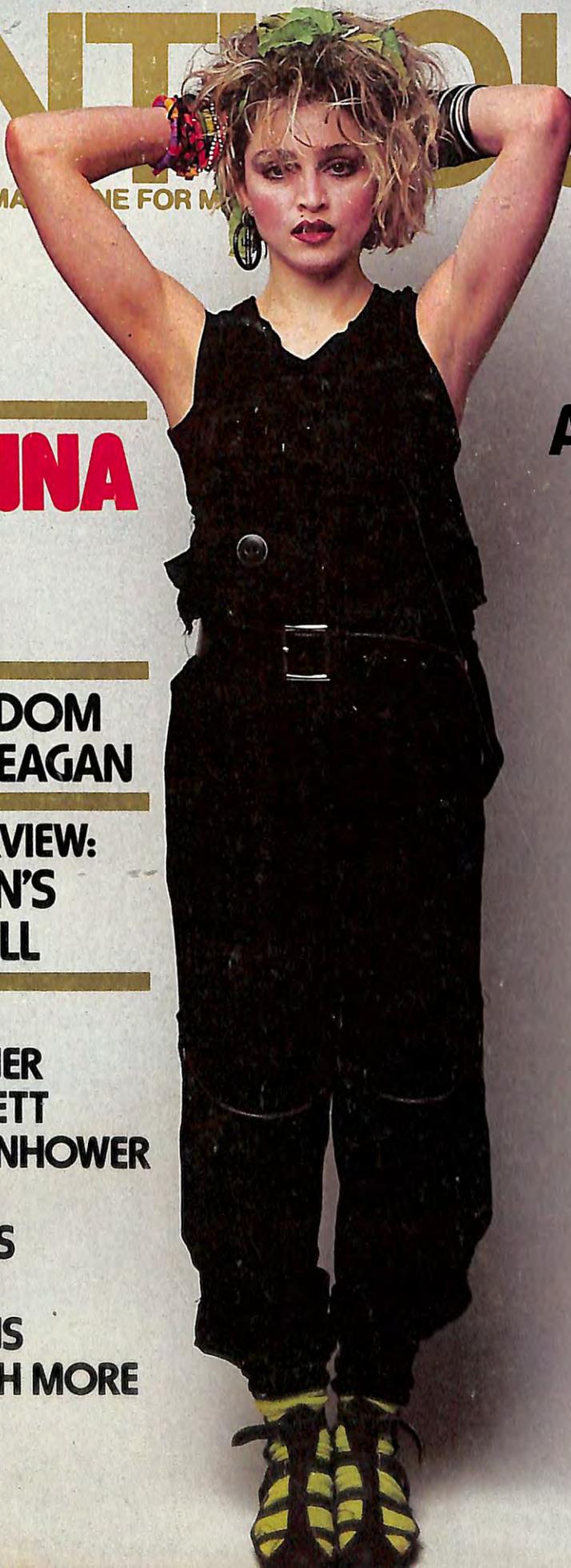


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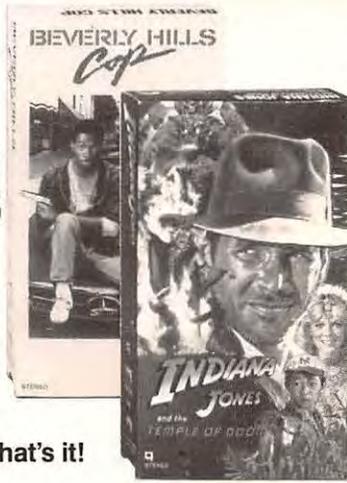
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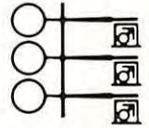
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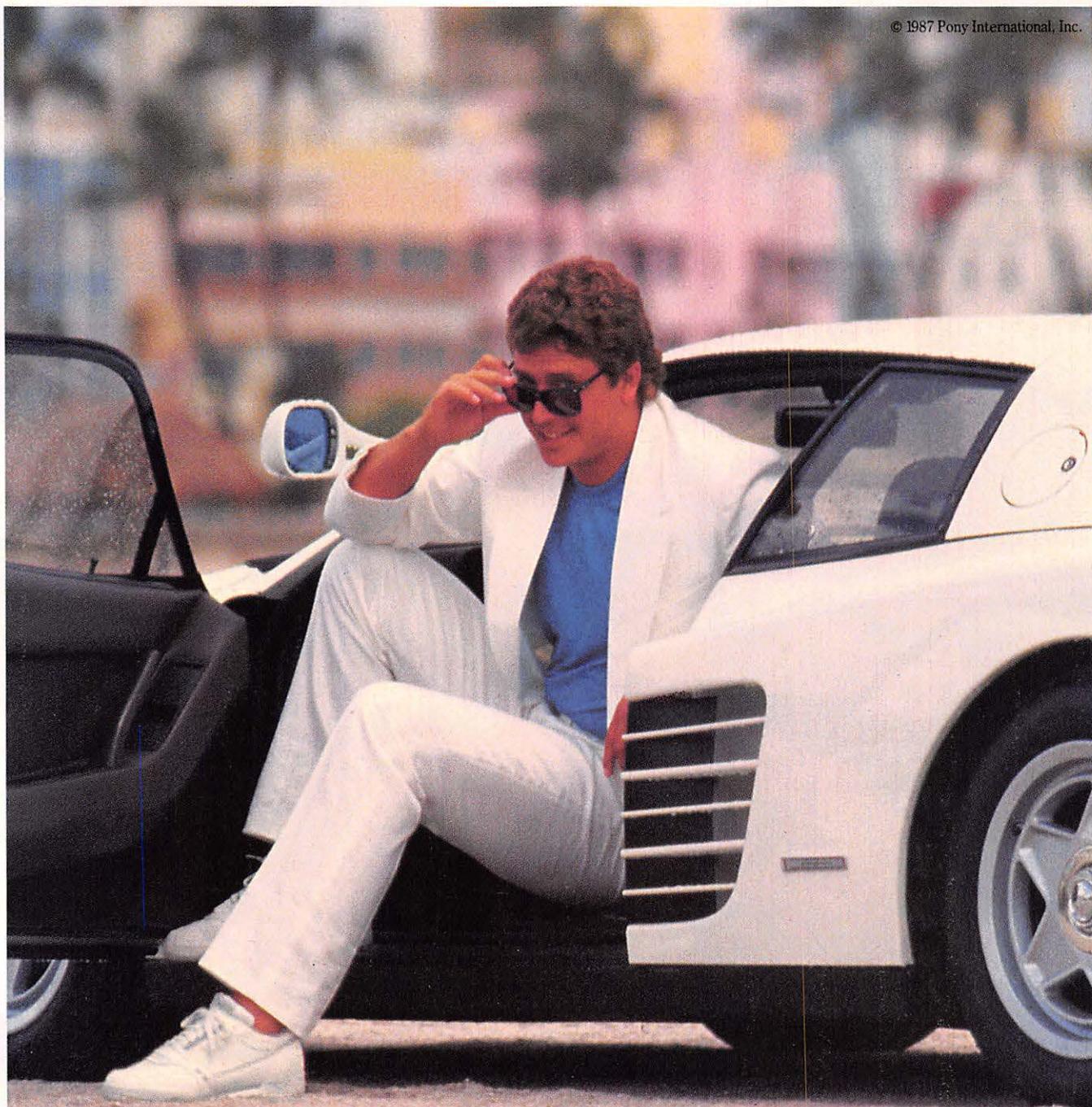
CONTENTS		PAGE
HOUSECALL	Introduction	8
FORUM	Correspondence	10
THE GREAT PENTHOUSE TREASURE HUNT		27
U.S.A. CONFIDENTIAL: Deadly Pesticides; Sandinista "Disinformation"; Embassy Problems; Beauty School Dropouts; Witness Protection Loopholes	News Sharon Churcher	33
JUSTICE: Obscenity Tests	Comment Alan M. Dershowitz	36
POWER GAME: Education	Column Michael Korda	38
FITNESS	Service Michael Colgan, Ph.D.	40
WOMEN: Julie Eisenhower	Profile Ben Stein	42
CALL ME MADAM	Service Xaviera Hollander	44
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment Emily Prager	55
PEOPLE: Adam Ant	Patrice Baldwin	56
LOONY BIN	Karen Schwarz	56
MIND: Electronic U	Gary Hanauer	57
SEX NEWS	Patrice Baldwin	58
LEGACY	Fiction James A. Michener	60
DREAMS & DIVERSIONS	Lifestyles	65
MADONNA	Reportage Nick Tosches	68
MEDICAL GENOCIDE, PART 15: HUMAN GUINEA PIGS	Article Gary Null	78
WOMAN IN THE DARK, PART ONE	Fiction Dashiell Hammett	81
MARC CHRISTIAN	Interview Michael Housego	88
THE WIT AND WISDOM OF RONALD REAGAN	Article Roy Blount, Jr.	94
STEPHANIE	Pet of the Month Photos by Earl Miller	99
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service William R. Corson	116
THE FEMININE MISTAKE	Essay Lucette Matalon Lagnado	118
CAROLINE AND SUZY	Pictorial Photos by Michael Moor	121
THE UGLIEST REPUBLICAN: PAT BUCHANAN	Profile Philip Nobile and Eric Nadler	132
PIERRE LACOMBE	Portfolio	136
GROSS PROPHETS	Satire Bill Lee	147
MELISSA AND MATT	Pictorial Produced and photographed by Earl Miller	153
PATRIOT GAMES	Fiction Tom Clancy	164
HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE	Satire Ori Hofmekler	168
HARD TIMES	Humor	171
N.F.L. PREDICTIONS 1987	Article Danny Sheridan	176
X-RATED VIDEO	Service Al Goldstein	184
THE BEASTIE BOYS	Profile Timothy White	186
SWEET CHASTITY	Satire Ron Embleton/Bob Guccione	218
GAMES: Photocopy Humor	Diversions Scot Morris	224



Our cover features Madonna, who was photographed by © Helmut Werb. Her pictorial begins on page 68. For information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 98.

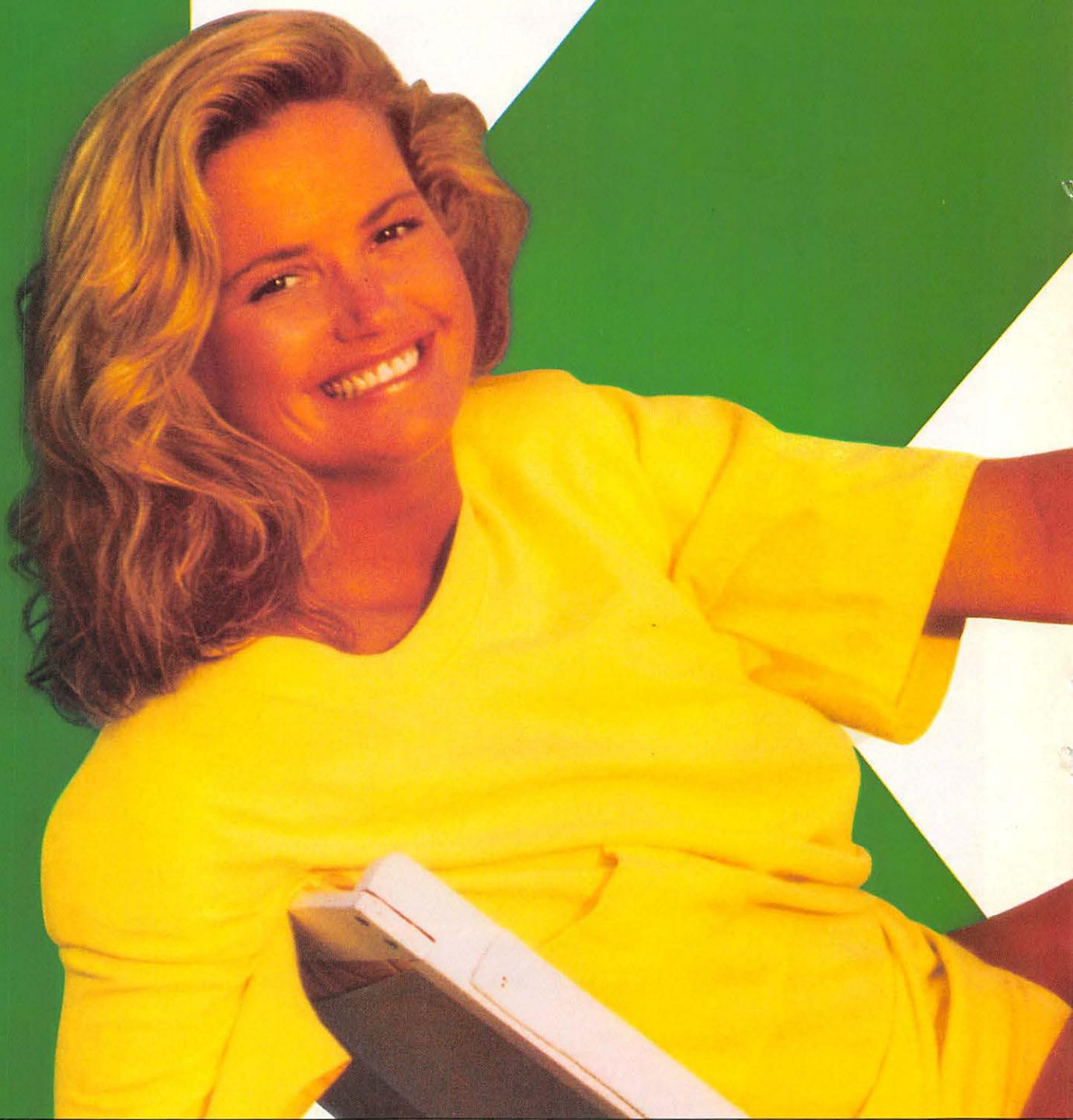
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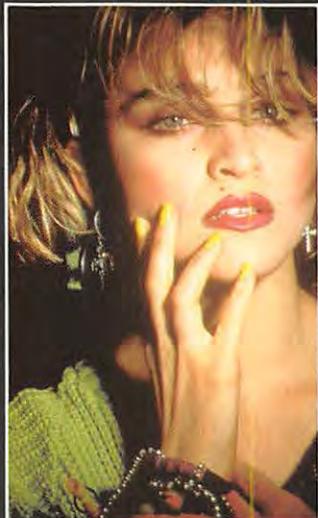


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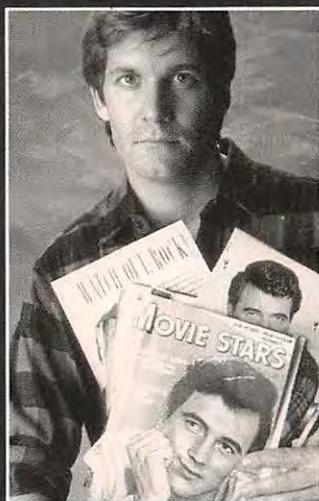
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# HOUSECALL



## BIRTHDAYS . . .

Are for celebrating. And this unique Anniversary Issue gives us the opportunity to celebrate our 18th birthday with gusto and panache. The guest list for this exclusive bash is special indeed, and who better to lead it off than the young lady who graces our cover? When she last appeared in these pages two years ago, **Madonna** was pistol-hot. Today she has transformed that pop-cult image into the very personification of the eclectic stylishness of our age . . . as you'll discover in our special portfolio of photographs and reportage chronicling the public—and private—aspects of this sensual and talented superstar.



## A SPECIAL ISSUE

. . . demands special content, and, if you'll pardon our pride, this month we offer an extraordinary publishing coup. Herein you'll discover the first in a three-part serialization of a long-lost novel by **Dashiell Hammett**. As you follow this tale by America's greatest mystery writer, you'll be transported back to the 1930s, when Hammett, his lover **Lillian Hellman**, and some of the most talented authors in our history were creating the literary classics of today. We've reproduced *Woman in the Dark* exactly as it first appeared in the pages of the now-legendary *Liberty* magazine, with the stunning original art by **James Montgomery Flagg** and the editors' suggested reading times for each chapter. . . . And there's more great fiction in our party fare. First, we're honored to present an excerpt



from **James A. Michener's** *Legacy* (which will be published by Random House), in which today's most popular author recreates the drama behind the scenes of the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia 200 years ago. . . . And you'll also find an exciting preview of **Tom Clancy's** new thriller, *Patriot Games* (to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons). Clancy, you'll recall, penned the smash espionage novel *The Hunt for Red October*, whose worldwide success quickly established him in the front ranks of today's spy writers.

## RONALD REAGAN'S WIT AND WISDOM . . .

Two words that have never been invoked in any serious description of our hapless chief executive, but ones that are found to be unavoidably apt by **Roy Blount, Jr.** One of America's very best humor writers, Blount finds himself in growing competition with the steady seepage of inadvertent humor that originates in the headwaters of the Oval Office. You'll laugh till you cry. . . . But not so laughable is the ugly persona of **Pat Buchanan**, for years Reagan's media

mouthpiece, as profiled by *Penthouse* editors **Philip Nobile** and **Eric Nadler**. Buchanan, among other things, fights to defend the civil rights of Nazi war criminals while simultaneously seeking to suppress our First Amendment rights under the Constitution.

## ROCK HUDSON'S LAST DAYS

In an exclusive interview with **Rock Hudson's** last lover, **Marc Christian**, we finally get to know the man who lived his life behind an elaborate facade and who, in death, was pictured as a heroic fighter against the inexorable disease that killed him. The truth, however, as is usually the case, is more unpleasant and much more interesting. . . . As is the truth behind our government's shocking use of its citizens as human guinea pigs. Medical investigative reporter **Gary Null** documents these atrocities, which have victimized thousands of innocent and unknowing Americans, as part of his ongoing "Medical Genocide" series.

## WINNERS AND SINNERS

And there's so much more . . . including **Danny Sheridan's** annual picks of this year's N.F.L. winners . . . **Tim White's** profile of the world's most obnoxious rock band (or are they?) at the peak of their infamy . . . Humor Editor **Bill Lee's** analysis of the financial statements of America's "Gross Prophets" (which would be fantasy if **Jim Bakker** and **Jerry Falwell** hadn't made it all come true) . . . and, of course, the answer to our heart's secret desire—and the wish we make as we blow out the birthday candles—our ever-beautiful *Penthouse* Pets. Happy birthday to us . . . one and all! 

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•Being a longtime *Penthouse* reader, I discovered that you had run photos of Vanna back in 1983. . . . Once again, the rabbit wasn't fast enough. •

## PENTHOUSE FORUM



### DEAR BOB GUCCIONE:

As you are aware, the May 1987 issue of *Playboy* boasts of having exclusive photos of Ms. Vanna White taken by photographer David Gurian for some lingerie ads. Being a longtime *Penthouse* reader, I discovered that your magazine had run similar photos of Vanna by the very same photographer way back in 1983—the July issue, to be exact, on page 195. It was clearly Vanna White. Just thought you'd like to know that once again the rabbit wasn't fast enough.—*Daniel M. Fitzgibbons, Lake Hiawatha, N.J.*

### ROLL 'EM!

I am a 26-year-old struggling actress with a slim, shapely body and a cunt that is constantly in heat. My boyfriend is good in bed, but he can't "keep up" with my frequent needs, so I end up finger-fucking myself almost every day. Something happened recently, however, that satisfied me beyond

my wildest dreams! I got a part in a men's shampoo commercial, which was a thrill in itself because the money was great.

On the day of the shoot, I went to the wardrobe room and was given a very tight black miniskirt to wear, as well as a tight cotton tank top that was cut low in the front. I have fairly large, round breasts, so the top looked great and the outfit made me feel extremely sexy.

When the director saw me, he complimented me on my attire, and went on to apologize for the fact that it was so skimpy, thinking that I might be embarrassed. He explained that cleavage unquestionably sells. Then he took me into the studio and introduced me to my costar Steve. This guy was too much—I think I started getting wet while I was shaking hands with him. He was about six foot tall, with sandy-brown hair, a gorgeous body, and an incredibly sexy smile. We talked for a few minutes while the technicians were setting up, and I could tell that Steve found me very appealing as well. As we talked, he kept glancing at my jugs, which were bulging out of my tiny shirt. Finally, he pointed a finger at them and asked me if I was cold. When I looked down, I realized that my nipples were hard and erect. I looked him straight in the eye and said, "No, as a matter of fact, I'm hot—*real* hot." He got my message loud and clear, and smiled salaciously.

Just then, the director called us onto the set and told us we were going to start shooting. But wouldn't you know it, no sooner did we take our

places when Steve tripped over some wiring and fell flat on his back. Of course, I rushed over to see if he was okay, and there couldn't have been a more perfect situation. The wardrobe lady had told me not to wear any underwear (so there wouldn't be any panty line), and here was this hunk of a man lying at my feet and staring up at my naked, throbbing snatch. What a turn-on! The best part was that so many people were standing around (the entire crew!) and yet none of them knew that Steve was getting an eyeful of my juicy pussy. Wearing my high-heel sandals, I casually shifted my weight and leaned on my hip with one leg extended outward, giving Steve an even better view of my cunt, which my boyfriend had so conveniently shaved for me the night before. With my legs spread like that, I'm sure he could see my wetness, and the lump in his pants told me he was enjoying it.

As the crew dispersed to reassemble the wiring and prepare for the next take, I squatted down to talk to him, carefully maneuvering it so that my knees were slightly apart and my dripping labia were within two feet of his hungry lips. Then I softly whispered, "I'd like to suck your cock at lunchtime." You should have seen the look on his face! After the initial shock, Steve was beaming, and it took all the concentration the two of us could muster to shoot the commercial for the remaining hours before lunch. Luckily, his hard-on was concealed from the camera and crew by a countertop; otherwise it

would've been an interesting commercial!

When the director finally called lunch, Steve and I surreptitiously strolled out of the studio together, and when we were alone in the hallway, he grabbed me by the hand and almost dragged me into his dressing room. Once inside, I locked the door and turned to him, feeling absolutely no inhibitions after so many hours of hot, horny exhibitionism. I untucked my tank top and slowly peeled it up and over my head, arching my back so that my naked tits jolted out at him invitingly. Then I had an idea. I said, "Let's redo take one the way we'd have liked it to be."

I made him lie down on the floor, and I stood over him the same way I had done before—only this time I let my skirt drop. I loved showing him my nude body, and as he lay watching, I fingered my clit with one hand and played with a nipple with the other. His hands were at his pants in an instant, unzipping his fly and freeing his long, thick, beautiful erection. I then stepped over and straddled his face, lowering myself until his lips met mine—my cunt lips, that is. He began to caress me with his tongue, and then he took a long, indescribably delicious suck on my clit. I was throbbing with pleasure, not to mention bathing his face in my swift-flowing creamy juices.

At the point when I was

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Founded March 1965

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SEPTEMBER

about to orgasm, I pulled away and began to fulfill my promise. Still straddling him, I unbuttoned his shirt and licked my way down his chest and his belly until I reached his prick, which I enveloped with my lips, and began to suck him off and tongue him at the same time. I heard a low moan as I reached under and cupped his balls, giving them a gentle squeeze every so often as I sucked him harder. Moving my lips up and down the length of his shaft, I spread his beautiful lubricating precome all over with my tongue.

When I figured he couldn't wait any longer, I stood up and then squatted once more, only this time I lowered myself onto his stiff rod. When his entire cock was inside my grateful cunt, I stayed perfectly still and fucked him by tightening my muscles around his penis, squeezing and relaxing, squeezing and relaxing. All the while I looked him straight in the eye and fondled my nipples with both hands. His body started to shake, and he came in great warm spurts inside me. I moved my hand down to my wet pussy, rubbing my clit and riding his meat, which was still hard. I had a multiple orgasm like never before, wave after wave of fucking pleasure. After a few moments, Steve rolled me over on my back, spread my legs, and started lapping up the love juice. I couldn't believe it, but I started getting horny again, and soon Steve licked and sucked my cunt to another orgasm.

When I got home and my boyfriend asked me how the commercial shoot went, I told him it was fun. And that's the truth! Believe me, that director didn't have to apologize for making me wear scanty attire, and as for Steve, I'm hoping to "work" with him again someday.—Name and address withheld

## SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

After 22 years of marriage and three kids, my wife is still very hot and sexy. In fact, our love life is better than ever—Charlotte will make love whenever or wherever I want. When I'm not at home, she'll masturbate, using dildos and vibrators for her pleasure, and later relay her day's activities to me in bed. But like all married couples, we do have our little kinks that we don't talk about. For instance, though she's never really discussed it with me, I have known for some time that Charlotte would enjoy a bisexual experience.

Well, this past April she finally had her chance, courtesy of me. We went to New Orleans for a wild weekend, and things turned out to be more exciting than we could have hoped for. At first it was your usual touristy Saturday night: We took in a tour of the French Quarter; had a fabulous Cajun dinner, with more than a few margaritas; then returned to our hotel suite. I fixed us some more drinks while Charlotte prepared a bubble bath. She grabbed our issue of *Penthouse* and, turning to "Forum," settled into the hot tub. Soon she called me in, pointing out a particular letter involving a lesbian

massage session. "I would like to try one of those massage parlors sometime, but I wouldn't have the guts to go in." Thrilled by the idea, I told her we could get someone to come to our hotel. I'm sure it was the margaritas, but she said, "Why not?"

