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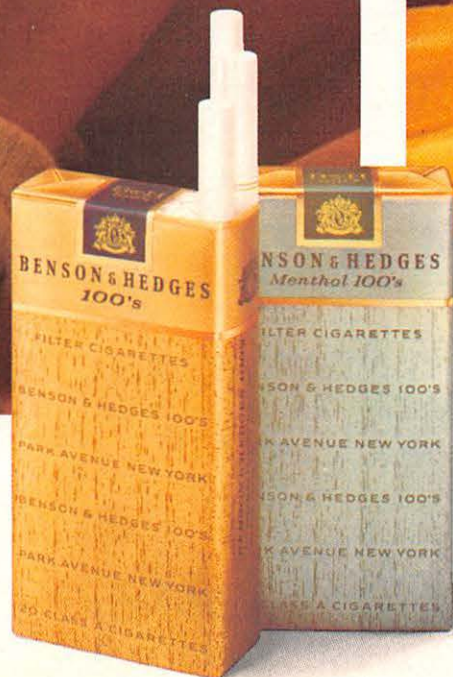


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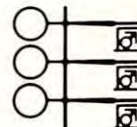
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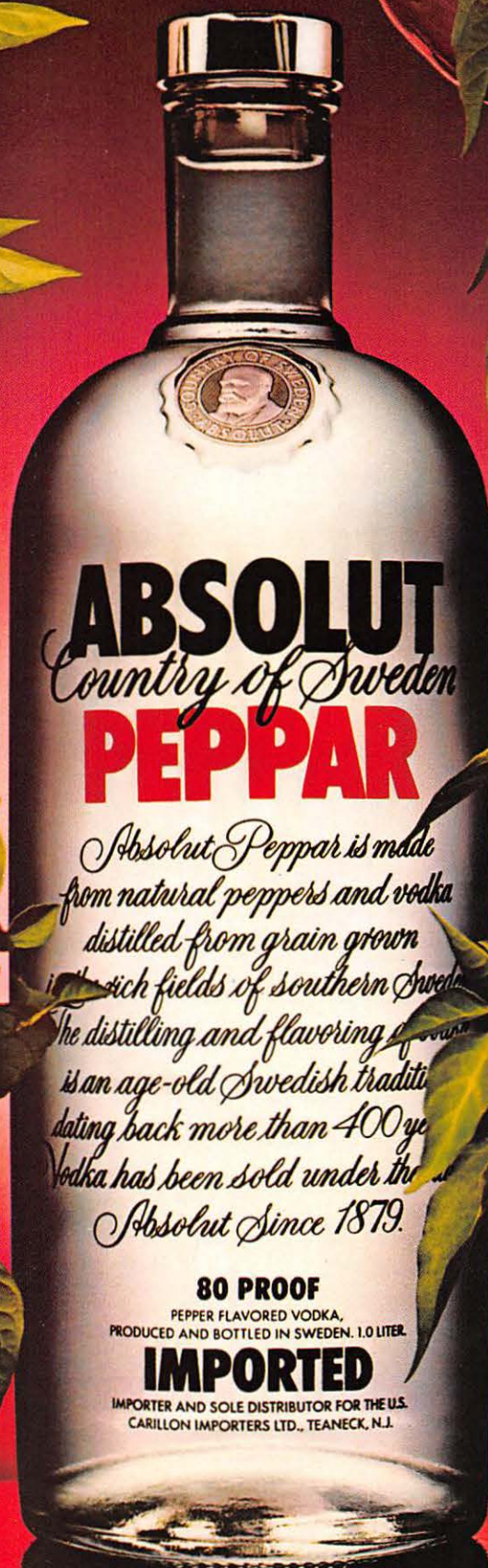
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This month's cover features Pet of the Month Linda Johnson. Carl Wachter photographed her with a Nikon F2 camera, a Nikkor 43-86 zoom lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. For more information on the equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 142.

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HOUSECALL



OUR GROWING PENTHOUSE FAMILY

With the launch of *Penthouse* in the Netherlands late last year, our International Magazine for Men conquered yet another nation. Within days of going on sale, its premier issue (pictured above) was sold out. A spectacular *Penthouse* Introduction Gala celebrated the new arrival, and the much-publicized presence of Editor/Publisher Bob Guccione helped to guarantee its success. Of course, we already had many Dutch friends—most notably, best-selling author Xaviera Hollander, whose "Call Me Madam" is one of this magazine's best-loved staples. Dutch *Penthouse* is our ninth international edition, following England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Japan, Hong Kong, and Australia, with more on the way. Welcome, cousin!



USA CONFIDENTIAL

We also inaugurate, in this issue, a sensational new investigative column. It's compiled and written by Sharon Churcher, whose best-selling new book *New York Confidential* (excerpted in these pages last November) exposed the secrets of the Empire City's hidden bosses, showing, among other things, how tenaciously they maintain their power. Sharon, whose mind-blowing scoops have made headlines for years in *The Wall Street Journal*, the *New York Post*, and *New York* magazine, promises that her new *Penthouse* column will be invigorating, unsettling, and always informative. "USA Confidential" will quickly



become "must reading" for everyone who wants to be plugged into tomorrow's hottest stories today!

PIRATES IN PINSTripES

These days, corporate raiders, hostile mergers, and greenmail have become American clichés. And the effects of these "shotgun weddings" are felt way beyond Wall Street. Syndicated columnist Nicholas von Hoffman casts a jaundiced look at these financial bully boys and their often unsuspecting and wimpish victims and, in an insightful and witty analysis, shows how all of our lives are being changed—for better or worse—by their tactics. . . . Then, in a look at outlaws far removed from Manhattan's canyons, our photo essay "Soldiers of Misfortune" examines the tragedy of Vietnam veterans who—having fled into Florida's backwoods—are unable to cope with the pressures of peace. It's a shattering look at a world you will never know and never forget.

BLACK RODEO STARS

Not many people know that at least a third of the cowpokes who tamed the Old West were "minorities," by today's nomenclature. *Blazing Saddles* apart, you don't see many black faces in Hollywood westerns or in the stylized etchings of Currier & Ives. But today, in honor of those long-forgotten pioneers who risked life and limb to help conquer our nation's frontiers, hundreds of black cowboys entertainingly commemorate a vital part of our heritage. As you'll see, the American cowboy mystique is still very much alive and well . . . and its face has many colors.

SEX AND VIOLENCE

There are a lot of self-styled "experts" around who claim that reading about sex, watching certain television programs, or listening to rock music can transform an unsuspecting, red-blooded American boy into a lip-smacking rapist-killer. As is the case with the "big lie," endlessly repeated, there are always a few mindless knuckleheads ready to believe the worst. According to authors Judith Hooper and *Omni* editor Dick Teresi in their insightful new book *The Three-Pound Universe* (which inspired this article), the best antidote to violence may in fact be sexual freedom. . . . We ourselves know that the best pill for nearly every ill is a healthy dose of feminine beauty and robust sensuality, to be found, as usual, in its natural state in this and every issue of your favorite magazine. May the force be with you! ☪



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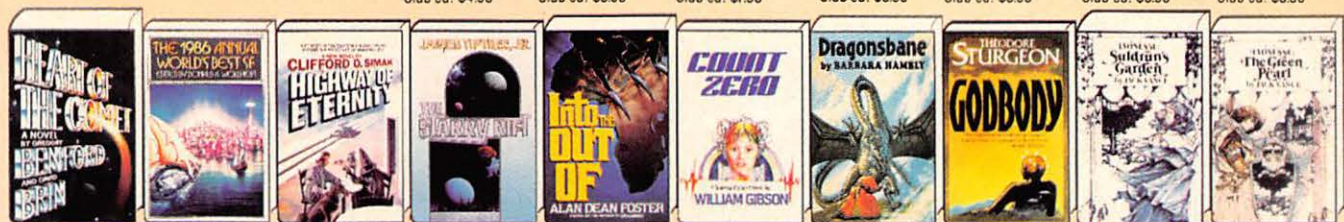


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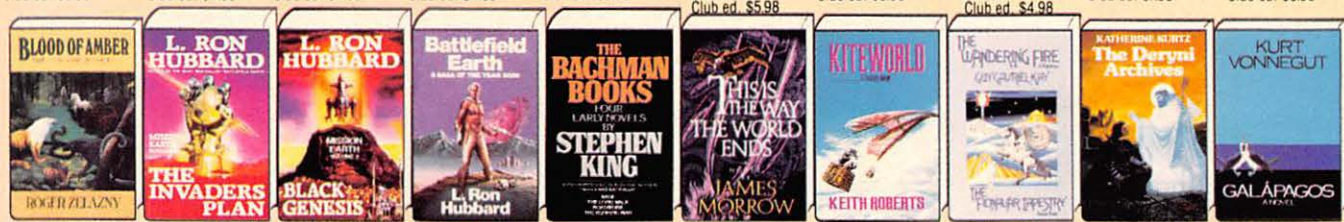
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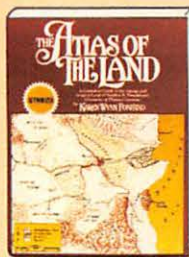
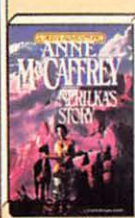


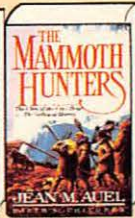
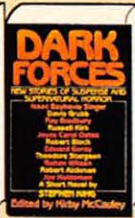



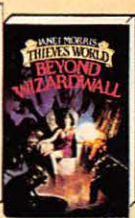



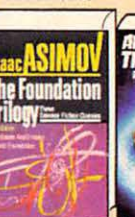








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“The last woman on line was Megan, and as she looked up at me she said, ‘I saved room for dessert. Give me your cream.’”

PENTHOUSE FORUM

PRIVATE DANCER

For years I've fantasized about being onstage doing a male strip act. A few times I've put on private shows for my lady, but I really longed to dance in a skimpy G-string in front of a large group of horny women. I was thrilled when one day last summer an acquaintance of mine asked me if I knew of any men who would jump out of a cake at a bachelorette party. I thought for about ten seconds before I replied, “Sure. I would love to do it.” Anita gave me the time and place and told me that she would get the cake.

The night came and I was ready. I arrived at the hall early enough to watch some women prepare for the night's events. There was plenty of food, booze, and champagne, and for dessert, a huge cake—with me for the icing! The plan was for me to wait in the back room until it was time to make my entrance. By this time the hall was filled with about 30 women, who were eating, drinking, and partying. Anita made an announcement that there would be a male stripper, and the women began to chant for me to start. Lucy and Anita, accompanied by two women I didn't know, came into the back room to wheel out the cake. One of the women, who was introduced as Megan, was a tall redhead with stunningly long legs. If I thought I was excited before, she really put me over the edge. I pictured her watching me strip, and I was more than ready to take on the whole room.

The women wheeled me out the door. I crouched



inside the cake as they toasted the bride-to-be, and waited for my music to start. When I heard my cue, I emerged, dressed in a little loincloth, looking like a Roman gladiator. The whistles and cheers boosted my already intense feelings. Off came the helmet I was wearing, followed by the arm bracelets. The shouts of “Take it off!” nearly drowned out the music. I slowly removed my loincloth and started to dance around the tables, being pinched here and grabbed there. I loved every minute of it, and my dance became more and more provocative. By now the only thing keeping me decent was my G-string, and with the raging hard-on I had, it wasn't much help. Shouts of “Let's see more” and “Take it all off!” rang through the room. Seeing this many women letting loose, lusting to see a naked male body, was driving me wild. There were women flashing their tits, and others raising their skirts to reveal their panties and garter belts. All this time I was being constantly touched, and it was driving me crazy. I was

so hot I could have come at any second.

My last song was nearing its halfway point, so I made my way to the front of the room. Hoping I was teasing each and every woman, I quickly removed the G-string and stood motionless in front of the lusty ladies. Then I slowly walked through the entire group, wanting any or all of them to look, touch, and admire my fully erect nine-inch cock. As I passed Anita, I bent down to tell her to play one more song.

I danced around the tables until one woman fell to her knees in front of me and grabbed my cock, engulfing it with her mouth. I thought I was going to shoot my load immediately, but as quick as it was down her throat, it was out again. Next, three women led me over to the bride-to-be, took her hands, and wrapped them around my erection.

Then came the most memorable part of an unforgettable evening. About ten of the wilder women knelt down in a line. Anita took me by the hand and placed me in front of the first one, who took my tool in her mouth and gave it a good, hard suck. After that, Anita led me down the line, each lady taking a taste of my man-meat. When I got to the end of the line I was dizzy with excitement and could barely see straight. The last woman on her knees was Megan, and as she looked up at me she said, “I saved room for dessert. Give me your cream.” She sucked my cock into her mouth like a pro, letting me tickle her tonsils as she gave me the best head I've ever had. Within seconds

I was shooting my load, and as Megan slurped my come, the room burst out in cheers.

As the party was ending, Anita asked me if I'd stay and help her clean up a little. I could tell by the look on her face that she had more than just sweeping the floor in mind, so I readily agreed to be of assistance. Lucy also offered to stay and help. With everyone else gone and the three of us putting away the debris, I told Anita and Lucy that it would only be fair if they undressed. You see, I was still in my G-string, and felt very underdressed next to the two completely clad women. Anita immediately disrobed down to a pair of lace bikini panties. Lucy is a bit more of a show-off. She took off her blouse and slowly unzipped it down to reveal her garter belt, stockings, and, to my surprise, no panties. It took us about an hour to clean the room, but I'm sure we could have finished in half the time if we weren't so preoccupied with caressing and bumping into each other.

Finally, the sexual tension between the three of us became overwhelming, and Lucy relieved me of what little clothing I had on. She bent down and began to suck my dick while rubbing my balls. She enthusiastically blew me until I shot an enormous load of jism deep into her mouth, and she

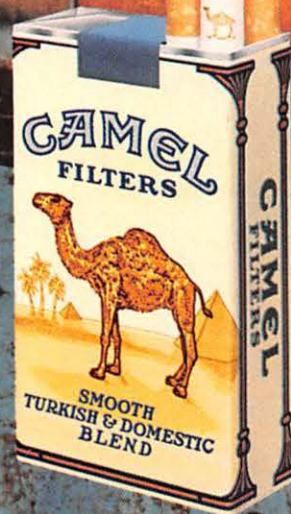
In PENTHOUSE FORUM, editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please) though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to *Penthouse Forum*, *Penthouse International Ltd.*, 1965 Broadway New York, NY 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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FEBRUARY

swallowed most of it. A few drops dribbled down her chin, and Anita kissed her mouth, licking my come off her face. Anita turned to me and said, "Now it's my turn to taste you," as she took my balls, first one, then the other, into her mouth while stroking me back to a full erection.

Anita led me over to a table and bent over, guiding my throbbing cock into her wet pussy. My hands found her tits, and I squeezed them as we bucked wildly. I drove my dick in and out of her hole, pulling out until the tip of my dick just split her cunt lips, then diving back in so that my entire shaft filled her completely. Meanwhile, Lucy had climbed up on the table and stood in front of me so that her pussy was just within licking distance. Anita reached out and began to caress Lucy's breasts, and for a few glorious minutes we fucked, sucked, and bucked until the three of us reached orgasms at nearly the same time.

In one evening I had lived out two of my all-time favorite fantasies. I got to strip in front of a group of horny ladies, and party with them and tease them until they had to have me. I also got to have great sex with two women at the same time, and believe me when I tell you that Anita and Lucy did not hold back anything. I like to believe that my stripping turned them on so much that they just had to have some relief!

I've been asked to do another bachelorette party by one of the ladies who attended my debut. I've already got a new costume prepared—this time I'll be an Indian chief. They even offered to pay me, but if it's anything like the first one, I'll gladly donate my services.—Name and address withheld

NO MEAN FEET

I have a foot fetish, and seeing a pair of pretty bare or sandaled feet on a beautiful woman really drives me wild. Not only do I enjoy sexy high-heeled shoes that turn on every red-blooded American male, but I like thongs even more. The prolonged sight of a foxy lady wearing a pair of thongs or other strappy sandals that bare all of her toes, usually gets the pal inside my pants very hard. If the lady has painted toenails, so much the better.

Last summer I was shopping in the local mall when I suddenly found myself standing behind Sharon. Sharon is one sensational-looking blond fox, about five foot four and 28 years old. Just one quick glance at her could make a monk swear off his vows, especially if she was clothed as she was that day. Sharon had on a strapless tube top that pushed her tits up; jogging shorts that only partially covered her beautiful ass; and the sexiest, most seductive black thonged sandals. They had skinny little ankle straps that laced halfway up her calves, and the sight of Sharon's gorgeously painted and pedicured feet turned my cock turgid. I could tell right then that she was a hot lady ready for some of my amazing action.

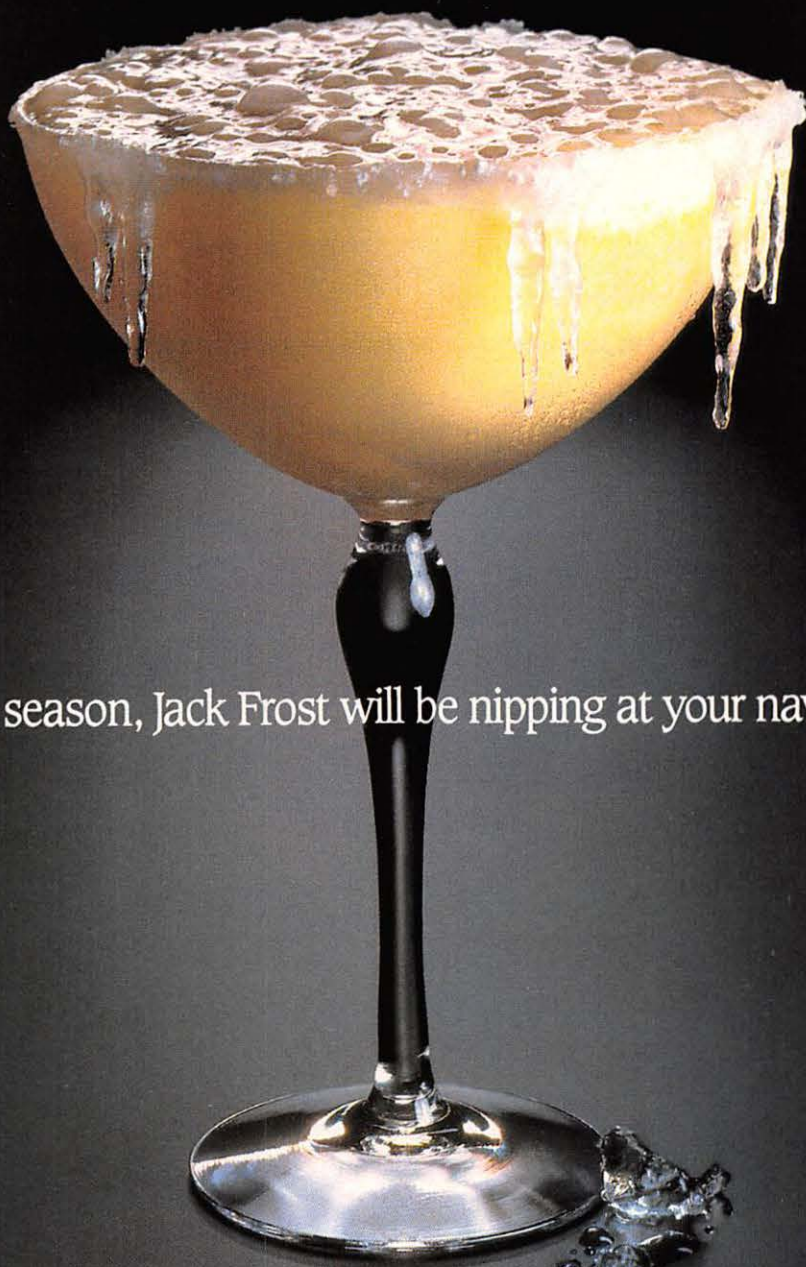
After following this movable feast for a few minutes, I felt like my balls were about to explode. Just before we arrived at the exit, Sharon turned to me, winked, and said, "Hi. Are you following me?" I honestly replied that I was, and that I couldn't help but admire her beautiful legs and feet. She looked from her feet to my bulging crotch, smiled, and said in a husky voice, "That's all I need to know, stud." Then she took me by the hand and led me out to the parking lot where her van was parked. She opened the door and led me inside, and the foreplay began immediately. We started by kissing, fondling, and licking each other's feet. Sharon told me that she hated closed shoes and only wore them when it was cold outside. She told me that I had beautiful feet, and that she loved the way they tasted. Between the sexy conversation and the sight of her smooth, creamy-white feet, my cock had grown to its full nine inches.

After some moaning, Sharon got up and asked me to strip naked. I gladly complied, and when she saw my hard, thick tool, her eyes lit up and she began caressing it. My eyes did the same when she popped off her top and two glorious tits with hard, lusty nipples sprang free. I began caressing them, gently playing with her nipples while she continued working her magic on my cock. After about ten minutes, she said, "If you want any more from me, you'd better please my twat now!" As I reached my hands up inside her shorts, I could feel she was already soaked with love nectar. With one flick of my wrist, I had her shorts off and we were both nude, except for our shoes.

We worked ourselves into a sixty-nine position, stealing occasional glances at each other's feet. I fed my cock into her eager mouth one inch at a time, and the sensation of Sharon's tongue sliding up and down my prick had me gasping as I shot my sperm into her mouth. Meanwhile, I had diddled her clit to a frenzy with my tongue and fingers, and seconds after I came Sharon screamed in passion. My face was drenched with her sweet blond-pussy juice, and it felt like our flailing arms and legs nearly rocked the van over as we sucked each other off.

After we were through eating each other, it was dessert time. Sharon and I enjoyed the pleasures of a slow, tender, yet passionate fuck. I'm sure some people in the parking lot heard our screams, but we were beyond caring. I was nearly as hard as I had been the first time around, and again we both came at about the same time.

We said good-bye, and I thought that was it. But when I got home and undressed, I found a piece of paper in my pants with Sharon's number on it. Apparently, she had slipped it in my pocket while I was too hot and horny to notice. As it turned out, she was married and lived in a nearby suburb. Her husband



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•Why do you
waste space on Howard Stern?
Burping on
the air is not funny. •

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

HOWARD STERN BITES BACK

Why do you waste space in your magazine on a nonentity like Howard Stern? He has no talent and in my opinion is not very funny. He's not "happening" on the radio waves—it's all in his mind!

First of all, burping on the air is not funny. Transvestites for dates is a bore. Even a greater bore was the analysis of a Dr. Ruth tape.

His sidekick Robin is even more pathetic. She seems to be a lobotomized zombie. For example, her daily contribution to the show sounds like this: "Heh, heh, heh, oh boy!" . . . "Heh, heh, oh dear." . . . "Heh, heh, heh, please." She can't even read the news without stumbling on the words. Women's lib should stop this exploitation of a mental cripple. I am a disgusted radio fan who feels that there are better radio shows on the West Coast.—*Name and address withheld*

Editors' note: We were at a loss to respond to such a personal, vitriolic attack. And so we deemed it best to allow Mr. Stern to reply, in his own quiet, judicious manner, to Mr. Withheld. Stern's response is as follows:

Dear Name Withheld:
While reading your letter the strangest thing happened. I was sitting in my office when a one-legged Nigerian stewardess, with nipples the size of coffee cups and the color of burnt cork, came by, threw herself on her knees, and began to gnaw on my flesh bologna with veins the size of garden hoses. Of course she was looking for Name and



Address Withheld, but we couldn't find you. Too bad—she had lips like Sade and the sucking abilities of a 4.5-horsepower Hoover canister vac. I pumped at her vowel pouch with my pork organ until she glugged my penis phlegm. My symphonic spunk rhapsodized "Für Elise" on her caps, making her uvula pound like a xylophone. I look forward to enjoying another sexual encounter with good ol' dribble lips, perhaps one even more exciting.

P.S. Write to me at the station if you want a picture of my tits. I hope you washed your hands before you wrote in, dickfingers.

ON THE OTHER HAND . . .

As a Howard Stern fan, I would like to take this opportunity to applaud Allan Sonnenschein and *Penthouse* for an insightful article ["Anything Goes," September 1986]. I have been a fan of Howard's since he was at "the other station" and have read many articles about the show. None have been as down-to-earth or have conveyed the essence of Howard Stern's humor so well.

Thank you, *Penthouse*, for a refreshing article; and

thank you, Howard, for four fun hours every day.—*J. Cramer, Branchville, N.J.*

WOMEN AGAINST PORN

I heartily applaud Ellen Hawkes's essay ["Feminist Self-Destruction"] in the October 1986 issue. I'm also glad that a woman has at last stepped forward to castigate her porn-bashing sisters. It has become clear that porn is not a moral issue anymore (even then it should be a person's private choice), but one of symbols (self-applied and misinterpreted) and semantics, slapping false labels such as "harmful" and "degrading" on anything remotely sexual. What these organizations are using is the "big lie" concept. If they say it loud enough and often enough, people will begin to accept it—until or unless people start thinking for themselves and listening to other voices that are raised in opposition to this whole censorship idea.

In my opinion, when the cry of "violent porn" is applied toward pictorials of the erotic nature (as with those called "exploitation"), it is not the correct term. Can't these morons see that it is merely playacting for entertainment?

Andrea Dworkin likes to twist reality and has a hard time separating fact from fantasy. If we let people like her sway the opinion of this country and promote twisted rhetoric and equally twisted laws, this nation is clearly in serious trouble.—*Leo N. Milelich, El Paso, Tex.*


PRETTY PATTY

This letter is in response to the August 1986 Pet of the Month, Patty Mullen. Wow!

You've outdone yourselves this time. The pictorial, entitled "Her Satisfaction Guaranteed," should have been called "Our Satisfaction Guaranteed." Just the mere sight of this beautiful lady revives my spirits. Sure enough, meeting pretty Patty in person would cure the worst depression. Once again your photography and background are unequaled. Thank you, *Penthouse*, for bringing our Staten Island friend to me and a few million other readers.—*William Smart, Sherman Oaks, Calif.*

MORE CENSORSHIP

I have loved your magazine for many years and consider myself an avid reader, and by my rights I should be able to choose what I want to read. I feel that whatever this Meese Commission is trying to do is against all principles that this country stands for. In plain English, this commission is bad news. I feel like Big Brother has taken permanent residence in my bedroom because of the likes of Jerry Falwell and his band of merry moralists.

I hope that *Penthouse* continues to fight this great wrong. I am frightened that this censorship idea will get out of hand and before long the freedom of choice we uphold so much will become a long-forgotten memory.—*D. E. Jaynes, Fort Worth, Tex.* 

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., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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Is disseminating sexist pornography like shouting "fire" in a theater? Feminist censors say it is.

JUSTICE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ



Nearly all Americans believe in freedom of expression—for some of the people, some of the time. But few Americans believe in free speech for all of the people, all of the time. The First Amendment provides that Congress (and through the Fourteenth Amendment, the states) "shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press . . ." This means that the government must never restrict freedom of communication—well, hardly ever! And therein lies the rub.

As long as the government has limited power to censor, no speech will ever be completely safe. *Abridgement by analogy* becomes the mechanism for expanding the narrow exceptions into gaping tears that may threaten our basic freedoms. The famous quip by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.—that even "the most stringent protection of free speech would not protect a man for falsely shouting 'fire' in a theater and causing a panic"—is usually the starting point for most such analogies.

Many Jews felt that the plan by neo-Nazis to march through Skokie, Illinois, was a perfect analogy. And most recently, I have heard some feminist censors argue that disseminating sexist pornography is "just like" shouting "fire" in a theater.

There is little doubt that some speech may properly be subject to governmental regulation. Extortionate threats, the revealing of military secrets and planning of conspiratorial crimes are examples of communications that should be punished. Parents are entitled to the help of the government in protecting young children from exposure to certain forms of expression. But "just like" analogies must be limited to situations that really are indistinguishable in policy from the few very narrow exceptions that make the rule workable.

The analogy to parents and young children is being invoked with increasing frequency to deny students—both in high school and in college—their right to free speech and free press.

Just as the Dred Scott decision declared that black slaves were property rather than citizens under the Constitution, the Supreme Court recently ruled that high school students—even 18-year-old seniors who could be drafted to kill or sentenced to die for their crimes—are not entitled to the protection of the First Amendment. Matthew Fraser, a Pierce County, Washington, high school student, had been disciplined for delivering a campaign speech on behalf of a fellow student that included sexual

innuendos: "Jeff is a man who is firm . . . who takes his point and pounds it in. . . . He drives hard. . . . Jeff is a man who will go to [the] climax . . ." The United States Supreme Court decided that Fraser's free-speech rights must be subordinated to the school board's responsibility to maintain discipline.


A similar episode was recently played out at Harvard. Some students had arranged a debate between Zuhdi Labib Terzi, an official of the Palestine Liberation Organization, and me. The State Department went to court to prevent this dangerous exchange of views, fearing—perhaps—that Harvard students are not mature enough to resist the simplistic arguments put forward by an apologist for terrorism. The federal district court ruled that the State Department's actions violated the First Amendment. But the Court of Appeals overruled the district court and stopped the debate by upholding the validity of a State Department policy that forbids PLO representatives from traveling out of New York for the purpose of making public speeches. (Terzi can travel for vacations or other reasons, but not to educate—or mis-educate—American citizens.) The students of Harvard were thus protected from hearing all sides of a controversial issue.

Across the Charles River from Harvard, Boston University has evicted students from their dorm rooms for exercising their freedom of expression. These students had hung banners from their dorm windows criticizing

the university's refusal to divest its holdings in companies doing business in South Africa. The university administration responded by invoking a rarely used "banner policy," which prohibits all window signs except those boosting the B. U. athletic teams. The students took their school to court, with evidence of the university's tolerance for all manner of window displays, ranging from neon beer signs to plastic flamingos to rubber chickens and assorted "graf-fiti-type signs." As of this writing, the court has not yet ruled, but the students are optimistic.

And down the coast a bit, in New Haven, Connecticut, a Yale student is fighting for his right to ridicule an event called GLAD, Gay-Lesbian Awareness Day. In an insensitive exercise of his right to free expression, he circulated leaflets suggesting an event called BAD, Bestiality Awareness Day. He was punished for his bad taste, but the university is reconsidering its decision.

Unless freedom of expression is maintained in our schools and universities, students will grow accustomed to censorship and will come to accept less freedom as adults. Responsible young adults should be analogized to adults, not to infants.

Shouting "fire" in a theater that is not burning can cause great harm. But failing to shout "fire"—or otherwise alert the patrons—when the theater is indeed burning can be even more dangerous. Let's keep free speech the rule, and censorship a narrow exception. 

Men could use some protection from women.

(And vice versa.)

Of course, there's no doubt whatsoever that men and women are the single best thing ever to happen to each other.

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Women

BY BEN STEIN



Some of Linda Alice Fairstein's classmates at Vassar in 1969 were interested in archaeology. Others were caught up in history or design or art or medicine. A few were interested in law. Linda Fairstein was different. Her obsession was justice.

Anyone who is a lawyer knows that the practice of law, whether at the corporate level, or in personal injury, or in government, usually has about as much to do with justice as it does with hog-raising. But for Linda Fairstein, who went on to graduate with high honors from the University of Virginia Law School in 1972, securing justice is the only test of whether she is using her life wisely. "I'm missing the gene that's supposed to care about money," Linda says. "I inherited the love of fairness."

Immediately after law school, Linda became an assistant district attorney in the Manhattan district attorney's office under the now legendary Frank Hogan. When Hogan first met her, he noted her delicate blond good looks, her exquisite

manners, and her college major in English literature. "You can try it here," he said about the D.A.'s office, "but I think you'll find it's no place for a woman like you."

The D.A. was not often wrong, but that prediction was a doozy. In the 14 years since Linda joined the prosecutor's office, she has shown that it is *exactly* the place for a woman like her. She began working with the felony bureau, making her way up to the actual prosecution of cases by dint of her careful preparation of details of evidence and law. She also impressed her bosses, first Hogan and then the brilliant Robert Morgenthau, with her unusual empathy for victims. That special ability to put herself in the shoes of the unfortunate men and women who passed through her office made Linda Fairstein stand out, not only among the very few women then in the D.A.'s office, but among all of the assistant district attorneys. When the federal government gave the D.A.'s office a grant for a special unit to prosecute sex crimes, Linda Fairstein was the logical choice for the job.

Since 1976, Linda has seen drastic changes in the D.A.'s office. Instead of six attorneys out of 180, women are now—a decade later—at least one quarter of 250. The handling of sex crimes, once a disorganized backwater of crime prosecution, has also been greatly humanized under Linda Fairstein. Proudly, she says, "It was finally recognized that the crime of forcible rape occupies a unique place in the law because of the

extraordinary anguish caused to the victim of the assault as well as the special difficulties in getting a conviction of the accused. We have made a lot of progress in both areas."

First, New York rape laws have been drastically rationalized, often under prodding of legislature by Linda Fairstein. The requirement that a victim's testimony be corroborated by another witness was eliminated in the mid-seventies, as was the requirement that a victim resist "to the utmost degree of her ability."

The law before these changes was deeply flawed, Linda points out. "After all, we don't require that a victim of an armed robbery have corroboration. We don't require that a victim of kidnapping resist at the risk of death. Why did we make women do that?"

Further, the victims are now treated with a degree of personal warmth that was unknown a generation ago. The entire intake procedure for victims has been revamped since Linda's unit began so that victims see a helpful, compassionate face at every stage of the still painful process.

"For too many years, even for centuries, rape victims were treated as if they were on trial," Linda says. "We have tried to put a stop to that. We no longer allow defense attorneys to examine victims about their prior sex lives, which was another horror of the previous law," she adds.

Linda Fairstein has prosecuted a number of cases that stunned New York City.

She prosecuted a dentist who had been fondling his female patients while they were under anesthesia; two men who raped and mutilated a nun at a convent in Spanish Harlem; and the "midtown rapist," who had been terrorizing women in the posh office buildings of Manhattan in the summer of 1985. Now she is in charge of the so-called "preppie murder" case, in which 19-year-old Robert Chambers is accused of brutally strangling 18-year-old Jennifer Dawn Levin behind the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Manhattan's Central Park.

"Those cases are always important," Linda says. "But the cases that make my job worth doing are when I talk to a 14-year-old from the projects on the Lower East Side. She's just been gang-raped by ten teenage boys or maybe by a drug dealer in the neighborhood. She's so terrified she can't talk. Her mother can barely speak English. When I promise them we'll get justice, they cannot even come close to believing that the government of a big city like New York would go to a lot of trouble on their account. When they see that the perpetrators have been convicted and go to jail for a long time, they are so overjoyed they cannot believe it. That's when I'm glad I have this job, even though my friends from law school who work on Wall Street make more in a few months than I do in a year."

Linda has worked to change other areas of sex-crime law as well. "The single biggest myth about rape is that it is a victim-precipitated

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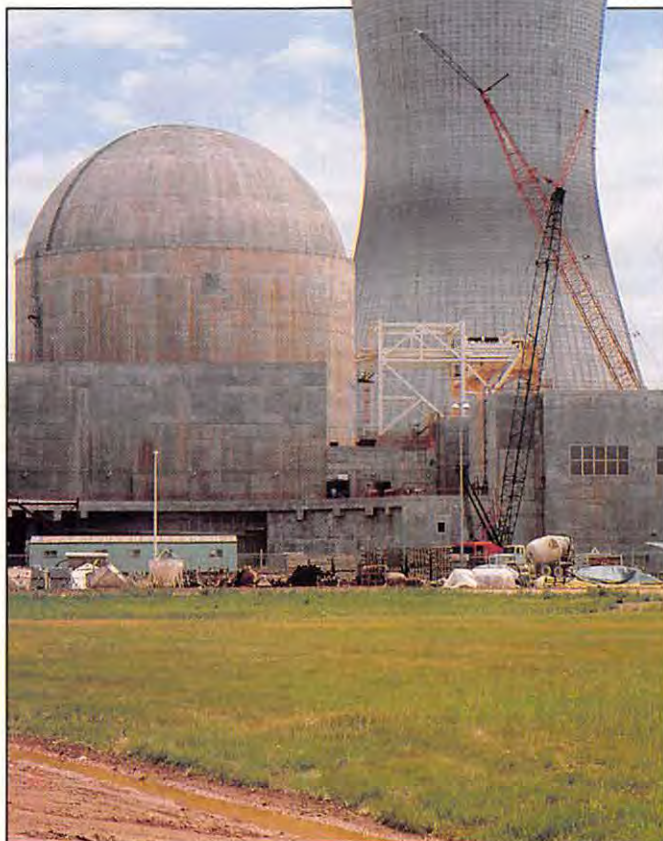
BY SHARON CHURCHER

A NUCLEAR-POWERED DRUG SCANDAL

A welder who helped build coolant systems at the \$3.2 billion Shearon Harris nuclear power plant, which is set to go on line this year in a thickly populated area of North Carolina, has told me that "just about everybody" on his crew did drugs on the job or drank before starting work. Exaggeration by a disgruntled employee? Perhaps not. The utility that owns the plant, Carolina Power & Light, has conceded that 218 workers have been furloughed for confirmed or suspected drug abuse. Yet after undercover state and local investigators found that cocaine, marijuana, hashish, and methamphetamine were readily available at the construction site, a Nuclear Regulatory Commission judicial panel authorized the licensing of the facility.

A licensing document explains that Their Honors, adopting the utility's estimate of dope use on the job, had calculated that at most 4.5 percent of the work force was stoned. Since drug abuse in the work force nationally, on and off the job, is five to 12 percent, says the document, "our judgment is that drug use at Harris has not been widespread." Expressing faith that the utility would have caught any errors that resulted from the workers' euphoric habits, it adds that there is no evidence of "any specific safety concerns."

Predictably, the antinuke lobby has reacted strongly to this decision. So has North Carolina Assistant State Attorney General Steve Bryant. "Drug use at Shearon Harris may be less than in society as a whole, but society as a whole wasn't building



a nuclear power plant," he observes. Moreover, he says, the utility's statistics may understate the problem. The undercover investigation, instigated at CP & L's request, swiftly resulted in eight arrests—and the suspicion, according to a memo in state records, that "there were several cliques dealing drugs at the Harris plant, involving several hundred people who ranged from the supervisory level to the actual work force."

The state was about to extend its investigation when, by Bryant's account, it had to call it off because the utility launched its own, above-cover drug-deterrence program, employing drug-sniffing dogs.

"The foreman would say, 'Don't bring anything on the job today. They'll have

the dog,' " said the welder I interviewed.

"CP & L's primary goal was to rid the site of drug activity as quickly as possible," counsels the NRC document.

The Government Accountability Project, a Washington organization that represents nuclear industry whistleblowers, says there is evidence that drug use has also been prevalent at the Seabrook reactor in New Hampshire and a South Carolina nuclear-weapons factory. The organization claims that federal regulators are dangerously complacent about the risks this poses. For instance, the NRC judges declined to order checks on work performed by those 146 of the 218 dismissed Shearon Harris employees who were involved in crafts like pipe fitting and electrical

wiring. (Random checks were made of some tasks performed by fired quality-control inspectors.)

"The NRC is relying on the utility's quality-control program. They also relied on the utility with California's Diablo Canyon nuclear reactor project," says GAP lawyer Tom Devine. "After they signed off on the final licenses, they discovered that part of it had been built using the blueprint backward."

According to GAP, one reason that such problems can take a long time to surface is that employees fear they'll be fired if they blow the whistle. A Shearon Harris engineer, John McWeeney, did try to make waves. After the NRC panel authorized the licensing of the reactor, the Labor Department ruled that McWeeney had been terminated "in part because he made internal complaints regarding quality and safety problems." The utility is appealing. Shortly after this, in late October, a confidential informant alleged to the NRC that while employed at Shearon Harris, he had witnessed the falsification of documents, tests, and quality-control stamps. About two days after he contacted the NRC, the agency gave the go-ahead for Shearon Harris to load fuel for start-up testing.

"We would not operate a plant that was unsafe," says a spokesman for the utility, which has issued area residents with a safety booklet ("If You Hear the Sirens") containing evacuation instructions ("If you must evacuate . . . shelter livestock and pets. Leave them food and water for two days"). Attached to this homily is a calendar with a bucolic photo of a sailboat gliding past the plant's cooling tower.



CONFIDENTIAL

NANCY'S MONARCHS

Those who recall the imperial dawn of the Reagan presidency, those gilded hours when Nancy dreamed of endowing the republic with a White House jewelry collection and the Gipper went horse riding with the queen of England, will be relieved to hear that the First Lady hasn't given up in her efforts to turn 1600 Pennsylvania into an American court: She



has been bedecking the place with photographs of the world's royals.

"Her favorites are [Britain's] Charles and Di," a friend of Nancy's says, explaining that the crowned heads reach their most impressive concentration in the First Lady's office. "On her desk are photos of her mother, her father, the kids, and on the



shelves behind her are the royals."

Since the photos were donated by their subjects, they fall under a law governing such gifts from foreign officials as—to quote administration records—a color shot of Charles and Di "in a Casual Pose Aboard Ship . . . in Sterling Silver Frame W/ Engraved Prince of Wales Crest at Top." The First Couple are allowed to either junk the gift (a practice tactfully described in bureaucratese as "cataloging, boxing, and storage") or they can keep it for temporary "display," transferring it to the President's library when he leaves office. On display along with that revealing shot of Charles and Di, say the records, are the queen's tell-it-like-it-is husband, Prince Philip (he has described the Chinese as having "slitty eyes"), and H. M. herself—"in Formal Attire in a Sterling Silver Frame W/Engraved 'E. R.' Crest at Top."

Her Majesty Beatrix of the Netherlands, Her Majesty Sirikit of Thailand, a Norwegian prince and princess, and the Japanese emperor are also on show. Charles and Di gave the Reagans an entire photo album in 1985. It's on display, say the records, and has tooled gold borders. By contrast, when Prime Minister Brian Mulroney of Canada also shelled out for an album, it was consigned to the cellars. The Reagans are keeping a photo of Mulroney. It's nicely framed in navy-blue leather, and that sort of detail can make all the difference if you're not born to the purple and are seeking to please our rulers. Li Xiannian, the president of the People's Republic of China, presented himself in a vulgar "wood frame with gold-painted liner." This gift has been junked, say the records.

PIPE DREAM

Expecting to encounter a man who has everything—job security, an impressive federal title, and travel prospects—I dialed up the office of the deputy inspector of the Alaska Natural Gas Transportation System. But from my conversation with a source close to this Energy Department official, it quickly emerged that he may be getting somewhat bored: He heads an office set up in 1979 to monitor construction of the \$40 billion 4,800-mile pipeline—and is still waiting for the project to start. The "prebuild" legs of the line, which was to snake from the Canadian Arctic into the U.S., were completed in 1982. Though the jackhammers then stopped—and there is little chance that they ever will restart because there has been a slump in natural-gas demand—the construction monitoring office survived them. "At its height, it employed 150 people and was riven with bureaucratic infighting because they had nothing else to do," says a former staffer.

The staff is now down to two, and an Energy Department official assured me that they have plenty to do, what with "technical holdover work," liaising with their "one and a half" counterparts in Ottawa, and so forth. The deputy inspector and his aide have a ton of paperwork to keep them busy because "there are a certain number of administrative things that an office has to do in order to continue to function as a federal agency."

HAIRY STORIES

A young man identified as Prince Faisal bin Sultan, son of the defense minister of Saudi Arabia, checked into the Diplomat Hotel in Hollywood, Florida, last fall with a large entourage—including a staffer from Robin Weir, the Washington salon that normally sends coiffeurs to groom the likes of Joan Rivers and Nancy Reagan. A man traveling with his own hairdresser? The Weir staffer, Jeffrey Sobek, confides that



where Faisal goes, he goes. "I've been to Paris, London, and Geneva, and on this trip it will be Las Vegas, New York, San Francisco. . . . He likes his hair curly and long on top, blow-dried to the scalp, and I give him a half-inch mustache." Sobek would like to see every Very Important Male be as concerned with his appearance when carrying the flag into foreign parts; but Milton Pitts, barber to many American top men, scoffs at the notion of accompanying customers overseas. "I saw

George Shultz before he left for the Iceland summit and when he got back," Pitts explains. Same goes for another of his regulars, Ronald Reagan: "This gentleman keeps himself so well groomed, all he requires is a cut every 12 to 14 days. He shaves himself with an electric razor." So Pitts has never traveled? Well, he did once go to Florida, he recalled. "It was with President Nixon, for the convention. He was especially concerned about his appearance on TV."

A MEAL THE MAYOR CAN'T REFUSE



Mayor Ed Koch doesn't feed his chops in any ol' restaurant. Even before experts began predicting that the late Carlo Gambino's son, Thomas Gambino, would succeed John Gotti as godfather of the Gambino organized-crime family, Hizzoner was frequently seen at Nightfalls—a Brooklyn restaurant where Gambino's brother, Joe, is the weekend pastry chef. The restaurant is run by a pal of the mayor's, Al Nahas, and a partner. When *The Village Voice* reported speculation in 1985 that "[Joe] Gambino has a hidden interest in the restaurant," Gambino, Nahas, and his partner denied it. Still,

they weren't exactly angry: Nahas crows that the place was packed after the article appeared.

Now that Joe's brother is a front-runner to take over the nation's most powerful Mafia clan, business should really boom. "More publicity!" Nahas boasted. "Tommy's the most wonderful, timid individual. He's been to Nightfalls several times. So has Mr. Gotti. The mayor was last in here two days ago. . . . Yes, but not to eat, qualified Koch's press secretary, Bill Rauch: "The mayor was leading the Ragamuffin Parade [a children's event] and his friend Al Nahas took him to say hello."

