experience as a CBS foreign correspondent show in his careful and deliberate selection of facts, words, facial expressions, and vocal resonances. "Even though people tried to make a story of it, there was no contact. There was no human case to throw up."

A claims counselor for the Chicago VA changed that. Maude de Victor noticed an unusual number of claims and queries coming through her in-box; they listed

births of deformed children and symptoms ranging from abdominal cancer to uncontrollable anger and numbness in the fingers and toes. A vet's wife telephoned de Victor, crying; her husband was dying of cancer and the VA had denied benefits, disavowing any connection between his illness and his service in Vietnam. But, the woman told de Victor, her husband kept insisting, "It's those chemicals from Vietnam."

De Victor contacted the assistant to the air force surgeon general, who confirmed her suspicion that these apparently unrelated symptoms could stem from a common cause—exposure to Operation Hades's herbicides.

The VA encouraged de Victor to begin gathering data on the Agent Orange connection, but soon the VA countermanded its orders. She was then transferred to another area, where she no longer would come into contact with the veterans. And she was told unequivocally that she must drop her search. She complied with the order, but she sent a detailed outline of her suspicions to Kurtis.

"It just hit me between the eyes like no other story," Kurtis says now. "She had listed her research material, as well as four or five conclusions about what this would mean if, in fact, these men were having problems."

There was no digging for this story, Kurtis admits. All of its pieces were there, waiting to be put together. "We farmed out across the country. And as we got into it, the whole thing became clear."

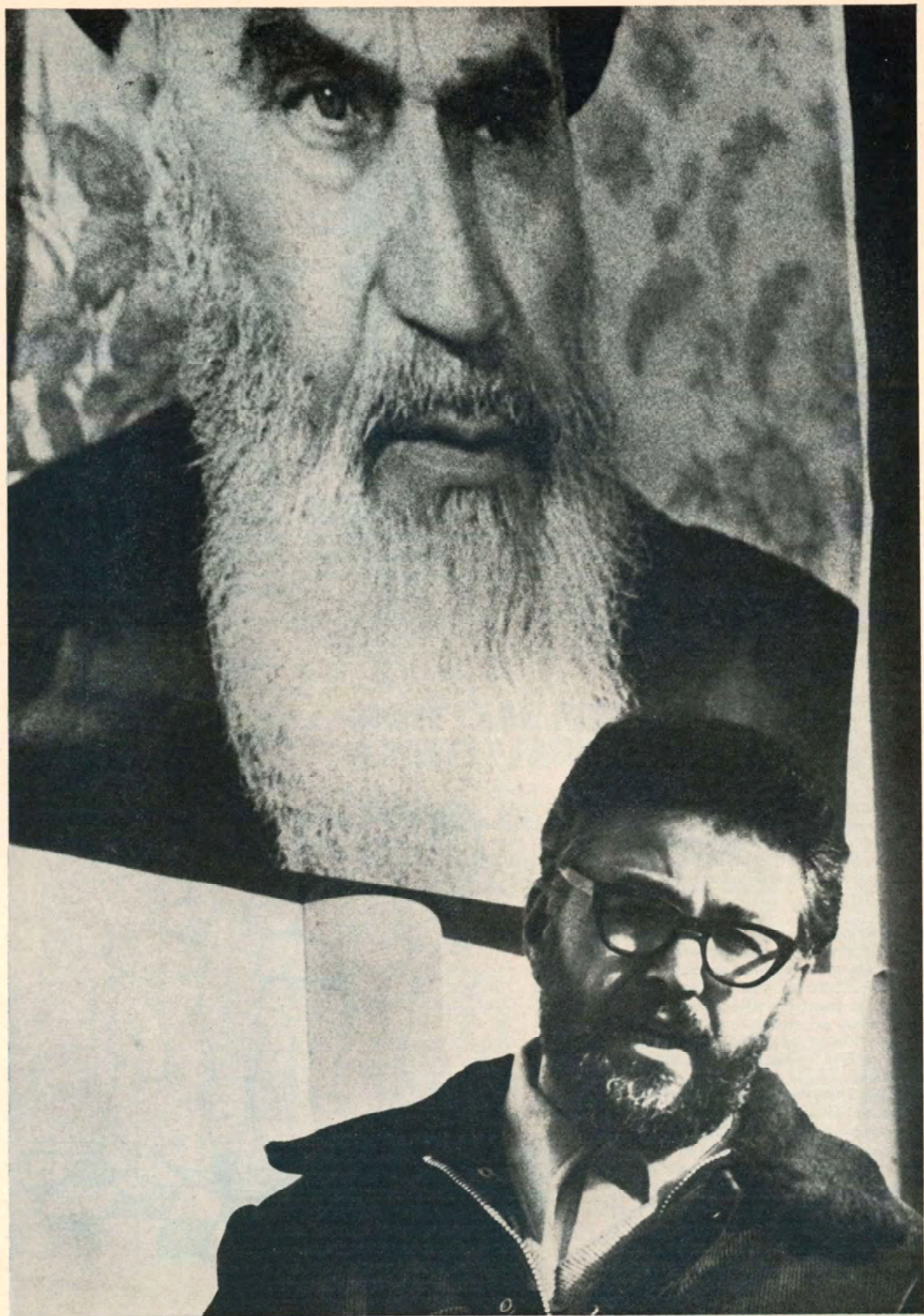
"When you talk to a guy whose child doesn't have any fingers, it's very graphic and convincing, but it's just one side of the story. Then you go to Globe, Arizona [where heavy spraying of 2,4,5-T is administered for crop control], and it's something you almost can't read about. You see ducks with horribly deformed wings. In Oregon you hear people complaining of suspected exposure to 2,4,5-T."

Kurtis admits that he was skeptical about the reports. As he explained: "All of these people had the reputations, within their communities and with the establishment they were fighting, of being kooks. But all of a sudden all of the kooks in all of the stories sounded identical."

"If it hadn't been for the veterans, though, I really don't know how long it would have been before the story came out. The veterans provide the link; they bring the emotion."

The pathos and irony and the drama of the exploding dioxin time bomb were expressed poignantly by Paul Reutershan shortly before he went into the hospital for the last time: "I died in Vietnam and didn't even know it." 





PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

DR. IBRAHIM YAZDI AND THE AYATOLLAH KHOMEINI

American businesses
plundered our people, robbed them of their
money and their culture.

More than a million people mobbed his car, carrying his picture and chanting "Khomeini is Imam, our leader," when he arrived at Tehran's airport last February. His picture is everywhere—on every street corner, every wall, every telephone pole, in every demonstration. Few leaders of any other nation in recent memory have been the object of such determined adulation. The Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, the *Marja Taqleed*—Source of Imitation for Shi'ite Muslims—is for most Iranians the incarnation of opposition to the shah and of their hopes for Iran's future. For twenty years the seventy-nine-year-old religious leader has been the foremost voice raised against the Pahlavi dynasty.

Born in 1899 in the village of Khumain, Khomeini lost his father, a *mullah* (legal scholar) vocally opposed to the Qatar dynasty, to Qatar assassins in Arak. He was raised by his mother in Khumain and became, after her death when he was fifteen, a student of the prominent Muslim scholar Haeri. He followed Haeri to the holy city of Qom and applied himself to the rigorous study of Islamic law, philosophy, theology, and mysticism. In 1927 he married (he has two sons, three daughters, and fourteen grandchildren) and began teaching ethics in Qom's religious school. Throughout the 1930's agents of Reza Shah raided Khomeini's classes repeatedly, eventually forcing him to go underground for a time. In 1942 Khomeini published his book, *The Uncovering of the Secrets*, in which he attacked the institution of the monarchy and savaged the Pahlavis. In 1944 his classes were again raided, and he was forced, once again, to go underground.

In September 1941 Reza Shah abdicated, and his son, Mohammad Reza Pahlavi, succeeded to the throne. In March 1951, when foreign oil companies in Iran were nationalized and the shah was forced to appoint Dr. Mohammad Mossadegh premier, Khomeini supported Mossadegh's government. The oil nationalization was intolerable to Western governments, however, and in 1953 a CIA-inspired coup overthrew the democratically elected Mossadegh and brought the shah to full power. Khomeini bitterly opposed this coup but continued his religious studies. He was elevated to the rank of ayatollah in 1960 on the death of Qom's Ayatollah Borujerdi. Sensitive to the demands of his position, Khomeini began to attack the shah and the monarchy publicly. In March 1963 he was

arrested. Shortly thereafter he was proclaimed a grand ayatollah.

He was released in May 1963 and immediately launched a campaign against the shah's "White Revolution" and the large landlords who benefited from the so-called agrarian reform. He also pointed to the privileges and power Americans increasingly enjoyed in Iran and the huge personal holdings of the shah and his family. During the mass demonstrations of June 1963, he was again arrested and imprisoned for four months. Released, he began his attacks again and was jailed once more. Finally, he was exiled, first to Bursa, Turkey, and then, in 1964, to An Najaf, Iraq, a Shi'ite shrine. Under pressure from the shah's government, Iraq asked him to leave in mid-1978, and he was granted asylum in France, settling just outside Paris.

In October 1977 Khomeini's son Mustafa died under mysterious circumstances that suggested murder at the hands of SAVAK, the shah's secret police. Khomeini is reported to have responded to the news by remarking, "I see no difference between my son and all the others who have died resisting the shah."

Now residing in Qom, ninety miles south of Tehran, Khomeini is at present the most important figure in Iranian life. He is "*Imam*," the leader—not the Hidden Imam of Shi'ite Islam, but, as grand ayatollah, in mystical communication with the Hidden Imam and a source of God's revelation in the present.

To become an ayatollah is a process likened by some Western scholars to obtaining five Ph.D. degrees and often takes upward of thirty years. A *mullah* advances to ayatollah only after lengthy study of the Shari'a, the Koran, tradition, and theology and through acknowledgment by others of his eminent personal virtues. Only the other ayatollahs can make a new ayatollah, less by a process of election than by one of cooptation. Above the ayatollahs stand the *Ayatollahha al-Ozma*, the grand ayatollahs, described by tradition as *mujtahids*, those "pure in manners who have acquired all the sciences to such a perfect degree that they can respond immediately and without prompting to all questions that are posed to them on religious and civil law." In present-day Iran there are five grand ayatollahs: Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, seventy-nine; Ayatollah Haj Seyyed Kazem Shariat-Madari, eighty-two; Ayatollah Muhammad Reza Gopayeghani, eighty-three; Ayatollah Haj

Seyyed Shahabeddin Marashi-Najafi, eighty-one; and Ayatollah Haj Seyyed Abulqassem Kho'i, eighty-five. Any of the grand ayatollahs may coopt another, lesser ayatollah to their number, and their hierarchical ranking is a matter of speculation. A year ago Shariat-Madari was most senior. Now pride of place has been given to Khomeini. It was on the authority of one of Khomeini's revelations that the general strike was called that brought the shah down and that Bakhtiar was dismissed and the Bazargan government installed.

The *Komiteh*—the Imam Khomeini Committee—acts in his name on countless matters of which he never hears. So great is his authority that the mere expression of his wish is taken for command—a situation that has led to misinterpretation and countless problems for the Provisional Government.

Khomeini's closest aides include his son Ahmed and Dr. Ibrahim Yazdi. Among Iran's revolutionary leaders, it is Yazdi who most clearly has Khomeini's ear. Yazdi holds what is, perhaps, the most sensitive post in the provisional revolutionary government—deputy prime minister for revolutionary affairs, with far-ranging powers to supervise and coordinate the activities of the Revolutionary Committee and the central government—a delicate task in a time when the power of the *Komiteh* has rivaled, if not exceeded, that of the appointed government. Among those who made the Islamic Revolution—the rank and file in the streets, clergy, peasants, shopkeepers, revolutionary militiamen—Yazdi enjoys a respect and personal loyalty afforded few of Iran's leaders. For years he has been a close friend and adviser to Ayatollah Khomeini, with a reputation for tough-mindedness and personal courage.

Yazdi, however, is not lacking for critics. Hedayatollah Matin-Daftari, the grandson of Mossadegh and leader of the National Democratic Front, a left-of-center faction split off from Foreign Minister Karim Sanjabi's National Front, has bitterly attacked Yazdi for his stand on the national referendum and for what he terms an "erosion of human liberties," for which he blames Yazdi and the men around him. Advocates of a Western-style parliamentary democracy for Iran have also criticized Yazdi, claiming that his vision of an Islamic republic is that of a harsh theocracy nearly as repressive of dissent as the shah's regime was.

Yet few can deny Yazdi's diligence and his grinding schedule. Arriving at his office in the prime-ministry complex before eight in the morning, he begins a whirlwind schedule of conferences, telephone conversations, and public appearances that often extend far past midnight. Nor are his personal courage and decisiveness often challenged. During the February siege of the U.S. embassy in Tehran by left-wing extremists, eighteen Americans were taken hostage and more than seventy others forced to take refuge in the embassy's communications center, surrounded by

nearly 100 armed guerrillas. While pro-Khomeini militiamen exchanged sporadic fire for hours with the guerrillas, many feared that the American hostages would be killed. Yazdi, informed of the situation, sped to the embassy and began negotiations with the guerrillas. A tense half hour followed, with the bitter shouting punctuated by firing outside. One American who heard much of the exchange thought that Yazdi and his aides might easily be killed by the leftists. Finally, agreement was reached and the siege broken. "He has no fear," said a Yazdi aide after the incident.

More recently, Yazdi personally intervened when two sons and a daughter-in-law of Ayatollah Seyyed Mahmoud Taleghani were arrested by militiamen at the order of *Komiteh* official Muhammad Qarazi. Queried by Yazdi, Qarazi denied any knowledge of the affair. Eventually, Qarazi admitted ordering the arrests, and Yazdi ordered that the three be released. When the militiamen refused to obey the order,

Communism is as much the enemy of the people of Iran as American imperialism is. We do not want the East or the West, atheism or materialism.

Yazdi arrested Qarazi on the spot and the prisoners were released. "There is only one government in Iran," Yazdi is reported to have remarked angrily after the incident.

Although he is a scientist by profession, Yazdi is no newcomer to politics. Born in Tehran on September 26, 1930, he was an active supporter of Mossadegh while he was a pharmacology student at Tehran University. A practicing pharmacist through the fifties, Yazdi was increasingly drawn to the Islamic opposition and engaged in clandestine activities against the shah. Under increasing police surveillance, Yazdi chose to emigrate in 1960 rather than face arrest. He enrolled in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, from which he received a Ph.D. in pharmacology. From 1968 to 1978 he worked as a cancer researcher at Baylor University and at the microbiology department of Veterans Hospital in Houston, Tex. From the mid-1960s he became closely associated with the exiled Ayatollah Khomeini, and he was called to Khomeini's side in December 1978 in Paris. He quickly became Khomeini's authoritative spokesman and closest adviser, accompanying Khomeini on his triumphant return to Iran.

Yazdi is married and has six children, one of whom, Lily, is married to the revolutionary government's chargé d'affaires at the embassy in Washington. His wife and remaining children, at the time of this writing, reside in Houston.

In three interviews last March, Yazdi and the Ayatollah Khomeini spoke with free-lance writer Gregory Rose in Tehran.

As this interview was going to press, the government of Prime Minister Medhi Bazargan announced that Yazdi had resigned as deputy prime minister to replace Karim Sanjabi as foreign minister (Sanjabi had resigned to protest the continuing power of the Revolutionary Committee). He also assumed cochairmanship of the Central Revolutionary Committee. While some Western press observers have suggested that this move was a demotion, resulting from conflicts with Bazargan on the role of the *Komiteh*, sources in Iran paint the move less as a power struggle with Bazargan than as Yazdi's attempt to gain greater control of the sometimes recalcitrant Revolutionary Committee and to move to give stronger definition to Iran's floundering foreign policy. Regardless of the circumstances, it is clear that Ibrahim Yazdi will remain a power to be reckoned with in revolutionary Iran.

Penthouse: The first foreign leader to be officially received by the Islamic Republic was Yassir Arafat. What will be the relationship between the Islamic Republic and the Palestinian liberation movement?

Yazdi: We, of course, recognize the Palestine Liberation Organization as the legitimate representative of the Palestinian people and condemn the Zionist-imperialist occupation of Palestine. The PLO has been in the forefront of support for the revolutionary struggle of the people of Iran, and we cannot be deaf to the struggle of our brothers.

Penthouse: Will Iran offer bases or logistical support to the PLO?

Yazdi: No, our Palestinian brothers already have the resources they need for their struggle. They do not need bases for military operations in Iran. They have opened liaison offices in Tehran and elsewhere in Iran, but these will not serve a military purpose. What the PLO needs is recognition of its legitimacy, and that is what we have given.

Penthouse: If a Palestinian entity is established in the territories currently under Israeli occupation, will Iran provide such an entity with economic assistance?

Yazdi: That would depend on many factors. It is too early to make any judgment on that one.

Penthouse: One of the first acts of the revolutionary government was to cut off oil to Israel. Up until that time Iran had been one of Israel's main suppliers. Are there any circumstances under which you would reconsider that decision?

Yazdi: Yes—the victory of the Palestinian revolutionary struggle.

Penthouse: Many Western strategists are

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

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PART III

Gloria Joy was 'The Great Hollywood Star.' She had everything she ever wanted, including one thing she never wanted—*A Child!*

This is the startling conclusion of the searing saga of a tortured daughter and her malicious tinseltown mother. Yes, they hated each other so much that only one could win and live to tell the dirt!

Mommy Bitch

The agonizing and interminable war in Vietnam took second place in the media as every newspaper in the country carried the headline, "GLORIA JOY SAVES SISTER IN FIRE!" My mother, Gloria Joy, Hollywood's greatest "sex goddess"—and, some say, piece of ass—had set fire to her Hollywood home to kill me, her illegitimate daughter whom she called her "Loving Sister," for making love with our newly adopted "brother," a deaf-mute! Even with the flames rising, my "brother" wouldn't stop fucking me! I was another doomed "Hollywood child"! *Mommy Bitch had won!*

Then, at the last minute, when the fire trucks and press arrived—some say it was Elizabeth Taylor, who lived next door, who summoned them—my power-obsessed mother, Gloria Joy, seeing photographers, hurled herself into my burning bedroom next to the boiler room and dragged me *out of the flames* to the applause of the media and the entire star-studded neighborhood that had gathered.

Gloria Joy was a national hero! New fan clubs rose everywhere, like phoenixes from the smoldering ashes! She was even made an honorary ambassador to New Guinea! If only they knew what really happened! If only they knew what a small, petty, vindictive, immoral, shallow, egomaniacal, heartless bitch she was—and if only I could live long enough to expose her!

It took me five months in the welfare hospital in San Fernando Valley to recover. Of course, for the first two weeks, when all the press came, she had me at the expensive Beverly Hills Memorial, but when the interest in my "brush with death" subsided, she stuck me away in San Fernando Valley—a fate some say is "worse than Death"!

But, enough "in" California jokes and feeling sorry for myself (even though it took sixteen operations to graft back the skin I lost in the flames). Poor Stepbrother never survived, but at least he orgasmed just before he died (*something I couldn't do*)! FLAMES, SCREAMS, PEOPLE WATCHING, VENGEANCE AND VIOLENCE—with all that excitement, I COULDN'T ORGASM! Little did I know that I would continue searching till the end of my life for that one perfect orgasm I lost! SHE, Gloria Joy, Box Office Bitch Numero Uno, had stolen it from me! If she hadn't dragged me out of the flames, I would have come off! COME OFF, like lucky deaf-and-dumb Stepbrother! He died happy! What was left for me but a LIFE OF MISERY? WHY DIDN'T SHE LET ME DIE?

As you can see, I was becoming very depressed—not to mention boring at parties—and like everyone in the early 1960s on the perfect block in the dream city of the world, I began seeing a psychiatrist. I mean, let's

By Anonymous Joy
(the unimportant and ugly daughter of the beautiful and famous Gloria Joy)

As told to Tom Eyen

face it: thanks to Gloria Joy, my "Loving Sister," I WAS A MESS! Thus began a fifteen-year period "on the couch." I tried every therapy ever invented!

In 1962, Anne Bancroft, to the horror of Mother, beat her for the Oscar with *The Miracle Worker*, and I went five times a week to Dr. Boris Lasser, who convinced me I was looking for my father as he joined me on "the couch"—which things, by the way, are hard to fuck on!

In 1963, Patricia Neal knocked Mother out for the Oscar with *Hud*, and I sued my Dr. Lasser for raping a client (and this was years before it was fashionable!). Yes, I was raped one too many times in my life, and I had to fight back!

In 1964 Julie Andrews won for *Mary Poppins*, and I began Kemo-Karate therapy, which is a mind-expanding technique that enables you to control other people's hostilities. And in case this doesn't work, the technique also includes an in-depth karate course!

In 1965 Julie Christie won for *Darling*, beating Gloria Joy's performance in the first film about Vietnam, *Zorba the Gook*—and I began the pest training. This was a forerunner of est, and its founder, Dr. Ernest Lasser, brother of Boris, taught me that you had to give to receive—before he absconded with everyone's savings and Diner's Club cards! (He liked to eat!)

And it wasn't until Elizabeth Taylor out-bitched Mother for the Oscar in 1966 with *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* that I began to understand a lesson that would save my life: *No one's going to save you but YOUR-*

SELF! I mean, here I was, twenty-six years old, and I didn't know *who I was!* (And this was years before the "Me Generation"!)

The best way to find yourself was to get a career. But what did I know how to do—thanks to my "loving sister"—except be neurotic? So I decided to go into show business! I would go to New York and study acting with the great acting teacher Miss Bella Saddler, whose world-famous school taught the revolutionary new form of acting called "The Inner Sole," wherein one perceived all emotions through the soles of the feet—making, of course, the most important tool of acting *shoes!*

Of course, all the other teachers were dismissing the Bella Saddler Acting Shoe as preposterous, but I knew she had something! That's how Mother had made it! With her spiked heels, she got to the top by walking on everyone she could! Luckily, Bella Saddler accepted me, and I happily packed for a career and a new life away from Mother!

And then probably the oddest thing of my life happened, as I was packing all the used clothes Mother had gotten me from the Salvation Army. Mother entered my room (now in the attic), and she was—*crying!* I had never seen Gloria Joy cry—not even in her movies! While other actresses extolled the art of crying at the drop of a line—Katharine Hepburn, Loretta Young, Barbara Nichols—Gloria Joy felt pain but never cried! Was she now *human*, after all?

She came into my room and sat on the edge of the thin, hard, unsanded plywood I slept on. She spoke quietly through the

tears coursing down her face:

SHE: "I'm getting divorced. Mort and I can't make it work anymore—"

ME: "But you never loved Mort! He was just a second-rate television comedy writer you tolerated to get into television!"

It was as though I had put the silver stake through the vampire's heart! She went white! Her body hardened like nail polish:

SHE: "I married Mort Schtickman to pay your bills! Who else paid for your shrink? Your Kemo-Karate therapy? Your pest training? Your four breakdowns? You have spent your whole life in a puddle of selfishness! Mort Schtickman was my last chance. I am forty-six years old! [SHE WAS FIFTY-EIGHT!] They don't have leading roles for women forty-eight in this country! A woman isn't important to anyone here unless she's *young!* There was no hope for me to pay your bills, no hope but to get a television series playing someone's—*mother!*"

That was the first time I ever heard her say that word! How I wanted to hold her, to let her cry in my arms. Maybe I was selfish—but then, hadn't she taught me? Yes, things were not going well for Gloria Joy! The television series Mort wrote for her, called "That Bitch," did not get good ratings in the Midwest. Gloria had then tried a television variety show called simply "Gloria in Excelsis." The Catholics were angry, the Protestants were offended, and the Jews were just plain bored.

Yes, Gloria was facing her tenth divorce and fifty-eight years of evil alone! I went to her—I mean, she was my flesh and blood—and held her. It was then I realized she was shaking violently. Not just an ordinary, everyday shake, but—yes, after living in L.A. my whole life, I knew the signs! MY MOTHER WAS A DRUG ADDICT! And, although in 1967 it was Katharine Hepburn who had the Oscar for *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?*, it was Gloria Joy who had the country guessing which sanatorium she was going to!

She committed herself to a lovely sanatorium, in the gentle hills of Connecticut, that looked more like a summer resort than a hospital. Many famous personalities would check in there when "pressures of an inhumane existence" caught up to them! I enrolled in Bella Saddler's School of the Sole, where the first requirement was to buy forty-seven pairs of shoes: penny loafers for a schoolgirl, high boots for Nordic feelings, backless heels for Shakespeare. Yes, Miss Saddler was an original! We would study famous playwrights by the shoes they wore. Did you ever realize that Chekhov wore tennis shoes everywhere? (And this was years before Rod McKuen!)

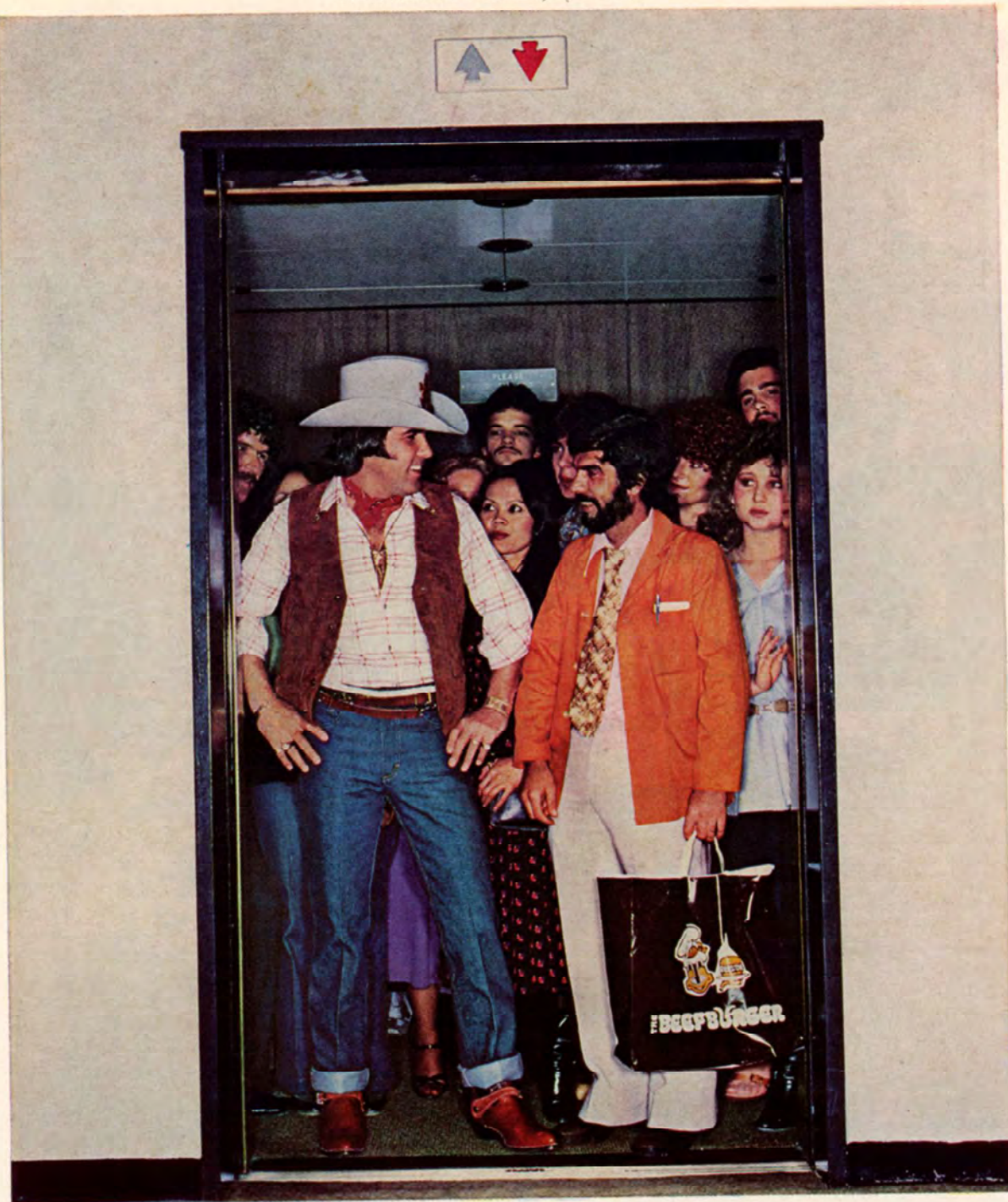
Yes, I was on my way, with even my own apartment, which I shared with Cathy Higgins, a debutante from Philadelphia who always wore her London Fog with nothing else—except *shoes*, of course. Shoes became our life! Bella Saddler was a genius!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152





"He says he wants a real Bloody Mary!"



