

PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN



MARCH 1987 \$4.00

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ACUPUNCTURE:
NEW DRUG CURE
PLUS:
THE INTERNAL
BODILY FUNCTIONS
OF LIZ TAYLOR
BY RICHARD BURTON

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OF THE
YEAR
RUNNER-UP
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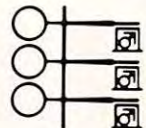
PENTHOUSE®

The International Magazine for Men/March 1987

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Pet of the Year Runner-Up Angela Nicholas was photographed for our cover by Bob Guccione with a Canon T70 camera and Tiffen filters. For information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 146.

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HOUSECALL



ANGELA'S LOSS—OUR GAIN

Once again, our Pet of the Year competition was literally a photo finish. As the world knows, the lovely Mindy Farrar was coronated this annum's Pet of Pets, and her reign is both prosperous and happy. But our readers' sentiments for Runner-Up Angela Nicholas were so strong that we joyfully present her this month in an all-new photo feature—together with her own special gifts to celebrate the occasion. "I'm extremely ambitious," Angela once told us. "I keep setting higher and higher goals for myself." Well, we can't recall any previous Runner-Up who went on to become Pet of the Year, but looking at Angela, we would *never* say never.



THE STING

Last year, 14 men and their companies were indicted in an elaborate "sting" operation for conspiring to ship arms to Iran. To the chagrin of the Justice Department that arrested them, and to the shame of everyone else in America, it turned out that these "criminals" had quite a lot in common with the President of the United States. In "The \$2.6 Billion Question," Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter William Sherman takes us deep into the murky world of international arms dealing. Based on lengthy interviews with several of the men involved, as well as an in-depth examination of court



documents, Sherman's article is a shocking and enigmatic trip through the looking glass of big-power foreign policy, in which black usually means white and where doing sensitive business deals with one's mortal enemies is taken for granted.

THE MAGIC OF DARYL HALL

"If you can get in touch with those parts of the brain—the 90 percent human beings never use—you can perceive, function, and really flourish on different levels of reality. You can establish a connection between your internal power and that of the living world surrounding you—a lock that triggers a remarkable flow." Those are not the thoughts of some metaphysical philosopher—they're the inner beliefs of rock star Daryl Hall. For years, with his partner John Oates, he sold millions of records. Now, on his own, he seems to be equally successful—and he attributes

no small part of his success to an unwavering belief in magic—the primary spiritual instrument of existence that predates paganism. This compelling profile was written for us by Contributing Editor Timothy White, who is himself no stranger to success. White's best-selling book *Catch a Fire*, the stirring biography of Bob Marley that we excerpted in these pages some time ago, has just been revised, updated, and published in paperback by Henry Holt and Co.

AND SO MUCH MORE . . .

So much, indeed, that we can only touch on some of the highlights of this particularly resplendent issue. You won't want to miss, for example, our exclusive photo-reportage on how doctors are beginning to use acupuncture to treat drug addicts . . . or Bill Dobbins's dramatic pictures of pocketbike racing, a brand-new, albeit diminutive, sport imported from the land of miniaturization, Japan. . . . Then crime expert Georgette Bennett describes "The Christianizing of America," showing how New Right zealots continue to abuse our democratic system to further their anticonstitutional agendas. . . . Games Editor Scot Morris weighs in with no less than five quizzes on the subject of sex (guaranteed to be the most amusing and informative tests you've taken in a long time!) . . . and naturally, our beauteous bevy of March Pets pass all *their* tests with flying colors—another guarantee we're happy to put in writing, this month and every month! O—

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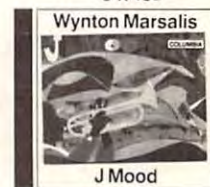


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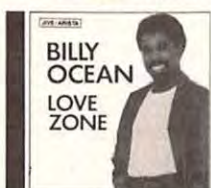
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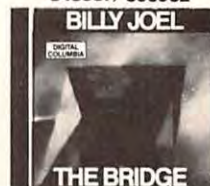
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343327. Wynton Marsalis—Jolivet/Tomas: Trumpet Concertos. Philharmonia Orchestra. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
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CE7/C2

CE8/C3

“I had never had sex with a woman before, but what she was doing to me was incredible! She was driving me into a frenzy, which I took out on her husband.”

PENTHOUSE FORUM

BE MY BABY-SITTER

I'm a 19-year-old blue-eyed blonde with a body, according to my boyfriend, that just won't quit. About a month ago, I was asked to baby-sit for the Gibsons, an attractive young couple in their early thirties. Their little girl is two, with the same green eyes and reddish-blond hair as her mother. I put the baby to bed shortly after the Gibsons left, and read her stories until she fell asleep. My duty taken care of, I went downstairs to the rec room to relax and watch a movie on the VCR.

While going through the movie collection, I noticed a variety of adult movies. I'd never seen an X-rated feature before, so I figured what the hell, and put one into the machine. After the second sex scene, two girls ravishing a well-hung stud, I was so hot that I couldn't keep my hand away from my clit. I had my fingers down the front of my jeans and friggid myself while I shoved two fingers in and out of my drenched pussy. I couldn't believe people had such wild sex, and the cocksucking scenes were too much. I came three times before the movie was anywhere near finished.

I was still hot to trot, so I slipped another movie into the VCR. I pulled my jeans and panties down to my ankles and started to run my finger along the inside of my pussy lips while I worked my thumb against my hot clit. I was so involved in my solitary satisfaction that I didn't notice the Gibsons walk in, catching me with my hands on my snatch. Mr. Gibson knelt down between my legs, and as I reached down to pull my

panties back up, he put his hand on top of mine to stop me. I asked him what he was going to do, but before I'd finished speaking he had his face buried in my crotch and was giving me the best tongue-lashing I'd ever had. His tongue felt amazing as he drove it back and forth against my swollen clit. His wife had walked over beside me, had my arms over my head, and was removing my top, exposing my boobs. Then she got down beside her husband and pulled off my jeans and underwear. Mr. Gibson never missed a beat as his wife undressed me. I was completely naked in front of them, but I didn't care because Mr. Gibson's talented tongue was driving me up the wall. I started humping his face as he brought me closer and closer to an earth-shattering, mind-boggling orgasm.

Mrs. Gibson moved a chair closer to us so she could watch. She had taken all her clothes off, and was pulling on and rubbing her pussy, a totally lustful look on her

face. It turned me on to watch her, and soon I exploded all over Mr. Gibson's face.

Mr. Gibson stood up and pulled his pants down around his knees. His cock was pointing straight out toward my face. It had to be at least ten inches long and three inches wide, with a big purple head. He coaxed me into putting it into my mouth, which was unnecessary because I was ready, willing, and able to devour it. I took the mushroom-shaped top between my lips and began to run my tongue all over it. I wrapped my hands around the base of his prick and pumped him quickly. I sucked on him with all my might, taking in as much as I could before pulling it back out.

I peeked out of the corner of my eye to see what Mrs. Gibson was up to. She was not in the chair, and I could not immediately see her, but I found out where she was soon enough when I felt a soft kiss between my thighs. She had climbed in between her husband's legs and started in on my slit. I had

never had sex with a woman before, but what she was doing to me was so incredible! She was driving me into a frenzy, which I took out on her husband's dick, sucking it harder and faster. I gagged several times, but I didn't care, for I was so taken up with what I was doing and what was being done to me.

I greedily relished this big cock for about 15 minutes. Mr. Gibson's breathing quickened and his prick swelled. He moaned "I'm coming," and pumped what seemed like an ocean of hot sperm into my mouth. I swallowed as much as I could, but some dripped out of my mouth and onto my boobs. He fell back onto a chair and watched as Mrs. Gibson continued to hungrily eat me out. I tried to hold back, but couldn't, and my juices ran like a river as I came into her mouth. She licked me clean, smiled at me, and told me I had the most gorgeous pussy she'd ever sucked. Mrs. Gibson began to lick her way up my body, stopping to pay close attention to my come-stained tits. She softly bit at my nipples until they were hard, before reaching my face and letting me kiss my own pussy juice off her lips.

Mr. Gibson approached us again, obviously wanting more, his prick stiff as a board and standing at attention. He led us to the center of the room and told me to get



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, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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.

There are, however, complications.

The list of sexually transmitted diseases is long.

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And on the list are some diseases that are

very difficult to cure. Even impossible.

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Which is good.

Because it would be tragic if men and women start to feel they're a threat to each other.

Instead of the pleasure they really are.



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For all the right reasons.

down on my hands and knees. Now, the doggie position just happens to be my favorite, so I was on the rug in a matter of seconds. I really wanted his dick inside me. Mrs. Gibson climbed underneath me so that her pussy was just below my face while Mr. Gibson got behind me, poised for entry. I could feel Mrs. Gibson's hand guiding his dick inside me. He pushed it in slowly, teasing me until I couldn't stand it any longer. I fell back on his pole, burying it between my cunt lips. He began his rhythm, quickening a little with each stroke, hitting down a little harder each time.

Mrs. Gibson's pussy was so close to my face that I couldn't help but sink my tongue into her as she watched us screw. I ran it all over her pussy, lapping at her clit, making her hump my face in excitement. She tasted so good, and I was being fucked so well, that I never wanted it to stop. Mr. Gibson drove his dick into me so hard and so fast that I didn't know how much I could take before I exploded again. I could hear his body as it slapped down against me, and my cunt tightened around his love muscle. I tasted Mrs. Gibson's orgasm all over my face as I shuddered and came for what seemed like hours. Mr. Gibson let go into my cunt, filling me with a gusher of his come. We collapsed on the floor and kissed and caressed each other for several minutes.

After we had caught our breath, Mrs.

Gibson started working on my pussy again, licking up all the come her husband had shot into me. I climbed on top of her and we got into a sixty-nine position, devouring each other's cunt with crazed passion. I loved sucking her off, and it didn't take long for both of us to come. Mr. Gibson stood over us and jerked off, all the while egging us on with encouraging words. He shot his load all over my back and behind. Mrs. Gibson licked that off of me, too.

That was a month ago, and since then I baby-sit for the Gibson's three or four times a week. Usually they don't go out; they'd prefer to stay in and have sex with me. My boyfriend is getting a little suspicious of the time I spend over there, so I think I'm going to invite him over soon to join in our games. I will definitely write another letter to let you know what, if anything, happens then!—*Name and address withheld*

ALL THE RIGHT MOVES

I am a black janitor at an all-white exclusive school for girls in St. Louis. Seeing all the beautiful young ladies each day causes me to spend most of my working hours with a raging hard-on, but unfortunately I can't do anything about it. That is, not until the girl's gym coach paid a visit to my janitorial office.

Nadia is five foot two, a svelte ex-gymnast who has caught my eye many a time

with her skintight gym outfits. Little did I know she had admired my huge biceps as much as I had admired her fine ass. One afternoon she walked by my door and peeped in. I said hello and she answered me with a large grin, stepping inside my office. After a few minutes of idle conversation, Nadia closed the door and locked it behind her. At this point I realized that something was up, and it was more than my 12-inch erect penis.

Before I knew it, Nadia was unzipping my pants and lapping at my dong. Taken aback by this sudden display of affection, I could think of nothing to do but lean back and enjoy the warmth of her mouth. Before I shot my wad in her throat, I backed off and pulled off her clothes. As soon as I had done that, I spun her around into a sixty-nine position. I held her as she once again pumped my cock with her mouth. I returned the favor by putting my tongue to work, licking the flowing juices from her beautiful blond pussy.

We continued sucking and licking until I came in her mouth in a tremendous shot. Begging for more, Nadia pulled me close to her and pleaded with me to fuck her. I readily obliged and placed her on top of me, shoving my rod into her tight slit. Screaming for all of me, she twisted her body in such a way that my slab of meat was so far inside of her I thought I was going to come again.

Before I could come, Nadia hopped off my dick and asked me to lie on my back, my cock pointing straight up like a flagpole. The next thing I knew she was pulling herself up by the overhead pipes lining the ceiling of my office and positioning herself for a pinpoint landing. Suddenly she let go, and with a perfectly planned drop impaled herself on my straining cock. Nadia rode me like she was hanging on to a bucking bronco. I could not contain myself any longer, and as she reached a screaming orgasm my come filled her pussy, cooling it down like a fire hose on a burning bush.

Although Nadia never speaks to me in front of the girls, she has come back to pay several visits to my little office, showing me a new gymnastic trick each time. I hope to know her entire gymnastic repertoire by the time this term is over.—*Name and address withheld*

LIVING DOLL

I am an inventor and I'd like to tell you about a new toy that I created several months ago. The toy happens to be a lifelike replica of a human female! I call my toy Allison, and she stands five foot six, weighs 120 pounds, and is absolutely beautiful. I first came up with the idea of making a "love robot" about two years ago, when I saw an ad for one of those inflatable dolls. I didn't think they would be very sturdy, and they certainly didn't look very realistic to me. I figured with my talents, it would be a piece of cake to create something better than that.

Since I'm single and not involved with



"For a minute there I thought
someone had driven a stake through your heart."

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To claim your prize, complete the card and mail it in. If you win a helmet or apparel, don't forget to mark the correct size.

Remember, you've got four chances to win. So keep this card and take it to your Kawasaki dealer every month during the Bash. Hopefully, he's got your number.

Your number is **02361**

Prize Redemption Information:

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City, State, Zip

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Size

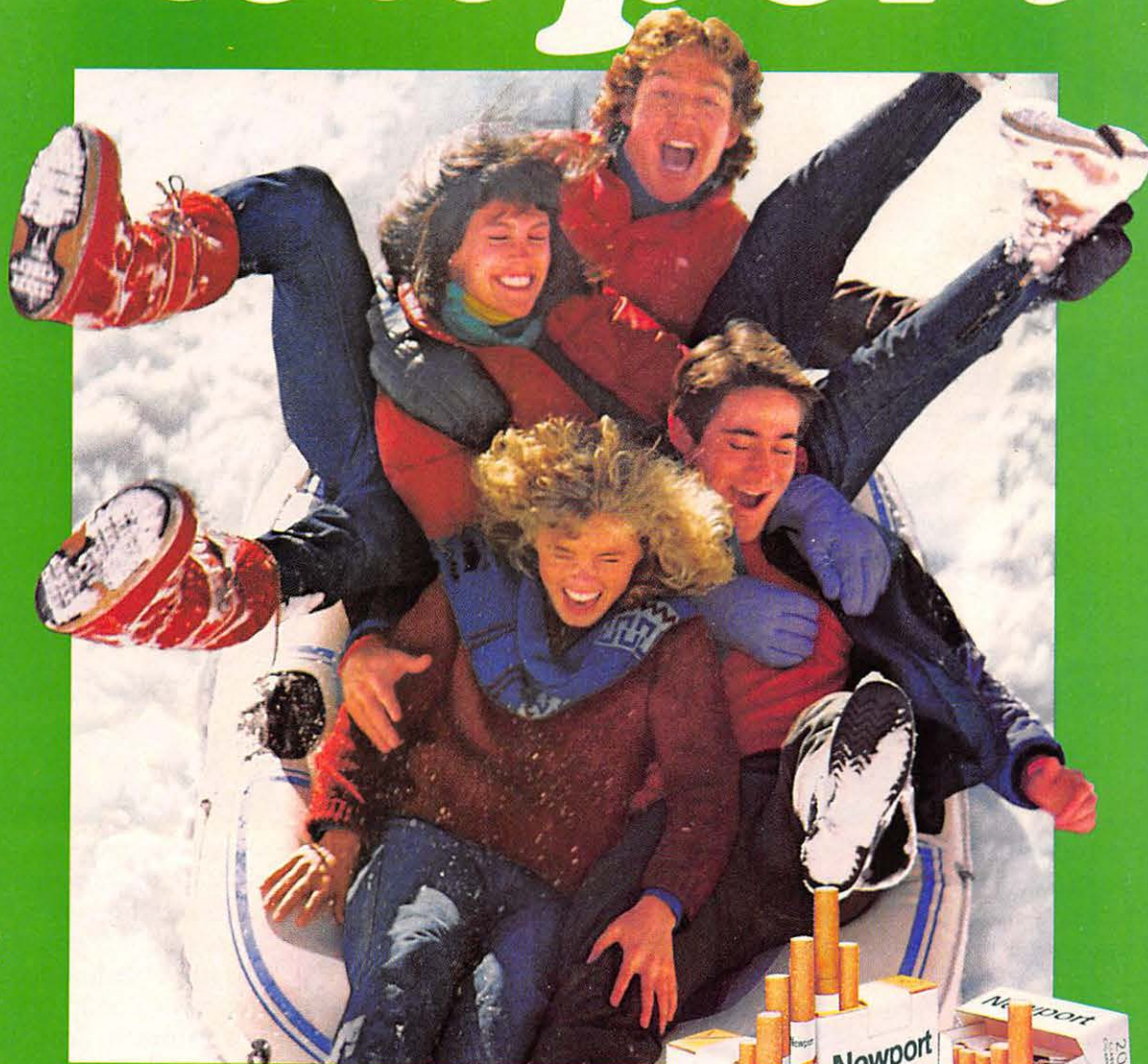
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M (36 through 48) F (32 through 42)
Helmet (6 ¾ through 7 ¾) Gloves or
T-Shirt—S,M,L,XL

Official Rules

1. **NO PURCHASE NECESSARY:** Game cards are available in the March, 1987 issues of the following magazines: American Motorcyclist, Army Times Military Group, Car Craft, Car and Driver, Cycle, Cycle Guide, Cycle World, Hot Rod, Motorcyclist, Penthouse, Popular Hot Rodding, Rider, Rolling Stone, Road and Track. You may also obtain a game card by mailing a self-addressed stamped envelope (Washington State and Vermont residents need not include stamp) to "Kawasaki Bash, Match 'n Win," P.O. Box 19613, Irvine, CA 92713. All requests must be received by May 15, 1987. Limit one game card per stamped request.
2. **TO PLAY:** Take your official game card to any participating Kawasaki dealer and compare your number to the winning numbers listed on the Bash Match 'n Win Display. Should the 5 digit number match, you win the corresponding prize. Winning numbers change monthly and may match any official game card, regardless of when you receive it.
3. **PRIZES (4) GRAND PRIZE** winners will receive either *choice A*, trip for two to the Universal Studios Tour[®] and four days/three nights at the Universal Sheraton, Universal City, California. Trip based on one room/double occupancy, certain date restrictions apply, meals not included. Coach air transportation will be provided from the winner's closest major airport in the Continental U.S. Trip must be taken by June 30, 1988. Prize valued at approximately \$2,475.00 each. Or *choice B*, a Kawasaki Ninja 750 valued at \$4,799.00. Other prizes include: (100) Kawasaki by Hein Gericke Summer II jackets valued at \$205.95, (50) Bell Aero Star Helmets valued at \$149.95, (150) Cordura[®] expandable tote bags valued at \$37.95, (250) Vented leather sport gloves valued at \$25.95, (500) Eddie Bauer[®] Backpacks valued at \$25.00, (2000) Kawasaki aviator style sunglasses valued at \$11.95, (500) Assorted Kawasaki T-shirts valued at \$9.00.
Total value of all available prizes is \$110,368.50.
4. **PRIZE REDEMPTION:** To redeem your prize, print your name, address, zip code and phone number, along with your signature, the prize won and size (if applicable), on the winning card. Send the card via certified mail to "Kawasaki Bash Prize Winner," P.O. Box 19738, Irvine, CA 92713. All prize claims must be postmarked by June 30, 1987. Claims postmarked after this date shall be null and void and ineligible for game prizes. Any prizes unclaimed after this date will never be awarded. No prize substitutions, exchanges or cash alternatives are offered. Grand prizes are non-transferable. All prizes will be delivered by August 31, 1987 with the exception of the grand prize. Game cards become the property of the sponsor.
5. **VERIFICATION:** All game cards are subject to verification and void if any part is reproduced, counterfeited, torn or altered in any way. No responsibility is assumed for printing errors. Multi-Marketing, Inc., an independent judging agency will verify the cards and render final decision.
6. **ELIGIBILITY:** Participation is open to Continental U.S. residents, 18 years of age or older. Employees and families of Kawasaki Motors Corp., U.S.A., its affiliates, advertising and promotion agencies are not eligible.
7. **CONDITIONS OF PARTICIPATION:** Submission of the game cards is the responsibility of the participant who is solely responsible for lost, late or misdirected mail. Major prize winners may be required to execute an eligibility, publicity, and liability release. These documents will be sent via certified mail and must be returned within fifteen (15) days of notification or prizes will be forfeited. Promotion is void where prohibited: all federal, state and local laws apply. All taxes and licenses are the responsibility of the winner.
8. **GAME SCHEDULE:** The Kawasaki Bash Match 'n Win game will end May 31, 1987 or when the game card supply is exhausted, whichever is first. A list of major prize winners may be obtained by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to "Kawasaki Bash Winners List," P.O. Box 19738, Irvine, CA 92713 by October 1, 1987.
9. **ODDS:** Odds of obtaining a specific prize are based upon the odds of obtaining a winning game card among all cards available.

<u>Prize</u>	<u>Quantity</u>	<u>Odds</u>
Grand Prize	4	1 in 3,125,000
Kawasaki by Hein Gericke Summer II jackets	100	1 in 125,000
Bell Aero Star Helmet	50	1 in 250,000
Cordura [®] Expandable Tote Bag	150	1 in 83,333
Vented Leather Sport Gloves	250	1 in 50,000
Eddie Bauer [®] Backpack	500	1 in 25,000
Kawasaki Aviator-Style Sunglasses	2,000	1 in 6,250
Kawasaki Assorted T-Shirts	500	1 in 25,000
TOTAL	3,554	1 in 3,517

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MARCH

anyone right now, I became obsessed with the task of creating the "perfect woman." I fabricated and assembled the frames out of lightweight aluminum, with intricate hinged joints. The most difficult, and most important, part was creating a lifelike vagina. I hired a prostitute, and though she thought I was a little strange, she allowed me to take a lot of measurements and photographs that really helped me in my research.

I was able to purchase one of those new latex materials with the feel and look of human skin at a considerable cost. It took me about a month of experimentation to adhere it to the frame in a proper fashion. The head was crucial, but I managed to get a makeup artist to make me a realistic-looking mask of a well-known fashion model. Next, I paid a premium price for a real human-hair wig. It took me about a year to complete Allison, and I spent close to \$6,000 on her.

When I was finished, we celebrated, Allison and I. That night, I placed her on top of my bed. She had a hairless pussy, and even I was surprised at how realistic it looked. I spread her legs and lubed her with Vaseline, then entered her. She has a built-in warmer around her vagina, and with the lubrication it felt exactly like the real thing. She's also wired with a tape recorder that makes her moan softly as I make love to her. I came inside her and embraced her closely, and a few minutes later I was ready and pounding into her again. I came inside of her three times during the next hour and a half.

I now have sex with Allison at least five times a week, and she never complains. She's always ready, and I never have to blow money on her or bullshit to her. She's always ready to perform at the push of a button, and I can honestly say that she's the next best thing to the real thing. Now I'm working on her sister, Amy. I learned a lot from making Allison, and I think Amy will easily surpass her.

In fact, I have a friend who is interested in buying Allison, but I refuse to sell her until Amy is completed. He says there is a lot of potential for my robot dolls, and thinks that with my breakthrough, sex has finally entered the Space Age. I'm just hoping that no one comes up with a law banning sex between a guy and a female robot!—Name and address withheld

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

I'm 29 years old and married. For the past several months I've been having an extramarital affair. It's a relationship I really didn't seek out because I had considered my sex life with my husband to be satisfactory—until I met Mickey, that is. Now sex is more fulfilling than I ever thought possible.

Mickey and I work for the same company. For a long time we were no more than acquaintances. About five months ago, I made a dramatic change in my appearance. I changed my hair from a natural dull brown to light blond. I was

very satisfied with the results and pleased by the many compliments I received. But no compliments were more flattering than those from Mickey, who began showing an increased interest in me.

I enjoyed Mickey's attentions and our conversations. We discovered a mutual interest in tennis and soon scheduled a match together one evening after work. As it turned out, our skills at tennis were comparable, and we had an exhausting but very enjoyable match. Afterward, we went to Mickey's apartment to relax and have a drink.

I had been intrigued by Mickey and more than a little curious as to what might happen when we were alone. Although my thoughts were erotic, I wasn't sure how I would react should they actually come true. Now that they were about to, I felt apprehensive and uncertain that I wanted this to happen. You see, Mickey is short for Michelle. She's 34 years old and has a natural beauty that is never hidden by a lot of makeup. Her auburn hair is cut short but stylishly. Mickey has beautiful green eyes and a slim, shapely body.

She realized I was nervous. Mickey took my hand, kissed the palm, and placed it on her cheek. "Relax, Sharon," she said, "I only want to please you." She leaned forward and gently kissed my lips. When she leaned back, she stared deeply into my eyes as if looking for my reaction. I was stunned. Then, reaching out with both hands, she ran her fingers through my hair and pulled my head forward toward her waiting lips. This time her kiss was more aggressive. Unconsciously, my lips parted, allowing her tongue to enter my mouth. Hers was the most sensual kiss I had ever experienced.

Each kiss became more passionate. Our tongues danced in and out of each other's mouth. Mickey skillfully removed my blouse and bra. I don't remember my nipples ever being so hard and erect. She kissed my breasts, tenderly sucking each nipple. Her hand moved gracefully down my body and beneath my shorts to caress the hair above my aching pussy. I thought I would come at the touch of her finger as it gently entered my cunt.

Mickey kissed me again as she began massaging my clit. Within seconds I was trembling from the orgasm she had so successfully brought me to. We kissed again as she repeated her activity until I reached another climax that rivaled the first.

Mickey kissed me and said she'd be back in a few minutes. She returned shortly after taking a quick shower and changing into a black lace teddy. She handed me a short satin nightgown and told me to go freshen up. While in the shower, I reflected on what had happened and tried to get a grip on my disoriented emotions. I didn't deceive myself; I truly enjoyed what had happened so far and was looking forward to what was about to occur.

Mickey greeted me at the bedroom

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6. The Germans were led by monsters who preyed on the same fears and prejudices that Falwell and Meese are now exploiting. 9

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

BORN-AGAIN HIT LIST

Now that the Religious Right has swept the demon of pornography from the shelves of the nation's convenience stores, what new targets could be on their agenda? The following brief list may be next on their "hit parade." This list is drawn from both print and broadcast media, as the incipient evil of pornography is everywhere:

1. "M*A*S*H": Never mind the antiwar message—Hawkeye, Frank, and Hot Lips are always horny. Klinger's a transvestite, and Trapper is an adulterer. Certainly this corruption of the nation's rerun airways must be crushed!

2. The Sears Catalog: The lingerie section is a veritable plethora of porn. With this type of trash lying around the house, crazed adolescents may look at the girdles and then order chain saws with catastrophic results.

3. *Camelot*: Never mind the notions of chivalry and equality. This war was fought over adultery. Good for the economy—bad for the morals.

4. The Maytag Repairman: Anyone that lonely must masturbate. There is no place for a man like that in decent American society.

5. The "Old-Time Gospel Hour": What are those women in the choir hiding under their robes? Why can't you see their hands?

6. The Bible: There is so much adultery, fornication, and other perversions in the Bible that it, too, must be done away with!

My list may be humorous to some. However, the zealots that are now picketing convenience stores and corporate headquarters are the same



people who would gleefully throw away a nation's literary culture into the same type of bonfires that Hitler's brown-shirts did. The German people were led to these ends by monsters who preyed on the same type of fears and prejudices that Jerry Falwell, Ed Meese, and Donald Wildmon are exploiting. God help us all if the New Right juggernaut continues to roll unchecked.—*Marshall Bryant, Oklahoma City, Okla.*

RIGHT TO FREEDOM

I really enjoy your "Feedback" column in *Penthouse*. I share the same feelings as those people who wrote in to your column in the November 1986 issue. I am outraged about the recent banning of your magazine and others from particular stores around this country. You don't see magazines such as *Soldier of Fortune*, and those that cater to violence, taken off the shelves. I don't believe in or support any magazines that emphasize war and violence, but I would not take such a drastic measure and support an ideal that prohibits

freedom of choice.

George Orwell has my deepest respect as a man who did truly foresee the future for what could become a hellish nightmare, one in which we could see book burnings, destruction of our modern vocabulary, and even a big regression back to the days of the witch hunts. Something as discriminative as blaming the gay population for infesting this country with AIDS is a total lack of real intelligence and humanity. If the so-called Moral Majority has its way, this country will be turned into a concentration camp worse than what occurred long ago in Nazi Germany.

To give up the right to freedom is a sin in itself. If we as human beings allow these self-righteous religious fanatics to take away our rights, we are then just as crazy as they are.—*Maria Pinto, New Monterey, Calif.*

When did a multibillion-dollar corporation become so gullible and self-righteous as to take part in censorship? For over 20 years I have

stopped by the local 7-Eleven for an occasional convenience need. Because of this action, I now stop at the corner deli store, run by a nice Vietnamese family, for my "spur of the moment" needs. They still carry your magazine on the shelves. I guess they know firsthand a thing or two about censorship and how dangerous it is.

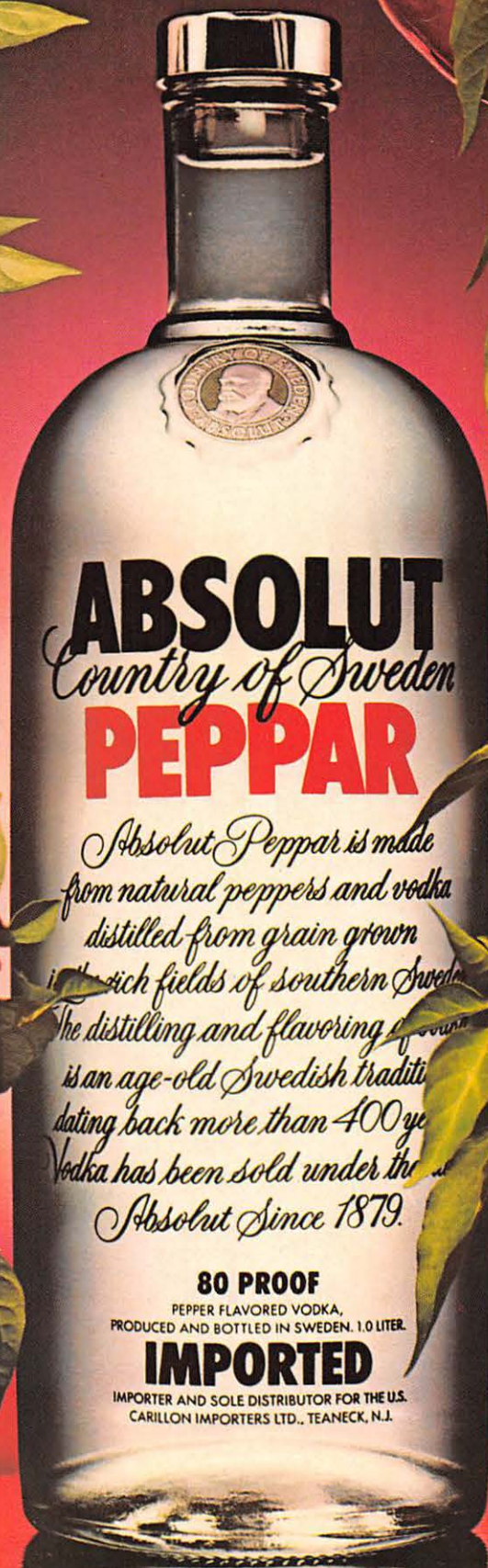
I find this censorship totally ridiculous. Please, *Penthouse*, stand up for what's right! Just be assured that there are quite a few respectable individuals who no longer stop at stores that believe in censorship.—*B. Roehr, Bellevue, Wash.*

PLEASANT SURPRISE

I'm surprised that the cover price of your November 1986 issue was only four dollars. I would have gladly paid double for all the entertainment it contained.

I always read Emily Prager first. She is such a gifted writer! James Adams's "Banking on Terror" and Gordon Raley's exposé on "cartoonology" were both eye-opening. *Penthouse* offers such diverse means of entertainment that it is always a pleasure to purchase it every month. In my opinion, *Penthouse* is such a liberated magazine (despite what some people say) in that it celebrates human sexuality and does not exploit it.—*E. B., Naples, Fla.*

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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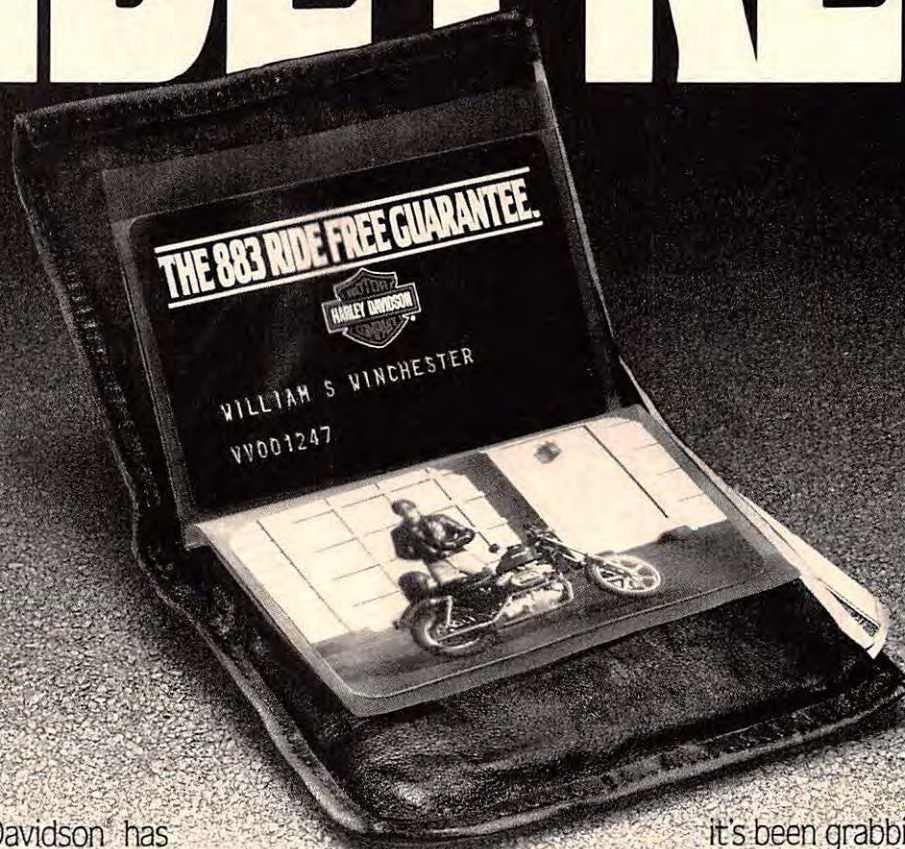
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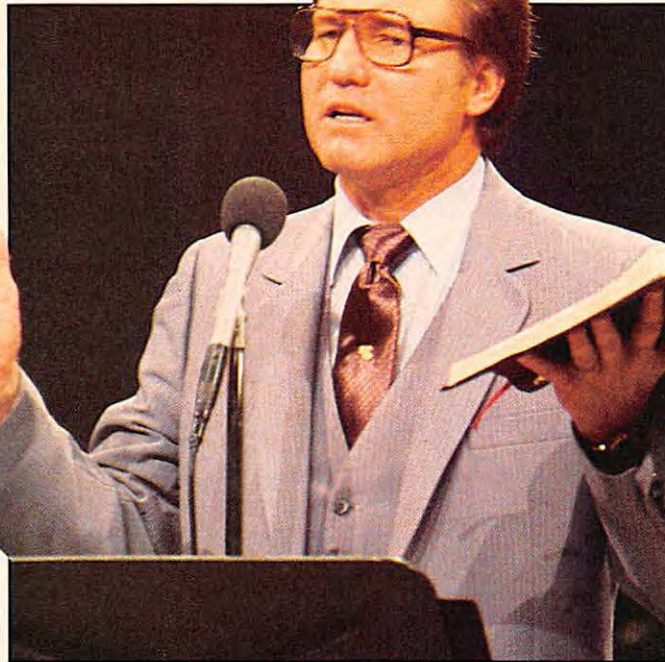
CONFIDENTIAL

BY SHARON CHURCHER

THE LORD'S LOOPHOLE

Readers of *The Evangelist*, a magazine that styles itself "the voice" of Jimmy Swaggart's \$150-million-a-year pulpit, were treated last October to a rousing explanation of why the cleric is endorsing Pat Robertson for president: "Should the Lord help [elect Swaggart's fellow prophet], he would do a better job than anyone we are familiar with. We are going to support him prayerfully and put forth every effort we can muster in his behalf," Swaggart pledged. Predictably, the testimonial has been decried by some critics as a blatant violation of an I.R.S. taboo on political activity by tax-exempt organizations like the Jimmy Swaggart Ministries and Robertson's \$230-million-a-year Christian Broadcasting Network. As it turns out, however, Swaggart may be in the clear: Some I.R.S. officials believe that if they slap him on the wrist, his lawyers will slap back and succeed in proving that there is a gaping loophole in federal tax and campaign-financing laws.

The confusion stems from a section of the I.R.S. code that bans tax-exempt religious corporations from "participating in, or intervening in, any political campaign on behalf of any candidate for public office." Until now, the section has been taken pretty much at face value. There have been press reports, for instance, about an I.R.S. audit of the Freedom Council, a now-defunct tax-exempt group partially funded by Robertson's CBN. The council



mobilized candidates to run for precinct delegates in an early Michigan primary, and that could jeopardize CBN's own tax exemption, it has been said.

The I.R.S. hadn't issued its ruling when we went to press, but discussions with tax officials and other experts suggest that it's nowhere near that straightforward. For one thing, the council and CBN could argue that the mobilization constituted "voter education," an activity permitted to tax-exempt groups, many of which, on the left and the right, have gotten away with politicking by citing this defense in the past. For that matter, they have gotten away with many other questionable maneuvers with their assets. Particularly when they are religious organizations, there is an informal understanding that Washington has to give the go-ahead before local tax inspectors can investigate, and "Washington doesn't like to interfere with the practice

of what purports to be religion," sighed an I.R.S. source.

Then, consider another fact that the Lord already may have brought to the attention of the Reverend Jimmy Swaggart. The letter of the law makes it taboo only for his ministries to labor for a "candidate." As the Federal Election Commission defines it, Robertson won't be a candidate until he has raised or spent more than \$5,000 in a year on an actual race. That's distinct from his current status of "exploring" the possibility of a campaign.

"Pat Robertson is not a candidate under any law that I know of," observed Curt Herge, a Washington lawyer who specializes in work for tax-exempt organizations. "This is a very complicated issue." And one that wasn't envisaged when the tax code was drafted, because this is the first time that a wealthy tax-exempt group has eyed the White House, advised an I.R.S. official.

"Until Robertson is officially filed with the F.E.C. as a candidate, you can see where there could be a loophole in the law," the official said. The loophole could afford Robertson a vast advantage over his rivals, he warned: A taxpayer is permitted a mere \$50 annual deduction for political contributions, but can write off an unlimited amount for outlays to a tax-exempt cause like CBN.

A Swaggart spokeswoman initially agreed to ask her organization's officials for their reading of the law, but kept putting down the phone when we called back for her reply.

David West, an aide to Robertson, argued that Swaggart's endorsement had nothing to do with the I.R.S. "Being a First Amendment purist, I would say that Jimmy Swaggart as an individual has every right to do an endorsement in his magazine," explained West.

West did promise, however, that even if the law does contain a loophole, "Our viewpoint is that CBN should not be involved in [Robertson's race] in any respect. There's great concern here both for the letter and the spirit of the law." Therefore, CBN won't reproduce Swaggart's endorsement in its mailings.

On the other hand, if Jimmy Swaggart should happen to interpret the law and its spirit differently, "We will be happy for whatever support he feels it appropriate to give," West said.

In this confusing, if not to say tempting, situation, "It would be helpful," he admitted, "to have the law clarified."



CONFIDENTIAL

TROUND EFFECTS

The U.S. Naval Weapons Center is experimenting with a formidable gizmo developed by a 75-year-old inventor, David Dardick, that may be the answer to another septuagenarian's dream. The Tround gun, as the brainchild of the former Howard Hughes armaments engineer is called, is being touted as a practical alternative to the X-ray lasers and other futuristic technologies that Ronald Reagan has been desperately seeking for his "Star Wars" program.

The Navy says it is interested in mounting the gun on its F/A-18 fighter planes, but concedes in an official publication that Dardick's firm, Tround International, is proudly circulating that "test

personnel see many possible applications for the Tround." Primary among these, urges High Frontier, the right-wing think tank that first proposed Star Wars, is adapting the gadget to zap enemy missiles.

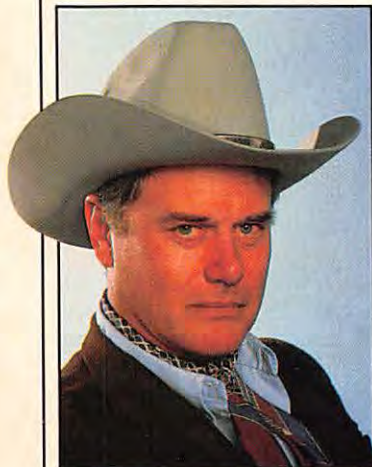
Using lightweight plastic cartridge cases with a triangular cross section—hence "trounds" instead of conventional rounds—the Navy's Tround gun looses off 1,200 shots a minute. This very high firing rate depends on the gun's unique loading system, which does away with the traditional breech mechanism and could be increased to 50,000 trounds per second in a satellite-mounted, 720-barrel version. With each round holding up to 50 pellets, Dardick says the resulting bullet cloud would measure several hundred

feet in diameter and prove lethal to anything in its path.

"This is a very mature technology and we understand that the Pentagon is looking very seriously at it for a near-term deployment system," confides a spokeswoman for High Frontier, which is headed by former Defense Intelligence Agency boss Lieutenant General Daniel Graham.

The maturity of the Tround gun isn't in doubt, though of course not everybody believes in the strategic wisdom of such an antiballistic-missile shield. Dardick has been fighting since the late 1940s for recognition. With his effort ostracized by the military establishment until last year, he modified the gun for use in oil drilling and iron mining and even

advocated its efficiency in digging sewers. When we met him during this bleak period, he produced a miniature piece of Tround weaponry and shot it off. It emitted a two-foot-long flame. "This version would drive nails into concrete," he said. He is phlegmatic about the four decades it took to gain the Navy contract: "You know," he says, "in the ordinance industry, all radical techniques take several generations to come about because the military establishment is extremely . . ." Conservative? Dardick, whose minority stockholders in the publicly traded Tround International include Paul Dano, an associate of many prominent Reaganites, balks at that word. "Extremely *careful*," he says diplomatically.



NEW MIDEAST WAR: "DALLAS" VS. "DYNASTY"

Though mutual antipathy to the P.L.O. has forced Israel and Jordan into a de facto peace on the military front, the two nations are now waging a war for millions of susceptible hearts and minds. Consequently, they're involved in such tactical intricacies as weighing the sex appeal



of J. R. versus Alexis.

With Israel TV's signal reaching Jordan, and Jordan TV coming into many Israeli homes, the odds initially seemed to be on the Hashemite kingdom: "Israel and Jordan TV were both running 'Dallas,'" a Jerusalem political observer explains, "but Israel was carrying episodes that were at least a season old [subtitled in Hebrew and Arabic], and Jordan had

the latest season." So? "Israel dropped 'Dallas' and it just put on 'Dynasty,'" he says.

That's Sunday prime time. Israeli TV official Daphne Nahmias denies that there is "any challenge" intended to Jordan—"we took off 'Dallas' because people were fed up with it here"—but things are surely heating up.

"On the whole, Israel is more risqué. They'll show a long, lingering kiss. I've heard complaints from the Arabs about our immorality," the observer says, adding that Jordan TV has provocative seconds of a different sort. Israeli viewers can tune in to a nightly English-language newscast from Amman (Israel TV only does news in Hebrew) anchored by a glamorous woman with an American accent. Her bulletins of late have been expanded to include weather for the Israeli-occupied West Bank (cutely referred to as the "Western Heights") and Gaza Strip.