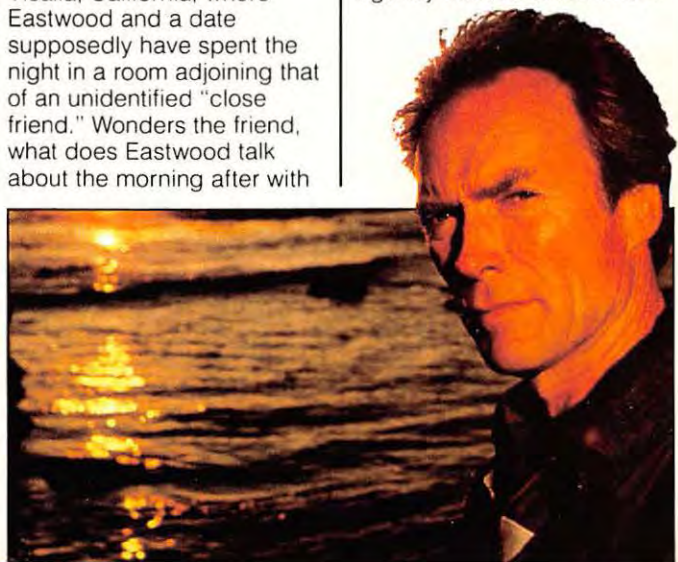
CARMEL KNOWLEDGE

A longtime friend of Clint Eastwood is shopping for a publisher for a book he has written about the public and allegedly lusty private life of the new mayor of Carmel. Paul Lippman, once Eastwood's partner in the Hog's Breath, a Carmel bistro, prepped his manuscript without Dirty Harry's approval. He doesn't need it, he says, because he and the star went on dates together after they were both divorced. So the book "is all firsthand knowledge."

An opening scene is set in the Lamplighter Inn, in Visalia, California, where Eastwood and a date supposedly have spent the night in a room adjoining that of an unidentified "close friend." Wonders the friend, what does Eastwood talk about the morning after with

such ladies? Lippman quotes the star's response: "We don't talk. We watch cartoons."

Though the tabloids have frequently linked Eastwood to Sondra Locke, an actress 17 years his junior, Lippman says that his pal's conquests invariably have been unknowns. The book chronicles romps with secretaries, ladies wooed in swift encounters at the Hog's Breath (an "action spot," says the book), and a brunette who taught Eastwood transcendental meditation. "Clint routinely likes small or slight women—he calls them 'squirts,' 'shrimps,' and 'spinners'; I call them 'hip-pocket rockets.'" Eastwood's agency refused to comment.



After a lot of hard work, people call all the time wondering why they aren't even near a Fonda or Schwarzenegger body. Here's the reason.

FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.



I know that protein is a fundamental part of our diet, but I am wondering if it would be more beneficial if I had some at breakfast instead of, or in addition to, my usual coffee and doughnut. Would this give me more energy? If so, what kind of protein should I eat?—Dee Moscovitz, Yonkers, N.Y.

If your usual breakfast consists of coffee and a doughnut, I hate to think how bad the rest of your diet is. Energy should not come from a particular meal or type of food, but from a properly functioning body. It is especially important to maintain stable blood sugar. If you have to prop up your energy level with a sugar and caffeine breakfast and then subsequent pick-me-ups, such as Snickers bars, throughout the day, your body will not work properly. These sad excuses for food simply shoot up blood sugar to excessive levels, making you feel more energetic for all of 45 minutes, until the body can produce enough insulin to pull the blood sugar down

again in order to protect itself from sugar damage. Diabetics know all about sugar damage. It can shorten your life by 20 years.

I advise a breakfast of whole-grain muffins or toast or mixed whole-grain cereals, plus a piece of fresh fruit. If you must have coffee, use decaf or have only one cup a day. As for protein, recent studies from MIT published in the *American Journal of Clinical Nutrition* (May 1986) show that previous American standards for protein requirements seriously underestimated the needs of even sedentary people. So boost your meal by grilling some shrimp, lobster, or fresh fish onto your muffins, topped with a modicum of melted cheese. Such a breakfast should see you through until dinnertime. If it doesn't, then consider ditching all the sugar in your diet—but do so gradually. Your body might have been conditioned to daily junk-food fixes for so long that it will take a year to get it healthy again.

I usually do 20 minutes of calisthenics or 20 minutes of aerobic exercise three times a week. Combined with my low-calorie, high-complex-carbohydrate diet, will this help me lose weight?—M. L. Greenspan, Athens, Ga.

Twenty minutes is the absolute minimum needed to produce an effect on the metabolism. Unless the calisthenics and aerobics are particularly intensive and rhythmic, they will hardly work at all. Also, if you have been doing the same program for more than six weeks, the

body will have adapted and the exercise effect will have long disappeared. Many people who have taken up exercise in the last few years write or call us wondering why they have not even approached a Jane Fonda or an Arnold Schwarzenegger body, despite a lot of hard work. Mainly, we find that they do the wrong kind of work, unsuited to their body, their level of development, and their goals.

What you need is a progressive exercise plan. If your main goal is to lose body fat, then you want a metabolism effect. Note that I said *lose body fat*, not *lose weight*. Too many people adopt a low-calorie diet and wonder why they get bony in some places while remaining pudgy in others. The low-cal lifestyle tends to trigger hormonal body defenses, which then protect the fat store almost to the death by burning muscle instead and reducing metabolic rate and energy to a minimum. The end result is the lackluster mess seen so often in gyms, chewing on their Perrier straws with just enough oomph to prop themselves up at the juice bar.


To exercise properly you have to eat well. Your diet should consist of complex carbs and 20 percent protein from fish and fowl, legumes, and whole grains for a total calorie content of not less than 2,000 a day (1,800 if you are really tiny). Then you will have the energy for a good 40 minutes of exercise five days a week, increasing in difficulty by very small margins week by week. For maximum fat-burning effect, aim for rhythmic forms of

exercise (rowing, biking, swimming, jogging), which will keep your metabolism up for hours afterward and sneak the fat away fraction by fraction without your hormone defenses being alerted.

I am a 31-year-old male in better than average shape. I work out with weights three times a week, run 45 miles a week, and compete in ten-kilometer races. Some of my friends have been taking a new nutrition supplement called carnitine. They say it boosts their strength and endurance. Do you recommend it?—Jack Palermo, New York, N.Y.

Carnitine is not new. It was discovered in 1905. It is an amino acid that occurs naturally throughout your muscles and organs, where it forms an essential part of the energy cycle.

There are numerous studies showing that carnitine supplementation improves angina and increases exercise performance in cardiac patients. It also has been proven that carnitine deficiency can cause muscle weakness because, without it, muscles cannot use fat for energy. Using this information, supplement manufacturers have surmised that carnitine supplements might increase the muscle energy of athletes in normal health, but it has yet to be proven.

L-Carnitine is the product that should be used. DL-Carnitine (sometimes labeled "racemic carnitine") effectively poisons your body and can cause long-lasting muscle weakness. 

Stop Taking Vitamins

If you think the vitamins you are now taking are doing you any good, wait until you hear the latest news on why they may not.

By Joseph Sugarman

This may come as a shock. But according to the latest research, those vitamins that you take every day may be doing you absolutely no good. For example.

FACT: Vitamins should be taken after a meal—never before. The body must first have protein, fats, or carbohydrates in the digestive tract to properly break down the vitamins for proper absorption.

FACT: Your body has a need for a natural vitamin balance. Too much of one vitamin may cause another vitamin to be less effective. For example, vitamin A should be taken with Vitamin E but excessive iron should not.

FACT: If you take too much calcium, you may deplete the magnesium in your system. And you need magnesium to convert food into energy.

FACT: Some vitamins are best taken in the morning and others at night. For example, the trace element chromium helps break down the sugar in your food which in turn creates energy—perfect to start the day. But at night you should take Calcium which has a relaxing effect—perfect for the evening.

FACT: Athletes or people who exercise a great deal need vitamins more than people who don't exercise. Vitamins are depleted at a much faster rate during exercise than during any other period of time.

But there was a series of other facts that surprised me too. For example, despite everything I've just mentioned on the care in taking vitamins, there are those people who absolutely need vitamins because of the mental or physical activity that they undergo. People on a diet, under stress, those who smoke, women who take contraceptives and even those who take medication—all rob their bodies of some of the essential vitamins and minerals that they need to help combat the various habits or conditions they are under.

And with proper vitamins in the proper balance and at the proper times, you may have more energy and vitality. Little changes may take place. Your nails may become stronger, your hair may become lustrous and your skin may remain more elastic which will keep you younger-looking longer.

DOCTORS HAD IDEA

About two years ago a group of doctors had an idea. They realized that many people were taking vitamins and not really noticing any difference in their health. They also realized that, based on the latest nutri-

Stop taking that innocent looking vitamin pill until you read this report.

tional findings, the vitamins people were taking may not have been doing them any good. So they formed a group of advisors consisting of nutritionists, dieticians, dermatologists, biochemists and physicians, and began to work on the development of a vitamin program that incorporated all of the latest information on vitamins, minerals, nutrition, food processing—even stress research. They realized that vitamins were a two-edged sword. They could either help you or hurt you.

They then took all this information and developed the most effective combination of vitamins and minerals, formulated four tablets—one for the morning and one for the evening—and one for men and one for women and then started a test program that lasted over two years. The results speak for themselves.

It was ideal for weight loss programs and it was ideal for people under stress. It helped many increase their energy levels. Smokers benefited. Some under medication benefited. And before long MDR Fitness Corp., the company that had developed the program became, one of the fastest growing vitamin companies in the United States. And no wonder.

SEVERAL BENEFITS

With the proper vitamin and mineral balance, taken in the right quantity in the right combination and at the right time, several obvious benefits occur. First, you may develop a better mental outlook because you've got the energy and the zest to accomplish more. As a result of the trace elements copper, zinc and manganese, your body is helped to make its natural anti-aging enzymes that keep you fit. Improvements in your vitality translate into everything from better job performance to a more fulfilling sex life.

JS&A has been selected by the vitamin company to introduce their medically formulated vitamin program. Every two months we send you a two month's supply of 120 fitness tablets—one to be taken after breakfast and one after dinner.

During the first two months, you will have ample opportunity to notice the difference in your energy level, your appearance and your overall stamina. You should notice small changes. Your complexion may even take on a glow. Some of you may notice all of these changes and others

may notice just a few. But you should notice some of them.

If for any reason, you do not notice a change, no problem. Just pick up your phone, and tell us not to send you any more vitamins. And if you're dissatisfied and ask for a refund, you won't even have to send the empty bottle back. It's yours free for just giving us the opportunity to introduce our vitamins. However, if you indeed do notice a difference (which we are confident you will), you'll automatically receive a two-month's supply every eight weeks.

ONE MORE INCENTIVE

I'm also going to give you one more incentive just to let me prove to you how powerful this program really is. I will send you a bonus gift of a fitness bag with your first order. This beautiful bag will hold all your fitness gear and it's great too for short vacation trips. It's a \$20 value but it's yours free for just trying the vitamins. Even if you decide not to continue, you keep the fitness bag. I am so convinced that you will feel and see a difference when you take these vitamins that I am willing to gamble on it with this unusual offer.

Vitamins indeed are important. And with today's research and new nutrition technology, you have a greater chance to achieve the fitness and health levels that may have eluded you with the typical store vitamins or the poor advice we may get in health food stores or from friends. Here is a safe, risk-free way to get one of the best vitamin programs in the country, formulated by a physician, with the right combination of vitamins, minerals and trace elements, in a convenient program that assures you of delivery every two months. I personally take and highly recommend them. Order your trial quantity, today.

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Men, take heed:
Mixing business and
pleasure can be
a dangerous game.

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER



I'm sure you never thought you'd hear Sidney Siller extolling the virtues of the ERA. But I find myself becoming increasingly enamored of that bill as a protection against women taking up every grievance against men with the Supreme Court. Sadly enough, our most revered court seems to be leading the effort to chisel away the rights of men and leave them increasingly vulnerable to attack. The most recent evidence of this trend is *Meritor Savings Bank v. Vinson*, in which the Supreme Court held that female employees have a right to sue their bosses for discrimination on the basis of sexual harassment under Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act.

In the *Meritor* case, Michelle Vinson claimed that while an employee of the bank, she was subjected to sexual harassment over a four-year period. The case was first heard in the district court, where Vinson testified that her supervisor, Sidney Taylor, made repeated demands upon her for sexual favors both during and after

business hours. Vinson claims she eventually acquiesced to Taylor out of fear for her job, and subsequently had sexual intercourse with him 40 to 50 times over the next few years. Taylor denied all of Vinson's allegations, contending that she made her accusations in retaliation for a business-related dispute.

Further, the testimony showed that Vinson began at the bank as an assistant teller and was subsequently promoted to teller, head teller, and finally, assistant branch manager. It is factually undisputed in the court record that her advancement was based on merit alone.

Although the conflicting testimony regarding the sexual relationship between Vinson and Taylor was left unresolved, the district court denied Vinson relief, holding that the relationship was voluntary and had little to do with her continued employment at the bank or her ability to receive promotions. The Court of Appeals, however, reversed the decision, noting that a violation of Title VII may be predicated on one of two types of harassment: (1) harassment in which the conditions of employment benefits are dependent on sexual favors and (2) harassment that does not affect economic benefits but creates a hostile or offensive working environment. The court held that since the district court had not considered whether a violation of the second type had occurred—despite the fact that it had found Vinson and Taylor's sexual relationship to be voluntary—a remand was necessary.

The Supreme Court upheld the Court of Appeals' decision ruling that a worker's consent to give sexual favors to a superior is no defense against a harassment claim.

In my legal experience, I consider this one of the most outrageous violations of men's rights in many years. By eliminating the requirement that there be evidence of economic effect upon the complainant's employment, by failing to set precise standards for determining what constitutes sexual harassment, and by ruling that an employee's consent to sex is not a defense against a harassment charge, the Supreme Court has, in effect, declared open season on men. They are now prime targets for charges of sexual harassment from disgruntled female employees.

I find this precedent particularly frightening in light of today's heightened sexual freedom. With the influx of women into the job market, offices have, in fact, become primary breeding grounds for romance. As Andrea Darvi Plate, author of a *Harper's Bazaar* article entitled "Sex on the Job: Can It Work?" recently reported, "These days a lot more is going on in the office than just work. . . . With 54 percent of women currently working—some three million in managerial jobs—liberal attitudes toward interoffice involvements are beginning to take hold. . . ." Clearly, one must question the prudence of allowing a broad legal interpretation of sexual harassment at a time when the taboos on sex in the office are all but defunct.

Also at issue in this case was the bank's liability for Taylor's alleged indiscretions. While the Supreme Court stopped short of declaring employers liable in all instances for on-the-job sexual conduct of management personnel, as did the Court of Appeals, the justices did indicate that employers may be found liable in certain instances. Again, however, the court was vague and declined to specify what those instances may be.

In view of the obscurity of the Supreme Court ruling, I would like to suggest several precautionary measures. My advice to individuals is simple: Restrain from becoming romantically involved with coworkers—remember, your only defense to a harassment charge will be your word against hers. As for employers, I strongly recommend that you take the following steps:

- Distribute precise rules concerning sexual fraternization between employees.

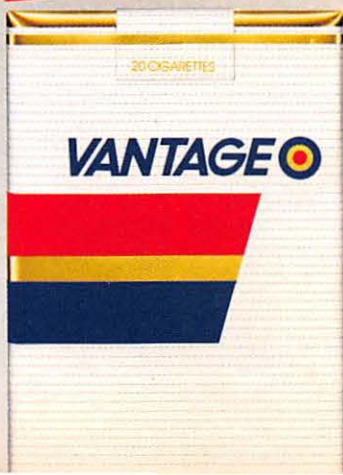
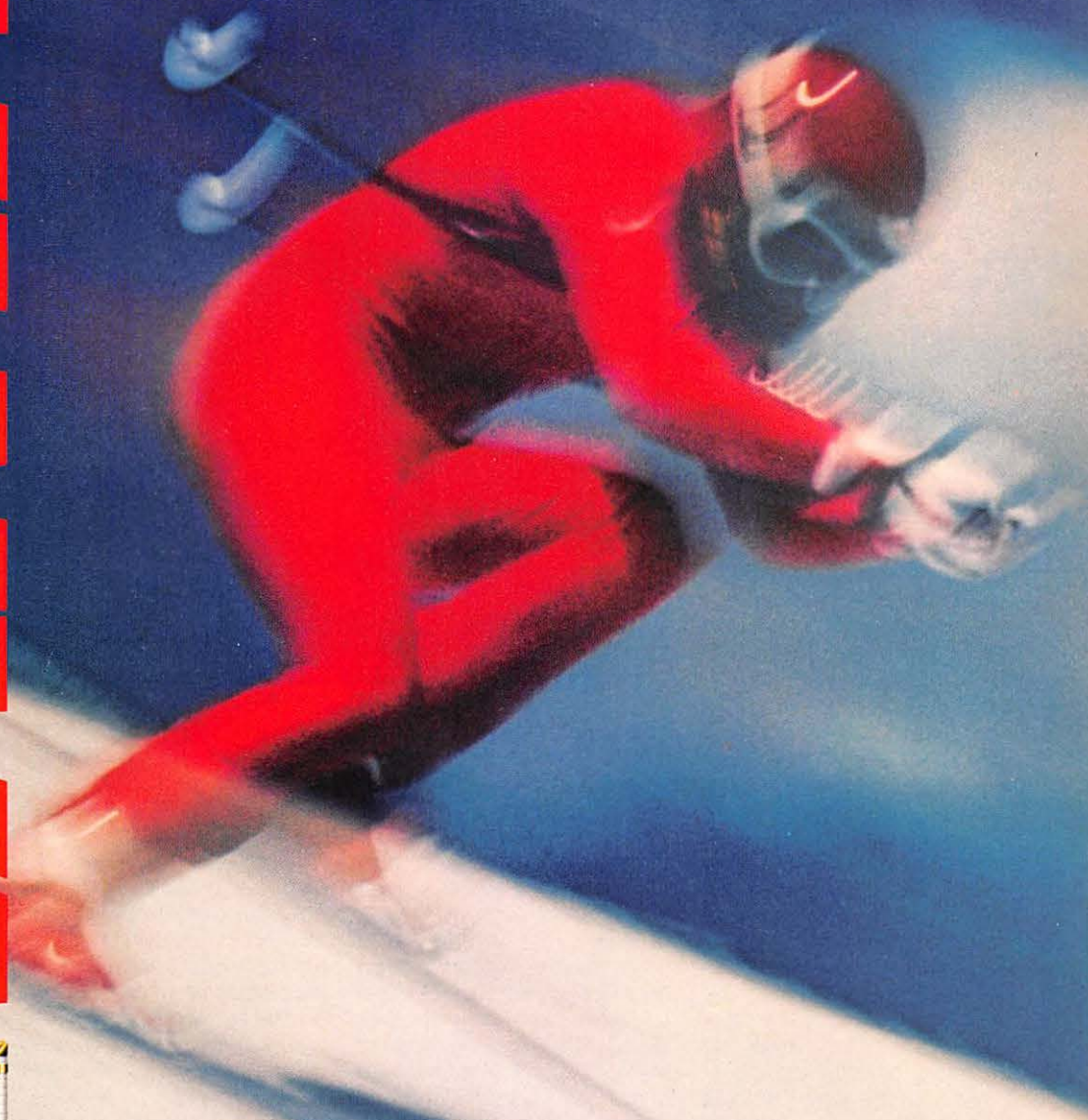
- Set up an impartial internal-grievance committee to handle complaints of sexual harassment.

- Take disciplinary action against any supervisor who sexually harasses an employee, making it clear that he or she was not acting as an agent for the company.

So, men, take heed: When you become romantically involved with a female coworker, you place yourself and your employer in a position of potentially substantial liability. Certainly, the age-old dictum of not mixing business and pleasure has taken on new meaning for our times. O—

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●My lover was fast asleep,
but he was breathing deeply and
had a rigid erection.
I sucked him to orgasm without
even waking him up.●

XAVIERA HOLLANDER CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I have a problem that I hope you can help me with. I am 29 years old, been happily married to a beautiful lady for five years, and am very satisfied sexually. The problem is that the other night I had a wet dream. This is kind of strange for me, since in my whole life I've only had one previous to this, and that was when I was in my mid-teens. The thing that struck me about this dream was that I woke up just as I was coming, and I could remember the dream as if it had actually happened. This was not the first time I've had a variation of this dream, but it is definitely the first time I've ejaculated during it.

What put this dream into my head in the first place was the fact that Debby, my wife's best friend, was telling her how lucky she was to have a man like me. Debby has not been having much success with the men she's been dating lately, and it was obvious that she was getting lonely. Later that night, my wife told me that Debby had confided in her that she hadn't been fucked in over a year. By the way, Debby's face is just average-looking, but she is extremely well built in the body department.

Soon after this conversation, the dreams started. In the first one, I walked into my bedroom and found Debby and my wife naked, hugging each other. I woke up right after seeing them, and just brushed it off as a crazy dream. A couple of nights later the dream



reoccurred, but this time it took place in Debby's bedroom. Again, both women were naked, but this time they were lying on the bed embracing. I remember my wife saying to me, "If Debby wants to get fucked good, we couldn't think of anyone better than you to do it." My wife pulled me down on the bed, then placed me between them. I remember taking turns fucking both of them, hopping off of my wife to plunge into Debby, and vice versa. Eventually I concentrated on Debby, stroking in and out of her until she had a violent, shuddering orgasm. My wife cheered me on, and as Debby screamed that she was going to come again, I timed my orgasm with hers so that we both let go simultaneously. At this point I woke up, realizing that I had just blown the biggest load I've had in a

long time all over the sheets.

There are a number of things about this situation that are bothering me. Is it normal for a man my age to have a wet dream? Do wet dreams only happen to teenagers? Is it common to remember a dream like this so clearly? Xaviera, I am confused and a little embarrassed at what occurred, and would appreciate any advice you might have. I'm even a little chagrined whenever Debby is around, because I keep getting flashbacks of the dream.—N. U.

Only at the end of the last century did scientists start exploring how and why we dream. Before that, dreams were popularly believed to be messages from God or insights into the future. It is now generally agreed that almost everyone dreams every night, although

many people do not remember their dreams.

It is often said that dreams are outlets for anxiety that the dreamer's mind disguises by using symbols rather than reality. If you dreamed about a pickle-slicer, for example, it could mean that you suffer from a fear of castration, not a desire to eat pickles on top of your Big Mac. It has also been suggested that the reason for this symbolism is that it serves as a defense mechanism, preventing your worries from waking you up.

In defense of this theory, I had an experience with a lover of mine who was a sports-car buff. Whenever he was feeling insecure about things that were totally unrelated to cars, he would dream about brake failure on a steep hill.

At certain points during a normal night's sleep, rapid eye movement (REM) occurs. It is usually during these times that a man gets an unconscious erection accompanied by erotic dreams, which may often culminate in orgasm. This is called a "nocturnal emission," and is commonly referred to as a wet dream. Wet dreams are most likely to happen to teenage boys who are at the height of their sexuality, but who have little opportunity to satisfy their desires.

However, it is not unusual for this to happen to anyone,

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send yours to Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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- ☐ **LOIS AYRES**
- ☐ **PURPLE PASSION**
- ☐ **GAIL FORCE**
- ☐ **TRINITY LORENS**
- ☐ **KARI FOX**
- ☐ **EBONY AYES**
- ☐ **KELI RICHARDS**
- ☐ **BARBRA DARE**
- ☐ **TAIJA REV**

GROUP D

- ☐ **NINA HARTLEY**
- ☐ **STACEY DONOVAN**
- ☐ **ERICA BOYER**
- ☐ **AMBER LYNN**
- ☐ **JANEY ROBBINS**
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young or old, married or single. Several times in my life, a man who has gone to sleep after making love to me, and of course ejaculating, has had a wet dream right by my side. On one occasion I was awake when this happened, and I decided to turn the gentleman's dream into reality. My lover was fast asleep, but he was breathing deeply and had a rigid erection. I sucked him to orgasm without even waking him up. In the morning he told me about the wonderful blowjob he had been given in his dreams by another woman!

As far as remembering dreams is concerned, some people have better recall than others. My boyfriend, the same lucky devil in the previous paragraph, claims he has trained himself to remember what he was dreaming on the point of awakening. He also claims that he can put himself back into the same dream and that this helps him go back to sleep if he wishes.

I suspect that in your case the dreams are caused by a powerful subconscious sexual attraction to Debby. Most men's favorite fantasy is to have two women in their bed, and your subconscious must find the prospect of having Debby and your wife at the same time such a turn-on that you come in your sleep. I also get the feeling that you would like to make your dream a reality. It is possible from your wife's comments and reactions that

she might have the same idea. It probably would not do any harm to ask her. With careful management you could bring a little happiness into Debby's life and have a lot of fun doing so. And if your wife doesn't like the idea, you can still go on having your dates in dreamland.

JAILHOUSE BLUES

This letter is sent with very deep sorrow in my heart. Here's my problem. I'm incarcerated and my wife is out there left to the world. She is very lonely and says she just can't go out with anyone else while we are still married. I've explained that her going to bed or even having a man live with her while I'm gone is not cheating on me. When an employer has an employee call in sick, he gets a replacement to do the job until the employee is able to return. That way, the boss is satisfied, the job gets done, and when the employee is better, he gets his job back. No one gets hurt, and it's just good business. I think my wife and I are in a similar situation. The only difference is that in the business world there is no chance of an emotional attachment developing.

I'm upset because my wife wants a divorce so she won't feel guilty about cheating on me. I've told her that as long as she is in love with me and wants me to come home when I get out, it's not possible for her to cheat on me. I can't

understand how anyone could think she is unfaithful when I'm not there for her. The only way it could be considered cheating is if her love for me changed or stopped altogether.

Am I wrong for not wanting a divorce? Should I keep hanging on, or let her go? Should I make her want to forget me so all this grief and hurting will stop? Over the last two years, I've told her four times to find someone else, and I will get out of her way forever. She keeps telling me no, she loves me too much to let me go. What should I do?—M. Q.

A lot of marriages do not survive the enforced separation of a soldier husband stationed abroad, or a sailor being at sea. In the case of a prisoner serving a sentence there is an additional castigation for whatever he did wrong; depending on the length of his term, he is going to be very lucky if he finds his wife still waiting for him when he comes out.

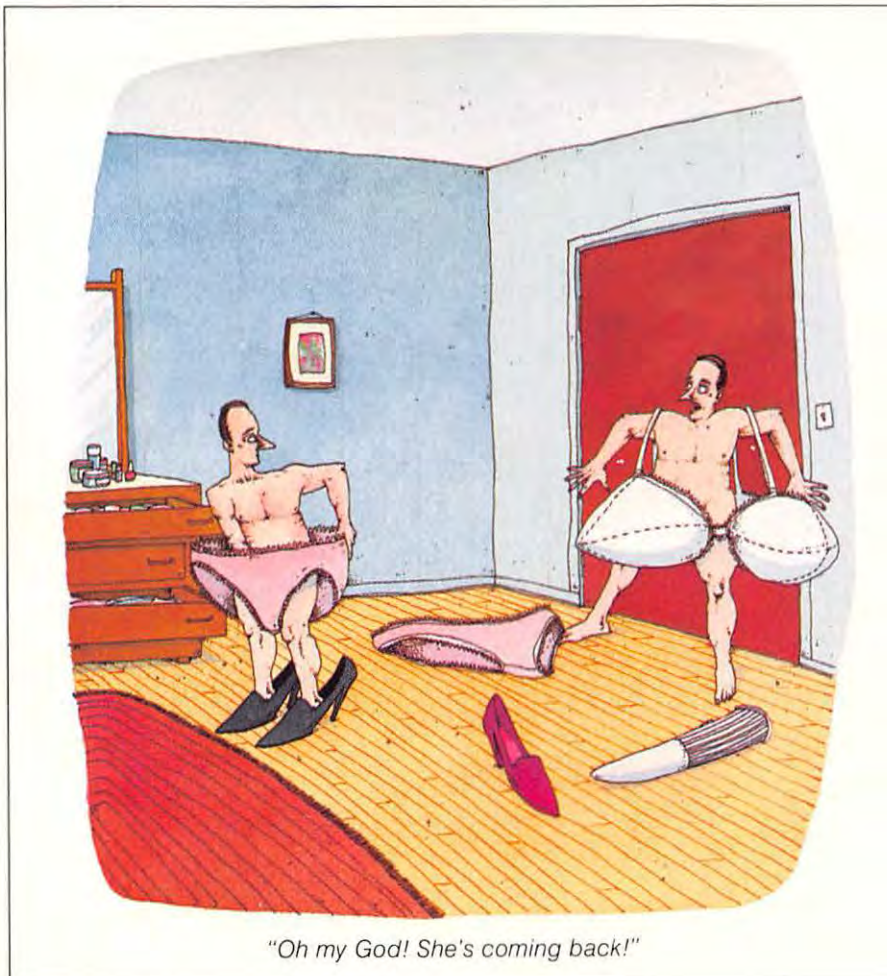
To put it bluntly, you are being punished for breaking the rules. Your wife, although she may not admit it, wants a divorce because you got caught. You have left her, however unwillingly, and the fact of your being where you are is a stigma that she has to bear. I think you are being very reasonable, but a marriage certificate is only a bit of paper. If your wife feels that she would like to make a new start with someone else, she will probably do so, divorced or not.

If you refuse her a divorce, she may end up hating you for it. There is a chance that you may get back together when you come out. If you get divorced, it seems pretty certain that she will end up married to someone else, because of her moralistic attitude about cheating. I think it's extremely unlikely that she would divorce another husband to remarry you, an ex-convict, when you're let loose on society once more.

THE HARDER THEY COME

I have a problem I hope you can help me with. I am a 20-year-old male and generally don't have any difficulties meeting women. My problem started with my first sexual experience. My first girlfriend was not a virgin, but I was when we met. She pushed me pretty hard to have sex, even though I was scared and didn't quite know what to do. At any rate, I could not get it up. This went on for about two months. When we finally did make love, it was wonderful. She and I never experienced this problem again.

Since then, I have gone through the same problem with every girlfriend I have had. Sometimes after a week or two of unsuccessful trying, I am able to perform. Other times it might take a lot longer. On one occasion I remember going to bed with a girl where it took two or three hours of her lying on top of me, rubbing her crotch against mine, before I finally got hard. Another time, I was in a bar and went home with a girl I picked up. Untor-



"Oh my God! She's coming back!"

tunately, I fell asleep soon after arriving at her apartment. In the middle of the night, I woke up to find her giving me a blowjob. Before I was fully awake, I had a hard-on. We fucked all night, and again in the morning, without any problems. Often I wake up with a hard-on next to a girl with whom I've been impotent the night before.

This leads me to believe that for some reason I am scared of girls and cannot consciously get erect. I know this is a mental problem and not a physical one, because in the right situation I have no problem at all. I am not one of those people who was taught that sex is wrong or dirty. In fact, I think sex is the best thing since sliced bread. I love the female body and enjoy spending many hours in foreplay. I am very comfortable in bed with a woman until I start thinking about the possibility of not being able to get it up. Any solution you may have will be of great help.—E. Y.

The male sexual organ is a wayward little prick and frequently behaves in a manner that is totally unrelated to the thoughts of its owner. Imaginative males have been inventing pet names for their perverse little pals, based on their behavior, since the beginning of time. He has been christened everything from "Dingle-Dangle" to "Holy Poker," from "Hanging Johnny" to "Tally Wacker."

You may find a female irresistibly attractive, but your pecker just hangs its head and ignores her. The next day, however, on a crowded bus or in the middle of your college final exams, it suddenly stands to attention for no reason at all, to the enormous embarrassment of the man at the top. This problem is comparatively common in young men of your age and is usually caused by lack of confidence or fear of failure. Unfortunately, it tends to magnify itself because the surest way to stay soft is to worry about not being able to get hard.

Despite its perversity, the penis is actually controlled by the brain, and although the programmer of that neurotic computer lives in a bombproof bunker somewhere between your ears, there are ways to reach him. Your dick can usually be coaxed upright by manual manipulation. In the privacy of your room, you can experiment on the kind of caress you like best. I once knew a man who used to smack his cock with the flat of his hand and say, "Take that, you little bastard!" It would usually spring erect! You can also try visual stimulation. Shop around for some really juicy adult films. If the actuality of a real woman awaiting your attentions scares the shit out of you, you can try to see in your mind's eye the particular combination of photographic cock-baiting that turned you on in celluloid.

THE NOSE KNOWS

I feel like I know you, Xaviera, on a personal basis. I guess you could say I'm a



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real fan, because I've read everything that I could find that you have written, and never miss "Call Me Madam" in Penthouse. You are my kind of lady! I am a 67-year-old male with a beautiful 43-year-old blond lover. Hope and I have been together for the last two years. We have a fantastic sex life, and usually make love on the average of about once a day. Hope has a beautiful, well-cared-for body that I love to love. I am writing to you because lately we have been having a little more fun in lovemaking. While Hope is always neat and squeaky clean, I prefer to make love to her before she bathes.

I have a real desire to be able to revel in her ample loveliness, natural body odors and all. I don't find the smell of her unwashed skin and hair repulsive; on the contrary, when I get a whiff of her natural aroma, it really brings out the animal in me. At first Hope was reluctant to remain a little dirty for me. I guess she was inhibited by a lifetime of admonishments from her mother and society to be clean through the use of perfumes and deodorants. Finally she consented to going without a bath before we made love. It was wonderful! I gave her my own special "sponge bath" by licking her fragrant body from head to toe. I even had her cover my face with her unwashed crotch so I could fill my nostrils with her bitter-sweet unwashed smell.

Last week we went on a three-day trip to New York. Once there, Hope went unbathed for the entire time. It was the most glorious turn-on for me imaginable, and now Hope loves it as much as I do. This may be quirky, but it makes us very happy. What I'd like to know is your opinion of my little fetish. Do you know of any other people who prefer the human scent over the smell of soaps and colognes? What is your personal feeling about this? By the way, Xaviera, both Hope and I would love to meet you. How about a threesome with us?—H. C.

We know very little about the sense of smell. In fact, just recently an internationally known magazine, *Omni*, organized a survey on smells among its readers in an attempt to increase our knowledge of how the olfactory system works. Smells have more power to stir our emotions than any other sense, maybe because sometimes they are so awful that they revolt us. The smell of newly mown grass, freshly ground coffee, or cookies coming out of the oven delights us, while that of the severe case of halitosis beside you on the subway or the dog shit you find on your shoe makes you want to puke.

Science and industry have cashed in on our sensitivity to scents by producing a variety of stuff to titillate or desensitize our noses, from air fresheners to mouthwash. Commercial scents are big business, and one of the reasons for this is not so much that we like good smells, but the fact that we hate bad ones.

In the Middle Ages, people believed

that you could catch diseases from rotten smells. Although a stink does not necessarily carry infection, many bad smells come from bacterial action on living organisms. The result is that most of us have an aversion to powerful body odors, especially anything connected with human waste products.

A few years ago, I had a German lover who was so hooked on hygiene that he had no body odor at all. He had three hairs on his chest, which he carefully removed with tweezers whenever they appeared. Eventually his hairlessness and odorless antisepticness began to get on my nerves. What finally finished him off, though, was when I asked him if he loved me and he replied, "I like you quite a lot."

Although one can go too far in the personal hygiene department, excessive abstinence from soap and water is going to the other extreme. The scent of the human body when it is fresh is a turn-on; but as far as I am concerned, stale sweat, smelly feet, and unwashed genitalia, apart from being a good way to catch any disease that is going around, is a massive turnoff. I deeply sympathize with poor Hope, and if I were ever to even contemplate a threesome with the two of you, I would advise Hope to return to her old habits, and I would have to have you steam-cleaned!

PUBLIC RELATIONS

I read *The Happy Hooker* some 15 years ago, when I was 18 years old. Needless to say, I am now 33, six feet tall, blond, brown-eyed, and female. What you did in your books I have always wanted to imitate. How I admire you! I am not a lesbian, and going one-on-one with another woman is a little questionable for me but still intriguing. However, that is not my problem.

My husband Robert, whom I've known most of my life, loves to hear my fantasies. I love to tell him, and he tells me his in return. We each listen, and since they almost always involve group sex, we try to find a third person to help fulfill our dreams, whether it be for me or for him. Either sex is welcome. We also discuss having sex one-on-one with someone else. The reply from both sides is always, "Fine, but you have to tell me every detail." We have agreed that it's okay to fuck someone else, as long as we share the experience.

My problem is this. I work with the public. A lot of men that I meet going about my daily business want me. I want them, but the question is, do I tell my husband or not? In the five years that we've been married, I've been completely faithful to him, and as far as I know he has never cheated on me. So which one of us should make the first move? Should I sleep with someone alone or insist on having a threesome? We are very open-minded, and our sex life is never dull or boring. Please help me sort this out, because it's very confusing.—R. S.

HOW IT WORKS

With traffic radar and Rashid VRSS both transmitting on the same frequency (24.150 GHz), normal receiver technology can't tell one from the other. Even when you scrutinize K band with a digital spectrum analyzer, the two signals look alike (Figure 1).

We needed a difference, even a subtle one, the electronic equivalent of a human fingerprint. Magnifying the scale 100 times was the key (Figure 2). The Rashid signal then looks like two separate traffic radars spaced slightly apart in frequency, each being switched on and off several thousand times a second.

Resisting the easy answer

Knowing this "fingerprint," it would have been possible—although not easy—to design a Rashid-recognizer circuit, and have it disable the detector's warning section whenever it spotted a Rashid.

Only one problem. With this system, you wouldn't get a warning if radar were ever operating in the same vicinity as the Rashid. Statistically this would be a rare situation. But our engineers have no interest in 99 percent solutions.

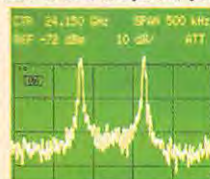


Figure 2: An electronic close-up reveals two individual signals.

When the going gets tough...

The task then became monumental. We couldn't rely on a circuit that would disregard two K band signals close together, because they might be two radars. We couldn't ignore rapidly switched K band signals, because that would diminish protection on pulsed radar (the KR11) and "instant-on."

A whole new deal

The correct answer requires some pretty amazing "signal processing," to use the engineering term. The techniques are too complex to go into here, but as an analogy of the sophistication, imagine going to a family reunion with 4.3 million attendees, and being able to find your brother in about a tenth of a second.

Easy to say, but so hard to accomplish that our AFR (Alternating Frequency Rejection) circuitry couldn't be an add on. It had to be integrated into the basic detection scheme, which means extensive circuitry changes. And more paperwork for our patent department.

If you own an ESCORT or PASSPORT: The new AFR circuitry is incorporated in ESCORTs from number 1,200,000, and PASSPORTs from 550,000. If your unit is earlier, read on.



Radar warning breakthrough #4 is now available from the same engineers who made #1, #2, and #3

Bad news for radar detectors. The FCC (Federal Communications Commission) has cleared the Rashid VRSS for operation on K band.

What's a Rashid VRSS?

The Rashid VRSS is a collision warning system using a radar beam to scan the vehicles path, much as a blind person uses a cane. It may reduce accidents, which is very good news.*

Now for the bad news

Unfortunately, the Rashid transmits on K band, which is one of the two frequencies assigned to traffic radar. Rashid speaks a radar detector's language, you might say, and it can set off detectors over a mile away.

Faced with this problem, we could hope Rashid installations will be few. Or we could invent a solution.

Opportunity knocking

Actually, the choice was easier than it sounds, because our engineers are in the habit of inventing remarkable solutions. In fact, in the history of radar detection, only three advancements have qualified as genuine breakthroughs, and all three came from our engineers.

Back in 1978, they were first to adapt dual-band superheterodyne technology to the problem of traffic radar. The result was ESCORT, now legendary for its performance.

In 1983, when a deluge of cheap imported detectors was found to be transmitting on radar frequency, our engineers came through again, this time with ST/O/P*, a sophisticated circuit that could weed out these phony signals before they triggered an alarm.

Then in 1984, using SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics originally intended for satellites, these same engineers designed the smallest detector ever. The result was PASSPORT, renowned for its convenience.

*For more information on Rashid VRSS collision warning system, see *Popular Science*, January 1986.

They said it couldn't be done

Now we're introducing breakthrough number four. In their cleverest innovation yet, our engineers have found a way to distinguish Rashid from all other K band signals. It's the electronic equivalent of finding the needle in a haystack. The AFR* (Alternating Frequency Rejection) circuit isolates and neutralizes all Rashid signals, yet leaves the radar detection capability undiminished for your protection.

No waiting for the good stuff

When testing proved that AFR was 100 percent effective, we immediately incorporated it into ESCORT and PASSPORT. Our policy is to make running changes—not model changes—whenever a refinement is ready. That way our customers always get the latest science.

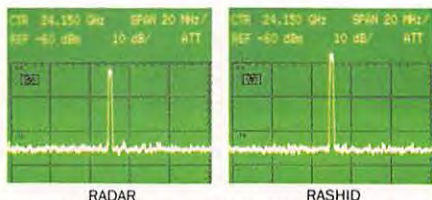


Figure 1: A digital spectrum analyzer scanning the entire width of K band can't see the difference between radar and Rashid.

AFR is fully automatic. There are no extra switches or lights. Nothing for you to bother about. The Rashid problem simply goes away.

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Cincinnati Microwave is committed to constant advancement in radar warning technology. Therefore, we are working out a plan to offer upgrades for most pre-AFR models (PASSPORTS

under number 550,000, and ESCORTs from 200,000 through 1,199,999). For complete details, please send a card with your name and address (no calls, please) to our special facility at

the following address: AFR Retrofit, P.O. Box 498947, Cincinnati, Ohio 45249-8947. We will promptly forward a packet with comprehensive information on the retrofit program.

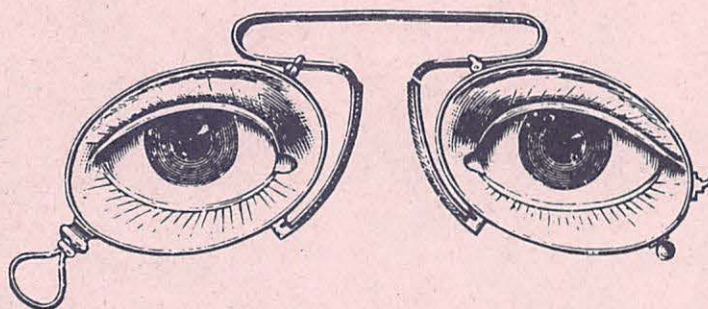
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE NEW PENTHOUSE SURROGATE SERVICE

BY EMILY PRAGER

Recently, Prime Minister Nakasone of Japan said Americans were really stupid. I agree. We're so stupid we rebuilt Japan after the war. What else? So stupid that we've come up with the idea of surrogates and confined it to surrogate mothers. Because at *Penthouse*, we, like Mr. Nakasone, care that America's mass IQ is at least equal to its trade deficit, we have decided to expand the concept of surrogates to include the needs of all Americans. We offer the following brochure of our brand-new Surrogate Service. Let us hope that through this effort we might one day all possess the high intelligence so associated with kamikaze pilots and geishas.

THE NEW PENTHOUSE SURROGATE SERVICE

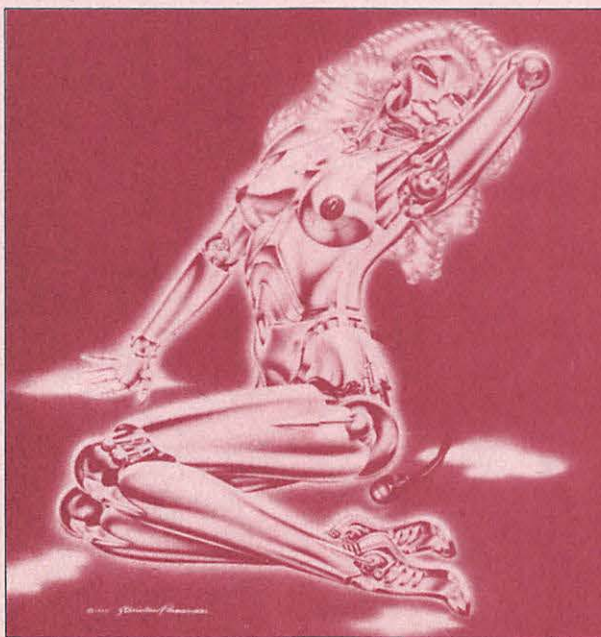
1. *Surrogate Mates*. Going away on a business trip? A rock tour? In the hospital or simply fed up? Our Surrogate Mates will keep your relationship going and going well until you can resume your duties. Carefully coached in henpecking, back-seat driving, punch-line spoiling, and general acquisitiveness, our female Surrogate Mates keep you in tow and towing the line. Our Male Surrogates, expert in premature balding, wet-towel dropping, football watching, beer guzzling, and non-verbal communication, will ensure that your woman stays off the streets and in the kitchen where she belongs. Unlike prostitutes, who offer what you can't get at home, our Surrogate Mates offer only what you can. Exact reenactment of your sexual preferences and avoidances is assured. No kinks. No sensitivity exercises. If you left a cold fish, you'll come home to a cold fish—that's what Surrogate Services is all about. No more fear of betrayal. No more sexual boredom or feelings of being trapped. No more lonely separations or crises of rejection. Now your spouse can get fired and take to drink, and you'll handle it like a saint with the help of our Surrogate Mates.

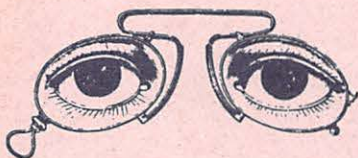
2. *Surrogate Employees*. Can't get up in the morning? Got a drug or lie-detector test coming

up at work? Hire yourself a Surrogate Employee. Trained to read, write, and think with specialties in everything from bond broking, metal welding, and office politics to auto mechanics, our SEs will be able to represent you at your work place so well your boss will never miss you. No more docking for lateness. No more worries about job fatigue or sick days. Type A personalities only on request.

