

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

02242

JULY 1987 \$4.00

**HEARTLAND
HEROES:
FARMERS FIGHT
BACK**

**SEX IN
S. AFRICA**

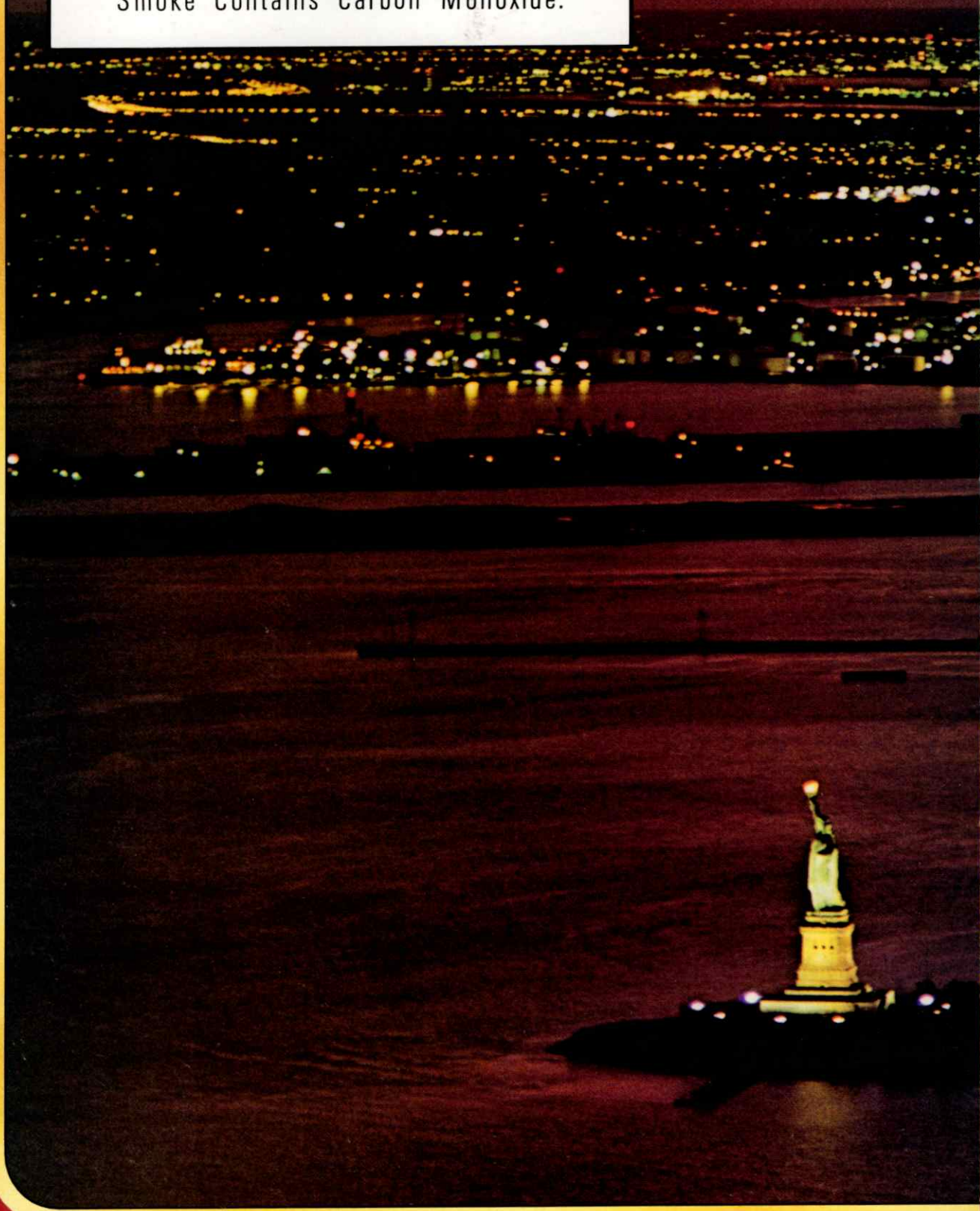
**JACKIE
COLLINS:
MAKING IT IN
HOLLYWOOD**

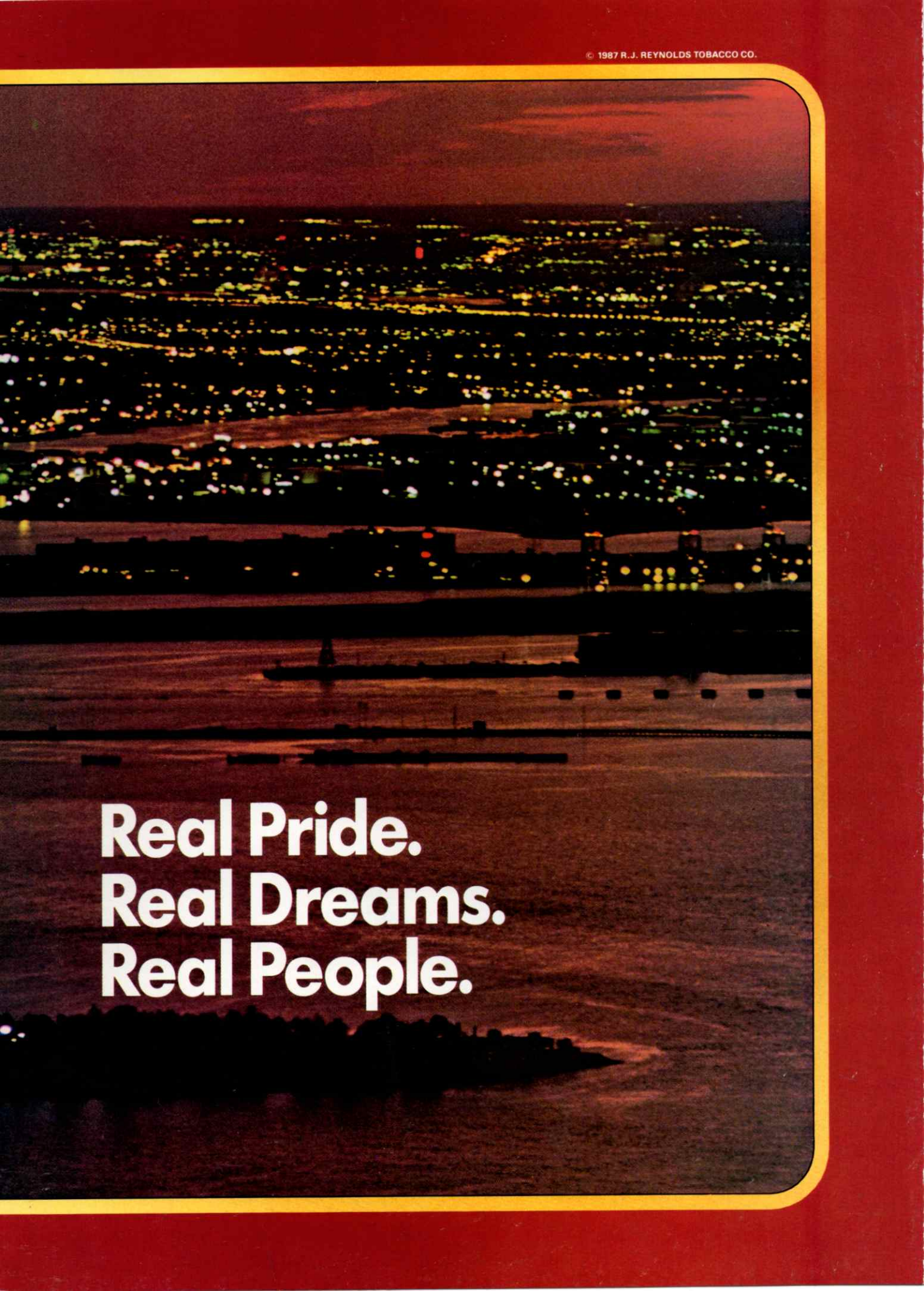
**EAT TO LIVE:
WHAT DOCTORS
WON'T TELL YOU**

**LAST
RESORTS:
THE ULTIMATE
VACATION**



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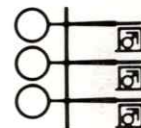
PENTHOUSE®

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Our cover features July Pet of the Month Lisa Mandoki. She was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 80-200 lenses, and Kodachrome 64 film. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 144.

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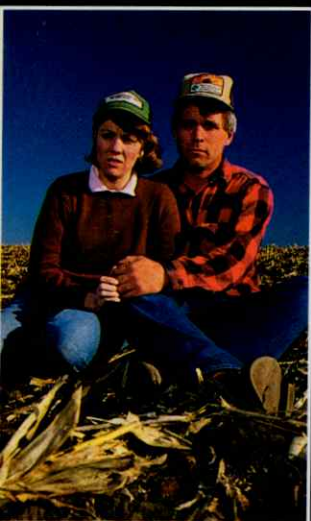
THE RICHER TASTE OF MYERS'S ALWAYS COMES THROUGH.



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HOUSECALL



HEARTLAND HEROES

The tragic saga of America's farm families has been told many times before, but never, we venture to say, as well as **Peter Manso** tells it in this issue. "Done Denyin'," the story of **Marlin and Kathy Langner** and their family, their friends, and their struggle to keep their Iowa farm, is an extraordinary article that will stay with you long after you've finished reading it. Working a farm is just about the hardest job there is. But, as Manso shows, fighting to survive and to keep your sanity is even harder. There's a "joke" spreading like wildfire through the Midwest these days. "Hear about the farmer who was arrested for child abuse?" it goes. "He gave his son the family farm." That's the despair the Langners and their neighbors have to fight against. And that's the reality we as Americans have to face, before it's too late.



THE ARMAGEDDON NETWORK

The Reverend **Jerry Falwell** brags about not owning a grave plot. He doesn't think he needs one. Why? Because Falwell and millions of other people—including the President of the United States—believe that the end of the world, Armageddon, is imminent. What happens then? Well, as Falwell explains it, "born-again believers . . . will disappear, leaving behind only clothing and physical things that cannot inherit eternal life." The rest of us will suffer an eternity of torment. One would imagine that anyone who believed such fairy tales would be a laughingstock. But these days, writes Professor **Joe Cuomo**, when virtually every prominent preacher of the New Christian Right is telling people that the world must



end in fire before true believers can be saved, we can't afford to laugh. Not when the man who *could* end the world in fire seems to subscribe to such nonsense (to say nothing of **Pat Robertson**, who wants his finger to follow Reagan's on the nuclear button).

THE GREAT COVER-UP

Born-again Americans don't have a monopoly on nonsense these days. South African reporter **Louis du Buisson** takes us this month to a battlefield where the brutal apartheid system of separating races may be meeting an opponent more powerful than U.N. boycotts or U.S. disinvestment. The arrest of a young Zulu woman for bathing topless in a public shower has shaken South Africa. It seems that black women's breasts and white women's nipples pose a great threat to many of that land's Boer masters. They know that sex has always been a great equalizer. But today their laughably rigid censorship may finally cause the downfall of the very system it was created to uphold.

MEN AND BABY M

What does the fight between Baby M's surrogate mother **Mary Beth Whitehead** and sperm-donor father **William Stern** have to do with men's rights? Plenty, says **Sidney Siller**. Feminist crusaders have long preached that differences in reproductive functions should not be the basis for separate treatment of men and women. But in the Baby M case—and in tens of thousands of less-well-known custody battles—feminists and their allies don't hesitate to trample over the rights of fathers when using the excuse of biological bonding between mother and child. It's typical, Siller says, that militant-feminist zealots want it both ways. It's shameful, however, when we let them get away with it.

LAST RESORTS

Thanks to the Syrians, the I.R.A., and their friends, many Americans are spending this summer again coping with our own crowded highways and tacky motels, rather than taking chances abroad. Not, however, our blindly intrepid humor editor, **Bill Lee**, who offers travelers some unique tips on how to have an exciting "bummer vacation" in such garden spots as the Bekaa Valley. But though Bill's suggestions are tempting, we don't think you'll want to stray too far from home . . . not when you have this month's *Penthouse* to keep you company, that is. You'll find much, much more to read and peruse at your leisure—most especially, when joined by those ideal companions for a steamy summer day at the beach, our delectable *July Pets*, who are not likely, however, to cool you off! ☺



Why draft beer is real beer.

The best things in life are the real things, and there's no better example of this than a mug of cold draft beer.

Draft Beer: The Essence of Beer

Draft beer is real beer because it is the original beer. Long before there were bottles or cans there was only draft beer. It was not pasteurized. It was not tampered with in any way. It was just pure beer.

Today, draft beer is still the richest, smoothest, freshest-tasting beer, a taste that beer in bottles or cans just can't seem to match.

Pasteurization: Cooked Beer, Anyone?

The basic difference between draft beer and packaged beer is pasteurization. Most beers

in bottles or cans are pasteurized—or cooked—to preserve them. But the high temperatures of pasteurization can com-

promise the original, genuine taste of the beer.

Which is why many discriminating beer drinkers feel that draft beer is fresher, richer and smoother than bottled beer.



Cold-Filtering: A Long-Awaited Breakthrough

Now, at last, there is a real draft beer in bottles and cans: Miller Genuine Draft. Thanks to a process called cold-filtering, Miller Genuine

Draft does not have to be pasteurized—or cooked. Utilizing a super-fine ceramic filter, cold-filtering purifies beer much like spring water is purified in nature when it is filtered through layers of clay, gravel and sand. Because Miller Genuine Draft is not pasteurized, it retains all of its original genuine taste so it's as rich and smooth as beer ever was.

We invite you to enjoy this exceptional beer. We think you'll agree that Miller Genuine Draft is as real as beer gets.



Miller Genuine Draft. As real as it gets.

WILL YOU BE THE NEXT BIG WINNER?
THE GREAT PENTHOUSE

TREASURE HUNT RETURNS!



Are you bold enough to capture this year's bounty? Enter the fourth annual PENTHOUSE Treasure Hunt in our spectacular September Anniversary Issue. Last year's winners walked away with an extraordinary variety of prizes, including a \$48,000 Tiffany Elite car by Classic Motor Carriages; an \$18,000 1961 Cadillac "Car's the Star" couch, a gift from 50's AutoArt, etc.; and an \$11,500 Jasmine White Mink Coat,

courtesy of the Flemington Fur Company. We'll reveal more about the 1987 Treasure Hunt in the August *Penthouse*, but for those of you who just can't wait, here's a clue: You might win \$10,000 worth of audio equipment, a luxurious full-length fur coat, a personal home tanning unit, and more. So get ready to stake *your* claim, because before you know it, the Hunt will be on!



"Someone whose opinion I respect has been
advising me to use condoms.
He's the Surgeon General of the United States."

"To quote the man directly: 'The best protection against infection right now, barring abstinence, is use of a condom.'

Now, it's not like I haven't heard this anywhere else.

These days, unless you never read the papers, watch TV, or talk to your friends, you're definitely going to hear something about sexually transmitted diseases.

How serious they are. How anyone can get them. How condoms can help protect you. Sometimes you wonder how much is real danger. And how much is just panic. But when the Surgeon General says something about health, I'd give it more weight.

And act on it. Especially in this case. After all, I've got absolutely nothing to lose if I follow his advice. And maybe a terrible lot to lose, if I don't."

Trojan condoms, the most widely used brand in America, help reduce the risk of sexually transmitted diseases.



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BRAND CONDOMS

For all the right reasons.

●She flounced into the bedroom, threw herself on the bed, spread her legs, and winked. Keeping her long legs spread wide, she grabbed each ankle and raised them.●

PENTHOUSE FORUM

LAWN DOCTOR

The first time I had sex was during the summer just before my 20th birthday. Oh, I often tried to get into the panties of girls my age, but without any success. Some of them would let me feel them up, but as for letting me fuck them, forget it! It seemed all they wanted to do was tease and get a guy all worked up for nothing.

Anyway, I did a lot of odd jobs for spending money, and one weekend our new neighbor phoned to ask if I had time to work on her lawn. Her husband had a traveling job and was gone a lot. At 27, she was very pretty, didn't have any kids, and I had often spied on her when she sunbathed in their backyard. I'd jerk off and fantasize about fucking her, because she was truly a dream.

She hollered to come on in when I knocked at the back door. Through the screen door, I saw her standing on top of a stepladder stool cleaning the top cupboard shelves. She looked gorgeous! I leered at her lush body, and from the back saw she wore no bra. She looked over her shoulder, feeling my gaze on her denim-clad behind and long, bare legs. With a smile and a twinkle in her eye, she told me to hold the stool steady. The lump in my throat almost choked me and desire fired through my groin, giving me an instant hard-on! The babe wasn't wearing any panties, and she parted her legs as far as the stool allowed, giving me a mouth-watering view of her crotch and cunt. It was almost as exciting as her being totally

nude. I saw the lips of her pussy overlap the crotch of her cutoffs and learned that she was indeed a true blonde. My cock throbbing, I continued to leer up between her long, luscious legs at her lovely cunt.

Several minutes later, she announced she was done. Jutting her behind out toward me, she slowly came down the stepladder. I broke out in a sweat with her bottom so near my face. On the floor, she turned and stretched, giving me an eyeful of her long, sensuous body. She looked fantastic from the back, but from the front, there were no words to describe her. Batting her lashes, she took a deep breath and the nipples of her tits were finely outlined under her thin clinging T-shirt. She saw me gawking and blushing, and I quickly

averted my eyes.

"Well . . . I'll show you where the lawn mower's at," she smiled. She swayed sensuously as she strode out the back door to the garage. She stepped back abruptly, and her soft body came in contact with my stiff prick. "Oh, I'm sorry," she said, smiling. Her voice was light, her eyes dancing.

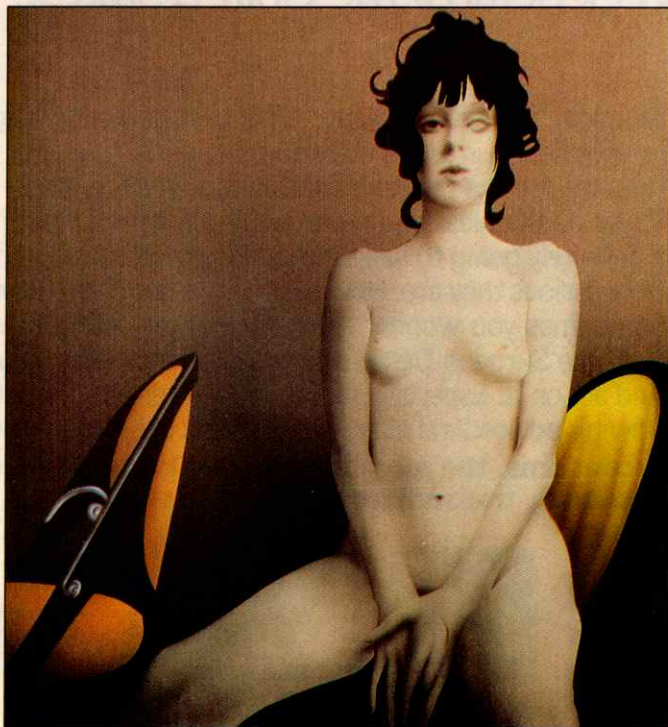
"It's quite all right," I stammered. "Well, I suppose I should get busy then." Marveling at the way she moved as she walked back to the house, I was embarrassed when she caught me staring as she glanced back at me.

I was almost finished when she came out on the back porch. She'd changed, and looked good enough to eat in a little minidress cut low on her jutting tits and high on her

shapely bare legs. She sat down on the steps, and I noticed she still wasn't wearing any panties as I passed by her with the lawn mower. Her beautiful legs were parted slightly, and I could see past where her dress ended high on her curvy thighs. My cock immediately started throbbing again as it strained against my jeans. I was bare from the waist up and my upper body glistened as I began to perspire profusely. When I was through, she invited me inside for a cold soft drink. She had the most perfect tits I have ever seen. They were firm, nice and round, and pushed at the light fabric of her dress, begging to be released from their confinement.

Inside, I followed her into the living room, where she sat down close to me on the sofa, tucking her feet beneath her. Her dress hiked up, exposing more of her fabulous silk-smooth thighs. "I noticed you've been staring at my legs a lot," she said. "Do you like them?"

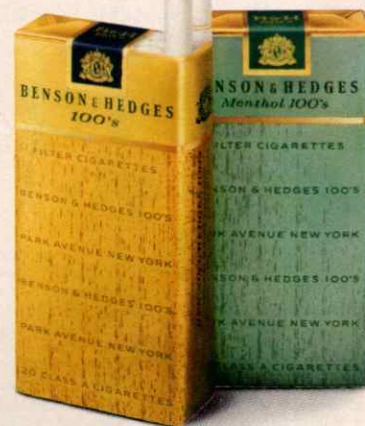
"Yeah . . . uh . . . sure!" I managed to say. My voice was raspy and shaky, and beads of sweat formed on my forehead. "Would you like to feel them?" she asked. Without waiting for an answer, she took my hand and placed it on her thigh. I gulped and looked at her. Her blue eyes sparkled and



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



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JULY

smoldered. Her closeness made me dizzy, and I couldn't help trembling as her lips, only inches away, came nearer. Her yielding, eager mouth fused with mine and I floated into paradise!

"Mmmm . . .," she hummed deep in her throat while her tongue explored my mouth. Our lips finally parted and my chest heaved with each gulping breath. "Have you ever made love before?" she asked softly.

I was not sure of what to say and she smiled at my flustered behavior.

"Yes, honey. If you promise not to tell, I'll let you make love to me," she whispered. I let my breath out sharply. A tremor ran through me and I nodded, unable to speak.

"Good," she exclaimed. "But first, let me show you what you'll be enjoying!" Getting to her feet, she placed her hands on her thighs and slowly began to inch up her dress. She stopped, the hem just below her cunt. "Do you really like my legs?" she asked. My head throbbed and my eyes bulged as I gawked at her legs.

"Wow," I breathed heavily. "They're beautiful!" I cleared my throat and swallowed, wanting to tell her to lift the dress higher but not able to get the words out.

"I'll take it off if you like," she said.

The garment fell in a whisper to the floor as she spun on her heels, and I eagerly jumped up to follow, my eyes glued to her. She flounced into the bedroom, threw herself on the bed, spread her legs, and winked. Keeping her long legs spread wide, she grabbed each ankle and raised them. She was pink and creamy!

"You like?" she teased. I was speechless! With trembling hands, I skimmed my jeans and shorts down, hot passion overcoming my natural shyness. "Eat my cunt first, honey," she said, wriggling her hips. Groaning, I ran my hands greedily up her thighs and clamped them onto her full hips. Rapt with joy, I buried my face between her parted legs and licked like a crazy fool!

"Mmmm, yes! Lick it like you would an ice-cream cone," she moaned. My hands circled around to cup her soft yielding globes. I devoured her juicy cunt, spurred on by her cries of pleasure. Not wanting to disappoint this beautiful woman, I continued to lick and suck even when my jaw began to ache. Her fingers groped and clawed through my hair as she spiraled toward her waiting orgasm. "Yes . . . now! I'm coming! Ohhh!" she moaned. She went soaring over the peak, twisting her hips in tight, frenzied circles while her hands gripped the sides of my head, keeping my mouth plastered to her wet cunt. When her sanity returned, I looked up from between her thighs.

"Did . . . I do it right?" I asked shyly.

"You're a natural, sweetie! I enjoyed it very much!" she replied dreamily. "Now lie down and enjoy what I'm going to do to you."

I was shaking inside. My stomach was

churning and my heartbeat raced at about 80 miles an hour. She curled her fingers around my cock and lightly brushed her lips against the tip.

"Your cock looks delicious. It's lovely," she said, squeezing it. Without another word, she engulfed my prick in her warm, wet, delicious mouth and bathed it with her hot saliva. I couldn't believe I was actually getting sucked by this gorgeous blond housewife. She sucked with a growing hunger, her cheeks drawing in for maximum suction, her tongue licking the underside of my cock. I groaned, bucked, then groaned again. My hands formed tight fists. My prick, throbbing and aching for so long, erupted in her mouth. She swallowed my come in rhythm to my spurting cock, her lips and hands working in sync to give me maximum pleasure. Skilled in the art of cocksucking, she gave me a blowjob I'll never forget! Jerking and twitching, I skittered down from my mind-boggling climax. She came slowly off my cock, licked it clean, then moved up to plant kisses on my chin and mouth. "I hope you liked that," she murmured. "I hope you'll remember I was the first." Too numb to speak, I could only nod my head.

About 15 minutes later, she threw her right leg over me and rubbed my limp cock with her thigh. I felt it beginning to harden again. "Honey, hold me! Get hard in my arms, baby," she cooed. I did, and her hot body burning into me got my cock rock-hard in seconds. Holding her tight, my hands roamed freely over every inch of her. "Fuck me, sweetheart! Fuck me good! Fuck me from behind," she panted. She rolled over on her hands and knees, wriggling her hips. I crawled around behind her, my eyes glued to her rounded backside and the moistness of her cunt. Groaning again, I grabbed her hips, my cock aiming. "Do it slow, baby. I like getting fucked nice and slow," she instructed. Her hips shook in anticipation of my first plunge into her wet pussy. I grabbed my cock and eased the head inside her tight cunt, marveling at the ease with which it slipped inside. When it was all the way in, I held steady, feeling her cunt pulse around my buried prick. She told me to pump slow and easy. I obeyed, and the sensation was maddening!

I eased my throbbing cock in and out of her cunt at a slow pace, long enough to make her go out of her mind. She bucked her hips, settling into a rhythm that matched my thrusting, which increased in force. My hands held her flared, inviting hips. I didn't want to disappoint this lovely babe in heat. She twitched under the steady barrage of my cock. A shuddering groan came from her mouth, and I felt the pressure inside her cunt as she climaxed. Clutching her hips tightly, I exploded inside her instantly. I felt every gush, every spurt, every explosion, as I blasted jet streams of come deep into her. Spent, completely satisfied, she dropped her arms and crum-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74



THE NEW MICRO EYE QUANTUM RADAR DETECTION YOU PROGRAM TO YOUR DRIVING ENVIRONMENT!

B.E.L-TRONICS introduces a new radar detector so advanced, you can program it to match any driving environment with a simple touch of a button. Whether driving in urban, suburban or rural areas, the MICRO EYE QUANTUM will adapt for the ultimate in radar detection performance!

DETECTION "TAILORED" TO YOUR DRIVING NEEDS

The MICRO EYE QUANTUM eliminates "pre-set" thresholds found in other radar detectors with City/Highway and Filter modes and the limitations they impose. Instead, the MICRO EYE QUANTUM incorporates two modes that can be adjusted quickly and easily to suit your exact driving needs.

PROGRAMMED BY A SINGLE TOUCH OF A BUTTON

That's all that's required to set the MICRO EYE QUANTUM into action. Whether you adjust the C/PAS or FSR modes, each will provide a significant increase in selectivity and performance. Used in combination, maximum immunity to false alerts can be obtained. Or, if you choose, simply plug the unit in - it's ready to operate. No matter what your selection, the MICRO EYE QUANTUM will provide quick, accurate detection of X and K Band or instant-on radar.

COMMUNICATIONS CENTER

The digital display acts as the QUANTUM's command center indicating all mode selections as well as a system of digits (1 to 9) to indicate the strength of police radar. This, in conjunction with a series of separate audio tones and visual alerts, will indicate an X or K Band radar warning for the quickest, easiest identification possible. A photo-electric dimmer automatically adjusts the display for easy viewing under any conditions. For night driving, the display, along with both X and K Band LEDs, can be rendered dark with a simple touch of a button.

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Model 880



B.E.L-TRONICS LIMITED The Radar Detector Innovators

880PH



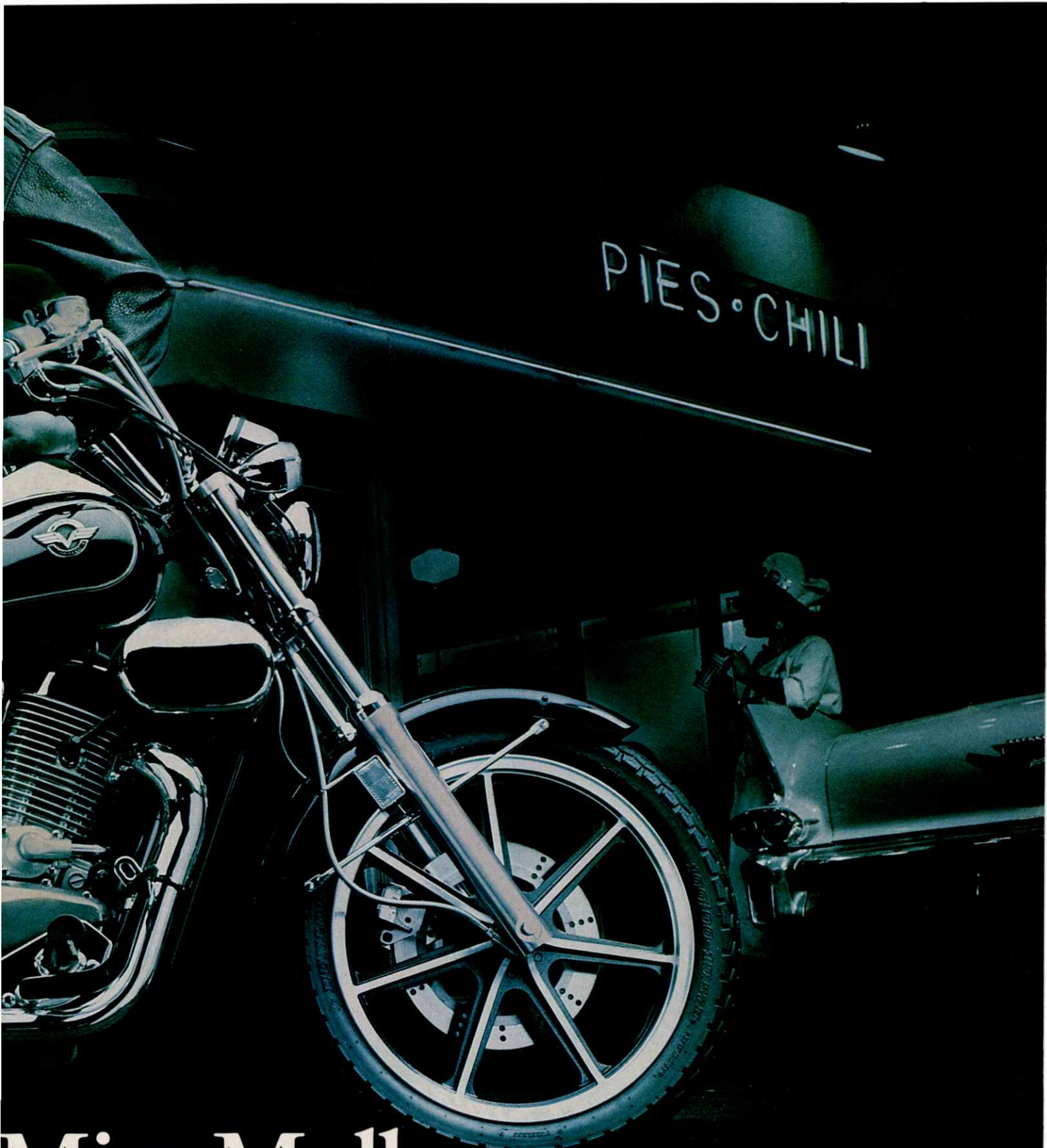
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88 cubic inches of it, in fact. As in Kawasaki's new V-twin Vulcan 88.™ That's 1500 cc's, Daddy-O. Goodness gracious, great balls of firepower!

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The kind that pulls you from standing to cruising speed in high gear. And blows the Wildroot® right out of your D.A.

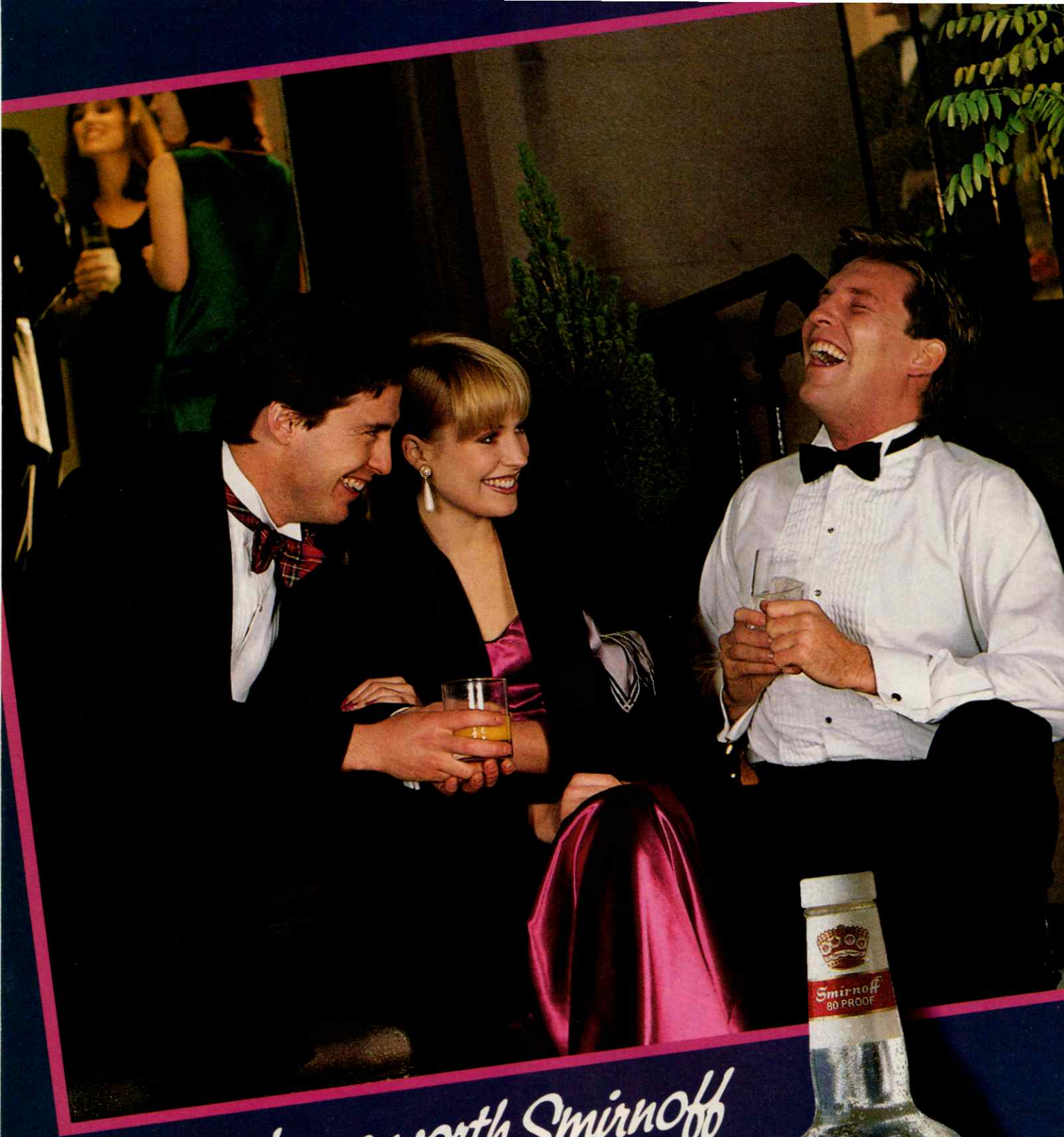
Fly-to-the-moon technology has met jump-back-in-the-alley styling. And the result is Vulcan 88. The bike for the times.

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CONFIDENTIAL

BY SHARON CHURCHER

NO POLISH JOKE

As the most image-conscious Western leader short of Ronald Reagan, Pope John Paul II knows the advantages—and pitfalls—of television. And that, well-placed sources in the Catholic Church tell "U.S.A. Confidential," is the reason that Detroit was abruptly added to the schedule for the controversial pontiff's September U.S. whistle-stopper.

The nine-day tour was to end up in San Francisco, but then planners at the National Conference of Catholic Bishops got wind that tens of thousands of gay protesters were booking tickets months in advance to join local homosexuals in an antipapal march through the city. "It just wouldn't do to have the final moments of the visit

shown on television around the world as a downer. Something upbeat was needed, and Detroit, with its large Polish community, was perfect," said a source involved in the planning.

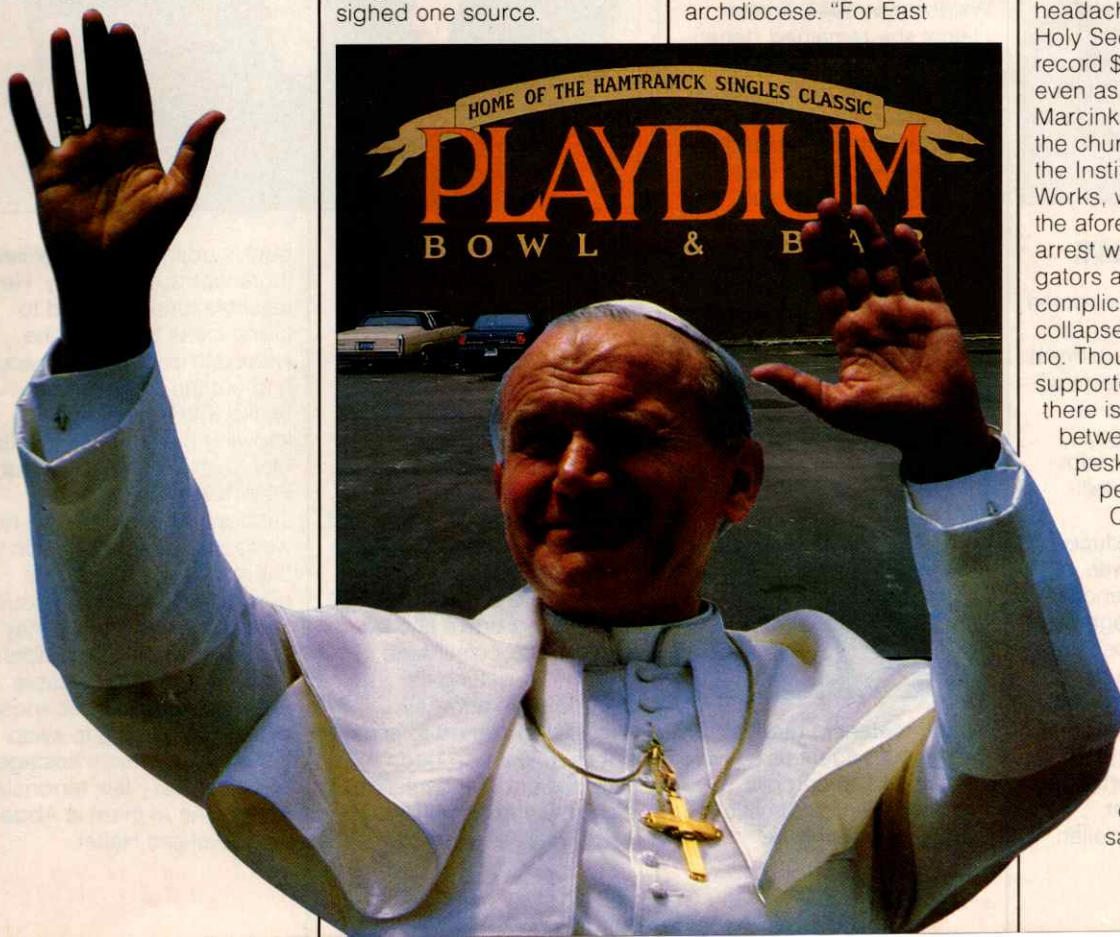
John Paul's grand finale would now consist of, among other hoopla, a motorcade along the main boulevard of Hamtramck, a Detroit Polish-American community, concluding with a rally where he'd speak in Polish and English. Hot stuff! Until, confided our sources, the Secret Service, in charge of security for the visit, got in the act. "They insisted that the direction of the motorcade be switched, and it go south instead of north, and that means it'll end up in a field across from a bowling alley with a *huge* sign that is right in the camera line," sighed one source.

Sure enough, there it was, two stories high in glorious brown and orange—PLAYDIUM BOWL & BAR. "The archbishop of Detroit wants it painted out," said the source. Unfortunately, the bowling alley's owner, John Lamerato, a Catholic but not a Polish Catholic, rather liked the notion of worldwide exposure when we broke the news to him of his archdiocese's resolve. So at press time the sign's fate had not been determined. However, we had learned of yet another threat to the pontifical image: "I'm going to go to Detroit now instead of San Francisco," said Mike Bushek, national editor of a paper published by Dignity, an organization of gay Catholics that has been drummed out of New York churches by that city's conservative archdiocese. "For East

Coasters, Detroit is a little easier to get to and maybe a little cheaper too."

If it isn't too late, therefore, the tour planners might want to give up on the Midwest city and try a third solution: Panna Maria. This charming little Texas town is just 50 miles from San Antonio, where the pope is already stopping over, and it is the oldest Polish community in America. "They tell us the pope will not have time to visit Panna Maria," said the local priest, the Very Reverend Canon Bernard Goebel, "but the pope knows about Panna Maria. When I met him in Rome, he said, 'Greetings for Panna Maria' in Polish. We are praying that he will change his mind and come here."

The pope's trip isn't, however, the Vatican's biggest headache this year. The Holy See was forecasting a record \$63 million 1987 deficit, even as Archbishop Paul Marcinkus and two aides at the church bank he heads, the Institute for Religious Works, were holed up in the aforesaid Vatican, ducking arrest warrants from investigators accusing them of complicity in the mysterious collapse of Banco Ambrosiano. Though that bank was supported by the institute, there is, of course, no link between any of this and that pesky deficit—except in people's minds. The Catholic hierarchy is expected to look to the U.S. faithful to help bail it out, but will the faithful be eager to cough up after witnessing an archbishop sheltering behind the papal petticoats? Probably not, say commentators.





CONFIDENTIAL

THE RAT PACK LIVES

When Alexander Haig, Jr., announced his bid for the presidency, one observer decried his chances of becoming a "serious" candidate. In fact, Haig clearly does not wish to be thought of as *serious*, since his announcement was billed by his, uh, press agents—Solters/Roskin/Friedman, who are also press agents for Frank Sinatra, an old Haig friend—in *Celebrity Bulletin*, a show-biz tip sheet. Haig's name appeared below listings for Larry Hagman, the Pretenders, and David Soul. "If Haig wins and anything happens to him, will Lee Solters [the press-agency chief] be in control?" quipped veteran Democratic political consultant David Garth, parodying Haig's famous blooper as secretary of state the day President Reagan was shot.

A FRENCH FARCE

American sources suspected foul play when a lawyer for a notorious Lebanese terrorist tried in Paris for masterminding the assassinations of U.S. and Israeli diplomats confessed he was an informant for the French intelligence agency.

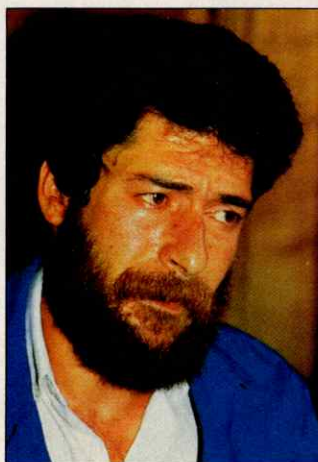
The Americans deduced that the confession was an attempt by the French government to sabotage a trial that only took place because of Washington pressure. France has made no secret of its conviction that it's dangerous to be tough on terrorists, and supporters of this particular terrorist, Georges-Ibrahim Abdallah, were threatening reprisals. "Planting an agent as a lawyer was an insurance policy," one American diplomatic insider charges. "The

A NAZI GIRL SCOUT

With many diplomats ostracizing Austrian president Kurt Waldheim because of his Nazi associations in World War II, he is said to be attempting to use his wife Elisabeth to make friends in the international set. Unfortunately, though Mrs. Waldheim did get a good turnout when she opened a United Nations Organization women's bazaar in Vienna, her career as a hostess may be short-lived: A small Austrian magazine, *Forum*, reports that in 1941, aged 18, the First Lady-to-be joined the Nazi Party. That's one better even than her husband, who was never a party member (he belonged to a Nazi paramilitary group before serving as an officer in brutal German Army campaigns). After the former Elisabeth Ritschel married Waldheim in 1944, *Forum* claims she remained "fanatically" true to her National Socialist convictions, spouting victory slogans. Her lawyer, Theodor Petter, disputed this, however, when interviewed by "U.S.A. Confidential."

He contended that she quit the party late in 1943, upon her engagement to Waldheim. The evidence notwithstanding, Petter insisted that Waldheim was "anti-Nazi . . . and in those days the wife went with the political feelings of the husband, as is written in the Bible." For that matter, by Petter's account, Mrs. Waldheim only joined the party because she'd been in the League of German Maidens, a sort of Nazi Girl

Scouts, and was "automatically transferred." We put this version of events to Charles Sydnor, a leading American war historian. "That sounds like nonsense," he said. "I've never heard of automatic membership in the Nazis, though we historians do have an inside joke—these people always say either that they were only following orders or that they didn't know what was going on or they were drafted against their will."



were threatening reprisals. "Planting an agent as a lawyer was an insurance policy," one American diplomatic insider charges. "The

government knew it couldn't control the judges, so the idea was, if Abdallah got a stiff term, to have the lawyer [who had represented Abdallah on pretrial work] confess he had violated attorney-client confidentiality."

Shortly before the trial began, the attorney, Jean-Paul Mazurier, and a journalist agreed to produce a book in which the lawyer would bare his role as double agent. News of this broke shortly after the trial culminated in Abdallah getting life. The chief defense attorney immediately started to scream that his client had been betrayed and the sentence might have to be nullified.

Still, Marek Halter, the

book's editor, doesn't believe there was a conspiracy. He says Mazurier decided to come clean because "he knew one day Abdallah would find out the truth and he thinks with everybody knowing his story he is safer." Moreover, Halter points out, French Prime Minister Jacques Chirac has said he won't pardon Abdallah. On the other hand, the editor concedes that this unaccustomed show of muscle may be because all of a sudden Abdallah is more valuable behind bars. With Lebanese extremists offering to swap terrorists for French hostages, "we have very few terrorists in jail. One of them is Abdallah," explains Halter.

"HOLLYWOOD MISTRESS" NAMES REAGAN

Some years ago, *Parade* magazine revealed that Jacqueline Park, an ex-Hollywood starlet, was prepping a book that would blow the whistle on the casting couch. Quite an extended couch, in fact, since she claimed to have been bedded by everyone from Cary Grant, Jack Warner, and Walter Winchell to President Sukarno of Indonesia. (The latter liaison, she said, was facilitated by a Mr. Morgan of the F.B.I.) Well, that project fell through, but Jackie went on to become an on-the-record source for Kitty Kelley's bio of Frank Sinatra and is now rewriting her own *Memoirs of a Hollywood Mistress* to include a new name—Ronald Reagan. A businessman fixed him up with her to try to stop him pining over his breakup from Jane Wyman, she says, and she would spend occasional nights at his apartment. "He was shattered. He practically couldn't get out of bed," adds Park, who also had one assignment as a call girl for a New York madam.

Publishers be warned, however: Jackie seems to have backtracked on one of her other conquests. In her manuscript, she speaks of making love with director John Farrow, Mia's dad. But after Kelley reported her as having a "rollicking sexual relationship" with him, she claimed she was misquoted and only had a friendship with the director, "that's all."

SOME THINGS ARE NOT SO GOOD

As General Electric is so fond of telling the public, it brings many good things to life, including, in a typical year, the worthy causes seeded by some \$36 million in donations from the company and its General Electric Foundations. Among the recipients are projects to aid deformed children, New York subway travelers (for whom G.E.'s charity provides station concerts), and disadvantaged youths.