FRANK SINATRA'S BRUSH-OFF

You thought Frank Sinatra was worrying about that scurrilous Kitty Kelley biography? Nope. His way is to focus on those little nuisances that can play havoc with a fella's public image. Like telltale dandruff on his tuxedo? Well, whatever the problem, Ol' Blue Eyes has turned to shopping mail order for lint brushes from Lillian Vernon, the New York-area firm favored by so many Middle Americans. "He had them ship him two brushes, monogrammed, one with his initials, one with his wife's," says one of our Hollywood spies. Oh yes. Marlo Thomas's bath-time secret: Mrs. Phil Donahue had Lillian Vernon send her a duck soap dish and a set of floating duck candles.

PRESIDENT TRUMP?

Around the time that Irangate intruded on George Bush's presidential reveries, tycoon Donald Trump was basking on *Fortune* magazine's cover—"America's best-known developer"—and supposedly mulling over his most high-profile plan since he began

bestowing his name on buildings (Trump Tower, Trump Castle) and attiring his doormen in the royal uniforms of the Queen of England's palace guard.

"Donald has offered the Republican party \$7 million," a friend of the 40-year-old

New Yorker murmured to another developer. "He's telling people he wants to be governor of New York and president of the United States. He believes he could negotiate an arms agreement with the Russians."

"I don't want to talk about it," said Trump, asked if he is offering the Republicans cash. Remarking that the *Fortune* report on him was "the largest-selling issue they've ever had"—"It's way too early to tell, but I believe our northeast distributor did tell a Trump executive who had called for 200 copies that he had never seen a magazine sell so quickly," allowed a *Fortune* spokesman—the developer insisted that he has "absolutely no" political ambitions. It's simply that others have ambitions for him. "A lot of people—people in the party, people generally—have asked me to run for the Republican nomination for president and for governor. A lot of things have happened," he elaborated. "I'm saying we've no choice but an arms accord with the Soviets."

BURTON'S "RUDE THOUGHTS"

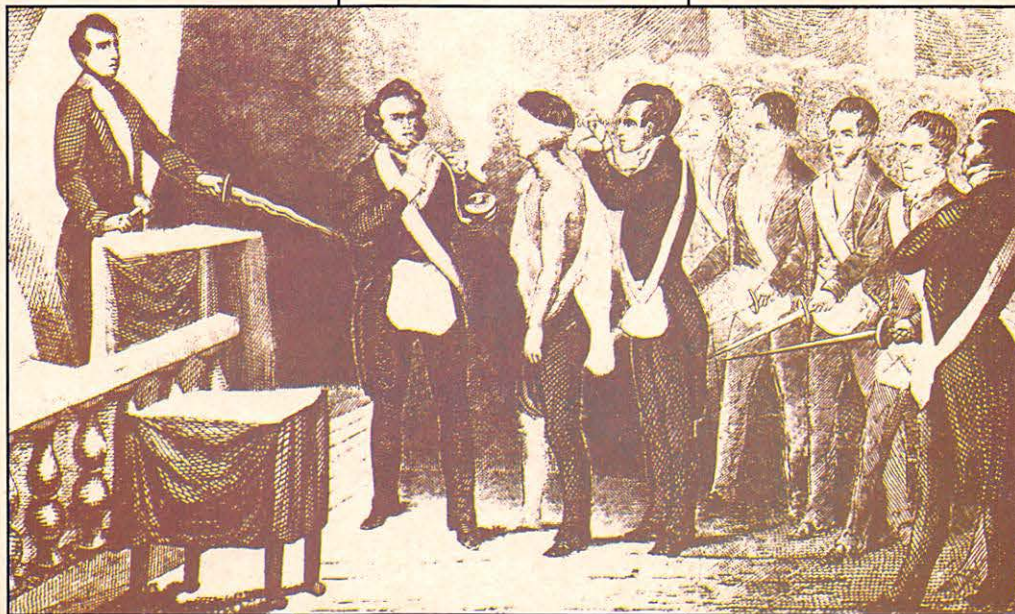
Richard Burton's widow, Sally, has warned that his notebooks, the basis of a planned biography, are "often very rude." A portion of the collection that we've obtained suggests that Mrs. Burton did not exaggerate.

Her predecessor, Elizabeth Taylor, is portrayed, for instance, "overeating kippers." After pigging out, the Divine Liz gave her beloved "a graphic description," Burton wrote, "of the particular joy of their repeating. She is the only person, certainly the only woman, who will tell you—not anybody I mean, just me—details of the internal workings of her body. She knows it appalls me, which is why perversely she enjoys telling me."

Of Maureen Stapleton, Burton remarked, "It's very sad that she photographs like a sack of potatoes."

MASONIC GODFATHERS

Here's one for conspiracy theorists: Freemasons, whose initiates have ranged over the centuries from Mozart to crooked Italian bankers, turn out to have a New York lodge composed solely, says a source in the cult, of members of the mob. The chapter is so secretive that it appears to have survived an F.B.I. onslaught on the Mafia that has penetrated virtually every other Big Apple hangout, from "Fat Tony" Salerno's Harlem social club to a dying Gambino family chieftain's house. But we're trying for an address. Stay tuned.



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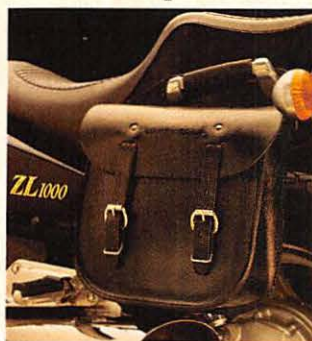
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The boys didn't hurt anyone. They were shocked and devastated by their father's brutal murders, but they could do nothing to stop him.

JUSTICE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ



I recently argued a double capital case before the United States Supreme Court. It persuaded me—perhaps more than any other single experience in my career as a lawyer—how unfairly the death penalty is administered.

My clients are two young men. They were 18 and 19 years old when they "broke" their father out of prison. The boys believed that their father was a good man in prison on a bum rap. The entire plan had been designed to assure that no one would get hurt.

But then their getaway car had a flat and the father ordered his sons to wave down a car. The car that stopped contained an entire family: father, mother, baby, niece, and even a dog. After exchanging cars at gunpoint, the father sent the boys away to get water for the family. But it was a trick. When the boys left in the family's car to get them water, their father murdered the whole family.

The father escaped, but was soon found dead in the

Arizona desert. Eventually, the boys were caught and convicted of murdering the family, even though they never fired a shot and never even intended that anyone be killed. But since they had conspired with their father to break him out of jail, they were held responsible for his crimes. The boys were sentenced to death, and now await execution.

I have gotten to know the boys during the seven years I have been working on their case. They are good boys. They were never in trouble before or since. They didn't hurt anyone. They were shocked and devastated by their father's brutal murders, but they could do nothing to stop him.

The case is an interesting one, with complex and subtle legal issues. When I argued it, the justices were obviously intrigued. They peppered me with hard questions.

I hope I answered the justices' questions well. I certainly spent long hours trying to anticipate every one and prepared appropriate answers. But what if I missed a few? What if I made an "error"? What if I didn't think quickly enough on my feet? Should my failings as an attorney be a cause of the execution of two young men?

The obvious answer is that lawyers don't cause executions—the criminals themselves cause their sentences by the crimes they have committed. But this is too simple a response that only conveys a half-truth. It fails to account for the reality that far fewer than one percent of all persons whose crimes make them eligible for execu-

tion have, in fact, been put to death over the past two decades. The prisons of our nation—the "life" rows—are populated with thousands of real murderers who deliberately killed.


The two boys whose lives I argued for are not on death row because of their crimes alone, but rather because of factors extraneous to their crimes. First, they refused to accept a plea bargain that would have required them to testify against their mother; second, the publicity given to their father's crimes; and finally, the fact that the sentence was imposed by a particularly harsh judge in a state with a particularly harsh capital-punishment statute. In other cases, the determining factors are the race of the victims and the defendants (in this case, both were white) and the quality of legal representation at the trial.

Before I argued the case, I knew—as an intellectual matter—that many random factors can make the difference between life and death in a capital case. But actually being up in front of the justices trying to answer their questions brought it home to me with the emotional impact of a jolt of electricity. One justice asked me whether it would be constitutional to execute an armed robber who "threw his gun" to his accomplice who then shot and killed a pursuing policeman. It was a clever question that I would have been delighted to debate for hours in an academic setting. But this wasn't an academic question, and a great deal might have been riding on my

answer. If I answered no, I might discredit the remainder of my argument, and if I answered yes, I might concede a principle that the justice could then expand to apply to my case.

I tried to duck the question by pointing out that my clients' case was different, since they intended to keep the family alive by getting them water, whereas the armed robber intended to help his accomplice shoot at the police. But the justice insisted that I answer his question directly. I still wonder whether my answer—that execution would be impermissible in the tossed-gun hypothesis—helped or hurt my clients. One thing I do know, however, is that a system of deciding life-or-death issues on the basis of the cleverness of a lawyer's answer to hypothetical questions is not a just system.

Regardless of whether one favors or opposes the death penalty, I believe that all reasonable people must be appalled at the indisputable fact that whether a convicted murderer lives or dies depends not on his personal culpability, but on his lawyer's skills, the victim's race, the defendant's willingness to plea bargain, and other extraneous factors.

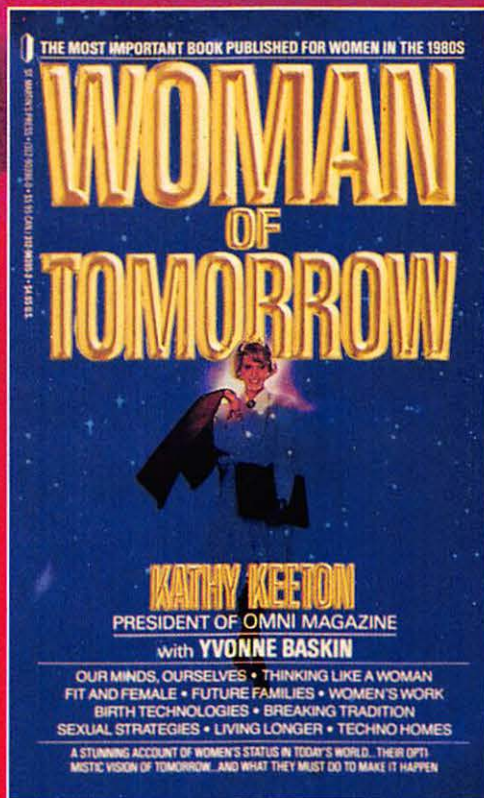
I don't know whether I won or lost my case in the Supreme Court. But I do know that the quality of my argument—or its lack thereof—cannot change the fact that these two young boys never killed anybody and never intended that anyone die. Can the State of Arizona say as much? 

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POWER GAME

BY MICHAEL KORDA



Would it be possible for American business to survive without using the language of sports?

I used to think that as women came into the executive work force and ascended up to and past the six-figure level, sports metaphors would die out. But only the other day a successful female advertising executive told me she'd landed her newest account by broken field running. "We scored a god-damned touchdown in the first quarter," she said, "and never looked back."

Having been recently told by women that "it was my turn to carry the ball" and that it was "time to knock one out of the ballpark," I conclude that sports-speak is too firmly entrenched in the culture of American business to be affected or diminished by feminism.

Of course, sports and business have always been closely connected in most people's minds. Business likes to think of itself as a team sport, with the boss as the coach and the language of the locker room as

its spiritual metaphor.

Attempts have been made to persuade American businesspersons to think of themselves as warriors; but since most American men prefer sports to war, that seems no more likely to catch on than other attempts to make them think about business in the spirit and language of Zen or the martial arts. Push come to shove, America thinks of business as sports, with football as the leading game.

A good argument can be made for the fact that many of our current woes come from this dubious analogy. The Germans, unsurprisingly enough, think of business as if it were war, and approach it in the spirit of a carefully planned battle. Conversely, the Japanese think of business in terms of strategy, as a game of the mind—subtle, exacting, governed by complex rules. Having no real foreign policy of their own, and stripped of their militarism, business is Japan's diplomacy, and the American habit of talking about it as if it were a contact sport shocks and amazes them.

The only nation, apart from ourselves, that thinks and talks about business as sports is Great Britain—but then the British were "knocked for six" so far as international trade is concerned at least 20 years ago, when their managers started to think of business as a kind of genteel cricket match in which good form mattered more than winning.

No doubt about it, though—there's a certain irresistible macho appeal to bringing the language of the grid, the diamond, and the ice into

business, and in fact, at one time it constituted one of the most useful weapons for excluding women from higher management. Business developed its own language, its own metaphor, and it was derived from contact sports women didn't play. Even today, women often feel left out when the boss uses football analogies to explain what he wants done. What are they to make of being told to "drop-kick," or "go for a forward pass"? In general, nothing, which is exactly why the custom persists.

For anybody who aspires to business success in the heartland, a knowledge of contact-sports terminology is a major asset. It isn't necessary to know how to *play* football, baseball, basketball, or hockey; it's only necessary to pick up the jargon and use it as much as possible. Some of the businesses in which sports-speak is important include commercial banking, manufacturing, television, all forms of selling, heavy industry, energy, and defense contracting. Businesses in which sports-speak is more likely to instantly brand you as bumpkin include movies, publishing, fashion, journalism, law, and medicine. On the whole, the closer your job is to something that gets forged, packaged, or sold, the more people are likely to use sports metaphors, and expect you to.

For those who are uncomfortable with sports-speak, there is something to be said for broadening the frame of reference of American business. Instead of confining business talk to the language of contact sports exclusively,

why not open up to other, less obvious things?

1. *Morris Dancing*. This ancient activity consisting of dancing around a maypole lends itself well to business discussions: "I want to see this department dancing on its toes," for instance, or "Get out there and make those finger bells ring!"


2. *Curling*. The perfect sport for senior executives to refer to, since few people play it and its rules are mysterious: "Jaggers, on this one I'm counting on you to brush the ice clear."

3. *Equitation*. Good opportunities here for crisp exhortations to the staff: "Don't chip in before a fence, Smithers, or you'll lose points with a brush. Ride a straight line."

4. *Fox Hunting*. A very upmarket sport, with a vocabulary well suited to sales managers addressing the reps: "Tallyho!" for example, or in the case of failure, "Gone away!"

5. *Polo*. Good for candid business discussions: "It isn't over till the last chukker."

6. *Dogsled Racing*. Much rich metaphor here for the rising businessman who wants to make a point: "Don't tangle your traces, Ms. Bardley, and keep your mukluks dry. Remember, it's the lead dog that gets the bitch. . . ."

Take hope. Just because you don't like (or understand) pro football doesn't necessarily condemn you to business failure. If you don't know the sport they're talking about, pick another, the more obscure the better. And if *that* doesn't do the trick, move to Japan, where they don't equate building cars or computers with sports! 

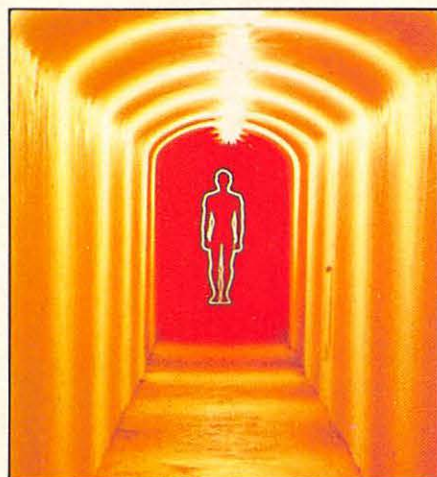
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MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER



"Until death us do part . . ." When we recite this solemn wedding vow, most of us do not truly contemplate its eventuality. And although death unquestionably separates us from our loved, or in some cases, not so loved ones, it does little to lay familial differences to rest. Rather, this departure often creates considerable turmoil and strife among one's survivors, with the final disposition of the last will and testament not always as the decedent intended. For even in death the law dictates, in large part, how a man may dispose of his assets, particularly in regard to his spouse.

Probate law holds that "unreasonable conditions" cannot be imposed in a bequest, despite an individual's personal wishes. A demand to cut one's spouse out of the will is one that qualifies as unreasonable and legally insupportable. So if you fantasize about getting vengeance from the grave by bequeathing a fortune to your college fraternity, leaving your wife penniless, you will be disappointed. For in all

states except Louisiana a man may legally disinherit his children, but in no state may he dispossess his wife. In most areas of the country, in the event a man should attempt to leave his wife nothing, probate law provides that she may "elect to take against a will." This means that she is entitled to claim the amount she would have received if her husband had died intestate—without a valid will—which is ordinarily from one-third to one-half of his estate.

Furthermore, if you pass away while you are legally separated or in the midst of divorce proceedings, your spouse is still entitled to receive at least one-third of your money and property, and more if you are childless, regardless of how the will is drawn up. Another legality to be aware of is that the terms of life-insurance policies, as well as the proceeds of savings bonds and pension funds—both ordinarily beneficially assigned to the spouse—take precedence over the stipulations set forth in a will. Therefore, if you named your former wife as beneficiary on your life-insurance policy and neglected to revise it following your divorce, she will receive the full amount of the policy even though you may have subsequently remarried.

What this all boils down to is that no matter how you cut the marital cake, your wife, regardless of how you feel about her, will upon your demise more than likely end up with a substantial share of the monetary pie. When the magnificently wealthy Aristot-

le Onassis died, he left \$250,000 out of his billions to his widow Jacqueline Kennedy. There is little question that Kennedy, who flew to Paris to have her hair done after the funeral, was not about to settle for the paltry inheritance, as wills may be contested when they provide a pittance for the spouse. Most likely, she would have argued that her husband clearly had to have been the victim of undue influence, fraud, or duress in order to so demean her. (His daughter Christina, recipient of the bulk of his fortune, cleverly forestalled the anticipated legal action by her stepmother, giving her \$20 million if she promised to make no further claims against her father's estate.)

I do not wish to dwell solely on the husband-wife relationship in regard to probate law, as I believe that in most cases the spouse is in fact deserving of the greater part of the estate. However, I do wish to urge both men and women, married and single, to execute a will posthaste, and I would like to offer some guidance in doing so.

For efficiency and accuracy's sake, I recommend you employ a lawyer to execute your will. I urge extreme caution in using do-it-yourself will kits, as I have seen too many home-prepared forms declared invalid on the basis of ambiguous language, unreasonable demands, or insufficient number of witnesses. As an attorney, I believe that a will is an expression of values—materialistic and otherwise—that a person has acquired during his or her lifetime and wants

to pass on to the living. Part of a lawyer's job is to express these personal values in the last will and testament and ensure that they are legally binding. In preparing a will I suggest the following:

- If you feel strongly about disinheriting your spouse, finalize your divorce as quickly as possible.


- After your divorce, consult an attorney. You may have to amend your existing will, as well as your life-insurance policy and other funds ordinarily beneficially assigned to your spouse. (If your estate is significant, seek out a lawyer trained in taxes and estate planning.)

- Prior to consulting an attorney, list your assets and their value and location, details of previous marriages and divorces, the names and ages of all children, the location of safe-deposit boxes and keys, all property jointly owned, pension and profit-sharing plans, and any potential inheritance.

- Choose an executor in whom you have confidence.

- Tear up the old will when you sign a new one.

- Leave your original will with either the executor or your lawyer, keeping a conformed copy in a vault with a note attached identifying the individual who holds the original.

We must all accept that we are required to depose of our assets within the confines of probate law. But if you take these steps, you will at least ensure that the disposition of your money and property will be carried out as you intended and not left to chance or the wrangling of greedy relatives. 

door. We embraced and kissed as she led me to the bed. Reaching below my waist, she took the gown and removed it, gently pushing me onto the bed. She kissed my breasts again while working her way down to my thighs, spreading my legs and licking my inner thighs. She moved up to my pussy, which was aching by this time. Mickey kissed my cunt lips, separating them and inserting her tongue. I had never known such pleasure before. She licked and sucked, and I had a flurry of orgasms. It was tremendous!

Mickey moved up the bed beside me. "You're so beautiful," she sighed. "I want you to kiss my breasts." Without hesitating, I did as she asked. She played with my hair and pushed my head downward toward her stomach and navel. "Oh yes, yes," she encouraged me, "kiss my pussy." My excitement grew as I tasted her sweet wetness. I eagerly buried my face in her muff, seeking out her clitoris with my tongue. I was surprised at its size and firmness. I licked and sucked her until she reached a thrilling orgasm. Later, we fell asleep in each other's arms.

This first experience has been followed by many others. Mickey introduced me to the joys of sex toys, and we often strap on dildos and fuck each other. I really enjoy my newfound bisexuality. I definitely encourage other women to seek the fulfillment of their desires, no matter what they may be. When I think that it was something as simple as a new hair color that opened my life to such pleasures, I wish I'd done it years ago. Gentlemen are not the only ones who prefer blondes!—*Name and address withheld*

TREE FOR ALL

Well, this is definitely a new one for me. I have always been a strong believer that the letters in your magazine are all written by some little old man in the basement. I now stand corrected.

I am a senior at a small college in the Midwest. The main campus takes up a very small portion of the college-owned grounds. The rest of the area is all scenic, secluded woodland. Over the last four years I have had some pretty interesting and hot experiences, but they are nothing like the one I had a few nights ago.

I met April at a costume party last weekend. Halloween is a big time at college, and we like to start early. I was dressed as Robin Hood. A lot of guys think tights are gay; but let me tell you, boys, there isn't any better way to let the ladies see the kind of love you pack without getting arrested. It also shows off your legs. The girls go wild. Anyway, I was standing at the bar and I felt a tug on my bowstring. I turned to face the most awesome female vampire I had ever seen. She had long, flowing brown hair, curled sensuous lips, and eyes that would have

shamed Cleopatra. She was about five foot three, and must have been a perfect 36-24-36. I almost lost it in my tights. I said hello, and began to play the standard chitchat game that usually ended up with me deep in some warm tunnel.

She was really working on destroying my self-control. She was wearing a long black velvet gown that laced down the front. It left at least half of those tasty-looking melons exposed. I could also see that she didn't have a bra on. She licked her lips and I almost died. I could not wait to go deep into this vampire's tomb. Let me tell you, it wasn't my blood I wanted her to suck. She rubbed up against me, and my sex arrow brushed her leg. Man, if fucking was like archery, my bow was at full tension. She licked her lips again and said she had something to show me. I asked where it was and she said, "Well you're Robin Hood, baby, so I assume you don't mind the woods."

April told me that she was an art major specializing in sculpture. I soon found out what her pet project was. We came into a clearing, and she led me over to the trunk of a fallen tree. On one of the protruding lower branches, April had carved a cock. It was perfectly smooth and polished, and was it erect! Before I could say anything, she had literally melted out of her gown. She stretched it out over the trunk near the dick and lay down. "Me vampire, wanna suck you," she taunted. It didn't take long before this merry man was out of his tights and plunging his quarterstaff in between that lady's fangs. The sight of her soft hair falling around my meat and the feel of her hard titties brushing my thighs drove me mad. I fucked her face like an animal as I straddled both her and the tree. I hadn't noticed till then that the polished wood dildo had slipped up her hot muff. I heard the succulent slurping sounds of her wet pussy as it coated the tree's dick. Plunging deeper, I felt her buck and take the wooden cock in all the way. I must have shot my come for five minutes. She arched and sucked it all as the dildo brought her to an incredible climax.

When that was done, she clawed my tight butt and half begged, half snarled. "Fuck me! Fuck me! I've got to feel your jizz in my pussy! Sperm my clit!" This bandit was happy to be of service. So she climbed on top, and I found my "sexy seven" in about the tightest, warmest, wettest pussy in the world. She was gyrating like a demon and screaming, "Fuck me! Come on, give it all to me!"

Let me tell you, it didn't take long for my Halloween treats to go shooting into her goody bag. She came so hard she fainted. I carried her back to her dorm, and when she came to, we did it again. She was as good in bed as she was in the woods.

April says she is working on a new project. I can't wait to help her test it. Hope it doesn't have splinters.—*Name and address withheld*

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.

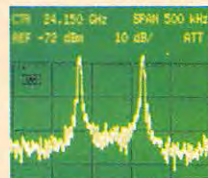


Figure 2: An electronic close-up reveals two individual signals.

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.



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 vehicle's 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 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.

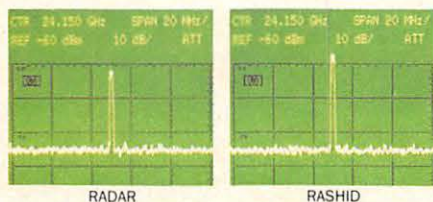


Figure 1: A digital spectrum analyzer scanning the entire width of K band can't see the difference between radar and Rashid.

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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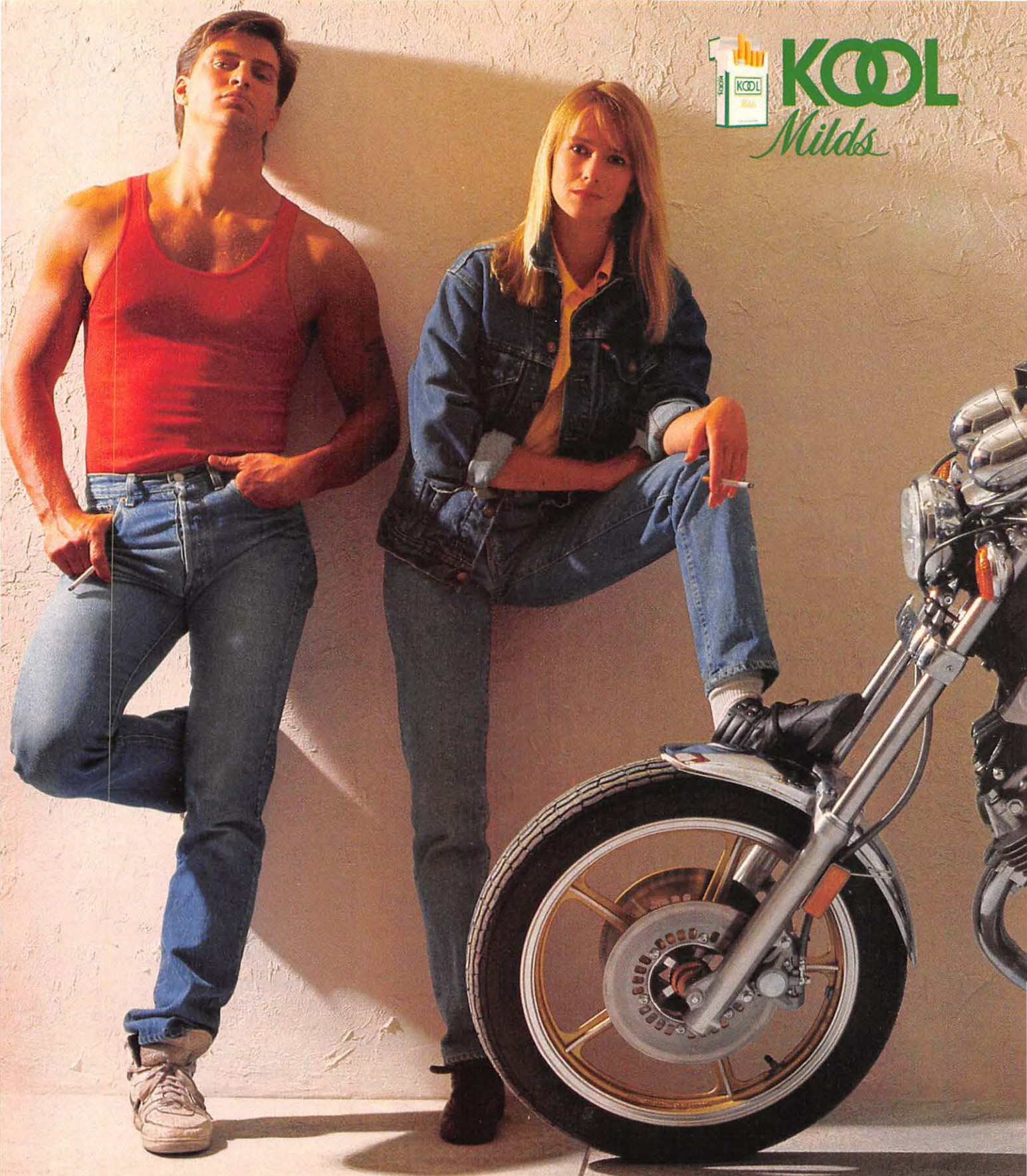
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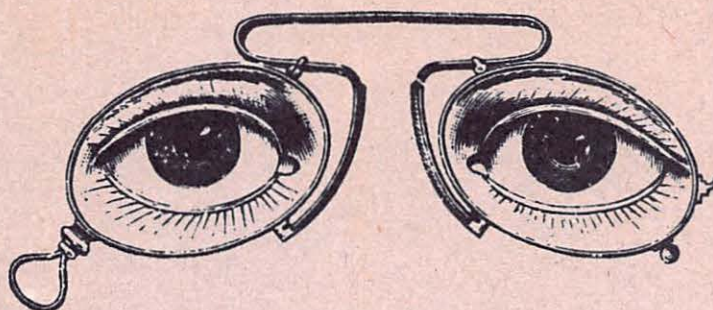
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

POST-AIDS DATING GUIDE

BY EMILY PRAGER

It's amazing how terrifying sex has become since the advent of AIDS. The idea of sex with a total stranger is about as enticing as a leap from a bridge. A man used to attract me by the curve of his shoulder, a witty sparkle in his eye. But these days, if a guy hasn't had a blood transfusion in five years or he got into celibacy in the late seventies, I call him a heart-throb. Recently, an article in *The New York Times* presented some guidelines for sex in the post-AIDS eighties. It said before you sleep with a person you must take their sexual history for the previous ten-year period. When you do sleep with them, you must use condoms, which have been found to prevent the transmission of AIDS. Okay, fine. I'd rather change my dating habits than not have sex or die. I think you should, too. That's why I'm offering here my new Post-AIDS Dating Safety and Instruction Guide. In Shakespeare's time, they called orgasm "the little death." They were kidding. We're not.

Getting the Ten-Year History. Getting the ten-year sexual history of someone you've just met isn't easy, but it is crucial. So when you meet someone new, you must not flirt, you must interview. As a journalist, I can help you out here. The best way to get information out of a subject is to talk about yourself first, and relax him or her. This means you must take your own sexual history first. This is no fun, but neither is a lingering death. Follow these instructions:

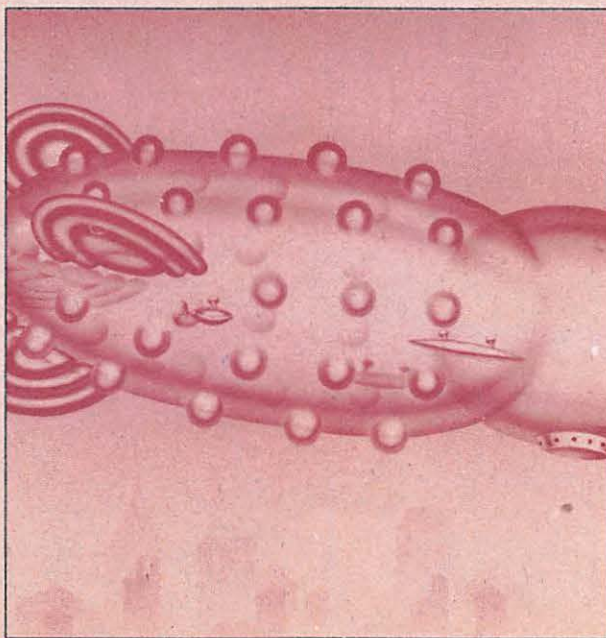
1. Try and remember all the lovers you've had in the last ten years. For some people this will be a snap, but for others it will be like visiting the Ukraine without a radiation suit. Never mind. Have the courage. Do it.

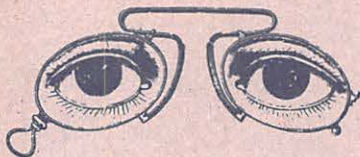
2. There was a time when you looked back and the lemons in your love life were the married ones, the boring introverts, the ones who couldn't get it up. But it's the exciting ones who will now strike terror in your heart. The guy who told you about the hooker he once had on a trip to Africa. The girl you saved from a gay husband, or whom you rescued from a bad period when she was into drugs. Don't panic.

Everyone has at least one dicey person in their past. That's what a past is all about. And it isn't easy to get AIDS—repeated contact is necessary. But you must be honest. So if it turns out that you slept with a bisexual in '78 and the person you just met slept with an addict once in the same year, wait it out. Don't have sex until '88—take long walks.

Or You Can Use Condoms. The good news is that they've done tests, and according to the San Francisco AIDS Foundation, condoms, when used properly, *do prevent* the transmission of the AIDS virus. What this means, then, is that if you must have sex, you must use condoms and use them properly. (1) *Using condoms properly* means, first and foremost, *using them*. It means taking them out of your wallet or evening bag, unwrapping them, and putting them on the penis before it gets near the vagina. I'm sorry to be so blunt, but a lot of people put condoms on after they've been screwing awhile, before they're about to come. *No. No. No.* Before it goes in, at all—period. Preseminal or vaginal ejaculation can be deadly. (2) Roll them on an erect penis, leaving an extra bit, a reservoir, at the tip. As you roll the condom down, squeeze the reservoir with your fingertips so it doesn't fill with air. *This prevents breakage.* (3) *Never* use an oil-based lubricant—Vaseline, baby oil—with a condom. Oil disintegrates rubber. (4) When withdrawing, hold the condom on to prevent spillage. (5) *Never* use a condom more than once. Condoms get old, too. Buy new ones every few months.

People whine that condoms aren't sexy; but, of course, that's certainly a mental choice. To some, oysters and diamonds are sexy; to others, it's a mohawk and a safety-pinned ear that does the trick. Trust me. It's all in the mind. To that lover who balks, I'd say, "Darling, next to pneumocystis pneumonia, Kaposi's sarcoma, and brain tumors, condoms are like a whiff of Spanish fly. Let's get it on!"





VIEW FROM THE TOP

SPORTS

BY GARY HANAUER

If you've ever felt "beat up" after a day of work, then you might want to consider fighting back. Forget jogging, hot tubs, and biofeedback. White-collar boxing is the latest answer to corporate stress. Since June 1985, about 1,000 executives—20 of them women—have come to New York City's Gramercy Gymnasium for a four-week

walls. Television actor Tony Danza, movie star Ryan O'Neal, and writer Norman Mailer have jabbed in the rings of the 58-year-old gym; so did Robert De Niro, in preparation for his Academy Award-winning performance in *Raging Bull*.

"Boxing has made me a better businessman," says Elsasser, of Hackensack, New Jersey. "It's a one-on-one confrontation, just like you have in business. You learn not to back away."

\$75 course; hundreds of others, including 33 women last summer alone, spar at Gleason's, another Big Apple gym.

"It's hell on your nails and my arms really hurt a lot at first," says Janet McKee, 27, who works in the advertising department of the *New York Post*. "But it's worth it. You feel more relaxed, confident, and stronger. I used to go to health clubs, but I got bored," she adds. "Who wants to be locked up in a room with a lot of narcissists? And I keep telling my friends that it's a great place to meet financially stable members of the opposite sex."

Like McKee, Robert Elsasser, 42, a senior account manager with a data-communications firm, has worked out at Gramercy, where peeling paint and the photos of boxers hang from the

Despite these possible benefits, weekend Rockys have a hard time staying with it. A year after 75 executives began fighting at Gramercy, only two of them still remain. Says one of them, Ray Ginther, 35, an operations director at a large New York City company, "When some people see that it's not a T & A show, and that it takes more than one lesson to become a boxer, they don't come back."

The first month's lessons concentrate on basic boxing techniques, after which 50 percent decide to stay on for a second month. Actual matches begin only after the participants have mastered these classes. "Then, to lessen the chance of injury, I start 'em off sparring with a pro or a good amateur," reports Bob Jackson, the 50-year-old ex-boxer who teaches the Gramercy course.

How safe is white-collar boxing? "Getting beat about the head in any way is dangerous, but protective headgear will indeed ward off brain injuries," says Dr. Michael Colgan, who operates a La Jolla, California, health-and-fitness clinic and writes *Penthouse's* "Fitness"

SOUNDS

BY PETER BLOCH

A little over a year ago, *Penthouse* was one of the first major publications in America to hail a new singing phenomenon: Pia Zadora. Her debut album, *Pia and Phil*, made it obvious that—however controversial her films may have been—she was, as we said, "the year's most pleasant musical surprise." Now, after a triumphant tour in which she proved in person that her musical skills were not just a product of the recording studio, she's back with a new album: *I Am What I Am* (CBS). The title song is, of course, Jerry Herman's defiant anthem from his Broadway hit *La Cage aux Folles*. But there's nothing for Pia to be defiant or defensive about: The 15 songs

column. But even headgear has its limits. When hit, Ginther's headgear buckled and left a scar on his forehead. Still, according to Colgan, boxing is "a good way" for business types to reduce both stress and body fat.

Whatever its health benefits, executive boxers admit that it's not fat but fantasy that keeps them in the ring, and fantasy may soon become reality.

At press time Gramercy's Elsasser was trying to organize a match at none other than Madison Square Garden, between the Walter Mittys of his gym and those at Gleason's. "There's only one way to find out who's better, and that's to have a match," says Ginther.





Rob Lowe and Demi Moore fall in lust in *About Last Night*.

on this album are definitive versions of some of the best-loved classics of the last three decades. There's not one false or tentative note on this generously endowed record, and throughout, Pia is in total command of her material. Such standards as "A Foggy Day (in London Town)," "If He Walked Into My Life," "Pennies From Heaven," and "The Lady Is a Tramp" have never sounded better. The accompaniment by the London Philharmonic Orchestra is, of course, luxurious and skillful. But it's Pia's show all the way. And, speaking of shows, isn't it about time that someone wrote an original Broadway musical for this lady? That might provide the jolt of electricity our fading Great White Way so desperately needs.

VIDEO

BY FRANK LOVECE

Until this past fall you'd have to go to Europe to see the Chicago whorehouse scene

in Adrian Lyne's almost-X film *9½ Weeks*. Those few minutes in which Mickey Rourke puts money on the floor and has Kim Basinger pick it up before they have sex were snipped from the movie's U.S. version. Another scene, where Basinger in drag helps Rourke fight off some thugs before the two of them make love in an alley, was also shortened for American eyes. When released on video last October, however, home viewers saw a version edited to fall somewhere between that which played in theaters here and the international edition.

Likewise, the sweatiest parts of the sports drama *On the Edge* wound up on the floor: The interracial romance between Bruce Dern and Pam Grier was excised just before the film's 1986 release. But Lightning Video is releasing both the 86-minute PG-13 version and director Rob Nilsson's original 95-minute unrated version.

"With video," explains MGM Programming Vice

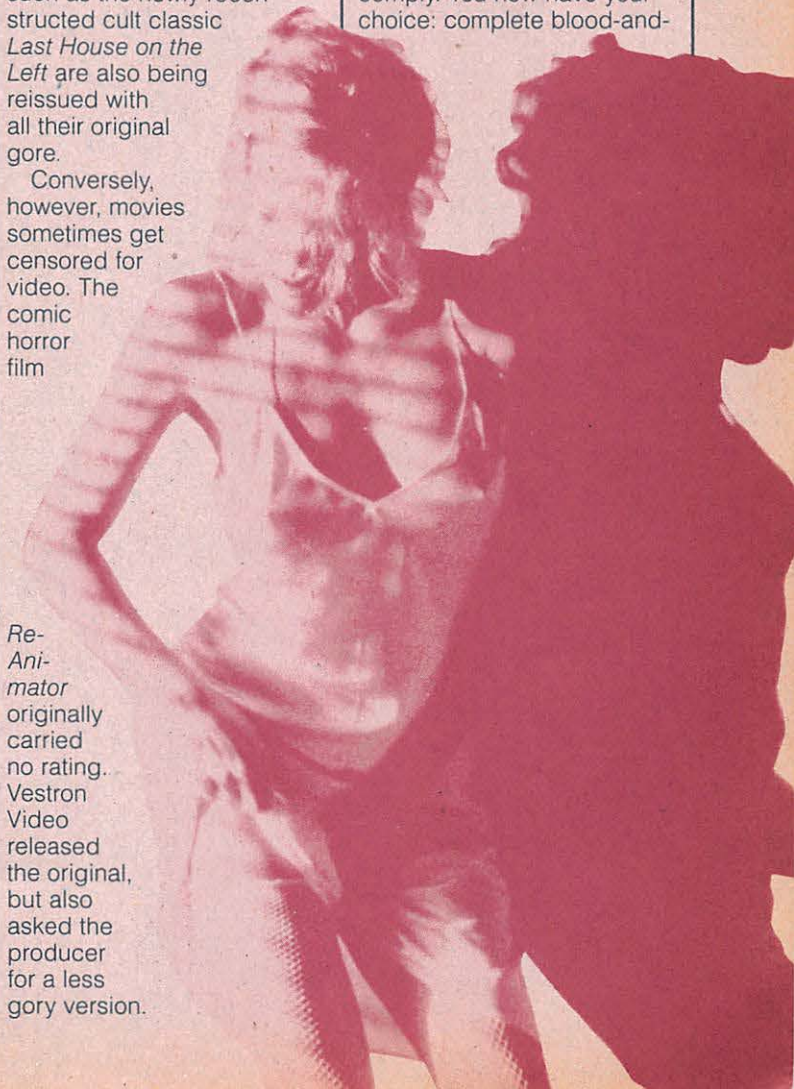
President John Ruskin, "you have the luxury of playing to a somewhat private and receptive audience. Sometimes this means you can go back and tell a better story, in terms of getting across the author's or the director's original vision."

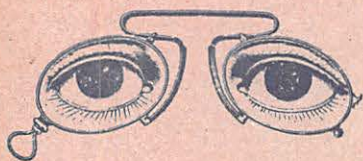
Such R-rated erotica as *Crimes of Passion* and *Thief of Hearts* have also come to video in versions more explicit (by six minutes each) than those that played American theaters. Horror flicks such as the newly reconstructed cult classic *Last House on the Left* are also being reissued with all their original gore.

Conversely, however, movies sometimes get censored for video. The comic horror film

"Like a lot of horror movies," says Vestron President Jon Peisinger, "*Re-Animator* wasn't submitted to the movie-ratings board. From a video standpoint, this is a problem in certain communities. So we told the producer, fine, we'll put out the full-length unrated version, but you also have to give us one that does in fact achieve an R rating." Since video sales represent a major chunk of a film's revenue, the producer was only too happy to comply. You now have your choice: complete blood-and-

Re-Animator originally carried no rating. Vestron Video released the original, but also asked the producer for a less gory version.





VIEW FROM THE TOP

guts or an abridged version.

Fortunately, video-movie alterations usually stem from creative motives. *Thief of Hearts* came to video not only with more intense love scenes between Steven Bauer and a teenybopper and between Bauer and costar Barbara Williams, but also with whole sequences switched around.

In a rare instance of a PG-rated movie being similarly reedited, Paramount also okayed a request by Joe (Gremlins) Dante, who asked to recut his flop space-kid flick, *Explorers*. Says Dante, "We were forced to release practically a rough cut of the movie last summer, since it got put out rather ahead of schedule. So I sort of played on Paramount's guilt," Dante laughs, "and they let me cut a shorter, slightly better version for video."

Whether any of these manipulations make the video version more desirable than the original is hard to tell, since generally only one version is available in a given community. The video companies do little to trumpet their spicy splices, outside of noting them in their catalogs and adding a line about "the special home-video version" on the packaging.

About *Last Night* . . . , last summer's steamy Demi Moore-Rob Lowe romance, is about to be released on video, and according to a spokesperson at RCA/Columbia Home Entertainment, there's "a chance" it will be a spicier version. With the trend in full fling, those who want to see Hollywood's hottest the way the directors intended can avoid the lines and simply wait for the video release.



The Boob & Lube job offers shiny headlights on your dream machine.