3. *Surrogate Relatives*. Hate family parties? Can't stand your cousins on your father's side? Wish your mother-in-law had been on the KAL flight that strayed over Sakhalin Island? Now, with our Surrogate Relatives, you can attend your nephew's christening wearing a tie like they told you to without ever having to put one on. Schooled in simpering smiles, soap opera plots, knickknack description, and coupon-redemption techniques, our SRs fit in with your family in ways that you never could. Finally: sisters who share and don't envy, in-laws that don't look like nerds, uncles that don't molest, and grandparents who don't kvetch. And best of all, when it comes time for you to get married, your Surrogate Mates will plan the wedding with your Surrogate Relatives, attend it, and not a single person in the family need be bothered.

4. *Surrogate Buddies*. Friends fed up with your self-abusive love affairs? Disgusted with your crack habit? Covetous of your possessions? Intimidated by your new promotion at work? Now you can make new friends and make sure they stay that way with our program of Surrogate Buddies. Trained in back-biting, amateur psychology, money-lending, matchmaking, late-night telephone communication, cherry-bomb assembly, and miniseries watching, our SBs will take you to the hospital to have your stomach pumped, visit you at the detox center, and bring cigarettes to the loony bin again and again and again. Our Surrogate Buddies are recommended especially for espionage defendants and those involved in devil worship at day-care centers.





VIEW FROM THE TOP

SOUNDS

BY PETER
OCCHIOGROSSO

Brazil's musical superstars—singer-songwriters such as Milton Nascimento, Gal Costa, Djavan, Gilberto Gil, Caetano Veloso, and Jorge Ben—sell millions of records worldwide and play at home to soccer stadiums full of fans. But if you've looked for their records in your local shop, you've had to safari into the international section, where they were probably

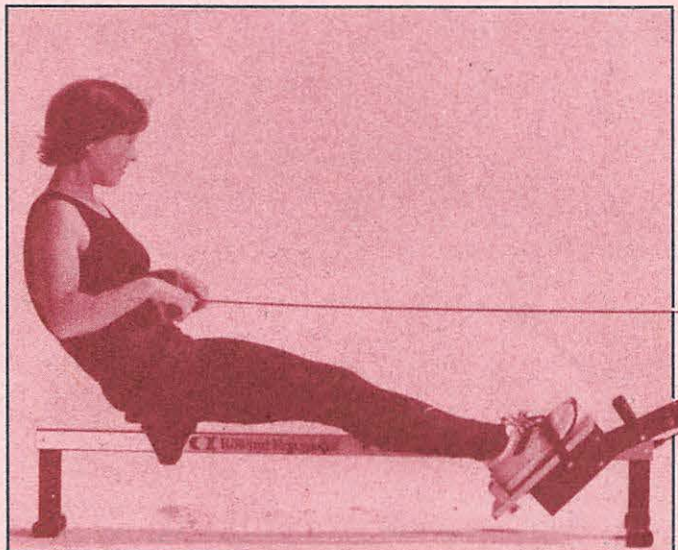
somewhere between the harps and balalaikas and bouzoukis.

Known in Brazil as *tropicalia*, the music combines older folk forms and African rhythms with electric instruments for a sound unlike any other in the world. Its classic melodies and jazzy, breathtaking vocals evoke a tropical night aboard a yacht moored in a moonlit cove.

So what's the hitch? For one thing, unlike the more successful Julio Iglesias, the Brazilians don't sing syrupy pop ballads for adoring housewives. Iglesias was willing to sing in English in order to cross over.

Producer and composer Quincy Jones, who calls Portuguese the "most singable language in the world," doesn't see why it shouldn't fly up north. So confident is Jones that he has been buying up publishing rights to the music of Djavan and Ivan Lins and getting their songs recorded (often in English) by the likes of Patti Austin, George Benson, and Sarah Vaughan.

The various labels, though, don't yet know what to make of their limited success. Polygram brought out Nascimento and Lins through its jazz division, labeling it "Brazilian Wave." Elektra issued Caetano Veloso on its classical imprint Nonesuch, but isn't marketing it that way. "In the stores," says marketing director Peter Clancy, "our aim is to take Caetano out of the Latin orientation and closer to the mainstream—which means out of the international section and into the jazz and pop-vocal bins."



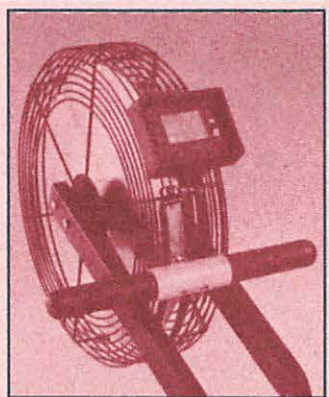
But no matter how it's packaged, without significant crossover airplay Brazilian music will have a tough climb. Robbin Boyer's Gold, manager of New York's hot Brazilian nightclub Sounds of Brazil, says simply, "Until American radio is willing to play songs in a foreign language, the music isn't going anywhere."

SPORTS

BY GARY ANDERSON

Summertime jocks need not retire to their La-Z-Boy recliners when winter lays claim to the beach. The home-exercise industry now produces ingenious equipment that simulates rowing, swimming, and windsurfing better than any of the machines in health clubs, which are as entertaining as breaking rocks in solitary confinement.

Rowers who love to propel their graceful shells down scenic rivers used to dread rowing machines, called ergometers. Now the Concept



II company, of Morrisville, Vermont, sells an ergometer that uses a flywheel to replicate the glide portion of a real rowing stroke. The machine can also be hooked to a home computer and the rower can race against an imaginary competitor. The Concept II ergometer costs about \$650.

The Concept II cannot recreate boathouse camaraderie, so Olympic rower Tiff Wood created a competitive event to liberate winter rowers. Wood, who rowed on the Harvard crew team before he went to the Olympics,



named his innovative event the CRASH-B Sprints for Charles River All-Star Has Beens.

CRASH-B Sprinters do "pieces" on Concept II machines set up at the M.I.T. gymnasium. The winners are the rowers who can complete the exhausting piece in the least time. Hundreds of spectators watch computer representations of the action on a giant video screen. Wood says, "This event has grown from 72 entrants in 1982 to 634 in 1986, and now there is a nationwide circuit of indoor regattas." The next CRASH-B Sprints will be held on February 15.

Swimming, on the other hand, is a much less social sport than rowing, and winter swimmers who shun crowded indoor pools should consider the Swimmer's Treadmill, a very short personal lap pool, in which the lone swimmer strokes and kicks at the end of a tether.

Newt Gossett, inventor of the Swimmer's Treadmill, developed his product because health clubs or public pools often have restrictive schedules for lap swimmers. He says, "Now I swim . . . at two in the morning or ten at night, while listening to TV news through waterproof earplugs." The deluxe oak model costs \$8,000 and the assemble-it-yourself kit is \$3,000. But, on the bright side, the treadmill doesn't require a gigantic backyard, and can easily be installed indoors. With a heater and optional jets, the Swimmer's Treadmill doubles as a hot

tub. The Swimmer's Treadmill is manufactured by AquaMotion, Inc., of Boulder, Colorado.

Even when the spring thaw breaks the ice, water warm enough for windsurfing may still be several months away. That's why skateboard sailing was developed, but unlike other winter simulations this sport has some major safety and logistic problems. In fact, American manufacturers

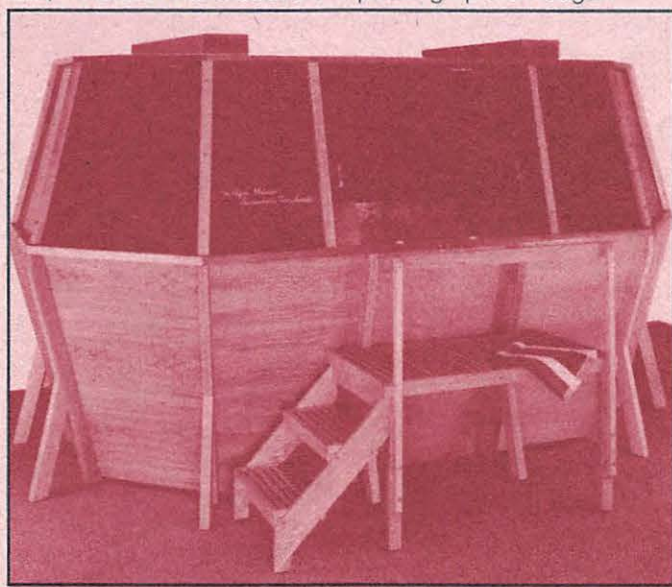
SCENES

BY AL GROSS

"The fact that he lives up there on the hill doesn't make any difference to us at all," said one resident of Santa Barbara, California, about their most famous neighbors, the First Family. The local merchants are also non-plussed, since tourists are passing up the Reagan

Barbara. Coincidentally, Richard Arbegey, the store's present owner, is one of the few local merchants to cash in on Reagan's proximity. Arbegey added the word *Western* to the store's name, and emblazoned it on T-shirts. He sells about 600 a year, although he believes that most of the buyers are not tourists but Secret Service agents and other members of the President's entourage.

Arbegey attributes Reagan's small impact on tourism to the fact that his ranch is 30 miles away in the Santa Ynez mountains that overlook the town. In approximately 30 visits during his six years in the real White House, Reagan has mixed with the local citizenry only a handful of times.



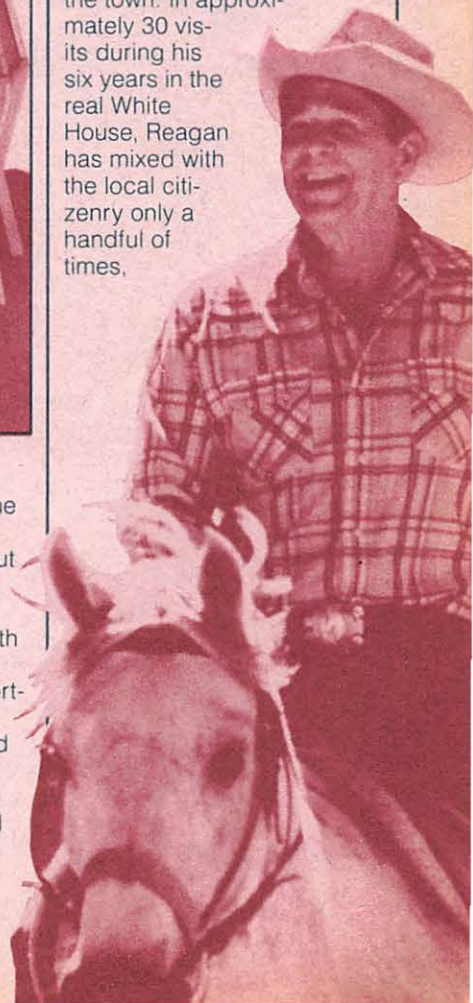
Swimmer's Treadmill: your personal pool.

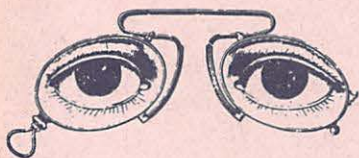
cannot obtain liability insurance to make skateboard sailing equipment. Hence, mechanically inclined devotees of the new sport adapt windsurfing hardware.

Water slows down surfers, but on land a skateboard sailor can go faster than the wind. Twenty-five or 30 miles per hour is not uncommon, and the only way to stop on a downhill course is to jump off—though you might break some bones and as much as \$1,000 worth of masts and sails.

mementos. Bill Zeldis, of the Santa Barbara Postcard Company, wholesales about 1,500 Reagan cards per month, which is about the same business he does with the aerial view of the town. Gil Moore lost money importing Reagan-country lucky horseshoes from Japan, and Garfield Sciutto has sold hardly any of the Ronald Reagan driftwood combed from local beaches.

A men's clothing store called "The White House" opened in Santa





VIEW FROM THE TOP

including two surprise visits to Easter services at a local Presbyterian church. According to Arbegey, "If the President were housed on one of our main streets, we'd have a lot more people driving by."

Santa Barbara's innkeepers and restaurateurs see a lot of presidential traffic, but the customers, they say, aren't tourists. Bigwigs spend megabucks from the public till at the chichi beach cottages of the Biltmore Hotel. Reporters and the staff of the President's spokesman Larry Speakes get a group discount on the \$89 to \$169 rates at the Santa Barbara Sheraton. A presidential visit can fill as many as 120 rooms. But Sheraton General Manager Brian McCague says this really isn't a windfall, since the President comes to town for holidays and during the summer when the hotel would be full anyway.

When the President visits, Santa Barbara tourism coffers fill up with reporters' dollars. According to McCague, "Most of the press are out here to have a good time anyway, because when they get off the buses they have their tennis rackets under their arms. Once the President settles down at the ranch, there's not a lot to report on. They can only talk about him riding his horse and chopping wood so many times."

Sleepy Santa Barbara hardly notices its minor role in history. In fact, the greatest impact of a presidential visit may be felt 160 miles south-east of Santa Barbara, in smoggy San Bernardino. When the scourge of the evil empire goes home, the garage-door openers here cease functioning because some brands broadcast on the same frequencies as NEACP (National Emergency Airborne Command Post), the President's high-tech doomsday plane from which he may blow up the other half of the world.


SEX NEWS

What was once perhaps the real throne of England—a specially designed *fauteuil d'amour*, or "armchair of love," used by Edward VII—has been sold for over \$30,000 by a French auction house. The chair, with ball-bearing-mounted brass stirrups and heavily upholstered cushions, was designed for Edward VII's use at his favorite Parisian brothel, the expensive and exclusive



Mattel delivers an expectant Barbie.

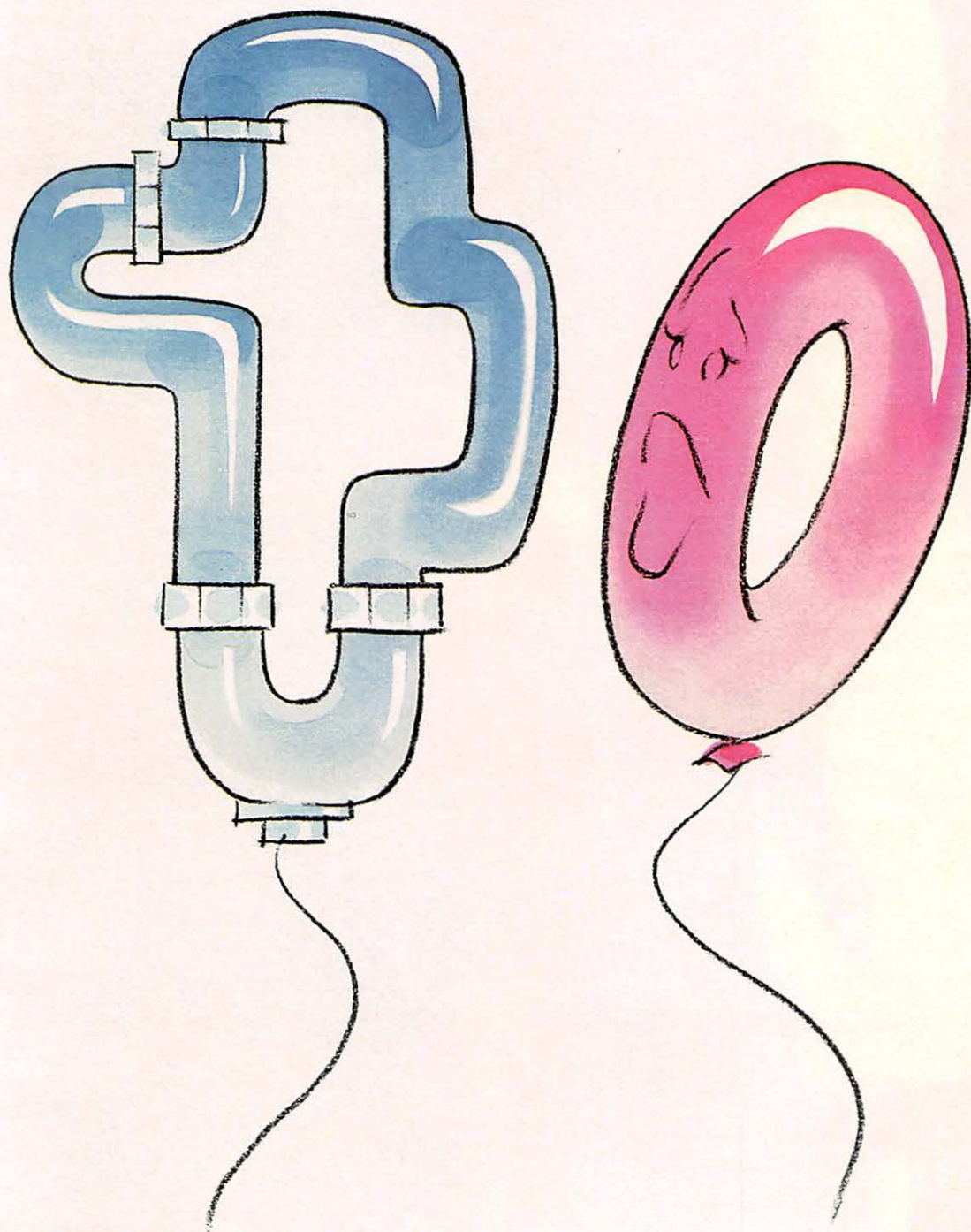
Chabanais. . . . Oops! Honest, folks, said archconservative Senator Jesse Helms, he didn't mean to read that dial-a-porn phone call into the *Congressional Record*. He blamed his staff for allowing "Nellie" to be quoted in full, with lines like "Why don't you and I have a private shower? . . . Umm, ooh, aah." The senator was actually proposing legislation against the calls. . . . Rubbers have recently made a big comeback, with several brands of designer prophylactics on the market. A West Palm Beach, Florida, firm is promoting novelty packaging for rubbers, including one that bears a picture of a road sign that says PLAN AHEAD—USE CONDOM SENSE. The makers of

Trojans are also marketing a condom whose packaging is designed to appeal to women. . . . The Meese Commission fingered them, but it won't do any good. Two alleged smut peddlers named in the attorney general's report on porn have ironclad alibis: They are both dead. John Krasner died in 1979, while his son Kim was killed last summer. . . . Now Barbie is pregnant! Mattel's Ken and Barbie finally solved the mysteries of conception, because the toy company has recently come out with a pregnant Barbie doll. The set comes complete with a Barbie who is at first pregnant and then—with a flip of her maternity dress—delivers a baby. 



Balloonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS



"Still fucking that plumber?"



Research directly
contradicts the Moral Majority
notion that
puritanism will stop crime.

SEX AND VIOLENCE

BY JUDITH HOOPER AND DICK TERESI

Several years ago, a team of scientists visited a Swedish prison and collected the spinal fluid of some of the most bloodthirsty people in the country, murderers who had killed not once, but many times. What the scientists were looking for was a biochemical "fingerprint," a physio-

logical glitch in the brains of these people that might explain how they got so vicious.

What they found was startling. All the killers had unusually low levels of the chemical 5-HIAA, a metabolite, or breakdown product, of a natural brain chemical called serotonin. There was an interesting exception, however. One man had entirely normal levels of 5-HIAA, yet he too was a mass murderer. He was a nursing-home attendant who had quietly and methodically performed "mercy" killings on some two dozen elderly patients in his care—proving that, even among mass murderers, violence is not a one-dimensional affair.

What makes someone violent? The accepted folklore is that a steady diet of kung fu movies, "Miami Vice," or even violent cartoons can transform the average "Leave It to Beaver" innocent into a raging Rambo at best, a Boston Strangler at worst. Like-



wise, reading about sex or playfully acting out sexual fantasies supposedly turns any warm-blooded American male into a Ted Bundy rapist-killer. But recent neuroscientific research shows that such theories are completely unfounded.

For one thing, some are probably born fel-

ons, not made; some brains seem to be biologically predisposed to aggression or mayhem. For another, violence is complicated. As the Swedish study shows, the homicides of a brooding Swedish euthanasiaist are not the same as those of a Ted Bundy on a coed-killing spree, and both are probably vastly different from the mutual assured destruction scenarios contemplated by white-haired war-gamers in the Pentagon's computer room. It's hard to believe that a change in network-programming standards (or any other simple panacea) would wipe out all these forms of violence and give us a peaceful world.

After a five-year tour of the nation's brain labs while researching our book *The Three-Pound Universe* (Macmillan), we came to one now-obvious conclusion: All violence begins in the brain, and recent neuroscientific studies directly contradict the Moral

PAINTING BY GOTTFRIED HELNWEIN

Majority notion that a resurgence of puritanism will lower the crime rate. In fact, the best antidote to violence may be sexual freedom.

That, anyway, is the gospel according to James W. Prescott, a developmental psychologist who in 1980 was fired from his \$43,000-a-year job at the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development (NICHD) in Bethesda, Maryland, for preaching the message of pleasure. Specifically, Prescott had become convinced that lack of pleasure—and not a lack of Bible instruction, old-fashioned discipline, or law-and-order morality—makes people violent.

During his 15-year stint at the NICHD, he sought a cure for violence as religiously as other researchers hunt for a cancer cure. He started NICHD's Developmental Behavioral Biology Program specifically to track the origins of hostility in the developing brain. In particular, he wanted to answer some questions about child abuse—since abused children often grow up to be child abusers themselves—and his concentration on this subject put him on a collision course with his superiors.

"I'm now convinced," he tells us in a voice so soft and subdued as to be barely audible, "that the root cause of violence is deprivation of physical pleasure. When you stimulate the brain systems that mediate pleasure, you inhibit those that mediate violence; it's like a seesaw."

The first clues came from baby monkeys. During the 1950s at the University of Illinois, a psychologist named Harry Harlow had begun a series of landmark "deprivation" experiments. Separating infant monkeys from their mothers, he raised them in solitary cages, without toys, companions, or sensory stimulation. As any introductory-psychology student now knows, these monkeys became a portrait in emotional devastation. After three months of deprivation, they would sit forlornly in a corner of the cage, rocking back and forth like autistic children. When they came of age and re-joined the colony, they were unable to decipher the most rudimentary social signals, recoiled in terror at the sight of their own hands, and compulsively gnawed and mutilated themselves. The males never learned to court or mate, and the females who became mothers invariably neglected or abused their babies. Moreover, these monkeys were prone to outbursts of inexplicable violence.

It isn't exactly a new idea that today's love-starved baby might be tomorrow's wife beater or serial murderer. But Prescott insists that denial of physical affection does more than damage a growing child's psyche; it actually warps his brain. At first, no one could find any brain damage in the Harlow monkeys; but Prescott managed to get hold of five of these emotionally warped animals, whose weird rocking motions reminded him of some of the institutionalized children he'd seen,

and shipped them down to Dr. Robert Heath in New Orleans.

Dr. Heath, the founding chairman of Tulane University's department of neurology and psychiatry, was no stranger to the human brain's darker corners. In the early 1950s he devised a controversial treatment for mental patients with "intractable behavior pathologies," characterized by uncontrollable violence. Implanting wire electrodes in their brains, he recorded their brain waves as they talked, recalled the past, hallucinated, flew into a rage, or had an epileptic seizure. From the abnormal electrical discharges in the "pleasure centers" deep in their brains, he concluded that something was terribly wrong. So he tried to cure homicidal rages, depressions, suicide attempts, or delusions by stimulating the neural pleasure circuits with small currents of electricity, and often succeeded. "If we stimulated their pleasure systems, violent psychotics stopped

6

According to a study of over a hundred mothers who abused their children, only a handful had ever experienced orgasm. And child-abusing couples had very poor sex lives.

9

having rage attacks," he tells us. "It makes sense. If you're feeling pleasure, you don't feel angry, and when you're in a rage, you certainly can't feel pleasure."

As for the sensory-deprived Harlow monkeys, Heath's electrodes found a good deal amiss in their brains. Bursts of abnormal electrical activity showed up in the emotional centers of the animals' brains, much like the pathological brain waves of violent human psychotics. This message was not lost on James Prescott.

"The primate brain," he tells us, "is especially immature at birth and depends on sensory stimulation for normal growth. In cases of extreme somatosensory deprivation—deprivation of touch and movement—the brain systems that normally mediate pleasure don't develop at all." When this happens, he claims, the organism, whether it's an isolation-reared monkey or a child locked in a closet, tends to become warped, emotionally stunted, and violent.

If that's true, then child-rearing practices should powerfully influence the overall level of violence in a given society. "We'd expect," says Prescott, "that cultures that give infants a lot of physical

affection—touching, holding, and carrying—would be less physically violent, and they are." Several years ago, he computed statistics on theft, child abuse, and customs of "killing, torturing, or mutilating the enemy" in 49 different cultures, from the peace-loving Maori to the martial Comanche. Sure enough, violence was uncommon in the nurturing cultures, he found. And a society's ranking on the "Infant Physical Affection" scale uncannily predicted its rate of "adult physical violence," according to Prescott's data.

Contrary to Moral Majority dogma, sex and violence seem to be inversely related. According to Prescott's cross-cultural data, cultures with strong sexual prohibitions tend to put a premium on military glory, while sexually permissive cultures are typically nonviolent. Though it may run counter to our society's puritanical assumptions, the idea that carnal pleasure is an antidote to violence is supported by a number of studies on child abuse. One group of social scientists recently reported that child abusers "rarely experience pleasure in day-to-day living, and their sexual lives are especially impoverished." And in a classic study of three generations of abusing families, University of Colorado researcher Brandt Steele discovered that among over a hundred mothers who abused their children, only a "handful" had ever experienced orgasm and that the child-abusing couples had very poor sex lives.

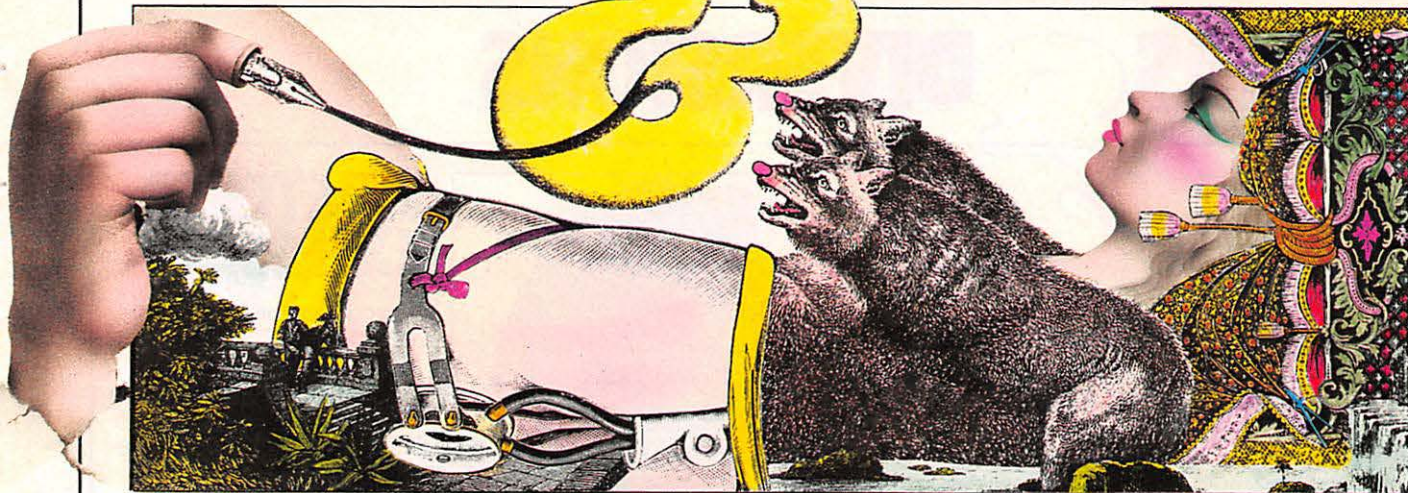
Meanwhile, however, back at the establishment, not everyone was enamored of Jim Prescott's ideas. Certainly not his boss at the NICHD, Dr. Norman Kretchmer, a former president of the American Pediatric Association. In the late 1970s Prescott became intrigued by the abnormal electrical activity Heath and his colleagues were recording from the brains of violent mental patients. Upon learning that another Tulane scientist had devised a method of computer analysis that could detect these pathological brain waves in an ordinary scalp EEG, he got the idea of "screening prisoners with a history of violent behavior" to see if they had the telltale "spikes" in their EEGs. "I was excited," he recalls, "because here was a possible neurodiagnostic technique for identifying impaired brain function in violent criminals. That could translate into saving lives!"

In 1978 the Federal Bureau of Prisons was interested enough to invite Prescott to give a seminar on the subject; but Kretchmer forbade him to speak to the prison people on government time. Prescott asked for permission to speak on his own time, and when he got no response, proceeded to give the seminar during his vacation. When he returned to his desk, he found that the NICHD boss had already red-inked this last request. Then Jim Prescott became a whistle-blower.

He filed formal grievances against Kretchmer, charging him with "obstruc-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



NEXT TIME, YOU HAVE TO BRING THE BODY

A Virginia organization for widows and widowers ruled that attendees at a dance sponsored by the group

would have to produce a death certificate of their departed spouse at the door in order to be admitted.

KNOCK ON WOOD

The South African government spent \$650,000 on a new song, "Together We Will Build a Brighter Future," featuring ten black and white singers paying tribute to race relations there.

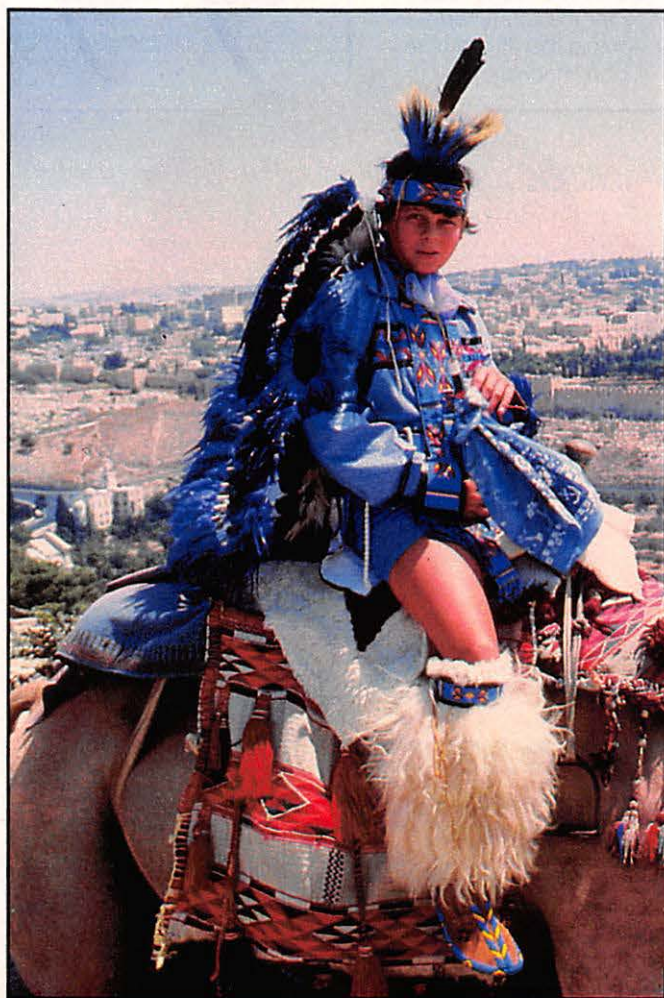


LIFE AT THE TOP

A Maryland interior decorator has finished building a special doghouse for the pet dog of President and Mrs. Reagan. Five feet high, it features carpeting and American flags.

FUNNY, HE DOESN'T LOOK JEWISH

The 13-year-old grandson of Sioux Indian Chief Crazy Horse, Little Sun Bordeaux, traveled to Israel in full Indian regalia to be bar mitzvahed.



A BIRD IN THE HAND

An Arizona State psychologist claims that men who look at the women in men's magazines may develop unrealistic expectations about their own mates.

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

WE HAFF VAYS OF MAKING YOUR SHUTTLES FLY BETTER!

WOULD CHALLENGER HAVE BLOWN UP IF GERMAN SCIENTISTS HAD STILL BEEN IN CHARGE?

We don't think so!

Few Americans know that the space shuttle concept was first contemplated by German scientists associated with Werner von Braun's rocket team. These men, brought here as captives immediately after World War II, designed and built the first missiles for America's intercontinental defense, and in the 1960s their efforts culminated in the creation of the SATURN rocket that enabled American astronauts to be the first men on the moon.

Konrad Dannenberg, one of the late Werner von Braun's closest collaborators, said recently in an interview that the Germans associated with the U.S. space program were very much against NASA's decision to use solid fuel rockets, such as caused the CHALLENGER catastrophe, for manned flight. It was felt that using an essentially uncontrollable (solid fuel) rocket was a radical step that would compromise the safety of the shuttle and its crew.

Now the American space effort is at a stand-still. This affects the whole delicate balance of power between the Eastern and Western military alliances. A recent dispatch from London reported that the Soviets are ten years ahead of the United States in the exploration and utilization of space. We now have a situation that is almost tailor-made in favor of atheist, communist Russia.

The time has come to inquire as to who was behind the determined campaign to defame and discriminate against men like Werner von Braun and Dr. Rudolph (the project manager for the SATURN who was treated so shabbily by the U.S. Government), and thus render the German-American rocket team, as well as the total American space effort, ineffective.

[Dr. Werner von Braun was unceremoniously "promoted" to an insignificant desk job in Washington once some people believed that they could do without his expertise. He died not long thereafter.

Dr. Arthur Rudolph had been one of the best project managers the American space team ever had. Even while in his well-deserved retirement, his advice was often sought. Suddenly, in 1984, he was ignominiously "booted" out of the U.S.—after 33 years of faithful loyal service—forbidden ever to return.]

There is a direct link between the incredible German-American accomplishment in sending the first men on the moon in 1969, and the utter failure of the CHALLENGER and two other rocket launches at the same time 17 years later. No one is more happy at this tremendous decline of American prowess than the Soviets. Did they have Fifth Columnists in the United States who assisted them (perhaps unwittingly) in creating this disastrous situation?

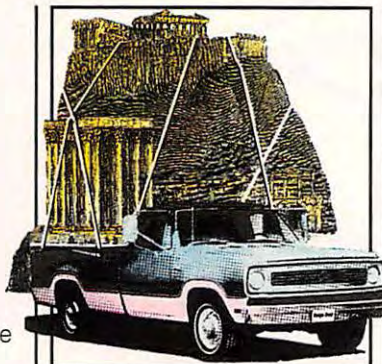
* The German-American Anti-Defamation League seeks to defend the rights of German-Americans, the forgotten minority; more precisely, the majority of the minorities since 52 million of all Americans are of German descent.

Your contribution toward furthering this educational program is appreciated.

For further information, please contact
GERMAN-AMERICAN ANTI-DEFAMATION LEAGUE
P.O. Box 23169
Washington, D.C. 20025

MODERN LIFE

A Massachusetts health researcher says that exercise causes cancer.



WRETCHED EXCESSES

A candidate for a statewide office in Texas last year had advocated solving the illegal immigration problem in his state by clearing a strip of land along the Rio Grande and then—incredibly—shooting the first 25 Mexicans to cross the border.



QUOTE OF THE MONTH

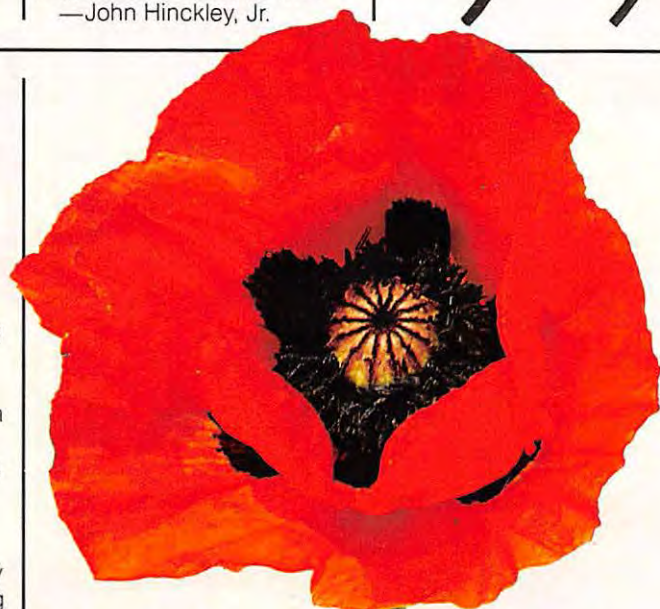
"The easiest way to defame someone and his opinions is to label him a 'loony' and 'ready for the funny farm. It happens to me all the time.'"
—John Hinckley, Jr.



OUR NATION'S COURTS AT WORK

The husband of a murdered woman asked the Oklahoma Crime Victims Compensation Board to award him \$1,000 a month to replace the meal-preparation, laundry, and day-care services provided by his late wife.

A Newark man, captured by a passerby after dragging a woman down the street and stealing her pocketbook, sued the Good Samaritan on assault charges.



IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO

An Oregon garden club, citing a couple's stunning floral display around their home as the "Most Beautiful Yard of the

Month," discovered that the eye-catching blooms were in fact opium poppies.

One of those millionaire entrepreneurs and authors of books on how to start your own lucrative business was revealed to have capitalized his own business by robbing banks.

PREMENSTRUAL STRESS

Three middle-aged women in the city of Colaba, India, were charged with kidnapping a 14-year-old boy and

holding him in a deserted warehouse, where they proceeded to rape him continuously for 36 straight hours.



GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY

The Republican Party's Inner Circle, an exclusive group composed of large donors to the party, solicited a contribution from a certain Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, the author of *Faust*, who has been dead for 155 years.

Chinese officials are permitting the first publication of singles ads in that country, including this one: "Chen Li, male, 34 years old, 1.70 meters tall, unmarried, a graduate of senior middle school and working in a collectively run enterprise with a monthly salary of 80 yuan. I am looking for a spouse who is 25–32 years old, more than 1.60 meters tall, healthy, good-looking, kind, and unmarried."

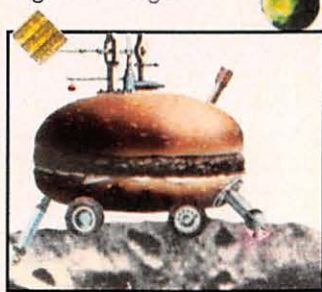
WISHFUL THINKING

The wife of a candidate for a seat in the Tennessee legislature announced that she was filing to run for his seat

in the event he was killed during a trip to Europe. She said she planned to withdraw if he comes home alive.

MOVABLE FEASTS

Heavyweight boxer Mike Tyson walked into a New York restaurant and consumed four large orange juices; a nine-egg omelet; huge quantities of cheese, salami, and pastrami; six bialys; and five eight-ounce glasses of water, and he ordered a huge hero to go.



BAD KARMA

An Australian nurse was sentenced to 65 lashes after being arrested in Saudi Arabia for drinking a beer. Under Islamic law, alcohol is strictly forbidden, and violators are publicly flogged.

A PLACE IN THE SUN

A Palm Beach socialite, who received nationwide publicity after a freighter smashed into her swimming pool and was stuck there for three months, woke up recently to discover that a large whale had somehow come aground on her property.

WORST NEW PRODUCTS



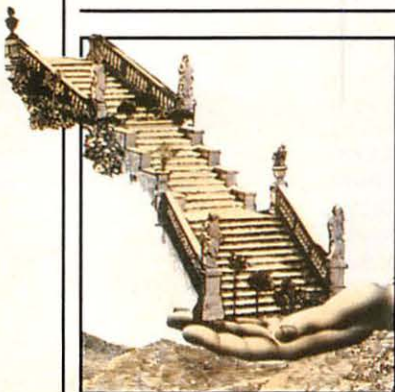
A Japanese firm is now marketing a "Russian roulette" toy gun, a small pistol that uses a needle to pop a balloon—in one out of six tries—pressed against a person's head.

A New York publisher offers major literary classics reduced to one minute of prose each and recorded on audiocassettes, marketed under the title *Ten Classics in Ten Minutes*.

EDITOR'S NOTE:



According to *Billy* magazine, "This well-known Australian landscape has had more visitors than Ayers Rock." The first non-Australian reader who can identify it will win a one-year subscription to *Penthouse*. Another way to win a subscription is to contribute to "Dreams & Diversions." If your story is printed, you will receive a subscription. Send submissions to: Dreams & Diversions, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published. The competition winner will be determined by postmark.

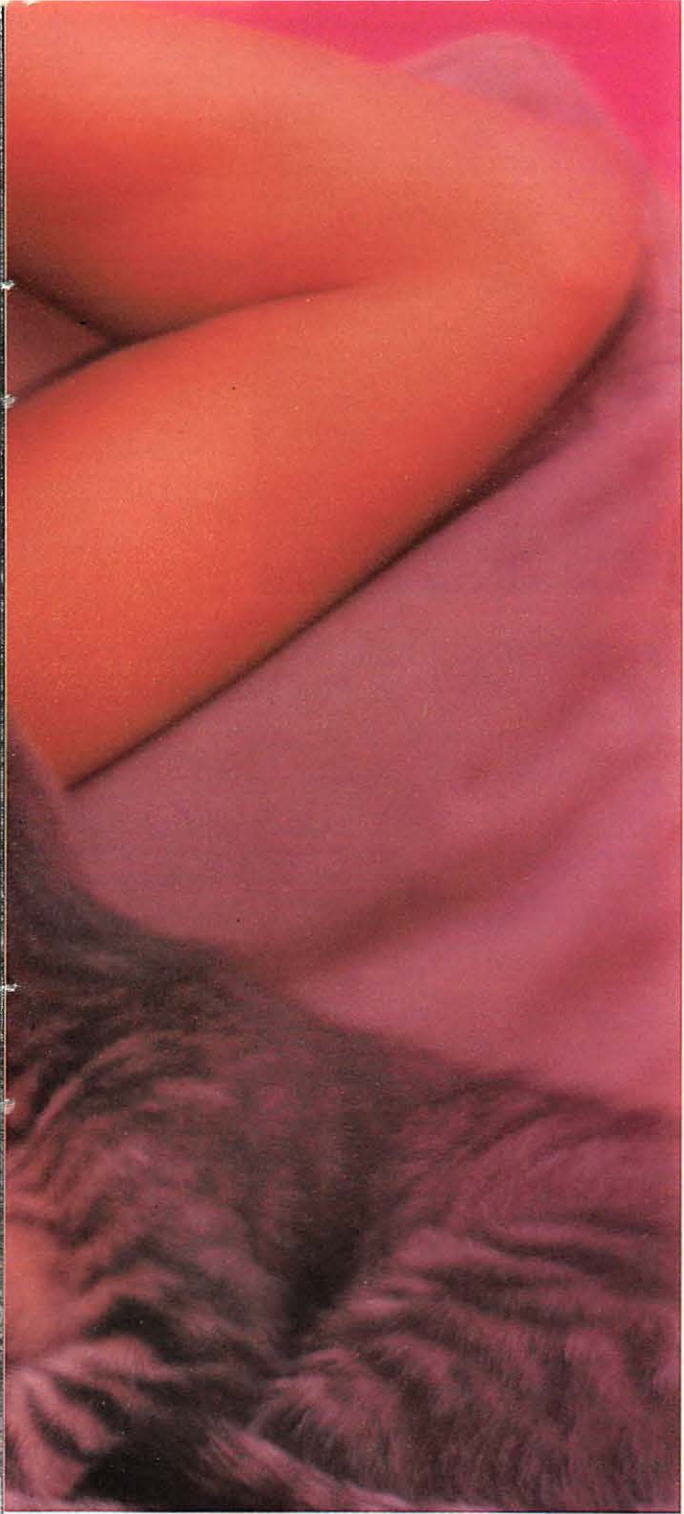




WHAT'S NEW, PUSSYCAT?

Following the writer's advice, *Penthouse* went west—actually, northwest—to find this luscious 19-year-old Canadian beauty from Vancouver, British Columbia. Christina Lee is a perfect 34-24-36, and she is perfectly thrilled to be gracing our pages. "Few women can imagine how turned on I get thinking about all those men looking at my pictures," Christina tells us. And it's no wonder that this mischievous sex kitten is a lover of cats: "There are times when I feel like a cat myself. I'm soft, cuddly, and it feels so good to have fingers rubbing my back."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS





Christina has a boyfriend, but readers should take heart: "I'm looking to get married, but not before I know what life is all about," she says. Christina, who was 1986 Miss Nude Vancouver, also wants everybody to know that "I have too much sex on my mind to settle down."