Missing, predictably, from all the happy faces on G.E.'s commercials and in foundation literature are the company's own disadvantaged, the casualties of a battle to stay competitive, in which the industrial giant has been laying off workers at breakneck speed. Consider Charles Bremner, for almost 20 years

a stockroom clerk at G.E.'s Suffolk, Virginia, television factory. The factory's assembly lines are closing, putting him and some 790 others out of work. He does get severance benefits—including two weeks' pay per year of service for workers of his seniority—and G.E. and the federal government will pay for retraining, as long as it's job-related. Bremner, who is 57, hasn't taken up that offer. There is also the offer of "first consideration" for job openings at G.E. plants within a 250-mile radius of Suffolk. The trouble is, those plants are laying off personnel, too. G.E. has set up a job-placement center to assist in this tricky situation. It is equipped, says a spokesman, with a bulletin board, source materials such as corporate directories, and a copying machine and word processor.

The spokesman explains that the firm's foundation is legally prohibited from applying any of its grants specifically to aid past employees like Bremner, whose only job offers have been for little more than the minimum wage. But there is nothing in the law to prevent the foundation from setting up assistance schemes open to all the unemployed in an area like Suffolk? "True," says the spokesman, "but we feel what we have already done there is equitable. The foundation is there to serve [other] needs of society. It has many publics." For that matter, the foundation itself does create work, with its \$75,000-a-year "Music Under New York" program for commuters. The program's 100 performers admittedly are unpaid, but there are plans to hire a consultant to conduct auditions.

PET OF THE MONTH

Joining this month's breathtaking bevy of feminine beauty is a very special Pet—the White House's ravishing amber-eyed Rex Reagan. At two, the First Canine is admittedly on the young side for *Penthouse* and there is the possible drawback that Rex is a male, but we are particularly impressed by the care he takes with his dietary regime. Rex, you see, is among the few pooches in America who insist on *hot dog* food. "It's posted on a cupboard in the kitchen," says a White House staffer. "He gets half a can of Mighty Dog, warmed, plus his dry biscuits. This place really is going to the dogs." While Rex's secret also shocked Carnation, Mighty Dog's manufacturer, and vets we consulted ("I suppose it's a



personal preference, but I don't see the point of heating it," says Dr. William Page of Washington's Capitol Hill Animal Clinic), we think we know the reason for it. Rex, a King Charles spaniel, used to have a "nasty, vicious" temperament, says the White House staffer, but nowadays, his tummy soothed by warm beef lumps, has the truly sweet nature we seek in a Pet. "He barks a lot, but he does not bite," says the First Lady's press secretary. Rex didn't even snarl when his humans rebuffed an offer to accommodate him in a dog house designed by an interior decorator and equipped with an American flag: This Pet of the Year spends his nights snuggled in a basket in the kitchen, with one of Nancy Reagan's pink leather bedroom slippers for companionship.

The justices of the Supreme Court can learn a valuable lesson from their colleagues in Oregon.

JUSTICE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ



Over the past half-century, we have come to rely almost exclusively on the federal courts—led by the United States Supreme Court—for vindication of our constitutional rights. But now that the vast majority of federal judges are Reagan or Nixon appointees, the federal courts have become largely pro-government and anti-people. The United States Supreme Court, seven of whose nine members were appointed by Republican presidents, is now a court of last resort for the government.

But now some of our state supreme courts seem to be coming to the rescue of our rights. It is probably too early to call it a trend, because only a handful of state supreme courts have acted in this way, but it is certainly a movement worth watching.

The most recent manifestation of this welcome phenomenon is the unanimous decision of the Oregon Supreme Court in a freedom-of-expression case.

Shortly after Earl Henry

had opened a small adult bookstore in Redmond, Oregon, the local judge authorized the search and seizure of "almost the entire inventory of the store." The morality cops took 73 magazines, 142 paperback books, seven newspapers, nine films, a projector, six decks of playing cards, and a half-dozen periodicals. The good folks of Redmond must have felt a lot safer with these nefarious items ensconced in the police property vault and with the proprietor sentenced to jail for disseminating and possessing "obscene material."

But the Oregon Supreme Court concluded that the state's obscenity statute constituted censorship in violation of the Oregon Constitution. The passage in the Oregon Constitution that addresses free speech is quite different from the simple language of the First Amendment to the United States Constitution, which provides that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." The language of the Oregon Constitution is more specific and quite intriguing: "No law shall be passed restraining the free expression of opinion, or restricting the right to speak, write, or print freely on any subject whatever, but every person shall be responsible for the abuse of this right."

In addressing the constitutional validity of the state obscenity law, the Oregon Supreme Court first considered the last clause, which makes every person "responsible" for abusing the right of free speech. Responsible

to whom? And in what way?

The court concluded that the provision simply means that a citizen who harms another cannot hide behind free speech. In other words, "Your right to swing your fist ends at the tip of my nose."

The Oregon Supreme Court then turned to its state obscenity statute, acknowledging that it was perfectly constitutional under the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, since the United States Supreme Court has long ruled that obscenity—narrowly defined—is an "exception" to freedom of speech. The Oregon justices respectfully disagreed, as it is their right to do when interpreting their own constitution. After a thorough review of the history of obscenity legislation, the court concluded that "Oregon's pioneers brought with them a diversity of highly moral as well as irreverent views." Most of the framers of the Oregon Constitution were "rugged and robust individuals dedicated to founding a free society unfettered by the governmental imposition of some people's views of morality on the free expression of others."


The court therefore concluded that "restrictions on sexually explicit and obscene expression between adults were not well established at the time of the adoption of the Oregon Constitution" and that "no broad or all-encompassing historical exception from the guarantee of free expression was ever intended."

Nor did the Oregon Court limit its historical analysis to the Oregon pioneers. It

concluded as well that the Bill of Rights "was a product of a robust, not a prudish age" and that "obscenity" was originally criminalized for its "antiestablishment" irreverence rather than for its "bawdiness."

In a direct confrontation with the justices in Washington, the Oregon justices pointed out that "the problem with the United States Supreme Court's approach to obscene expression is that it permits government to decide what constitutes socially acceptable expression, which is precisely what Madison decried: 'The difficulty [with the United States Supreme Court's approach] arises from the anomaly that the very purpose of the First Amendment is to protect expression which fails to conform to community standards.'"

The court held therefore that under the Oregon Constitution, obscene expression is a form of speech that cannot be restricted, except for "reasonable time, place, and manner regulations" that govern all speech.

The justices on the United States Supreme Court can learn a valuable lesson from their colleagues on the Oregon state courts. Washington has no monopoly on judicial wisdom. There will be no increase in crime or other evils in Oregon as a result of the *Henry* decision. But there will be an increase in freedom. It would be welcome news indeed if more state courts joined the celebration of our constitutional history by swiftly coming to the rescue of our endangered freedoms. 

Best-selling author Jackie Collins talks candidly about sex, double standards, and her No. 1 priority for the twenty-first century.

WOMEN

BY ELLEN HAWKES



Jackie Collins hits the best-seller list every time she publishes a novel. And she adores it, so much so that she doesn't mind being called the "Queen of Flash and Trash." She does object, however, when her action-filled and sex-packed stories, like her latest, *Hollywood Husbands*, are dismissed as "dirty books."

"That comes mostly from men," she tells me over coffee in the all-white and glass living room of her Beverly Hills home. "They're shocked that a woman writes four-letter words and sex scenes. If I were a man, they wouldn't think my books so terribly racy."

"Terribly racy"—her English upbringing still shows. She was raised in a "strict" London family, her father a theatrical agent, "very conservative and an out-and-out chauvinist," she adds; her mother, now dead 20 years, "a traditional housewife but a wonderful mother." Jackie was free-spirited and rebellious even at an early age, taking her cues from an eccentric Mame-type aunt

she'd visit in the South of France. "I was already five foot eight and looked older than 13, so I'd put on a bikini and have these wonderful adventures." She'd also buy all the "dirty books" banned in England and smuggle them home. "My favorites were Mickey Spillane and Harold Robbins, except that I decided if I ever wrote, I'd let my women have as much fun as the men instead of just waiting around to get married."

In school Jackie was selling off pages of her diary to classmates who clamored for her sex fantasies and ribald limericks. That proved the final straw, since she'd already been caught smoking and making jokes about a flasher in the park. "So my 'veddy' proper girls' school expelled me, and at 15 my parents packed me off to America to stay with my older sister Joan."

Yes, that Joan Collins, now of "Dynasty" fame but then already a movie star in Hollywood. Jackie followed in her footsteps. Although she never got much further than minor roles, she came away with an insider's view of Tinseltown, providing her with material that she would later use in both *Hollywood Wives* and *Hollywood Husbands*. At 19 she returned to England, married, had her first daughter, and continued to act. Those were difficult years, she recalls. Her husband became a Methedrine addict, and eventually killed himself. "My mother was dying of cancer, I'd just had a baby, my career was unpromising, and I was deep in debt." Thanks to a loan

from Anthony Newley (Joan Collins's then husband and still a good friend of Jackie's), she paid her bills and got back on her feet.

She didn't launch her writing career, however, until the mid-sixties, when she met Oscar Lerman, the American businessman and owner of the London and L.A. disco Tramp, to whom she has now been married for 20 years and with whom she has two daughters. "Oscar persuaded me to let him read the manuscript I'd kept hidden in my closet. He liked it and urged me to finish it. From that moment on he gave me the confidence to stop worrying about not knowing the rules of writing, and he encouraged me to spend the summer alone in Montauk on Long Island," she says. "Like all the English, I'm mad for the sun, but I forced myself to stay inside until I'd written five pages every day."

In 1968 *The World Is Full of Married Men* was published, and Jackie was on her way, with her next ten novels selling over 60 million copies worldwide. But Jackie seems unspoiled by success. Neither aloof nor arrogant, she is as entertaining as her novels and spices her conversation with juicy tidbits about last week's party or a prominent actor's latest affair. While she keeps you laughing with her quips—"A Hollywood husband—poor guy, he's had to slave over a hot secretary the last ten years"—she's serious when she talks about her writing.

She has a theory, she says, that women read her books because they like her strong

female characters. "In a way I am a Harold Robbins for women, just as I wanted to be when I was young. In each book I try to have at least one female character who has all the freedom a man usually has. Now I get lots of letters from women of all ages saying how much they like these independent characters. One of my favorites was from a teenage girl complaining about her father, who'd torn up all her Jackie Collins novels because 'they were a bad influence.' I enjoyed that the man thought I was subversive. That means my message about women living their own lives is getting through."

With her three daughters, now 17, 19, and 22, Jackie wanted to give them the same message while they were growing up. "We'd play a little game," she says. "I'd chant, 'Girls can do . . .,' and they'd come back with, 'Anything.' I didn't want them to fall into either the marriage trap or the woman-as-victim mentality. I wanted them to achieve a sense of their own abilities and power and realize all the options that were open to them besides waiting for 'their prince to come.'"

Nevertheless, Jackie is not one to take herself too seriously. For all the importance of her strong women characters, I remind her that fans read her for her sizzling sex. "I should hope so," she agrees with her throaty chuckle, "and I'm always glad to hear that women get off on my books. Some have even written to say that my books have improved their sex lives because I'm so out-

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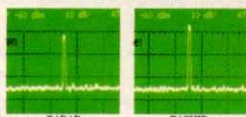


Why Passport is the most expensive* radar detector in the world

What sets Passport above other detectors is the technical reach of our engineers, and their insistence on excellence at every design step. *Road & Track* called us "the industry leader in detector technology." Here's why:

Double-ridge waveguide: It was always taken as gospel that miniaturizing a detector would hurt performance. Passport proved this wrong. The miniaturized horn antenna feeds into a double-ridge waveguide. Dual compound chokes are required, and the notch filters are press fit to exact depth. The design process was incredibly complex. But the payoff is indisputable. Passport's performance is uncompromised by its discreet size.

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will hear the audible warning—pulsing slowly at first, quicker as you approach, then constant as you near effective radar range. Our engineers have preprogrammed the warning system to tell you everything you need to know about radar. Passport asks no further programming of you, unlike many lesser detectors.

SMD circuitry: Passport's miniaturization was made complete by the use of SMD's (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but long considered too exotic for radar detectors. SMD circuit boards also provide ruggedness unobtainable with conventional technology.

Compact dimensions: Passport was designed to be the most discreet detector ever—only 0.75" H x 2.75" W x 4.50" L. On guard, it never draws attention to itself.

Die-cast aluminum housing: The antenna is integrated into Passport's die-cast SAE 308 aluminum housing. This way no amount of abuse can ever shake the antenna

loose, and Passport's precision electronics are protected by a rugged metal vault for durability under extreme conditions.

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Feminists rail against the concept of "biology as destiny" until it suits their needs to use biological arguments, as in the Baby M case.

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER



If you want to get a rise out of feminists, just mention the phrase "biology is destiny." Objecting to the implication that they are locked into roles as wives and mothers, women have spent the past decade trying to prove that differences in reproductive functions should not be the basis of different treatment between men and women. Curiously enough, however, when it suits their needs to use biological theories, they make no bones about it. This rather blatant hypocrisy was most recently demonstrated in the highly publicized Baby M case.

For the enlightenment of those who by some unknown circumstance may have avoided the media blitz regarding this case, Baby M is a little girl born to Mary Beth Whitehead of Hackensack, New Jersey, under what is called a surrogate-mother agreement. Mrs. Whitehead contracted to allow herself to be artificially inseminated with the sperm of William Stern. He and Elizabeth Stern, a childless professional couple, agreed

to pay Whitehead \$10,000 to bear the child, which upon birth was to belong unqualifiedly to the Sterns. After the birth of Baby M, however, Whitehead, already the mother of two children, changed her mind, deciding to keep the child and decline the money. This led to a bitter lawsuit and perhaps the most widely publicized custody battle ever. The judge ultimately awarded custody of Baby M to William Stern (his wife was made an adoptive parent) and stripped Whitehead of all parental rights. Whitehead is appealing the ruling.

Obviously, the decision in the Baby M case has resulted in a legal precedent of great dimension but also one involving serious ethical and moral considerations. This case has torn the hearts of not just the principals but those of almost everyone who has followed it.

One group, however, that had little difficulty arriving at a position in the matter was the militant-feminist brigade. At the height of the custody battle, a couple dozen of them got together to decide who was more deserving of custody of Baby M, the biological mother or the biological father. A statement emerged, signed by Gloria Steinem, Betty Friedan, Carly Simon, and over 100 other leading feminists, declaring solidarity with—who else?—Mary Beth Whitehead.

Actually, the statement did not call for awarding Baby M to Mrs. Whitehead *per se*. Rather, it objected to her skills as a mother being put to scrutiny day after day in the courtroom and the

Sterns' case being built largely on the perceived mothering deficiencies of Whitehead. In all fairness, the feminists had a point. The attacks on Whitehead became utterly ludicrous when one "expert" hired by the Sterns testified that Whitehead's unorthodox method of playing patty-cake with the baby indicated underlying personality quirks.


Yet the feminists went too far in overlooking the fact that there were genuine questions as to Whitehead's suitability as a mother. Not the least important of these considerations was her decision to enter into such a bizarre arrangement in the first place—knowing full well, on the basis of her previous birth experiences, the bonding that takes place between a mother and child upon delivery. Other reasons included her fleeing to Florida with the newborn baby in an attempt to evade a court order to turn the baby over to the Sterns; her threat to charge Mr. Stern, without foundation, with sexually molesting her 11-year-old daughter; her history of financial instability; and her threat to Mr. Stern to kill herself and the baby.

But the feminists' inclination to overlook all these legitimate concerns regarding Whitehead's maternal suitability wasn't the most striking indication of their underlying bias that mothers intrinsically are more deserving of their children than fathers. Rather, that attitude was best demonstrated in the sentence concluding their statement: "We strongly urge the legislators and jurists who deal

with these matters to recognize that a mother need not be perfect to deserve her child." Note that no consideration is given to the fact that, even aside from the contract Whitehead voluntarily signed relinquishing all rights to the child, Baby M is genetically, morally, and rightfully one-half Mr. Stern's.

A newspaper account of the feminists' get-together did acknowledge that "some of the signers of the statement were uncomfortable with its implication that the psychology and biology of motherhood made Mrs. Whitehead's claim to Baby M stronger than Mr. Stern's, because a tenet of feminism has long been that differences in reproductive functions should not be the basis for separate treatment of men and women."

But such discomfort obviously does not inhibit these feminist crusaders from wielding the biological argument when it is in their perceived interest to do so. In other words, the biological makeup of women must be totally disregarded when we are talking about even the most male-oriented pursuits in the workplace and elsewhere in our society. But when it comes to Baby M, as well as tens of thousands of less well-known custody battles, female biological makeup becomes paramount.

Feminists can't have it both ways. Either they accept that there is a biological bonding between mother and child that outlines differing roles for men and women, or they throw their argument in regard to Baby M out with the bathwater. 



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Being late is never a meaningless event. It's a power play between the person who's late and the person who's waiting.

POWER GAME

BY MICHAEL KORDA



I was brought up to believe that "punctuality is the politeness of kings," in addition to which, I have a phobia of being kept waiting—so naturally nothing makes me feel more guilty than the undeniable fact that I seem to be late for everything these days. (Oh, I can *ration-alize* it, all right—I'm a busy, important man in the publishing business, as well as a successful author, so most people are likely to forgive me if I'm a few minutes late.) Anyway, many people don't suffer from my fear and probably don't even notice or care, while other people keep *me* waiting.

All the same, put me on Madison Avenue on a rainy afternoon when there are no empty taxis in sight, knowing that it's 2:30 and there's no way I'm going to be back in my office in time for a 2:45 meeting, and you've got a candidate for cardiac arrest—heart pounding, mouth dry, so burning with guilt that it's amazing I don't burst into flames right there in front of Borja-Paul, where I've just had my hair cut.

Let's face it—we *all* know that keeping people waiting is just about the worst thing we can do to them, the one unforgivable sin (unless they're Hispanic, since they despise Americans precisely because they're so concerned with being on time). For most of us, however, being on time *matters*, and it's a problem made more acute by the fact that almost everything in the modern urban world conspires to make us late. Look at New York—no matter how much time you allow yourself to get from point A to point B, it won't ever be enough—what between grid-locked traffic jams, subway failures, stalled buses, delayed shuttle flights, and the fact that whatever street you take will inevitably turn out to be blocked off by construction work or a garbage truck.

What makes me even more guilty is that I'm seldom if ever late for things I *want* to do, or that are important to me in some way. Some mechanism gets me to the "plane on time" when I'm on my way to the sun. In short, I'm just like everybody else. Most people, when their own interests or pleasures are at stake, are punctual: They aren't late for lovers, their automobile mechanic, doctors, or the boss. Lateness, we can therefore conclude, is a *selective* mechanism.

Knowing this, we can reach a certain understanding of the role that lateness plays in our lives. People are, in general, late only to the extent that their power is superior to that of the person who is being kept waiting. The

more power somebody has, the more he (or she) is likely to keep you waiting, the extreme being reached by doctors, since they have the power of life and death.

Very important people [stars, CEOs, celebrities] operate in their own time frame as a matter of course, on the assumption that nothing worthwhile is going to happen until they get there. Elizabeth Taylor has been known to turn up for dinner as dessert is being served. Howard Hughes used to keep people waiting for days. Rock stars and politicians are habitually so late for appointments that their staff send out bulletins to those who are waiting for a scheduled meeting ("He's just about to leave"; "He's in the car"; "He had to make a stop, but he asked me to tell you he's on the way").

Always remember: When somebody is late they are telling you that, in their opinion, *their* own time is more important than yours. Being late, except by some genuine accident, is never a meaningless event; it is a statement about the nature of the relationship between the person who's late and the person who's waiting.

Lateness, particularly when it's not explained or apologized for, is a form of social aggression. For this reason alone, it's worth cultivating a reputation for punctuality. You can't, after all, get angry about lateness in others if you're habitually late yourself.

Then again, punctuality is a form of aggression, too. Nothing makes most people more uncomfortable than the sight of their lunch partner

waiting for them at the table as they enter the restaurant—particularly if their guest has already had a drink and is busy working their way through the basket of breadsticks. Confusion, apologies, tales about traffic jams, do no good: You're late, and therefore in the wrong.

I have come to the conclusion, therefore, that there are only two ways to deal with time. One is to force yourself to the strictest punctuality. That's difficult—it means actually *wasting* time by acknowledging that you really *can't* leave your house at 8 A.M., realistically, and expect to make an 8:30 appointment ten miles away, or that you can't expect to make that "one last phone call" and still get to the restaurant for lunch at one on the dot. Still, at least it's simple. You're on time, and if the other person is late, so be it.

The other solution is to become the kind of person who simply doesn't *think* about it, or feel guilt. You arrive when you arrive, and the hell with it. This works for a surprising amount of people, if only because the whole subject of punctuality is so guilt-ridden that many people even feel guilty for expecting others to be on time.

The majority of us, alas, fall into the miserable middle ground, unhappy at being kept waiting 50 percent of the time, unhappy at making someone else wait the other half. If *only* we could convince ourselves of the simple truth—in an imperfect world, it's impossible to be perfect, and nobody expects it—how much happier we'd be! **OT**

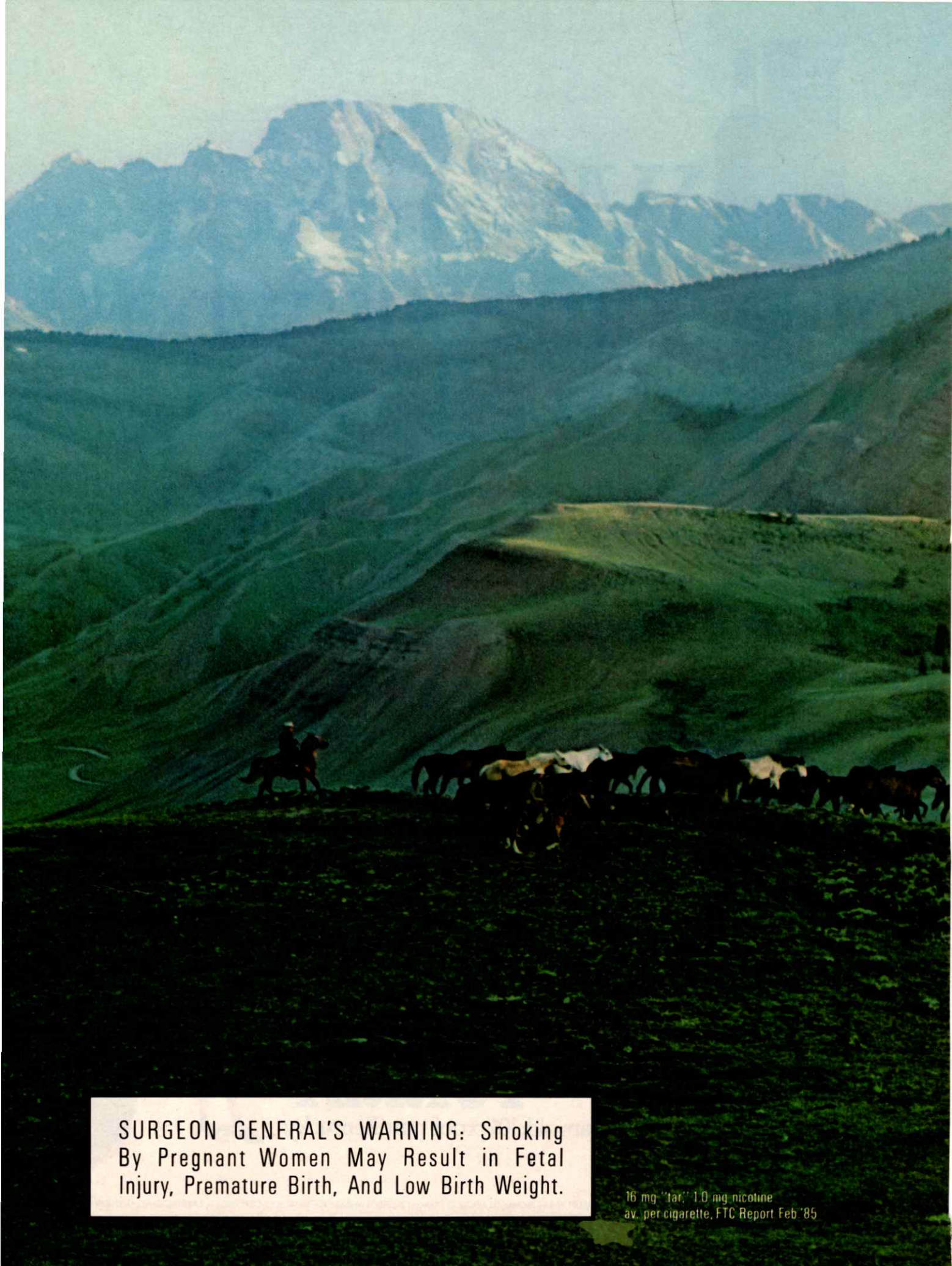


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XAVIERA HOLLANDER CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

With the big scare going around (and rightfully so) about the AIDS virus, I would like to know your opinion. I know this is throwing you a curve, but I'm having a hard time scoring because of all the hysteria and hype surrounding the subject. Even when I offer to use a condom, the attitude seems to be that everybody has to bring along a doctor or a mini laboratory for testing.—J. S.

The most frightening aspect of the AIDS specter is our almost complete ignorance of the disease. We know what it does, but we haven't found out how it does it. The media is constantly coming up with more information, but how much is fact and how much is merely conjecture?

We know that once the disease has taken hold, it is invariably fatal. We have no vaccine against it, nor can we cure it. We can now apparently detect the presence of AIDS in the bloodstream; but, reading between the lines, I am not sure how accurate the tests are. It has been suggested that the virus has an incubation period of up to ten years, so it may be possible that there are people who have it now but who will not have any symptoms for years and can pass it on in the meantime. We know that it is carried in semen and blood, and it has been found in other bodily secretions in microscopic amounts. If it is present in vaginal fluid, saliva,



tears, or sweat, is it contagious in these fluids? No one seems prepared to come up with more than a maybe. Many universities are sponsoring AIDS-education programs and classes, but how can you teach a subject you don't know anything about?

Obviously, wearing a condom during normal sexual activities will help to contain the virus if it is present in a man's semen, but the condom should be one of the newer types that create a seal at the bottom of the penis, allowing no semen to escape. Condoms are not 100-percent safe as contraceptives, so they are not a total guarantee against infection. If cocksucking can be dangerous without a condom, what about sucking pussy? It has been suggested that women wear some kind of "shield" during cunnilingus. I

shudder to think what oral sex would feel like with either device. One might as well suck a dildo or titillate his lover's vagina with a rubber tongue on the end of a stick.

If you are going to indulge in sexual intercourse at all (and in the opinion of the experts, it is obviously much safer not to), the only way to feel at all secure is to stick to "normal" missionary-position movements. To be absolutely safe, wear a self-sealing rubber, maybe a surgical mask, plastic gloves, and galoshes as well. The manufacturers of prophylactics have not yet come up with an "allover" condom, but I am sure it is on the drawing board. Another safe-sex method I have just thought of would be mutual masturbation in adjoining shower stalls separated by a sheet of glass. And of course, that old

favorite, telephone sex—but, gentlemen, please ... don't come on the mouthpiece if it's a public phone.

I would like to see every taxpayer demand a governmental policy on AIDS. No expense should be spared until we have a vaccine and a cure. Let us push the nuclear threat and Star Wars into the background and spend all our resources on AIDS research. If we can eliminate smallpox and polio, travel faster than sound, and walk on the moon, surely our technical ingenuity is not going to be baffled by this lousy little virus. I would like to see the curtain of international secrecy dropped for once, so that scientists and doctors from all over the world could meet and discuss their latest discoveries. Make medicine—not war.

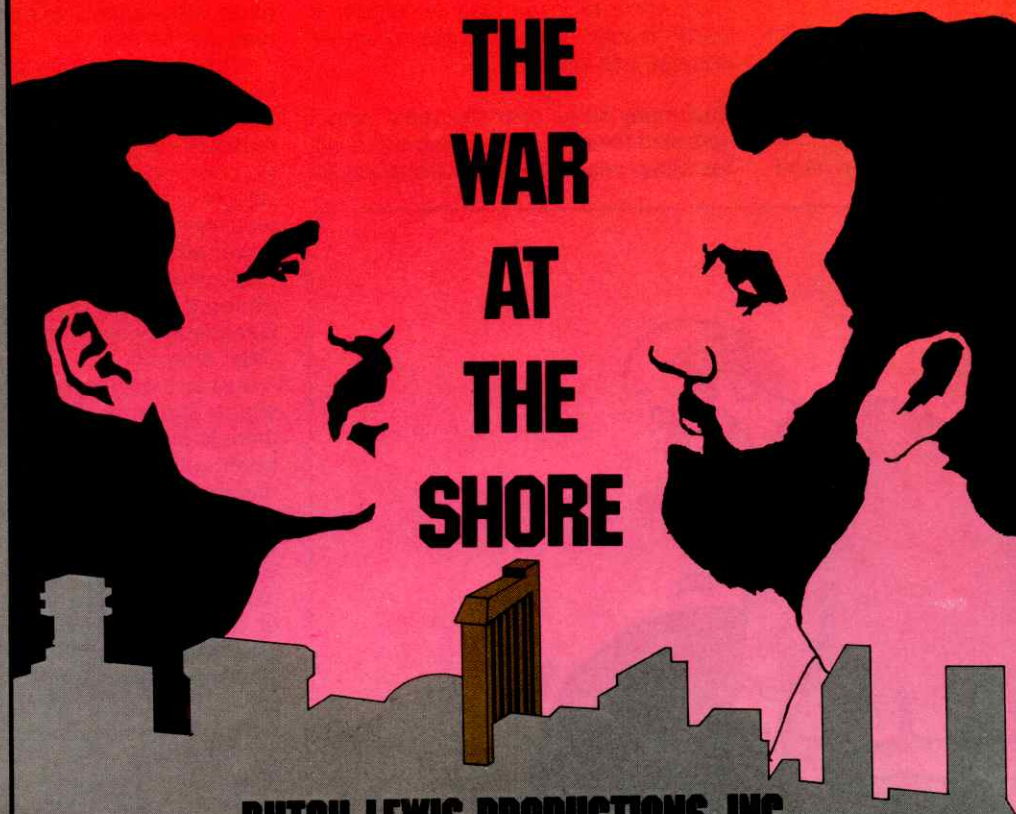
If a multilingual report was published every six months to tell the world exactly what the medicine men are doing and what new facts have emerged about the disease, then we might be encouraged to avoid anything but sterile sex for the time being. Let the governments build and staff magnificent hospitals where AIDS patients can live out their last years as painlessly as possible at the state's expense. Let us have everyone tested for AIDS in every country, and then we might be prepared to

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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take the whole thing a little more seriously. To allow someone with AIDS to screw around unknowingly is like giving a loaded machine gun to a homicidal maniac. But I am afraid that the AIDS threat will have to get a great deal worse before any of these things happen, so what should we do in the meantime?

It seems that lesbians don't have much to worry about at the moment. If they have a secure one-to-one relationship they are super safe, but if they are promiscuous they would do well to avoid bisexual women. Bisexual women are statistically at less risk than heterosexual ones, but both groups should steer clear of bisexual men. Heterosexual men should carry and be prepared to wear a condom on request. If their partner is prepared to suck their cock, they should not come in her mouth.

I would say, be selective and don't screw around with strangers. Try and get to know your new partners before having sex with them, and when you do, keep a record of their names, addresses, and telephone numbers.

HE-MAN BLUES

I often read the letters in Penthouse from women who write about their lovers with big cocks. They all say how wonderful it is and seem happy with the sex they get. This makes me wonder.

I am 27 years old, reasonably hand-

some and sexy, and although I have a nine-inch cock, my life is not as great as the letters say it should be. Not only is my cock long, but it is also thick, almost three inches across at the tip. All the girls tell me that it is the biggest they have ever seen, and almost all of them tell me it hurts. I've tried to be gentle, go slow and easy, but still I am too much for them. I hear guys brag about cocks and size, but I realize that they can't be telling the truth, because they would have the same problems that I do.

I tried having sex with older women, figuring maybe they wouldn't be so tight, but I really like girls my own age. Maybe young pussies are too small or something. I used to get it on with this little blonde, but although the sex was great, my cock felt like it had been beaten up after it was over.

Last summer I met a beautiful girl who was so tall that she resembled an Amazon. I thought that a bigger girl would be better for me. But instead of a pleasurable experience, her pussy turned out to be too tight, and we were exhausted from trying over and over again.

I'm not sure if the idea of "bigger is better" is true. I would just like to have an average-size cock.—P. A.

How many times over the years have I consoled the owners of winkle-sized wilies with phrases like, "It's not what you've

got, but how you use it!" Then I get a letter from someone like you—handsome, healthy, in the prime of life, and endowed with a superb penis worthy of the god Priapus—and you dare to complain about it. Some people are never satisfied.

A very dear friend of mine, who is sadly no longer with us (he was killed in a car accident last year), had the most splendid cock I have ever seen. It was slightly larger than yours, measuring just over ten inches in length, and broad in proportion. Joe, the brain behind this "king-size" kidney wiper, had learned over the years to wield his weapon with a gentle dexterity, which earned him the undying love and admiration of women in three continents. He told me that as a very young man he had suffered embarrassment, as his cock was constantly finding its way out of the top of his swimming trunks or poking its head provokingly from the leg of his tennis shorts. Eventually, he discovered how to keep it under control, but meanwhile he was having the same problems as you, damaging not only himself but leaving a trail of shattered vaginas in his wake until he learned how to manage the monster.

"This thing is bigger than both of us," he would say as he produced Gargantua from his groin, with all the reverence of a museum curator unwrapping a priceless porcelain statuette. After that, it was pure delight to participate in his masterly manipulation of his magnificent member. Never was there a more appropriate sign displayed over his bed. I found it in an obscure antique shop somewhere in Canada and gave it to him. It said, simply, "Man at work!"

Just as there is enormous variety in the shape and size of the human body, so there is in pricks and pussies. You have been unlucky so far in your search for happiness, but as you are not an average person, either, don't expect to find her, or them, on every corner. One piece of advice: Anatomically, the tall, slender type of woman is likely to have a smaller, tighter vagina than a girl with a wide pelvis. This usually goes with a shorter build and what are known as child-bearing hips. So get on and improve your technique, and if you can spread a little happiness among the older generation while you are doing it, so much the better. Somewhere out there is a woman your own age whose queen-size pussy has been designed especially for you.

LAWS OF GRAVITY

I am a 22-year-old female with blond hair, a dark complexion, and a 38-26-36 figure. I'm considered to be very good-looking. I have a great sex life with my wonderfully sexy boyfriend. The only problem is that my breasts are not as firm as my boyfriend and I would like them to be.

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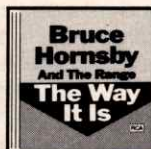
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wondering if you had any advice on how I could firm up my breasts so that they will stay up without having to wear a bra all of the time. I've tried to exercise, but it never seems to do any good. Could it be possible that I've waited too long to try and firm up my breasts? Or could it be that my boyfriend is sucking on my nipples too often?—S. D.

Every month I receive dozens of letters like yours complaining about the deal the writer has received in the great poker game of life. "My cock is too small," "My cock is too big," "My tits are too small," "My ass is the wrong shape," they grumble, and now you say your breasts are "not as firm" as you and your boyfriend would like! How firm is that? I ask myself.

A woman's breasts consist of a cushion of fat and tissue around the mammary gland, and it is there to produce milk in case she should ever have a baby. In its category as a physical attraction, the bust comes only third—after the face and legs—on a nationwide popularity poll, and as a secondary sexual attribute, its attraction is twofold: first, its appearance, and second, its feel and texture.

If you want to really firm up your tits, a visit to a cosmetic surgeon will do the trick. For a few thousand dollars, he will make them any shape you want and pump them full of silicone so that they will stay that shape even if you are hanging

by your ankles from a hook on the ceiling. They will be so firm that hundreds of men, my boyfriend among them, will never want to lay hands on them again. Healthy young breasts vary enormously in size and shape; all have their charms for the admiring connoisseur and all obey the laws of gravity—the bigger they are, the lower they hang.

If you persevere with your exercises, you will strengthen the muscles that help to support the breasts and they will certainly look better. One good exercise is to lie flat on your back on something about the height of a coffee table and, with your arms outstretched, pick up two weights from the floor. Remember that the position of your boobs when cradled in a bra is a designer's idea and does not necessarily comply with nature. Massaging the breasts and sucking the nipples is good for them and may tend to increase their size, but it will not cause them to hang any lower; so tell your lover to keep up the good work.

CHARM PIT

I have read your column for a long time, and I have finally decided to write to you. I guess I'm a little different than most men. I really get turned on by the sight of women's armpits. Clean-shaven or hairy, I love them. In fact, a good pair of hairy ones really gets me hard.

Maybe I'm attracted because one rarely

ever sees photos of women with hairy armpits. I wish more women would let the hair under their arms grow. Also, I would like to see more pictorials with women who have hairy armpits. Seeing a beautiful woman shaving her armpits is also a big turn-on for me.

What I would like to know is, when did women begin to shave the hair under their arms, and why?—K. P.

Hair is an important factor in sexual desire, but its presence or absence on the various parts of the human body where it normally grows is usually decreed by fashion, social customs, or primitive tribal and religious taboos. The Masai warriors from East Africa, for instance, grow their hair long and create fancy hairstyles by treating it with mixtures of clay and dye, usually red in color. Their women, however, invariably shave their head, and a Masai woman with long hair would be considered slightly obscene and sexually undesirable by her menfolk. We Westerners are also for the most part slaves to convention—for example, note the rise and fall in popularity of the beard or mustache, or the amazing punk hairdos invented by the English.

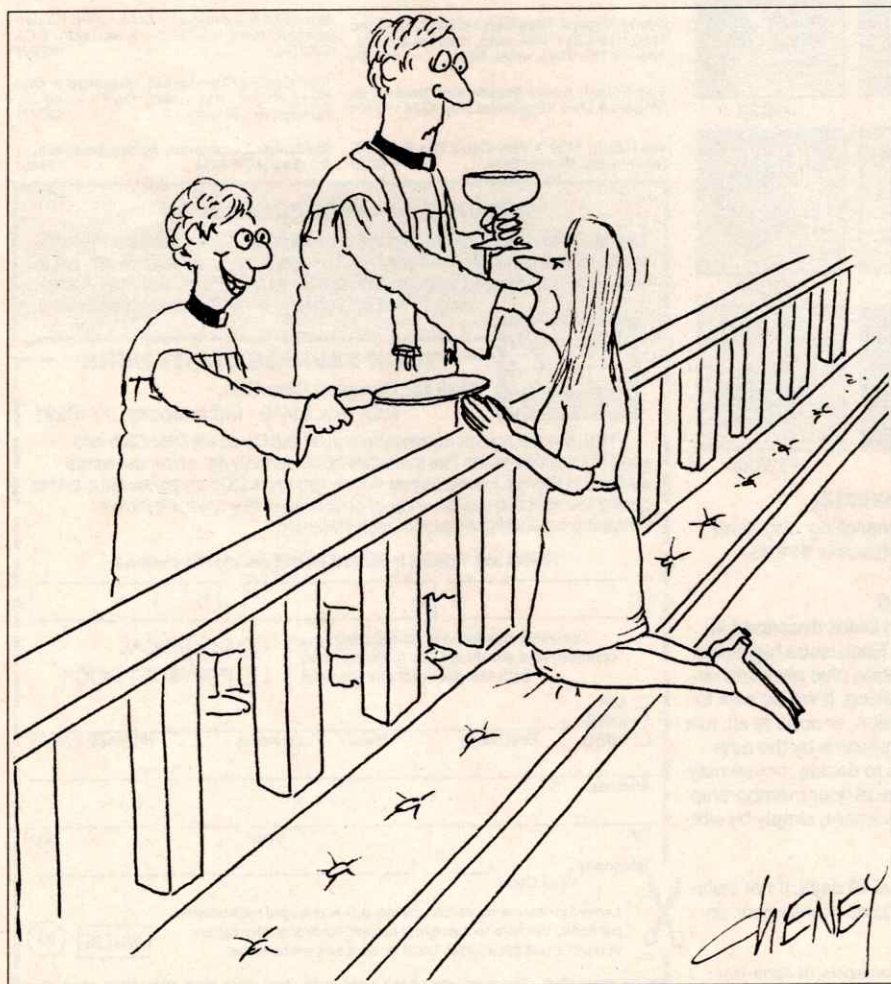
The depilation of armpits has been going on for at least 2,000 years, as Roman wall paintings in the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum clearly show. Although it may have been forgotten during some periods of our history, the shaving of the female armpit was almost compulsory in the Victorian era of strict morals, double standards, and off-the-shoulder evening dresses. There are many people, like yourself, who are turned on by the unusual. In a world of shaven armpits, it is exciting to see a tuft of hair curling coyly out of its hiding place.

One of the things I find most exciting is when my lover holds me from behind and I feel the harshness of his slightly stubby chin titillating the smooth skin of my back. Then he nibbles lightly at my neck and shoulders, the tiny love bites gradually escalating as he works his way toward my armpits. . . . At this point I usually go wild and turn around and grab him. . . .

As you clearly cannot make up your mind whether you prefer your armpits hairy or nude, why not suggest that your long-term girlfriend shave one "charm pit" and cultivate the jungle in the other?

DIAL-A-DATE

I have a question relating to the article "New York Confidential," which appeared in the November 1986 issue of Penthouse. The article mentions "escort" services. It seems to me that they are simply fronts for prostitution. Why would anyone want to pay \$150 for an hour of sex when they could simply find a street-walking hooker for \$30 or \$40? I can think of two possible answers, and please correct me if I'm wrong: Number one, it's much more convenient for some cus-





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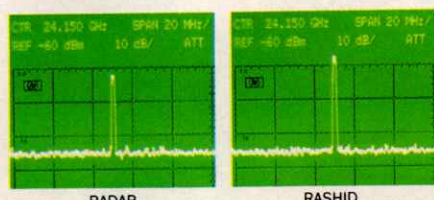


Figure 1: A digital spectrum analyzer scanning the entire width of K band can't see the difference between radar and Rashid.

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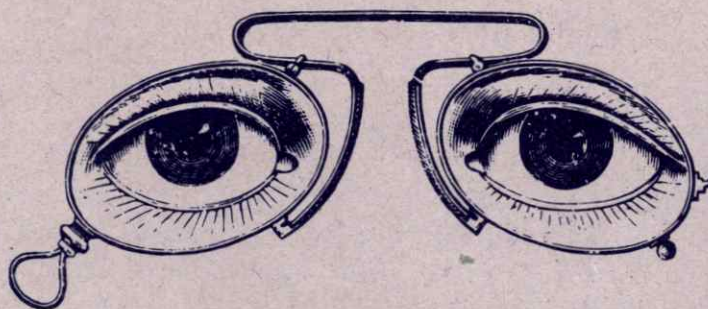
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THE REFRESHEST



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VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE 1987 GUIDE TO THE SIXTIES

BY EMILY PRAGER

Recently, a lot of disinformation has been bandied around about what life was like in the sixties. People have been blaming AIDS on free love, the state of the military on the peace movement, the crack epidemic on the hippies. In honor of the 20th anniversary of the "Summer of Love," and because, at *Penthouse*, we care about the truth, especially when it benefits our age group, we bring you the 1987 Guide to the Sixties for Kids of the Eighties. From "Tune in, turn on, drop out" to "Tune out, turn off, drop dead" in only 20 short years.

Introduction: The period that we call the sixties actually began in June of 1965 and lasted through the winter of 1973. By the Summer of Love in '67, the sexual revolution, women's liberation, the antiwar movement, and the hippie period were all in full swing. Today's young people complain that the sixties seem like a nonstop party and they've been left to clean up its debris. To them I can only say yes, you're right. The sixties were the most fun time anyone ever had on this planet, and you missed it. Too bad, but it's not our fault. Check your past lives to find out why.

1. Long Hair vs. Short Hair. By 1967, the country was polarized by the Personal Hygiene wars. On one side were those with long hair who wore blue jeans, no bras, and were pro-sex and anti-Vietnam War. On the opposing side, then called "the establishment," stood those with short hair who wore suits and ties, girdles and bras, and were anti-sex and pro-Vietnam War. Those in the establishment then, still at it today, include Oliver North, Ronald Reagan, and Ed Meese. Those opposed then, still outraged today, include Ted Kennedy, Jerry Brown, and the Rolling Stones. Those who turned their back on everything they believed in then to pander to it today: Jane Fonda, Paul McCartney, all major corporations, and yuppies.

2. Free Love. Today, in this world of massage parlors in malls and senior-class pinup

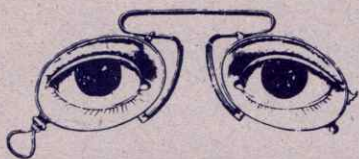
calendars, it is impossible to believe the innocence of the young people who embodied the sixties. But it is no exaggeration to say that the average 18-year-old male in 1966 had probably never seen a woman naked, not even his mother. And the average 18-year-old girl had not only not seen a naked man, but had never heard of orgasms, clitorides, or G spots. The concept "free love" was born of the fantasies of a generation of kids who had had their sexuality violently and viciously clamped down. The credos of Jerry Falwell and Phyllis Schlafly were the rule of the day and supported by a merciless society. The sexual revolution allowed kids to have sex if they chose and to enjoy it, without fear of societal recrimination. Today's kids think the sixties were entirely hedonistic, a non-stop orgy. And they're right. But it was an orgy of innocents. Never in human history has sex been practiced with so much care or accorded such respect. It was only in the seventies and eighties

that sex became cynical. Don't blame free love. Blame those who violently against free love in the sixties used crude sex in the seventies to sell their products and make big profits:

Sex criminals include all major midwestern corporations, the TV networks, and all advertising agencies.

3. The Domino Theory. The reason given in 1967 for waging the war in Vietnam was the domino theory. If, the government said, South Vietnam fell to the Communists, all the countries in Southeast Asia would fall to them like dominoes. Twenty years later, Henry Kissinger, the major architect of that war, would admit that the government was "wrong," that the domino theory did not pan out. Tell it to the vets, Henry, tell it to the MIAs. In 1967, it was





VIEW FROM THE TOP

clear to anyone with a brain that we could not "win" the Vietnam War. Thus the peace movement was formed. They told the kids not to go, the government to pull out, and foretold the mess that came to be. The only good thing to come out of Vietnam is our new immigrant population of Vietnamese kids, who are astounding our high schools and colleges and may, ironically enough, save America from total illiteracy.

4. *Drugs.* In the sixties, "straight people"—the police, government officials, etc.—did not take drugs. In the eighties they not only take them, they sell them. This is still shocking, given the fury of their previous opposition. Can we blame the hippies for the proliferation of hard drugs in America? I say no. In 1967 the hippies asked the government to legalize marijuana, to package it, tax it. Had they done this, Americans in search of pot would never have been exposed to hard-drug dealers or been anywhere near cocaine and smack, as neither drug was prevalent or fashionable at the time. *Ommm*...

VIDEO

BY DOUG GARR

It wasn't long ago when videography was the purview of artists and independent filmmakers. Then about five years ago video gear began to shrink, and eventually it replaced the old super-eight camera as the favored way of making moving pictures of the family vacation. Still, video cameras were formidable gadgets, heavy and clunky, and you had to lug



the battery pack around your waist.