I started to place the call when she said, "Make sure it's a girl." No sooner had Charlotte gotten out of the tub, dried herself, and put her robe on, when there was a knock at the door. The girl's name was Dina, a pretty blonde with nice breasts and a good ass. We settled on a price, and then, much to my dismay, Charlotte told me I would have to leave. Unhappily, I agreed to go to the bar downstairs. I said I'd be back in 30 minutes, but Dina said, "Better make it an hour." Charlotte came to the door to kiss me good-bye, and said thanks. I couldn't help but notice her nipples were erect and her breathing was very fast.

I had no sooner arrived at the bar when I found I had left my cigarettes in our room. Eager for the chance of stealing a quick look, I went back upstairs. I eased the suite door open, tiptoed to the entrance of the bedroom, and peeked in. I needn't have worried about being seen; the girls were too busy to notice me. Both of them were totally nude. Charlotte was lying facedown, and Dina was leaning over her, rubbing her huge breasts on Charlotte's ass. She said she was giving her a Far East body massage. "Do you like it?" she asked. With a shaky voice, Charlotte said yes. Soon Charlotte rolled over and Dina again massaged her, this time letting her gorgeous tits fall all over the front of her. Then Dina rose up and started using her hands. She concentrated on Charlotte's breasts, kneading and stroking her firm flesh and pulling her erect nipples; worked her way down to her flat belly; and finally rested her fingers against her anxious mound. Dina parted Charlotte's legs, then licked her lips at the sight of her soaking-wet pussy.

"You can massage my breasts, if you like," she told Charlotte before parting her pussy lips and making a beeline for her hot clit. Charlotte had a look of sheer ecstasy on her face, and I could tell she was right on the verge of coming. Then Dina lowered her head and began to give her slit the tongue-lashing of its life as Charlotte took one of her talented tits in each hand. Charlotte's hips were gyrating like crazy, and to my delight she reached down to finger-fuck her new friend's flowing cunt. Dina's tongue met Charlotte's hand stroke for stroke, and the two increased their rhythm until they started coming, their juices running everywhere. My dick was about to rip through my pants, and I had to rush into the other room to quickly jerk off before quietly slipping out and returning back to the bar.

To this day, Charlotte has never told me exactly what happened; she only admits to "coming a few times." But I don't mind—I was lucky enough to be there!—Name and address withheld



## **T**HE NEW MICRO EYE QUANTUM RADAR DETECTION YOU PROGRAM TO YOUR DRIVING ENVIRONMENT!

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Model 880



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

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## GRAPES OF RAPTURE

This story all started when my friend Felix and I, aged 44 and 50, respectively, were making a barrel of wine. We had the grapes all crushed, and the time had come to squeeze the juice and put it into the barrels. Felix had brought along his 20-year-old neighbor, Angela, to help. She had a real nice body, and her outfit did nothing to hide it. She was wearing this low-cut blouse and short shorts, and every time she stooped over to get a bowl of grapes we could see her bare tits with their nice big nipples. (Although they only looked to be about 34C, they stuck out real good!)

At first Angela didn't realize that we could see her gazongas as good as we did, but when she caught us staring, she tried her damndest to conceal them. We were able to talk her into letting us keep looking, however, and the conversation quickly turned to sex. She said she was in the midst of a divorce, that she was fed up with men and was going to try women. I told her the thought of two women together excited me, and that eating pussy was my favorite pastime, and we continued on the subject until we had put all the juice in the barrel—and, I'm sure, had hers flowing as well.

After we cleaned up, I put a lesbian tape in the VCR and we sat down to watch it. Angela was getting pretty horny, and sat down in my lap. I started playing with

her tits and telling her how nice they were. She said she felt funny doing this in front of Felix, until he came over and told her he wanted to play with one of those melons himself!

In a matter of seconds, we were all naked and I was between Angela's legs, giving her a sample of my cunt-eating technique. Felix was sucking on her tits when she told him she wanted to suck one of our cocks. He quickly obliged her, swinging himself around and shoving his nine-inch salami into her hungry mouth. She only had to snack on this for a few minutes, my tongue still lapping away at her spicy snatch, until she started yelling she wanted to get fucked.

Well, enough of the antipasto, I decided—it was time for the main course! I climbed on top of her and gave her my best while Felix continued to get the sucking of his life. In the next two hours, I came twice in her pussy while Felix came four times in her mouth—then Felix and I switched places and came a few more times. With all the jizz we lost that day, combined with Angela's ever-flowing juices, we could have filled a wine barrel!

Angela later told me that it was the best fucking she ever had, but didn't know if she'd ever want to do it again since she was sore for two days. She's since moved out of town, but we'll both be certain to keep in touch. She really was a taste of old Italy.—*Name and address withheld*

## FIELD HANDS

I had been driving my motorcycle for a few hours when I stopped in front of a bar for a rest. I pulled up a chair and settled down at the only unoccupied table. Just then, two beauties named Elaine and Janice asked if they could sit down with me. How could I refuse? After we had a few drinks, the three of us got up to dance. We were all having a great time, and I could tell that I'd probably be able to get one of them into the sack. They kept eyeing my meat as we danced, and with each passing song, I got hornier and hornier. The girls could tell, because there was a very noticeable bulge in my jeans. I wanted to hide it under the table, but the girls would not let me sit down. Instead, they danced closer to me so no one else could see my anxious member.

When we finally sat back down, they placed their hands on my inner thighs. All this attention had me wishing I had my car with me instead of my bike. I still had an hour left of driving before I reached home, and told Elaine and Janice that I had to leave. Elaine asked if I could take them home, as they shared an apartment. I could have cried. I told them that I had my bike with me and that I'd have to take them one at a time. To my amazement, they agreed.

I took Elaine first. On the way, she placed her hands on my cock and began to massage it through my jeans. My motorcycle helmets are equipped with an intercom system, and Elaine told me that if I pulled over near the upcoming field, she'd fuck me. We ran into the field and Elaine lay down. She pulled her leather miniskirt up and showed me her bald mound. She reached up, pulled out my manhood, and smiled. Then she asked me to stick only the head of my cock into her pussy. She began to rock slowly while I remained still. Suddenly, her hands grabbed hold of my buttocks, and she pulled me full force into her snatch. She begged me to come, and boy did I ever!

Afterward, she suggested that we get moving or Janice may start thinking about other men. I was so concerned with getting my zipper up without catching any skin that I didn't fully realize what Elaine had just said. I took her home and headed back for Janice.

Upon arriving, I apologized for being late. Janice said nothing, and I figured she was mad at me. But just as we approached the same field, Janice said that if I pulled over, she would screw me better than Elaine ever could.

I couldn't believe this was happening to me! Once off the bike, Janice knelt before me and exposed her breasts. She loosened my jeans and my cock sprang to attention. Janice began licking my shaft as if she hadn't seen a man in quite some time. She knew that Elaine and I had made it, and that just got her hotter.

She stood up and lowered her dress. I was waiting for her to remove her panty hose, but instead she got down on all

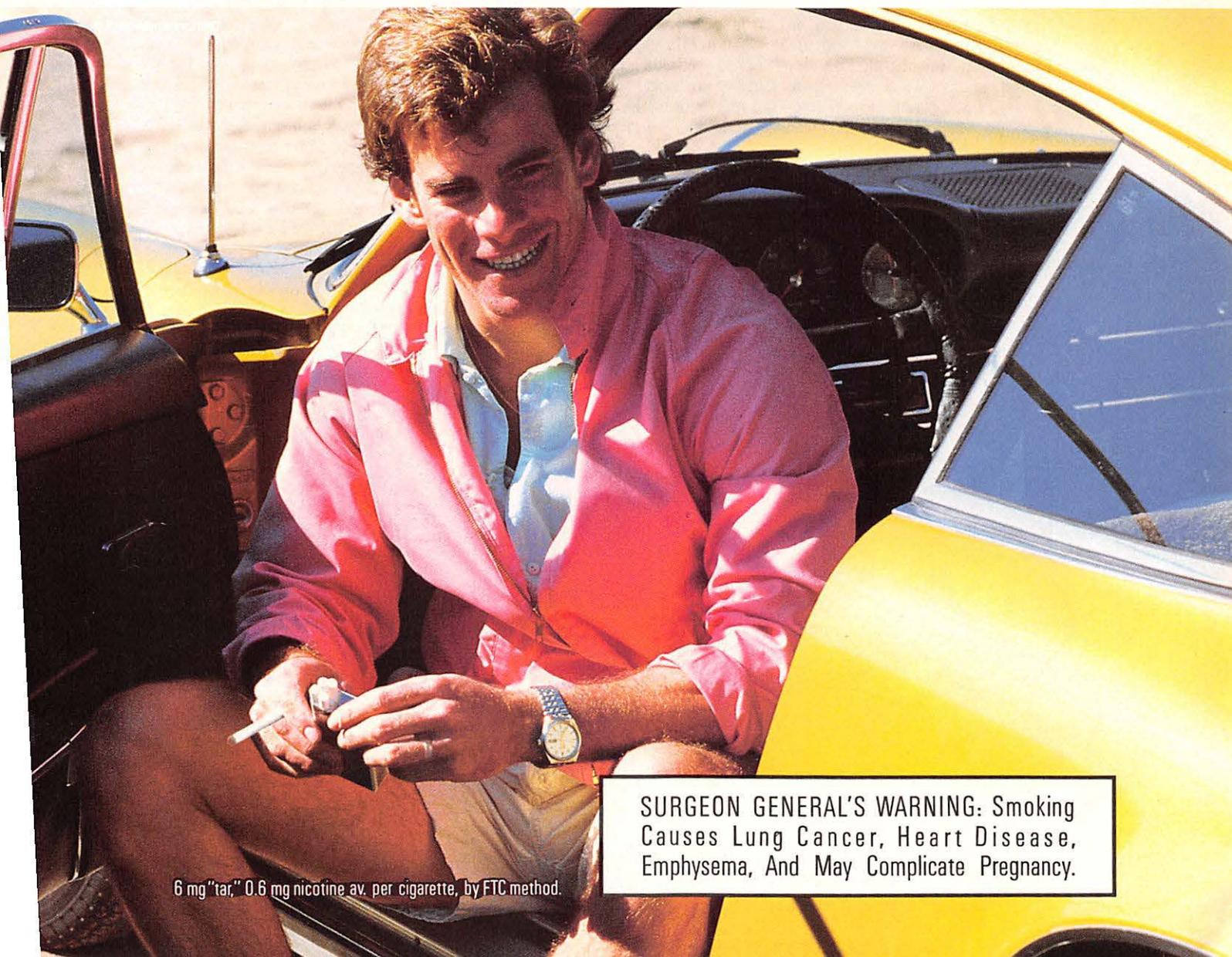




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fours. The light from the moon revealed a hole in her nylons that led right through to her pussy. I got behind her, positioned my cock, and slid into her, feeling her fingers on my balls. Janice asked me to fuck her until I was just about to come. Then, right before the moment of truth, she turned around and engulfed my cock in her mouth. I came hard and heavy. Janice licked me softly until I was clean, then kissed me and thanked me for a wonderful time. I told her she was great and then drove her home.

Both girls asked me out for the next weekend and I accepted. As I started to leave, I heard them both yell for me to leave my car home!—*Name and address withheld*

### JUST BEAT IT

I am a 28-year-old, attractive, once-married and once-divorced woman with a healthy appetite for men. Though I am not promiscuous, I do have a varied and adventuresome sex life. I enjoy myself in many ways, but I have the most fun watching guys jerk off. I don't mean catching them playing with themselves, but actually having them masturbate in front of me. It must excite them, too, as evidenced by their hard-ons and orgasms. Sometimes I participate sexually with them, but unless I watch them beat their meat, they have no chance of having sex with me. Having a guy stand in

front of me pulling his prick excites me to no end!

A recent experience went like this: I called Jay, a guy who had been performing for me over the past couple of weeks. Although he admitted to jerking off at home, I am the first girl he has ever masturbated in front of. This is usually quite common among all my performers. He came over to my apartment, and I greeted him at the door in a revealing blouse and a very short miniskirt. (Miniskirts get them all the time!) In a few minutes, I managed to tease him enough to raise a good bulge in his jeans. He began to rub it with his hand. My guys never do anything unless I give them the go-ahead, and I could see that he was aching for a signal. Unbeknownst to Jay, I had invited two of my girlfriends over for the sole purpose of watching him beat off. Ellen and Tina were very excited about watching him, as this was a new experience for both of them.

The doorbell rang and I let the girls in. Jay looked disappointed when he saw that I had other company. After introducing everyone, we all had a drink. I kept teasing Jay by crossing and uncrossing my legs, giving him a glimpse now and again of my sexy thighs.

After a few minutes of idle conversation, I said, "Jay, the girls are here today to see you perform. They have never seen a man jerk off before." Jay was startled at first and tried to refuse, but part of him

was still interested in my thighs and still wanted to please me. "Come on. Don't be bashful," I said, as I lifted my skirt a little higher, revealing my panties.

Hesitantly, he stood up and began to unbutton his shirt. In a minute, he was completely naked. I said to him, "Why don't you stand up on the table, Jay? What have those exotic dancers got that you haven't got?" He began to pump his prick, and I could see that he enjoyed being the center of attention as much as we enjoyed having him there.

Ellen asked, "Will he shoot off soon?" I said, "Jay won't come until I tell him to. Are you ready to get off, Jay?" Breathing hard and quivering, he nodded.

"Okay, Jay, let's do it. Beat off till you come, and catch it in your other hand." With that, he pumped hard and fast until his hot come exploded, streaming into his awaiting hand. Ellen and Tina sat wide-eyed. What a performance!

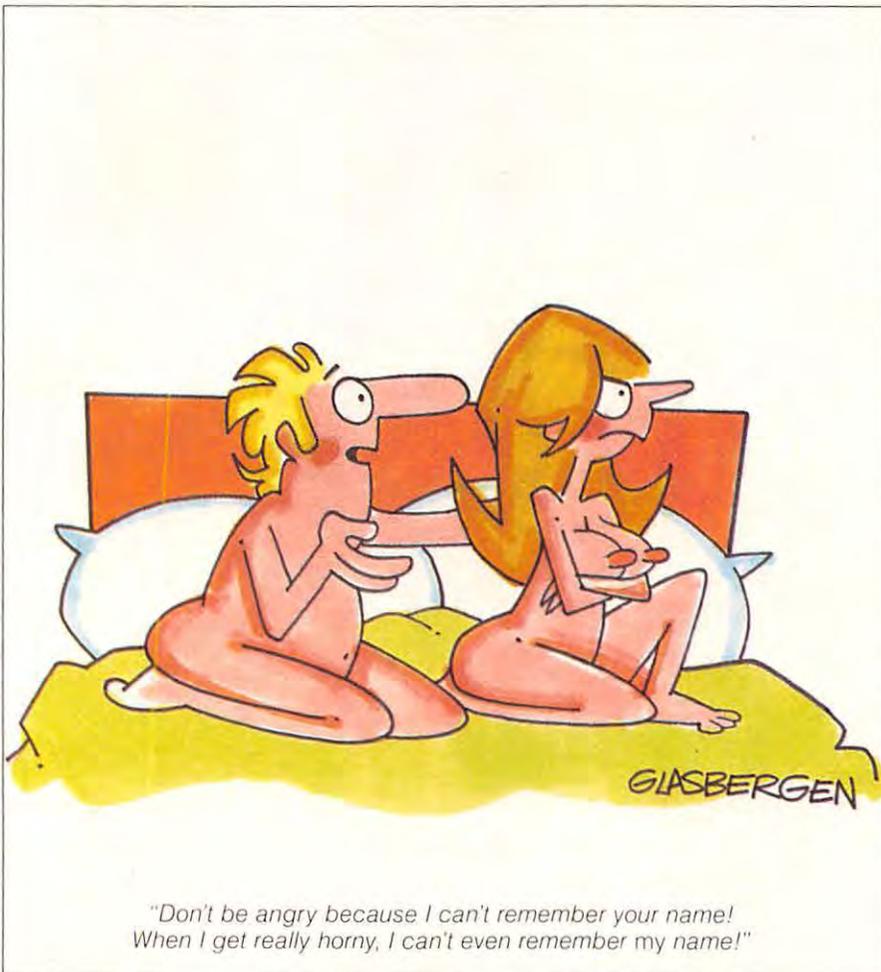
While Jay left the room to clean off his hand, Ellen said, "Doesn't watching that big cock explode get you hot?" "Of course it does!" I laughed. "Sometimes I'll play with myself, or let him fuck me or eat me afterward. Do I detect an interest in another type of show?" We all got the message and quickly got out of our clothes. When Jay walked back in, the sight of us lying there naked stopped him dead in his tracks.

Jay was speechless, so I turned to him and said, "The girls and I enjoyed your performance very much and thought you'd like to perform something else for us." As I spoke I spread my legs wide, draping them over the armchair. This sight was more than he could handle, and his cock began to rise.

"Get on your knees in front of me," I beseeched him. At this point, he could refuse me nothing. He got down on his knees in front of my spread legs and stared directly into my pussy. "Jay," I cooed, "I think you have an idea of what we would like you to do. Would you like to eat me? Would you like to eat Ellen and Tina, as well?"

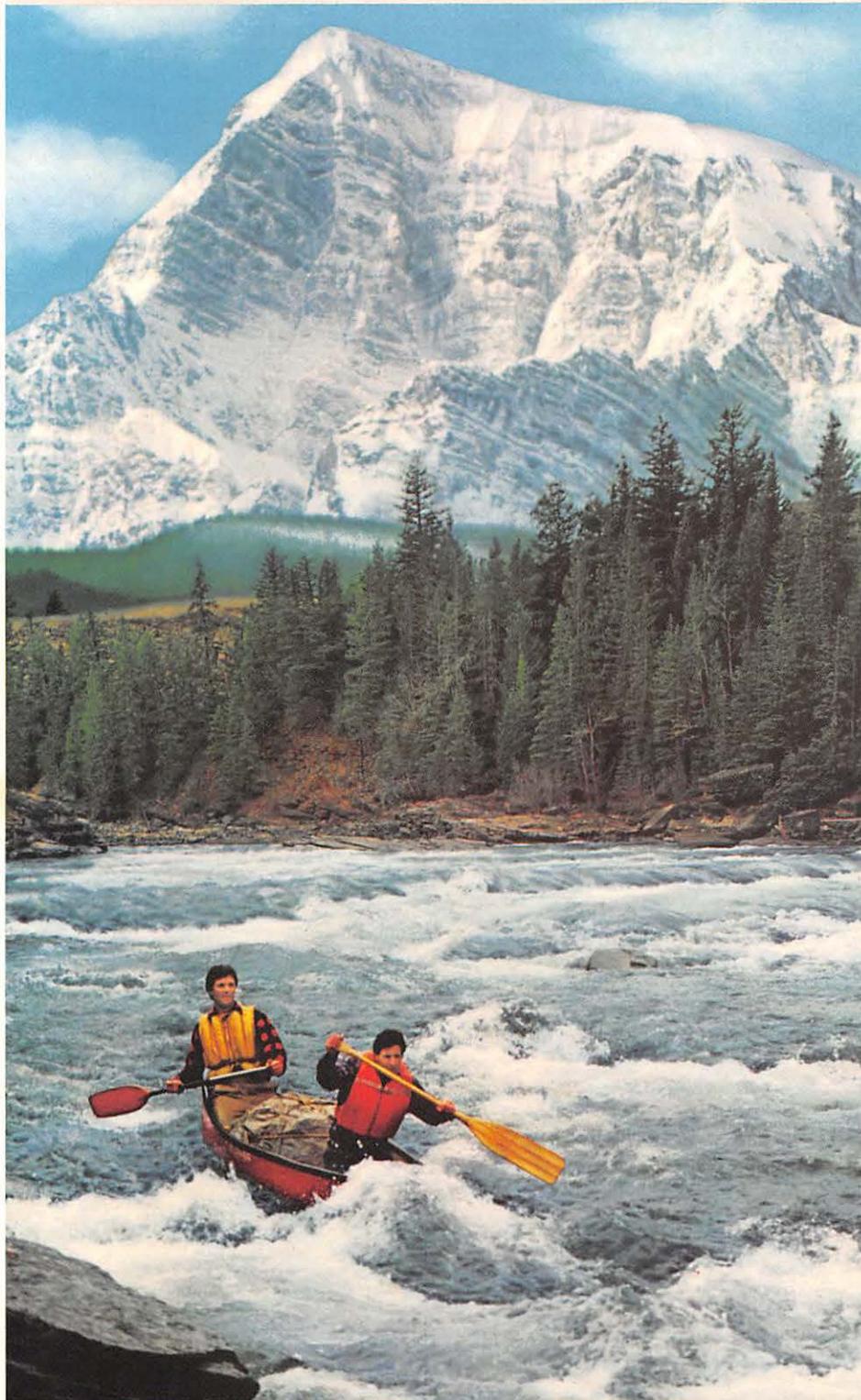
He immediately placed his head between my soft thighs and kissed my warm cunt. Then he moved over to the other two girls, who had already spread their legs and were eagerly awaiting their turns. He lapped at their cunts for a while and then returned to me. After he'd sucked me for a time, Ellen grabbed him back to her own juicy pussy. She spread wider and grabbed his head to her cunt, pushing her pussy right into his face, her legs propped up on his shoulders. When he finished his duties with Ellen, Tina announced that it was her turn again.

"Lie on your back, Jay," Tina directed, "I want to sit on your face while you eat my snatch." He obliged and she loved it! When he finished, he stood up and, holding his stiff rod, began to jerk off again, bringing the afternoon to a beautiful climax for all of us. All this started simply because of my interest in watching men



*"Don't be angry because I can't remember your name!  
When I get really horny, I can't even remember my name!"*

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**WINDSOR**   
CANADA'S SMOOTHEST WHISKY.

beat off. You never know where things can lead!—*Name and address withheld*

### HIGH-TECH VOYEUR

I am a 26-year-old aerospace engineer and a high-tech voyeur! Down at work there is this device called a fiber-optic fiberscope. It's a special viewing device utilizing fiber optics. Basically, it's a space-age peep scope that's 20 inches long and used in difficult-to-reach places.

I installed a few in my home—one in the bedroom closet, which adjoins the bathroom, and one in my backyard guest house. I even installed one in the changing shed by the pool. All during the summer, I was able to view some incredible action when I had guests over for pool-side barbecues.

One particular weekend I invited a bunch of my female friends to a party I was throwing. Since it was a gorgeous day, I told them to bring their swim gear so they could use the pool. I told them to change in my bathroom. Because of the scope that I installed, I was able to view five lovely young chicks, completely naked, as they changed into their bikinis. Little did they know that there was one hot, hungry male observing them!

One of the girls, a pert redhead named Donna, had a nicely shaped body and a pubic snatch that was the same fiery color as the hair on her head. It excited me because I never saw pubes that color,

and I was massively turned on. Donna brought along her boyfriend Barry. He is about six foot two, and since Donna is only about five feet, I wondered how such a tall guy would get it on with a tiny girl. I sure found out later.

The party was really going strong, loud and noisy, so I offered Barry and Donna an invitation to stay in the guest house. They gladly accepted my offer, and after the party ended they retired to the guest house and the room I had prepared for them. I was so glad that they decided to stay, because I figured I would see some hot action.

They both stripped off in a hurry and rushed to the bathroom to shower. I heard them giggling and kissing, and soon they both appeared in the bedroom. They were both totally soaked, and my eyes were not only drawn to Donna's beautiful glistening body, but to Barry's massive eight-inch cock. I got so excited imagining what Barry was going to do with that large love tool of his.

Donna knelt in front of Barry and began to suck his cock. The guy was gyrating his hips and slowly pumping his dick in and out of her wet mouth. About two minutes passed and Barry began to breathe harder, his eyes closed. He told Donna that he was about to come, and she plopped his cock out and began to jerk him off. At his climax, thick white jets of come spurting from his thrusting or-

gan, spewing all over Donna's face, tits, and legs. I had a raging hard-on myself, getting a clear view of all of this.

They moved over to the bed, and Donna got on all fours with Barry mounting her. Since Donna wasn't facing me, I couldn't see her face, but I got a great view of her voluptuous behind. Barry eased his cock into her pussy and thrust slowly. As he began to increase his tempo, I noticed Donna's tits swaying with the beat. She told him to go faster, and her repeated moans were really getting me hot and horny! I could hear everything, thanks to the electronic eavesdropping device that I had also installed with the fiber-optic unit.

They fucked for a long time in that position, until Donna had an orgasm. To my surprise, Barry didn't even come, and when she asked him to pull out of her, he was still rock-hard. After a breather of touching each other with loving caresses, Barry reinserted his dick into her dripping love tunnel. He was working himself into a real frenzy when Donna, with Barry's cock still inside her, sat up and mounted him. I was amazed because she did it so expertly, without losing contact with his massive tool or their rhythm. This must have really turned Barry on, because he came just a few minutes after she mounted him.