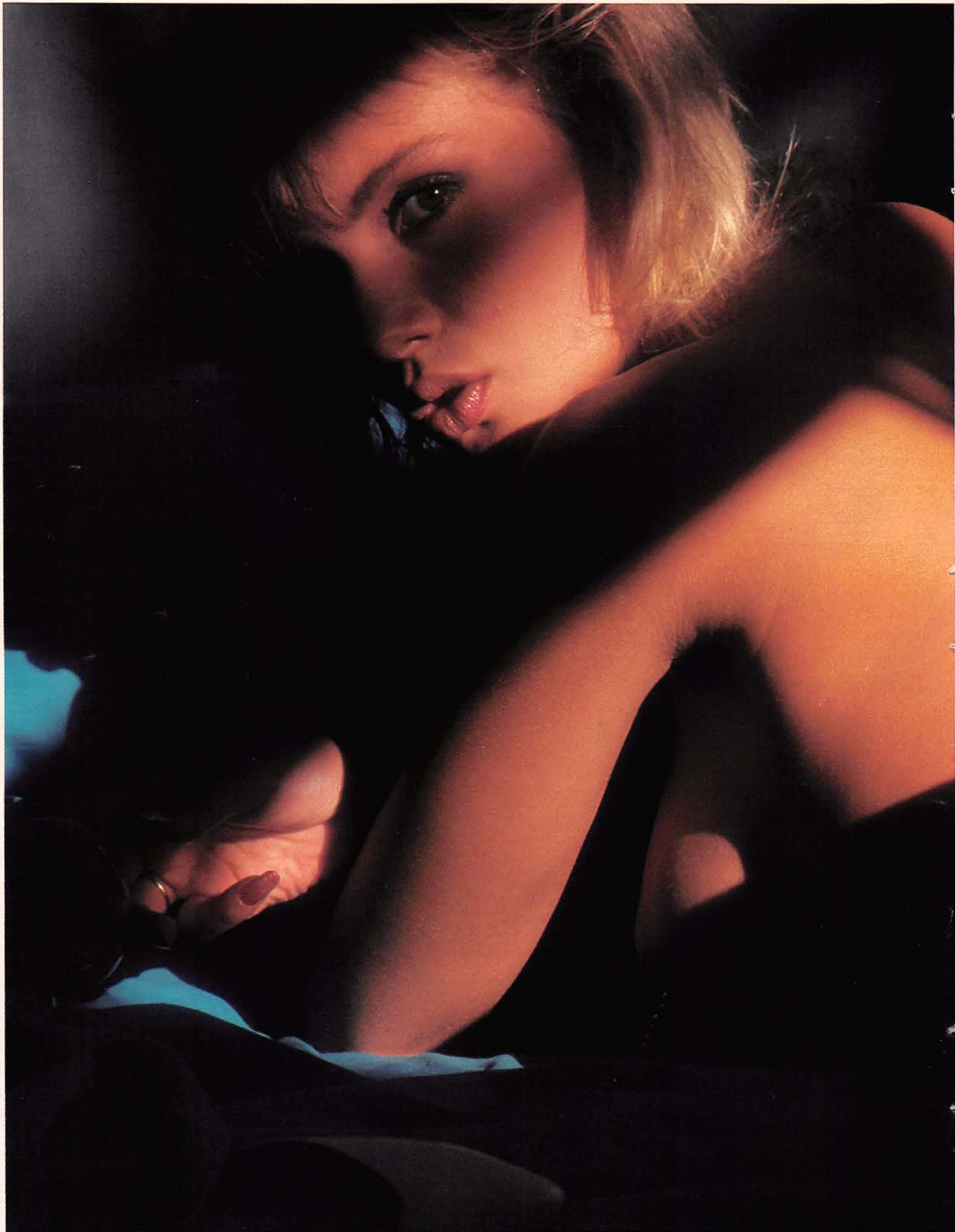
Though she loves the beauty of the Canadian Northwest, Christina wants to move on to warmer climes. "One thing I'd love to do," she blushes, "is to find myself stranded on a tropical island with a couple of resourceful men."

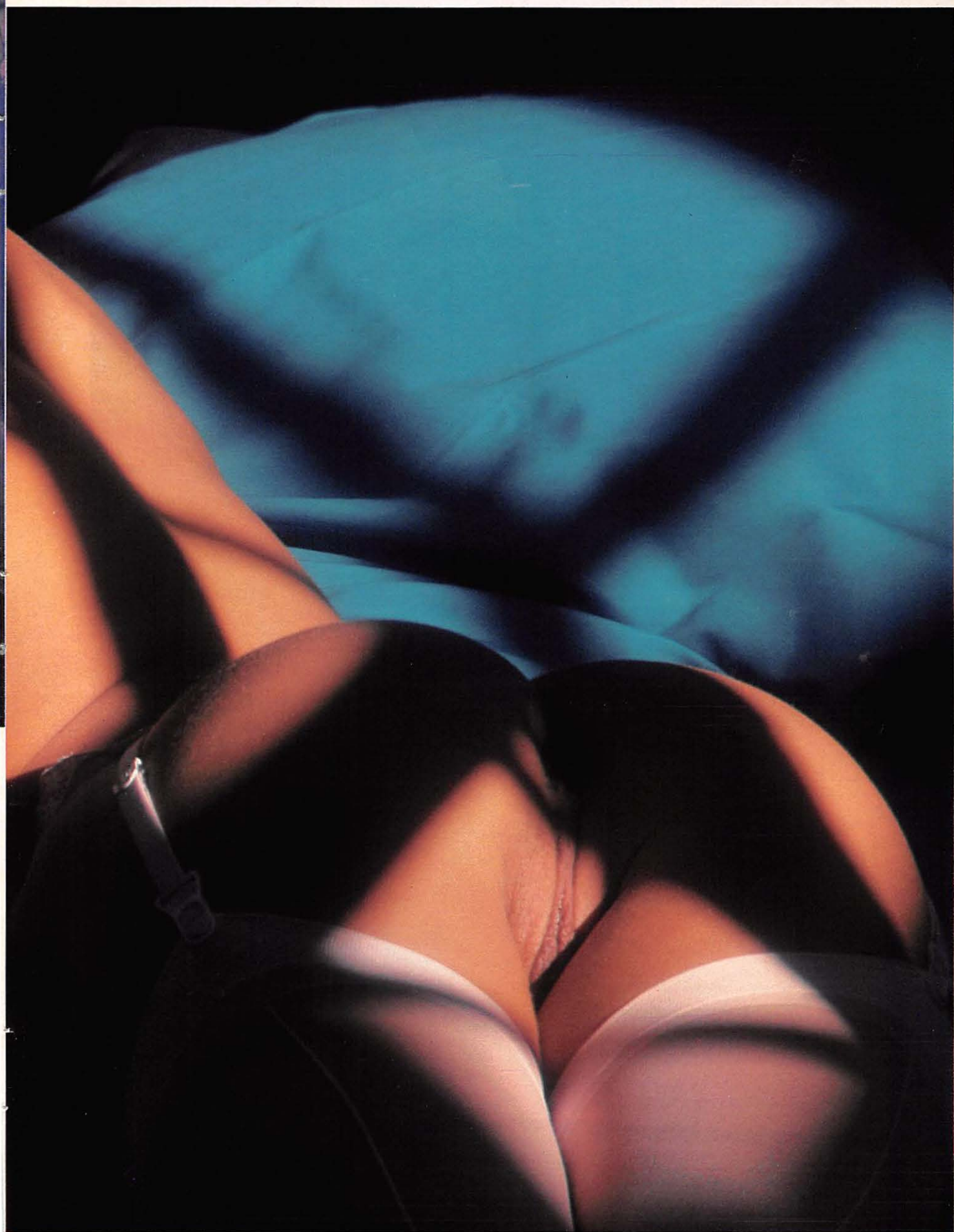




For now, Christina wants to continue her career as a dancer. "I want to prove to the world," she says, "that I have many talents." We think she's already made her point. **OT**









BLACK & RODEO!

BY INGRID FRANK AND GEORGE RICHARDSON

Back when Marvel Rogers was a young bronc buster in the late 1940s, black cowboys were not allowed to compete in rodeos against white cowboys. They could demonstrate their skills on the meanest broncs and bulls—but only after the rodeo was over. There were no honors for them, and no prize money. They could only pass the hat after their ride.

It was only through the persuasive pressure of his white employers and friends Ben and Jake Beutler of the famous Beutler Brothers Rodeo Producers that Marvel Rogers—previously allowed only “hat rides”—was able to break the rodeo color line in the early fifties. Other cowboys, though, didn’t like it. They set his straw bedding on fire and pissed in his boots. Once he even had to be driven out of town, hidden under a truckload of hay.

But Marvel hung tough. He became known for his ex-

traordinary skill in four events—bareback bronc riding, bull riding, saddle bronc riding, and steer wrestling—and for the stogie he never lost aboard the toughest bronc. They said he’d have been the all-around cowboy champion, for

sure, “if only he didn’t have the wrong paint job.” Even though black cowboys could compete in rodeos again, no one said judging had to be fair.

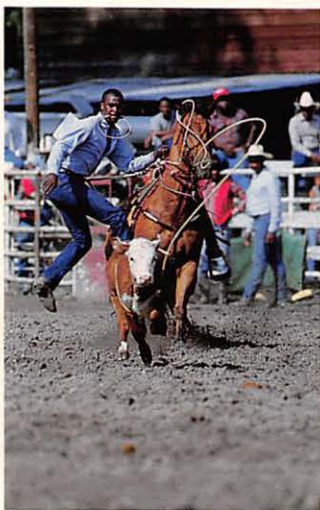
Marvel Rogers was lucky. He lived long enough to see the rules change. He helped to change them, inspiring many of today’s best black cowboys. Now there’s talk of inducting him into the National Cowboy Hall of Fame.

Black cowboys have been part of the American West as long as white cowboys. But

when the world thinks of America’s legendary heroes, it only thinks white, because history books and Hollywood have forgotten—and perhaps never even knew about—their black counterparts. No western was ever made about



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TODD JAMES



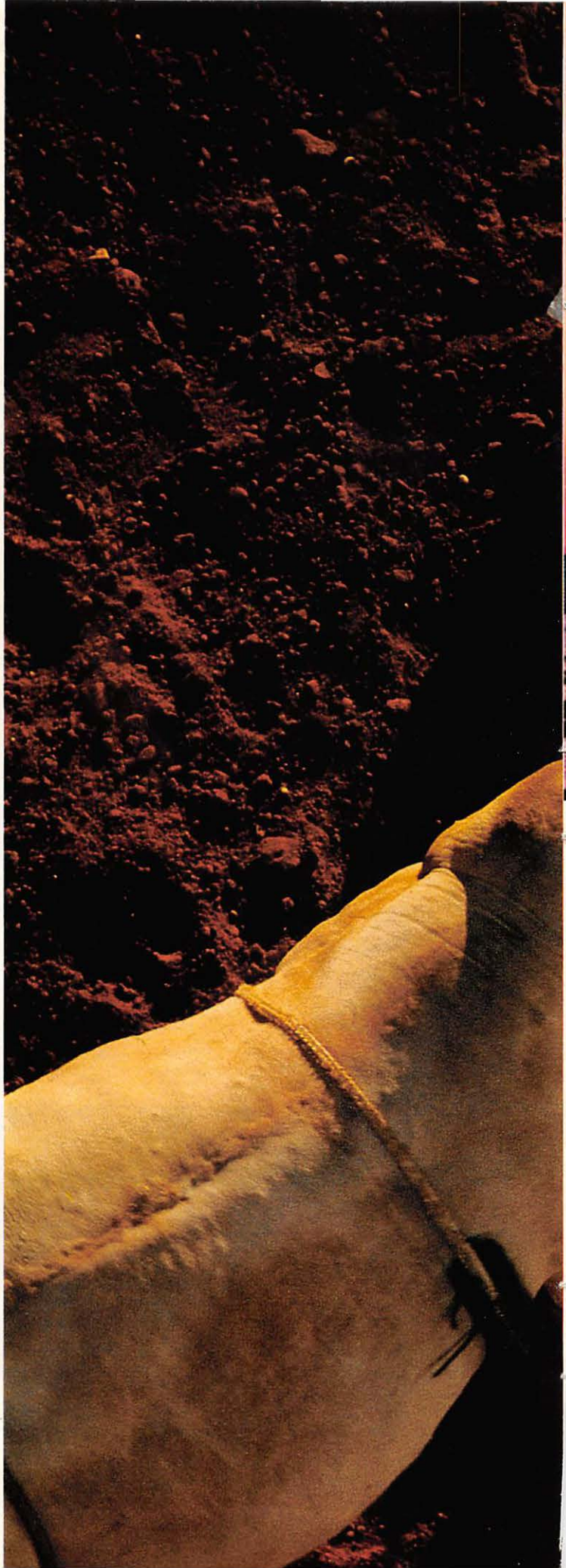
Bose Ikard, trusted companion of Charles Goodnight, who pioneered the Goodnight-Loving Trail. Goodnight wrote about Ikard, "I have trusted him farther than any living man. He was my detective, banker, and everything else in Colorado, New Mexico, and any other wild country I was in." Or Jim Beckwourth, who became a Crow Indian chief, served as a U.S. Army scout during the Third Seminole War, and in 1850 blazed the famed Beckwourth Pass through the Sierra Nevadas. Or six-foot-tall Mary Worth, known as Stagecoach Mary, who was Montana's most courageous mail carrier.

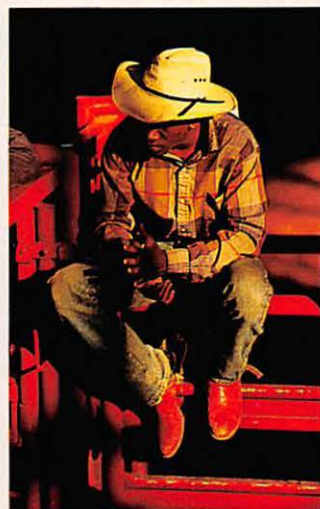
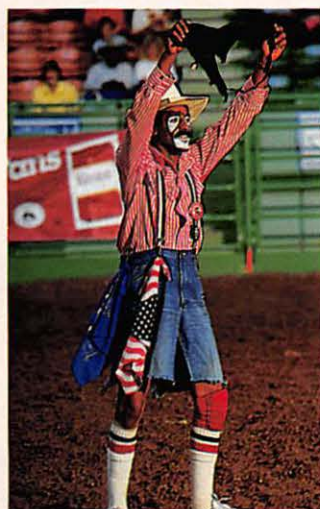
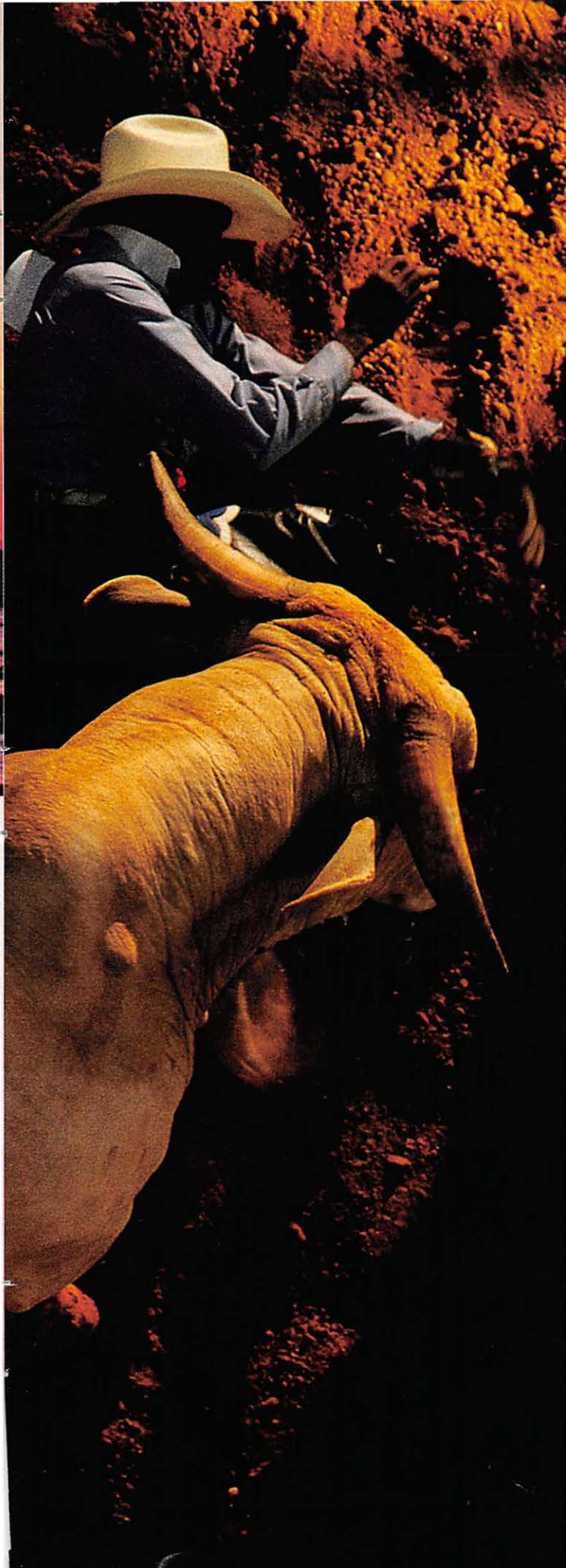
Only Bill Pickett escaped obscurity. Pickett, who was "the greatest sweat-and-dirt cowhand that ever lived, bar none," invented steer wrestling, also known as "bulldogging," rodeo's toughest event. So far, he's the only black cowboy in the National Cowboy Hall of Fame.

History books never recorded the multiracial team-

work that tamed the nation's western frontiers. Hollywood pictured all cowboys as white. Soon, hardly anyone remembered that black cowboys even existed—except, of course, the black cowboys who continued to teach their sons to ride and rope in small black rodeos that sprang up across the West. The black rodeos at Boley and Okmulgee, two formerly all-black towns in Oklahoma, became annual pilgrimages for black cowboys. But it wasn't until the early 1950s that blacks could again compete in official rodeos against whites.

Since then, changes occurred rapidly. Over 500 blacks now compete in rodeos on a regular basis. In the early 1970s, Myrtis Dightman became the first black bull rider to qualify for the National Finals Rodeo; bull rider Charlie Sampson of Watts, California, became the first black national world champion in 1982; and in 1984, Clarence LeBlanc of Okmulgee, Oklahoma, be-





came the first black cowboy to win the coveted international steer-wrestling championship.

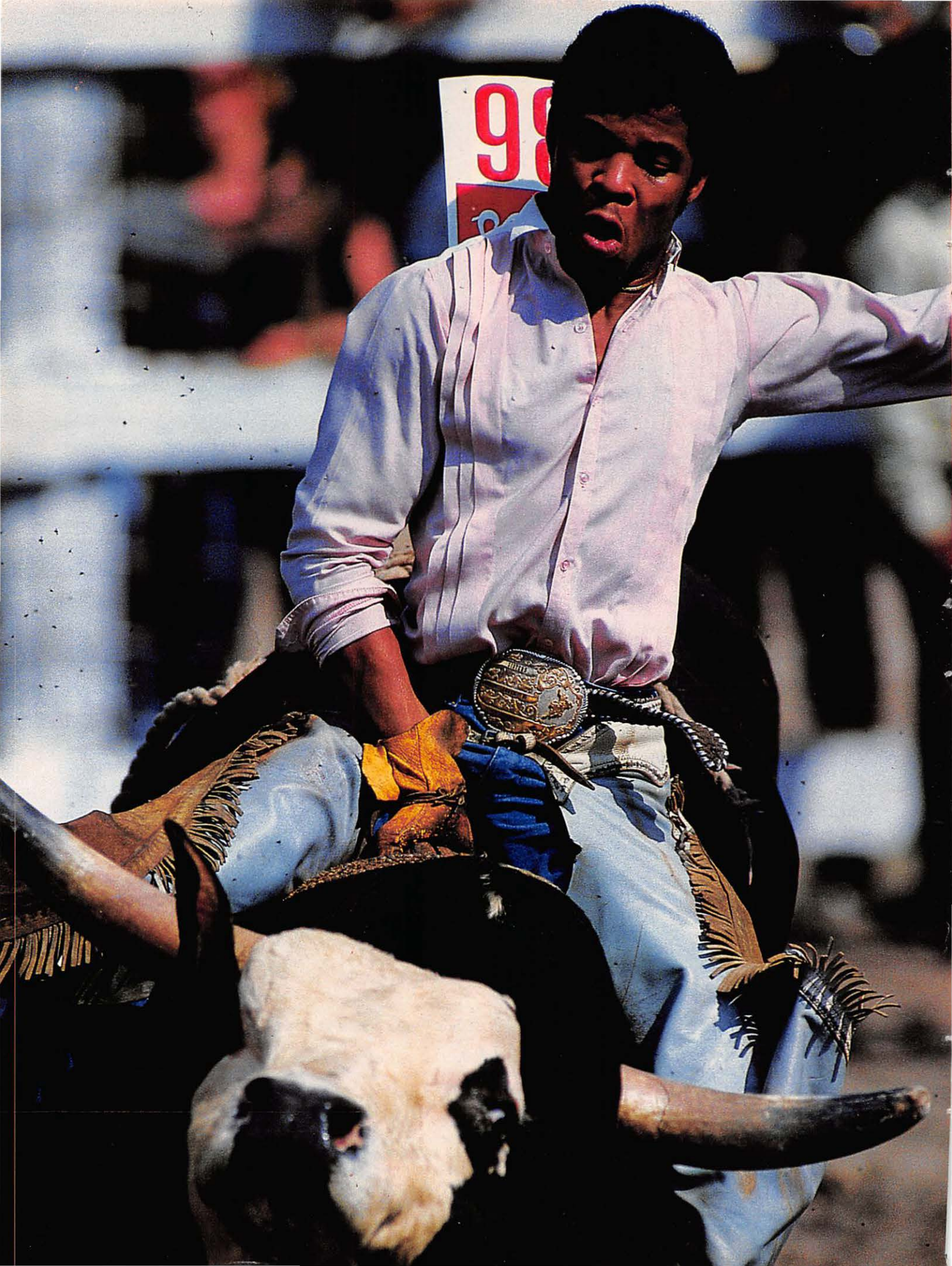
About 80 percent of black rodeo participants live in Texas and Oklahoma. But they also hail from California and Connecticut and everywhere else in between. They're the real "urban cowboys," who fall in love with the legend while growing up on city streets. Most rodeo competitors nowadays are not full-time cowboys. They're computer programmers, truck drivers, teachers, auto salesmen, policemen, executives, and construction workers. They become rodeo cowboys after their day's work, traveling as much as 600 miles a weekend to compete—sometimes two or three a day.

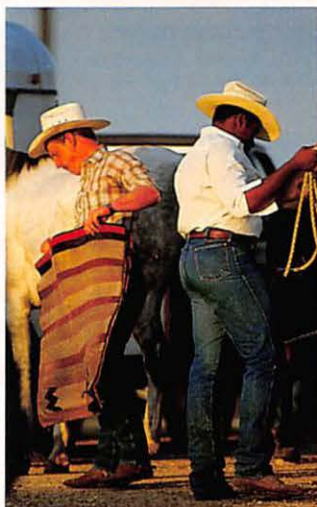
Rodeoing does not come cheap. It costs about \$30 to enter a single event at a black rodeo. At a local "full circuit" rodeo it costs \$50, and at big ones, like those in Cheyenne and Fort Worth, the cowboy pays \$200 for each event. To

be chosen best all-around cowboy, a contestant must win the most points in at least two events. And the bigger the entry fee, the bigger the purse. Purses vary from \$300 at local rodeos to \$20,000 at the giant Cheyenne Frontier Days Rodeo in Wyoming. National world champion bull rider Charlie Sampson earned \$100,000 one year.

Many black cowboys who show special talent start off with a sponsor who stakes them to the entry fee, lends them a horse, and maybe pays the traveling costs. The sponsor gets 25 percent of the cowboy's winnings if he just lends the horse, and 50 percent if he pays for everything. But only about ten percent of the cowboys actually ever win any "real money."

Dallas roper Cleo Hearn was inspired by Marvel Rogers. He didn't know about black cowboys until a cousin took him to see his first rodeo in Boley, Oklahoma, where he saw Marvel ride. "It was love at first






sight. I wanted to be a cowboy, too," Cleo recalls. "Marvel talked to me for quite a while and even let me sit on his horse. I was awed. Later I found out it was only because he took a shine to my pretty 21-year-old cousin. But I was hooked."

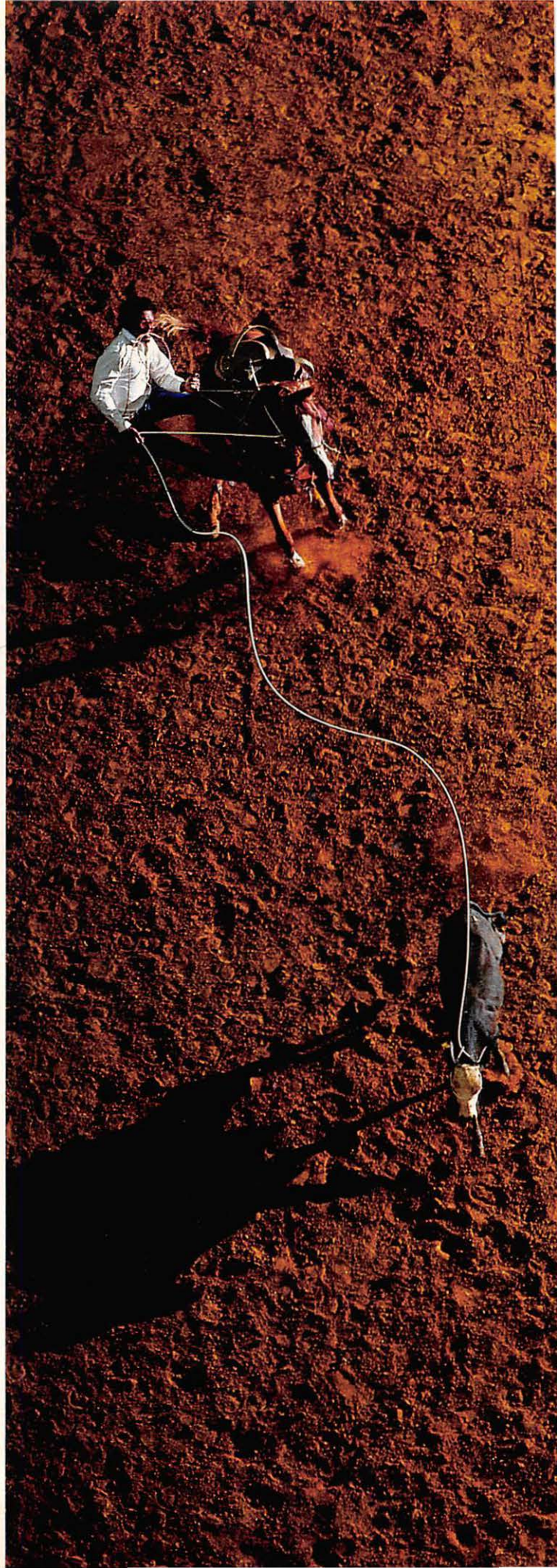
Cleo dreams of winning the national calf-roping championship. But his biggest dream is to make the black cowboy visible to the world. In 1968 he and Marvel Rogers joined forces with Periscope Associates, a New Jersey promotion agency, to produce the first black rodeos ever seen in the East. "It took us until 1971 to get our first rodeo off the ground, because no one would believe there were enough black cowboys to do it," laughs Cleo Hearn.

"You should have seen those Harlem youngsters when they saw their first black cowboys." Cleo's eyes crinkle with joy at the memory. "Talk of being proud! They all wanted to become cowboys."

Since then, Cleo has produced many black rodeos, including the Yellow Rose Invitational Black Rodeo in Dallas. "But the mass media still portrays the cowboy as white," Cleo mourns, "and so the world still doesn't know. The black cowboy would be a wonderful hero and role model for city youngsters! He could inspire them to stay away from drugs. You can't ride a bronc when you're high."

Marvel Rogers died in 1979, but his dream lives on in Cleo. Now he and Periscope Associates are working on "Coming Home . . . to America's Roots," a national celebration of America's forgotten black cowboys and western heroes.

Meanwhile, every weekend the hundreds of "sweat and dirt" black cowboys, who risk life and limb in every rodeo they enter, give testimony in arenas large and small across the country that the American cowboy mystique is alive and well. And its face has many colors. 



VIOLENCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

tion of science and the national health interest," with the National Institutes of Health (NIH) and its umbrella bureaucracy, the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare (HEW). When his jeremiads fell on deaf ears, he went public and fired off some dozen letters to various scientific organizations. On April 11, 1980, he received his dismissal papers. Officially, he was being fired for spending his time on child abuse and the roots of violence—"subjects that are not within the mission of the NICHD as part of the programs of this institute," according to the memo.

Contending that he was really fired for whistle-blowing, Prescott appealed to get his job back and lost. Over the next few years, his cause was championed by various organizations, including several divisions of the American Psychological Association. As for Kretchmer, he left the NICHD unceremoniously in 1981, amid reports of other complaints about him, and took a job as professor of nutrition at the University of California at Berkeley. None of that helped Prescott very much. His dismissal left him flat broke, in debt to lawyers, and so stigmatized he couldn't land another job. He had to live off the money he withdrew from a government pension fund; and then, in his words, a

"domino effect" followed, in which he lost his house and, ultimately, his marriage. Such, perhaps, is the penalty of endorsing the pleasure principle. When we last spoke to him, he was beginning to put the pieces back together by doing independent consulting work and trying to raise funds for the Violence Prevention Network, of which he is president and actor Daniel J. Travanti, star of "Hill Street Blues," is national chairman.

In the meantime, violence has reached epidemic proportions in the United States. In 1978 (the last year for which comparative statistics are available) the U.S. homicide rate was eight times higher than Britain's, nine times higher than Canada's, and 17 times higher than Denmark's. More chilling still, our homicides are disproportionately directed against children. Between 1950 and 1976, while the overall homicide rate rose 70 percent, the killing of children under the age of four increased by over 300 percent. Prescott attributes the mayhem to the "failure of love in America—the failure of love for our infants, our children, our spouses, and our families."

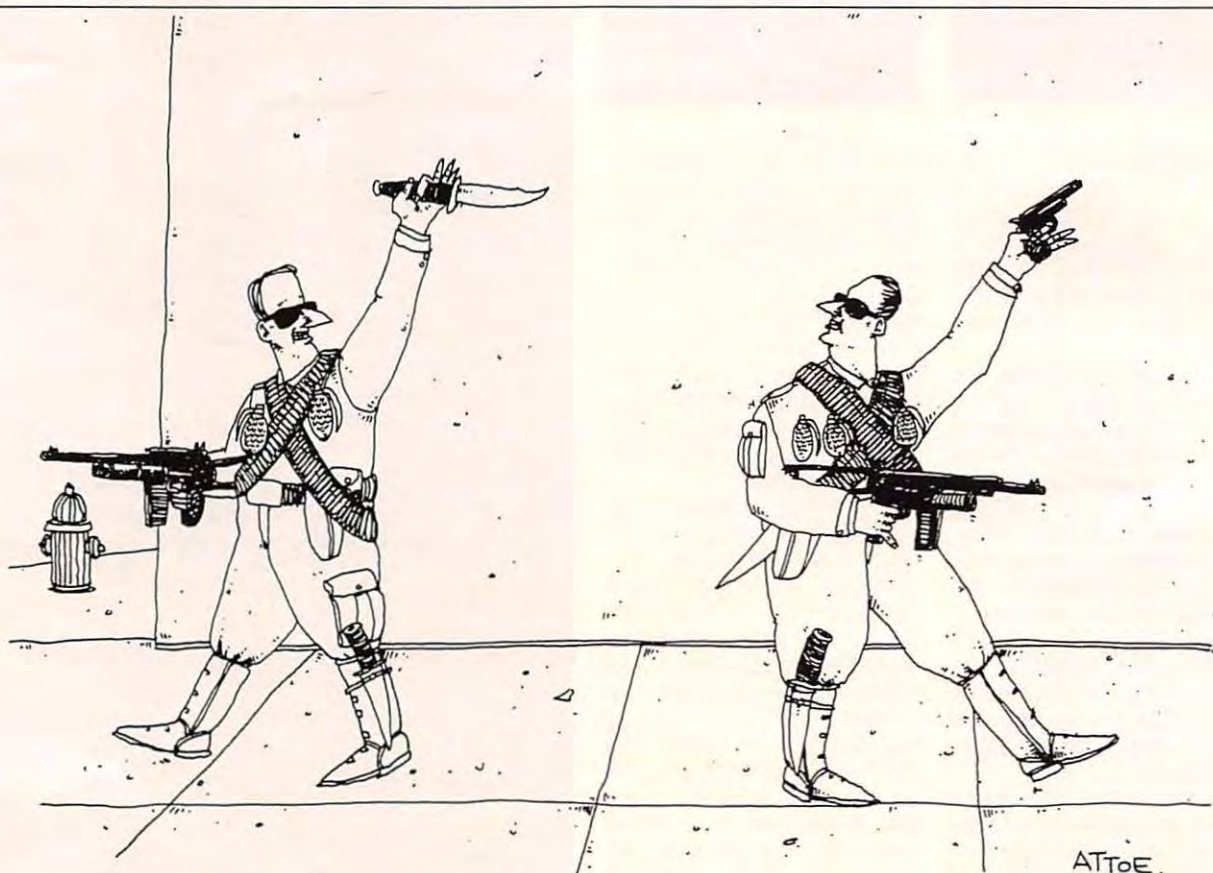
But what about the roots of *political* forms of aggression?

Rutgers University anthropologist Lionel Tiger has stated, "That there is a close and real connection between social status and internal secretions should interest people studying human behavior. It

may be that power has an impact on internal secretions such that people who have power don't like to lose it, for example." Dominance, he noted, may be "immensely satisfying at the internal physiological level"—rather like a drug. And perhaps that is the real significance of Henry Kissinger's famous epigram, "Power is the ultimate aphrodisiac."

The inspiration for these pronouncements was not an arms-control conference in Geneva or a smoke-filled room in Washington, but a colony of vervet monkeys living in spacious wire cages on the grounds of the Sepulveda Veterans Administration Hospital, in California's hot, dusty San Fernando Valley. Dr. Michael McGuire, a psychiatrist at the University of California at Los Angeles, has patiently recorded the monkeys' power struggles, palace intrigues, and coups for some 15 years, and has come to some remarkable conclusions about power.

A colony of vervet monkeys is a tiny totalitarian state ruled by one all-powerful dictator. "The dominant male does what he wants, sits where he wants," says McGuire. "He has access to any resources, including the females. He defends the group if it's threatened; he does a lot of herding when they're traveling; he surveys the periphery of the territory to make sure there's no hanky-panky. There are two peaks during the day when the leader goes around flexing his muscles, as it were. If you're a subordinate, you get



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off the rock you're sitting on. It's not that the boss wants to sit on the rock. He never does. He just lets you know he's boss."

The secret of the ruler's power, McGuire discovered, is in his brain. In some 45 different colonies he studied, the boss monkey invariably had twice the level of a particular brain chemical, serotonin, as any other male. Biology is destiny, as far as social status is concerned. When McGuire removed the boss from the group and put him in a cage by himself, his serotonin levels plunged abruptly. In one experiment McGuire isolated the chief behind a one-way mirror through which the leader could observe his subjects, but they could not see him. "He goes through all the displays and threats, and of course the subordinates don't respond. He sees them sitting where he normally sits and copulating with the females, and his serotonin goes down." Meanwhile, back at the colony, a new leader inevitably assumed the throne, and within two weeks his serotonin soared to twice the normal level. When the old ruler was restored to his throne, however, his serotonin went back up, while the usurper's dropped back to its old levels.

Is it possible, then, to make a Caspar Milquetoast into a Fidel Castro, or vice versa, with a chemical? The answer seems to be yes. When passive males were given a drug that boosted their serotonin levels, they took on the demeanor of dominance, performing intelligence

tests with the assurance of chairmen of the board. Dominant monkeys became wimpy, approaching the same tests with panic and trepidation, when they were given a serotonin-suppressing drug.

If all this evokes a macho realm of locker rooms and three-piece suits, note that females are highly influential in the rise and fall of monkey dictators. For reasons no one has yet figured out, the females in the colony have a mysterious affinity for power. Typically, they favor one male, and inevitably that male will rise to the throne within two weeks, according to McGuire. Either the female monkeys sense which male will become dominant, or they themselves are the power behind the throne. (McGuire's studies did not find any correlation between serotonin levels and female social status.)

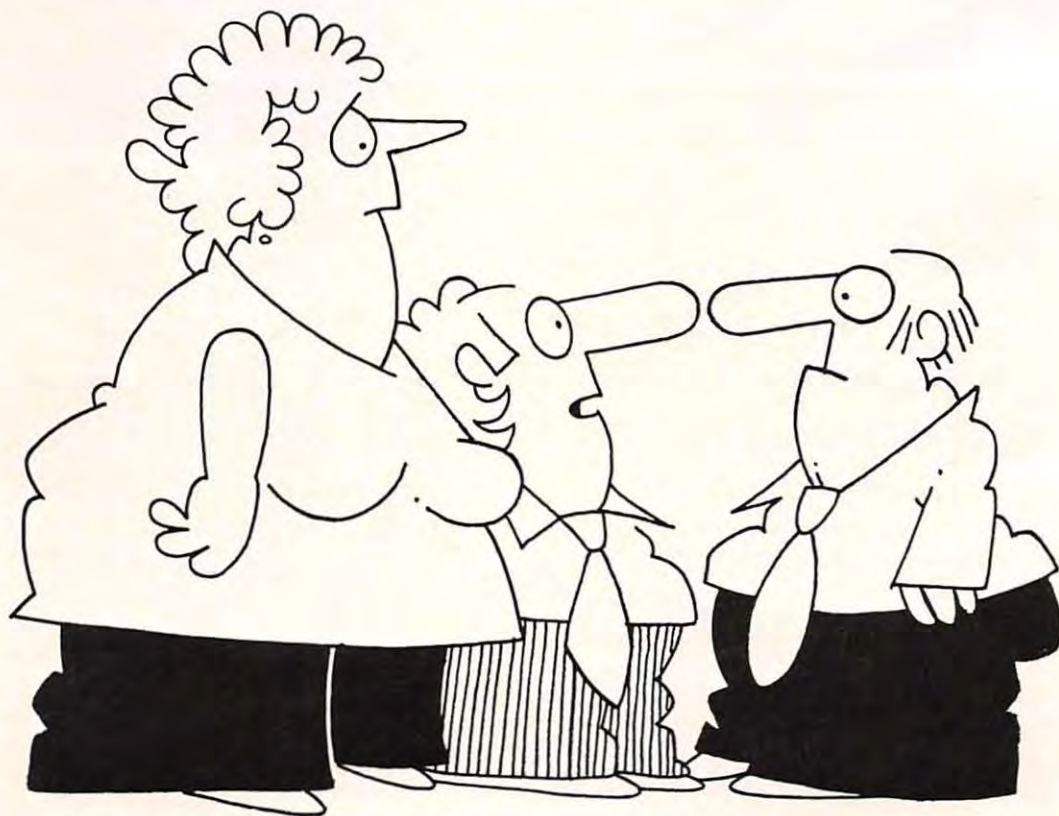
Are human females likewise a crucial but covert force propelling the aggression of human males? Perhaps so. While living among the Yanomamo Indians of the Amazon, Northwestern University anthropologist Napoleon A. Chagnon studied their aboriginal warfare patterns and noticed a curious thing. In his movies of mock warfare among the tribesmen, the women can be observed playing an interesting role. Up to a point they goad their menfolk to fight, cheering from the sidelines, but whenever the fighting starts to get serious, they step in and break up the brawls. In addition, "Instead of fighting over land, water rights, hunting areas,

property, gardening sites, etc.," notes Chagnon, "I discovered that the Yanomamo were fighting primarily over sex and women."

If a monkey colony is a human society in microcosm, what is the moral of this animal fable? Well, it isn't that the boss is more bellicose than the underlings. Says McGuire, "An Australian newspaper just ran a headline that portrayed the dominant male as a big bully who pushes everybody around. He's just the opposite. It's the subordinate males who are nasty and grumpy. When a male becomes dominant, all of a sudden he becomes benevolent and sweet; he sits with the females and grooms them. . . . He's less aggressive when he's dominant. The fight is to get there, but once you're established and everybody acknowledges your power, you keep the peace." Moral: Just as sexual pleasure reduces violence, so does the attainment of real power make one less warlike.

For the boss monkeys' human counterparts, then, better look among law-and-order types. Taking blood samples from a UCLA fraternity, McGuire found that the officers had higher serotonin levels than the rank-and-file members. "We probably won't find that it's just serotonin in dominant humans," he cautions. "There's probably an interaction with other neurochemicals. But to find that serotonin is twice as high in the dominant males in all 45 colonies [that were studied]. . . . That's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96



"Since the baby, Gloria's vagina isn't as tight as it used to be. We're making it into a guest room."

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America has undergone the largest restructuring of its corporate landscape in 60 years ... and no one knows what the final results will be.

PIN-STRIPED PIRATES

BY NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

The all-seeing CBS eye, once a proud and haughty orb, is weeping tears of bitterness and humiliation. Not long ago, the staggering network scored the lowest prime-time rating in its history. The company is loaded with debt, and demoralized employees are frightened that they will follow the hundreds who've been laid off into the streets.

There are many reasons for the company's lost power and prestige, but the single biggest may be the billion bucks it had to shell out to stop Atlanta's bold and starchy Ted Turner from buying the network. Now the bills have come due, and CBS has been paying by selling off the subsidiaries it had bought during its gold period and by economizing just when it should be spending extra millions to develop the programs it needs to yank itself out of the ratings basement.

CBS spent itself into the poorhouse to keep Terrible Ted Turner from getting hold of its news division, once the envy of the industry, and turning Edward R. Murrow and Walter Cronkite's heritage into the shake, rattle, and roll operation the great yachtsman runs on CNN. But many believe that the network's news division, forced to carry on with a diminished staff, has gone to hell in a hand basket anyway.

Mark CBS down as one more casualty in the merger-and-acquisition wars. In the broadcast industry alone, one quarter of the nation's radio and television stations have been bought or sold in the last three years. America has been going through the largest restructuring of its corporate landscape in 60 years, and no one knows what the final results will be for the bondholders who put up the money to pay for the changes, not to mention the millions of employees and customers affected by the frenzied goings-on.

The preliminary returns aren't especially encouraging.

PAINTING BY KUNIO HAGIO

Take Ted Terrific, for example. "We set them back ten years," Turner brags, referring to the damage he did to the network that is competitive with his own superstition WTBS. But he's in no better shape than CBS.

After failing to capture Black Rock, as they call the network's dark skyscraper headquarters in New York City, Turner went careening off to buy Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and United Artists for a billion and a half bucks he didn't have. To pay part of the vast sums of money he owed for his purchase, MGM/UA has been broken into parts, most of which have been sold off, some to the same man, Kirk Kerkorian, from whom he bought MGM in the first place. Turner was left with ownership of 1,000 major movie titles from Warner Brothers, RKO, United Artists, and MGM, and 2,500 less well-known titles that film historians and fans fear will be lost or destroyed because they have negligible immediate value to the cash-hungry Turner.

Investors holding high-paying so-called junk bonds issued to finance these incomprehensible transactions couldn't care less about the desecration of art; what's got them scared is the safety of the money lent to a company that's now \$1.6 billion in debt. These bonds pay a high rate of interest, around 14 percent, but they won't pay anything if Sailor Ted's corporate sailboat keels over.

We know about the ups and downs of boom and bust, but until recently, free and victorious Americans have never been directly affected by corporate mergers and acquisitions, and have never felt the shame and impotence of an occupying invasion unless they have been employees of a conquered corporation absorbed by another, stronger business power. Only a few thousand men and a few hundred women get to play this Wall Street M & A game, but the outcome touches many millions.

Walter Bregman, a square-jawed Harvard-graduated Anglo-Saxon success story, went through the ordeal. As vice president of International Playtex, he and his boss, company president Joel Smilow, had brilliantly transformed the decent-size bra company into a billion-and-a-half-dollar-a-year operation selling all manner of feminine beauty aids when its mother company, Esmark, was sold to Beatrice, a mega-mondo-humongous conglomerate with so many brand names and products its own management had trouble keeping them straight. Shortly after, Smilow resigned and Walter was flown in to Beatrice's Chicago headquarters, told that he was to have Smilow's job, and that his first assignment was to get his old boss, Smilow, out of his office by Monday morning. He didn't know it at the time, but he was actually being ordered to officiate at a dress rehearsal of his own decapitation, which took place not many months later.

As Bregman told the story to *Forbes*

afterward, he bounced into Playtex's Stamford, Connecticut, headquarters one early February morn in 1985 to meet with his top managers and tell them the good news: The company's profits were up 30 percent. Before he went into the meeting, he looked in on Frank Grzelecki, his new boss, the president of Beatrice's consumer-products division.

"Hi, Frank," quoth Walter.

"Hi, Wally," quoth Grzelecki back at Bregman. "I want a different president."

"Oooh! But why? What happened?" asked Bregman, his hands going up to his neck.

"You and I have different management styles," Grzelecki said, according to Bregman. "And where you want to take the company is somewhat different from where I want to take it. . . . So that is the reason I want a new president." After that he gave Bregman the standard resignation form, which had the usual palaver about Bregman resigning to "pursue other

6

If you don't have
a contract, brace yourself.
The merger-and-
acquisition binge has been
a major factor in
the widespread white-collar
layoffs and salary cuts.

,

interests."

"Bullshit, Frank, you're firing me! My reputation and my record will stand on their own."

"You mean you're not going to go along with it? What are you going to tell the press?"

"I'm going to say you fired me."

"Well, in that case, you better use the next 30 minutes to take your things and go," Grzelecki said.

"You mean after six years, and with my management committee waiting for me in the conference room, you're telling me I have a half hour to take my things and get out?"

That's what he meant. High level or low, go-getter or drone, when the new management takes over, jobs are in jeopardy. For Joel Smilow, however, there was a measure of revenge. He teamed up with his former boss, Donald Kelly, chairman of Esmark before Beatrice came along, to take over Beatrice at the paltry cost of \$6.2 billion dollars, every buck of which is borrowed. Beatrice, the company they bought with all those borrowed bucks, was already heavy with debts it had contracted to buy other companies. Thus

Beatrice's new owners have had to sell off a number of its subsidiaries to lighten the debt load. So guess what? Playtex was sold to the very same Smilow, and then, to pay for the purchase, Smilow split Playtex up and sold parts of it to Revlon. If all this is baffling to the reader, imagine what it was like for the hired help.