HOW THE WEST IS WORN

Becoming an urban cowboy is only one way of coping with city blues, but it seems to work. Somehow, discarding navy-blue blazers and dressing as if there were still wide-open spaces can cheer up a man who is fenced in by skyscrapers and has only subways to ride.

This year designers have created a modified western look with refined lines and slightly less rugged fabrics. Unexpected colors and whimsical accessories, such as spurs and bandanas, can be added at night to create the rodeo look that's suitable for giving pretty

cowgirls a tumble or for rounding up friends before you stampede into a local watering hole.

These new styles are worn by guys who know both life-styles: singers Billy ("Crash") Craddock and Wood Newton and some of the performer staff of the Lone Star Café, New York City's favorite headquarters for top country-western acts and outlaw bands.

"Crash" Craddock, who is known as the Engelbert Humperdinck of country music, currently tops the music charts with his Capitol LP *Turning Up and Turning*



Clothes for the urban cowboy, for punching time clocks instead of cattle

(opposite page) Billy "Crash" Craddock. Cotton and dacron/polyester blend shirt (\$26), split cowhide suede vest (\$42), and cotton indigo denim straight-leg jeans (\$20) ensemble by Stunts Authentic Western Wear, a division of Big Smith. The western riding boots by Acme Boot. (All cowboy accessories shown throughout the feature are from the Nick Philolius western collection. The wool felt cowboy hats are from \$20, the bolo ties are from \$10, the silver-and-gold-tone metal collar tips are from \$12, and the roping rein belts are from \$22.50. All cotton bandanas are from \$2.50; the spurs, that

special western accessory ranging from stainless-steel clip-ons to gold-tone-and-sterling-silver rodeo spurs, are from \$40 to \$210. The metal stick pins are from \$10 to \$20.)

(above) Wood Newton. The all-cotton western range coat that zips closed and has a polyester "shearling look" lining (\$170) is by Giovannelli. The flannel western shirt (\$22.50) is by John Henry, and the "shearling look" vest (\$19) is by Sedgefield. All the cotton jeans (\$35) are by YSL Clothing. The girl's shirt is by Jackie Rogers, her skirt is by Kamali, her jewelry is by Kruger Gallery, and her shoes are by Maud Frizon.



Girl's stylist, Stephanie DePhillipo, hair styled by Harry Von Wijnberge, makeup by Heidi Thompson.

On and expects continued success from his new summer LP release, *Laughing and Crying, Living and Dying*. Wood Newton, who lives and records in Nashville for Elektra/Asylum records, debuted with the hit single "Last Exit for Love." The success of that single in major markets prompted the recording of his first album, simply titled *Wood Newton*.

The Lone Star Café is devoted to mixing country rock and hardline Texan sounds for sold-out "chic" and "freak" audiences, which almost always join in with the

foot-stompin' music. Located on lower Fifth Avenue, near Greenwich Village, it's the place to go for stylishly rugged nights on the town. And for those nights, here are the appropriate getups for contemporary cowboys.

(above, left) The Lone Star Café's **Tim Stack** wears an ice-blue three-piece western suit of texturized polyester (\$160) by Fioravanti for Brookfield. The rayon-polyester floral western shirt (\$29) is by Buffalo de France. The high-gloss western cowboy boot is by Acme Boot. Singer and musician **Steve**



Anander (right), who plays with the Will Rambeaux band at the café, wears a Donegal tweed western jacket (about \$120), which has suede shoulder "gun" patches and is by Pendleton Western Wear. All-cotton small-check western shirt (\$45) by Gordon of New Orleans. The leather belt, by Wrangler, has a round silver-and-brass western buckle (\$18.50) by Nick Philolius. The tobacco suede pants (\$265) are by Bill Kaiserman/Rafael. The western riding boots are by Frye Boot Company.

(above, left) Don Reynolds, an actor and general manager of the Lone Star Café, wears a cowboy shirt with bib front (\$21) by

h.i.s. Sportswear. The denim straight-leg jeans (\$28) are by Britannia. The western boot is by Frye Boot Company. Steve (right) wears a rayon-and-polyester shirt with an embroidered yoke design (\$65) by Pierre Cardin Relax. The polyurethane "leather look" jeans (\$25) are by Sedgefield; the cowboy boots are by Wrangler. The girl's shoes are by La Marca; her clothes are by Riding High, and her jewelry is by Kruger Gallery.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see page 174

APOCALYPSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

the Easter weekend. At ten o'clock I am tiptoeing out to get some potatoes, carrots, turnips, and red and white onions when the gofer intercepts me. "Hi," she cries. "What are you doing at Angelo's house?" Curses, caught again.

April 17

Holy Saturday. I'm asleep when the gofer comes in. "Wake up," she commands. "You have mosquito netting, and I want to sleep with you. Simply sleep. Nothing more. I promise." She strips to her white panties, and she jumps into the double bed. Her thigh is over me as I start counting the lizards on the opposite wall, and I fall asleep at thirty-two gray-green lizards.

April 18

Easter Sunday. On the balcony we are watching the Easter Parade: the priest in his suit of lights like a Mexican matador, the parish with its portable saints and its Virgin Marys, the incense, the candles, and the people chanting,

*Deus qui laetificat juventutem meam,
Deus qui—*

At the end are the flagellants, the men beating themselves with the twigs, sticks, thorns, chains, until their backs are raw roast beef. "Oh," the gofer gasps. "What's that for?"

"That's what they get in Baler for trying to fuck around," I say. The gofer departs for Manila.

April 19

Workday Monday. But still there's no sign of Coppola, who, the rumor has it, is still incognito in Hollywood. I go to Baler and get San Miguelled.

April 20

Well, Coppola's here, but the new star of *Apocalypse* isn't. The rumor's right: Coppola has shaved his big black beard, and he must mooch a tube of sunscreen from me. Uval.

April 21

It says on the call sheets that the new star of *Apocalypse* is Martin Sheen, but Sheen isn't here. I've seen him as Robert Kennedy in "The Missiles of October," on ABC, and I'm proud to follow him any day. Of course, I'm actually in the command of Col. Marlon Brando, but Brando isn't here, either.

April 28

Sheen's here! In his scene he's going onto a helicopter with an M-16 and, for crimony's sakes, with the muzzle up! I go to him afterward and say, "Mr. Sheen? My name's Joe Cleary. I've had four weeks of M-16's, and they never ought to be muzzle up."

"Really?" Sheen says. "Uh, what is your name again?"

"Joe Cleary. If the muzzle's up and the

rifle fires, it might hit the helicopter rotor."

"Thank you, Joe," Sheen says.

"Do you want to go and test-fire it?"

"Sure," Sheen says. So the sergeant and Sheen and I go to an empty end of the beach, and we use real bullets to shoot at some coconuts. Wow! Until now, I've never fired an M-16! My coconut pops like a paper bag, and I start shooting an M-79 at the Pacific Ocean. Pow! The sergeant says, "Good. I think there'll be fish coming in."

April 29

Sheen, in this scene, is going onto a helicopter with an M-16 and its muzzle down, and Duval says, "We'll put on the music a mile out."

"The music?" Sheen says.

"Yeah. Wagner. Scares the hell out of the slopes," says Duval.

Ah, that explains why we went into combat to "The Ride of the Valkyries." I recognized that from Music Appreciation 101 at



"I saw Brando. He's down with the Indians," another extra tells me. "And do you remember the G-strings they wear? He's wearing one. The guy's gone native!"



Orange Coast College.

April 30

For two weeks (except for Easter) we have waited, waited; we have coconut-bowled, we have shot rounds, we have waited some more. A memo in army officialese appears in the Saigon Hilton: "You are alerted to possibility of mental aberrations pd in this connection cma psy-war-ops committee is to investigate psychotic behavior caused by extreme tension pd."

May 17

We wrap up in Baler to relocate in Iba, on the China Sea, but I stay overnight in Manila to telephone to Southampton, Long Island. My mother answers, "Joe, where are you?"

"The Philippines. I'm playing war with Coppola."

"Who's Coppola?"

"He directed *The Godfather*, Mom. He has these hundreds of Vietnamese——"

"South Vietnamese or North Vietnamese?"

"I don't know, Mom. He has napalm, and he lit up their forest, and——"

"Joe, are you safe there?"

"Sure I'm safe. The blast was like the

Santa Ana, and——"

"Joe, are you safe there?"

"Sure I'm safe, and the fireball was——"

"I'll pray for you, Joe."

All this happened in my six-towel room at the Hyatt, and guess who was watching the television all through the telephone call. The gold-toothed gofer, and now she cross-examines me, "Do you really like me?"

"Yeah, I really like you."

"Do you just pretend to like me so as to work in *Apocalypse Now*?"

"No, I really like you."

"So then sleep with me!"

"I can't! I can't!"

"Why can't you?"

"Because there's a war going on!" Help me, God, I've got to get out of Manila.

May 21

It's raining, and I mean raining here in Iba! A hurricane wind, and the coconuts soar in the sky like kickoffs. "Oh," the Dutchman would tell us if he were here, "we cannot go coconut bowling now. But what about water polo?" At two o'clock a part of a tree comes crashing into the room near mine, and at eight o'clock the power goes out at the Sand Valley resort. In the candlelight the mayor of Iba is having a Chivas, saying, "It's bad. It's bad. As bad as I've ever seen."

May 22

It's raining, and Sheen (I didn't say, but Sheen's here)—Sheen says, "I'm worried, Joe, about those cabanas and the Vietnamese extras. If something happens, they are the ones who'll go, God forbid." In the afternoon the army and I and some others in *Apocalypse* all evacuate the Vietnamese and their pots, pans, and baskets, like the contents of a gypsy caravan. The rain is like sleet stones on our red faces.

May 23

It's raining. The wind is now at double hurricane force, and it has wrenched away the radio antenna at the Sand Valley. So we're without communications to Coppola in Manila, and I can practically see the headline in the *Hollywood Reporter*: "Sheen Is Missing In Philippines." And underneath it: "An Extra Is Missing, Too."

May 24

It's raining. A driver tries to get to Manila, but he returns a half-hour later. "The roads are out. The bridges are out," he tells us. "We are completely cut off." It would be bullshit if I didn't say that I'm scared, and I've made a mental note of all the high ground around here.

May 25

It's raining. I wonder what the Dutchman would say if he were with us. "No! It's just special effects. It isn't raining anywhere else in the Philippines." But, according to our radio, four or five hundred people have died in Typhoon Olga, and this morning in Iba one of our trucks ran into a Filipino and killed her.

May 26

It's raining, but at nine o'clock at our resort there's a big and beautiful helicopter, and it's Coppola! "Is everyone okay?" he cries, and the pilot tells me that we were reported drowned in the China Sea. At the Sand Valley, Coppola, the cameraman, and the other lieutenants meet, and an assistant director tells us, "We are shooting starting tomorrow."

The other extras and I become construction men. In mud that's up to our crotches, we push the riverboat into the Agno River. We tether it in the twenty-knot waters, and we pull the hawsers (and the steel camera cables) out of the one-ton mud. Coppola is helping us and late tonight is telling us, "Next year, your children will look at this movie and say, 'Now that is my Dad.'"

May 27

It's raining. A drop bounces a couple of inches, but Coppola whispers, "Action!" and Sheen and the other actors start to clamber off the little riverboat. One man, Sam Bottoms, has slipped on the muddy riverside and has gone under the riverboat, and the first one in the roaring water to rescue him is Coppola.

May 28

It's raining, and Coppola says, "Action!"

"Soldier! Soldier! Where's the CO?" Sheen says.

"Stepped on a booby trap, sir," the soldier says. An extra, he has skin lined like prunes from a week in Typhoon Olga. He stumbles into the rain incoherently, and Coppola says, "Cut!"

May 30

It's raining, and a cable comes for Coppola. It says that *Apocalypse* is not insured for rain damage but is insured for flood damage. "The word 'rain' is not in your vocabulary, period," the cable says. The adjuster arrives, and *Apocalypse* is closed for two more months so as to repair \$500,000 worth of movie sets. Everyone evacuates to California, but I stay in Iba to watch the coconuts drop off the coconut trees.

June 7

One week later. It's sunny out, and I'm the one and only guest at the Sand Valley. I've got the best room here (the one under the water tower), and I've got eleven servants. I could be Coppola for all anyone knows.

Every morning I fish for the lapo-lapo. The fisherman and I go out with nets, the lapo-lapo-panic and go into them, and we haul the lapo-lapo in. In the afternoon I go swimming in the emerald green of the China Sea or get tanned on the sugar sand, and at sunset (a tangerine sunset) the cook and I use ginger, pepper, and carrots to fry us some sweet-and-sour lapo-lapo, and I have that with San Miguel. The war's over now, and I feel like Marlon Brando in Tahiti. In paradise.

Except: I want a woman now. Just as long as she hasn't twenty-four-karat teeth.

June 23

Two weeks later. As usual, I'm boiling in baby oil as an off-white automobile stops at

"What do you mean to have us? It's our country, the Philippines."

"Of course, but I'll be cooking us sweet-and-sour lapo-lapo."

"Oh," the women say. "We'll have showers and see you."

It's sunset, and we walk back to the Sand Valley. "Actually," I tell them, "I'm right under the water tower. It's better to use my shower."

The two seem leery. One woman says in Tagalog, "Ito ba ay hindi mapanganib?"

"Sa pa lagay ko," the other says. "Thank you, yes," she answers me, and the two enter my little trap: a bathroom full of soap powder, pumice, candles, et cetera. A whole boutique. One woman showers as the other says, "See? A day in the sun, and I'm already dry. Do you have some oil?"

"I should have some coconut cream," I say.

"Do me a favor, would you?" She lifts her silk kimono off her shoulders, saying, "Put some coconut there, would you? Oh, that smells good. Oh, that feels good." Her smooth cheek is on my cream-filled fingers...

To make a long story short, we three get to our lapo-lapo at nine o'clock.

June 24

One day later. They're sisters, I've learned. I'm naked, doing the dolphin bit in between their legs in the China Sea. "Oh, we're getting a suntan line," they say.

"So take your tops off," I suggest. We get to our lapo-lapo at nine o'clock.

June 25

One day later. The sisters say, "We have to

be in Manila tonight."

"Oh, why not tomorrow night?" I tell them. "Here, have another rum-and-Coke."

"All right, but we have to be in Manila tonight."

The alcohol routine. It works, and our lapo-lapo is at nine again.

August 1

One week and one month later. The sisters and I are having chicken adobo at our orchid-decked table when one of the waiters whispers to me, "They're starting up in Pagsanjan."

"Well," I tell them, "it's been nice, but I've gotta go to *Apocalypse Now*." I give them dozens of *Times*, *Newsweeks*, and *Rolling Stones*, and the sisters give me a one-



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my private resort: a Mercedes. Two beautiful women get out. Four beautiful breasts (a rarity here in the Philippines) go up to reception, and I don't know Tagalog, but I know I am being talked about. "Who is the suntanned man?"

"He was here with *Apocalypse Now*."

"Oh? Well, we'll take a double room."

"Now keep your cool," I tell myself. I go swimming—as usual, nude—but I put on my yellow bikini as the women come and go swimming, too. "How are you?" I say, swimming over.

"Fine. But where is Marlon Brando?"

"He isn't here yet."

"Oh."

"I'm alone, but I'd be happy to have you to dinner."

ounce bottle (as small as an airliner bottle) of San Miguel. We embrace, and I go by the mayor's limousine to Pagsanjan, a town south of Manila. I couldn't love thee, ladies, loved I not honor more.

August 2

Over there! Over there! I'm come, come, coming over there! In Pagsanjan the grand army of the *Apocalypse* has its reunion at the Rapids Hotel. "Joe!" "Jack!" "Hey, lemme buy you a San Miguel!" Coppola has grown his beard again, I observe. Brando still isn't here, but Sheen, who couldn't swim in May and has had swimming lessons, is. "I've been in Malibu." Sheen tells me. "Where were you?"

"In Iba."

"No! It's one big toilet there!"

"Not after the Philippines flushed it."

In Pagsanjan I'm doing better than at the Saigon Hilton or the Sand Valley. Here I've got the mayor of Iba's limousine and the mayor of Iba's wife's friend's house. One sour note, though, is Coppola's gofer. She screams at me as she pedals past me on her bicycle, "You! You! You'll never work on *Apocalypse* if I can help it!" What's gotten into her?

August 18

Brando still isn't here, but I've been on TDY at the set of Do Lung Bridge. For two weeks we have been shooting at the VC, who tonight will be blowing the damn bridge up. "Gentlemen," the special-effects coordinator tells us, "there are 300 charges on Do Lung Bridge, and every one has two and one-half pounds of Jellex. It sets fire to 600 gallons of gasoline, gentlemen, and in the air there will be wood, bamboo, lumps

of concrete, too. You can lose your eyes, your arms, your legs; so I'm saying, gentlemen, please! Be careful!"

It's after midnight as an assistant director cries, "Explosions! More! More! More!" A few extras are in the concertina wire, and a few more (earplugs in their ears) are on their faces in the river, playing possum. I'm under sandbags, but I'm scared! I hear the boom, boom, boom, like a goddamn earthquake! The assistant director cries, "More," and I think, *Enough!* A blade of bamboo shoots over me, and I put my helmeted head in the sandbags, saying, "Stop it! Stop it!" War is hell, sometimes.

"Cut," the assistant director says. The dirt is still settling on me as the assistant director says, "Gentlemen, that is a wrap. Thanks."

It took twenty seconds, I'm told. At six o'clock sunup, we get in our buses, where the real veterans of Vietnam are drinking out of rum flasks. "The fucking Charles," one is saying, shaking. "They threw all of their miscellaneous shit at us. They really wanted the bridge out. They *really* wanted the bridge out." Myself, I don't think this is worth the twenty-five-dollar extra's pay. But that's more than they got in Vietnam, isn't it?

August 31

Brando's here! I haven't seen him or anyone else on *Apocalypse* who has. But everyone knows it: Brando's here.

September 1

"I saw Brando. He's taller than I thought," someone says.

September 2

"I saw Brando. He's fatter than I thought,"

someone says.

September 3

"I saw Brando," someone says. "He doesn't smile, does he?"

September 4

"I saw Brando. He's down with the Indians," someone says. He means the Indians who are extras and who are supposed to be Montagnards in *Apocalypse Now*. "He's sitting in their wigwams, chewing on their psychedelic betel nuts. He *may* be eating their food."

"Their kippered fishes?" I ask.

"Their horrid fishes, and do you remember the G-strings or jock straps they wear?"

"What about them?" I ask.

"He's wearing one. He's wearing the little necklaces with the coconut idols and the brass crescent moons, and he's shooting at sandbags with the children's bows and arrows and the children's slingshots."

"I remember those," I say. "They make them from automobile inner tubes and our electrician's tape."

"And their dances? The ones with the one arm forward, the one arm backward, and hop hop hop? Brando is dancing with them."

"The guy's gone native," I say.

September 5

Tonight Brando is giving a dinner party for all 500 people on *Apocalypse*, the Indians included. I see fish, shrimp, lobster, and I see people practically popping out of anniversary cakes, but I do not see Brando. He's somewhere with the Indians.

September 6

"I've got the shits," someone tells me. "Do you have them, too?" I don't, but two, three, or four hundred people have them from Brando's food. A memo says, "Rest assured that this will not happen again."

September 16

I see Marlon Brando! I am at wardrobe in camouflage clothes with a too-low crotch, and I'm asking, "Can the woman take this in?"

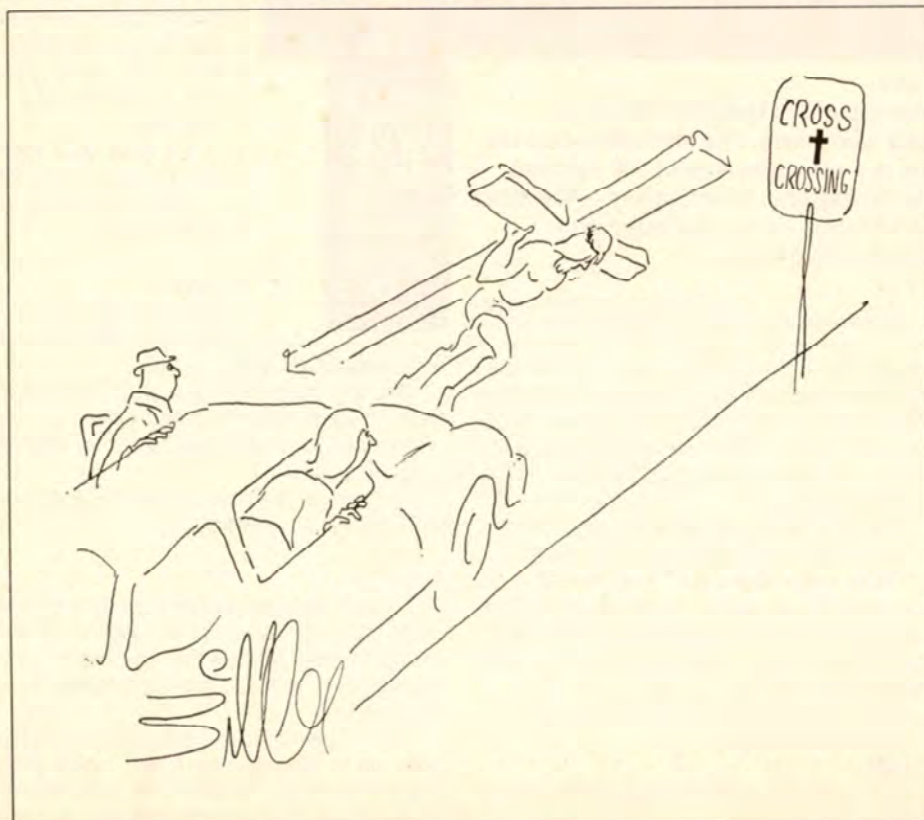
"Yes, she can. Oh, there is your commanding officer," says the wardrobe man, and I see Brando coming from a Mercedes. He's dressed in a sweat shirt with a white towel scarf, like Sylvester Stallone in *Rocky*. It's hot, and he's reducing, perhaps.

He's taller than I thought, and he's fatter than I thought, I think. For this part in *Apocalypse* he's bald-headed, like Kojak. He vanishes into his houseboat.

September 22

My first scene as a soldier in Brando's command. It occurs in Cambodia: the riverboat comes to our rock dock, and Sheen says, "Where's Colonel Kurtz?" In his character as Kurtz, Brando himself isn't here.

I'm in my camouflage suit, and I've put some mud (or method makeup) on my left



and right ears. "Joel There's probably piss and shit in it," someone shouts.

"Beautiful," I say.

Now I'm standing at an old stone temple like those at Angkor Wat. I'm fifty meters from the camera; and if I were waltzing in a black dinner jacket, the camera wouldn't notice. I'm fifty meters from the microphones, too, and I've just called to an Indian, "Hey, Harry! Any pussy here?" It won't appear on the sound track, probably. I'm *atmosphere*, as the saying goes—one of the little balloons in the *Apocalypse* circus.

September 23

It's my second scene in Brando's command; so here's some more mud in my ears. At Angkor Wat I do as I did yesterday, except that an assistant director tells me, "Joe, scratch your neck." My ears, incidentally, ache like a tooth when you're chewing aluminum foil, and I have a fever of ninety-nine degrees. I'm taking aspirin for it.

September 24

It's my third scene in Brando's command; so here's some more mud in my auricles! I do as I did, except an assistant director tells me, "Joe, spit over there." After hours I go to the doctor for my infected ears, and he gives me Cortisporin, saying, "Two drops every four hours. And keep your ears clean."

"I can't," I explain. "I've been established with muddy ears."

October 12

My eighteenth scene in Brando's command, and, ow, my aching ears! Without Valium I can't even sleep. On camera today Sheen is saying to Dennis Hopper, "Where's Colonel Kurtz?"

"You don't just see Colonel Kurtz. He sees you," Hopper says.

Now every other actor is as slow as an instant replay compared with Hopper. His speed is ten times light, but it isn't enough for Coppola. "Cut!" Coppola says.

"Oh shit, Joe," a black actor tells me. "Did you hear that? You don't just see Colonel Kurtz! I won't even see Marlon Brando!"

I reach and get the assistant director's walkie-talkie. "Hello, Kojak. Hello, Kojak. Get your ass here," I say without turning it on. "Your Green Berets want to be introduced formally. Over."

"I fly 10,000 miles to act with that motherfucker, and I won't even see him," the black actor says.

"Action!" Coppola says.

"You don't just see Colonel Kurtz. He sees you," Hopper says. Or rather, babbles, rolling like a one-man tornado.

"Cut! Once more," Coppola says. By take ten Hopper is really screaming (the arteries in his throat jut out), and by twenty he is ranting and raving, actually. "Cut, cut, cut! Dennis, where did you get that restaurant speech?" Coppola says. "The one, 'You don't just go to the head table here.'"

"Fuck it! What do you want from me?" Hopper shouts. By take thirty he indicates

that he can vomit once or twice but not thirty times. "I've directed a fucking million-dollar movie, man," he shouts at Coppola. "I don't know how you can write, produce, and direct and go around looking like Gabby Hayes!"

"Well then, let's go home, everyone," says Coppola.

"Gentlemen, places, please," a disobedient assistant director says.

"Action!" Coppola consents.

"You don't just see Colonel Kurtz," Hopper bellows.

I think he'll have a heart attack and die. After seven more takes he practically climaxes and Coppola says, "Beautiful. Beautiful. Print it." And bows to Dennis Hopper.

The sun's setting, and the black actor says, "It cost them \$50,000 today for Kojak. And shit, what is Kojak doing? Probably sleeping!"

October 13

After dinner I'm having San Miguel at the Rapids Hotel, and Brando comes in. Since everyone else in the restaurant is Japanese, he settles down at my table, saying, "Hi. How are you?" He is in jeans and a sport shirt, square cut and solid white.

"Fine," I answer him.

"How's your San Miguel? Cold?" Brando says.

"Yes," I answer him.

"Waiter, I think I'll have San Miguel," Brando says. A second later the waiter hands him his San Miguel, and Brando is filling a soda glass with it. "Not that warm tonight. Not that humid, either," Brando says.

"Air conditioning," I answer him.

"You here with *Apocalypse*?" Brando says.

"No, I'm an extra," I answer him. I didn't think I should say, "Yes, I'm an extra," to a man who's making \$50,000 every day.

"You live in the Philippines?" Brando says.

"No, Southern California," I answer.

"How come you're in the Philippines?" Brando says.

"To be in *Apocalypse*," I answer.

"Same with me," Brando says.

A man and his wife walk into the Rapids. "Hi," they say. "You ready, Marlon?"

"Ready. See you," Brando says.

"At your next party, maybe," I answer.

"I hope I don't get the shits from the San Miguel," Brando says. He leaves, and I pay for his beer, thirty-three cents.

October 20

I'll be on camera today, like Brando. As someone sprays sweat on me, I say, "Easy. My mud will run." All this year my instructions were "Do not stare at the camera, please." But today Coppola says, "I want you to stare at it. Action!"

The camera comes to within one foot from my sweat-saturated face, and I'm reflected in the half-foot lens like a face in a door's little peephole. Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad.

November 7

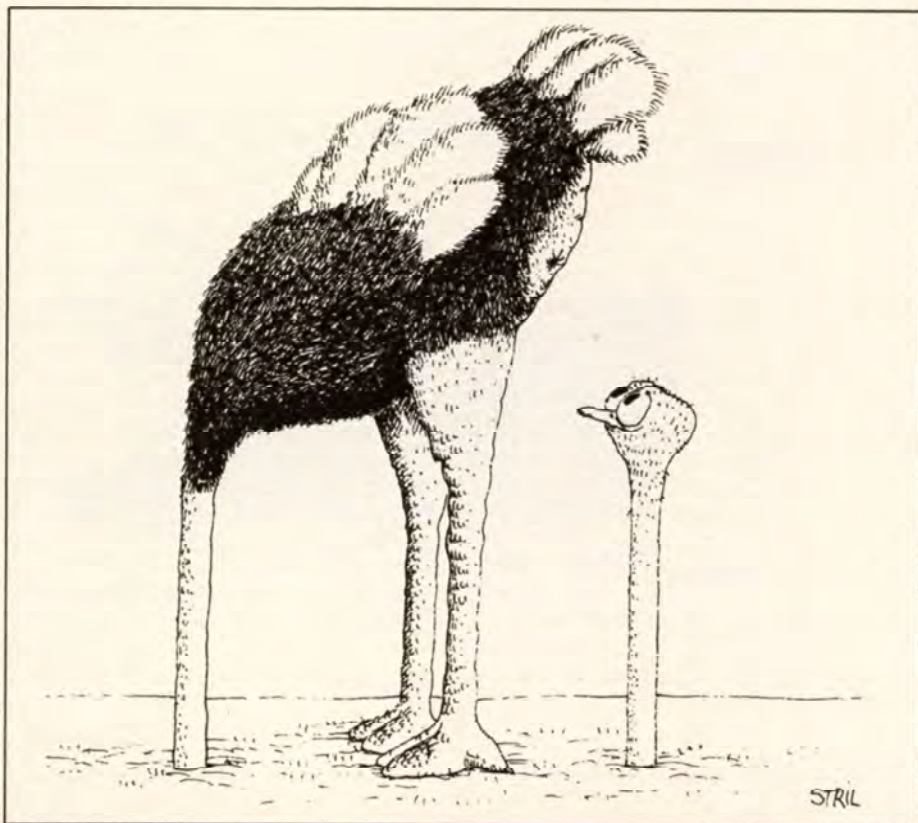
I run into Sheen on Sunday. He tells me, "I hear you're a totally alcoholic lunatic."