Little did they know that they had put on a fantastic show just for me. Right after Barry came, so did I, imagining it was me inside of Donna instead of him. The next morning, I sent them off on their merry way and told them that it would be a pleasure for them to "come" again!—*Name and address withheld*

### HAIR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW

For the past two or three years, I have been going bald. Originally, I was concerned about this, but my girlfriend Laura didn't seem to mind. She thought of it as a sign of virility.

Last month, while getting my hair cut, I asked the barber what he thought I would look like if he shaved off the rest of my hair à la Kojak. He laughed and, after talking about it for a few minutes, took his electric clipper and zipped it over my head! Next, he lathered up my head and shaved it clean with a straight razor.

When I arrived home that night, Laura's eyes almost popped out when she saw my bald head. She thought it was great and could not keep her hands off it. That night, before we went to bed, she told me to shave it again. On the second night, she insisted on doing the honors. On the third night, she asked me what I thought she would look like if she had her head shaved! I told her I thought it would look silly, as I had never seen a bald-headed woman.

That Saturday, while shopping at a local mall, Laura told me that she had an appointment at the beauty salon and for me to meet her there when I had finished shopping. I picked her up, and while



"I thought you said there was nothing personal in any of this!"

Gotham

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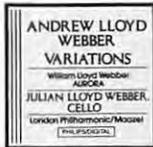
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BJ

driving home, I noticed that her hair was a little darker than usual. However, I thought she had just added some color to it.

Before we went to bed that night, Laura shaved my head. She then took a seat by the dressing mirror and announced that it was now her turn. With that, she reached up and removed a dark wig, revealing a completely bald head! During the afternoon, while I was finishing the shopping, she had gone to see her friend Amy, who owns a beauty salon in the mall. Amy had taken Laura into a private booth and shaved her head smooth. Amy then gave her a dark wig to wear home.

Seeing her totally bald gave me the biggest hard-on I can ever remember having! I immediately picked up the shaving cream and covered her scalp. I shaved her head not once, but twice! We hopped into the sack and practically spent the entire weekend there.

Now when Laura goes to work, she wears one of several wigs. Once in a while when we go out, she just wears a silk scarf. But as soon as she walks in the door at home, she goes sans tresses. Words cannot describe how much we enjoy our hairless condition. All I can say is that if any of your readers are going bald, they should seriously consider the "Kojak treatment" and see how quickly it improves their sex life.—*Name and address withheld*

#### FOUR-PLAY

Mine is a truly unique and very interesting story, and I really hope you will print it to ease the minds of those couples who have been thinking about trying what I'm about to tell you.

It all started when my girlfriend Nicole and I went to one of those 24-hour adult-video stores. Now, I had been there before, but it was Nicole's first time, and I admit she was a little nervous. We looked around at the magazines and the adult toys they sold, but I had brought her there specifically for the "private screenings." We got some tokens and found a booth. I wanted her to see a little of all the movies before we decided on one in particular.

There was one movie I hoped she'd choose. It featured two couples sharing each other. I always had a personal fantasy about such a thing, but found myself shying away from the subject when it came to Nicole. I had thought that she might not react the same way I did when seeing this movie, but boy was I wrong!

We took a peek at all the movies, and I was surprised when Nicole picked the one I'd hoped for. When I asked her what made her choose that video, she replied, "Oh, I find this one more interesting than all the rest." So we proceeded to watch it, not knowing what we were in store for.

It just so happened that there was another couple in the booth in front of us

watching the same movie. I knew this because each booth had a little peephole that went right to the next one, and, curious as I am, I looked through it. I saw a pretty good-looking guy in his late twenties, and his female companion, who I must say was shockingly beautiful.

I forgot about them until the movie was over, but I guess they didn't forget about us, because when Nicole and I left the booth they were standing outside waiting for us. All I kept thinking was, is my fantasy going to become reality tonight? I had an instant hard-on just thinking about it. The handsome young man introduced himself as Carlos, said his girlfriend's name was Lisa, and asked us if we enjoyed the movie. Before I even had a chance to say a word, Nicole made it clear that she had found it truly exciting and would love to try it some time. Then, to my amazement, we all ended up at my apartment!

I offered everybody some wine to set the mood. Nicole and I set out a blanket on the floor, and Carlos and Lisa got comfortable on the couch. We talked for a while, drank some wine, and prepared ourselves for a night of fantastic activities. Nicole and Lisa started it off when they went to the bathroom and came back naked, embracing and kissing. Nicole turned to me, winked, and immediately started licking and sucking Lisa off.

Nicole and Lisa got into a sixty-nine position, and as Carlos and I removed our clothes and started to jerk off, all I could hear were the girls' moans and groans. I looked at Carlos and smiled, and our hands found each other's manly possession. I dropped to my knees and engulfed Carlos's big cock in my mouth and throat. I had never done this before and was nervous about doing it right.

Carlos and I got into our own sixty-nine position next to the girls on the floor. I licked his entire shaft and gently sucked on his balls, while he returned the favor. All at once the four of us let out screams of joy as we all came together. Carlos's cock, still in my mouth, let out a hard, hot stream of come that filled my mouth. Meanwhile, I shot my load deep inside him. As we finished our sucking, we turned to the girls, who were looking at us with smiles on their faces.

In no time at all, we were at it again, sharing each other in the best possible four-way sex session imaginable. We fucked and sucked one another all night long. The day after, Nicole and I talked about what happened and agreed we should do it again, soon, with our new friends. We strongly suggest other couples experience something like this. It just may help out your own sex life!—*Name and address withheld*

#### GIRLS JUST WANNA HAVE FUN

I am an attractive 21-year-old female and I attend a fairly large midwestern university. Due to housing problems, I had to move in with three other girls whom I pre-





# 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.

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

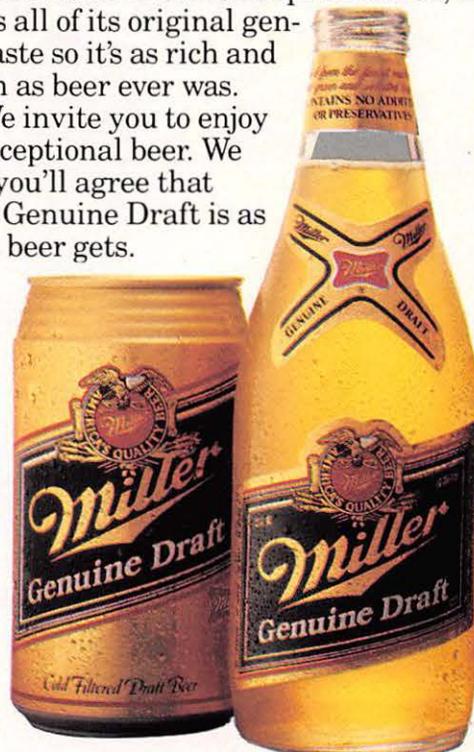


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We invite you to enjoy this exceptional beer. We think you'll agree that Miller Genuine Draft is as real as beer gets.



## Miller Genuine Draft. As real as it gets.

viously didn't know. All of them were pretty, and I figured none of them would have any problems getting dates.

The first weekend after I moved, Lila had a date with a hunk named Jeremy, and Karen had a date with Ben, a muscular football jock. That left me and Helen dateless, so we decided to go to a party. Helen must have been really horny, because she couldn't keep her hands off any of the men there. I decided to go into another room where four guys were hanging out. They were nice, but none were my material, so I went back to the party, found Helen, and drank for a couple more hours before we decided we'd better leave.

As soon as we got home, we discovered we had forgotten our keys. Luckily, the door was unlocked. When we walked in, my jaw dropped: Lila and Karen were completely naked on the couch in a sixty-nine position. I was so stunned I couldn't speak. They finally acknowledged our presence by glancing up at us, but they continued with passion. I have had fantasies about making it with other women, but I thought it would never happen. It was so beautiful to see them going at each other I just couldn't resist, and I began rubbing my crotch as fast as my hands would fly. I was burning up with desire and so was Helen. I grabbed her and shot my tongue down her throat. We undressed as fast as we could. Helen has

a very beautiful body, and I couldn't keep my eyes off her.

We wrapped our arms around each other and started to French-kiss. Our breasts rubbed together, making my nipples stick out long and hard. Her nipples were like large red cherries, and I began to flick my tongue across them. When I put my hand near her pussy, she said, "Play with me. Lick my clit." I was curious as to how a woman tasted, and I wasn't let down. She was so sweet I thought I was tasting honey.

We were in a world all our own, when all of a sudden I felt something long and hard enter my pussy. I looked over my shoulder and saw Lila behind me with a vibrator strapped to her waist. It felt great! She used it expertly, going slowly at first, then pounding me as hard as she could. I must have had four orgasms by this time, but wasn't quite finished yet.

Lila handed me the vibrator, after licking my juices off of it. She got on her back and said, "Fuck me, you amazon, you!" So I strapped it around my waist and slipped it up her pussy. I fucked her until she was screaming at the top of her lungs. I pulled it out of her, and Karen was right at my side. Karen wrapped her lips around it, sucking all of Lila's juices into her mouth.

By the time we were finished, the sun was coming up. We lay in one another's arms, kissing one another lightly on the

lips and rubbing one another's body. We made a pact that we would do this only on special occasions, but it hasn't worked yet. We shower together in the morning and sleep with one another at night. We wear one another's underwear and even masturbate in it. Although we haven't given up on guys completely, I will never forget this semester's thrilling experiment.—Name and address withheld

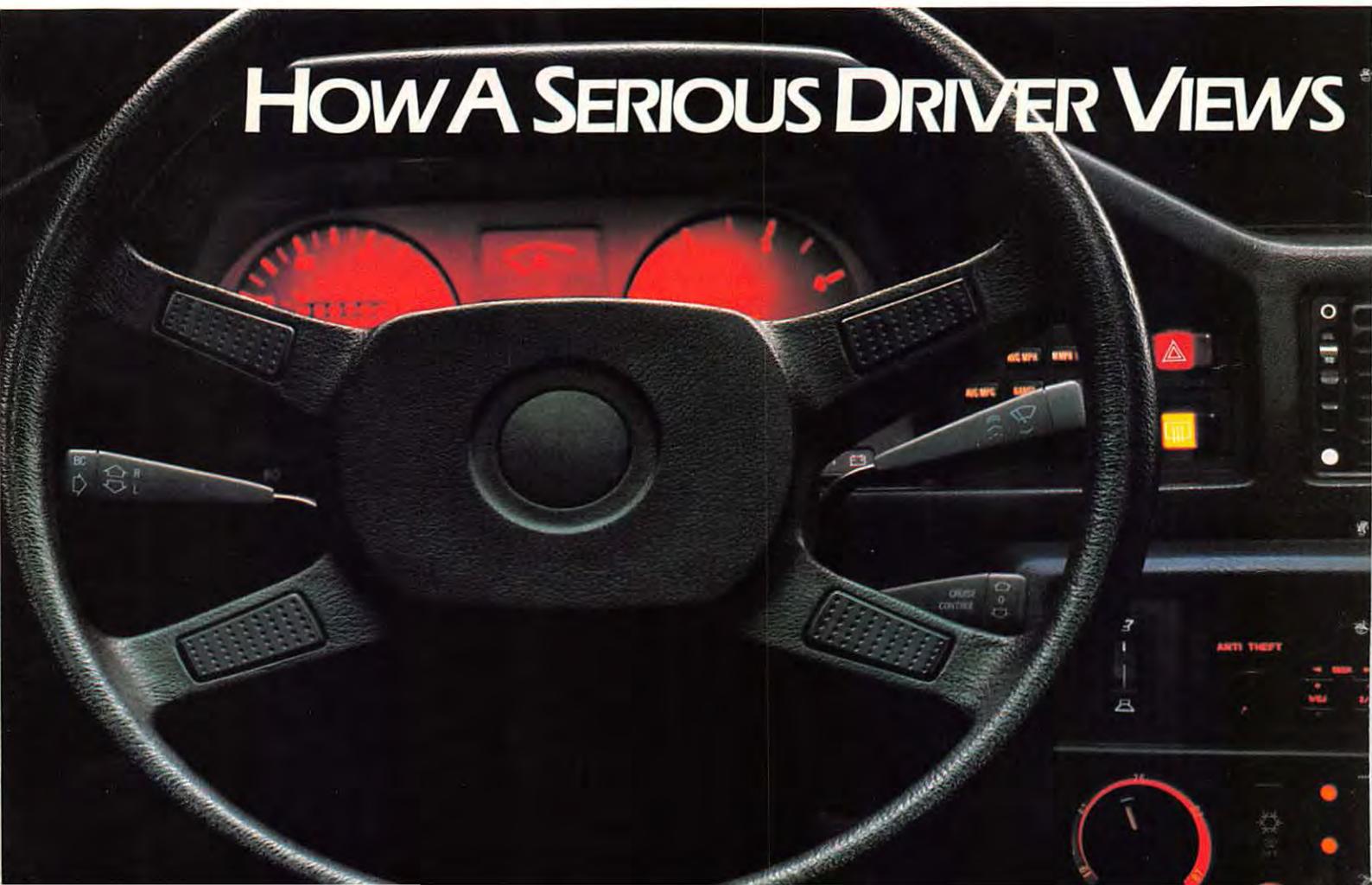
#### HELPING HAND

I am a 44-year-old woman, married for 23 years. I have two children, both away at college. I am still attractive and in great shape physically. My tits and ass are still very firm. In all my married life I have never been unfaithful to my husband, which makes this story even more unusual.

Tom and I recently moved to a new area, and our house needed some painting and a lot of cleaning. We didn't know where to get help, so we were doing all the chores ourselves. One afternoon, on the third day we were there, Jimmy showed up and offered to help. Jimmy is a good-looking 18-year-old black man and is a freshman at the local college. He was an incredible help, and my husband and I just loved him. A few days later when Tom went back to work, Jimmy continued to come over after his classes to help me.

After a few weeks our place looked like a home. I told Jimmy I had to pay him for

## HOW A SERIOUS DRIVER VIEWS



his help and I offered him some money. He told me that he just enjoyed being around me and he didn't want any money. I told him I'd have to give him something or I'd feel guilty, and he said, "Okay, I want you." When I said I didn't understand, he said, "I want to fuck you." As you can imagine, I was shocked. I said I was flattered but that it was impossible for many reasons, and we left it at that. I didn't tell Tom because I knew he would be furious.

About a week later, I was out shopping when I got a flat tire. I didn't want to bother my husband, so I called Jimmy. He must have run to get to my car so quickly, and it was a good thing he did because several young thugs had gathered around me and were making suggestive remarks. Jimmy took the tire iron out of the trunk and made them leave. He then fixed my tire. He was sweaty and dirty and I was nervous, and we both decided that we needed baths. I took him home and then went home myself.

I was bathed and dressed when Jimmy came to the door to check on me. Again I insisted on paying him, and he insisted he would only accept fucking me as payment. I told him that we'd have to find some kind of compromise. He already knew that I hadn't told my husband, and I guess that knowledge made him bold, because he said he would accept 30 minutes of very passionate French kiss-

ing. I said it was crazy, but then thought that those thugs at the car could have done a lot more, so I said five minutes. We settled on 15, and I took him up to my bedroom. I was actually very excited.

We lay down together on the bed. Jimmy became shy and waited for me to make the first move. I put my hands on his face and began to lick his lips. Soon he stuck out his tongue, and in moments we were kissing passionately. I started to get very hot and sucked harder on his tongue. He became bolder and rubbed his hands all over me. He squeezed my tits, rubbed my ass and pussy, and pressed his hard cock against me. Here I was, a 44-year-old white housewife passionately kissing a black man more than 20 years younger than me. At first I protested, reminding him of my husband, but he just laughed and said, "If you don't tell, I won't."

I watched Jimmy get undressed. I told him he was beautiful and his was the first black cock I'd ever seen. We lay back on the bed and kissed some more. This time he didn't touch my tits, so I asked him to squeeze and suck them. He tickled my nipples with his fingers, and I moaned in pleasure. When Jimmy began to suckle them, I sighed "Oh, yes" and pressed his head closer. I was getting too hot, and went for his cock. I was going to get some hand cream to rub on it, just like I do for my husband, but I thought I'd like to taste

him first. I kissed his cock and balls, and began to lick them up and down. I knew then that I had to bring Jimmy off with my mouth, and he knew it, too, because when I looked up at him he just grinned.

I simultaneously sucked and pumped his tool, and in moments my mouth was filled with his warm come. I'd never swallowed come before, not even my husband's, and I was proud of how I was pleasing my young lover. I caught the juice that dribbled out of my mouth with my fingers and licked it off.

I had to give in. "Yes, I want you. Please fuck me." He put his face between my legs and sucked my clit, driving me crazy. Suddenly, he swung around into a sixty-nine position. It had been years since I'd done that with my husband. I licked his cock and balls as he continued on my pussy. At this point I couldn't wait any longer, and asked Jimmy to fuck me. He moved on top of me and I guided his hard cock into my cunt. We pumped together, kissing furiously. Soon I had multiple orgasms as Jimmy shot his load into me. I was exhausted and had to remind him of my age. We rested awhile, then I had to tell Jimmy it was time to go.

Jimmy now comes to see me three or four times a week for more of the same. What he likes to do is French-kiss me or feel my tits or stick his hand up my skirt when Tom isn't looking. Several times when Tom was watching TV, I've sucked

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Jimmy off or pulled up my skirt to let him fuck me from behind. The combination of cheating on my husband and getting it from such a beautiful young black man has made me young again.—*Name and address withheld*

### THE BIG PAYOFF

It all started when I bought Joan a ten-inch dildo as a gag gift for her birthday. That night, as I fucked her with the new toy while she sucked my dick, she told me how nice it felt to have two cocks for her pleasure. From then on, the dildo became a regular part of our lovemaking.

One night last month, when I came home from work, Joan met me at the door wearing a new outfit: Her 38-inch tits were encased in a sheer black bra with holes for her nipples to poke through; matching crotchless panties and garter belt completed the set. I could tell this would be a special night, only I didn't know how special. Joan threw herself at me and started to rub my cock through my jeans. It didn't take long before I had a raging hard-on. She told me that tonight she was in charge and that anything goes. Hell, I would have agreed to anything at that point. She led me into the bedroom and told me to strip and then get on the bed. As I lay there spread-eagled, she began to tease my cock with small licks and kisses. Then, grabbing the dildo from beneath the pillow, she straddled my face

as she slid the monster into her crack.

Joan was fucking herself madly when the doorbell rang. She put on her robe and went to get rid of the visitor—or so I thought, I was kind of confused when I heard them coming up the stairs; believe me, it is a little embarrassing to be introduced to someone when you are lying on a bed with your dick sticking up in the air. But to my surprise, the stranger, whose name was Dave, merely strolled in, reached down, and shook my hand. I asked Joan what was going on, and she said that she had lost a bet to Dave at work and he was here for his payoff—it seems that the loser of the bet would have to shave themselves. It was Dave who had bought that outfit for Joan. He wanted to see it, and I watched as she slowly slid her robe from her shoulders. Dave's cock was making quite a bulge in his pants as he stared at Joan's tits, and my dick grew more stiff as I watched him cover every inch of her body with his eyes.

Dave mentioned that he still saw hair covering her cunt, and that a deal was a deal, so Joan went into the bathroom and returned with a bowl of water and a razor. I couldn't believe that she was going to shave her pussy in front of Dave! She turned away from us and slowly pulled her panties off. Then, sitting on the edge of the bed, she began shaving. At first she kept her legs together, though she soon realized that to shave the sides she

would have to spread them wide.

Soon Dave, who was busy rubbing his dick through his pants, said that it wasn't fair that he was the only one with clothes on. Joan watched as he slowly began to undress, and I knew she could hardly wait to see his cock. Her pussy was now bald, and she was running her fingers over her cunt lips. She moaned when Dave's thick eight-inch cock popped into view, and she reached over and grabbed both of our tools with true lust in her eyes.

Since her hands were full, Joan asked Dave if he would slip her dildo into her clean-shaven cunt, and she continued to stroke us as the plastic shaft filled her juicy pussy. Joan was in heaven. After only a few good thrusts, she ripped the dildo out and slid into a sixty-nine with me, grinding her clean pussy against my face. Between sucks on my hard cock, she begged Dave to take off her bra and rub her nipples. I felt her mouth leave my dick, and although I couldn't see anything, I knew she was sucking Dave. He must have read my mind, because he told Joan to swing her legs to the side. I now saw she was indeed sucking his cock for all she was worth. I told him the view was indeed better, and Dave replied, "If you thought *that* was good, wait until you see this!" He then told Joan to sixty-nine me again while he crawled up to the headboard and positioned himself behind my head.

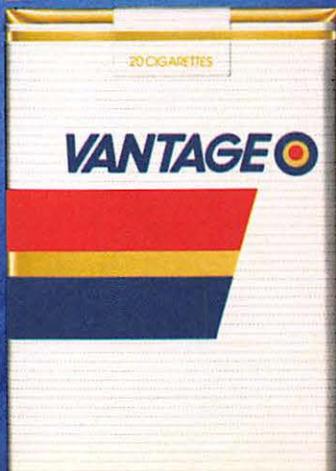
I knew that I was going to see some up-close fucking, and at this point, I didn't even care that it was my wife who was going to be getting it. Dave told Joan that if she wanted some dick, she would have to ask for it. As I recall, her exact words were, "Stick that big fuck pole into me. Split my bald pussy wide open, fill my cunt with your cock, shoot me so full with your hot come that it runs back out. My slit is hot and juicy just for you." Well, Dave was happy to oblige. Right in front of my face, he ran his cock slowly along her lips before plunging deeply into Joan's cunt. Here was my wife being fucked by another man not three inches above my face. Dave's balls were dragging across my head with each stroke. As I shot my load into Joan's mouth, I told Dave to fuck her hard and deep. In her excitement Joan was repeating everything I said: "Yes, fuck me hard, fuck me deep," she kept ranting. Dave gave a long moan and shot gobs of come into Joan's hot cunt. The rest of the night was spent fucking and sucking. We've had other good times, and now I'm planning to make some bets with some women at my office. I'll let you know how that turns out.—*Name and address withheld*



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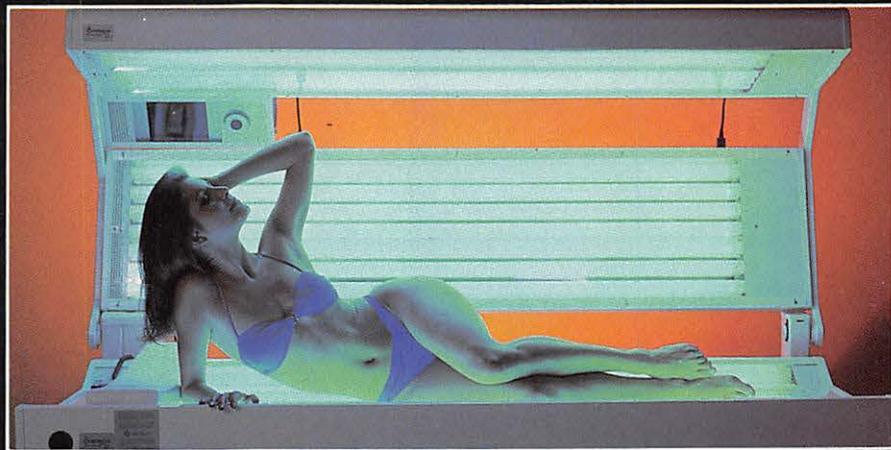
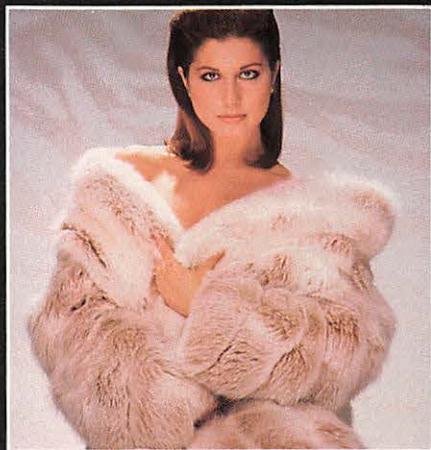
have to hear for yourself how they sizzle.

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Treasure Hunt is on, and *now's* the time to stake your claim. It's easy to play. First, feast your eyes on the magnificent bounty displayed above and on the next few pages. Then read the simple directions that follow on page 30.