Imagine what it must be like to work for Kentucky Fried Chicken, which was bought by Heublein, Inc., then by RJR Nabisco, and then by PepsiCo. Or look at Avis, once an independent company, sold to Simon, Inc., a few years back, which itself was then sold to Esmark, which was sold to Beatrice, which was just sold and has had it on the block again.

This buying and selling of companies is done on a grand scale. In the past few years, more than a quarter of a trillion dollars has been spent acquiring companies. Often the people doing the buying and selling lack the knowledge and competence to run them. Frequently they are money sharpies, buy-low, sell-high types who trade and deal, get a hold of a company at a wholesale price, and then figure out how to split it up into various parts that can be sold retail. It's an art best practiced by people who don't mind getting sleaze on their hands. The M & A game stunts the growth and potential of an organization. If Kentucky Fried Chicken has been a sickly bird, is it any wonder? Can a company have leadership, long-range planning, and a winning morale when it must endure such a succession of shocks? Certainly some of these properties have been badly, even fatally, bruised by the handling they've received from the Wall Street croupiers who deal and discard them like so many cards in a gin-rummy hand.

Some companies have revived and found the new ownership and management a tonic. There are also some corporation purchasers who buy for the long haul. One of the most successful is Berkshire-Hathaway's Warren Buffet, who will not buy a company whose management isn't in place and eager to work for him. Overall, however, organizations don't respond any better to being kicked around than individuals. No one can guess what such shake-ups cost the nation in terms of lost production and jobs.

Fifteen years ago Montgomery Ward, America's first great mail-order house, was still a serious competitor for Sears Roebuck and other mass merchandisers. In 1976 it was bought by Mobil. Today, after having frittered away about two billion on this prize acquisition, the oil company has it up for sale. During the years Mobil ran it, the once-gigantic retailer went steadily downhill, to the detriment of its laid-off employees, its customers, and Mobil's stockholders—not to mention that Mobil pissed away money that might have been used for energy exploration, something it does very well. Come the 1990s, Americans may have harsh reasons for wishing Mobil had used

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that money to find us more oil. In the meantime Mobil has unloaded its Container Corporation subsidiary, which it bought ten years ago and from which it could never make a decent profit.

Regardless of the new owners' capacity for running what they've bought, whenever a takeover occurs or is even threatened there is a high probability some people will lose their jobs. Sometimes the reason is efficiency and economy, sometimes it's vengeance.

When the Signal Companies were merged with the Allied Corporation, two megalithic mishmashes of aerospace, engineering, chemicals, and whatnots, Signal's top man Forrest Shumway stepped down to become vice-chairman of Allied-Signal and also got five million in heart balm. Michael Dingman, Shumway's right hand, was offered a contract guaranteeing him a promotion to the top spot on January 1, 1991. Dingman passed on the offer and now heads the Henley Group, a new conglomerate made up of spin-offs from Allied-Signal. Allied-Signal, which will do at least \$17 billion worth of business a year, still won't need two law departments, two accounting departments, two of this, that, and everything else. Economy dictates that several heads shall roll.

Sometimes, even when the merger is friendly, the boys at the top get their necks wrung. S. Bruce Smart, Jr., the yacht-and-blazer type who ran the Continental Group, foolishly thought that he was still the No. 1 gentleman after his packaging and natural resources company was bought for \$3.5 billion by Peter Kiewit Sons, Inc., a Nebraska construction firm. A year later, Mr. Smart was out on his Continental can and all but 40 of the 500 people at the erstwhile company's Connecticut headquarters had had their windpipes severed.

Mr. Smart left with \$3 million in his pockets. Deposed Revlon chairman Michael Bergerac left with a lot of bad feelings and a lot of money, \$36 million in severance pay and stock options. The conquering corporate Attilas, aka Pantry Pride, who beat Bergerac in a nasty takeover fight, have let it be known that the poor man—well, the not-so-poor man—would no longer enjoy the company Boeing 727 equipped with a kitchen, bedroom, living room, backgammon board, and gun rack; the chauffeured limo, the butler, and the two private secretaries. The winners in this particular fight, no matter how it eventually comes out for everybody else, were the members of the parasitic professions—the lawyers and investment bankers—who, in this transaction, scooped up more than \$100 million.

It's the middle managers who wake up to find that their companies have been acquired out from under them. A few years ago, Kenneth King was discovered by a headhunter and recruited away from Schering-Plough to go to work for Great

Lakes Carbon Corporation for \$55,000 a year as the corporate human-resources director. Then Great Lakes Carbon was taken over by Horsehead Industries, and after King was given the gate he lamented that "we ended up at the wrong end of the horse. . . . People who weren't performing got outstanding deals in terms of early retirement and enhanced severance packages. Those of us who were spirited away from other companies got short shrift."

The headhunters who were ringing King's phone when he had a job were less interested after Horsehead gave him his walking papers. Regardless of the reasons of why he or she is unemployed, a jobless executive is less attractive to firms shopping for new personnel.

The moral is, if you don't have an employment contract, brace yourself when changes take place. For a variety of reasons, all related to cost cutting, the merger-acquisitions binge has made a

Many businessmen
buy corporations for the same
reason that teenagers
buy clothes; their friends are
buying them
or it's the thing to do.

major contribution to the widespread layoffs and salary cuts. Until recently, these middle-level masses had been relatively untouched by recession or upheavals. While blue-collar workers were laid off by the thousands, they weren't; they continued to get their cost-of-living raises and other small perks, and in return they gave their corporation loyalty.

Loyalty depends on belief in continuity. White-collar workers always understood there was a remote possibility that their corporate ark might go belly-up; but they lived with that and did their work in the hope and expectation that one day they'd get the watch, the luncheon, and the pension. Now, however, a healthy, profitable company is subject to being suddenly bought, dismembered, reorganized, and drastically slimmed down, all of which may bring with it pay cuts, transfers to distant and unpleasant places, diminished fringe benefits, or outright dismissal. Nor can the foot soldiers in the armies of secretaries, lawyers, chemists, programmers, salespersons, and other white-collar occupations find safety and comfort in the knowledge that the company they work for is too big to be taken

over. Even Mobil, with sales last year of over \$56 billion, is a much talked-about acquisition target. The word on the street is that "only GM, with sales of \$96 billion, or Exxon, with sales of \$87 billion, is safe."

Actually, companies in rotten financial shape are safe from takeover, but not from bankruptcy. A debt-soaked corporation isn't an attractive object, for as John Norell, a Phillips Petroleum executive put it, "When you're an ugly girl, no one pays attention to you," but he adds that if she then "gets in shape . . . the first thing that happens is somebody rapes her."

For people looking for safe harbor in the workplace, stability and continuity can sometimes be found by picking a corporation with a dominant, family-connected ownership. Many heirs, guided by a sense of tradition and inherited responsibility, want to keep control of the family business. The McCormick-Patterson clan has done that with their company, The Chicago Tribune Company, owner of a number of newspapers, broadcasting properties, paper mills, and other concerns. If the family in question doesn't fall to feuding, which almost always forces a sale, and if the company in question has stayed private, the employee would do well to be loyal. A public company, whose shares can be bought and sold on the stock exchange, is a trickier business, even if the founder's family still owns a large block of the stock. If the family is adept and determined enough, it can buy up nonfamily-owned shares and take the company private again. That's what the Haas family did at Levi-Strauss, a corporation with a reputation as a very good place to work. Unfortunately, not all family businesses carry on so blissfully.

Until recently the control of Richardson-Vicks, Inc., remained with the Richardson clan, which owned 36 percent of the company. (Their products include Vicks cough drops and VapoRub, Ny-Quil, and Oil of Olay.) Though the family did not want to sell, mighty Proctor & Gamble wanted to buy, and finally, after one of the clan died of a heart attack in the course of the battle, the Richardsons were forced to sell. "It's piracy," said one family member. "What is so stunning to us," another remarked after being forced to exchange the family heritage for \$1.6 billion, "is here was a company that hadn't been abused by the family, that was a successful, ongoing enterprise. And still it could be taken over."

(For those curious as to how a family of millionaires could be "forced" to sell, the Richardson's problem was this: If they used their power on the board of directors to reject Proctor & Gamble's excellent offer, the other nonfamily stockholders could sue them for queering the deal and losing them a lot of money.)

Managements, especially family-dominated ones, are trying other expedients, such as creating two classes of stock in their companies: The first kind pays div-



"She says it sucks."

idents but doesn't entitle its owners to vote on who sits on the board and other major corporate decisions; the second class pays no dividends but entitles its owners to vote. However, these sorts of control devices are under legal and legislative attack.

For the immediate future, employees had best resign themselves to the ups and downs of being bought, sold, traded, merged, and amalgamated. It can be injurious, as the survivors—if there are any left alive—of the fabled merger of the Pennsylvania and New York Central Railroads might testify. You would think that putting two railroads together would be relatively easy, but the battles over jobs and jurisdiction were horrendous. Even the railroads' respective computers wouldn't talk to each other, and instead of harmony and economies of scale, the new Penn Central staggered into a bankruptcy of epochal proportions.

In the last couple of years, General Motors has made two huge buys. Both were companies in electronics, computers, and avionics, industries with scant connection to cranking out Buicks. The two and a half billion shelled out for Electronic Data Systems Corp. was supposed to make GM state-of-the-art, cutting edge, and all the rest of that yah-yah in making its cars. In fact, productivity hasn't made any big jump forward, as the computer-man-

aged factory continues to hover in the future. Students of this corporate whale note that it is bulging with unneeded and unnecessary middle management. GM, denying all, went ahead and shelled out five billion for Hughes Aircraft, thereby running the risk of causing both organizations irreversible corporate culture shock. GM is essentially a midwestern red-brick time-clock, mass-production manufacturing organization, while Hughes is a Californian electronic-exotic, making relatively few unbelievably complicated things for the Air Force. The business-school gossips and the management-consultant-tale bearers are waiting to see how this marriage works out in the long run. Thus far it hasn't. GM cars have been losing market share as their look-alike silhouettes have nothing twenty-first century about them to a buying public that seems to regard Ford as the American car of the future.

GM may eventually be successful in melding its disparate parts, but many companies have failed. Exxon's ventures in that direction are material for business-school case studies. Some years ago the oil giant bought up several small computer firms and announced it was going into the electronic-office-equipment business head to head with IBM. Exxon had the money, but it couldn't keep the free-spirited geniuses who invent these

things, and oil geologists don't have much of a talent for designing microchips. Gobs and gobs of money later, Exxon gave up, took its licking, and sold the remains of the office-equipment business for whatever it could get.

LTV Corporation merged and acquired itself into the single largest industrial bankruptcy in American history. Once a giant electronics and aircraft manufacturing company, in the late sixties LTV got a strange bee in its bonnet and started acquiring steel companies. First it bought Jones & Laughlin, a classic old-line, rust-belt outfit, and kept on buying more and more—Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company and Republic Steel. In the last four years, these purchases ran up almost a billion dollars in losses and sent LTV to the poorhouse. As a result thousands have lost their jobs, and LTV stockholders had the happy experience of seeing their holdings literally lose 50 percent in one day.

Sometimes companies go out and acquire weirdly unrelated businesses because they see no future in their own products. When Ford spent a half billion to buy a savings and loan company, some people saw it as a confirmation of the prediction that after the next recession Ford will become basically a foreign car importer.

Companies have a variety of reasons for buying new businesses. One that may have some considerable impact on our daily lives is the rush to buy brand names—like Philip Morris scooping up General Foods (Maxwell House coffee, Jell-O) or Quaker Oats dropping Stokely-Van Camp, Inc. (Gatorade) in its kit bag. For cigarette companies the move may be defensive. If tobacco becomes a no-growth industry, they may want something else to fall back on: Although food isn't a no-growth proposition, it is certainly slow-growth—slow enough to make you wonder if these hugely expensive investments will pay off. (A company has to pay a staggering premium over the stock-market price for each share to get 100 percent ownership of a company.)

Another reason given for the buying binge in the food industry is that people at the computer terminals have figured out that it's cheaper to buy nationally recognized old brands than to gamble a fortune on establishing a new one. For the consumer pushing a shopping cart in a supermarket, the outcome may be higher prices and less variety.

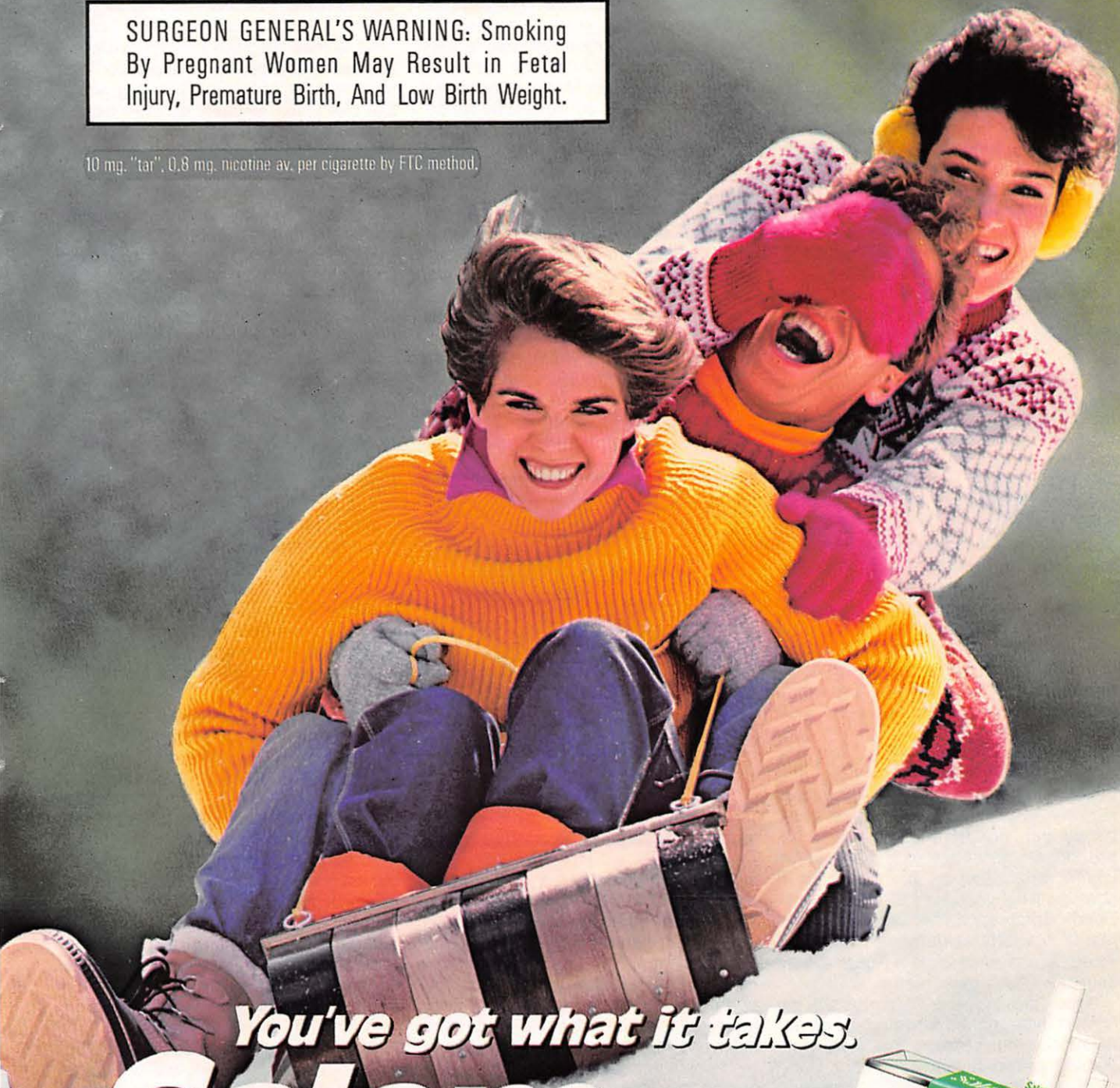
These enormous new companies will have greatly enhanced merchandising and distribution power. They will use it as leverage to occupy a larger percentage of supermarket shelf space. Smaller companies, which are responsible for virtually all the new ideas you see at the store, will have an even harder time getting on the shelves. That is if there are any of these left. In the last ten years more than 5,000 food companies have vanished via merger or acquisition.



"Care to manipulate the stock market?"

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

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



You've got what it takes.

Salem Spirit

*Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.*



Because the megadeals are coming at us so fast and because there are so many of them, it's not yet possible to see if the competitive action of the free enterprise market is being replaced by the administered market of monopoly power. If it is, we can look forward to enjoying the high prices, reduced variety, and shoddy quality that a monopoly usually confers on the consuming public. But monopolies are easier to dream about than pull off, as Bunker Hunt can tell you. A few years ago, he tried and failed to drive up the price of silver by monopolizing it and lost so much money that three Hunt companies filed for bankruptcy last fall.

The first great wave of mergers and acquisitions took place between 1890 and 1930, when businessmen sought to create nationwide manufacturing monopolies. There was, as they called monopolies in those days, the steel trust, the tobacco trust, the oil trust, the aluminum trust, and so on. But despite their power to dominate the market when they were first put together, many of them didn't succeed in screwing the consumer. They were challenged by new competition, competition that today comes from foreign imports. The threat of monopolies arising from mergers could begin to be reflected in higher price tags, a result of government putting barriers in the way of those imports. If you have any doubts, look what happened to the numbers on the window stickers after the Japanese were forced to adhere to "voluntary" automobile quotas.

Acquisitions don't always reflect studious consideration and high-stakes entrepreneurship. Some buys are about as sensible as an impulse purchase in a supermarket. The CBS decision to buy the pre-Steinbrenner New York Yankees evidently was based on the notion that it seemed like a good idea at the time. The Bendix Corporation's fatal attempt to buy Martin Marietta apparently was motivated by chairman William Agee's pride as much as any other reason.

Agee had made a laughingstock of himself by telling the world, who'd never heard of either of them, that there was nothing between him and Mary Cunningham, his 29-year-old vice president for strategic planning. Having decided that he was a bit of a lightweight, Wall Street watchers noted that Bendix had a huge amount of money in the bank and made little jokes about Agee being too dumb to know what to do with it. Whether it was the laughter ringing in his ears or defective business judgment, Agee made an expensive and messy attempt to take over Martin Marietta, a big defense contractor, against the wishes of Marietta's management. Soon there were lawsuits, accusations, press releases, and more talk of Mary Cunningham, who eventually left Bendix and married Agee.

Martin Marietta struck back by launching an attempt to buy Bendix. Wall Street immediately dubbed it the Pac-Man

strategy, explained by one merger specialist as "my client eats your client before your client eats mine." For days the two corporations writhed across the business pages, looking like two reptiles consuming each other tail-first. In the end a wounded Martin Marietta escaped Bendix, which was consumed by yet another corporate crocodile. Clutching himself, a castrated Agee hopped off into obscurity, but at last report Mary Cunningham loves him anyway.

Whether the costs of that battle were partially born by taxpayers through higher prices on defense items will never be established, but one doesn't need a CPA to figure out the price paid for some acquisitions. The 165,000 people who'd paid out an average of \$23,000 to buy an annuity from a subsidiary of Baldwin-United knew they were in trouble when they read that the mother company had declared bankruptcy, owing more than \$1 billion. The story of Baldwin-United's fall is

6

Some of the biggest
deals are put together in
a few days by
hysterical money-maddened
people racing around
the country in corporate jets
and private limousines.

9

slightly more complicated than the federal budget, but the thing that pushed the conglomerate over the brink was its purchase of an insurance company for \$1.2 billion that it couldn't get its money out of. Right now another large insurance company, controlled by another conglomerator, is teetering in the winds of an insolvency that might bring great pain to the people who need the insurance protection they've paid for.

Masters at the acquisition game often foul up with the insurance business because you need specialized knowledge to read an insurance company's books to see if it's really solvent or not. But since there is likely to be a lot of cash money in insurance companies, the buyers and sellers are always trying to get their paws into the honey pot. Sometimes they find it in the form of "overfunded" corporate pension plans. Here's the way that game works: The money to buy the company is borrowed and then the pension fund is raided to pay off the loan. Employees get to enjoy the suspense of anticipating what's going to be there when they retire.


Although businessmen advertise themselves as hard-boiled, bottom-line

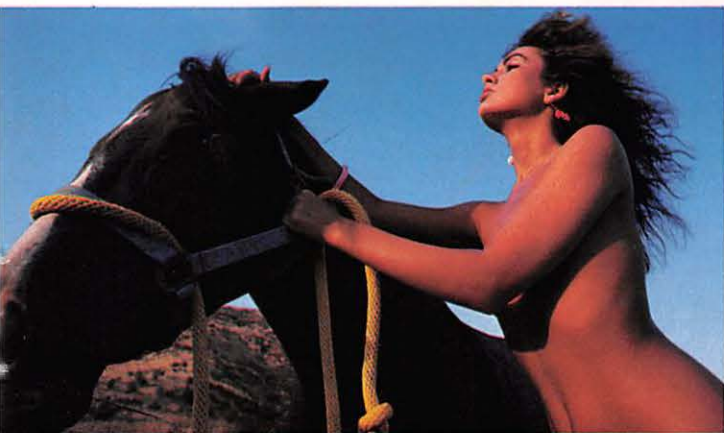
boys, many of them buy corporations for the same reasons that teenagers buy clothes; their friends are buying them or it's the in thing to do. That kind of fadishness comes disguised as fancy-dancy theories like "redeploying assets" or "positioning for countercyclicity"—big words that often have to cover up even bigger mistakes. It was some such idea that swept the oil industry a few years ago and needled Atlantic Richfield Co. into buying Anaconda Minerals Co., while Standard Oil Co. of Ohio went out and got itself a copper company, too. The two purchases couldn't have been more perfectly timed to coincide with a worldwide collapse in copper prices.

The billions frittered away on bum business judgments could have been spent looking for oil. But oil companies—and nonoil companies like USX, formerly U.S. Steel Corporation, and Du Pont—have been buying other oil companies because the reigning theory is that it's cheaper to buy already discovered oil by buying an oil company than to go searching all over the place for it.

When oil-free Americans are walking down the freeways to work in the middle of the next decade, they may reflect on T. Boone Pickens's homeric battle to snatch the Union Oil Company (Unocal) out from under Fred Hartley, its combative chairman. They will be plucking banjos and singing folk songs about the name-calling, the legal mudslinging, and the tricks each side played on the other wherever men in three-piece suits gather for many a year. Harley eventually won, but to do so he had to restructure the company, as they say. That's fancy talk for borrowing \$4.2 billion to pay its stockholders not to sell to Pickens.

A number of corporation managements, faced with an unsolicited and unwelcome bid by an outsider, have maintained their hold by similar financial maneuvers. Usually, this means offering to buy the company's stock back from its shareholders. Either way, the company can be left working off a large debt and with no funds to invest in its future.

When the guys down at the counting house get infected with the we-gotta-make-a-deal virus, the mergers, acquisitions, and split-ups come down at the rate of seven or eight a day. Some of the biggest deals are put together in a few days by exhausted, hysterical, money-maddened people racing around the country in corporate jets and private limousines. Half the time they don't have a clear idea of what they're doing while they're doing it, much less of its consequences. Nobody does. A Sears Roebuck buys into financial services and tries selling stocks along with the screwdrivers; Coca-Cola buys Columbia Pictures and tries to turn out a profit making movies. Maybe it will work and maybe it won't, but after this cyclone has passed and we come out of the basement, it won't be Kansas anymore. 



LINDA

●My favorite fantasy?
A celestial stranger and
me in a Venus-bound
cockpit for two.●





UPWARD MOBILITY

There can be no reality without a dream."

So says Linda Johnson, our enterprising young Pet of the Month. "I firmly believe that you make your own luck in this life. Just set your sights high, then start climbing!"

No wonder this maple-haired marvel has accomplished so much in her scant 20 years. The lovely Linda, who hails from Florida, springs from eclectic stock. Cherokee spirit, Irish wit, and a liberal application of French and Polish intrigue have forged a bright new star.

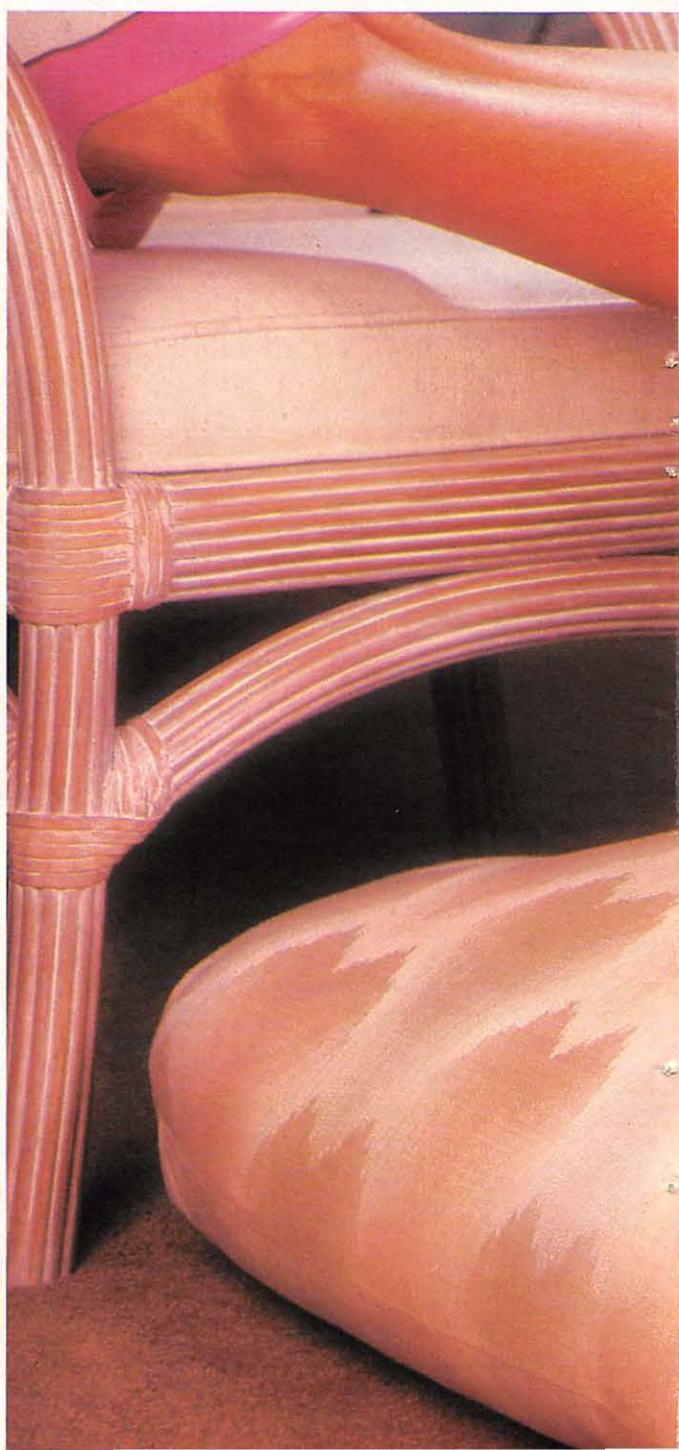
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER



An accomplished makeup and hair stylist who has helped legions of grateful women realize their potential, Linda derives enormous satisfaction from her work. "The female form is my canvas," she says. "I love to release the seductress that breathes beneath even the most timid exterior. And women respond extremely well to my special brand of gentle coaxing."



Hair and makeup by Tanny Grimaldo



“I broke into the
Mile High Club in the backseat
of a Boeing 747.”





Professional dancing keeps her 34-22-34 shape looking sleek, and professional modeling has launched her burgeoning career in television and video.





Pop tunes
are her
favorite
medium for
dancing
and
workouts.
"But when
I'm alone,
heavy metal
stokes a
more
primeval
passion. . . ."





Her favorite
fantasy?
"A celestial
stranger in a
Venus-
bound
cockpit for
two—the
agony and
the ecstasy
of zero g!"





Linda's predilection for sex in space comes from her most erotic real-life encounter: an initiation into the Mile High Club in the backseat of a Boeing 747. But her earthly favors remain the exclusive province of her dancer boyfriend. "I prefer to concentrate my energies on one man," says Linda. Loyalty, however, does not preclude a little selective teasing.

“The female form
is my canvas, and women
respond extremely
well to my gentle coaxing.”



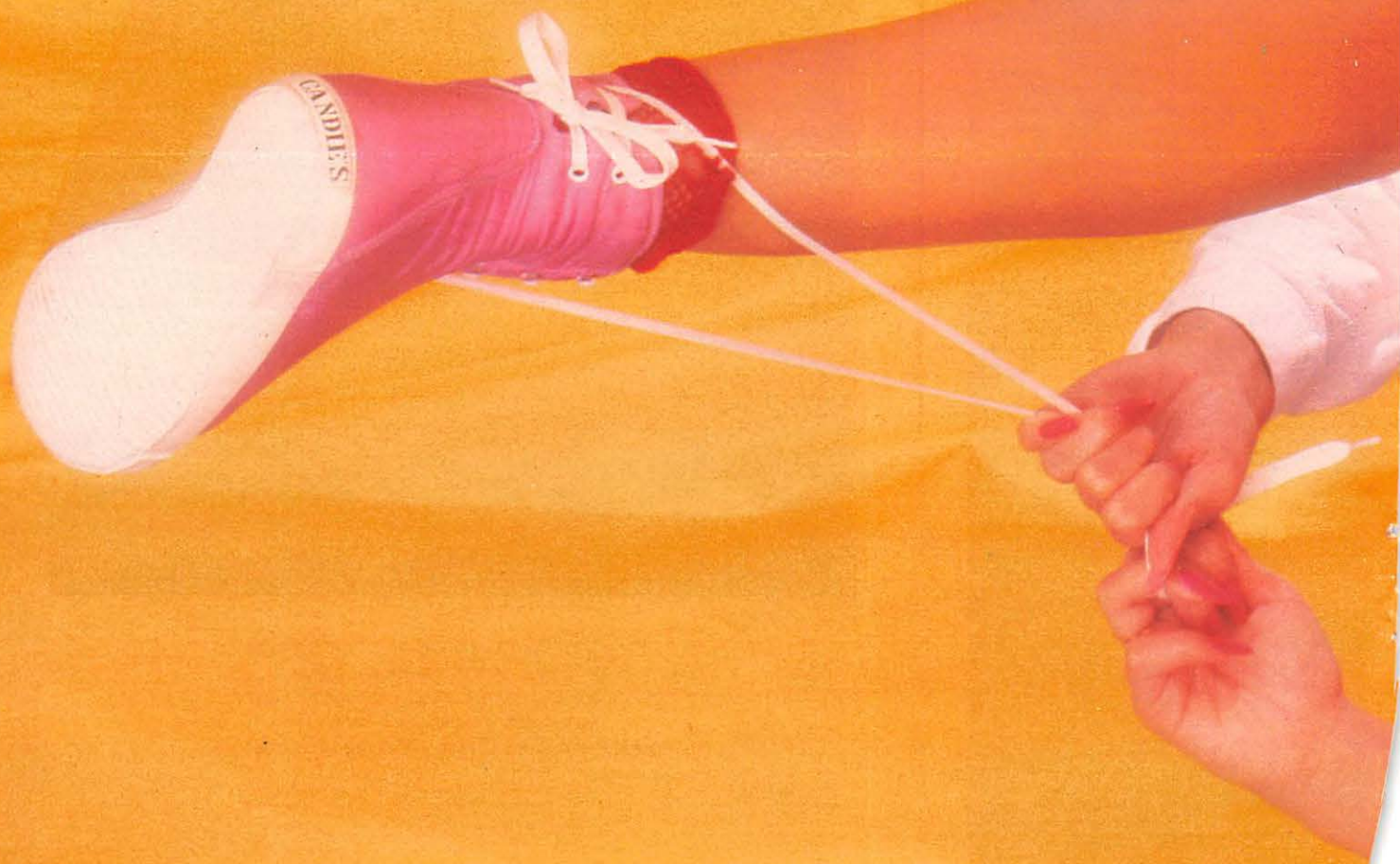




"Posing for *Penthouse* was an incredible turn-on. Every click of the shutter made me more and more excited. I thought, 'I can't wait to see this picture.' I think it's great that millions of men will be admiring me!"



MISS LINDA JOHNSON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





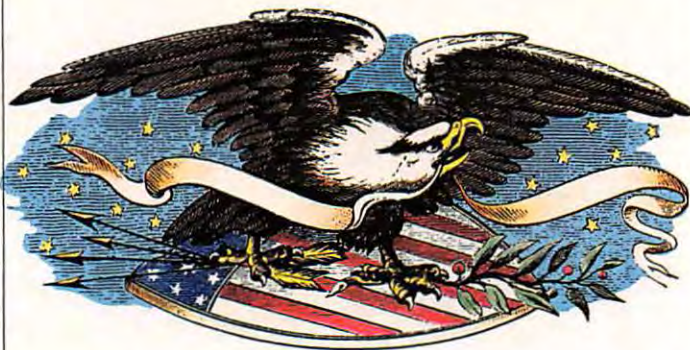
“Veterans are breaking their silence in classrooms across the country, intent that the war's lessons not be painfully relearned by a new generation.”

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

The weird anthems of that time have long since faded. Jimi Hendrix and the crackling accompaniment of M16 fire have given way to a strange quiet. Perhaps there was nothing in the immediate vocabulary or music of a young Vietnam veteran to convey the inexplicable profanity of war. Now that the children of Vietnam veterans are entering college with almost no memory of the war, however, a handful of vets are breaking their long silence in classrooms across the country, intent that the lessons of Vietnam not be painfully relearned by a new generation in another corner of the world.

“Sometimes it's hard to approach the war coldly, because for us veterans Vietnam is still current events, and for these kids it's ancient history,” says Dr. Thomas G. Adams, who teaches a course on the war at North Carolina's Appalachian State University. “What really concerns me is that students today don't seem to question things like we did in the sixties. I only hope that they leave my class asking some of those critical questions, because I'm teaching this course so that we don't make the same stupid mistakes in Central America or Africa that we made in Southeast Asia.”

Dr. Adams offers his students no apologies for his role in Vietnam. As a young Marine commander leading his rifle company into battle against North Vietnamese regulars as they poured over the DMZ, or later directing air strikes from inside Laos as an adviser to South Vietnamese Marines, Adams knew that he had abrogated self-doubt and protested for urgent duty. Yet as Vietnam assumes its uneasy resting place in the history books, those veterans teaching courses on the war are



forced to examine their individual perspectives with a historian's unblinking eye and question their own long-held assumptions about the war.

“Teaching this course has definitely changed my perspective on the war,” says Dr. James Hyink of the University of New Mexico, who served three tours in Vietnam and now splits his course on Vietnam with a professor who was active at home in the antiwar movement. “I've gone from thinking we were doing the right thing in Vietnam, to a deeper understanding where it's almost not possible to judge right or wrong. Yet I certainly don't think either my colleague or I are very proud of what we did in those days.”

“The funny thing is, one student came to see me and said that although her father had fought in Vietnam, he had never talked to her about it. In the middle of the semester her father called and said that due to the course they were finally discussing the war. He just never thought she was interested. And it occurred to me that I have three daughters, and I've never talked to them about the war either. When we first came back, no one seemed interested in or able to understand what we had to say. So it's been a pent-up, emotional subject for veterans.”

Ironically, it may be the children of the Vietnam generation who are ultimately responsible for tapping that reservoir of knowledge and pain that is the legacy of Vietnam. Hyink saw interest in his class mushroom until he had to transfer it to an auditorium able to seat more than 200 students. Universities and colleges across the country are reporting a similar phenomenon. At the University of California at Santa Barbara, for instance, a class on Vietnam drew 900 students last spring and 2,000 more for the fall quarter.

According to the Project on the Vietnam Generation, a privately financed organization in Washington, D.C., more than 300 university-level courses on various aspects of the Vietnam era are now offered; few, if any, existed just five years ago. Of those courses on the war itself, however, less than 25 are taught by veterans.

“I think society should hear what Vietnam veterans have to say about the war, and to have those people who learned the lessons of the war firsthand pass them along to those who need to learn them,” says Doug Clifford, who teaches a course on Vietnam at Bunker Hill Community College in Boston. “It seems to me that we're in the best position to challenge some of the as-

sumptions that are being taken for granted in this country again: that communism is always a menace, that where it exists it needs to be fought, that basically anything you do toward that end is acceptable. There's a very strong tendency today for students to accept what the government says as true and accurate.”

Like the generations that fought in Vietnam, teenagers today have no prior memory of war or its bitter aftermath. To supplement that experience, Dr. David Anderson, a former signal corpsman stationed in Phu Bai who now teaches at Indiana Central University, uses graphic films of fighting in Vietnam. “It totally depresses the students, because they simply had not confronted the realities of combat as opposed to the mystique.”

As the mediums responsible for conjuring up those images and wrestling with the ghosts of Vietnam, veterans face their own difficult confrontations in the courses. To make the connection between the classroom and his own experiences in the war, Dr. Hyink used slides he took as an Army intelligence officer during the bloody Tet Offensive. This year, he will not be teaching the course again.

“I thought I wanted to finally deal with Vietnam, but I guess that wasn't really the case,” he says. “The class just brought back too many memories. Yet maybe somewhere among those 200 or so students were three or four who are going to keep the lessons of Vietnam in mind, and perhaps someday be in a position to act on that understanding. Like most veterans I've talked with, I feel like I'd go again if I had to, but I sure don't want my kids to ever have to go.”—James Kitfield

A man with a mustache, wearing a white cowboy hat, a red long-sleeved shirt, and a tan leather vest, is riding a white horse. He is holding the reins with his left hand and has a lit cigarette in his mouth. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

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“Both infidelity and divorce make evolutionary sense. . . . The cycle of divorce and remarriage produces children by more than one partner, adding genetic vitality to one's lineage.”

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY DR. HELEN FISHER

The author is associate in the department of anthropology at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. She has written the book *The Sex Contract: The Evolution of Human Behavior*.

ARE MEN NECESSARY?

What are men good for? A trip to the Caribbean, perhaps some extra hands around the house. Most women can think of more than one reason to keep a man around. But not all scientists agree. In fact, according to *some* experts, it's hard to explain why males even exist.

Evolutionary biologists holding this point of view base their arguments on a basic tenet of evolution: survival of the fittest. When Darwin used that term, he wasn't measuring your bank account, your good looks, or your turbo-powered Porsche. He was counting your children. You may have flatfeet, buckteeth, or terrible eyesight. But if you have a multitude of offspring, you have passed your genes into the next generation and ensured the continuity of your line. You are what nature calls fit, and in terms of survival, you have won.

Given this axiom of evolutionary success, why would females—who, after all, carry the young to term—need to dilute their genes with those of the male? A female who simply clones herself would contribute 100 percent of her genes to the next generation. (In the game of survival, this is an impeccable strategy.)

In addition to this overriding genetic benefit, there are other advantages to cloning. The sexually reproducing female must pay the cost of copulation. Finding a mate takes time and ingenuity. The sex act itself is exhausting. And then the female must carry the embryos, deliver the infants, and often raise her children by herself. Not only has she given the male a free ride into posterity, she may also have passed on his faulty genes. If so, her offspring would be less healthy than herself, and her genetic future would be in doubt.

Finally, if some biologists see males as unnecessary or even harmful, others have apparently equated them with disease. It has been reported that two Canadian scientists blame sex for the presence of parasitic bits of infectious DNA. The genetic exchange defined as sex, they contend, developed so that this parasitic DNA could spread. The means of transmission: the otherwise useless male.

Evolutionary biologists do, of course, admit that sexual reproduction brings some advantages. For instance, individuals conceived through sex carry genes contributed by *both* parents. This creates genetic variety in the form of *unique* individuals that can better withstand stress should the environment change.

Equally important, recombinations of genes allow individuals to confound the microbes that cause disease. By constantly changing our internal environment, we are less receptive to parasites that have evolved to feed off our ancestors. Sexual recombination can also stop the activity of bad genes by overriding them with better copies.

To say the least, there are pros and cons to sexuality. So

many, in fact, that some researchers wonder why more organisms don't reproduce both sexually *and* asexually, much like wild strawberries. When these hardy plants cast their roots into uncharted terrain, individuals engage in sex because the environment is new. Some of the new genetic offspring do particularly well in the strange terrain, and for them, at least, the survival rate is high. Once these pioneer plants have adapted to a new plot of land, they clone instead.

Our ancestors, however, dismissed asexual reproduction for sexual reproduction eons ago, while still blobs of protoplasm in the primordial soup. Even more remarkable, with time they no longer exchanged sex cells indiscriminately with all other individuals; instead, two separate sexes, male and female, evolved. How come?

Darwin's protégés, the evolutionary biologists, are still stymied about the true value of sex in general, and males in particular. But as an anthropologist specializing in the evolution of *human* sex, I'd like to put forth an argument for the overwhelming value of men.

It is quite clear that human males have two outstanding characteristics: They shower attention on their mates, and they regularly help raise their young. These traits are remarkable in the animal world. Many male mammals have sex and flee. Among these are our close relatives, the orangutans. A male orangutan will court a female during her brief monthly five-day period of heat. But as the female becomes less sexually inclined, the male quietly slips away in search of other females. And he does nothing to protect or feed his children. The orangutan is pursuing a logical strategy, one designed to increase his genetic contribution to eternity. Gorillas rely on another common reproductive strategy: They acquire several "wives," ultimately forming a harem. They do provide a protective social environment for the rearing of their infants. But even the male gorilla leaves the majority of child rearing to his spouse.

Human males are strikingly different. Almost all of them fall in love—a chemical experience now associated with several natural stimulants that saturate the brain. As the chemical addiction progresses, men begin to swear allegiance, a practice ostensibly alien to Darwin's concept of the "fit." Ninety-four percent of men around the world marry. And of these, the vast majority proceed to hunt, fish, plow, trade, maneuver in the office, or perform some other form of drudgery to help their women and their young. Pair bonding—the formation of a long-term sexual and social relationship between a male and a female—is seen in only three percent of mammals. Among them are beavers, wolves, and humans.

This is not to suggest that men are perfect. Recent polls indicate that 72 percent of married American men engage

in at least one extramarital affair; and the divorce rate hovers at about 50 percent. Both infidelity and divorce, moreover, make evolutionary sense. Adultery often leads to conception of extra young, increasing a man's genetic success. And the cycle of divorce and remarriage produces children by more than one partner, adding genetic vitality to one's lineage. Not surprisingly, 80 percent of American men today remarry after divorcing, and remarriage is common around the world.


So why do men form long-term partnerships with women at all? The answer lies in a quirk of evolution. Four million years ago, when our African ancestors left the fast-disappearing trees of Africa for the grasslands, they adopted a two-legged stride.

They started to walk on two legs instead of four because it offered an enormous practical advantage. Without the forest to hide and feed them, early men and women were dependent on tools and weapons for survival. Those who could walk on their feet while their hands wielded sticks and stones were just more likely to survive.

Once the bipedal stance evolved, a host of other changes resulted as well. The foot took its modern form, and the head rotated forward so that our ancestors could see across the plains. With time, the voice box fell down the throat, and the very beginnings of prehuman language probably developed. Upright posture molded the human pelvis into its current shape—a configuration that decreased the diameter of the birth canal.

Later, the brain began to develop, and by two million years ago it became so large and the birth canal so narrow—in relation to the baby's head—that women began to have difficulty bearing their young. Nature's answer: selection for women who could bear babies at an earlier stage of development. Smaller neonates were simply better at navigating the smaller birth canal.

Women who gave birth to smaller, less mature infants lived. But now they had infants that needed to be carried and cared for not for months, but for several extra years. And those men who engaged in sex and then fled deserted women who could no longer care for both their infants *and* themselves. The offspring of these noncommittal males died out. But the offspring of males that stuck around to help with parental duties survived. In this way, the tendency to form a pair bond was passed across the eons to men around the world today.

And along with this sexual revolution came all the trappings of modern men: their drive to court women, their tendency to fall in love, their ability to participate in long relationships, and their remarkable devotion to their young. Of all the plants and animals on earth, men are among the outstanding examples of why males exist. 

VIOLENCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

an astounding statistic."

Applying the lessons of monkeys to human biopolitics, we might guess that the political machinations of a Henry Kissinger or a Margaret Thatcher are quite a different thing from the blind aggression of the average street punk. In fact, at the same time that McGuire was studying simian dictators, a study on the other side of the country was linking hyper-aggressiveness to low status in human beings, including a truculent young sailor named Charley. (Actually, the "Charley" of this story is a composite of several real servicemen, but we'll speak of him as if he were one hard-living young man with a bad service record and a chemical glitch in his brain.)

Charley had been a screwup as long as anyone could remember. In grade school he was already a persona non grata—a fidgety, impulsive, hot-tempered discipline problem who spent a lot of time cooling his heels in the principal's office. At 17 he'd dropped out of school and was drifting from one menial job to another, never sticking around any one place too long. His relations with women were superficial and sporadic. He picked fights in bars and once beat up a salesman in an all-night diner. No one was sorry when he left home and joined the Navy.

But military life didn't suit Charley either. He had problems with authority, which his superiors did not appreciate. On one occasion, Charley resented an order and "flipped the bird" at one of his commanding officers. One night he got drunk, pulled a knife on a stranger in a bar, and ended up in the brig. Later he took his rifle down to the railroad tracks and shot out the window of a passing train, whereupon he was dishonorably discharged and sent to the National Naval Medical Hospital in Bethesda, Maryland, for observation.

Hospital psychiatrists took down Charley's life history, administered some standard psychological tests, and pronounced his case a borderline personality disorder, psychiatric shorthand for cases that fall between plain sociopathy and psychosis. Then, far from the beer-soaked pool halls of his youth, Charley went on to make medical history.