Today, the camcorder—a combination camera and VCR—is light, a cinch to operate, and usually comes with a host of convenience features. "It's by far the hottest-growing home-video item," says Allan Schlosser, a vice president of the Electronic Industries Association, the industry trade group.

With this phenomenal rise in popularity, it looks as though camcorder manufacturers are finally beginning to treat women as viable consumers, even though the overwhelming majority of purchases are made by men. According to Harry Elias, senior vice president of sales of all JVC America consumer divisions, "After only one year on the marketplace, camcorders account for at least 24 percent of all video sales. The public has really responded to them, and that definitely includes women." JVC's promotional photos have a lady shooting with a three-pound GRC-7 camcorder, while a print ad for RCA's Small Wonder shows the camcorder resting gently in the palm of a woman's hand.

And when Zenith spokesman Matt Mirapaul recently supervised an advertising and promotion shoot for its new VM-6150 camcorder, the family scene (Mom, Dad, kid, and cat) was recorded by, yes, the mother. "These things are so easy to use, they are ideal for the nonsophisticated movie maker," says Mirapaul.

Sony's three-pound camcorder (CCD-M8U), a.k.a. the Handycam, uses the eight-millimeter format (the cassettes are slightly larger than audiocassettes). The JVC GRC-7 uses minicassettes that are adaptable to and compatible with normal VHS. Prices on camcorders average between \$800 and \$1,500.

Sony claims that of all the camcorders available, women are buying its Handycam more than any other model. "Women like the Handycam because it's so easy to use," says Chaz Fitzhugh, Sony's national sales manager. Steve Isaacson, JVC's general manager of consumer video, explains, "The new JVC GRC-9 is not

only popular with women, but with anyone who shies away from electronic equipment because it's complicated to use. It is the 'Instamatic' of camcorders—you just point and shoot."

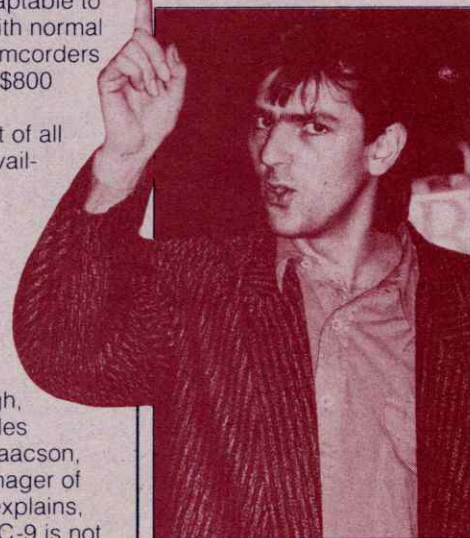
RCA's research analysis recently found that women were the prime motivation for carrying on the tradition of the family photo album. So while the male head of the household is the guy who buys a camcorder, the impetus comes from his wife, who's going to make sure that the baby's first steps are thoroughly documented.

SOUNDS

BY TRUDI MILLER

*He'd never make love to
a loaf of bread
Unless, of course, he
found one in his bed*

Not your usual pop lyric, perhaps... but it's standard fare for those who listen to Robyn Hitchcock, the British songwriter who's earned a



reputation as the Rod Serling of rock. In Hitchcock's songs, statues come to life, women turn into men, and nothing is as it appears.

"People tend not to take me seriously, just because I have a sense of humor," complains Hitchcock. It's not hard to see why, with titles like "Sandra's Having Her Brain Out" and "My Wife and My Dead Wife." But there's a method to his madness: "The Man With the Lightbulb Head," Hitchcock says, is a young boy's nightmare, representing conflicting feelings about his father. And tucked away amid the dwarfs and the giant squid are more than a few songs of true poetry and insight: "In the cathedral of the mind / All the worshipers are blind. . . . You're projecting onto me / What you'd like yourself to see. . . . / And if I ever look into your open eyes again / I'll remind myself to stare until I'm looking through your eyes" (from the 1984 song "Cathedral").

Hitchcock's career began in 1976 in Cambridge, England, with the Soft Boys (whose ranks also boasted Katrina and the Waves founder Kimberley Rew). The group released two albums—the noisy, experimental *A Can of Bees* and the jangly, Beatlesque *Underwater Moonlight*—before disbanding in 1980.

Hitchcock next released a classic solo album, *Black Snake Diamond Role*. But the following year brought the depressing *Groovy Decay*, whose dark atmosphere, Hitchcock says, reflected his own state of mind at the time. He retired from the music business for two years, oc-

asionally writing lyrics for ex-Damned bassist Captain Sensible.

In 1984 he returned with *I Often Dream of Trains*, an introspective all-acoustic album on which he played all the instruments himself. He then teamed up with ex-Soft Boys Andy Metcalfe and Morris Windsor under the name Robyn Hitchcock and the Egyptians and released the cheerfully commercial *Fegmania!* (which appeared on many critics' Top Ten of 1985 list) and the harder-edged *Element of Light*.

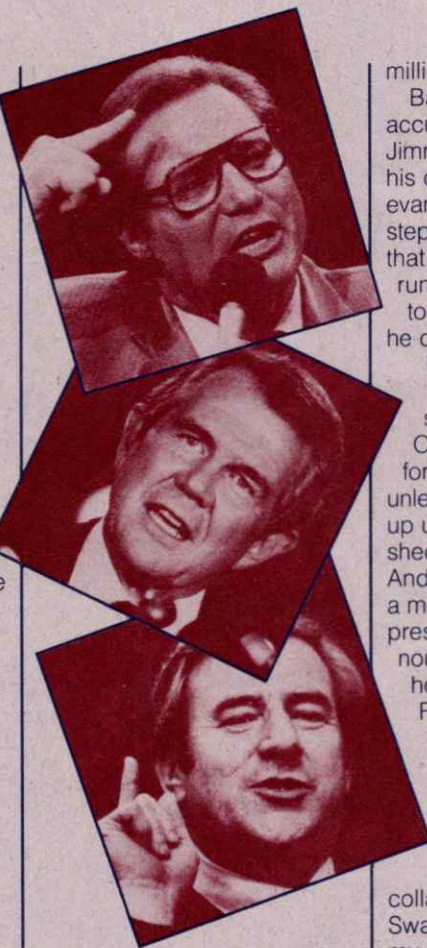
Hitchcock may soon emerge from the twilight zone of cult status into the bright sunlight of commercial success. He recently signed with A&M Records; his first album with them is due this fall, to be followed by a tour. He's collecting years of unreleased tracks and sending them out into the world; the first such compilation, *Invisible Hitchcock*, contained country- and folk-inspired material. He's even established a fan club (Fegmaniax!, 158-15 79th Street, Howard Beach, N.Y. 11414).

If Hitchcock's music catches on, the boy-meets-girl songs of Top 40 may soon be joined by tuneful odes to seafood, insects, trains, and ghosts. In that event, one such ghost—that of Rod Serling—will surely smile.

LOONY BIN

BY SKIPP PORTEOUS

• Right-wing Bible beaters love to warn us about the evils of Satan and godless Communism, but it seems that they're their own worst enemies. As we go to press,



the rabid denizens of the Loony Bin have lost all control over themselves and—by the time you read this—no doubt should all be locked up in one institution or another. To sum up: Televangelist Jim Bakker confessed to succumbing to the call of the flesh by having an affair with a secretary and paying \$265,000 in hush money. Jim and his wife Tammy Faye resigned as heads of the 500,000-member PTL ("Praise the Lord," or, as we like to call it, "Pass the Loot") ministry because of the scandal. The loudmouth Reverend Jerry Falwell said that he'd be happy to take over the \$129-

million-a-year organization.

Bakker and his lawyer accused fellow fundamentalist Jimmy Swaggart of plotting his downfall. And Louisiana evangelist Marvin Gorman stepped into the fray and said that Swaggart was spreading rumors about *his* sex life, too! (Yes, Gorman admitted, he did have an affair in 1979 but had since repented.)

Swaggart, needless to say, denied everything. Oral Roberts, waiting for the Lord to call him home unless his followers coughed up untold millions of dollars, shed some crocodile tears. And Pat Robertson took a moment away from his presidential campaign to pronounce, "I think the Lord is housecleaning a little bit." For this bunch, the Lord could use some rather large Roach Motels.

• Jimmy Swaggart recently bragged that he was unaware of his ego problem until God collared him on it. "I began," Swaggart said, "to see that my smugness in regard to a lack of ego was not legitimate. The ego problem was there; I just had chosen not to recognize it."

Swaggart admits that he still has a lot of ego. "Regrettably, I still can't boast complete victory over my problem. But," the swash-buckling evangelist continued, "I'm striving mightily to hurl 'self' into the garbage can and create an empty vessel for the Lord to work with." Send your used garbage cans to Jimmy Swaggart, Baton Rouge, La. 70821.

• The "old-time gospel" may be a good enough diversion for Jerry Falwell, but not for Pat Robertson.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

Robertson added a new dimension to the pleasures of salvation when he said, "Christians can have a much more stimulating sex life than non-Christians." True to his missionary position, Robertson voiced his disapproval of oral sex: "Oral sex is against nature."

• Joan Bershefsky, head of the Stratford, Connecticut, Coalition Against Pornography, claims to be an authority on AIDS. "Because there are so many homosexuals working in government, AIDS is the first disease that has ever been protected politically," she said in a public speech in Madison, Connecticut, adding authoritatively, "The AIDS virus can be transmitted by mosquitoes." This is just the kind of informed knowledge the country needs.

SEX NEWS

BY LAUREN BANK

• Hawthorne's scarlet letter was nothing compared to what New Hampshire does to its resident adulterers. Adultery in the Granite State can bring a \$1,000 fine or up to one year in prison. However, the state house has recently passed a measure that would decriminalize adultery. If the senate follows suit, Republican governor John Sununu is expected to sign the bill into law. Author of the bill, Republican representative Michael Jones, feels that while "you could go as far to say adultery is wrong... it's not the sort of wrong that we as a society want to punish by criminal imposition."

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday
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New Hampshire religious groups do not want to see the new bill passed, as they feel it weakens the importance of marital fidelity. Currently, 15 states still brand adultery as a crime.

• Lila Williams's Panty-of-the-Month gives new meaning to the monthly briefing. Her service selects sexy high-quality lingerie, perfumed and wrapped with a personal note for your woman. Panty-of-the-Month is ideal for men who would like to buy lingerie but feel embarrassed about shopping in women's lingerie departments. According to Williams, "It's not just the product, but the delicate way it's put together. Most men are not very good at expressing their tender emotions, and this way they can have someone else do it for them. And most of the men say they get a real kick out of doing it anonymously." The gifts are

shipped by first-class mail, and the cost is \$14.95 per month—with a free gift for a year's subscription. Just dial (718) 745-0227.

• You'd know her in the dark—especially if you had your Life Guard Screening Program from the American Institute for Safe Sex Practices. The program offers identification cards, a verification hot line, and "Play It Safe" labels and badges in addition to the institute's *AIDS Update* newsletter. Managing Director John McAfee feels "the need for the program is clear. More than two million Americans currently carry the AIDS virus and most of them are fully capable of transmitting the disease." According to McAfee, "Any initial awkward-

ness [about the program] should quickly disappear when one fully understands the far more blunt and unromantic realities of this epidemic. People can no longer afford either a cavalier attitude or a delicate and dainty approach to potential sex partners." Enrollment is \$22, and more information can be obtained by calling (408) 988-4004.

• "Candledick" is one candle you won't want to burn at both ends. A kit from Ankle Bones Productions enables you to mold a life-size wax replica of your favorite man's penis. A nonclay molding material, complete with instructions and wax in three colors, provides the perfect and certainly most

memorable gift. The kit is \$14.95. For more information, write Ankle Bones, P.O. Box 62891, Phoenix, Ariz. 85082; or call (602) 468-9636.

• More money may mean more activity in the bedroom. The results of a seven-year study by psychologist Sully Blotnick, compiled for the book *Ambitious Men: Their Drives, Dreams and Delusions*, found that men who received a raise in pay reported that their frequency of sex increased. When there were problems at the office, it declined to 1.2 times a week. However, those enjoying their "honeymooners' heaven" take heed: Blotnick reports that the renewed interest "doesn't go on forever—usually only for ten days to two weeks." O+

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PENTHOUSE

FOR THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE

ARTICLE

An Iowa family learns
to fight back against every
farmer's nightmare.



DONE DENYIN'

BY PETER MANSO

Let us begin with the unexpected: a group-therapy session last year in a town called Spencer in northwest Iowa. The participants: 20 or so distressed farmers gathered in the obligatory circle, their anxiety hardly lessened by the visiting journalist who has already acknowledged his confusion over today's agricultural crisis, its causes and just who's responsible.

"You're learnin'," chortles one man, hitching his trousers up over his beer belly. Another, with deep-set eyes, picks at the scuffed toes of his Tony Lamas, while two elderly women, clustering together like frightened barnyard chickens, shift restlessly in the silence, staring at the ceiling.

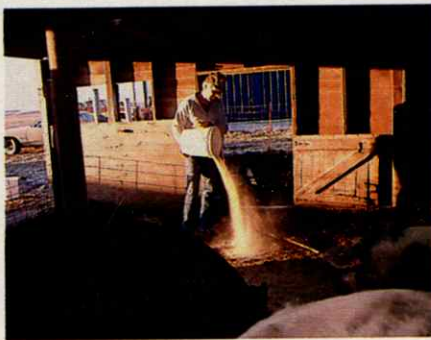
Group leader Joan Blundall, a short woman built like a fireplug and just as tough, turns to Kathy Langner, 39, who has started to weep. The others in the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
BRIAN WOLF





●The livingness of the soil holds them in communion, entrapped, this faith handed down from generation to generation that the land and its care serves to hold all of life together.●



circle do not look away, and as though this sort of thing is routine, Blundall continues by announcing that someone has contributed several hundred rolls of toilet tissue after reading the Langner woman's letter to *The Des Moines Register* on how deodorant and paper products cannot be bought with food stamps.

"What do you think, Kathy? See, we do have power over what happens to us. We've struck out with the big paper companies, but it's still a start."

Kathy nods, looking up: "Curt, our oldest, has been home from Nebraska for the weekend and that's been good. But the toughest part was yesterday, when I was gonna ask my mother to pay for the groceries, but his brother Chris was with us and he paid, and I was so ashamed. . . ."

Lars, an even-tempered Swede, removes his arm from around his adolescent daughter and joins in: "We're getting bad press, and when our governor says that Iowa isn't just farmers going out of business, it makes me mad. Where does it all start? That's the question, and nobody's been picking up on that."

"Yeah, back East nobody cares, do they?" murmurs Matt, a tall, lanky guy with clammy skin and a couple days' stubble, glaring across the circle at the visiting reporter.

"Don't understand it," says Lars. "Seems like the whole country's—"

"It's them yuppies," Matt interrupts again, "like that sumbitch Dan Rather."

"Damn! We gotta get us some o' them yuppies," says Bob, the jolly redhead. He lets out a whoop, slapping his belly. "Them Harvard experts is the only way t' deal with our problems out here—what you call East Coast *larnin'*!"

The outburst is meant to break the mood, but as Blundall turns to Matt he just stares back at her, sitting there like a stick of explosive, even as he apologizes for the interruption.

"A 62-year-old man, my neighbor," Lars resumes, "he turned 60 acres back to the bank this week. Him and his brothers built that farm, and he's got another 120 acres and the bank's foreclosing on that too. Then yesterday I heard Jerry Falwell and got upset. Falwell's saying that bankruptcy's 'cause people don't work. Well,

Falwell raised his \$7 million all right—his fund drive, you know?—but then he put in there, after the sermon, a special message that not enough money'd come in from Iowa, so I called his toll-free number and invited him out here, said I'd take him by the hand. I mean these are farmers who've dropped their health insurance, cut down the grocery bill, taken every cent they've got to put in one more crop. It makes me real angry."

"It's like the lottery, you know?" Bob comes back again. "With the lottery you put up a dollar to make a million, with farming you put up a million to make a dollar. But, hey, only difference is with one the tax form's easier to fill out!"

The room erupts in laughter, except for Matt and the older women. As a few late-comers file in, Matt ignores them. After a moment, he murmurs, "Nobody can stand that kind of pressure. The interest rates, prices, the embargoes, it just depends on how much you got put away, how long you last."

"That's right," says Lars helpfully. "Even my rich neighbors aren't making it. They're just operating on capital."

Matt cranks his head sideways, giving him a look that can only mean "Screw your neighbors." Blundall, turning to Kathy, asks, "What about the saying 'Get mean and get lean'?"

"We want to survive, but not as vultures," the Swede objects. "It's not how

Get the flavor of these leading brands, but less tar.



Breakaway to Merit.

Breakaway to flavor.



Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Feb. '85.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1987

Comparisons based on king-size version of products shown
and "tar" levels from Feb. '85 FTC Report or by FTC method.

we were brought up. I won't raise my kids that way."

"Vultures, what's that mean?"

"Well," the Swede squints at Matt narrowly, "there's this man I know, known him for years. A good farmer, mind you, but he got hauled out, lost half his crop, and his landlord came to me t' see if I wanted the acreage 'cause he wanted to throw this man off even though he knew he'd get his rent. Well, I'm not gonna do that. I couldn't live with myself, look my wife in the eye, nor my boys either."

"Kathy?" Blundall asks as Matt stares into space, sweat glistening across his forehead. "Could you and Marlin do that, take advantage of a neighbor?"

Kathy shakes her head. Everybody waits. The tears come anyway.

"No, and Marlin less than me," she says. "The 160 acres we had to turn back this spring when we couldn't make the payments, the owners could've sued us for the drop in value but they didn't, and that taught us something. Curt, he's still got a lot of anger 'cause he was supposed to live over there someday, but even he sees it."

"And it's not just the small guy," Lars adds. "The whole system's changing. Reagan can send all that money to Nicaragua but not out here, and it's the same with those steel towns."

"Yeah," Kathy says, starting to blow her nose, "only Chris is going t' write Reagan a thank-you letter since food stamps paid for the sandwiches at his graduation."

"Planting your crops two or three times like this past spring, getting rained out, a sensible person'd say, 'Enough is enough.'"

"C'mon!" snaps Matt in a voice barely above a whisper. "Who you blaming? We're gluttons for punishment, so dumb everybody knows it 'cept ourselves."

Route 18 runs due west from Dickens through Spencer to the South Dakota line, and like most roads crisscrossing the Iowa prairie it is bordered by cornfields so immense that the horizon is lower, somehow wider and flatter, than anywhere else, even as the alabaster silos and grain elevators jut up from the earth in the far distance. Druidic is the only word for it, the eerie emptiness and silence of all this, and so it is only as the blacktop gives way to the gravel side road taking a gentle fall down the ridge above the Langners' driveway that you have a sense of scale remotely human: the ramshackle Victorian "four by four" farmhouse shaded by foliated oaks, the two dogs snoozing atop the hood of the beat-up family station wagon, the vegetable plot, the clothesline alive with half a dozen pairs of Levi's flapping in the wind. Never mind that the house and the adjacent machine sheds are scaled with peeling paint or the yard is littered with old tractor parts—this is the "homeplace," the hub of every farmer's lopsided dream. It is also what he fears losing most, the touchstone of

his every family connection as for generations it has always been; and so for the Langners, here and now, it has come to represent everything in their struggle to save their 300-acre spread.

Just where, exactly, things turned sour for Kathy, Marlin, and their three sons is hard to say. Like most farmers, they bought additional land during the boom years of the seventies, encouraged by their bank as well as the traditional urge to give their boys a head start. They had inherited nothing, even though farming goes back four generations on both sides, and at the time it had seemed prudent. They had saved little by little from returns on their rented acreage to first buy their "home 40" in 1972, and eight years later, when they picked up their additional acreage, Marlin was paying taxes on income over \$40,000. Still, by the winter of '84, the new 160 acres wouldn't "cash flow." Corn prices had plummeted by close to half; depressed land values had

“

“This damn country,”
she cries. “All the time you
go around thinking
things are better than they are.
We believe that crap!”

”

left farmers without collateral; and their lender, the Hawkeye Bank in Spencer, was now getting nervous. At issue was whether or not there would be "operating funds" for seed, chemicals, and fertilizer—the traditional springtime loan—without which Marlin was out of business, unable to put in a crop. It was a squeeze play, calculated and frightening. The 160 acres had to go, but more, the bank wanted second mortgages on everything, including the house. Marlin signed, then went into what the family calls "a depression."

With Iowa losing close to 100 family farms every week, the Langners' situation wasn't unusual. What wasn't usual is how the Langners would choose to fight back, using TV, lawyers, and the resources of grass-roots farm groups like Prairiefire and Farm Unity Coalition. But in the spring of '84 there was no way of knowing this, and as the months passed things went from bad to worse: Chris, 16, had already been brought home from school after going comatose, the fear being that he was getting ready to use a shotgun on himself like so many other farm kids, while Keith, the youngest of the

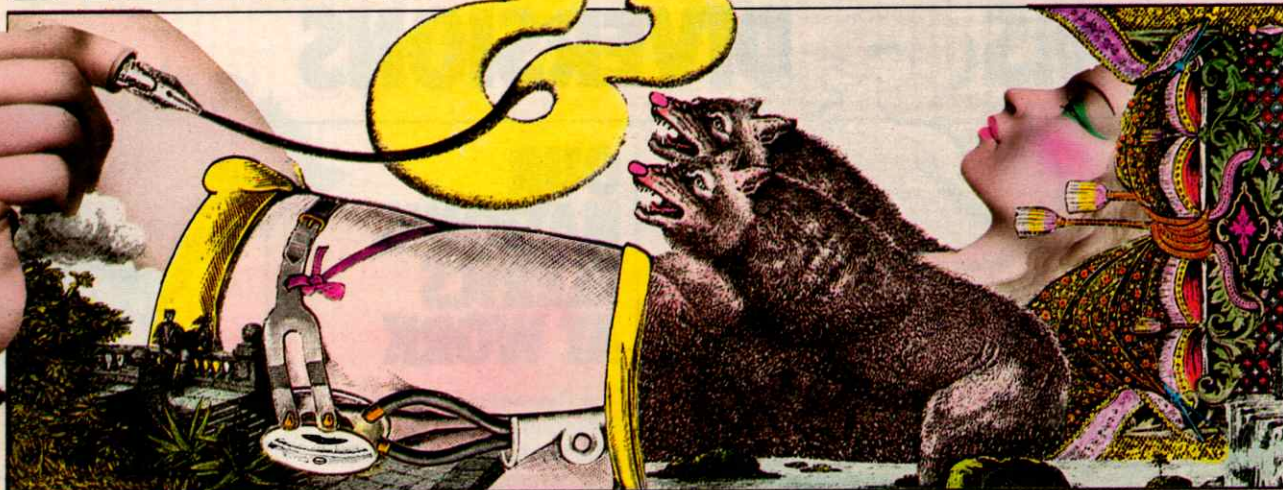
boys at 14, spent the summer doing the fieldwork high up inside the tractor, alone and crying. No one in the family spoke of what was happening, not even the boys one to the other. Marlin, a former statewide football hero, passed his days shivering and wrapped in blankets on the living-room couch, imprisoned by his sense of failure.

Then the Langners got lucky. Kathy had started therapy and one afternoon in late August, now 30 pounds overweight, she came home from Spencer and went to pieces. "I was having ice tea," Curt, the oldest son, remembers. "Mom came into the kitchen. 'We gotta show him some tough love,' she said, using the same phrase her counselor had used, and ten minutes later Dad came in. 'Marlin, you've gotta get off your dead ass or we're gonna die,' she started yelling at him, and he got all flushed, angrylike, and ran outside into the shed. He was hitting on something and threw the hammer down when I got out there and started sobbing, then when Mom came out all three of us were crying—he was afraid he'd lose everything, see. He kept saying how much he loved us, that everything was his fault, but this was the breakthrough—he didn't have to keep it bottled up anymore."

Perhaps, although in fact it took a while longer. Part of fighting back was Kathy's doing the "Today" show, guest shots with Merv Griffin and Oprah Winfrey, as well as a front-page story in *The Des Moines Register*, while Marlin would become one of the administrators for Willie Nelson "Farm Aid" money for northern Iowa. But the Langners' acknowledgment that their problems were little different from most small farmers' boomeranged too, leading only to the most vicious kind of small-town gossip. In nearby Ruthven, Chris was faced with talk at school that his father's organizing rallies and lobbying for a new farm bill was nothing but an excuse for his own sloppy farming, the larger accusation being that the family's troubles were of their own making. Father Don, the Langners' close friend and Methodist pastor, was likewise forced out of his job after allocating church funds for emergency food and heating oil, as well as keying his sermons to the growing farm crisis. The Langner marriage also came under attack. Having had to drop out of high school when she was pregnant with Curt at 17, Kathy was now "sleeping around"; strangers hit on her in stores, the kitchen phone no longer rang with friends eager to chat, and Marlin, likewise, was spurned by lifelong buddies for letting himself be swayed politically—notwithstanding the fact that these guys were fellow Rescue Squad volunteers with whom he'd risked his life pulling victims out of burning farmhouses or car wrecks for years now, or that the Langners had farmed Clay County soil since before the turn of the century, or that Marlin continued to sit on the school board as well as the board of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



THE DECLINE OF AMERICA

The hottest television personality in America today is the computer-generated talking head known as Max Headroom.

MODERN LIFE

A California Planned Parenthood group has an advertising campaign to encourage people to buy condoms, noting that they "make a fantastic gift for that special occasion when words . . . just aren't enough."

A 13-year-old California girl who turned in her parents for drug use has been besieged by Hollywood studios competing for the film rights to her story.



DOG DAY AFTERNOON

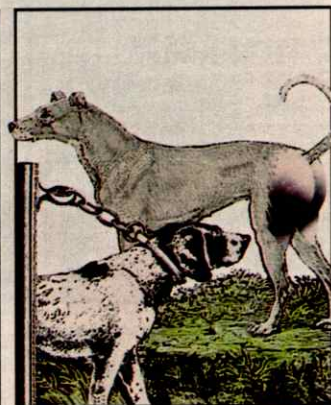
A Pakistani airliner crashed after being struck by bullets fired by men shooting their guns skyward during a wedding celebration.

MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS

According to a former Secret Service agent, President Jimmy Carter once caused a major panic in the White House when members of his security detail heard the presidential alarm button go off. Agents, discovering that Carter was in the bathroom, rushed through the door and found the president pulling up his pants—after having pressed an alarm button in the mistaken belief that it was a toilet flush mechanism.

WIMP OF THE MONTH

Prince Edward, the youngest son of Queen Elizabeth, quit the Royal Marines because he found the training too tough. The prince said he would rather spend his time studying to be a dancer or an actor.

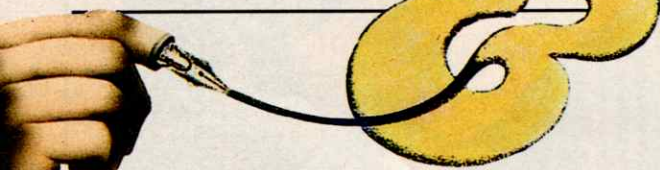


REEFER MADNESS

A computer researcher claimed that the world's most famous painting, Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa," is in fact a portrait of the artist himself in drag.



DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



THANK YOU VERY MUCH

The University of Minnesota art museum had been hanging the famous Georgia

O'Keeffe oil painting "Oriental Poppies" on its side for more than 30 years.



NEW WORLD RECORDS

A man in Kanpur, India, has attempted suicide 21 times. One failure occurred when he jumped out of a third-floor window—only to land atop a fat lady.

LIFE AT THE TOP

The Beverly Hills Post Office now offers valet parking for its patrons.

A new book, called *Kitchen Spanish*, is designed to permit wealthy people to communicate with their Spanish-speaking domestic staff. The book consists entirely of direct orders in English, with their Spanish translations.



OUR NATION'S CLERICS AT WORK

The Reverend Steven W. Timmons of Jackson, Michigan, led a group of people that ceremoniously buried dozens of rock albums and romance novels under a tombstone inscribed NEVER TO RISE AGAIN. Among them was one containing the John Denver hit "Rocky Mountain High." Timmons claimed that the song advocates rebirth through communion with nature, which is "the teaching of witchcraft."



HIGHS AND LOWS

Australia, site of the world's first dwarf-throwing contests, now has a new sport: dwarf bowling. The dwarves, who wear crash helmets, are propelled down an alley on skateboards toward a standard set of tenpins.

A Pleasanton, California, high school teacher was suspended after giving his students a homework assignment in which they were required to calculate the cost of hiring substitutes during a recent teachers' strike and to calculate the difference between the district superintendent's 20 percent pay raise and the teacher's 3.5 percent pay increase.



DIPLOMAT OF THE MONTH

"I'm so glad I'm getting to speak to Canadians, because let me tell you, Americans just don't know anything about hockey."

—New York Rangers
General Manager
Phil Esposito

PERSONAL AD OF THE MONTH

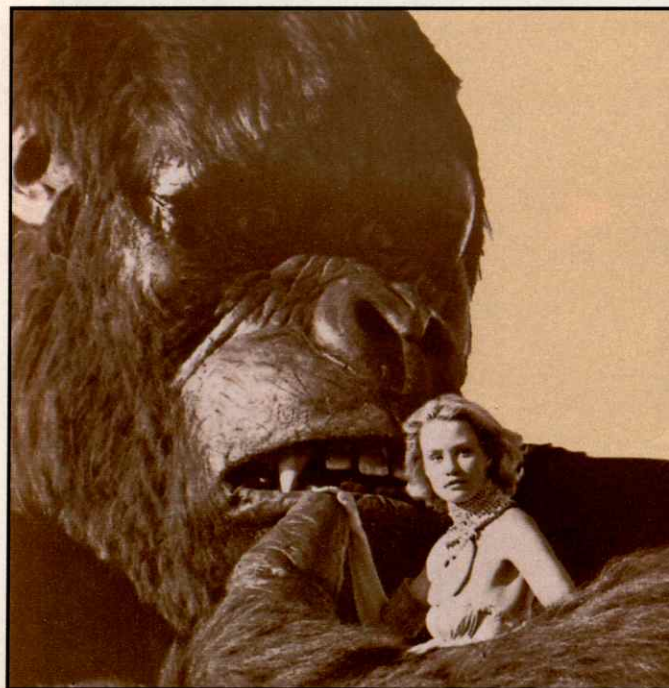
From *The San Diego Union-Tribune*:

"MY SISTER WAS RAISED TO LIVE LIKE a Jewish American Princess. But at 19, she dropped out of college to be a scullery maid on the sailboat *Polynesia*. At 25, she married a Florida cop. She was a tremendous disappointment to her family. Now . . . having participated in the feminist and sexual revolutions . . . my sister is prepared to fulfill her destiny: to have her fingernails and toenails done weekly; to shop for jewelry, face powders, perfumes, and fine clothes; to take month-long ski trips to resorts around the world; to own Porsches; and to spend money as effortlessly as she drinks water. She is, to put it bluntly, tired of working. It's as simple as that.

"If you're wealthy, single, and my sister sounds like she would be a lot of fun, drop her a line. Include a picture."

AMERICA ON THE MARCH

The Massachusetts State Legislature declared the corn muffin the official muffin of the state.



WORST NEW PRODUCTS

A West German candy-maker offers chocolate bars in the shape of Moses.

A Florida doll-maker produces a new doll called Grace, which talks and sings pro-life messages when squeezed: "God knew me even before I was born. . . . My mommy thinks I'm very special. She's so happy she had me." The doll also sings "Jesus Loves All the Little Children."

BORN AGAIN

A California fireman who founded a fundamentalist religious group known as Firefighters for Christ was arrested on charges of molesting two teenage girls.

SIC TRANSIT

Albany, Oregon, fire fighters had to rescue two men dressed in King Kong suits from the roof of a movie theater, where they were promoting a movie. The pair had lost their ladder.

The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce rejected a request by the producers of

the *King Kong* movies to immortalize the giant ape character with a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame. Chamber officials said that only human beings are eligible for such an honor.

FROM THE MOUTHS OF BABES


Filmmaking students at Michigan State University produced an X-rated movie entitled *Spartan School for Sex*. One of the students said they decided to make an X-rated film because it would "have the greatest impact."



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.





DANCER IN A DAYDREAM

“When I
want to make love
to a man,
I can feel it right
away.”

Lauri Gilbert enjoys her work as an exotic dancer in Los Angeles. “I love being able to dance,” the 22-year-old told us. “It lets me express myself, if only for a while.”

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
J. STEPHEN HICKS







Lauri told us about the time she made love in a tropical rain forest on the island of Maui, and about the time she danced topless for a crowd of 200 lusty lesbians.





Hair and makeup by Nicole Bohrer







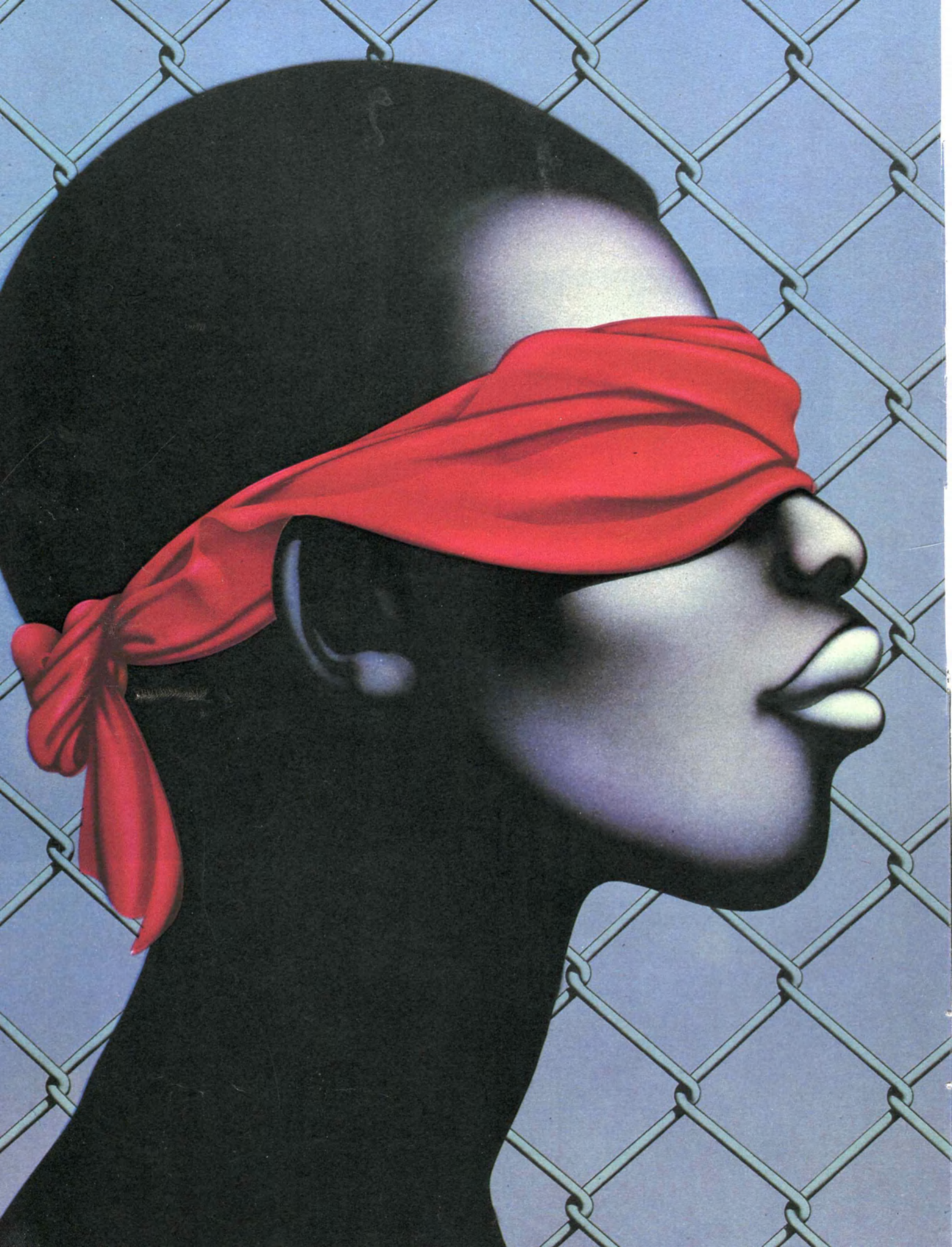
"I would like to make it with Rama, my spiritual teacher," the 34-20-34 dancer mused. "I like gentle, caring men."







"When I want to make love to a man, I
can feel it right away," she smiled. "I guess
that's just the way I am." ○✚



REPORTAGE

Apartheid is debated by world leaders
and condemned by the U.N. But on the beach
it's often a not-so-simple question of
whose naked breasts can be seen by whom.

THE GREAT COVER-UP

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY LOUIS DU BUISSON

When a young Zulu woman by the name of Bongi Ndlela stepped under a public shower on a Durban beach last year and removed her bra, she inadvertently made history. Bare-breasted black women have always been part of the landscape, particularly in Durban, surrounded as it is by Zulu traditionalists. What was new was that Bongi was arrested and charged with "public indecency, or obscenity."

If she had taken her topless shower half a mile farther up the beach, on the strip zoned "Africans Only," no one would have batted an eyelid, but she did it on one of Durban's newly "integrated" beaches, in the presence of white people, some of whom objected and summoned the law.

Bongi was hauled before a local magistrate, who agreed that she had indeed been guilty of public indecency and obscenity and fined her 100 rands (about \$50), or 50 days. Bongi did not have that kind of money, so she was locked up. But before the day was out, Bongi became certifiably famous.

She had touched a particularly sensitive nerve in a society struggling to find an accommodation between the ways of

Africa and the ways of the whites.

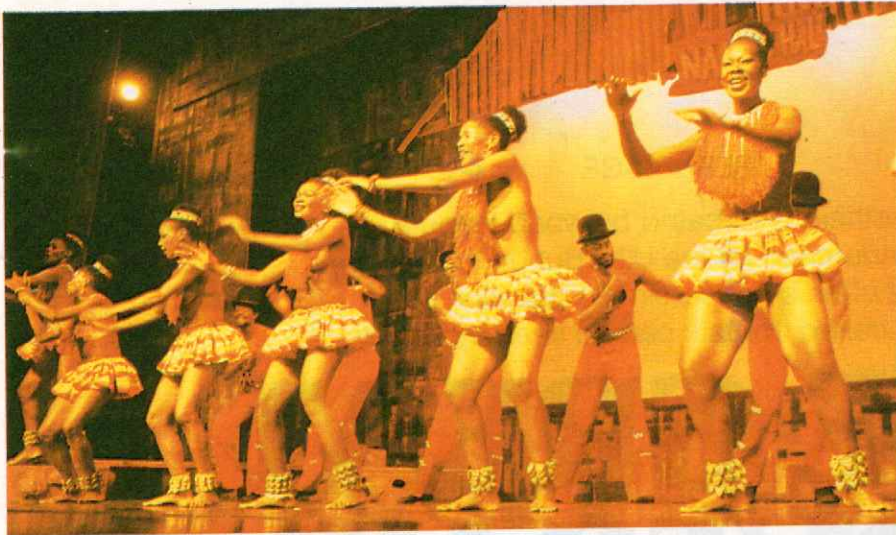
The problem is new. In the old days when apartheid unquestionably ruled supreme, differences in culture and morality presented few problems. The whole of South Africa has been partitioned off into a multitude of ethnic enclaves, each having their own area where they can practice their own culture as they please.

But despite the stop-start nature of the Botha regime's "reform" program, a great social transformation is taking place here. In the last year, hotels, pubs, restaurants, cinemas, holiday resorts, and beaches have been "desegregated." The third world is moving into the cities to sample privileges that whites have kept to themselves for three whole centuries. It is something to see. . . .

Amazingly, considering the political climate in the black townships, this transformation in these cities has been virtually incident-free—except in one area, and this is the nerve that Bongi tripped. White South Africans have a real *thing* about the female nipple.

Most of them are old-world Christian prudes, a curious mixture of Afrikaner Calvinists and Victorian Anglicans isolated in the African melting pot for a century or two, resulting in some interesting

PAINTING BY NORMAN CATHERINE



approaches to the question of morality—and an abiding passion for censorship.

We never got to see *Deep Throat*. *Penthouse* has been banned for perpetuity. Local newspapers and magazines are still obliged to put stars or stripes across the nipples of their pinups.

White nipples, I should say. And here the confusion begins.

Whites are accustomed to the sight of bare-breasted black women. But it is one thing to take the family for a Sunday drive to the reserve to watch the topless tribal dancers, and quite another to take them to your favorite beach and find it swarming with women in their bras and panties, or even topless.

It's not the white men who complain so much. It's the womenfolk. For more than three centuries white men in this part of the world have sworn high and low that black women did not turn them on. But by now, with a mixed-blood ("colored") population running into the millions, nobody believes that story any more.

That's why Bongi's topless shower made such a splash in the headlines, not only here but all over the world. When the local newspapers published news of her conviction, they were flooded with phone calls and letters. Said the conservatives, "If they want to swim on our beaches, they must behave as we do." Said the liberals, "This is their land, too, and their

customs must be respected. They are, after all, the majority."

Liberal whites were aghast at what the dreaded "foreign press" would make of this latest bit of South Africana. These included members of the judiciary, and the Supreme Court took the unusual step of putting the Bongi Ndlela case on immediate review. The magistrate's decision was summarily set aside, Bongi was freed, and the "anonymous Christian" who had meanwhile paid her fine was given his money back.

So, technically at least, it is now legal for black women to go topless on our beaches, but not for whites. The more liberated white women, who had been campaigning for a topless beach for years, joined the fray, protesting against "discrimination in reverse." It was not that they begrudged their black sisters this liberty, they said, but this amounted to unfair competition. Some of their black sisters replied that it was about time they felt what it was like to be discriminated against.

During this time two other events occurred in Durban that further illuminated this moral dilemma. Large numbers of topless Zulu women attended the annual Shaka Day celebrations, addressed by their leader, Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi, dressed in his traditional regalia. None of the women were arrested for "in-

decency or obscenity." What's more, when the newspapers published photographs of the topless women, they did not bother to censor them and none of them were prosecuted.

But in the same week, a white stripper down in the St. George's pub sportingly removed her nipple caps onstage and was promptly arrested and convicted of public indecency and obscenity. It wasn't big news. It happens all the time. No anonymous Christians offered to pay her fine. That there happened to be a vice-squad cop in the audience is also an indicator of this quaint official preoccupation. Strip clubs and theaters are among the most devoutly policed areas in South African society.

On the other hand, black women are free to expose their nipples onstage with impunity in "ethnic" plays, such as the highly popular (with white audiences) *Umabatha* and *Ipi Tombi*.

Somehow, officially, the black nipple came to be regarded as "decent," and the white nipple not. In fact, the white nipple has been, for as long as anyone cares to remember, the battlefield across which government censors wage war against their favorite adversaries, the "girlie" magazines. It is a war the censors have been winning. They have not budged a single millimeter in decades, and at times they have driven the enemy right back



into the nineteenth century. It is the one absolute in censorship: White nipples are not for display—not in public, and not in print.

The lengths to which South Africa's hyperactive censors will go to protect the white nipple, are reflected in the words of Publications Appeal Board chairman Professor Kobus van Rooyen, commenting on the use of stars as a means of self-censorship by magazine editors: "Although the board has found the use of stars to cover nipples as tolerable, the use of stars over the pubic area is much more problematical. The pubic area is more private and therefore publishers should be more careful in the use of such stars."

In one classic finding, Van Rooyen approved a set of pinups in a magazine as follows: "The photographs are titillating, but mere titillation is not sufficient. To be found undesirable the photographs must be lust-provoking."

So there.

Van Rooyen is a highly respected academic who is generally regarded as one of our most enlightened censors. Small wonder then that white South African males are among the world's most sexually repressed people. Dog-eared 20-year-old copies of *Playboy* are still secretly passed along from hand to hand. Furtive little groups get together behind

closed doors and curtained windows to watch long-banned movies like *Emmanuelle* and *Last Tango in Paris*. Banned Henry Miller novels circulate underground, like drugs, and are hounded with puritan fervor by officialdom.

Lunchtime strip pubs, where men can steal an hour to see women strip down to their G-strings and nipple caps without the missus being any the wiser, are big business countrywide, a phenomenon that has spread into the suburbs, poor and affluent alike.

Black neighbor states like Swaziland and Lesotho—and lately also the quasi-independent states of Transkei and Bophuthatswana—have found that there is money in legalizing the traditional South African taboos. Here you can see *Deep Throat* or *Caligula*, buy *Penthouse*, see a stripper remove her nipple caps (and her G-string too), and ball a black chick without the risk of scandalizing your friends and relations.

They have launched strip clubs, movie houses, bookshops, and casinos (another great South African no-no) within easy reach of the main population centers in South Africa. In some cases we don't even need to take our passports.

A most conspicuous annual event is the Miss Body Beautiful competition, an all-nude extravaganza à la Miss Nude America. The organizers, contestants,

Far left, top: Topless black women onstage in Ipi Tombi. Far left, bottom: Unconventional beachwear. Far left, middle: White lunchtime stripper with nipple caps. Center and above: Roadside chorus line for the tourists, with scant regard for tribal authenticity. Top left: Outside their country's border, in one of the landlocked black states, South Africans taste the forbidden fruit of permissiveness. Top right: The annual Miss Body Beautiful competition, held in Lesotho. The organizers, performers, contestants, and audience are all South Africans.

performers, and audiences are all whites, all from South Africa, but it is held in Maseru, capital of the landlocked little mountain kingdom of Lesotho. Sensation-starved white South African males cross the border in the hundreds for this two-day event. The girls take it all off so that the men can pick a winner, and by the poolside during the day the boys are free to take photographs of naked women as much as they please. Some of these films will later be classified as pornography and confiscated by South African border guards. You take your chances.

Nowhere is the cultural interface between the first and third worlds more graphically illustrated than in this event. If it had been staged on South African soil, only a stone's throw across the Caledon River, they would all have been arrested, including the audience.

Conversely, the people of Lesotho are also Christians, and they have traditions so strong that they would never dream of sponsoring such scandalous behavior. For a Basuto woman to expose her breasts in public is no great thing, but to debase herself by stripping naked is quite unthinkable. Economic realities being what they are, however, and with Lesotho heavily reliant on the South African tourist trade, Lesotho authorities are prepared to turn a blind eye to the tourists' cultural practices, while removing their loved ones from harm's way when the nude show comes to town.

So there you have it: On the beaches

of Durban, whites flee from the "indecent" of blacks, and in Maseru blacks flee white "indecent."

The curious anomaly is this: While the women of Africa are famous for their tribal nudity, total nudity is forbidden by powerful traditional taboos that cut across tribal and ethnic lines. If a black woman entered the Miss Body Beautiful competition, she would achieve instant notoriety and become the subject of universal black disapproval.


When the state-run SATV some years ago screened a bath scene in which a woman's breasts were briefly exposed, there was such an uproar from churches and moralists that it is not likely to try it again. Of course, the woman was white. Yet SATV also screened the ten-hour series "Shaka Zulu," which featured masses of bare-breasted black women, and the same moralists sat down with their children to watch it.

You can still occasionally catch a glimpse of someone in tribal dress in some of our towns and cities, but it has become rare. The great African cover-up is all but complete. Almost half of the black population has become urbanized, and even in the remotest villages people wear store-bought clothes. People try to keep traditions alive on special tribal occasions when doctors, lawyers, nurses, and factory workers swap their city gear for the skins and beads of their ancestors, but they confess to feeling somewhat self-conscious, and some of the women wear

bras with their tribal dress. Most urban blacks, some of whom have lived in the cities for a century or more, tend to look down on their "tribal" brothers and regard traditionalists as "backward."