"Me? Who said that about me?"

"Concepción, Coppola's gofer," Sheen says. "She's telling everyone there're a few loose cannons on Cleary's deck."

"Do you believe her?"

"No, I'd trust my children with you. In



fact," Sheen continues, "do you mind baby-sitting today?"

"Not at all," I say, and all afternoon the kids and I play Marco Polo. In the swimming pool I say "Marco," and they say "Polo." And then they freeze, and I've got to catch one of them without looking.

November 12

At two o'clock in the morning there's a wild celebration scene at Angkor Wat. In the firelight the Indians in their red-dyed eyes, in their red-dyed hair, and in their triar's hairdos are as mean-looking as Apaches. The Indians, the other extras (300 women and men), and I are dancing around the bonfire as Coppola, clapping, dancing, jumping, suddenly sings.

"Hey, everyone! Sing!" Coppola yells, and the Indians, the other extras, and I sing.

Come on, baby, light my fire!

Very brilliant bilingual tribe of Indians, I decide. A meter from me is an Indian in a camouflage cap: a girl, about eighteen, with a smile like a smile button. She dances like a Tahitian, and I begin singing to her directly.

She hears me, and she turns around somewhat. I continue, and she begins singing,

Come on, baby, light my fire!

Hey, Pocahontas! Do you mean me? Her eyes seem to be telling me that there's sex for the Ifugao Indians, but I never establish this as fact.

Later I hear from Sheen how jealous the

gold-toothed gofer is. "Well, jealousy," I say, "is her way, perhaps, of telling me, 'I like you.'"

"I hope so," Sheen says. What does that mean?

November 15

"Joe Cleary! Joe Cleary!" It's six o'clock in the afternoon at Angkor Wat. I'm at the fifty-five-gallon coffee can, and an assistant director's calling me. "Cleary, Coppola wants you!"

He wants little me? I go right over, and Coppola tells me, "In this scene you're on the overturned canoe." I lie down prone, and Coppola says, "But more like a centerfold. Like Miss November." I spread out, and Coppola says, "You're doing it: Irish cheesecake. And you're watching the celebration scene. And you're with the rice wine bottle, and you're unaware that this is your last celebration."

What? What? Oh, they're going to kill me! I don't want to die! I'm thirty years old, and I want to stay playing war in *Apocalypse Now*. I ask myself, *Why me?* And like lightning the answer seems to be, *Concepción!* The gofer's revenge! "I see. It's my last picture show," I tell Coppola. "Who will be killing me?"

"Martin Sheen. Props! Props! Props!" Coppola cries, and the prop master, Doug Madison, comes over. "How would he do it? His forty-five?" Coppola asks. "No one would hear it if everyone's going *Come on, baby, light my*—"

"No, there would be no continuity," the

prop master says. "Sheen has already lost his forty-five."

"Well, what about an Indian spear?" Coppola asks.

"He hasn't established himself with a spear, but he still has a special-forces knife," the prop master answers.

"Hey, fellas. Why aggravate yourselves?" I suggest. "I'll just faint, and roll off the canoe, and I'll hit my head, and I'll—"

"No, we've got it," Coppola says. "The knife."

Oh, fuck. I assume I'll be going to special effects so that the knife can go in my back, somehow, and, *zap*, out of my shirt front. Or going to makeup so that it can slash across my throat and I'll bleed blood. But almost as soon as Sheen comes, Coppola whispers, "Action!"

I'm still on the overturned canoe like Miss America. In my heart is a thump, thump, thump, as I hear Sheen behind me, dressed, no doubt, in his camouflage clothes. And suddenly his left arm is around my throat, and it *snatches* me off the canoe as his special-forces knife (a knife with an india-rubber blade) is plunging into my heart. One, two, and I'm being hurled to the mud below. Oh, Jesus Christ! It hurts to be killed in Vietnam! I say, "Aaagh," my only line in these eight months on *Apocalypse*.

"Cut," Coppola says.

"Joe?" Sheen says. "Are you okay?"

"Jesus Christ. I suppose so, Marty."

"Now, Marty," Coppola says. "On the second take I want you to *really* throw him and *really* push him into the mud. I want him and you want him... *dead!*" Coppola says. "And action!"

We go through eleven takes. By then I'm really bleeding, and the skin under my heart is raw roast beef, like on the flagellants in the Easter Parade. The doctor looks with a flashlight, telling me, "Wash it."

"Print it," Coppola says. "You died very nicely, Joe."

"Yeah, really," I answer him.

"I hope you're okay, Joe," Sheen says.

Yeah, really, everyone, but I'm not alive, and I'm no longer on *Apocalypse Now*. I go to our hotel for a swim and a San Miguel. Good-bye, Marty. Good-bye, Marlon. Good-bye, cruel little gofer.

November 18

Honolulu. I've come here in an aluminum coffin—no, an aluminum plane—and I call my mother collect. "Joe," she says. "Do you know what time it is in Long Island? It's half past three!"

"They killed me, Mom," I tell her.

"Well, I'll kill you, too, if you call collect."

"They killed me, Mom," I repeat. "I'm not in *Apocalypse* anymore. I'm dead."

"Thank heaven," Mom replies. "At last that's over with."

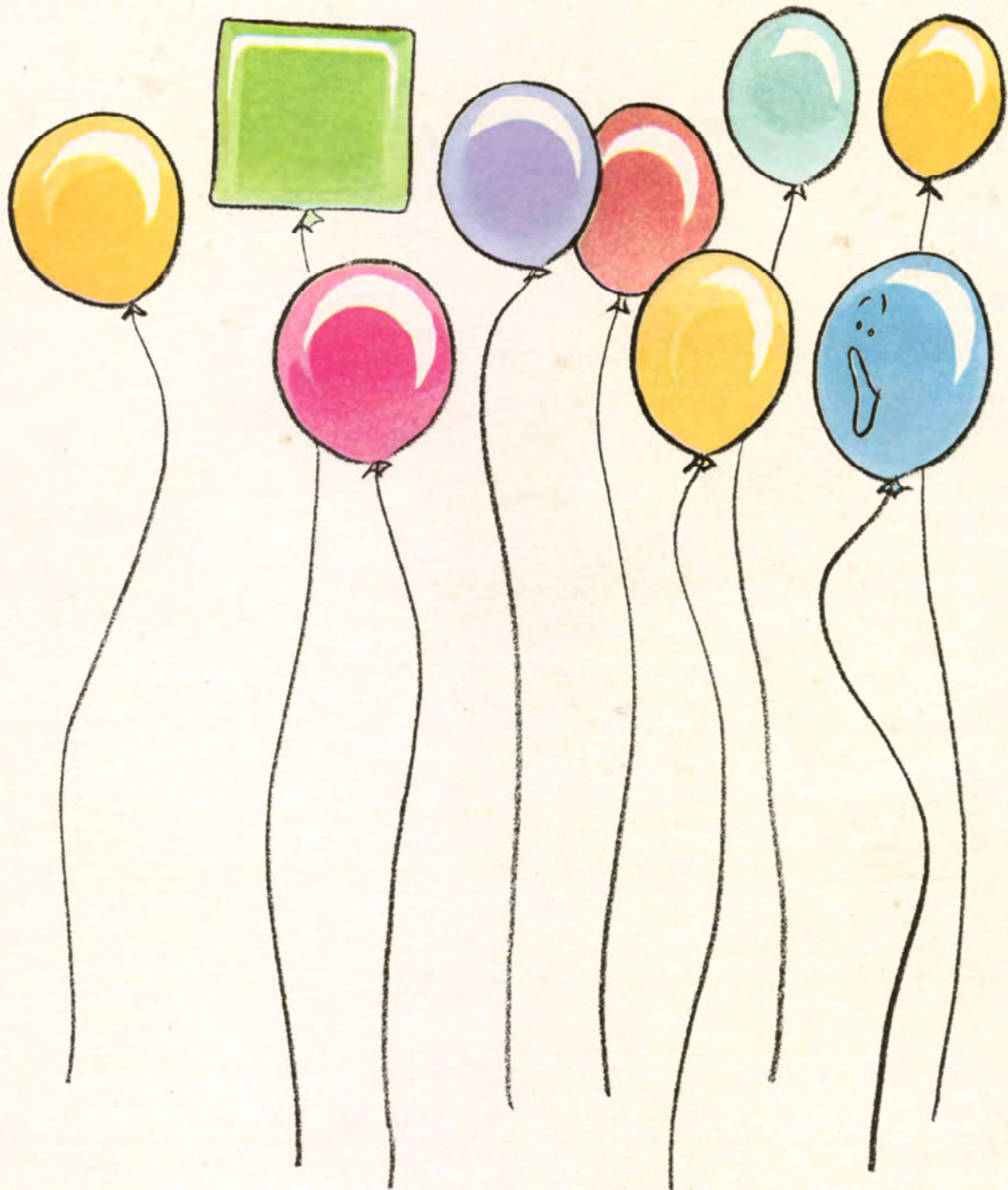
It wasn't, though. The filming continued for one-half year, and the editing continued for two more years. The author, who wrote this in 1976, will be seen in Apocalypse Now in August 1979. O—



"Women and children first, except for advocates of the Equal Rights Amendment!"

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Next time let me check the guest list, okay?"





HEAT WAVE

It's 92 in the shade;
the heat wave lingers on . . . We're
alone, but on the lookout,
hoping our ship will come in. But
there's nothing — and no
one — in sight; the sea's as still
and empty as the air, and
the sweltering sunlight saps our
morning strength . . . Our
quiet conversation wanes with the
waxing sun. Like a lazy
cat on a windowsill, I stretch my
languid limbs. As my
pretty mate massages me, I bask in
the rising sun — and
in her growing admiration . . .

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD MILNE





When our need is overpowering,
we immerse ourselves in water, causing
ripples as we touch and marveling
at the silky, uncertain feel of forbidden
flesh. Like castaways, left to
our own resources, we naturally turn
to each other . . .



My unaccustomed fingers stroke her plush, firm haunches. Then, gently probing beneath the surface, I find her hidden place, like a water lily's lush, exotic petals. Later, she straddles me gently, kneading my melting thighs . . . Her breasts feel strangely hot and swollen in the unrelenting heat . . .







The endless summer's boredom seems a thing of the distant past. With sinful ease, we surrender to more primal yearnings... When her fingers press eagerly against me, I feel my sex pulsing against her hand... Later, as she boldly invites inspection, I explore her sun-burnished body with my eyes and taste her salty wetness with my mouth...





The afternoon's rays
begin to burn, so we
coat each other with oil,
then lie sensuously en-
twined, brushing thigh
against thigh and
breast against breast.

And when our love-
drenched flesh be-
comes too hot to
handle, we let water fall
hard against us, creat-
ing cool new tremors...

It may be an endless
summer, but the thrills
are just beginning...



INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

increasingly concerned about Soviet influence and expansion in the Near East. They speak of a Soviet pincer surrounding the oil fields of the area, stretching from Ethiopia to South Yemen to Afghanistan. Do you agree with this evaluation?

Yazdi: Imperialism has always found the Middle East a fertile area for exploitation. In Iran our experience has been mainly the struggle against American imperialism. Elsewhere the struggle has been against Russian imperialism. We reject both imperialisms. You have heard the slogan, "Not the West, not the East, just an Islamic republic." That is exactly our position. We reject the imperialism of both superpowers. We want to follow a policy of genuine nonalignment, to have proper relations with all countries. We will not tolerate the interference of any superpower in our internal affairs, not the United States, not Russia.

We have just emerged from an enormous struggle to free ourselves from the domination of American imperialism. That is our main struggle. Do you think we would invite another imperialism to replace it? We will oppose any actions of American or Russian imperialism that threaten our interests and the integrity of Iran.

Penthouse: Relations between the United States and the Islamic Republic are cool. If you were in President Carter's place, what

steps would you take to improve relations with Iran?

Yazdi: You must start from what American policy has been. The United States has been the strongest supporter of the shah in the world. In 1953 your government engineered the coup which brought down Mossadegh and put the shah back on the throne. The CIA did that. The world knows it. We have the proof. The CIA trained the SAVAK torturers in our prisons. American businesses plundered our people, robbed them of their money and their culture. Carter praised the shah while the shah was machine-gunning the Iranian people in the streets.

Penthouse: What you say is true. But if you were President Carter, what would you do to redress the situation? What first steps would you take?

Yazdi: We need concrete proof that the United States has changed its policy. Members of the shah's family and other criminals of the old regime have received protection in the United States. We want a correct relationship with the United States, but the United States must show its good faith. For thirty years the American government has been the enemy of the Iranian people.

Penthouse: If Iran is to develop into a modern, economically stable state, it will need the technology of the West. With Western technology comes Western influence. Can a balance be struck between Western technology and Western culture

and influence?

Yazdi: Of course we need Western technology. There is much we can learn from the West—you only have to look at the agriculture production figures to realize that. The average farmer in the Middle East produces food for five people, the average farmer in Europe for eleven people, the average farmer in the United States for fifty-six. That tells us that the United States has knowledge and technology that we need if we are ever going to be able to revitalize our economy by developing our agriculture. But using Western technology does not have to mean that we accept Western culture and influence. We must be on guard against what is bad in the West and learn from what is good.

Penthouse: Will Western economic advisers ever be allowed to return to Iran?

Yazdi: That is possible. We have made no decision yet.

Penthouse: Will the Islamic revolution be exported to other countries?

Yazdi: Revolutions are not something you can export like a commodity. Of course, our revolution has had a great impact on the Islamic world. You can see it in Afghanistan. You can see it in Egypt. That is because our revolution has touched something deep in the hearts of people under the heel of imperialism.

Penthouse: Is the Islamic Republic aiding the Moslem insurgents in Afghanistan?

Yazdi: No. We are not in the position to do so. We have enormous problems of our own to deal with. We do not have the resources to do anything in Afghanistan.

Penthouse: But a pro-Communist government in Kabul is bombing your Moslem brothers in Herat. How does that make you feel?

Yazdi: Feel? Of course I have feelings about it, but having feelings is different from being able to do anything about them. We cannot intervene in Afghanistan. The Afghanistan problem is spilling over into our country. There are thousands of refugees coming across our border, and the Red Cross is helping them. But there is nothing more we can do.

Penthouse: Iran's most precious natural resource is oil. The United States, Japan, and much of Western Europe depend on Iranian oil for their economic well-being. Will oil exports ever return to their former level of 5 million barrels a day?

Yazdi: We will soon be exporting 4 million barrels of oil a day, and our production for export will eventually reach 6 million barrels a day. We cannot squander this resource. We must adjust our production in accordance with our development objectives; that will determine how much oil we export.

Penthouse: Is the economic dislocation in the developed countries, which a cutback in Iranian oil production will exacerbate, a consideration in oil-export decisions taken by the Islamic Republic?

Yazdi: Not at this time. When the oil workers went on strike during the revolution, our objective was to put pressure on the powers that were supporting the shah. But now



our objective is to develop our own country. That is our only objective and our only consideration.

Penthouse: Will nuclear energy continue to play a role in Iran's economic future? Will some of the nuclear power plants ordered by the shah continue to be built?

Yazdi: We have a group of experts evaluating this at this time. No decision has been made yet.

Penthouse: Can a modern banking system operate without interest? Since Islamic law prohibits interest, what will Iran's banking system look like under Islamic law?

Yazdi: Again, we have a group of experts studying the situation and they will make a report soon.

Penthouse: Will there be service charges instead of interest?

Yazdi: Yes, there will be service charges.

Penthouse: One of the most striking facts about the shah's regime was the extraordinary disparity between the rich and the poor in Iran. What steps will the Islamic Republic undertake to close this gap between economic classes?

Yazdi: Certain basic necessities will be provided to all poor Iranians, but that is an interim step. What we must do is revitalize Iran's agriculture. That is the key to our economic development. Bazargan's speech at the stadium last week outlined some of the steps, particularly the decision to concentrate on the villages rather than housing construction in South Tehran.

Penthouse: So you see a need to reverse the migration of population from the villages into Tehran?

Yazdi: It's not only a question of reversing the migration from the villages to Tehran. It is one of revitalizing our agriculture. We know that many of these farmers left their lands because of lack of facilities, low income at the village level, and the pseudo-situation of employment in Tehran. That is why so many people came here. We want to revitalize our agriculture. For that reason we start all our development at the village level.

Penthouse: Many of Iran's technological elite—engineers, doctors, technicians, and so forth—were educated in Western countries and have adopted Western customs and attitudes. What role will such people play in the economy of the Islamic Republic? Is there a chance that such people will emigrate, creating a "brain drain"?

Yazdi: No, not at all. During the shah's regime we had this migration of our brain-tank from Iran to foreign countries, what you call a "brain drain." But since the success of the revolution, the situation is completely reversed. We have a large number of our experts just coming from the United States, from the countries of Europe. They are coming back to the country. And the fact that they are educated in the Western countries does not necessarily mean that they are bringing Western culture. They are highly motivated by our revolution. They are supporting the revolution. So we don't see any major problem with their coming back.

They are coming back.

Penthouse: What scope is there for personal liberties in the Islamic Republic?

Yazdi: I think that liberty under the Islamic Republic, in one sense, is deeper than what you have in Western societies.

Penthouse: In what sense is that?

Yazdi: In the sense that in Western society the culture is based on a kind of racism. Originally, it was a Hellenic culture, and Hellenic culture is racist. The Greeks divided the world into the Greeks and the *barbaroi*. Whoever is not Greek is a *barbaros*.

This same attitude prevails in Western culture. What you mean by "democracy," "liberty," is quite flexible according to your own interests. An American can come to Vietnam and drop bombs on helpless and unarmed villages and go back home to the United States and get a big medal or a big welcome ceremony. This is not a true liberty. This is liberty for only your own race. So this will have no place in the Islamic Republic.

Then, there is a question of mental pollution. We know that Western industrialization, the kind of societal relationship that now exists—capitalism—has alienated man. Although you are "free," under the domination of the system man is alienated from his own nature. That kind of situation will not be permitted in the Islamic Republic or in the future development of Iran.

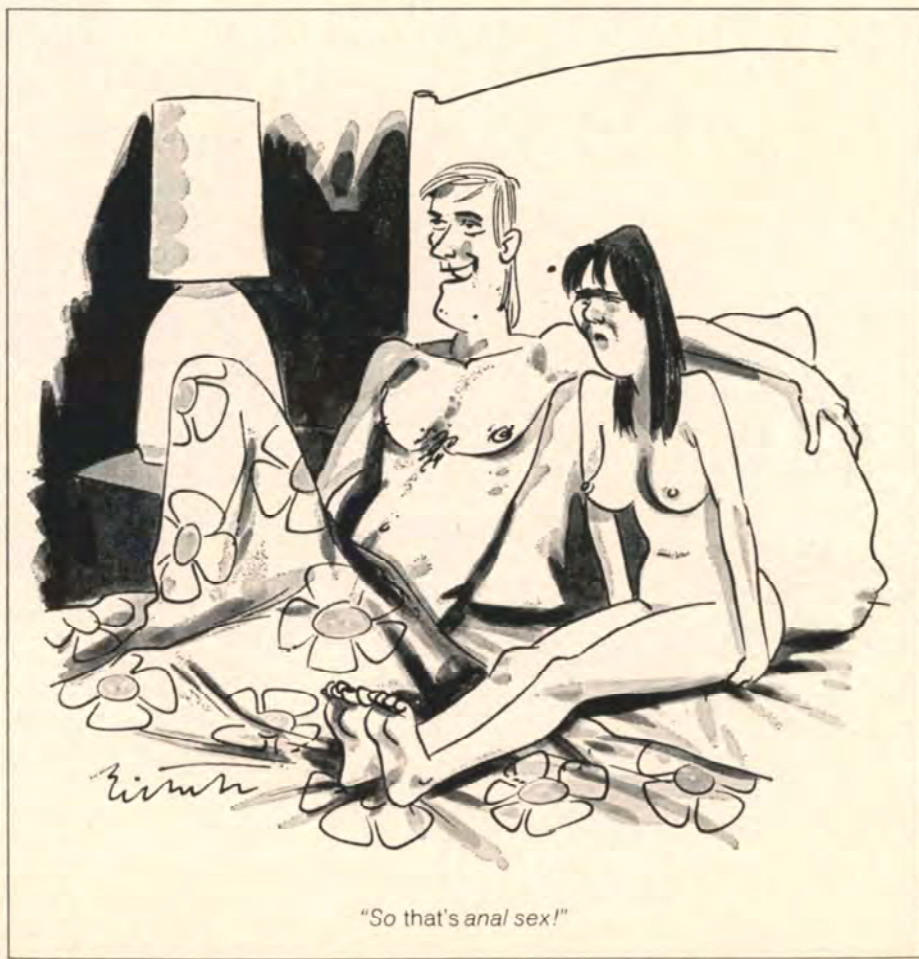
Penthouse: Permit me to pose a hypothetical test of liberty under the Islamic Republic. Suppose that someone were to publish a newspaper critical of the Islamic Republic,

of Imam Khomeini, of Prime Minister Bazargan, and of you. Would any steps be taken to control such a publication?

Yazdi: Not at all. We have already such papers—the newspapers are not all of them for the Islamic Republic, not for Khomeini, not for Bazargan, not for any of us. We know that some of these papers are still working for the old regime under new covers. They are highly critical of the situation, and the government has done nothing to stop them or tell them what to do. They are free to say anything they want to.

Penthouse: What about foreign reporters? Many have complained recently about what they call government control or censorship of their news coverage. Is this an example of revolutionary zeal, or is it your government's policy?

Yazdi: It is not an excess of revolutionary zeal. You have to remember that we have fought and won a big battle. The foreign domination has been very deep here. Although the shah has gone, although the army collapsed and the Bakhtiar government collapsed, these deeply rooted elements of the old regime are not uprooted. They are here. They make a lot of provocations, a lot of agitation. They did in Kordestan; they're doing so in Turkomen. So in a revolution we cannot just say, "All right, we have succeeded in the first step. Let us ease up; let's relax." This is just safeguarding the fruits of our revolution. We cannot permit just any foreigners to come here and do whatever they want to do.



"So that's anal sex!"

I don't think that the Americans would let them do it. I know that the Americans have the Foreign Agents [Registration] Act: if you want to work for a foreign company or a foreign government or a foreign interest, you have to register. You are under some control in the United States, and a Russian journalist cannot go in the United States and write anything he wants, go anywhere he wants, without control by American officials.

So, it is a matter of the safeguarding of the national interest, the safeguarding and preserving of the fruits of our own revolution. We now have the examples of foreign individuals who came here and started to intervene in our affairs. They never said anything about our revolution in the past, but they came and said, "We want to protect the rights of women here." So we have to safeguard the fruits of our revolution.

Penthouse: So, you regard Kate Millett, who came to Tehran to demonstrate for women's rights and whom you expelled, as a provocateur?

Yazdi: You name it anything you like, but she didn't have any business to do here. Who is she to come and provoke the press to say nonsense about our revolution? In no country would they permit this kind of activity. Where was Miss Millett when she could have talked about the torture in our prisons? Where was she when millions of our Iranian women were marching in the streets in Islamic dress, shouting against the shah? How come, all of a sudden, she

came here and aligned herself with members of the old regime? We know the identity of those people—the sister of Sharif-Emami, members of the Rastakhiz—who marched with her in the streets.

Penthouse: Could you provide a list of the persons involved with the old regime who participated in the women's demonstration?

Yazdi: Yes, you can go to National Iranian Radio and Television and get the film we have. We can identify all the people, on the film of those demonstrations, who were with the old regime. So, we had to expel her. It would have happened in the United States, in the European countries, in England, anywhere. Look at the way the United States is dealing with the Iranian students who demonstrated against the shah's mother in California.

Penthouse: Christianity in the West, or at least some strains of Christianity, has a tradition of separating the laws of God from the enforcement powers of the state. In a sense, in the West a man has the right to choose to go to hell. Does Islam recognize any similar principle? How will the questions of alcohol, tobacco, and sex be dealt with in the Islamic Republic?

Yazdi: Number one, when you are talking about Islam, you have to know that Islam is not a religion in the Western sense of the word. In a Western vocabulary, religion is something private, a relationship between man and the Supreme Being. We have this in Islam, but that is not the meaning of

Islam. That private relationship between man and God is only one part of Islam. Islam is a philosophy, a world view. Islam is an ideology. Islam is an institution. So when you talk about an Islamic revolution, it is a revolutionary ideology.

I know that in the West you have a deep problem trying to understand the Iranian revolution because of the Western definition of religion, because of old, deeply rooted animosity against Islam—which is reflected in your books, going back centuries to the Crusades. Your books are full of distortions about Islam. So when you are now confronted with the Islamic Revolution, you cannot comprehend what's going on. You judge the Islamic Revolution, based on what you have learned from your own books.

Your own experience with religion in the West has developed two devices to escape the fundamental problem. One is secularism, the separation of state and church, as a means to solve your own problems: give the job of Caesar to Caesar and give the share of the church to the church. The other device you have developed, the other reaction to your experience, is that religion is the opiate of the masses. Neither of these two is correct or applicable to Islam. Islam is not an opiate of these masses, and in Islam there is no room for the separation of the state and religion. It is a whole philosophy, an ideology.

You have another problem understanding the Islamic Revolution, because for years you have seen the shah's propaganda against the Islamic Revolution—that we are fanatical and so on. You cannot believe that the Islamic Revolution is a genuine revolution, is a progressive movement. You do agree that a Marxist revolution is a progressive movement. You don't have any problems comprehending—

Penthouse: We don't necessarily think Marxism is progressive.

Yazdi: Not you—the West. The West regards the Marxist movement as automatically revolutionary and progressive. That view is automatic.

Penthouse: Not to those of us who have seen the results.

Yazdi: Well, maybe the West is getting some experience, but only after fifty, sixty years of Marxism in practice. But automatically, when you are confronted with the Islamic Revolution, you say, "This is fanatical; this is bad," and so on. Which is not correct. We don't have any problem of, you know, believing in our own ideology. It's not a question of obeying or disobeying God, or of choosing to go to hell and so drinking alcohol. We don't look at that. Alcoholism is not a private issue for us. It is a social issue. So we cannot let it go without control. You have full control of your body. If you want to consume alcohol, you can go to your own private room and do it. But it is a social phenomenon. We cannot say, "You cannot choose to go to hell." You can choose it, and I'll say, "All right, go to hell. You want to drink your alcohol—that's it." But it is a social issue.



You know that in the United States you have 9 million alcoholics, and that's a big problem in the United States. You spend all the education, all the means and ways to control alcoholism, and you have failed to do it. There is a problem in the United States, a big problem. And we say we're going to stop it at the root. We say alcohol is *najis*, is untouchable. It is prohibited to sell it, to produce it, to buy it. It is a social problem. It doesn't have anything to do with whether you like to go to heaven or hell—I'm not in the position of God to tell you that. One may not drink alcohol and go to heaven, or one may drink alcohol and go to heaven—I don't know. It's up to God to decide these matters.

But if you're here in this world and you want to have an orderly society, we cannot permit alcoholism in that society. We cannot permit gambling in our society. We cannot permit pornography in our society. We want to eliminate and uproot fornication, uproot adultery. And you know very well that in American society families are broken in many respects because of these problems. You have experienced that. Why should we follow in your steps? So we are going to uproot these things.

Penthouse: Why does the Provisional Government insist on limiting the choice of voters in the referendum to one between the monarchy and the Islamic Republic? Wouldn't the Islamic Republic here be strengthened by a wider variety of options? By telling the people that the referendum choices will be expanded if opposition to the Islamic Republic wins, are you not telling people that the only way to have wider options is to vote for the monarchy they hated and overthrew?

Yazdi: No. Voting no for the Islamic Republic does not mean voting yes for the monarchy. We have clarified this question. But, you know, always in a referendum, at least in Western countries, there has been one question, one issue. You present one issue to the public and ask them yes or no for that particular issue, and those people who vote yes for the issue are not all voting yes for the Islamic Republic. And their yes to the republic is not for the same reasons that I vote yes in a particular referendum.