Brain researchers from the nearby National Institute of Mental Health analyzed Charley's spinal fluid, and that of 37 other maladjusted sailors, for clues to what made them so hyperaggressive. What they found was a deficiency of serotonin, the same chemical messenger that figured prominently in vervet monkey politics. Actually, the scientists, Gerald Brown and Frederick Goodwin, measured the levels of the serotonin metabolite 5-HIAA. They found that the more violent a man's history and the higher his "mean aggression scores" on psychological tests, the

lower his 5-HIAA levels were. Low 5-HIAA—ergo low serotonin—seemed to be the chemical fingerprint of a certain kind of impulsive, aggressive, antisocial personality.

"In most brain tracts," says Dr. Brown, who is a psychoanalyst as well as a basic neuroscientist, "serotonin is inhibitory. And inhibition is one of the basic biological principles governing the behavior of our organism. Without it you can't regulate your biochemical pathways, and things go awry. This was the case, if you will, with our very impulsive, antisocial serviceman. Freud saw inhibition as the basis of civilization. In order to have judgment you need to pause, delay, reflect."

Likewise, power and dominance seem to require a degree of inhibition, an ability to scheme and plot, perhaps for years, instead of lashing out on impulse. McGuire thinks the anarchic serviceman sounds a lot like his low-status vervets,

6

Is it possible to
make a Caspar Milquetoast
into a Fidel Castro,
or vice versa, with a chemical?
The answer
seems to be yes.

,

who are likewise cursed with low serotonin levels. Random aggression is not the mark of dominance, but quite the opposite. "If you drive serotonin down in the monkeys," he tells us, "you make them nasty, hostile, bitchy, crazy. It's hard to know what an antisocial monkey is, but if you equate it with stealing things and so forth, the ones who are given a serotonin downer are more that way. The dominant male follows the rules. He sets them, and he also follows them. Meanwhile, the other males are up to all kinds of things when his back is turned.

"Of course, the advantage of animals is that you can switch them from dominant to subordinate and back again and look at the same animal in both conditions. But people—well, you get a bunch of people who have been filtered through a social system that goes back hundreds of years, and they're finally called sociopaths, for better or worse. God knows what the effects are. You certainly can't shift them around overnight."

However that may be, no sooner had Brown and Goodwin published their results than the low 5-HIAA factor reared its head in Finland—in the cerebrospinal

fluid of 25 convicted murderers who had been referred by the courts to the University of Helsinki's forensic psychiatry clinic. The convicts fell into categories: psychopaths, who had committed senseless murders "totally out of the blue," and paranoid murderers, who had well-organized delusional systems and killed their victims after lengthy premeditation. The biochemical tests revealed that the psychopaths had significantly lower 5-HIAA levels than either the paranoids or normal controls.

Then, in Sweden, a group of mass murderers were found to have low 5-HIAA levels—with the sole exception of one mild-mannered mercy killer.

The question remains: Can we inculcate nonviolence with moral instruction? Can we bring about peace with commandments and catechisms?

Consider the case of one of Dr. Heath's patients. During our visit to New Orleans we watched one of Heath's remarkable black-and-white films, made in the early 1950s, in which an electrode delivers a small electrical current to the "punishment" center deep in the patient's brain. (The brain contains its pain pathways as well as its pleasure circuits.) The patient grimaces horribly; his features contort as if in the spasm of a hideous science-fiction metamorphosis; and he gasps, "I just want to claw. . . I'll kill you. . . I'll kill you, Dr. Lawrence [not the doctor's real name]."


"We weren't hurting him," Heath explains. "We were stimulating a site in the midbrain, and all of a sudden he wanted to kill. He would have, too, if he hadn't been tied down. He started remembering a time when he lost his temper—when his shirts weren't ironed right and he wanted to kill his sister. That showed us we'd activated the same circuit that was fired by his spontaneous rage attacks."

Did the patient accept his startling electro-transformation as a normal mood change? What did he think of his sudden murderous fury?

"As soon as we turned off the current, he went back to normal," Heath recalls. "We asked why he had wanted to kill Dr. Lawrence, and he said he had nothing against him; he was just there. He's like a psychotic person on the street who lashes out at whoever is around."

Can stimulation of the rage-fear circuits overcome a person's ethics? we ask Heath. Are our ethics an illusion?

"No," he says. "But how are they set up? You're taught, Thou shalt not kill. I'm sure you've had rage attacks when you felt like killing someone. Why don't you kill? Because you're too damned scared. As a child, your parents are the authority figures. Later, it gets internalized as God or whatever.

"But all moral learning is ultimately based on the pain-and-pleasure circuitry in your brain—on your own internal reward and punishment system." 



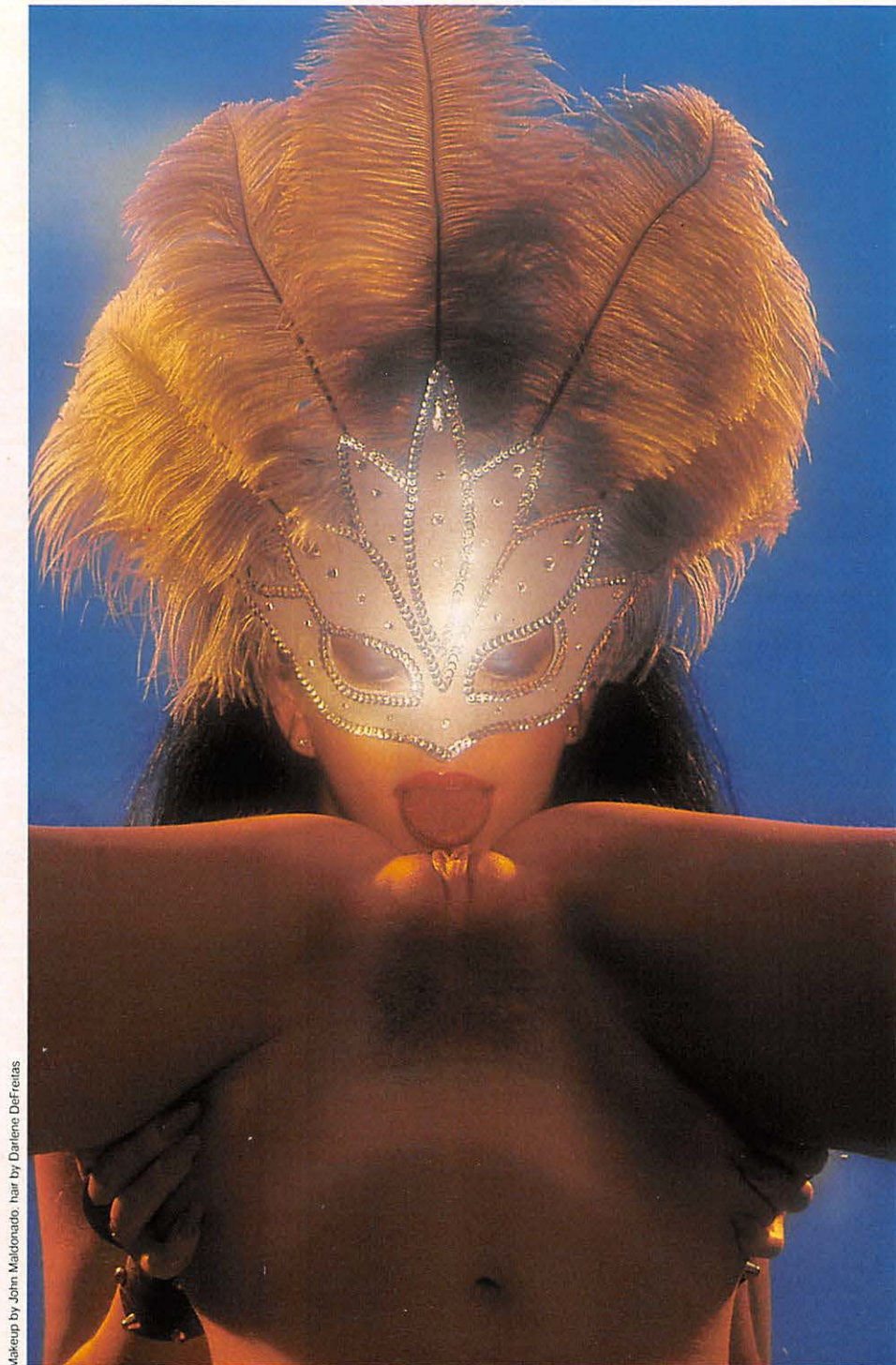
BIRDS...



..... OF A FEATHER FROLIC TOGETHER

Evelyn and Laurie, partners in an aerobic dance studio, share a nest in a penthouse apartment far above the city.

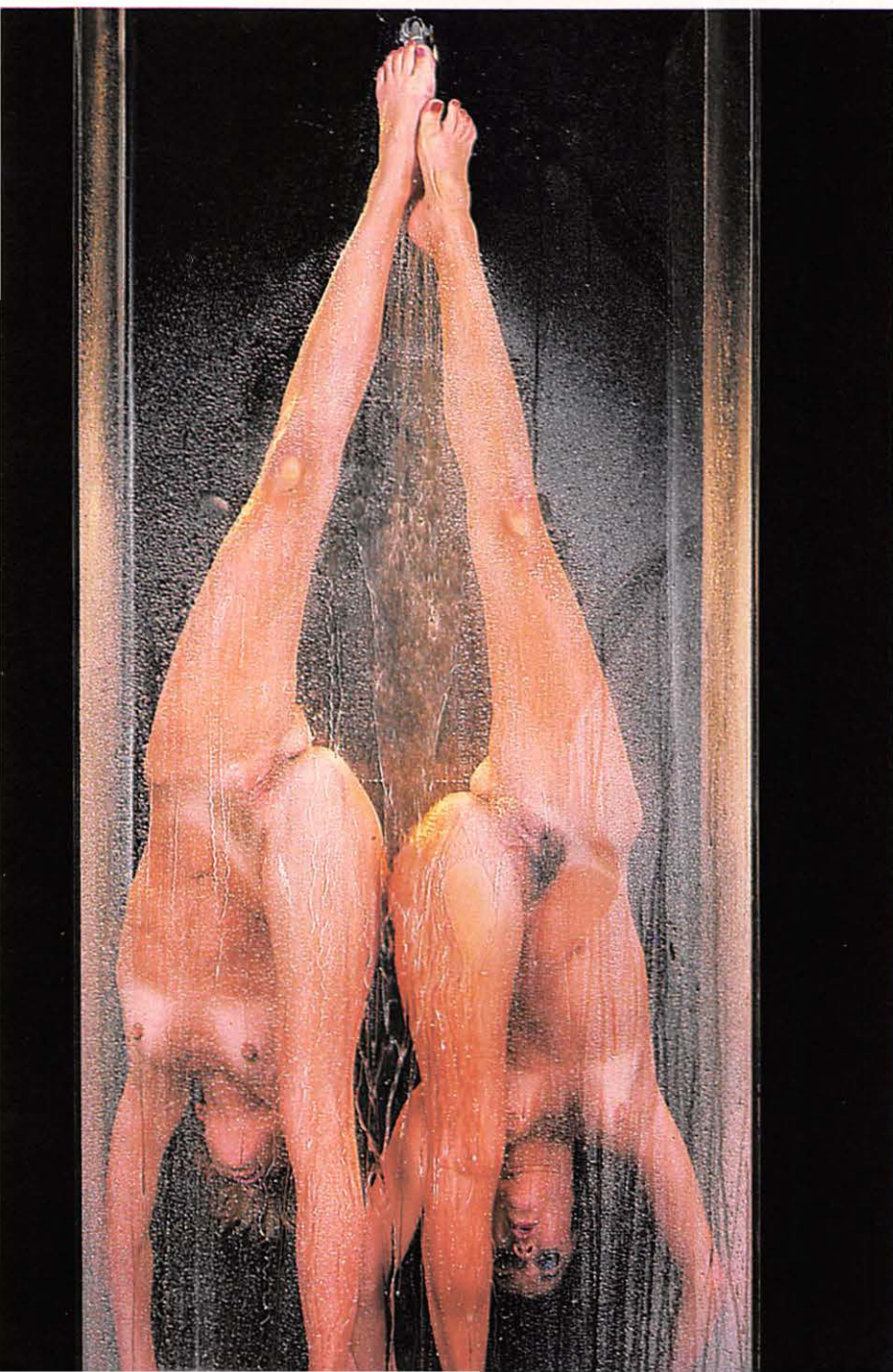
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



Makeup by John Maldonado, hair by Darlene DeFreitas

Balancing is an easy feat
for these graceful
maidens. Like birds in flight
shaking loose their
earthly bonds, they float on

rising, heated winds
of passion. In the misty,
tropical warmth of
their magical lair, a gentle
shower wets their plumage.









Their shimmering glass
aerie forms an aerial
background for their secret
life. Evelyn grips Laurie's



soft dove's breast with
flashing talons. Laurie
folds her wings in delicate
surrender of yielding flesh.

Plumed birds of paradise
flaunt their beauty to
one another in a sensuous
dance. Small cries of

pleasure coming from
deep within the throat rill
in rhythm to flashing,
teasing tongues.



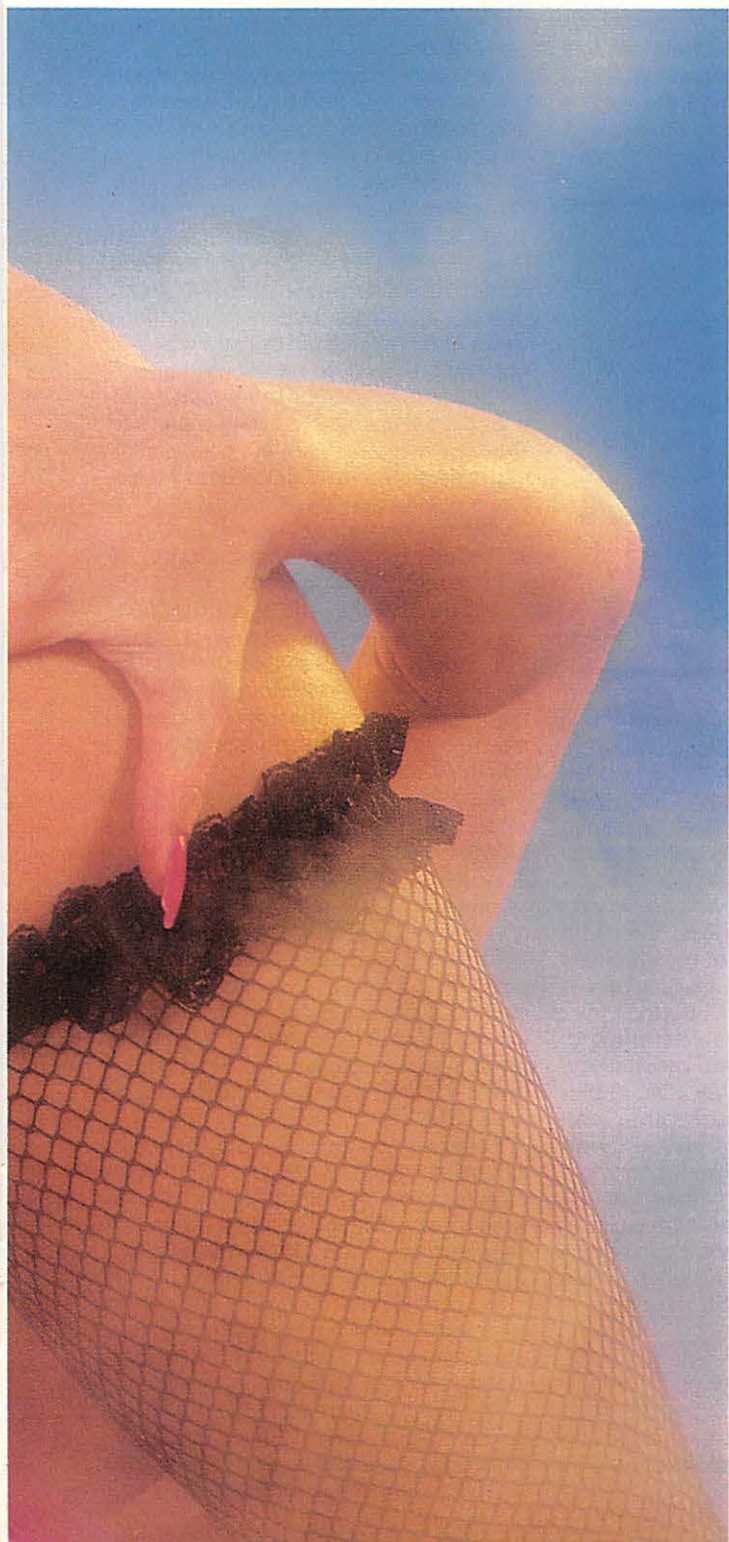




In the early
morning
sky, downy,
soft feathers
brush
together . . .
soaring
with caresses
to the
fleecy, wind-
tossed clouds.







At last, nestled side
by side, Laurie and Evelyn
preen with memories of
feathers and flying with
love. O+

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

spent most of his time on business trips, and got more than his fair share of pussy while he was away. Sharon knew about this, but remained faithful to his dick until she met me. Now we get together whenever he's away and try out variations on our mutual foot fetish. She has a large collection of the most erotic, exotic sandals imaginable, both high heels and flats, and in men's and women's sizes. We try them on, select our favorites, and carefully paint each other's toenails.

Sharon has turned me on to foot jewelry, and the sight of her beautifully pedicured and bejeweled feet keeps me permanently hard. We even have leather thongs that are designed to look like sandals, but are essentially just straps that keep our feet bare. Whenever we go out shod like this, we can hardly wait to get home, frantically peel off our clothes, and suck and fuck to the hilt. It's winter now, and I'm a little fed up with boots and thick socks. All I can say is, hurry summer!—*Name and address withheld*

BROWN-BAGGING IT

My fantasies run wild and rampant when it comes to the local grocery store's bag boy. I guess I should say bag man, because this hunk is about 22 years old, and anyone in their right mind who caught a glimpse of him would never dare call him a boy. I'm 28, five foot four, and married with two sons. I've been told I'm pretty cute, so I play up that "cuteness" by flashing my devilish grin often. Like most women, I've always got my eye out for any gorgeous man lurking around.

I first spotted him about two months ago, stocking shelves in the cereal aisle. We exchanged smiles, and I felt my heart melt. I soon discovered that if I did my shopping on Thursday nights, I'd be almost certain to run into him. I found out his name was Hal, and I made a point of "bumping" into him every week. We got kind of friendly, and made small talk each time I came into the store. We were soon on a first-name basis, and knew little bits of information about each other, like where we lived, where we hung out, etc. Although he was my prime fantasy material, I never really thought about taking it any further.

Then one day, out of the blue, Hal called me at home to tell me it was his day off, and asked me if I'd like to go on a picnic with him. I figured, what the hell, the kids were at my parents' house, my husband was at work—what harm could it do? He picked me up about a half hour later and took me to a secluded little pool with a small waterfall that I never knew existed in our small town.

We waded in the ice-cold water and playfully splashed each other. Since it was a hot day, I hadn't worn a bra, and my shirt was clinging to my breasts. The

cold water and the excitement of my illicit encounter made my nipples hard. I looked at Hal and noticed that his blue eyes were riveted to my tits. Then he looked into my eyes. No words needed to be spoken, and I took off my shirt, gazing soulfully into his baby blues the whole time.

Hal approached me and licked the water droplets from my neck. A moan escaped my lips, and I was powerless in his arms. He was young, but so experienced. He knew exactly what things to do to my body that I most craved. His kisses were like fire on my face and breasts. I couldn't help but lean against him and feel the heat of his cock through his jeans. I unzipped his pants, and out came the most beautiful cock I had ever seen. It throbbed toward my stomach as I knelt down and took it between my lips and teeth. It was obvious that Hal loved what I was doing. It seemed like such a normal and natural thing to do, sucking and licking this young man's cock. I hardly



Since it was a hot day, I hadn't worn a bra, and my shirt was clinging to my breasts. The cold water and the excitement of my illicit encounter made my nipples hard.



knew him, but I knew I wanted him inside me all the same.

With one quick movement he had his mouth plastered on my pussy. He opened my lips with his fingers and drove his tongue deep inside. I was carried away in such ecstasy that before I quite knew what was happening, his cock was pounding away in my love tunnel. It touched places in me that I never knew existed. We fucked wildly, like animals, in that deserted paradise. All at once I felt us both coming together. The crash of our bodies and climaxes brought me back to earth. Hal and I lay in each other's arms, admiring each other and cooing our thanks for the pleasures we had just experienced. I never felt so whole and alive before. Getting "bagged" by the local bag boy was the high point of my life so far, and I only hope that we will repeat the experience again soon.—*Name and address withheld*

HOLY ROLLING

I had never read a single page of your magazine until the night my pastor burned 20 of them in an oil drum. One day, soon after the Meese Commission report was

released, Pastor Gabriel worked the congregation into a frenzy over adult magazines, *Penthouse* in particular. "The time to strike out at the devil is now!" he shouted as he led us out of the church, singing hymns all the way to the local convenience store. The plan was to exorcise Satan by burning all the copies of *Penthouse* we could lay our hands on.

The store's owner said he didn't care if we burned everything he had—from *Ms.* and *Popular Mechanics* to *TV Guide* and *Penthouse*—as long as we paid for them first. Pastor Gabriel did what he's best at; he passed the collection plate and bought as many magazines as he could. With a lot of singing and testifying, the mobs of parishioners came to an orgasmlike peak watching the flames caress the naked centerfolds.

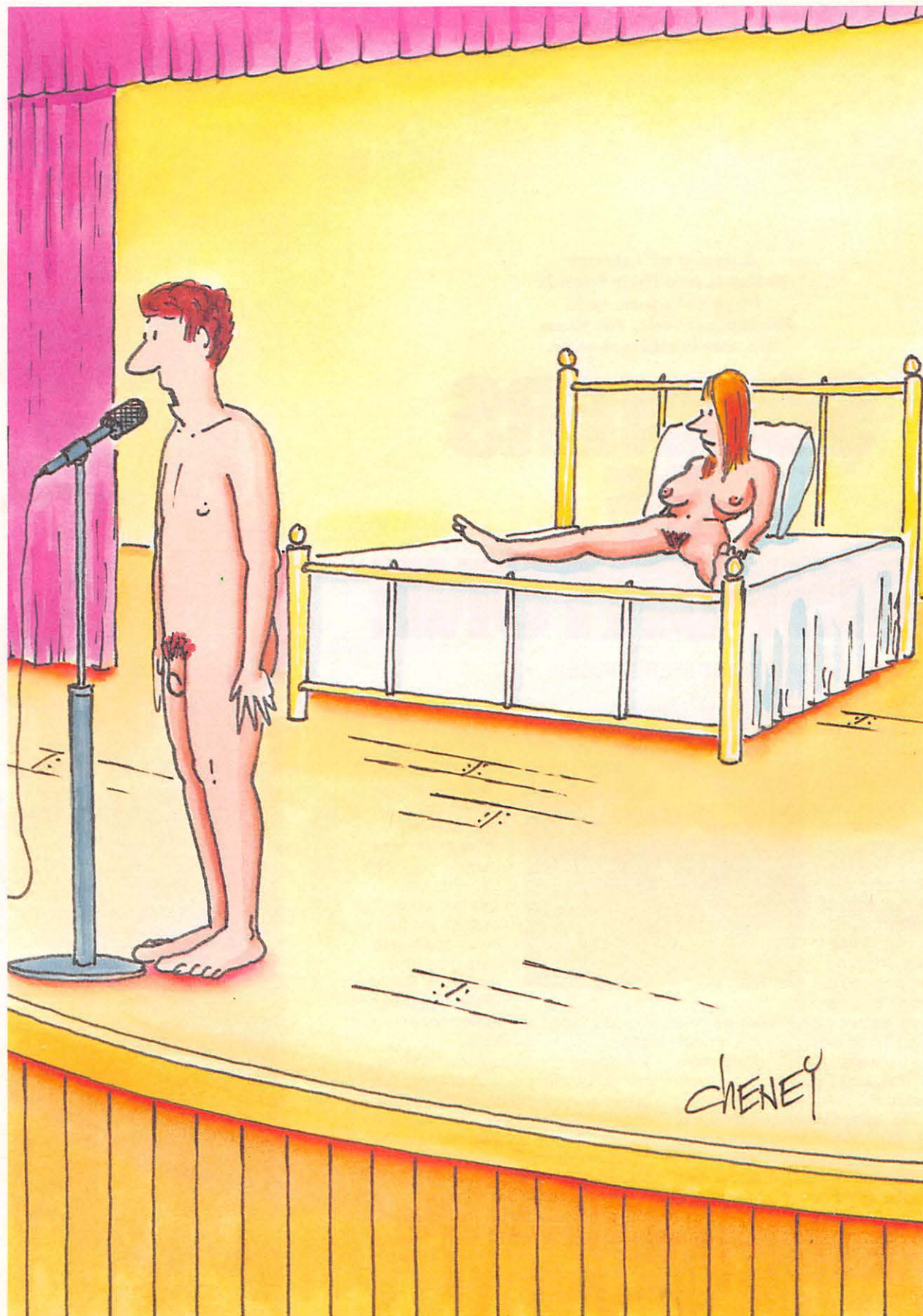
The scene haunted me. I had the angry feeling that I had been manipulated and conned, and I began to think that maybe I should see for myself just what all the fuss was about. I can't say I was immediately won over by your comfortable, casual approach to life and sex. But I will also admit that years of indoctrination might have prevented me from appreciating almost any unconventional views. I honestly could not see why your approach should be persecuted.

I needed to talk to someone about my changing attitudes, so I took the magazine over to Pastor Gabriel's house, thinking maybe we could get a detailed dialogue going about the whole issue. When I arrived at his home he wasn't in, but his wife Rebecca let me in and offered me some coffee. Most people would call Rebecca mousy or plain. She was about 37, always wore her hair back in a severe bun, and never wore makeup. She did have smooth, clear skin though, and I got the impression that underneath her heavy, shapeless clothes, she possessed a heavenly body.

Rebecca asked me about the magazine I was holding. I figured she and the pastor probably talked about *Penthouse* a lot, as she helped him type his hell-raising sermons. I told her that I had read it, and it had given me misgivings about her husband's crusade. She didn't even blush, although I'm sure I did. We discussed in detail the contents, and much to my chagrin, I felt my member growing. I was very embarrassed, and tried to cover my expanding hard-on with the magazine.

Rebecca noticed and said, "Don't be ashamed. It's natural, isn't it? Didn't God create biology, after all?" I didn't know what to say. "Maybe this is to test us," I ventured. Rebecca just smiled, took me by the hand, and said, "Come with me."

In moments we were in the master bedroom, where a handmade quilt covered the big bed. With one hand squeezing the bulge in my corduroys, Rebecca told me of her frustration with her evangelical husband. He did his conjugal duties regularly, once a month. He even



"Before I begin, I'd like to remind all of the married men in the audience that I am a professional. . . . Do not attempt to try this in your home."

A group of veteran outcasts and their friends have set up camp in Florida's woods. For them, the war is still not over.

SOLDIERS OF MISFORTUNE

BY JENNIFER LANDEY

Near the Old Dixie Highway in Pompano Beach, Florida, about 40 Vietnam veterans and their comrades exist in squalor. Both by choice and necessity, these men have found a home in the woods and find comfort and companionship



among each other. Known as "the jungle," the area they live in just north of Fort Lauderdale is nothing more than shacks with plastic for windows, and a nearby fire hydrant for bathing. Many of the men admit they need help. "We're not out here playing Rambo in the woods," said a man identified only as T. C. "People here just gave up on society. Just can't fit back in."

But fitting in is exactly what nearby residents and authorities do not want. Local vigilantes have set fire to the camp more than once, according to the woodsmen. Although the sheriff's department claims that the incident was nothing more than a

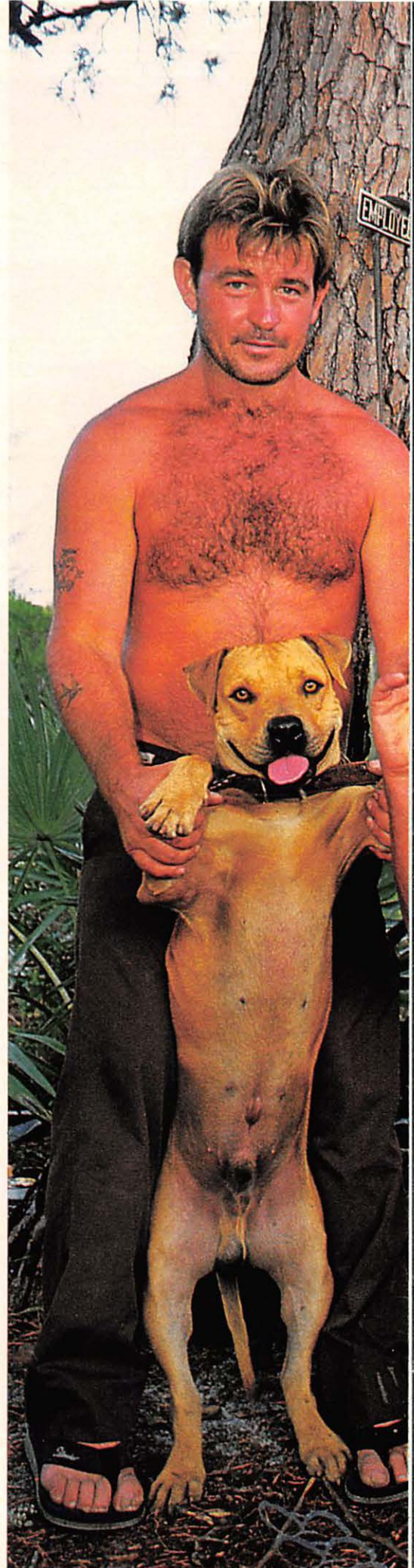
brushfire, Ernie Cohen, a Vietnam veteran, says he found his campsite reduced to ashes one afternoon. "Everything was burned up," he told a reporter. "I lost two bags of clothes, a transistor radio with headphones, food, the family Bible. That was

the only thing I was really concerned about—my family Bible."

Tragedy first brought national attention to this group of drifters. According to residents of the jungle, during the past two years, nine camps dwellers have "kissed the train"—killed themselves by lying on the railroad tracks.

Some people are trying to help these desperate men. The Disabled Veterans of America have donated food, and the local veterans center is trying to secure benefits and medical assistance.

Finding food takes the form of an activity known as "dumpster diving." Veterans James Yohey and Jack



PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE STARR



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Life & Hunting and Fishing

WORLD FAMOUS
ANTHONY HO
HOUSE RULES

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Budweiser



**"We put 40 of them in jail
for the night,
and they loved it. It was
a free meal and
a chance to clean up."
—Captain Hank Faucette**



O'Diamonds frequent the dumpsters of two nearby Winn Dixie stores. They do their dives daily and try to arrive just as the store throws out food.

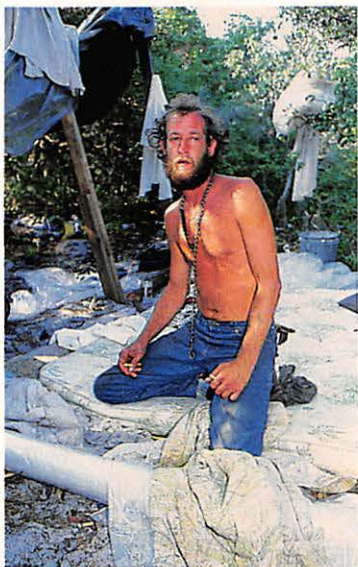
Captain Hank Faucette, of Florida's Broward County, says that on average, there are 40 people living in the woods, some of them women. "I'm trying to make life so miserable for them that they'll go somewhere else," he says. "We go in there and tear their tents and hovels down, but they just build them back up again."

Faucette has gone into the woods with the health and fire departments in futile attempts to rid the neighborhood of these drifters. "They've been there for ten years, and the issue gets hot and heavy around election time," he says. According to the captain, there are three types of lowlives in





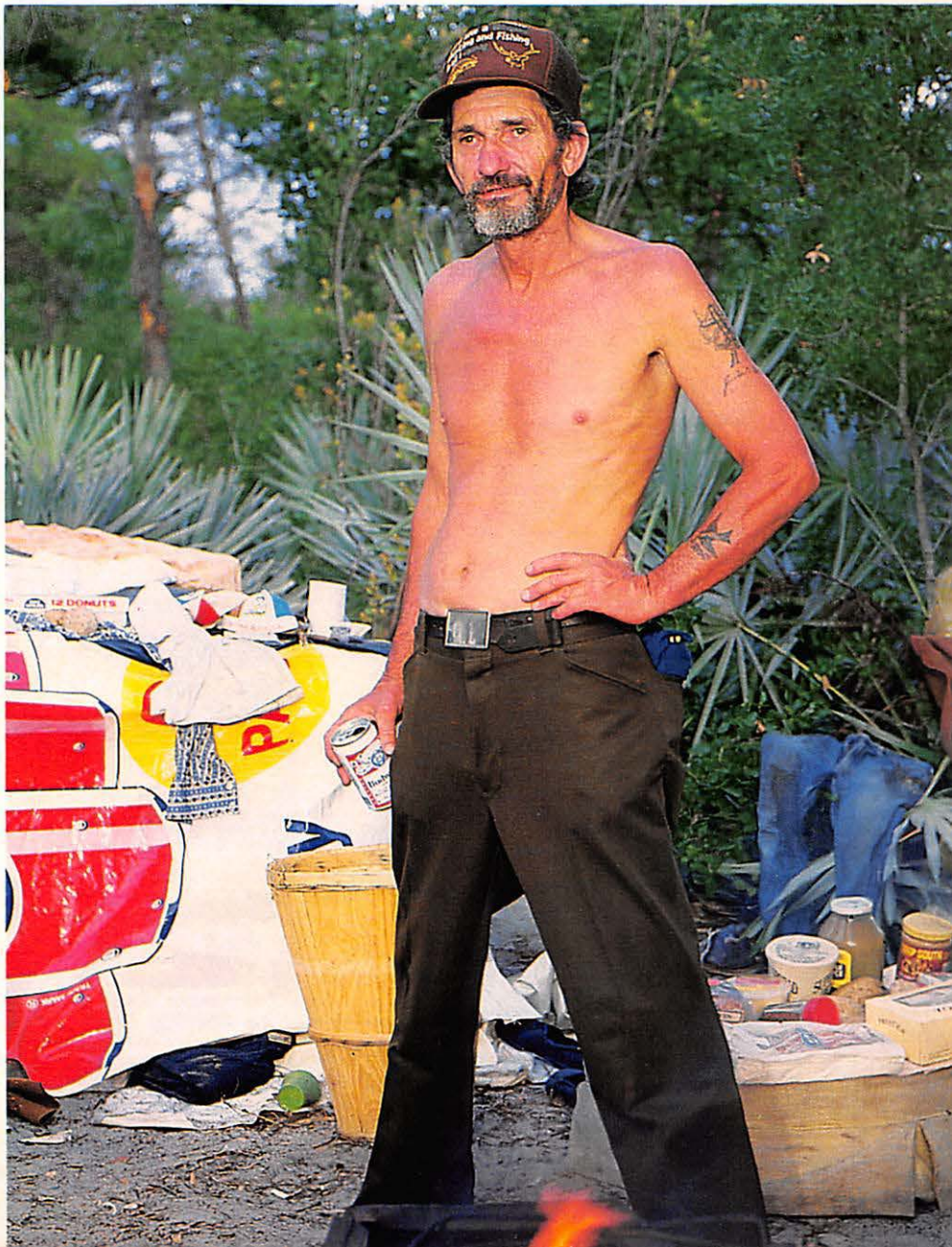
**"Who wants to stay here
forever? I
realize we're a nuisance,
an eyesore."
—James Yohey, Korean
War veteran**



the woods. "There are the transients who are just passing through. Then there are the permanent residents, and then, the nerds from the surrounding areas who go in to party with the bums!"

But the group's staying power is impressive. Asked if any progress in removing them was being made, Faucette responds, "Look, they're still there and we're still here. We were going to go in there and burn the whole place down, but environmental groups got involved and said we couldn't because of an endangered lizard and some plants."

So for these men and their friends, the war is not over. Living is a continuous battle for them. These days it's not the black-garbed Vietcong but their own countrymen who have vowed to drive them out. **OT**



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Women

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18


crime," she says, "that it doesn't happen to nice girls. That's just not true. It can happen to any woman and to men as well." But another misconception about rape is that all reports of rape are true.

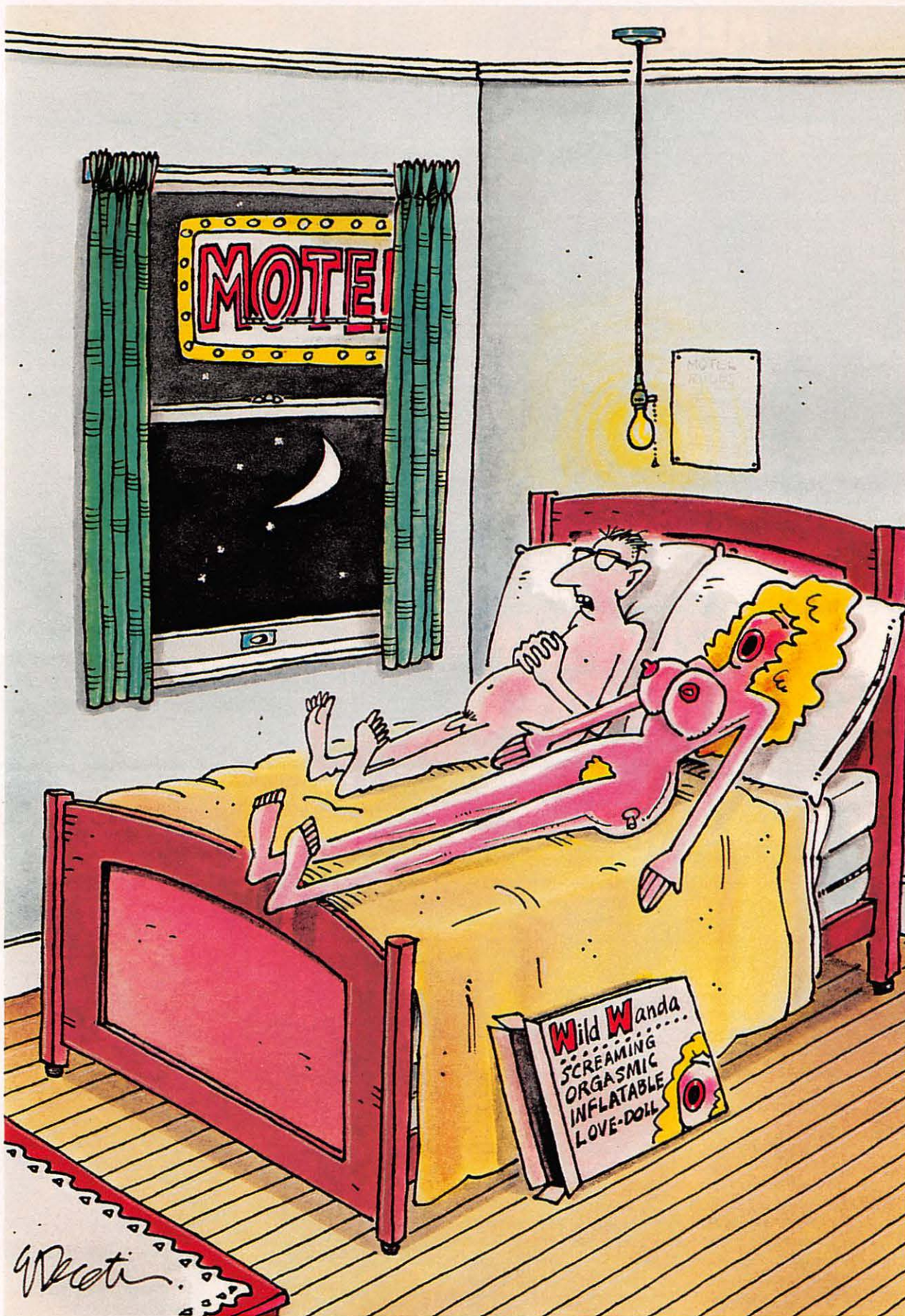
"There are about 4,000 reports of rape each year in Manhattan," she says. "Of these, about half simply did not happen. Rape, like every other kind of crime, is sometimes a false report, for any one of a number of reasons. It's my job to bring justice to the man who has been falsely accused by a woman who has a grudge against him, just as it's my job to prosecute the real cases. Tragically, the woman who files a false charge of rape attacks the whole system for prosecuting real rapes. She wastes police and prosecutor time, and she allows doubt to be cast on the real crimes. No one is helped by bogus rape charges," Linda says, "and no one is helped by claiming that all rape charges are true, any more than all charges of any crime are true."

Reading what I just wrote about Linda Fairstein, you might imagine a steely-eyed Valkyrie toiling under the watchful eyes of men and women in black robes. Luckily for her, that is not Linda. She is an incessantly cheerful, always lovely young woman with the best sense of humor I have ever seen. I met her in 1966 when she was my wife's college roommate, amazed that she knew lyrics to all of Elvis Presley's songs, and have never stopped being amazed.

She travels constantly—to London, to Los Angeles, to Martha's Vineyard, to Bergdorf Goodman to buy shoes (she was recently written up in the fashion section of *The New York Times* for her businesslike but extensive wardrobe), to the ballet, to shows, and to visit friends.

She can see at least some humor in every situation. "I have to laugh," she says. "I have to keep an even keel between laughing and crying or else I couldn't do this job."

But at the end of the day, after the travel and the laughter and the shopping, Linda Fairstein always comes back to her major goal. "I have friends who went into investment banking who make deals and walk away from the table with enough money for a house in East Hampton or an apartment in Paris. I drive a ten-year-old Camaro and worry when I get my bill from department stores. But when a Haitian mother from Harlem comes to my office and cries and tells me that America really is the miracle people say it is because I got justice for her ten-year-old daughter who was raped, and then that woman throws her arms around me, I know I have the best job in New York City. Other people make a living. I help innocent people get justice. I'm only a part of the whole process of justice, but that's enough." 



"Don't humor me, Wanda. . . . I've been around long enough to recognize a fake orgasm."

MEDICAL GENOCIDE

PART ELEVEN

The Arthritis Foundation,
which collects millions of dollars every year,
has repeatedly refused to
seriously consider an inexpensive method
of controlling this disease.

THE CRIPPLING OF AMERICA

BY GARY NULL

At a time when the guardians of medical orthodoxy are stepping up repression against dissidents, a new phenomenon is beginning to emerge. Suddenly, serious criticism of accepted, long-established medical practices is blossoming from *within* the medical establishment.

For years, the alternative health movement has charged that conventional medicine deals inadequately with the issue of prevention, suppresses information about alternative treatments, and refuses to take responsibility for iatrogenic illnesses—those caused by medical treatment itself.

This position has been supported by occasional lone voices from within the establishment: Cardiologist Thomas Preston, M.D., who criticized coronary-bypass surgery in the *Atlantic Monthly*; pediatrician Robert Mendelsohn, whose series of best-selling

books, including *Confessions of a Medical Heretic*, criticize traditional practices and trace their origins to material interests; and obstetrician Tom Brewer, who crusaded single-handedly for many years against low-salt, low-calorie diets for pregnant women.

But now—just when the American Medical Association is pushing for legislation against so-called quackery; when medical societies are pursuing chelation therapists in ethics hearings and in courts all over the country; when pioneering cancer researchers like Dr. Emanuel Revici face persecution and loss of their licenses; when, in short, the medical establishment is desperately trying to close the door on alternative therapies and treatment modalities—a loud chorus of critical voices is arising from within the establishment itself. The situation is no longer that of the oc-

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casional disillusioned medic blowing the whistle on an outmoded traditional practice. The number of well-credentialed people speaking out is now greater than at any other time. At last, the public is being given an opportunity to find out exactly what kind of trouble medicine is in.

For example, a leading surgeon who spent 51 years in the Cleveland Clinic's Department of Surgery is raising serious questions about various types of conventional surgery. A former editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* is questioning the value, accuracy, and safety of many frequently performed medical tests, and numerous articles that question frauds in science and medicine have been published in respected medical journals.

This series introduces six of these vocal dissidents, each of whom was interviewed in depth to produce these articles. Leading critics of medical orthodoxy—some from positions of prestige and power within the establishment and others who have managed to survive outside it despite the pressures brought to bear against alternative practitioners—speak out on the crisis in medicine and what can be done about it.

Future articles in the series will include discussions of heart disease, cancer, unnecessary surgery and medical tests, women's health, the wanton promotion of dangerous drugs, and other issues. This

first article is based on the controversial arthritis treatment advocated by Marshall Mandell, M.D., an establishment-trained allergist who has turned to clinical ecology.

The Arthritis Foundation proclaims that arthritis is incurable and loudly denounces any physician who practices clinical ecology, metabolic nutrition, orthomolecular medicine, or who prescribes food supplements, detoxification programs, or rotary diets to uncover food allergies.

One could accept the argument that such therapies are questionable if there were no established criteria for measuring changes in arthritic joints, or if the therapists were unqualified. But what can be said of a board-certified specialist with impeccable academic and clinical credentials who has taught, published, and presented information to his peers for a quarter-century; who has cumulative experience treating tens of thousands of patients by these methods; and whose field includes hundreds of medical professionals with similar credentials?

To deny the individual and collective experience of these scientists is itself unscientific. Such denials can be understood only by considering the following argument: For the arthritis establishment to acknowledge that diet or food sensitivities might play a role in causing or treating arthritis would establish a prece-

dent, allowing a forum for the theory to be demonstrated as fact.

There are over a hundred forms of arthritis, as the Arthritis Foundation is quick to point out—a smoke screen behind which they hide the inadequacies of the traditional methods of treatment.

Rheumatoid arthritis and osteoarthritis are the most common forms. Six to eight million people in this country suffer from it. The disorder is a lifelong course of pain and progressive disability. Around ten to 20 percent are bedridden.