"Tribalism" is also the concern of a new breed of white entrepreneur who has built "tribal villages" along the main tourist routes. Here blacks are paid to dress and act as their forefathers did for the benefit of the cameras. Some of these villages are serious attempts at architectural and sociological reconstruction and form the basis of much academic research, with permanent live-in families. But most are little more than roadside burlesque shows, where part-time dancers shake their nipples for the tourists and then dress up in their city gear to take the bus home.

Yet another curiosity is that while black women are becoming more modest, white women are becoming more brazen. In black society the bra is a status symbol. In the hip white community it is passé. To one it symbolizes the future, to the other the past.

Somewhere along the line these two movements have to meet. This is what makes the Bongi Ndlela case so interesting. We are very close to that time. If the censors let go of the white nipple, we'll be there. Bongi and her white sisters will be able to go topless on the beaches, and black and white will be in complete agreement that appearing bottomless in public is simply too scandalous to even contemplate. 



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ARTICLE

THE ARMAGEDDON NETWORK

Must the world
end in flames
before true
Christians can
be saved?

BY JOE CUOMO

When I was eight, my aunt, then a Jehovah's Witness, predicted that the world was going to end on a particular day of a particular year. My father, then a postal clerk, bet her that it would not. It was a bet, my father explained, he could not lose. Even if the end did come (and it didn't), how could my aunt collect?

My father, with his wager, articulated what I think most Americans would hold to be true: There is something wrong when people believe they can see into the future.

But it is precisely this very basic tenet of common sense that seems to be on the line in America today.

The Reverend Jerry Falwell, for instance, is quite convinced that our own quite current generation is not the Pepsi, but the terminal one. Armageddon, according to him, is a reality. History has reached a climax. The end, he says, is imminent.

Falwell is so certain of all this that he has actually bragged about not owning a grave plot. Because he won't need one. We are living, says he, in the "last days."

Isn't it a bit frightening that a man celebrated by the President of the United States—and taken so seriously by this administration as to warrant a National Security Council briefing—preaches that the end, Armageddon, is near? (In 1983, the N.S.C. briefed Falwell on Reagan's peace-through-strength policy so that he could, in turn, present that message to the public.)

But Falwell doesn't stop with a war that will end the world as we know it. He also predicts another war—one that will occur even sooner than Armageddon—started by Russia. With Israel.

Where exactly does the Right Reverend get his information?

"You can read your newspaper," says

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETE TURNER

Reverend Falwell, "and learn what happened yesterday. You can watch television, listen to radio, and learn what is happening today. But thank God you can read your Bible and learn what is going to happen tomorrow."

Jerry Falwell has turned the Bible into a crystal ball.

And he, unfortunately, is not alone. Virtually every prominent preacher of the New Christian Right has indulged "scripture" and common sense in much the same way. From Falwell to Jimmy Swaggart to Tim LaHaye to Pat Robertson, televangelist after televangelist is so thick-throated with the rhetoric of the "end times" that it all appears to be some new programming format: WEND-TV, the Armageddon Network.

Even the President himself has gotten into the act, discussing it with *People* magazine: "Theologians had been studying the ancient prophecies . . . and have said that never, in the time between the prophecies up until now, has there ever been a time in which so many of the prophecies are coming together. There have been times in the past when people thought the end of the world was coming, and so forth, but never anything like this." (The entire interview is preserved for American history classes everywhere in the White House's own *Weekly Compilation of Presidential Documents*.)

In fact, I found myself debating the end times with Falwell on prime-time television. I was already familiar with his "prophecy packets"—such as *Armageddon and the Coming War With Russia* and *Nuclear War and the Second Coming of Jesus Christ*—but sitting on that too-well-lit set arguing with him, his face surrealistically enlarged on a studio-link monitor, the whole issue reached new levels of the bizarre.

What was there, after all, to debate? Falwell didn't deny his belief in imminent Armageddon. What he denied was that Armageddon would be "nuclear." (Falwell has said that there "will be some nuclear holocaust on this earth"—but it won't wipe us all out because, according to Reverend Jerry, somebody's got to be around afterward to go through the real Armageddon. I'll explain later.) Then, on the subject of his predicted Russian war, Falwell could only argue that other nations would also be involved in that upcoming God-ordained invasion of the Middle East. It was as though I were debating foreign policy with the Amazing Kreskin.

But circus though the debate may have been, one very legitimate question regarding Falwell's doomsaying remains: How are he and the plethora of televangelist fortune-tellers a serious threat to anyone?

Well, sitting now at my undecimated desk in the unvaporized borough of Queens, New York, in our still uninterrupted generation, I have piled before me various and very real press clips report-

ing the all-but-announced 1988 presidential bid of Pat Robertson—and the danger seems more obvious than ever before.

When Pat Robertson prophesies a Soviet invasion, he doesn't bother with talk of which generation or even which decade will bring this end-times attack. "Sometime this fall," writes Robertson with divinely inspired specificity, "we should expect a clear and dramatic move by the Soviets to extend their grip on the Middle East. The onrush of events toward the end of the year may see the world in flames."

Before you rush out to dig a shelter under the house (or to place a bet), please note that this particular prophecy was penned in 1982 (and, if you remember, the world was not in flames that fall or even that winter). Please also note that this prediction was entered into our own government's *Congressional Record* by Senator Jesse Helms, who, in introduc-

“When the trumpet sounds,”
says Falwell, “born-
again believers will disappear,
leaving behind only
physical things that cannot
inherit eternal life.”

ing Robertson's remarks, counseled the highest lawmaking body in the land, "We in the United States would do well to heed these warnings . . ."

The mind seizes at the prospect of Commander-in-Chief Robertson exercising a president's unique authority to order the armed forces into an imaginary apocalypse.

There are, of course, those who would rush to the defense of Robertson and Senator Helms, arguing almost rationally that these old boys just want to be prepared, they just don't trust Russia, and that's all right because we shouldn't trust Russia, either.

But what would happen if we accepted a Russian invasion of Israel as *inevitable*, and if we relied so heavily on the radical-Christian crystal ball that we dismissed *all* peace treaties (not just those with Russia) as inescapably doomed?

"There is no way," writes Pat Robertson, that "a United Nations, a League of Nations, peace treaties, disarmament treaties, or any other human instrument can bring about peace." One wonders: If Robertson were president at the close of World War II, would he have signed

peace treaties with Germany or Japan? Would he have disdained the various "human instruments" that were to keep the nations of Western Europe at peace with each other for at least the next four decades?

It's difficult to imagine even a New Christian Rightist denying the benefits of such peace instruments. But Jerry Falwell has gone so far as to suggest, soon after it was signed, that the Camp David accords were destined to fail. And the Reverend James Robison (whose invocation opened the last Republican national convention) allows for no deviation from the predestined foreign-policy path: "There'll be no peace until Jesus comes [at Armageddon]. That's what the Antichrist promises. Any teaching of peace prior to His return is heresy; it's against the word of God; it's anti-Christ!"

These statements are not isolated instances of hysterical politics, nor are Falwell, Robertson, and Robison randomly occurring phenomena of American religious extremism. The New Christian Rightists are predominantly preachers of the same fanatic political theology: dispensational premillennialism. This is a peculiar tradition of religious extremism that goes back 150 years (beginning in England with theologian J. N. Darby). It is the ideological core of the Armageddon Network.

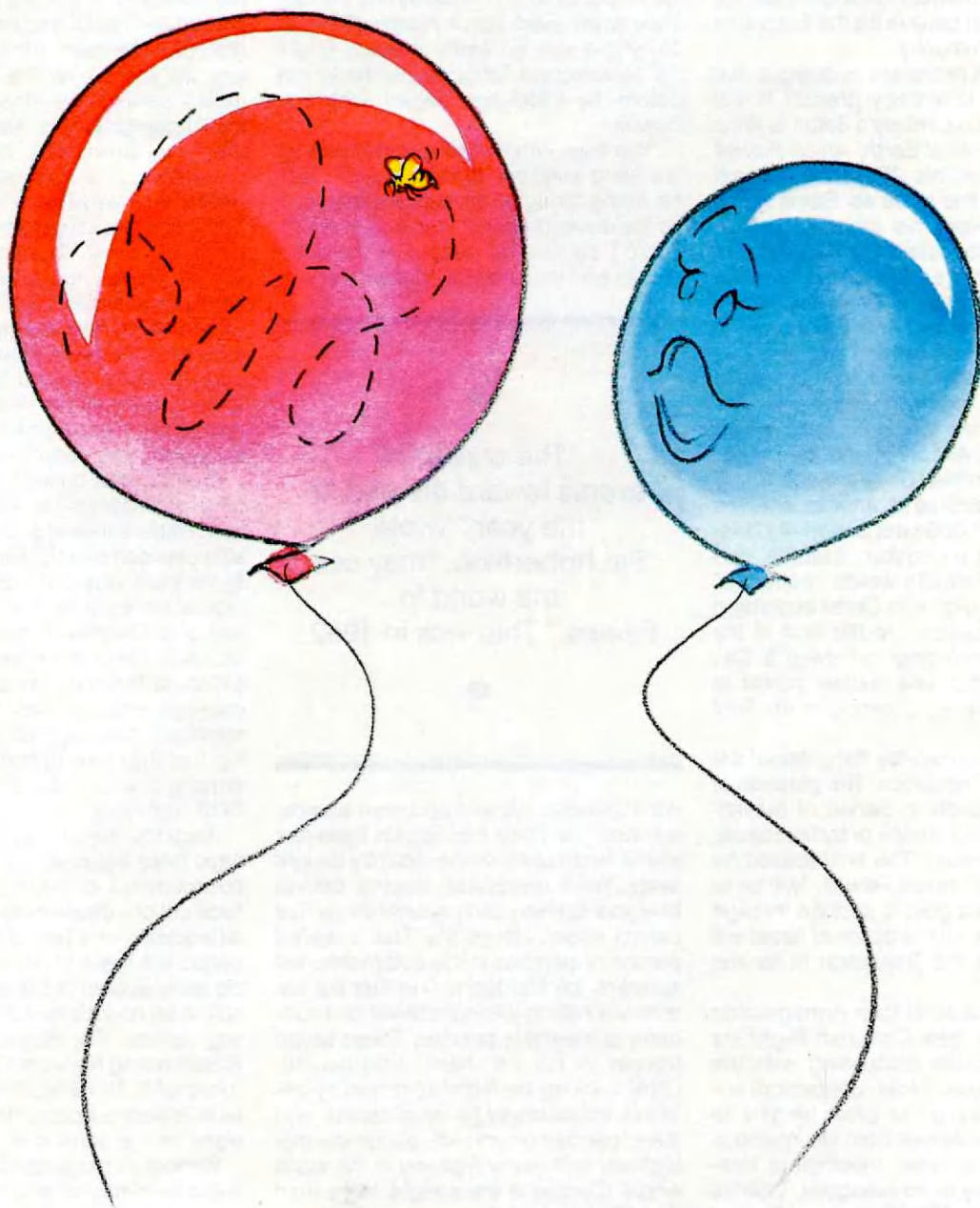
In this country premillennialists were last as powerful as they are today at the beginning of this century. They preached in prohibition, even tried to pray in a presidential candidate (William Jennings Bryan). But the movement was eventually dispersed back to the political fringes, dismissed by the American mainstream in the wake of the 1925 Scopes trial. Now, some six decades later, premills want to replay Scopes—not because they lost in court (John Scopes was convicted of violating a Tennessee ban on teaching evolution), but because they lost most of their stature when they became popularly identified the way defense attorney Clarence Darrow described them in court, as "bigots and ignoramuses."

Evolution, Darwin's widely accepted scientific theory, contradicts the premill belief that the world has degenerated (rather than evolved), and that this degeneration is now accelerating, propelling history into its divinely scheduled annihilation.

Premills are all but addicted to "Bible maps," charts that predict, era after era, the locked-in future of the earth. We are now supposedly in the "Church Age." The next one, to begin shortly, is the "Tribulation," a seven-year period of unprecedented "punishment," during which the entire world will suffer unparalleled holocaust, famine, plague, perhaps a limited nuclear war, and certainly a Soviet invasion of Israel. Some, like Falwell, believe that this conflict will precede Armageddon. Others believe the two horrific battles are actually one. But everyone, it

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BY ART CUMINGS



"Moral: Never blow a beekeeper."

seems, believes that a walking, talking, living, breathing Antichrist will become world dictator during the Tribulation.

This future Antichrist führer will rise to power by seducing the world into accepting a peace treaty—hence the obsessive premill distrust of all peace processes. He is to then head up a ten-nation confederation, based in Rome. The Reverend Tim LaHaye writes that this satanic league of ten countries, conspiring with the Antichrist, is actually the United Nations. Other Armageddonologists say it's NATO, but most believe it's the European Economic Community.

Many premill preachers also argue that the Antichrist is already present in the world today; Hal Lindsey's *Satan Is Alive and Well on Planet Earth*, which Falwell has praised on his "Old-Time Gospel Hour," claims this to be so. Some go so far as to indicate his identity. George Otis—who has visited the Reagans in their home, chaired Christians for Reagan, and is pastor of High Adventure Ministries—intimated in the wake of the Yom Kippur War that the Antichrist was peace-negotiator Henry Kissinger. But at Armageddon, the main attraction on the premill Bible map, Christ will return to defeat Henry the Antichrist and the E.E.C., bringing the Tribulation to a close.

We then welcome in another era, the Millennium, a 1,000-year period of Christian theocracy, a kingdom, a utopia, during which, in Falwell's words, "believers" will "rule and reign with Christ according to their faithfulness." At the end of the Millennium, according to Falwell & Co., God himself may use nuclear power to destroy the planet, ushering in the final era, Eternity.

One more noteworthy thing about the horrors of the Tribulation: The purpose of this fast-approaching period of punishment is to bring, by hook or by holocaust, the Jews to Jesus. "The final reason for the Tribulation," writes Falwell, "will be to purge Israel. As gold is purified through the heat of fire, so the nation of Israel will come through the Tribulation fit for the Master's use."

This is one area of their Armageddon ideology that New Christian Rightists particularly dislike discussing with the "secular" press. Most contemporary premillennialists go to great lengths to dissociate themselves from the infamous anti-Semitism of their theological forefathers. An early radio evangelist, Charles E. Fuller (whose "Old-Fashioned Revival Hour" saved Jerry Falwell), was one of many premill preachers who, in 1939, believed that the Nazi movement was part of God's judgment against the Jews. These preachers also contended that the "terrific persecution" in Europe had "softened" Jewish hearts; they urged their followers to pray, not for an end to the horror, but for Jewish conversions.

Deny it though he may, Jerry Falwell has written that during the Tribulation, "Millions of devout Jews will be slaugh-

tered . . ." Dr. H. L. Willmington, Falwell's Liberty Baptist School vice president, believes that during this era, the Antichrist will kill "approximately 16 million Jews, which means that he will kill more than Hitler killed." Some Jews will escape, says Willmington, but then that "remnant" will "realize that the Messiah was Jesus."

Where will all good premillennialists be during all this purging, pestilence, and war? They certainly won't be stuck with the rest of us when humanity hits the fan. They won't even be in Washington—or anywhere else on earth. Instead, they'll be "raptured out," zapped into the air just before the Tribulation begins. Listen to Falwell:

"You say, 'What's going to happen on this earth when the rapture occurs?' You'll be riding along in an automobile; you'll be the driver perhaps; you're a Christian. There'll be several people in the automobile with you, maybe someone who is

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"The onrush of events toward the end of the year," wrote Pat Robertson, "may see the world in flames." That was in 1982.

9

not a Christian. When the trumpet sounds, you and the other born-again believers in that automobile will be instantly caught away. You'll disappear, leaving behind only your clothing and physical things that cannot inherit eternal life. That unsaved person or persons in the automobile will suddenly be startled to find that the car is moving along without a driver and suddenly somewhere crashes. These saved people in the car have disappeared. Other cars on the highway driven by believers will suddenly be out of control, and stark pandemonium will occur on that highway and every highway in the world where Christians are caught away from the driver's wheel."

A common story with the end-times crowd is that of a nonbelieving husband coming home from work to find his entire family inexplicably not at home. No note. No sign of anyone. He calls a neighbor, but there's no answer. He shrieks and drops desperately to his knees. The rapture, he fears, has already happened, and he's been left behind.

Besides keeping the family together around holocaust time, the rapture is also the ultimate foreign-policy escape clause.

Falwell assures believers that neither Armageddon, the Russian-Israeli war, nor nuclear exchanges—"none of this should bring fear to your heart, because we're going up in the rapture before any of it occurs." Why be concerned about world tensions or instability? Why try to diffuse tensions between nations? Premillennialists see such blooming hazards only as signs that their Armageddon ideology is right on target.

But not all premills figure they'll miss the fireworks. There are those on the Armageddon circuit known as "post-tribs," like Pat Robertson, who believe the rapture will come *after* the Tribulation. This group, perhaps the most militant among the Armageddonists, has helped create the new "survivalist" movement. This constituency is now stockpiling food, water, and weaponry in backcountry bomb shelters, digging in (literally) for the inevitable worst. One premill survivalist, Jim McKeever, has authored a book entitled *Christians Will Go Through the Tribulation: And How to Prepare for It*. Another of McKeever's books, *The Almighty and the Dollar* (with a forward by Robertson), advises the faithful on not only how to survive but how to profit from the impending economic collapse.

Premills take their eschatology ("doctrine of last things") so seriously that even minor differences of opinion create antipathy between slightly differing sects, such as the post-tribs and pre-tribs. This theological hairsplitting has led to the creation of a new New Right coalition just to deal with the divisiveness: COR, the Coalition on Revival, was organized to encourage unity. In fact, hard-core COR members must sign an affidavit promising that they "will refrain from fighting or arguing over . . . eschatology" with other COR members.

Recently, some major premill figures have been keeping their end-times pronouncements down to a minimum, perhaps out of a desire to de-emphasize sect differences, or a fear of how the general public will react to Armageddonitis. But the belief system of the premill New Right, no matter how it's toned down, is still getting across. Pat Robertson's Christian Broadcasting Network (CBN), the largest "nonprofit" TV network in the world, has as its stated purpose, "to prepare . . . the world for the coming of Jesus Christ."

Without Armageddon theology, there might be plenty of fairly rational new conservatives, but there would be no New Christian Right. It is the ideological absolutism of Armageddon theology that drives its leaders. Their goal is to bring everyone to the truth, that the future has, in a sense, already happened. Here's Falwell again:

"We believe that if Jesus came today . . . then there is at least 1,007 years yet to be lived out upon this planet. Seven years of Tribulation, 1,000 years of the kingdom reign of Christ, the Millennium, so no one can destroy this planet for at

Vision Break-through

When I put on the pair of glasses what I saw I could not believe. Nor will you.

By Joseph Sugarman

I am about to tell you a true story. If you believe me, you will be well rewarded. If you don't believe me, I will make it worth your while to change your mind. Let me explain.

Len is a friend of mine who has an eye for good products. One day he called excited about a pair of sunglasses he owned. "It's so incredible," he said, "when you first look through a pair, you won't believe it."

"What will I see?" I asked. "What could be so incredible?"

Len continued, "When you put on these glasses, your vision improves. Objects appear sharper, more defined. Everything takes on an enhanced 3-D effect. And it's not my imagination. I just want you to see for yourself."

COULDN'T BELIEVE EYES

When I received the sunglasses and put them on I couldn't believe my eyes. I kept taking them off and putting them on to see if indeed what I was seeing was indeed actually sharper or if my imagination was playing tricks on me. But my vision improved. It was obvious. I kept putting on my cherished \$100 pair of sunglasses and comparing them. They didn't compare. I was very impressed. Everything appeared sharper, more defined and indeed had a greater three dimensional look to it. But what did this product do that made my vision so much better? I found out.

The sunglasses (called BluBlockers) filter out the ultraviolet and blue spectrum light waves from the sun. You've often heard the color blue used for expressions of bad moods such as "blue Monday" or "I have the blues." Apparently, the color blue, for centuries, has been considered a rather depressing color.

For eyesight, blue is not a good color too. There are several reasons. First, the blue rays have one of the shortest wavelengths in the visible spectrum (red is the longest). As a result, the color blue will focus slightly in front of the retina which is the "focusing screen" in your eye. By blocking the blue from the sunlight through a special filtration process, and only letting those rays through that indeed focus clearly on the retina, objects appear to be sharper and clearer.

The second reason is even more im-

pressive. It is harmful to have ultra-violet rays fall on our eyes. Recognized as bad for skin, UV light is worse for eyes and is believed to play a role in many of today's eye diseases. In addition, people with contact lenses are at greater risk because contacts tend to magnify the light thus increasing the sun's harmful effects.

SUNGLASS DANGER

Finally, by eliminating the blue and UV light during the day, your night vision improves. The purple pigment in your eye, called Rhodopsin, is affected by blue and ultraviolet light and the eyes can take hours to recover from the damage.

But what really surprised me was the danger in conventional sunglasses. Our pupils close in bright light to limit the light entering the eye and open wider at night like the lens of an automatic camera. So when we put on sunglasses, although we reduce the amount of light that enters our eyes, our pupils open wider and we allow more of the harmful blue and ultraviolet light into our eyes.

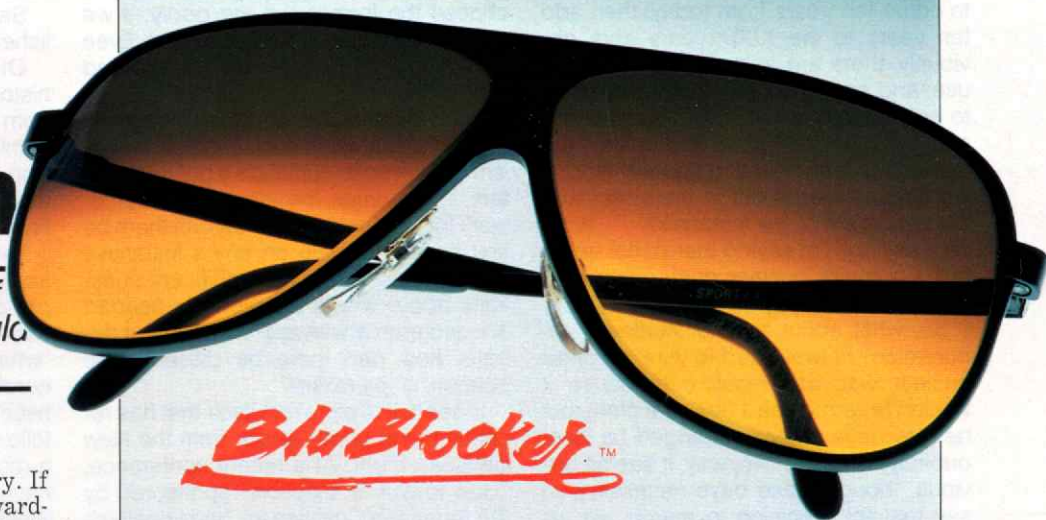
DON'T BE CONFUSED

I'm often asked by people who read this, "Do those Blu-Blockers really work?" They really do and please give me the opportunity to prove it. I guarantee each pair of BluBlockers to perform exactly as I described.

BluBlocker sunglasses use ophthalmic-quality CR-39 lenses with a hard anti-scratch coating. Over 85 percent of all doctors' prescriptions are now filled with CR-39. I have taken no shortcuts.

The black, light-weight anodized aluminum frame is one of the most comfortable I have ever worn and compares with many of the \$200 pairs you can buy from France or Italy.

The weakest link in any pair of glasses is the hinge. So I have designed a screwless precision two-way tension hinge that not only bends when you close the pair, but is spring-loaded to bend outward too. You get a completely flexible frame that will comfortably contour to your face.



They look like sunglasses.

I also have two other exciting models. One is a clip-on pair that weighs less than one ounce and fits over prescription lenses and the second is a precision-molded plastic frame that looks identical to the aluminum model but without the tension hinge. All models include a padded carrying case and my personal one-year no nonsense limited warranty.

I urge you to order a pair and experience your improved vision. Then take your old sunglasses and compare them to the BluBlocker sunglasses. See how much clearer and sharper objects appear with the BluBlocker pair. And see if your night vision doesn't improve as a direct result. If you don't see a dramatic difference in your vision—one so noticeable that you can tell immediately, then send them back anytime within 30 days and I will send you a prompt and courteous refund.

DRAMATIC DIFFERENCE

But from what I've personally witnessed, once you wear a pair, there will be no way you'll want to return it.

Pilots, golfers, hunters, athletes and anyone who spends a great deal of time in the sun, who drives a car or who just wants to protect their vision—all will find BluBlocker sunglasses indispensable.

Our eyes are very important to us. Protect them and at the same time improve your vision with the most incredible breakthrough in sunglasses since they were first introduced. Order a pair or two at no obligation, today.

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least another 1,007 years. If Jesus were to come ten years from today, then add ten years to the 1,007 years and, obviously, there are at least 1,017 years of use, and so on. So, we don't need to go to bed at night wondering if someone is going to push the button and destroy the planet between now and sunrise. Nor do we have to march out in the street with the peaceniks or the freezeniks. . . . What am I saying? I'm saying there's not going to be a major nuclear confrontation on this earth as I interpret scripture."

So, what about a *minor* nuclear confrontation? Falwell used to think a limited nuclear war was feasible (because it wouldn't interrupt the 1,007-year plan), but he may have recently changed (at least publicly) his mind. Anyway, it seems obvious, though these days necessary, to say that the decision to march with or against the "freezeniks" should be made irrespective of the collective hallucinations of Armageddonitis.

The Tribulation, the Soviet aggression against Israel, Armageddon, the Millennium, are all points in the future to which premills draw a straight line from the present. History, in their view, is stuck on this unshakable course, and there is nothing we mortals can do, no "human instrument" we can employ, to alter it. All we can do is believe it or not, accept the

fate they prophesy or ignore it. If we choose the former, we are godly; if we choose the latter, we are doomed. Even "teachings of peace" are considered "anti-Christ."

Intolerance is the obvious by-product of all this. But when such intolerant futurism is allowed to dominate a political system, it becomes the ideological framework for totalitarianism. How can there be any serious debate on any substantive issue when all the most significant questions about where the world is headed are declared answered? And without debate, how can there be dissent, free speech, or pluralism?

Indeed, it is pluralism itself that has recently come under attack from the New Christian Right. At a recent conference, "How to Win an Election," sponsored by the American Coalition for Traditional Values, Dr. D. James Kennedy (who sits on A.C.T.V.'s board with Falwell, Swaggart, and LaHaye) proclaimed that "the idea that this is a pluralistic nation" is a "deception." Quoting an unnamed "philosopher of history," Dr. Kennedy went on to say, "A pluralistic society is simply a transitional period as a nation moves from one orthodoxy to another." And the orthodoxy he thinks America is being befuddled into moving away from (by the omnipresent secular humanists, of

course) is a "Christian orthodoxy."

Said Kennedy, "This was not established to be a pluralistic nation."

Of course, such statements contort the history of our country, which welcomed, from the seventeenth century to today, immigrants of every conceivable persuasion fleeing totalitarian regimes—whether monarchist, fascist, or Communist—to find free expression in pluralist America.

Yet this hasn't stopped Pat Robertson from paraphrasing the same anonymous philosopher quoted by Kennedy. On CBN's "700 Club," Robertson decried "what is laughingly called pluralism." According to him, this "transition" phase between orthodoxies is responsible for the following lamentable state of affairs: As a result of pluralism, "we always have to have a debate. Whoever speaks—the President of the United States speaks and some dissident maybe who represents 50 people is able to get equal time to counter the President. There's always this 'balance.'" Never mind that the "dissident" Robertson describes is usually a U.S. congressman or senator, and a Democrat. What Robertson is attacking is debate, equal time, balance—the right of even the loyal opposition to counter the President.

So why bother having an opposition at all? The Constitution doesn't require an opposition party. Maybe President Pat could remedy this two-party deception. Indeed, Robertson's notion of foreign policy seems more in keeping with a one-party state. Rather than informed debate, national "obedience" is seen as the key to successful international relations. Robertson writes, "... secular nations such as the United States can establish their foreign policy based on the miraculous intervention of God only if their people and policies reflect obedience to His will." (Three guesses just who considers himself an arbiter of the Lord's will.)

Robertson's ideas on the economy are based on the same orthodoxy as his foreign policy. His notion of an ideal tax system seems to sum it all up. "It would be wonderful," he writes, "if ten percent of everyone's income would go toward religious instruction, teaching, and worship so that the whole population could be instructed in the word of God." So, not only must we be obedient to Robertson's religious orthodoxy, we must also be taxed to be instructed in it.

Okay, let's recap. With his miraculous-intervention-of-God foreign policy and his religious-instruction-for-everybody tax, President Pat has clearly exposed the deception of the First Amendment. Sure, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion." But he's not Congress, so can't he (as president) make a religious law? Come on now, shouldn't the executive branch be able to enact laws that the legislature can't? Clearly, Robertson would also like to unmask the hoax of separation of powers.

Did I mention that Pat doesn't believe



"She's a member of the world's newest profession."

himself (or anyone who is not a litigant in the specific case tried) to be bound by Supreme Court decisions? So he's also debunked the concept of an independent judiciary. And, as we have seen, Robertson has also exposed the conspiracies of pluralism and the system of checks and balances.

All satire aside, it is difficult to fully discount comparisons between Minister Pat and someone like, say, Chairman Mao. Someone who set himself up above any court. Someone whose word was law. Someone who didn't tolerate debate. Someone who instructed an entire population in obedience to his will. Someone who said, "Not to have a correct political point of view is like having no soul."


Ironically, premillennialists are among the first to rail against the inherent evils of Communism. Yet a central assumption of premill doctrine is essentially the same as that of Marxism. Both systems see the future as specifically predictable. In fact, they have parallel eschatologies.

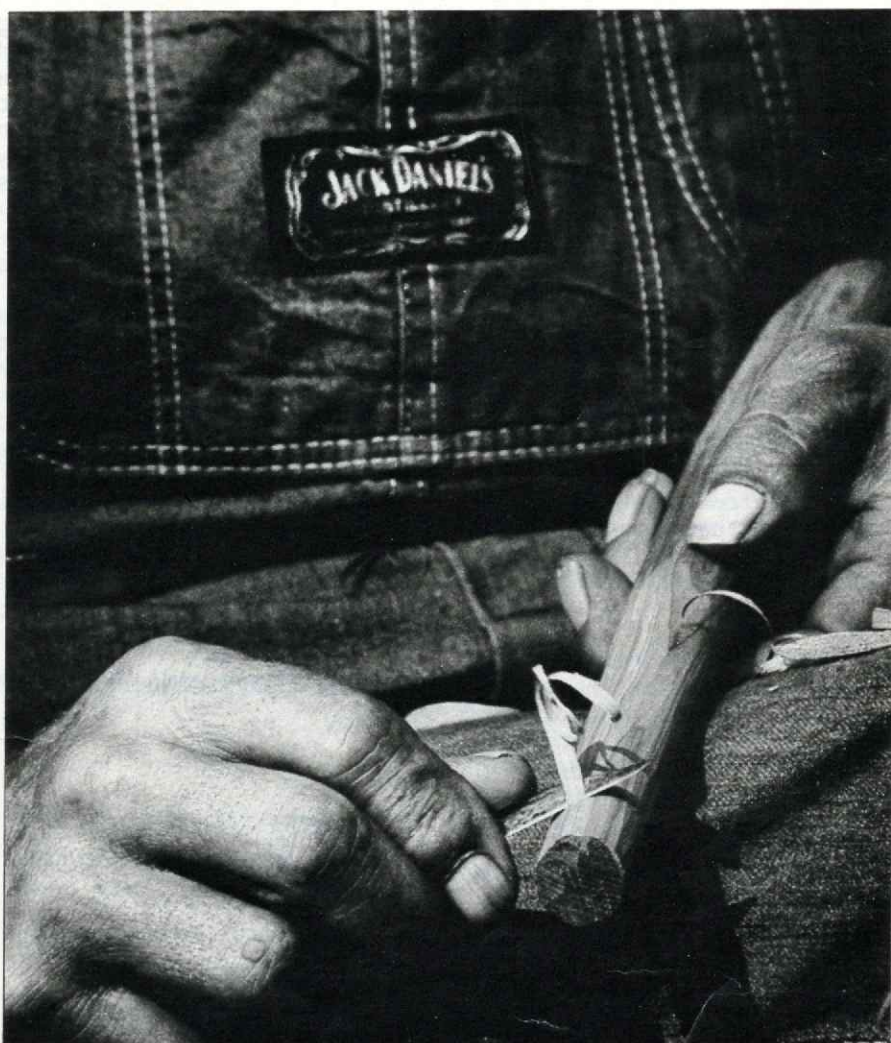
In each system, the world progresses (or regresses) through a definite succession of eras. The period of socialism in the Marxist scheme is a period of purge and refinement, similar to the Tribulation described by premillennialists. Each era in each system leads to a final worldwide confrontation between the forces of good and the forces of evil. (Guess who wins?) And in each system, this apocalyptic battle ultimately leaves the earth in utopia.

The major difference between these two doctrines is that Communists believe humanity itself can usher in the perfect society. Premillennialists believe only Christ can do that. The major similarity between the two is the conviction that the course of history has already been revealed "scientifically." In turn, this makes the word of those to whom it has been revealed perversely irrefutable.

This orthodox futurism—demonstrated to be deadly in too many Communist countries—is the single most dangerous aspect of the New Christian Right. Believing one can see into the future may be ridiculous, but today there are an estimated 40 million Americans tuning in to the Armageddon Network, and the mass of believers increases almost relentlessly.

Ironically, it is Pat Robertson who warns, "Wherever you find political power and worldly ambition using Christianity . . . then there may be sinful excesses in the name of religion."

Luckily, this country is protected against absolutism; we have a constitution that allows for a society in which one person's ideological ceiling can be another person's ideological floor, where people actually can see things differently than the government and not be convicted of being satanic or of having no soul. But common sense and reasonableness are under attack right now. And, in the eyes of some, constitutions were made to be broken. 



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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

bled to the mattress, my cock slipping out of her tight channel, which was wet with her cream and my jizz. I dropped on my back and stared blankly at the ceiling, blinking, trying to make it stop spinning. When she began to breathe normally again, she rolled onto her side and snuggled against me.

I got up and pulled my shorts and jeans on. When I was past the doorway of the bedroom, she called me back. "I almost forgot to pay you for the lawn work," she smiled. "How much do I owe you?" I looked at her from head to toe and told her she didn't owe me anything. What she did for me that day was enough payment to cut her lawn for the next few years.—*Name and address withheld*

JELLY ROLL

As a freshman in one of the up-and-coming Ivy League schools, I had an experience the other night that would literally blow any college freshman away. It started one boring Wednesday night when all of my friends on my coed dorm floor grew restless studying and decided to let off a few aggressions.

Ted, Mindy, and Joanie had gotten into a peanut-butter-and-jelly fight in Mindy's room. Both bodies and furniture were fair game, and the gunk was all over the three of them by the time they decided to give up. The girls ran to the girls' shower room while Ted went into the guys' bathroom to clean up. Meanwhile, I wanted to get in on the fun and games, so I followed Mindy and Joanie, planning to steal their clothes and towels. When I got in the shower room, Mindy was standing guard. She attacked me with shaving cream, screaming "Get the hell out of here" through her laughter. Mindy chased me out to the hallway. As I stood in the door, Ted came up, clad only in a towel, and asked what had happened. I told him, and suggested we gang up on the girls. So Ted and I reentered the bathroom together, just in time to see Mindy wrapped in a towel and Lisa in the shower.

Mindy went for both of us with the shaving cream, and Ted grabbed her. In the process of the scuffle, both Ted's and Mindy's towels fell off. The grappling stopped, and Ted stared at Mindy's dark well-rounded body while she stared back at him, her eyes going from his face to his groin, watching while his beef gave her a 21-gun salute. Mindy reached out to touch Ted's shaft, and pulled him close to her. Their lips met in a passionate kiss. As their embrace intensified, I dropped my shorts and started to pound my pud. After a few minutes, I decided to get some of my own tail.

I entered Joanie's shower, fully erect. I explained that I was there to give her some of the same thing that Ted was giving Mindy. She smiled and seized my

member, guiding it to her hole like a dog on a leash. I pressed her body against the shower wall, my hands caressing her soft shoulders while making their way to her erect nipples. She went wild in an animalistic way. We kissed as I slid my prick deep into her moist snatch. She was hot and steaming, and ready for anything. We slid down the wall into a squatting position, and I turned her around to take her doggie style.

As I was slamming into her, I pulled the shower curtain back to watch Ted and Mindy. Ted had Mindy on her back with her legs wrapped around his neck. As he pounded away, driving deeper and deeper, her head thrashed wildly and she screamed, "Fuck me, fuck me harder!" Sweat was pouring down his back, and I heard him grunt as he pulled out, shooting his white creamy syrup all over her stomach. Ted looked over at me and gave me a thumbs-up sign. I went crazy, and within a few seconds I came.

When Kelli's turn came around, I had to lick chocolate syrup off her body. I managed to chase a trickle of it down her leg.

Ted and I put towels around our waists and thanked the girls. We told them we'd take them out for dessert as soon as we'd all cleaned up. As we stepped out of the bathroom, we were greeted by five of our buddies, just standing there with huge grins on their faces. I guess we can rest assured that our reputations are secure for the next three years at college.—*Name and address withheld*

THERE'S THE RUB

I treated myself to a skiing vacation after months of hard work. The vacation was great, but it's what happened afterward that I'm writing about. Just so you get the picture, I want you to picture me. I'm five foot six, have blond hair and a body that I'm proud of—small, but with firm tits and an ass that fills out my jeans just perfectly. On my holiday I took advantage of the sun, so I also have a beautiful tan.

I was achy and tired from all the exercise I had on the slopes, so my first day back I decided to take advantage of the sauna in my health club. As I entered the foyer of the facility, the receptionist told me that the club had recently added a massage service and there was a spe-

cial cut-rate price this week. I'd never had a professional massage before, but right then I figured it was just the thing for my sore muscles.

Ten minutes later I was lying on my stomach, naked except for a towel that covered my ass. I was wondering who the club had hired as a masseuse when I heard a deep male voice say hi. I jumped, but had the sense to keep the towel around me. I turned around and saw a gorgeous body in a tight T-shirt and even tighter running shorts.

"My name is Gilbert," he said. "Are you ready for a nice massage?" I found myself alternating between feelings of chilliness at being naked and horniness for this incredible stud in front of me. I decided to go for it and lay back down on the table. For the next half hour I was in heaven; there wasn't a part of me uncovered by the towel that hadn't been caressed by those wonderful hands.

During the massage, Gilbert was silent. I could tell he was working hard, because I sneaked a peek at him and saw that his body was covered by a light sheen of sweat. As I looked at him standing over me and felt his fingers all over my body, I started to get wet. I couldn't believe it; this guy was going to make me come and I didn't even know him. The pleasure I was feeling was out of this world and I started grinding my pussy against the table. Suddenly, he slipped his hand under the towel and began lightly stroking my thigh. I looked up at him in surprise. He flashed his brilliant white smile at me and innocently asked, "Is everything okay?"

I nodded and relaxed, loving those erotic, oily fingers that were in love with my body. When I felt Gilbert stop for a moment, I turned and looked at him again. This time, I found myself staring at the most beautiful dick I've ever seen, and one of the biggest too. Sometime during my massage he had slipped out of his shorts and let his surging penis out. Slowly he pulled on my ankles so that I slid down the table, my wet and waiting pussy coming closer and closer to his dick. I could feel the head as it parted the lips of my pussy. I wanted to be fucked more than I had ever wanted anything else in my whole life. I guess Gilbert could sense that as he built up the rhythm of his strokes to a furious pace. With the way I squirmed and twisted, I don't know how Gilbert managed to stay inside me as I felt the shock waves of my orgasm flood my entire body.

Gilbert gave me a few seconds to relax, then started thrusting again slowly. I wanted to watch him fuck me, so I raised myself up on my arms. Not once during my maneuvers did he stop pumping. By this time I was ready again, so I twisted my long legs around his waist to pull him in closer. I could just reach down and grab his balls. If I could have stuffed them in me I would have. It must have been my touch on his swollen balls that did it, be-

INVESTIGATIVE CARTOONING

OVERHEARD ON

THE CARIBBEAN ISLAND OF **ANTIGUA**, MARCH 19, 1987

Bill Lee

UNITED STATES MILITARY OFFICERS CHECK INTO A LUXURY BEACH FRONT HOTEL ON THE NORTHWEST COAST OF THIS TINY ISLAND NATION.



IMMEDIATELY CHANGING INTO CIVILIAN CLOTHING, THEY SETTLE DOWN INTO THE HOTEL COCKTAIL LOUNGE. A YOUNG (ORIENTAL) WOMAN JOINS THEM.

THIS **STUFF** IS COMING IN BY **VERBAL DECLARATION**. I HOPE CUSTOMS DOESN'T DECIDE TO GET TOO CURIOUS..

BETTER NOT OPEN IT UP; BOY, WOULD THEY BE SURPRISED..

DIRECT QUOTE



WHAT STUFF?

WHO IS THIS WOMAN ???

WHY ARE THEY JOINED BY THIS WOMAN FROM THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT?

WHO IS THE TALL BEARDED MAN?



THIS MAN TOLD ME HE'D BEEN THERE FOR SIX YEARS, PLACING HIM THERE AT THE TIME OF THE GRENADA INVASION.

WHY IS THIS LOCKED SUITCASE CARRIED BY A MARINE IN CIVILIAN ATTIRE?

FINAL QUESTION?



WHAT ARE THE CONTENTS OF THIS SUITCASE?

WHAT IS THE **AMERICAN MILITARY** DOING ON THE ISLAND OF **ANTIGUA** AND WHAT **STUFF** ARE THEY BRINGING PAST CUSTOMS ON **VERBAL DECLARATION**?

cause he started to come in me. I used my legs to pull him closer still and felt him drain his spunk deep into my cunt.

Ever since that day I've been a confirmed addict of massages. Now, however, I don't have to pay for them. Gilbert has started a profitable sideline by making housecalls.—*Name and address withheld*

FLAG HER DOWN

My name is Ralph and I have a story that would make anyone come twice. I am a construction worker during the summer months, and enjoy the hard work both for the physical aspects and the hours, which are great for the summer.

It was just another hot day in July. We were laying some pipeline in a small intersection. Because of the location, my pals at the site nominated me as flagman for the day. I really didn't mind, because the previous day I had strained my back laying down some heavy piping. I was standing there with my flags for about three hours when this gorgeous brunette whizzed by me in a mint-looking Camaro. I thought she was the hottest-looking babe I ever saw. A few minutes later she passed by me again, turned to me, smiled, and waved. Man, she was beautiful. She had a face that would stop traffic.

For the next two hours, I couldn't stop daydreaming about the girl in the Camaro, all the while hoping that she would pass by me again. To my surprise, my wish did come true just one half hour before quitting time. Out of the haze this chick came toward the intersection again. This time I was ready and the traffic was light. I put up my flags to stop her, even though there was no other traffic in sight. She didn't even slow down! Again she just turned, smiled, and waved. I was sorely pissed until I noticed a book of matches lying on the road. I knew what it was and picked it up. Inside the cover was this chick's name and phone number. It said, "Call after five." Her name was Lina, and it was time for me to quit, so I headed to a diner to get something to eat and maybe a brew. It was two hours before I would meet my fantasy.

At a quarter past five, I nervously dialed her number. She answered the phone with a throaty "hello." I told her that I was the guy who picked up her matchbook. I quickly added how pretty I thought she was. Lina sweetly told me that she was happy that I called, and gave me her address so I could stop by. My heart was out of control! I couldn't believe my ears. My prick was so hard I could have hung a bucket on it—a full bucket, full of bricks, it was so swollen. I hurriedly scrambled to her apartment.

Five minutes later, I rang her doorbell. Lina answered wearing a long T-shirt and a pair of shorts. She was so cute, and looked a little shy. That really turned me on. She said to me, "Hi, want a beer or something?" That "something" really got me going all over again. She brought me

a beer and sat down next to me on the couch. I leaned back to put my arm around her and she turned her face toward mine. Lina was a very pretty girl, and I thought that I was the luckiest man alive at that moment. We started kissing and groping each other. I put my hand on her firm, ripe breasts and she asked me to suck on them. After sucking her tits for a while, I knelt down and kissed her navel, working my way down the shorts that she was eagerly pulling off. I figured I'd help her remove them, they were kind of tight, and she writhed as I pulled them off her feet. Now she was completely naked, and I started to kiss her love mound. Her juices ran down her leg as I sucked on her swelling pussy lips. She was moaning and I thought that my prick was going to explode. It felt like all the blood in my body was rushing to the head of my dick.

When she finally came, Lina said she wanted to return the favor, so she began

6

Fran desperately wanted his
six inches, but she
only got a millimeter while
his tongue and lips
continued to tease her breasts.

,

to remove my clothing. When my pants came off, my soldier was standing at attention like a private answering roll call. She expertly gave me the greatest blowjob—her tongue glided over my shaft, all wet and warm. Before I was about to come, she moaned and mounted me. She jumped and ground away on my dick. I just about had it! I grabbed her arms, pulled her down on my upright member, and shot deeply into her already dripping hole.

Lina had about three orgasms while I was eating her, but this was obviously the big one. Her body shook from head to toe and she collapsed onto the couch. She rolled over and I lay on top of her for a while. Lina said that it was the most wonderful fuck that she ever had. I wanted to stay longer, but I remembered that I had planned to meet a few friends later that evening. I decided that although I really had to leave, why not bring Lina along? She was thrilled, and told me that she would love to accompany me but that we should take a shower first. Well, that just got us started all over again, and we were a little late meeting my friends. I thought that they might be a

little mad, but as soon as they saw Lina they smiled knowingly and forgave me quickly. Ever since then Lina and I have been going together. The best fuck of my life turned out to be the best relationship I have ever had.—*Name and address withheld*

FIVE EASY PIECES

The evening began like many other Friday nights, with me, Bill, his girlfriend Stacey, and my gal Fran getting together for some wine drinking and card playing. The only thing different about this night was that Bill's friend Kelli had joined us. Since she was a neophyte card player, we began the evening playing Uno.

We sat on the floor of my apartment playing cards, drinking wine, and having lots of fun. A muted stereo played rock while I suggested that we switch from playing Uno to Indian Poker. Indian Poker is when everyone puts a single card on their forehead without looking at it and tries to decide if they have the winning card by reading the other players' faces. It's an interesting game, usually played for money, but that night we decided to play for clothing.

When we were almost naked, I upped the ante. I got a can of chocolate syrup from the kitchen and grabbed an empty bottle of wine. "Let's play spin the bottle," I said. "If the bottle points to you, and you have no clothes to remove, you have to kiss chocolate syrup off the person who spun the bottle. Then it's your turn to spin and pour syrup on yourself."

This new game started slowly. I was the first one naked and Fran and Stacey were down to their bras. They sat carefully so as not to expose their naked pussies. As the game wore on, everyone lost their clothes. When Kelli's turn came around, I had to lick chocolate syrup off of her body. She poured the syrup on her belly, and I licked and kissed it off. I managed to chase a trickle of chocolate down her leg, earning me a delicious noseful of her sweet twat. On my spin of the bottle, Stacey had to lick and kiss chocolate down my belly to a very small drop on the end of my rigid dick. Stacey raised the stakes again with her bold kiss to remove that drop.