So the positive vote can be reasoned in

various ways. And in the same way the people who voted no for the Islamic Republic may give no for various reasons. A man who is supporting the monarchy may say no, a Communist may say no, a Marxist may say no—and we want them to have the freedom to say no. So to say no to one issue does not mean that all of them are saying no for one reason.

However, when you say "referendum," this means introducing one issue to the people and asking their opinion of just that one issue. In a referendum you cannot mix the issues; you cannot confuse the public. If you want to say what kind of government you want to select, this is a question that must be dealt with in the constituent assembly. If you introduce that question, who

cried and shouted "Freedom, Liberty, Independence, Islamic Republic!" against the bullets of the shah but that they didn't know what an Islamic republic is. It is an insult to the revolution. Fine—if there are people who are anti-Islamic, they can say whatever they want. But as far as the referendum goes, one issue is asked of the people, and that's it.

Penthouse: What will the constitution of the Islamic Republic look like?

Yazdi: That, of course, must be decided by the constituent assembly. But we have a group of experts preparing the draft the government will submit to the assembly.

Penthouse: What are its main features?

Yazdi: There will be a president, elected directly by the people every five years.

There will be a one-house legislature, also elected freely and directly by the people. The rights of all citizens—men, women, national minorities—will be guaranteed.

Penthouse: Will there be a body of mullahs with veto powers over the actions of the legislature, as rumors have suggested?

Yazdi: Yes. They will review civil legislation to see that it is in agreement with Islamic law.

Penthouse: Many women in Iran are genuinely concerned about their rights in an Islamic republic. The women's marches [against the Ayatollah Khomeini's dictate that Muslim women preserve their purity by dressing modestly, with the veil or *chador*] are over, but questions remain to be considered.

Yazdi: The issue of the *chador* was no issue.

Women may wear the *chador* or not wear the *chador*. That is their choice. The rights of Iranian women will be guaranteed by the constitution. There can be no compromise on this.

Penthouse: Would you agree with the proposition that it is easier to overthrow a government than it is to govern?

Yazdi: Yes, I do agree.

Penthouse: Why?

Yazdi: Because always destruction is easier than building. If you want to destroy this building, four sticks of dynamite will do the job. But if you wanted to build it, you would have to have the plan, the engineer, the architect, and many other things.

Penthouse: The Islamic Revolution appears to be one of the gentlest revolutions

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can come and choose how many kinds of governments you are going to ask the people about? When you say just "republic," what kind of a republic? Is it an American kind of republic? A French kind of republic? A Turkish kind of republic? What kind of republic are you voting for? When you say "democratic republic," what is the meaning of "democratic"? When you say "popular democratic republic," what do you mean by that?

Penthouse: But couldn't people come back and say, "Well, what does an Islamic republic mean?"

Yazdi: The people of Iran know what an Islamic republic is. In a sense, they have already voted for it. It is an insult to the intelligence of the people to say that they

ever. Beyond the executions, there seems to have been little of the revenge and retribution one might have expected, given the repression of the shah's regime. Why is this so?

Yazdi: You mean, why is it so clean?

Penthouse: Yes.

Yazdi: Do you have any objection to that?

Penthouse: No, but there are some who wouldn't mind if you executed every member of SAVAK.

Yazdi: Well, we don't want to execute everyone in SAVAK. Some were not guilty of the torture of people. Just being a member of SAVAK does not warrant being killed.

Penthouse: Some would introduce the principle of the Nuremberg Tribunal, which established that certain organizations—the SS and the Gestapo, for example—were criminal organizations and that membership itself in such organizations could lead to criminal penalties.

Yazdi: We do not agree with that. If they have participated in conspiracy and killing and torture, then they have to be brought to trial and punished. I do agree with you that our revolution has been very clean, and that's because it's an Islamic revolution. It does not come from the point of revenge and hate. It comes from love and understanding. However, the trials will continue, and those that are found guilty will be punished.

Penthouse: Senior officials of the Komiteh have admitted to me that they cannot trust the regular military garrisons in much of

provincial Iran. Do you plan to take any steps to ensure the loyalty of the armed forces or to neutralize the threat of a military counterrevolution?

Yazdi: Well, the army is in the phase of reshaping. So there are members of the old regime in the army, and confidence in their loyalty is questionable.

Penthouse: In Iran there is considerable military hardware obtained by the shah from the American government—notably, sophisticated F-15 aircraft. What will become of this hardware?

Yazdi: This equipment has been secured and is safe. A final decision on what will happen to it has not been made, but I expect that much of it will be sold back to the United States. We have no use for it ourselves.

Penthouse: Will there be any place for the Komiteh, the Revolutionary Committee, after the constitution is ratified and a government elected?

Yazdi: We hope to dissolve most of the various committees in the near future. Their future role, to the extent that they exist, will be that of watchdog.

Penthouse: What do you see as the future of the Islamic Republic.

Yazdi: That is in the hands of God and the people of Iran.

To further clarify the attitudes of the new revolutionary government, Gregory Rose was granted a rare personal interview with the Ayatollah Khomeini. He reports:

"Khomeini's reception room is an austere place, with pale white walls and a blanket spread on the floor along one wall. It is on this blanket that Khomeini sits, cross-legged, with his back against the wall. He is soft-spoken. It is often difficult, even for those sitting near him, to hear what he says. He speaks with his eyes averted. He is a shy and retiring, scholarly man. His appearance is stern, made more so by the gauntness of his face and the fire in his dark brown eyes. But any who have spoken with him have come away impressed by his gentleness and humility. He is not the fanatical firebrand that Western cartoonists have caricatured. He is not fully comfortable with the reverence he is paid."

Penthouse: Your Holiness, frequently your criticism of the shah's industrialization and modernization projects has led the press to characterize you as a foe of industrialization who wants to march Iran back into the Middle Ages. How do you respond to this kind of analysis?

Khomeini: There is no truth in this. Our country cannot turn backwards. Islam does not demand that our country turn backwards. We will build a modern economy, using whatever technology is available to us. But we shall build that economy without injustice, without exploitation.

Penthouse: Does that mean that you will continue certain of the shah's development programs?

Khomeini: Very few. In our plans for development, we shall concentrate first on agriculture. The shah's regime allowed the agriculture of our country to fall into ruins. But then, our industry is also in ruins. We will never turn back to assembly-type industry. We will build up the basic industries. But these things will take time.

Penthouse: Many Western strategists remain concerned about Soviet expansion in the Near East and talk of a Soviet pincer surrounding the oil fields of the area.

Khomeini: Communism is as much the enemy of the people of Iran as American imperialism is. We do not want the East or the West, atheism or materialism.

Penthouse: There are rumors circulating that the new constitution will include a provision whereby religious leaders will have veto power over civil legislation. Is this true?

Khomeini: The republic will be an Islamic one, under Islamic law. There will be one house of parliament, which will make the laws. There will be a council of mullahs, who will check to see that secular laws are in accordance with Islam.

Penthouse: What scope will there be for personal liberties in the Islamic Republic?

Khomeini: Islam is freedom: freedom from injustice, freedom from exploitation, freedom for brotherhood. But this does not mean that the Islamic Republic will be a Western-type state.

Penthouse: What if the people disagree with your vision of the Islamic Republic?

Khomeini: Then the people will not follow me. ☐



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She said I would be ready to walk on Broadway in only three years! I was finally learning a little about happiness. Even Mother and I were "mellowing out" toward each other. I went to visit her at the sanatorium in Connecticut, elegantly called "Louie's Place." Her recovery was not easy. They were having a hard time getting her down. It seems she had been a drug addict longer than any of us had suspected. We had just thought that she was an alcoholic and dismissed it at that!

Her drug habit had started out innocently enough. She had developed a minor cold after shooting her last musical in '65, called *Dance to the Beat in Your Head* (a disaster), and the studio "doctor" had put her on a cough syrup with a mild amount of codeine. Soon she was taking the mild amount of codeine without the cough syrup. She quickly moved up to Demerol, then Nembutol, then Seconal, then Dilaudid, then Tuinal, then Thorazine, then heroin, then opium, and finally—morphine! Yes, they were having a very hard time getting her down!

How many weekends I just sat there, holding her shaking hand as she started floating to the ceiling. It took a whole year—and the news that Katharine Hepburn had her second Oscar in a row for *A Lion in Winter*—to make Mother snap to. Her resentment eased slightly when she learned Kate had to share the honor with Barbra Streisand for *Funny Girl*.

Mother wanted an Academy Award more than anything in the world, and it was that shallow but driving desire that made her want to live. It was the winning of that total mark of acceptance that drove her on! The Academy Award—the statue that made kings and queens out of pimps and whores! How lost it all became after God died in America—after the Truman administration! (As you can tell, this was when I finally began to "get into" RELIGION!)

I also began dating for the first time in my life—at twenty-eight. I had one more year to go at Bella's Acting Shoe, and I met the "love of my life" in the person of a fellow classmate, Arnold Hambanger, the school's prize stud, who fucked me into oblivion in the back row during a seminar on *Hedda Gabler*. Yes, I was in love—and if anyone tells you that you should never fall in love with actors because they're egocentric, shallow, and heartless, he's absolutely right! Arnold Hambanger was handsome, rich, and talented. Bella predicted he'd become the new Cary Grant. (She also told fortunes on the side.) The strangest thing about Arnold—and something impossible to accept after years of insecurity—was that Arnold Hambanger was in love with ME! I WAS HYSTERICAL!

This was truly one of the greatest shocks of my life! After twenty-eight years of being the butt of one Gloria Joy disaster after another, happiness was just too much to

bear! I HAD MY FIRST REAL BREAK-DOWN! And there was no one to turn to except my teacher Bella, who kept demanding, "Use it! Use it!"

I now joined Mother at the sanatorium as a patient, and it was there that we came to understand each other for the first time as we took lovely strolls in our motor wheelchairs, reminding us of dear Grandma Myrna—was she dead, or still wheeling around the Los Angeles Freeway? And although Maggie Smith won the Oscar in '69 for her—some say—"brilliant" portrayal in *Miss Jean Brodie*, it was the double breakdown of Gloria Joy and her "loving sister" the people really cared about!

It was at Louie's Place that Mother first met Mr. La Gross, a man who had millions from making tranquilizers for Italian- and Spanish-speaking people. His biggest success came from making a cheaper Valium pill than that manufactured by La Roche. He, of course, gave the pill his family name, LA GROSS. He had also suc-

My Mommy Bitch
denounced me all over the
country. She also
denounced white sugar,
cigarettes, and homosexuals.
And got a plaque
from the president!

cumbed to his own product, and he, too, was "waking up" from drugs. He and Mother met on the methadone line, and it was love at first swallow!

I was now more depressed than ever! For all of Arnold Hambanger's love, he never came to visit me once! He had gotten a job in a Broadway play by Neil Simon and had changed his name to become the top actor of today! People on the move don't make good people to cuddle with—and that's what I needed! I needed the world's most potent drug: TLC—TENDER LOVING CARE! And that's when the most miraculous thing of my life happened!

Along came Bill—and his lovely wife, Jennie, who were fellow patients. They were a semi-famous song-writing team who once wrote for Gogi Grant. They were my first three-way! And for the first time since Hank Frank raped me, I had an ORGASM! I found two better than one: Jennie had the tenderness and Bill had the equipment! I had Bill and Jennie, and Mother had Mr. La Gross. And although Glenda Jackson took advantage of Mother's being in the hospital to steal the Academy Award in 1970, it was Gloria Joy and I who were really the WOMEN IN LOVE!

The beginning of the 1970s brought a new world, as though years of thick mist had been lifted to reveal a purifying sun! Mother and Mr. La Gross were married in the small sanatorium chapel, and all of Hollywood came—except Kate Hepburn, whose feud with Mother was legendary! (I will write more about that in my next book, *The Feuds and Nudes of Gloria Joy*.)

It was then that all the newfound understanding between the two of us was suddenly shattered in seconds! As the official wedding picture was to be taken, I took my place next to my mother. But when the photographer asked who I was, Mother looked at me and said, in these words:

"Oh, her? She's a nobody!"

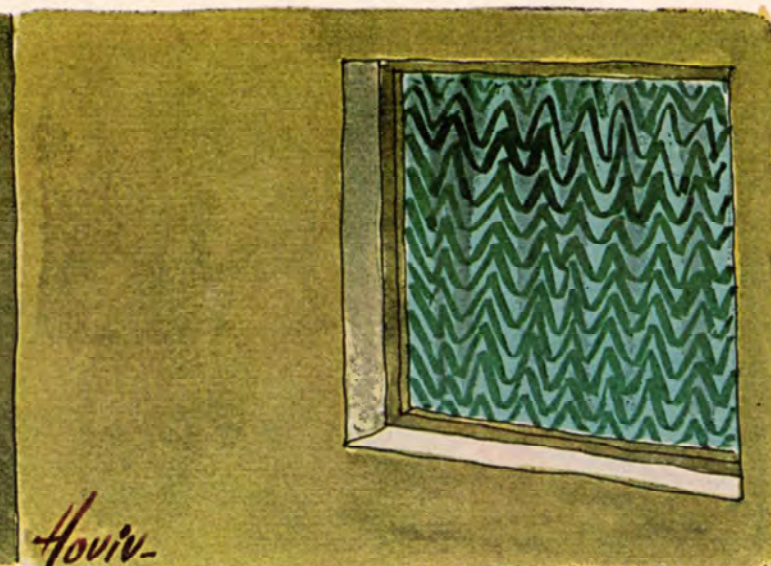
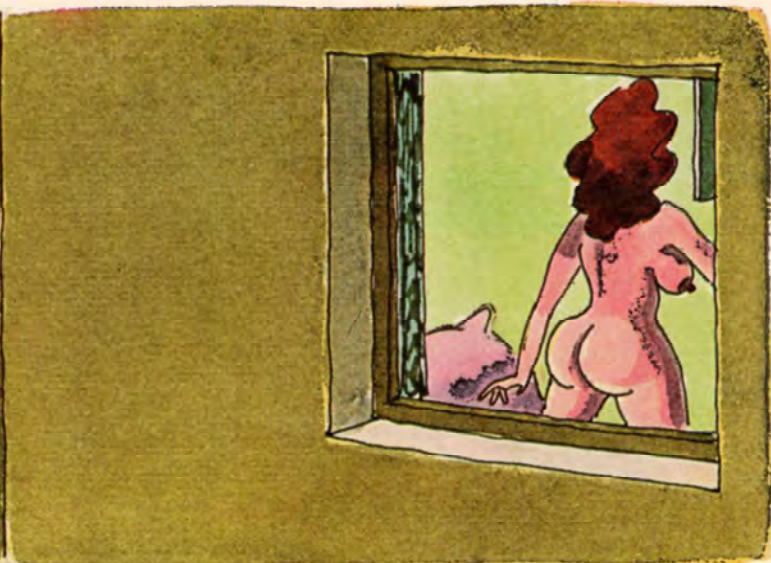
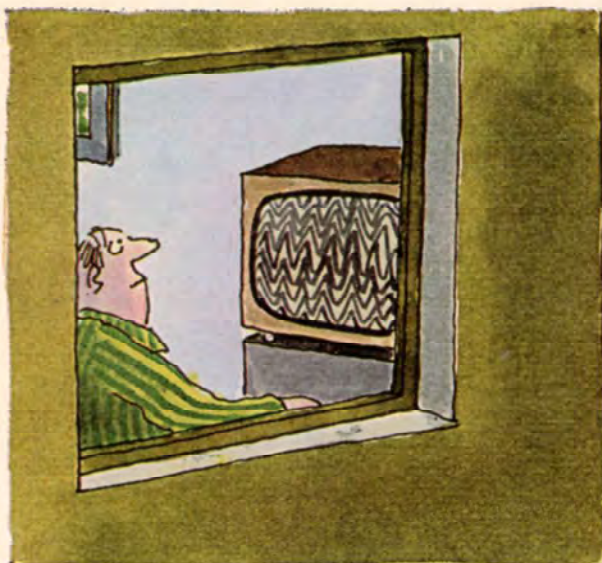
I WAS A NOBODY! Yes, I was a "nobody"—because my mother WAS TOO MUCH A SOMEBODY! How could I ever live up to her sixty-two years of constantly publicizing herself? The studio's twenty-four-hour-a-day publicity departments had helped make her! They were gone! How could I top my mother? Who had ever lived to top a famous mother when she was still alive? NAME ONE!

But I would do it! I had watched her for thirty years! I knew every dirty trick in her book, and the Bitch key word was *use!* Use everything and everybody around! And the best people to use were the ones closest—like Bill and Jennie! After all, they had written four songs for Gogi Grant! They'd write songs for me, and I'd get on television! Television was the twenty-four-hour publicity department of today! Yes, it would make me a bigger name than Gloria Joy! I'd be on morning, noon, and night! Every time you turned it on, I'd be smiling at you, interviewing people, acting in space shows, selling toilet fresheners, giving the weather, doing telethons, crying on soap operas, or perching unhappily in a Hollywood Square! They would soon call television "Gloria Joy's Sister's Box!"

Ah, there was the first rub! I needed a name of my own! (I was really on the road to my own identity!) How do you pick a name for yourself after thirty years of anonymity? After countless possibilities, I chose ANONYMOUS JOY—only because it was more sophisticated than my number-two choice, LEMON JOY, or number three, JINGLE JOY! Yes, I was on my way! I had a name, I had my lovers writing me an act, and I finally had an ambition in life—TO BEAT MY MOTHER!

Within three weeks I was out of the hospital and rehearsing my nightclub act for the illustrious Rainbow Grill. And I did it on my own! Mother's best friend, Uncle Bob, owned the building and was kind enough to force the grill's owners to hire me for one night. To say I was nervous would be like saying the Atlantic Ocean is wet! But I was going to beat her! A successful club act meant you could get an agent—and an agent could get you on television! Yes, I was doing this all on my own—with absolutely no help from her!

Opening night, people from all over the world were there (the Rainbow Grill is a



favorite hangout of United Nations employees). There wasn't one English-speaking person there! There was not one laugh at my hysterically funny dialogue, or one tear for my soul-searching "confused-girl-woman-lost-in-the-mirror-maze-of-the-70s" lyrics! YES, I WAS A FLOP—AND I DID IT ALL ON MY OWN!

I broke off with Bill and Jennie, for if you are going to be a Star Bitch, rule two is "Drop everyone who is of no further use!" (And besides, once we started working together, the sex got predictable.) No one was bringing ANONYMOUS JOY down again! I was going to make it out from under HER shadow!

Albert Yaks, the famous Broadway producer, was casting a new comedy about a contemporary young woman named Judy who comes home one day to find that her husband of ten years, Richard, has left her for a younger woman. It was called *No Dick for Judy* and was written by an up-and-coming-a-lot writer, Robert Angur. I got the part of Judy by using Mother's Bitch rule number three: "When all else fails, marry the writer!" *No Dick for Judy* ran one night on Broadway, and I had a revelation—I was never going to make it ON MY OWN!

What could I do to survive? Maybe I'd become a high-class prostitute like Jane Fonda in *Klute* (Oscar winner in 1971, to the absolute panic of Mother), or maybe I'd become a sleazy nightclub singer like Liza in *Cabaret* (her winning the '72 Oscar put Mother on hard drugs again), or maybe I'd just settle down with Robert and have a middle-class life like Glenda Jackson in *A Touch of Class*—getting her second Oscar in '73 (Mother attempted suicide by jumping off a Ramada Inn Motor Lodge roof).

In 1974 the writing on the wall was written in clear neon: THE ANONYMOUS "SISTER" OF GLORIA JOY WILL NEVER TOP HER! No one had ever topped her—except biblically, of course! And even though Gloria Joy never won the one thing she always wanted, the Academy Award, she was the biggest, the flashiest, the greatest bitch movie star of all time! Besides, the other great film goddesses of our time—Greta Garbo, Mae West, and Marilyn Monroe—never got an Academy Award! They could never give an Academy Award for sex in this hypocritical country—even though the Oscar is a statue of a naked man!

My marriage to Robert disintegrated like the other relationships of my life. (Was one fuck all I was really good for?) I had lost my self-respect! I was in the dark shadow of Gloria Joy—who, by the way, was now a "reborn" drug addict. She and Stepfather No. 11 had inaugurated a control program for ex-addicts called "Drop That Drug." They were now traveling together for the program, advocating health, morality, and giving up the wanton showbiz world to find a drugless god! (Oh, the press they got on that one!) Ellen Burstyn and Louise Fletcher both received Oscars for their faceless performances in *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* ('74) and *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* ('75), but it was Gloria

Joy's defiant and reformed face that hit every paper in the world, pushing her new cause, DROP THAT DRUG!

I myself, now a frightening thirty-seven, am the product of three harrowing rapes, two disastrous divorces, a prison record, a lesbian attachment, sex relations with a deaf-mute—and my greatest affliction: being the anonymous daughter of the most famous woman in the world! Yes, 1976 found me at the lowest point of my painful journey—till I met Louie Azillo! He saved my bankrupt life!

At last, someone PUTS ME IN FILMS! Finally, I can fight back, FAME to FAME! Of course, my first films were hardly Oscar material, but a film review of my first feature read as follows: "The sister of Gloria Joy gives an interesting portrayal of a woman whose vagina is in her eardrum in the film *Bang My Ear Drum Slowly*!"

Okay, so they were porno films—but I was IN FILMS! And Bitch rule four is: "Get it any way you can!" I would gain true notori-

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The film reviewer raved: "The sister of Gloria Joy gives an interesting portrayal of a woman whose vagina is in her ear drum in the film *Bang My Ear Drum Slowly*."

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ety at last! The press splashed my puss all over the front pages: "ANONYMOUS JOY (SISTER OF GLORIA JOY) STARS IN PORNO!" I had won! My name before hers! I WAS A SOMEBODY!

Perhaps I didn't do it exactly the way I wanted—my second film was about incest, titled elegantly *A Cocksucker for Daddy*—but I did it! Anonymous Joy finally existed! And although Faye Dunaway won the Oscar in '76 for *Network*, it was I, Anonymous Joy, who had beaten the system! (Liza Minnelli, Jane Fonda, and Lucie Arnaz were also doing well.) I had beat Gloria Joy—I thought! How little I knew of the unbelievably depressing end facing me!

During a publicity blitz topping Elizabeth and Richard's during the filming of *Cleopatra*, my mother, the BITCH, denounced me all over the country. She also denounced white sugar, cigarettes, and homosexuals. And although Diane Keaton's struggling vulnerability in *Annie Hall* made her famous in '77 with an Oscar, it was the nation's backswing to morality that made Gloria Joy famous that year—with a plaque from the president!

There was no way out! The backing for my third film about animal sex, titled

Elephant in My Face, couldn't be raised, and my producer, Louie Azillo, lost his hard-on and went bankrupt.

I began seeing images of iron walls moving in, of shadows descending on me in the shape of giant falcons. My extremities felt the sharp pain of a thousand tiny razors jabbing them; my head exploded with all the fear and terror of failure. "ARE YOU NOW, OR HAVE YOU EVER BEEN, A NO-BODY?" My guts screamed the loudest YES! that ever was heard around the world!

The disasters of my life smashed into my brain, like Gillettes cutting away my sanity: gang-raped, prison, dykedom, three-ways, drugs, showbiz, etc., etc.—each memory another sharp razor slicing away MY LIFE! YES, I DID IT! I DID IT HER WAY!

As you can probably tell, I had another breakdown—right in front of Brooks Brothers on Madison Avenue! In a typical blaze of style, Gloria Joy arrived by helicopter and saved me—to the ever-adoring delight of her tireless fans. (She had not made a film in ten years, but they still loved her.) She flew me back to California, where Mr. La Gross had bought her a forty-three-room house (once owned by Greta Garbo, according to the broker). Mother kept her "Loving Sister" prisoner, just like in the old days. (The only way she could keep people with her was by handcuffs!)

But I escaped! Yes, I won my freedom by KILLING HER! I confess! She did not commit suicide! I poisoned her! How clever I was to change the powdered chlorine she put in the pool every morning before her swim with a sixty-pound bag of powdered Quaaludes! She drowned because she was stoned out of her fucking mind!

I escaped to New York, but the police caught me at a newsstand, reading about it on page six of the *Post*. It seems the maid saw me drug the pool as she was quickly preparing her own book about Mother, hauntingly entitled, *I Scrubbed for Joy*.

Yes, yes, I killed my own mother, the Wicked Witch of the West Coast, with Quaaludes! Of course, this violated my parole, and I was really given "life" this time! That's where I am now—back in the Los Angeles Prison for the Children of the Rich, Beautiful, and Famous—writing this book, which will, by telling all of the sordid personal life of Gloria Joy, make me millions! A book that will soon be turned into a major film, a television series, a foto-novel (with preface by Betty Ford), and a whole world of marketing products—like Gloria Joy's Loving Sister dolls you can gag and rape, or Gloria Joy dolls that sink in swimming pools (complete with miniature Quaaludes), or Mommy Bitch discos for your basement, which burn down automatically!

Yes, I won, Mother! Your daughter, who still remains Anonymous because you were too busy ever to name me! YES, I HAVE WON—for the final victory is (get ready to roll, dear Mommy) that I, your "Loving Sister," am to play YOU!

YES, I will play Gloria Joy in the movie version of MOMMY BITCH—and I did it all on my own! O—

MISS WYOMING SAVES THE WORLD

. . . BUT SHE BLEW THE CONTEST WITH HER TALENT.



Graham Macculum

BY PHILIP CIOFFARI

Fuming inside her baby-blue warm-up suit, Miss Wyoming rushed into the cocktail lounge of the Beach Queen Motel, holding her baton at port arms. She saw in a flash that Corky wasn't there, and she stopped short midway between the

lounge and the bar in order to catch her breath. Laughter drifted her way from the corner where Miss Alaska sat, at the head of a banquet table, sipping a frozen daiquiri. All of the women at the table wore evening gowns, and they were smiling at

Miss Wyoming's warm-up suit in a way that made her fling her head back and move toward the bar at a pace somewhere between a strut and a slink, dangling the baton at her side like a parasol.

"What'll it be, Miss Wy?"

"Have you seen Cork —?" She caught herself and started over, slower this time, almost in a drawl. "Have you seen Mr. Corcoran, a member of my party?" Actually, there was no party, just Corky, and she, which was only one of the things that made her feel so deprived. It was bad enough that they had to stay at a second-rate motel like the Beach Queen while the other girls, except for Miss Alaska, were all in penthouse suites in the posh hotels on the boardwalk; bad enough that all the others, even Miss Alaska, had come with large groups—men who looked like senators, women who belonged in mansions. But on top of that Corky had gone off two hours ago without telling her where to, and she had gotten so upset that she couldn't do even the simplest routines with the baton. Now, less than forty-five minutes before the preliminary talent contest, he still wasn't here, and she wanted to cry.

"Haven't seen him all day," the bar man said, wiping a space on the bar in front of her.

She lay her baton flat where he had wiped and slumped onto a bar stool, leaning forward with her face propped on her hands. For a moment she longed for the musty security of the Laramie High School gym, where she had trained all summer under Corky's protective eyes. Thinking of those long, hot afternoons made her nostalgic, even though most of the time she had been exasperated with him, balking at the rigors he put her through, complaining that he never left her alone.

Just then she saw him poke his head inside the door of the lounge, and she felt a moment's rush of joy and relief before she reminded herself how upset she'd been. She pretended not to see him.

"How's my winner?" He called out in a voice geared to project across a gym, and then his fleshy hand was patting her back. She stiffened against it.

"A lot you care. I couldn't even practice."

"Aw, baby, I'm real sorry. I got tied up. Takin' care of politics, you know. Got to charm them on all fronts."

She knew that he wanted the title as much as she did, and she even felt a little silly now for not realizing that wherever he'd gone it was for her own good. But she said, "I need a drink," because she knew that would infuriate him. To the barman, she said: "Bourbon and ginger."

"Just make that a ginger ale," Corky cut in, barking it over the bar in his training voice. "Diet ginger."

Backstage she burped and tasted the sour residue of soda as she listened to Miss Wisconsin's piano rendition of "Moonlight Sonata." She was up next, and she felt as jumpy as a grasshopper and as small, imagining how she was going to look out on the runway with just her baton. She had no voice or musical talent to fill the dark acres of space in the auditorium, no dance routine with movements large and elaborate enough to create the illusion of stature, of dimensions beyond the actuality of her



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With the baton
in her mouth, Miss
Wyoming stroked outward
along the polished
chrome in the direction
of the judges.

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physical self. Just a stick of polished chrome to flip and curl about her fingers, some simple legwork executed with a high-stepping prance that had made her a halftime attraction at all the Laramie Lizards' home games.