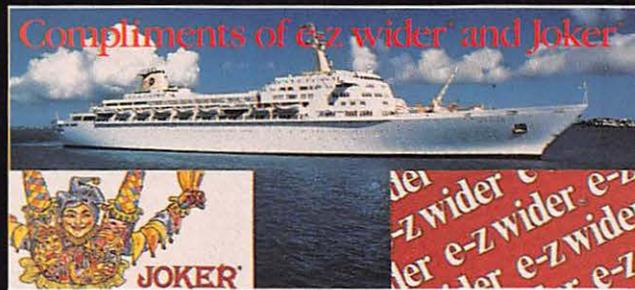
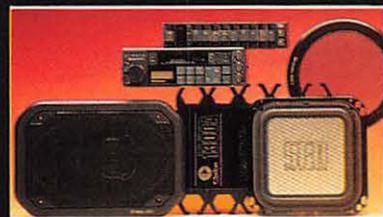
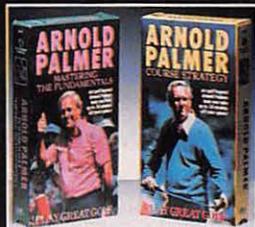
Act now, because if we receive your entry by the Early Bird Deadline of September 30, 1987, you'll also become eligible to win the vacation of a lifetime! Turn the page for complete details on *all* Treasure Hunt prizes.

# THE GREAT PENTHOUSE TREASURE HUNT



Previous page: Grand Prize: The limited-edition Panther Kalista sports car, featuring manual transmission, mesh grille, badge bar, leather seats, and wire wheels. For more information, call (800) 722-6235. First Prize: the Super Palm Beach 28 home-tanning unit from Sontegra. Second Prize: a luxurious Blush Dyed Shadow Fox coat from the Flemington Fur Company. Third Prize: an audiophile's dream from Onkyo, including AM/FM stereo tuner, compact-disc player, turntable with cartridge, equalizer, pre-amp, power amps, cassette-tape deck, Snell Type C speakers, rack, headphones, and Universal wireless remote control. Fourth Prize: the Jet Ski X-2

(seats two) and Jet Ski 550 (single-person unit), both from Kawasaki. Upper left, moving down: For five winners, a B.E.L.-Tronics Micro Eye Quantum radar detector, Model 880; Sansui compact-disc player with amplifier; a dozen roses delivered on your behalf every week for a year, courtesy of Rose Royce; a \$1,000 Tower Records shopping spree; set of four 16 x 7 MOMO Star Wheels, plus steering wheel. Next row: 1987 Suzuki VS 700 Intruder; Casio's FZ-1 Digital Sampling synthesizer; for three winners, Phototron 2 greenhouse; Sontegra's SunScape HideAway 6000. Next row: *Early Bird Prize*: A dream vacation for two—five nights at Tahiti's Hotel Ibis



Moorea and five nights at Australia's Chateau Melbourne, from Direction Pacific and Ted Cook's Islands in the Sun; a fully stocked bar from Heublein, Inc., featuring Smirnoff Vodka, Finlandia Vodka, Black Velvet Canadian Whisky, Cuervo Especial Tequila, Wild Turkey Bourbon, The Famous Grouse Scotch Whisky, Yukon Jack Canadian Liqueur, and Plantation Peaches 'n Cream Liqueur; a week for two at the Paradise Towers Hotel in the Bahamas. Next row: A \$1,500 assortment of videocassette programs from Vestron Video; Hexaround Tower Timepiece clock/aquarium; Caribbean cruise for two from Joker e-z wider cigarette papers. Next row: For ten win-

ners, a gift of Konica T-120 SSR videotapes and 35mm ISO 100 SR-V color-print film; for three winners, a nine-liter bottle of Mumm Cordon Rouge champagne; for ten winners, a set of *Federal Follies* videos. Last row: A \$1,500 Style Auto wardrobe; Clarion car-audio equipment, including stereo AM/FM cassette receiver, equalizer/amplifier, power amp, 6 1/2" Coaxial speaker system, 6" x 9" three-way speaker system, and 6"-square sub-woofer; Yashica 230 AF camera with accessories; a week for two at the Gold Mountain Chalet Resort in Spring Glen, N.Y.; for two winners, a JVC camcorder. For more information, see page 217.

Good things come  
to those who play. Here's  
how to enter.

# THE GREAT PENTHOUSE TREASURE HUNT

**E**ach of the 12 discs displayed below contains a portion of a photo appearing on one of the pages in this magazine. It could be from a photo contained within an advertisement, or part of an illustration accompanying an article. Look carefully through the issue to find the pictures from which these segments were taken, then note the page number for each. If there is no number on the page, check the adjacent pages to determine what that number should be. Then add up the 12 numbers and read the official rules below to find out how to enter and qualify to win one of the prizes.

The prizes and their values are: Panther Kallista sports car, \$27,000; Sontegra Super Palm Beach tanning unit, \$8,100; Flemington Blush Dyed Shadow Fox coat, \$8,000; Onkyo stereo system, \$7,765; Ka-

wasaki Jet Skis, \$7,248; 1987 Suzuki VS 700 Intruder, \$3,700; Rizla Caribbean cruise for two, \$3,000; 52 dozen roses from Rose Royce, \$2,548; Casio synthesizer, \$2,299; Paradise Towers Bahamas vacation for two, \$2,000; four MOMO Star Wheels and one steering wheel, \$1,677; Gold Mountain Chalet Resort vacation for two, \$1,600; Yashica camera and accessories, \$1,560; various Heublein spirits, \$1,500; Sansui CD player and amplifier, \$1,500; various Vestron videocassettes, \$1,500; Style Auto clothing, \$1,500; Hexaround Tower Timepiece, \$1,500; Clarion car audio equipment, \$1,430; Tower Records shopping spree, \$1,000; two JVC camcorders at \$999 each; Sontegra SunScape HideAway sunbed, \$900; three Pyraponic Phototron 2 greenhouses with accessories at \$500 each; three bottles of Mumm Cordon Rouge champagne at \$500 each; five B.E.L.-Tronics Micro Eye Quantum radar detectors, \$329.95 each; ten gift packs of Konica videotape and color-print film, \$300 each; ten sets of *Federal Follies* videocassettes, \$24.95 each; Early Bird Prize: Australia/Tahiti vacation for two, \$3,350.

## OFFICIAL RULES

1. No purchase necessary. To enter, print your name, address, zip code, and the solution to the 1987 Penthouse Treasure Hunt on a 3" x 5" sheet of paper. Mail your entry to: 1987 Penthouse Treasure Hunt, Box 848, Boston, MA 02117. Enter as often as you wish, but mail each entry separately. Not responsible for lost, illegible, or late mail. Entries must be received by November 30, 1987. Drawings immediately thereafter. To qualify for the Early Bird Prize, entries must be received by September 30, 1987.

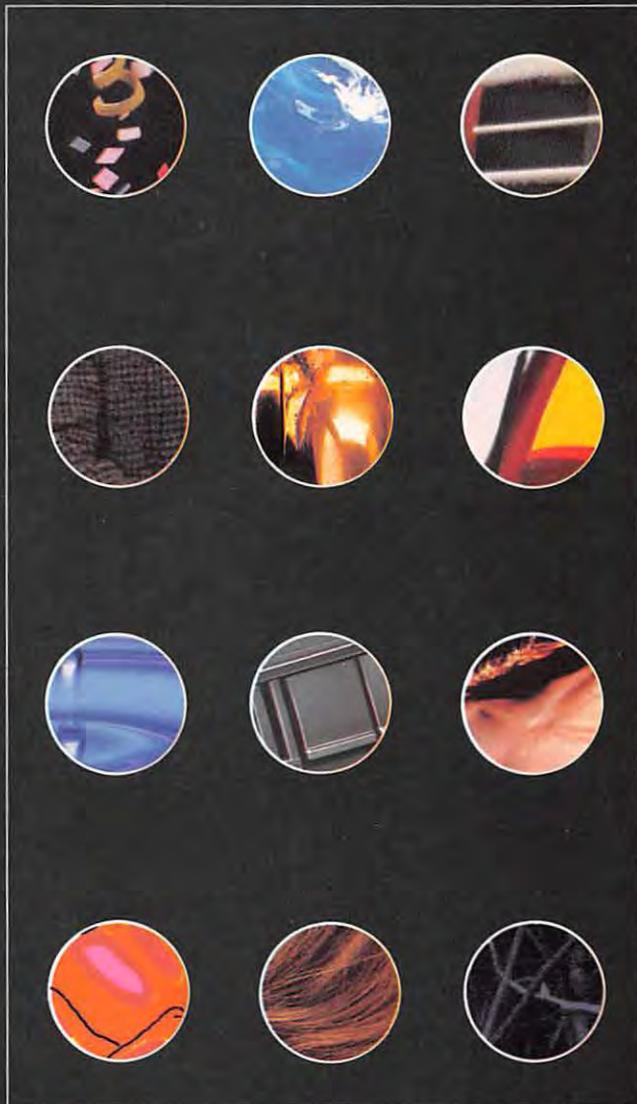
2. Winners will be selected from all correct entries received in random drawings conducted by PROACTION MARKETING, INC., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Odds of winning are determined by the number of correct entries received. Winners will be notified by mail and may be required to sign and return an affidavit of eligibility and release within 15 days of date on notification, or alternate winner may be selected. Limit: one winner per household address. Winners agree to use of their names and likenesses for publicity purposes without additional compensation.

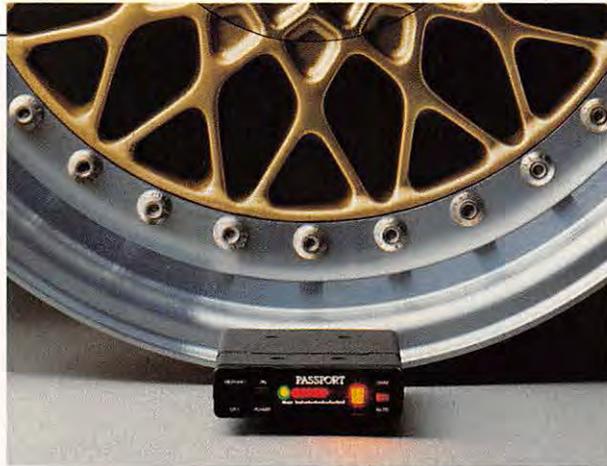
3. Sweepstakes open to residents of the contiguous U.S., 21 years or older, except employees and their families of Penthouse International, Ltd., its subsidiaries or affiliates, their advertising and promotion agencies, and PROACTION MARKETING, INC. All federal, state, and local laws and regulations apply. Void where prohibited.

4. Prizes are not transferable, assignable, or redeemable for cash. No substitution of prizes other than as necessary due to availability. All taxes on prizes are the responsibility of the winner. Travel Vacation Prizes: Early Bird Prize—11-day/10-night trip for two including round-trip air transportation from nearest major city, five nights' accommodations at Hotel Chateau Melbourne, Melbourne, Australia, five nights at Hotel Ibis Moorea in Tahiti, trip must be completed by February 28, 1988; Rizla seven-day Caribbean cruise for two, including round-trip air transportation to port of embarkation; Paradise Island vacation for two—round-trip air transportation from Newark Airport, Newark, New Jersey, to Nassau, Bahamas, seven-day six-night hotel accommodations at the Paradise Towers Hotel; Gold Mountain Chalet vacation for two—accommodations for seven days at the Gold Mountain Chalet Resort, Spring Glen, New York. Winner is responsible for transportation to Spring Glen, New York. All travel/vacation prizes must be completed by December 31, 1988, unless otherwise specified. Additional restrictions may apply. Prizes with alcoholic content will not be awarded in states where prohibited or restricted.

5. For a free copy of the official rules and the solution to the Treasure Hunt, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Penthouse Rules, P.O. Box 846, Boston, MA 02117 by October 30, 1987. No return postage required for WA and VT; VT postage will be refunded.

6. For a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Treasure Hunt Winners, Box 844, Boston, MA 02117 by June 30, 1988.





# 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.

**Rashid rejection:** In another engineering first, our detectors have been made immune to K-band signals transmitted by the Rashid VRSS collision warning system. Other detectors produce false alarms in the presence of Rashid. Our AFR™ (Alternating Frequency Rejection) circuitry isolates and neutralizes Rashid signals, yet leaves the radar detection capability undiminished for your protection.

**X-K differentiation:** Passport has separate warning tones to distinguish X-band from K-band. The difference is important. Traffic radar is just one of many transmitters assigned to X-band by the FCC. Motion detectors, burglar alarms and microwave door openers also share this frequency. When you hear the X-band warning, you respond accordingly.

But just two transmitters operate on K-band—radar and Rashid. K-band radar's short effective range requires immediate response. Since our AFR circuitry rejects Rashid, Passport's K-band warning is positively radar, and you always know how to respond.

**Variable-rate warning:** On radar contact, Passport's bar graph of eight Hewlett-Packard LEDs indicates radar strength, and you



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.

**Nextel finish:** The alloy housing is finished in charcoal Nextel—a light-absorbing coating—to eliminate all possibility of reflection and glare.

**Twin speakers:** A fully adjustable volume control allows you to set the loudness of the audible warning from twin speakers. The warning tone is 1024 Hz, identical to that used for Morse code, for maximum clarity yet minimum annoyance.

**All accessories included:** Passport comes complete with everything needed for installation in any car, including coiled cord, straight cord, windshield mount bracket, visor mount bracket, hook-and-loop fastener, lighter adapter, direct-wire power adapter, and comprehensive owners manual. A leather travel case is also included.

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FINLANDIA



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BY SHARON CHURCHER

## HORROR STORIES FROM THE SWAMP

A federal whistle-blower claims that "unscrupulous" Environmental Protection Agency officials have collapsed under political and industry pressure, and are knowingly keeping carcinogenic pesticides on the market. The bureaucrat, a longtime agency employee, charges that the E.P.A. goes to such lengths as "hiding, distorting, and manipulating" scientific data, with experts on its staff who object sidelined to powerless jobs.

The employee, who is preparing a book about this (working title, *The Swamp*), won't reveal his name, for fear of reprisals. However, many of his allegations are based on internal agency documents, some written by Dr. Adrian Gross, another E.P.A. whistle-blower who is a highly regarded scientist, at least on Capitol Hill. Though agency officials regard Gross as a chronic complainer, he has already been proven right once: In 1983, as a result of his complaints, the agency was forced to admit that 34 pesticides hadn't been properly tested before it licensed them. One of the chemicals posed a "very serious risk" of birth defects.

A colleague of *The Swamp's* author says that after the scandal, pro-industry attitudes became more subtle: "A memo was sent around when the Reagan administration took over, saying: We are here to register pesticides; let's get on with the job," says this insider. "They wouldn't put it in writing anymore."

Relationships in *The Swamp* are oiled, according to the book's documents, by friendly get-togethers of E.P.A. staff and industry representatives.



"If I were to put my impression of the agency's position in my own words," reported a Ciba-Geigy manager after a powwow on a fungicide Gross said might cause cancer, "it would be: We want to agree with [your company]." The fungicide, metalaxyl (trade name Ridomil), got the green light after the E.P.A. overruled Gross.

The herbicide bifenox (trade name Mowdown) has been on sale since 1981—even though the agency has said it approved the Rhone-Poulenc product without knowing all the possible effects on human health. So even as bifenox began being applied to crops, the manufacturer was having it fed to mice to see if it caused genetic damage or cancer. It's up to the company to do such tests. The E.P.A. checks them, or farms them out for other "experts" to review, a process said to foster all sorts of shenanigans.

For instance, wrote Gross in an April 1987 memo, Rhone-Poulenc got the results on bifenox in 1982, but didn't submit them to the agency for more than three years. Moreover, the reams of statistics were accompanied by the conclusion that there was no "direct evidence" that the herbicide is carcinogenic. Fumed Gross, his analysis of the same statistics show the chemical "causes cancer as well as a great variety of other lesions in a highly significant manner."

"Quite aside from [the] long delay, what was the reason for Rhone-Poulenc to have failed to signal at any time to the E.P.A. the presence of . . . 'alarming findings' . . . ?" he demanded.

Dr. Nabil Abdalla, Rhone-Poulenc's product-stewardship director, insists that the delay was simply because the company believed bifenox was safe and was contemplating a new manufacturing process. In

any event, the expert review of the tests took another two years, to 1987.

"The aim in general is to delay when you suspect a pesticide has toxic effects, so the company can keep marketing it until it has developed a more profitable alternative," says *The Swamp's* author, who is represented by John Pickering, a New York literary agent.

When the review finally came in, it certainly posed no great threat to Rhone-Poulenc. Its conclusion, charged the Gross memo, was an "utterly useless and dangerous" verbatim copy of the manufacturer's assertion that bifenox is safe. The chemical did finally get a third, more astringent review, by an E.P.A. specialist, William Sette, who informed the agency this March that mice given the chemical did develop tumors that "appear to be related to treatment."

However, Sette counseled that the mice might be from a tumor-prone strain, so yet more data was needed before taking any regulatory action. "Here we have a study completed in 1982, and in 1987 we still cannot seem to make up our minds . . ." glibed the Gross memo. Actually, minds are pretty much made up in "the swamp." "We frequently deal with opinions of this kind from Dr. Gross," says E.P.A.'s Hazard Evaluation Division director John Melone. "Frankly, our analysis disagrees with Dr. Gross's on bifenox, though we are awaiting the further data." But hadn't Sette also warned of tumors? Melone referred us back to that specialist who said the number of growths "was not really extraordinarily large."



# CONFIDENTIAL

## CONTRA-DICTIONS

Everyone knows that the contra rebels get up to cruel tricks in the Nicaraguan civil war. But how about the ruling Sandinistas? This year, after Benjamin Linder, a young engineer, became the first American working for the regime to be killed by the contras, he was hailed as a martyr—thanks, some right-wing skeptics suspect, to a clever disinformation effort by the Nicaragua government.

The first Sandinista communiqué on Linder's death said the 27-year-old Oregonian had been executed by the rebels. Groups opposed to U.S. funding of the contras promptly accused the Reagan administration of the "murder" of an unarmed innocent. Eyewitnesses subsequently told the *Los Angeles Times* that Linder was part of an armed militia unit building a power plant and was killed by a rebel grenade during an ambush. Tim Takaro, an American doctor who'd been a friend of Linder, was reported to have concurred after examining the body that shrapnel appeared to be the cause of death—but the ink was barely dry on this story when Takaro dramatically

changed his tune.

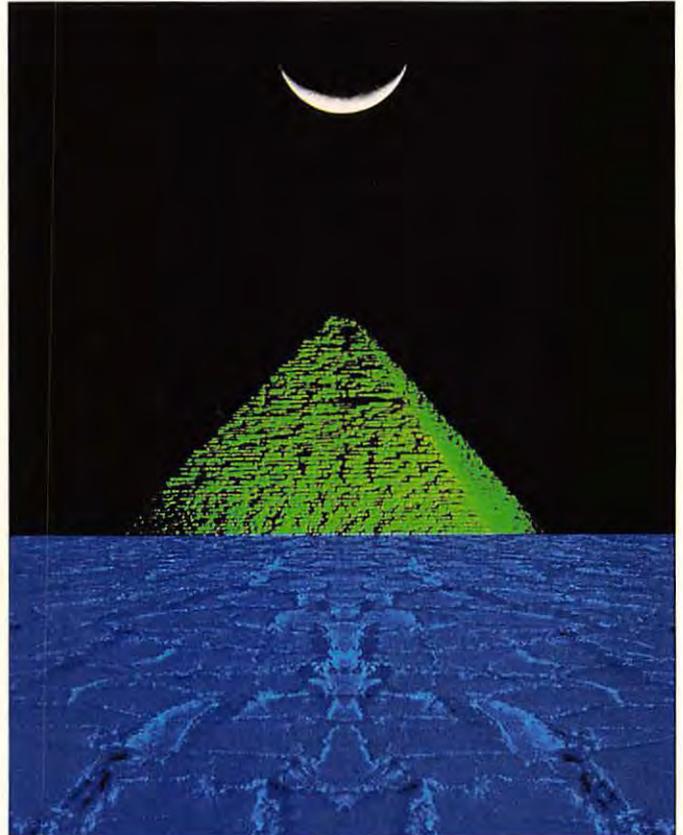
He and a Sandinista military surgeon asserted that Linder was indeed executed, with a bullet through the head, after perhaps being *tortured*. Pinlike holes suggested, said the physicians, that a sharp instrument had been jabbed into his face.

Staffers at the pro-contra Council for Inter-American Security in Washington wonder how both a doctor and eyewitnesses—two of them militiamen—could initially confuse grenades with bullets. And how come the Sandinistas refused to allow the U.S. embassy to do an autopsy? Says the council's Michael Waller, maybe the Sandinistas mutilated Linder's face after his death.

"The area where Linder died is one of heavy military conflict, and the idea that the contras would risk standing around and torturing someone is a little ridiculous," observes another skeptic, Alberto Fernandez, the U.S. press attaché in Managua.

Congressional investigators also may not have heard the real truth behind the sultan of Brunei's ill-fated \$10 million donation to the contras. A former aide to the fabulously wealthy ruler says that, emerging from a meeting at which Secretary of State George Shultz

pitched the controversial Central American rebels' cause, the sultan appeared baffled. "Where is Nicaragua?" he asked. A map was produced, says the ex-aide, but the cash still wound up in the wrong Swiss bank account.



## WHEN IN EGYPT . . .

A U.S. diplomat in Cairo warned his bosses in a 1981 memo that an embassy tower they're building there will be "at best a subject of public comment and ridicule . . . and at worst a potential lightning rod for demonstrations or more serious [security] problems."

The memo was provided to us by a congressional source after a recent terrorist attack on two embassy officers as they drove to work in Cairo.

Written by Shaun Donnelly, now a staffer at the State Department, it slams the new 17-story chancery, which is due for completion next summer, as "totally inappropriate to a low-profile U.S.G. [U.S. government] official presence in Egypt. Following the assassination of Presi-

dent Sadat, it is especially important that the U.S.G. profile be discreet. . . . The average Egyptian has no idea how many Americans currently work in the embassy compound. The [three-story] architecture blends into the environment," Donnelly observed. "A . . . tower does not. It would be a visible symbol of an overwhelming U.S. presence."

Deputy Assistant Secretary of State Richard Dertadian insisted to us that size is irrelevant to safety, and contended that a high-rise was the only option, because land is so costly in Cairo. "The total cost as it is will be \$46 million," he said. That in itself may show that Donnelly knew his Egypt. The skyscraper was budgeted at \$27 million, a figure that, his memo related, made "business people in Cairo laugh."



## BEAUTY SCHOOL DROPOUTS

When Frankie Avalon sang "Beauty School Dropout" in *Grease*, he missed the point: Hundreds of beauty schools are getting beautifully rich from high failure rates—at taxpayers' expense. Students at accredited schools, which train them in skills like hairdressing and lipstick application, are eligible for annual federal grants that are doled out with bureaucratic ineptitude that would make a fine *Grease* 3 plot. While no precise fig-

ures are available, the Education Department dished out \$804 million in such assistance last year to enrollees at 2,649 vocational schools. Since about half of these were in the beauty field, figure that about \$402 million went to their students—and that a chunk of it (anywhere between \$25 and \$76 million) wound up in the schools' pockets after the students dropped out.

That's because, the way the rules are written, the schools get to hold on to 30 percent of the tuition if a youngster quits after completing between five and

ten percent of the required classroom hours for graduation. And they keep all the moola if a student hangs in for just half the course, something a number of schools encourage by paying a \$250 bribe to each seeker after learning who makes the midpoint.

With the dropout rate at least 19 percent, the Education Department guards your bucks by having these groves of academe administer an admission test—sample question: "Cosmetologist is to Woman as Barber is to: (1) Ladies (2) Horses (3) Man (4) Actress." The schools

grade the replies themselves. "I'll work with you before you take the test. Don't worry," a staffer at a New York school assured my associate Trudi Miller when she applied for entry. "Bring your mother's income tax records and \$10 for registration."

To be fair, like much that is dumb in government, the motive behind all of this is admirable—helping underprivileged kids get a career. Unfortunately, *Cutter Hotline*, an industry newsletter, calculates that, of those who do complete the training, the average age for retiring from the profession is 23.



## SNITCH 'N' SWITCH

A New York hood who briefly turned stoolie woke up one morning to discover that

the Justice Department crime buster who "ran" him was now in private practice, defending Genovese crime boss "Fat Tony" Salerno (left).

That amazed the hood. As a prosecutor, the lawyer, John H. Jacobs, "put a wire on me and put me in MCC [the city pen] to talk to Salerno," says Matt Traynor.

Jacobs says not to worry, because "Salerno was not the target of the investigation." Was Traynor being used to worm information from Fat Tony for some other investigation? "I'd rather not comment," says Jacobs, whose public service also included supervising the

Abscam investigation.

Other lawyers were quite willing, however, to discuss what appears to be a potentially lethal loophole in the Ethics in Government Act. This law prohibits federal prosecutors from leaving office and joining the defense in a case in which they "directly participated." But there is no bar on a prosecutor employing an informer to get evidence in one case, then going on to defend that criminal in a different case. Moreover, unless the snitch's identity is classified a secret, there is also nothing to stop the ex-prosecutor from tipping his client about who

blabbed—nothing, that is, beyond what a Justice spokesman describes as "the ethical standards of the lawyer."

Traynor isn't losing sleep over any of this because, he says, he warned Salerno he was taping him. But how about the countless finks who produced for the feds and have been given new identities in the Witness Protection Program?