SEX NEWS

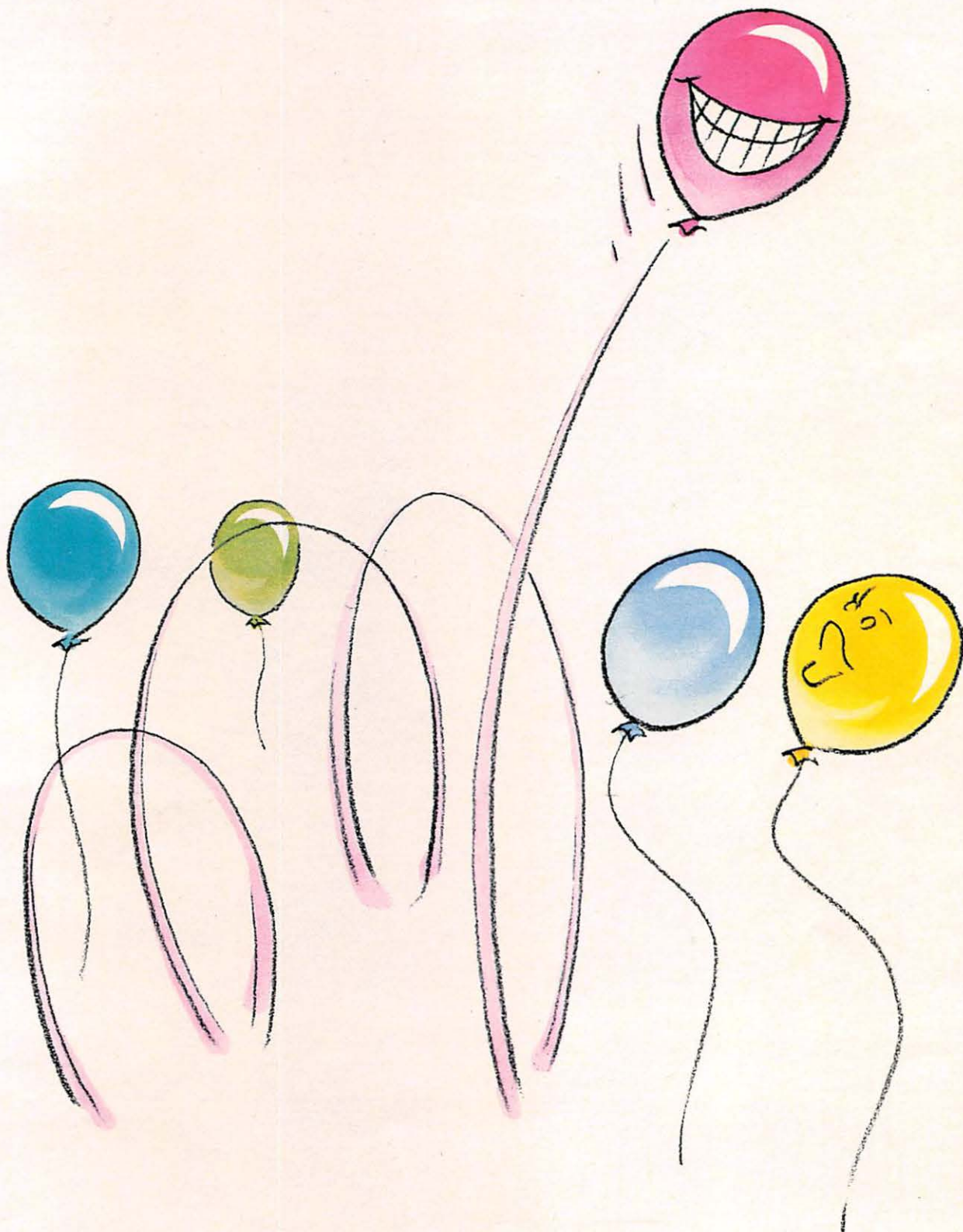
Everyone talks about "Roman orgies," but until recently no one had ever seen one. But now archaeologists in Pompeii unearthed ancient mosaics depicting group sex in graphic detail. These last of the red-hot lavas were "unusual even for Romans," according to the archaeological superintendent Baldassare Conticello. "Erotic scenes of more than two people are very rare in classical art," he said. . . . An educational videotape from New World Video, *Where Do I Come From?* tries to help those parents who don't know what to tell their kids about the birds and bees. But while the tape tries to reach kids on their level, its description of women's breasts as "sort of like mobile milk bars" might be more than Mom or

Dad bargained for. . . . A German scientist says he's developed a hormone that makes gay men straight. He claims that this new synthetic hormone helps to increase the production of natural male hormones while reducing female hormones. One man under treatment reportedly exclaimed, "Now I am in love with the most beautiful woman in the world, and my family has no longer disowned me." . . . It's like Russian roulette, but most girls must still think they live charmed lives. According to a recent government survey, 55 percent of today's virgins don't use any contraception during their "first time." . . . When protesters from the National Organization for Women showed up at his Grease Garage in Des Moines, owner Daniel Lafon was happy to see them. "You're gonna make me rich," he shouted at

the women, who weren't too thrilled by Lafon's "Boob & Lube" job: a car cleaning performed by two topless women. Lafon's prediction seems to be correct. Although NOW charged that it was a "shameless exploitation of women," Lafon's business has increased 50 percent since he introduced the \$24.88 service. . . . The World Whores Congress recently rallied in Brussels, trying to fight the stigma attached to the word *whore*. Prosti-rights advocate Margo St. James said a hooker is a working girl just like any other and should have rights to pensions, health care, and holidays. . . . Looking for a compatible mate? Try the comics section of your newspaper. According to recent research, couples who like the same comics and agree on what's funny will have happier relationships. **OT**

Balloonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS



"Care to let the rest of us in on it, Mr. President?"



M. Arisman

The prosecutors said
the international arms operation
was a conspiracy.
The only problem was that
the men behind
bars turned out to have a lot
in common with the
President of the United States.

THE \$2.6 BILLION QUESTION

BY WILLIAM SHERMAN

This article is the story of an alleged conspiracy whose implications go far beyond the fates of the individuals involved. The shadowy world of international arms trafficking—long the province of such spy novelists as Robert Ludlum and Ken Follett—has become starkly outlined in the harsh spotlights cast by the media and congressional investigative probes. This article, based on lengthy discussions with some of the participants, as well as extensive examination of court documents, reveals how some of these international arms deals are made—or, in this case, unmade.

Last year, 14 men and their companies were charged with conspiring to sell \$2.6 billion worth of weapons and other military

hardware to Iran. The many charges basically stemmed from the allegation that they were acting in violation of American laws and foreign policy.

The men all pleaded not guilty to their indictments, which were handed up in Federal District Court in New York City. With one exception, they all made their bail. Their defense to the charges was necessarily complicated, but one common thread united them: They all believed they would get the tacit approval of the highest levels of U.S. and Israeli intelligence, and because their plan was conceived in Europe, they were not acting under American jurisdiction.

As this issue goes to press, the U.S. Attorney's office in New York was not certain it would continue to prosecute the case—al-

though a trial date was set for February. Many of the defendants were telling their side of the story to the media, including several long interviews with this Penthouse reporter.

Nico, Will, the general, and the other members of their group were upset. An outsider named H. H. had drowned their pet rat Jerry in the toilet.

H. H. said he was sorry, so they forgave him and went back to their routine of fuzzy TV, bologna-on-white-bread sandwiches, and scheming how to make the millions of dollars in bail money a federal judge had set on their heads.

They were stuck at Manhattan's Metropolitan Correction Center, the last place they ever figured they'd end up, far from the luxury hotels of Paris, Lon-

PAINTING BY MARSHALL ARISMAN

don, Athens, and Israel, and without the \$2.6 billion their special plan was supposed to bring in.

"I kept thinking I should be at the Plaza Athenee in Paris eating caviar and oysters instead of in a six-by-six cell losing weight because I can't stand bologna," Nico would later say.

To a man, they believed their plan would get the "green light," the okay, at the highest levels of the governments of the United States and Israel. But things backfired. Their only salvation now was that the other inmates, the muggers and junkies, left them alone because they were such an unusual bunch. They included retired Israeli General Avraham Bar-Am, a heroic tank commander in several of his country's wars; Samuel Evans, the well-heeled attorney for Saudi billionaire Adnan Khashoggi; and Nico Minardos, a handsome Greek-American actor and international businessman who also has close ties with Khashoggi. None of this group of ten men or their seven codefendants who were still at large had an arrest record. Now they were facing big-time heat, a decade in prison or more if convicted. Was it worth the 13.04 percent net out of \$2.6 billion?

"Not unless you're mad for baked shell macaroni, the company of men, and hate daylight," said Nico Minardos.

That was last May. And what the outside world didn't know, couldn't even imagine, was that those odd men from six different countries were behind bars only because they had something big in common with the President of the United States, Ronald Reagan, his top intelligence chiefs, and other present and former officials of his administration. For that \$2.6 billion plan was for delivering arms and other military hardware to Iran—missiles, radar, ammunition, tanks, spare parts, shells, artillery, all the works of war.

The difference between the \$2.6 billion plan and the now well-documented White House arms-for-Iran operation was that the multibillion-dollar plan never went through. It was a well-developed undertaking all right, but it was appropriated quickly by U.S. Customs and the U.S. Justice Department and turned into a "sting operation" that trapped that bunch right into jail:

But a *Penthouse* investigation into the \$2.6 billion plan is especially significant not only because it sheds new light on the White House operations, but also because it provides a rare look at the murky world of international underground-arms dealers and how they work. Among the findings:

- How the Iranians used the underground-arms market in U.S. military hardware for the last five years to keep their war machine going.

- How the dealers work as "middlemen" in carrying out the secret intelligence and political plans for their native countries.

- The planned use of the "Shanghai

Surprise," weapons designed with built-in electronic booby traps so they cannot be used against a particular country.

- The use of dummy (or front) corporations and Swiss bank accounts by dealers to maintain the secrecy of their deals and to insulate themselves from both prosecution and their enemies.

Meanwhile, President Reagan secretly rescinded an executive order banning arms sales to Iran with the approval of Edwin Meese, U.S. attorney general. And the top White House intelligence chiefs were busy setting up and executing an arms-for-money-and-hostages swap with Iranian officials, including one who came to power in the Iranian foreign ministry by leading their seizure of 52 American hostages several years earlier.

"You should say that politics and arms dealing makes for strange bedfellows," said one of the arrested men.

And the attorneys for those arrested argue that it is ironic that Attorney Gen-

6

"I don't understand why
nobody figured it out," said an
Israeli intelligence
source. "How did they figure
Iran kept its
air force flying through six
straight years of war?"

9

eral Meese ordered their prosecution only months after he personally approved the secret White House order that by extrapolation made that very deal legal. The attorney general's logic here seems to be that what is good for the goose—the White House and U.S. intelligence—is not good for the gander—the entrepreneurs who were arrested.

That aside, the White House operation and the proposed \$2.6 billion plan had several distinct similarities: Israeli intelligence operatives and/or Israeli entrepreneurs were allegedly intermediaries and participants in both schemes. The name of the Saudi Adnan Khashoggi—reportedly the world's wealthiest man from arms, oil, real estate, and other businesses—figures in both these operations as well.

And the two operations both took place in the two years ending last November. Until then, the United States' widely proclaimed posture was no deals for hostages and no dealings with countries like Iran that either directly or indirectly supported terrorism.

Then, last November, the news of the White House operation slammed out in a

great waterfall. There were slush funds for other covert operations, and trickery, poor management, and an almost amateurish disregard not only for the President himself but also for the way the American public believed its government and lines of authority are supposed to work.

For example, President Reagan allowed one American with perhaps the most knowledge about the methods and specifics of U.S. intelligence operations to travel without protection to Iran, where he easily could have been captured by any one of a dozen radical groups and tortured to tell all. That man was Reagan's former national security adviser Robert McFarlane, who last May journeyed to Iran to negotiate the White House arms deal in person.

Iran needed the hardware in its ongoing war with Soviet-backed Iraq, and Iran was willing to pay with hard cash and, hopefully, with influence over the terrorists who had taken the hostages. Iran wants to win its war.

Of course the fallout in the United States of actions taken by the White House group and their helpers was bigger in a sense than any bomb Iran dropped in that war—resignations, investigations, a crippling of American foreign policy, and an almost unparalleled crisis of confidence in the American presidency.

Not that the group sitting in the Manhattan jail managed their business much better. Although the purported dollar value of their plan was far greater than the initial \$30 million or more that the White House operation was worth, they never saw a profit, and nearly all of them were financially strapped when they successfully made their bail bonds, several of which were as high as \$2 million.

That aside, the White House group and those of the \$2.6 billion plan were both subject to the vagaries of the underground-arms world.

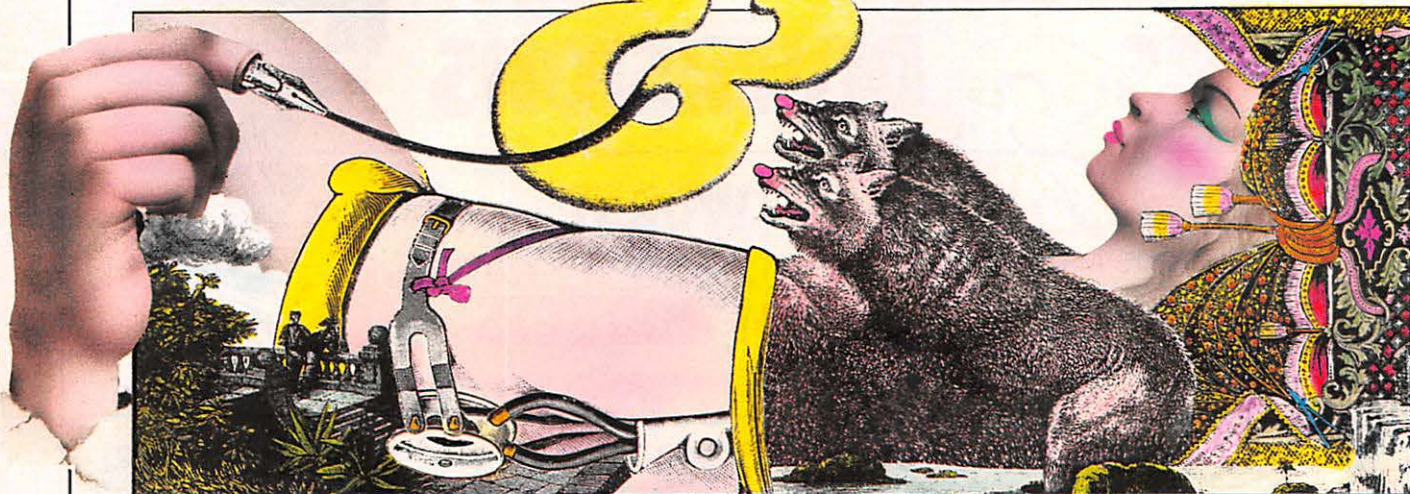
Key players were constantly bothered by confusion—who told what to whom, who had okayed what part of what deal, and what the various motivations of their colleagues were. Still, one of the biggest questions of all for the American public is this: How could an intelligence operation run by the most powerful government on earth go so wrong?

That last question may never be satisfactorily answered. But it reveals much about the instability that comes when one ventures into the international arms playground. For there is a world where, in addition to huge sums of money, many of the players also pack large doses of espionage and betrayal into their working briefcases. It is a tightly knit society of middlemen—people with access to numbered Swiss bank accounts and fake passports, charter-plane companies, and former intelligence agents with blood relations and other ties to power brokers in various governments around the globe.

"First of all, there are no written rules

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



THE \$734,000 MEESE-TAKE

After giving a former songwriter for "Captain Kangaroo" more than \$734,000 of taxpayers' money to "analyze" cartoons in *Penthouse*, *Playboy*, and *Hustler*, Attorney General Edwin Meese's so-called Department of Justice

rejected her final report. "The major objectives of the study," said a department spokesman, "were not accomplished." An academic peer reviewer added that the study was not of publishable quality.

ALL THAT GLITTERS, ETC.

Police in Albuquerque, New Mexico, bought four elite, bilingual tracking dogs in Europe. But after putting them into service in this country, the police discovered that the dogs respond only to commands in German and Dutch—so the undaunted officers are taking language lessons.



VANESSA WILLIAMS MEMORIAL FILE

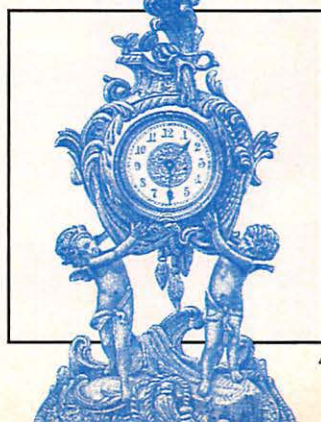
A Texas woman was accused of shooting two men and severely biting a third after they voted against her in a local beauty contest.

HEAVEN KNOWS BEST

Fundamentalists lobbied the U.S. Senate in an attempt to prevent senators from approving a bill extending daylight saving time by four weeks. According to the fundamentalists, the senators were actually "tinkering with God's time."

BRAVE NEW WORLD

A suit was filed in the name of an eight-month-old California infant, charging that a doctor had circumcised the patient without proper consultation.



DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



nies have begun inserting commercials in the gaps between soundtracks on LPs.

A ROGUE BY ANY OTHER NAME . . .

According to papers filed during a recent court case, the ministry of television

evangelist Jimmy Swaggart received nearly \$38 million in donations and sales of religious articles during the year 1981 alone.



WORST NEW PRODUCTS

Several major record compa-

THE FRIENDLY SKIES

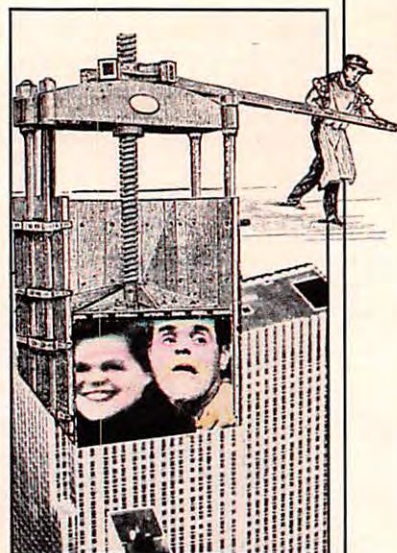
Officials of a West African airline, discovering that they had drastically overbooked a 100-seat flight, ordered all 300 passengers holding boarding passes to run around the plane twice. The 100 passengers who ran the fastest were awarded the seats.

TOO LITTLE, TOO LATE

A Long Island, New York, newspaper contained the following announcement: "Important notice. If you are one of hundreds of parachuting enthusiasts who bought our course titled 'Easy Sky Diving in One Fell Swoop,' please make the following correction—on page 8, line 16, change 'state zip code' to 'pull rip cord.'"

MODERN LIVING

A Largo, Florida, firm has begun a "View-a-Maid" service, featuring maids who clean homes in the nude. The service charges a fee of \$40 an hour.



WRETCHED EXCESSES

(From the London Sunday Times)



MODERN LIFE

Witch doctors in Swaziland have banded together to form an organization called the Association of Traditional Healers and are lobbying the government to remove the term "witch doctor" from the language.

IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO

A California man was charged with

fondling Minnie Mouse at Disney World.

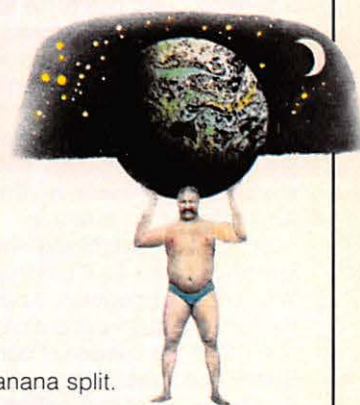


SIC TRANSIT

City officials in Venice decreed that the city's famed singing gondoliers refrain from singing "O Sole Mio" and other Neapolitan songs. Henceforth, the gondoliers were ordered to sing only Venetian songs.

DOG DAY AFTERNOON

A postal union official argued that the "coercive style" of the U.S. Postal Service management was primarily responsible for a rampage by an Edmond, Oklahoma, postal worker in which 14 people were killed.



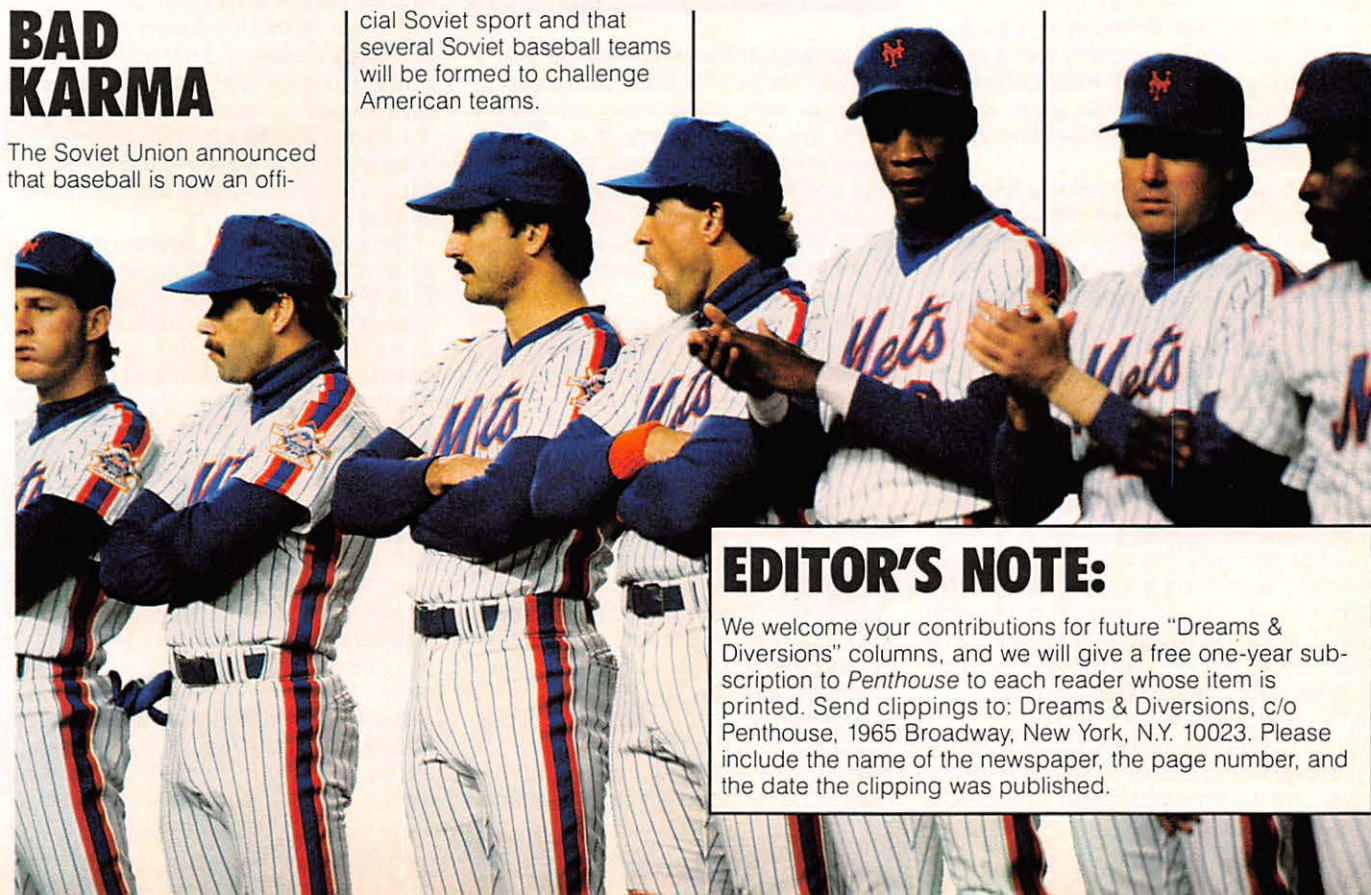
NEW WORLD RECORDS

A man from Oakland, California, built a 64-foot- long banana split.

BAD KARMA

The Soviet Union announced that baseball is now an offi-

cial Soviet sport and that several Soviet baseball teams will be formed to challenge American teams.



EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Dreams & Diversions" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings 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.

\$2.6 BILLION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

for this business. Second, you have to be connected. You have to be in on the whispers and the moves," said one of the men who participated in the proposed \$2.6 billion deal.

Threading through these plans then uncovers not only guns and money, but also the underside of international politics. For arms operations are part of the secret intelligence policies of governments. And often those governments will lie and deny sponsorship of those deals, leaving the dealers themselves swinging in the wind. Or in prison. In the case of the U.S. intelligence operation, it was the Iranian government that blew the whistle on the White House early last November, holding a press conference to break open the secret and shock the world—despite the fact that it was the Iranians who got the arms.

"It's not work for anyone interested in a pension," said one of the arrested men. "You've got to have access to the merchandise, but that's only the beginning. You also have to be an attorney, a shrewd accountant, a charmer, and at least as important, you have to understand that the politics can change from moment to moment. The Iranians ratting out the Americans is an example."

So before examining the Byzantine specifics of the \$2.6 billion plan and the White House operation, a basic outline of the political stakes is critical:

- It is in the interest of both the United States and Israel to develop close ties in Iran because of that nation's anti-Soviet posture.

- Keeping Iran armed is in Israel's interest because the ongoing war is draining Iraq, one of Israel's most dangerous enemies through several wars. At the same time, Iran and Israel have never been at war.

- The Ayatollah Khomeini is 84 years old and ailing. When he dies, there are signs his regime will be replaced by a more moderate and possibly pro-U.S. faction. Consequently, both Israeli and U.S. intelligence agencies realized the importance of developing valuable links in Iran.

- Because the Lebanese groups that were holding Americans hostage have both religious and political ties to Iran, American and Israeli intelligence personnel felt that the Iranian government could influence the release of those hostages.

The barter, if you will, of this political outline was arms and spare parts. For Iran it had to be U.S. matériel for the most part, since the Iranian Air Force and Army are equipped with purchases made by Khomeini's predecessor, the Shah, from the United States.

Since Israel is also equipped with U.S. hardware and can easily order a resupply of the same, that country became a

major source of supply for the Iranian military machine. And highly placed intelligence sources have told *Penthouse* that Israeli operatives and others, with tacit approval from key U.S. and Israeli intelligence agency officials, began shipping matériel to Iran as long ago as 1980, five years before the White House group became personally active. By chartered or falsely marked plane and by ship, the American hardware was flowing into Tehran, Tabriz, Bandar Abbās, and other Iranian ports of call.

One arms dealer who declined to be identified commented, "Thousands of tons of U.S. weapons, spare parts, airplane tires, ammunition, radar equipment—you name it, the Iranians have been getting it. Not just government to government, but from people like us."

"And believe me, guys working out of Israel, private guys with companies, or guys working out of Paris and London, knew that the United States and Israel

“It's something we call the 'Shanghai Surprise,'” said one of the Israelis, “and it's sort of insurance against the Iranians ever using some of the planes against us.”

had okayed it. The word was out.”

When asked why Israel didn't ship directly to Iran, government to government, the Israeli source said, “Neither government wanted anyone to know what was going on, so we had to use private citizens, intermediaries. Neither us nor the Iranians could let the bureaucracies in on it. Imagine the publicity and the damage that would result.”

Still, an Israeli intelligence source commented, “What I don't understand is why nobody, and that includes the press, figured it out. How did they figure Iran kept its air force flying and its men equipped through six straight years of war?”

In hindsight, the fact that U.S. arms shipments to Iran remained a secret is truly a miracle. The Israeli intelligence source said that Iran was “totally desperate” for the American hardware and “was buying it from any country, middleman, or dealer that could supply it, including the Spanish, Portuguese, West Germans, anybody.”

For example, many of the parts of U.S.-made F-4 and F-5 jets used by the Iranians have a “100-hour turnaround” and have to be replaced with that frequency.

According to *Jane's Defence Weekly*, an aboveground chronicle of arms dealings, the Iranians actually went as far as to buy American M-48 tanks and artillery pieces the Iraqis had captured from them and put back on the open international market.

And the Iranians, with their oil money, were willing to pay plenty, far in excess of the “book,” in dealers' parlance—or catalog—value per piece.

By the end of 1984, the Iranians were paying upward of \$30,000 for the Hughes Aircraft TOW antitank missile, an item with a catalog value of \$16,000, according to one of the arrested dealers.

It was in this atmosphere of Iranian desperation and fast money that the \$2.6 billion plan was conceived, and just like the White House operation, it was triggered in part by the foremost independent arms connection in the world.

That man was the Saudi Adnan Khashoggi, a man with contacts in Iran, Iraq, Israel, and the United States, among other countries.

“He can talk and arrange deals for them all in the Middle East,” explained Nico Minardos.

Khashoggi is a broker who apparently never touches the merchandise. He operates out of Cannes and takes off for somewhere in one of his customized Boeing 707s or DC-9s as often as some of us jog. He is also one of the world's great party givers. Hundreds of people, including Brooke Shields and U.S. Ambassador to Italy Maxwell Rabb, attended his two-day 50th birthday party in Marbella, Spain, in July 1985. As usual, he mixed business with pleasure and was overheard discussing arms deals, including part of what eventually became the White House operation, during the festivities. Generally, Khashoggi acts according to the foreign policy of his native country, Saudi Arabia, which in the case of Iran and Iraq has publicly taken a reasonably neutral stance but also acts in the interests of its major ally and armor—the United States.

But Khashoggi was apparently acting as an independent in the genesis of the \$2.6 billion plan, which began with his friendship with a Paris-based Iranian arms dealer named Cyrus Hashemi. Hashemi's cousin just happened to be Hojatolislam Hashemi Rafsanjani, the speaker of the Iranian parliament.

And in April 1985, according to court documents, Hashemi and Khashoggi agreed to form a European company that among other things would sell arms to Iran. An American attorney living in London, Samuel Evans, who had represented both men, handled the legal affairs of the company. Nico Minardos, a longtime friend of Khashoggi's, was another partner.

But without telling his new partners, Khashoggi was already helping negotiate the White House deal with Iran, among many others, and soon thereafter

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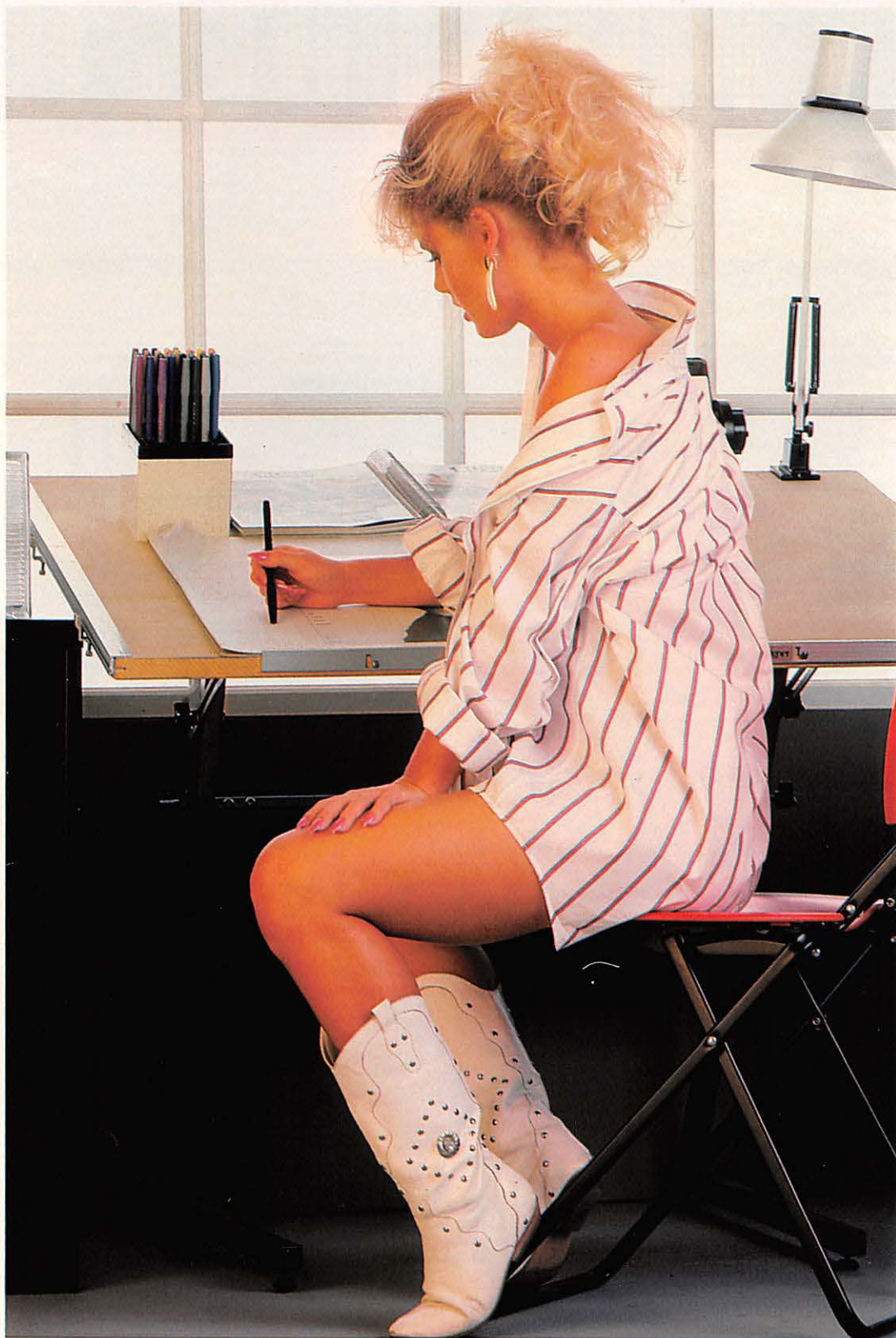
“My greatest sexual experience was making love in an airplane bathroom while other passengers waited outside.”



JAMIE

This month's luscious Hot Shot, Jamie Summers, may have been playing herself when she starred in her latest X-rated sizzler, *The Brat*. With a teasing smile, our gorgeous, jade-eyed, blond Southern Californian describes her role to *Penthouse* readers: "I play this really stuck-up, spoiled girl who everybody—men and women—are into, but I'm into nobody. I'm into me. I'm not really a bitch, but a brat."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM O'BRIAN

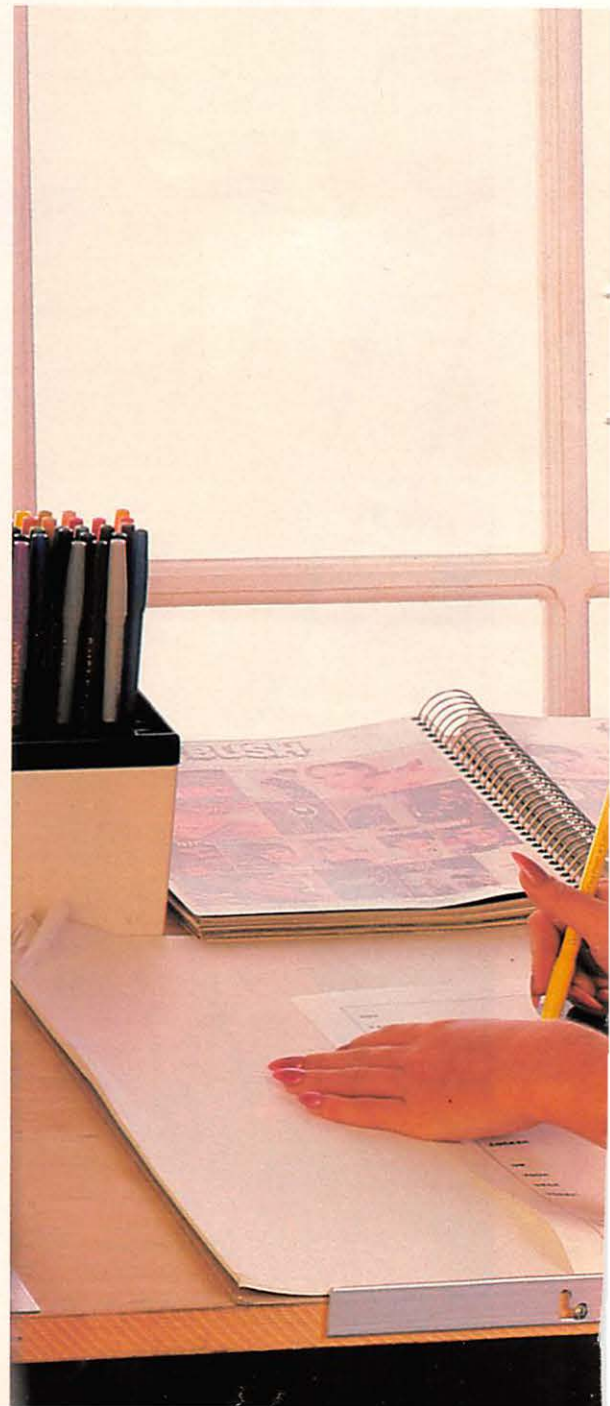


Readers should not be alarmed that this 35-21-34 beauty is not looking for a man. "If you're masculine, in control, and know how to go after what you want, please call me."





"Nothing turns me on like my own body," Jamie smiles, "and nothing turns on my body like the feel and smell of surf and sand, especially if I'm making love on a deserted beach."





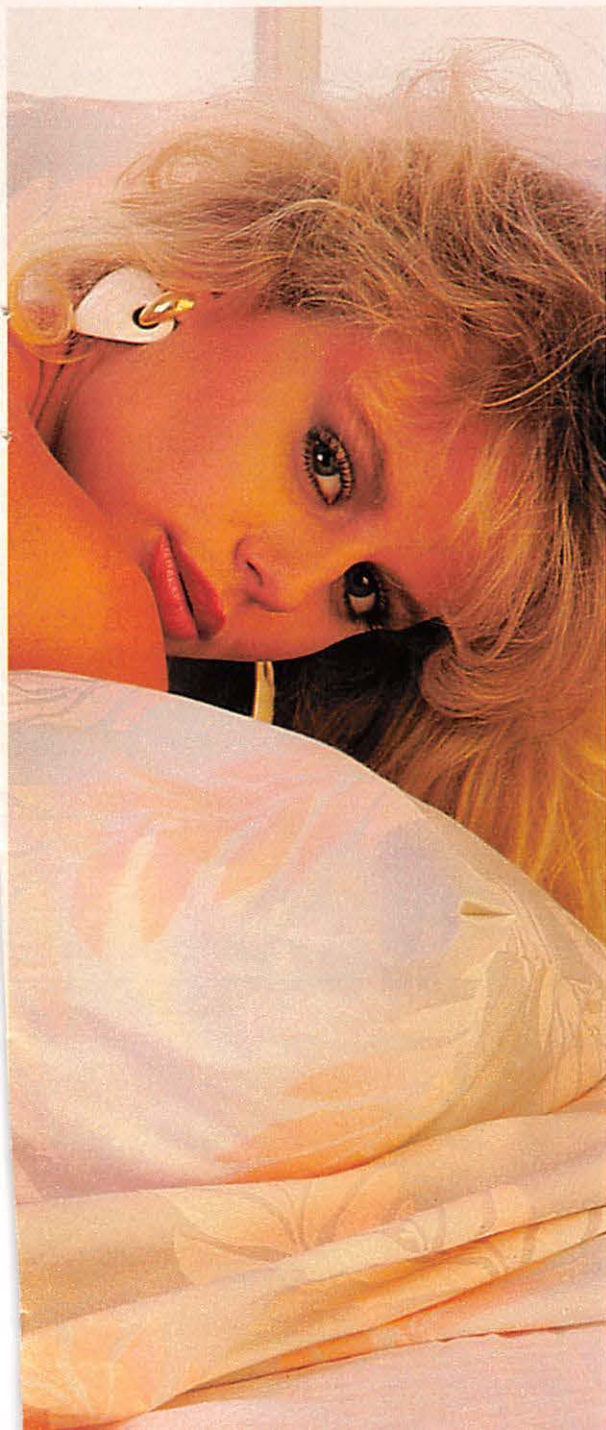


Jamie may have done a lot of sensuous things on the silver screen, but, she tells us, her most exciting real-life experience was "making love in an airplane bathroom while other passengers waited outside."





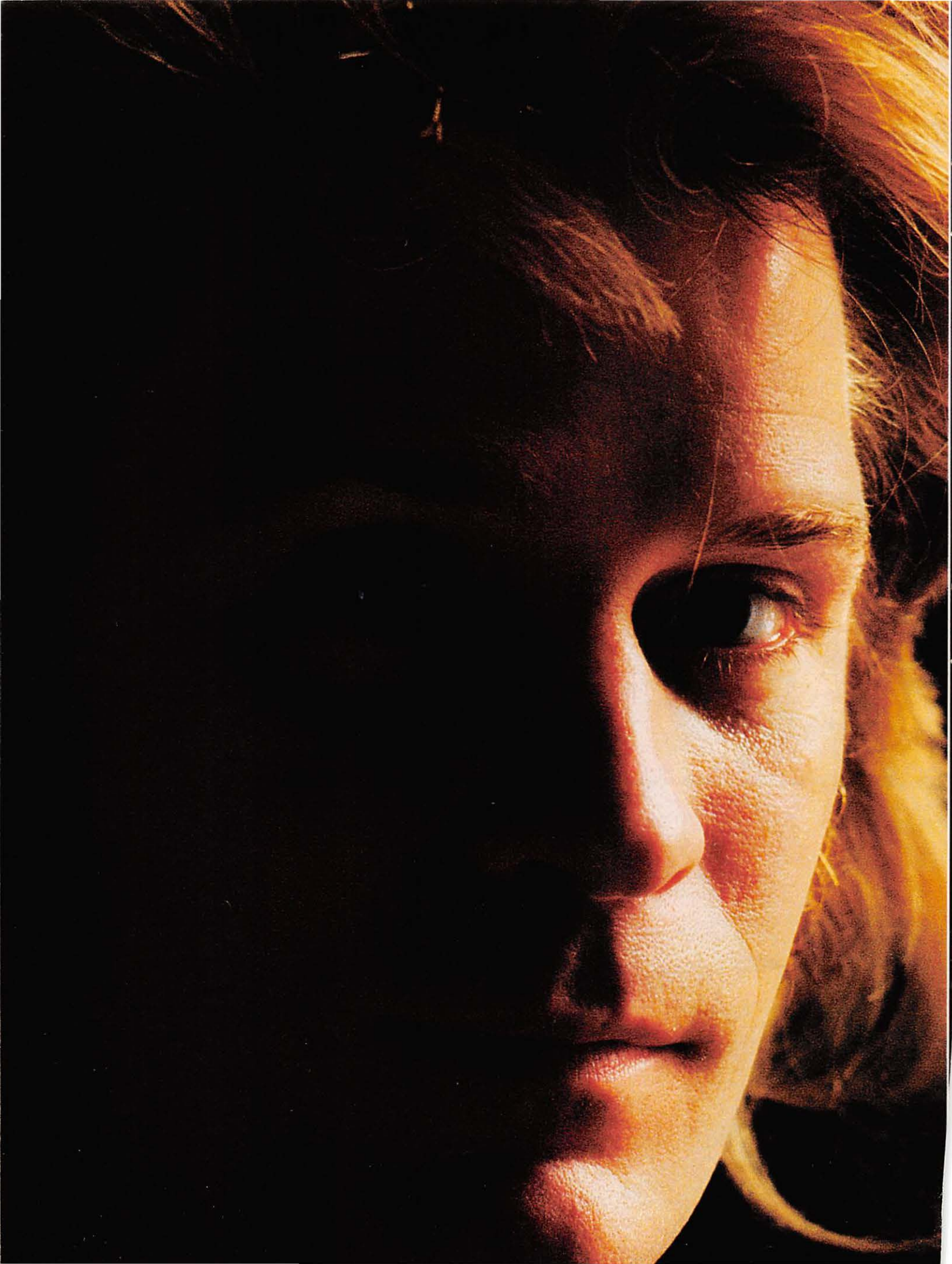
Appropriately enough,
Jamie's idol is
Marilyn Monroe. She
identifies with
the legendary beauty
because "Marilyn
knew how to get the
most out of life. . . ."