About half of rheumatoid arthritis cases can be controlled by symptom-suppressing drugs, but that doesn't eliminate the disease. During the course of the illness, there are periods in which it quiets down. The traditional physician calls these remissions. Rheumatologists and the Arthritis Foundation offer no explanation for remission—or for flare-ups—except to say that these are characteristic of the illness.

In contrast, there is no question that clinical ecologists can turn rheumatoid arthritis around, slow it down, and "cure" it by identifying and manipulating the underlying factors that trigger it.

The other common form of arthritis, osteoarthritis, isn't actually an inflammation, as the word *arthritis* suggests; rather, it's a degenerative illness involving a breakdown of the internal structure of joints through use and other factors,

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known and unknown. We know that allergies and nutrition play an important role. People who have osteoarthritis can greatly benefit from an investigation of dietary and environmental factors, including air pollutants and chemicals that contaminate our food and water supply.

One of the methods that proves these factors are important is the spring-water fast, conducted in a controlled environment—usually in a hospital, although it can be done satisfactorily at home. By using pure spring water in place of ordinary tap water, a person can eliminate chlorine, fluorides, pesticides, and industrial waste from his diet. The next method is control of the patient's domestic environment. Chemical pollution of indoor air is prevented by prohibiting the use of waxes, polishes, and disinfectants in maintaining the hospital room or the home. The patient is protected against these and other indoor pollutants, such as insecticide sprays, laundry detergents, chlorine bleach, and toxic glues, that we have come to accept as part of our normal way of living. Paints, gasoline, and lawn and garden chemicals, which are frequently stored in garages, can affect people sleeping in adjacent rooms. Building materials also present a hazard, especially those that contain formaldehyde, which is found in plywood and particle board and is used extensively for paneling and carpeting.

If we can protect a person for four to six days from these chemicals, the number of ailments that can be ameliorated or completely cleared up is amazing. These simple ecological measures have been termed "comprehensive environmental control" by Dr. Theron G. Randolph of Chicago.

Comprehensive environmental control—most easily achieved in a specially designed hospital unit—is our working model. However, most people do not need to go to a hospital to find out what dietary and environmental factors cause their flare-ups or perpetuate their chronic illness. They need only be tested by exposing them to these various substances and by ridding their homes of as many chemicals as possible. This procedure enables arthritis to be stopped 80 to 85 percent of the time.

By fasting patients in a clinical-ecology hospital unit, we find that within four or five days many arthritis patients are pain-free or are able to move limbs that were greatly restricted before they came into the hospital.

Once arthritis symptoms clear, they tend to flare up again as a result of the patient's eating particular foods. Foods that cause these symptoms can be determined by feeding single foods as test meals to each patient. If an arthritis attack can be triggered within, in many instances, one to four hours after a meal of

two bowls of some breakfast cereals, a causal link can then be established. The same connection can be made with other common foods.

Critics who contend that clinical ecology leads to food fears are merely raising a smoke screen. Their arguments are frequently semantic, for instance: "We don't know whether it's allergy or intolerance." But it doesn't matter what the problem is called. This method of diagnosis and treatment enables us to control the disease and eliminate symptoms. An arthritis patient might also have asthma, colitis, migraine, or multiple sclerosis, all of whose symptoms may also be reproduced by food tests. Thus, someone who seeks clinical-ecology treatment for arthritis may also learn how to control other chronic health problems that are caused by unrecognized, unsuspected, and often misinterpreted allergies or allergy-like sensitivities.

At the end of a hospital investigation, after symptoms have been cleared up as well as reproduced by specific substances in that person's diet or environment, the patient is then sent home with a program in which the major offenders are eliminated. The patient can see that his condition can be turned on or off.

The Arthritis Foundation has ignored several studies that document the efficacy of clinical ecology. One of these involved arthritis sufferers at hospitals in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136



SANDRA

Beautiful Sandra Estner works for an investment firm, but, she confides, "When I take off my business suits, I like to let my wild side show." Long-legged Sandra daydreams of adventure and is saving money for a photo safari in Africa. "I've worked since being in college and have never traveled."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER






After a year on Wall Street, the wilds of Africa might seem tame, but Sandra can handle herself in any environment.



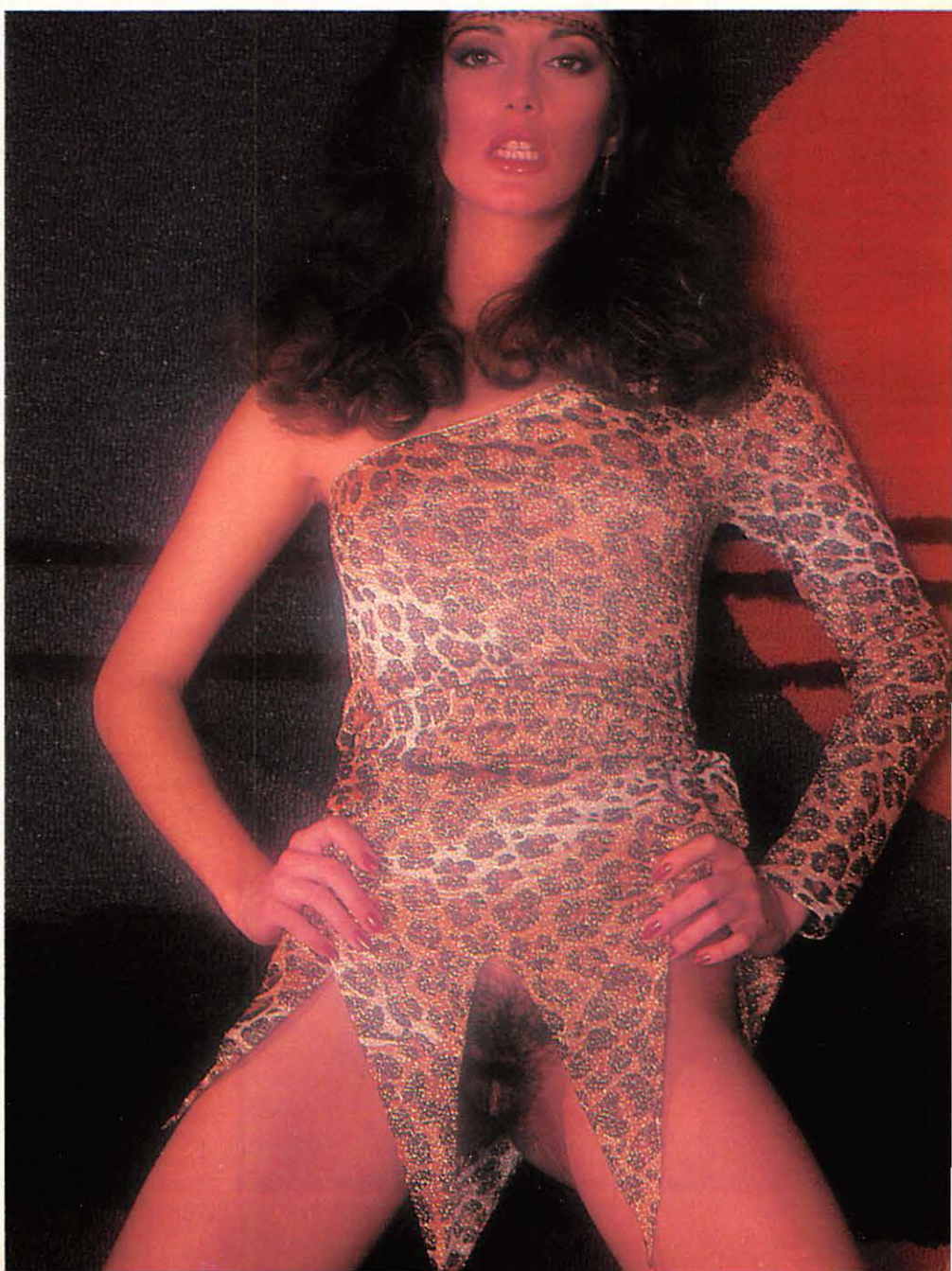


Her dark eyes hold
mysteries of their own, but men
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are met by untamed passion.



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am. And I'm looking for
a man who can match my
imagination." Sandra,
you won't be looking for
long. 





The cheesy prop tiaras and crowns don't help *Chuck and Di in Heat*, but the sex is sufficiently royal to make up for it.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

CAMPING IT UP

Age of Consent (AVC) **11**

This is the old "let's save some bread and shoot outdoors" scam, but director Bob Chinn's *Age of Consent* is actually pretty good, no matter what corners were cut in its making. The plot is hooey about six turn-of-the-century vestal virgins turning up mysteriously on the camping trip of three modern, swinging bachelors. The three studs have been teamed before: Randy West, Peter North, and Steve Drake, who missed a chance to complete the compass by not naming himself Steve Southeast. But the women have earned their badges—Bunny Bleu, Kari Foxx, and Angel West (Randy's wife?)—they are what really make this tape go. If you like your fucking alfresco, you'll love this one.

A ROYAL PAIN

Chuck and Di in Heat (Dreamland) **11**

The Queen is not amused. Who cares? Isn't that what the revolution was all about, anyway? So we could have

X-rated tape producers like "Dr. X" make salacious fun of the royal family? This one's about two paparazzi on the trail of the Princess and Prince of Wales—or should that be "wails"? Lots of palace intrigue, with the couple bedding down with bodyguards and ladies-in-waiting alike. Kevin James is the wimp Charles, and Sharon Mitchell does a good job as Lady Di. In fact, the female talent in this tape is surprisingly good—especially Serina, a black-haired beauty, and amazon Renee Hunter. The cheesy prop tiaras and crowns don't help, but the sex is sufficiently royal to make up for it.

SEQUEL AND YE SHALL FIND

Wild Things II (Cal Vista) **111**

This *Wild Things* sequel follows the same basic format as the first: A "video hostess" introduces several unrelated sexual vignettes. There is a lot of direct talk at the viewer, who's assumed to be male, and the sex is extremely down-and-dirty, so

this isn't exactly a couples tape. Alex de Renzy comes through with some sex scenes that would challenge a priest to give up his celibacy, and the production values are at their highest throughout.

The acting, however, is wooden and ludicrous—in fact, my intellect told me to rank this a "two," while my cock voted for a "three" because of the torrid sex scenes. Look above to see who won. Check out the action between Amber Lynn and "Dick Rambone": The lady is a fellatrix extraordinaire. The action on the screen will keep you in your seat, and you won't need a space heater this winter if you have this one.

BATTLE OF THE BUNS

Top Buns (Electric Hollywood) **1**

No, this isn't a send-up of the top-rated film of last summer, *Top Gun*. This is a rip-off, a tape with packaging that's totally unrelated to the product inside. A woman holds a flight helmet on the box cover to *Top Buns*, while the cover blurb babbles about a plot concerning a battle of the buns. Neither image nor blurb comes true once you pop the tape into your VCR. Maybe we should be thankful, since, given the budget limitations of X-rated productions, any tape with a military theme would have to be pretty low-rent—toy airplanes, maybe, and army surplus props.

What we get here is a formula plot. How many times have we seen this one? A couple wakes up together. Hubby wants nookie; the wife says no. Disgruntled, the blue-balled male leaves for

work. Wife goes in the shower, and we get a long, steamy, shower masturbation scene. Tacked onto this beginning is some nonsense about a slot machine that is actually a slut machine:



Top Buns: a rip-off.

Pull the handle and you are projected into your sexual fantasy.

What has this to do with *Top Gun* or *Top Buns*? Nothing. But the producers were craven enough to slap on a title they thought clever, even though they didn't have a tape to match.

WHORES OF A DIFFERENT COLOR

The Best Little Whorehouse in Beverly Hills (CD) **1**

If this tape has any truth to it, Beverly Hills is in real trouble. The best whorehouse there is a makeshift affair stuck in somebody's ranch house. For atmosphere, we get endless scenes of Rodeo Drive, other drives, and cars driving up driveways—you get the idea we're in California at least, but this tape is so low-rent we can't be in Beverly Hills.

For what it's worth, the best little whorehouse in Beverly Hills is having a hard time getting good help. No money ever changes hands here, which may be why the place has trouble getting



Chuck and Di: The Prince of "Wails" engages in royal sex.

girls to work. The madam has a boyfriend who wants to take her away from all this, and at just the right time a john turns up who wants to buy the cathouse. That john is Ron Jeremy, and he represents all of the one-cock rating this tape receives. And when you have to rely on Ron for your cachet, you know you're in deep trubs.

LASSE COME HOME

Secret Mistress
(Vidco) **1111**

The great European porn director Lasse Braun has "come home" to America recently, returning to the land where he witnessed his X-rated triumphs in the seventies, and our collective crotch is the damper for it. Braun's formula is simple. First,



Secret Mistress: truly scary.

assemble the sexiest women possible. In this tape he puts together a trio of my favorite women in adult entertainment: Stacy Donovan, Taija Rae, and Kristara Barrington. Next, put these women in real-life situations and turn them loose.

The plot here concerns Steve, a "famous writer" who

has a secret mistress, Susan. Although he is offered Stacy, Taija, and others, he remains true to Susan. The "secret" is that Susan is a mannequin, and this revelation comes in one of the truly scary scenes in recent porn history. But *Mistress* is a lighthearted tape, with good talent, hot sex, and great production values. Stacy Donovan looks the prettiest and sexiest she ever has. It takes the hand of a master to bring out the very best.

F-SHTUP

The Layout
(CD) **11**

This is a sexy tape, but it's not a good one. It's bad because it works against itself: It presents women as always being exploited by sex, even if they get their revenge in the end. The contorted plot starts with an unscrupulous photographer seducing women into taking their clothes off for him and then selling the resulting photos to a men's mag. Three of his subjects who have lost their jobs because of his "layouts" band together to get even with him. The tape is hot because of the sexy leads—Stacey Donovan, Trinity Barnes, and Katie Thomas—who seem to be designed for leg men, tit men, and ass men, respectively. They screw their way through their bills as they pay off the handyman, the landlord, and even the local Peeping Tom. The "revenge" they engineer for the photographer is indicative of this tape's screwed-up sense of values: They make him into a sex slave. If that's supposed to be hell, I don't want to know about paradise.

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY

Wanda Whips Wall Street
(Video-X-Pic) **11111**

Watching this tape again made me nostalgic for the homey sexiness of Veronica Hart. *Wanda* is good, sturdy seventies porn, the kind they don't make anymore. Hart is Wanda, a farm girl

tape called *Deep Throat Girls* in which there is not one genuine instance of the deep-throat sexual technique? The action here begins hot and sultry and goes a bit downhill from there, and there is plenty of juicy sensuality for all. The exquisite Barbara Dare is a Mayflower Madam sort of character, who is



Wanda is sturdy seventies porn with graceful sex.

who comes to the big city to make her fortune—which she does by making every male she meets. The stocks-and-blondes plot is an adult-video staple, but *Wanda* did it best with a breezy, comic style. Samantha Fox is also virtually inflammable here, and the sex has a graceful, timeless quality to it. Viva Veronica!

CHEAP THROAT
Deep Throat Girls
(Essex) **11**

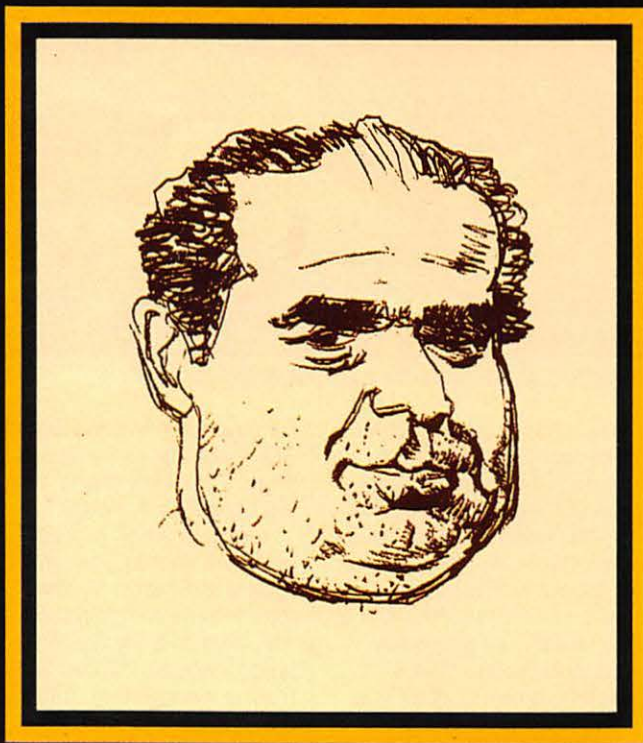
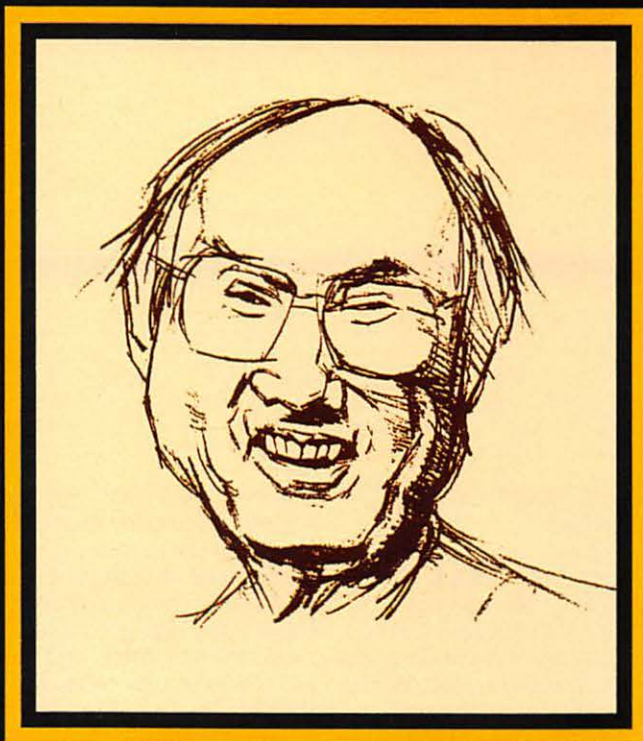
What can you say about a

running a high-toned brothel. She hires a virgin—and the virgin's audition scene is the hottest in the tape.

Tom Byron has a great turn as "Swill Vermin," the punk-rock star. Sharon Mitchell tops that as a dominatrix who ministers to a Sly Stallone-type character: Under all that macho swaggering, it turns out that Rambo wears a dress. The sex is long and arduous, the plot is far-fetched, but Dare, Mitchell, and Byron manage to pull this one out. **O+**

RATING KEY

- 1** Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
- 11** Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
- 111** Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
- 1111** Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.



HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 46

Says Reagan, "The High Court's a bore,
I don't understand what it's for;
But I've always had a dream
To move the Supremes
To Vegas, where they *really* know their law!"

DANDY RON
AND THE
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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

CRIPPLING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123

North Carolina, Chicago, and Dallas. Patients were admitted to each hospital with confirmed diagnoses of rheumatoid arthritis of the hands as well as other joints. At the end of five days of controlled-environment fasting, 87 percent of them were either greatly improved or completely well. When foods were reintroduced one at a time, there were flare-ups of each patient's typical arthritis symptoms. All the usual studies for rheumatoid arthritis were done; laboratory measurements were taken of handgrip strength, joint pain, and the circumference of the arthritic joints. These measurements conclusively showed that numerous significant changes had occurred during food-provoked flare-ups (which lasted only a few hours because each of the arthritis-causing foods was eaten by the patient just once).

At the end of the study, statisticians carefully analyzed the evidence. They found that the changes correlated with the ingestion of specific substances—different but consistent for each patient—and that they could be reproduced reliably once each patient's offending substances were identified. Changes in joint size, grip strength, and pain level could not have been coinci-

dental. The results of this study were sent to the Arthritis Foundation in 1982. It never published the report.

It is a tragedy that the Arthritis Foundation, which collected \$36.2 million in 1985, has repeatedly refused to look into this area. The foundation describes arthritis as an incurable disease of unknown cause. It suggests psychological treatment to help arthritics adjust to lifelong suffering, and says that through drugs and supervision by an arthritis specialist the disease can be controlled. It has been shown that arthritis sufferers can be helped without risking the serious side effects of drug therapy.

We can only speculate on the motives of the Arthritis Foundation. Perhaps it's afraid its fund-raising would be affected if it could be shown that arthritis sufferers do not need new drugs but a comprehensive investigation of their diet, eating habits, nutritional status, and overall environment. The foundation would certainly lose the financial support of pharmaceutical sponsors.

Whatever its motives, the Arthritis Foundation has consistently refused to send a medically qualified expert to accurately observe and report on what happens to a group of arthritis patients involved in the simple and highly effective program developed by Dr. Theron Randolph. Their cooperation in such an investigation would show that this dis-

ease can be stopped, with partial or complete remission occurring in less than a week. The Arthritis Foundation has often been invited to send its best specialists to inspect hospital units such as Dr. Randolph's in Chicago. If it did so, it would find that eight out of ten people who arrive in a crippled state feel much better or completely restored within four to seven days. It would be impossible for it to attribute these results to "spontaneous remission"—their usual way of dismissing clinical-ecology results.

The Arthritis Foundation does not have the right to approach the public for funds unless it investigates the effectiveness of all methods with which competent members of the healing professions have reported clinical success. It should not ignore the reports of such physicians and their patients with the excuse that the evidence is anecdotal. Furthermore, it should not insist upon controls when every human being is biologically unique and can serve as the best control of his own illness: Each patient's previous pre-treatment condition must be compared to his condition after ecologically and nutritionally oriented treatment has been employed. If one factor can predictably and consistently produce the same symptoms in an individual, it's difficult to see the value of a separate control group.

The issue here is censorship based on financial concerns and, perhaps, the emotional repercussions for doctors who have spent years concentrating on drug therapies. Perhaps these doctors feel threatened, both psychologically and financially, by the idea that their knowledge is unnecessary for many patients.

The Arthritis Foundation, the Pharmaceutical Advertising Counsel, the Food and Drug Administration, the Federal Trade Commission, and the Post Office Inspection Division have been issuing pamphlets and literature denying the relationship between food and arthritis and condemning metabolic nutrition and clinical ecology by name. Unfortunately, the American College of Allergists and, to a greater extent, the American Academy of Allergy have taken similar positions. These organizations are blatantly denying facts that have been scientifically proved and documented.

There is no final answer for all arthritis sufferers. Private physicians do not have the resources to do the kind of research that would be necessary to learn how to help the 15 percent who don't respond to clinical ecology. The Arthritis Foundation does. It is looking into immunology to try to understand why arthritis occurs, which is good, but it is ignoring already productive avenues. It's hard to see why. The March of Dimes survived when polio was vanquished; it just shifted its focus to birth defects. Surely the Arthritis Foundation could make a similar transition.

The Arthritis Foundation does not stand alone in its neglect. The National Multiple Sclerosis Society, United Cerebral Palsy,



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the Lupus Foundation, and others are equally protective toward the diseases they currently monopolize. These charitable nonprofit organizations stubbornly refuse to approach the illnesses they think they own with open minds, or to keep the best interests of the afflicted individual as their major objective. Meanwhile, important breakthroughs are being ignored, leaving millions of trusting and hopeful people in ignorance.

Traditional rheumatologists deny that allergy has anything to do with arthritis, yet they themselves admit that the immune system—which is intimately involved with allergies—is related to arthritis. They are willing to poison people's bodies with potent toxic drugs, such as cyclophosphamide, also known as Cytosan, a synthetic anticancer drug related to the nitrogen mustards, or with azathioprine, also known as Imuran, which suppresses the immune system and carries with it the risk of inducing cancer and lowering the patient's resistance to infection.

An elaborate technique, plasmapheresis, costs thousands of dollars and involves treatment of the arthritic patient's blood in an attempt to remove antibodies. This technique is highly regarded by the establishment, surrounded as it is by an aura of technology and science. But elaborate techniques are neither necessary nor curative for the 85 percent of arthritis patients who can be helped by simple, natural measures.

A natural treatment is far safer than drug therapies. One arthritis drug has caused a number of deaths in elderly people. Other commonly prescribed arthritis medications can damage the liver or cause intestinal hemorrhages, among other problems. Patients given drugs that suppress inflammation but do not correct the underlying problem, like Prednisone or other cortisone-like drugs, may face very serious, long-term side effects; these drugs can interfere with the healing of fractures, cause fluid retention, aggravate stomach ulcers and diabetes, and cause psychiatric disorders. Even aspirin, frequently prescribed in high doses for arthritis early in the illness, can cause severe irritation of the stomach and intestine, intestinal bleeding, vertigo, and ringing of the ears. Nervous system reactions, too, may occur from certain arthritis drugs. One frequently used drug, butazolidin, an anti-inflammatory agent, may damage the bone marrow, where our blood cells are produced, and may cause a severe and dangerous form of skin disease, called exfoliative dermatitis. Penicillamine is also toxic and can damage the kidneys and the bone marrow.

In England, where financial considerations seem to have less effect on medical journals than here, *Lancet*, a publication respected throughout the world, published findings that stated that people with arthritis show low levels of vitamin C and pantothenic acid. A number

of rheumatoid arthritics with low levels of these nutrients improved or went into remission when treated with vitamin C and pantothenic acid.

Dr. William Kaufman conducted a long-term study of the beneficial effects of vitamin B₃. He showed that B₃ in the form of niacinamide, given from three to six times a day, was very effective for many arthritis patients. His work was ignored. Since no one can patent niacinamide and anyone can produce it, the drug industry can't afford to invest in research on its effects. If a drug company's scientist were to report to its stockholders, "We just spent five million dollars proving, beyond a doubt, that the following vitamins are highly beneficial to people with rheumatoid arthritis," they would demand that he be fired immediately. He would have spent \$5 million of their money supporting the use of substances that are readily available, very inexpensive, and cannot be patented; there would be no way for the company to recoup their investment in this type of research. The stockholders want him to find an antibiotic that can be sold for a dollar a pill.

This is why our government should support this kind of research. We're never going to achieve what's possible with nutrition unless qualified biochemists are fully supported in this area.

Dr. Marshall Mandell is a pediatric allergist who taught at New York Medical College. He is a fellow of the Academy of Orthomolecular Medicine, the International Academy of Preventive Medicine, and the International College of Applied Nutrition. He is also the author of several medical books.

When Dr. Mandell first started provocative symptom-duplicating tests—in which patients' symptoms were reproduced by giving them extracts of foods and various chemicals—he had been treating people primarily for respiratory and skin allergies such as hay fever, asthma, and hives. To his surprise, the treatment reproduced not only sneezes and wheezes, but muscle and joint pains, headaches, and a wide range of other familiar symptoms. "My patients' reactions to the substances I tested on them—ordinary foods and common household chemicals, as well as the pollens, molds, and other inhalants better known as allergens—educated me to the true impact of our diet and the environment on our physical and mental health. Several hundred colleagues in the field of clinical ecology have shared similar experiences. Over the years, it has been repeatedly confirmed that arthritic symptoms are just one of many types of allergy problems—as Dr. Theron Randolph had originally taught me."

For years, Dr. Mandell eliminated an amazingly wide range of symptoms by getting patients to change their diet and environment. He also visited Dr. Randolph at his now-defunct Chicago hospital unit and watched case after case of

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arthritis clear up when patients fasted, and flare up again immediately following provocative feeding tests.

These outstanding results convinced Dr. Mandell that it would be worthwhile to conduct the first double-blind study of the significance of allergy in arthritis. A double-blind study is supposed to be scientifically pure and acceptable to everyone. Working with Dr. Anthony Conte, of Beaver, Pennsylvania, he studied about 40 previously diagnosed rheumatoid arthritis patients. Arthritis symptoms flared up in over 85 percent of these cases as a result of challenges with anonymous food, airborne allergens, and various chemical substances.

When the study was completed, the code was broken and it was discovered to which substances each patient had been reacting. One woman's worst reaction, it turned out, had been to milk. Within minutes of being given milk, all of her joint pains—which Dr. Conte had under control with medications—had flared up. She was shocked: Her hip was so painful she couldn't move. Dr. Conte, too, was surprised. Here was a patient whose arthritis was, in the traditional sense, under excellent control. Yet her usual symptoms appeared minutes after he tested her with a standard allergy extract prepared from cow's milk.

Doctors Mandell and Conte were able to show with their study that common

foods are capable of producing arthritis. Traditional allergists don't know how to diagnose arthritic allergic reactions because skin tests and other laboratory tests are not accurate enough—there's an 80 percent error rate in food testing, and the tests do not indicate which symptoms a particular food is causing in a given individual. Only provocative testing can provide this information.

Because they don't have a good, highly reliable technique for diagnosing it, traditional allergists think food allergies aren't important. Or some of them will use a simple and ineffective elimination diet, in which spices, nuts, chocolate, fish, and eggs are avoided; if a person doesn't get better, they say the person isn't allergic.

Unfortunately, the overwhelming majority of traditional allergists are uninformed and closed-minded about the significance of food allergies and the serious physical and mental disorders they cause. The American College of Allergists and the American Academy of Allergy consider their diagnostic measures more scientific than Mandell and Conte's because these medical organizations refuse to call a disease an allergy unless it can be shown how the immune system is involved. They refuse to examine clinical experience.

To confirm this strange close-mindedness, Dr. Mandell sent out letters with stamped return envelopes to 90 rheu-

matologists in the northeastern United States. He stated that he was investigating the connection between allergy and arthritis and would not charge any patients they referred to him who volunteered for the study, nor would the referring rheumatologists' treatments be changed in any way.

Mandell received six replies out of 90; three said they were not interested. One of the rheumatologists sent a patient whom Mandell and Conte tested using a single-blind technique, in which the patient is not told what the test material is until after the test is completed. This woman had typical arthritic swelling of the fingers of one hand. Within minutes of being tested with pork extract, she had a dramatic flare-up.

The same thing happened when she was retested on two other occasions. To confirm his test results, Mandell insisted she test herself for a pork allergy at home. She abstained from pork for five days to clear it from her system. When she then ate it, she again experienced a flare-up.

She reported the results of the tests to her rheumatologist, whom Mandell believed was an open-minded individual. "I was surprised and terribly disappointed by his response. He said to her, 'I don't believe it. There are no controls.' But as I told the patient, the best possible control is the testing and retesting of the patient. When it clearly shows that the re-

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sults are reproducible and that the condition can be relieved by applying the results of testing, we are then in a position to compare the patient's previous condition with the improved state of health based on treatment determined by that patient's testing."

In another case, a woman was so crippled by arthritis her husband had to lift her in order to put her in the bathtub or carry her upstairs. She fasted on her own, and her arthritis cleared up. When she told her rheumatologist about her remarkable recovery—that she could get in and out of the tub, climb the stairs, perform daily chores around the house, even go out dancing—the rheumatologist very seriously replied, "Madam, I congratulate you. You have just had a spontaneous remission." He wouldn't give one inch. He said the only thing he knew about arthritis was that there were sometimes very welcome but completely unexplained remissions. He couldn't face the reality that in five days she had deliberately produced her "spontaneous remission" herself and, by eating different foods or avoiding others, was able to bring on her arthritis or keep it under complete control at will.

Mandell is able to produce a patient's characteristic, long-term physical and/or mental symptoms in his office by placing a few drops of food extracts and other substances under the tongue. The many thin-walled capillaries there rapidly absorb the substances in the solution, which enter the patient's circulatory system immediately.

Beef extract was placed under the tongue of a Connecticut doctor, who didn't know what substance was being tested. After eight minutes, the doctor experienced difficulty walking. This experiment was videotaped and has been shown on the BBC-TV program "Horizons: A Science Documentary" and, more recently, on the Phil Donahue show. Mandell continued the experiment by having the doctor eat beef, or take beef extract, in the evening. The doctor found that when he would try to get out of bed the following morning, he would be stiff and had to limp, due to extreme pain in his knees and ankle joints, for an hour or so. He would repeatedly eat beef at night to prove to himself that it was the reason why he could not walk without discomfort the following morning.

Another case was also reported on television. When Dr. Mandell appeared on the Cleveland-area NBC television program "Interfeud," the Arthritis Foundation was invited to send a representative. They said they were not interested. After hearing what Dr. Mandell had to say on the air, they demanded equal time, and Mandell was flown out to debate a local rheumatologist and the regional director of the Arthritis Foundation. They were shocked to find that Mandell was not as young as they had expected, and even more surprised to see him carrying

the Arthritis Foundation's own book, which he praised as a fine reference source for arthritis and the methods commonly used to treat it.

After the Arthritis Foundation representative and the local rheumatologist stated their position that arthritis was not connected with food allergies, the phone lines were opened to viewers. One woman called in and said she had arthritis, and that her doctor had prescribed a series of the usual drugs. Each one of the prescriptions had failed to help her condition and, in addition, had caused undesirable side effects.

She said she had heard Mandell on the previous program and had bought his self-help book on arthritis. After following the simple program outlined in the book, she had successfully diagnosed the factors causing her arthritis. Mandell asked her, "You're absolutely certain that eating a particular food or foods will flare up your arthritis?" She answered, "Yes, I'm all better."

Mandell asked, "Can you make yourself worse if you eat them?"


She said yes. Mandell asked what they were.

She answered, "Milk was really bad, but beef got me also," and then she remembered chocolate also had caused severe arthritic attacks.

There wasn't anything the rheumatologist could say to convince her that she had been duped. His last feeble defense was simply, "We don't know what kind of arthritis this lady has, and we have no controls."

Mandell responded, "Doctor, this lady has been in pain for years. Your colleagues gave her all the usual anti-arthritis drugs. They failed to relieve her, and they made her sick. They diagnosed a form of arthritis that should have responded to these drugs which instead made her worse. This patient is the perfect control since we can compare her with herself."

The doctor remained silent. Faced with these indisputable facts and this kind of logic, he could not defend the Arthritis Foundation's position, which belittles perfectly responsible research and treatment that has frequently arrested this painful and crippling disorder. The patient had tested herself scientifically; she could scientifically reproduce her findings at will. And she was free of the agony of arthritis. By ignoring these results and those of other clinical ecologists, it is the Arthritis Foundation and traditional rheumatologists who are behaving unscientifically.

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

marked it in his appointment book so he wouldn't forget. She went on to tell me that if she so much as twitched during his brief lovemaking, that if she gave even the slightest indication that she was enjoying herself, he would stop and give her a stern lecture about keeping a pure mind and heart.

By this time she had my shirt off and was working on my pants, passionately kissing me between her commentary. I had never dreamed that a woman's kisses could be so thrilling! My cock was finally released from the prison of my pants, and it was harder than it had ever been. Thinking I should contribute something to our tryst, I reached out and freed her hair from her bun. She shook it loose, and as the locks framed her unblemished face, I began to realize that she was a very beautiful woman who had been hiding her loveliness. Quickly she removed her clothes and got down on her knees. She began to touch, fondle, and devour my maleness with an intensity that bordered on ravishing hunger. I was astonished and nearly lost control of my seed while being orally ministered by the minister's wife.

Rebecca pulled me down with her onto the bed. Bathed in the evening sunlight streaming through the lace curtains, her body was a marvel of pale perfection. I could feel my organ swell even more as I looked at her. If this was the road to hell, I thought, it was a mighty smooth and fine superhighway. I lowered my face to her moist, hairy mound that rested between her shapely legs. She gasped loudly and began crying out in pleasure. She guided my head where she wanted, and in seconds she was climaxing, again and again and again. We made love several times, feeling more abandoned and having more intense orgasms each time.

When Pastor Gabriel returned, he found me sipping coffee with his now demure and proper wife. I tried to engage his interest in *Penthouse*, but he only berated me for succumbing to fleshly temptations and ripped the magazine to shreds. I felt only pity for him as I cast Rebecca a sly sidelong smile of satisfaction. As I left, she shook my hand, smiled coquettishly, and politely said, "Do come again!" I suspect I will—many times.—*Name and address withheld*

EAST MEETS WEST

I am a senior at the University of Hawaii and have gone through college with the impression that Japanese girls are "unwilling," to say the least. I'm happy to report that I was wrong, and I'm sure my story will promote tourism in the East.

I met my darling Kyoto when I was introduced to her at the local tennis club. She spoke little English, but I did manage to find out that she was staying in the

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United States for six months. She had large breasts for an Oriental, and her 34-22-34 figure spoke to me in an international language. While our conversation was a little limited, I tried to let her know that I wanted to share my balls with her on her court.

We began seeing each other pretty steadily. After a couple of weeks, I decided it was time for Kyoto to face a white penis for the first time. I had the perfect plan. I booked a racquetball court for 9 P.M. Since the court had no windows, I thought it ideal for my purposes. Kyoto's light cotton tennis shirt clearly showed the outline of her erect nipples and lovely breasts. No sooner were we on the court than my eight-inch member started throbbing in anticipation. With tennis shorts on, it was obvious how I felt. I closed the door to the court, and turned around to find Kyoto looking me right in the eye. She then focused her attention on my fully erect cock and sank to her knees, sniffing at the outline of my hard-on through my shorts. I almost shot off then and there.

I undid the snap on my shorts and lowered them enough for her to take my dick deep into her mouth. She licked me up and down my shaft and kissed my balls passionately. Before I knew it, I started jerking off into her face and came inside her mouth. I stood her up and pulled her panties down. We leaned against the wall, and I bent down and sank my tongue into her pussy. Her cunt lips were dripping wet with love juice. I delicately titillated her clitoris until she was quivering with pleasure. She must have loved my tongue pumping her love cave, because she sank to the floor, taking me with her, her legs wrapped around my head and her hands running through my hair.

My big fella was ready for some serious fucking. Kyoto turned around sexily and revealed her soft ass and hairy pussy. I plunged my red dong into her hot box from behind, doggie style. She gave a little yelp and moved her hips in blissful rhythm with mine. As our movements gained momentum I grappled with her bra, and reached under to passionately squeeze her dangling titties. I began ramming her hard from behind, and she slid into a spread-eagle position, keeping her ass high in the air. Her boobs jigged backward and forward as she let out a monotone moan.

Just as I was about to come, I took my dick out of her lubricated cunt and came in spasms all over the small of her back. Kyoto turned around and licked my dick clean. As I was pulling up my shorts, a bell rang, and I realized that our court time was up. I considered the time well spent, and by the smile on her face, I guess Kyoto felt the same way. What a workout! As we left the court together, Kyoto smiled at me and asked, "Shall I book the same time tomorrow night?" I bet you all know what my answer was.—*Name and address withheld*

CUPID'S KISSES

My lover has always provided me with many fantasies come true. One of my favorites happened last Valentine's Day, and was just too good to keep to myself. I had been planning a romantic Valentine's Day for weeks, buying satin sheets, candles, and red silk lingerie. A week before the lovers' holiday arrived, I asked Alex to play a game with me—no sex during the upcoming week. I also asked him for the key to his apartment, and an hour there alone on the big night to make my preparations. He was amused by my mysteriousness, and more than willing to participate in my romantic intrigue.

When "V Day" finally arrived, I let myself into his flat. I was already incredibly horny just thinking about what I was going to do, and I found myself getting wet in anticipation. I quickly put the sheets on the bed, lit the candles, and slipped into my negligee. Talk about being one ready, willing, and able woman!

She began to devour
my maleness with an intensity
that bordered on
ravishing hunger. I nearly lost
control of my seed
while being orally ministered
by the minister's wife.

When Alex finally arrived, he was pleased with the romantic atmosphere I had created. I was virtually dripping with excitement, and thought, great, we can finally get down to some serious love-making. But Alex had a few surprises of his own. He handed me a beautiful heart-shaped card that read, "There are eight chocolate kisses hidden around the apartment. You have to find them all before you can have me. Love and 'chocolate kisses,' Alex." I feverishly searched for them, with Alex grabbing and teasing me all the way, making me wetter and hornier by the minute. I finally found all but one, and was very puzzled as to where that final kiss could be.

When I noticed Alex grinning at me impishly, I had a flash of inspiration. I rubbed my hand along his hard-on and felt that prized kiss sitting there melting against his hot cock. I unzipped his pants to go for the last barrier that stood in the way of other games.

He had on a G-string that outlined his hard cock and flattered his tight ass. It was all I could do to keep myself from begging him to fuck me. We slid onto the satin sheets. He was as hard as I had

ever seen him, and I was dripping wet. Alex began by going down on me like a pro, licking and rubbing me in all the right places. The next thing I knew, he had taken another chocolate kiss, removed the tinfoil wrapping, and slid it up and down my pussy. I felt like I was actually shaking. I was so turned on. I trembled as he pushed the kiss inside me and started to lick it out. I had two "chocolate" orgasms as he ate two more candies out of my cunt. I was dying to fuck him, but first I just had to taste his prick in my mouth. There was chocolate all over his shaft from when he had hidden the candy earlier, and the mixture of his salty rod and the sweet candy was all I could take. I directed his sweetly smeared dick into my love canal, and we screwed furiously, pumping in and out until we both exploded in ecstasy. We were covered in chocolate from our mouths to our pelvises, and little foil wrappers littered the sheets, glinting in the candlelight. It was the hottest sex we'd had in ages.

Alex had one more surprise for me. He had bought a bottle of scented bubble bath, and the rest of the evening was spent playing water games and cleaning our sticky but satisfied bodies. The next day, when my friends asked me what I got for Valentine's Day, I just smiled and said, "Lots of chocolate kisses!"—*Name and address withheld*

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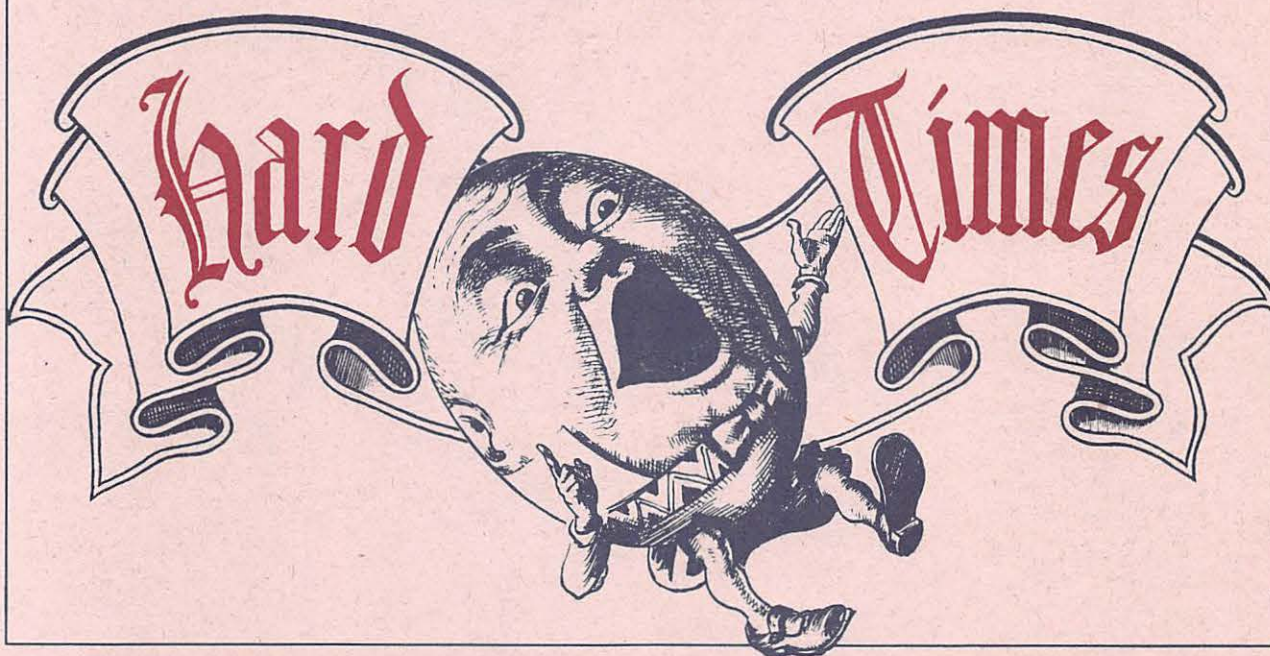
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PHOTO CREDITS

Pet of the Month Linda Thompson, featured on page 75, was photographed by Carl Wachter with a Nikon F2 camera, a 43-86 Nikkor zoom lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. The pictorial on page 46 was shot by J. Stephen Hicks with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 180 lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. Both the layout on page 97 and our love set on page 124 were photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses, Harrison filters, and Norman strobes.

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic,
lurid, and oftentimes witless dribbles of information
culled from the nation's press

EXTRA

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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 6, NO. 1

DWORKIN'S DIRTY BOOK



Andrea Dworkin, who has made a career out of campaigning against pornography, has written a novel. An English reviewer described it as depicting a "Warhol world where the narrator and her girlfriends live, trading sex and sexual sideshows for drugs, drinks, and the occasional meal." But Dworkin insists that her book is not porn. Why not? "The reason," she told an interviewer, "has simply to do with my skill as a writer." And, Dworkin continued, vividly demonstrating her linguistic skills, "It has to do with the fact that the kind of prose that I've written

has so much control and is, I hope, so masterful in what it shows that what you come away with understanding is the reality of the degradation and what it means. It doesn't do it to you: It allows you to understand something that maybe you have never understood before. . . . It's hard to talk about because I'm at such a high level of complication with people about this." (*Publishers Weekly*)

We're at a high level of complication about why anybody would ever take Andrea seriously.—Editor

VIRGIN BIRTH?