"If the attorney who got you into the program changed sides and wanted to locate you, he probably would be able to," counsels a former Justice Department colleague of Jacobs's.

The truly "reasonable person" realizes that what is perverse to some is poetic to others, and that no government is capable of deciding whose taste should rule.

# JUSTICE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ



Do you consider yourself a reasonable person with reasonably good taste? Can you tell whether a book, film, magazine, or painting contains or lacks "serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific value"? If so, you can now serve on an obscenity jury and get paid \$30 a day to read dirty books, watch filthy movies, and sit in judgment on whether they are legally obscene or constitutionally protected.

In its quixotic quest for the perfect obscenity test, a majority of the Supreme Court ruled this spring that before any item of sexual expression can be banned—and its distributor punished—a local jury must conclude that a "reasonable person" would find no serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific value in the material.

It is not enough, according to the majority justices, that "an ordinary member of any given community" would fail to see any such value. It is the "reasonable person" whose views must prevail in our most reasonable of constitutional worlds.

Who, then, is this "reasonable" arbiter of what shall be allowed on the market? The reasonable person is a legal fiction, purporting to describe the aspirations of mankind rather than its foibles. The reasonable person always looks both ways before crossing. This person understands all the risks involved in signing a contract and is not easily provoked to violent behavior.

The reasonable person has been described as that "excellent character who stands like a monument in our courts of justice, vainly appealing to his fellow citizens to order their lives after his own example." No one in the real world quite reaches this standard of rectitude. Surely then, when it comes to matters of taste, the reasonable person's must be impeccable. Indeed, it is unlikely that this most angelic of persons would ever frequent an "adult" bookstore or enjoy an erotic video.

Yet it is precisely this reasonable person who, pursuant to the Supreme Court's latest decision, may be instructed to inspect the pages of the alleged pornography and watch an X-rated videocassette to determine the requisite "value in the material, taken as a whole."

Even the most recently appointed justice, Antonin Scalia—a grudging supporter of the First Amendment—had difficulty dealing with our friend the reasonable person in the context of obscenity prosecutions. Although he joined the majority opinion, Scalia went out of his way to call for a reexamination of the Supreme Court's obscen-

ity standards, especially those dealing with the elusive concept of value. In his view, "it is quite impossible to come to an objective assessment" of literary or artistic value, since there are "many accomplished people"—presumably "reasonable persons"—"who have found literature in Dada, and art in the replication of a soup can." Scalia finds therefore that "the fabled 'reasonable person' is of little help" and would have to be "replaced with, perhaps, the 'person of tolerably good taste.'"

Acknowledging that such a characterization—indeed a caricature—"betrays the lack of an ascertainable standard," the newest justice seems almost ready to throw in the towel when it comes to dealing with obscenity. He proposes, only half seriously, that "we would be better advised to adopt as a legal maxim what has long been the wisdom of mankind: *De gustibus non est disputandum.*" Scalia's "person of tolerably good taste" need not read Latin, for the justice translates: "Just as there is no use arguing about taste, there is no use litigating about it."

Three other present justices decided long ago that the First Amendment could not tolerate the criminalization of a concept they found impossible to define. In this most recent case, Justice John Stevens offered his own variation on the "reasonable person" or "person of tolerably good taste" test. He would forbid the banning of any material that "some reasonable persons could consider . . . as having seri-

ous literary, artistic, political, or scientific value," thus leaving room for dissenting views even among the reasonable. But as Justice Scalia pointed out in response to Stevens, there will always be some reasonable people who could find some value in nearly anything, thus rendering the "reasonable person" test meaninglessly easy to pass. This is especially so, since many reasonable people believe that sexual stimulation *in itself* constitutes positive value and that erotica is an important component of free expression, literature, and art.

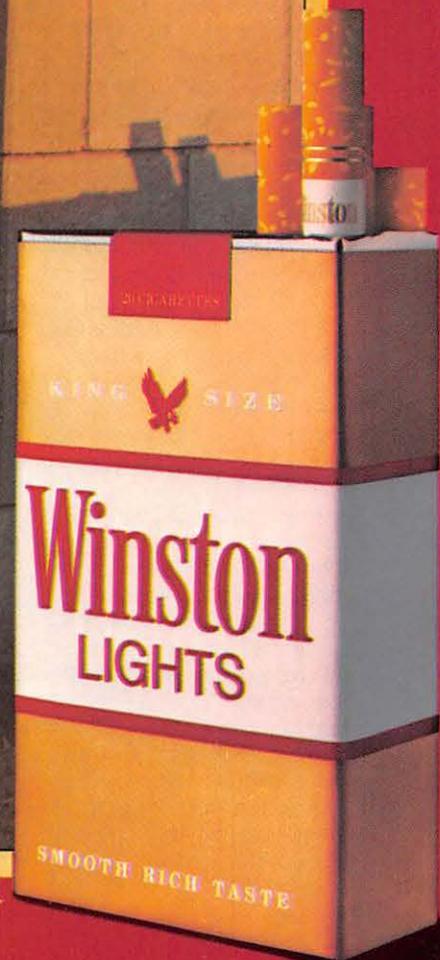
For these and other reasons, Justice Stevens—joined by Justices Marshall and Brennan—would now join the Oregon Supreme Court (see July 1987 "Justice" column) and the legislatures of at least five states in decriminalizing all adult erotica, as long as it is not thrust upon unwilling recipients or made available to children. With Justice Scalia calling for a reexamination of obscenity law, and his fellow justice Harry Blackmun seeming to have second thoughts about criminalizing material over which "reasonable people certainly may differ," we may be approaching an era of open-mindedness and tolerance on the Supreme Court.

The truly reasonable person—not the prudish hero constructed by the Supreme Court's current majority—is a fair-minded eclectic who realizes that what is perverse to some is poetic to others, and that no democratic government is within its rights or even capable of deciding whose taste should rule. 

**Real Dreams.**



**Real people  
want real taste.  
Winston**



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

An Ivy League education may look good on paper, but it takes a lot more to ensure success.

# POWER GAME

BY MICHAEL KORDA



Education gets a lot of hard knocks, especially from those who have succeeded without it. Why teach kids a lot of useless things when it's street smarts, guts, and common sense that count out there in the real world?

This attitude is in part responsible for the timid retrenchment of the American educational establishment, which has responded to criticism by throwing out of the curriculum a substantial amount of what was once regarded as our Western cultural heritage, replacing much of it with phys ed, driver's education, and sex instruction.

Anybody would think that education was a threat, from the way it is commonly criticized—as if the worst thing you could say about somebody was that he or she is “overeducated.” After all, the argument goes, why teach kids the classics? Who needs Greek and Latin anymore, except pharmacists? Why teach them foreign languages, when the rest of the world is learning English anyway? Does it matter wheth-

er they can read Shakespeare?

Well, yes, it does.

Education for its own sake is not necessarily a requisite for success in life, but what is often overlooked is the fact that education teaches children to *think*. Of course you can learn to think without formal education, and many people do, but the simplest way of starting the process is to begin with basic knowledge.

Certainly there is no need to memorize the lengths of the great rivers of the world or the names of the highest mountains; but memory itself is a skill that has to be mastered and maintained, and the only known way to develop it is to memorize things. History or geography may seem useless, but on the other hand, one can question whether the country was as well governed by President Carter, who had to have Zionism and the geography of the Middle East explained to him, or Ronald Reagan, who seems to operate—proudly—on a zero-knowledge basis, as it was when well-educated men like Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, FDR, or JFK were in the White House.

It is important to note that our major industrial competitors, Japan, Germany, and Korea, all pay far more attention to education than we do, not because it's useful, but because it teaches kids to use their minds creatively and flexibly, even for occupations we regard as “routine,” production-line jobs—which perhaps explains why the Japanese have managed to overwhelm us in electronics and, increasingly, the manufacturing of cars; why the

Koreans are now able to outproduce us in shipbuilding and heavy industry; and, of course, why most people regard Mercedes-Benz, Porsche, and BMW as the standard by which every other automobile producer must be measured.

The great tragedy of our present educational system is that we have forgotten that education is a pleasure. It isn't a chore, or a means of keeping young people out of the work force and off the street until they're 17, or something that begins and ends in school. Education is a process that continues throughout our lives, and it isn't limited to what is generally thought of as “formal” education.

What matters is the ability to learn, not the sum total of knowledge. Some of the least “educated” people I know have a high ability to learn, and take a real joy in being challenged by something new; some of the most “educated” couldn't find their way out of a paper bag. Mere knowledge for its own sake, without direction, is useless—what counts is the intelligent use of knowledge, the ability to interpret the facts we've learned, to put them to use, in other words, thinking. It's a tragedy to suppose that education is something apart from real life, a kind of cloistered Ivy League of the mind, when in fact each of us is involved in the continuing process of becoming educated every day.

Learning is what life is about—and the day we stop, we might as well be dead. What's more, though I am myself the recipient of an

expensive education, I don't think of education as something that needs to take place behind the walls of a college or in a schoolroom. Much that I learned there might seem, by any objective standard, totally useless, but in the end, nothing we learn is wasted. The mind is elastic, and even if what we pour into it isn't productive or useful in any obvious way, at least it gives us pleasure.

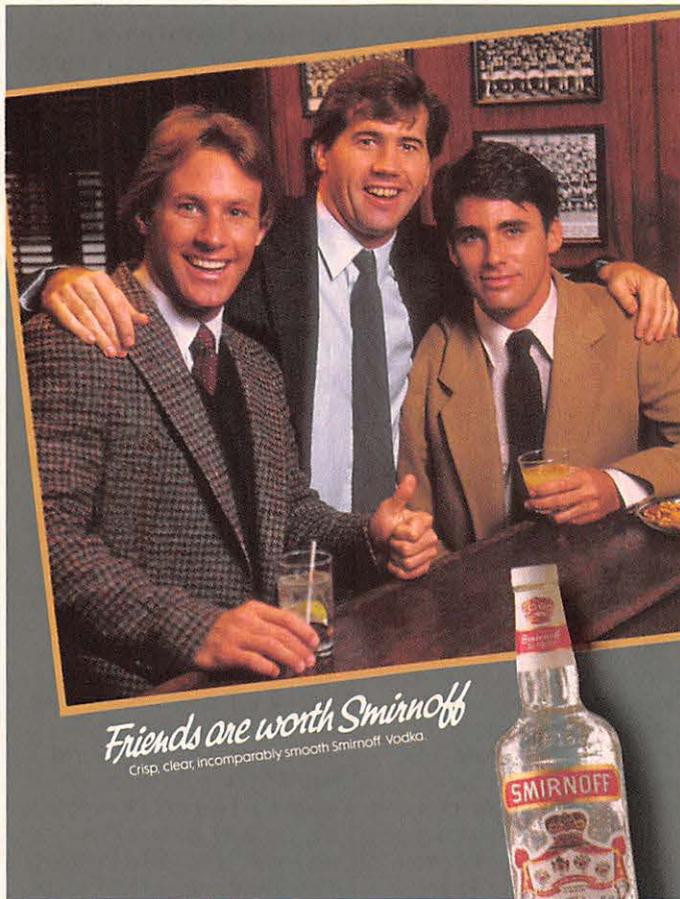
Of course, education is a loaded subject. Because we've been taught to respect it, most people have a tendency to resent those who claim to be educated. Nothing except physical beauty produces so many inferiority complexes. It is therefore worth remembering the following:

- Almost nobody is as educated as they *think* they are. Besides, the omnivorous pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, without a focus or a purpose, produces some of the world's great bores.

- Where people were educated has almost no bearing at all on how well educated they are. Some of the least interesting people I know graduated from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Oxford, and Cambridge; some of the smartest never graduated from high school. Most of America's successful businessmen and entrepreneurs are not college graduates—nor, for example, were Henry Ford, John D. Rockefeller, and Winston Churchill.

- Knowledge of the world will beat out knowledge of books every time in the day-to-day combat of life—but beware the man (or woman) who has both!

# Can you find the best friend in this ad?



Not surprisingly these days, it's the man who is *not* drinking. Why? Because he volunteered to be the *Designated Driver* for his friends who are enjoying their drinks.

The makers of Smirnoff® Vodka

encourage and support this wonderfully grown-up idea. Indeed, we will promote it to the public and urge our industry to do likewise. More than anything else, we believe...

*Friends are worth Saving*



Now, at last, walking is in. Studies show that brisk walking confers all the benefits of jogging.

# FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.



*Is there any truth to all the hoopla being made about yeast? Supposedly, yeast is responsible for a million different ailments, and a yeast-free diet will clear them up. I've also heard there's a drug that rids the body of yeast. Is yeast so awful? Is there any truth to this latest breakthrough?*

A lot of the recent hoopla concerns a yeast called *Candida albicans*. Doctors have been taking a renewed interest in these little microflora and the trouble they cause since AIDS victims started suffering terrible candidiasis of the mouth and throat as a result of immune impairment.

Some "health" books suggest that you can rid the body of candida and other yeasts by going on a highly restrictive yeast-free diet and by using drugs such as the antibiotic nystatin or over-the-counter nutritional nostrums such as Control, which are supposed to kill yeasts stone dead.

Well, you can't and they don't. Nor would you want to. Candida comes in many

species and in a huge variety of foods. But most important, several species of candida are permanent inhabitants of all human bodies, and are involved in the proper functioning of your intestines. Normally they are benign, even friendly to the human host. They also have to compete for space with some 40 other varieties of friendly intestinal flora and fauna that help you digest food, absorb nutrients, and dispose of wastes. These beneficial parasites keep the aggressive candida colonies in check. If the immune system is in good shape, an overpopulation of candida will be promptly destroyed.

But if immune function declines, or you take steroid drugs such as cortisone, or antibiotics, for a more than a few weeks, candida (and other yeasts) can turn nasty. The other flora will be decimated by the drugs and the candida will grow unchecked. The yeast changes to a fungal form and grows long rootlike structures (rhizoids) that can penetrate the intestinal walls. Then it can enter the bloodstream and spread throughout the body, causing infections everywhere.

Medical science has linked candidiasis to some 70 diseases. Unfortunately, many of its symptoms are nonspecific, such as excessive fatigue, headaches, joint pain, muscle aches, abdominal upsets, earaches, cystitis, and acne. All these ailments can be caused by numerous other disorders. Consequently, candida has provided a fertile field for quack medicine, where every unex-

plained ache or pain is attributed to yeast overgrowth.

Sedentary people who live on a fast-food, high-fat, high-sugar diet, run a chance of yeast overgrowth from consuming high-yeast foods such as cheese, red wine, and breads. But it's not very likely. When properly diagnosed by a qualified physician, real candidiasis can usually be controlled, and candida growth can be brought back to a normal level by treatment with nystatin. The best strategy, however, is to honor your body with decent nutrition and regular exercise. You can then leave it up to your healthy immune system to keep candida benign.

*I've just started running and was told that the important thing is to just keep moving for a half-hour, walking briskly when your lungs give out. I've been doing this—walking and running—and find it to be a pretty good workout. I expect I'll eventually be able to run more and walk less. What do you think of this program? I should add that I spend ten minutes before and after gently stretching.*

I believe that the easiest way to get into running is to do exactly what you are doing. Jog a bit, then walk, then jog a bit. The gentle stretching is a good bet, too. But don't worry about cutting down on the walking; it is every bit as good an exercise as running, and you can go much, much farther.

Many people taking up jogging think they should run five miles the first time out.

Gasping for air six blocks later often turns them off to the whole thing. Patience with one's own gradual progress is a part of learning any new activity. Until recently, walking in running gear was not an acceptable way to continue if you wanted to be seen as an athlete and not a wimp in jock's clothing.

Now, at last, walking is in; you can stride with pride in your red satin flimsies. This column may have coaxed the popularity of walking, because three years ago I called it "the very best exercise there is," and got a ton of mail. Now walking clubs have sprung up nationwide. The magazine *Walking* details hundreds of activities and events each month. This year members of AT&T's Happy Feet walking team are doing a "Walk Across Georgia," to be followed by an ambitious "Hike Across America." *Physician and Sportsmedicine* has just published an extensive study showing that brisk walking (four miles per hour) confers all the cardiovascular benefits of jogging.

It depends on what you want to do. If exercise is a hated necessity to be over as soon as possible, then your program will soon have you running the full half-hour. But if exercise is one of life's real treasures to you—as it should be—then extending your run-walk sequence will soon have you roving for hours through sparkling countryside, mountain trails, or sunlit evening beaches, where life's "hoax of clocks and calendars" fades to its true triviality. 



# When ESCORT was introduced in 1978, its radar warning was merely astonishing. Then the improvements began

**"If you can imagine the Turbo Porsche of the radar detectors, this is it!"** That was *Car and Driver's* verdict on the first ESCORT.

The comment referred to ESCORT's astonishing performance, but it anticipated something more. Just as Porsche keeps refining its classic 911, our engineers now have nine years of technical advancements built into ESCORT.

### More power under the hood

While car makers talk about horsepower, engineers measure a detector's radar-finding ability in dB. Today's ESCORT is significantly more powerful than the one that drew superlatives from *Car and Driver* nine years ago: 10 dB more sensitive on X band, 13 dB on K band.

Our engineers never stop researching, and when they make a breakthrough, it goes into production immediately. Consequently, ESCORT performance is always at the forefront. In its most recent test of ESCORT, *Road & Track* wrote, "... it is highly recommended!"

Since then, our engineers have added an extra 2 dB to ESCORT's sensitivity on both bands. Imagine what *Road & Track* would say now.

### Rashid rejection too

Of course, there's more to detection than simply issuing a long-range warning. The warning must be real. No false alarms.

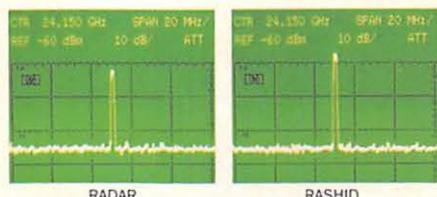


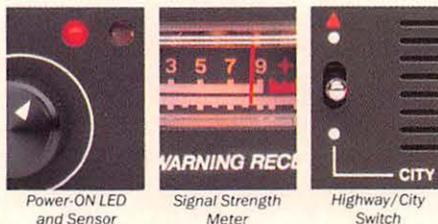
Figure 1: A digital spectrum analyzer scanning the entire width of K band can't see the difference between radar and Rashid.

When the FCC cleared the Rashid VRSS collision warning system for operation on K

band, there was no known way to distinguish between Rashid and radar. But our engineers came through again. Our AFR™ (Alternating Frequency Rejection) circuitry automatically isolates and neutralizes Rashid signals, yet leaves ESCORT's radar detection capability undiminished for your protection.

### The full radar report

In addition to long-range warning, ESCORT also pioneered a full-disclosure warning system that tells you everything you need to know about the radar it finds. At first radar contact, the alert lamp responds and the analog meter indicates radar strength. Simultaneously you will hear an audio warning—pulsing slowly when radar is weak, quicker as you near, then constant as you approach range.



ESCORT also provides separate warning tones for each radar band. And we've added a Mute function for your convenience: once you've noted the warning, touching a switch mutes the audio warning, yet leaves the detection circuits fully armed for the next encounter.

### Character reference

Our policy of continuous refinement has prompted the experts at *Road & Track* to say, "Externally, the ESCORT has changed hardly at all over the years; internally, it has undergone several major revisions, each establishing new performance standards in the field."

### Now... same-day shipping

We build ESCORT in Cincinnati and we sell direct to our customers only. Call toll free. Orders in by 3:00 pm eastern time Monday through Friday go out the same day by UPS, and we pay shipping. Overnight delivery is guaranteed by Federal Express for \$10 extra.

### Time-honored guarantee

If you're not fully satisfied within 30 days, return your ESCORT. We'll refund all your money, including return postage, with no questions.

More than a million drivers put their trust in ESCORT. Yours is just a toll-free call away.

### Order Today

**ESCORT \$245** (OH res. add \$13.48 tax)

**TOLL FREE... 800-543-1608**

(Phone Mon-Fri 8-11, Sat & Sun 9:30-6 EST)



By mail send to address below. All orders processed immediately. Prices slightly higher for Canadian shipments.

**ESCORT®**  
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

Cincinnati Microwave  
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One Microwave Plaza  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45249-9502

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Imagine a world in which your last name, all by itself, is enough to set the country off with rage.

# WOMEN

BY BEN STEIN



Julie Nixon Eisenhower has lived, in her roughly 40 years, about ten lifetimes. She was the younger daughter of the most controversial political figure in American life during the postwar period. She grew up with the sounds of Hiss and Chambers, allegations of slush funds, screams of mobs in Caracas, sudden bulletins about presidential heart attacks, and unmatched vilification of her father.

Imagine the life of the daughter of a man who, to a powerful sector of American opinion, was the Antichrist, the very incarnation of the red-baiting devil, the arch-conspirator of all time, the lightning rod of the entire American left and center-left and much of the right, Richard M. Nixon. Imagine a world in which your last name, all by itself, was enough to set people afire with rage.

If you can imagine that, you might have a start on thinking up someone who gradually became toughened and hardened, who covered over her sensitivity with bitterness and sarcasm and a general contempt for the

world at large. Or, you might imagine someone who would retreat from the world altogether and live a monastic life in a fairy-tale existence away from the name that made people crazy.

But if you thought of Julie Eisenhower as either of these persons, you would be dead wrong. Because as Julie Eisenhower was living her ten lives (or more), she did not at all become tough, and she certainly never retreated from anything. As she helped her parents with their struggles within the Eisenhower administration, against John F. Kennedy's machine, in the darkest days after her father lost to Pat Brown for California's governorship in 1962, she became that rarest of curiosities: a public person with the soul of a perfectly genuine, absolutely open woman. In the fierce crucible of her many lives, she still willed herself to feel. I have known Julie for almost 15 years now, and I can promise you that she felt every lash when her fellow students at Smith College would not allow her father to come to her graduation. She smarted with every sneering cartoon and every barbed comparison of her father with dictators. She felt every blow as Watergate rained down on her.

Still, she felt. She fell in love with David Eisenhower. She fell in love—on a different level—with writing, and became a superb writer herself, and that cannot be done without feeling. She felt for the men and women who died for their country in the tragically misbegotten cause of Vietnam.

When the end of the Nixon presidency came in August of 1974, she did not leave Washington, even though the Washington of fall 1974 could not have been a more poisonous spot for a woman named Nixon. She did not leave because she had to clean out her father's office so that something concrete would be salvaged and so that the retreat would have at least a semblance of order. She also did not leave because her husband was in law school in Washington and had to finish his studies. Even then, at the darkest moment of her life, she felt her husband's and her father and mother's needs as strongly—more strongly—than if they had been hers.

When she and David Eisenhower finally left Washington and went to California to start a family, she quietly set about making a whole new life. She and David lived quietly in Capistrano Beach, near San Clemente, until they returned east to their long-time home in a suburb of Philadelphia. There, Julie wrote a fine book about the world leaders she had met while her father had been in political office, entitled *Special People*. She helped with her father's memoirs and foreign-policy books. She wrote a loving, stunningly insightful book, *Pat Nixon: The Untold Story*, about her mother's life as Richard Nixon's wife, the kind of book that a lifelong historian or even a poet would want to have written themselves.

To me, any one of several of Julie Eisenhower's accomplishments would be enough for even a highly capable

woman: surviving a childhood of hate against her father, working tirelessly in two major campaigns, voluntarily sharing the heat of Watergate, writing her fine books, bringing up three children, being married to a genius. But to have done all of these acts and to still feel enough to call her friends just because she has read something that let her know they are feeling low; to still have a wry sense of humor about everything that passes before her, even her own losses; to still have in her eyes a communion with every other man or woman who has suffered or triumphed—that is the real accomplishment of her life.

The battles of Watergate are long past. The students I teach do not even know what Watergate was, nor do they care. The most bitter partisans are leaving the scene one way or another. Those who remain are often covered up by the psychic armor that they built to shield themselves from the agony of combat. The same is true for all of the battles of the Nixon era. Although the battles are over—and it is hard, if not impossible, to know what all of those campaigns in the Nixon and anti-Nixon wars were about, who won, and who lost—there is one certain winner: Julie Nixon Eisenhower. She has been through the mud and the trenches, suffered without cause, but she can still laugh and smile and feel and write about it. She has kept her heart in a heartless struggle, and kept her sensitivity when others made themselves hardened. ○□

# If you thought the excerpt in August's issue was incredible—don't miss the entire story of the Mafia boss who became the government's most lethal weapon

When Jimmy Fratianno, the highest-ranking Mafioso ever to turn against La Cosa Nostra, started to talk, his testimony did more than help *Penthouse* in its libel suit—it put more than twenty-five mobsters behind bars and linked

dozens of highly placed individuals to the Mafia, from Frank Sinatra to Jackie Presser. The story of why he broke the oath of *Omerta* reveals in riveting detail what it is like to live a secret life as a government star witness—and as a man marked for death!