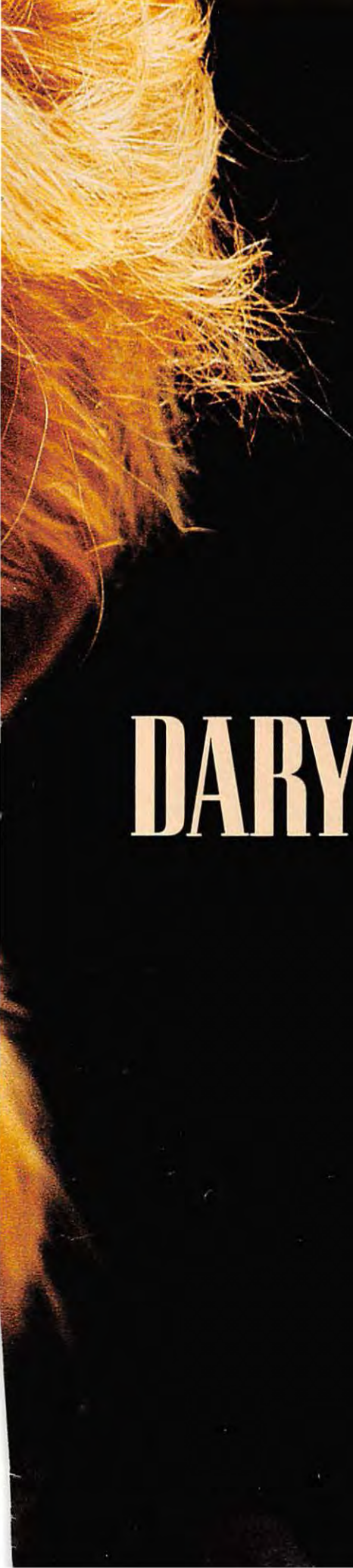




"Being in
Penthouse is
even
better than
making
movies," she
says.
"because
now *millions*
of men
can enjoy
seeing
me, and I
can get
off thinking
about
what *they're*
thinking
and doing
when they're
looking at
me!" O+







Before Christianity,
before paganism, the
occult was the primary
spiritual instrument of
existence. What
does this have to
do with rock 'n' roll?
Read on. . . .

BY TIMOTHY WHITE

DARYL HALL'S MAGIC

Do you believe in magic? It's a question at least as old as rock 'n' roll, which originally was the black man's euphemism in the rural South for moderation-scoring music, unbridled sex—and potent sorcery.

For Daryl Hall, one-half of the renowned singing duo Daryl Hall & John Oates, the answer is yes. And it's an intriguing admission not entirely isolated from the fact that Hall & Oates have swiftly risen since 1980 to become the most popular duo in the history of the record charts, easily eclipsing such fruitful forerunners as the Everly Brothers and Simon and Garfunkel on the strength

of such huge hits as "I Can't Go for That (No Can Do)," "Maneater," "Out of Touch," and "Adult Education."

It's no accident, as far as the slim, fair-haired Hall is concerned, that the enshrinement of his distinctive silky-sharp vocal style in the rock 'n' roll pantheon overlapped with his initiation into the

PHOTOGRAPH BY
IAN HOOTON

realms of magic. Indeed, his greatest professional strides coincided with his decision six years ago to finally put his protracted metaphysical inquiries to practical, dynamic use.

To understand what this means, it's useful to imagine, as does Daryl Hall, a world in which the will holds absolute sway. In such an environment, there are no accidents of any kind; all occurrences, no matter how monumental or microscopic, take place solely because some singular human presence wills them to happen. The bird does not take flight, the rain does not fall, the heart is not won, the womb does not produce, the plague does not take hold, the planet does not turn on its axis, unless some animate force commands such things to be.

This concept is called magic. Before Christianity, before paganism, before religion, before belief itself, it is said to have been the primary spiritual instrument of existence, a supernatural order of things more real than reality.

"It has to do with the development of the brain, from the lowly swimming lizard to that of modern man," says Hall. "As the physics and metaphysics of intelligence evolved, the brain retained an awareness of all these stages—and their source of power. If you can get in touch with those

parts of the brain—the 90 percent human beings never use—you can perceive, function, and really flourish in different levels of reality.

"You can establish a connection between your internal power and that of the living world surrounding you—a lock that triggers a remarkable flow.

"Like any source of power, it's got potential for bad or good," he continues, arranging his rangy frame in the backseat of a stretch limousine as it slips through Manhattan's Central Park on a sunny day in the autumn of 1985. "But that personal power is definitely there if you want to find it. As a kid, I used to devour all the books on King Arthur and European history and fantasy; I tried to learn from their essential philosophies, which was, Mold your world, don't let it mold you.

"Around 1974, I graduated into the occult, and spent a solid six or seven years immersed in the cabala and the Chaldean, Celtic, and druidic traditions, [and] ancient techniques for focusing the inner flame, the will that can create unimagined things and truly transform your individual universe. I also became fascinated with Aleister Crowley, the nineteenth-century British magician who shared these beliefs.

"I ran all of this through my own brain, discarded anything my intuition told me was crackpot or crazy, and after 1980 I began applying all these concepts, focusing the power of my own soul."

Hall pauses, his head bowed. His thin fingers draw his dense blond mane back from his face to reveal a smiling expression of enigmatic serenity.

"And, I mean, look at what's just happened," he asserts, referring to an afternoon spent shooting a cable TV special at Harlem's legendary Apollo Theater with former Temptations Eddie Kendrick and David Ruffin. "When I was a teenager breaking into singing back in Philadelphia, all I wanted to do was meet the Temptations and play the Apollo! By the mid-sixties, I was actually *friends* with the Temptations—and Paul Williams, their lead singer, bought each of the guys in my group a magenta sharkskin stage suit! After another admittedly uneven ten years or so, John Oates and I were making our own contributions to rock and soul as Hall & Oates—with the big breakthrough, as it turns out, coming in 1980 . . ."

Which was when the commercially faltering Hall & Oates, following a string of coolly received LPs, elected to produce themselves for the first time. For his part, Hall put every ounce of psychic deter-



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smokers are heading.

Merit Ultra Lights

Ultra fresh. Ultra smooth. Ultra flavor.



**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
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Kings: 5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—100's: 6 mg "tar,"
0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

minism he could muster into the material. The result was *Voices*—and four hit singles.

"And now," continues Hall, "we've just finished headlining the Apollo with the Temptations' two top vocalists. My dreams have come full circle, and I figure I've somehow learned how to harness the mind-over-matter equation."

So it's all a testament to the applied power of positive thinking?

"Well, it's a bit more than that," he says cautiously. "I had to pinpoint what the 'it' I was seeking to channel was, and I did, although there's no word or name for it."

He later details that "years ago, I once described myself as a Fortean phenomenonist Thelemite anarchist. The Fortean part refers to Charles Forte, an eccentric mailman who became known for collecting offbeat information and newspaper clippings about weird phenomenology like rains of frogs, fireballs, and ghosts. As for Thelema, it was a place envisioned by the sixteenth-century French writer Rabelais, where 'Do what thou wilt' was the only rule."

And in 1904, Aleister Crowley, the hugely controversial British master necromancer, formulated what he called the "Law of Thelema," a new religion of "force and fire." Believing himself to be the prophet of a new age, the Great Beast

666 foretold in the Book of Revelation, Crowley devised a new occult system that he called magick, the final *k* intending to differentiate it from all other modes of magic. The Thelemic religion was itself a complex amalgam of the "Imagination + Will = Magic" dicta of the Order of the Golden Dawn (an occult fraternity founded in Europe in the 1880s whose initiates included W. B. Yeats); the Yoga disciplines of ancient India and China; and the Germany-based Order of Oriental Templars, whose sexual magic aimed to transform the orgasm into a supernatural experience. To all these conjoined arcane codes Crowley added the overriding principles "Every man and woman is a star" and "Find the way of life which is in accordance with your inmost desires—and live it to the full."

Hall is quick to point out that while he personally did spend considerable time studying magick prior to 1980, he pursued the world-traveler, poet, and graphic-artist sides of Crowley while bypassing the roles of bisexual satyr and heroin addict that helped make the always notorious Crowley an outrage in Europe until his death in 1947.

"But I was fascinated by him," Hall declares, "because his personality was the late-nineteenth-century equivalent of mine—a person brought up in a conven-

tionally religious family who did everything he could to outrage the people around him as well as himself."

Hall acknowledges he's not the first entertainer, inside or outside of rock, who's sought a deeper meaning to the raw, uncommonly ferocious energy that roars through him when he takes the stage before hordes of adulatory celebrants. Throughout recorded history, there have been avid students of magic, many of them also pursuing careers in the fine and lively arts. And most of them have never quite fit the conventional image of a devil-carrying conjurer, their number including men like the prophet-king Solomon, the philosopher Plato, artist-poet William Blake, and physicist Sir Isaac Newton.

What all magicians have in common is a view of the universe as a living being, the physical manifestations of the cosmos obscuring the true import of the powers that animate it. Each daily tableau, all the world's mundane facets of nature, and even the visions swirling in one's sleep are perceived as physical allegories or mental reflections of cosmic principles. The machine and the computer, for example, are deemed as temporal imitations of ideal mechanisms that already exist in the invisible eternity that surrounds us.

"I don't believe in the dictionary concept of the occult," says Hall, "because there's no reason to make anything secret. Secrets were for oppressive societies where people had to go underground to literally keep their heads—which unfortunately may not be that far away from recurring. But at least in this point in time we can say whatever we want and share it and feel it."

Magic's contemporary agents are committed to the creed that through the focused might of one's will, a person can accomplish absolutely anything, ranging from "a communion with the Divine Man latent in himself," as Crowley once declaimed, to, well . . . a smash-hit rock 'n' roll record.

And so in 1977 Daryl Hall took time out from his commitments to Hall & Oates to attempt a solo musical synthesis of his personal philosophies. Entitled *Sacred Songs*, the record explored the ancient Gnostic Christian concept that, as Hall puts it, "the act of creating reality corrupts it; the minute you sing a song you've diminished it, because it goes from pure idea to profane, material fact." His record company seemed to be on the same wavelength. *Sacred Songs*, produced by gifted guitarist Robert Fripp (another musician with a mystical bent), was to languish in the vaults of RCA Records until 1980, when a massive influx of letters from disgruntled fans moved the label to release it—to critical raves.

Now, on this breezy fall afternoon in New York City, Hall revealed that he was about to put Hall & Oates on hold for an indeterminate time to once again "outrage myself, break out into a new begin-



"I'm sorry, sir, but I'm going to have to take that quarter from you by force. I'm too proud to accept charity."



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ning, redefine my imagination."

Hall had arranged a rendezvous in Paris in October of 1985 with producer-composer Dave Stewart, partner with Annie Lennox in Eurythmics and also a sober inquirer into cabalism. Hall and Stewart puttered in Paris's Studio de la Grande Armée, weeding through the material that would become Hall's second solo outing, *Three Hearts in the Happy Ending Machine*.

Upon its completion a year later, there were no corporate misgivings at RCA about Hall's experimentation. Released immediately, *Three Hearts* was an instant hit. And few, if any, of his biggest fans were aware of it, but the pounding, insistent first single from the album was initially inspired by the mystic plane, accessible to men in their sleeping state, that the Australian aborigines call "dreamtime." It is a sphere of complete awareness, of great joys but also of grave jolts, because it is filled with ominous insights about the waking world.

"Rock," wrote novelist-occultist William Burroughs in 1975, "can be seen as one attempt to break out of this dead and soulless universe and reassert the universe of magic." Hall agrees with Burroughs, and his musical outlook is no less urgent: "You're living on dreamtime, baby! It's time to shape up!"

"Whenever something has needed to happen to me, it always has," says Daryl Hall, seating himself on a low velvet couch in a corner of his expansive but comfortable Greenwich Village apartment. "The weird way 'Dreamtime' came about illustrates that, as well as encompassing the method in which the album and much of my overall success has occurred. It's always been a series of happy accidents, serendipity."

It's yet another bracing autumn in New York, exactly one year since this ongoing discussion of music, magic, and Hall's career commenced, and "Dreamtime" and the follow-up single "Foolish Pride" are currently ruling the airwaves on both sides of the Atlantic.

Surrounding the singer in his Village apartment are neat rows of volumes on art, cinema, music, philosophy, and the hermetic sciences (he owns a signed and numbered copy of Aleister Crowley's *The Book of Thoth*—Thoth being the Egyptian god of writing, wisdom, and magic), as well as glass cases enclosing exquisitely preserved pieces of medieval armor and antique weaponry. It could be the home of an N.Y.U. history professor, and the grinning Hall, attired in white sweatshirt, tight black jeans, and boots, is overflowing with discourse that suits the bookish setting.

"The title for 'Dreamtime' came from a long-forgotten notation in my journals," he says, "put there in reference to Peter Weir's film *The Last Wave*, which was about apocalyptic religious beliefs among the Australian bushmen. I just loved the sound of the word."

"I came across it again one day while I was in the recording studio in London with Dave Stewart. We had gotten bogged down and needed a breather, and so Dave rolled this tape he had lying around, which had a series of guitar chord progressions on it. It was some rough but very appealing guitar ideas given to him by this guy John Beeby, who owned an instrument-repair shop across the street. Dave told me the guy used to back up Motown acts during their British tours."

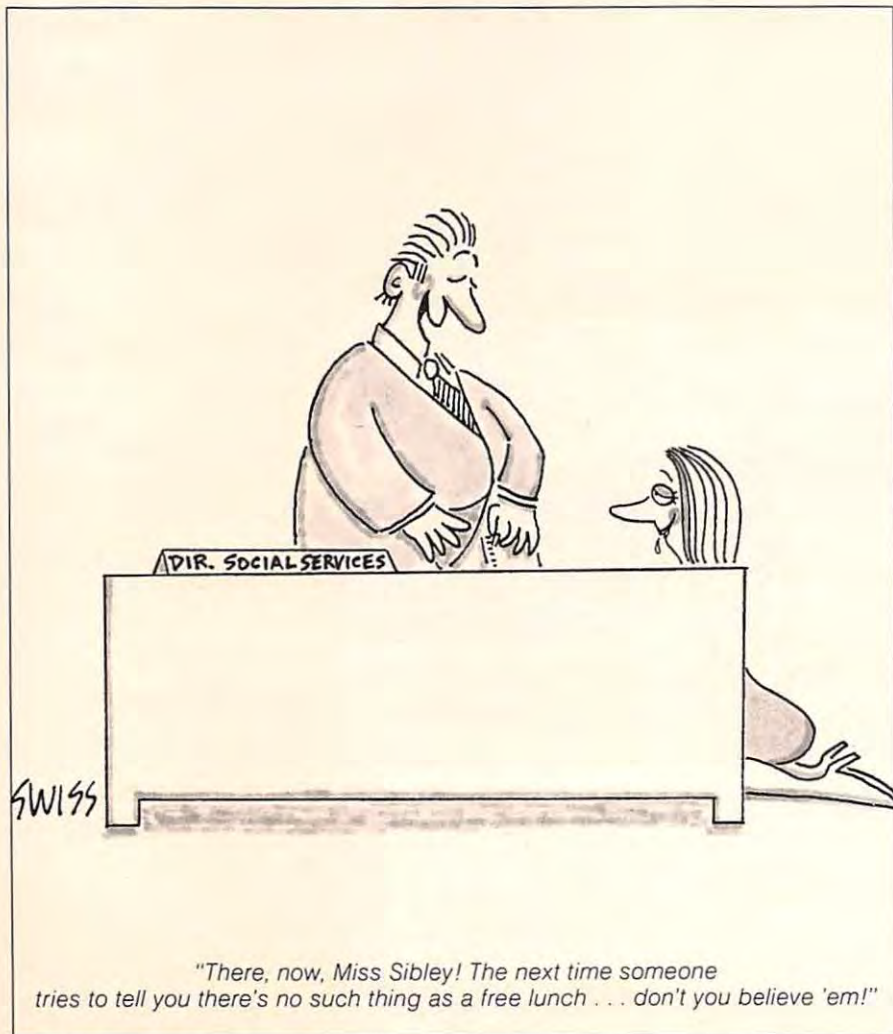
"I thought, *Motown, hmmm . . .* and something instinctive clicked in my mind; so I immediately wrote a new song using Beeby's chord progression and the first entry—"Dreamtime"—in my journal's list of unused song titles. The lyrics were stream-of-consciousness stuff, and through the whole process I felt like I was a convenient channel for some unconscious energy that wanted to surface and bloom. I felt like a mechanism that allows something good to happen—a happy-ending machine."

As for the refrain about needing to "shape up" and "shake up," they were references to the frame of mind Hall was in before undertaking his second solo album—but also concerned the "nearly shattering emotional experience" he'd gone through at the same juncture. After 12 years, he and his lover Sandy "Sara" Allen had almost ended a relationship that had endured the early, painful years of Hall & Oates, as well as the fulfillment of their first hits ("Sara Smile," the 1976 smash, was written for her), many of which she coauthored.

"It's fair to say that *Three Hearts* is an autobiographical record for Daryl," says Tom "T-Bone" Wolk, the skillful bassist and arranger for Hall & Oates since 1981 and the third member of the *Three Hearts* production team. "For someone so tapped into the spiritual and magical aspects of music, the album represents a major leap forward in terms of capturing the difficulties he's gone through recently, as well as the sense of gratification he'd struggled for so long to grasp."

"He was much more open during the making of this record than I've ever seen him," Wolk adds, "and it has continued over to his everyday life. When you delve into his background, you realize he's got a remarkable story to tell."

And Hall's willing, perhaps for the first time, to do the telling. A guarded, prudent personality, he feels he's been burned frequently in his encounters with chroniclers of his professional passage. There was the "fag baiting" he and Oates were subjected to in 1975 because of the ill-advised effeminate silver-and-black face painting on their *Daryl Hall & John Oates*



"There, now, Miss Sibley! The next time someone tries to tell you there's no such thing as a free lunch . . . don't you believe 'em!"

LP. Then came outright critical dismissal during the fallow period prior to *Voices*. Most recently, it's been the allegations that best friend John Oates is the lesser among equals in their collaboration.

"I don't appreciate praise at John's expense," Daryl states bluntly. "We know how hard we work together, and our separate paths for now will just help keep our special bond special."

"The underlying theme of all my lyrics with Hall & Oates has been 'Let things go; move on to fresh territory.' John is off considering his own solo record and some movie and producing projects, things he wanted to discover about himself. Neither of us fear change—and I can't stand to live without it. It's significant that I get along with John, because as a kid I couldn't get along with anybody, felt like an outcast, hated school. I thought I was from Mars, so I came to loathe the past. There always seemed a good reason not to remember any of it. Now I can go back into it, as far back as it's possible to go and then some. Now the past makes me strong."

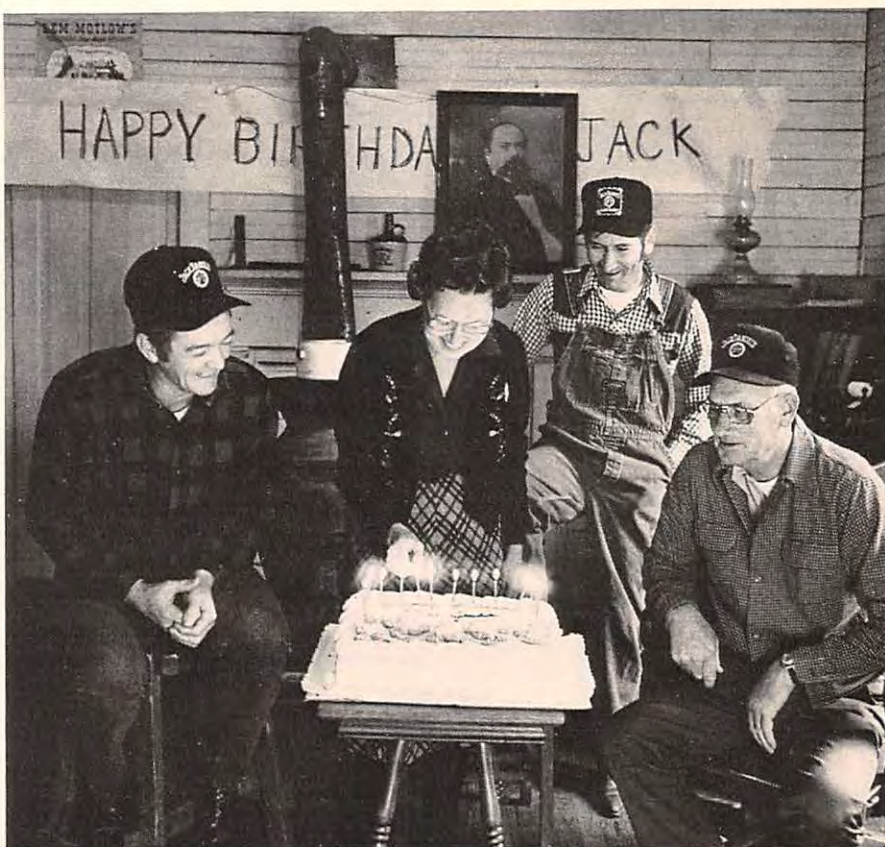
He was born Daryl Franklin Hohl on October 11, 1949, in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, the only son of Walter Franklin Hohl, a foreman-turned-administrator in a dye-casting factory, and the former Betty Mae Wanner. Daryl grew up in Cedarville, a small village abutting the Amish farm country of Chester County. On his mother's side, he was descended from the Huguenots of Alsace-Lorraine and Bavaria, whose ancestral line can be traced back to 790 A.D. The Wanners were the elite officers of kings, mayors of towns that bore their name, traders of gold and silver, and honored churchmen in the cathedrals of imperial Germany.

On his father's side, the family tree encompasses still more noblemen and preachers, plus innkeepers and undercover agents who were active during the Revolutionary War.

"Our great-great-grandmother was a famous spy in Pennsylvania," explains Daryl's younger sister Kathy, a designer in the art department of the CBS Records Group. "Her name was Molly 'Mom' Rinker, and when she wasn't converting and baptizing the Leni-Lenape Indians, she used to sit knitting on a 50-foot rock overlooking the Wissahickon Valley in what is now Fairmount Park. After watching the British troop movements, she'd hide her information in a ball of yarn and drop it over the cliff to George Washington's men. She was killed when she later fell from that rock in unexplained circumstances."

Daryl jokes that "being addicted to risk-taking," he "may have drawn unconscious inspiration" from Molly's saga for the song "Private Eyes," Hall & Oates's hit of 1981.

Yet the figure in his family tree for whom Daryl Hall reserves the greatest admiration is his namesake Benjamin Franklin



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Hohl. "Benjamin, my great-great-grandfather, was a warlock, a mojo man," says Hall with a thoughtful grin. "In rural societies in the region, especially—surprisingly—in Pennsylvania Dutch society, it was common to have a faith healer, or powwow doctor, as they called them in Berks and Montgomery counties, where he was active. People went to Benjamin Hohl for everything from curing cattle, dowsing for water, and banishing warts to matters concerning curses. My grandfather was equally gifted at removing and putting curses on people. . . .

"And just as I got my musical gifts from my mom and dad—she was a vocal teacher, he sang in gospel harmony groups as a young man—so I also inherited this"—he gropes for the word—"personal force from my earlier forebears. All my life, I've had these unusual things occur in my head and happen to me, things I'm still not ready to discuss freely. I've had to learn more about these things that I feel are innate in everybody but more pronounced in me, to focus this power and make the best use of it."

He blinks shyly, and looks away as a sudden breeze races through the small park below his apartment window, stately spirals of yellow leaves rising from the sooty sidewalks.

When he looks back, there is an eerie fire in his gaze, lending him the vaguely calculating air of a cornered animal. Up close, Daryl Hall's complexion is ruddier and his flaxen hair thicker and heavier than they appear in photographs, both qualities hardening his almost excessively boyish features to where, at first encounter, they have a jarringly imperious impact.

In European folklore there is the legend of the changeling, the strange child substituted by forest sprites for one they have stolen away. Daryl almost seems like a canny elf who dared substitute himself for the kidnapped offspring, and then decided he enjoyed that role enough to remain in it.

During his boyhood, Hohl regularly slipped away from bucolic Cedarville and across the Montgomery County line into the industrial snarl of Pottstown, or, more specifically, the illicit pulsings that emanated from its black ghetto, Chicken Hill.

Throughout his youth he had watched his starstruck mother (she'd named her boy for dashing movie producer Darryl F. Zanuck) go from vocal chores in the choir of the local Methodist church to her featured spot in a 40-piece dance orchestra called the Pottstown Band. A sometime choirboy himself, Hohl sought out his own grittier outlet by forming a quartet at Owen J. Roberts High School he dubbed D. and the Originals.

But it wasn't until Daryl explored Chicken Hill that he discovered deeper and more satisfying pleasures in the sounds of native Philadelphians like jazz drummer Joe Jones and tenor- and soprano-saxophonist John Coltrane. And

something more: the rhythm and blues that surged from such Philly radio stations as WDAS and WHAT.

By the early 1960s, the City of Brotherly Love was producing such national smashes on the native Cameo-Parkway label as Chubby Checker's "The Twist," the Dovells' "Bristol Stomp," Dee Dee Sharp's "Mashed Potato Time," and the Orlons' "South Street" and "The Wah Watusi." While a music major at Temple University in 1964, Daryl Hohl was shadowing R & B shows at the chitlin circuit's prestigious Uptown Theater and hanging out with recent graduates of Overbrook High, the fabled "Rock 'n' Roll High School" that was alma mater to the membership of the Dovells, the Delfonics, and other hot West Philly talents. Daryl's own fivesome, the Temptones (named for the college, not the Temptations' songs they covered) was soon second only to the nationally known Magnificent Men as the city's best blue-eyed-soul unit.

“
If you can get in touch
with those parts of the brain—
the 90 percent human
beings never use—you can
perceive, function,
and really flourish in different
levels of reality.
”

All of the aforementioned acts cut their teeth in Uptown Theater talent shows, and the Temptones got tight with the Temptations themselves through several seasons of backstage bull sessions. After beating out the black Delfonics in an Uptown contest hosted by WDAS deejay Jimmy Bishop, the Temptones scored what became an important two-singles pact with South Street's Arctic Records.

Late in 1967 at a raucous WDAS-sponsored dance at the Adelphi Ballroom, Daryl Hohl met John Oates. The hop had been ripping along nicely until one black gang member elected to answer a rival's smart lip with a taste of hot lead, the gunshot sending the teen revelers scattering. Oates and Hohl (who several months later decided to change his name to the smoother-sounding Hall, making it legal in 1972) ducked into a freight elevator, and got to talking as the doors closed. Oates, another Temple student, led a top local act called the Masters, and he knew Hall by reputation. Both were then hustling studio backup gigs with black groups like Kenny Gamble and the Romeoos (which included Leon Huff and Thom Bell, Gamble's future cohorts in

Philadelphia International Records—home of the O'Jays and the Stylistics).

After a brief stint student-teaching music at Stoddard-Fleisher Junior High on Thirteenth and Green streets, Hall quit Temple University and eloped in 1969 with Overbrook High graduate Bryna Lublin. John saw Temple through to graduation, then split for a summer in Europe. In Oates's absence, Hall recorded a grim album for Elektra with a group called Gulliver. When John returned, the reunited pair snared a deal with Atlantic Records through the salesmanship of Tommy Mottola, a 21-year-old Bronx-bred executive at Chappell Music. The wryly titled *Whole Oates* debut LP was a bust in 1972, its earnest folk tack a tactical faux pas in a nihilistic rock era heralded by David Bowie's *The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders From Mars*.

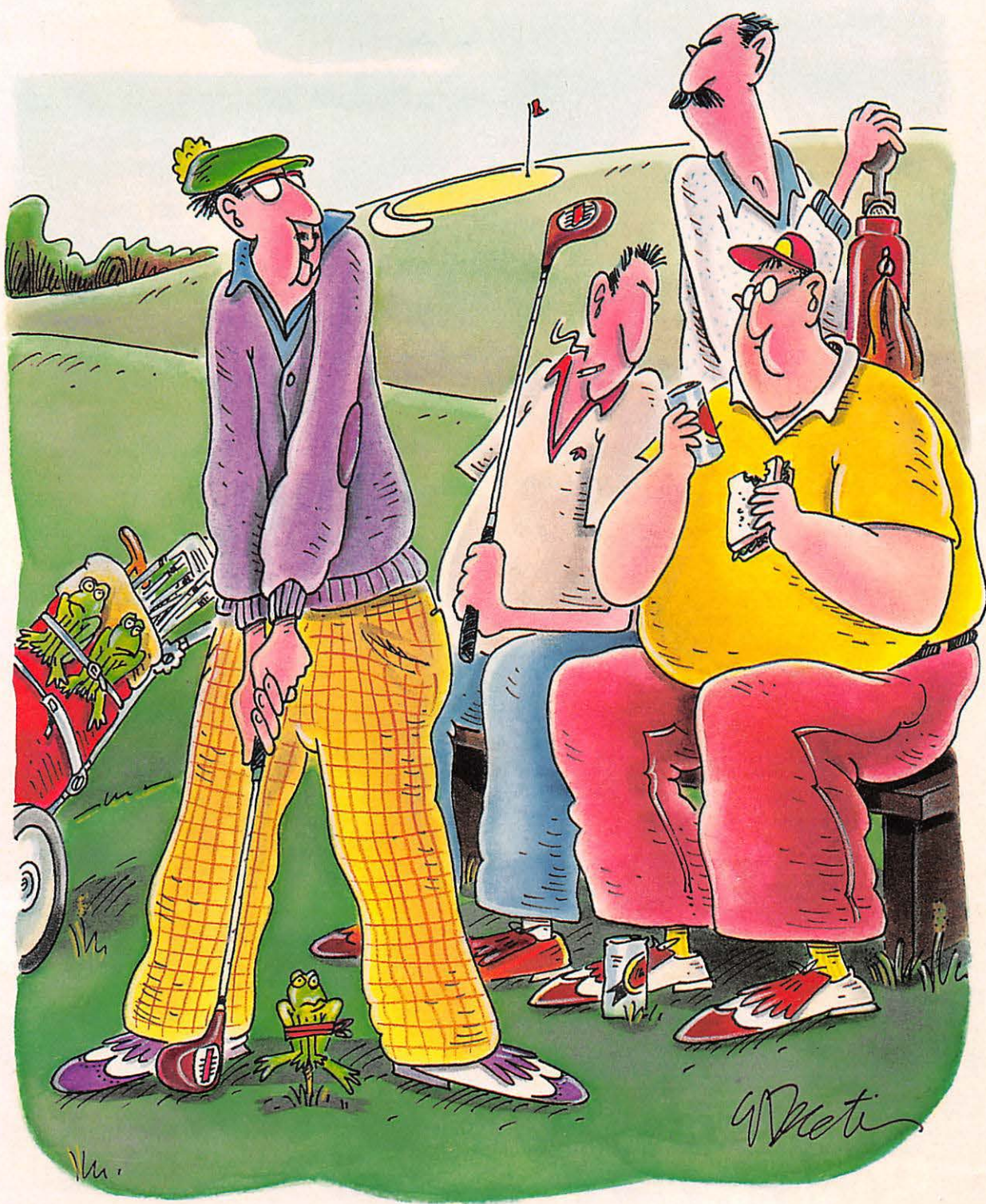
At Mottola's urging, Hall & Oates consoled themselves by writing more material; the already depressed Hall promptly began a song to describe his recent divorce from Bryna, titling it "She's Gone." John added guitar as the words came to his partner. It would be the centerpiece of the elegantly textured R & B that propelled *Abandoned Luncheonette*, their second LP. When Tavares's cover of "She's Gone" became a No. 1 hit on the R & B charts, Hall & Oates were accorded their first taste of national songwriting credibility. Nonetheless, Atlantic Records dropped the duo after their third album, the caustic Todd Rundgren-produced *War Babies*. (But Atlantic went on to rerelease the Hall & Oates version of "She's Gone" in 1976, and it belatedly conquered the Top 10.)

The sinuous Hall & Oates sound has customarily been described as "blue-eyed soul-pop" or "rock 'n' soul," but actually it's a bit more distinctive than that. Greater than the sum of its influences, the pair's best output, from signature smashes ("Rich Girl," "One on One," "Say It Isn't So") to FM standards ("When the Morning Comes," "Back Together Again," "It's a Laugh"), has a curious mood of apartness that eludes facile categorization, an enticingly spooky undercurrent that lends it a quirky, even surreal allure.

"I guess that they have just a touch," Hall offers wryly, "of a sort of musical alchemy."

Alchemy, the transmutation of natural elements through the use of a catalytic agent—the philosopher's stone—has always been regarded as a branch of magic that speaks to one's creative intuition. Plato believed music to be a force of nature that is perfect in its mathematic structure (he even had a tonal theory of numbers), peerless in its properties of enlightenment and supreme in its magical might. As Plato stated in *The Republic*, "Argument mixed with music . . . alone, when it is present, dwells within the one possessing it as a savior of the virtue throughout life."

And for Hall, the music he composes



"Oh, sure, they don't go too far . . . but
I love the sound they make when you really smack 'em!"



POCKET ROCKETS

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS
BY BILL DOBBINS

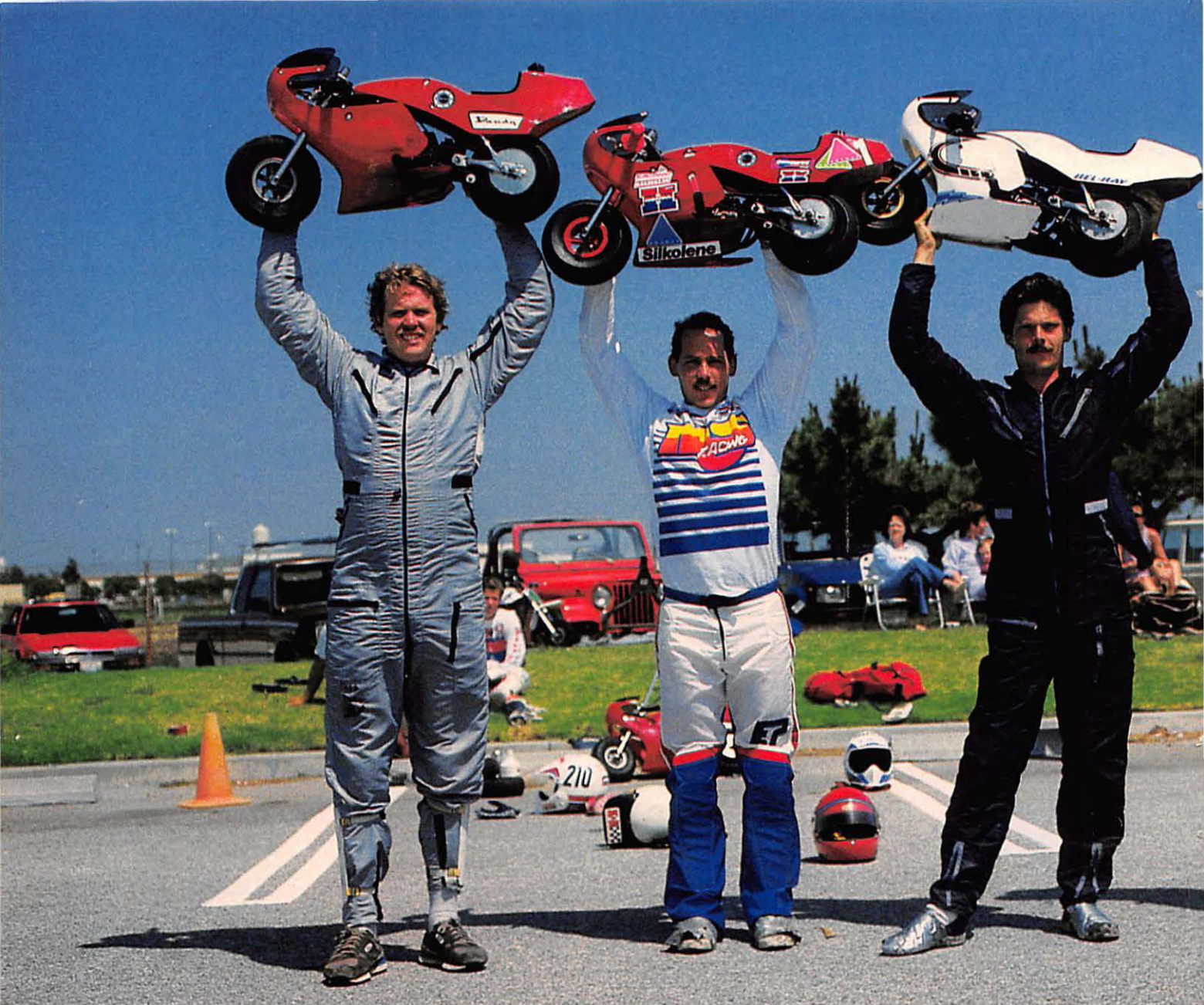
*Bigger isn't always better: Mini-
motorcycles are tearing up the tarmac.*





Cliff Brady, a 25-year-old from Redondo Beach, California, has ridden everything from surfboards to skateboards and off-road bikes to dune buggies, so the first time he saw a pocket bike—all 35 pounds of it—he was game to give it a try.

"It had two wheels and a motor," Cliff recalls, "so I figured I could handle it. Of course, since it was only 14 inches high I did wonder what kind of contortions I'd have to go through to get myself on it. And I wasn't sure a bike powered by a 40-



The pocketbike stands only 14 inches tall and, fully equipped and ready to race, goes for \$600. "It's not like go-carts, where you can get involved to the tune of thousands of dollars," says Ken Yamashiro, a pocketbike importer. "Racing pocketbikes is more fun than cutthroat."

c.c. chain-saw motor would have enough power to be any fun. But finally I got myself hunkered down on the thing, turned on the throttle, and suddenly found myself going almost 40 miles per hour."

The pocketbike was invented about eight years ago by Akira Ohtsuki, a Japanese racing and motorcycle enthusiast. Called the Dandy Pocketbike, his machine is 40 inches long by 20 inches high, with the seat barely more than a foot off the ground, and features tubular front forks and a heliarc-welded ladder frame, a vented rear-disc brake, adjustable chrome handlebars, alloy wheels, and racing fairs.

The Dandy is powered by a three-horsepower, 40-cubic-centimeter two-stroke Subaru

motor that runs on regular gas fed to the single cylinder by a Mikuni carburetor and is capable of accelerating the bike to a speed of more than 35 miles per hour. Pocketbikes use a centrifugal clutch and one-speed transmission, so there is no shifting of gears.

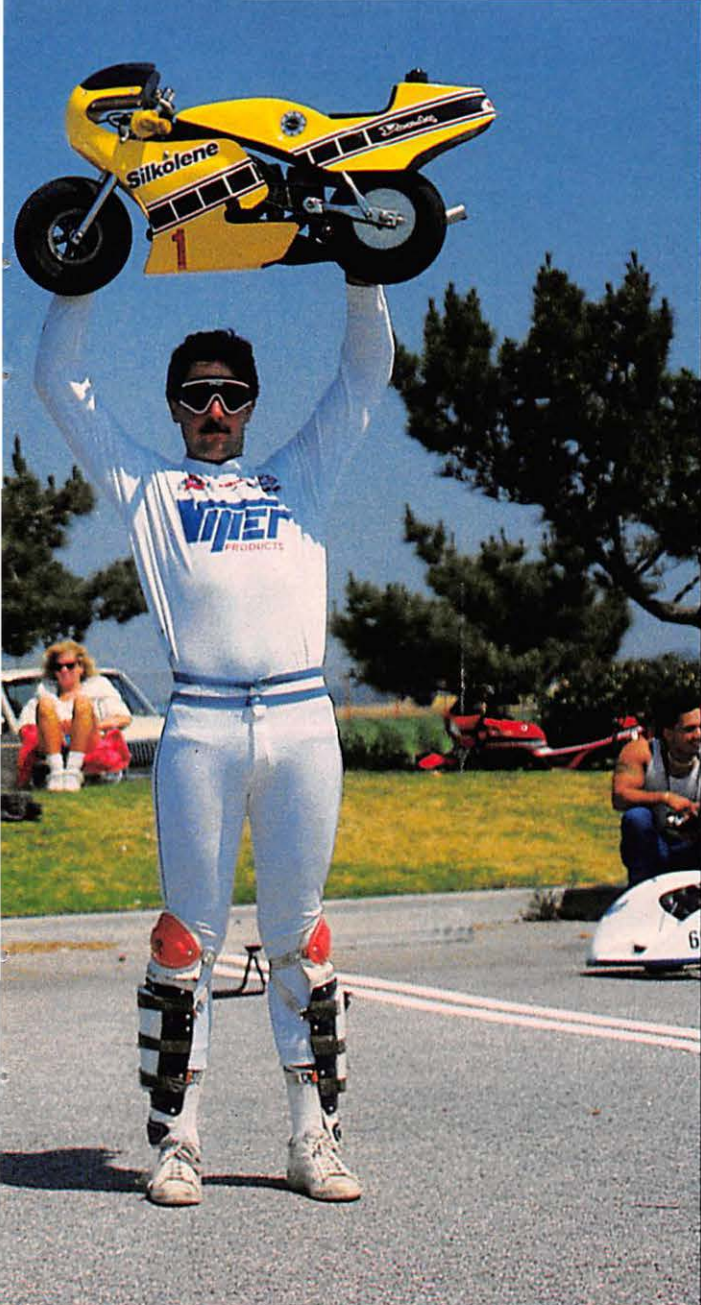
But the Japanese have discovered how to have the most fun with pocketbikes—on the racetrack. The Pocketbike Association in Japan boasts a membership of more than 100,000 and sanctions races on close to 100 tracks.

"In Japan the pocketbike is an alternative to the go-cart," explains Ken Yamashiro, whose Kendee Distributing imports the Dandy into the United States. Yamashiro sells a fully equipped pocketbike, ready to

race, for about \$600. The maintenance cost is very low, he says, since the engine has a life of 300 to 600 hours and can be rebuilt at a minimal cost in less than an hour.

In addition to the racing pocketbike, Roland Manufacturing in Japan also makes a pocket dirt bike and a two-person model with a sidecar.

While pocketbike racing in Japan is a rapidly growing sport, Kendee Distributing has only sold about 2,000 of the machines in the United States since 1981. The problem seems to be a catch-22: Without tracks to run them on, people are less willing to buy a bike; and without enough bikes around ready to race, there is little pressure to make race-tracks available.







"When I first got into pocketbikes," Cliff Brady explains, "there was pocketbike racing at a Malibu Grand Prix track at Ascot Raceway in Gardena. Out on the track with eight or ten other bikes slipping and sliding through turns beside me, I thought I was in heaven."

At one point, pocketbike inventor-manufacturer Ohtsuki sent a Japanese pocketbike racing team to California to compete against the Americans. "That's when we really saw how big and exciting this sport could get," Brady recalls. "The track was jammed with spectators, there were television cameras and photographers all over the place, and we all felt just like big-time racers." Subsequently, however, the track they were using

went out of business, and the pocketbike racers have not been able to make use of go-cart tracks because of insurance reasons. While there are a few instances of racetracks being made available to pocketbikes around the country, the Southern California pocketbikers have since had to do their racing in empty parking lots.

But there is some indication that the public is starting to catch on to the fun of pocketbikes. Where Cliff Brady could count on only four or five bikes showing up to run on a Sunday afternoon, now he can expect two or three times as many, some from as far as 100 miles away.

And pocketbikes are getting easier to buy. In addition

to being available through Kendee and its distributors, would-be pocketbike racers can find the Dandy sold through outlets like The Sharper Image catalog and Abercrombie & Fitch. Cliff Brady has been known to take his "pocket rocket" down to Texas Loosey's, a local bar, and set it right up on the counter. ("I've actually ridden my pocketbike down to Loosey's a time or two, but best we don't talk about that!")

"It's no sweat to learn to ride a pocketbike," says Cliff Brady. "Just about anybody can ride one straight off—even after a few beers. The thing is, it's so much fun that once they get on the bike it's all I can do to get them off. They just don't want to quit." ☐

The Pocketbike Association in Japan has more than 100,000 members who race on close to 100 tracks. Pocketbike enthusiast Cliff Brady says of the risks, "The first time I wiped out and went down, I just sat there laughing. Falling down is just part of the fun."

is indistinguishable from what he has come to call soul.

"Soul," he says slowly and evenly, leaning forward on the couch in his living room, "is *not* about black or white music. Soul is a physical manifestation of a higher consciousness. It's a gong from the right lobe straight out to the world, using the physical body as a springboard for an insight.

"In terms of the black musical experience, it comes from gospel music and preaching, but in every culture there are those feelings," he continues. "Soul is howling at the moon—and having the moon respond. When I'm singing and in touch with the energy I'm generating, I sometimes literally have no awareness of where I am. The ego disappears, and me and my surroundings with it. I've learned how to be able to do that in public, but I do it in private, too. And, frankly, that's the reason I'm in music—to achieve that feeling."

It was during the recording of his *Sacred Songs* album that Hall came upon a book that directed him toward further inquiries into these mystical avenues of the spirit. Robert Fripp gave the singer a copy of *The View Over Atlantis*, a book by British writer John Michell about the mysteries of geomancy, the universal alignment of natural and man-made structures throughout the world. Simply put, the book posits that the planet is a living repository of electromagnetic energy that travels along set paths more ancient even than the concept of permanent roads.