Our breath caught in our throats, full of sexual tension, as Stacey spun the bottle. I was disappointed when it pointed to Fran. Stacey poured chocolate on her breasts, and Fran got down on her knees, her steaming cunt erotically exposed and glistening with excitement. She brushed her large breasts across Stacey's hairy blond bush and proceeded to lick the syrup off her breasts. It must have been delicious torture for them both.

When Fran spun the bottle, it pointed to Bill. She lay back on a pillow and practically covered herself in chocolate. With a glowing smile Bill eagerly attacked his sundae by crawling between Fran's legs and licking the chocolate from her navel. His hard-on twitched in anticipation and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128



LISA

“What I enjoy most about
making love is the feeling it gives me.
It feels almost like I can fly.”



SUNSHINE BLONDE

The way 20-year-old Lisa Mandoki sees it, some days are meant for doing and some days are meant for doing nothing. "Sunny days bring out the little girl in me," she says; though "little girl" is not quite the phrase that comes to mind when one sees the nubile 36-23-36 Lisa basking on the summer grass. "I like to roam around and play the nymph."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER









Part Swedish, part French, and proudly all-American, Lisa came to California from the Midwest two years ago to make it big in movies. Now, with three decent roles to her credit, she seems ready to fulfill her dream.

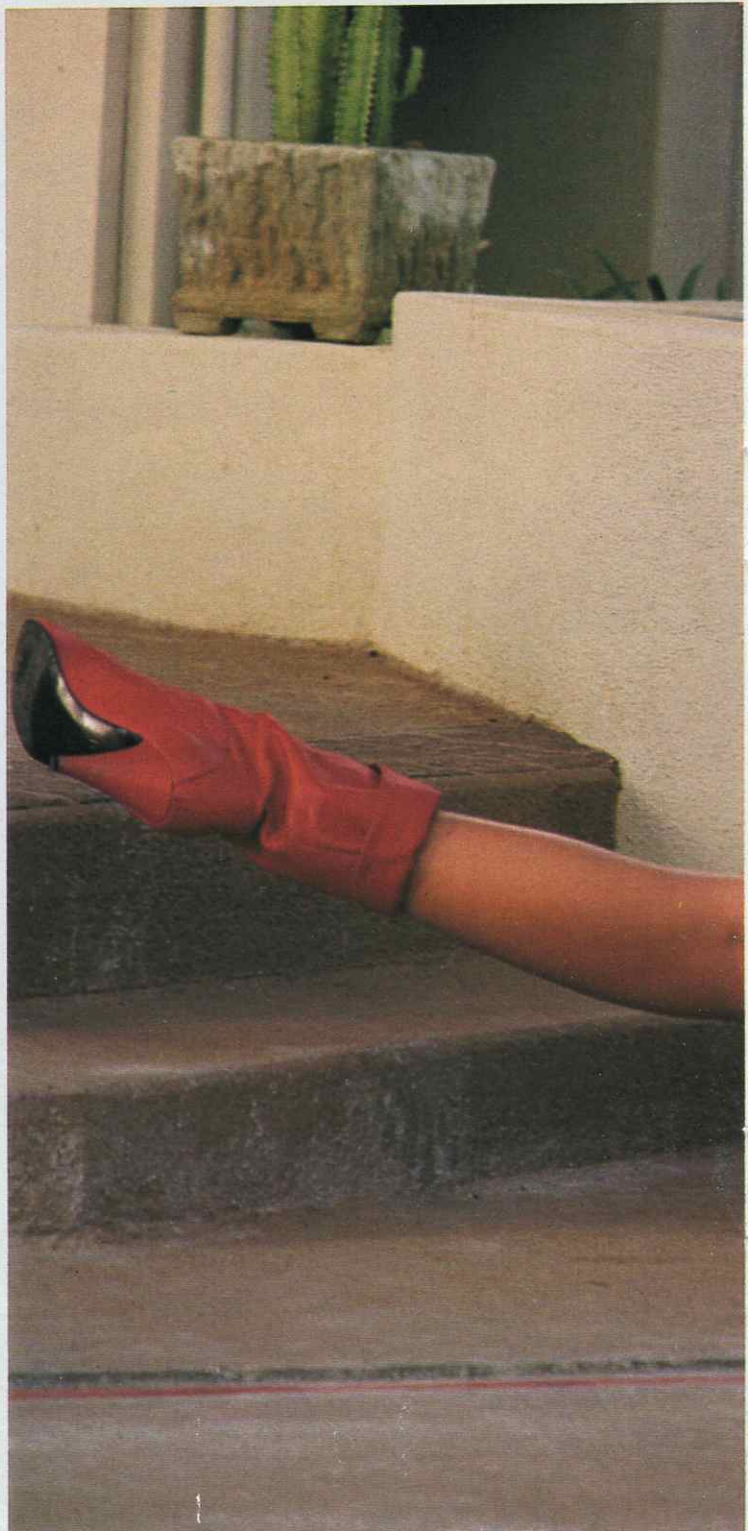




"Sometimes I'm too busy for men. But when I'm not, I make up for lost time. I like men who can keep up with me, who don't doze off and leave me lying there before I've really even gotten started."



Jewelry courtesy of Access, Paris, and Equivoque; all gloves courtesy of La Crascia; jacket courtesy of Mira K.; lingerie by Ora Fedor.







"What I enjoy most about making love is the feeling it gives me. It feels almost like I can fly. Making love outdoors, in the sun, by the ocean, is my idea of heaven."





So far, there's been only one long-lasting love affair in Lisa's life, and she says she's just now starting to get over it. "He wanted to marry me, but I felt I was too young."



"Someday, though, I'd like to settle down. I'm always looking for the right guy, one who's a great lover and can take care of me without

fencing me in. I know he's out there somewhere," she says, laughing, "probably lying around in the sun waiting for me."



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MISS LISA MANDOKI/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





Some men are finding that tracking and wilderness survival may be the key to putting the nightmares of Vietnam to rest.

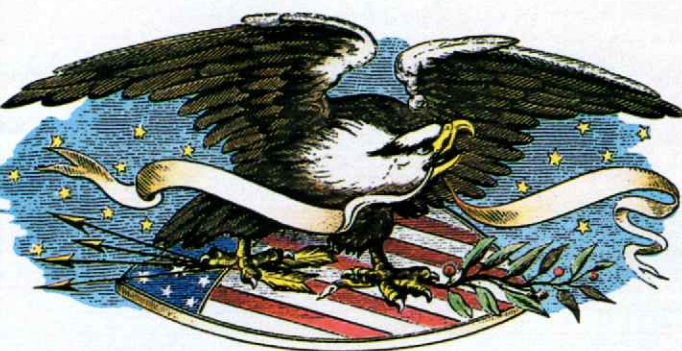
THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Going back. For many Vietnam veterans, it might just be the best way for them to finally come home. Not returning to Southeast Asia literally, but in spirit: to forests, deserts, and wilderness areas throughout America with groups of other veterans. In fact, a handful of men are finding that going back to an environment where war trauma intertwined with survival and close bonding can help to loosen the tenuous grip of Vietnam.

Jim McMullen was a corporal in the Marines by the time he left Vietnam in 1967. He swore he'd never go back. But a decade later, he began a seven-year trek through the Florida Everglades tracking the elusive panther, an experience he later chronicled in his book *Cry of the Panther*. For McMullen, going back brought him through a minefield of memories, to a place where he could finally live with them. In a completely spontaneous and unplanned course of events, McMullen found himself reaching out to other vets, those not yet "over the hump."

"I'd been in the Everglades, tracking and doing wilderness survival and taking regular groups out before I wrote *Cry*," he says. "But taking vets out started really by accident. All of a sudden they were showing up in my classes, and I said to myself, what is afoot here? But then I thought, going back into the bush had done an awful lot for me, and there's Nam vets that were in a lot more shit than I was, so maybe it can help them too."

To begin with, McMullen takes a group out on a two-day excursion. "I decided, rather than putting myself up as a kind of teacher, it would be a collective effort," he says. "We backpack in, hike, set up camp. It's a matter of getting



our minds and senses adjusted to the Everglades. I go into panther territory and bear country all the time. I'll take them into gator sloughs, we'll look for hawk and eagle, and eventually I'll get on panther or bear tracks... and something happens. By evening we're sitting around the fire and we just begin to talk. There's nothing structured about it. You just slip into yourself, totally cut off from society.

"You see, there's been a cooling-off period. Now it's almost 15 years for some since they've been back from Nam. We're finally adjusting to what happened, to the job society did on us. This is a virgin project. I don't claim it's the only way. The only thing I am sure of is a few days after I take 'em out, I get calls. It keeps coming back to them as a good experience. It's helping them, even though it's truly opening up wounds."

McMullen occasionally takes groups out with John Stokes and Rick Bennett, who met at Tom Brown's tracking school in New Jersey. Though not a veteran, Stokes lived for a stretch of time with the Australian aborigines and spent years practicing survival skills. Bennett went to Vietnam in 1965 and served with a Special Forces unit stationed with the montagnards. They now

run separate schools in New Mexico.

The inspiration for Stokes's wilderness groups came from watching Bennett and other vets at the tracking school. "I realized vets had a lot to offer," he says. "You know, a large part of survival is gracefully accepting hardship. And when you've seen so much death and war, it makes you value the simple things in life. Look, nothing may ever set what happened to them right, but at some point a guy's got to say, I'm either gonna be a victim or I'm gonna get on with my life, rise above it and triumph as a person."

Stokes would like to see wilderness courses offered at vet centers throughout the country. He and Bennett set up pilot workshops at two New Mexico centers, but the going has been slow. One reason is the reluctance of the Veterans Administration to provide funding. And sometimes the vets themselves are wary. Eli Lopez, a counselor at the Santa Fe center, says, "There's a lot of cynicism, but my being a vet makes a difference to them. They trust me, so I tell them what it did for me. To experience that freeness of nature just kind of cleared out my whole mind. It's getting back in touch with what was once a very significant part of their

lives, reconnecting with that old self. But some vets might want to leave those feelings buried. You don't know what's going to happen if you get back into that state."

Rick Bennett himself confronted those buried feelings during a trip in the Everglades with Jim McMullen. "It was just like sloggin' through rice paddies," he says. "Vietnam started coming back to me big time. But it was different. I didn't have to worry about the tree line having bad guys in it." Reflecting on the group situation, Bennett says, "Look, if somebody has a flashback or goes a little nuts, well, you've got a whole bunch of other vets that can handle it right there with them. There just comes a time when you have to let all the pain and anger go."

The effectiveness of wilderness groups is being proven in clinical environments as well. Bob Rheault, a former Special Forces Green Beret, originated and carried out pilot wilderness groups with vets in the Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder unit of the V.A. Hospital in Northampton, Massachusetts, in conjunction with the Outward Bound school. Rheault believes the outings foster a number of essential skills: taking responsibility for one's own life, seeing difficult tasks to completion, and opening up once again to the special camaraderie of a group sharing survival challenges. The experiment is now a part of the regular P.T.S.D. therapeutic program.

Rheault hopes to receive more V.A. funding and extend the program's reach to non-hospitalized vets as well. "It's too late to give the vets the parade they never had," he says, "but it's not too late to help them come all the way home." —Bettina Moss

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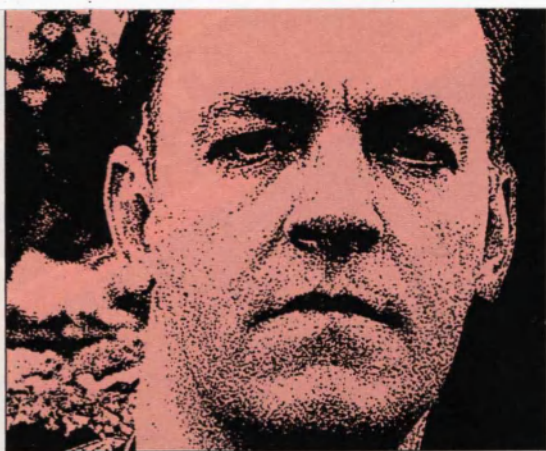


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“Civilians will never understand that if we were tortured, it was not by the Vietcong but by the wives who still don’t know we were there.”

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY GUSTAV HASFORD

The author, who lives in Perth, Australia, served as a combat correspondent with the 1st Marine Division in Vietnam. An early member of Vietnam Veterans Against the War, he contributed to the poetry collection *Winning Hearts and Minds*. His first novel, *The Short-Timers*, is the basis for Stanley Kubrick’s new film, *Full Metal Jacket*.

VIETNAM MEANS NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU’RE SORRY

The difference between a fairy tale and a sea story is that a fairy tale begins “Once upon a time” and a sea story begins “This is no shit.” Listen up, people, this is no shit: History may be written with blood and iron, but it is printed with ink, and it is made real and dangerous when it is put on film, the alternate literature of our times.

When Joseph Heller went to the war he would later bring to life in his masterpiece, *Catch-22*, he says, “I actually *hoped* I would get into combat. I was just 19 and there were a great many movies being made about the war; it all seemed so dramatic and heroic. I remember my mother weeping as the trolley car pulled away with me on it. I couldn’t figure out why she was so unhappy. I felt like I was going to Hollywood.”

Hollywood, Hollywood, Hollywood—we’ve all been there. From the maudlin tank opera of *The Green Berets* to the cartoon slaughterhouse of *Rambo*, Vietnam veterans had remained strangely silent while bombarded with Technicolor counterfeits of the Vietnam War flogged off like swampland by Hollywood Jacuzzi commandos—a Vietnam War as true to the facts as a platoon of Parris Island recruits double-timing down the Yellow Brick Road into the Emerald City.

Rambo—the *Triumph of the Will* for American Nazis—pimps for war and is proof of the Marine Corps proverb that there is always some asshole who does not get the word. Gracious enough not to bore us with any facts, *Rambo* satisfies our pathetic need to win the war and gives us another coat of whitewash as bumbling do-gooders, innocent American white-bread boys, pulled down into corruption by wicked Orientals. We *should* have won, and we *could* have won, *Rambo* argues, if only the dumb grunts could have been saved by grotesquely muscled civilians who somehow skated the shooting war (we’re the same age, Sly), all of whom seem to be Green-Beret-Medal-of-Honor winners packing James Bond hardware.

But stand by, Fortress America, for a sweeping revision in how Americans view the Vietnam War. Oliver Stone’s Oscar-winning *Platoon* is breaking trail for a fire team of war films by Vietnam veterans due to be released this year. Truth has no author and the truth hurts. Before *Platoon*, the Vietnam veteran had not been forgotten by history but had been left out on purpose. Finally we exist, warts and all. In Vietnam we were barbarian outriders for the Skull King of San Clemente, but we’re all point men now, and we’re all outside the wire.

The genius of Hollywood is that it always knows which side of the bread contains the butter. For Vietnam War films, before *Platoon* mangled frail civilian sensibilities, the smart money has always backed a policy of “reviling the veteran.” The signing of a Big Millions deal for *Rambo 3* and 4 says Hollywood is still on target and firing for effect, content to go

on trivializing the war as long as it sells popcorn to U.C.L.A. coeds. Hollywood Jacuzzi commandos are not men with paper ass holes playing war, they're working the rubes, as usual. When we were kids and John Wayne charged up Suribachi, he was 40 feet high on the screen and tromping on wicked Orientals, a big white Godzilla, a hero of Homeric proportions, a winner. In Hollywood truth is the first casualty, so Vietnam veterans are crybabies with defective headgear, suckers too dumb to do anything but draw fire, losers.

The phrase "reviling the veteran" was first quoted to me by Stanley Kubrick, the internationally acclaimed filmmaker, during the shooting of *Full Metal Jacket*, a film based upon *The Short-Timers*, my novel about Marine grunts fighting the battle for Hue City during the Tet Offensive. "Reviling the veteran" is a serviceable phrase.

Before the paperback edition of *The Short-Timers* was published, I received an author's proof of the cover. My civilian blurb writer, appealing to the prejudices of civilians everywhere, hailed my book as a story about "Vietnam violence freaks who kill and kill without a twinge of guilt." I put an arc light of angry objections across the hostile terrain of my publisher's intentions. I was personally offended by the exploitative and factually inaccurate injustice of the blurb, which was obviously designed to sell books to civilians at the expense of veterans. Anticipating the appeal of *Rambo* by five years, the blurb was revised to read: "... a gung-ho bunch, some of whom kill and kill without a twinge of guilt."

Another civilian alibi for branding us the children of Frankenstein and chasing us through newsprint villages with paper pitchforks with such neurotic intensity, for all these years, is because we are psychovets, trip-wire vets, walking time bombs. Are we plain fucking crazy? Did we, in some black jungle, lose our grip on the burned edge of reality? Make no mistake, the civilians revel in painting us as crazy, at least in their own movies. Or is it because Vietnam was the education we never got in school? Do they hate us because Vietnam veterans are fierce witnesses to hard-edged facts civilians lack the intestinal fortitude to confront, even secondhand? Truth is stranger than fiction, but it has never been as popular. If we can be dismissed as Section Eights, we can be pitied and patronized, a civilian tactic to resist our expert testimony with a willful ignorance as hard as iron.

Do Vietnam veterans feel guilty? Only one individual in ten ever fired a shot in anger. Even Marines in the field rarely knew if they hit anything. *Rambo* has "59 confirmed kills," first tour, and scores another 90 during the film, for a total of 149, not counting blood trails, civilians, and water buffalo. My own score was perhaps more typical. In Vietnam I fired more rounds than the Stonewall Brigade fired at the Battle of Gettysburg. I was highly motivated, but my body count

was a standing joke: I killed as many of them as they did of me. Looking back now with flawless hindsight, I hope I hit nothing but trees, and I hope the trees lived. If I did kill a human being in Vietnam, it was a tragic accident or self-defense; I regret it, but I do not apologize.

Civilians, weaned on recreational gore, do not understand that unreconstructed Vietnam veterans are not misfits. We're the first team, the varsity; we may not have been the brightest (the trouble with real life is that it's all first draft), but we were the best. Maybe we didn't have the money to buy our way out, but we had the balls to go to war, just as others had the balls to go to prison or Canada. What hurt us was coming home to confront civilians who were pale shadows of—and poor substitutes for—our loyal brothers in Vietnam. Civilians will never understand that if Vietnam veterans have been tortured, it was not by the Vietcong but by the wives who still don't know we were there, the parents who demanded that we not express our pain, the sisters who were afraid to let us hold their babies, and the girlfriends who believed that if they made us angry we would kill them, because that's what Vietnam veterans on television do in movies of the week, which have been manufactured like cheese to accommodate the most irrational prejudices of a civilian audience.

Before patrols, we said, "I think I'm going to hate this movie." Today, Vietnam veterans have not overrun the movie industry, but there are sappers in the wire. Besides *Platoon*—and, of course, *Full Metal Jacket*, with a screenplay by Kubrick; Michael Herr, an honorary Marine and the author of the literary classic of the Vietnam War, *Dispatches*; and myself, Corporal, U.S.M.C., Retired—there's *Hamburger Hill* by James Carabatsos and *84 Charlie Mopic* by Patrick Duncan, with more films by veterans on the way, many, many of them.

Fighting history is a ball-breaking hump, and it is not for everyone. With merciless integrity, *Platoon* welcomes us back into the world of zero slack and forces us to accept the bitter, insufficient truth: We were not G.I. Joes passing out gum to orphans. John Wayne never cried, Audie Murphy never died, and Gomer Pyle never dipped a baby in jellied gasoline. Being young is the art of survival without weapons, but we had weapons, and we used them to burn Vietnam alive. Why did we go to war? They've been trying to figure that one out since Hitler was a corporal. We were young, and the young love to travel.

In Vietnam, we sometimes lacked grace under pressure, but we stuck it out, just the same. We died for Nixon's pride. We were an Orwellian army, it's true, but then in Vietnam nice guys didn't finish at all. It was Victor Charlie's land, and we were on it, and he made us get off. Not since my great-grandpappy was in the Georgia Militia have American soldiers been defeated. So the V.F.W. pretends that we're not

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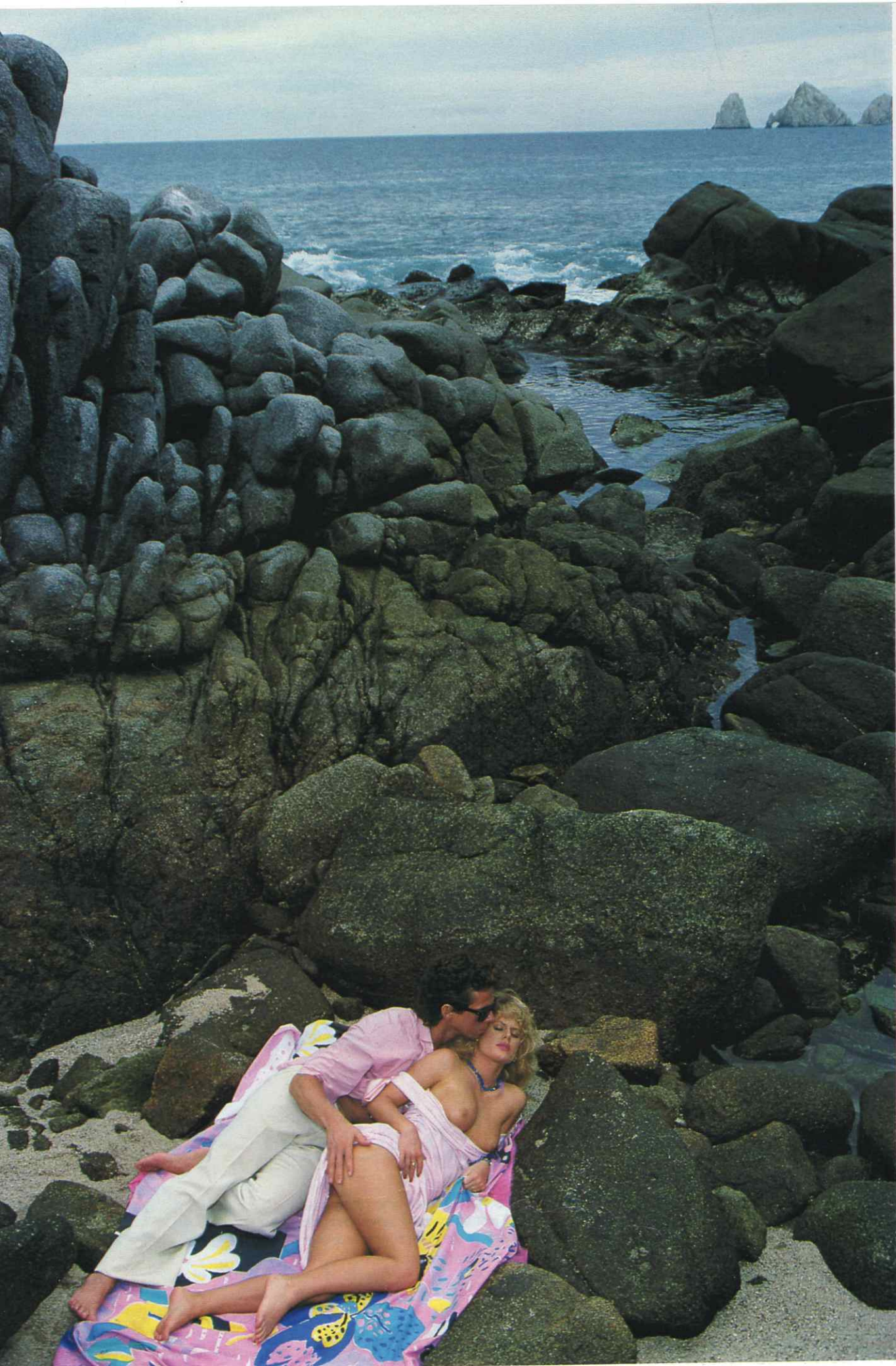




JIM AND JESSICA

Jim and Jessica were little more than children when they discovered the rocky cove that lay just beyond the sandy beach's deserted end. He wanted to be a pirate then, she an explorer of faraway lands. Then they grew up.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL





Makeup: Alexis Vogel, assistant: Bobby Furti, styling: Jonny Jazz

Jim became an oceanographer for the naval institute nearby. Jessica ran a little inn at the edge of the sea.



The hidden cove is still their private place.
They meet there now and then—with grown
desires rather than childhood dreams.









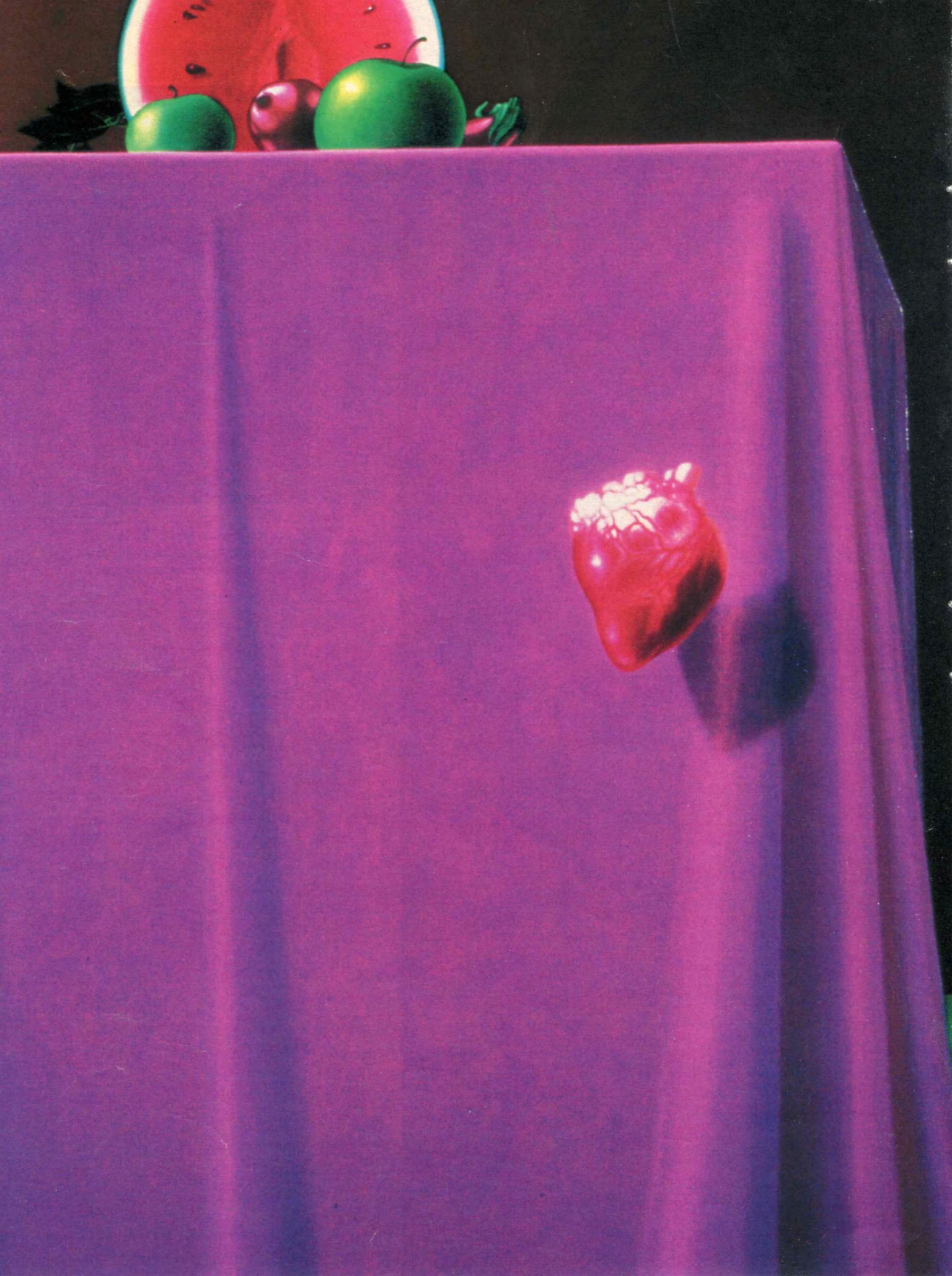
They know each other's body like they
know the tides. The waves on the rocks
hide the sounds of their lovemaking.





With a last embrace, they prepare to return to the other world, knowing the cove and their secret would be safe.





MEDICAL GENOCIDE

PART FOURTEEN

Research shows that many diseases
are the result of bad diet. Why is this fact
being kept hidden from us?

EAT TO LIVE

BY GARY NULL

For over 40 years, we've been told that the discovery of a cure for cancer is right around the corner. The American Cancer Society has repeatedly led us to believe that if we'd just send a few more of our precious dollars, it would come up with a cure. Great treasure has been squandered pursuing expensive and dangerous treatments for other serious diseases such as diabetes, osteoporosis, hypertension, and heart disease.

In our continuing examination of today's courageous medical dissidents, Dr. John McDougall's work shows us how these diseases can be prevented through our diet. Dr. McDougall is currently an assistant clinical professor of internal medicine at the University of Hawaii's John Burn School of Medicine, and also serves as medical director of the lifestyle-nutrition program of St. Helena Hospital in Deer Park, California. He is the author of several medical books.

According to Dr. McDougall, the medical profession is not on the verge of a cancer cure. The American

Cancer Society and the cancer establishment are simply misleading us, to put it gently. We are told cancer is the most curable of chronic diseases. It is not. It is a highly lethal disease. We are told that more than 50 percent of all cancer patients survive it. They do not. They survive five years, which is the American Cancer Society's bogus definition of a cure.

It is only now that chemotherapy is beginning to cost the drug companies money, as a result of damage claims, that the ineffectiveness of these chemicals for cancer is being seriously discussed. Drug companies are now actively starting to spread a message that's just the opposite of what they've been saying all along.

Another myth promoted by the medical establishment is the value of early detection and treatment. This policy is an utter failure. It is important for people to understand this so they will put their efforts into what really works, which is prevention. Five to ten years ago, annual chest X rays were administered in an attempt to detect lung cancer

and treat it early. We don't do that anymore, because it doesn't help. Most methods of treatment for lung cancer are inhumane and ineffective. Chemotherapy puts people through utter misery, and by the time cancer can be detected it has been present in the system five to ten years. Early detection of breast, colon, and prostate cancer is also of no value, because there is no effective treatment. The medical literature documents the fact that doctors have not cured people of cancer by cutting them, burning them, or giving them chemotherapy.

The reason why has to do with the natural history of the disease. Cancer starts as a single cell that goes awry. It outgrows its boundaries and travels through the bloodstream to other tissues, implants itself, and grows. That's how cancer kills. Thus, if it gets into the brain, it grows and replaces normal brain tissue. The brain eventually gets pushed aside and the patient dies. If the cancer gets into the lungs, it replaces lung tissue, effectively suffocating the patient.

PAINTING BY DANIEL RIBERZANI

Let's look at breast cancer, for example. Breast cancer strikes about 120,000 women a year in this country. The cancer doesn't just grow wildly, as many imagine. It has a regular growth rate. Every 100 days, each cell doubles into two. If you've had cancer for three and a half months, you have 12 cancer cells in your breast. This growth is microscopic; no pathologist could find it. At the end of six years, a breast tumor has a million cells in it, and it's the size of the period at the end of this sentence. It cannot be found by mammography. In ten years' time, the cancer has finally grown to a detectable size, that of a pencil eraser. It has a billion cells in it, and most likely has broken through blood vessels and spread to other parts of the body.

By understanding the natural history of the disease, we are led, first, to a humane therapy. There's no reason to remove a woman's breast if the cancer hasn't spread. If the cancer is still located only in the tumor, its removal will be an effective cure. If it has spread, as it does in most cases, no matter how much of her body is cut off, she will not be cured. Our only alternative is prevention, because we can't treat and we can't detect early.

And finally, for anyone who has cancer, we must teach them to stop adding fuel to the fire. Seven years ago, Dr. McDougall submitted a proposal for a study to the National Cancer Institute suggesting treating breast cancer with a low-fat diet. It wasn't interested in that item, but a similar study is now in progress. The results will not be announced for ten or 15 years. But the American Cancer Society, the National Cancer Institute, the National Academy of Sciences, and the Senate Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs have all come to the same conclusion, somewhat independently, that breast, colon, and prostate cancer are at least in part due to the way we eat.

Patients who have breast cancer and are treated with a dietary change see some very favorable results. In fact, this diet can be applied to cancers of the lung, bone, and liver. The rationale is that the defense against cancer is internal. Some women who get breast cancer die in six months; some die 30 years after detection of their original tumor. The difference has to do with the host-tumor relationship. An aggressive tumor in a weak patient quickly kills the patient. But a strong person with a weak tumor may live a long time. The aim is to strengthen the patient by teaching them how to take care of themselves: to eat properly, of course, and get enough rest, sunshine, and physical activity.

Eating properly is not as difficult as many people believe. The issue is what diet best supports health. The conclusions are based on clinical literature, and observations of Dr. McDougall's patients and of patients worldwide. Research findings of the last 80 years are consistent as to what constitutes proper nutri-

tion. The best diet is a starch-based meal plan with a high fiber content (whole grains, vegetables, legumes, fruits, and seeds). These foods seem to be the most appropriate for our physiological and anatomical design.

There is another group of foods, extremely high in fat, that Dr. McDougall classifies as delicacies, or feast foods: chocolate, whole milk, eggs, cheese, a good steak, and bacon, which have been considered staple foods but should be eaten only occasionally.

A starch-based diet is not boring; it can be tasty and varied. For example, breakfast might consist of fruit and oatmeal, or waffles and pancakes made out of whole-wheat flour. Lunch could be a vegetable-based soup and dinner might include spaghetti with marinara sauce, or Indian or Japanese food.

Diabetes is another disease that can be treated through dietary changes. Some experts say that one in three deaths

“
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people of cancer by cutting
them, burning them, or
giving them chemotherapy.
”

in this country is related to diabetes. That estimate may be high. But it is certain that one out of 20 people in this country suffers from diabetes.

In itself, diabetes is no longer a life-threatening disease; diabetics today rarely go into a coma and die now that insulin is available. Instead, they die from related complications such as arteriosclerosis, kidney failure, stroke, or heart attack, because the body's natural defense and repair systems are compromised by the disease. If a diabetic gets an infection in the toe, the whole foot may be at risk. The typical American diet is lethal for the diabetic. Cholesterol ravages their arteries, and they suffer severe kidney failure, strokes, and heart attacks at a much earlier age because they can't repair the damage. They also have higher rates of cancer and suffer from osteoporosis more frequently.

All diabetics, whether children or adults, should eat a diet that best supports health and that has as few noxious elements—salt, cholesterol, refined foods, additives—as possible. Considerable improvement and reduction of complications can be achieved in juve-

nile-onset diabetics through dietary change. Juvenile diabetics feel tremendously better when they eat right, and as a result, rarely return to junk food once they learn to eat correctly.

A proper diet can have a similar effect on adult diabetics. The most interesting research on adult diabetes was done at the University of Kentucky Medical School by James Anderson. He put diabetics on the American Diabetic Association diet, which is a mere reflection of the average American diet. The diet had no beneficial effect on their condition.

But once Anderson stabilized insulin dosages on the A.D.A. diet, he prescribed a high-fiber, low-fat diet high in complex carbohydrates, similar to the one Dr. McDougall recommends. He reported that on this diet, 75 percent of the participants could be taken off all insulin, and at least that many required no other diabetic medication.

Many other researchers confirm this finding. Diabetes is, in fact, very responsive to dietary change.

Osteoporosis is an example of a disease the etiology of which is known but rarely discussed due to the influence of commercial interests. Its causes can be traced to include our dietary excesses.

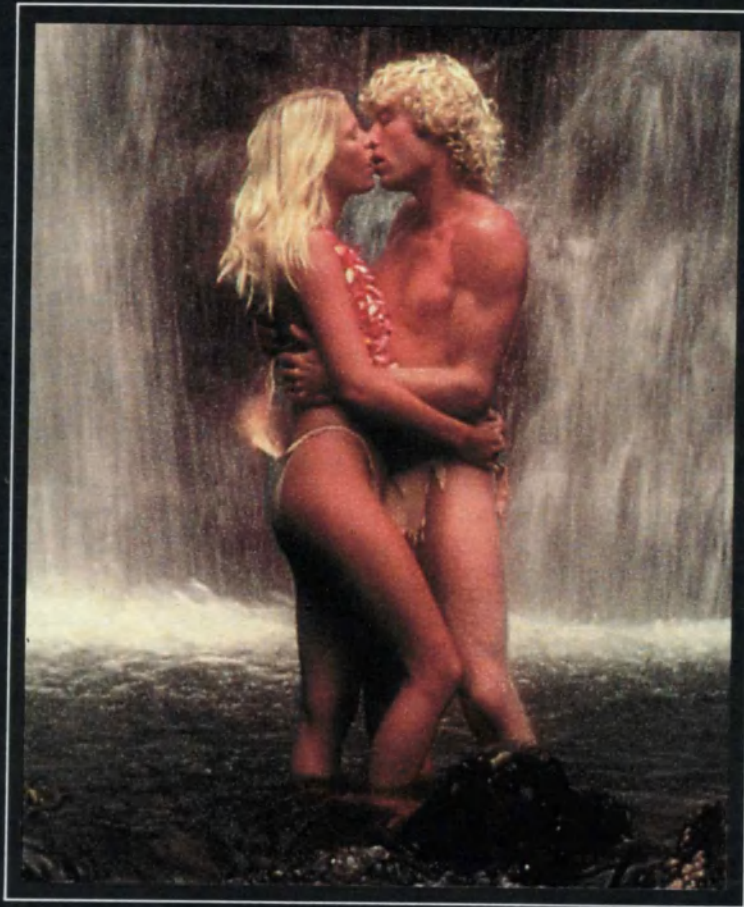
Most people understand osteoporosis to be a disease that primarily affects women and has something to do with hormones, aging, bones, and exercise. The first step in prevention is to get more physical activity, which strengthens bones. But osteoporosis is a disease, not a condition of the aging process. Women are not supposed to lose their bones when they reach the age of 55. Bones are designed to last 85 years or longer.

According to the National Dairy Council, osteoporosis is caused by a cow-milk deficiency. Some people accept that; others find it difficult to believe that a natural nutrient for the human body is cow milk, or even human milk for children past the age of two years. The dairy industry has convinced the public of this; but their message is not only incorrect, it is dangerous. Dairy products have been strongly associated with hardening of the arteries and heart attacks. The American Heart Association has confirmed this, and the American Cancer Society says that one of the best ways to reduce the risk of breast, colon, and prostate cancer is to cut down on dairy products. Thus, the Dairy Council's message is difficult to understand. It implies that to get a necessary nutrient, calcium, we have to compromise other aspects of our health.

The dairy industry is, in fact, correct in saying that consuming more dairy products will reduce a woman's chances of getting osteoporosis. That's because she'll be more likely to die young from a heart attack or cancer—too young to get osteoporosis.

Second, we are told that osteoporosis is a disease of estrogen deficiency; at menopause, many women are given es-

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trogen-replacement therapy. This is another dangerous treatment. It increases the risk of cancer of the uterus 14-fold, triples the risk of gall-bladder disease, and may introduce other problems. It doesn't make sense to believe that osteoporosis is a disease of an estrogen-pill deficiency.

Finally, we are told by vitamin manufacturers that osteoporosis is a disease of a calcium-pill deficiency. Again, though a calcium-pill therapy is harmless, it's difficult to believe that the human body was designed to take pills. But if osteoporosis is not due to milk deficiency or pill deficiency, then we are left with the possibility that it's due to some other factor in our diet and lifestyle.

Since 1930, calcium imbalance and calcium loss has been attributed to excess protein intake. Countries with the highest incidence of osteoporosis consume the most dairy products: Americans, Finns, Swedes, Israelis, the British. Populations with uniformly stronger bones are found in Asia and Africa, where milk consumption is marginal. In some regions of these continents, there is no osteoporosis at all. Women in their eighties—many of whom have had up to ten babies and nursed them ten months each—have bones that are as strong as when they were 20.

It is obvious that osteoporosis is connected with protein consumption, and that

dairy products do not protect populations that eat high-protein diets. Here is how it works. The amount of protein in the average American diet is six to ten times as much as it should be. Since our bodies do not store protein, any excess we consume is excreted through the kidneys and passed in urination. We lose water—as well as very important minerals, such as calcium. Unfortunately, calcium supplements combined with a high-protein diet will make only a minor impact in correcting the resulting negative calcium imbalance.

No matter how many pills you take or how much milk you drink, the only way to achieve a positive calcium balance is to stop the loss by cutting back on protein. Then, regardless of calcium intake, the negative balance will correct itself.

The question arises: Considering that the medical literature is consistent in showing calcium intake to have, at best, a minimal influence on bone mineralization and calcium balance, and that protein intake is the most significant factor, then why do we hear only about the calcium issue; why don't we hear about the protein problem?

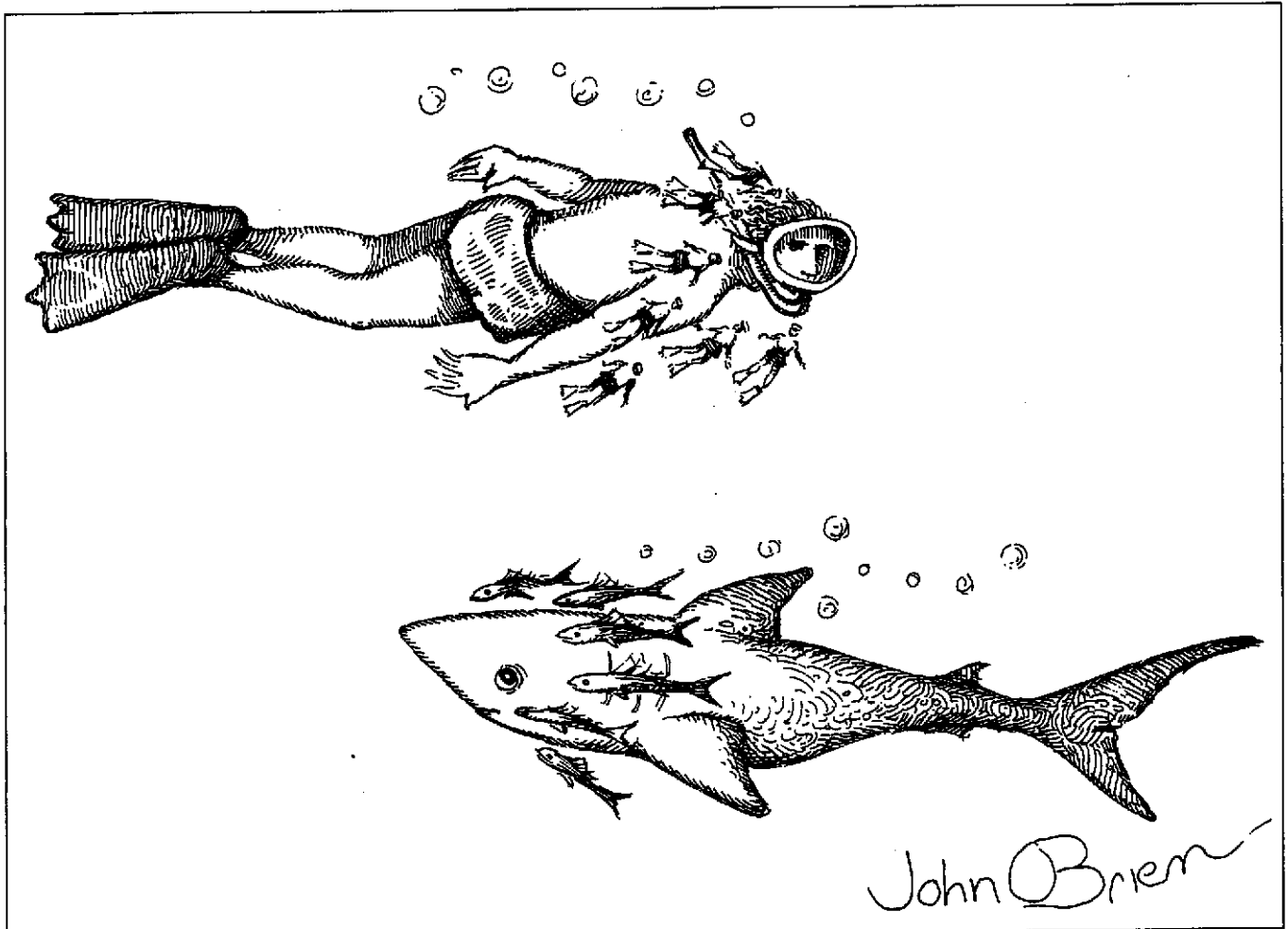
If people in policy-making positions in this country were to state that protein is the cause of so many problems, they would offend the meat and dairy industries. In addition, they would offend a lot of consumers, most of whom don't want

to give up fish, chicken, beef, pork, and scrambled eggs. It's easier, instead, to leave people in ignorance about the protein factor, and instead announce that more calcium is the answer. So we see TV advertisements from the dairy industry all day long informing us that we need to drink more milk. We hear scientific recommendations that say similar things (backed by little scientific evidence). The calcium-pill business grows steadily, and consumers don't have to give up pepperoni pizza and steak. All they have to do, they think, is take more calcium. But in reality, the way to prevent osteoporosis is to keep meat intake minimal and get some exercise.

Hypertension is another symptom easily treated by diet. A recent study of dietary intervention and hypertension published in September 1981 in *Cardiovascular Review and Report*, Volume 6, showed that 97.1 percent of people on high-blood-pressure medication could reduce their blood pressure enough with simple dietary changes to be taken off medication.

This message has not yet reached the public, or even most doctors. An estimated 58 million Americans have high blood pressure.

Controlling high blood pressure may also be completed through diet. High blood pressure increases the risk of heart attack and stroke due to hardening of the



PASS THE PRESERVATIVES, PLEASE

Preservatives may not be the unnatural demons they were once thought to be. In fact, they may actually help *preserve youth!* Some life-extension researchers advise taking the preservatives BHA and BHT to help prevent cancer.

SELENIUM DEFICIENCIES IN THE U.S.

For years, people have flocked to the sunny shores of Florida for relaxation, rejuvenation and an overall "glowing" state of health. But startling new evidence has recently revealed that living in the southeastern US may actually be *bad* for you. It seems the region's soil is low in selenium, a mineral that may be crucial in protecting against cardiovascular disease, stroke, and certain cancers...

SUNGLASSES MAY BE DAMAGING YOUR EYES

Instead of protecting your eyes from the summer sun, sunglasses may actually be harmful. By shielding your eyes from visible light and causing the pupils to open wider, sunglasses expose the retina to invisible radiation that can lead to cataracts—a problem that may soon be solved by using ultraviolet filters.

POLYUNSATURATED FATS ARE NOT AN ALTERNATIVE

Since saturated fats were first linked to heart disease, *polyunsaturated* fats have been touted as the ideal substitute. But don't listen to your cardiologist when he advises switching to those heat-processed vegetable oils. They host a generous array of dangerous chemical pollutants known as "free radicals," which may prove to be as harmful to your health as *saturated* fats.

LONGEVITY!

Never before have we had so much medical information available to us. But never before has it been so difficult to determine what is healthful and what is not. It seems the more we know, the harder it is to make the right decision...

But now there's a cure for this epidemic of confusion—LONGEVITY, the new monthly newsletter published by OMNI Magazine. LONGEVITY is the ultimate guide to health, well-being and a longer, more vigorous life.

With a focus on prolonging not only life, but youth as well, LONGEVITY sifts through the masses of information, discerning fact from fiction and myth from medical reality—providing subscribers with all the late-breaking data and newest discoveries...