As she slipped out of her warm-up jacket and pants, she had to think about her secret talent, her *real* talent, to make herself stop trembling. She recalled that Friday afternoon in late summer when she first discovered it, the events of that day unfolding like a stairway to a dream she still could hardly believe was true: unexpectedly running into Monty Applewhite, the Lizards' left end, in the gym; literally running into him, colliding with him as she pushed through the double doors to get a drink at the precise moment he came jogging up from the locker room; realizing in that moment when pressed against him not only how horny she was, sex playing no part in Corky's training strategy, but also how depressed, too, over her three hours' workout with the baton.

Then driving with him to Colter's Bay, signing in at one of the log cabins on the lake, hitting the bed as soon as they got inside the door, Monty lifting her first and then carrying her to the mattress like a deep pass he'd snagged, bringing her downfield, his body running hard with her, driving straight on, the end zone so close that they crossed into it too soon to enjoy the touchdown; and the disappointment afterward, the letdown, feeling herself rolling end over end back into her own isolation, Monty, too, quiet and joyless beside her in

the moody silence of the cabin.

She was still brooding over it later, at dusk, as they walked along the shore of the lake, wondering how she even could have entertained the hope of becoming Miss America.

They had reached a deserted section of the shore, and Monty stripped off his clothes to go swimming. Feeling gloomier than she had all summer, she stared off across the lake to the blue gray rock of the Tetons that rose in sharp, chiseled ridges directly out of the water. The mountains were so magnificent, towering as they did so far above earth, so full of grandeur and majesty, that she began to weep.

At that moment Monty came dripping up out of the lake. He stood in profile on the shore, framed by the mountains. The twilight shaded the entire landscape blue: mountains and clouds, mist seeping like night's breath across the center of the lake, the air itself, soft and depthless as the space between stars. Monty's body, too, had been tinted, so that as he stood in silhouette, posed, he appeared more like a work of art than a Lizard, his private part extended without being rigid and arched in a downward curve like a spigot. She felt herself being drawn to it, and she did something she had never done to anyone.

She drew his flesh into her, not with her mouth alone but with her entire body, the deepest, most remote parts of her uniting in common effort, calling to him, worshipping side by side with her lips and tongue and the warm tube of her throat, all of her, body and soul, crying in harmony for nourishment. Beyond the borders of his hips, her glazed eyes scaled the Tetons, pleading with the snow-tipped summit of the highest peak for she knew not what—strength, endurance, love?—that she might lift his soul (and her own) from despair. He began to pour into her, and she thought she could feel his soul rising within him, his fountain rising at the same time so that she had to strain up on her knees to keep it in place. When she opened her eyes, she saw that it was not only his soul that had risen but his body, too. A good inch or inch and a half off the ground, he hung suspended from her mouth. In the blue light his face was transfigured by a rapture unparalleled by anything else she had ever seen, his body floating as light and free as the lake mist, and she knew then that she would never have to feel worthless again.

If only, she thought while listening to the final falling notes of the Sonata, if only she could make them see her real talent, if only she could force them to look beyond the baton.

Baton in hand, she stood in the wings while Emory Dukes, the pageant emcee, introduced her.

"Now!" the stage manager said, shoving her forward.

She gripped the baton and strutted out onto the stage. When the spotlight struck her, she felt herself shrivel inside. *They'll laugh*, she told herself. *They're gonna laugh at this stupid baton*. But in her mind

she saw Monty floating upward from her mouth, and she began to smile. She was the sister of the Grand Tetons, which meant *big tits* in French, and she shoved hers forward into the spotlight and high-stepped her way to center stage, stopping at the tip of the runway long enough to make sure that the judges had their eyes on her. She flashed them a *watch-me* smile at the same time she spotted Corky at the edge of the runway, his face filled with longing and appreciation. With her head tossed back, she took a prancing step forward onto the runway, flashing her thighs, and swung her baton high in the air.



Would you
blow the entire
Soviet Central Committee
to prevent a Third
World War? *I would, I would!*
she thought.

more together, he hoped, tomorrow night when the pageant was over. When she reached the judges' booth, she turned, marking time, so that they would have a full view of her—smile, bust, delicious thighs, all that raw flesh that he had shaped, larger than life on the runway above them.

"It'll be like the grand finale at the end of a fireworks display," he had advised her when they were plotting strategy. "The icing on the cake. Show 'em everything you've got." Everything being her face, bod, and a reprise of all her baton tricks. But what she was doing now was not part of the repertoire they had rehearsed.

She had gone from the two-hand twirl to a movement he didn't recognize. She held the baton out in front of her, one end inches from her smiling mouth, the other aimed directly down at the upturned heads of the judges. For a moment it looked as if she were playing a trumpet, but he saw that the gesture was more suggestive than that. While her right hand held the baton up to her mouth, her left stroked outward along the polished chrome in the direction of the judges. She had abandoned all semblance of a marching step. Instead her body swayed in a kind of interpretive dance, her shoulders rolling forward and back, her hips swiveling with slow determination as she continued the stroking motion.

What the hell? Corky turned. What in hell is she doing?

She moistened the rubber tip with her tongue, trying at the same time to keep her mouth wide in a smile so that the effect was to give her lips a crazed, hideous imbal-

ance. "Jesus Christ!" he mumbled out loud in spite of himself as she drew the tip inside her mouth. With her head and shoulders back, she inhaled deeply. She let her hands—first one, then the other—drop away from the baton. For a moment it hung limp, downcast. Then it began to rise slowly. Ignoring gravity, it lifted above the astonished faces of the judges, the audience, pointing in its arc higher than the upper tiers of the balcony, until it came to rest, its silver skin glistening, focused on the deep shadows of the ceiling.

The Miss America Orchestra quit mid-beat, the musicians stalled in tableau, their instruments poised, mute. In the dark sky of the auditorium a silence, thick and sinister as a storm cloud, had settled. The crowd seemed not to be breathing, life manifest only in the eyes that, gaping awestruck, had witnessed the incomprehensible—miracle or obscene hoax?—and had been devastatingly humbled by it. Then the cloud broke. A low hiss of applause began in the recesses of the balcony, gusted up out of the lower tiers, came teeming down across the wide, flat spaces of the orchestra until at least half the audience was on its feet and the band jumped into something loud and brassy.

Corky glanced anxiously at the judges. They were fluttering in the booth like startled birds. Three of them looked downright horrified. One was writing furiously on his clipboard. Another swayed back against the rear wall, hand roofed above his eyes to ward off the dazzling shimmer of the baton, and one, at the far end of the booth, turning with a bewildered look from Miss Wyoming to the crowd behind him, put his hands together hesitantly and began to clap.

"What kind of crazy stunt was that?" Corky demanded the first minute he got her alone that night. They were heading back to the Beach Queen on a dark, windy street that led away from the boardwalk.

"You said to show them *everything*."

"It looked like you were giving the damn thing a blowjob."

"That's just . . ." But she stopped. He wouldn't understand. Only Monty understood.

"If I told you once, I told you a hundred times. You've got to keep the sex subtle. Like a candy bar," he explained. "You've got to put on a bright, clean wrapper. Keep the dark, chewy, good stuff inside."

"That's bullshit."

"That's America," he said. "They don't even call it a beauty contest anymore. It's a scholarship pageant now—you know that."

"But didn't you like it at all?" she purred in her cutest kitteny voice.

Corky wasn't listening. "Maybe they didn't see it like that. Maybe it just looked like a fancy circus trick. Maybe," he pondered aloud, his voice barely concealing a whimper of sadness, "I've just got blowjobs on the brain . . ."

In baby-blue chiffon, Miss Wyoming waited onstage with the forty-nine other state rep-

representatives for Emory Dukes to read the names of the ten finalists. She trembled as the television cameras were being rolled down the runway because she was sure that, of all of them, it was her face that was now growing larger on 60 million television sets from coast to coast, as if the cameramen had already divined her destiny and were giving the viewers at home a peek at things to come.

"Miss Virginia," Emory Dukes called out. "Miss Montana, Miss Iowa, Miss Wisconsin, Miss Arkansas, Miss New Hampshire, Miss Oklahoma, Miss Alaska..."

Miss Wyoming was still waiting for her name to be called when the curtain began to close. In the dressing room she sat on a bench, numbed, ignoring the other girls while out on the stage the finalists displayed their talents. She closed her ears against each high-pitched burst of song that drifted back, each fragment of vibrato, each note of piano and violin. Right before they were all to assemble on stage for the grand finale, Miss Alaska swept past her bench, her head and shoulders tossed back. "Tough luck, sweetie," she said.

It was one injustice too many, and Miss Wyoming's foot shot out. "You're not even from a real state," she said, toppling Miss Alaska. "You're not even from a real god-damn state."

"I am so!" Miss Alaska protested on the way down. Her hands clawed wildly for support, found the hem of Miss Montana's gown and tore it loose from the bodice.

"Bitch!" Miss Montana shrieked, yanking her gown free and stepping back, in the process knocking against Miss Idaho, who was at the next table and was spraying her hair with an aerosol can. Miss Idaho turned the can around and sprayed directly into Miss Montana's face. Miss Montana choked; her eyes teared. She reached for a tube of lipstick and streaked down the middle of Miss Idaho's gown. Miss New Jersey punched Miss Montana. Miss New York threw a powder puff at Miss New Jersey. Miss Florida shoved Miss New York, who shoved Miss Tennessee. Miss Tennessee spit at Miss Florida.

Miss Alaska was still shouting. "I am so from a real state; I am so!" when the stage manager rushed in. "Girls! Girls!" he pleaded to the mass of tangled bodies in the middle of the room. "What is the meaning of this?"

Five minutes later, when he was marching them out single file and still bitching, he noticed Miss Wyoming on the bench. "And what do you think you're doing?"

"Nothing," Miss Wyoming said, leaning back against the wall with her arms folded. "I'm not doing anything."

"You'll regret this. Mark my words!" And then he whirled around and trailed after the ragged line.

A moment later Corky popped his head inside the door. "What's the matter, darlin'?" he slurred, the anticipation of the big night having driven him to drink beyond his capacity. He wavered into the room, looking sheepish, his arms extended.

Miss Wyoming thought that she was going to cry. She leaned all the way forward and pressed her face into her hands.

"Try not to take it so hard, darlin'." "Why the hell not?" She was pissed that he could adjust so quickly, that his getting ripped had dulled his disappointment. But when she lowered her hands and looked at him there in front of her, weaving in place, his eyes lovesick and weary, she couldn't be angry with him.

Corky hiccupped and sat down on the bench, as he did so pulling his pants up at the knees. He leaned over and put his hand on her knee. She might have been a Lizard he was consoling for having fumbled at a critical moment. And then she did cry. In loud, breathless sobs, leaning against him.

Holding her tight, he closed his eyes and patted her. All summer he had dreamed of holding her, but his gesture now was without lust. In some way he felt responsible for her tears, for having brought her this far, to this disappointment, and he wanted only to comfort her as best he could. His head was spinning wildly, and he had to open his eyes. "I think it was the talent business..."

"I have talent," she sobbed. "I have real talent."

"I know, darlin'," thinking she meant the baton, "but..." He knew he had no power to change what had happened, but he wanted, at least, to try to explain it for her. "I think what it was, honey, is that you're just too damn sexy. I mean, you don't even have to do anything; it just oozes out of you as natural as..." One hand clamping her shoulder, the other waving helplessly in the air, he floundered for a comparison. "As natural as... sweat." It was not the word he wanted—he had wanted something else, something prettier—but his head was fuzzy, and the thought he was trying to shape was growing, moment by moment, dimmer. He hurried to finish before it went dark altogether. "And anything too real scares the shit out of people, I guess."

It was the most profound insight he'd ever had, and he felt pleased with himself. Miss Wyoming was pleased, too, overjoyed, in fact, and she stopped crying immediately because now she understood why she had not made the finals. She was so happy that she leaned up and kissed him warmly on the neck. "Thanks," she said. "For that. For everything."

And then she was on her feet, wiping the tears from her face. "Help me, Corky. Help me show them."

Show who? he wondered, upset by her sudden movement, the walls spinning one way, Charlene the other.

She hurried him down the corridor toward the stage. For a moment she fumbled with the curtain and then found the opening and pulled him out onto the stage.

"What are you doing?" he wanted to know, feeling the stage careening around him and trying to regain his balance.

"Shhhh!" She knelt down and unzipped his fly. She wanted to show them that her talent was nothing to be feared, not dangerous, but beautiful and necessary.

"Not here," he pleaded, dreaming of a long night's privacy at the Beach Queen as she dipped inside his pants with one hand and steadied him with the other.

"Trust me," she whispered, and she slipped him into her mouth just as Emory Dukes announced the fourth runner-up.

They were shielded from the audience by a wall of evening gowns and Miss Wyoming struggled not to be distracted by the goings-on downstage. She thought of the Tetons, her sisters, and blue lake mist. As Emory Dukes called out the third and second runners-up, she imagined the questions that the judges would ask her when they realized their mistake, when they saw to what uses her talent could be put.

Why do you want to be Miss America? *Because I want to help the people of the world; I want to be the special ambassador of love and peace.*

Would you blow the entire Soviet Central Committee to prevent a Third World War? Marshall Tito? Fidel Castro? *I would, I would.* And in her mind she saw rising above the lowering Tetons, like movie credits, the words: MISS WYOMING SAVES THE WORLD!

For a moment Corky had the awful feeling that he was no longer standing on solid ground, and he thought, *O God, I must be really lit.* He wanted to chastise himself for getting so drunk, but never before in his entire life had he felt anything so wonderful. His head began to roll out of his control in a crude, uneven circle, and his eyes closed. All he could think of was that maybe he had made a mistake; maybe they really were back at the Beach Queen, and he was at long last being saved once and for all from his ordinary life, coached by the one he had coached toward a victory neither of them could have anticipated. From far away, part of a world Corky was fast leaving, Emory Dukes announced the first runner-up.

The audience was whistling and clapping for the new Miss America as Miss Wyoming took another deep breath and drew on Corky with all the energy she had left. An inch off the ground now and rising, Corky forgot himself completely and began to make low, gurgling noises. Several girls in the row in front of them turned around. As his noises grew louder, becoming unearthly in the chaos of his euphoria, more of the girls turned, until in their amazement they unwittingly opened an alley that led all the way downstage to where Miss America was being crowned.

Emory Dukes launched into "There She Goes" as Miss Alaska, flowers in hand, innocent smile flashed to the world, started down the runway. But the television cameras did not follow her. They remained stationary, trained down the alley where they had a head-on view of Miss Wyoming. Dreaming not of USO shows and appearances at 4H clubs but of what a Miss America *should* be, she knelt in service to her country with her eyes raised to Corky, his head and arms flung back in unimaginable delight, having just passed the three-inch mark and still ascending. 

PSYCHOGRAPHIC

SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

**HOW DO YOU
REACT TO
AUTHORITY?**

**ARE YOU
JOHNNY REB OR
JOHNNY B. GOOD?**

Forty questions that tell whether you're more apt to obey or run away.



PSYCHOGRAPH

How do you react to authority?

"Stop crying . . . Don't play with your food . . . Stand up straight . . . Don't talk like that to your mother . . . Do your homework . . . Pay this phone bill, or your service will be discontinued . . . Get that report done by tomorrow or you're fired."

From the day you're born until the day you're planted in the ground, someone is always telling you to do something. Parents, presidents, lovers, platoon sergeants, teachers, friends, enemies, bosses, and your next-door neighbor all want you to move in the direction they've indicated.

This psychograph is designed to test both attitudes and reactions to authority. Some of us view any rule or order as an affront to our independence, while others are attracted to authoritarianism the way Klansmen are attracted to white sheets. After answering these questions, you should have a sense of where you fit in. Are you an authoritarian or a rebel? Does the sound of marching jackboots warm your heart or turn your stomach?

For the past thirty years, no psychological concept has been investigated more thoroughly than authoritarianism. The rise of fascism and the atrocities of the Second World War started psychologists wondering whether there was a personality type that craved dogmatism and dominance. The first important study—conducted in Berkeley, Calif., by a team composed primarily of Jewish professors who had fled Germany—concluded that an "authoritarian personality" did indeed exist.

Since then, the psychologists' zeal for examining this phenomenon has never flagged. Although the results have not always been profound, they have been interesting. For instance, investigators found that men attracted to authoritarianism are more likely than most to scribble obscene graffiti on bathroom walls but are no more likely than others to watch "All in the Family."

Not all the research has been so frivolous. It has included such elegant, if frightening, experiments as those by Stanley Milgram at Yale in the 1960s; they led to his famous book, *Obedience to Authority*. Milgram found that all sorts of people were willing to administer what they thought were strong electric shocks to other human beings simply because an experimenter had ordered them to do it. His results indicated that the Gestapo mentality which produced the Nazi death camps may be a more prevalent personality type than anyone had thought, and revealed that many of us are all too willing to hand over our autonomy to anyone who claims to be an authority.

While authoritarianism is still a controversial topic within the psychological world, there is a large body of research which suggests that we can isolate those people with an authoritarian cast of mind and predict who will act in an authoritarian way. This

psychograph is based on that research.

PART I

Each statement below is followed by a scale that looks like this:

a b c d e

Each letter represents a measure of how strongly you agree or disagree with the statement: a stands for "strongly agree"; b: "agree"; c: "no opinion"; d: "disagree"; e: "strongly disagree."

Circle the letter that most accurately reflects your feelings about the statement.

1. If people would talk less and work more, everybody would be better off.

a b c d e

2. An insult to one's honor should always be avenged.

a b c d e

3. The artist and the teacher are more important to society than the businessman and the manufacturer.

a b c d e

4. Human nature being what it is, there will always be war and conflict.

a b c d e

5. Homosexuality shouldn't be regarded as a crime.

a b c d e

6. Science will eventually be able to explain all mysteries.

a b c d e

7. If we have enough willpower, no weakness or difficulty can hold us back.

a b c d e

8. Most people don't realize how much our lives are controlled by plots hatched in secret places.

a b c d e

9. Familiarity breeds contempt.

a b c d e

10. The ideas of rebellious young people can force society to examine itself and promote change for the better.

a b c d e

11. No normal, decent person would ever think of hurting a friend or relative.

a b c d e

12. Nobody ever learned anything really important except through suffering.

a b c d e

13. Young people should be free to question everything even if it turns out not to be in the best interests of themselves, their families, or their country.

a b c d e

14. Science may not realize it yet, but astrology can explain a lot of our lives.

a b c d e

15. You can be a good person even if you don't feel great love, gratitude, and respect for your parents.

a b c d e

16. Most of our serious social problems would be solved if only we could get rid of the immoral, crooked, and feeble-minded people.

a b c d e

17. Sex crimes, such as rape and attacks on children, deserve more than imprisonment; such criminals ought to be publicly whipped or worse.

a b c d e

18. It's good to rub elbows with all sorts of people, even if they are socially beneath you.

a b c d e

19. What this country needs is a few courageous, tireless, devoted leaders in whom the people can put their trust.

a b c d e

20. People can be divided into two classes: the weak and the strong.

a b c d e

PART II

Each question below is followed by a scale that looks like this:

a b c

Circle the a if you would answer "yes" to the question. Circle the b if you would answer the question with a "sometimes yes, sometimes no," or "fifty-fifty," or "I'm not really sure." Circle the c if you would answer "no" to the question.

1. Is it important to you to always have your own way?

a b c

2. Do you tend to stick to a daily routine?

a b c

3. Would you say that two opposing points of view can be equally valid?

a b c

4. Are you often critical of the way other people lead their lives?

a b c

5. Do you give in to other people rather easily?

a b c

6. Would you prefer to be a worker rather than a manager?

a b c

7. Are you a fast driver?
a b c
8. Were you close to your father when you were a child?
a b c
9. Was the punishment you received as a child usually fairly mild?
a b c
10. Do you dominate the conversation?
a b c
11. Do you like to be waited on?
a b c
12. Do you let your wife or lover have her own way most of the time?
a b c
13. Do you like standing out from the crowd?
a b c
14. If you are told to take charge of a situation, does it make you uncomfortable?
a b c
15. Do you like people to express themselves in a clear and definite manner?
a b c
16. Does incompetence irritate you?
a b c
17. Do you like to make your own decisions?
a b c
18. If you had to choose, would you prefer to give a lecture rather than hear one?
a b c
19. Do you dislike telling others what to do?
a b c
20. Do you accept advice from people?
a b c

SCORING

Every possible answer has been assigned a point value, as follows:

- PART I**
1. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
 2. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
 3. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4, e-5
 4. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
 5. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4, e-5
 6. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4, e-5
 7. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
 8. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
 9. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
 10. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4, e-5
 11. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
 12. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
 13. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4, e-5

14. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
15. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4, e-5
16. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
17. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
18. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4, e-5
19. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
20. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1

PART II

1. a-3, b-2, c-1
2. a-3, b-2, c-1
3. a-1, b-2, c-3
4. a-3, b-2, c-1
5. a-1, b-2, c-3
6. a-1, b-2, c-3
7. a-3, b-2, c-1
8. a-1, b-2, c-3
9. a-3, b-2, c-1
10. a-3, b-2, c-1
11. a-3, b-2, c-1
12. a-1, b-2, c-3
13. a-3, b-2, c-1
14. a-1, b-2, c-3
15. a-3, b-2, c-1
16. a-3, b-2, c-1
17. a-3, b-2, c-1
18. a-3, b-2, c-1
19. a-1, b-2, c-3
20. a-3, b-2, c-1

Add up the point values of the answers you chose and find your score for each part of the psychograph.

INTERPRETING YOUR SCORES

Part I of this psychograph measured your attitudes toward authority. Part II tested your tendency to behave in an authoritarian manner. It is necessary to make this distinction, because people's beliefs and actions do not always coincide. It would be logical to assume that a man who held strong authoritarian attitudes would act in an authoritarian way. However, researchers have found that this is not always the case.

PART I: ATTITUDES

If you scored 75–100 points:

Chances are that you hold a dogmatic, black-and-white view of the world. Your political beliefs are likely to be at the far ends of the spectrum, either at the Right or Left. You may not be a good decision maker. It isn't that you have trouble making decisions. On the contrary, you often make them too quickly and rely on the wrong information. When you buy a major item, like a stereo, you are not likely to shop around and compare values. You are often convinced that one brand is much better than another, even though you may have no real technical knowledge to justify your opinion. When you judge information, you are more concerned that its source be "an authority" than you are in examining the facts themselves.

46–74 points:

Your attitudes place you in the American mainstream. You believe that society would fall apart if we didn't have some rules; on the other hand, you're not averse to dissent and diversity as long as it "doesn't get out of hand." If you follow a religion, it is likely to be one of the "standard" denominations; too much hellfire and brimstone makes you nervous, but so does the free-and-easy morality espoused by some of the more "modern" sects. You admire balance in all things and wish that people would be more

tolerant and less doctrinaire in their thinking.

20–45 points:

You feel that rules are made to be broken. Tradition and rote behavior bore you. You like innovation, change, dissent. You feel that nothing should be taken on faith. Facts should always be examined, no matter how unimpeachable the "authority" that delivers them. People in this category consider themselves antiauthoritarians; yet there is evidence that most successful corporate managers score in this range. They are actually less authoritarian than lower-level managers who may lack the critical curiosity and independence of their betters. *Note:* If you scored in this category on Part I but landed in a higher category on Part II, you may be deceiving yourself. You may dislike authority, but in reality you may act in an authoritarian manner. This is a common example of actions not reflecting attitudes.

PART II: BEHAVIOR

If you scored 48 to 60 points:

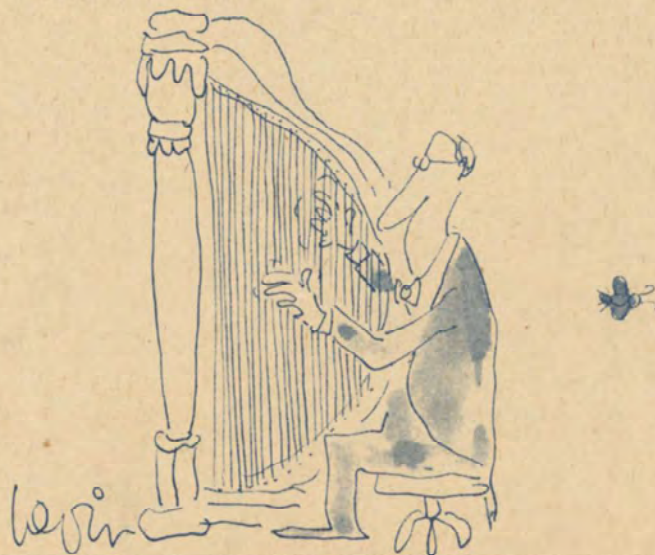
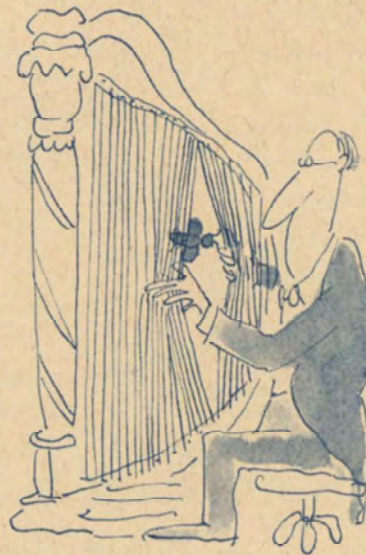
You may think of yourself as Mr. Nice Guy, but there are strong indications that your actions contradict your self-assessment. Chances are that people see you as aggressive and domineering—someone who doesn't mind hurting others. You may be a benevolent dictator or an enlightened despot, but no matter how humane your style, it doesn't camouflage the basic fact—you're a ball-buster. You submit to orders from those above you in order to maintain your own position; but when you're with your peers or subordinates, you can be hell on wheels.

33–47 points:

You are not averse to exercising authority when it's called for, but you try to be reasonable. You don't try to dominate every encounter, because you realize that in life you win some and you lose some. There's a good chance that others see you as fair and sensible: most people enjoy working with you. Your attitudes may be either strongly authoritarian or violently antiauthoritarian, but in practice you choose the middle road.

20–32 points:

You go your own way, and you don't give a damn who tells you to do otherwise. If someone gives you an order, your first and strongest impulse is to look for a way around it. You are probably a true free spirit. You view any authority with extreme suspicion; and if by some freak chance you are placed in a position where you're supposed to exercise authority, you break out in hives. Oddly enough, some people in this category have strong authoritarian opinions and score high on Part I of this psychograph. To hear them talk, you'd think that they're born-again members of the Bund, or the German General Staff, but—luckily for the rest of us—they don't put their ideas into action. 





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IN THE AUGUST FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

WOMEN TAKE CHARGE

More women are taking charge of their lovemaking these days than ever before. Are they overdoing it? As the equal-rights movement invades the bedroom, many men find themselves incapable of dealing with a new set of rules that they don't understand. Timothy Crowell examines the new bedroom rules.

MARRIED AND (STILL) FREE

If you're dragging marriage around like a ball and chain, think twice before heading for divorce court. You may just need a little room to breathe. West Coast Editor Helen Colton tells how she came to like her husband more after she took time to be alone.

I'M NOT LAUGHING AT YOU, I'M...

You may think that a sense of humor is a good way to bed someone down—and you're right. But once you get there, a little levity can also keep you relaxed and make the trip worthwhile. Mike ("Chuckles") Toohey shares his phenomenal success in getting women to laugh at him in bed.

THE FLICKERING FLAME OF DESIRE

Should a man (or a woman) be turned on all the time? Many people think so, but our bodies know better. There's a whole host of ailments that can deflate the libido, and Dr. Judith Steinhart explains why a temporary loss of sexual desire isn't the end of the world.

GONNA PUT IT IN THE WANT ADS

What kind of woman advertises for a man? The kind that's looking for excitement. *Forum* author Valerie Tanner tried it and was not disappointed: "If you see it as an adventure, you can be treated to some very good times."

TELEVISION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

During the next five years, says Bache Halsey analyst Anthony Hoffman, the independents "will have more opportunities to swell their audience than ever before." He foresees that they will make gains of from 30 to 40 percent in their share of the audience, making them much more attractive to national advertisers. In the next two years top-rated series, such as "Happy Days," "All in The Family," "Barney Miller," and "M*A*S*H," will become available. "A good independent can now outbid the network affiliates for that kind of program, a program with a proven audience, and really stick it to the affiliates."

Hoffman doubts, however, that the independents will do much in developing first-run series, since it is much easier to let the commercial networks bear the cost and the worries. The trend, he feels, will be toward more first-run mini-series, since they can be promoted as events and don't suffer from the vagaries of new series where one doesn't know whether it's the series itself or the time slot that's causing those awful ratings. Adds Hoffman, "Over the next five years there will be a 5 to 10 percent loss in the share of audience for the average network affiliate to the local independent."