"The book is concerned primarily, as far as case studies go, with earthworks, megalithic sites, and unexplained monuments in the British Isles," Hall says. "There is a lot of research devoted to ley lines, as archaic footpaths, church paths, and prehistoric roads are called. Some of the theories concerning the interrelations of ley lines are spurious, but the evidence of a unified pattern to all of these sites, from Stonehenge to the renowned ruins at Glastonbury to monuments whole countries away, is quite compelling."

By himself, or with Robert Fripp, or, more recently, Dave Stewart, Hall has spent years visiting each of the myriad geomantic sites discussed in the book.

"In post-druidic times, when people built churches on top of the foundations of old pagan temples, it may not have been just to blot out the old religion with the new one," says Hall. "There could have been an awareness that the site on which the places of worship stood was important for itself."

Those sites were reportedly selected, when necessary, by dowsers, men and women somehow empowered to assist farmers in finding underground streams on their lands. And since the European

colonists in North America were, according to *The View Over Atlantis*, perhaps the first to exterminate the native inhabitants without learning of, or respecting, the secrets of their geomancy, any American dowsings are grossly inadequate stabs at resurrecting a buried mystical heritage in this country.

Nonetheless, says Daryl Hall, where there's a will, there's a way to set things right. To at least lay open to scrutiny, and intuition, the notion that there may have once been a time when the natural forces of the earth were dramatically in accord—when, for instance, the real importance of cabalistic geometry and their corresponding musical tones was appreciated.

It's a lot for anyone to consider, Hall concedes, especially for those with minds clogged with too many lurid Hollywood depictions of witches and pagans, or those whose latter-day prejudices are formed by half-dressed heavy-metal

“
The main purpose of
rock 'n' roll is a celebration
of the self. And the
only evil in rock 'n' roll is
deliberately directed
mindlessness—which is a good
definition for evil in general.
”

howlers with pentagrams painted on their Stratocasters.

But Daryl says it'd be a dreadful mistake to dismiss rock 'n' roll as a mere font of decadent frolic.

"I think that rock 'n' roll, in its best, purest, and most positive form, is a completely different way of composing, one that after 30 years has achieved some maturity," he relates, lifting his willowy frame from the couch and pacing pensively before the bookshelves as the afternoon sunlight fades.

"The end of World War II and the way the world changed in the wake of those cataclysms is what caused rock 'n' roll. It was human conflict and rebellion that created rock 'n' roll—not the other way around," he goes on to explain. "After seeing what happened during the last World War, the antihuman madness of Hitler's holocaust, and the ghastly nuclear legacy of Hiroshima, the world could never be the same again. Its people, especially its youth, had to and did go through a change in human perceptions. When you combine that with a complete revolution in technology, communication, and the thresholds between science,

physics, and metaphysics, you've got a new kind of renaissance.

"Rock 'n' roll deals with the acting out of your emotional, conscience-oriented, and sexual feelings in front of someone," he continues. "That's a big step in self-realization, because once you get in touch with your body that way, you can't go back, whether you're the performer or the audience reacting to it. And feelings expressed that directly can prove offensive to some people."

"These things have always been built into tribal society, but they were never before part of mass society. In his time, Bach did it for 20 people in a drawing room on a portable clavier because there was no way to do it bigger. But Liszt did it in concert halls, from his *Faust Symphony* to his *Christus oratorio*, and Paganini was the Jimi Hendrix of his day, rolling around on floors during his dazzling, virtuoso violin performances. Unfortunately, at the time such works could not be recorded for future generations to witness. You had to set it all down later on paper, on sheet music, where it fell prey to endless analysis.

"Now," Hall exclaims, "paper isn't necessary, and music no longer has to be overly analytical, subject to formula—even in its acceptance by others. True rock 'n' roll has no form, it's nebulous. And if rock 'n' roll happens to sometimes also be a rebellion or a reaction to something, that is never its primary purpose. The main purpose of rock 'n' roll is celebration of the self. And the only evil in rock 'n' roll is deliberately directed mindlessness—which is a good definition for evil in general."

"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."

He smiles, sighs, and extends his hand to say good-bye.

"Whew," he says softly, tossing his blond hair over one thin shoulder in a gesture of relief. "I guess we really got into some abstract controversies here."


And he certainly sounds dedicated to sorting them all out.

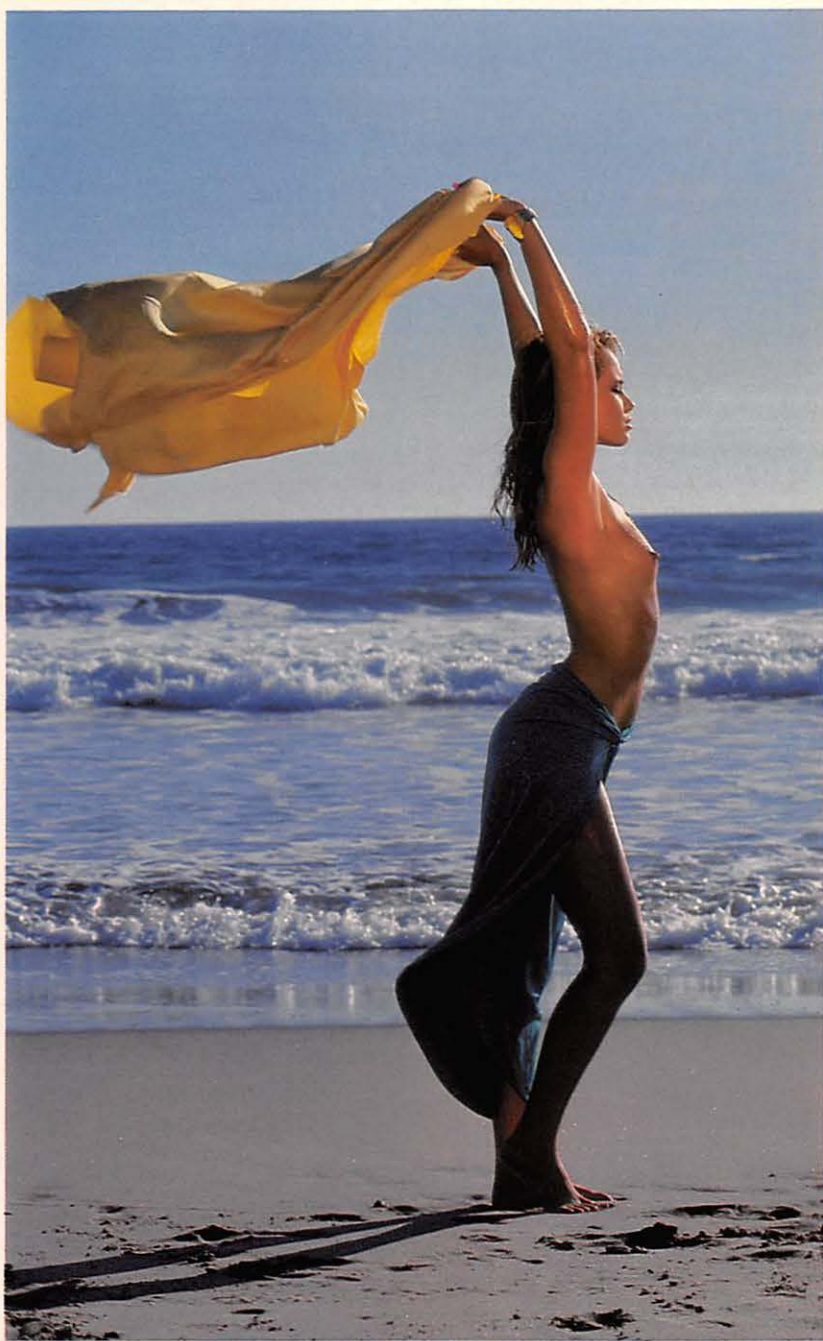
"Yes! But I warned about the sensitive, radically motivated tradition in my family tree. I've even got a cousin who's a pro-Sandinista Methodist minister, and, of course, he's got *me*. We're a rare bunch, but then, my great-great-grandfather had to be unique to be a witch, and dedicated, too."

So would Daryl Hall attribute his success in rock to dedication—or to magic?

He shows the slyest smile of the last 12 months.

"Well, the answer may be in a line from 'For You,' a song on *Three Hearts in the Happy Ending Machine*, where I say, 'Attention's essential, analysis not.'

"Maybe," he chuckles, "I'm reaping the rewards of paying very close attention." 



BRITTANY

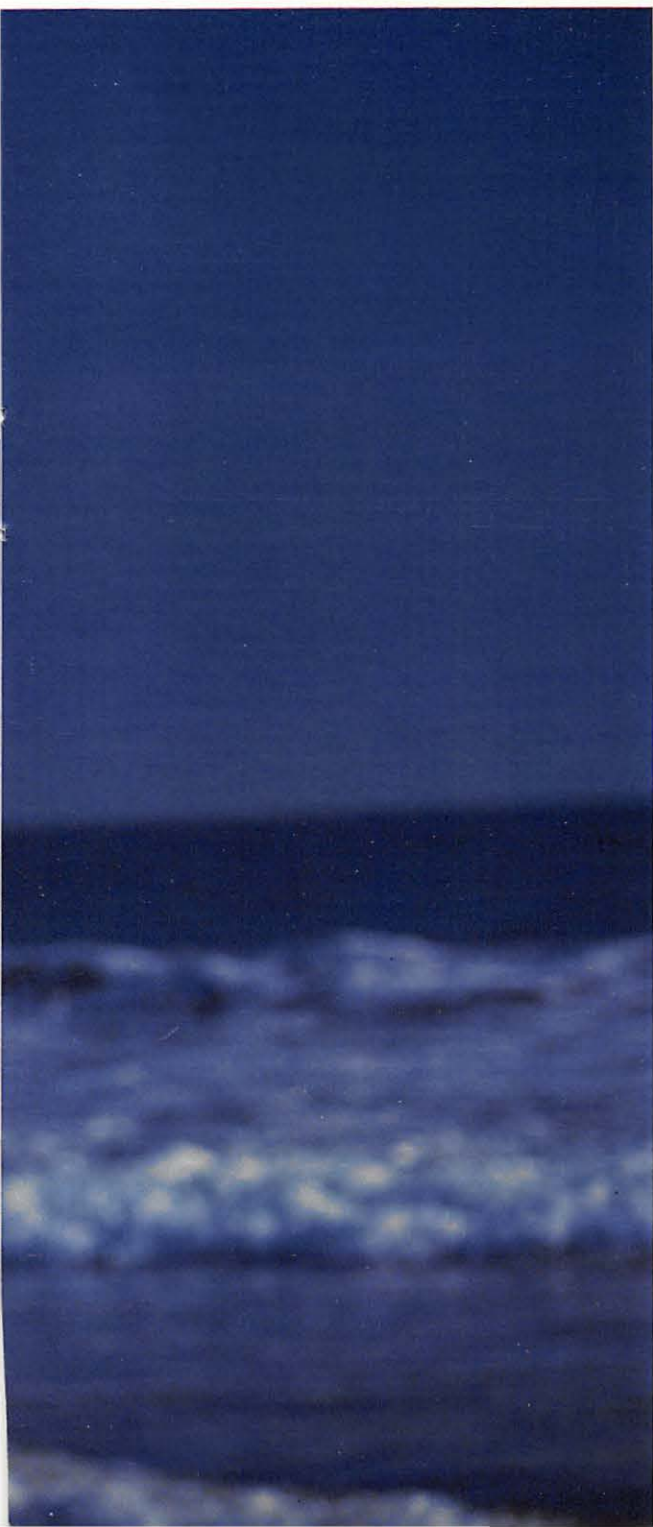
“When I feel my juices start to flow, I know I want to make love.”



WILD ONE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL

With her blond hair and blue eyes and 34-22-34 figure, 21-year-old Brittany Morgan of Van Nuys is the living picture of a California dream. Within that dreamy picture, however, there's the unbridled spirit of a wild mare—the legacy, perhaps, of her exotic German-Spanish-Cherokee ancestry.





Brittany, who once worked as the manager of a 7-Eleven store in Encino, shares none of the repressive thinking that moved that chain to take *Penthouse* from its racks.



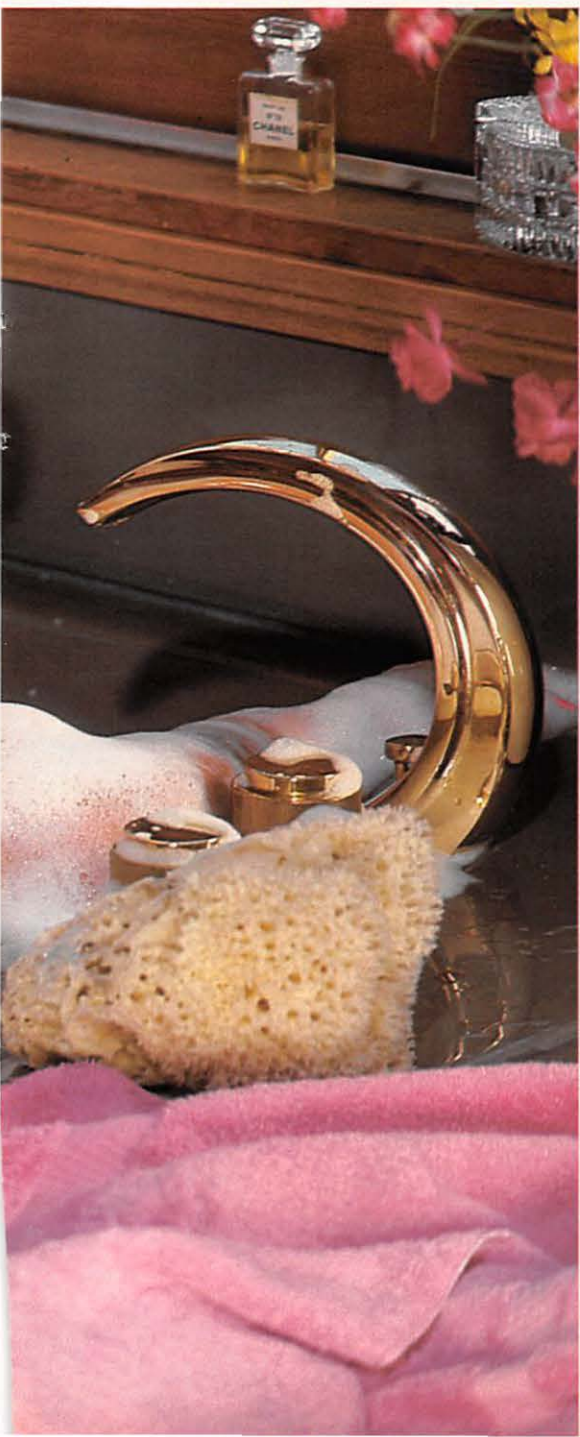




"I wanted to be in *Penthouse*," she says.
"It's a great way to have men admire, lust after,
and even have sex over my body
without me cheating on my boyfriend."



When it comes to sex, young Brittany has definite ideas and no compunctions about expressing them. "My biggest turn-on," she bubbles, "is when I become aggressive and take off my boyfriend's pants, and see how excited he is. On the other hand, I'm completely turned off by guys who don't enjoy oral sex."



"My favorite fantasy, in fact, is me lying on the beach, being approached by five

inexperienced guys looking for action. I play mistress and teach them how to make love."







"When I feel
my juices
start to flow, I
know I want
to make love.
And I have
a secret way
of letting a
man know
what's on my
mind."







"If I could be anybody," Brittany muses,
"I'd be Lady Godiva. She was so
sexy and beautiful, and so good at getting
her own way." That very well
might describe our Brittany as well.





MISS BRITTANY MORGAN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





fun of the doing is in the telling. And the retelling.

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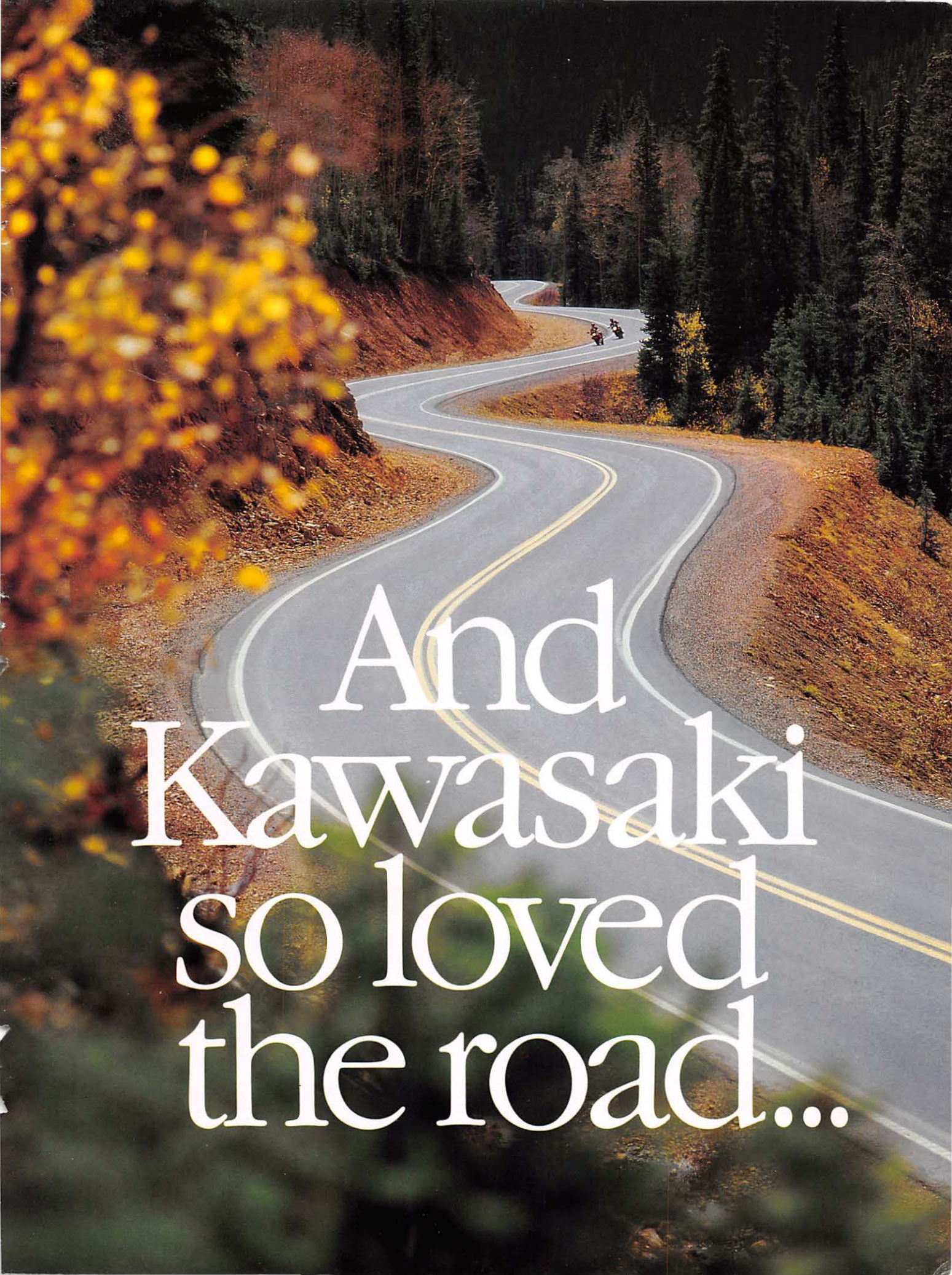
The pulsequickening Ninja 600. The best selling middleweight superbike for three years running.

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the road...



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There's not a curve it can throw that this Ninja can't react to. Not a sudden shift in rhythm it can't adjust to.

No contest. The 750R will read its mail, pick its pocket and leave it wondering what hit it.

A ride like this you don't keep to yourself. 'Cause half the

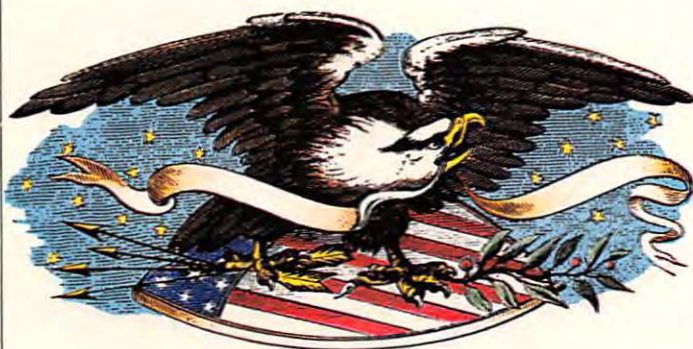
●It's time for Congress
to engage in a serious investigation
of waste, abuse, and fraud
in the Veterans Administration.●

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

This is the time of year when the various veterans-service organizations make their annual trek up Capitol Hill to present their legislative proposals to the House and Senate Veterans Affairs committees. In most cases, these legislative packages resemble G-rated movies: They have something for everyone, and they do not offend Congress or the administration or challenge them to get off their collective backsides and deal effectively with veterans' problems. As a result, once the ritual is over, it's back to business as usual in Washington. Occasionally, something worthy makes it through the legislative steeplechase, though ideas that are "N.I.H."—"not invented here" in the Congress or the Veterans Administration—are usually doomed. It matters little whether N.I.H. proposals meet the needs of veterans and their families.

The Vet Center Program, one particularly effective N.I.H. program established in 1979, has provided readjustment counseling to over 400,000 Vietnam vets. In fiscal year 1986, more than 67,000 new clients were served. Currently, the program operates 180 separate centers with its \$40 million annual budget. Like the GI Bill, it has been one of the most effective efforts undertaken to service the Vietnam veteran. Yet for more than five years, it was opposed by members of the House of Representatives. The program was finally approved after the negotiation of a pork-barrel compromise that provided a pay-off to those in opposition.

And now the Vet Center Program has been targeted for elimination by the Reagan



administration. We do not believe that the program should be allowed to live forever, but at least until 1989, when it is currently scheduled to end, it should be used to carry out a much-needed comprehensive study of the mental-health needs of the Vietnam veteran population.

There is little likelihood that the upcoming legislative agenda will be particularly meaningful for Vietnam veterans. Such sticky issues as judicial review, Agent Orange, the fate of POWs and MIAs, and nuclear radiation will continue to be brushed aside. There is, however, an opportunity for the 100th Congress to do something about the V.A.

Simply put, the time has come to take a long, hard, critical look at the way the V.A. carries out its responsibilities. It's time for the House and Senate Veterans Affairs committees to engage in some real and effective oversight of the V.A., as well as to investigate those areas of its operations that smack of waste, abuse, and fraud. Unlike the Defense Department, which has been placed under a magnifying glass several times in the last decade, the V.A. has bumbled along in its own incompetent

way without any effort on the part of Congress to hold those in charge accountable for their various acts of omission and commission.

To be sure, those in charge of the V.A.—the political appointees of the Reagan administration—are not, by law, required to be competent, but that is no excuse to allow them to operate without public scrutiny. Quite often the administration's loyalists have only the foggiest notion of how to discharge the responsibilities of their so-called policy positions.

We aren't advocating the end of the modern-day "spoils system" regarding political appointees, though we do believe it is incumbent upon Congress to shine its investigatory lantern on the performance of such appointees in the V.A. and to determine whether the subordinate divisions and offices these people direct are in fact carrying out the laws of the land as well as the agency's own internal regulations.

Since its inception, periodic scandals have been unearthed in the V.A. Many of these could have been headed off if adequate attention had been paid to reports of mis-

management and the complaints of veterans and their families about their treatment at the hands of V.A. bureaucrats. Today, in the face of criminal charges against several score of the nation's defense contractors and those government employees who "played the game" with them, to assume that the V.A.'s contractors and its personnel are above suspicion is facetious nonsense.

Because the House and Senate Veterans Affairs committees lack the staff to carry out the kinds of investigations envisaged here, it may be necessary to tap the personnel resources of the statutory investigation committees. We make these suggestions based on our own investigations, which suggest that the V.A.'s way of doing business is suspect. There is too much secrecy surrounding the handling of veterans' appeals and the contracting of everything from real estate to special study grants. The V.A. may, of course, turn out to be completely clean, but that is no reason to avoid checking it out and, in the course of checking it out, to determine how it could be better managed.

The political system of one of America's big cities was once described as "corrupt but efficient." We believe that Congress could spend the next two or three years quite profitably by trying to find out why the V.A. is not efficient. This much at least is indisputable; after all, most constituent mail received by Congress is directed at V.A. bureaucratic foul-ups. The usual response is, "That's just the way it is." It's now time for a change.—William R. Corson

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Today, the attempt to use the political system for religious agendas continues unabated. The most powerful weapon of the New Right fundamentalist campaign is its attempt to gain control of our thoughts and values. ●

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY GEORGETTE BENNETT

The author, an international consultant and a former network correspondent for NBC News, is one of America's foremost authorities on crime.

This article is adapted from her book *Crimewarps: The Future of Crime in America* (Anchor Press/Doubleday).

THE CHRISTIANIZING OF AMERICA

"The key to U.S. strength is Christianity."—Rev. Jerry Falwell

"We made a practice of locking the doors to our prayer meetings, 'for fear of the Jews.'"—Rev. Pat Robertson

The Religious Right's drive to clean up America is dedicated to making us a moral, God-fearing nation—purged of secular humanists and pornographers, gays and child molesters, Communists and criminals, abortionists and atheists. Rather than preaching only from the pulpit, the New Right has devoted itself to molding political platforms. That goal was realized at the 1984 Republican convention, where conservative fundamentalists wrote the plank that helped reelect Ronald Reagan. And today the attempt to use the political system for religious agendas continues unabated.

The most powerful weapon of the New Right fundamentalist campaign is the attempt to gain control of the processes that mold our thoughts and values. That means monitoring what schools teach, which books line library shelves, and what kinds of magazines are displayed on newsstands. Movies and rock music are equally suspect. In George Orwell's 1984, word monitors were called Thought Police. Their job was to ensure that the citizens of Oceania conformed both inwardly and outwardly to the pronouncements issued by the Ministry of Truth. As we rush toward 2000, we are creating our own Thought Police. One study cites a 117 percent increase in censorship incidents between 1981–82 and 1985–86.

Crusaders like Jerry Falwell argue that television has become the "largest baby-sitting agency in the world." As such, children are "incessantly bombarded" with sexual and criminal imagery as well as humanist biases, which teach them values that "hasten society's slide toward decadence." As if in confirmation of Falwell's admonition, television violence has become a defense in criminal trials. In 1984, Nelson Molina, 21, pleaded "not guilty by reason of insanity" to charges of being an accessory to a murder in Miami. "Television intoxication" made him do it, he said. Seven years earlier, Ronald Zamora, 15, claimed the same defense when he killed an elderly neighbor.

All of this presumes that we are what we watch, read, or hear—a shaky assumption, but one that seems to be growing in appeal as diverse groups go after rock videos, beer commercials, and Dan Rather.

Nowhere is this more evident than in the New Right's bid to take over CBS. Early in 1985, Senator Jesse Helms expressed his frustration with what he called the "most anti-Reagan network" and its "liberal bias." It took the form of a letter on behalf of a North Carolina-based group, Fairness in Media, in which he urged nearly one million conservatives to buy CBS stock and become Dan Rather's boss.

Lou Adler, then-president of the Radio-Television News Directors Association, countered that the senator's action was a "dangerous deviation from the philosophy that has provided the foundation of our free press." He cited a long-standing separation between media ownership and news reporting. The forces of the Right were not mollified. Two months later, broadcasting's enfant terrible, Ted Turner, got into the act with his own takeover bid. But he held off until he got the blessing of Jesse Helms.

The tip-off to Turner's intent was evident in a speech he had made the year before to a National Conservative Foundation seminar. Turner called network programming "stupid," "violent," and "antibusiness."

Turner's hostile CBS bid, like Fairness in Media's, failed. CBS was finally saved by offering a seat on the board to Laurence Tisch, a real estate and movie mogul. But the fight to preserve itself against the Right amid stagnating advertising revenues drew heavily on the company's financial resources. Staff cuts followed and morale collapsed.

The First Amendment guarantees freedom of religion, speech (including symbolic speech, such as burning a draft card), the press, and the right of peaceful assembly and petition. In defiance of puritan tenets, it elevates individual conscience to magisterial levels and creates the mechanism whereby rulers are held accountable to the people rather than to God. In a republic that reigns with the consent of the governed, consent must be freely given—"the product of unhindered communication." Information, debate, criticism, advocacy, are the lifeblood of democracy.

Freedom of thought and expression is a difficult concept to grasp. It requires tolerance of ideas and actions that inevitably antagonize some—at times, even the majority—of the people. Nevertheless, reasoned Tunis Wortman, an early-American lawyer, "A liberty of investigation into every subject of thought . . . is indisposible to the progression and happiness of mankind. . . . It is impossissible that the imagination should conceive a more horrible and pernicious tyranny than that which would restrain the Intercourse of Thought."

Here we run into the major conflict between the First Amendment and orthodox Christianity. The former extols human reason, while the latter condemns it as fallen and grants authority only to the Bible. The fundamentalist vision gives lie to the old taunt "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words can never hurt me." Words—and ideas—can cause harm, insists the Religious Right, and they must be closely monitored.

The Constitution makes a distinction between words and actions: It's legal to preach revolution, but it's a crime to start one. You can talk about the joys of child molesting, but it's illegal to practice it. Where speech can be proven obscene

or a direct incitement to violence, it enjoys no First Amendment protection.

Proving that words lead to criminal acts is extraordinarily difficult. In recent years, the Supreme Court has used a "balancing test" to determine when free expression has intruded on other compelling interests. When speech represents a "clear and present danger" and involves direct incitement of illegal conduct, it has overstepped the bounds of the First Amendment. The classic constitutional example, falsely shouting "Fire!" in a crowded theater, is a clear instance of "fighting words." But teaching, sit-down strikes, and salacious movies are much more nebulous. Our highest court has traditionally upheld a narrow definition of action and given wide berth to speech.

The Religious Right advocates the reverse. They cite presumed links between words and actions as a rationale for limiting the marketplace of ideas. The alleged linkages are extensive. They assume a tie between a Budweiser commercial and a drunken teenage driver in Peoria; a crazed cocaine-snorting salesclerk on "St. Elsewhere" and the death of a junkie in Los Angeles; gang violence in *The Warriors* and a rampage in Central Park; bared genitals in *Hustler* and a raped woman in San Francisco; sexual awakening in *The Diary of Anne Frank* and promiscuity in Delaware.

The Religious Right, alarmed by the alleged consequences of television and movie sex and violence, has campaigned mightily to put an end to the dramatization of licentiousness. To be sure, however, it is far from being the only group that has expressed unhappiness with television. Mainstream churches, the National Coalition on Television Violence, researchers at the Annenberg School of Communications, and other groups are also on the bandwagon. But only the Far Right has objected to television fare on religious grounds and pressed for prior restraint of programming.

In the front lines is Rev. Donald Wildmon, a minister from Tupelo, Mississippi. Wildmon reigned from his pastorate in 1977 to found the National Federation for Decency. His work remained obscure until Jerry Falwell joined up with him in 1981 and launched the Coalition for Better Television. CBTV set about engaging in boycotts—the all-American form of protest that hits offenders in their pocketbooks.

After a boycott against Procter & Gamble, which resulted in that top advertiser dropping some programs, the group went after NBC and its mother company, RCA. "RCA-NBC," Wildmon announced at a packed press conference, "has excluded Christian characters, Christian values, and Christian culture from their programming." The boycott would continue, he threatened, until NBC eliminated profanity and racial and religious stereotyping, downplayed violence, and modified the way it deals with drugs and sexuality.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

DANCING IN THE DARK

I'm a 24-year-old male, not bad-looking, but no Tom Cruise either. My girlfriend was out of town for a few weeks, so I took advantage of my freedom to hit a new club with my friend Leo. Leo was feeling a little depressed because his girlfriend had just dumped him for another guy. Leo's kind of shy, so I decided to help him find another woman.

I spotted two cuties in the corner, one blond and one brunette. After a little small talk, we all started dancing. Leo was getting nowhere with the brunette, so I figured it was time to leave. To be polite, I asked the blonde for her phone number and gave her a friendly kiss good-night. Well, that kiss turned into a major grope session. I noticed she had nice lemon-size tits under her loosely knit black sweater. I also noticed that she was not adverse to me grabbing them. We made our way to a dark corner of the club, and I started to feel her up.

By this time she was rubbing my rock-hard dick through my jeans. I was trying to persuade her to go outside to the parking lot, but she kept insisting that we were just fine right where we were. There were plenty of people around, but I figured what the hell, they'd have to be right on top of us to see what was going on.

She had on pants with an elastic waistband that made it real easy for me to get three fingers up her wet cunt. As I fingered her hole, she smiled and unbuttoned my trousers. She fondled my eight-inch with skill, licking her fingers and running them up and down my shaft. She whispered in my ear, "I'm going to suck you until you come in my mouth," and the next thing I knew she was on her knees in front of me, licking the underside of my dick. She took the top of my cock into her mouth and began going up and down very fast, and it didn't take long before I unloaded a bucketful of jism into her mouth. She wiped what spilled out all over her face and hands.

Just as she was about to get up, a bouncer with a flashlight came by. He yelled at us to go outside to satisfy ourselves. About 15 people heard this exchange and saw her with come on her face and me buttoning myself up. I was a little embarrassed, but she seemed to enjoy the attention.

Leo is still bummed out, my girlfriend came back, and to top it off I lost the blonde's phone number. Oh well, it sure makes for entertaining fantasies every time I go to a nightclub!—*Name and address withheld*

IF THE SHIRT FITS . . .

My wife and I had a vacation at one of the largest Canadian ski resorts. When Faye and I arrived there, we unpacked and decided to check out the amenities.

The bar was very crowded with vacationers taking full advantage of the plush surroundings. The only available seating was at a large table for six right next to the dance floor. Shortly after we sat down, three suntanned ski bums asked if they could share our table. We readily agreed, and they introduced themselves as Drew, Howie, and Andy. At about midnight, the deejay announced a wet T-shirt contest. Being a bit of an exhibitionist, this was right up Faye's alley and she was the first to volunteer. The idea was for the women to take over the dance floor in their wet T-shirts and dance until all but one were eliminated by the crowd's applause. I knew right away that Faye was in there with more than just a good chance; besides being a terrific dancer, she has a firm pair of 38-inch mammaries.

There were about 24 women on the dance floor. They all removed their jeans, and the deejay wet them down the front of their shirts and the back of their pants.

“

Faye smiled and said,
“I have an itch that needs
scratching, and I guess
you guys ought to be able to
do the job.” With that,
she gave up all pretense and
took off her robe.

”

ies. As you can imagine, it was a lovely sight. The guys at our table, myself included, were practically drooling at the sight of 48 erect nipples. Faye's perfect dark brown bush and the crack of her ass were pretty well exposed through her nearly transparent white bikinis. After the third song, all but three women were eliminated and Faye was one of the remainders. To the beat of the music, all three of them removed their T-shirts. Although the other two girls had great sets, they were nowhere near Faye's class, and she won easily.

Faye strutted back to our table amid applause and whistles. She stood behind my chair talking to us guys for a good five minutes before she “remembered” to put her jeans and T-shirt back on. The cotton material was still wet, and as the shirt dried, I'm sure I was not alone in feeling disappointed as the splendid view of her nipples faded from sight.

When the bar closed, we asked everyone back to our room to continue the party. I poured the drinks while Faye “changed into something more comfortable.” She came out of the bathroom wearing only a short, sheer black robe

that left little to the imagination. As she sat perched on the edge of an armchair, she squirmed, seemingly trying to get the front of the robe to fall open to enhance the view. I jokingly asked, “Do you have ants in your pants?” Faye said, “No, but I have an itch that needs scratching, and I guess you four guys ought to be able to do the job.” With that, she gave up all pretense and took off the robe.

Andy quickly got out of his clothes and walked up to her. She reached out and started sucking his cock. After a few minutes of this, he parted her thighs and, resting on his forearms, started pumping her smoothly. My wife is normally slow to become aroused, but this time was different—she started moaning as soon as he entered her. Andy must have been super horny, because it was only a matter of seconds before he spurted hot come all over her belly.

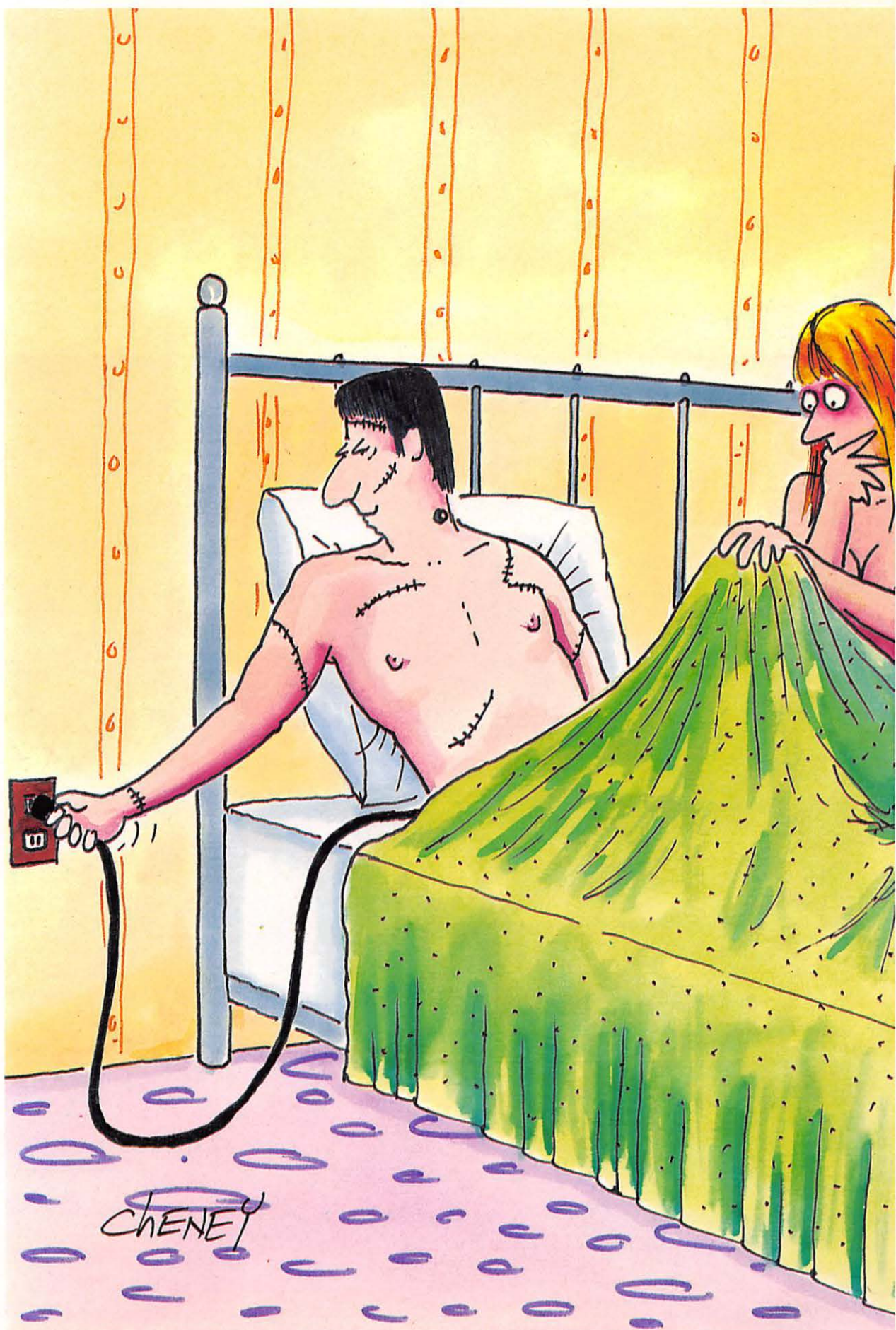
Drew walked over to be next. He pushed his cock into Faye's waiting mouth. He rhythmically fucked her mouth as Faye fingered her clit, spreading her lips wide to give the rest of us a good look. They both came in shuddering orgasms. Howie had been standing off to the side, eagerly watching but a bit hesitant to get involved. Faye looked straight at him and gave him a “come hither” smile. She took his dick in her hand and said that she especially liked to suck on uncircumcised pricks because they were so salty. Howie closed his eyes in pleasure as she got on her knees, peeled back the foreskin, and licked the head of his dick, paying extra attention to the glans. When his cock was rock-hard and quivering, Howie positioned her doggie-style and slid into her waiting cunt. Faye was really hot now and was virtually screaming with every stroke.

All four of us laid her twice that night, and every other night of our holiday was spent in various positions with at least one or two of our newfound friends. The end of our vacation turned a little sour, as Faye took a nasty fall on the ski slopes and sprained her ankle. As I took her to the hotel emergency room I noticed a faint, sly smile on Faye's face. When I caught a glimpse of the nurse on duty, I began to understand why. It was too late to introduce a fifth friend into our foursome, but you can bet we've already made our reservations for the same place, same time, next year.—*Name and address withheld*

MOTORCYCLE MAMA

I am a female motorcycle cop in a large Southern California city. Surprised? There are more of us than you'd guess. I work traffic on the freeways, and I don't mind telling you that the 1,000 c.c.'s of vibrating energy between my knees all day can make me randy enough to hump a fire hydrant.

One especially muggy day last summer I was cruising on the interstate when I saw a motorist stopped on the shoulder.



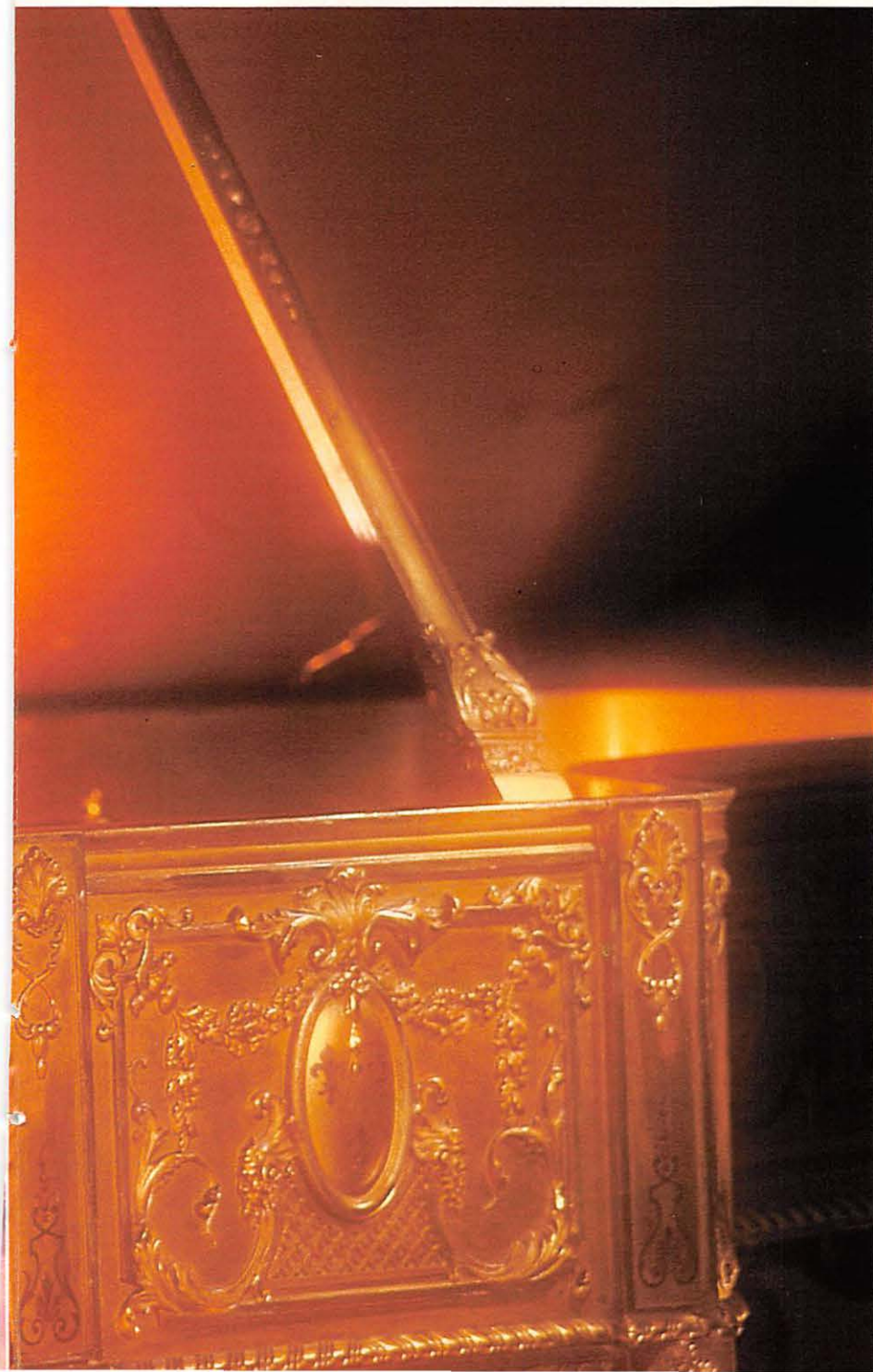


Pet of the Year

RUNNER-UP

Twenty-three-year-old Angela Nicholas came to New York from Washington, D.C., when she was 17. Though she came north ostensibly to attend New York University, the dark-eyed Italian-Scottish-English beauty was secretly pursuing another dream. She had danced ballet since she was ten, and it was dancing she aspired to. After a year at N.Y.U., she was awarded a scholarship to study with dance master Alvin Ailey. A varied career as a dancer, show girl, model, and actress blossomed. A year and a half ago, she made her first stunning appearance in *Penthouse*.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN MARCUS





Since her centerfold debut, Angela's life has taken a dramatic new direction. She is now at work in her first major role in a feature film.