PANACEA OR PLACEBO

Cure-alls, tonics and elixirs of youth—the shelves of health food stores and pharmacies are crammed with products that claim to work magic...LONGEVITY'S "Consumer Watch" cuts through the clutter—evaluating the newest

products: how they work, why they work, or whether they work at all.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

The question of what diet best promotes health and longevity has long been imbued with controversy. To help you choose the most effective nutritional program, LONGEVITY lays out the basic and not-so-basic principles of dietary manipulation.

STOP THE CLOCK

More and more, it's becoming apparent that the *quality* of our lives, especially the latter years, is ours to determine—time doesn't *have* to take its toll. LONGEVITY enables us to decide how we wish to grow older, by assembling the most recent findings on how to retard the aging process and prolong youth.

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HAPH

LONGEVITY

arteries. Why is it that half the U.S. population runs this increased risk? Did evolution make a huge genetic mistake?

It's not likely. Our diet is so poor that it breaks down the body in many ways. The blood vessels are among the tissues damaged. When blood vessels are clogged, blood pressure is increased—just as when the end of a garden hose is squeezed, pressure increases and the water squirts further. High blood pressure is a symptom of a sick blood-vessel system. The solution is not to lower blood pressure chemically, but rather, to unplug the vessels.

In fact, the seven studies that have been done on the effect of blood-pressure medication—some partially financed by the drug industry—show that medication for slightly high blood pressure does not significantly decrease the risk of strokes or heart attacks, and does not prolong life. These studies all indicate that a low-salt diet and weight reduction are preferable treatment over medication. Five of the studies show that one of the most popular high-blood-pressure treatments actually increases other risk factors and increases the number of sudden deaths. Thiazide diuretics (such as diazide and other drugs with names ending in "-zide"), while lowering blood pressure, actually raise blood cholesterol, triglycerides, blood sugar, and uric acid—all risk factors for hardening of the arteries and complications such as stroke and heart attack. Recent studies show that people who take diuretics double the risk of sudden death. Blood-pressure medication actually increases the death rate of the disease!

Unfortunately, this message is not yet getting out to the doctors, who are often more influenced by the pharmaceutical industry than medical literature. It might take quite some time before it does. As long ago as 1970, it was discovered that adult-onset diabetics treated with oral hypoglycemic medication were at double the risk of dying from heart disease as diabetics who didn't take any medication at all. Sales of these drugs plummeted. Yet today they are still widely advertised by the drug companies, and sales have climbed back up. The promotional material includes a statement in small print to the effect that the product increases the risk of death from heart disease two and a half times. But the sales representatives who call on doctors and the colorful advertising brochures simply emphasize other aspects of these medications, and like the rest of us, many doctors have forgotten what they read 17 years ago.

Heart disease is entirely preventable. There are countries with millions of people where heart attacks are virtually unknown. One doctor from Hong Kong reported that because heart attacks were so rare there, whenever a tourist died of one, all the medical students and residents would run to view the autopsy. Heart

disease is inextricably linked to diet and lifestyle.

Dairy products and meat are the dominant dietary factors that cause arteriosclerosis. The evidence has been available for at least 80 years. It has now become so overwhelming that even people high up in the National Institutes of Health and other government organizations have had to turn around and claim credit for the discovery that cholesterol is the cause of hardening of the arteries.

Hardening of the arteries begins during childhood. By three years of age, nearly all children in this country have the beginnings of arteriosclerosis, distinguished by streaks of fatty deposits inside the vessels. By the teen years, the fatty streaks have turned into hard, fibrous plaques. A study conducted during the Korean War showed that three-quarters of the soldiers killed—average age 22 years—had such deposits in their arteries. By the time Americans reach

6

If cancer spreads,
as it does in most cases, no
matter how much of
the body is cut off, it will not
be cured. Our only
alternative is prevention.

9

their thirties, forties, and fifties, the threat of arteriosclerosis looms larger. When the plaque builds up to the extent of limiting blood flow to the heart, depriving it of oxygen and nutrients, a possibly fatal heart attack occurs. When the same thing happens in the brain, the result is a stroke.

The process is easy to visualize. Imagine looking at a long tube—your artery—and the inner lining of the tube is scratched or injured in various ways. The primary agents of this damage is cholesterol, carbon monoxide, and toxic gases. There's a theory that certain animal proteins, particularly cow-milk protein, can also initiate injury.

Once the damage has commenced, an ulcer forms. In the same process, cholesterol and fat penetrate the artery lining into the artery wall. The sharp cholesterol crystals cause an inflammation, a festering sore. Now, along the course of this long artery, ulcers are forming, but right nearby, in other areas, the ulcers are healing and, in the healing process, some of the plaques are getting smaller.

An American diet favors the process of injury and plaque buildup, so the disease is progressive. But once you stop

forcing the cholesterol into the artery walls with your knife and fork, then the dominant process becomes recuperation. Arteriosclerosis is reversible. Many, if not a majority, of physicians who treat this disease will admit that it is reversible; the studies are just too compelling to say otherwise. But that's not the way they generally treat it. They treat it by medication or by surgically bypassing the clogs.

Two hundred thousand people a year are subjected to bypass operations, and the number is going up, not down; three years ago, it was 120,000. Doctors used to sell this plumbing job on the grounds that it would prolong their lives. It seemed to make sense: If there's a blockage in the arteries, just put a little detour around it with an artery or vein from some other part of the body.

Unfortunately for bypass surgeons and their patients, there have been three studies of this procedure in the last 18 years, and each has shown clearly and unquestionably that bypass surgery does not prolong lives in most cases. A very small percentage of patients, less than ten percent, have an improved life span due to the bypass operation.

Despite these studies, heart surgeons continue to sell this procedure to their patients. Their new angle, now that they can no longer advertise bypass as increasing longevity, is to claim it relieves chest pain. What they don't mention is that you can relieve chest pain better by correcting the basic underlying disease, arteriosclerosis, simply by changing the high-fat, high-cholesterol, low-fiber diet that causes it.

That diet change could relieve chest pain was shown as early as 1955 in a study at the University of Pennsylvania; this was confirmed in 1957 by a study at the University of South Carolina; it has since been corroborated numerous times. The most recent study of people with severe heart and artery disease was reported in the January 1983 *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Patients were put on a high-fiber, low-fat diet. The results were a 91 percent reduction in frequency of chest pains within 24 days. In other words, the need for bypass surgery was relieved in 24 days, simply by the change in their diets.

This attitude carries certain risks. The American Cancer Society, the pharmaceutical industry, and the dairy and meat industries don't want this message to reach the American public. The fact remains that our diets can help prevent disease, and a sense of responsibility to the public should surely prevail.

Editor's note: Reprints of this article are available to readers. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with a check or money order for \$1.00, payable to Penthouse Int'l, to: Editorial Department, Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Expect up to two months for delivery. O—

LAST RESORTS

How to Spend Your Bummer Vacation

SATIRE BY BILL LEE



Terrorist humor is sweeping the world, with jokes like "I'm selling tickets for the Americans' Ball. It's not a dance, it's a lottery." And "You can always spot an American tour package. It makes a ticking sound." A whole new area of humor, fun, and excitement has opened up for adventurous American families. They can laugh off the naive torture techniques of Mexican policemen and actually whoop it up during grenade attacks from Syrian-sponsored Palestinian gunmen. Beirut was once the Paris of the Middle East, and Paris is now the Beirut of Europe.

South Americans have coined the phrase "narco-terrorism," which means you can be gunned down by

a stoned druggie-warrior who doesn't know from Karl Marx. In Northern Ireland, you can't tell the players without a scorecard (all Catholic murderers and Protestant murderers look alike), and in the wonderful world of luxury cruising, the age-old party game "walking the plank" has brought fun and frolic back to azure-blue Mediterranean waters.

From the joy-filled Bekaa Valley (a suburb of Iran) to the (former) American Embassy building in Tehran, the average Yankee traveler can readily find a most unusual series of "accommodations" to fit each kink in their social (lack of) taste. Here are some unique suggestions as to how to spend your bummer vacation.

IMPERIALIST DOGS!

FASCIST PIGS!

YANKEE, DIE!

THE FUN-FILLED PARIS STUDENT QUARTER

If the French had sent their students to hold Vietnam instead of their army, Dien Bien Phu would never have fallen. Have fun being trashed by the world's most violent academic community in the only area of Western civilization that ever hung Mickey Mouse in effigy.



SYRIAN-PALESTINIAN TOURS

A great way to see the
Mediterranean, from top
to bottom.



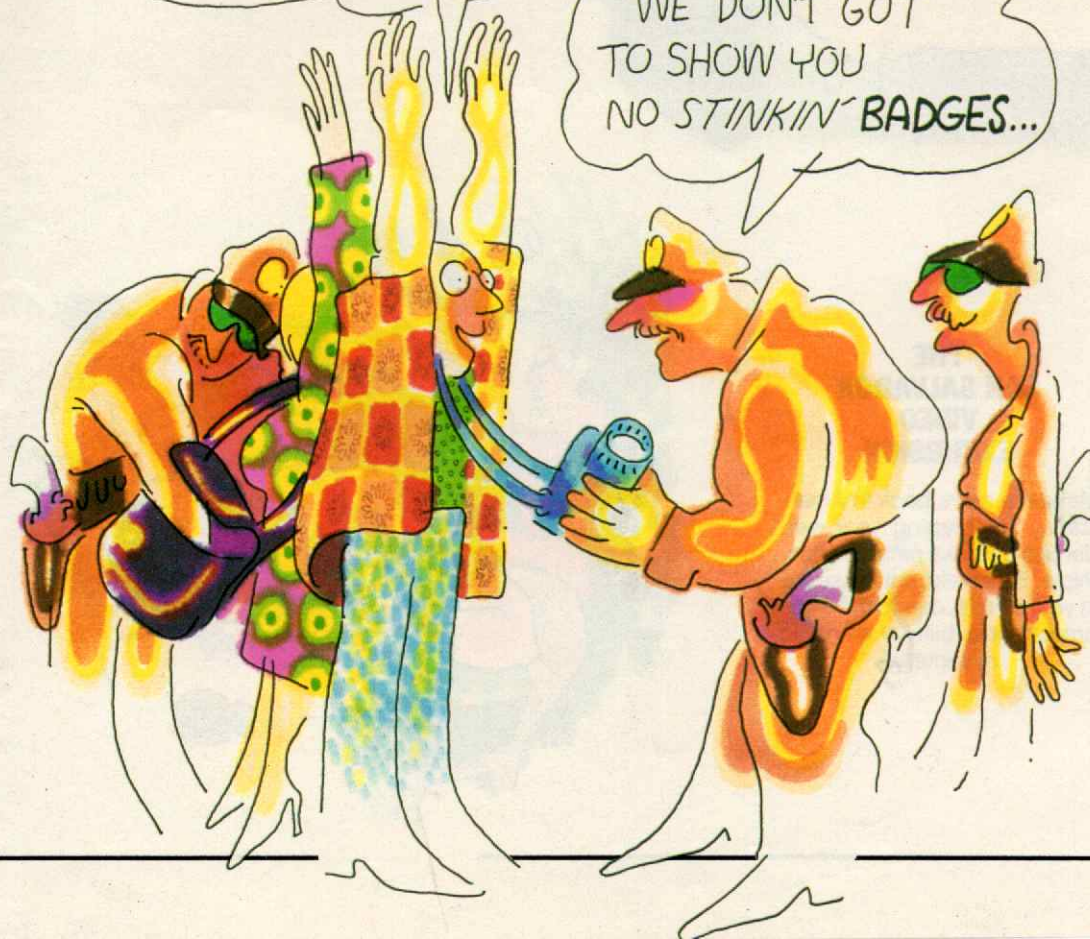
JOYOUS NORTHERN IRELAND

Get bombed in romantic Belfast (without the aid of barley water)—courtesy of the world-famous Irish Republican (although they never voted for Reagan) Army.



CAN WE SEE
YOUR **BADGES**?

WE DON'T GOT
TO SHOW YOU
NO **STINKIN' BADGES...**



THE MEXICAN POLICE SPECIAL

Getting there is surely half the fun, but getting back (alive) may be impossible. It's a rare treat to meet the world-famous police force of Guadalajara, Mexico.

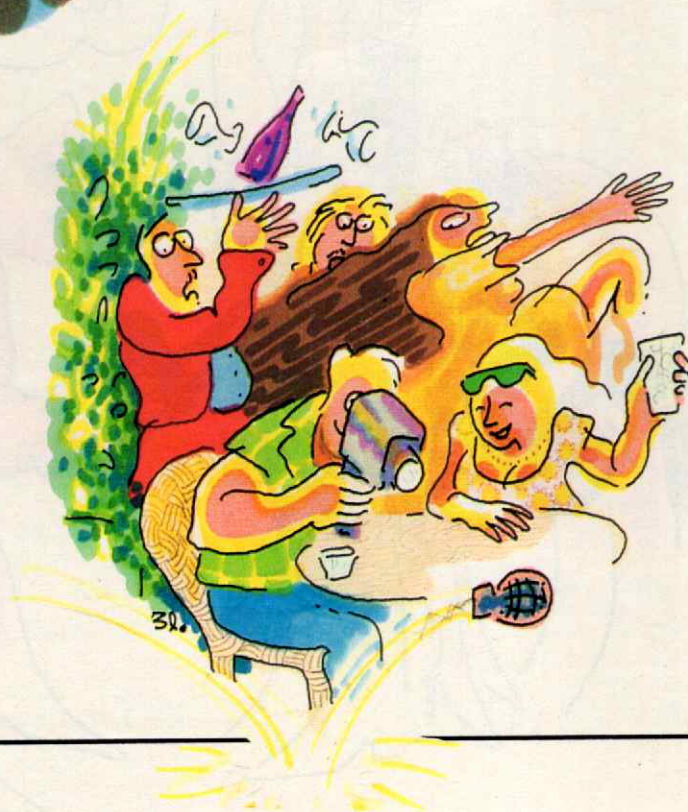


THE CHEZ SHIITE

Free room and board, and an exquisite view, top off this fun-filled Beirut bonanza.

THE SAN SALVADOR VIDEO EXCURSION

Make the news back in America by videotaping your own demise over two piña coladas. (Note: Be careful not to use ice in your drinks, due to the ever-present possibility of amoebic dysentery.)



THE LAST SNORT:

A BIT MORE *PANACHE* THAN
A MERE CIGARETTE, DON'T
YOU THINK?



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trouble, you'll be going in style.

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style (*Death Wish*) welcome to
the fabulous, world-famous
Humongous Apple.

MARGARET, WE'RE
BEING **ROBBED** AND
ASSAULTED IN
MANHATTAN.

JUST LIKE
IN THE *MOVIES*,
DARLING.



the Ruthven Co-Op Grain Elevator.

Still, despite the widespread refusal of his neighbors to admit that their own operations were in trouble, that same winter of '85 Marlin worked to persuade the local Farmers Home Administration (FmHA) office to refinance the farm, and after four months the agency came through with an extended 40-year loan, albeit \$30,000 short of the \$127,000 needed.

The goal had been to get clear of the bank completely, if only because the clock was ticking on that sheaf of second mortgages. Why the agency hadn't bailed them out completely, especially as Marlin's "cash flow" met all federal criteria, was never explained, and the plot was only to thicken when the same FmHA board that had floated their note for nearly a hundred grand denied their application for spring operating funds. For some it pointed to only one thing—further reprisals for having gone public. Ditto, too, last spring when seed money was again denied, and the only answer was to borrow \$11,000 from Kathy's mother, a retired schoolteacher willing to dip into her savings. By May the family was on food stamps, but still together and coping, fending off Hawkeye with the boys now privy to every major strategy and decision. Their lifeline, as it were, was to keep on talking.

Hereabouts, people eat five, not three, meals daily. Aside from breakfast, dinner, and supper, you have two "lunches," one at 11 and another in the afternoon. The menu for lunch can be anything so long as it serves as a shot of energy, and earlier this morning Kathy has mixed up a batch of "Scotcheroos" made with Rice Krispies, Karo syrup, white sugar, peanut butter, butterscotch, and chocolate chips, a revolting concoction in a pan that Kathy's younger brother, Jerry, and neighbor Joy Stoermer now pass back and forth across the kitchen table while pouring over the "Delinquent Tax List," four pages of names published in the afternoon's edition of the *Spencer Daily Reporter*.

"We on it?" Marlin asks breezily, coming into the kitchen, quickly recognizing one name, then another, a friend in Ruthven, both three years delinquent.

Joy nods, squinting at the news type. "Ah, shit," he mumbles, "Jean's made it, too. Jesus Christ!"

"Harold and Kathy Hansen, \$1,000," murmurs Jerry, running his finger down the list.

Jerry turns to explain: "What this is, Pete, we call it the scavenger list. See, people can go to a sheriff's sale and buy up the property, anybody that wants to—"

"It's yours," Joy interrupts, "but the original owner's got five years to redeem it. He's probably got it mortgaged to

somebody who more 'an likely's gonna pick up the taxes, though."

"If nobody else nibbles."

"No," Joy objects. "They have a hell of a time, and in fact I don't think they ever move none of 'em 'cause there ain't nobody around got enough nerve to do it. 'Sides, they're almost sure they're gonna pay taxes and then lose the land anyway."

He pauses, lighting another unfiltered Pall Mall, which gets wedged between his calloused finger stubs where years back his hand was mangled in a combine. With his weathered, jut-jawed 60-year-old face, grizzled beard, and tall, bent frame, Stoermer looks like John Cardine out of the film *The Grapes of Wrath*. He's as direct as they come, the anti-thesis of bullshit, and he now jumps, unprompted, from the tax list to what it was like during the thirties:

"Them days we farmed with horses, raised our own feed, and used a kero-

“It's like the lottery,” he says. “There you put up a dollar to make a million. With farming, you put up a million to make a dollar.”

sene lamp, so if you had a hundred dollars, Christ, it'd last you all summer if you watched it. Course, until Roosevelt it was pretty bleak in them days, too, but now I don't know what the hell we got to look forward to."

"That goddamn deficit," Joy continues. "You pay your taxes and start on debts, Christ a' mighty, ten years you still ain't gonna have nothing." He tugs at his Goodyear cap. "Hell, they talk about us going too fast. Eight years back it was 'Plant hedgerow to hedgerow.' I tried to do it the other way, but I had a boy go broke and he near took me down the drain, and if Steve, my younger boy, can't make it, I'm probably done for myself."

What he's saying is that in the go-go years of the seventies, he let his boy pull him into the new methods, as well as underwrite his note at the bank. It's a knee-jerk reaction of the older generation nowadays that their kids got into trouble subscribing to the notion that bigger is better, something Kathy and Marlin have heard from their own folks, too. The irony is that Lowell and Eunice Langner, Marlin's parents, have been on food stamps for the past year and a half themselves,

even though Lowell's grandfather was one of the first to break sod out here in the early 1870s. That Lowell inherited his own acreage, or that ten years ago, when he was stricken with muscular dystrophy, Marlin was there to work it for him, or that Marlin's younger brother, Richard, has managed to keep himself farming in nearby Storm Lake only because he lost a testicle to his landlord's crazed dog, well, these things aren't as important as that 160 acres, "that damned quarter section the kids shouldn't have bought." All of which for Kathy and Marlin is the bitterest kind of betrayal, no different from the cowardice behind their neighbors' gang-bang gossip about their marriage.

Outside, in the afternoon sky, the clouds are motionless as Marlin and Joy head back to the fields. Beside the house the two Langner dogs snap at flies in the heat, and the new, almost chartreuse grass and yellow daffodils flutter in the wind while Kathy, on her knees, is planting marigolds in front of the tool shed, covered with wet mud.

"They were only 39 cents a box." She looks up defensively. "You can't just let everything go."

She continues, describing the other changes in their lives—the end of the clothes shopping, movies, drinking in bars, as well as the loss of friends who haven't been able to understand why she and Marlin have gone public. Her tone is level, uninflected, although as she pauses, reaching for the nearby hose, her eyes suddenly fill with tears.

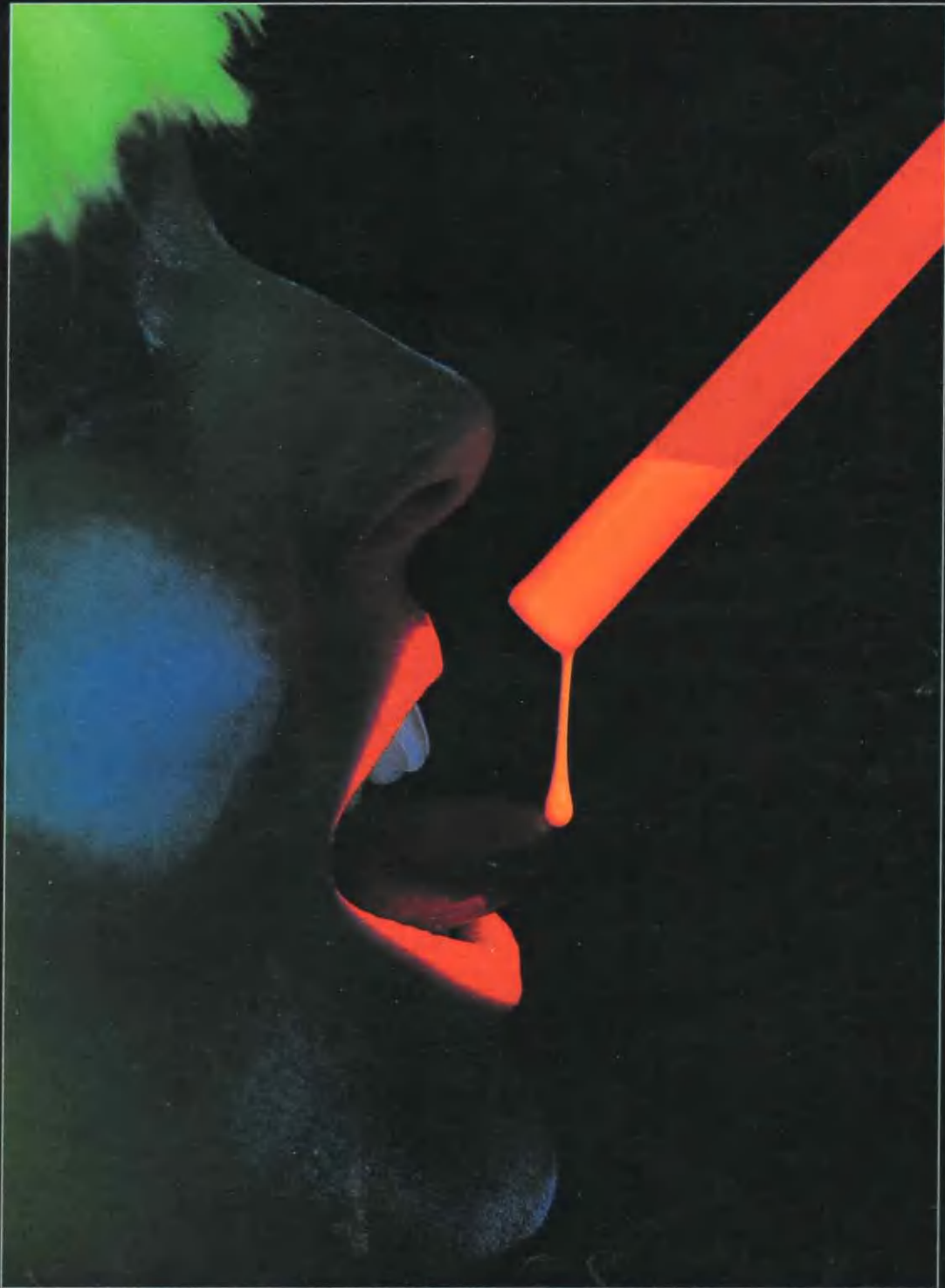
"What I feel worst about is losing that quarter section, though. We'd worked our way up, see. We weren't wanting to get bigger and bigger, we thought what we had was enough, and now I can't even drive by that place. Doug, a friend of ours, is tenant-farming it now, and Curt was so mad he wanted to take the pickup and do wheelies in Doug's bean field."

She looks down at the overflowing potting hole, crying openly now, the tears streaking the dust covering her cheeks.

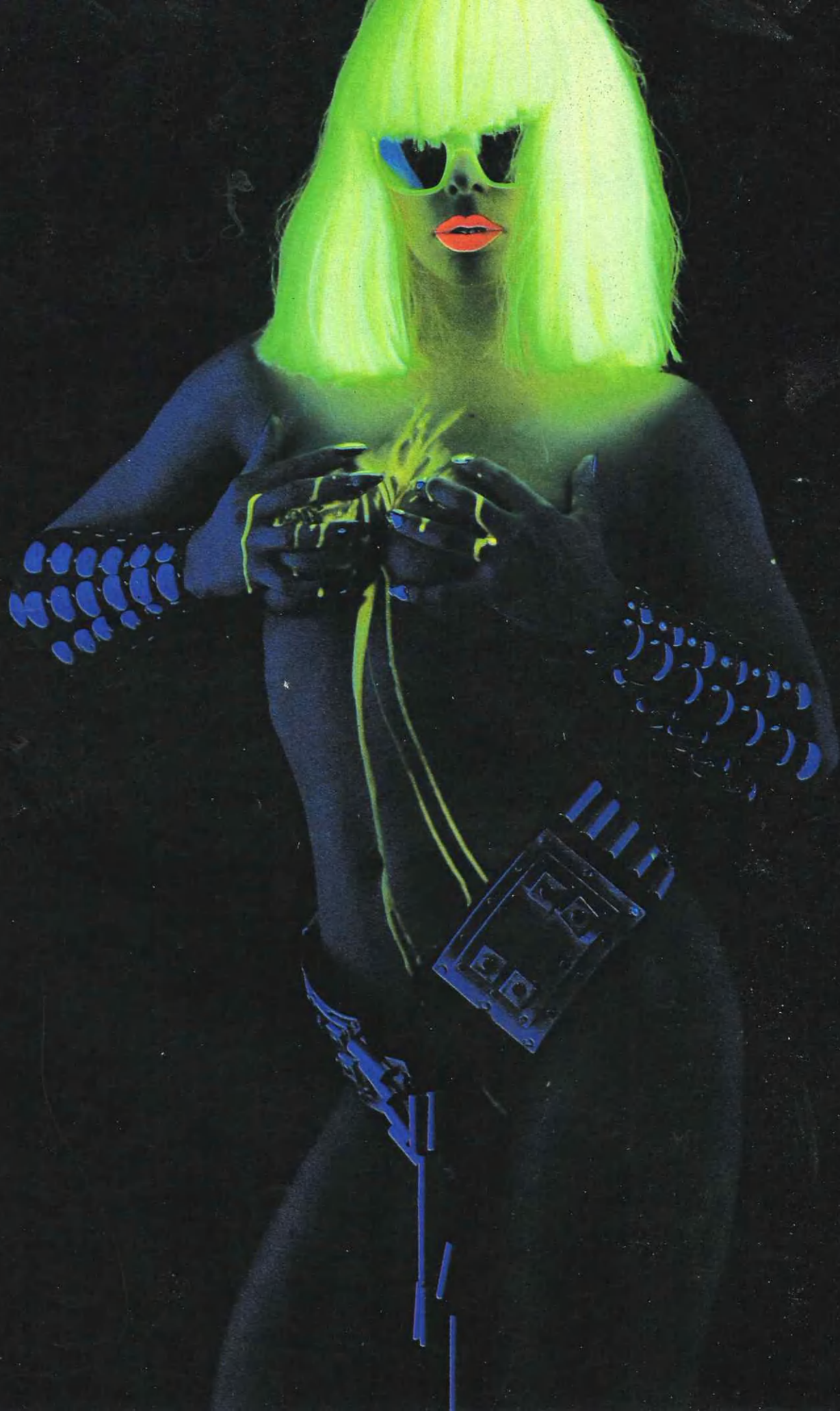
"See, the way I explained it to my counselor, it's like somebody sleeping with someone. It's that close, the relationship you have with the land. It's yours in trust. No one else is supposed to be part of it, and Curt, it was his dream to live over there someday."

Listening to this, the mind reels. Yet who can dismiss it? Farmers talk of standing late at night across their fields and actually *hearing* plants grow. Others remember the personalities of hogs, or dwell on the ceaseless life beneath the furrows, the countless worms, bugs, and microorganisms communing with the souls of subterranean vegetable matter. They speak of the feel of running the earth through their hands, then stumble and clam up at the inexpressibility of their feelings. It is the livingness of the soil, "heavy and black, full of strength and harshness," as Willa Cather describes it, and it holds them in communion, en-

ELECTRIC DREAMS



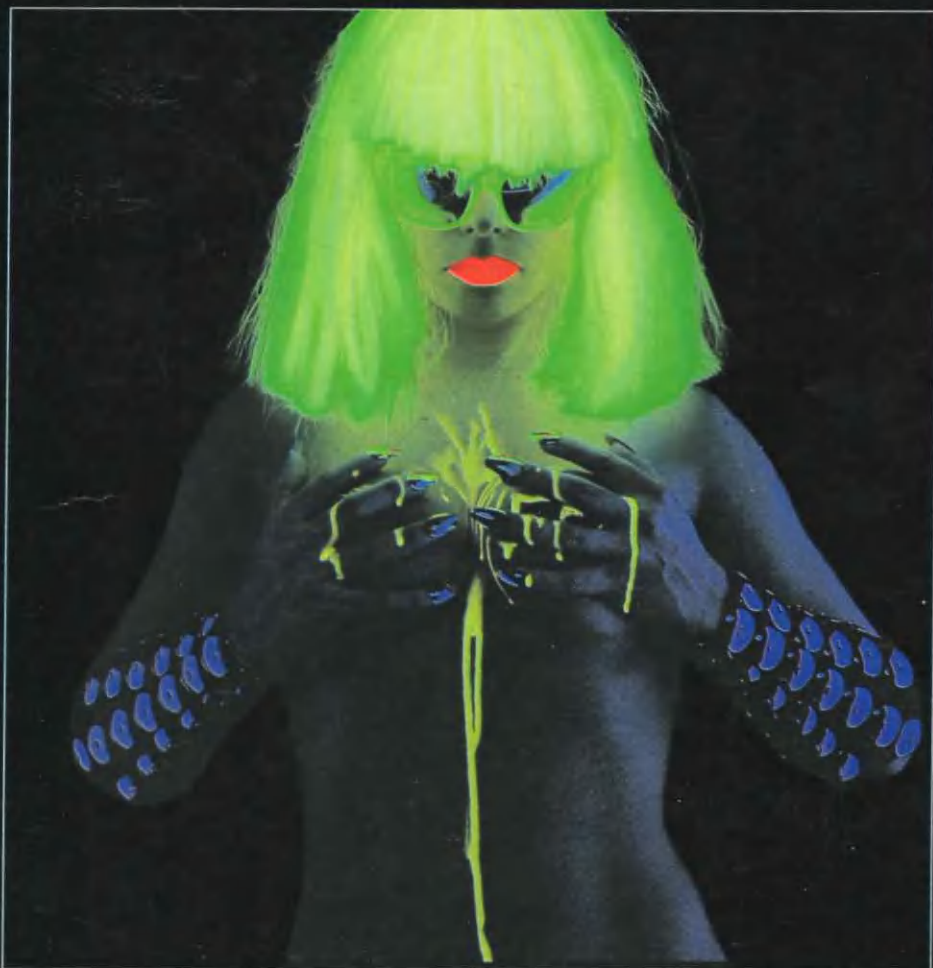
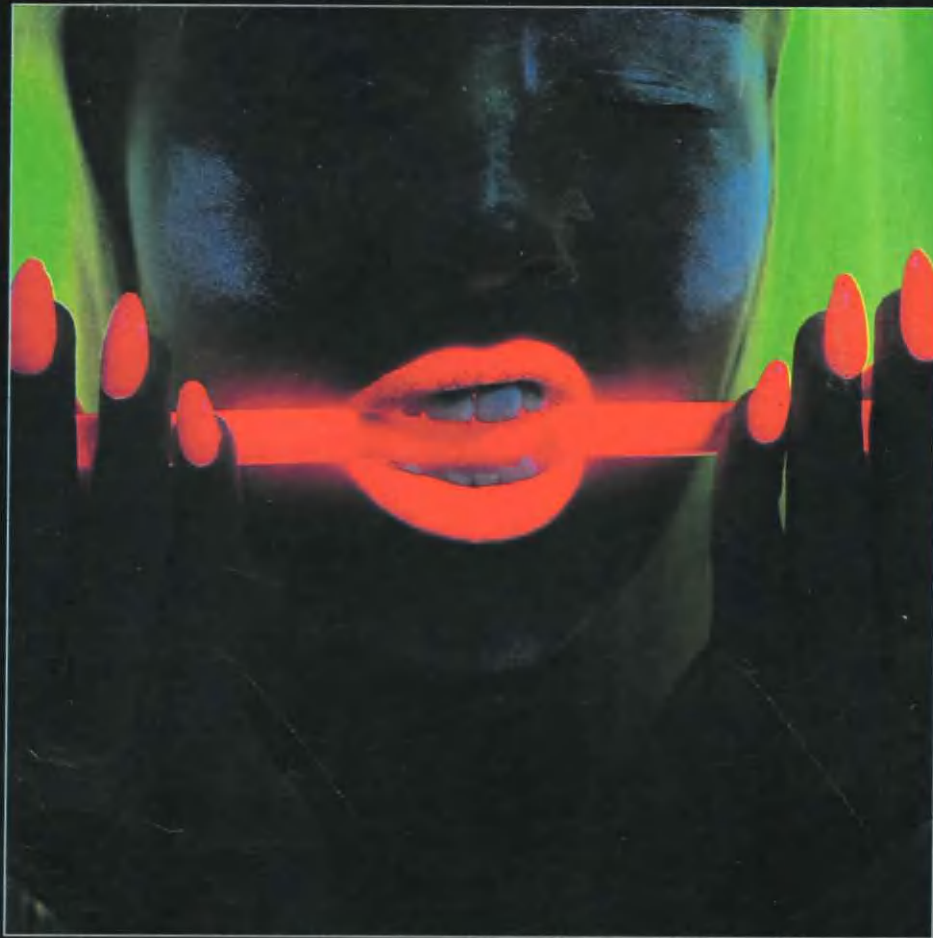
When amorous tension makes the
sparks fly, erotic light patterns of illuminating
force ignite themselves. . . .













seemed to get larger and larger as he worked his tongue toward Fran's tits. She spread her legs wide to give him more room. As she did so, her cunt changed from a mere slit to a beautiful pink, moist pleasure hole. She twitched and strained, pushing her aching breasts in his mouth. Bill made her wait. His tongue thoroughly cleaned the chocolate from her belly first. As Bill's tongue licked toward Fran's hard nipples, his cock inched ever closer to her dripping cunt. Bill moaned loudly when he sucked first one nipple, then the other, deep into his mouth. I looked at Fran's cunt, and I'll never forget the sight of Bill's swollen dick throbbing right at the entrance to her hungry hole, her cunt lips straining to swallow the head of his enormous tool.

Fran bucked and squirmed, wanting to impale herself on his raging rod. The head of his cock was still barely rubbing between the dripping lips of her pussy as he continued to clean the syrup from her flesh. Bill's cock took on a damp sheen as it slid from the entrance of her lusting cunt, tickling the curly ends of her pubic hair, then working its way back down over her clit. Bill was stalling, afraid that when the chocolate was gone his turn would be over. Fran was growing frantic in her need, and she was breathing hard, practically panting. She spread her legs even wider and trapped Bill's dick at her passion's door. He rocked back and forth at the entrance, pretending to lick chocolate. Fran desperately wanted his six inches, but she only got a millimeter while his tongue and lips continued to tease her breasts.

I looked at Kelli to see if she was watching. Her jaw hung slightly open and her eyes were unfocused. She was slowly rocking in rhythm to Bill's hard dick. The fingers of her right hand gently rubbed up and down over her clit. Her left arm pressed hard across her body and crushed her tits. The inner lips of her cunt were exposed, and her long pink fingernail moved in and out of sight between them. It was just about all I could take! I looked back at Fran's gaping pussy. Bill's cock was still throbbing back and forth over her entrance. With a dry tongue I croaked, "No need to keep knockin'; her door's wide open."

With that cue, Bill plunged in hard and slowly withdrew a glistening juicy cock. Fran came immediately in a fit of loud moaning and wild thrashing. She locked her legs around Bill. Stacey, also highly excited, moved to suck Fran's breasts as they danced in writhing rhythm to Bill's hard cock pistoning in and out of Fran's love hole. Bill's balls rubbed against her luscious ass as Fran's cunt lips caressed his shining tool. Stacey was slurping and sucking Fran's tits deep into her mouth. One of Stacey's hands toyed with Fran's

other nipple, her other hand rubbing her own clit. Bill fucked Fran in long endless strokes. The room reeked with the smell of love juices, and without touching myself I shot a load all over the carpet in throbbing spasms. My orgasm brought little relief to the need in my loins.

While I looked at Stacey's dripping pussy and Kelli's urgent moaning, my tool sprang for action. Kelli cried, "Fuck me hard!" I mounted her in one stroke as Stacey lunged for Kelli's breasts. With that first plunge into Kelli's sweet velvet pussy, my body spasmed in pleasure knowing this was the only means of satisfying the lust within me. We obviously both needed a hard fuck, because Kelli grabbed her ankles and spread her legs high and wide, allowing me better access to drive deep within her. It was then that I heard Bill give out an enormous groan. He rolled off of Fran, spent and exhausted.

Consumed with pleasure, Kelli made a loud noise that started deep within her

“

I took this as an invitation and boldly started to caress her. She really got excited and started to moan and move her pelvis against the couch.

”

and ended in loud screaming. Her arms and legs clamped hard around me, pinning my hard hot cock even deeper into her cunt. God, it felt good! The smell, the passion, the noise, and the memory of Bill's throbbing cock twitching at the entrance of Fran's glistening gash made this one of the best fucks in my life.—*Name and address withheld*

ACTING PASSION

I first saw Lucy at an acting class in the East Village. She was my idea of the perfect woman, five feet three inches tall and slender, with nice-size breasts. She looked like she might be a dancer, which I knew meant she had a firm body.

After the class I walked up to her and, as nonchalantly as I could, asked what train she took home. Lucy smiled and told me. It just happened to be my train, too. The walk to the train was perfect, like a scene from a movie, and we talked a lot about our previous class. I offered to help her with her scene the next day, and as we approached her apartment she agreed to meet me there to practice.


Since we lived quite close to each other, I met Lucy at her apartment with her

script, some works by Shakespeare, pizza, and a bottle of diet soda. After we had some pizza, Lucy said that we should get down to business and rehearse her part. For two long hours we rehearsed, then Lucy said it would be nice to have a back rub, since she was tired from practicing. I readily obliged and offered to rub her back.

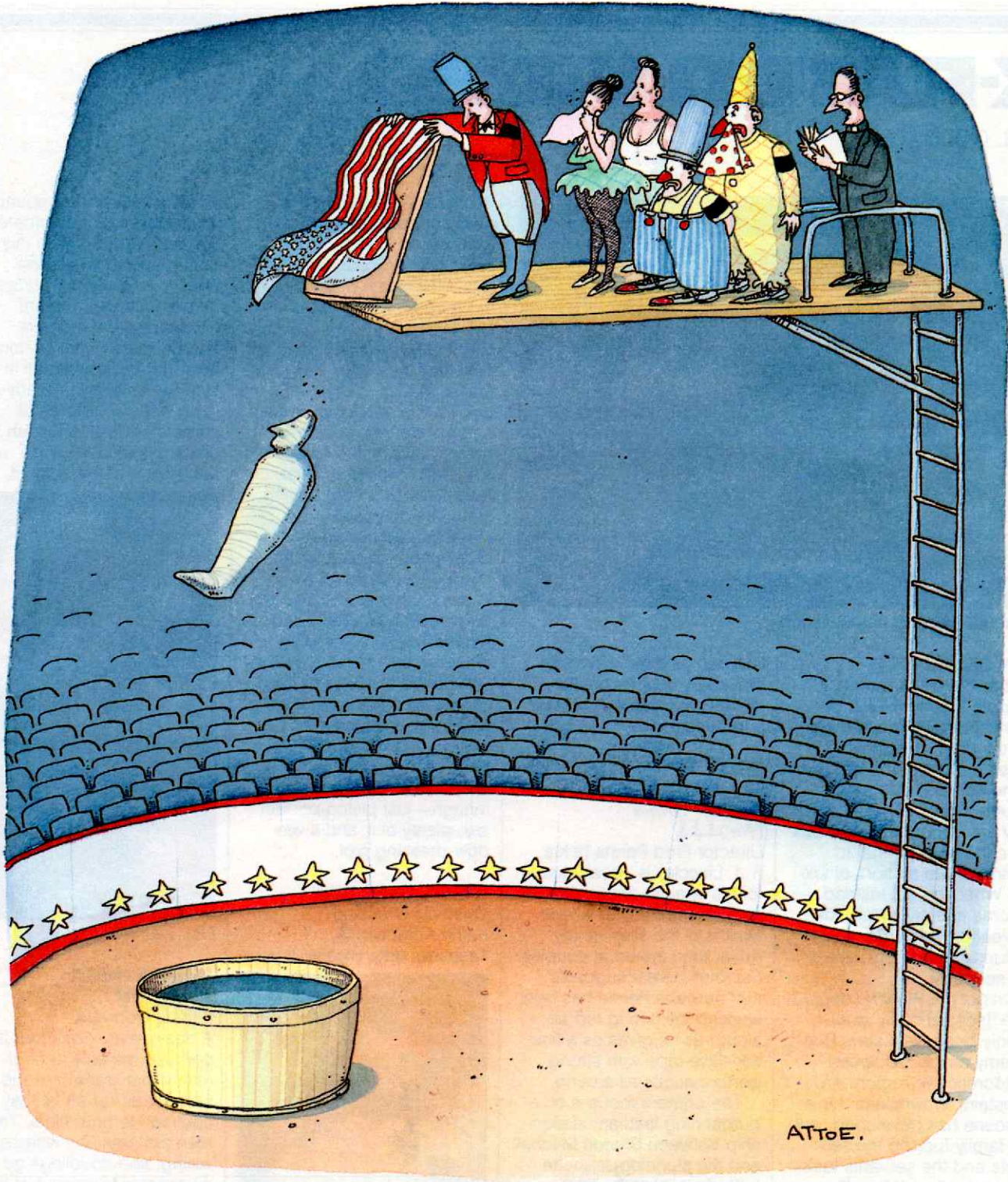
As soon as I touched her, I felt the heat of passion rise in me. Lucy let out a soft sigh and told me that it felt good. I took this as an invitation and boldly started to caress her firm tits. She really got excited and started to moan and move her pelvis against the couch. She turned to me and kissed me, a long, hot, passionate kiss, and her hands started to roam all over my body. I couldn't stand it anymore, so I began to remove her sweater and she began to unfasten my belt, still rubbing my hard cock.

After much sucking, groaning, and kissing, we finally got off all of our clothes. Lucy had the most beautiful body I ever saw. She was firm but gently curvaceous. I massaged her dripping cunt as she took my hard member in her hands. We were dry humping like crazy, and then she trailed down my body with wet, hungry kisses. When she finally reached my swollen dick, she ran her tongue on its underside and, with one quick movement, inserted it into her wet, warm mouth.

I was in heaven! The gentle but firm pulling and tugging of her mouth was leading me to an intense sensation that I really never experienced before. As soon as I was about to burst, Lucy took my dick out of her mouth and told me to come all over her precious tits. I pumped my load on her, and there was so much cream it covered them entirely with no problem. She lifted her mounds and, to my amazement, started to lick my come off her breasts. This just excited me more, because while she licked my love juices off her gorgeous tits, she was playing with her swollen clitoris, swaying gently back and forth.

I couldn't stand it anymore and decided to help her climax by giving her the best tongue-fuck possible. Lucy reacted to my ministrations quickly and came in long spasms. My dick was hard and Lucy eyed it lustfully. I plunged it into her and we moved in unison, both crying out at the same time in the heat of our passion. We lay there for a long time, exploring each other's body with long kisses and caresses. It was the most intense experience I ever had, and Lucy and I have remained great friends, taking much delight in each other.—*Name and address withheld* 

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send \$3.00 to Forum Magazine, 200 N. 12th St., Newark, NJ 07104.



In *Happy Days'* backseat make-out session, nostalgia takes over, complete with cotton bras, overheated emotions, and recalcitrant women.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN



Sins: hot plot and harmless fun.

SON OF THE RICH

Sins of the Wealthy, Part 2
(Classic Editions) **1.1.1**

Adult entertainment is never more ludicrous than when it tries to portray the lifestyles of the rich and decadent. Smut budgets being what they are, producers just don't have the wherewithal to communicate an aura of luxury. What you get instead is some cheesy hillbilly idea of wealth, which can actually be funny if you don't take it too seriously.

Sins of the Wealthy doesn't take itself seriously at all, mainly because it stars Ron Jeremy as the fabulously plutocratic Wellington. An "Upstairs, Downstairs" type of scene has developed, with the family fucking the servants and the servants fucking each other. When the maids have full garter-and-stockings regalia on under their uniforms, you know you are in for a hot time. The plot takes a fairly surprising turn when Wellington's son Chris comes back from

Sweden as a girl, Chrissie, played by Lois Ayres. It's all fairly ridiculous, harmless, and occasionally sizzling fun.

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH

Summer Lovers
(Wet) **1.1.1**

Director Fred Penna (a.k.a. F. J. Lincoln) is usually known for his straight-ahead raunch, as a 'sleaze-meister' whose work is of the stag variety rather than aimed at couples. *Summer Lovers* suggests that perhaps Penna has been working the wrong turf all along, as he gives us a fine, sensitive tape with strong performances all around.

The primary focus is on a burgeoning lesbian relationship between Sharon Mitchell and the stunning Jeanette Little-dove. Half the heat of the tape comes from Little-dove, an intensely sensual star. A big-breasted sultress who has been wooden before in her performances, she seems natural here. In fact, the warmth and laughter

Penna has elicited from a group of porn veterans is astonishing. It all goes to prove that pronouncements about the death of porn are greatly exaggerated.

CALIFORNICATING

L.A. Raw
(Essex) **1.1.1**

L.A. Raw is about sex, impure and simple. The couples here literally fuck themselves raw, with endless sex scenes leading to a panting, raving state of exhaustion—so the actors are too weak to pick up the scene and the director is forced to cut to some other action. The plot is something of a hazy hodge-podge involving bungling blackmailers, lawyers getting rich off the divorces of their clients, and the type of sting setup that producers love—since it allows them a "surprise" ending. Not much will surprise you here, though—just piston-perfect sex, plenty of it, and a window-dressing plot.

IT'S OIL OVER NOW

Coed Oil Wrestling
(Main Attraction) **1.1**

Fetishists only, please. If your



Oil: anything but sexy.

kink is witnessing rambunctious tag teams participate in Mazola matches, then this footage—shot live at the Whisky A Go Go on Sunset Strip—may be just what the psychiatrist ordered. There's three matches, lots of fake-furious fighting, all in a strip-bar setting that's anything but sexy. Acres of cornstalks died to furnish the oil for this extravaganza, so somebody better enjoy it.



Hot: a sexual free-for-all.

METAL ILLNESS

Sizzling Hot
(Video Team) **1.1**

A heavy-metal rock tour is perhaps the only form of reality that resembles the sexual-free-for-all fantasy common to porn films. The men are pigs, the women are willing, and couplings go on nonstop. *Sizzling Hot* looks in on a heavy-metal group with the very arresting name of Screw as they search for the ultimate groupie: "Miss Sizzling Hot." The tape is supposed to be a Taija Rae vehicle—the producers

are appending her name to the title, but she appears only in perhaps the last fifth of the footage.