## VENGEANCE IS MINE

JIMMY  
"THE WEASEL"  
FRATIANNO  
TELLS  
HOW HE  
BROUGHT  
THE  
KISS OF  
DEATH  
TO  
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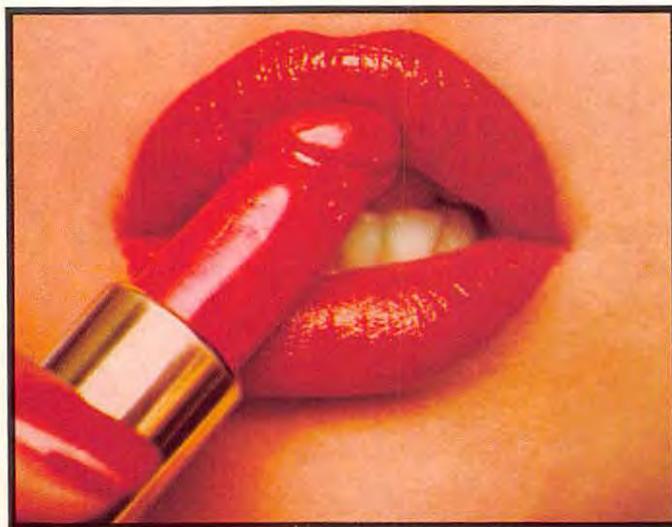
● I slipped her panties down and found that Mandy was completely hairless there. This was quite a turn-on! ●

## XAVIERA HOLLANDER CALL ME MADAM

### LETTER OF THE MONTH

*I am 26 years old, six feet three inches tall, weigh 185 pounds, and am considered handsome by most people. Recently I became engaged to Mandy. She is 23 years old, five feet six inches tall, weighs 100 pounds, has golden blond hair, and is my idea of a living doll. She has long, slim legs and a thin waist. Her only drawback (at least for some men) is that she is quite flat-chested. Her breasts barely protrude past the rest of her torso, and she has exceptionally small, pale nipples. Even so, her breasts are well-shaped for her size. Small breasts have never bothered me, though, because I have always been more of a leg man. Her overall appearance reminds one very much of Mia Farrow.*

*Mandy is very conservative about sexual matters, and it wasn't until we were engaged that we first had sex. We had discussed it, and we finally decided to consummate our relationship one Friday evening after a nice dinner at Mandy's place. Needless to say, I was anxious to see if she looked as good with her clothes off as she did with them on. All she had on was a sheer bra and her bikini panties. I unfastened her bra and slipped it off. Her breasts and pert nipples were revealed to me for the first time. I then proceeded to slip her panties off. What I saw next came as a pleasant surprise to me. Mandy's pussy was completely hairless. This was*



*quite a turn-on. I then started to perform cunnilingus on her as part of my foreplay. I was even more pleasantly surprised not to find any stubble or razor burn as I brought my face and tongue in contact with her pussy. In fact, her cunt was as smooth as a baby's. Furthermore, there was not even the smallest hair, even in the area between her pussy and her anus. Of course, I concluded that she must have removed her pussy hair by using a hair-remover cream, a wax of some kind, or some other method in lieu of shaving. Regardless of how she did it, her hairless pussy turned an already blissful night into one of pure ecstasy.*

*The next morning while we were lying in bed, I reached down to rub Mandy's pussy and was again reminded of its hairlessness. I remarked to her*

*that it pleased me very much that she had removed her pussy hair. That is when Mandy told me that she had never removed her pussy hair to begin with, because no pubic hair ever grew on her, either under her arms or on her pussy. Mandy said, in fact, that only light, downy hair grows on her legs, and therefore she rarely has to shave even them. Of course, she said that members of her family have always had sparse body hair, but she was the extremest example. Mandy said that this used to be a source of embarrassment to her, especially in high school, when in the girls' shower room even girls three or four years younger sported full bushes on their pussies while Mandy's was bald.*

*She claims that most girls assumed she had not reached puberty, and this accounted*

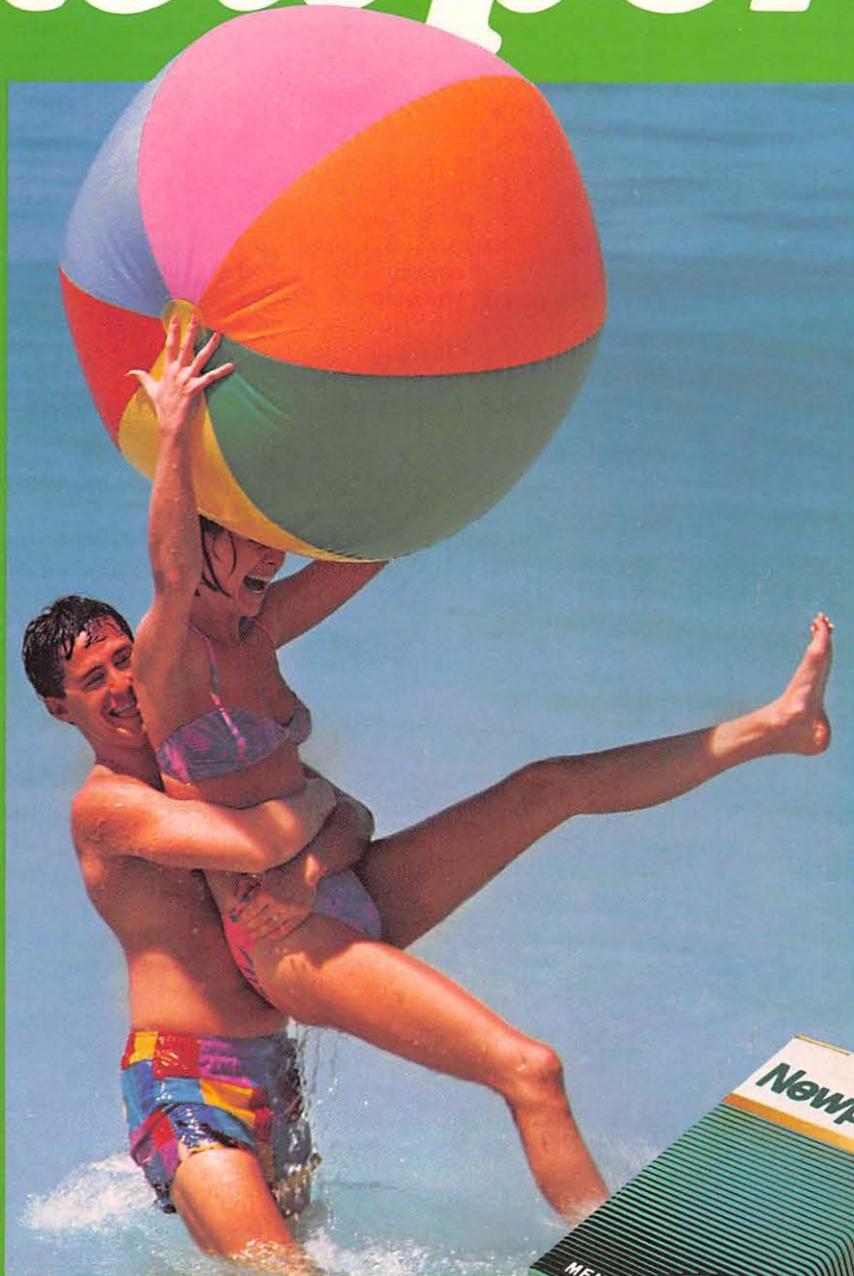
*for her hairlessness. Mandy says this is not true. Although she was almost 19 before she started menstruating, Mandy says she menstruates regularly and the doctor says she can have children like any other woman. Mandy, of course, doesn't give the matter a second thought.*

*I have tried to find out a little more about this since, but have had little success. This concerns me, because I would like to have children. What have you heard about this? No matter what the answer is, though, I still love Mandy and plan to marry her.—P. S.*

Most of us nowadays have the unfortunate habit of acquiring our knowledge secondhand. Instead of learning from dictionaries and encyclopedias, we accept facts from newspapers, TV documentaries, and even games like Trivial Pursuit. We learn from a poster published recently in the United States that the average male gorilla's erect penis is only an inch and a half long. It doesn't occur to us that the one measured might belong to one of the sad 19-year-old male gorilla virgins who write to me complaining that they can't get laid because every time they get it out, all the gorillesses fall out of their trees laughing. You might seem to have gotten it into your head that hairiness

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.

*Alive with pleasure!*  
**Newport**



*After all,  
if smoking isn't a pleasure,  
why bother?*



**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.**

© Lorillard, Inc., U.S.A., 1987

Kings: 17 mg. "tar",

1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.

goes with sexuality, possibly because hairy men have a macho reputation.

Hair on humans is what is known as a secondary sexual characteristic. It grows on different parts of the body according to sex, but there are immense variations, some of which are racial. Some of the indigenous tribes of South America have minimal body hair. I have known Oriental girls who, although they have only a tiny patch of silky fur above their delicate little pussies, are extremely well-orientated sexually. On the other hand, I have met Mediterranean ladies, renowned for their fiery sexuality, who have bushes like a tropical rain forest. Unfortunately, in a world of deodorants and depilatories, hair, or the lack of it, can have social, sexist, or even racist significance.

My man has a horrible anecdote from his adolescence. When he had just turned 18, the legal drinking age in England, he was taken into a pub in London by two of his wicked uncles. He was doing his best to look adult, when Uncle Cyril said in a loud voice, "When you grow up, young man, maybe you'll be able to grow a mustache like the lady behind the bar!"

Another popular misconception is the relationship of a woman's breasts to her sexuality. We are told that small breasts are usually more sensitive because they have more touch receptors per square inch than large ones. But how do you measure sensitivity in erotic terms? I know

women for whom having their breasts and nipples sucked and fondled is so exciting that it can bring them to orgasm. There are others who prefer a foot massage and are totally uninterested in their own boobs, some even preferring not to have them touched at all. We are all marvelously different from each other, which means that whatever your tastes are, if you hunt around long enough, sooner or later you will find the right partner, as I think you have done.

What worries me a little about your letter is that although you obviously find Mandy super attractive, you also seem to have a sneaky feeling in your head that she is a bit of a freak, which she is not. She is unusual, for various reasons, but that does not mean she is an oddball.

She is a late developer. This should in no way affect her ability to have children, as her doctor confirms. I suspect that she probably has Scandinavian ancestors, as her physical type and coloring is typical of Sweden and Norway, but these characteristics are usually accompanied by an almost fragile type of beauty that will probably last the rest of her life.

#### LOVE STORY

*After my first divorce, I had four children that I saw on weekends, a small house, and a fairly convenient life. The only thing that was missing was a romantic interest. That was until I met Sarah.*

*I met Sarah and her daughter quite a few years ago, through an arrest I made. I busted her husband for armed robbery. He left them without any money or a place to live. Sarah was beautiful and sexy and also 14 years younger than me. My heart really went out to them, and I gave them a room, food, and a small salary. In exchange, Sarah cooked and kept after my house. For a long time our relationship was totally platonic, but that soon changed.*

*One night I came home to find Sarah's daughter asleep for the evening, and Sarah in her room, reading a book. She complained to me that her back ached, and would I mind rubbing it for her. I sat on the bed and rubbed her back. We were obviously both aroused, and the rubbing led to kissing and so on. Our night of lovemaking turned into the best I ever had.*

*After that passionate evening, Sarah and I became lovers, and the three of us lived together blissfully for two years as a family. That was until her husband got out of jail, promising to go straight. By coincidence, my ex-wife reentered my life, begging me to come home so we could try to be a family again. Both Sarah and I reluctantly went our separate ways—more for the welfare of our children rather than ourselves.*

*As it turned out, my marriage to my ex-wife only lasted another three years, and Sarah's husband passed away during that time. Xaviera, do you think I'd have the slightest chance of Sarah still loving me as I still do love her? I would give anything to correct the mistake that we made and to commit myself to her—F. D.*

I suspect that you have gotten yourself worked up into such a complicated state of mind over Sarah's feelings for you that you now find it very hard to separate fact from fantasy.

The age difference between you and Sarah is totally unimportant, as it didn't seem to matter while you were living with her. Now she is quite a lot older, so unless you have become senile in the meantime, forget about it. You will be closer now than before. I cannot see what your problem is. Sarah is free, and still presumably has a fatherless daughter to care for. Your kids must be almost grown up by now, but in any case, you are also unrestricted by any legal or moral ties, so what are you waiting for?

Phone her and tell her you are coming to see her no matter what she says, and even if you have to travel from one side of the continent to the other, get your sweet behind moving toward the girl you love. Believe me, she will be glad to see you, and I am prepared to bet heavily that she loves and needs you just as much as you want her. You are obviously both crazy idealists, you a law-enforcement officer, and each of you desperately tried to make a go of disastrous marriages; so give each other a chance by realizing that you are probably made for each other.





"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.**



**TROJAN**<sup>®</sup>  
BRAND CONDOMS  
For all the right reasons.

# Bad News For Escort

Dear Customer, *From Drew Kaplan*

Escort has ignored DAK's second, one-on-one Maxon versus Escort radar challenge. And frankly, I'm fighting mad. I suppose they have a right to ignore me. But after referring to my challenge as only an "advertising gambit" and calling Maxon's radar detector an off-shore, primitive, and bottom-end unit, I'd think they'd be glad to wipe us out in a head to head duel to the death. But, I'm really mad for two other reasons and I think that you may be as fascinated by them as I am.

**Mad Reason 1.** Road and Track Magazine held an independent general radar detector test in their September 86 issue.

As far as I can see, Maxon beat Passport in Uninterrupted Alert, and Passport beat Maxon in Initial alert. Now to be fair, neither of us seem to have beaten the other by even 2 seconds at 55 miles per hour. So, we didn't win or lose by much.

And, Maxon's \$99<sup>90</sup> detector was tested against the \$295 Passport, not the \$245 Escort we challenged. What's interesting is that Road and Track had nice things to say about Passport and even about Escort, which wasn't even included in the tests any more.

Now, if you've been following DAK's challenge, you know we've only been challenging Escort. If you've read Road and Track's tests, you'll be amazed when you read Boardroom Reports, which I've reprinted for you to the right. What's really interesting is that it's the exact same person in both publications.

Actually, Maxon did extremely well. Road and Track only used 'over hill' and 'around curve' tests because on straight-aways the differences weren't worth describing. (Imagine that!)

It's just as I've said in my challenge. I don't think there's much difference between Maxon's and Cincinnati's Radar detectors when it comes to sensing radar.

## THE CHALLENGE GROWS

In view of the opinions stated in the article in Boardroom Reports about the \$245 Escort, DAK hereby adds the \$295 Passport to our challenge.

**Mad Reason 2.** Did you ever hear about the cure for dandruff that was developed in the middle-ages? It was the guillotine. And frankly, I think you should be aware of Cincinnati Micro-

wave's advertising cure for the Rashid VRSS Collision Avoidance System.

The Rashid VRSS system, as described in Popular Science magazine, January 1986, sends out a radar signal on the K band ahead of your car. The good part is that it can help you avoid running into things higher than your front bumper. The bad news is that since it operates on K band, it sets off radar detectors.

Well, hats off to Cincinnati Microwave. I've tested the Passport against the Rashid unit and, as usual, they have done a splendid job. While every other detector I tested, including Maxon's, was driven crazy, theirs didn't utter a peep.

But then, my Maxon hasn't uttered any peeps lately either and let me tell you why. I was on my way to the Far East to visit Maxon, so I asked Tom, a manager at DAK, to purchase and test the Rashid.

Well, did I ever hear from him. First the unit cost \$58 plus about \$100 to install. Then buying it and finding someone to install it took almost a month.

But the real reason he was unhappy was that the recommended method of installation involved cutting a 6½" hole in the front grill of his neat new car.

Well, much to my wife's chagrin, it's now installed in her station wagon.

After installation, it has to be set by an installer. He drives between 15 and 30 miles per hour toward a solid object. When the installer thinks he's reached a safe stopping distance, he adjusts the warning alarms to sound. Then in the future, when a similar distance is reached, lights will flash and an alarm will sound.

Of course, if you accelerate too quickly into a lane behind another car the same alarms can go off.

And, I haven't figured out what to do if

there's a dog in the road, dirt on the radar sensor, or how to compensate for the different stopping distances encountered on dry, wet, icy or snowy roads.

## MOST IMPORTANT PART

Speaking of advertising gambits, in virtually every magazine I pick up, I've been seeing Cincinnati's Bad News for Radar Detector ads spelling out the obsolescence of all other detectors.

If it's such an important feature that distinguishes them from us, there had better be some of these devices on the road, or Cincinnati Microwave's credibility may just be on the road as well.

I will add \$10,000 to my Escort/Passport challenge if Cincinnati Microwave can prove that there are even 1000 Rashid units on the road anywhere in the U.S. Oh heck, I'll add \$5000 if they can even find 500. (And, look at this.)

**NOTE:** There are several other potential collision avoidance systems on the drawing boards and each may have a DIFFERENT FINGERPRINT.

So, if you're a current Escort or Passport owner, I suggest that you find out how many Rashid units there are and what Cincinnati Microwave will do about the 'other' units before you pay \$\$\$ to have your current detector upgraded.

Besides, with over 3,000,000 square miles in the U.S., even 1,000 units would work out to less than one unit for every 3,000 square miles.

If a major car company successfully sells a collision avoidance system, then Maxon will be ready. But, the car companies currently can't even get consumers to pay \$200 for air bags. So, you decide. Is it significant, or an advertising gambit?

Below is the NEW version of the challenge. Escort, a reply please!

# A \$20,000 Challenge To Escort

Let's cut through the Radar Detector Glut. We challenge Escort & Passport to a one on one Distance and Falsing 'duel to the death' on the highway of their choice. If they win, the \$20,000 check pictured below is theirs.

By Drew Kaplan

We've put up our \$20,000. We challenge Escort to take on Maxon's new Dual Superheterodyne RD-1 \$99<sup>90</sup> radar detector on the road of their choice in a one on one conflict.

Even Escort says that everyone compares themselves to Escort, and they're right. They were the first in 1978 to use superheterodyne circuits and they've got a virtual stranglehold on the magazine test reports.

But, the real question today is: 1) How many feet of sensing difference, if any, is there between this top of the line Maxon Detector and Escort's or Passport's? And 2) Which unit is more accurate at interpreting real radar versus false signals?

So Escort, you pick the road (continental U.S. please). You pick the equipment to create the false signals. (Don't forget our \$10,000 Rashid challenge). And finally, you pick the radar gun.

Maxon and DAK will come to your  
...Next Page Please



...Challenge Continued highway with engineers and equipment to verify the results.

And oh yes, we'll have the \$20,000 check (pictured) to hand over if you beat us by more than 10 feet in either X or K band detection with the Escort, or by 2 seconds at 55mph with the Passport.

**BOB SAYS MAXON IS BETTER**

Here's how it started. Maxon is a mammoth electronics prime manufacturer. They actually make all types of sophisticated electronic products for some of the biggest U.S. Electronics Companies. (No, they don't make Escort's).

Bob Thetford, the president of Maxon Systems Inc., and a friend of mine, was explaining their new RD-1 anti-falsing Dual Superheterodyne Radar detector to me. I said "You know Bob, I think Escort really has the market locked up." He said, "Our new design can beat theirs".

So, since I've never been one to be in second place, I said, "Would you bet \$20,000 that you can beat Escort?" And, as they say, the rest is history.

By the way, Bob is about 6'9" tall, so if we can't beat Escort, we can sure scare the you know what out of them. But, Bob and his engineers are deadly serious about this 'duel'. And you can bet that our \$20,000 is serious.

**We ask only the following.** 1) The public be invited to watch. 2) Maxon's Engineers as well as Escort's check the radar gun and monitor the test and the results.

3) The same car be used in both tests. 4) We'd like an answer from Escort no later than July 31, 1987 and 60 days notice of the time and place of the conflict. 5) If Escort can prove that there are 1,000, or even 500 Rashid units in operation, we will present them with the appropriate \$10,000 or \$5,000 check at the beginning of the conflict. And, 6) We'd like them to come with a \$20,000 check made out to DAK if we win.

**HOW'S THIS FOR FAIR**

Cincinnati Microwave will be deemed the winner and given the check if either

Escort beats Maxon by 10 feet in both uninterrupted and initial alerts, OR if Passport beats Maxon by 2 seconds at 55mph in both uninterrupted and initial alerts. So, DAK wins only if we beat both Escort and Passport.

A tie will exist only if both the \$295 Passport and \$245 Escort fail to beat Maxon's \$99<sup>90</sup> Dual Superheterodyne RD-1 Radar Detector.

**SO, WHAT'S**

**DUAL SUPERHETERODYNE?**

Ok, so far we've set up the conflict. Now let me tell you about the new dual superheterodyne technology that lets Maxon leap ahead of the pack.

It's a technology that tests each suspected radar signal 4 separate times before it notifies you, and yet it explodes into action in just 1/4 of one second.

Just imagine the sophistication of a device that can test a signal 4 times in less than 1/4 of one second. Maxon's technology is mind boggling.

**But, using it isn't.** This long range detector has all the bells and whistles. It has separate audible sounds for X and K radar signals because you've only got about 1/3 the time to react with K band.

There's a 10 step LED Bar Graph Meter to accurately show the radar signal's strength. And, you won't have to look at a needle in a meter. You can see the Bar Graph Meter with your peripheral vision and keep your eyes on the road and put your foot on the brake.



So, just turn on the Power/Volume knob, clip it to your visor or put it on your dash. Then plug in its cigarette lighter cord and you're protected.

And you'll have a very high level of protection. Maxon's Dual Conversion Scanning Superheterodyne circuitry combined with its ridge guide wideband horn internal antenna, really ferrets out radar signals.

**By the way, Escort,** we'll be happy to have our test around a bend in the road or over a hill. Maxon's detector really picks up 'ambush type' radar signals.

And the key word is 'radar', not trash signals. The 4 test check system that operates in 1/4 second gives you extremely high protection from signals from other detectors, intrusion systems and garage door openers.

So, when the lights and X or K band sounds explode into action, take care, there's very likely police radar nearby. You'll have full volume control, and a City/Highway button reduces the less important X band reception in the city.

Maxon's long range detector comes complete with a visor clip, hook and loop dash board mounting, and the power cord cigarette adaptor.

It's much smaller than Escort at just 3 1/2" Wide, 4 3/4" deep and 1 1/2" high. But, it is larger than Passport. It's backed by Maxon's standard limited warranty.

Note from Drew: 1) Use of radar detectors is illegal in some states.

2) Speeding is dangerous. Use this detector to help keep you safe when you forget, not to get away with speeding.



**CHECK OUT RADAR YOURSELF RISK FREE**

Put this detector on your visor. When it sounds, look around for the police. There's a good chance you'll be saving money in fines and higher insurance rates. And, if you slow down, you may even save lives.

If you aren't 100% satisfied, simply return it in its original box within 30 days for a courteous refund.

To get your Maxon, Dual Superheterodyne, Anti-Falsing Radar Detector risk free with your credit card, call toll free or send your check for just \$99<sup>90</sup> (\$4 P&H). Order No. 4407. CA res add tax.

**Special Note:** Now that we're challenging Passport, we've added an optional suction cup windshield mount and extra coiled power cord. (Sorry we can't afford to throw them in for free.) They're just \$5<sup>90</sup> (\$1 P&H) Or. No. 4800.

OK Escort, it's up to you. We've got \$20,000 that says you can't beat Maxon on the road. Your answer, please?

Escort and Passport are registered trademarks of Cincinnati Microwave. Rashid VRSS, and Rashid Radar Safety Brake are registered trademarks of Vehicle Radar Safety Systems, Inc.

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**John Tamerlin, Road & Track**

**Radar detectors Radar detectors**

Today's best radar detectors aren't much bigger than a pack of cigarettes. They weigh less than eight ounces and have existing new circuitry. What to look for:

- **X-band and K-band sensitivity:** Both are used by the police.
- **Different alarm sounds for the different types of speed radar:** X-band radar is used in the newer instant-on radar units where police locate themselves out of sight. Listen for intermittent bursts of radiation to warn of this type of radar. Since X-band radar can be detected from an air-away as three miles away, the driver may gradually react. X-band is also used in many automatic garage door openers and home burglar alarms, which traps it much more likely to generate false alarms.
- **False-alarm filtering:** Most newer models have specialized circuits that filter out many false alarms. Since many older models don't have good filtering capability, in built-up areas it's almost impossible to determine whether the near-constant buzzing means that speed radar is being used.
- **A proximity indicator:** Good detectors change the warning sound as the radar device gets closer.
- **Easy mounting method:** Good detectors have become almost as popular with drivers as car stereos. It helps if a unit is simple for the owner to remove whenever he leaves the car.
- **Bright visual display:** The best detectors have light-emitting diodes (LEDs) that glow brightly during daylight. Caution: Analog meters that use needles on a numeric scale are less useful—and they can be dangerous, because the driver has to focus on the meter to see exactly where the needle is.