Clothes by Andre Van Pier. Jewelry by Yang Yang.



"It's a science fiction movie," she smiles. "The title's not set yet, but it'll be released about a year from now. After that, I'm going to have another film ready to go."





On the personal side, Angela notes that she no longer has a boyfriend. "I'm not really in the market for a new one just yet. The last one was a real doozy!"





But when she's ready, the near-perfect, 34-22-35 Angela won't settle for looks alone.

"I want a man who's very strong—emotionally, not physically—and also very sensitive."





"My sexual philosophy might be summed up as, 'Take it as it comes.' To me, being in *Penthouse* is not just a sexual thing. It's me expressing myself."

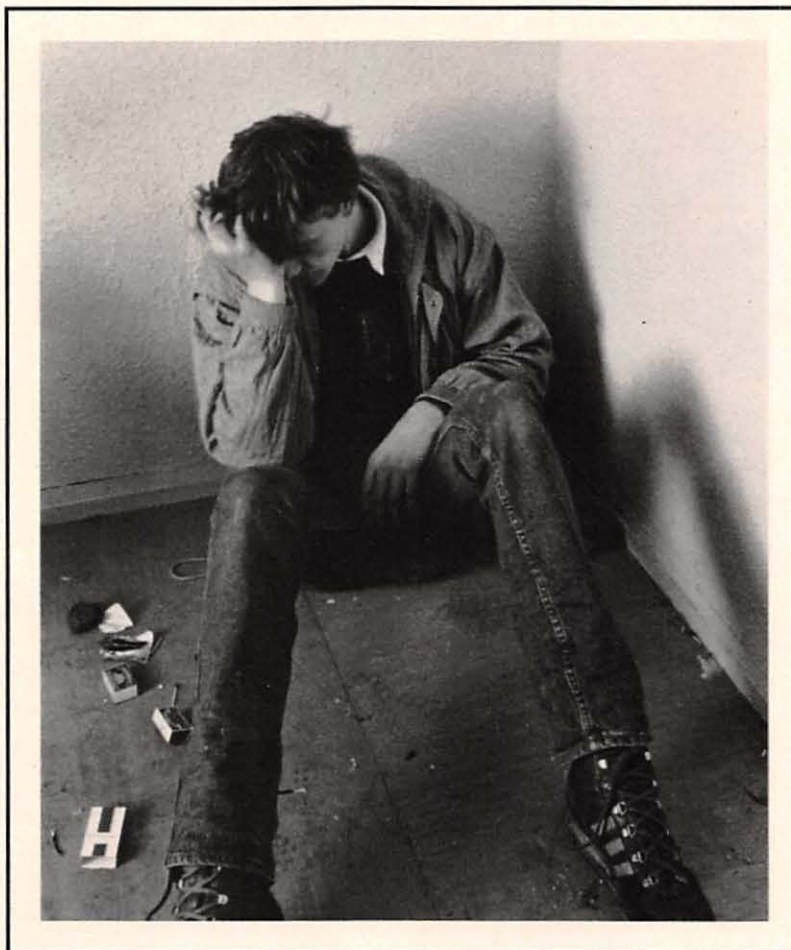




"Being Pet of the Year Runner-Up is a great honor. Just being in the magazine and shooting with Ken Marcus was an honor." Dance on forever, beautiful dreamer, dance on. 



Treating the dope
habit with acupuncture.



Although it sounds like some new miracle treatment, the Oriental practice of acupuncture hasn't changed in the 2,000 years of its existence. The insertion of hair-thin needles into calculated parts of the body has been used to treat a variety of ailments, such as arthritis pain, impotence, obesity, and insomnia.

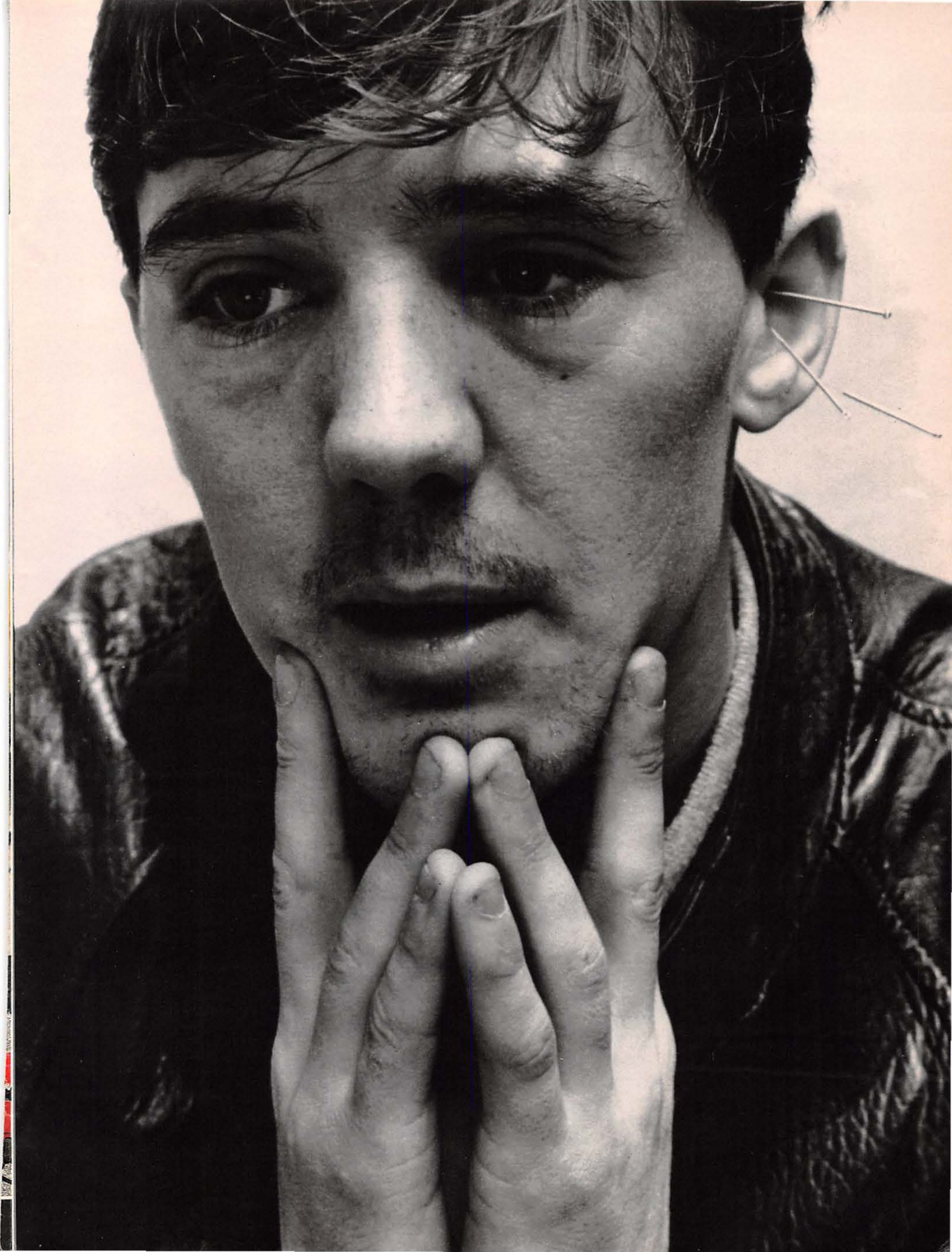
And today it is astounding West-

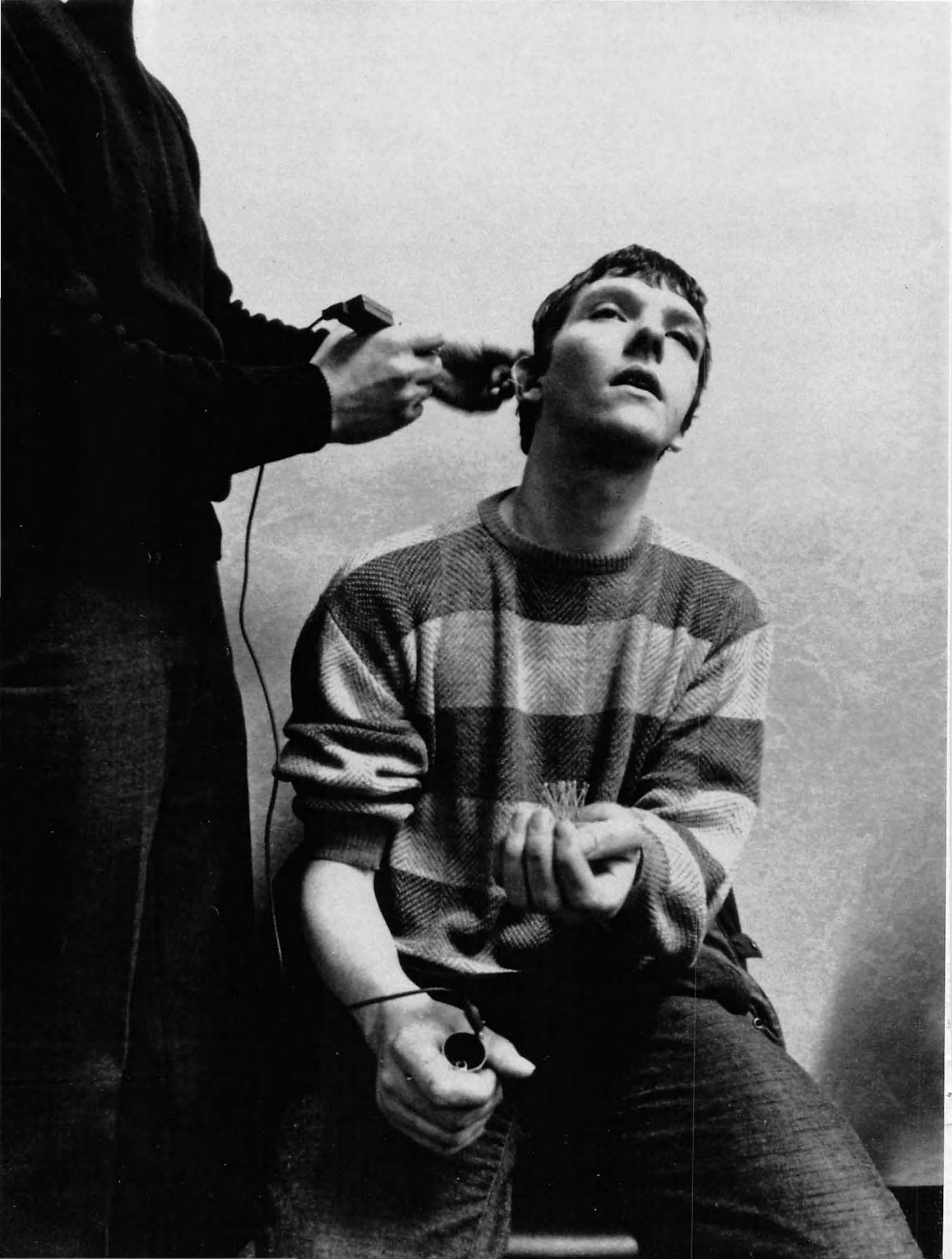
ern observers with its success rate in treating heroin and crack addiction. Having celebrities like Boy George, Keith Richards, and Eric Clapton endorse it has only enhanced acupuncture's cachet.

But don't think this is just some kind of jet-set cure. "We've been doing acupuncture here for 13 years to alleviate acute heroin withdrawal,"

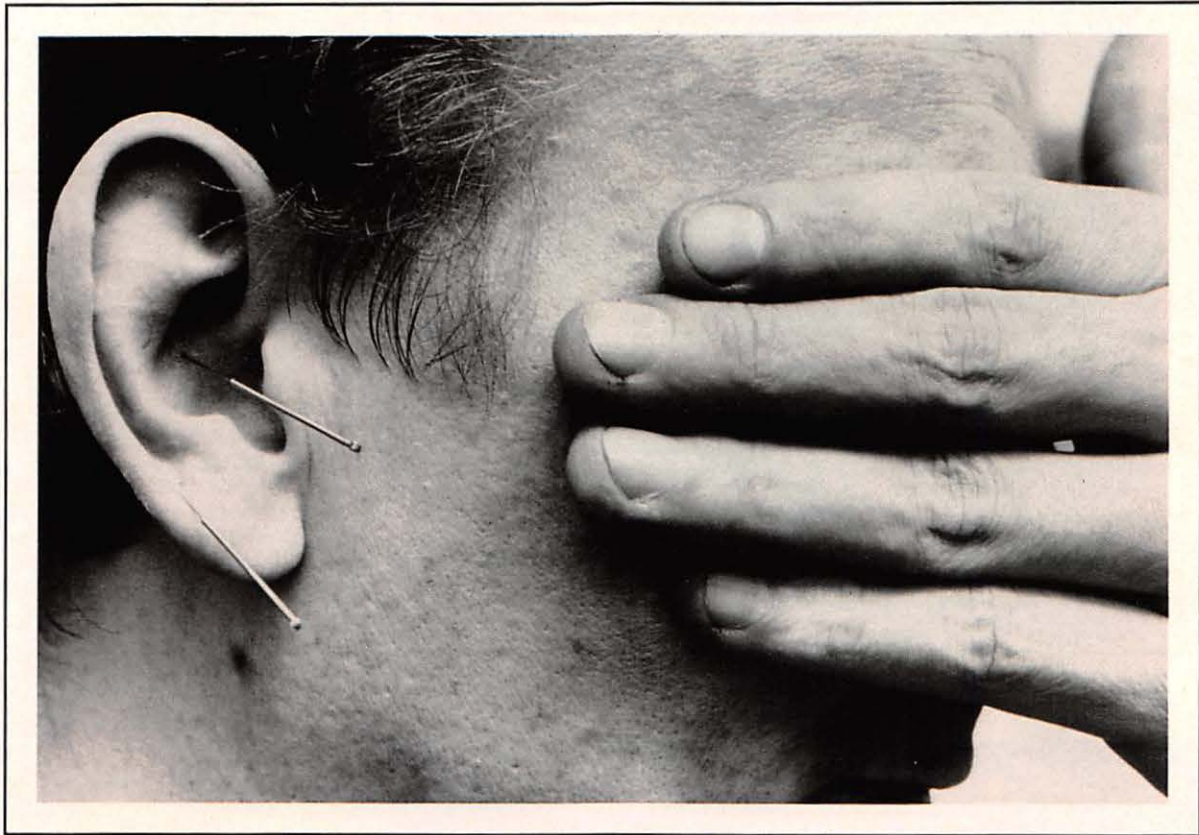
CHANGING TRACKS

BY JENNIFER LANDEY PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER MARLOW





"Acupuncture neutralizes the craving for heroin. It eliminates the cold-turkey factor."



says Dr. Michael Smith, medical director of the Lincoln Hospital Acupuncture Clinic in one of the poorest parts of New York City. It was the first clinic in the U.S. to use the treatment. Clinics in Washington, D.C., Chicago, Boston, New Mexico, and many more now exist.


How does acupuncture really work? Dacajeweah, who practices at Green Cross, Inc., in Washington, D.C., says that "in humans there are natural body opiates produced by the brain called endorphins. When acupuncture needles are inserted

into various meridian points, the prickling sensation tells the brain it's under attack and the brain secretes endorphins that act as natural opiates and painkillers."

In treating heroin addicts, the acupuncturist focuses on two main points in the ears. "There's a slight pain when the needles are inserted," says Dr. J. N. Wu, president of Green Cross, Inc. "The needle stays in on an average of 20 to 30 minutes," Wu adds. "It's a calming agent."

Acupuncture is cost-efficient, has

no known side effects, and requires no prescribing of drugs to kick a drug habit. "People are just beginning to know about it on a national level," says Dacajeweah. "Acupuncture neutralizes the craving for drugs; it eliminates the cold-turkey factor."

Although former Who star Pete Townshend says, "If I hadn't gotten help from acupuncture, I'd be dead," doctors stress that no treatment alone offers guarantees. Nonetheless, it appears that this ancient technique may be today's best hope of treating the heroin plague. 

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\$2.6 BILLION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

dropped out of the partnership.

Hashemi promptly bought out Khashoggi's shares and began talking with Minardos and Evans about going into the arms business themselves in a big way.

"We listened and we got hooked," said Minardos. Beginning in the fall of 1985, Evans and Minardos started to put together a group that could handle a multi-billion-dollar operation.

Since they were working out of Europe, Evans and Minardos decided to overlook the fact that Hashemi had fled indictment and arrest in the United States for previous arms dealings with Iran and was facing more than ten years in prison. What they didn't know was that he was busy making a deal with U.S. Customs and the U.S. Justice Department to help trap others dealing with Iran. Hashemi's end was U.S. leniency if he produced.

Customs and Justice Department agents began tape-recording Hashemi's telephone conversations and his meetings. Two customs agents posing as his partners were frequently at Hashemi's side. The records of those meetings and transcripts of those telephone conversations were recently made public. Those documents, along with interviews with several of the participants in the \$2.6 billion plan, is the basis for much of the account that follows.

Minardos recalled how the deal moved forward during the fall of 1985. "We started recruiting, talking to people—you know, who knows who. We needed a lot of people because Hashemi was talking about bullets, planes, spare parts, tanks, artillery, antitank missiles, and we needed people with expertise in those items. And naturally we believed Hashemi because we knew that Iran needed that matériel."

Their choice was to somehow get approval for export of the U.S. hardware directly from the United States, or to buy it outside the U.S. with the help of independent dealers in Israel.

"We wanted to do it legally," said Minardos, and so he and Evans covered both bases. In short order, they found their men much in the way that William Holden found his in the film *The Wild Bunch*.

Minardos found Gurriel Eisenberg and his son, Rafael Israel Eisenberg, two Israelis who had connections with that nation's arms industry.

The Eisenbergs brought in William Northrop, an American living in Israel with Israeli citizenship. Northrop was experienced not only with the business end of arms deals, but also with the technical end. He was eminently familiar with the spare parts and other hardware that was to be sold to Iran.

Northrop in turn brought in another Israeli, retired General Bar-Am, a world-renowned tank and ground-warfare expert who had gone into private business as a

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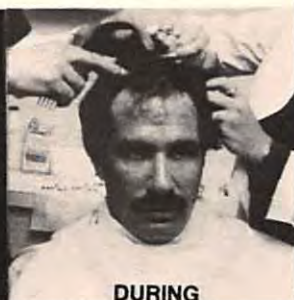
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consultant. Evans brought in John de la Roque and Bernard Veillot, Americans living in France who were also experienced in various aspects of the business. Also recruited were German arms dealers Hermann Moll, Ralph Kopka, and Hans Bihn. The last man brought in was a retired British colonel, Alfred Flearmoy, yet another arms dealer. Flearmoy, interestingly enough, was constantly pushing English-made equipment, especially the Swingfire antitank missile, but nobody seemed to want any, according to the wiretap transcripts.

The Iranians wanted American-made Hughes Aircraft TOW antitank missiles and Hawk anti-aircraft missile batteries, among other items, according to the big list finally put together by the Evans-Minardos group. And it was that same equipment that the White House intelligence group had delivered to Iran last May . . . 2,200 TOW antitank missiles, for example, to be exact.

Meanwhile, the Evans-Minardos group was finally assembled by the end of 1985. And coincidentally, it was during this period that members of President Reagan's National Security Council—including Admiral John Poindexter, Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North, former N.S.C. chief Robert McFarlane—and others were putting the finishing touches on their plan to sell Iran directly some of the arms that country needed in exchange for cash,

links with a moderate faction in the Iranian government, and freedom for American hostages held by Iranian-backed groups in Lebanon.

Of course, the White House group had several advantages over the Evans-Minardos group. They knew that U.S. Attorney General Meese had approved rescinding President Jimmy Carter's order banning military shipments to Iran, and in any event, since theirs was a covert operation, they didn't need documents critical to shipments of U.S. arms.

Those are called end-user certificates (E.U.C.'s), required by many nations, including the United States and Israel, as a requisite for arms exports. The certificates must detail specifically who is getting the arms "in the end."

Would-be dealers in new American arms, for example, need only apply to the State Department's Office of Munitions Control for the end-user certificates, fill one out, get approval that the "end user" is not on the State Department's banned list, like the government of Libya, and go into business.

The end user himself, a company or government representative, must also sign the certificate. One way to get around U.S. State Department or Israeli Defense Ministry scrutiny is to bribe an official of a third country to sign the certificate as the "user."

For example, a South American mili-

tary attaché stationed in Europe could sign a certificate saying his country is buying 5,000 Israeli-made antitank weapons. The Israeli government issues a license to export the missiles to the South American country and the shipment leaves Israel legally. Then the cargo itself is either transferred at a port to another ship going to Iran or is otherwise diverted to that country.

If, however, one is caught lying about who is getting the arms, one goes directly to jail in either the United States or Israel. That prohibition, incidentally, includes conspiring or planning to use "false" end-user certificates. But intelligence sources told *Penthouse* that in the case of Iran, certain elements "looked the other way."

An examination of the wiretapped conversations between the members of the Evans-Minardos group and their "Judas," Cyrus Hashemi, shows that the certificates, how to get them, or how to get around using them was a constant topic of conversation. After all, the 17 men stood to split up more than \$300 million, a 13.04 percent commission, if the deal went through according to contract drafts.

So they met with Hashemi and others in Paris, London, Athens, and elsewhere throughout the winter of 1985 to 1986, talking endlessly about the certificates. At one point Hashemi talked about using Turkey as the end user to move hardware

to Iran, but that was vetoed by the others.

"It was driving everybody crazy," said one of the Israeli members of the group, who requested anonymity. "Of course we didn't realize all our conversations were being taped for the U.S. Justice Department . . . but you can tell how important those E.U.C.'s are to the arms business."

The Israeli faction had far more experience than the others, except for Hashemi, in dealing with the Iranians, although they had never launched a plan as big as \$2.6 billion. But they knew the ropes better than anyone else, and one of them gave these details about how Iran was getting U.S. arms.

"Before the \$2.6 billion plan came up, there were some good channels set up to make money off the Iranians," said one of the experienced dealers. "The way one channel worked was this: The Iranians, the Army, had a running list of what they needed. They would transmit it to their embassy in West Germany. A guy in that embassy would in turn call a female attorney, a German woman, who was the contact person for arms dealers.

"You would call her, or she would call you and say have you got such and such . . . spare parts, radar, shells, what have you. If you said yes, she would give you the number of a Swiss bank account, or several Swiss bank accounts that were secret accounts for the mullahs, and the Iranian Army or Air Force people involved. Now, you had to make a nice deposit into one of those accounts—you could wire it in—as a bribe to the Iranians so you could do business with them. See, everybody gets their little piece of the action."

Once the bribe was paid, the Iranians, or their middlemen, would establish "proof of funds"—that is, a written bank statement showing the ability to pay for the arms. Then the dealer would provide the Iranians with a "performance bond," a deposit that would be forfeited if the weapons were not delivered. The last step was a bank letter of credit from the Iranians that would enable the dealer to buy the arms but not use the "credit line" for any other purpose. Profits would come after delivery in the form of commissions, usually ten percent or more of the deal's total value, and of course in the dealer's markup on the goods themselves. Except for the "credit line," however, the Iranians would not release their money until satisfactory delivery.

"This is not a handshake business. Nobody trusts anybody," said the dealer, who explained that for security, the exchange of paperwork between dummy companies was often set up in countries where corporate and banking anonymity is respected by law.

In the case of the \$2.6 billion plan, one of the Israeli contingent's companies was the Dergo Establishment, a Liechtenstein company with a correspondence address listed at P.O. Box 75, Zurich 8034, Switzerland. Their agent in Israel was Gi-

lony and May with offices at 14 Spinoza Street, Tel Aviv. Meanwhile, Samuel Evans, the group's top recruiter, did business in part as the Bayway Machinery Company, Inc., a Panamanian corporation with a correspondence address listed as c/o Evans & Van Merkensteijn, 12 Grosvenor Place, London.

Each individual and corporation was insulated from the rest. According to court papers, the Evans-Minardos group generally advocated taking the additional step of sending correspondences and packages to and from the United States by private courier companies, such as DHL, as opposed to using the U.S. Postal Service's express mail. In this way, they could theoretically avoid mail-fraud charges if the correspondences or packages contained false end-user certificates and were seized by a U.S. law-enforcement agency.

As the winter of 1986 wore on, the Evans-Minardos group, along with Hashe-

Reagan allowed a man with perhaps the most knowledge about U.S. intelligence to travel without protection to Iran, where he easily could have been tortured to tell all he knew.

mi, began putting together the specifics of their package for sale, and quite a package it was, including 18 F-4 "Phantom" aircraft; 3,750 TOW missiles; 24 Skyhawk A4H aircraft; two Hawk surface-to-air missile batteries; 100,000 M437A1 shells for 175-millimeter artillery; and machine gun parts, radios, helicopters, and spare parts for many of the items. All of it was to be made in the United States.

The group's contract draft specified that the arms buyer would pay not only for the weapons themselves, but also for war-risk insurance, packing and crating, shipping costs, the cost of end-user certificates, and export licenses. The arms themselves, according to one of the contract drafts, were to be shipped out of Israel.

Meanwhile, in February of last year, just as members of the White House group were keeping their idea of funding the contras with arms-sale profits a secret from the President, the Israeli contingent in the Evans-Minardos group were running their own little game as well. And it is a game that tells even more about the international arms trade.

"It's something we called the 'Shanghai Surprise,'" said one of the Israelis, "and it's sort of insurance against the Iranians ever using some of the planes against us. After all, you can never tell. . ."

The Shanghai Surprise works this way: One of the items to be sold by the Evans-Minardos group included 900 spare parts for General Electric APQ-120 radar on the F-4, F-5, and F-14 fighter planes the Iranians were using. The Israelis planned to put an explosive charge hooked up to the radar signal those planes send out.

"If the aircraft was ever used against Israel, an Israeli pilot's radar could tune into the signal," the dealer explained. "It is the identification signal, friend or foe, that all planes send out. If it was a 'foe,' the Israeli pilot would push a button and 'jink' them." The radar console on the Iranian plane would blow up, with the explosive rendering that aircraft's weapons system impotent.

"The plane could still fly, though," said the dealer.

Shanghai Surprises aside, by January 31, 1986, just as the White House operation was moving into full gear, members of the Evans-Minardos group were pressing hard to learn if they could get U.S. and Israeli approval for their plan. And they began getting what they thought were positive responses from their connections in U.S. and Israeli intelligence.

Those responses were apparently not part of the Justice Department's operation to trap them and were gleaned independently of the Justice Department's setup man, Cyrus Hashemi.

The Israeli general Avraham Bar-Am, who was the group's tank consultant, apparently got approval from his government to "look over" the plan and met with the Israeli military attaché at that country's embassy in London.

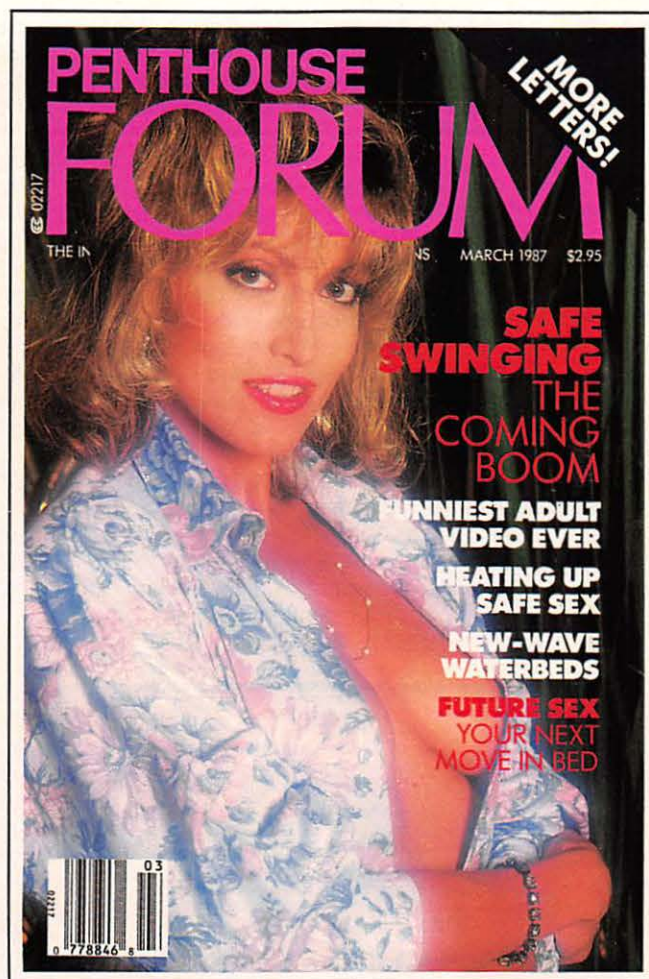
Wiretapped conversations are almost an exact mirror of what was actually going on in President Reagan's cabinet with regard to the White House's arms-to-Iran operation.

And on February 7, 1986, Evans reported to Hashemi, "The green light has been given—that Bush is in favor, Shultz against—but nevertheless, they are willing to proceed."

But like all good arms dealers and despite Hashemi's obvious demands to finalize the deal, the group would not proceed without something at least as important as those elusive end-user certificates. They wanted to see the color of money.

"If you're in this business, you have to get that 'proof of funds,'" said one of the group.

Hashemi, backed by the Justice Department and U.S. Customs, said his Galaxy Trade, Inc., now had authorization from the Iranian government to spend more than \$2 billion for the arms. There would be a letter of credit waiting for the dealers at New York City's Chemical Bank, said Hashemi, if they would go to



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ADVISE & DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

Despite some laudable goals, that particular boycott bombed. But the religious agenda comes through in other remarks, like the one made to *People* magazine by Wildmon: "Most producers are of the Jewish perspective. What they're doing is legal, moral, and right." It's not sex and violence unto themselves that the reverend says he objects, but rather "the networks' entire value system."

It is not only the sponsors and networks who are hit in the pocketbook—it is the fundamentalist public. The Radical Right has found diatribes against television to be a boon for fund-raising. In a direct-mail solicitation, televangelist James Robinson warned, "Tonight, nearly every home in America will have violence, crime, sex, perversion, and filth piped directly into their families' laps." He then proceeded to ask for a \$25 contribution "to offset Satan's attack."

In *The Boston Globe*, right-wing fundraiser Richard Viguerie admitted that there's a method to the madness:

"We can do something the networks cannot do, which is get involved in political campaigns. . . . Even if we go after them and lose . . . we will still win by waging the battle. Because we'll bring to our cause maybe five million people we don't have now, who will turn their attention to senators and congressmen."

The strategy is potent because it exploits the legitimate gripes that many thoughtful Americans have about television. But when you take a closer look, writes David Bollier for *People* for the American Way, you find that the extreme picture painted by the Far Right is slanted by hyperbole, "bogus survey techniques, unnamed volunteers, secret coalition members, and not-so-hidden political goals." CBT's assertions, he says, are often just plain, factually wrong.

CBT's obsession with sex, for instance, has led to some overblown evaluations of television's fleshiness. While cable programming may be "guilty" of explicit sex, broadcast television never shows completed sex acts. When CBT classifies a "Donahue" program on breast-feeding as a "sex show," Bollier wonders what kinds of criteria they are using. Or when Wildmon lumps a serious documentary such as CBS's "Gay Power, Gay Politics" in the same category with television movies like *Scruples* and *Anatomy of a Seduction*, Bollier says the religiopolitical agenda comes through loud and clear. The war against television is not just a war against tastelessness: It's a battle to "suppress other voices and to advance their own narrow religious-political orthodoxy," asserts Bollier.

President Reagan was once asked at a press conference to explain the difference between American democracy and Communist regimes. "We believe in God," he answered. This response 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.

Reagan is supported in his priorities by Attorney General Edwin Meese. In 1985, Meese lashed out against the Supreme Court in a way unheard of since Franklin Roosevelt attempted to pack that forum in 1937. Meese dubbed recent decisions upholding church-state separation "somewhat bizarre." He deemed rulings that bound the states to uphold the Bill of Rights to be "intellectually shaky." Advocating a vision of the Constitution confined by the "original intent" of the framers, he rejected judicial interpretations as the "personal views" of Supreme Court justices.

Summarizing the feelings of many critics, *New York Times* columnist Anthony Lewis wrote, "What really interests the . . . attorney general is not judicial philoso-

“Taken together,”
cautions Walter Cronkite,
“these proposals form
a pattern that we should be
worrying about.”

phy but particular political results. He wants more religion in this country. . . . He wants more government power to order people's lives. He wants the courts to get out of the way."

By confounding religion and politics at the highest level, the President and his appointees created an environment in which ideologues felt encouraged to take over a national news organization because its reporting was perceived as "anti-Reagan," and therefore unpatriotic. From there, it was a short step to disrupting the flow of other forms of information—all in the name of God and country. That is precisely what has begun to happen.

"Under modern conditions of mass communications," writes Ira Glasser of the American Civil Liberties Union, "the function of free speech may be effectively diminished if no one can hear what the speaker says."

"The procedural rights to speak, publish, hear, and read remain intact," he continues. "But what we are permitted to speak about, publish, hear, and read is increasingly limited to what the government wants us to know."

In 1982, the Reagan administration attempted to tighten the Freedom of Information Act, which gives citizens access to the dossiers that contain data about them. That same year, General William Westmoreland made a speech in which he said, "Without censorship, things can get terribly confused in the public mind." Blaming uncensored news for the collapse of the Vietnam War, the retired army general allowed that censorship might be required in a future war—not to keep information from the enemy, but to keep it from the American people. Less than one year later, a news blackout was declared when the United States invaded Grenada.


In 1983, the President promulgated a "secrecy order" requiring any government employee with access to "sensitive" information to preclear anything they plan to write or say about the government. The order applied even after federal employees leave their jobs. Glasser calls this a "lifetime curtailment of speech . . . an unprecedented system of official censorship." (His organization ultimately succeeded in mobilizing Congress to get the executive order rescinded.)

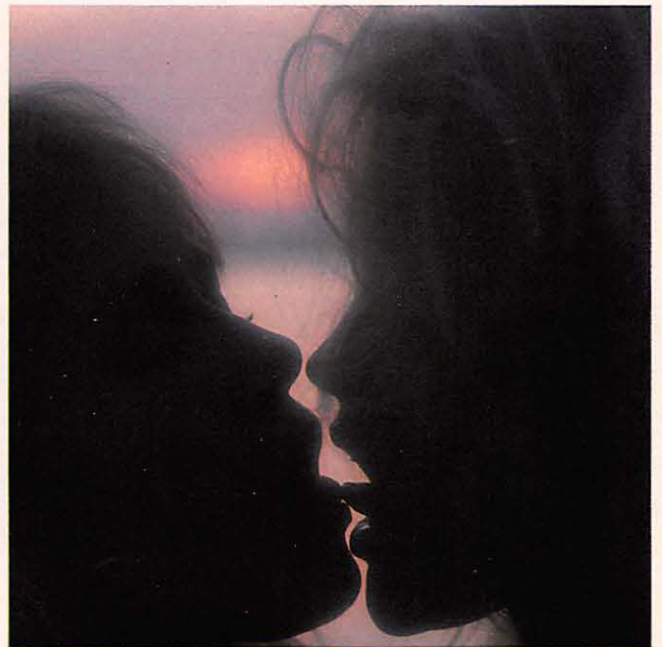
The Reagan government redirected the intent of the Export Administration Act—designed to regulate the outflow of industrial goods—by applying it to ideas. The new application called on scientists to clear any work that might someday be useful to a foreign government before publishing it. "In addition to being a frontal attack on academic freedom," charges Glasser, "the action was . . . without legislative authority."

Invoking the McCarran-Walter Act, the Reagan administration regularly denied visas to controversial foreign writers, politicians, and others. Because these figures were unable to speak here, Americans were deprived of some independent viewpoints that could help them evaluate government policies.

These devices attempt to restrict the flow of information coming into, leaving, and circulating within the country. Because they are achieved by fiat rather than legislative process, they short-circuit public debate that might raise First Amendment issues. When they do reach the Supreme Court, the results are not encouraging. In recent terms, the justices have shown "a disturbing tendency to uphold restrictions on free speech in the absence of showing of improper motives by the government," according to civil libertarians Burt Neuborne and Carl Loewenson, Jr.

"None of these proposals may seem all that serious a matter," cautions Walter Cronkite, "but taken together, they form a pattern that we should be worrying about. It is a pattern of restriction."

Cushioned in patriotic homilies, the restrictions pit those patriots who support the First Amendment against those who lobby for God and country. Would the real Americans please stand up? 



ANNE & LINNEA





ALL HANDS ON DECK

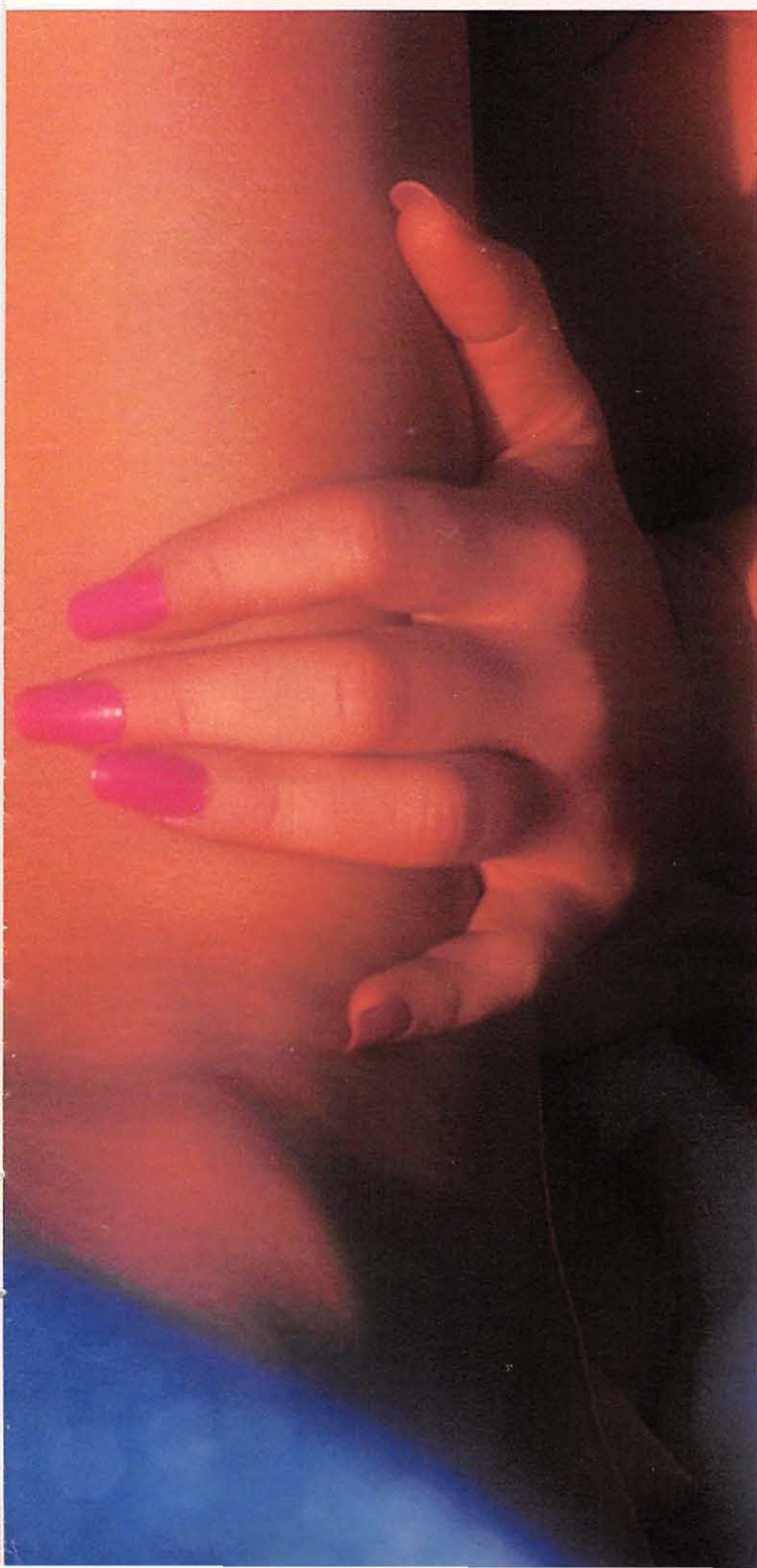
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

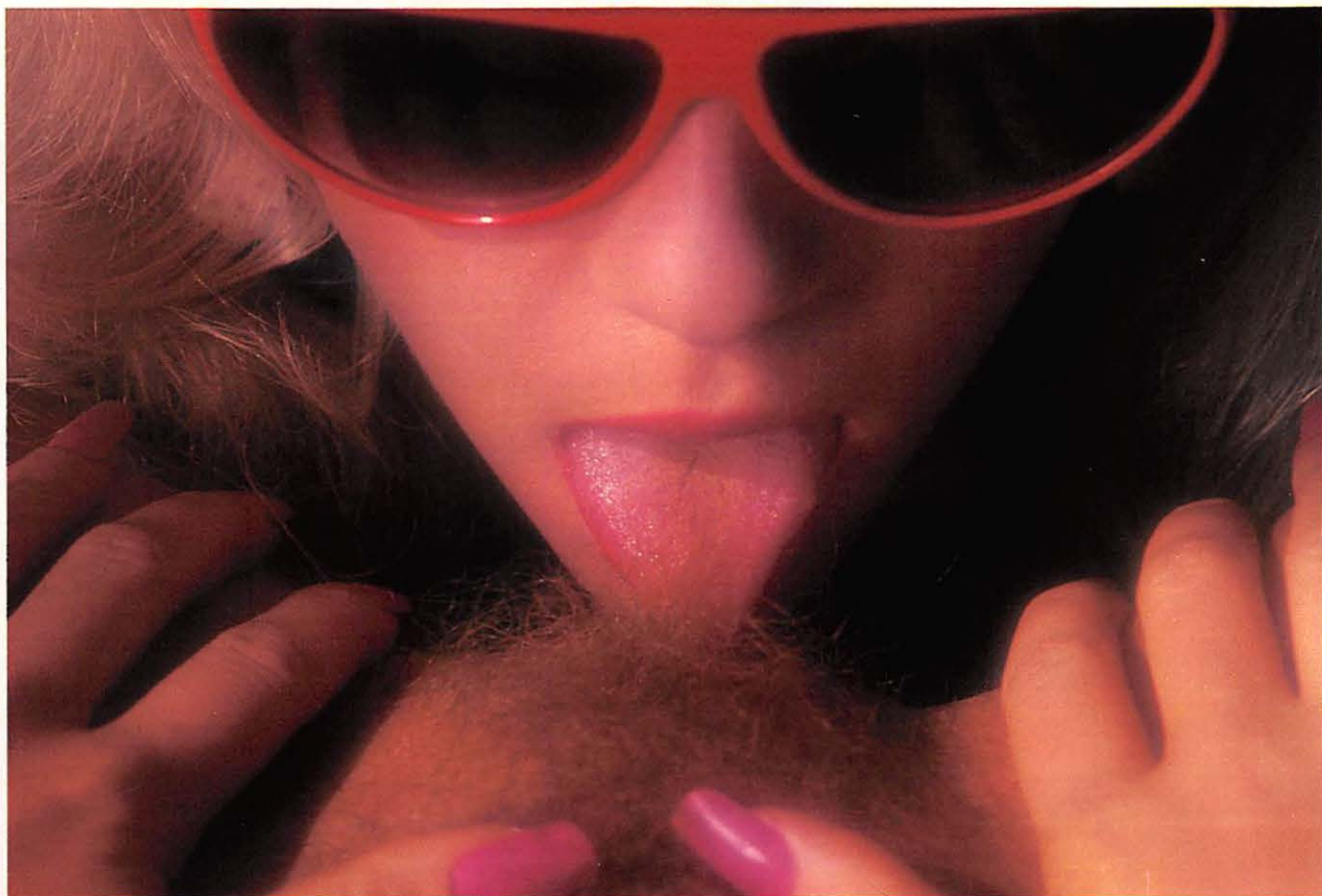
When the year is old and the icy gusts of winter blow, Anne and Linnea make their annual escape. Their careers, the men in their lives, the sleet and snow—by the time they pass Cape Hatteras, all is forgotten, the world is fresh and summery, and all is new.