Paul Thomas does a nice turn as the band's manager, and Sharon Mitchell is the groupie who knows no shame. In fact, women are constantly coming out of the woodwork to beseech the band members to fuck them, suck them, make them write bad checks—anything so that they will be named Miss Sizzling Hot. In the end, of course, Taija Rae minces on and sweeps away with the title, so all the gals' hard-on work is for naught. If you have rock-star fantasies, this tape might be a form of groupie therapy for you.

SOUTH SEAS SLEAZE

Diamond Head

(AVC) **|||**

This tape represents a chance for director Bob Vosse to use some random footage he shot of Erica Boyer lolling around the South Seas—and that's the whole *raison d'être* for *Diamond Head*. The on-location film footage, with no sex scenes and barely any nudity, is used as local color to highlight the plot. The interiors were done on a video set back home, so we get characters staring off into the distance, musing how beautiful Erica is, and then cut to the star mooning around some tropical isle. It's a weird concept, ostensibly an attempt to give some class to the whole enterprise, but it has mostly the opposite effect.

The plot concerns a South Seas resort hotel where John Leslie, as Paolo, reigns supreme, a gigolo who preys on female tourists. His inno-



Head: a marooned attempt.

cent sidekick is Tom Byron, and the two are even interesting and at times dynamic, reminiscent of Leslie and Pacheco in the *Talk Dirty to Me* series. But the tropical setting really doesn't work—David Fraser and Svetlana did it much better—and although the sex is at times hot, the tape as a whole is marooned.

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY

Happy Days

(International) **|||||**

This *American Graffiti* knock-off is a gentle couples-oriented tape that at the same time manages to be outrageously bawdy. It is organized vignette-style, with the oldest framing device in adult entertainment: a group of friends telling each other about their first sexual experience. If all this sounds tiresomely familiar, it only goes to show that talent and a light touch can make old material new. That's exactly what *Happy Days* manages to do. It begins at an anniversary

party for Wayne and Debbie. Soon nostalgia takes over, and we are in a backseat make-out session—all cotton bras, overheated emotions, and recalcitrant women. In short order we are treated to about half a dozen sexual memories, sizzling when it comes to fucking, but maintaining the light tone established in the first scene. For people who grew up in the fifties, *Happy Days* is a treat; for everyone else, it's simply a hot, sexy tape.

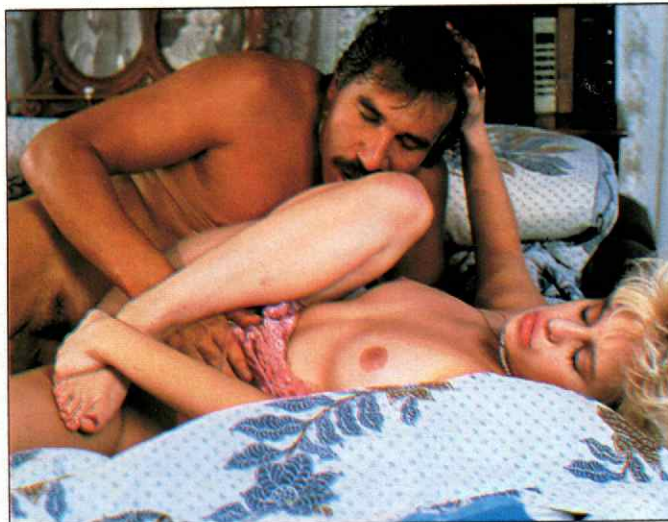
STRANGER IN A STRANGE GLAND

Out-of-Towner

(CDI) **||**

Once again we are in the land of porn-by-numbers,

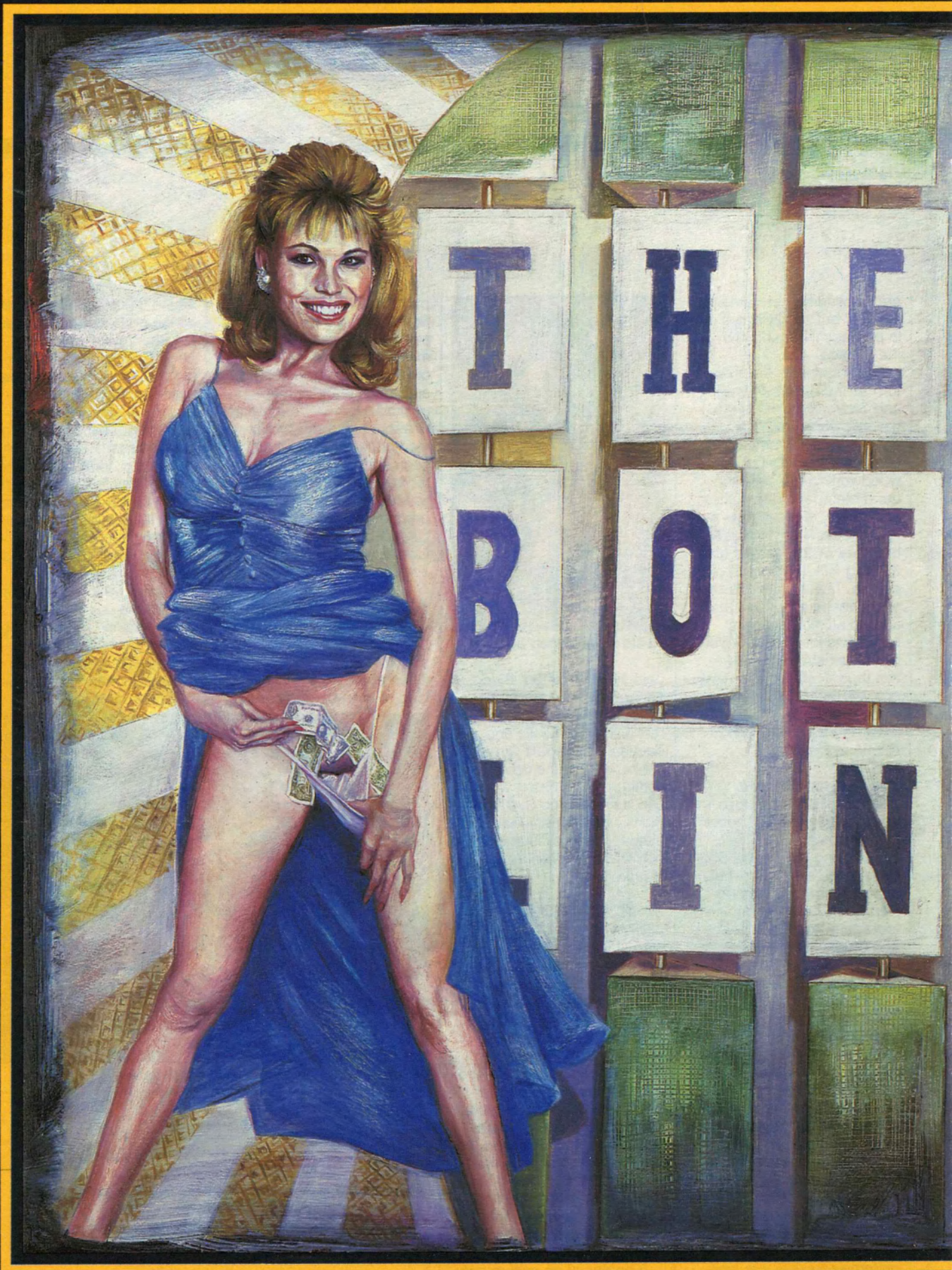
where the action is as foolish as the grins slapped across the characters' faces. In an interracial never-never land, all the white males have black females as mates—casting is easier that way—and the sexual combinations are endless. The plot involves a visitor, a "long-lost" friend who comes to Rick and Julie's home to make their life, um, more interesting. But nothing can save this tape from director Bob Chinn's quotidian approach—certainly not the talent, which leans more toward the ravaged than the ravishing. The creaking apparatus of the plot is interrupted by endless, dreary sex scenes that just don't cut it. **O—**

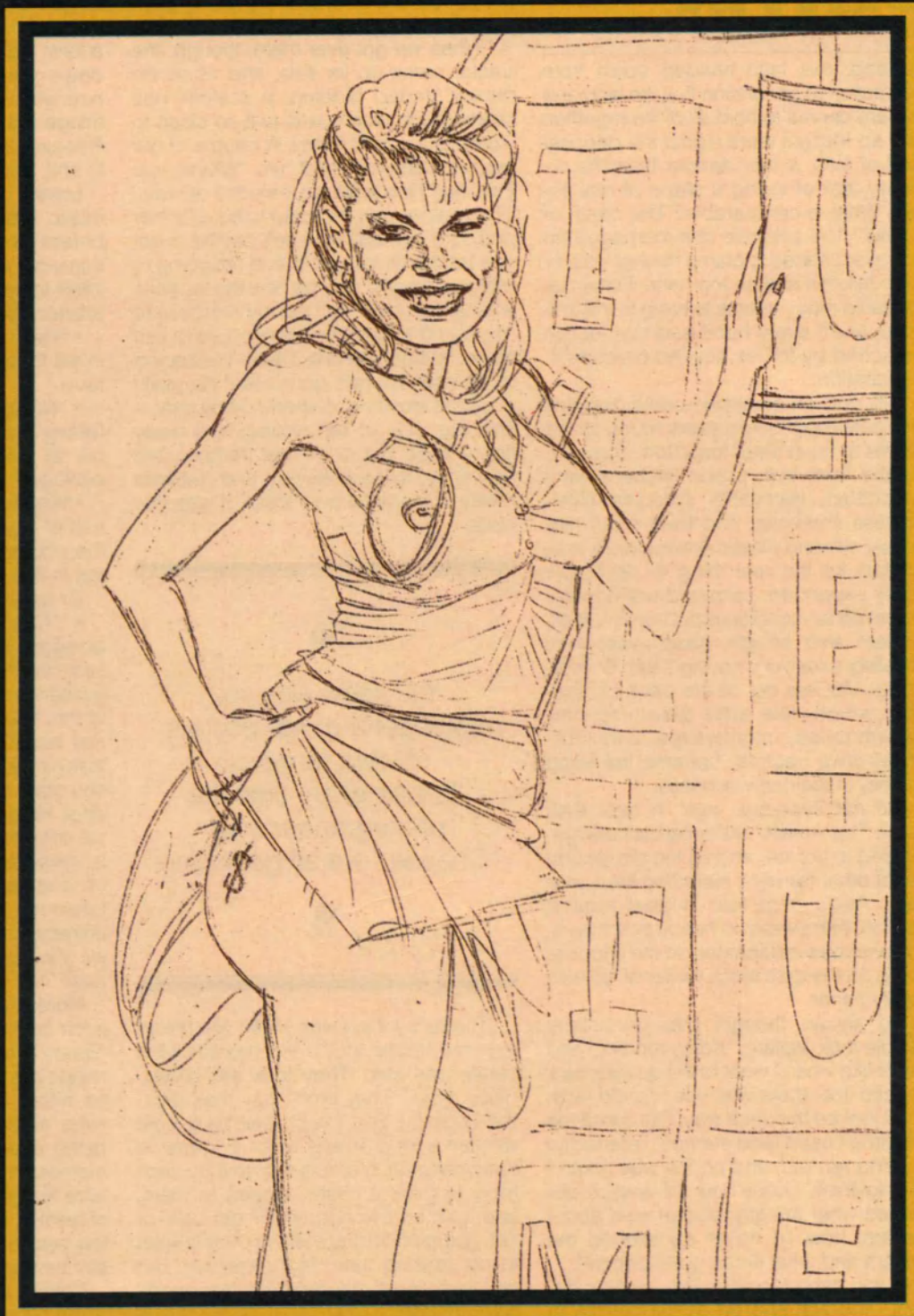


Out-of-Towner: more ravaged than ravishing.

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 51

If we ever needed a symbol
That America's pride is in limbo
We couldn't be more right
Than to pick Vanna White—
Today's sex goddess is a game show bimbo!

trapped, this faith handed down from generation to generation that the land and its care serves to hold all of life together. And so Kathy's tears signal the deepest kind of loss, a fear deeper than the ordinary fear of losing a piece of real estate. What is comparable? The death of a child? The collapse of a marriage? No one ever ceases to blame themselves for such failures and so too here, if only because so much seems to hang in the balance, one's every habit and connection wrenched by forces beyond precedent, explanation.

Still, only an amnesiac could overlook that during the boom years much of this seems to have been forgotten. Throughout the farm belt, prairie kitchens were remodeled, barnyards sprouted satellite-disc antennas, and even more hideously, silk and plastic flowers were substituted for the real thing in dens now newly expanded, carpeted wall to wall, and even air-conditioned. Capping it all, farmers also bought safes—yes, from traveling salesmen, paying cash for floor-model Moslers out of the back of pickups, which, like their gleaming new snowmobiles, microwaves, and four-wheel-drive tractors, became the living symbol of their new success.

But not everyone went in over their head. The Amish, self-reliant as always, refused to borrow, and so too did a number of other farmers, including the Langners. Aside from that ill-fated quarter section, there were no heady purchases, not even new equipment, so the shock of going on the dole in the winter of '85 was hardly minor.

"I'd always thought that just trashy people took welfare," Kathy recalls, "and it was like when I went to the government cheese line, there was this tiny old lady, and I looked the other way. The same the first time I used food stamps: I started to cry and ran out, and on the way home I had to think about how I'd always accepted what my grandfather said about welfare, how I'd never questioned the system and what it can do to people . . . how you can plan and plan, and be decent, and still end up at the bottom of the heap."

Marlin and the two older boys' participation in protest auctions that same winter was no less a rethinking of the system:

"We were gathered in the local church beforehand," Chris explains, speaking of their first trip down to Ames in ten-degree cold. "Dan Levitas from Prairiefire was telling us what to expect, and most of all he said, 'No violence.' The family whose stuff was being auctioned got up and explained what they wanted to buy back—their combine and tractor so they could put in a new crop on land they were gonna rent—and then they thanked us for coming. Nothing was bothering me yet, even

though the pastor had wanted to say a prayer beforehand and the bank guys wouldn't let him.

"When we got over there, though, the tractor came up for sale, and when the farmer started bidding, a scalper was bidding, too, and it was just so close to violence it wasn't funny. A couple of our people were yelling at him, 'Why're you bidding? He's a farmer, he's one of ours.' The scalper, see, he used to be a farmer and sold out, and now he's saying, 'I got that tractor already sold and I'm going to make a margin,' only by now the farmer's wife is real upset, so I put my arm around her, trying to calm her down. 'Leave him alone, he's not worth it,' I said. 'He's going to be scarred, he's gonna feel his guilt.' Then the woman's husband came over—she was crying, see, yelling how many hours she'd put in on that tractor—and he wanted to deck the guy, and I thought it was going to all bust loose, it was *that* close.

You know why you
can't get a group portrait
of Iowa farmers?
'Cause every time the
photographer says
"Cheese," we all get in line.

"The funny thing was, when you talked to local people they'd tell you this farm family was shit. 'They took the co-op,' 'They stole,' 'They didn't pay their bills,' the whole bit. See, the problem is people will say a lot of things when a farmer is foreclosed on, blaming him so they don't have to think it might happen to them, and later on I wondered if I did right or not, going down there telling people what to do, making them feel ashamed. But you know what did make me feel good? Back at school, when I told the other kids they wanted to take part, other farm kids who said, 'Next time you go to a protest, call me,' and some of these were the same ones who gave me shit when Mom was on TV."

Curt, the eldest, who'd also been in Ames, had a similar epiphany driving back to college when he ran over a wayward chicken:

"It was out by Sioux Falls, and I brought the chicken to the nearby farmhouse, thinking maybe they'd want to eat it. This lady answered the door and noticed my 'I'm Proud to Be a Farmer' hat, and she said, 'Oh, you're a farmer?' 'Yeah,' I said, 'we're hanging in there.' 'God!' she said,

'I don't know if my boys can hang in much longer.' This is a total stranger, mind you, and at school too just about everybody's a farm kid and they're saying, 'Yeah, my dad's going broke, too.' It's the minority now who won't admit it's tough going, so things are finally changing. Just look at Reagan. In Iowa his name's just turned to shit, and I do mean *shit*."

Marlin, on the other hand, is less optimistic. Most of the time there's a matter-of-factness here, and his cynicism will come out as humor, his repertoire of dark jokes trotted out at the implement or grain elevator always with a wry grin:

- "Hear about the farmer who got put in jail for child abuse? Gave his son the farm."

- "Reagan's new program to put the farmer back on his feet? He's passing a bill to take away our four-wheel-drive pickups."

- "Know why you can't get a group portrait of Iowa farmers? 'Cause every time the photographer says 'Cheese,' we all get in line."

Or better, better by far:

- "This guy, the FmHA's taken his acreage, the bank's got his machinery, see, and he's been selling stuff from his garden to try t' make ends meet. He goes to this house in town, he's got strawberries, and the woman who answers the bell tells him he's gotta go 'round back 'cause she don't buy from peddlers at the front door. He goes out back, and after a couple minutes the door opens and there she is, naked as a jaybird. The farmer, he looks up and says, 'Ma'am, the government's taken my land, the bank's got my machinery, and I'll be damned if I'm gonna let you screw me outta my strawberries!'"

More than Kathy, Marlin depends on such banter, like his favorite one-liner, "Been screwed so long the ol' hemorrhoids are 'bout wore smooth," repeated so often, and with such obvious pleasure, he probably wouldn't object to its being used as his epitaph. Even so, in moments of crisis, he's ready to personalize his battles and respond with a kind of resolve, a coldness and inflexibility that lets you know he's never going to let himself be burnt again.

Kathy's brother Jerry has also learned some bitter lessons, as he explains one afternoon:

"Go back to May '85. The bank over in Spencer gave me a letter of credit to buy my fertilizer and seeds, but when I tried to get money to pay off the farm, they wanted my father-in-law to cosign the note, and that's when I told them to go jump in the river. 'Well,' they said, 'we'll take your letter of credit away.' 'Fine,' I told them, 'I won't farm this year.' I'd already worked out a deal with my father-in-law where he'd rent my farm from me, you understand, and on paper that put me out of farming. The bank, though, they'd had a chance to put me on one of those government-guaranteed loans

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THE CONSTITUTION
OF THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA...
THE HOLY WORD OF
ALMIGHTY GOD!'**

JIMMY SWAGGART



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where they're protected for 90 percent, but no, they wanted 100 percent and now they're so worried I'll go Chapter 7 they've offered to take \$5,000 against the \$60,000 we owe them. Everybody's just running around with their head cut off, see. This conspiracy stuff that the small guy is being forced out so big companies can grab the land? That's bullshit. But instead of working with us, the bankers are playing it short, and they won't admit that if we go their banks are gonna go, too."

Who's to argue? By late August, ten Iowa lending institutions have gone belly-up since the first of the year. Only weeks later Jerry's bank will have settled his \$60,000 note for a mere \$2,500. For Marlin, faced with Hawkeye's apparent unwillingness to bend—the message being that even a \$500 shortfall on the family's note will result in foreclosure—the answer, once again, is his "war games," traditional notions of neighborliness and trust notwithstanding.

"They didn't need that second mortgage on the house back in '85," he explains, "but they forced me to sign it, and now I can use the moratorium on 'em. They try to foreclose, I'll go in there and say, 'Okay, either you play ball with me and rewrite my loan for ten years at ten percent, or you can stick it in your ass 'cause you ain't gonna get any principal.' Of course they'd probably try to pay the judge off, but I'll fight their ass clear to the Supreme Court."

What he's referring to is legislation put into effect by Iowa's Governor Branstad, allowing farmers to petition the courts for a two-year stay against foreclosure so long as the borrower keeps up with his interest. There's also Chapter 12, a new bankruptcy procedure put into law only last November, where mortgages are brought into line with today's depressed land values, with the banks eating half their note; here, too, Marlin has kept himself current. He also talks about hiding his machinery and squirreling away cash, while another ploy is not to be around when the bank wants to schedule an inspection of collateralized equipment or check on whether the house has been painted, as promised in his loan note; without his permission, they'd be trespassing and he'd have no qualms, he claims, about calling the cops. "Piss on 'em," he says with that broad grin of his, and although there's little question that part of him enjoys all this, by now he also enjoys knowing that, having stuck to his guns, he's become a lot stronger for it.

Still, if Marlin and Kathy have always regarded themselves as good, solid Americans of the heartland, confident of the essential justice America guaranteed to those who played by the rules, then the revolution inside their heads is far from complete. For all the talk of church, or at least the Midwest's reputation for same, no grace is said at the Langners' supper table, and the clutter of the refrigerator is

emblematic, too, resembling nothing less than Fibber McGee's closet. Bottles, jars, bowls, and plastic containers all filled with leftovers, along with the loaves of government cheese and hamburger, gallon jugs of milk and orange drink—it's all jammed inside, wedged and propped. That the fridge is missing several shelves is the obvious explanation, but it goes further, pointing to the changes wrought by Kathy's new job at the nearby Northwest Iowa Mental Health Center, a position that includes "mediation" training to learn the skills to arbitrate between farmer and banker prior to foreclosure. Like so much else in her life nowadays, it's out-of-role and a little scary, even though consistent with her new politics—the "More Farms, Less Arms" posters tacked to the parlor door or remarks she'll drop about maybe wanting to go to college or travel to New York to explore markets for local crafts, to "grow" as she puts it, "whatever the consequences." Ask Marlin and he'll tell you he thinks it's "swell," but plainly this isn't the whole story, especially when she'll start enthusing about her support group.

Even more, there's the outburst at dinner, which begins with Chris's asking about Judaism, abruptly, startlingly, and quite out of the blue.

"The guy—how do you say it," he stumbles, unsure of the pronunciation, "the 'rebbe'? He drinks the blood, right?"

"Rabbi," I correct him. "But he does what?"

"Yeah, they use the best cows. I mean 'kosher,' it's part of what they do, and those guys get paid good money. They drink the blood. They'll bleed a steer real slow, right?"

"How do you come by this information?"

"A guy I know over at the pack, he's seen it."

"You've seen it?"

"No, but—"

"C'mon, then—it's like East Coast kids saying every Iowa schoolboy butt-fucks sheep."

He grins, looking at me uncomfortably, then turns to his mother, leaving us in momentary silence. It could have taken the form of discussing Posse Comitatus or the Klan crazies who've honeycombed the farm belt blaming everything on "the Jew conspiracy," but, no, it's here at the dinner table couched in terms of kosher meat slaughter.

Marlin shakes his head, taking a sip of vodka. "No, I heard the same, Pete."

"Lookit—"

"I dunno," he interrupts. "There was this one guy, not Joy's boy, Steve—"

"Yeah?"

"Maybe it was just this one guy . . ."

"Marlin, lookit, it's horseshit pure and simple. You haven't seen it. He hasn't seen it. Besides, why in the world would you believe that someone drinks blood?"

Kathy, abruptly, as though goaded, turns on him. "Yeah, Marlin. Danny talked

to me about how we just go along, and Joan, too. Don't you remember the questions they were asking us in Des Moines, about how farmers talk about Jews?"

What she is referring to is Danny Levitas and Prairiefire, and specifically a conference held the month before by the American Jewish Congress where both Langners were guest speakers. Levitas had been unhappy with an Anti-Defamation League survey, disagreeing with its conclusion that "the American farmer is decidedly not vulnerable to bigotry," and he may have been right. Canvassing the state weeks before, I had found people making the assumption that being a writer meant being from New York, and being from the East Coast meant being Jewish. It was axiomatic, the connections here, just as there were allusions to nameless Wall Street and Washington fat cats, European bankers, the Federal Reserve System, and even Roosevelt, a whole cluster of assumptions that pointed to a naïveté, a lack of sophistication, even a stupidity that takes you beyond Posse Comitatus and the Aryan Brotherhood, with their guns and frightening babble about "satanic Jews."

"Pete," Kathy continues, thinking along the same lines, "in Des Moines there were 250 people, and they were affected by what's happened to us, like genuinely, as if there was something 'Jewish' about it for them. I didn't want to ask because this

one old guy, he was so upset he was crying."

Marlin nods, remembering.

"He even offered Marlin a job in New York, he was so moved. Why are they so sympathetic, the Jewish people, I mean?"

The question is jolting in its innocence, for God knows how many "Jewish people" in New York—ex-civil rights workers, Vietnam protesters, magazine editors, psychoanalysts, and givers to every progressive cause—have chosen to ignore the farm crisis, convinced by their own stereotypes that every corn-picker west of the Hudson is cousin to Martin Bormann. Still, the question calls for a reply: the Diaspora, Jews as sufferers and landless victims themselves, plus the simple fact that Jews are suckers for anything smacking of "family," all are offered as explanations, and listening, Kathy has now, once again, begun to cry. Marlin and Chris both watch her, waiting.

"I don't understand it," she sobs, "is it true that black children in Harlem, in the middle of New York, kids are starving? I never knew that. I'd heard it on TV, but you don't believe it, I mean you *don't*!"

She shakes her head, overcome by what she's said, not quite knowing how to go on.

"Why not?" I ask quietly.

"C'mon," Marlin murmurs, reaching across the table to touch her arm.

"No, you *don't*," she insists, pulling

away from him. "This damn country, all the time you go around thinking things are better than they are. We believe that crap, it's how we been programmed. And it's what's fucked us up for years, the same damn thing."

He nods, ashen-faced.

"The same damn thing, and you know it, Marlin!" Suddenly she stops, pausing. Her face breaks into a grin and she reaches across to comfort Chris, whose eyes are also brimming.

"Shit," she says. "I even thought of calling and having 'em send one of those kids out to live with us. Ready for that, Langner? Your mother'd love it. A little black kid from Harlem?"

Let us return, though, to the support group. It is after 11. Thanks to Blundall's patience and prodding, the room has been rocked by one middle-aged woman's description of herself as "nothing but an onion":

"I used to be able to plan with my husband so that our son could farm with us. That's gone, so the first layer I lost was a dream; the next was my dignity, since we now have to justify every decision. Then I lost another layer when our lender told us we'd have to sign over the homeplace, and the next was when they took 80 acres. The next after that was when they took away the hogs, and I couldn't help with the farrowing; then another was when they

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took the equipment. Then I lost another layer when my husband and I stopped sleeping together—there was no peace in the family, the children were all anger, like animals—and then I lost another layer when I didn't want to sleep with my husband, even though we weren't anyway. And now I've lost my mind."

Now, in the still backwash of this, even Matt seems to soften, his eyes blinking back whatever it is he may want to say, while for the others it is as though a sluice or floodgate has been opened.

"John turned seven over the weekend," whispers the wife of a farmer who's announced that he's completed a photo-developing course to bring in extra money. "He wanted a new bike and we couldn't afford it, so we had to get him a used one. For his party we went to the store and that hurt, too, 'cause we can't get food stamps, we show too much depreciation. . . ."

Someone else volunteers: "Our life insurance's gone, and it's scary. I mean, one of us dies and what are they gonna do, like in New York, put us in a pauper's grave?"

Another woman recalls planting trees with her late parents beside the family farmhouse, which is one reason why the threat of foreclosure is now so unbearable. "'Cause those cottonwoods are part of *them*, what we were supposed t' care for."

Another tells about her neighbors leaving home secretly, in the middle of the night, so terribly ashamed at losing their farm that the children weren't allowed to come by to tell her own kids where they were going.

Another relates how her in-laws, a bankrupt couple in their seventies, steeled themselves and finally drove to the county courthouse, only to be told they had to declare their Chapter 7 on videotape, so overburdened was "the system."

Still another woman, almost with an air of distraction, talks in a methodical way about one of her cousins trying to find work in Texas, then moving on to Arizona. Finally, with Blundall's encouragement, she admits that her husband has been talking about holding off their lenders with his shotgun.

It goes on and on, and again the rationale is the land, their need to stay on this idyllic, poetic land where the sky is the sea, and balding 68-year-old men speak of having to feel the wind through their hair. But the experts say Iowa needs only 15,000 farmers, not 115,000, and the state has been losing those 100 farms a week, while nationally the figure is closer to 2,000. The numbers are overwhelming, besides which, day to day, there are teeth to be filled, kids who get sick in 40-degree-temperature houses, insulin that isn't bought, not to mention John's bicycle—and still they insist, "We're not going to give up the farm."

Beer Belly Bob has jokes but no an-

swers either, and the Swede, as moved as anyone, interrupts him by saying, "I kind of feel like the Indians when they were driven off. Their feelings ran deep, and even on the reservation they still love the land."

"We may just have to find alternative means to support our habit," Blundall suggests, aware of the hour.

Kathy, who hasn't spoken for 40 minutes, picks up on this, though, talking about her job, not the "mediating" part but the potential offered by handmade dolls, quilts, and the stained-glass windows crafted by neighbors, along with the need for them all to get the know-how to go into chemical-free vegetables instead of relying on the ruinous grain market. Halfway through, she shifts to the more personal matter of her nine-to-five hours, the difficult question of working away from home.


"C'mon," Bob chortles. "Marlin will love it. With the money you make, you can go to the bank, plunk 'er down, and say 'There!'"

One of the older women shakes her head as another murmurs, "I dunno," and after a pause, Blundall rises to signal an end. It's over, past midnight. As a few of the women begin to collect the empty coffee cups, she offers a bridge until next week's meeting:

"This is a place where we don't have to justify ourselves, where you guys can talk about cottonwoods, or secondhand bikes and peanut butter. There aren't enough safe places in the world, and you didn't have this a year ago, and I'm not saying this because we're in a mental-health center. . . ."

"A year from now you're gonna be surviving, you may not be farming, but you'll be surviving."

Perhaps Blundall's right, but also wrong. Within two months, at three in the morning, the bedeviled Matt will find his homeplace surrounded by patrol cars, shotguns, and cops alerted to his threats of violence. Beer Belly Bob, as well as Kathy's brother, will have taken a Chapter 11, corn will have dropped close to a dollar a bushel, while some seven months later, only two weeks before Christmas, the Langners, having hung tough, will receive news that the FmHA in Washington has considered their appeal and overturned the local board's decision, granting them the funds necessary to get out from under Hawkeye.

Even so, as this issue goes to press, the picture for most of America's farmers is still bleak. Marlin Langner has testified before the Senate Agriculture Subcommittee, explaining that even as they grow the nation's food, the family and so many of their neighbors are still forced to rely on food stamps to eat. It's estimated, he told the senators, that this year ten percent of the nation's farms—300 per day—will go out of business. What will become of these families and all they represent, no one, not even Marlin, knows. 

ADVISE & DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97


veterans. And we try to pretend that Vietnam was an exceptionally noisy frat party in the hooch with warm beer, and not a cross between a gang-bang and a Chinese opera. Vietnam means never having to say you're sorry. We don't like to see ourselves as the last of the Keystone Kops. But there is no discharge from that war. We weren't Rambo, betrayed by C.I.A. spooks. It was a fair fight and we lost. That's some cold shit, but there it is.

Now pogue historians want to embalm us and put us on exhibit, more gargoyles for the museum, while *Rambo* fans in the White House, who think they are Wyatt Earp and that Russia is Ike Clanton, yearn to provoke another Vietnam, somewhere, anywhere; same song, second verse. It's amazing how brave some people are willing to be with other people's sons. It's time to stop sipping our beer and get wired and hit back at all these silly people who presume to define us, our actions, and our motives. It's time to throw off the leper's bell of the Vietnam veteran. It's not enough to touch the names on the Black Wall and remember. Our finest tribute to our fallen dead would be to convince their sons that we were not Rambo and neither are they.

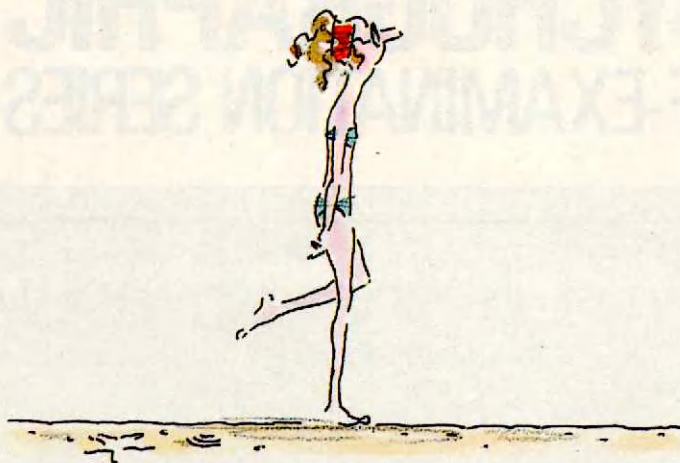
Vietnam veterans have been buffaloeed by self-serving civilians long enough. It's time for us to come out of the closet; to join ranks; to stand tall, lean and mean—we are United States grunts, and we've come down here to battle. Stop patronizing us, keep your pity, do not presume to condemn us for things you know nothing about, stop telling us who we are, shut up while we sound off—all together now, girls, by the numbers. As the Spanish say, there is only one man who knows, and that is the man who fights the bull.

Plato said only the dead have seen the last of war. Now war drums in the *Rambo* movies call us to another nightmare of lies and death. More than anyone, Vietnam veterans know what that means in hard facts. To the current crop of teenage cannon fodder, Vietnam is some kind of Chinese breakfast food. We've got to force them to listen to us. We owe it to them because we knew their fathers. And we owe it to ourselves.

If H. G. Wells was right about human history being more and more a race between education and catastrophe, we've got to denounce this silly but dangerous *Rambo* myth before some miscalculated O.K. Corral renders the entire continental United States into radioactive powder. If we can fight against the Rambo in each of us, the Rambo in our American bones, then, as Rambo says, maybe this time we'll win and be soldiers on the good side, walking point for America again, until the stage blood dries and the future is a cold LZ—a safe landing zone.

History is not over yet, and history collects its debts. 

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HOW HUMAN ARE YOU?

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Human beings have a knack for surviving tough times, but they often pay a heavy psychological price. The point of this psychograph is to find out if today's troubled era is taking its toll on your psyche.

In his book *The Minimal Self*, University of Rochester historian Christopher Lasch says, "In a time of troubles, everyday life becomes an exercise in survival." In order to make it from one day to the next without losing their sanity, people "shrink" their psyches. They become like sailors battening hatches to weather a storm. Their sense of self contracts as they jettison any psychological baggage that could make them emotionally vulnerable when catastrophe strikes. Ironically, the qualities most closely associated with civilized humanity are the first to go. Things like kindness, hope, and love become psychological luxuries. This process is known as "dehumanization."

Some social theorists feel that the times in which we live are perhaps the most dehumanizing of any in human history. Nuclear war, ecological disaster, genocide, pervasive crime, famine, and totalitarianism are just a few of the things we all have to worry about. Every age has its problems, but never before have they been quite so complex, impersonal, and global in scale. Even if we don't think we're worrying about these things, they may be working subconsciously to sap our psychological strength.

When we become dehumanized, we lose our sense of personal worth. We have trouble finding meaning or sense in our lives. The values that society has lived by for millennia suddenly look flimsy.

The most extreme cases of dehumanization were found among inmates of Nazi death camps. Even when these people were liberated, they could feel no joy. They had literally killed their emotions to survive from one terrible day to the next. They had shrunk their psyches to such an extent that feeling of any kind no longer had a place in their psychological world.

None of this, we grant you, is particu-

larly pleasant. But if you're being dehumanized you damn well should be aware of it. By answering the following questions honestly you should get some idea of how great a price you're paying for living in the modern world.

1. Are you confident about the future?
(a) yes
(b) somewhat
(c) no
2. Do you make many long-range plans?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) No, I live a day at a time.
3. Are you a nostalgic person who has a lot of fond memories of the past?
(a) yes
(b) no
4. Are most of your friends:
(a) people you've known for many years
(b) people you've known for less than a year or two
(c) I don't have friends.
5. Do you have close contacts with your family and relatives?
(a) yes
(b) somewhat
(c) no
6. Do you enjoy sex more if you have a strong emotional bond to the woman you're in bed with?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) no
7. Would you enjoy it if a woman physically embarrassed you during sex?
(a) yes
(b) maybe
(c) probably not
8. Would you enjoy participating in unusual forms of sex, such as tickling a woman and making her laugh?
(a) yes
(b) maybe
(c) probably not
9. Do you have a sense of belonging, or being a member of the community you live in?
(a) yes
(b) no
10. Do you feel your work is worthwhile?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) no
11. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
(a) The face I present to the world is very rarely the real me.
(b) The face I present to the world is a pretty accurate reflection of who I really am.
12. Would you say you're basically someone who's aware of the latest fads and interested in the newest trends?
(a) yes
(b) somewhat
(c) no
13. Do you feel you owe anything to a woman you've been romantically attached to?
(a) yes
(b) no
14. Do you feel you owe anything to your employer?
(a) yes
(b) no
15. Do you vote?
(a) Yes, I'm a conscientious voter. I don't vote just in the big elections, but also for things like school-board members, budgets, etc.
(b) I vote in big elections—like for president or senator—but I don't usually bother if only small local



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Many individuals experience a loss of personal worth, and have trouble finding meaning in their lives.

PSYCHOGRAPH

- issues or offices are on the ballot.
(c) rarely or never
16. Are you actively involved in any political party?
(a) yes
(b) no
17. Do you have a belief system (either a religion or an ethical philosophy) that allows you to make consistent decisions about what's right and what's wrong?
(a) yes
(b) No. I believe when it comes to judging right and wrong, you have to take each case as it comes along. You can't make a blanket statement that anything is right or wrong; you have to know the circumstances in each case.
18. Do you think there will be more sadness than pleasure in your life?
(a) yes
(b) no
19. Which of the following statements most closely reflects the type of fantasies you have about women?
(a) I have straightforward, raunchy sex fantasies. I just think about fucking. Sometimes the identities of the women aren't even clear. It's as if they have no faces or personalities. It's only their bodies I focus on. Women's lib hasn't entered my fantasies. When I fantasize, women are strictly sex objects.
(b) My fantasies involve more than just sexual activity. When I fantasize about a woman, I tend to romanticize things. I may create a "story" about how I meet her, have dinner with her, and gradually build toward having sex. I guess that in my fantasies I may be trying to create an ideal romantic relationship.
(c) I have both types of fantasies. Some are raunchy and impersonal; some are highly romantic.
(d) I don't have sexual fantasies.
20. How do you feel about this statement: "Heroes who sacrifice themselves for others are usually jerks. Acts of heroism don't change the world; sometimes they just make it worse. In a world where terror is as

- complex and faceless as it is today, heroism is an outdated notion."
(a) agree strongly
(b) basically agree but not strongly
(c) basically disagree but not strongly
(d) disagree strongly
21. Do you ever have the feeling that somehow you're the victim of forces beyond your control?
(a) yes, often
(b) sometimes
(c) rarely or never
22. Do emotions play an important part in your life?
(a) yes
(b) no
23. Do you ever feel detached from yourself, as if you were a separate person who could step outside yourself and watch what you do?
(a) yes, often
(b) sometimes
(c) rarely or never
24. Did your father have a prominent role in your life as you were growing up?
(a) yes
(b) no
25. With which of the following statements would you agree?
(a) It's more important for parents to be friends with their children than to discipline them.
(b) It's more important for parents to teach their children moral values than it is for them to be friends with their kids.

SCORING

All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of your answers. The highest possible score is 150 points; the lowest, 25.

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------------|
| 1. a-1, b-3, c-8 | 12. a-5, b-3, c-1 |
| 2. a-1, b-3, c-8 | 13. a-1, b-6 |
| 3. a-1, b-5 | 14. a-1, b-5 |
| 4. a-1, b-5, c-7 | 15. a-1, b-3, c-5 |
| 5. a-1, b-3, c-5 | 16. a-1, b-3 |
| 6. a-1, b-3, c-5 | 17. a-1, b-10 |
| 7. a-8, b-3, c-1 | 18. a-5, b-1 |
| 8. a-8, b-3, c-1 | 19. a-5, b-1, c-3, d-5 |
| 9. a-1, b-5 | 20. a-8, b-4, c-3, d-1 |
| 10. a-1, b-3, c-5 | |
| 11. a-8, b-1 | |

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 21. a-5, b-3, c-1 | 23. a-5, b-3, c-1 |
| 22. a-1, b-5 | 24. a-1, b-5 |
| | 25. a-6, b-1 |


If you scored 109 to 150 points:

The good news is that you are psychologically prepared to survive just about any catastrophe. The bad news is that your ability to survive comes from having shrunk and hardened your psyche so much that you have trouble feeling *anything*. Modern life appears to have taken its toll. You are probably immune to psychological pain and disappointment but you may also be unable to feel joy or hope. As Dr. Lasch says, "The survival artist takes bad news for granted; he is beyond despair." Men in this category live almost completely in the present. They don't look ahead and they don't look back. Perhaps you should try opening yourself up more to your feelings and desires. Your "survival" odds may drop but you'll become more fully human, and that seems like a fair trade.

67 to 108 points:

Like many people today you are caught in the middle. You look back nostalgically at earlier generations that had strong standards and values to live by, yet at the same time you feel traditional value systems may have outlived their usefulness. Your quandary may leave you with a sense of helplessness. You don't want to become an emotional zombie simply to survive. Yet you're not quite sure what the alternative might be. The very fact that you're looking for solutions, however, means you haven't been ground down yet. Thinking and searching are the most distinctly human of all activities. Don't give up on them.

25 to 66 points:

Congratulations. You are a gentleman of the old school. In the face of a future that appears increasingly irrational and dehumanizing, you continue to believe your life has meaning. You don't care that your standards and values may look outmoded and downright quaint to some people. You are determined to explore the full range of your humanity even if it hurts sometimes. You may very well be the last angry man, holding on to your principles even when they no longer seem to make sense. Of course, the bad news is that when times get really nasty, people like you are the first to go to the wall. 



tomers to make a call, wait, and then pay by charge card. Number two, I'd imagine that the higher-priced call girls are required by their agencies to see a doctor every so often to make sure that they're not carrying any diseases that come with the job.

That's what I want you to please explain to me, Xaviera. How often do these girls get checkups, and is it safe to have sex with them?—M. K.

Why would anyone want to pay a fortune for a Ferrari or a Jaguar when they could have a used Ford pickup for less than \$100? Why would anyone want an expensive house in Beverly Hills or Boston's Back Bay when they can sleep in a doorway in the Bronx for nothing—or, to quote an undertaker's ad from the thirties, "Why walk around half dead when we can bury you for \$49.50?"

Your letter raises a more basic question: Why do men go to prostitutes at all? It would take more time and space than I have here to answer that one in full, but one of the reasons is that they are looking for something they can't get anywhere else: a kind of understanding. Basically, it may only be an understanding of their sexual needs—which may be unusual or

just the "wham bam, etc." type—but almost always it is some form of communication that the poor john does not have with his wife, or in some cases with anyone at all.

About five years ago, when Spain was considerably less sophisticated than it is now, I was approached by a gentleman who wanted to open a smart bordello in Málaga. He offered me a half share in the business, for no capital investment. All he wanted was for me to find the girls. "But why?" I asked him. "The Spanish girls from Andalusia are among the most beautiful in the world."

"Yes," the gentleman replied, "I already have some beautiful girls, but my clients are mostly Spanish, and when one of those girls opens her mouth, nobody wants her."

"Bad teeth?" I asked naively.

"Bad language," he said.

A client who uses an escort service has other advantages besides paying with a charge card. He can choose the girl he likes best from a description of her talents and also from photographs. She will be elegantly dressed and socially acceptable if he wants to take her to dinner or introduce her to his business associates. She will not take him to a sleazy fifth-floor walk-up where he stands the chance of an ugly confrontation with her pimp. If he has any complaints, he can relay them to the agency. They will know

who the girl is and where to find her. It is also more pleasant for a girl to work for an escort service rather than on the street. Although she'll only receive a percentage of the fee, whereas a streetwalker keeps her cash in hand, the agency will protect her from bad clients. If she is unlucky enough to be landed with a non-paying john, the agency will still pay her. Also, though it is not usual for an escort service to insist on medical checkups, a girl who can command a high fee is almost invariably responsible enough to visit her doctor at least every couple of weeks.

Another advantage of the escort service is the time factor. I once sat at a sidewalk café in the South of France during the Cannes film festival and watched the action in a small hotel opposite, where they obviously rented rooms by the hour, or in this case, probably by the minute.

I clocked the time a girl spent inside with her client, and the average was a mere seven minutes. As this included climbing and descending the stairs and dressing and undressing—not to mention a financial transaction, of course—the actual time left for carnal activity was minimal. Date a girl from an escort service and there is no hurry.

In answer to your last question, how often do you get a checkup, and is it safe to have sex with you? One assumes that a man who wants the best and is prepared to pay for it has higher standards of personal hygiene than Mr. Cheapo, whose only criterion of quality is whether or not he is getting a bargain.

In closing, I would say that the risks with a high-priced call girl are substantially less than with the economy hooker on the street. O—



CREDITS

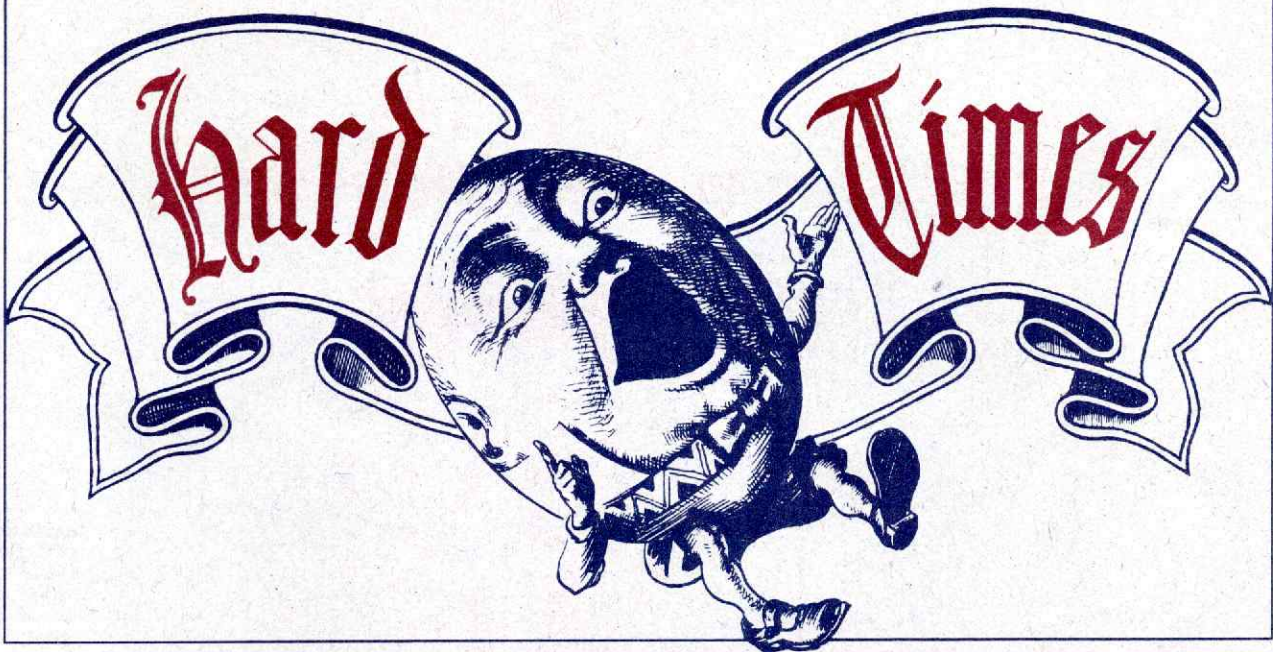
Page 10, Paul Wunderlich; page 17 top, Thom Canelli; page 17 bottom, F. Lochon/Gamma-Liaison; page 18 left, A. Nogues/Sygma; page 18 right, L. Nekula/Outline; page 19, Dennis Brack/Black Star; page 37, AP/Wide World; page 38 top, JVC Corporation of America; page 38 bottom, Monica Dee; page 39 top to bottom, Gamma-Liaison, AP/Wide World, AP/Wide World; page 40, Jim Cherry; page 47 top left, Cinemax/HBO; page 47 bottom right, Leonardo/Art Resource; page 48 top left, Georgia O'Keeffe, "Oriental Poppies," 1928, oil on canvas, Collection University Art Museum, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis; page 48 bottom right, Jerry Wachter/FOS; page 49 top, Movie Still Archives; page 96, Bob Dunlop; page 145, Movie Still Archives; page 146 left, Movie Still Archives; page 146 right, Editorial Enterprises; page 147, Movie Still Archives; page 166 top to bottom, Kunio Hagio, Pablo Bartholomew/Gamma-Liaison, Roland Garros 1986/All-Sports, P. Aventure/Gamma-Liaison, Zeev Ben Dor.