On a ranch somewhere in Brazil, Juan Ojeda and his neighbors noticed a UFO hovering over their land. "It was shaped like a saucer with a dome on top," said Ojeda. The ship descended and three very tall aliens disembarked. One was carrying an egg the size of a beach ball. After depositing it, the aliens returned to the ship and departed. The ranchers decided to hatch the egg, but had no idea how long the incubation period should be. The egg was kept under lamps and the ranchers just waited. Finally, after three months, the egg shattered as a six-pound, five-ounce baby boy punched his fist through the shell. "I could hardly believe my eyes," Ojeda said. A doctor was summoned to examine the infant, finding him a perfectly healthy, normal human being. (*The Sun*)

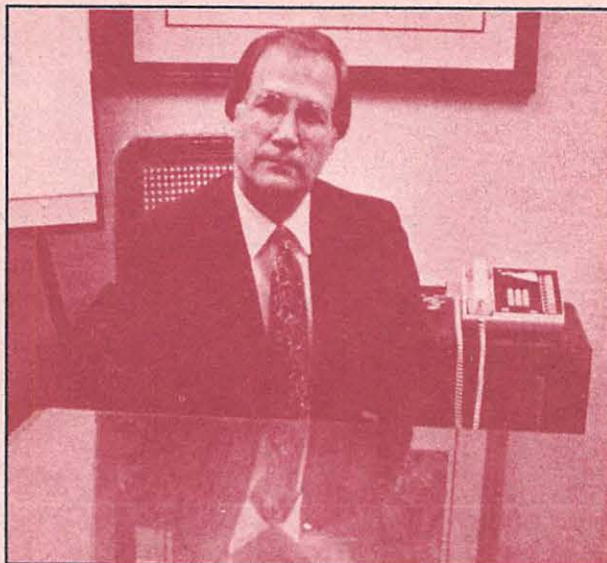
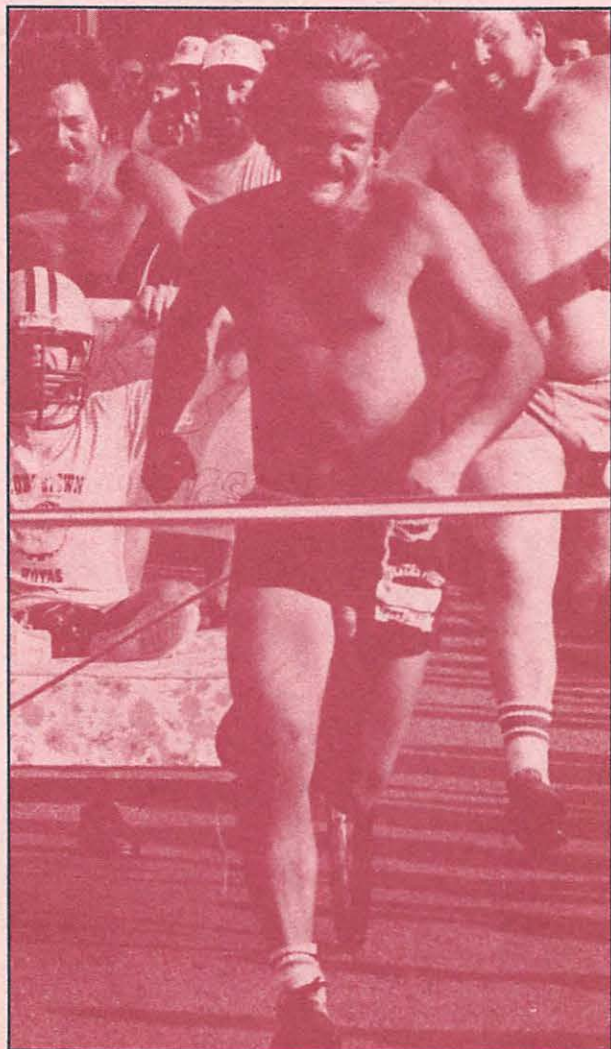
We always thought that babies were brought by storks.—Editor

LETTING IT ALL HANG OUT

It was not your ordinary photo finish at a bed race in Stevens Point, Wisconsin. The winning team was the Junkyard Dogs, but one member's member hit the finish line be-

fore all others. (*Stevens Point Journal*—submitted by John R. Trobaugh, Stevens Point, Wis.)

Another race won by a dick.—Editor



THE LONELIEST POLITICIAN

Minister Gordon H. Adkins of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, awoke last Valentine's Day with a special message from God. The former Texas prison inmate was told to run for president of the United States. So on March 7 the blessed candidate filed as the presidential choice of the People's Party. Adkins was ready to roll, and on July 31 he called a press conference. Unfortunately, nobody else appeared except for the photographer, who snapped the picture of the lonely candidate. (*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*—submitted by Joseph Forbes, Pittsburgh, Pa.)

At least Adkins won't have the press to kick around anymore.—Editor

Wedding Surprise

Hugh Victor of Hampton-on-the-Green, England, might have said "I do" to the minister at his wedding, but what he should have said after his honeymoon night with bride Jamie Childers was, "I've been done in." Blushing and beautiful bride Jamie, Hugh was to learn that night, was actually Benjamin Childers. Poor Hugh, who wanted his future bride to be a virgin, had waited for that night to make love with Jamie for the first time. Once her clothes were off, the truth stood out. The couple got into a vicious fight, bloodying and battering one another. The honeymoon was over, and Hugh is now suing Jamie/Benjamin. As one friend of the groom remarked, "Hugh's too much of a man to be taken for a ride like that without fighting back." (*The Sun*)

Hugh should have known when the bride began to sing "Walk on the Wild Side."—Editor

BOYS WILL BE GIRLS

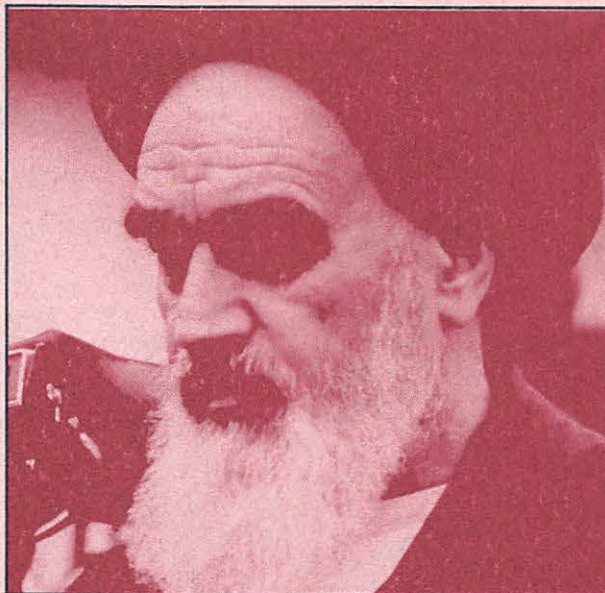
Hansel Hesse always wanted to have a daughter, but after trying for years to become pregnant, she finally gave birth to twin boys. Undaunted, Hansel demanded that her physician perform a sex-change operation on the infants. The surgery was successful, penises removed and vaginas installed, but there have been repercussions for Hansel and her husband Rudolph. Family and friends are outraged: "She took God's gift," Hansel's mother exploded, "and made a mockery of it." Hansel shrugs off the protests: "I couldn't be happier. I can't wait to buy them dresses and dolls and put bows in their hair." (*The Sun*)

In 20 years maybe the twins will write a book called Mommy Sickest.—Editor

A New Ayatollah Scam

What price victory? For the athletes of Iran at the Wheelchair Olympics held in England, the cost was total embarrassment and disgrace. Over 630 crippled and wheelchair-bound athletes from 35 countries began competing in the games when it became apparent something was amiss. The Iranian "cripples" were going strong, winning four medals. But the Ayatollah's champions were not crippled at all. The Iranians, thinking nobody was looking, were seen out of their wheelchairs doing sit-ups, deep knee bends, push-ups, and jumping jacks. Tossed out of the Wheelchair Olympics, the "crippled" Iranians were last seen boarding a bus, proudly holding up the medals they had "won." As one Scottish competitor said, "What else can you expect from people who don't give a damn about human life and don't know the meaning of fair play and honor?" (*Weekly World News*)

The Ayatollah's sportsmanship is similar to his sense of justice.—Editor



Who Were Those Masked Men?

Two Ohio bank robbers dressed appropriately when they held up the Fifth Third Bank in Mt. Washington, Ohio, last August. In addition to brandishing two sawed-off shotguns, the robbers wore Carter and Reagan masks. The successful perpetrators

have not been apprehended. (*Northwest Arkansas Morning News*—submitted by Tom Cherney, Glen Ellyn, Ill.)

If caught, these guys will never get a presidential pardon.—Editor



Gay Roaches

Cockroaches are coming out of the closet, but not in their usual manner. A University of Florida scientist, Phillip Koehler, reports that after being sprayed by the chemical Gencor, male cockroaches are no longer turned on by the females of the species. Moreover, the males keep trying to

make it with other male cockroaches. Gencor messes up their hormones, deforms their wings, and sterilizes the little buggers. (*National Examiner*—submitted by Gordon Morrison, Long Branch, N.J.) *Now we finally know why they're called cockroaches.—Editor*

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

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BY BILL LEE





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YOU AREN'T FIT YET—AND YOUR DOCTORS INSIST THAT YOU TAKE YOUR PILLS AND GET PLENTY OF FRESH AIR. WHY DON'T YOU GO FOR A WALK IN THE SWAMP? THE BOG MYRTLE IS BEAUTIFUL AT THIS TIME OF YEAR.

WHILE SWEET CHASTITY STRUGGLES WITH THE TRANSYLVANIAN ECONOMY AND BANK OVERDRAFTS THAT MAKE THE COMBINED PERUVIAN AND MEXICAN BANK DEBTS LOOK LIKE A COMFORTABLE MORTGAGE, VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN, STILL RECOVERING FROM HIS ORDEAL IN THE WATER DUNGEONS, IS RESTLESS. POVERTY DOESN'T AGREE WITH HIM!

I FEEL SO HELPLESS!

A MIND LIKE MINE NEEDS STIMULATION!

I CAN'T STAND THIS ENFORCED INACTIVITY!

OH, IF ONLY HE'D LET ME COMFORT HIM! I COULD GIVE HIM THE PEACE OF MIND—AND BODY—THAT HE NEEDS!

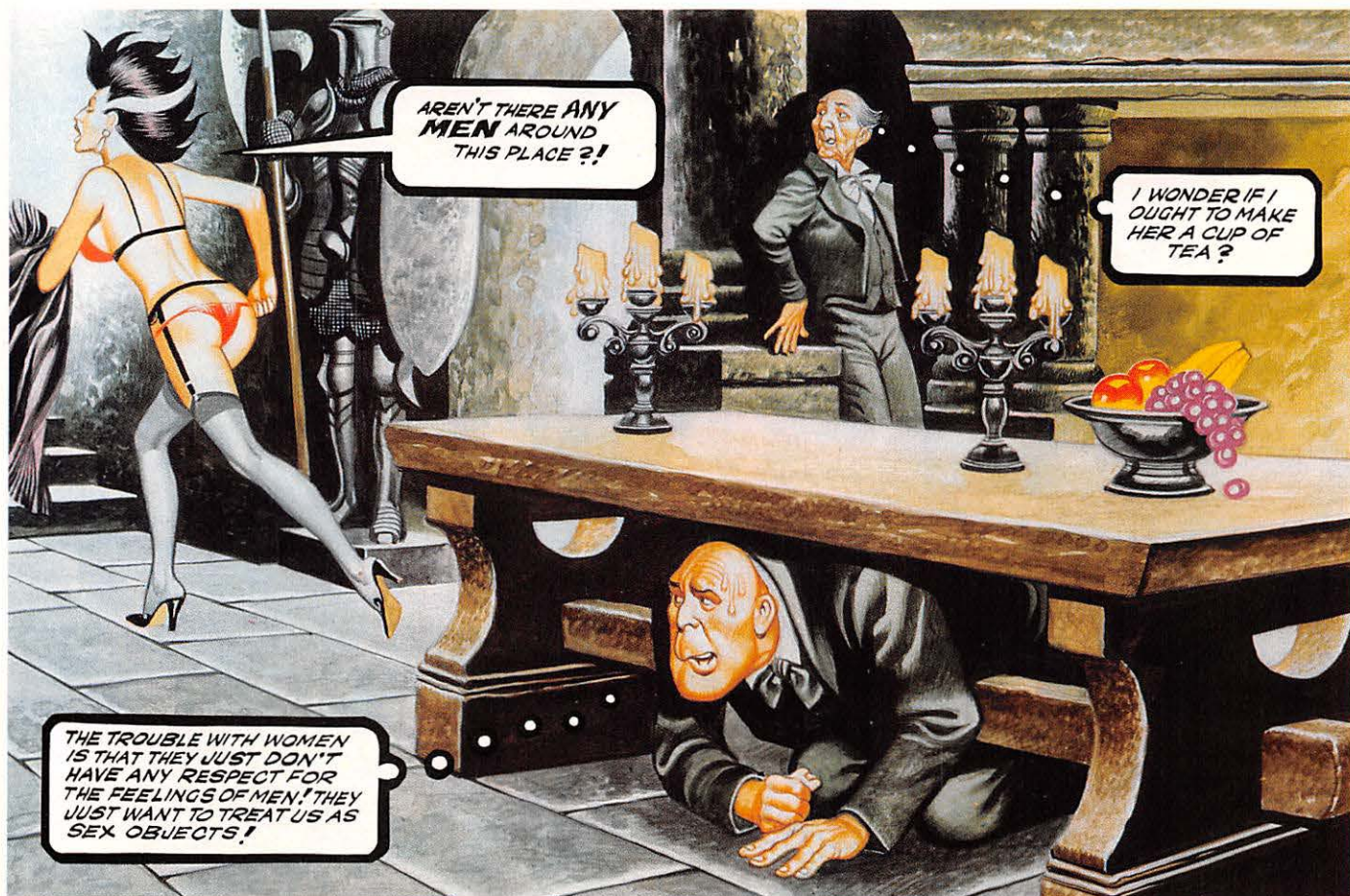
WHY DON'T YOU LET HER BRING ME MY BREAD AND WATER?

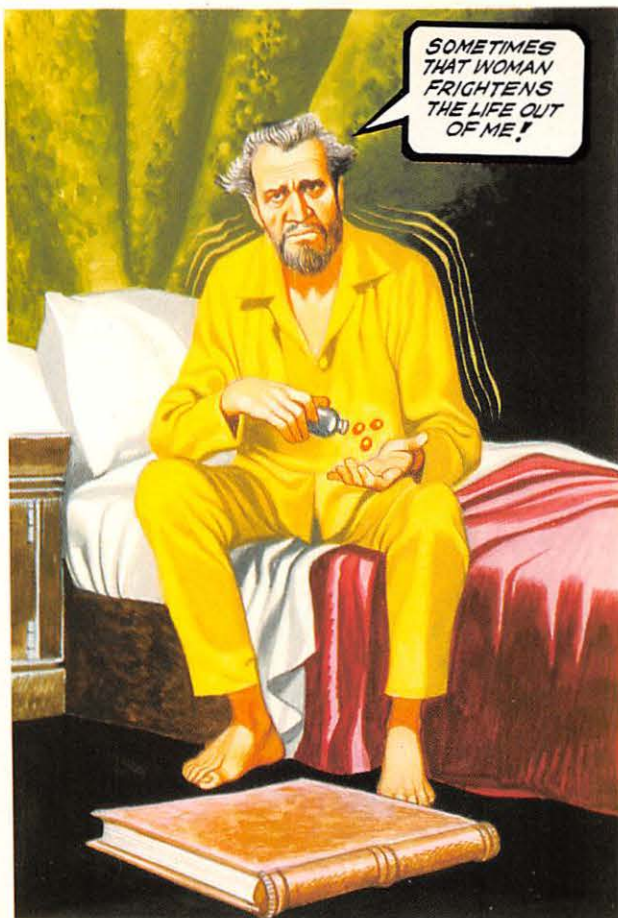
I'LL BE BACK IN FAVOUR ONE OF THESE DAYS! SOONER OR LATER HE'S GOING TO NEED ME—AND THAT'S WHEN I'LL REMEMBER WHO MY FRIENDS ARE!

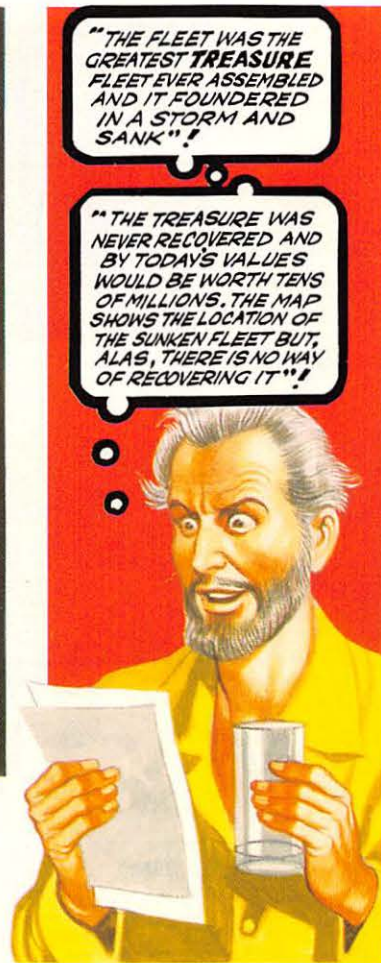
By RON EMBLETON
and BOB GUCCIONE











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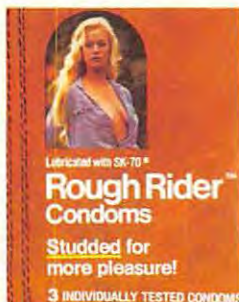
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GAMES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 160

9. **THREE FROM NERO.** HBO can tell if you're using an illegal descrambler just by dialing your phone number.

A woman was murdered during the recording of the seventies rock hit "Roller Coaster." If you listen carefully, you can hear her dying scream of agony in the background.

Certain types of cosmetics are made from human aborted fetuses. This is why these cosmetics make a woman look more youthful.

—Russ Nero, Jr., Troy, N.Y.

Answers:

1. **THAT KID.** He broke his neck while spinning on his head in a break-dancing move.

2. **HITCHHIKER.** She noticed that the little old lady had very hairy arms. The police found it was a homicidal maniac wearing a wig and a dress. Inside his purse they found a meat cleaver.

3. **THIEF.** When they get back from the show, they find their entire house has been burglarized.


4. **DORM.** This message, in blood, on the mirror: "Aren't you glad you didn't turn on the light?"

5. **MALL.** Her hair had been cut off and she was in little boy's clothes. They caught the guy, so we hear, but the store where it happened is trying to hush it all up.

6. **BUMP.** Thousands of baby spiders burst out. Or was it ants?

7. **TRUCKER.** He opens the back door of the lady's car and there, crouching on the floor, is a man with a butcher knife. After the woman calms down, the truck driver explains that he saw the man rise up behind her, knife in hand, but when he flashed his lights, the man crouched back down. He had been following her all the way home, desperately trying to stop a murder.

8. **REDFORD.** "You did get your cone, ma'am. You'll probably find it right there in your purse, where you put it." Redford's publicist says that the incident never happened. Essentially the same story has also been told about Jack Nicholson, Paul Newman, and, more recently, Tom Brokaw.

9. **REVENGE.** Before she left she dialed the "time" recording in Tokyo and left the guy's phone off the hook for the whole weekend. They say his bill was over \$5,000. 

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H5CA6

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

When you say that you work with the public, I assume that you are involved in some aspect of the soft sell—maybe advertising, maybe public relations, maybe politics. In any case, you seem to have mastered the basics of your profession, as you have a devious technique of implying a lot without actually saying anything. Unfortunately, you are so good at it that it is difficult to understand what you are trying to say.

When you announce that you have never cheated on your husband, I presume that means you have not had relations with anyone else since you have been married. It sounds as if you would love to do it and that you think your husband might like it too, but at the moment it is all still in the realm of fantasy. You go on to say that "one-on-one sex with another woman is questionable," but later on you say that either sex is welcome.

What I suspect is that you have one particular man in mind with whom you would like to have sex with on a one-to-one basis but you are not too sure how your husband is going to react. Maybe the guy in question doesn't know you are married, or maybe you have the idea that he would not be turned on by a group scene including your husband.

I would have thought that the whole point of being married is to have someone in whom you can confide, and the moment you start having secrets, particularly sexual secrets, you are chipping away at the foundations of the relationship. I would suggest that you first talk to your husband about the idea of a threesome with the man of your choice and see how it works out.

If, as I suspect, you just want to screw around on the side without telling him anything, go ahead and do it, but don't expect him to be delighted if he finds out.

STAYING POWER


I am a 20-year-old male whom women find very sexy and attractive. I enjoy satisfying beautiful young women very much, and without any exaggeration I make love to a different woman almost every week. Most of my partners compliment me on how great I am in bed, especially with foreplay, which I like to last at least an hour or two. My problem is that when I feel it's time to bury my eight-inch uncircumcised love muscle in an awaiting wet tunnel, it only lasts a few minutes because I quickly erupt, sometimes in less than a minute. I have tried to put thoughts in my mind that would kind of turn me off so I could last longer, but that just seems to make me perform poorly. I have even tried different positions.

Do you have any idea why this hap-

pens? Could it be because I am not circumcised? Is it natural? I need to solve this problem so that I can satisfy my women 100 percent.—I. O.

Most women do not like the guy who gets stuck in the tunnel of love and humps away for hours without coming. It is boring to have a great, heavy macho stud lying on top of you, pounding away like a steam locomotive, proud of his stamina. The poor girl ends up feeling like an exercise bicycle, suffering from the wear and tear of all the moving parts.

Luckily, the average humping time of the normal American male is rarely more than two minutes, and most of the accounts one reads describing hours of in-and-out action are either wishful thinking or willful exaggeration. Strangely enough, it is quite common for highly sexed men to have doubts about their sexual prowess while in fact, from a female point of view, they are pretty good. It seems that you would fall into this category. Imaginative foreplay, sensual caresses, and a competent tongue around the clitoris are far more exciting than eight inches of hard meat banging away at the bottom of your kidneys.

What most women want is a lover, not an Olympic marathon man. I suggest that you just keep on the way you are going and concentrate on finesse rather than staying power. 



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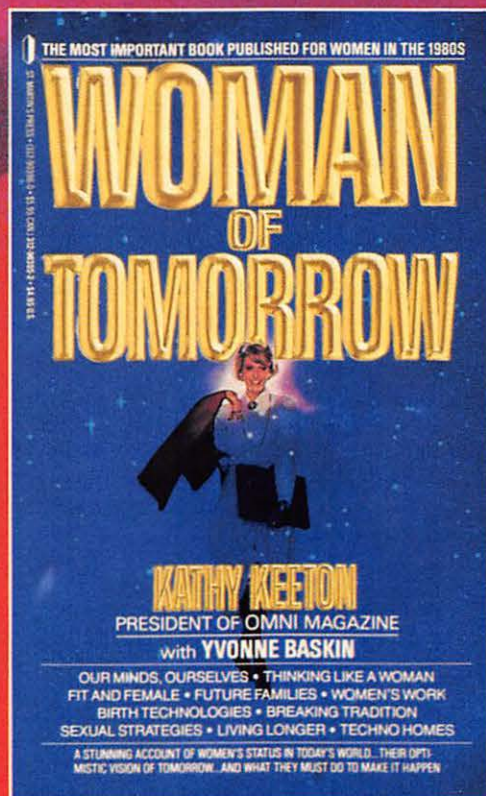
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"A friend of a friend
swears this really happened. . . ."

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

In June 1986, we devoted this column to "The Hook," "Kentucky Fried Rats," and other urban legends—the stories that are told and retold as if they were true, but aren't. The source always seems to be what folklorists call a "foaf"—a friend of a friend.

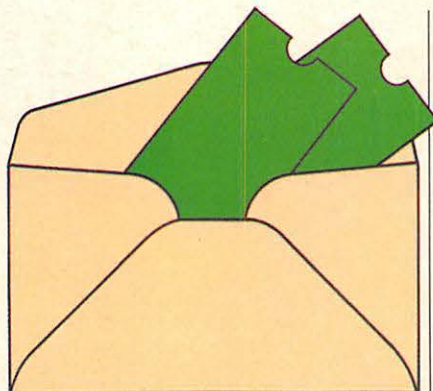
After reviewing classic legends from "The Spanish Fly Accident" to "The Baby-Sitter and the Phone," we promised a one-year subscription to any reader who was "the first to send us a new folktale that we use." The wording was deliberate, because we knew we'd see many *old* legends that we hadn't included in the article.

Many of the classic tales are horrible and grisly, the kind usually told for fright value around a camp fire, just the way Bill Murray tells "The Hook" in *Meatballs*. Indeed, the movies seem to draw on current folktales for their script ideas. The "Dead Grandma" story shows up in *National Lampoon's Vacation*, "The Babysitter and the Phone" has been turned into *When a Stranger Calls*, and a variation on "The Ghost Truck Driver" reappears in *Pee-wee's Big Adventure*. Several movies get their entire plot lines from popular lore, such as *Alligator*, *The Formula*, and *Hangar 18*.

Here are nine of the most common "true stories" sent in. Which of them will be the first to make it to the big screen? We've kept off the endings, but how many did you know anyway? (Answers on page 154.)

1. **THAT KID IS DEAD.** You know that kid in Michael Jackson's Pepsi commercial—the one who moon-walks into him? They say he died a tragic death sometime later. How?

2. **THE ELDERLY HITCHHIKER.** After buying her groceries, a lady returned to her car and found an elderly woman in the backseat. She was tired, the woman said, and had missed her bus and needed a ride home. At first the lady was ready to give the old woman a ride, but then suddenly decided to go to the security guard. Why? And what did the guard find?



3. **THE REPENTANT CAR THIEF.** A couple's car is stolen, and they report it to the police. A few hours later they find the car parked in front of the house, right where they'd left it. There was an envelope on the front seat and inside was a note saying, "I apologize for 'borrowing' your car. I was desperate to get my son to a doctor, and I found your car here unlocked, so I took it. Sorry for causing you the undue alarm; please accept the enclosed tickets [front row at the opera or 50-yard line at the big football game, depending on who's telling this] with my appreciation." You finish the story.

4. **DORMITORY DAWNING.** A college girl comes home late at night and realizes that her roommate has a man in bed with her. She undresses quietly in the dark and gets into her own bed. The squeaking springs and the muffled breathing keep her awake for a while, but finally she falls asleep.

The next morning she awakes and finds to her horror that her roommate had been stabbed and strangled during the night. She staggers into the bathroom, and what does she find?

5. **WHAT HAPPENED AT THE MALL?** A woman and her six-year-old girl get separated at a shopping mall. She goes to the authorities, and after a massive search, they find the girl in the men's room. In what condition is she? What else do they find?

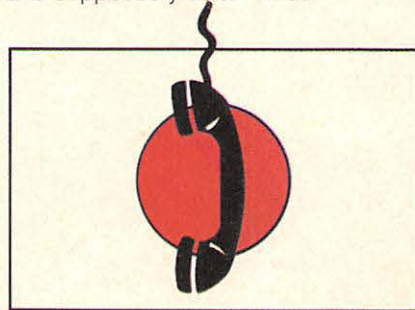
6. **THE BUMP.** A girl had a bump on her

cheek that got bigger week by week. Finally, she scratched it and then fainted. Why?

7. **THE TAILGATING TRUCKER.** A woman is driving home late at night. A truck pulls up behind her, flashing its bright lights and honking its horn. The woman is terrified. She slows down, but the truck doesn't pass. She speeds up, and the truck speeds up too. She makes sudden turns down side roads, and the truck follows, still flashing its lights and honking.

Finally, she reaches her own driveway and runs from the car, screaming. The truck pulls up right behind, and the driver gets out. What does he do?

8. **ROBERT REDFORD AND THE LADY.** This one actually made the *Santa Fe New Mexican* last September. It seems that a woman went into an ice-cream parlor there and found herself standing next to Robert Redford, who was in town filming his next movie. The woman tried to be nonchalant in the presence of the blond star. She ordered her ice cream, took her change, and left. Once outside, she realized that she had her change in her hand but no ice cream. She went back in and asked the clerk where her cone was. Redford smiled and supposedly said—what?



9. **LOVER'S REVENGE.** A couple who have been living together have a big fight. The guy gives the girl an ultimatum: "Pack your stuff and get out of my apartment. I'm going away for the weekend, and when I get back I want all of your things out of here." The guy comes back after his trip, half expect-

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XAT-121 LIKE A VIRGIN II

Bunny Bleu, Christy Canyon, Sharon Mitchell

XEX-105 SUPERSTARS & SUPERSTUDS

Heather Wayne, John Leslie, C. Money

XEX-106 WILD ORGIES

Seka, Ginger, Amber, Harry Reems

XEX-107 FAMOUS TA TA'S

Christy Canyon, Kitten Natividad, Rachel Ashley

XAT-102 WHITE AND BLACK

Satin Summers, George Payne, Sharon Kane

XAT-103 A TASTE OF MONEY

Constance Money, Gina Gianetti, John Leslie

XAT-105 COCKTALES

Amber Lynn, Tiffany Clark, Jamie Gillis

XEX-112 VOYEUR'S DELIGHT

Ginger Lynn, Rhonda Jo, Kitten, Bunny, Sheri, Harry Reems

XD-229 INSIDE SEKA

The Platinum Princess plus All-Star cast

XHC-101 WOMAN IN THE WINDOW

Candy Evans, Melissa Melendez, John Leslie, Jamie Gillis

XAT-109 PLEASURE SO DEEP

International cover girl Lauren St. Germain

XAT-110 PRETTY AS YOU FEEL

Ginger Lynn, Jerry Butler, Raven

XAT-111 I NEVER SAY NO!

Desiree Lane, Lisa Lake, Paul Thomas

XAT-112 SEDUCE ME TONIGHT

Victoria Dane, Penny Michaels, Debbi Gentry

XAT-113 LIKE A VIRGIN

Christy Canyon, Peter North, Gail Force

XHC-102 TAXI GIRLS II

Nicole Vartan, Karen Fox, Shanna & Ramboni

XAT-115 Rx FOR SEX

Julia Perrier, Lauren St. Germain

XAT-116 EDUCATING NINA

Juliet Anderson, Nina Hartley, Lili Marlene

XEX-104 SUPER SEX

Annette Haven, Georgina Spelvin, Constance Money

XEX-110 DEEP INSIDE GINGER LYNN

Ginger with Cindy Brooks and Ron Jeremy

XAT-118 HEAVENLY DESIRE

Seka, Serena, Johnny Keyes

XAT-119 TAXI GIRLS

Nancy Suttler, John Holmes, Serena

XVH-201 OUI GIRLS

Anne Ventura, Lisa Deleuw, Tiffany Clark

XVH-202 A PLACE BEYOND SHAME

Seka, Lori Blue, Bonnie Holiday

XVH-203 SAME TIME EVERY YEAR

Loni Sanders, Tiffany Clark, China Leigh

XJP-120 MAKE MY NIGHT

Tracy Adams, Karl Fox, Peter North, Tiffany, Mindy

XGC-202 HYPNOTIC SENSATIONS

Ginger Lynn, Christy Canyon, Rikki Blake

XVH-206 BEYOND YOUR WILDEST DREAMS

Juliet Anderson, Lyssa Thatcher, Holly McCall

XVH-208 DUTCH TREAT

30 Dutch beauties from Carrah M. to Lucy Duval

XVH-209 COUPLES

Cindy Price, Gwen Fisher, Jamie Gillis

XVH-210 COLLEGE GIRL REUNION

Kim Pope, C.J. Laing

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Gretchen Lober, Karan Hapsburg

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XVH-214 WINTER HEAT

Sue Rowan, Helen Madigan, Lisa Young

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XVH-216 THE SENSUOUS FLY GIRLS

Mary Stewart, Baby Darin, Mark Stevens

XVH-217 AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FLEA

Jean Jennings, John C. Holmes

XJP-106 ORIENTAL TABOO

Mariko, Lily Marlene, Blair Harris

XEX-111 SPLASHING

Seka, Oral Annie, Ginger, Talia, Amber, Eric, Tom

XJP-108 SCANDAL IN THE MANSION

John Holmes, Desiree Lane, Helga, Bunny Bleu

XVH-221 SUMMER OF LAURA

Marsha Moon, Helen Madigan, David Hunter

XEX-113 TRIPLE HEADER

Hyapatia Lee, Stacey Donovan, Ron Jeremy

XVH-223 CANDY PALACE

Bunny Savage, John Holmes

XGC-201 SORE THROAT

Christy Canyon, Heather Wayne, Paul Thomas

XVH-225 LITTLE ME & MARLA STRANGELOVE

Dianne Dale, Nancy Hoffman

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Terry Hall, Jamie Gillis

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Sue McBain, Terri Hall, C.J. Laing

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Stacey Donovan, Erica Boyer, Sacha Gabor

XCA-105 MISS SEPTEMBER

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ing that his apartment will be a sham-bles, but it isn't. In fact, aside from the phone being off the hook, everything is in place. It wasn't until a month later that he found out the girl had gotten her delayed revenge. What did she do?

THE BEST NEW LEGENDS

After we weeded out the "old" legends, there were still a lot we had never heard before. To help us pick the best of these, we enlisted the aid of Jan Harold Brunvand, professor of folklore at the University of Utah. Brunvand, a leading authority on urban legends, has written three books on the subject, *The Vanishing Hitchhiker*, *The Choking Doberman*, and *The Mexican Pet*. Of the hundreds of legends received so far, the following were new to us and to Brunvand. When we saw more than one version of the same new story, we awarded the subscription to the earliest postmark.

The quest for new legends is never ending. Our offer still stands. Send the latest story you heard from a foaf to: Legends, *Penthouse* "Games," 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.



1. **RABBIT REDUX.** A man is arrested for killing a cop. He pleads innocence, and after several grueling hours of interrogation, he still claims to know nothing about it. The cops give up and go out on a break, leaving the man alone in the room. Suddenly, a six-foot-tall Easter bunny breaks into the room and proceeds to beat the crap out of the guy with a huge orange carrot. He gives in and signs the confession.

Later, in court, the guy says that the

confession was coerced from him by a huge Easter bunny who hit him with a carrot. The young prosecuting attorney argued that this was such a preposterous tale that the man should be judged an incompetent witness and his confession be accepted. The judge agrees and sentences the man to life imprisonment.

Several months later the prosecutor is in the police station to help the cops draw up a warrant. At some point he runs out of paper and opens the door to a supply closet. Horrified, he finds a bunny suit and an orange nightstick.

—John J. Marshall, Jr.,
Rockville Centre, N.Y.

2. **THE CABBIE'S REVENGE.** A guy with a big bouquet of roses hails a taxi in New York and gives the cabbie the address. They strike up a conversation, and he tells the driver that the roses are for the hot number he met the night before, "a cute little redhead whose body won't say no. Her husband is working tonight, so I'm on my way to the sex party of a lifetime."

When the cab gets there, the driver gets out to open the door for his passenger. "I've never had a driver open the door for me before," the man says, but as he looks up he finds himself staring at a gun.

"You sonofabitch!" the cab driver screams. "This is *my* house, and it's *my* wife you've been describing to me. I'm going to blow your head off!"

The young man bolts down the street, with the driver firing wildly into the air.

The cab driver then chuckles to himself, picks up the bouquet, and goes upstairs to meet for the first time the cute little redhead whose body won't say no.

—Louis Phillips, New York, N.Y.

3. **THE ICE-FISHING DOG.** A man was sitting in his ice-fishing house, when suddenly a Labrador retriever came popping out of the water.

Apparently, a guy in another ice house was spearing fish through a hole and his dog jumped in after one. The dog swam around, trying to find a way back

to the surface, and would have drowned if it hadn't found the hole into the other man's ice house.

—Richard Bakke, Robbinsdale, Minn.

4. **DAVE'S SECRET CLAUSE.** A friend told me about a clause in David Letterman's contract. After his monologue he doesn't want his rear end shown on TV, and that is why the camera always shifts to the bandleader, Paul Schaefer, as Dave walks over to his desk.

—C. Lauder, Winnipeg, Man.

5. **NO-EXIT DOBERMAN.** In order to catch crooks, a woman had trained her Doberman not to let anyone out her front door, except when she gave the dog the "okay" signal. When she was away on a trip, her son came to visit and when he got no answer to his ring, let himself in with his spare key. When his mother didn't return for a while, he wrote her a note and started for the front door. Fortunately there was enough food in the refrigerator to last the weekend. When the mother returned on Monday morning, her son was still there, asleep on the couch.

—Roger Ryan, Longueuil, Que.

6. **FOILED AGAIN.** A woman decides to get the perfect all-over tan by covering her lounge chair with aluminum foil. Unfortunately, she falls asleep under the hot sun and broils herself to death.

—Dave Robbins, Atlanta, Ga.

7. **REVLON NAIL OFFER.** Save your cut fingernails and send them in to Revlon. They will pay \$100 for every inch of nails you send them. They use them to make "artificial" nails for those who can't grow their own.

—Karen Burke, North Syracuse, N.Y.

8. **CONTAC HIGH.** I've heard that if you separate the red pills in a Contac capsule from the others and take them in quantity, you will get hallucinations similar to those induced by LSD. I have never had the time or patience to sort those little pills out to see if it was true or not.

—Marcus A. Christian, Ellicott City, Md.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

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THE TORTILLA CURTAIN

The border between the United States and Mexico is, like the Berlin Wall, an international symbol of despair on the one side and prosperity and freedom on the other. But unlike East Germany, our huge southern neighbor presents an ever-increasing danger to our economic and national security. Distinguished investigative reporters Jack Anderson and Dale Van Atta explore all aspects of our relationship with Mexico. Combined with a dramatic photo essay showing the futility of the U.S. Border Patrol's attempt to seal off illegal immigration, their article will convince you that it's not Cuba nor Nicaragua that poses the greatest threat to the United States.



THE CHRISTIANIZING OF AMERICA

When President Reagan was once asked what the difference was between our democratic way of life and Communist totalitarian regimes, he replied, "We believe in God." This answer, writes Georgette Bennett, "is revealing. It makes no reference to the Constitution or to our unique tradition of individual rights; nor does it recognize that our Constitution was designed to protect nonbelievers as well as believers." Bennett, one of America's foremost authorities on crime, explains the dangers of the Religious Right's attempts to use our political system to achieve its own ends in an article adapted from her forthcoming book, *Crimewarps: The Future of Crime in America* (to be published by Anchor Press/Doubleday).



THE HIDDEN POWER OF SPORTS

"For anyone who aspires to success," writes Michael Korda in next month's "Power" column, "knowledge of contact-sports terminology is a major asset." But Korda isn't talking about scoring touchdowns or hitting home runs on the playing field. No—his subject is American business, which, to a huge extent, is dominated by the language of sport. After a woman executive tells him that a project is "as dead as Kelso's nuts," Korda thinks that it may be time for American business to broaden its frame of reference—and provides some alternatives.



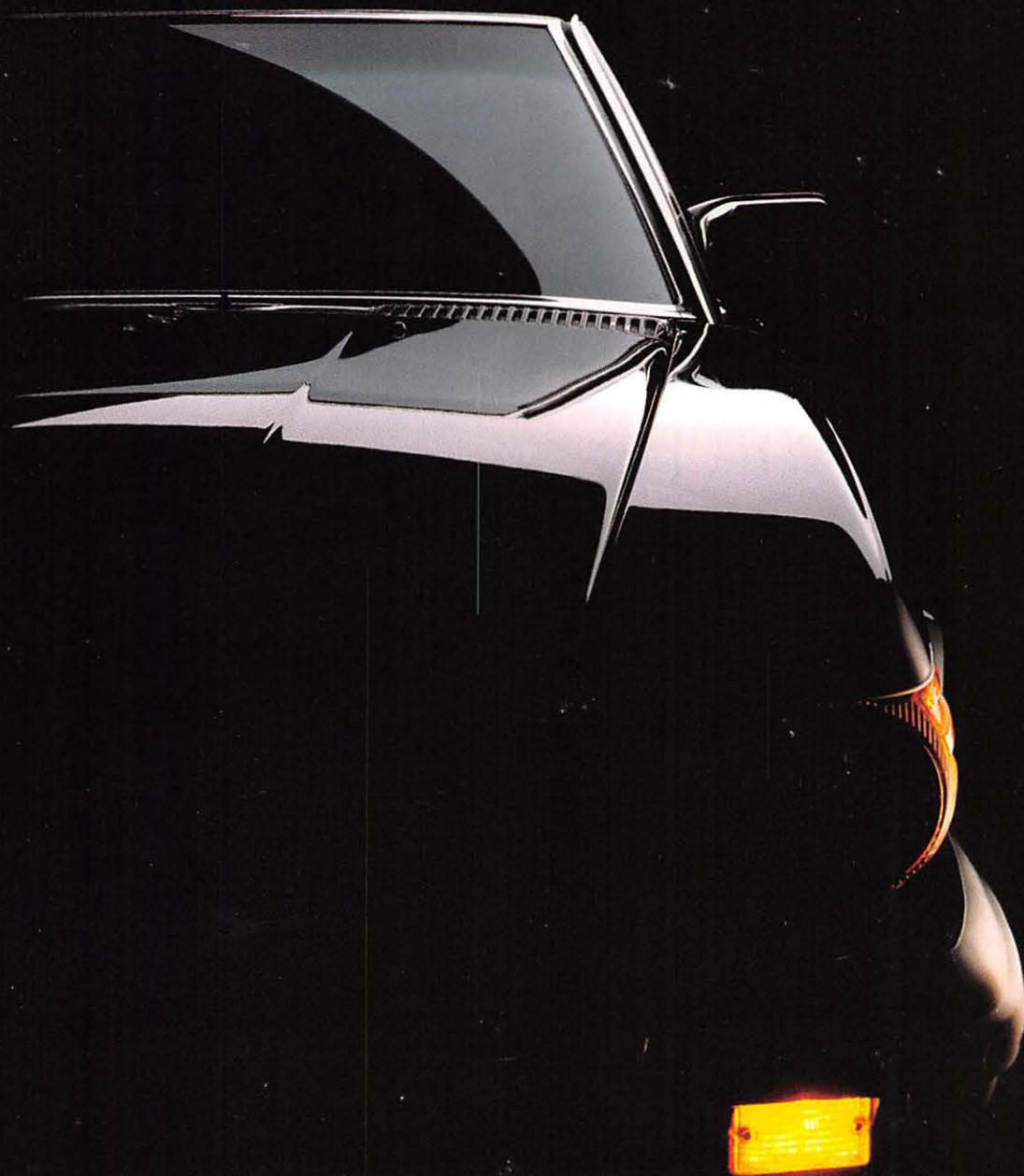
SEX TRIVIA

When Scot Morris tells people that he writes the "Games" column for *Penthouse* magazine, he reported to us recently, the usual reaction is "Oh, you mean games about sex?" And in fact, Scot went on, he recalled columns on limericks, practical jokes, graffiti, and bar bets—but never one devoted entirely to sex. Next month, he rectifies that oversight in five separate quizzes on all aspects of sexuality. "Since you're already reading *Penthouse*," he says, "you presumably know more about the subject than the man on the street." Next month, you'll be able to see for yourself if he's correct.



THE MAGIC OF DARYL HALL

"The danger today with rock is that, as with religions, it can lose its power when its rituals become formalized—and therefore empty of personal spiritual meaning." These are not the thoughts of an ivory-tower philosopher . . . they're the very deep concerns of Daryl Hall, who has put his phenomenally successful partnership with John Oates on hold in order to "outrage myself and break out into a new beginning." In this revealing profile by famed rock journalist Timothy White, Hall explains how his belief in the power of magic and the ancient and mysterious concepts of the occult has enabled him to mold his world and to take his greatest professional strides to date.



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Here's the latest comparative information for smokers who want lower tar & nicotine.

Because times and tastes change, and because of claims and counter-claims, we, the makers of CARLTON, present these few facts to you:

In 1964, CARLTON first recognized the desire of some smokers to know the tar and nicotine content of the cigarettes they were smoking. CARLTON became the first brand to put these figures right on the pack. During the next 20 years CARLTON introduced a whole range of products, including the lowest in tar of all brands, the lowest menthol, and the lowest 120's.

In the last 21 reports issued by the U.S. Government, no cigarette has tested lower than CARLTON. In the latest such report, CARLTON Box King was reported as less than 0.5 mg. tar, 0.05 mg. nicotine.

As you read through this statement, from CARLTON, you will see how CARLTON compares to other low tar products. For example:

And if you're a Merit smoker, it might interest you to know that Merit 100's have 10 mg. tar, 0.7 mg. nic vs CARLTON Box 100's at 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic. And the comparisons continue.

Our point is simply this. If you are interested in the tar content of your cigarette, you should compare the tar content of your cigarette vs CARLTON. If you are interested in the lowest...



**Carlton
100's Box**
1 mg. tar
0.1 mg. nic.



**Merit
100's**
10 mg. tar
0.7 mg. nic.

**LATEST
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no brand lower than Carlton
Box King—less than 0.5
mg. tar 0.05 mg. nic.

**CARLTON
IS LOWEST**

Box King—lowest of all
brands—less than
0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic.





**Carlton
100's Box**
1 mg. tar
0.1 mg. nic.



**Vantage
100's**
9 mg. tar
0.7 mg. nic.

BRANDS	TAR	NIC.
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Carlton King	1 mg.	0.1 mg.
Now 100's	3 mg.	0.3 mg.
Kent III 100's	4 mg.	0.4 mg.
Benson & Hedges Ultra Lights	5 mg.	0.4 mg.
True King Size	5 mg.	0.4 mg.
Merit King Size	8 mg.	0.5 mg.
Camel Lights	8 mg.	0.7 mg.
Kent Golden Lights	9 mg.	0.8 mg.
Vantage Kings	10 mg.	0.7 mg.
Marlboro Lights	10 mg.	0.7 mg.
Marlboro Lights 100's	10 mg.	0.7 mg.
Benson & Hedges 100's	16 mg.	1.0 mg.
Winston Kings	16 mg.	1.1 mg.

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Box and 100's Box Menthol: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack, Menthol and 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; 100's Soft Pack and 100's Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine; 120's: 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '85. Slims: 6 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.