The networks are also feeling the heat from two new consumer products, the video cassette recorder (VCR) and the video disc, which change the nature of television viewing, turning us into our own programmers and severing our dependence on the networks for entertainment. They not only allow us to ignore network schedules because we can watch when we want to as often as we like but also circumvent them through prerecorded cassettes and discs. Since viewing time is finite—after all, there are only so many hours of the day we're going to sit there glued to the tube—every hour spent in watching a disc or a prerecorded cassette is an hour not spent in watching the commercial networks.

While the VCR is still a big-ticket item, at least twice the price of a color set—introduced by Sony three years ago at \$1,300, they now can be bought for as low as \$500—it offers us not only the opportunity to record and play back a program we're watching but also the ability to record programs when we are either not there or watching something else. In addition, with the purchase of a color camera, now retailing for around \$900, we are able to create our own instant programming, and at a cost considerably cheaper than that of home movies.

The VCR frees us from staying up until two in the morning to watch Tom Snyder skewer guests on "Tomorrow" or sacrificing "Monday Night Football" or worrying about getting home in time to catch Uncle Walter. We don't have to watch those tendentious commercials, either; nor, by the same token, do we have to watch the pedestrian pro-

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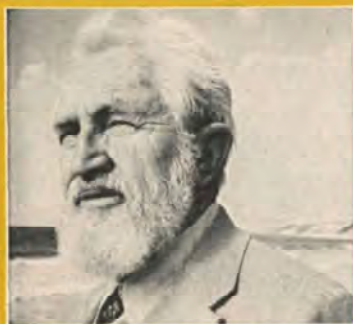
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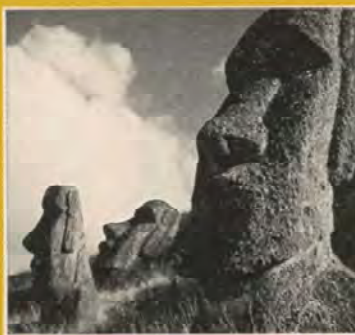
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BALLOONS



LAZARUS LONG



GREEN MEN

WHITE DWARFS AND LITTLE GREEN MEN—Carl Sagan examines the fashionable panoply of "ancient astronaut" theories espoused by pop archaeologist Von Däniken and others. Referring to Easter Island, the plains of Nazca, and similar "alien-visitation" sites, the astronomer concludes that "none of these cases provides even moderately convincing evidence of extraterrestrial contact." The one baffling exception is the remarkable mythology of the Dogon people of Mali. This primitive tribe seems to possess astronomical information that could only have been gathered through sophisticated optical telescopes. Can this paradox be traced to extraterrestrial visitations? Sagan offers some intriguing clues in the August *Omni*.

THE NOTEBOOKS OF LAZARUS LONG—Robert A. Heinlein's memorable character Lazarus Long has appeared in two novels, the more recent being *Time Enough for Love*. The wit and wisdom of this colorful hero—sage, explorer, lover, and the world's longest-lived man—provide the basis for a stunning pictorial.

BALLOONS—The slowest, cheapest, and most beautiful way to fly is turning out to be both popular and practical. While a rapidly growing number of amateur pilots are buying hot-air balloons for sport, engineers are looking at lighter-than-air craft for roles ranging from heavy-lift cargo vehicles to atmospheric probes on distant planets. In the next *Omni* a provocative pictorial enables balloonist Nick Engle to profile what could become the next revolution in flight; photography by Simon Bastel.

VAN GUARD—*Omni* reports on the spectacular *Vagabond* planetary probe, whose findings promise to revolutionize cosmology. Scientists expected little from the mission after its budget was cut to only \$199,999.99. Only an imaginative decision made by Dr. Ozmo Zdilmidgi, project director at U.S. Thought Propulsion Laboratories, to subcontract "Van's" construction to a southern California custom shop saved the orbiter, and with it such unprecedented revelations as the existence of yeast, mixed drinks, and the potent isotope chili-235, on the third planet from our sun.

INTERVIEW/JOHN ISAACS—Meet one of the world's foremost oceanographers in this exclusive interview. Isaacs, director of the Scripps Institute for Marine Resources, is a self-proclaimed *ameliorist*—someone who believes that problems are solvable if we do something about them. Among his ideas: towing icebergs north for fresh water and pumping nutrients into the oceans to make them more productive. Enjoy a frank conversation with this radical oceanographer in the August *Omni*.

programming between the commercials. If the game gets dull, we can speed ahead to the action or study a controversial play over and over.

We can also buy preprogrammed cassettes of everything from old movies to cooking lessons. Twentieth Century-Fox's subsidiary, Magnetic Video, offers more than 100 different films on tape, everything from *Patton* to *The Grapes of Wrath*, at hefty prices ranging from \$50 to \$70 and so far seems to have no problem moving them at a healthy clip of 34,000 a month, even though there are slightly over half a million VCR homes. Indeed, Hollywood filmmakers figure that there will be enough of a market to make films just for cassettes when there are a million VCRs in consumer hands.

But chances are that the filmmakers will never bother with the VCR cassette market, because by that time there will be half again as many video disc players sold, providing an entertainment alternative to both commercial network television and cable—pay cable. There are two types of video disc systems: the optical laser, which Philips and MCA introduced late last year, and the capacitance, which RCA will introduce next year.

While RCA's system has some drawbacks, with a player retailing for \$400, it is considerably cheaper than the MCA-Philips system. Using a system similar to audio records, the RCA disc is vulnerable to scratches and grime, and the quality of sound and picture starts to deteriorate after several hundred plays. Also, the stylus needs to be replaced after 300 hours, at a cost of about twenty dollars. The MCA-Philips system, on the other hand, uses a laser that never physically contacts the disc; thus there is no deterioration in either sound or picture quality.

The MCA-Philips player is also more versatile, with an instantaneous freeze-frame, reverse, or slow-motion capability, features that are especially valuable for instructional discs where learning technique is crucial, whether for playing tennis or dicing vegetables, performing microsurgery or replicating complicated experiments. In addition, one can call up any of 54,000 frames per half-hour side within fifteen seconds. RCA discs ran an hour per side, and its player allows quick access to any segment. Eventually, players will have the same recording capability as VCRs.

Still, there is some question whether there is enough programming available to make it a mass-consumer item. "If the software isn't there, it won't make any difference," says Wood. Another former president of CBS-TV, Bob Wussler, notes that the networks have been struggling with the same problem for years. "The networks want to put on good programs, but they're human beings, and they make a lot of mistakes. It's tough to come up with a good half-hour program and be able to put it together."

Of course, MCA doesn't need sales in the millions of each title in order to suc-

ceed. Indeed, the disc is so inexpensive—it costs roughly twice what an LP does to manufacture and market—that runs of as low as 10,000, says MCA vice-president Norman Glenn, would be profitable, which means that the programming can be as wide-ranging and varied as audio records and paperbacks. And then there is a potential backlist of old movies, instructional films, and television shows numbering in the tens of thousands, ranging from "Camera Three" to "Chief Crazy Horse," "Dance in America" to "Gunsmoke."

Nor can one discount the attraction of repeat play. Consider television critic Marvin Kitman, who took home a tape of a Home Box Office special, "Rock 'n' Roll Reunion," featuring such stalwarts as Little Anthony and the ever energetic Jerry Lee Lewis. Feeling down after a seventy-five-minute high, he realized that he could play it again and again and again. Wrote Kitman, the Alan Freed of Long Island: "To be able to play and have an experience again and again, the pure experience, without having to sit through all the boring interruptions, the commercials, all the junk we put up with, tolerate, for the pure gold—that's what I call being rich."

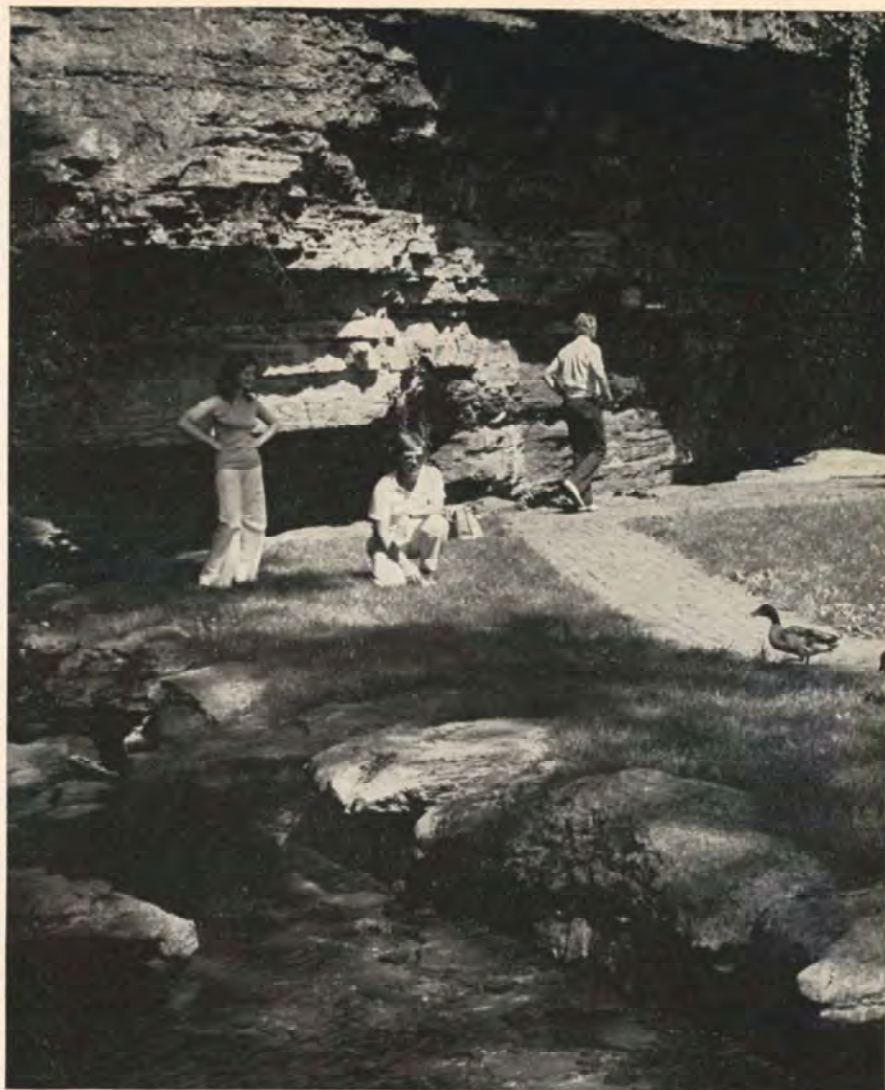
By 1985, when cable will be readily available to roughly two-thirds of the country, we should have at least a glimmer of where this video revolution is taking us. While the number of television homes will increase by 13.5 percent, pay-cable homes will grow by a staggering 300 percent to 10 million (Stanford Research Institute is even more bullish than most experts about pay cable's prospects, projecting nearly 15 million). As for VCRs and video disc players, there should be more than 2 million of the former and 10.6 million of the latter in consumer hands.

And the commercial networks? Will they go the way of the mass-circulation magazines, those overpriced dinosaurs that collapsed under the crushing weight of trying to preserve the huge circulations they thought so essential to survival?

Although the commercial networks' combined share of the audience will decline, the expected increase in population will probably give them viewing levels similar to those reported now. There will be, after all, 75 million homes not getting pay cable. Nor will those with pay cable and/or VCRs and/or video disc players necessarily suddenly stop watching NBC, ABC, and CBS. For example, the average Home Box Office subscriber at present watches just over two hours of pay cable a week. Nevertheless, chances are that viewers having cable will tend to be much more selective.

Fortunately for the networks, they are not confronted with the awesome competition that those once-dominant magazines faced, television, and there should be more than enough advertisers around willing to use them, since no other media will even come close to the audiences they can attract. True, the video revolution will skim off the cream, the advertisers and products

CONTINUED ON PAGE 170



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ULTIMATE TRIUMPH

The new eight-cylinder
Triumph TR8 delivers the kind of
performance that we
haven't seen since the muscle cars
of the late sixties.

BY WADE HOYT



Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear when the air was clean, sex was dirty, and cars had balls. You can take the trip in a Triumph TR8—a V-8 version of Triumph's stubby, wedge-shaped TR7 sports car.

Although a V-8 Triumph has been expected for well over a year now, the actual development of the TR8 has suffered as many setbacks and pitfalls as an Agatha Christie plot. First, British Leyland, the conglomerate that builds many of England's best-known sports cars, got into some serious financial difficulties. It was reorganized as BL, Ltd., under the directorship of Michael C. G. Edwardes, a diminutive South African with a George Jessel haircut and a reputation for tough-mindedness in dealing with Britain's chronic labor problems. Edwardes took one look at the quality and cost of the four-cylinder TR7's coming out of BL's Liverpool plant and closed the place down. For eight months, while machinery was being transferred to another factory in Coventry, there were no TR7's to be had by frustrated Triumph aficionados.

But the gnomes of Nottingham were not idle during this period. They developed a convertible version of the TR7 and managed to shoehorn a three-and-one-half-liter aluminum V-8 under the Triumph's sloping hood. The new Coventry Triumphs are vastly superior in quality to any vehicle that has borne the Triumph nameplate in the last decade.

When the TR7 was first introduced in 1975, it was one of the few wedge-shaped cars that didn't have its engine behind the driver. Although it has now spawned a small crowd of imitators, it is still a striking design that turns heads on the highway. This styling is virtually unchanged on the TR8.

The TR8's engine has traveled a path even more convoluted than that of the car it now propels. Originally designed by Buick in the late 1950s, it was used in Olds, Pontiac, and Buick compact cars in the early 1960s. Within a few years GM decided that the American public wasn't ready for aluminum V-8's, but not before Oldsmobile had developed a turbocharged version of the engine, which was capable of producing a healthy 215 horsepower.

Eventually, tooling for the V-8 was sold to Rover, in England, which used it in everything from top-of-the-line luxury sedans to the four-wheel-drive Range Rover. The Rover division of BL has kept this engine to itself until now, although one small specialist factory has made a nice business of dropping the aluminum V-8's into MGs—yet another BL product.

Snuggled under the hood of the TR8, the venerable engine is a quaint Anglo-American conglomeration. What you can see of it beneath the wires and hoses looks very much like an American V-8, but it is topped by two veddy British Zenith side-draft carburetors, with a pair of remotely mounted air cleaners draped over the sides. Horsepower is a tame-sounding 133 at 5,000 rpm, but the torque is a

prodigious 240 ft lb at 3,000 rpm. Coupled to a five-speed manual transmission in a car weighing 2,588 lbs., this V-8 delivers the kind of performance that hasn't been experienced since the "muscle car" era of the late 1960s.

The TR8 has a deceiving dual personality. Thumping around town on its firm suspension or stuck in traffic, it's not terribly impressive. But as soon as you see a little daylight and stuff your right foot into it, the TR8 takes off like a scared cat. The steering gets quick and nervous in the best sports car tradition. The gearshift is fast, crisp, and accurate—a perfect complement to the

powerful engine and responsive handling. Suddenly, you find yourself driving an instant race car, blasting through traffic or screaming around country roads. Plunging along a winding road in the TR8 is the closest you can come to piloting a fighter plane without leaving the ground. Its engine doesn't rumble or roar but has a far-off, turbine-like whine, which is appropriate to the smooth manner in which it pumps out the torque.

Suspension is by MacPherson struts in front and a live axle with coil springs in the rear. Antisway bars are filled to both ends, resulting in extremely flat cornering. The ride is taut without being harsh. It does get a bit jouncy on rough roads, but nothing like the old-school British roadsters that could blur your vision and rattle your fillings over broken pavement. The rigid, rattle-free unit body construction helps to reduce the psychological impact of rough roads, too.

A lot of racing experience has gone into the little details that make driving fast in the TR8 such a pleasure. The power-assisted rack-and-pinion steering is quick but not numb. There's plenty of feedback from the road to let you know what the European steel-belted Goodyear Grand Prix radials are up to. The bucket seats are deeply contoured, holding you firmly in place. The center console is thickly padded just where your knee gets pressed against it in hard turns. And there's a "dead pedal" to the left of the clutch to brace your other foot when the adrenaline starts pumping.

Climbing into the cockpit, you get the familiar Triumph sensation of having just fallen into a hole. But it's a cozy hole, well designed for enthusiastic driving. One drawback is that you cannot see the front corners of the car unless the retractable headlights are raised. But once you get used to this eerie sensation, it's no more bother than walking around without looking at your feet.

Fifth gear is an overdrive ratio that, coupled with the long-legged 3.08:1 final drive ratio, results in EPA fuel economy figures of twenty-five miles per gallon on the highway and fifteen miles per gallon in the city. With a sticker price of between \$9,000 and \$10,000 and options like a three-speed automatic transmission, air conditioning, and a selection of stereo sound systems, the TR8 is one British sports car that's far from Spartan. It's been a long wait for the TR8, but the result is worth it. 





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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 167

It is significant that both ABC and CBS have diversified heavily in recent years. ABC has been expanding its publishing empire with recent acquisitions of the ad-fat *Los Angeles Magazine* and a group of farm publications. It also owns several theme parks. A quarter of CBS's income comes from CBS Records, the largest record company in the world. Among its publishing properties are *Woman's Day*, *Field &*



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Stream, Road & Track, Fawcett, and Popular Library. And then there's Steinway pianos, Fender guitars, and the Pacific Stereo chain. As for NBC, it's owned by RCA, which is heavily involved in VCRs and the video disc. In fact, the man Fred Silverman bumped as president of NBC is now in charge of developing programming for the video disc market. Says cable entrepreneur Irving Kahn, "The networks will struggle, fight, adapt, survive."

The networks at present, while using the satellite for news and sports remotes and for relaying programming between the coasts, have no immediate plans to feed their affiliates by satellite instead of leased land lines from the telephone company. Partly the reason is that there really isn't enough satellite capacity now to handle the complicated network feeds, especially on weekends when sporting events might require as many as eight different regional feeds on one network at one time. But another reason suggested is that the hold the networks have on earth-station-equipped affiliates is much less, since they could just as easily pre-empt network programming for something supplied by, say, Operation Prime Time, in effect becoming a quasi independent station.

Of course, there is another factor, government regulation, "Left to themselves, the broadcasting industry and the technologists would come to various accommodations," says executive Dick Wald, former president of NBC News and now senior vice-president of ABC News.

"The people in broadcasting are very smart, and they know what they're doing in general. When challenged by a new technology... they will figure out how to adapt their businesses and... futures to what the technology is...."

"However, it doesn't work that way. What happens next is that Congress sets rules, the FCC sets rules, and the way the rules are set will shape the way the business looks. I don't know how the rules are going to be set, and I don't think anybody else does." Only one thing is clear, "When technology changes, the people who make the rules have greater power."

In any event, most observers feel that network programming will have to change and go to its strength: news, sports, live entertainment. The fast-changing electronic technology will make news more economical to produce, suggests Wald, who foresees some stations going all news. Last summer KNXT, the CBS-owned-and-operated Los Angeles station, began a two-and-a-half-hour news, the longest daily live broadcast in the country, and immediately experienced a jump in the ratings. Says KNXT news director Jay Feldman, "If we do this really well, our reward is to do three and a half hours of news."

More important, though, is not whether the major commercial networks survive or in what form, but rather what we will see. Warns producer Shenberg: "The new television is going to be network television in drag unless they try to be different."

So far pay cable has resisted the pressure of protest groups to tone down programming that they feel is not fit for home consumption because of language, violence, or sexual innuendoes. But will there come a time when it becomes too big to resist and experiment? "As pay cable grows, it will have many of the same growing pains as over-the-air commercial television has," says Wussler. "You never get away from the overall question of circulation. You can get away from it for a certain amount of time, but then?"

Bob Wood feels a multi-tier system, with pay cable and video disc skimming the cream with better programming and solid attractions (such as the Super Bowl and the World Series), leaving the networks to provide the rest, would rob the networks of the strengths they have today. "As a consequence, they won't be able to compete. That's a hell of a price to pay. Who will do the documentaries, cover the primaries, the elections, the space shots? Will the new systems be more daring, more adventurous?" He tends to doubt it. We'll soon find that the things that work on the new systems, he says, are the very same ones that worked on the network, and the things that didn't work then won't work now.

The real question, then, is, Will the video revolution produce just more of the same, or will we see something new, taking advantage of what's possible, expanding our vision, opening our eyes? 

YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT

And don't blame us if you look like a jelly doughnut.

Maintaining a healthy diet is really not so complicated as it sounds. Basically, in order to stay healthy, you need milk products, meat or a meat substitute, vegetables, fruits, breads, and cereals. You need a certain amount of protein, fat, and carbohydrates (found in sugars and starches); these are the elements of food that furnish heat and energy to the body. Moderation is the key to proper eating habits. Here are some guidelines that will help you maintain a healthy diet.

- Vary your diet. Eating a variety of foods will help ensure that you obtain the necessary vitamins and nutrients.

- Don't overeat. Your digestive tract has to work overtime in order to make up for your overzealousness, and your body uses the food less efficiently.

- Although a few additives are sometimes necessary, avoid foods containing long lists of preservatives and other chemicals. Your body has to do a major sorting-out process in order to discriminate between the useful and the useless. Don't burden it with useless extras.

- Cut down on salt. Excess salt is related to high blood pressure and heart and kidney failure. The taste for salt is acquired; break the habit by substituting herbs, such as dill and basil, or by seasoning with pepper, onions, and so on.

- Eat less sugar. Sugar in any form (raw, refined, or honey) supplies the body with glucose. It can also be obtained from foods that supply other nutrients as well (most fruits and starches supply glucose) and is also derived from your protein intake.

- Be discriminating about the *kind* of fat you eat. Your body needs *some* fat in order to obtain fat-soluble vitamins and to aid in digestion. However, saturated fats may cause an insufficient flow of blood to your heart and may increase the possibility of heart attack. The troublemakers are whole milk, cream, eggs, butter, lard, hydrogenated fats, cheeses, and shellfish. Good kinds of fat are oils derived from corn, peanuts, safflowers, sunflowers, wheat germ, soybeans; and margarine made without hydrogenated fat.

- Eat more fresh fish, chicken, turkey, and veal and less red meat and shellfish.

Vitamins and minerals

All of the vitamins and minerals that you need are in food. The problem is that some of us fall into eating routines—having the same breakfast, the same lunch, day in and day out—and may not eat foods that give us all the vitamins and minerals that we



need. If you feel that you are not getting enough vitamins and minerals, you should buy a multivitamin supplement. However, vitamin tablets will not replace your need for food. Many nutrients and trace elements that the body requires are not present in supplements.

How many vitamins and minerals you need depends on your diet, your metabolism, and your overall health. Serious vitamin deficiencies are rare. And it would take more than a year of a severely depleted diet for such a deficiency to be recognizable. Consult your doctor if you are uncertain whether you have a vitamin deficiency. You may prefer

to follow the latest vitamin theory, but since overdoses can be harmful, it's more practical to get the advice of an expert.

Vitamin dos and don'ts

- Do take vitamins and food together. It's more efficient.
- Do take vitamin C if you smoke. Each cigarette destroys 25 milligrams of vitamin C.
- Don't take vitamin E and iron simultaneously. Most iron salts destroy vitamin E. If you take both, swallow one in the morning and one in the afternoon.
- Don't waste your money on separate vitamin B₁₂. Get all of the B vitamins together in a proper balance in a pill that supplies all of the B complex.
- Don't diagnose your own vitamin-deficiency problems. Dry, itchy skin probably means that you're allergic to the soap you're using; it does not mean that you need vitamin A.

Megavitamins

Massive doses of common vitamins are used in megavitamin therapy, a treatment for mental and physical disorders. Megavitamin therapy (also called orthomolecular medicine) is a new, controversial type of medical approach, formulated by the biochemist and Nobel Prize-winner Linus Pauling. However, megavitamin therapy is not designed for home experimentation. Popping large quantities of vitamins may do more harm than good; for example, an overdose of vitamin D may cause liver and kidney damage and, in rare cases, may be fatal. If fat-soluble vitamins (A, D, E) start to build up in your system, deposits of calcium may accumulate in your blood and cause high blood pressure, kidney disorders, or muscle weakness.

If you think that you need massive doses of vitamins for therapeutic reasons, consult a doctor who specializes in preventive medicine. Don't experiment on your own. 



For "where to buy" information on fashion shown on pages 126-129, contact these manufacturers and stores.

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Marshall Field, Chicago, Ill.
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Battelstein's, Houston, Tex.
Bamberger's, all New Jersey stores
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Macy's, San Francisco, Calif.
Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N.Y.

TERRORISM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

to ask one's attackers for a jump start. Both batteries are surrounded with Kevlar. The engine compartment is not armored. One wall of the showroom is covered with photographs of nonarmored cars shot up in terrorist incidents to demonstrate to the prospective purchaser that attackers do not waste bullets on the engine. The batteries are armored, because they may blow up if hit by a stray bullet. Ditto the fuel tank, which is wrapped in thirty-ply nylon batting. The Michelin steel-belted radial is recommended because it will stay on the rim if punctured by a stray bullet. Terrorists, it is explained, do not shoot at tires. They shoot at rich people.

Options include dual reinforced ram bumpers, for use if push comes to shove; holsters for pistols underneath the front seats; a rack for a shotgun concealed by a flap in front of the backseat; a radio-actuated remote starter so that if a bomb has been rigged to the vehicle's electrical system, it goes off at the expense of the principal's auto insurance company rather than that of his life insurance company; and a two-way, thirty-five-watt VHF radio. I have two favorites. One is a combination public address system and siren which, when switched to YELP, pushes the button in attackers' heads that says *policia*, causing them to reconsider the advisability of their mission and, perhaps, lose sphincter control. Last but not most, there is a "deterrent system" consisting of canisters of tear gas inside each fender with nozzles covered by what appear to be innocent reflectors. The driver can set them off by using a control panel under the steering wheel. The reflectors blow off, and the attackers begin to weep, if not at their misdeeds, then at their poor judgment—\$1,900 the four and cheap at the price.

When armoring is completed, the headliner, carpeting, and upholstery are reinstalled and the exterior is painted. It is a bit of a shock to see a Chevy Caprice emerge from the paint booth, looking relaxed, refreshed, and substantially identical to one that has just arrived from GM and hasn't been touched. When the doors are closed, the only exterior indication that the car is now a rolling fortress is its door windows, which upon careful inspection can be seen to be flat, because of the extreme expense of curved BR glazing. When a door is open, a bystander may be able to tell that the car is armored because of the thickness of its door windows. This is not undesirable since, while the principal is best advised not to attract attention to himself, if he is being closely scrutinized it is perhaps best for the scrutinizer to realize that his intended victim will not be an easy target. Then it is likely that the scrutinizer will go to scrutinize someone else, and the car will have served its basic purpose, which is deterrent rather than protective. I.S.G. sold 200 vehicles in 1978. None of the I.S.G.

vehicles has been attacked.

Purchasers of I.S.G. vehicles are advised to take the company's three-day course in "evasive driving." There is no point in buying a \$40,000 armored vehicle and then having its beautiful new paint job ruined by driving it right into a terrorist ambush. I.S.G.'s chief instructor is Abe Flores. Recently retired as the pursuit driving instructor at the San Antonio police academy, he is well qualified to teach principals and their drivers to evade pursuit. Flores runs me fifty miles out of San Antonio to a sleepy airfield, where the course is given. By the side of the runway is a collection of World War II military aircraft, P-51s, and P-38s with snarling mouths painted on them, a battered B-26 creaking in the wind. At the other end of the strip a technician is testing tires for Ford by driving around and around in the tightest of circles. In between is the shop where I.S.G. works on its two training cars with beefed-up suspensions and roll bars and a well-appointed trailer that serves as office, classroom, lavatory, lunchroom, and recuperation center for principals and chauffeurs suffering from the stress Flores warns me I am about to experience.

There are two preferred methods of attack. In one the principal's car is overtaken by one of the attackers' vehicles, which passes it, drops in front of it, and blocks its path as a second car pulls alongside the left side of the principal's car and opens fire. In the second method the principal's car is confronted by a stationary roadblock—what appears to be, say, a collision between a car and a truck, next to which one attacker masquerades as a distraught housewife and another argues with her in the role of the irate truck driver.

Some principals take the course alone. One came with eighteen bodyguards. Others who never drive themselves send their chauffeurs. In the classroom Flores tells them to pick out three routes to each usual destination, to be alternated at random so that attackers will not be able to plan their strike. The driver should analyze each route as if he were an attacker conning the best places for a cutoff or a blockade. He should then plan what action he would take if he were attacked anywhere along each route and practice the maneuvers on the spot. He is warned against parking so that he would have to back out of a space, against pausing at driveway entrances while gates are opened. "You better be ready if you want to save your own life," Flores tells chauffeurs. "Your boss they'll want alive, but they don't care about you. In fact, you're a witness. They're better off shooting you in the head a few times so your memory won't be so good."