They shed their clothes as
the days grow warmer,
each becoming

progressively more
entranced by the other's
beauty.



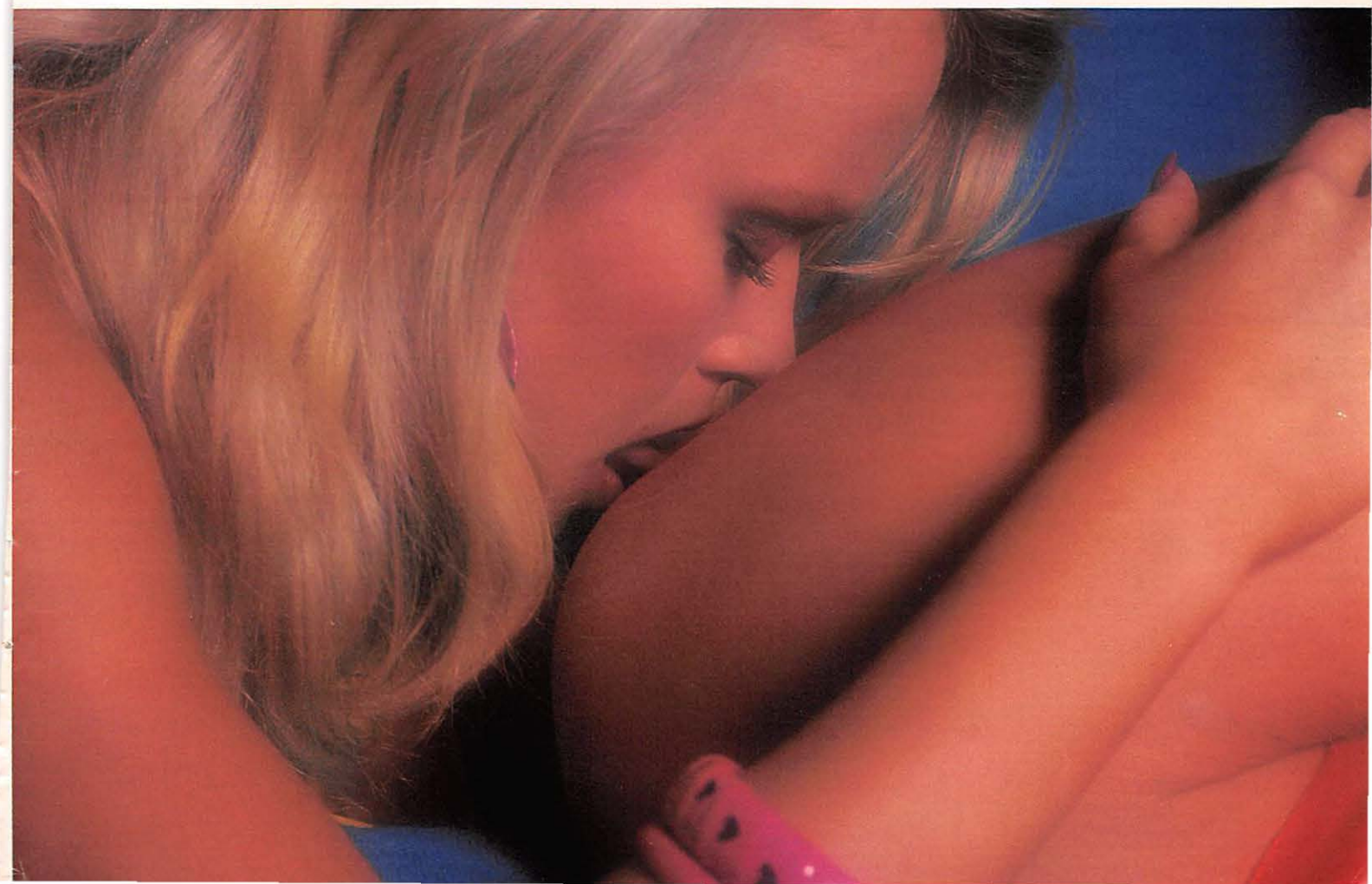


Anne's slender hand recalls the
excitement of summers past. Linnea
trembles beneath it and
her eyes slowly close to the world.



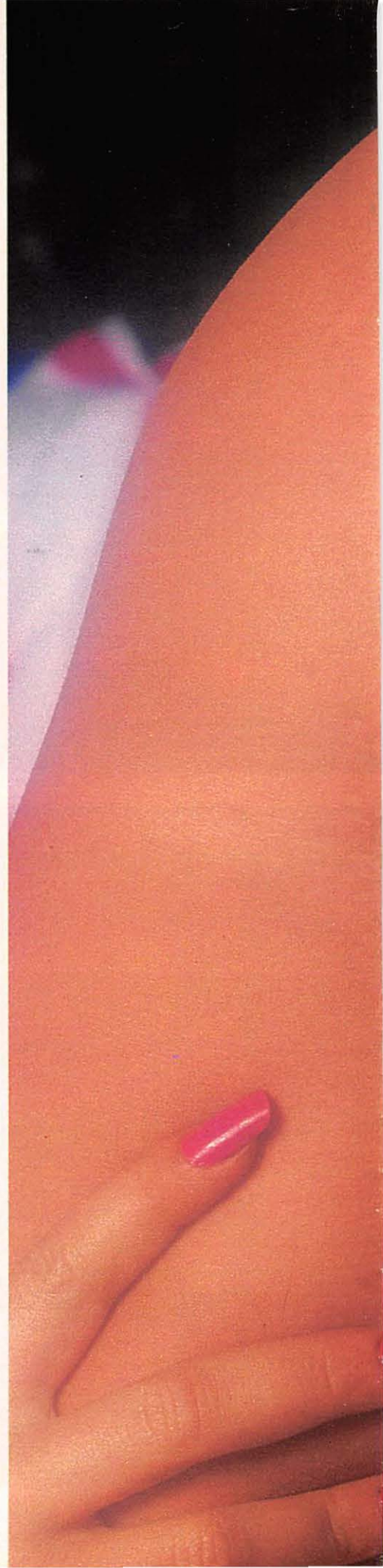


Their bodies
come
together in
the sultry
ocean
breeze, and
they roll
and sigh with
the rhythms
of the sea.





Soon it will be time to sail home, but
their secret smiles will last
till next year's frost sets in. O+







*Pet
of the
Year*

RUNNER-UP GIFTS

Coming in second still makes you a winner—if you look like curvaceous Angela Nicholas and you garner a treasure trove of earthly delights. (Top left, clockwise) Angela, Pet of the Year Runner-Up, is naturally gifted, but let us further commend her beauty by offering a diamond-studded Penthouse Key, symbol of liberty and sensuality. A gift from FEUER & WOLF. Foxy Angela looks her very best in a ranch-raised natural fox coat courtesy of FLEMINGTON FUR COMPANY; to compute her newfound riches, a turbo CP-6 deluxe "PRO" computer printer and disks from ACS. Lights, action . . . camera from CHINON AMERICA, INC. These boots are made for walkin', courtesy of DURANGO BOOTS. (Top right, clockwise) RESORTS INTERNATIONAL jets her to the sunny Bahamas for a week at Paradise Towers. VENTURA TRAVELWARE, INC., luggage makes sure she always travels in style. When Angela is unable to soak up natural rays, a tanning bed from EUROTAN INTERNATIONAL simulates the sun. An urban cowgirl at heart, she captures the authentic flavor of the Southwest with beautiful hand-dyed rugs and furniture from PAINTED DESERT.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146



Dream Girls offers Melissa Melendez as a fantasy schoolmarm so hot she can raise a bulge in your pants by raising an eyebrow.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

GROPE THERAPY

Luscious Lucy in Love (AVC) **1**

Here we go again with connect-a-dot porn: crude, mechanical run-throughs that have not a hint of imagination to them. You can almost breathe the cynicism of the producers of this tape. Casting? Round up the usual suspects. One of the Lynns—Ginger, Amber, Porche? Take your pick. One of those studs with names like compass points—West or North or whatever. Plot? Let's play word association. Sex . . . sex therapy! Let's make a tape about sex therapy!

So the viewers are asked to endure a dippy yarn about "Dr. Sexhoffer," who is trying to loosen up a frigid research assistant. All this in the name of sex—and the sex, of course, is there. Endless, tired amounts of it. It is heavy and graphic enough to get you off, but is that all there is to adult tapes? The producers of this one think so.

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH

Three Daughters (Femme) **1 1**



Three Daughters: a sensitive tape that explodes with passion.

Three Daughters is the latest installment of director Candida Royalle's effort to remake the world of adult entertainment—or at least, remake her slice of it. Ex-porn starlet Royalle wants to allow women previously closed out of porn to enjoy it, and she has here made a sensitive women's tape that at the same time explodes with passion. Gone are the wet shots, the piston-pummeling of most porn. In place are story, character development, and sensuality. But after four tapes in her Femme series, we have to ask how far the Royalle revolution has gone.

Three Daughters may have sensitive ideals behind it, but it still languishes a bit under atrocious acting and lackadaisical directing. Actors walk on and off camera as in a home movie. Royalle's famous sense of tempo makes her "luxuriousness" border on the "slow." These are minor complaints, to be sure, and as a whole the tape holds up well. Gloria Leonard does good work as the mother of the Claytons, the family portrayed, and Annette Heinz and Carol

Cross also have moments. Keep going, Candida, but tighten up your ship a little bit.

SHE-MALE TROUBLE

Sweet Revenge (Zane Brothers) **1 1**

Director Ron Sullivan (a.k.a. Henri Pachard) likes novel plots—or at least he pays more attention to a storyline than most porn directors. High concept it's not, but *Sweet Revenge* involves a male chauvinist (Ron Jeremy) who falls in the drink and gets fished out as a woman (Sheri St. Clair). Now, anything would be an improvement over Ron Jeremy—they could have fished out an ax murderer and the world would still be better off—but St. Clair is actually cute and sexy as this man trapped in a woman's body. What a body, too—St. Clair has luscious tanned breasts, a lithe torso, and a cute face fringed with old-fashioned bangs. Her low voice fits the part perfectly. "I'm worse than dead," she growls, "I'm a dame."

Seeing this macho swaggerer get his/her comeuppance is a pure joy. In fact,

with a little more work and if it were shot on film, *Sweet Revenge* could have had the makings of a classic. Any plot that gets Ron Jeremy off the screen can't be all that bad. As it is, with Sullivan cramped by working in video, *Sweet Revenge* is a technically flawed novelty.

DOUBLE VISION

Double Dare (Essex) **1 1**



Double Dare: faintly absurd.

Barbara Dare is the centerpiece of this faintly absurd espionage tape, and the attention lavished on her is well deserved. She actually plays two parts—a "double agent" in the truest sense of the phrase. Seeing her transform from strong-willed sexpot to prettified passive is worth the price of the tape. Dare also has less brittleness to her sexuality than she's had in the past, as if she's finally learning to warm up in front of the camera. But we know all about that—she's been warming us up ever since she started in adult tapes.

BROADWAY BOUND

Dream Girls
(VCA) **||||**

Seeing adult material in the hands of a master—and Sandra Winters and Edwin Durell have proved themselves masters of the medium—I wonder why anyone would bother with schlock. *Dream Girls* takes the vignette style of porn film and makes you think it is the ultimate form for erotica. Perhaps a 15-minute segment is all the attention span our libidos can stand after being revved up by this film.

We lead off with Melissa Melendez as a fantasy schoolmarm so hot she can raise a bulge in your pants by raising an eyebrow. In one of the steamiest scenes of this year's adult video, Melendez does a slow, agonizing strip for a stud she's kept after school, then shows him something about reading, writhing, and arithmetic. My tape deck almost melted on this one. Then, in quick order, we get a *Twilight Zone* parody with Tom Byron, the ever-youthful Dorian Gray of porn. The action continues with a couple of gym blondes giving us the joys of 'ceps, Amber "Now That's a Blowjob" Lynn as a rock singer in love with rim-shots, and a jailhouse cock finale with Jamie Gillis, Nina Hartley, and Sahara.

The best thing about this "Is it vignette?" arrangement is that if you don't like one of these segments, you can fast-forward to the next. The same high production values are maintained throughout—even the music is okay, a rarity in porn. *Dream Girls* does more to raise the world's temperature

than fossil fuels, central heating, and the greenhouse effect combined.

DIM YOUR LIGHTS

Tunnel of Love
(Classic Editions) **||**

"You are now entering the *Tunnel of Love*—please dim your lights." Thus should read the disclaimer on this dim-bulbed offering. I don't really know how to characterize this tape, other than to say if you've seen one tape



Tunnel: bespermed bodies.

like this, you've seen them all. Three girlfriends set out to cure the nymphomania of a woman who has stolen their boyfriends.

Bunny (Tish Ambrose) plays the nympho to a turn; but in a tape where everyone's fucking and sucking, she barely stands out. The bodies here are smooth, well-shaped, and as featureless as the brains behind the cameras, and the production values are adequate. Orgy fans, take note—*Tunnel of Love* finishes up with a nearly endless mess of writhing bespermed bodies. If that's your kink, go for it.

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY

Resurrection of Eve
(Mitchell Bros.) **||||**

Resurrection of Eve is another post-*Green Door* Mitchell Brothers film, wherein Jim and Artie Mitchell try to top their previous porno classic. With the help, once again, of Marilyn Chambers, they almost do. This is one classic that is extremely accessible to couples, with an intelligent storyline, superb production values, and no porno-style boorishness to clutter up the tape. We follow "Eve" through two lives, and the intricate, twisty plot only serves to heighten the enjoyment of the sex. The storyline is as enticing as the leading lady. This tape deserves a permanent resurrection into your video library.

PENTHOUSE PICK

Careful, He May Be Watching
(Caballero) **||||**

With this tape, Seka proves once again she is the hottest, brightest star in the somewhat murky firmament of adult entertainment. The lady is amazing, still fresh after all those years and leers, single-handedly responsible for more male orgasms than perhaps any other woman in the history of the universe. *Careful, He May Be Watching* even has a bit of a novelty—it gives us a new Seka as

a sexy redhead!

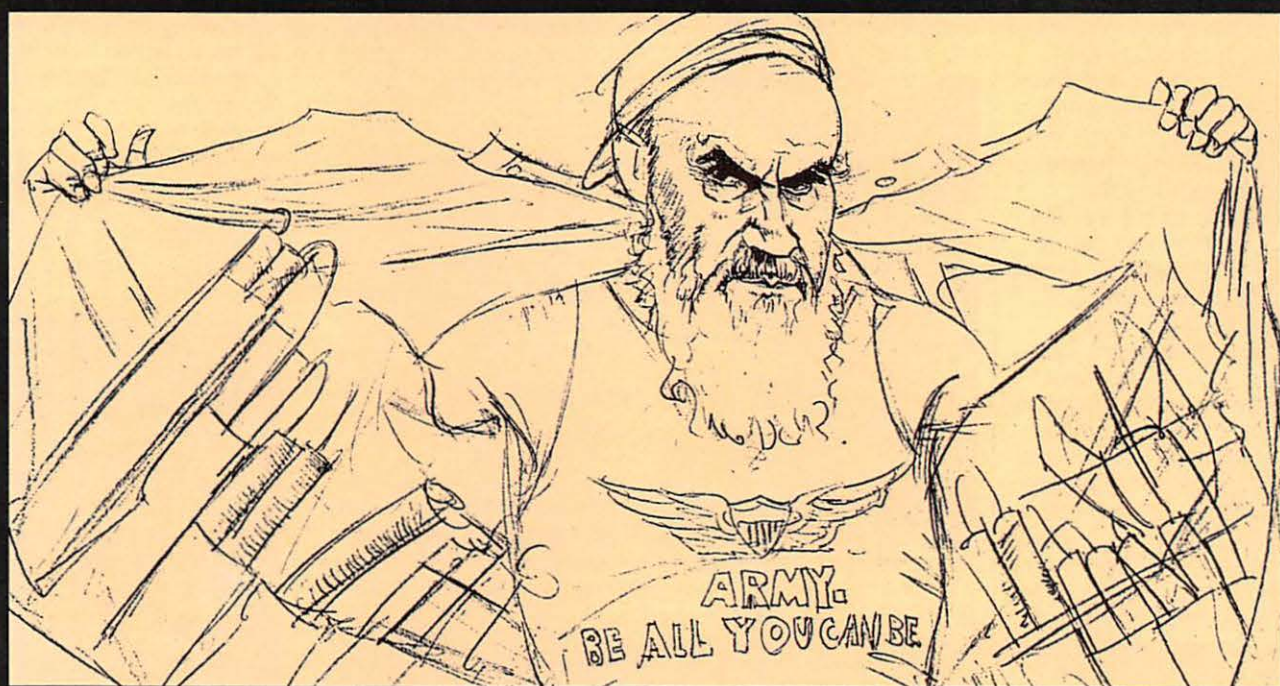
Despite the thriller-type title, the plot involves a basic double-life storyline. Once Seka hits the screen, the plot becomes meaningless. Seka is Jane Smith, a platinum housewife who doubles as "Molly Flame," redheaded porno goddess. For her porn-star role, even Seka's pubes are dyed a burnished, coppery color. This is vintage, straightforward stuff, with good action from the supporting cast and tight technical values. Seka's body remains what they used to call "whistle bait" down South, with her perfectly formed tits as heavenly as ever. This is porn like it oughta be. The Platinum Princess reigns supreme. **O+**



Seka sizzles as a redhead.

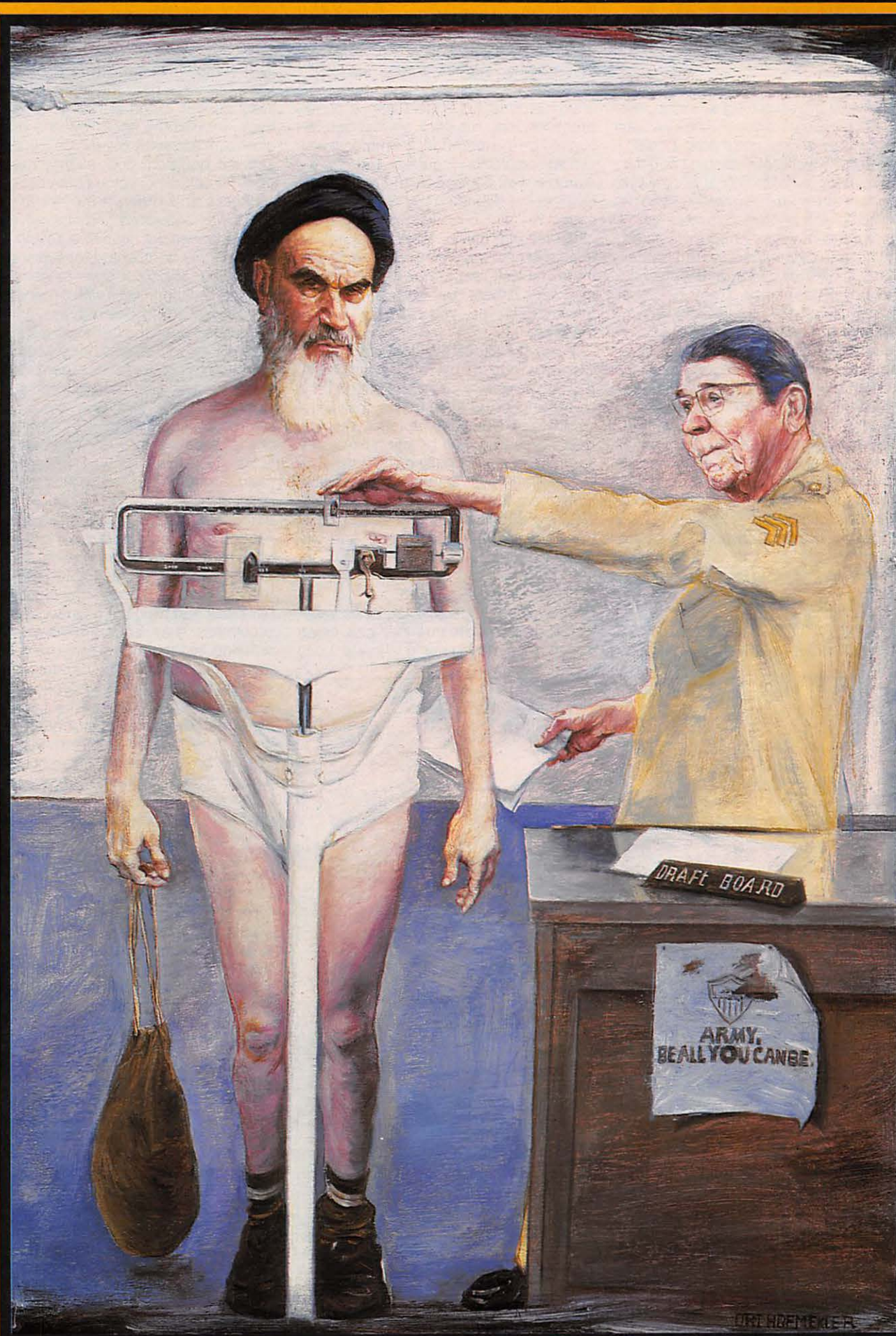
RATING KEY

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



HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 47

Reagan once had an idea, and he thought it was cool,
 "Let's rip off Iran," he schemed and he drooled,
 But life's not a movie
 And things aren't so groovy
 When your President's just a senile old fool.



I pulled up behind this tired-looking MG and saw the driver looking at a map. The guy was a maximum hunk! Since he was wearing only shorts and hiking boots, I could see his well-defined chest and flat, dimpled belly. What really caught my eye was how the right leg of his shorts seemed a lot tighter than the left. I guessed the guy was abnormally fixed, if you get my meaning. I removed my helmet, shook my hair free, and asked if I could be of assistance. I got the usual look of surprise, then he told me he was new to the area and hopelessly lost.

I don't usually wear a bra, let alone the regulation bulletproof vest, and I'm pretty well-fixed too. I began pointing out directions to him, taking care to let my tits sway within my khaki uniform. I noticed my motorist was now holding his map in front of his crotch. I offered to circle his destination on the map and grabbed it, letting my knuckles scrape his cock. He resisted, but I jerked the map free. What I saw took my breath away and threatened to soak my jodhpurs. The guy's cock was so hard it was peeking through the leg of his shorts. My trained eye estimated its length at ten inches.

This called for some emergency action, so without a word I took the hunk by

the waistband and led him into the roadside shrubbery. He was muttering an apology, but I wasn't listening. Safe from the eyes of curious rubbernecks, I dropped to my knees and pulled his shorts around his ankles with a quick, practiced jerk. His cock sprang out, hitting me on the forehead. My motorist was almost catatonic. I quickly bathed his member with my tongue and soon had it tapping out a tune on my tonsils. I massaged his taut buns with my free hand until I felt him quiver. I let his spit-moistened tool cool a moment while I dropped my pistol belt and lowered my pants to my knees. I bent over and grabbed the fence. "Fuck me, you bastard," I commanded.

My cunt was literally sopping and his hard-on slid to the hilt with the first thrust. I ground against him with rare fury, screaming "Fuck me" above the din of the freeway noise. My motorist was now past words and was grunting like a rutting moose as he finally came.

Though I never saw that piece again, I never pass up the chance to render assistance whenever I see another stud at the side of the road.—*Name and address withheld*

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE . . .

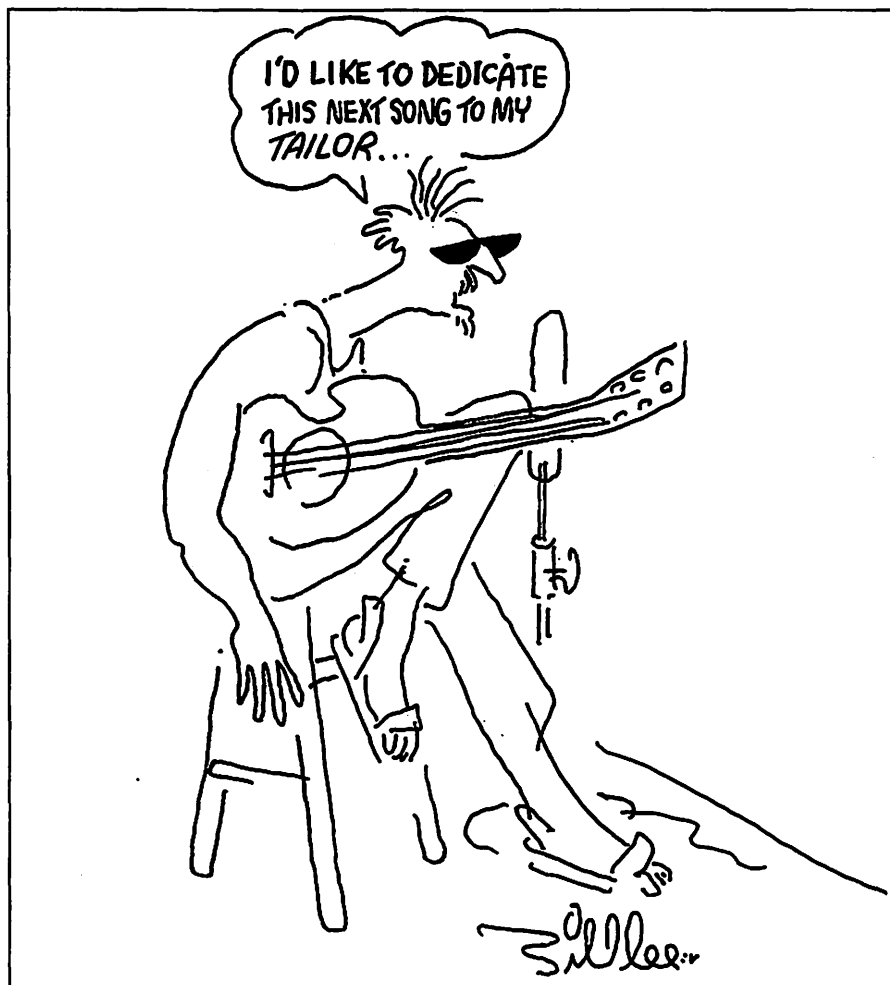
I've always thought that fantasies were, well, just that—dreams that one never lives out. Thanks to my lovely wife, I can

now say that dreams do come true! It began when I'd just come home from work on a busy Saturday, tired, but not enough so that I'd refuse sex. My wife, obviously knowing this, had the entire evening planned out. Upon entering our apartment, I found the lights low, the drapes closed, music softly playing on the stereo, and the bedroom door slightly cracked open. A soft, sexy voice came out of the darkness and ordered me not to enter until I was showered and shaved. I hurriedly cleaned up, not being able to keep my thoughts from what pleasures surely lay ahead. My cock grew to semihardness as I enlightened it with a few strokes under the warm shower spray.

I pushed open the bedroom door, hoping my newly cleansed body would now reap its promised reward. To my delight, there was my wife, decked out very seductively on the bed. She was wearing her most alluring "naughty" nightie, the one she saves for very special occasions. Her makeup was expertly applied—bright deep-red lipstick and dark sultry eyeliner that made her eyes look both sleepy and horny at the same time. Around her neck were two strands of glistening black and red pearls, and her long fingernails were boldly painted a blood red. All of these extras highlighted her black and red lace gown and left me breathless. The final touch was when she reached into the nightstand drawer and pulled out a pack of cigarettes and a lighter. I quivered with anticipation as she put a cigarette to her creamy lips and lit up, seductively smiling and blowing out the wispy smoke. In her breathy voice she told me how much she'd missed me today, and how she wanted me to be her love slave for the night. I jumped out of my wet towel, trying to get a grip on the gorgeous reality of the situation.

She ordered me to come stand near the edge of the bed, and as I did, she sat straight up. With a sexy, sinuous movement, she took my now quite rigid cock in her hand, lowered her lips, and started to lick and slurp my pulsating head and shaft. She expertly tongued and probed my cock slit and entire length of hardness, alternately sucking my cock and bringing the cigarette up to her lips for a quick puff. She whispered and moaned in delight as her other hand found my balls and massaged them. As her motions increased and my cock found its tip being deep-throated, I knew I was but seconds away from a thundering explosion. All of a sudden she stopped everything, looked up at me with greedy lust, and said, "Mmmm! Seems like my baby is ready to come now. I can hardly wait to taste your dick juice in my mouth. I bet that you'd really like that, huh?" She brought her fingers to her face and rubbed them in circles on her soft skin. "Wanna come on my face? Wanna shoot that warm wad on my lips and tongue? Do it, baby, cream all over my face!"

I was almost unconscious with ecstasy



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and sheer shock. I wasted no time and hungrily nodded yes. She lay back and slinked her way out of her lacy outfit, stopping for a moment to put her cigarette in the ashtray. With her head propped up by pillows, she motioned me to straddle her stomach and tits. Her mouth and tongue were seducing me into climax, and she pulled my ass forward so she could lick my purple cockhead as I jerked off feverishly. Once again she paused to take a puff from her almost finished cigarette, and as she exhaled she let out a deep moan. Her excited eyes were alive with expectation and her velvet tongue was busy tantalizing her moist lips as well as my pole.

I was in a pure state of sexual oblivion and had my eyes shut until I heard a wet slurpy sound. I opened my eyes to see my wife sticking two fingers up her juicy snatch. She finger-fucked herself for a moment or two, then withdrew her fingers teasingly. She brought them to her lips, and after her tongue snaked out for a quick taste, she held them up to my mouth as an offering. I sucked and licked her sweet, pungent wetness as my cock spewed forth giant streams of warm cream all over her face and chest. My orgasm was so deep and powerful that I really thought it would never end. I looked down at my luscious target as the last few pulsations subsided and saw quite a lovely sight. My juicy come was all over her nose and cheeks, dripping off her lips to her chin. There was even some in her hair. In between her fully rounded tits was a pool of come that was slowly edging its way to her stomach. She smiled and slipped her tongue out for a taste from her lips, then rolled her finger between her mounds for a hefty gob, which she savored in her mouth.

I was so fulfilled that I felt obligated to help her clean it up, as she had hinted earlier. I bent down and slurped up as much of my cock juice that I could with my tongue. She finger-fed me some more, then stuck her fingers in her cunt for a great dessert, mixing our fluids together for a flavor that I'll not soon forget. Our mouths melted together for a long, hot French kiss.

Afterward, she asked me if I was happy now. What a question! My fantasy was lived out, my adoring wife is simply a sex goddess, and we both could have been in some hot triple-X film. All I can say is that life can be eventful and full at a moment's notice. I hope *Penthouse* readers can keep on attesting to this and let the rest of us know each and every month in the "Forum" section.—Name and address withheld

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

New York and sign the contracts. The dealers didn't know it, but that trip to New York would bring them onto U.S. soil, where they would be subject to arrest for conspiracy in an arms deal with Iran.

The German arms dealers and Minardos took the bait and flew to New York at Hashemi's expense. There, they were promptly arrested. The Israelis, including General Bar-Am, balked at signing or discussing anything on U.S. soil, but agreed to a contract meeting on the island of Bermuda. On April 21 they flew in, and they too were arrested. Subsequently, after some legal wrangling between the government of Bermuda and the group's attorneys, those dealers were essentially extradited to New York, where they were arrested as well. Seven turned down Hashemi's bait and remained at large. But those in New York were all indicted on various conspiracy counts. Their attorneys argued that no arms were shipped and that no false end-user certificates were obtained or filed with the State Department. They insisted that they believed they had the okay from both the United States and Israel.

The prosecutors and government investigators checked but were told there was no okay. A federal judge set bail ranging up to \$2 million per man. The local newspaper headlines screamed that the group was "dealing with terrorists."

And until last summer, when one by one they managed to scrape their bail money together, they languished behind bars awaiting trial. "I was certain, we all were certain, we'd be spending years in jail," said Nico Minardos. "We had our lawyers, we felt we had a good case, but with all the feeling about Iran and terrorism we didn't think we could win."

Then odd things started to happen. The first was that Cyrus Hashemi, friend of Adnan Khashoggi and the Justice Department's point man in the "sting" operation, suddenly died in July in London.

"They said it was leukemia, but who knows?" said Minardos.

And then they got their break. In the first week of November, it was revealed that President Reagan's former national security adviser Robert McFarlane had flown to Tehran in May 1986 with gifts for the Ayatollah Khomeini and his aides. The gifts included a Bible signed by Reagan, a cake, two pistols, and an offer to deliver 2,200 TOW antitank missiles and other arms in return for cash and consideration for the hostages. "Then we began to hope," said Minardos.

And as the concussions of the White House-Iran deal continued to strike through November and December, U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani and his staff began considering the case, now that it's been disclosed that the White House was engaged in identical dealings. Of course,

the big difference was that the Evans-Minardos group was charged with the conspiracy to ship weapons, while the White House actually completed the transaction. "I never thought they had a case in the first place," commented Minardos. "But then, we never really had an arms deal, did we?"

CREDITS

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CAMERA CREDITS

Pet of the Year Runner-Up Angela Nicholas was photographed by Ken Marcus with a Nikon 35mm camera and a Nikkor 50-135 zoom lens. She can be seen on page 102. Brittany Morgan, our Pet of the Month, is featured on page 75. Suze Randall photographed her with a Nikon 35mm camera, a Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens, and a Tiffen 81A filter. Tim O'Brian produced the layout on page 47 with a Nikon F3 camera, a 180mm lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. Our love set on page 125 was photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 135mm lenses, and Harrison filters.

Pet of the Year RUNNER-UP GIFTS

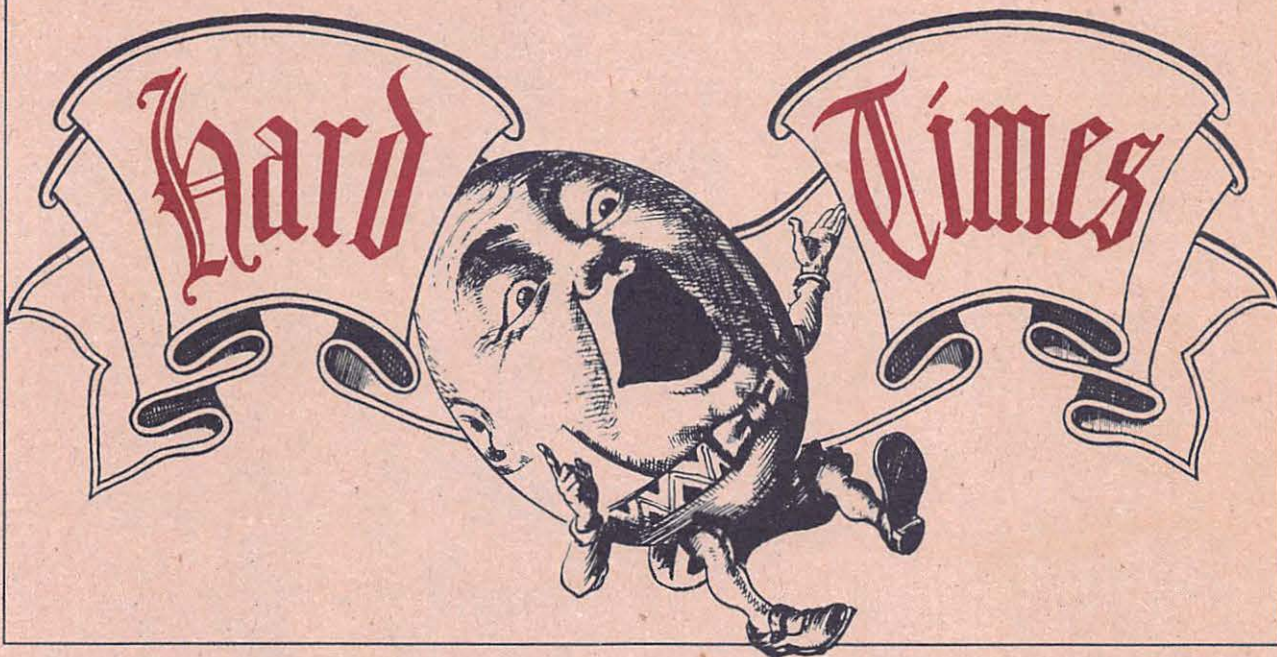
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EXTRA

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

EXTRA



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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 6, NO. 2

HITLER'S COMING BACK!



Dr. Kurt Fischer, an expert on Nazi Germany, states that Nazi scientists may have perfected a time machine during World War II. Another scientist says that Hitler and 5,000 elite Nazi troops will be back on earth in 2145. In a related incident, a man

dressed in a Nazi uniform mysteriously disappeared from a Dresden police station last August. Dr. Fischer asks, "Was that man a Nazi time traveler?" (*Weekly World News*)
Is Dr. Fischer a space cadet?—Editor



Dog Shoots Man

It was a bad day for three pigeon hunters in Helsingør, Denmark. It passed without any of the gentlemen bagging a pigeon. At the end of the day, they sat at their campsite discussing their failure when a Great Dane belonging to one of the hunters made his way to his master. On his way the dog stepped on the trigger of a shotgun, firing both barrels into his master. Fortunately, the victim survived his wounds. "I've heard many things in my time on the force, but this beats them all," a police officer at the local station house remarked. (*Newsday*—submitted by Nancy Rice, New York, N.Y.)

You could say it was a dog-day afternoon.—Editor

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED...

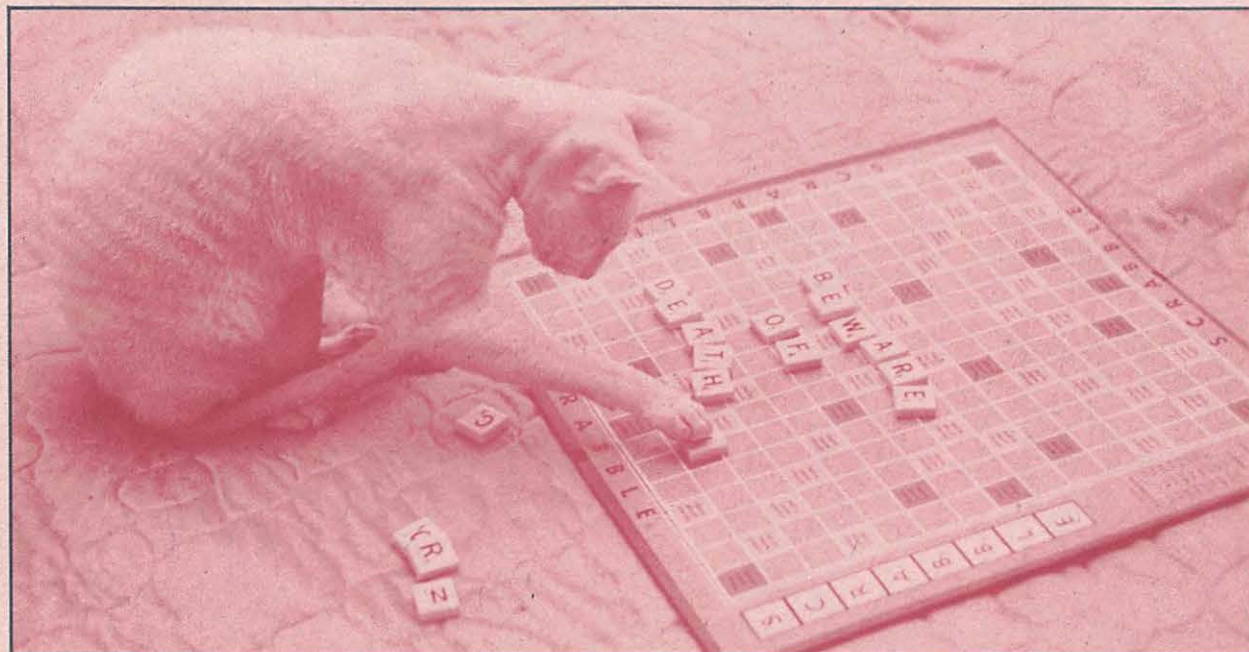
One of the unluckiest guys around, not to mention inept, is a Lincoln, Nebraska, man who tried to kill himself in his former girlfriend's bathroom. After breaking into her home, he filled up the bathtub with water. Sitting in the tub, he telephoned his brother to tell him of his intention to commit suicide by electrocuting himself. While on the phone, he dropped a radio in the water. Nothing happened. Next he tried dropping a large electric fan in the water. Nothing happened except for water being splashed around by the whirling blades. Then he moved into the kitchen and proceeded to fill up the sink with water. He dropped a toaster in it. When nothing happened he just walked out. Police say they don't know how he escaped death. (*The Lincoln Journal/Star*—submitted by C. G., Lincoln, Nebr.) *Perhaps it wasn't his day.—Editor*



GAG YOUR FACE!

Christopher Masters is the kind of guy who doesn't know when to keep his mouth shut. The 22-year-old man is on trial for robbery in Houston, Texas. Throughout the trial Masters was repeatedly ordered by the judge to keep quiet. When Masters refused to obey, courtroom officers were told

to gag the defendant. The only thing they were able to come up with to keep Masters's mouth shut was a sanitary napkin. (*Wichita Falls Record*—submitted by Edward J. Glorioso, Sheppard Air Force Base, Tex.) *We certainly hope that it wasn't used.—Editor*



Pussy Predictions

Sinbad is literally the cat's meow. This amazing pet cat of Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Clifford of Halifax, Nova Scotia, can not only write, but has the uncanny ability to spell out the future. It all started the day Sinbad began to write words and sentences on the family's Scrabble board. The Cliffords recall Sinbad's first prediction: "Flat tire tomorrow." Sure enough, the next day

Cliff's tire blew out on the way to work. Since then Sinbad has gone on to correctly predict football games, illnesses, and packages in the mail. But when he predicted the birth of twins to a neighbor, he was wrong. She was only pregnant with a single child. (*The Sun*)

He missed that one by a whisker.—Editor

THEY MURDERED THE CORPSE

The funeral in Pisac, Peru, was one that those in attendance will never forget. Evaristo Camala was in the coffin after his "death," mourners paying their final respects, when the corpse bolted up and said, "I'm thirsty. Give me water." Juan Delgado, a mourner, recalls, "He looked like the devil himself. His eyes were bloodred and nothing but slits. He was asking what was wrong with us." One of the peasants at the funeral screamed out, "You're not Evaristo! You're the devil!"

causing the room to empty. A few minutes later, Evaristo still in the coffin, the funeral party returned armed with sticks and stones and beat poor Evaristo to death. It was only after authorities investigated that it was learned he had suffered a severe epileptic seizure that left him looking like a corpse. An official explained, "These are very superstitious people. They genuinely thought he was the devil." (*Weekly World News*)
In Peru, it's not over until it's over.—Editor

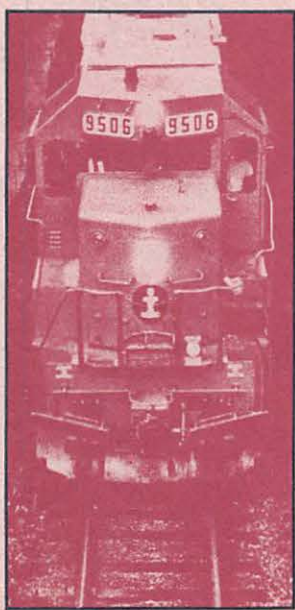
She Loves to Eat Mice

Maria Delessio of Naples, Italy, suffers from a not-too-common disorder, *felinus dementia*—believing one is a cat. It all began the day she mistakenly bought a can of cat food instead of tuna fish. While she sat at the table in her kitchen eating the food, a mouse darted across the room into a hole in the wall. Maria went up to the hole, and as soon as the rodent popped out, she swooped it up. She placed it in a pot of boiling water and then ate it. That was the beginning of a period of several months where she ate over a

thousand mice. She confessed to a physician that she couldn't stop her new diet, finding regular food repugnant. In fact, the only problem for Maria is getting mice. It has reached the point where she goes from house to house knocking on doors to beg for mice. Finally, her husband caught her and brought her to the doctor: "I got up in the middle of the night starving for mice," Maria says. "I sat down to eat when my husband walked in and saw me." (*The Sun*)
We bet that he smelled a rat.—Editor

On the Wrong Track

Railroad engineer Leslie Davis of Florida is a record holder. Over an eight-year period, Davis has racked up an incredible 20 train collisions. In the process six people have died, two others have lost limbs, and six people have received other injuries, according to court papers. None of the collisions, which took place between 1976 and 1984, were ruled to be his fault because, according to Davis, "there is no policy" for engineers to stop if they see someone on the tracks. An attorney disagreed: "This fellow doesn't care. If you're on his tracks, that's your problem." (*Weekly World News*)
He doesn't care because he's got a one-track mind.—Editor



He's the Richest Man in America!