**The best at any price:** Cincinnati Microwave's Passport. The price is a steep \$295 for this 6 1/2-ounce unit that measures 1 1/2" high x 4 1/2" deep x 2 1/2" wide. Features: Dual one-alarm automatic brightness adjustment of the false-alarm filter and an audible alarm buzzer that allows the driver to turn the meter off during one radar contact and have it reset automatically for the next encounter. Caution: Don't mistake Cincinnati Microwave's Escort for the Passport. The older Escort is still sold (for \$215). It was once the best available but is less technologically sophisticated than both units are available, only discounting.

**Good protection for half the price:** The Cobra Radarcooler offers many of the same features as the Passport for a suggested retail price of \$230. Major drawbacks: In bright sunlight it's difficult to tell if the LED lights are on. Others worth considering: H.E.L. Electronics Limited's Micro Eye MAX LR \$299.95 and White Spectram 2, \$140.

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Boardroom Reports □ September 15, 1986  
 Reviewed by John Tamerlin, highway editor at Boardroom Reports, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, NY 10036. CA 92061, months, \$7.99.

## MR. SOFTIE

*I am a 55-year-old man, in good health, who is experiencing a problem that I hope you can shed some light upon. I find it very hard to get an erection, and when I do, it is even more difficult to maintain it. What is even worse is I cannot get aroused until at least 4 A.M. My wife does not appreciate this, and often exclaims, "I can't believe this is happening to me."*

*Even when I ejaculate, I still do not get hard. Xaviera, I do not drink alcohol or use drugs. I consider myself in good shape, and my age should not matter, because I know men much older than me who are enjoying a healthy sex life. Please advise us on what to do with my frustrating situation. I miss my hard-ons, and so does my wife.—M. R.*

Sexual inability is one of the most upsetting and frustrating things that can happen to both men and women. A woman is better protected psychologically, as she can always play a passive role in lovemaking; but there is no way in the world for a man to fake an erection, so power failure hits him where it hurts.

It is estimated that ten percent of American males are impotent by the age of 55, and that by age 75 or over, 50 percent are incapable of getting a hard-on; so for you, age is not necessarily a factor, as 90 percent of your age group are okay. However, the passage of time cannot be

totally disregarded. Although recently there is an emphasis on healthy living, low-cholesterol diets are in vogue, and videos of aerobic exercises sell better than X-rated tapes, this does not mean that we are all necessarily in the best of health, even if we have given up drinking and smoking.

The reasons for male impotence come under two headings, physical and psychological. Two of the commonest causes of impotence in your age group are medical. One is the incidence of atherosclerosis, or fatty deposits in the arteries, which also causes heart disease and strokes. The second is diabetes, and any man who suffers from impotence should be examined for this. It may be mild enough to have no noticeable effect; but on more than one occasion in my experience, diabetes has been the reason for a man's inability to get or maintain an erection. I would suggest, therefore, that your first step should be to have a thorough medical examination. Assuming that you have your checkup and nothing is wrong—or that some minor ailment is discovered and successfully treated—but despite this, Ol' Charlie down there still plays possum, what do you do?

I have come across one or two men who are capable of more than one orgasm off the same erection, but these are sexual athletes in the Olympic class and can therefore be ignored on an or-

dinary human level. All men (apart from these) are temporarily impotent immediately after ejaculation. This is nature's safety valve, and is involuntary. It allows your organs to recuperate, it gives your various glands (prostate, testes, etc.) time to replenish the semen you have just jetted out—in fact, it stops you from fucking yourself to death. This mechanism can be triggered by other factors, like worrying about your income tax or your mother-in-law's impending visit, or simply fear of failure.

The more preoccupied you are over not getting hard, the softer it becomes; and each time it doesn't happen, it gets worse. This is a state of affairs that is well-known by the medical profession, and with professional counseling or psychiatric help, there is an excellent chance of success in treating it, particularly if there is a sympathetic wife who is willing to work at solving the problem. One of the most effective treatments is a woman (wife) who is prepared to indulge in physical intimacy, having agreed in advance that no sexual activity will take place.

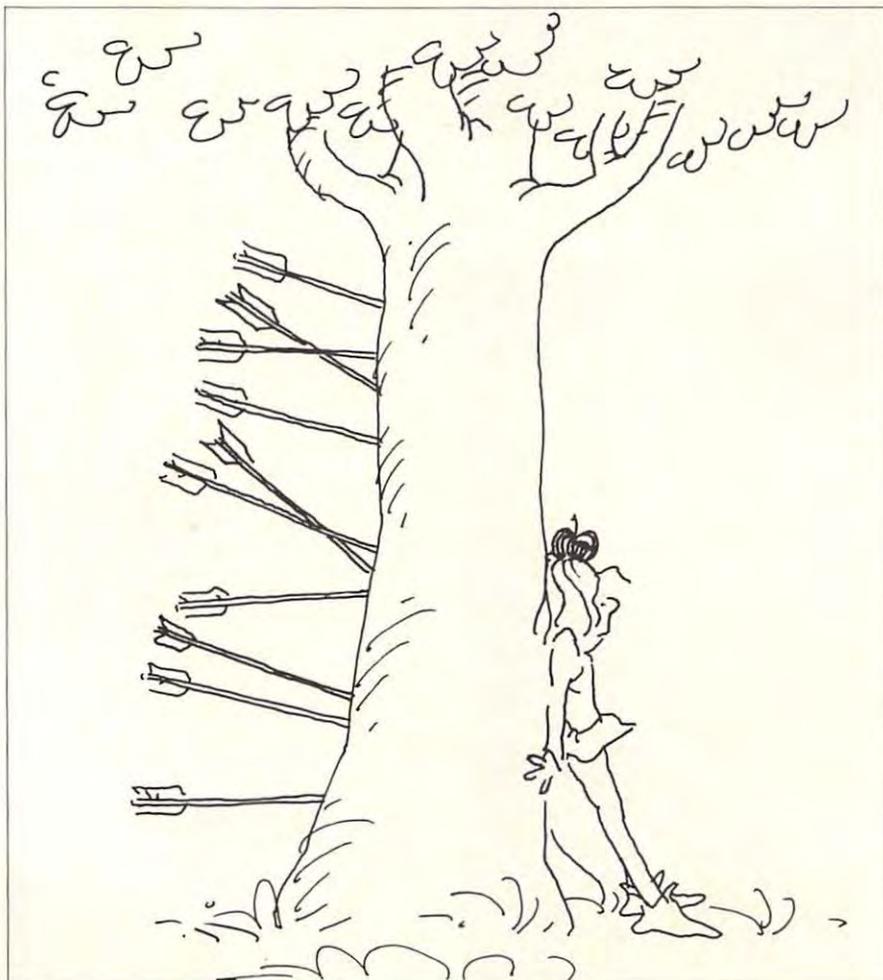
I must say that on several occasions when I have been woken at 4 A.M. by a horny prick thrusting selfishly and unemotionally at my sleeping pussy, I have expressed myself strongly enough to talk the monster soft, but this was out of self-defense. I would have thought that it would be clever of your wife to be more tactful when you have achieved an erection, whatever the time is. Also, comments like "I don't believe this is happening [to me?]" are not really encouraging to your ego. It is necessary to tactfully explain to her that sarcastic remarks are not going to produce the desired result. A psychiatrist or sexologist could recommend the service of a surrogate sex partner for you, but without the agreement and cooperation of your wife, it might only compound the problem.

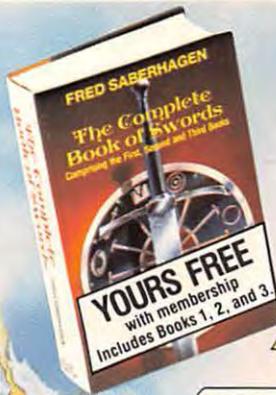
Finally, as a temporary measure to relieve your wife's frustration and your own anxiety, why don't you send for a catalog of sex toys? With a suitable vibrator or imitation penis and the dexterous use of your tongue, it should be possible to engineer some wild sexual romps that should more than satisfy your lady.

## FORBIDDEN FRUIT

*I'm 27 years old and have been married to my wife for four years. We have no children, which in the situation I am about to tell you, is a fortunate thing. About two months ago, I went to a gathering at a friend's house. My wife didn't attend with me, because she really doesn't enjoy parties. While at this party, I ran into a beautiful blond woman named Lynn. It was not the first time that I met her (I've secretly lusted after her for months beforehand), but it was the first time that we were officially introduced.*

*Lynn and I struck up a conversation that lasted for most of the evening. At the end of the party, she hinted that she didn't*

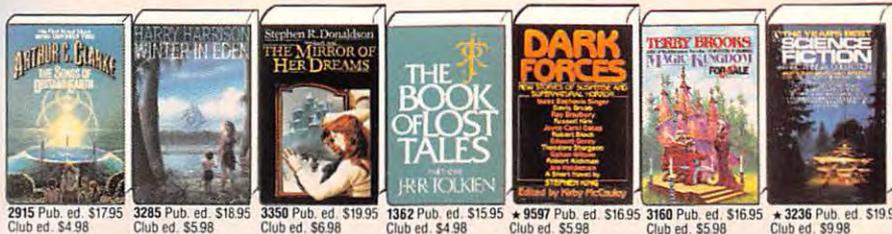




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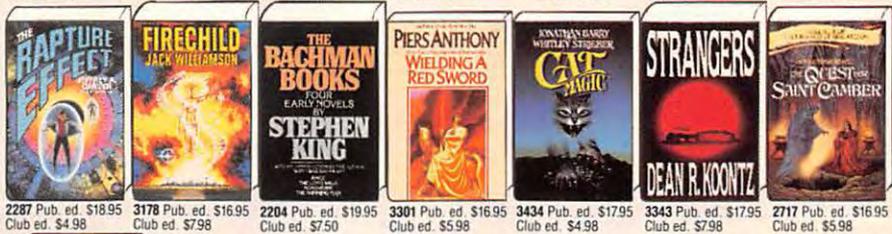
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have a ride home, and I readily offered the services of my car. When I dropped her off in front of her house, she asked me in for a beer. After she got me the drink, she checked on her two children (she is divorced) and then came back downstairs to accompany me on the couch. After talking for about 30 minutes, I couldn't stand it any longer—I grabbed her, gave her the tightest hug, picked her up, and carried her up the stairs.

I laid Lynn gently on the bed and we both removed our clothes. I began by sucking on her beautiful tits, and worked my way down past her stomach, gently sucking, licking, and biting her soft skin. I finally got down to her dripping wet pussy, and lapped up her love juices.

After exploring each other's body more thoroughly, each time trying different positions and feeling new feelings, I finally mounted her. It was an incredible experience, and as soon as I entered her, I knew that this was no ordinary fuck or one-night stand. I reluctantly returned to my wife later that evening, feeling both exhilarated and guilty at the same time.

Ever since that night, Lynn and I have been seeing each other. The problem is that my love for my wife is diminishing, while my love for Lynn grows stronger each day. Although I still have sex with my wife, it is becoming a charade, and I feel worse about it every time we are intimate with each other.

I can't get my mind off of Lynn. She is everything that I love and admire in a woman. We are so in tune with each other, much more than I ever was with my wife. I am seriously thinking about getting a divorce from my current wife, and would like to know how to approach the subject.

Also, I am apprehensive about a step like that—it might be a wrong turn to take. I am sure about my feelings for Lynn; if I didn't love her, I wouldn't say it.—P. R.

"Love" is a heavy word when chucked incautiously into an ordinary conversation, and it tends to produce the same negative reaction as using the word *God* in a cocktail lounge, or sex at the vicar's tea party. Almost every good American concludes a phone conversation with a close relative by saying "I love you," but it is usually mumbled quickly and is really just another way of saying good-bye.

When a man says "I love you" to a woman, it usually means either that he wants her to do something for him (like have sex with him) or that he is apologizing for something he feels he should not have done (like having sex with someone else). But being complicated creatures, we women start to feel insecure if our men do not declare their love at frequent and regular intervals. When a woman says "I love you" to a man, it probably means that she has decided to grant him the privilege of spending slightly more

than his salary on giving her a beautiful home, fathering her children, and generally keeping her in the manner to which she would like to be accustomed.

This may sound like a cynical assessment of humankind's most sublime emotion, but the fact is, true, unselfish love is about as rare as rocking-horse shit on this planet. Even the love that a mother has for her children is usually a desire to keep them healthy, away from danger, and to see them embark on a successful career as a dentist or dietitian.

In a lot of cases when someone like yourself says, "I love her and she says she loves me," the statement is therapy against the agony of being "in love." In its most severe form, this is a painful and sometimes terminal sickness, for which no one has found a successful cure. The patient suffers hot flashes and moments of extreme happiness, followed by acute depressions, and the only treatment is to be as close to the object of his or her passion as he or she can, preferably as deep as possible in the other's body. Sometimes these powerful feelings last for eternity, but usually they wear off after a bit, allowing the victim to resume his or her normal activities until another godlike being pops up out of nowhere.

The condition of being "in love" has such a disastrous effect on work output, economic growth, national security, etc., that some bright guy in the dawn of history invented marriage, the idea being a sort of inoculation against falling in love more than once in a lifetime. Now, for the more susceptible members of society, we have invented divorce, and a lot of us fall regularly in and out of love without the benefit of a contractual obligation.

Reducing your letter to its simplest terms, you are bored with your wife after four years—although the only fault she has is that she is not into parties—and as she has no children, you don't have any complicated decisions to make about leaving her. She is the only person who is likely to get hurt, and as you are in love with Lynn, your wife is only getting about ten percent of what you have to give emotionally. Lynn, on the other hand, has two kids, so if you settle down with her, the responsibility would be considerably greater, as you will be required to become an instant father as well as a lover. As you barely mention Lynn's children as a factor in your relationship with her, this may be something you haven't even thought of. When the fun wears off, in about four years you are going to have a lot more problems to shoulder.

The fact that you are asking me for advice suggests that you are very uncertain of your true feelings. My suggestion is to carry on as you are, without confessing your infidelities to your wife. I get the feeling that the forbidden-fruit aspect is more exciting to you than the love angle, so try and keep your wife happy before you get yourself into the position of making a decision that you might later regret. O—



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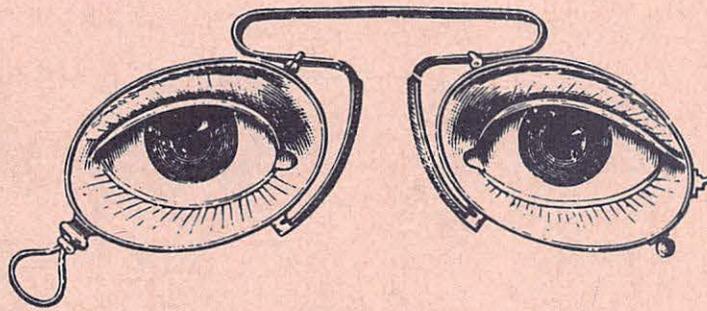
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## VIEW FROM THE TOP

# HOW TO CATCH A SWALLOW

BY EMILY PRAGER

Several months ago, the sterling reputation of the United States Marine Corps was horribly tarnished. It was revealed that members of the crack U.S. embassy Marine guard in Moscow had been accused of not only fraternizing with the female Soviet enemy, but of allowing them to party in embassy security areas and to picnic in the decoding room. Two young Marines were charged with espionage in this regard, for actually taking money from K.G.B. agents. More were under investigation. Though the charges were dropped, we wondered how this could happen. How could the young men of our most elite fighting force ever be seduced into such sensitive positions? Then last week, we received the following shocking manual. This startling pamphlet was bought on the black market by a journalist we sent to Moscow to convince Mrs. Gorbachev that, what with *glasnost*, she might consider posing for the magazine. She declined, but we got the manual. Read it and weep.

*The 1987 Supreme Soviet Marine Pickup Guide* by Colonel Violetta Seina, K.G.B. strategy expert and former U.S. embassy receptionist (Kulak Press, Moscow).

**Section One: Marine Pickups.** Introduction: All young U.S. Marines are rising saps. Like young trees. Sap rises to top; trees must have sex. Female Soviet agents like sap buckets. Hang on trees. Introduce pet-cock. Hand crank. Embassy penetrated. No problem.

**Quick Marine Access.**

1. The Subway: Moscow subway is beautiful spot. Very romantic. Great art. Many Marines take subway from U.S. embassy to Marine House. Point out Da Vinci nudes near toll-booth. Tell them you pose for that. Moscow's top model. Sweet boys, no culture.

2. Kitchen at Marine House: Marines live at House. Best way to Marine's heart is through his *blinchiki*. Colonel Galina became cook at Marine House. This is way she met young corporals. Now she has cookbook: *Pull With Piroshki*. Smart girl.

3. U.S. Embassy: Any job is good, but best is on copy machine. Allow Marines to Xerox their buttocks. They love this. I don't know why.

**Tactical Marine Recruiting—Fashion Deployment.** For Marines with grandparents from Eastern Bloc countries or from U.S.S.R., dressing sexy is same as for Russian boys. A nice babushka, some sturdy boots, housedress, and a pipe in mouth is perfect for starting motors. But for Marines descended from English or red Indians, is more difficult. You must have garter belts and feathers. Feathers you can get from goose farm in Ukraine. But garter belts, on black market only when American ballet is touring or Raisa Gorbachev has yard sale. Wait for them. Pay any price.

**Marine Party Politics.** Young Marines love parties. Especially with K.G.B. girls. I gave party once in guardhouse behind U.S. embassy. Much vodka. Long, lonely Moscow winter had made Marines like cossacks on spree. Or Gary Hart on campaign trail. Next day, I felt like *gulag* and walked like duck. Take it from expert: This is fun part.

**Marine Landings.** Once you have breached secure Marines, now you must get favors. Now you must get secrets, get Marines to betray U.S.A., gain access to secure areas. Here is tips: Tell your Marine boyfriend:

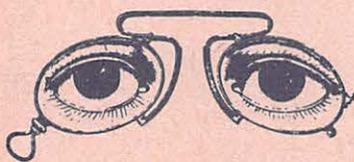
1. K.G.B. is offering \$350,000 to any soldier who can have sex two times standing upright near the document file in the embassy decoding room.

2. K.G.B. is offering \$200,000 to any soldier who can go all night inside the military-strategy safe on top of the satellite-photograph file in the ambassador's office.

3. K.G.B. is offering \$350,000 to any soldier who can satisfy three women in front of the main computer terminal in the top-secret Military Deployments Wing by the classified-disk compartment.

As extra incentive, be sure to add: No American soldier has ever been able to win these moneys, and K.G.B. doubts any of them ever will.





## VIEW FROM THE TOP

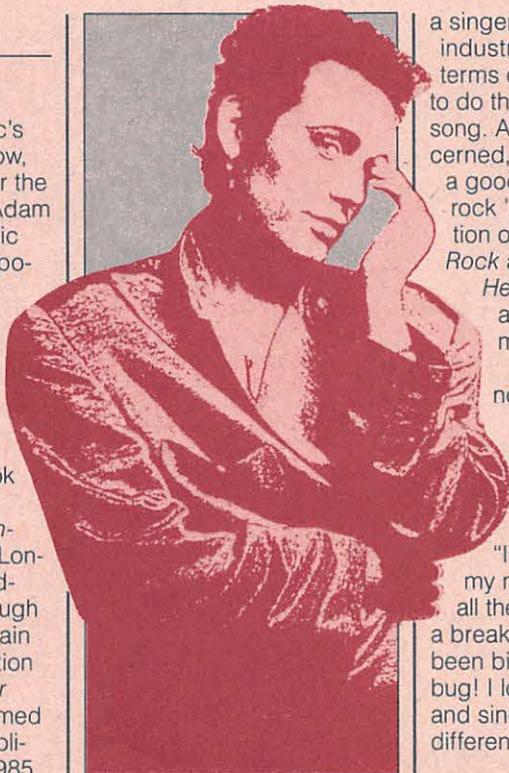
### PEOPLE

BY PATRICE BALDWIN

What is one of pop music's premier poseurs up to now, more than a decade after the "new wave" explosion? Adam Ant, purveyor of "Antmusic for sex people," has temporarily put aside his guitar to pursue a career in acting. His new venture has been so successful, in fact, that he has been working almost nonstop.

Two years ago, Ant took a rather daring step by starring in Joe Orton's *Entertaining Mr. Sloane* on London's equivalent of Broadway, the West End. Although in 1987 Orton is once again the focus of media attention by virtue of *Prick Up Your Ears*, the critically acclaimed film of his life, and the publication of his diaries, in 1985 he was still considered something of a cult figure. "It is an understatement to say that the English press have not always been kind to me," Ant told *Penthouse*, "but I was surprised at the positive feedback I got for doing *Sloane*. The kind of response I got for the play was something I'd never experienced as a singer."

Since this first foray behind the footlights, Ant has been seen in no less than two television spots and two feature films, with three more movies to be released this autumn. Ant had a small part in *Nomads*, a supernatural thriller that will be primarily remembered for being the first starring vehicle for Pierce Brosnan of "Remington Steele." "I learned a lot from working on *Nomads*," Ant



said of his cameo appearance as a (typecast?) punk. "Mostly I learned the type of situations I should not get involved with." Scripts for both "The Equalizer" and "Amazing Stories" followed.

Ant will be in your local cinema soon in *Cold Steel*, directed by Mario Puzo's daughter Dorothy; in *Slam-dance* with Tom Hulce and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio; and in *World Gone Wild* with Bruce Dern. He plays a "nasty henchman, a victim of circumstance, and a preacher," respectively. "I got all these parts through readings, which was gratifying for me," Ant explained. "I look for strong character roles that stand out, and for people who are interesting to work with. The problem with being

a singer is that people in the industry think of you in terms of music—you'll want to do the soundtrack or a song. As far as I'm concerned, there has never been a good film made about rock 'n' roll, with the exception of maybe *Jailhouse Rock* and *The Girl Can't Help It*. So I've avoided all scripts that want me to play a singer."

Antmusic fans should not despair. He is working on an album with perennial sideman Marco Pirroni that should be out early in '88. "I'm still very involved in my music—in fact, I write all the time. I just needed a break; and I guess I've been bitten by the acting bug! I look forward to acting and singing being different—different disciplines."

### LOONY BIN

BY KAREN SCHWARZ

• What's all this talk about O-rings and cold weather leading to the *Challenger* disaster? *The Evangelist* magazine says it was Satan: "The shuttle, possibly more than any other instrument of science, is playing a greater part in world evangelization than anything else. And for this reason, Satan would certainly desire to stop it. Most all of the satellites that are launched into space, off which the signals are beamed for television programming all over the world, are carried aloft by the shuttle."

• Abortion foes are waiting for a miracle, or something, to happen at the Supreme Court. Douglas Johnson, leg-

islative director of the National Right to Life Committee, says they're waiting for a change of membership on the Court. But the Reverend Joe Morecraft is not nearly so patient. He's praying for God to put His foot down once and for all and just wipe out the Court "in any way he sees fit."

• Jimmy Swaggart certainly has his hands full these days. Not only is he being accused of staging the Jim Bakker scandal in order to smooth his takeover of Bakker's ministry, he's also worried sick about all these immigrants. "America's spiritual heritage is Judeo-Christian, with freedom for all to worship or not to worship. However, that freedom is encouraging tremendous evangelistic efforts by religions such as Buddhism, Spiritualism, and Islam. America's greatest problem will be the influx of foreign religions which will change the face of our spiritual thinking. . . . Does America want a country that is predominantly Latin?"

• When nudity is news, it seems a lot of folks in Kansas City would happily give up their right to know. *The Kansas City Times* caught considerable flack when it ran a picture of the renowned artist Thomas Hart Benton's painting of the goddess Persephone to accompany a story about a local museum's purchase of the painting for a record \$2.5 million. The paper was deluged with angry letters. The Reverend Loren Green wrote, "I was shocked. At first I thought I was seeing a picture out of *Playboy*." (Is *Playboy* running similar pictures these days, Reverend?) In a clever

rebuttal, F. Russell Millin, a former U.S. attorney in Kansas City, stated in rhyme, "There once was a preacher named Green / Who thought Persephone obscene. / He knew what was lewd, this psalm-singing prude. / If it doesn't wear clothes, it ain't clean."

*Kansas City Times* Publisher James Hale said, "If it's good enough to hang in the museum, it's good enough to share with our readers."

- As Pat Robertson gets ready to hit the campaign trail, and the press gets ready to move in, we wonder how he's going to talk himself out of one dubious liaison that's come to light. It seems Robertson is an old friend of Lieutenant Colonel Ollie North, whose contragrate antics have wreaked havoc at the White House. As past president of the official-sounding Council for National Policy, Pat and Ollie joined forces to raise money for their contra buddies in Nicaragua.

- Can you imagine banning a display of banned books? The Colonial Williamsburg

Foundation in Williamsburg, Virginia, landlords of the Scribner bookstore there, thought the display of books that have been subject to censorship was inappropriate in the restored eighteenth-century city. Crowds of people attracted to the display had to view the books through "peepholes" cut in large sheets of black paper that covered the windows. A spokesperson for the foundation said the display was suggestive and in poor taste. The American Booksellers Association did not buy it: "... it's an issue of censorship, freedom to read and freedom to make your own choice. That's what our whole Banned Books Week is about."