"We do a night problem where we set up a barricade and chase the chauffeur toward it with a pursuit vehicle. It's pitch black out here, and he can't see the barricade until he's almost up to it. I'm sitting in the back. When the driver slows down to see what he's up against, I start yelling at him in Spanish like I'm his boss. 'What are

you waiting for, you stupid idiot! We're being followed. Keep on going—you can drive around it. Come on, what are you waiting for? They'll catch us. Get moving, or you're through working for me... That's it—you're fired, you moron! The guy gets so flustered that he stops, and the men who are playing the attackers run out from behind the barricade and hit the car with their hands. I tell the driver that if they touch the car, he's a corpse. I tell him he should have done a 180 and peeled out in the other direction, no matter what I was saying to him. In a situation like that, your boss is going to be screaming orders at you, but you've got to ignore what he's telling you and do what you've been taught."

The course goes from high-speed driving to 180-degree turns to simulate pursuit and blockade in daylight and darkness. I am taught that one-hand and hand-over-hand driving are luxuries I cannot afford if I am too wealthy. Wearing a crash helmet and a harness, I am shown how to negotiate tight figure eights at high speed without ever letting go of the wheel, passing it instead from hand to hand. I am taught to make hairpin turns without drift or skid from eighty-five miles per hour on the straight-away.

The goal of the attacker is to force the principal's car to a standstill. "If you stop, you're dead," Flores tells his pupils. There are two ways to avoid having to stop. One is to keep going. I take it on faith when Flores tells me that he shows students how to drive off the pavement at sixty mph across the pasture that surrounds the airport. The other is to turn in the opposite direction. The old three-point driver's-ed turn is likely to land you in a windowless room where you'll be told that it's nothing against you personally; it's just that you're a class enemy.

I am taught two more dramatic methods of going back where I came from. First, the "forward 180," known in the trade as the California Bootleg, named for its originators, the West Coast Cutty Sark distributors of the 1920s. Speedometer to forty-five, hit the emergency brake, immediate violent quarter-turn of the steering wheel, car fishtails all the way around, smell of burning rubber, 180 degrees, release emergency brake, accelerate. I try it again, again, again, until I get it right. Does it to you in the ribs. Only hurts when I laugh.

Then the "reverse 180." I drive up to the imaginary barricade. The imaginary housewife reaches into her imaginary handbag and pulls out an imaginary Russian-designed Polish Makarov pistol and aims it at my pineal gland. Brake to a skidless stop by palpitating the brake pedal rapidly to keep it from locking. Wait till nose of car stops dipping so that rear-wheel traction is regained. Shift into reverse, left hand at nine o'clock, right hand at three, straight back until it feels like forty-five (speedometers don't work in reverse.) Cross left hand over to five o'clock, turn violently back to five o'clock, slam the gear selector into drive, floor it. Practice this in (empty!) shopping mall parking lots

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all day long, and you'll be ready to hit the Ben-Gay. However, it gives you less of a charley-horse than taking a clip of 7.62mm Nato in the upper thorax. I empathize with upper-class Hispanic females with sensitive busts doing 180s in a harness from dawn to dusk. Ai Pancho! Ai Cisco! As Flores and I head back to San Antonio through the Texas twilight, we agree that it is a pleasure commonly experienced but seldom savored to be able to go to sleep not worrying whether one of your bodyguards is scheming to betray you. On the highway Abe Flores drives with one hand.

I.S.G. does not recommend that the principal and his guards try to shoot it out with attackers. The company offers a four-and-a-half-day weapons course, in which 1,400 rounds are shot so that clients will be prepared should there be no choice. The principal and his wife, family, and bodyguards are trained on a variety of small arms, including the Remington 870 twelve-gauge shotgun, good because aim is not critical; the Heckler & Koch Models 91 and 93, 7.62mm and 5.56mm, respectively, rifles of German manufacture, which achieve muzzle velocities near 3,000 feet per second—that is, faster than a speeding bullet; the .45 caliber Thompson Model 1928, i.e., the tommy gun, still an effective means of making people fall down; the Colt Government Model automatic pistol in .38 and Commander in .45 cal.; the 9mm Browning Hi-Power Model P-35 automatic pistol; and the 9mm Smith & Wesson Model 59 automatic pistol. My favorite is the Ingram M-10 machine pistol, less than an inch longer than the Colt .38. The nasty gray little Ingram has a pull-out stock, shoots 1,000 .45 cal. rounds a minute in thirty-round clips. "It gets people to scatter," I am told. Running a close second is the aptly named Universal Enforcer, a cut-down carbine the size of a flintlock pistol that fires the devastating .30-cal. M-1 cartridge.

Clients are given a classroom course in firearms safety and technique by Richard Stengel, a San Antonio Police Department ballistics expert who sounds like a country preacher and looks as if he ought to be on a billboard, lighting a Marlboro. He is one of the few I.S.G. personnel who is not fluent in Spanish; so his instruction to clients receives a simultaneous translation. He emphasizes the value of dry firing. "The way to shoot without flinching is to shoot the loaded gun exactly as if it weren't loaded." Check that the cylinder of the Smith & Wesson .38 revolver is empty. Turn the wrists out to lock the elbows. Bend backwards at the waist. Grip the pistol with both hands. Curl the trigger finger so that its tip comes to rest against the rear of the trigger guard as the gun is fired. Lean slightly forward on the balls of the feet. Take a deep breath out, lowering the barrel, another part, another, hold. Tell your finger to start pulling the trigger slowly and smoothly. Once the trigger is moving, switch to establishing the correct sight picture. The front sight should be centered on a level with the rear sight.

Do not "aim" at the center of the man-shaped target. Just keep the sights within the vital area. Let the target become blurred. Focus on the sight picture. Finger still moving back... moving back... moving back. Sight picture. Click. Release trigger. Tell finger to start again. Sight picture... sight picture... sight picture... click. Six times. "You should never know exactly when the gun's going to go off," he says.

I walk into I.S.G.'s shooting range and leave the industrial park where it is located—Texas, the planet earth, and the material world—and enter an abstract space, walls, floors, and ceiling painted black. There is an eerie chill in the air, not fully explained by the fact that regulations require exhaust fans to suck the lead vapor out of the air. At the end of the huge echoing room is an Advanced Training Systems movable target array out of St. Paul, Minn. The targets turn to face the shooter in timed order, controlled from a glassed-in booth above my head. There is a black man with a

It is only
a matter of time until
the contagion of
kidnapping reaches the United
States. The perpetrators
will primarily be
after the money.

shotgun, a television reporter with a minicam, a white woman opening her handbag, a newsman with a tape recorder. There is a "Hogan's Alley" at the left, a building out of whose windows and doors malefactors appear to menace Latin American industrialists. The target covers are the most contemporary things I've ever seen. They are executed in a hard-edge style with bold colors, the characters frozen in comic-book poses. Over there in St. Paul there's a major American artist waiting to be discovered. As the targets present themselves more and more quickly, the shooter has to decide friend/question mark/foe—spare the former and waste the latter.

I am coached by Arturo Salinas. He has me shoot ball-and-dummy at a stationary target, three bullets placed at random in the cylinder so that I won't know when the .38 is going to go off and will be less likely to flinch. We put on hearing protectors and feel each other talking. I have never fired a pistol before in my life.

Lock elbows. Balls of feet. Deep breath. Out. Out. Out. Finger going. Sight picture... sight picture... sight picture... Click. Finger going. Sight picture... sight picture

... sight picture... sight—BOM. An orange flash. The pistol kicks like an electric mixer hitting the side of the bowl. Finger going. Sight picture... sight picture... sight pic—BOM. Again... click. Again... click. Again... BOM. I unload into a plastic pail, and we walk up to examine the target. I am stunned. There are two holes side by side right at the center of the vital area, another an inch away. I can't believe it. From seventy-five feet away. Without aiming. Shades of Zen archery. Salinas says I am a good student. I tell him he is a good teacher. I wonder whether I have missed the target entirely and whether the three holes were put there beforehand to make me feel good. I shoot another load. All within a four-inch circle at the target's center. Yet another. Ditto. There is really very little point in proceeding with this drill. We are wasting expensive ammunition. I am a killer, and that is all there is to it. When I get to the moving targets, I know what I will do. I will shoot the cameraman in the lens, shoot the newsman in the microphone, and take the other targets home with me in mint condition and have them framed in chrome. As I leave, I am told to practice fifteen minutes a day in my head, visualizing situations that might arise and how I would respond. It is all very metaphysical. Since that day people who have crossed me have no idea how fortunate they are that my target practice is being conducted only with mental bullets.

Armored cars, evasive driving, and weapons training will not permit a kidnapping target "to function," as I.S.G. puts it, "in an atmosphere of caution, not fear," if his homes and offices are not secure. For example, Frank Tossas, I.S.G.'s vice-president for security services, tells me that he recommends that principals establish a "safe room" in each of the premises they frequent where, if attacked, they can hide and call for help. The room should have bullet-resistant doors with sturdy dead bolts and steel plates over the windows, a supply of weapons, ammunition, food, water, closed-circuit television so that they can see what is going on outside, a telephone, and a two-way radio. The consequences of not having a safe room are illustrated by a case in which two men dressed as police officers, with a third man in tow, rang a government official's doorbell in a Central American country a couple of months ago. A maid answered and was told that their captive had admitted to being in league with one of the gardeners in stealing from the house. They asked her to summon the gardener and followed her inside. Whereupon the two police officers and their prisoner produced automatic weapons and proceeded to slaughter the servants and search for the owner of the house. The official was taking a shower at the time. When he heard the firing, he jumped out the bathroom window, naked, ran to his (unarmored) car and hid on the floor. He cut his foot as he leapt, however, and the attackers followed the trail of blood to the car, seized their target, and dragged him to the getaway vehicle. A ransom of \$4 million was

demand. The family agreed to pay. After that they heard no more from the kidnapers for more than a month.

Finally, on Mother's Day, the official's mother received a telephone call in which the kidnapers told her they were going to give her back her son as a Mother's Day present. The woman was overjoyed. That afternoon a car pulled up to the mother's house and dumped her son's body in the street, in his birthday suit with a bullet through his brain. His surviving family are now clients of I.S.G. Tossas shakes his head wistfully as he tells this story. "If that guy had had somewhere he could've locked himself into and called for help, he might be alive today. Happy Mother's Day. Can you imagine?" He speaks in an unusual tone, at once sympathetic and detached.

As part of his training in Air Force Intelligence, New York-born Tossas spent three months being starved, tortured, and humiliated, stripped naked in a lightless room in a mock-up of a prisoner-of-war camp. "It got so bad we wondered whether the whole thing was a trick, whether someone really was holding us prisoner," he says. "It gives me the ability to understand what a kidnap victim goes through." If a bomb were to go off in the conference room where we are sitting, I wonder whether Tossas would blink.

Tossas is in charge of the security surveys that I.S.G. conducts for clients. For \$375 a day a team of I.S.G. specialists more or less moves in with principals and their families, analyzing their homes, offices, recreation facilities, transportation media, and travel schedules for security risk. Polygraph tests and voice-stress analyses are given to family employees to determine loyalty. Paid informants are developed to report on possible disloyalty among fellow servants. Tossas shows me a survey prepared for one of the wealthiest families in a Latin American country, owning seven holding companies and nine operating companies involved in finance and commodities, including vegetable oils, cocoa, and chicle, the main component of chewing gum. It comprises sixty-two members in four generations ranging from age one month to eighty-nine years, living in thirteen households with thirty-seven homes, farms, vacation houses, and offices. The family purchased sixteen armored vehicles and retained I.S.G. to do a security survey after the brother-in-law of one member was kidnapped and held for \$3 million ransom.

During one month of captivity, the chief abductor asked his victim to assist him in revising his doctoral thesis on the economics of sugar. The victim thought his kidnapper's paper very well thought out indeed and complied with the request. He was returned unharmed and \$3 million poorer. This survey took three weeks and resulted in a 10-page preliminary report of measures to be taken immediately and a 120-page final report. Excerpts from the preliminary report:



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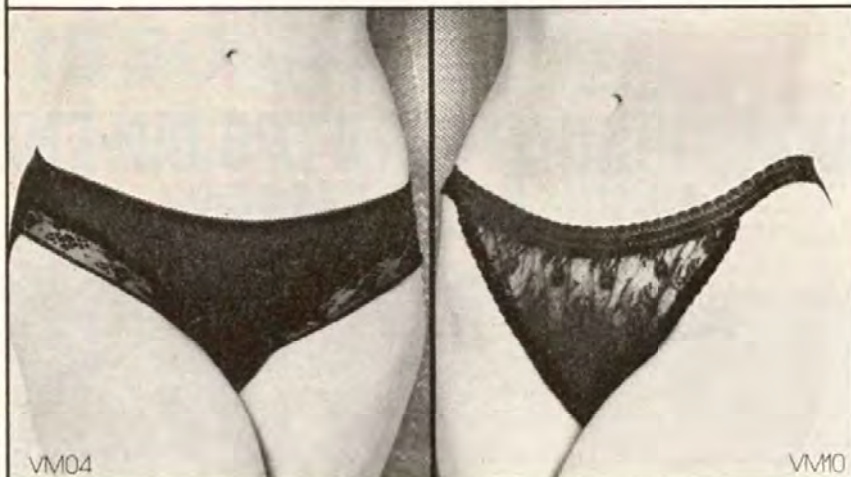
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 14. The Sugar Mill.
 - d. That heavy blackout curtains be installed in the interior of the main office and that they be used during nighttime hours.
- From the final report:

- III. Home of M ____ H ____:
 - c. Utilization of Employees and Staff
 1. Finding/Recommendation: "GUARD STRENGTH" The hiring and complete training of two guards (live-in) for this property is necessary. These guards will work one during the day and one at night, rotating shifts. Duties will be to assist the gatekeeper on visitor I.D., monitoring of CCTV, and occasional patrol of the entire grounds. The guards should be armed with the standard issue shotgun and extra am-

munition. Both guards will be in the standard uniform of the H ____ guard force.

- V. Home of S ____ H ____:
 - a. Exterior Security

1. Finding/Recommendation: "PERIMETER ALARM" The installation of an infrared alarm system across the front and rear areas of this property will contribute towards the total security of this property ...

- XI. ____ Flying Club:

1. Finding/Recommendation: "PRINCIPAL AND EMPLOYER PROCEDURES"
 - b. When the principal calls the club and tells them of an intended trip, he should speak only to trusted club employees or the serviceman.

- XVII. Home of V ____ H ____:

2. Finding/Recommendation: "TRAVEL SECURITY" The principal does not always travel in an armored vehicle and does not always take her bodyguard with her. The armored vehicle is very important to the whole security system and must be used to make the principal safe at all times.

Site security plans for each location are drawn up by Juan Ramirez, an electronics expert from Puerto Rico, who then flies down from San Antonio to supervise the installation of fencing, lighting, intrusion alarms, locks, closed-circuit television, and whatever else is necessary, as he puts it, "not just to protect property, like a burglar alarm system—to protect lives."

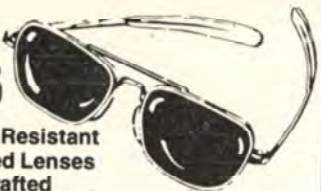
Meanwhile, Tossas's staff draws up a "crisis-mangement plan" for the family as an alternative to the chaos that might otherwise result if there was an incident or threat. A policy of whether ransom will be paid, and if so, how much, is developed. A "crisis-management team" is selected from among family members and employees to devise and execute security, legal, financial, and medical plans as well as handle public relations and "adversary communications." For example, a financial plan and team member are necessary because, though the principal may be worth \$500 million, he may not ordinarily have \$5 million in cash readily available. Very often the only one with signature authority over the principal's bank accounts is the principal, who may be, as was the case in a recent kidnapping in South America, incarcerated in a shipping container and therefore unable to sign the necessary documents.

A panel of crisis consultants and psychologists is assembled to be available on short notice. A speakerphone, telephone recording device, and voice-stress analyzer are supplied. Finally, an additional security plan is drawn up for the standby "crisis-management center" so that the family team attempting to deal with the incident is not itself attacked. If the situation requires, I.S.G. itself will manage the crisis. Recently, the company received a call from a client in a Latin American country. His daughter's dancing school had called to

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tell him that two men identifying themselves as the father's relief bodyguards had come to the school to pick up the girl. The school's office manager had thought something amiss and asked the men to wait. The father, horrified, told her he had no idea who the men were and not to release his daughter to them. When the office manager returned to the waiting room, the men were gone.

I.S.G. advised the principal to leave the country immediately in his private jet. An I.S.G. team moved into the principal's house, disguised itself as the principal's family, and kept up the comings and goings of the household. After the team had watched and waited for nine days, three cars approached the house and their occupants attempted to gain entry. The I.S.G. men opened fire on them and were able to capture eight of the would-be kidnappers. One carload of attackers got away and shot up the local police station in order to signify their displeasure. The principal and his family returned and have not been troubled since.

While I am sitting in Tossas's office, the telephone rings. It is a member of the H ____ family. His wife's uncle has been kidnapped from a crowded hotel lobby in the capital in broad daylight, all others present having been made to lie facedown on the floor at gunpoint. Finding the entire H ____ family under I.S.G.'s protection, the kidnappers have struck at the closest non-protected relative. Ransom of \$5 million has been demanded. Personnel of the local I.S.G. office have arrived at the home of U ____ H _____. A crisis-management center has been established. Tossas tells his man on the spot to advise U ____ H ____ to go to Miami at once and move his children to another apartment under assumed names.

Then there is a businessman whose name I.S.G. found on a captured terrorist kidnap list two weeks before. I.S.G. had approached the man and offered its services. The businessman replied that his wealth was not great enough to interest any self-respecting kidnapper. Evidently, however, kidnappers must need some change for the cigarette machine. The other day the businessman's car was hit in the rear by another vehicle. The gentleman got out to inspect the damage and was escorted by the other vehicle's occupants to an undisclosed location, where he is being held for \$8 million. Since the businessman maintains that he doesn't have that kind of money, the kidnappers have thoughtfully provided him with a list of his bank account numbers and balances as well as those of relatives who may someday wish to see him again.

Meanwhile, an ambassador in a Latin American country has been kidnapped. Tossas asks to be kept informed. Then Tossas, two members of his staff, and I go to lunch at a local shopping mall. We all feel good to be eating chicken-fried steak and jalapeña-pepper corn bread and not to be trussed, gagged, blindfolded, drugged,



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and stuffed into the trunk of a car. Over pecan pie I hear the one about the father who spent thirty-nine days negotiating down his son's ransom from \$1.5 million to \$125,000. I decide to distribute my lands among my peasants and move immediately to a heavily guarded chalet in Switzerland under an assumed name.

I.S.G.'s greatest concentration of principals is in Central America. But the company sees kidnapping and assassination as growth areas and is planning for expansion of its activities around the world. I am introduced to Robert Hamilton and William Green, two young former Green Berets, graduates of SEER, the Army's Survival, Escape, Evasion, and Resistance course, who were involved in the planning of Blue Light, the service's elite, 180-man antiterrorist unit. It is Hamilton and Green's job to analyze kidnappings, assassinations, bombings, and facility attacks around the world, with a view toward warning I.S.G. principals of emerging patterns of activity that may affect them and developing "threat analyses" that will help I.S.G. plan its services and marketing activities. In their view, the result of skull sessions spent "thinking like terrorists," the coming place for executive kidnappings is an underdeveloped country called *los Estados Unidos de America*.

The United States is the only place that hasn't been hit hard by the worldwide wave of terror, they explain. There is a universal lack of security-consciousness. Conspicuous consumers flaunt license plates announcing their children's names. Celebrities pose for photographs with their families in front of their houses for magazine features that detail their exact earnings, tell what time they jog, and in some cases give their work schedules minute by minute. It is only a matter of time, I.S.G. believes, before the contagion of kidnapping reaches the United States. The perpetrators will be primarily after money, as I.S.G. believes they are in El Salvador, Colombia, and Italy, though they may veil their economic motivation with political demands. They may operate for their own account or as paid contractors for Libya and Algeria, which arm, fund, and train terrorist groups ranging from Spanish Basque separatists to Breton nationalists in France or the Paris-based, Russian/Cuban-financed Junta of Revolutionary Coordination, the umbrella group for Latin American ultraleft terrorist organizations. The prime U.S. target for such groups will be individuals who are wealthy, not under federal protection, and identified with controversial political views.

But we need not wait for indigenous U.S. targets. Already the United States is becoming a terror ground for Latin American turmoil. Chilean leftist Orlando Letelier was blown up on a Washington street by rightist Chilean operatives. A community of wealthy Salvadorans seeking to escape the polarization of their country has coalesced in a group of condominiums around Miami. One morning a few months

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ago they woke up and found tacked to each of their 3,000 doors 3,000 pieces of paper containing their full names and a leftist manifesto, a subtle suggestion that the writ of the Armed Forces of National Liberation runs well beyond the borders of El Salvador, even as far, perhaps, as Fort Lauderdale.

I ask whether it is not within the power of American governmental agencies to keep the personal-security situation north of the border from degenerating to that of a banana republic.

"There has always been terrorism in this country," says Hamilton, who was born in Chile of American parents and has had exposure to intergroup conflict somewhat more vivid than that available from watching Walter Cronkite. "What would you call lynching blacks in the South? So the government created a legal environment in which lynching is no longer tolerated. But in this new environment we find black terrorists assassinating the black school superintendent of Oakland, California. Our system of constitutional restraints makes it impossible to eliminate terrorism. It's just a matter of who's on the anvil at any given moment. To absolutely preclude domestic terrorism, sir, would require a political régime out of George Orwell. The only way to prevent such incidents without totalitarian control of society is for the private sector to provide security services for those individuals most likely to be attacked." Note the "sir." Along with it comes a handshake with a militarily straight elbow that feels like the first move in an Aikido hold. Robert Hamilton is a serious individual. If he is wrong, Americans will continue to be the exception to the rule that to be the chairman of a major corporation is to have one's kneecaps at risk. If he is right, see if I.S.G. goes public; and if it does, buy its stock.

I leave San Antonio impressed with the *esprit de corps* of International Security Group. I had expected a glorified body shop run by puffed-up franchise hustlers in white belts, cranberry double-knit slacks, and white shoes. Instead, I found a group of dedicated professionals, gentle, sweet, calm, polite, cheerful, armed, and considered dangerous. They seemed personally concerned about the people under their protection. They feel for their principals as if great wealth were a painful disease that makes those who bear it worthy of respect. God is a strange fellow, I reflect, contriving to make the wealthy as miserable as the poor. I arrive home feeling myself blessed to be neither one nor the other, and if you envy my happy medium, you are best advised not to mess, because now I can drive to stay alive and shoot to kill.

I write this article. When I am done, I burn my notes in the fireplace so no names of I.S.G. principals can be compromised. Then I set down, as epilogue, the words of the Athenian orator and security expert Demosthenes (385?-322 B.C.): "Though a man escape every other danger, he can never wholly escape those who do not want such a person as he is to exist." 

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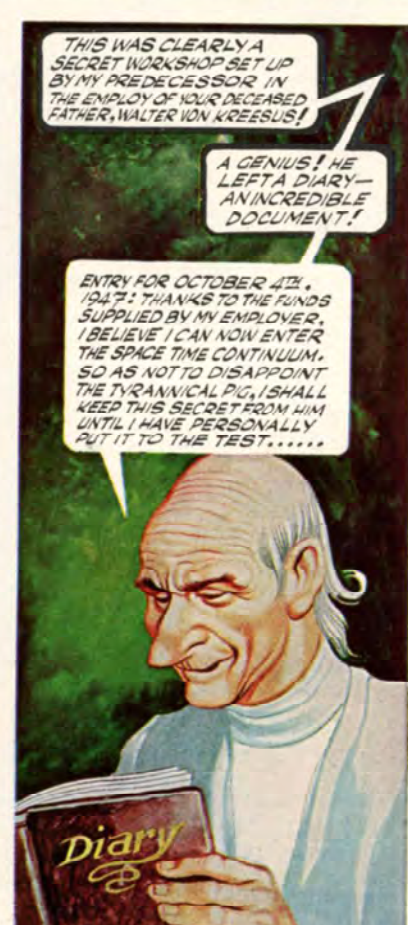
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XAVIERA
 CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

our marriage. The first infidelity came less than a year after we married. Her reason was that she just wanted to experience sex with someone else, someone to compare me with. Anita said he was just some guy she had danced with a lot one night when she was out with some of her girl friends, and when he asked her to go home with him, she just went along. She hoped to experience something great and fantastic, and according to Anita he didn't turn out to be much of a lover.

Anita has also taken several trips away from home alone, and it seems that every time she has traveled she has had another man. For example, about three years ago she went out to California to visit a friend. She and her friend went out one night and picked up two men. The strange thing is that every time she talks about her affairs, she changes the stories around. I know from things I have learned that there are other men she hasn't talked about yet. She says she wants to be completely open and honest, but each time she lies to me I find it harder to believe her. She also told me that her cheating days are over. I want to believe her, but if she has been looking for something that I couldn't give her for ten years, I wonder whether she will ever be happy with one man.

As for our current sex life, it must almost set some sort of record. We have sex at least two or three times a day. I can't seem to leave her alone and would like to have it more often. I know that our sex life is as good for Anita as it is for me, for she comes five to ten times in each session. I have spent a lot of time making love to a lot of different women in my life and have never had a woman who was so easy to turn on or who could have so many quick little orgasms during intercourse as my Anita can.

Do you think I can believe her when she says that she is done fooling around? Do you think any woman can be totally honest about herself? You, Xaviera, seem to be the kind of woman who can talk about anything, and I would appreciate your advice.—E.A.

I don't think you must necessarily assume that you are disappointing your wife in bed and that therefore she screws around. Believe me, any woman who can come five times in one session is definitely enjoying herself. She just wants to fuck with other men; that's all.

Is she finished screwing around? Maybe. Maybe not. I kind of doubt it, and since she has continued to lie to you, she'll probably go right on doing so. It's in the nature of someone who lies, although not in the nature of every woman.

Perhaps a more open marriage is the answer for you. Switching partners would allow you and your wife to perform three-ways and the like. It might show your wife that she can eat her cake and have it, too,

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that she doesn't have to lie in order to have extracurricular sex. Open marriages are not the easiest relationships in the world, but your being more honest about your wife's needs just might make her a more honest woman. At least, by my definition.

IT TAKES MORE THAN A BODY

I'm your usual, run-of-the-mill housewife who loves her husband but pretends to be satisfied when she isn't. I'm twenty-four years old, five feet four inches tall, and blonde, with small tits and an even smaller body. I had a baby more than a year and a half ago and hoped to gain some much-needed weight in the process, but I went straight back down to my usual 105 pounds. My husband, Greg, is the only reason I regret being so slight. He says he's not a tit man; yet let him see a great pair of boobs, and his eyes pop out of his head. I try to make do with what I have and make the best of it, to no avail. I'm sure I satisfy him sexually, as usually the lights are out when we make love. But my problem is our sex life, for we fuck only once a week, during which session Greg is very loving and gentle and almost always brings me an enormous amount of pleasure. I know he works long and hard hours at the office, but what am I to do the rest of the week?

Xaviera, I'm just not happy with this situation. Do you suggest an extramarital affair, which is difficult when you have two young children? Do you know of any way that I

could gain weight in the right places? I might also mention that Greg is about ten years older than I am. Would that have something to do with his lack of lust?—J.S.

I think a doctor should be able to help you with your weight "problem." After having so many patients who are overweight, a doctor should find it refreshing to make someone actually gain weight. Also, don't forget about exercising. Go to a good gym with professionals to help you get the body you need and want. A lot of people talk about surgery—ass tucks and tit implants—but this should be done only as a last resort, when exercise has failed you.

People do have varying sex drives, and ten years' difference in age can make a great—"difference," shall we say? Your new body, after you've gotten it into shape and gained some weight, might help reactivate your husband's sex drive. Also, you might try some new techniques on him you've never tried before. Have you blown him lately, stuck a wet finger up his ass hole, sucked his nipples, performed anilingus on him?

I ask you these questions because you write: "... who pretends to be satisfied when she isn't." To me you sound like a lot of women, who think a wife should be passive in bed while the husband does the loving. Maybe if you thought about satisfying him—and I don't mean having a great body but having a great sex technique—

you would satisfy yourself in turn. Think about it: does he make love to you, period? If that's the case and you've been pretty passive in bed lately, try making love to him. You might surprise yourself and find that he'll want your loving more than just once or twice a week.