Samuel Moore Walton is the richest man in America, reportedly worth \$4.5 billion. From the picture, it appears that there are some things money can't buy, dignity being one of them. Walton was performing a hula dance in a financial district to pay off a bet he had lost earlier last year. (*Newsday*)
As they say, clothes make the man.—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.

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE

YOU ARE *PRIVATE* RALPH OBSCURE.

YES SIR, I WORK IN
THE *WHITE HOUSE*
LAUNDRY ROOM.



YOU ALONE SOLD AND
SUBSEQUENTLY SHIPPED
GUIDED MISSILES TO THE
IRANIAN GOVERNMENT.



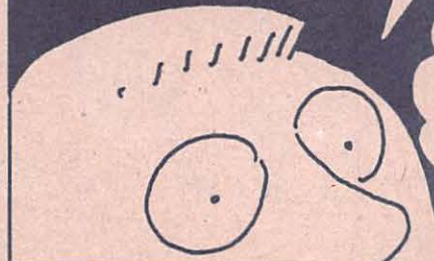
I DO MRS.
REGAN'S
JOCKEY
SHORTS...

YOU *LAUNDERED* MONEY TO THE *CONTRAS*...

BOB MCFARLANE WEARS
BIKINI BRIEFS...



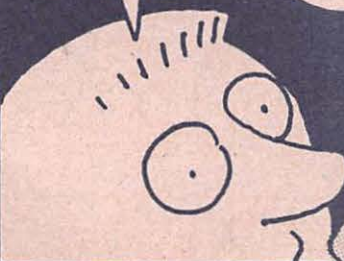
ONE OF THE *NATIONAL SECURITY*
COUNCIL MEMBERS WEARS LADIES'
SILK PANTIES, BUT I'M SWORN TO
SECRECY ON THAT MATTER.



YOU BEAR
FULL
RESPONSIBILITY

ABOUT *DON*
REGAN'S
SHORTS...

YOU ARE
RELIEVED
OF DUTY...



3:00 Lee

BUT HIS
SHORTS ARE
TOP SECRET...



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BEEN SERVED,
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WILL BE SO
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•Finally, I decided to put him out of his misery.
"I read your mind," I told him as I led him upstairs. •

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

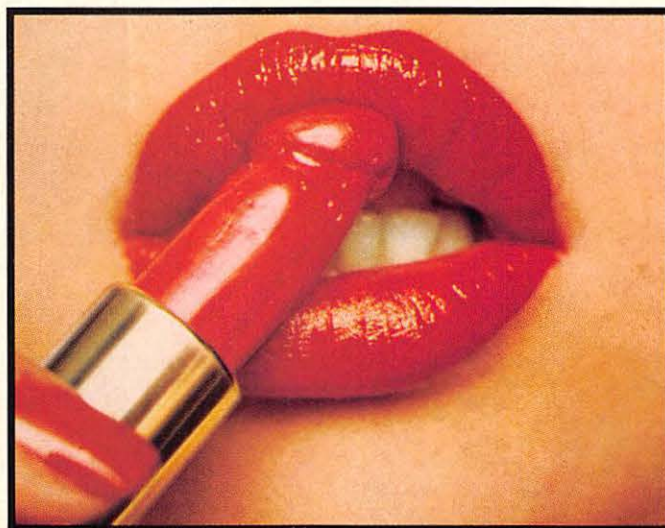
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am a 19-year-old male college sophomore. I like to consider myself a romantic. The reason for my letter is to discuss a wish I have. For the last seven years, I have had a wonderful relationship with a girl I've gone to school with. In the last year we've grown quite close to the extent that we are able to talk about anything, including sex. Let me tell you something about her.

Tammara is a few months my senior, and has a fairly nice body and a personality to match. She can act just as masculine as any guy while still retaining her femininity. Mostly, she is just a very dear friend. The problem is, while I respect her and love her as a person, I really want to make love to her. I don't know how to approach the subject, partly because I still feel unrelaxed and self-conscious about my physical self, and partly because I don't know how she would take it.

Within the last two years, our relationship has grown closer and more physical. When we greet each other and say good-bye, I am able to comfortably hug and kiss her. We've held hands many times on walks and even have gone as far as necking. Tammara has even told me a couple of times that the way I was sitting or the way I said something turned her on. Another problem is that she has a boyfriend, sort of, who lives in another state. I've even met him. The three of us had dinner to-



gether a couple of times, and I think I could sense negative vibes between them.

Ever since I've had this desire, I've been mulling over the positive and negative aspects of the whole thing. I want to stress the fact that I love Tammara and want to make the best decision I am capable of. I have confidence that you can give me the sound advice I need to reach that end.—L. C.

If you really love this girl, you are going to have to make up your mind to get off your sweet ass and do something about it before it is too late. It is no use being wishy-washy about it, saying things like "She has a boyfriend, sort of." Either she has a boyfriend or she does not, and if she does, you must make sure that her boyfriend is no one but you!

Of course there were bad

vibes when you met this other guy, because Tammara has probably told him in advance what good buddies she is with you and how great she thinks you are. He not only felt the competition was unfair, but he was also boiling with jealousy. So forget about him. He is a long way away and you are on the spot. Take advantage of the situation. The very next time you get a chance to do a bit of necking with her, instead of mulling it over in your mind, tell her how you feel. Say all the things you said to me in your letter. Tell her she is beautiful, that you love her, and that you want to make love to her more than anything else in the world.

A while back, a friend from my school days phoned me to invite me to a show I particularly wanted to see. He lives in the country and has a phobia about being late, so he arrived

at my house at four in the afternoon. We sat chatting for a while, and I wondered what I was going to do with him for the three hours we had to kill before the play started at 7:30.

All of a sudden, the conversation stalled. "Let's . . . er . . ." he began, and then stopped, apparently wondering what to say. He normally has plenty to talk about, and I realized that he wanted to suggest having sex with me but was unable to find the words. "Let's fuck" was too crude for him, and although we have been close friends for many years, he had never been in love with me and therefore could not bring himself to say "Let's make love."

I was enjoying the game, and I left him to struggle for a few minutes. Finally, I decided to put him out of his misery. "I read your mind," I told him as I led him upstairs to my bedroom. We took off our clothes and sat on the bed, looking at each other. "You have beautiful breasts," he told me, but that was as far as it went. There was another pregnant silence, and after a bit, we both started to giggle. Then we talked about our school days, about the friends we had lost touch with, and other inconsequential things. The afternoon slipped away, and before we knew it, it was time to get dressed and go to the theater. We had not done anything at

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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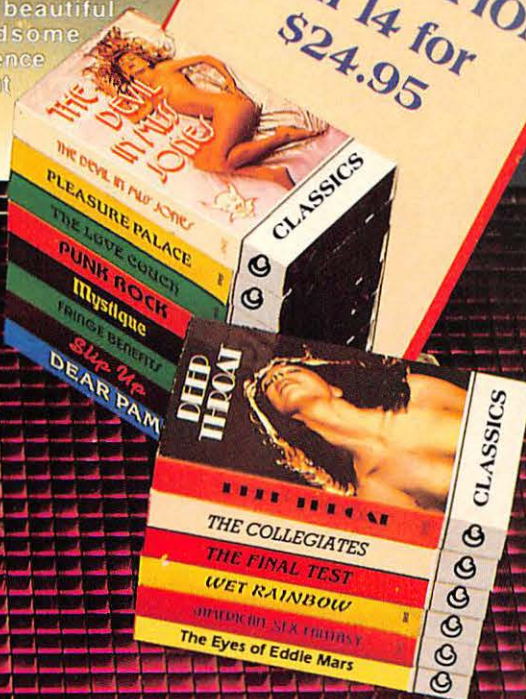
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all! "I guess we know each other too well," was his comment. "Maybe another day..." But we both knew that that day would never come.

If you don't want to end up in the same situation as my friend, you had better get on with it before it is too late. And while you're at it, remember the old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

HIS 'N' HERPES

Help me if you can. Up until recently, I have had a very active and fulfilling sex life. Various partners and places were nearly a daily activity for me. However, I have come down with herpes simplex II, and I'm down to nearly zero pussy!

What can I do? I'd like to be active and fulfilled again. I've heard that I can be sexually active as long as I'm not having an outbreak. It's not supposed to be contagious when there aren't any symptoms or sores present. But what am I supposed to do when I have a breakout? How do I explain? Should I be honest and hope my partner is understanding? Most likely I'd be watching her run screaming from my bed. Should I be mysterious and leave town for a week without notice? That could be tough on my job situation, as well as being inconvenient.

I need some feedback on this situation, at least until modern science catches up with this virus that I've caught for life. How would you feel if your partner had

herpes? It's not like it's always contagious, and at least I'm considerate enough not to pass it on—unlike the bitch who gave it to me. I guess these things just happen to some of us and have to be dealt with. I'm sure there are others who share my problem. I've heard that there are millions of herpes simplex I sufferers in the United States alone, and the only difference between that virus and the one I've got is that one breaks out above the waist and the other below.

This condition doesn't make me a bad person, just an unfortunate victim who must now be more responsible and considerate of others so as not to spread herpes around. It's a real bummer of a disease, and it causes emotional pain, inconvenience, and frustration.—F. J.

You sound like a wounded soldier returning home minus a few limbs. "My life is over," you cry. "Why did it have to happen to me?" I understand that the first shock of discovering that you have an incurable sickness must be a bit traumatic, but herpes is an ailment not much more debilitating than the common cold, and when it recurs it does so with about the same frequency. Women have a period every month. There are many sufferers from allergies that inhibit one's everyday activities, and countless people are born with asthma or nervous eczema, not to mention serious deformi-

ties. Every month I receive several letters from men who are endowed with a penis so small that it is an embarrassment and from others who are so shy or ugly that they are still virgins at 40.

You, on the other hand, have had it all going for you up till now. Reading your letter, it seems you are trying to give the impression that you get laid at least every day, or used to. This, of course, puts you in the high-risk category. Just as greedy eaters lay themselves open to early heart conditions, so the ardent lover overexposes himself to certain sexually transmitted diseases.

Syphilis and gonorrhea have been coped with by antibiotics; but herpes, like a diamond, is forever. So you must face up to it. Stop feeling bitter toward the "bitch" who gave it to you. I doubt if she caught it knowingly or willingly. She is just another unfortunate member of your club and is therefore an eminently suitable sex partner for you. You cannot further harm each other.

A young man I know in Amsterdam started a love affair with a beautiful young singer. After a month of bliss, he came around to ask my advice. "I have an outbreak of herpes," he said. "What can I do?" I told him to lay off sex and gave him a list of excuses, like having dinner with his parents, working late, being sick (true) and overtired (also true, as an attack of herpes apparently leaves you feeling tired all the time). Luckily, they were not living together, and he managed to carry on stalling till he was better. About a week later, the girl phoned me. "My herpes has broken out again," she said. "What shall I tell Reimer?" "Tell him the truth," I said. "He'll be delighted."

If you feel so strongly about it, you could start a nationwide organization on the lines of Alcoholics Anonymous, something like Heterogeneous Herpyites or the Herpes Household. It would be a natural for a social club, as all the members would have one thing in common—they have all screwed around.

AN EARFUL OF HOLLERS

I am a 24-year-old male. I recently moved in with my dearest friend. She and I practically grew up together, though we have never even come close to having sex with each other.

She confessed about a year ago that she was a lesbian. That was a night I will always remember, because I have never felt closer to anybody in my life. We shared a lot of emotion as she choked out the words, and we were both crying.

We have had an up-and-down relationship, but overall it has been great. My moving in with her and her lover of 18 months was good for all of us because we all saved money, and it still allowed them to be themselves. They have a wonderful relationship with enviable communication. There are a precious few people (mostly gay themselves) who know the extent of their relationship.



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My problem involves the violation of a trust. I was trusted, as their roommate, with their secret and to honor their privacy. One Sunday morning, around 3 A.M., I was awakened by what I thought to be a moan of pain. I got out of bed to investigate, and over the faint sounds of a stereo I heard some barely audible groans. After a couple of minutes I realized what I was hearing. I was listening to one of the most intense sexual experiences I could imagine.

My friend must have been in rare form, because her usually reserved lover was in a frenzy. A few beautiful moans and groans later, I heard a soft series of pants and an "Ooh, it's never felt this great before!" followed by a loud cry of pleasure into a pillow. By now I was ready to come on the doorknob!

My friend left the bedroom and went into the bathroom. I slipped into my room and back out into the hall after she returned to her bedroom. I stuck around long enough to hear yet another intense lovemaking session. I tell you, I was horny for at least a week after that. That was the most intense sex I had ever heard.

Now I feel incredibly guilty. I feel like I should have tried not to listen, instead of going out of my way to eavesdrop. I have since moved out and can barely look my best friend in the eye. Should I tell her what I heard, or should I take it to my grave? She has always been protective of the details of her sex life and would probably never forgive me, no matter how remorseful I was. Her girlfriend would certainly resent me and would have another reason not to trust guys.

Although this happened over three weeks ago, I still remember it like it was last night. A friendship hangs in the balance, so what should I do?—N. A.

You were born in the wrong century. It was very popular in Queen Victoria's England for young men to wrestle desperately with their consciences. I am not quite sure how it is you think you've betrayed their trust. Is it that you became aware that gay women indulge in sexual practices? Or is it that you think you weren't supposed to know that your friend has a vagina and clitoris, not to mention vocal cords? Maybe the whole idea of enjoyment resulting from physical contact frightens the shit out of you.

Your problem is that you are inventing problems where there are none, and this is probably due to sexual frustration. Tell your gay platonic pal that you moved out because you thought the house was haunted, with all the moaning and groaning during the night. Then find yourself a heterosexual girlfriend and have yourself a good screw.

Failing that, smash open your piggy bank and go to a hooker, or as a last resort, give yourself one decent handjob, which should probably release enough of the tension in your overtaxed brain to allow you to think straight. O+

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BESIDE HIMSELF WITH JOY
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LUCK, AND PAST EXPERIENCE
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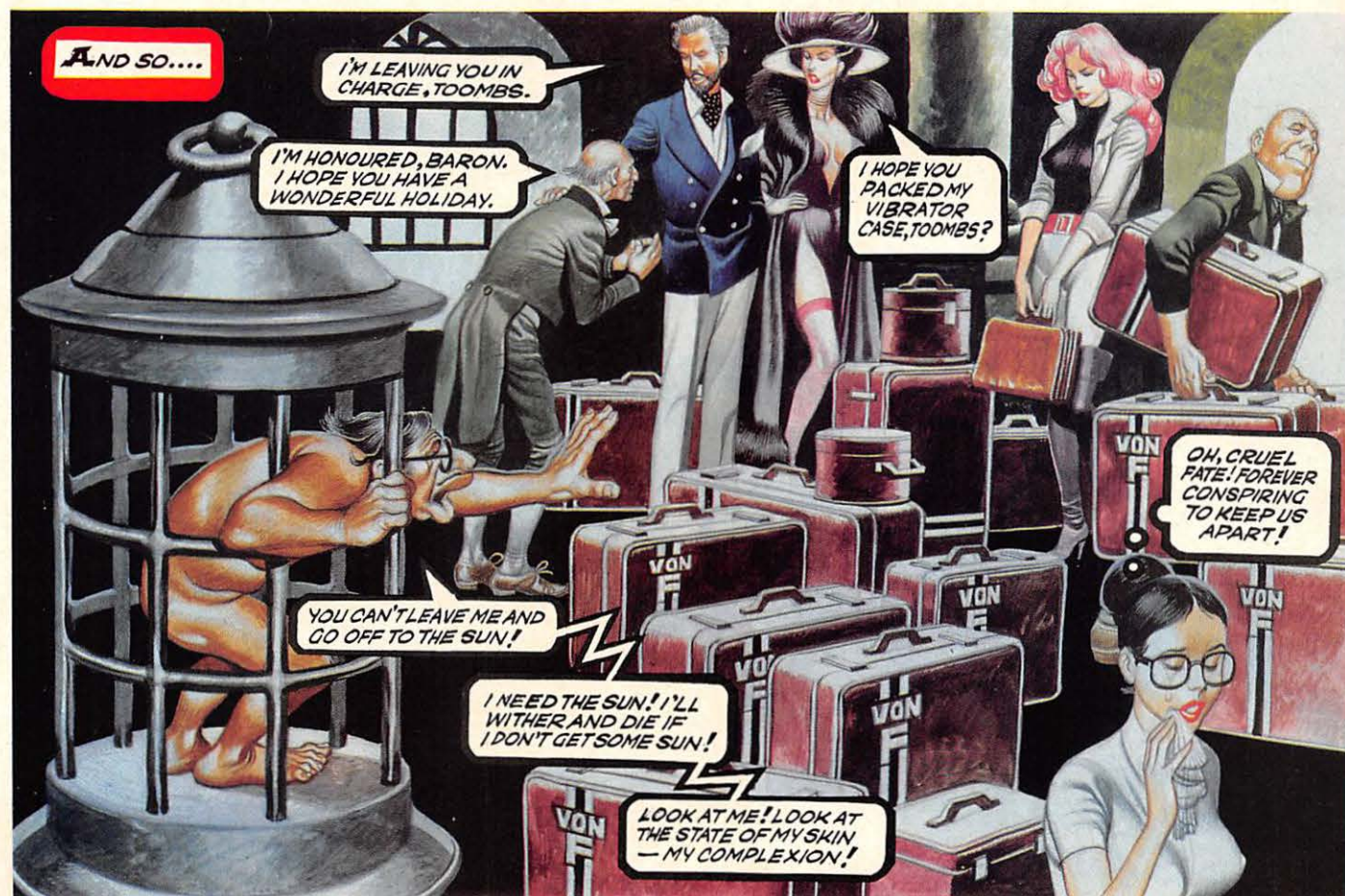
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ABANDON! WHAT
UNBRIDLED
PASSION!

I SEEM TO HAVE
HEARD ALL
THIS BEFORE!

BUT THEN, IF IT COMES
TO A CHOICE BETWEEN
OPTIMISM AND
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I'LL TAKE OPTIMISM!

ByRON EMBLETON
and BOB GUCCIONE



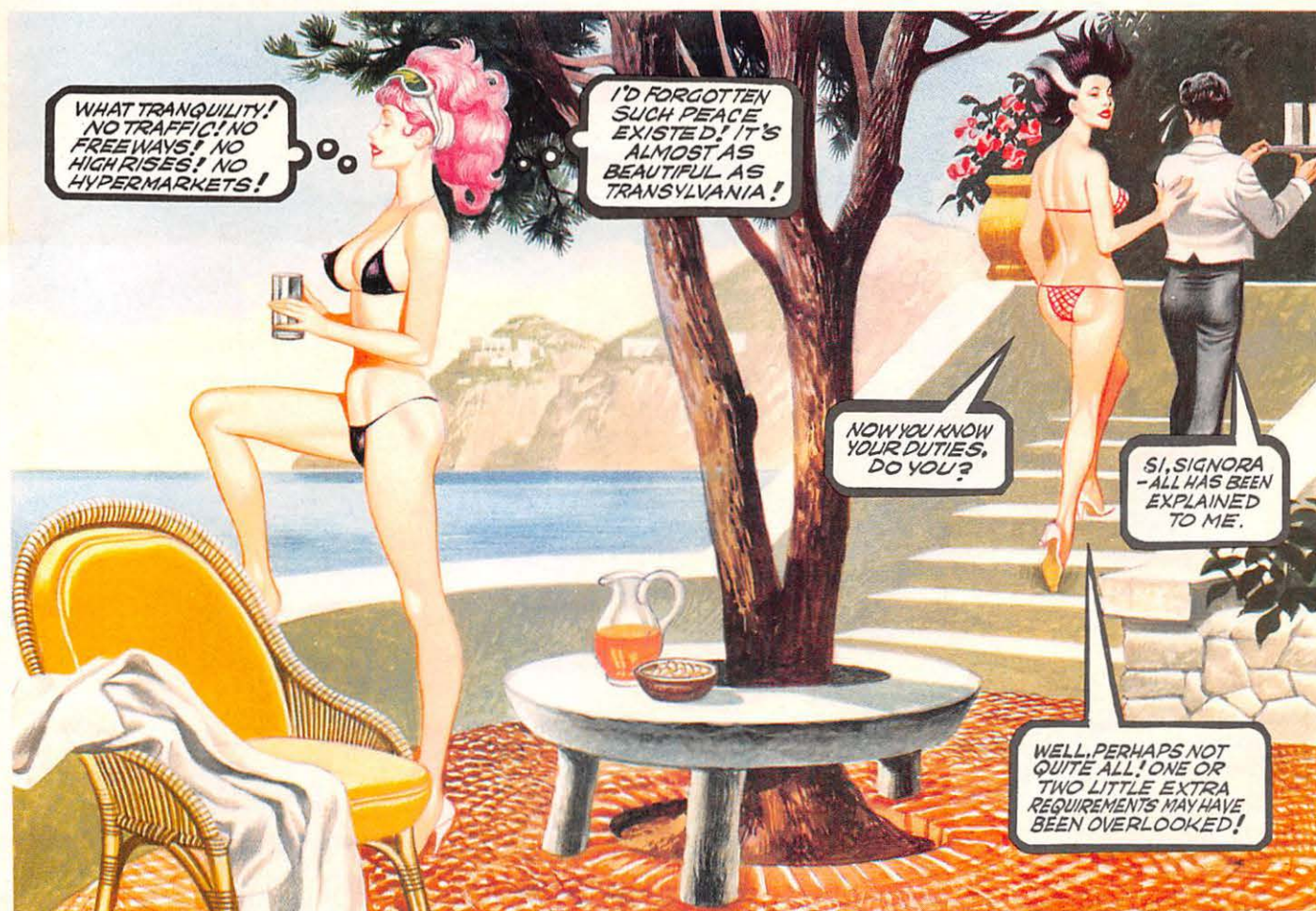


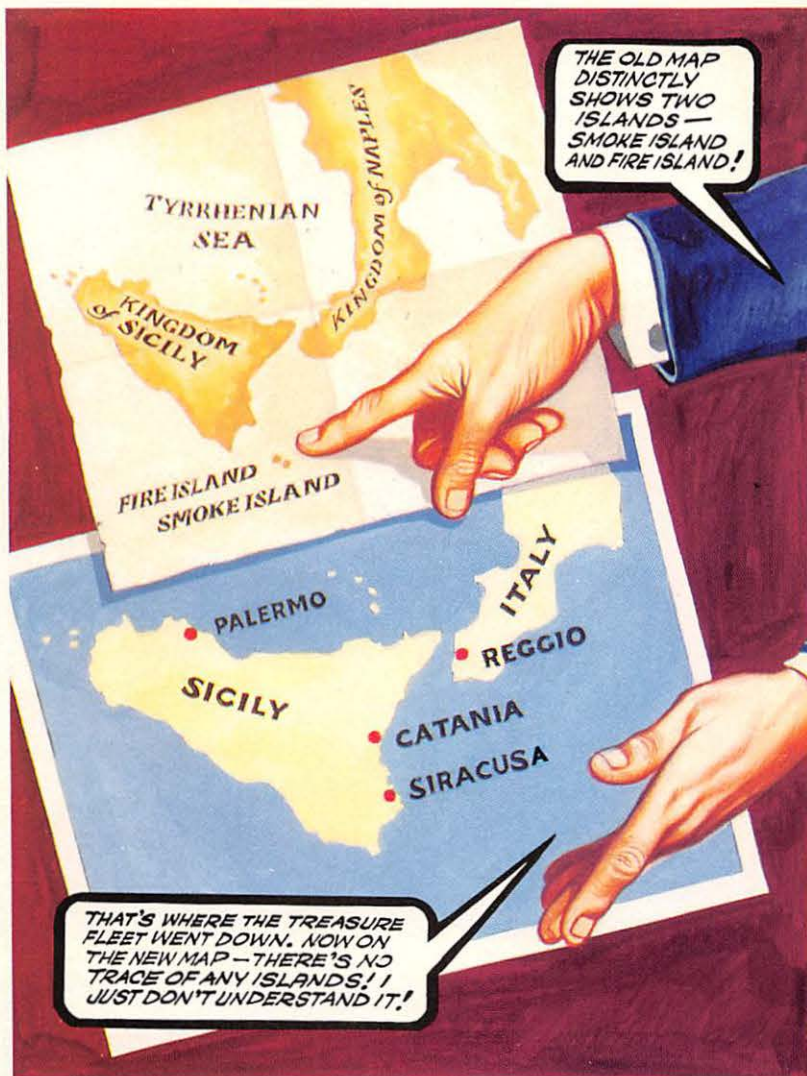
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TIME TRANSPORTS OUR ASSORTED
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THE MISTY GLOOM OF TRANSYLVANIA
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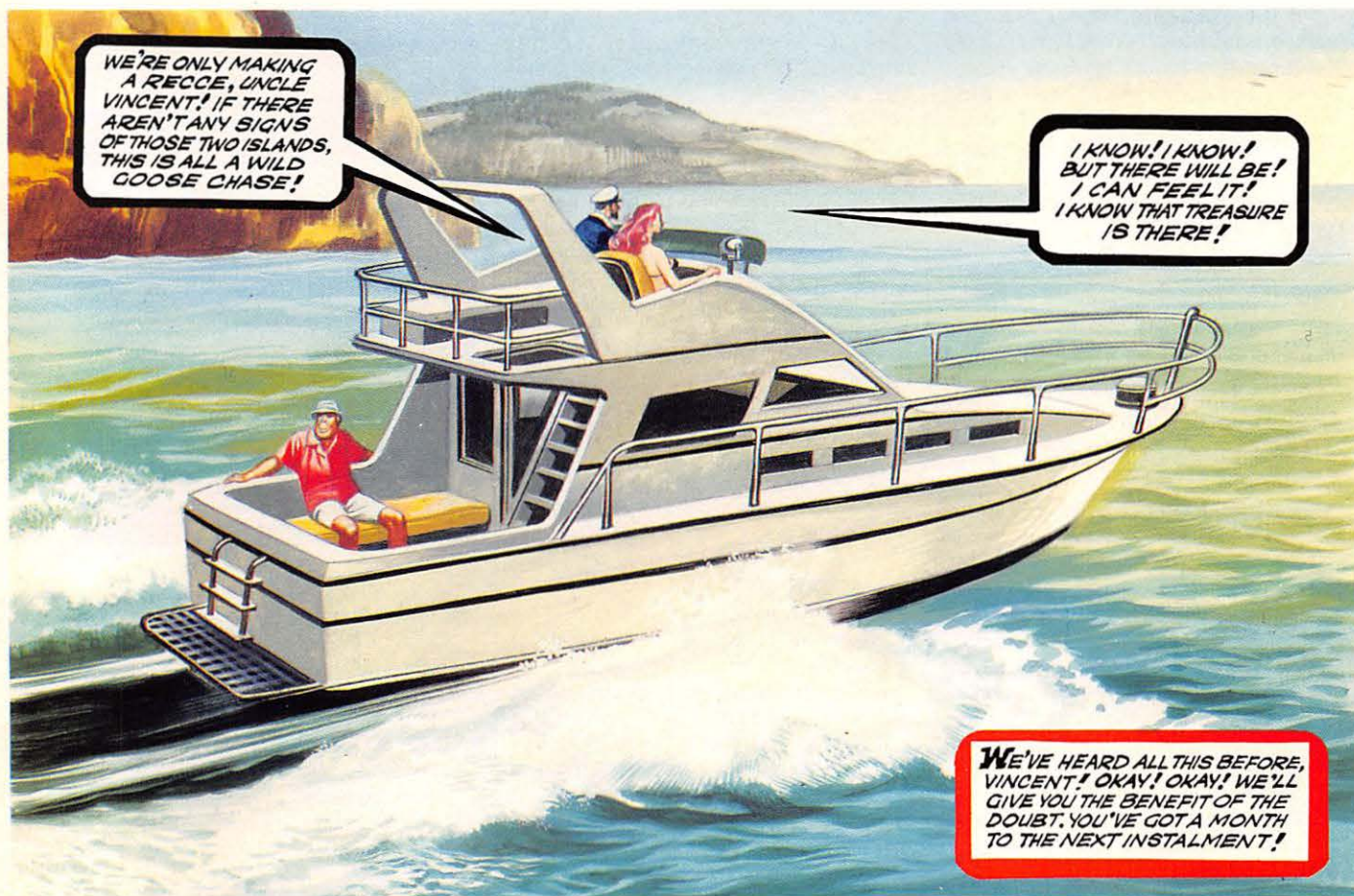
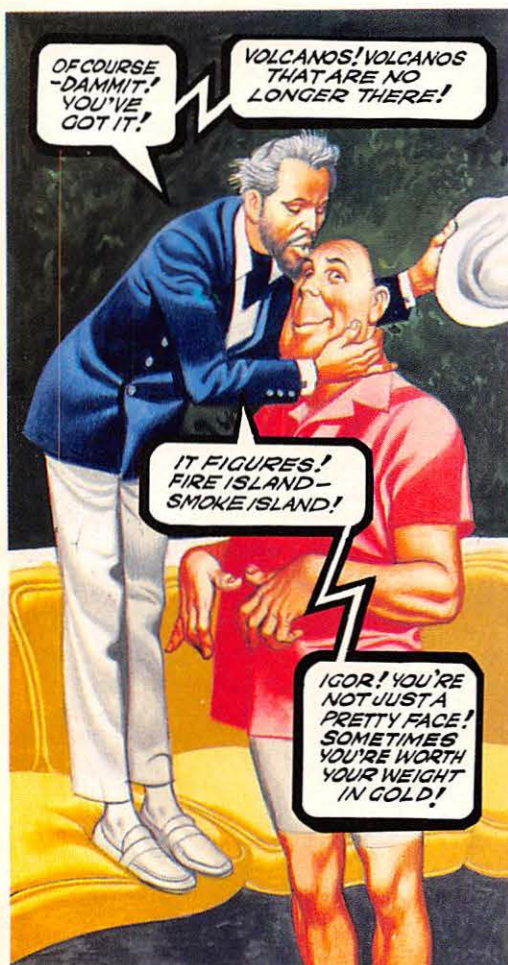
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MARGOLIS?

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VINCENT! I FEEL ALMOST
GUILTY LEAVING ALL
THOSE TROUBLES BEHIND!

COMING HERE MAY BE
OUR WAY OF SOLVING
THEM!







How much do you know
about sex?

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

When I tell people that I write a games column in *Penthouse*, the usual reaction is, "Oh, you mean games about sex?" I've done columns about modern legends, limericks, practical jokes, gambling scams, and graffiti, and quizzes about sports, movies, death, and even one on what famous people *said* about sex—but never one about sex itself.

Until now. This month we present three true-false tests and two matchup tests on the subject of sex. How much do you know? Since you are already reading *Penthouse*, you presumably know more about the subject than the average man on the street. You should easily pass "chance level"—which would be 33 correct of the total 66 questions. A score of 40 or more is okay, 50 or better respectable, and 60 or more entitles you to graduate cum laude.

We have adapted most of these questions from four recent party games that have tried to tap the Trivial Pursuit market: Sexual Trivia and Sexual Trivia Strikes Again (each costs \$15, postpaid, from Baron/Scott Enterprises, Inc., 8804 Monard Dr., Silver Spring, Md. 20910), Raunchy Trivia, and Adultrivia. We have also taken items from *Forum* Executive Editor Jack Heidenry's forthcoming book *Test Your Sex IQ* (Warner Books), and we are grateful to *Forum* Editor Philip Nobile and to sexologist Dr. Deanna Merrill for helping to check the test items. The answers can be found on page 164.

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

True or false:

1. Condoms do not come in various sizes.
2. Lubricated condoms provide the same protection as unlubricated ones.
3. Kissing will spread a cold faster than shaking hands.
4. Testosterone enhances the sense of smell and estrogen diminishes it.
5. Withdrawal—coitus interruptus—is the most popular form of birth control in Poland.
6. Kinsey found that the earlier in life a boy had his first orgasm, the longer in life he would be sexually active.

7. Most states say that oral sex between extramarital partners does not constitute adultery.

8. Female baboons engage in prostitution.

9. To be legal in India, porn shops must call themselves "museums."

10. The British Leyland Motor Corporation believes that women who wear stockings are more dangerous drivers than women who wear panty hose.

11. Researchers find that people who make a habit of falling in and out of love also tend to crave chocolate.

12. Chances of conception improve if the man withdraws only after he has completely ejaculated.

13. Male-producing sperm (those carrying the Y chromosome) have longer tails and swim faster than female-producing (X chromosome) sperm.

14. A woman can increase her chances of conceiving a boy with a diet that includes salty cheese, ham, and coffee.

15. A vinegar douche before intercourse increases the chances of conceiving a girl; a baking-soda-and-water douche favors conception of a boy.

16. A woman who wants to conceive a boy should try to have an orgasm during intercourse, and a woman who wants a girl should try not to.

17. Human beings are most sexually active in April, May, and June. In other words, Alfred Lord Tennyson was right: "In the spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love."

18. Frederick's of Hollywood is listed on the American Stock Exchange as "FrdHly."

ALL ABOUT MEN

True or false:

1. A man can have an orgasm without ejaculating.
2. A man cannot have an ejaculation without an erection.
3. A man can fake an orgasm.
4. The scrotum shows color changes during sexual excitement.
5. Sperm is the largest single cell in a man's body.

6. The American Academy of Pediatrics has advised physicians not to perform circumcisions because the operation serves no medical purpose.

7. The average length of life for a castrated man is shorter than normal.

8. Military pilots of high-performance aircraft sire more sons than daughters.

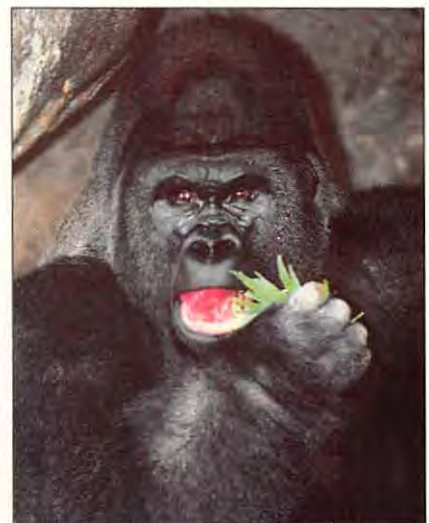
9. Australian abalone divers father twice as many girls as boys.

10. Hair grows faster on a man who is anticipating having sex than on a man who isn't.

11. In most men, the left testicle hangs lower than the right one.

12. The average erect penis is six inches long. Ninety percent of all penises are within one inch of that.

13. On the average, a black man's penis is about half an inch longer than a white man's when flaccid, and about a quarter-inch longer when erect.



14. Of all mammal males, one of the least promiscuous is the human male.

15. Of all 192 species of primates, the longest and thickest penis is found on the gorilla.

ALL ABOUT WOMEN

True or false:

1. Female tennis players usually have a larger breast on their playing side.
2. One biological function of the fe-

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- ☐ **EBONY AVES**
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- ☐ **TAIJA REV**

GROUP D

- ☐ **NINA HARTLEY**
- ☐ **STACEY DONOVAN**
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male orgasm is that it helps "suck" the sperm up toward the cervix.

3. Having an orgasm helps a woman relieve menstrual cramps.

4. Some women have said that the biggest orgasm they ever had was during childbirth.

5. Mouth odor in women changes according to their menstrual cycle.

6. Female friends and roommates who spend much time together usually synchronize their periods—that is, they have them at the same time.

7. There are exercises women can do to make their breasts firmer.

8. Women say their sex fantasies are more often of a known sex partner than of a "mystery man."

9. Cervical cancer is considered to be a sexual-contact disease because celibate nuns virtually never get it.

10. Women say that their horniest time



of the month is just after their period.

11. In a nursing mother, the sound of a baby's cry causes involuntary erection of the nipples.

12. *Cosmopolitan* reports that less than half of their readers have been unfaithful to their husbands.

13. When a girl starts menstruating, she is fertile and may be impregnated.

14. Small breasts are usually more sensitive than large breasts.

15. A woman's nipples swell during intercourse, but her breasts do not.

MALE FACTS

Match each fact with the correct name:

1. His penis was sold at an auction in Paris for about \$3,800.

2. He refused to own a dog after one bit him on the penis.

3. A famous myth says that his penis is on display at the Smithsonian in Washington, D.C.

4. He took several showers a day, and not only shaved his armpits but his chest as well.

5. He is credited with introducing the slang word *fox*, meaning "a pretty girl," in 1963.

6. He had one testicle.

7. He once spent two years in prison for violating the Mann Act.

8. He modeled underwear in the 1959 Sears catalog.

9. He probably died a virgin.

- A. Muhammad Ali
- B. Chuck Berry
- C. Napoleon Bonaparte
- D. John Davidson
- E. John Dillinger
- F. Clark Gable
- G. Adolf Hitler
- H. J. Edgar Hoover
- I. Howard Hughes

FEMALE FACTS

Match each fact with the correct name:

1. She had her vagina surgically enlarged.

2. She had three breasts.

3. She bleached her pubic hair blond.

4. She refused to go on camera during her period.

5. Reportedly, she once took on the entire U.S.C. football team in one session.

6. She gave birth about seven and a half months after she married.

7. She was about three months pregnant when she married in 1983.

8. She had her own casket in which she slept, had lovers, and was ultimately buried.

9. Her longest lovemaking session was 15 hours, nonstop, with a man named Ted (according to her autobiography).

- A. Sarah Bernhardt
- B. Anne Boleyn
- C. Clara Bow
- D. Eva Braun
- E. Princess Caroline of Monaco
- F. Joan Crawford
- G. Marilyn Monroe
- H. Mae West
- I. Nancy Reagan


Answers:

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION. 1. True. 2. False. They provide more protection because they break less often. 3. False. 4. False. The opposite is true—the male hormone testosterone decreases the sense of smell. 5. True. 6. True. 7. True. 8. True—by stealing food during sex, for example. 9. True. 10. True. They find that women who wear garter belts tend to press harder on the gas pedal. 11. True. 12. False. 13. True. 14. True. 15. True. 16. True. Sperm that produce girls like the vagina's natural acidity. An orgasm reduces this acidity, favoring the boy-producing Y sperm. 17. False. Our most sexual season is late summer and early fall. 18. True.

MEN. 1. True. 2. False. 3. True. 4. False. 5. False. It's the smallest cell. 6. True. 7. False. It's longer—as long as an average woman's life. 8. False. Pilots sire more daughters. 9. True. 10. True. 11. True. 12. True. 13. True. 14. True. 15. False. It's man's.

WOMEN. 1. True. 2. False. 3. True. 4. True. 5. True. 6. True. 7. False. The breast is glandular tissue and fat; it has no muscle. 8. False. The opposite is true. 9. True. 10. False. Just before, more often. 11. True. 12. False. More than half have. 13. False. The first menstruation usually comes a year or two before the first ovulation. 14. True. There are more touch receptors per square inch on small breasts. 15. False. Both swell.

MALE FACTS. 1C, 2I, 3E, 4F, 5A, 6G, 7B, 8D, 9H.

FEMALE FACTS. 1D, 2B, 3G, 4F, 5C, 6I, 7E, 8A, 9H. 

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| <input type="checkbox"/> ECSTASY GIRLS | <input type="checkbox"/> 7 INTO SNOWY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 8 TO 4 | <input type="checkbox"/> SEX BOAT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 800 FANTASY LANE | <input type="checkbox"/> SEX SPA USA |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "11" | <input type="checkbox"/> SEX WARS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FIONA ON FIRE | <input type="checkbox"/> SEX WORLD |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FIRST TIME AT CHERRY HIGH | <input type="checkbox"/> SEXCAPADES |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FOXY BROWN | <input type="checkbox"/> STAR 84 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FROM RUSSIA WITH LUST | <input type="checkbox"/> STAR 85 |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> HIGH SCHOOL MEMORIES | <input type="checkbox"/> TABOO |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HOSTAGE GIRLS | <input type="checkbox"/> TEN LITTLE MAIDENS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HOT DALLAS NIGHTS | <input type="checkbox"/> ULTRA FLESH |
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A PRETTY GOOD RAP

Rap music isn't rock 'n' roll. It's not rhythm and blues. It certainly isn't jazz. But one thing about rap music is certain—three kids from Queens, New York, called Run-DMC are its kings. They've taken it out of the ghettos and into mainstream America, where they're determined to fight the plague that has destroyed so many of their friends and contemporaries. "We are not thugs, we don't do drugs," they chant. They're equally determined to stay in close touch with their fans—visiting schools and using their concerts as forums to mobilize their charismatic talents in a war against drug use. In an outspoken conversation with *Penthouse* Senior Editor Allan Sonnenschein, they talk about where they've been and where they're going. They take on censors like Tipper Gore. They take on the critics, who they say don't understand what they're doing. But most of all, they celebrate themselves—and their families and friends—as they move into what they hope will be their biggest year yet.



MARILYN STRIKES BACK

Everyone from bigmouths like Norman Mailer to so-called feminists like Gloria Steinem has been writing books and making money by capitalizing on a dead movie star's personal life and tragic death. Our outspoken contributing editor Emily Prager has finally had enough, and next month, in a stinging satiric essay, she calls forth the spirit of Marilyn Monroe to get the record straight once and for all. Turning the tables on her "biographers," Marilyn's ghost analyzes Mailer's "lust for penetration" and Steinem's "prissy spinster" attitude toward sex. And before she disappears into the night, Marilyn has some choice comments about the sexual proclivities of the Kennedy brothers and Yves Montand, as well as a final word of advice for Madonna.



THE IMPORTANCE OF BERNHARD GOETZ

Ever since Bernhard Goetz was arrested over two years ago, his story has achieved almost mythic proportions. Was his act—shooting several black men on a crowded subway car—that of a racist vigilante? Or was Goetz a symbolic hero, striking out against crime in a simple and effective manner? Goetz's chief attorney, Barry Slotnick, speaks out in next month's "Advise & Dissent." Slotnick's many awards, citations, and famous clients have made him one of today's most sought-after criminal lawyers. He sees the significance of the Goetz case as going far beyond that of one man. He addresses the frustration that is rampant in today's impersonal society and talks about how urban life has changed. Although Slotnick is obviously partisan, we think you'll find that this thoughtful essay is concerned not so much with the man who pulled the trigger, but with why he's become a national hero.



PERU'S HEART OF DARKNESS

In one of our most unusual photo essays, reporter Peter Gorman and photographer Jeffrey Rotman document the unique existence of the Mayuruna Indians. Living deep inside the jungle of eastern Peru, this cannibal tribe has virtually no contact with outsiders. After a torturous journey upriver that rivaled an Indiana Jones adventure film, Gorman and Rotman were finally allowed access to the everyday life, as well as the secret rituals, of these almost prehistoric people. They ate roast sloth cooked over an open-pit fire, and fought off a 17-foot anaconda snake with a hunting knife. Finally, they were allowed to partake of the Indians' hallucinogenic brew—consisting of frog sweat and ground roots and leaves. And amazingly, they discovered that these strange tribesmen have much that they could teach their more "civilized" brothers.



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