CAMERA CREDITS

Pet of the Month Lisa Mandoki, who appears on page 77, was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 80-200 lenses, and Kodachrome 64 film. J. Stephen Hicks photographed Lauri Gilbert with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 180 lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. Lauri appears on page 50. Our love set, which begins on page 98, was shot by Suze Randall with a Nikon 35mm camera, a Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens, and a Tiffen 81A filter.

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. 6

MUMMY DEAREST



It was a scene straight out of the movie *Psycho* when Houston police entered the home of John Parks, 65, and his 89-year-old mother Ann Morgan. Parks had just committed suicide, but in another bedroom was the body of his mother, dead for perhaps two years. She was propped up in a rocking chair, her body clothed in a nightgown and rubber boots and tightly wrapped

in blankets. Her body was almost totally mummified. Police Sergeant J. C. Mosier recalled his impression when seeing the body: "She looked very much like Mrs. Bates to me. If you've seen the movie, that's the first thing I thought of." (UPI—submitted by R. Kazi, San Antonio, Tex.)

What happened when they checked the shower?—Editor



E.T. RETURNS!

They're everywhere, according to UFO authority and nuclear physicist Stanton Friedman. These E.T.'s, Friedman notes, have holes where their ears and noses should be, bulging eyes, and tiny mouths. Also, contrary to popular belief, aliens from outer space are not green. "Mostly," Friedman reports, "they are gray or tan and tend to be short and slender." Only a small minority of the invaders are humanoid in appearance. Friedman warns us that the creatures are everywhere and "mingle with us more than we know." Although the UFO authority reports that many humans have been kidnapped by the aliens, he feels that "we have nothing to fear from the space visitors. They mean us no harm." (*Weekly World News*)

That may be his opinion, but as far as we're concerned, E.T., go home!—Editor

A CHINESE SWEENEY TODD

Chef Lee Chow was a cook at a highly praised Hong Kong take-out restaurant. Like all great chefs, Lee had his secrets. Unfortunately, in Lee's case, the unique flavor of his food was a result of his ingredients: parts of human bodies that the chef had murdered. It had started when he poisoned his boss, and, at a loss about what to do with the body, came up with a practical solution. Later, in an attempt to cover his tracks, he killed nine members of his boss's family and served them up at the restaurant, as well. At last report, Lee was being held in the psychiatric observation unit of a Hong Kong jail. (*Weekly World News*)

Hold the MSG!—Editor

MAKE 'EM LAUGH?

Edith Webster, 60, recently gave the performance of her life. After heartily singing several choruses of "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone," the actress collapsed and died.

Webster was performing a death scene in the play *The Drunkard* when she fell down onstage and died of an apparent heart attack. As the audience applauded her "realistic" performance, horrified actors called for a doctor and phoned the paramedics.

Mr. Richard Byrd, director of the comedy, was saddened by Webster's death, but said this about her performance: "There was tremendous applause. Hearing that, she died." (*Marin County Independent Journal*—submitted by Ed Murray, Novato, Calif.)

Talk about taking method acting too far.—Editor

Ashes to Ashes

Nursery-rhyme legend dubbed him a merry old soul, and maybe he was. But more than a century after his death, the real-life King Cole is making headlines as the central figure in an Australian-English sporting controversy. In 1868 King Cole passed away while touring England as a member of an aboriginal cricket team. Fourteen years after his demise, England and Australia began the biannual tradition of competing for an urn-shaped trophy called The Ashes. While cricket legend has it that the urn contains the charred remains of a cricket bat, Australian aborigines claim that the remains of Old King Cole are enthroned within. The aborigines' accusation, however, has been



rejected by Professor John Mulvaney, cricket historian: "Absolute nonsense," he says. "King Cole was buried, not even cremated, near the Oval in London, after dying of tuberculosis during the tour." (*Melbourne Sunday Press*)

Somebody's not playing cricket.—Editor

WIFE MARRIES MOTHER -IN- LAW

If things aren't weird enough in Syria, Batima Al Hussein, wife of a top official of the secret police, Amin Hussein, has done her share to make things worse. Batima fell in love with her mother-in-law Azzia but, because homosexuality is forbidden by Muslim law, could not express her passion. What to do? The resourceful women came up with a solution. Batima slipped off to Sweden to have a sex-change operation paid for by Azzia. After the successful surgery Batima, now a man named Sadaam, contacted Azzia and joined her in Europe, where the happy couple married. But hell hath no fury like a husband whose wife marries his mother. Back in Syria Amin has vowed, "They will pay dearly for what they have done to me and the children. The world is not big enough to hide them." (*National Examiner*)

Maybe he'd like to marry our mother-in-law.—Editor



SATAN'S SHRINK

A leading psychiatrist, Dr. M. Scott Peck, warns that the devil really exists and he has met him. Dr. Peck was present at an exorcism when he observed, "The patient suddenly resembled a writhing snake of great strength...

More frightening than the writhing body, however, was the face. The eyes were hooded with lazy reptilian torpor—except when the reptile darted out in attack, at which moment the eyes would open wide with blazing

hatred." He was successful in getting rid of the devil, but warned that the evil spirit is "clearly, utterly, and totally dedicated to opposing human life." (*Weekly World News*)
Is he a Freudian or a Fraudian psychiatrist?—Editor

A HORNY THUMB

Cheung Yun-fuk, 33, of Hong Kong, has a problem keeping his hands to himself. Cheung enjoys pinching women's bottoms so much that his obsession has landed him in jail. According to Cheung, he is not to be held accountable for his actions. He argued before the magistrate that ever since childhood he has had a wandering thumb, causing him to reach out and touch someone's bottom. The unsympathetic judge sentenced Cheung, who already had six previous convictions for the same crime, to nine months in jail. (*San Francisco Chronicle*—submitted by R. Sherman, San Francisco, Calif.)

The judge turned him thumbs-down.—Editor

SOME PEOPLE NEVER LEARN

In this case it was a red-faced Indiana police department. Jerri Emberton, a 26-year-old woman, was arrested for passing \$100,000 in bad checks. Bail was posted, and Ms. Emberton promptly paid

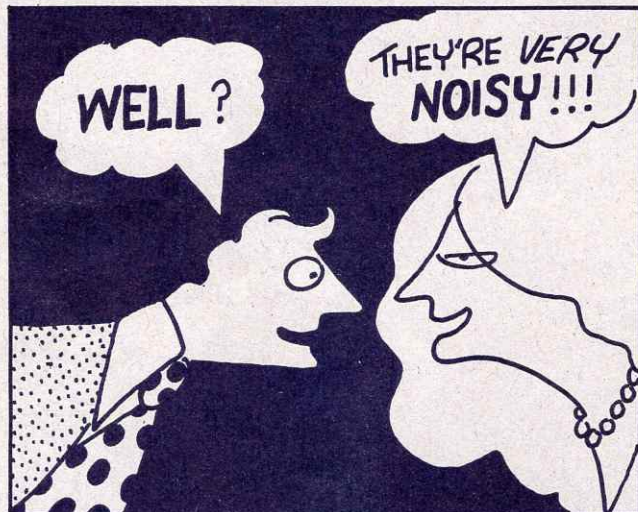
with a check. The check bounced and she disappeared. (*Toledo Blade*—submitted by Scott Matheny, Findlay, Ohio)
Sounds like a case of the pen being mightier than the sword.—Editor

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



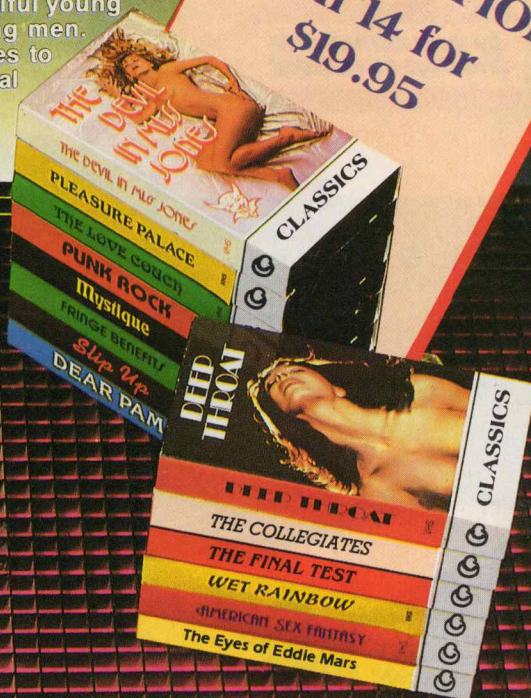
Bill Lee 'VII

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Sweet Chastity

by RON EMBLETON
and BOB GUCCIONE

AFTER THE PARNASSUS PARTY, VINCENT IS EAGER TO GET BACK TO THE TREASURE HUNT. ELEKTRA IS ALSO EAGER FOR HIM TO GET BACK TO THE TREASURE HUNT — AS SHE HAS SOME PLANS OF HER OWN!

ARE YOU SURE YOU WON'T JOIN US, AUNTIE ELEKTRA?

NO, I THINK I'LL STAY HERE AND SOAK UP THE SUN — AND ANYWAY, VINCENT REMINDS ME OF THE CAPTAIN OF THE TITANIC IN THAT OUTFIT!

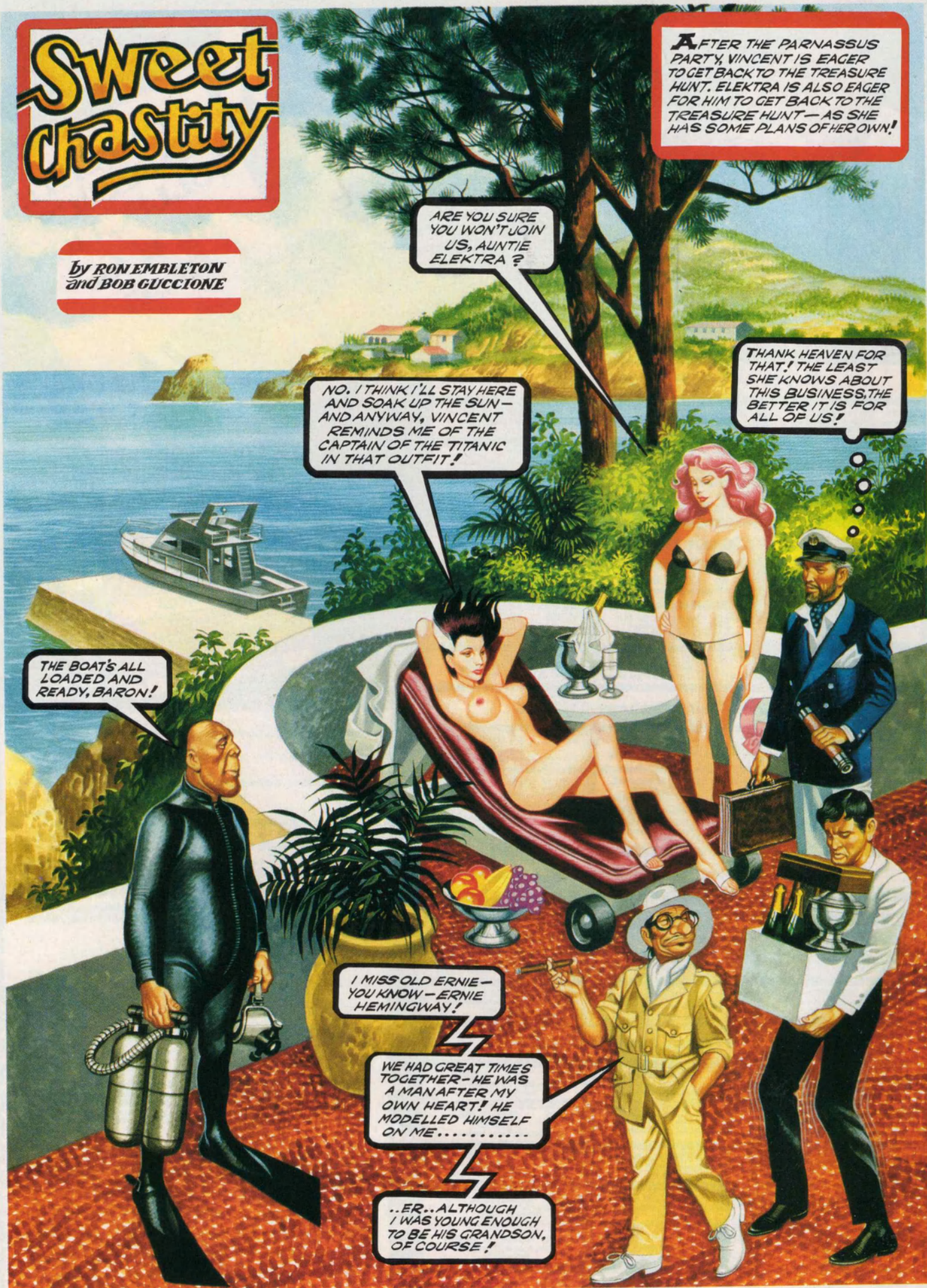
THANK HEAVEN FOR THAT! THE LEAST SHE KNOWS ABOUT THIS BUSINESS, THE BETTER IT IS FOR ALL OF US!

THE BOAT'S ALL LOADED AND READY, BARON!

I MISS OLD ERNIE — YOU KNOW — ERNIE HEMINGWAY!

WE HAD GREAT TIMES TOGETHER — HE WAS A MAN AFTER MY OWN HEART! HE MODELLED HIMSELF ON ME.....

...ER... ALTHOUGH I WAS YOUNG ENOUGH TO BE HIS GRANDSON, OF COURSE!





MEANWHILE....

OKAY! IGOR
AND I WILL
BEGIN A
SYSTEMATIC
SEARCH.

FINE! I'LL HAVE
SOME COCKTAILS
READY WHEN
YOU COME UP!

ARE YOU SURE THAT
GREAT OAF KNOWS
WHAT HE'S DOING?

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE IGOR!
I'VE BEEN WORKING WITH HIM
—AND HE'S A NATURAL! HE
KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!

IN ALL MY YEARS AT
CASTLE DREER...
ROBBIN' GRAVES....
BEIN' A TRUE AND
FAITHFUL SERVANT...
CLEARIN' UP MESSSES
... THIS IS THE FIRST
TIME I'VE EVER HAD
ANY FUN!

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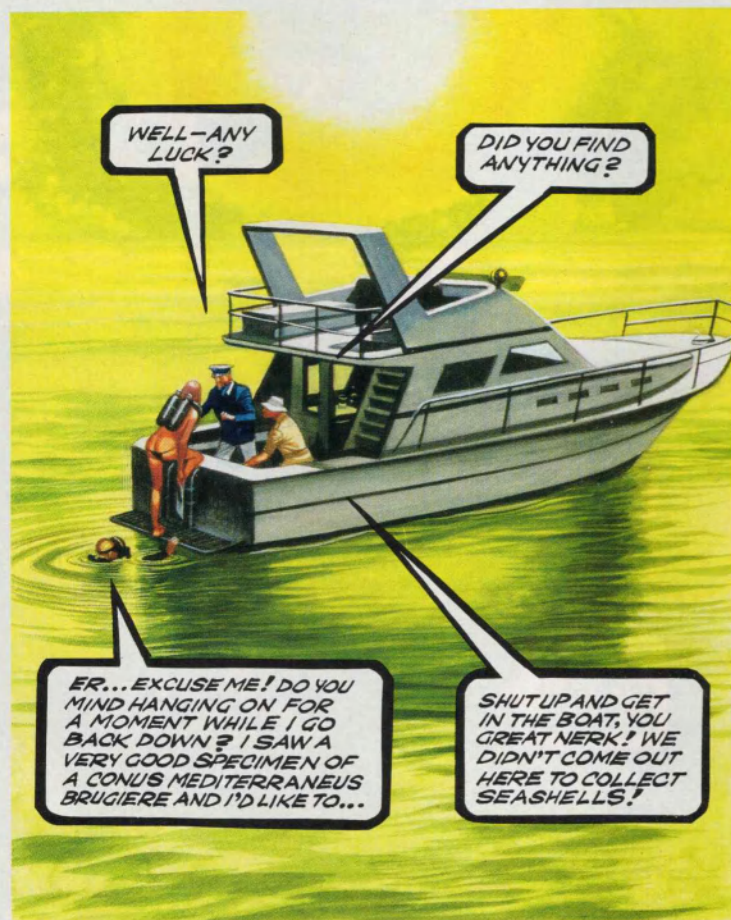
THE HOURS PASS.....

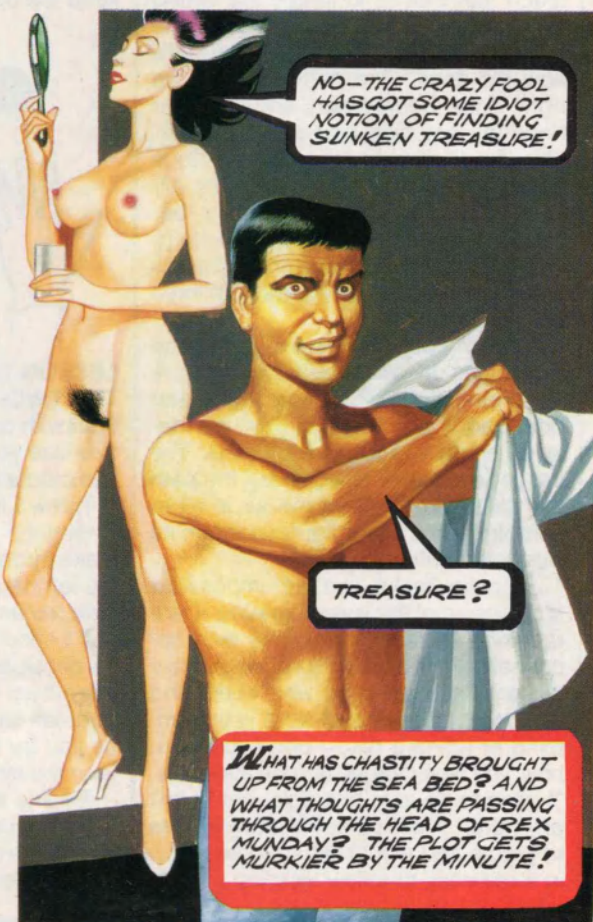
POUR ME A LITTLE MORE
CHAMPAGNE, WILL YOU,
FRANKENSTEIN?

IT'S VERY BORING—
SITTING AROUND
WAITING..... AND
CONVERSATION
WAS NEVER ONE OF
YOUR STRONG POINTS!

IF I PUSHED HIM
OVER THE SIDE I
WONDER IF ANYONE
WOULD EVER FIND
HIS BODY?







GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

Almost everyone, at some time or other, has tried to learn how to juggle and failed. The reason most people can't juggle is that no one has taught them how. When people try to teach themselves, they usually do it the wrong way. Still photos of jugglers are often disappointing. Usually there is only one ball in the air at a time—the other two are in the juggler's hands.

That doesn't match our impression of juggling as an amazing defiance of gravity. Artists try to capture that impression by showing three balls suspended in the air—a moment that never actually happens in real juggling. You have seen that image all your life, probably as a juggling clown on the wallpaper of your nursery.

That clown may be the reason people teach themselves to juggle the wrong way. It appears that he is throwing the balls in a circle, so people assume that's how it's done. One hand, usually the right, does the throwing, and the other does the catching and passing back. This is a legitimate juggling technique called the "shower," but it is quite difficult to master and is inefficient because each hand does only one thing. There aren't many variations, and it is extremely difficult to progress from three balls to four or more.

A much easier method is called the "cascade," in which both hands work symmetrically. Both hands throw and both hands catch—they look like delayed mirror images of each other. The cascade is easier to learn, but the path the balls take through the air is more complex—it is like a figure eight on its side, or an infinity symbol.

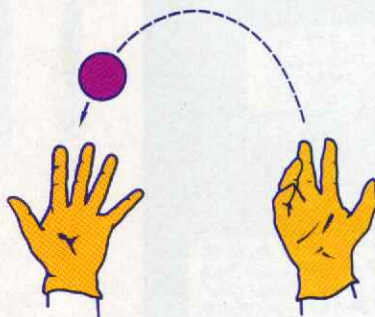
Juggling looks like an impossible suspension of the laws of gravity, a feat requiring incredible dexterity and coordination. It is actually surprisingly easy to learn once you know what to do. And it is one of those basic skills like swimming or riding a bike—once you learn how, you never forget. No one ever says, "I used to be able to juggle, but I can't anymore." If you've never learned how to juggle and would like to, here's how in three easy-to-follow lessons.

LESSON ONE:

THE ONE-BALL EXERCISE

Stand with your hands in front of your body, palms up, as if you were carrying a tray. Start with one ball and toss it back and forth in easy arcs from hand to hand. Try to make throws from both sides look the same—they should go to the same height, just a few inches above your eyes, and they should be easy arcs in the same plane in front of you—the throws shouldn't go forward or back. Try to focus only on the top part of each ball's arc—don't watch the ball all the way down into the catching hand.

A common mistake is to make throws go farther and farther in front of you each time so that you have to extend your arms to catch them. To correct this, imagine a wall in front of you and try to keep the balls from hitting it.



LESSON TWO:

THE TWO-BALL EXERCISE

Start with one ball in each hand. For this exercise you will make two throws and two catches, then stop.

Throw 1 is with your right hand. When it reaches its peak and starts down, make throw 2 with your left hand. Delay the left hand's throw until the last possible instant—its throw and its catch of ball 1 should be as nearly simultaneous as possible. That gives the exercise a three-beat rhythm: throw-throw-catch, right-left-stop. Saying the words aloud as you try it can help you synchronize your movements to the beats.

Try this exercise a few times. If you are the average beginner, you will probably make one of three errors. The most common error is *passing* the left-hand

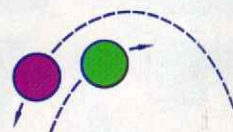
ball over to the right, not throwing it.

The second-most-common error is *rushing* the left-hand throw so that it goes up too soon. The problem here is that both balls are in the air at once, and it is very difficult to divide your attention to catch them both. Take your time, all the time that gravity gives you. Don't make throw 2 until you have to, when throw 1 is already on its way down. Stress the beat of the rhythm to slow things down and help you concentrate on that second throw: throw-THROW-catch, right-LEFT-stop.

When your left hand solves those two problems—it throws, and in the right rhythm—it begins to make a new mistake. It *itches* the ball forward so that you must reach out with the right hand to make the catch. This is the natural way to throw—forward. In juggling, a "throw" is more like a "toss"—straight up, or straight across from side to side. The toss has a scooping action—you make catches off to the side, just off your hips, then bring your hands back to the center of your chest to make the next throw.

Try to overcorrect. If you are throwing too far forward, see if you can consciously throw too far back and make the ball come back and hit your opposite shoulder. You'll probably end up with a throw that is somewhere in the middle, which is just what you want.

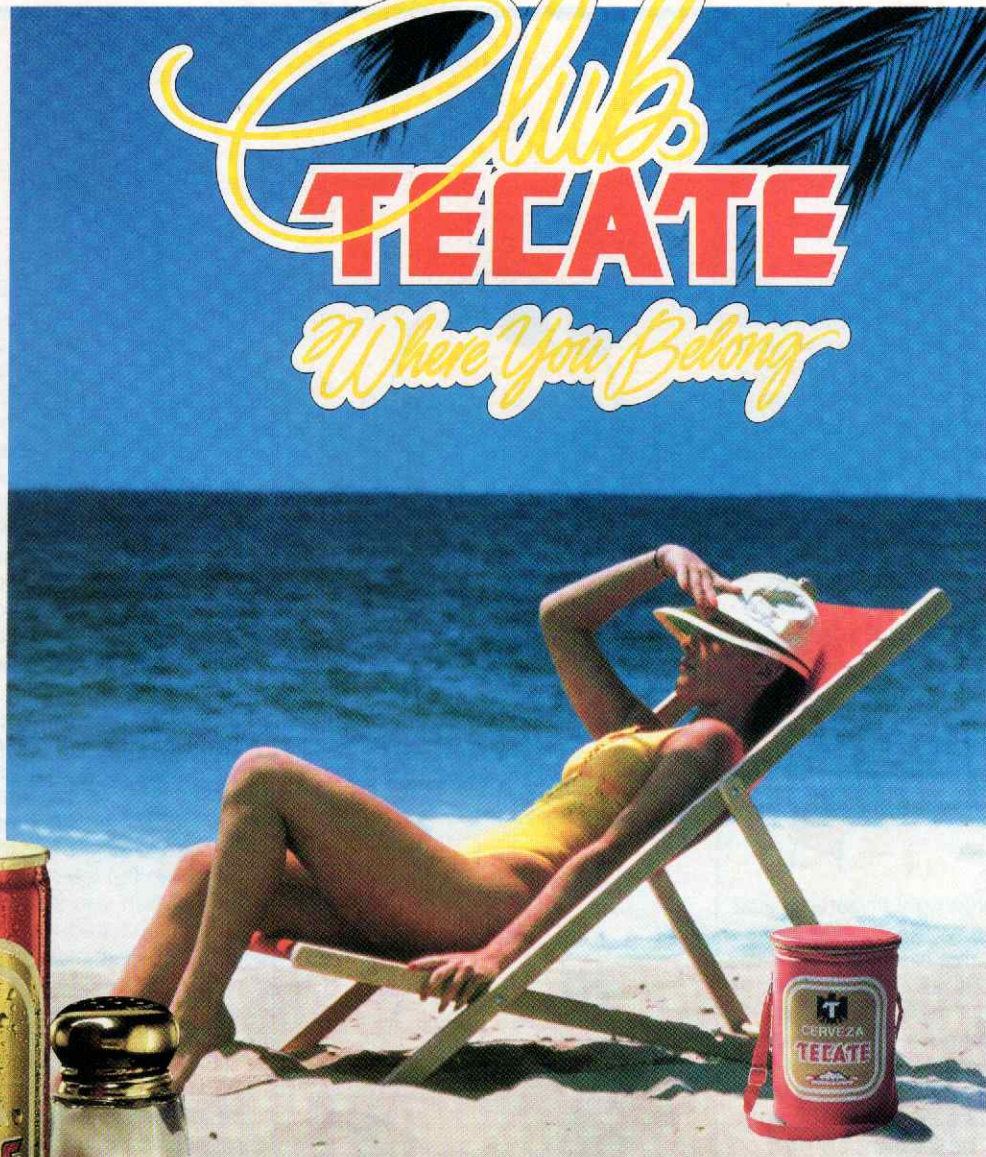
One more thing: Every throw should go up to the *inside* of the arc of the ball coming down.



Those are the three big ones—*passing*, *rushing*, and *itching*. Note that all three are throwing errors. Not one of them mentions a mistake on the catch. Most novice jugglers worry too much about catching. They don't want to drop the ball, have to bend over, and start again. But at this point you are concentrating on getting your throws right—when they improve, your catching abil-

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ity will come along naturally.

Practice the two-ball exercise for no more than ten minutes. If you can do it successfully (two throws and two catches) five times in a row, try the same drill with the left hand leading with throw 1 and the right hand making the second throw: left-RIGHT-stop. When you can do it ten times in a row, alternately starting from the right side and the left, you are ready to add the final ball.

LESSON THREE: THE THREE-BALL EXERCISE

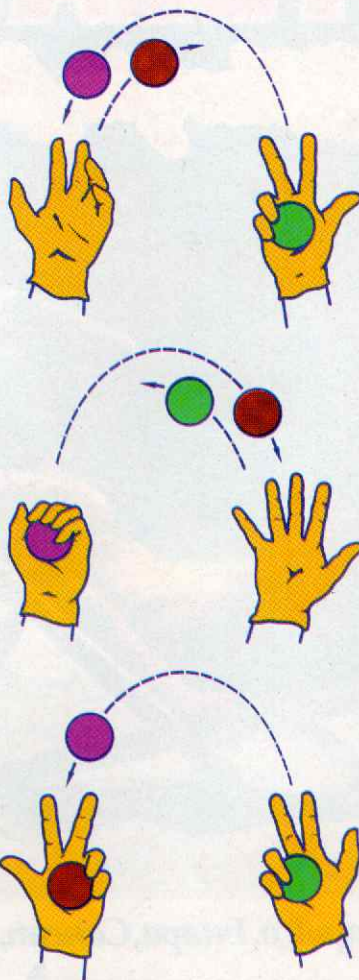
This time you start with two balls in your right hand, one ball in your left. Throw



1 is the ball at your right fingertips. Just as it starts down, your left hand makes throw 2. So far, this is just like the two-ball exercise. But now there's a ball at the back of your right hand and the problem is to get rid of it before catching throw 2. Most people, the first time they try this exercise, simply don't throw the third ball. Put some thought energy into that third ball—concentrate on throwing it up to the same height as the other throws. Stress the third beat of the rhythm—throw-throw-THROW-catch, right-left-RIGHT-stop—because it's that tricky third ball that is the problem.

Practice the exercise for a few minutes. It ends with two balls in your left hand and one in your right. Pass one ball back to the right side and start the exercise over. When you can do it five times in a row without a miss, think about the ball that is already in your left hand when you make catch 3. When you can throw the ball out of the way, before making catch 3, you're on your way to juggling.

Try to end every juggle with at least one ball on the ground. Often first-time jugglers are so worried about catching that they end every exercise holding all



three balls. When this happens, it means there was a throw you could have made (whether you caught it or not) but didn't.

When you can do the three-ball exercise with some semblance of consistency, go ahead and try for that fourth throw. Throw it up just before you make that third catch.

This is really the last step before you keep the balls going continuously, so don't worry if it takes a while to get it. Don't spend too long at any one exercise. If you keep making the same error over and over again, quit for the day. You will probably be surprised, when you come back and try the exercise again, to find that you are better than

you were when you quit. Something seems to happen during the time you're not juggling, some unconscious rehearsal of timing, gravity, parabolas, and trajectories, and the brain puts together pieces that didn't fit the day before. Psychologists aren't exactly sure why this happens, but it does.

Once you can juggle three balls, you can juggle three of almost anything. Tangerines will never be safe around your house again. If you like to press your skills to the limits, you will soon be bored with the simple three-ball cascade and will want to learn tricks and try for more balls.

Unfortunately, the cascade juggling pattern doesn't work very well when you try to juggle four objects. They tend to hit each other at that intersection of the figure eight. To juggle four balls you must first learn to juggle two in the right hand and two in the left hand. The hard part comes when you try to do this in both hands simultaneously. The balls travel up and down in closed loops and don't cross from hand to hand, though if you viewed the juggler from the side you would have a very hard time telling this.

This no-crossing pattern is called the "fountain," or the "columns," technique, and it is used whenever a juggler does an even number of objects. This has some interesting results. The man who has been considered the best juggler of all time, Enrico Rastelli, could juggle ten balls, but he couldn't do nine. The reason is that Rastelli preferred the fountain pattern—when he had mastered eight balls, four in each hand, he went directly to ten balls, five in each hand. What he performed is called a "flash"—that is, each ball went up and down once—ten throws, ten catches.

By contrast, the man that many Soviets consider the world's best juggler, Sergei Ignatov of the Moscow Circus, was extraordinarily proficient at the cascade. For many years he performed an 11-ring flash in his act, until recently a world's record, though he never successfully flashed 12 rings.

Rastelli and Ignatov have been considered the best jugglers of all time, but

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

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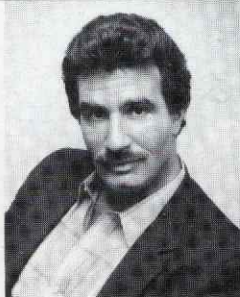
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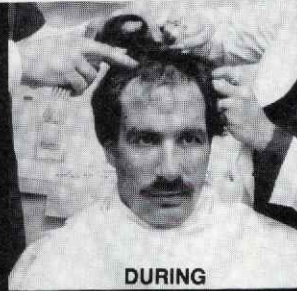
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Women


CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

front about women liking sex as much as men." Does she worry about portraying women as sex objects? "Not at all," she insists. "When I show the exploitation of women, or even violent sex—and I hate violent sex—it's to indicate what a sleaze that male character is, or how screwed up our society is. But most of all, I'm writing against the double standard. A man can brag about all his sexual conquests, but a woman who admits to liking sex is called a slut or a nympho. For me it's important to show a woman enjoying sex, because I think that has to be a measure of her freedom as well as her political and economic liberation."

Feminists, however, have rarely embraced her as a sister. Jackie finds this puzzling, and in her defense she suggests a streak of puritanism. "Because some feminists see the penis as only a symbol of male dominance, they don't want to talk about women taking pleasure in one. Besides, I also have to include women characters who are exploited by men or who are passive, since that's reality. I'm not saying that is the way women have to be. I'm writing social commentary, too, and I'd like people to think about why women are in those situations and how it might be different."

Critics may sneer that Jackie's books are just "trashy, lightweight entertainment." Jackie, shall we say, laughs all the way to the bank. "They're meant to be entertaining," she says cheerfully. "I don't condescend to my readers, and I know how to tell a good story. After all, the novel started as a popular art form, and just because I reach a lot of people doesn't make my books worthless. So I'll just go on ignoring the critics and writing what I enjoy writing and what I know my readers enjoy reading."

Which social world she'll next dissect, what beautiful or powerful people she'll next unmask, Jackie isn't saying, although there are rumors that Washington, D.C., is her latest target. Nor is she willing to name the real people on whom some of her characters are based. It's all part of the fun of reading a Collins novel, and she likes to keep people guessing. But she is quite clear about what she wants in the future. "I want my husband and children to be happy and healthy. I want to see an end to crime and terrorism. I want peace in the world. As for me"—she pauses and gives me a wide grin—"in 20 years I still want to be No. 1 on the best-seller list."

About that, there should be little doubt. Combine her wit and spirit with her ambition, self-confidence, and nitty-gritty perceptions of society, and you have someone very like her favorite women characters. And when all is said and done, they indeed seem to get what they want. 

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GAMES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 158

now there is some reason to award the title to 27-year-old Albert Lucas, a former performer with the Ice Capades, who now holds at least 13 world's records in juggling. These include a ten-ball flash and a 12-ring flash, tying the highest numbers ever juggled by Rastelli and Ignatov, respectively. Lucas tells me that he is able to do 12 balls and 14 rings—feats that had been considered impossible only a few years ago and will identify Lucas as the best juggler in human history.

JOGGLING

The most recent records Lucas set are in the new sport called *joggling*, which consists of juggling three balls while jogging or running. Since juggling is already a left-right, left-right activity, it turns out to be quite easy to synchronize this with the act of running. The current world record for the joggled mile is four minutes, 43 seconds, set by Kirk Swenson in 1986. On March 1 of this year, Albert Lucas joggled in the Los Angeles Marathon in a world-record time of four hours, four minutes, and 38 seconds. And he did the whole race, his first marathon ever, without once dropping a ball.

In his joggling training, Lucas uses Eberballs, which are heavy juggling balls filled with lead or steel shot. They provide an upper-body workout (exercising the biceps, forearm, wrist, and shoulder muscles), as well as an aerobic exercise—the heavier the ball you juggle the greater the increase in heart rate. Eberballs are my own invention. They are available by mail from Brian Dubé, Inc., 25 Park Place, New York, N.Y. 10007. The balls are vinyl, about 2.8 inches in diameter, and filled with varying ratios of plastic, steel, and lead in order to come up to a desired weight. We have a basic set of three one-pound balls for \$19, a 1.5-pound set for \$24, and a two-pound set for \$27. In each case there is a \$3 postage charge.

Every set also contains an instructional booklet that explains how to juggle the three-ball cascade and how to use the weighted balls in an upper-body workout. By way of comparison, a tennis ball weighs a little over two ounces, and a lacrosse ball weighs just five ounces. The exercise is comparable to doing curls with free weights or on a Nautilus machine, though with the constant pumping and swinging of the arms it also provides an aerobic, cardiovascular benefit.

But its main advantage over other forms of exercise is that it is fun. People have been juggling for centuries just because it is fun to do. The fact that it builds up your upper-body muscles and improves your aerobic fitness is almost a side benefit. Honestly, would you run or lift weights just for the fun of it—if it wasn't improving your health in any way? **Y**

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1-003 T-Bomb 80/16 (1 1/2")	1280 firecrackers	9.90	12 parcels	97.90
1-005 Black Cat 40/12 (1 1/4")	480 firecrackers	5.10	32 parcels	115.90
1-006 Black Cat 40/12 (1 1/2")	1600 firecrackers	15.70	10 parcels	121.50
1-008 M-60 Firecracker	72 in a box	14.90	20 boxes	210.00
1-010 Zebra 40/60 (1 1/2")	2000 firecrackers	16.90	8 parcels	107.10

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2-001 Smoke Balls	.6 dozen	\$ 8.90	20 boxes	\$129.00
3-001 Fun Snaps	10 boxes	5.70	300 boxes	123.90
3-002 Booby Traps	12 boxes	1.90	1440 boxes	189.00
3-005 Auto Foolers w/report	1 dozen	5.90	60 dozen	239.00
4-002 Small Tank	1 dozen	5.90	40 dozen	162.90
4-004 Friendship Pagoda	2 pieces	2.40	144 pieces	134.90
4-006 Happy Lamp	1 dozen	8.40	36 dozen	196.50
5-002 Jumping Jacks 48/12	576 pieces	11.90	20 parcels	159.90
5-003 Ground Bloom Flowers	3 dozen	5.50	120 dozen	174.50
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7-001 5 Ball Roman Candle	1 dozen	\$ 4.50	24 dozen	\$ 75.90
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7-004 10 Ball Candle w/report	1 dozen	8.50	12 dozen	86.90

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6-002 #10 Gold Sparklers	1 dz. boxes	5.10	12 dz. boxes	41.90
6-004 Large Morning Glory Spkls.	1 gross (144)	10.90	25 gross	190.75
8-001 Chinese 5" Fountain Asst.	1 dozen	5.90	24 dozen	113.90
8-004 #3 Cone Fountain Asst.	1 dozen	9.10	12 dozen	99.90
8-006 Royal Flush Cone Asst.	2 fountains	4.90	72 fountains	109.50
8-008 Happiness Fountain	1 dozen	5.25	36 dozen	113.90

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11-007 #100 Starr Mine	1 shell	10.50	2 dozen 177.60

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12-001 4" Shell Assortment	1 dozen	5.40	36 dozen	117.90
12-003 7" Shell Assortment	1 dozen	15.90	12 dozen	138.90
12-004 48 Shot Color Pearl Shell	2 shells	6.75	80 shells	202.90
12-006 Kaleidoscope	2 shells	6.75	50 shells	139.20
12-007 News Transmitter	2 shells	6.75	80 shells	202.90
12-009 Saturn Missile	2 shells	5.40	120 shells	220.50
12-019 Festival Ball Shell	1 dozen	14.50	15 dozen	155.90

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13-004 Whistling Bottle Rocket				
w/report	1 gross (12 dz.)	7.90	20 gross	117.50
14-002 1 oz. Pa Sing w/report	1 dozen	3.50	72 dozen	165.90
14-004 8 oz. Black Cat w/stars	1 dozen	10.90	36 dozen	268.50
14-005 8 oz. Black Cat w/report	1 dozen	10.90	36 dozen	268.50
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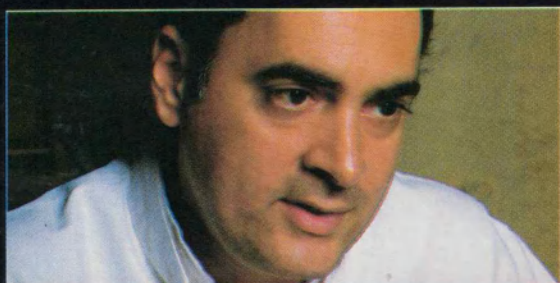
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COMING IN THE AUGUST PENTHOUSE



THE COKEVILLE HORROR

Cokeville, Wyoming, was a sleepy little town whose citizens, when and if they ever thought of violence, hostages, and maniacs, probably thought of New York City, Beirut, Lebanon, or Idi Amin's Uganda. But one day early last year, all of that changed forever. A self-styled "philosopher" named David Young wandered into the local elementary school with his girlfriend and took 160 children and teachers as his prisoners. That day of terror, with its horror-struck ending, will never be forgotten by the children who were forced to live through it, or the adults who have to try to help them live through the rest of their lives remembering it. Vincent Copola, who had exclusive access to Young's journals, tells the story of one man with a mind on fire, whose private nightmare became a living hell.



RAJIV GANDHI INTERVIEW

His grandfather fought for India's independence from England and became her first prime minister. His mother, the autocratic leader of the world's largest democracy, was gunned down by religious fanatics at the height of her power. Now Rajiv Gandhi is faced with the daunting challenge of leading his huge nation into the twenty-first century, by which time India will have overtaken China as the most populous nation on earth. Russell Warren Howe talks to the prime minister about India, the future, and how he hopes to bind the wounds of his strife-torn, poverty-stricken 800 million people.



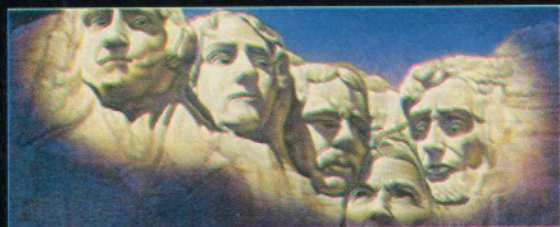
NOAH'S ARC

Four years ago, an unknown young man, descended from African nobility and barely out of his teens, caused a sensation by winning the French Open, one of the world's most important tennis tournaments. Today, Yannick Noah is the No. 1 doubles player in the world and is ready to challenge Ivan Lendl for the men's world championship. But as next month's insightful profile by Peter Sikowitz reveals, the half-French Noah is much more than just a superb athlete. Now living in New York City's trendy SoHo section, he reads philosophy and plays the guitar, talking about restaurants and politics with as much passion as sports. Tennis has gone through its loudmouth, crybaby era. Now, with Noah, it's time for some class.



GORBACHEV'S POTEMKIN VILLAGE

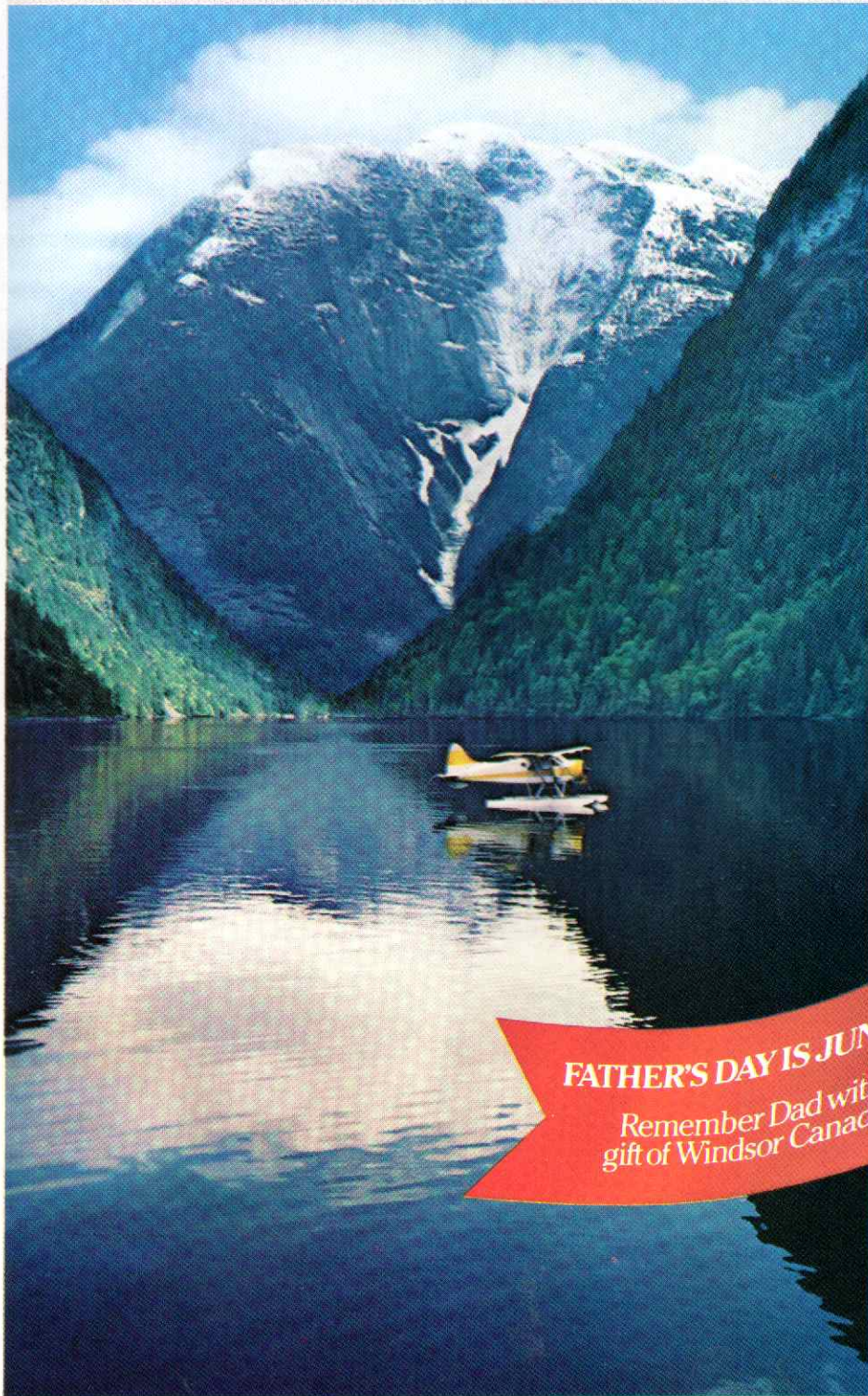
How is it that in two short years, the boss of the Communist empire, Mikhail S. Gorbachev, and his wife Raisa, have become Western media stars of the highest order, eclipsing even Cybill Shepherd and Bruce Willis? Robert Weil, an editor at *Omni* magazine who has taught Russian history, looks back at that history to highlight Gorbachev's seduction of our ordinarily hard-nosed reporters. Next month Weil recalls Grigory Potemkin, a brilliant and ruthless statesman who was Catherine the Great's lover and chief adviser—and reminds us that sometimes, unfortunately, history does repeat itself.



CLASSIC TAKEOFFS

Israeli artist Zeev Ben Dor, in the irreverent tradition of Marcel Duchamp, Andy Warhol, and Salvador Dalí, likes to poke a little fun at the sanctity of high art. But unlike those masters, Ben Dor's satiric technique serves more to illuminate and satirize contemporary aspects of life and politics than to mock classic techniques. Ben Dor is not so much an iconoclast as a man who likes to play with icons, revealing improvisational aspects of famous works for our amusement and enlightenment.

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