IS EXPERIENCE EVERYTHING?

I have a problem that I hope you can solve. I got married when I was twenty-one without ever having touched a girl. My wife was seventeen, and I found out shortly before we were wed that Martha had been quite active sexually. I thought I could forgive and forget, but as the years have gone by (we've been married eight years), her past has begun to haunt me.

I started throwing her past exploits in her face every chance I got—I just couldn't help myself. Martha has always been willing to try something new, but I started to get the feeling that I was always being compared with past lovers. I began to picture her with old boyfriends and always felt I had to try harder.

Lately she's been "too tired" to make love. A psychologist I went to said maybe it's just the fact that I regret never having gone to bed with anyone before marriage. He said that maybe I should try it and that this would make me feel more equal to Martha. But as much as I've thought about sleeping with another woman, I haven't got the guts to try. The only release I have is

masturbation. I would appreciate your opinion.—P.H.

I agree with your shrink:-experience counts!

MASTERLY MESSAGE

I'm a twenty-eight-year-old, long-legged blonde. I love to screw my husband and have had several brief but mutually satisfying sex sessions with casual men.

My husband was recently sent on assignment to Taiwan, and the company let me go with him. We lived in a Chinese hotel in Taipei, where we were the only Westerners and the people at the desk were the only ones who spoke any English. We entertained many evenings, and each afternoon my husband had a sauna and massage in the hotel and arranged for a masseuse to give me a massage in our room.

We could not talk to each other, but Mrs. Wu, the masseuse, and I soon became friendly, and I got in the habit of undressing for a nap and leaving the door unlatched so she could come in. One afternoon I was lying face down on the bed with only a towel over my hips when the door opened, and it was only when "she" stood beside me that I realized it was a young Chinese man instead.

I was in a panic as he spoke in Chinese, opened his satchel, and began to massage my back, but I gradually relaxed when I saw he was giving me a great mas-

sage, with no funny business. I tensed up again when he removed the towel and tapped me to roll over, but I kept my eyes closed and told myself that he was a professional and that a naked woman spread-eagled in front of him was nothing new.

Again he manipulated me without touching me sexually, but I became aware that I was turning on in the most extraordinary way—it was as if my whole body was liquefying, starting at my cunt and spreading out in great, warm waves. This delicious sensation went on and on, and just as it was getting unbearable he began to rotate the tips of my nipples in his palms. Then I came in a long, lovely surge, and he gently put one hand over my mouth to muffle the sounds I couldn't control.

As I began to come down, he started to stroke my inner thighs, back and forth, between my pussy and my ass. Finally, he touched my clitoris, and I came again, twisting and bucking. I don't know how long this lasted or how many times he brought me off. I had never had multiple orgasms before, and I was literally out of my mind with pleasure.

Finally, he stopped, wiped me off with a towel, said something in Chinese, and left. I lay drifting in a daze until some time later, when my husband came in. His mouth fell open when he saw me stretched out. He said I looked like a girl at a gang-bang who couldn't wait for the next cock. He scram-

bled out of his clothes, and while we fucked and fucked I told him what had happened, getting even more aroused at his excitement in making me repeat all the details.

The next day I was in an agony of indecision, but I did not cancel the appointment. I was ashamed at the letdown I felt when Mrs. Wu appeared from then on.

Since that time my husband and I often turn on talking about it. He still has his doubts that I am telling the whole story and did not also enjoy an Oriental cock. But no matter how we try, he cannot touch me so as to duplicate the repeated orgasms the masseur gave me.

So, finally, the question I have for you is whether there is a special massage technique that, without touching the sex organs at all, can bring a woman to the pitch of excitement I experienced.—N.N.

I can remember having my toe sucked by a girl friend. I fantasized that my toe was a penis and she was giving me a blowjob. In time, believe it or not, I had an orgasm. Such is the power of the mind.

Actually, I know of no special Chinese massage technique that would make you come without your clitoris being touched. It sounds as if this masseur turned you on by mistake. Otherwise, why did he have Mrs. Wu give you your rubdowns after your first session together? Your orgasms were probably quite unexpected and more than a little frightening to him. Who knows?

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Maybe some of my readers can help me out here and relate some great rubdown techniques. After all, there's more than one erogenous zone on the human body.

HEAVY REPAIR

I got the idea for my experience from your column. A few weeks ago, while doing my Monday morning housework, I discovered that my washing machine was making funny noises. I turned the damn thing off and wondered what could be wrong. I had a pile of wash in and was so mad that I called the company and asked them to send someone over. A repairman, I was told, would come early the next morning.

The next day, after seeing my husband off to work, I began to read your column in an old Penthouse. As I sipped my second cup of coffee, I got to thinking about the repairman. The more I read, the hornier I got, until I came up with a little plan. I decided to tease the repairman and see whether I could get him to react.

I quickly took a shower, added a little perfume, and slipped into a pair of jeans and a low-cut blouse. Looking in the mirror, I could just about see the dark area around my nipples, and if I bent over, I was able to catch a pretty good view of my hanging tits. I was definitely ready for action. The doorbell rang.

My first reaction was to say "Wow!" but I settled for a demure smile. He was a young man in his late twenties with a beautiful

mustache. I was getting hot just looking at him. He stepped in, and I led the way to the broken machine. Once we got there, I asked about the funny noise, and while I was explaining I could see him staring at my tits. As he began to remove the screws to get into the machine, I bent over, facing him and giving him a bird's-eye view, and asked whether I could watch. He said he didn't mind and then looked right down my blouse. Bingo, he took the bait, and I noticed some movement in his pants.

Finally, I asked if he would like a cup of coffee. He agreed, and I poured us both a cup. I made his very hot but added extra milk to mine to cool it down. I handed him the cup and took out my cigarettes. While he was setting his cup down to get his cigarettes out of his pocket, I managed to spill some coffee on my blouse. I yelled, set the cup down, and pulled my blouse over my head. As I stood there with both breasts in full view, the young repairman jumped to his feet and asked whether I was okay. With two hands, I grabbed my right tit and told him it hurt. Without another word, he opened the refrigerator and got an ice cube, and placed it on my "sore" breast. I lost control, and seeing the huge hard-on he had, I couldn't resist and just reached down and grabbed it. Without missing a beat, my young man kissed the pain away and flicked his tongue over each nipple. Then he moved downward, undressing me. After he teased my cunt with his tongue

and mustache for a full minute, I came as I never have before. I told him I wanted to be fucked, and I didn't have to ask twice. He did the job right on the kitchen table.

Needless to say, he later finished fixing the washing machine and then refused to accept any payment. That's the best way to beat the cost of living and enjoy living at the same time. I can't wait until something else breaks down.—L.O.O.

So who needs a milkman? I'd like to hear from other readers on their love with the proper repairman. In the meantime, I'm glad to hear that a great American tradition has not gone the way of the Twist and Sandra Dee.

THE CLOSET LESBIAN

I was a virgin until I married. Wayne and I have been married for six months, and it has been great. But I always have this longing to be with other people. About a month after we were married, Wayne arranged a threesome with a buddy of his. He went out for cigarettes while I started to seduce Lee. My body is very nicely put together, and I rather love to flaunt it.

I went into the bathroom and came out with just my top on, with only one button buttoned. Lee had no idea this was going to happen, but he quickly caught on to what Wayne and I had in mind. I walked in front of him, getting my pussy right near his face. He was beginning to tremble, and by

the size of the bulge in his pants, I knew that he wasn't just nervous. I pressed my hand over his cock. I kissed him from the neck down until I reached his cock. I then led him into the bedroom, where he ate my hot pussy until I exploded. Wayne finally came back, quite satisfied by what he saw in progress. He tore his clothes off and started licking my ass. I was bringing Lee back to life. Soon, they were both hard and ready for me. What a great feeling for a woman to be blessed with two beautiful cocks at the same time! Wayne lay on the bed while I sat on his rod. Lee then went behind me and put his cock inside my ass.

We made beautiful love until well into the morning. That was the last we've seen of Lee. Now I want more of the same, only this time I'd like it to be with a woman. Any suggestions? I love the idea of making it with another woman and being caught by my husband. How do I make the proper advances?—G.W.

I wouldn't suggest approaching one of your girl friends on the subject. But how about going to a lesbian bar? It's clear sailing there, and you shouldn't have much trouble getting what you want with regard to a good lay. However, I don't know how many women—lesbian or otherwise—would want to be caught in bed with you when your husband arrives home. You may "love the idea," but remember; it's your idea. And if you're smart, you'll keep it that way.

FEMALE CIRCUMCISION

I am at my wit's end, and I think you are probably the only person who will give me a decent reply. I'm a married woman with two children. I'm thirty years old, and my problem is that my clitoris is hooded. I went to a local clinic and asked to be circumcised, but they thought it was a huge joke.

I come from England, and I have been in this country about five years. I didn't know very much about the human body. I mean, when my husband and I made love for the first time and he asked me whether I'd come, I said, "Come? Why, where are we going?" Now I have been with plenty of men since I was sixteen, but I never came—I didn't know I was supposed to.

My husband and I have worked on this problem, and I have finally started having orgasms. I know that if I could get a circumcision, I would certainly feel a lot more than I do now. But where can I find this kind of help without being laughed at? My gynecologist was a woman, and she said that I definitely had a physical problem but that stimulation starts in the mind. What's the good of your mind being turned on if your body isn't? Am I making too big a thing of this? Please reply!—W.C.

Your gynecologist is a male chauvinist creep, even if she is a woman. If I were you, I'd get another gynecologist. Hooded clitorises are nothing new, and many doctors perform female circumcision. Yes, stimulation does start in the mind, but that's no reason it has to stop there. ☐

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

wash the dishes, and cook dinner. I have come to find that panty girdles can be as liberating as they are confining. I would like to hear from other readers who have found equally inventive ways of controlling their husbands.—Name and address withheld

Helping Hans

I am writing this letter because I think that it will interest your readers to get a glimpse of what the army is like in Germany for a woman.

Before I start on my story, I will give you a few details about my life and what I do. I am a twenty-year-old female MP stationed in West Germany. I am five feet two inches tall and weigh 120 pounds, and my physical measurements are 36-22-34. The city I am stationed in is rather large and near Frankfurt, and we have a lot of action because there are a lot of infantry troops stationed nearby.

But enough of that! Let me tell about the most interesting experience I have ever had. It started out with my having to work by myself, which is very unusual in itself because women aren't supposed to be alone. I was patrolling the area that I was assigned, which included a large portion of heavily wooded ground where the soldiers like to take their dates. As I was patrolling

this area, the vehicle that I was driving quit running and came to a halt. There was no one in sight, and I couldn't get the radio to work, because there was no power. I was stuck until someone at the MP base missed me. I was determined not to let anyone make jokes about helpless females; so I started walking back to the main road, where I could catch a ride back.

It was just beginning to get dark, but I felt there was no need to worry: I had a gun to protect me. When I was about 200 yards from the road, I heard footsteps behind me. I didn't panic. I just stopped and waited to see who it was. I was approached by a foxy German guy and his girl friend, and they asked me in rather good English what was the matter. I told them that my vehicle had broken down and I needed a ride to the MP base. They said that they would love to assist the American MP.

Hans and Trudy were the typical German couple; so I thought that I was perfectly safe; little did I know that I was in for the night of my life. As we got near their car, Hans asked how many of the Americans I knew used hash. I then asked him why, thinking that maybe I could get a buzz on before I got back to the base. He said that he had some really good black hash that I could smoke. I asked him for a sample, and he proceeded to light up the biggest bowl that I had seen in a long time.

While we were getting stoned, Hans began making advances. Even though he

was one good-looking dude, his girl friend was sitting not five feet away from me. But then, to my surprise, Trudy reached over and pulled me over to her and started Frenching the hell out of me. I was turned on from looking at Hans; and when Trudy reached over and started giving me what I wanted Hans to do, I just reacted in the most natural way. Trudy and I stripped down and started to give each other licks and bites in our most intimate places. I started licking deeper and deeper into Trudy's love box, and we could both hear Hans moaning in the background, which only made us hornier than hell.

Trudy then asked me to stop because her body couldn't take any more, but she gave me the go-ahead to enjoy Hans. I turned toward him and gasped with joy. Here was a man after my own "hard." He was hung like a horse, all that any girl in her wildest dreams could want. He took me into his arms and sat me down on his lap and proceeded to tongue my nipples until they were hard and then thrust his fingers into my sopping-wet cunt. Then he began to finger my clit until I had an orgasm that felt as if the earth were shaking.

Meanwhile, Trudy had recovered enough to start sucking on my nipples again. Then Hans lifted my body and placed it on the ground and spread my legs wide. He entered me with one thrust, and it felt as if I were being torn in two. Trudy was still licking my tits, and then she shoved that bushy

cunt of hers into my face. So I licked and sucked for all that I was worth. Hans had now turned me over and was licking my anus, and then I felt the foreskin-sheathed head of his prick move into that tight canal. I was bent over "dog style," and Trudy slid her warm and willing mouth and tongue into my cunt while Hans was butt-fucking me and I was sucking off Trudy. We all came at about the same time. We must have lay there for about an hour before we started to dress.

Needless to say, that was the last time that I ever worked by myself, because I was transferred to Munich about two weeks later, and I've never seen either Trudy or Hans again. Alas!—Name and address withheld

Independence Day parade

It was the Fourth of July weekend last summer, and Mike and I decided to catch some rays down at Cape Cod. So we loaded up the car with clothes and about thirty hours' worth of cassettes and headed off. It was after two days of unsuccessful bar cruising that I was walking along a beach at Hyannis Port when I saw a slim girl sunbathing with her girl friend. Using the "where-are-the-good-places-I've-never-been-here-before" line, I found out that they were from Boston and, like us, down for the weekend. Cindy and her friend, Carol, filled me in on all the hot spots and strongly recommended the Crystal Palace happy hours on weekends. Thanking them for the

information, I left and wandered on down the beach, checking out the various tanned bodies strewn all over the sand.

Two days later Mike and I dropped in at the Crystal Palace. To our surprise, Cindy and Carol were there, and we spent the afternoon together, with Mike getting interested in Carol while I was attracted to Cindy. At the end of the happy hour the two women had to return to Boston. So they invited us to come to Boston for the Fourth of July fireworks and spend the night at Cindy's.

It was an offer we quickly accepted, and the next day Mike and I went to Boston. Well, the fireworks were interesting, but as far as I was concerned, the real fireworks didn't start until we got to Cindy's. After setting up rooms for Mike and Carol, Cindy came downstairs and said, "Gee, Brent, all the rooms are taken. I guess you'll have to stay in mine." At this point she was sitting beside me on the couch. I kissed her, and she responded eagerly. After running my hand over her shoulders and back, I moved it to her breast. I could feel her erect nipples through her blouse and bra. After fumbling with buttons and a snap, I was sucking on these beautiful breasts. Really, they were the nicest pair of tits I'd ever laid eyes and hands on. They were firm; yet the skin was silky smooth, with pink nipples jutting out, just begging to be sucked. We decided to go up to her room before the action got any heavier.

Upstairs, we undressed in the dark and got into bed. We continued necking while I played with her breasts. Moving my hand down past her stomach, I copped a feel inside her panties. I rubbed her pubic hair while she stroked my hard cock. Then, shifting my weight, I moved myself down the length of her body, kissing and sucking on her breasts and stomach. I got between her legs and started licking her already wet pussy. By now she was moving rather wildly. She twisted and bucked while I tried to keep my tongue on her clit. I thought that she was going to go through the roof. It was difficult to discern whether she reached orgasm, but apparently she had. Now it was my turn.

She told me to lie on my back (which I did), and then she started sucking on my cock. Up and down her mouth went, my cock appearing every once in a while when she stopped and licked my balls. What a great sensation! Then she nibbled on my cock until I couldn't take it anymore. I pulled her up to me, and she responded by taking my hard cock and putting it into her wet pussy. That started the wildest fucking session I'd known up to that point. We both heaved and thrust and gyrated until I came.

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suck cock, and knew exactly how to satisfy me. After coming a second time, I went down on her again, and after this I had yet another hard-on. I was truly amazed. "Let's do it doggie style," said Cindy, and we did. I couldn't come anymore, and after a while I lost my hard-on from exhaustion. Looking at the clock, we realized that we'd been putting it to each other for over two and a half hours. It didn't take much to fall asleep.

Well, morning came, and after another session in bed and a communal shower it was time for Mike and me to head back home. Mike, incidentally, had ended up sleeping with Carol, so nobody slept alone.—Name and address withheld

Raunchy recluse

I'm a twenty-seven-year-old, happily married woman with an eleven-month-old son named Patrick. I recently received a letter from an old college friend, Katie, inviting all of us up to her farmhouse in Vermont for the weekend. Unfortunately, my husband, who is in the National Guard, had maneuvers that weekend and so couldn't go. It was supposed to be an unusually warm early-spring weekend. So I decided I'd go. Ordinarily, I would have left Patrick at my mother's, but since I'm nursing him, I decided to take him along so as not to disturb his routine. We left Friday at noontime in my MG.

Katie and I were very close in college. I hadn't seen her since graduation. She in-

herited the farmhouse with its ten surrounding acres, along with a substantial amount of money from her grandfather. She lives there all by herself. She writes children's stories and does the illustrations, too. It's a well-paying career.

Katie greeted us and gave me a big hug and a kiss. She looked about the same, still very pretty. Her once-beautiful long hair was cut very short. It was very warm, almost humid, and Katie was dressed in a shirtdress. From the way it clung to her body, it was apparent she was naked underneath it. She wore no make-up, either.

She showed me around her lovely house. Within an hour after arriving, Patrick was fussy and had to be fed. "Katie, since we're old friends and since no one else is here, I hope you won't mind," I said to her, as I unfastened my brassiere and put it away in my tote bag. I then unbuttoned my blouse and suckled my son.

"Of course not. As you might have noticed, I like to be comfortable in my dress, too," she told me. I couldn't help noticing. Her breasts were bouncing loosely. They didn't look too firm to me. Her nipples were protruding and seemed to be quite large. Whenever her back was facing me, I could see the material of her shirtdress tightly covering her bun, emphasizing the crack of her ass. She didn't dress like that in college.

In a few minutes Patrick was full and satisfied. I buttoned my blouse, leaving my

bra in my tote bag. "Come on, let me show you the grounds," Katie said invitingly. As we walked around her land, she explained her life-style to me. "I'm a natural woman, Sue," she said. "I eat only vegetables, fruits, berries. I use only natural products on my body, too. No deodorants, make-ups, or fancy shampoos."

Behind the house and away from the rest of her garden, I noticed about fifty or seventy-five marijuana plants. "I see you still enjoy a good smoke," I said to her. "Oh, yes," she replied with a smile.

Katie and I used to smoke a lot in college, but since graduation I hadn't had even a little toke, I told her. She was surprised to hear that, especially from an old "pothead" like me. "My husband is very straight. He doesn't approve of drugs or alcohol," I told her. "Too bad—he doesn't know what he's missing," she replied.

It was a beautiful setting, snow-capped mountains surrounding her land and plenty of trees and flowers. "I'm the only one around here for miles. I love it here. Birds chirp all day long. Rabbits and squirrels run through my yard all day long. I'm living my idea of utopia. During the summer I go around nude. I soak up the soothing rays of the sun and get a great all-over tan as well," she said. "Don't you miss people?" I asked. "Not at all. I invite people here about once a month. I love my solitude and need it when I write."

We had salad for supper and blueberries

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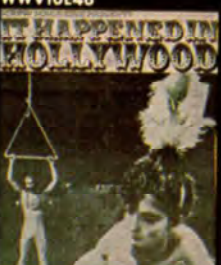
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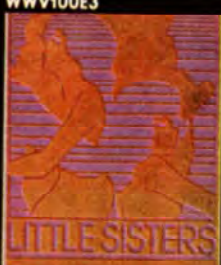
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for dessert. Patrick had berries, but he kept putting his mouth to my breast, so I unbuttoned my blouse and nursed him. Katie said, "I'm glad to see you're nursing."

"I love the closeness," I replied. "Besides, my breasts have never been so large," I added jokingly. After our supper Katie helped me bathe Patrick and put him to bed.

"Sue, I hope you won't mind, but after I eat, I like a good smoke," she remarked.

"Me mind? I thought I'd have one with you."

"Great," she said, and she filled her pipe with some home-grown grass and lit it.

As we smoked, we went outside and walked along the stream. It brought back a lot of memories. After a few tokes I was high. It took Katie a little longer, but she eventually got stoned. I felt so relaxed and peaceful in this serene setting. Katie embraced me tightly and said, "Sue, I'm so happy you came to visit." She then gave me a quick kiss on the lips.

"I'm happy I came, too," I confided, returning her quick kiss to her lips. We held our embrace with our breasts pressed together. Katie looked at me oddly, gave me a funny smile, and then kissed me like a lover. I was surprised, but I didn't resist. I returned her passionate kiss. Our tongues were in each other's mouth. Katie's hands found their way to my milk-filled breasts. She caressed them tenderly. She took my right hand and placed it on her breasts. My

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opinion of her breasts was correct: they had lost their firmness. Even so, they were making me hot.

We fell to the ground with our hands on each other's breasts and our mouths locked in a soft kiss. She unsnapped my jeans and pulled them off and then deprived me of my bikini panties. She licked my pussy and my ass.

I decided to reciprocate. I turned Katie on her back and yanked up her shirtdress to reveal a very hairy pussy. Katie, being a natural woman, wouldn't think of trimming her bush. I went down on her and licked her. She tasted like honey. Her pussy was incredibly tight. I could barely get two fingers into her. She climaxed as I played with her clit. It was fun rolling around in the dirt and making love.

Katie began sucking my nipples and acted surprised when she got a mouthful of milk, but it seemed to turn her on even more. She said that my milk tasted delicious. Being high, I didn't realize how long she sucked my nipples.

Saturday was very humid. I helped Katie work in her garden. She was topless, with only a pair of the shortest cut-offs I've ever seen. Her ass was hanging out of them. She suggested I go topless, but while I'm nursing I can't afford a sunburn on my nipples. After working for about five hours, we quit, and she seduced me right in the field. We finally got back to the house.

We got high again after we ate. We re-

peated our lovemaking in the field again. Katie made me curious, and I asked her, "What do you do about your sex life?"

"I don't have a sex life," she admitted. "Don't you go crazy?" I asked.

"Not at all," she said. "Actually a woman friend of mine visits about once a month, and we get it on," she disclosed.

"Are you telling me you're gay?"

"I wouldn't say I'm gay. I just like getting it on with women. They're more sincere. They don't play games," she said. "Besides, I think the male organ looks like a rancid gizzard. Vaginas are neater, tucked out of sight."

That sounds gay to me, but I didn't say anything.

Patrick and I left early Sunday morning. As I drove, I thought about what went on. My husband would kill me if he knew I admire her life-style. No people bugging her! No traffic to contend with! No pollution to breathe! No pressures! Just an easy life-style. I'm still confused about her sexuality, but that's her business. I'd never made it with a woman before. So this weekend will be permanently etched in my mind.—
Name and address withheld

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send \$2.00 for **Forum Magazine**, Dept. HM, P.O. Box 1805, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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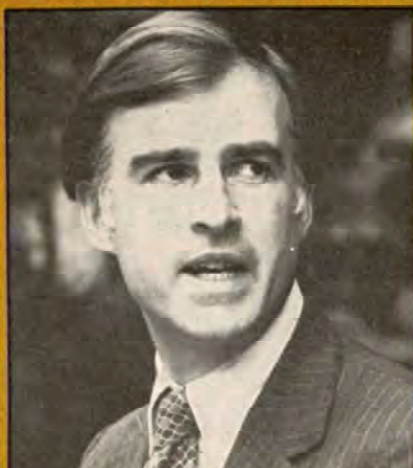
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COMING IN THE SEPTEMBER PENTHOUSE



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J. P. DONLEAVY'S SCHULTZ

This September marks *Penthouse's* triumphant Tenth American Anniversary; we're sure that you'll agree we're getting better as we're getting older. In celebration of the ten years that have taken us from Woodstock to Watergate to way stations in space, our spectacular anniversary issue will include the best humor, fiction, investigative journalism, essays, and—of course—pictorials in magazines today. Among these are included:

The Cancer Plague—Every day millions of dollars are spent on cancer research. Every day the government discovers another carcinogenic food or product. Nonetheless, cancer continues to kill nearly half a million Americans every year. But there is hope in the war against cancer—innovative nontoxic agents have been discovered that will fight this most deadly of diseases. In the first of a series of *Penthouse* investigative articles about cancer, Gary Null and Robert Houston explain what new cancer cures are possible and how and why establishment medicine has suppressed these important findings.

The Golden Butterfly—“Issues,” quips California governor Jerry Brown, “are the last refuge of scoundrels.” Brown, who almost beat Jimmy Carter for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1976, is certainly today's most controversial political figure. His enemies accuse him of sloganeering rather than pioneering and indulging in psychobabble rather than straight talk. But his many supporters claim that Brown is the only man in America who is a viable candidate for the 1980s. Prize-winning journalist Robert Sherrill traveled to California to talk with Brown, his friends, and his enemies and to discover just what kind of president Brown would make and which interest groups—if any—would benefit from his administration. Sherrill's profile of the governor of our most populous state will be one of the most widely discussed articles of the 1980 election.

A J.P. Donleavy Special—Schultz—a pretentious young theatrical producer who marries for money and screws for lust—has a simple philosophy of life: “Don't waste time with a woman you're not fucking unless later that was exactly what all the wasted time was for in the beginning.” Not since *The Ginger Man* have you met a fictional character quite so reprehensible or so amusing. An exclusive *Penthouse* excerpt from Schultz, J.P. Donleavy's long-awaited new novel.

Woodstock Reconsidered—In August 1969, hundreds of thousands of flower children gathered for a festival in Woodstock, N.Y., where they spread their message of peace and love around the world. As Woodstock II approaches, Robert Stephen Spitz examines what really happened ten years ago backstage at Woodstock and comes up with several surprising—and sometimes dismaying—revelations about the wheeling and dealing of many of the rock performers and their cash-hungry managers.

Also in September: Bill Lee's cartoon celebration of *Penthouse* firsts, part II of Albert Goldman's novel *The Kid*, the behind-the-scenes story of Woody Allen's and Mel Brooks's greatest triumphs, four extralong *Penthouse* pictorials—including a roundup of all ten *Penthouse* Pets of the Year—and much more! Don't miss our tenth anniversary issue, on your newsstand August 9. ☐

LAST WAVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

the coffee is cool. Fred Hemmings stands, tapping a glass for silence. “Mahalo,” he says, “I want to welcome all of you and to thank each of you for helping make this a successful Pan Am Grand Prix season.” He acknowledges a few sidelong glances and wry smiles and then proceeds to announce in somewhat literate after-dinner language that he has resigned as head of the IPS, having passed the responsibility on to Randy Rarick, who will welcome, for the first time, surfer representatives on the organization's board of governors. Townend and Cairns look at one another. After Hemmings announces the 1979 IPS schedule, which includes three new Japanese events, he relinquishes the floor to the new world champion, Wayne (“Rabbit”) Bartholemew. “I was stoked,” Rabbit said “I've been champion less than a minute, and I already feel comfortable in the role. So, if anyone plans to take it away from me, he better bring his best dancing shoes.”

Peter Townend was next. He congratulated Rabbit and then made a public apology “to anyone who was offended by what I have written.” Fast Eddie Rothman came forward and shook his hand.

Then Shaun. “I've been criticized by some people for ‘biting the hand that feeds me’—presumably the IPS. And by others for not hammering Fred Hemmings harder. Now, as a symbol of my position as retiring world champion, as a token of tribute to the IPS and all they have done for surfing by way of promoting the sport through me, I want to donate my money from the World Cup contest—my take for having come fifth—to the IPS itself.” The chuckles were followed by cheers and then applause, as Shaun endorsed and returned to Hemmings a check for \$100!

“Hey, stardom,” someone yelled, “when you get to Hollywood don't forget your humble beginnings!”

The Roach and his grem-rat chum, standing there on the morning beach at Waimea, knew nothing about Rabbit Bartholemew or Fred Hemmings or even Shaun Tomson, except as names vaguely associated with the sea. Nor did they know anything about circuits or IPS ratings, except that in November and December it was impossible to catch a wave for all the crowd out there. But there was no crowd now, not even a Black Short. Nobody but the two of them. And here it came—the first wave of that long-awaited swell.

A huge wall of water met the resistance of the reef and climbed skyward, going steeper and steeper, walling up before the high valley wind. And then at twenty-five feet the curl began. And there in the critical section, dwarfed by the immensity of the mountain of water behind him, the raggedy-assed Roach raced across the slope, leaving a white, threadlike wake over the dark grandeur of his wave. ☐



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