- The pot calls the kettle black. Radical feminist Andrea Dworkin, who wants to censor whatever she happens not to like, is charging that her novel *Ice and Fire* was the target of censorship because 20 publishers turned it down before it was finally accepted for a modest sum. The writing, Dworkin claims modestly, is "masterful."



## MIND

BY GARY HANAUER

It isn't accredited, it allows its students to copy from books during exams, and it costs up to \$300 *per unit* to attend. But 15,000 persons around the country have signed up for classes on the Electronic University Network, the nation's first system to allow students to go to college or even get an MBA entirely by computer.

Based in San Francisco, "Electronic U," as it is known to its users, doesn't offer its own courses for credit. Instead, the school is a broker for the State University of New York (SUNY), Penn State, the University of Iowa, Boston University, the University of Illinois at Urbana, California State Polytechnic University at Pomona, and 15 other universities, many of which provide complete degree programs for credit through the network.

Plugging into the five-year-old E.U.N. is simple: All a student needs is an IBM-compatible computer, mo-

dem, and one-time fee of \$195. Homework can be turned in, tests taken, and questions left—all by computer.

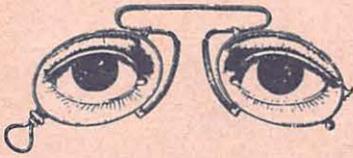
Students attend the electronic classes in total privacy. For example, James Gill, a Boston businessman, "goes" to a college 3,000 miles away without ever leaving his home. "I like to wear my pajamas to class," says Gill, 25, a management-information-systems analyst for Shawmut Bank of Boston.

The courses can be attended at any time. "Sometimes I hand my papers in at 2 A.M.," reports Ray Ruiz, 36, a San Ramon, California, manager of Pacific Bell who is working on an MBA through the network.

Courses offered range from "Introductory Marketing" and "Money in Banking" to "Managerial Accounting." Books come by mail.

Professors as well as students seem to like computerized classes. "I have more contact with my students than I did when I taught at U.S.C.," says





## VIEW FROM THE TOP

statistics instructor Charles Seiter.

Still, going to school by computer has its glitches. Money is the biggest one. "It costs too much," says Ruiz. "My last two courses cost \$650 each." Like most E.U.N. students, Ruiz and Gill say they expect their tuition to be reimbursed by their respective companies.

Although instructor Seiter says "nobody can cheat because I require analysis," John Peterson, California's head of postsecondary education, admits there's "no way" for the state "to completely monitor" its students. Not only is there nothing to stop pupils from copying answers to questions displayed on screens, but California now cannot require educational brokers to be accredited. "It's a legislative problem that must eventually be dealt with," says state schools-information officer Susan Lang.

E.U.N. itself is not satisfied with some of its courses. Two officials, Dorrie Kennedy, director of educational development, and Marin McDonald, manager of technical support, report some unnamed schools may be dropped from the network because of what Kennedy terms "administrative problems." Courses at De Anza College, in Cupertino, California, were recently denied acceptance.

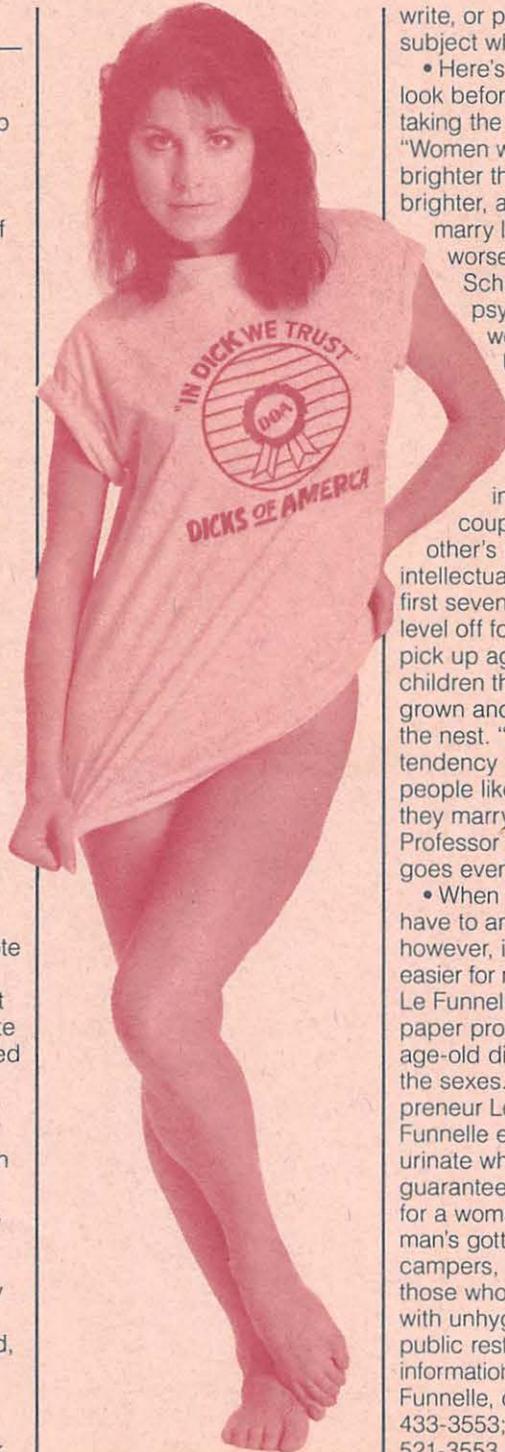
Other complaints from students vary from charges that the software is insufficient to dissatisfaction with course materials. But according to Kennedy, there is reason to be optimistic. "The main thing," he says, "is that we're gaining credibility all the time."

## SEX NEWS

BY PATRICE BALDWIN

• If you're a Dick, stand up and be counted! For \$12, you can become an official member of the Dicks of America association, even if you weren't christened "Richard." The aim of the club, says founder Dick Fruzzetti, is to "unify all of us Dicks and even those of us that are not named Dick but are called it anyway." Membership includes an 8½- by 11-inch wall certificate suitable for framing; an "I'm a Dick" badge; a membership card; and the official newsletter, *Dickin' Around*. Contact Dicks of America, P.O. Box 20782, San Diego, Calif. 92120, or call them at (619) 286-5448.

• Were Ben Franklin alive and writing his particular brand of humor and wisdom today, he'd be apt to get heat from state supreme courts for publishing "obscene material." Founding Father Franklin was home free when he wrote *Advice to a Young Man on Choosing a Mistress*, but as of 1957, Federal Appellate Judge Jerome Frank declared that should Franklin send his instructional tome through the U.S. mail, he'd be liable to get a jail term. In fact, as reported by Nat Hentoff in *The Village Voice*, the only state in which Franklin is safe to express himself is Oregon, where by unanimous decision, the state court recently decreed, "No law shall be passed restraining the free expression of opinion, or restricting the right to speak,



write, or print freely on any subject whatsoever."

• Here's another reason to look before you leap when taking the matrimonial plunge. "Women who marry men brighter than themselves get brighter, and women who marry losers become worse," says K. Warner Schaie. Schaie, a psychology professor working out of the University of Washington in Seattle, began the study of married couples in 1957. Apparently, couples adopt each other's personality and intellectual traits during the first seven years of marriage, level off for a period, then pick up again after any children they have had have grown and moved out of the nest. "There is a natural tendency for people to select people like themselves when they marry," explained Professor Schaie, "but this goes even beyond that."

• When nature calls, you have to answer. Up until now, however, it has been a lot easier for men to take that call. Le Funnelle, a disposable paper product, remedies this age-old difference between the sexes. Invented by entrepreneur Lore Harp, Le Funnelle enables women to urinate while standing, and guarantees to make it easier for a woman to "do what a man's gotta do." Ideal for campers, it is also useful for those who are concerned with unhygienic conditions in public rest rooms. For more information, or to order Le Funnelle, call toll-free (800) 433-3553; in California, (800) 521-3553. O—

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FICTION

A celebration  
of the 200th anniversary  
of the American  
Constitution.

# LEGACY

BY JAMES A. MICHENER

**T**his new novel presents a fictionalized account of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, as seen through the eyes of Simon Starr, one of the delegates. *Legacy* will be published by Random House.

On 9 May 1787, when Simon Starr left his family plantation in northern Virginia and started his five-day horseback ride to the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia, he carried with him the letter of instruction his father had sent from his deathbed in western Massachusetts: "Make plans to fill my spot. . . . Fashion a strong new form of government, but protect Virginia's interests." More than most delegates, Simon appreciated how difficult it would be to fulfill these two commands.

In the first place, his elders in Virginia had made it clear that he and the other delegates were authorized merely "to correct and improve our present Articles of Confederation, and under no circumstances to meddle with any new form of government." For him to achieve what his father had wanted, a strong central government, would require ignoring these instructions.

In the second place, he realized that a new union could not be established unless the three big states—Massachusetts in the North, with its manufacturing; Pennsylvania in the middle, with its commerce; Virginia in the South, with its tobacco and cotton plantations—found some way to protect their majority interests while ensuring the small states like Rhode

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Island, New Hampshire and Delaware a respectable voice in whatever form of government emerged. Up to now, it had been one state—one voice, but with the big states constantly accumulating more power and responsibility, such an imbalance could not continue. Rhode Island did not carry the weight of Virginia in population, trade or wealth, and to claim that she did was folly.

He was perplexed as to how this impasse would be resolved, but he was sure of one thing: He would never allow Virginia's rights to be trampled.

Simon was 28 years old that spring, a graduate of the College of New Jersey at Princeton, red-headed, quick to anger, interested in all aspects of American life. He had served as foot soldier in the latter years of the Revolution, rising to the rank of captain, but he had known none of the commanding figures of that period. In recent years, however, he had corresponded with two of the most brilliant men in Virginia or the nation, George Mason and George Wythe, the dazzling professor of law at William and Mary College. Simon was literate, informed, patriotic, and determined to conduct himself with distinction at the convention.

As he left that May he assured his wife and young son: "I'll be back for the fall harvest," and riding down the long lane

to the highway, he called out the same message to the slaves who lined the pathway to bid him farewell.

In his compact canvas saddle bags he carried about as good an education as treasure at college: Thucydides's account of the Greek wars, John Locke's treatise on government, a book by Adam Smith on the political economy of nations, a saucy novel by Henry Fielding. In his head he carried about as good an education as was then available in either the United States or Great Britain, but in both Princeton and Virginia he had been careful to mask any pretension to superiority. He was an earnest young man of solid ability who would always show deference to his elders. As one of the two youngest members of the Convention he would feel himself at a disadvantage, but he intended to associate himself with older men of talent and make his contribution through supporting them.

He rode into Philadelphia, a burgeoning city of some 40,000, in the late afternoon of Sunday, 13 May 1787, and without difficulty found Market Street, the main east-west thoroughfare, which he pursued toward the Delaware River until he came to Fourth Street. Here, in accordance with instructions, he turned south till he saw ahead, swaying in the evening breeze, the reassuring signboard of the

Indian Queen Tavern. He tied his horse, took down his saddle bags, and strode inside to announce himself to the innkeeper: "Simon Starr of Virginia, for the room assigned to my father, Jared Starr."

At the mention of this name, several men who had been idly talking showed great interest and moved forward to meet the newcomer. In the next exciting moments he met members of the Virginia delegation, including four men of distinction: Edmund Randolph, James Madison, and the two older scholars with whom he'd been in correspondence, George Mason and George Wythe. Looking carefully at each as he was introduced, he said: "And General Washington's a Virginian, too. Add him to you gentlemen, and Virginia's to be strongly represented," and Madison said quietly: "We planned it that way."

"I rode hard to get here for tomorrow's opening session," Starr said, to which Madison replied, with a touch of asperity: "No need. There'll be no session."

"Why?" and young Starr learned the first basic fact about the Convention: "Takes seven of the thirteen states to form a legal quorum. Only four are here now."

"When will the others arrive?" and Madison said sourly: "Who knows?"

Eleven days were wasted in idleness as delegates straggled in, and each evening Madison informed those already in attendance of the situation: "Two more states reported today. Perhaps by the end of next week." If the nation was, as the Virginia delegation believed, in peril, the men designated to set it right seemed in no hurry to start.

And shortly, there was sobering news: "Rhode Island has refused to have anything to do with our Convention and will send no delegates." This meant that only 12 states would do the work. Later Starr would note that although 12 states nominated delegates, authorizing a total of 74 men to come to Philadelphia, only 55 of them appeared for any of the sessions and only 41 stayed to the bitter end.

One night during the waiting period Starr returned to the Indian Queen, to see a group of delegates speaking with a newcomer, a slender, handsome, self-contained young man of 30, so compelling in his manner that Simon whispered to a friend: "Who's that?" and when the man said: "Alexander Hamilton, just in from New York," Starr gasped so loudly that the newcomer turned, gazed at him with penetrating eyes, and said, almost grandly: "Yes?"

"I'm Jared Starr's son."

And now the rather icy reserve which Hamilton had been showing melted in the sun of remembered friendship. Elbowing his way out of the crowd, he hurried to Simon, embraced him warmly with both arms, and cried: "When I learned of your father's death I felt mortally stricken. A man rarely finds such a trusted friend."

They spent three hours together that first night, with Hamilton probing in a



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dozen different directions to determine Starr's attitudes, and as the evening waned, it became clear that the two men had even more in common than Hamilton had had with old Jared Starr. Both believed in a strong kind of central government, in the right of large states to exercise large powers, and particularly in the sanctity of property. But toward the end of that first exploration Simon heard several of Hamilton's opinions which could be interpreted as an inclination toward a monarchical form of government: "Simon, the world is divided into those with power and those without. Control of government must rest with the former, because they have most at hazard. Whatever kind of supreme ruler we devise, he should serve for life and so should the members of the stronger house, if we have more than one. That way we avoid the domination of the better class by the poorer."

"Poorer? Do you mean money?"

Hamilton bit on his knuckle: "Yes, I suppose I do. But I certainly want those with no money to have an interest in our government. But actually voting? No, no. That should be reserved for those with financial interests to protect."

When Simon accompanied Hamilton to the door of the Indian Queen, he experienced a surge of devotion for this brilliant young man, so learned, so sure of himself, so clear-minded in his vision of what his adopted nation needed: "Father told me that you were the best man he'd ever met, Colonel Hamilton. Tonight I understand why." Then, hesitantly, he added: "If I can help you in the days ahead, please let me know. You can depend on my support."

In the next week, when the delegates chafed because a quorum had still not reached Philadelphia, Simon remained close to his Virginia delegation and watched with what care they laid their plans to assume intellectual and political control of the Convention. The three awesome minds, Mason, Madison and Wythe, perfected a general plan they had devised for a wholly new government, and it was agreed that at the first opportunity on opening day, the imposing Edmund Randolph would present it as a working paper around which the other delegates would have to frame their arguments. "If we put up a good plan," Madison said, "we'll probably lose two-thirds of the minor details, but the solid structure will still remain."

In addition to the 55 delegates to the Convention, there were actually two invisible "members" who cast their silent votes in almost every deliberation. They were Daniel Shays, the Massachusetts revolutionary, and Cudjoe, the invisible black slave from the African coast. Whenever the argument between the three big states, who felt entitled to more voice in government, and the several small ones, who demanded protection of their rights, became so heated that com-

promise became impossible, someone would mention Dan Shays, and the possibility of similar rebellion throughout the states became real. Then tempers subsided, debate continued in a lower key, and men began seriously to reconsider how they could resolve this dilemma of how to allow the big states to exercise the power which they unquestionably had and to which they were entitled without engulfing the small. So Dan Shays, invisible, played a vital role.

One June evening, after a steamingly hot day of bitter debate, Simon Starr was quaffing an ale in the Indian Queen when he saw a group of delegates, some who had spoken on the floor, but most, like himself, silent, and as he started to speak, he drew them about him: "Let us hoe away all the manure and see what roots grow basically. I'll go first." Wetting his lips and pushing back his red hair with both hands, he said: "It is engraved in granite, fused inseparably to the mountains of our land,

---

“

The slavery compromise  
was the best that could be  
worked out in 1787,  
and it would preserve the  
nation until 1861, when  
a civil war would rectify the  
matter—in blood.

”

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that the three big states, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Virginia, will never again agree to the old pattern of one state, one vote. That is the bedrock from which we start."

But a delegate from Delaware, an inoffensive man who had also remained silent during the public debate, argued: "As remorseless as the tides of the ocean which no power on earth can halt, the small states will never agree to a legislature in which we do not have equal representation with the big states, and that means one state, one vote."

"But if you small states persist," Simon warned, "we, the more populous states, will simply go home, form a kind of union of our own, and let you small ones join up later when you come to your senses."

The Delaware man and his supporters did not tremble at the threat: "If we are denied justice, we'll march out and build an alliance with some European nation."

Such terrible words, words which shook the soul and made it cringe in despair, could not have been offered in the general assembly, but they deserved airing, and in Simon Starr's informal group, there they stood in naked force, big and little

states both threatening: Do it my way or we'll go home.

It was beyond the power of young Starr to engineer a compromise between these two adamant positions, but he had sense enough to appreciate the gravity of the impasse faced by the nation. So he sought out delegates from the middle-sized states, and this threw him into the arms of men from Connecticut and South Carolina, who listened attentively as he reported the iron-hard determination of each side not to yield. In the next days the argument reached the floor of the Convention, where tempers were guarded but concessions nonexistent.

Finally, a committee was appointed whose members were dedicated to finding a compromise between large and small, and under the leadership of Roger Sherman, a plan was devised unlike any other that had ever been in existence: The powerful legislature would be divided into two houses, an upper whose members would be appointed by state legislatures, with each state regardless of size having one member, and a lower elected by the general population, with each state entitled to a varying number of members depending on an index of population and wealth, or taxes paid. Some wanted the upper house to be appointed for life, all agreed that the lower house should enjoy certain unique privileges. It was as delicate a balance as could have been devised, and Simon Starr, silent by day, had been a chief instigator by night.

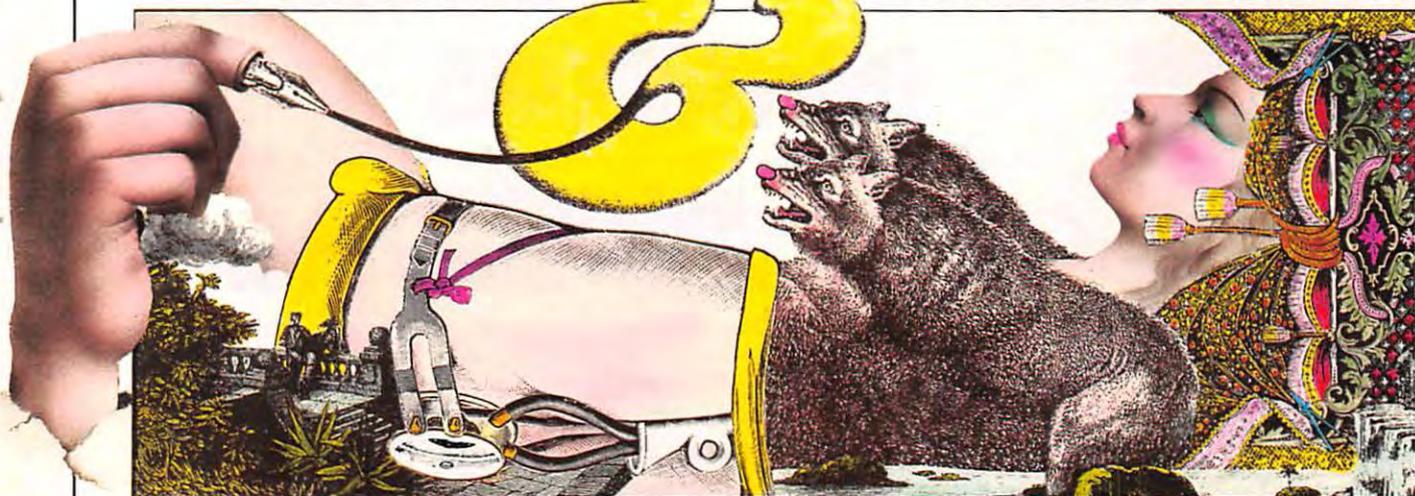
Of course, details had to be perfected slowly and in heated debate. For example, the membership of the lower house was set arbitrarily at 56 seats: Virginia would have nine; Pennsylvania, eight; Massachusetts, seven. New Hampshire would have two, and Delaware and Rhode Island, one each. Few delegates liked the distribution, but after protracted discussion a clever correction was proposed which seemed to make everyone happy: The number of seats in the lower house was raised from 56 to 65, so distributed as to minimize the strength of the big states and increase the middle group.

The great compromise was in order, the best that could have been devised, and on Monday, 16 July 1787, came the crucial vote, and it was terrifyingly close, as Simon later remembered in his memorandum:

*As time for voting approached, those of us in favor of a strong, new government grew frightfully nervous, because only a few states were eligible to vote and we knew that the two big states, Virginia and Pennsylvania, were against us, while the third big one, Massachusetts, could not vote at all, since its delegation was evenly split. New York, of course, had no vote during most of the Convention because two of its three delegates had left early in a huff. Think of it! Alexander Hamilton, one of the architects of our nation, had*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

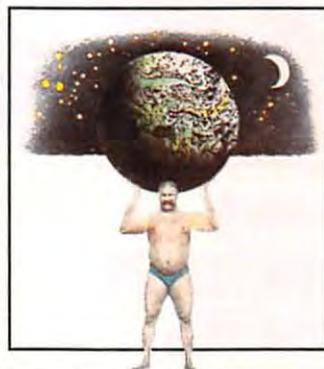
# DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



## NOBODY'S PERFECT DEPARTMENT

A Hollister, California, man was in the midst of negotiations with town officials who wanted to buy his house and raze it to make way for a new sewer project. The man went on vacation, and upon returning, discovered

that his house had been burned down by the local fire department as part of a training exercise. Officials explained that they thought the house had been condemned by the town.



## NEW WORLD RECORDS

A new study discovered that about 46 percent of all the trash in Washington, D.C., consists of paper, compared with the national average of 30 percent.

## LIFE AT THE TOP

A San Francisco hotel offers a special "luxury stay," which

includes the use of eight luxury suites for 20 people, a fleet of Rolls-Royces for their travel needs, a full domestic staff, a banquet prepared by an international chef, and breakfast in bed for all 20 guests. The cost for one night: \$20,000.



## SPORTING AMERICA

The Tax Court ruled that a man who believes in "a/the Sun God" is not entitled

to deduct the cost of a \$1,469 trip to the Caribbean to perfect his tan.

## YOUR GOVERNMENT AT WORK

The U.S. Army has installed a special toll-free telephone number, (800) CALL-SPY, on which soldiers and civilian employees can report spying suspects. Army personnel are being encouraged to report anyone who has foreign currency, boasts about working with classified material, or seeks Army-base telephone listings.

claimed that it would require several weeks to complete background checks on former F.B.I. director William Webster when he was nominated to head the Central Intelligence Agency.

To the astonishment of Senate aides, F.B.I. officials

Federal officials have filed charges against the town of Rancho Palos Verdes, California, alleging that town officials eradicated an endangered butterfly when it built a baseball field.

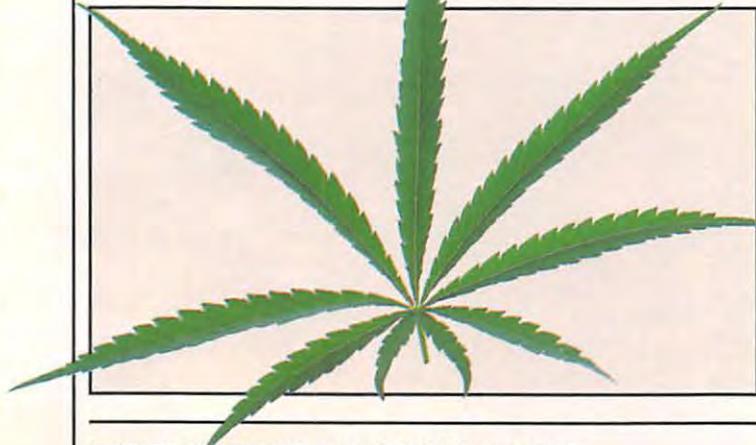
# DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



## REEFER MADNESS

A West Virginia official was charged with marijuana possession after a marijuana

leaf was discovered in his office—despite his protestation that the leaf was in fact a laminated plastic model. The case was dismissed after a judge said he could not see how the accused could possibly smoke such a leaf.



## THIS MONTH'S BAD TASTE AWARD TO . . .



. . . a group of Thai businessmen who plan to offer tours to the famed bridge on the River Kwai, where several hundred Allied prisoners of war died during World War II while being forced by the Japanese to construct the span. The businessmen also announced plans to turn the area around the bridge into, of all things, an amusement park.

## THE JERRY FALWELL MEMORIAL FILE

A Michigan school board was pressured by fundamen-

talists to cease using "Red Devils" as the nickname for a high school's athletic teams. The fundamentalists claimed that the nickname promotes "Satan" and "devil worship." The teams' original nickname—the Crimson Tide—was changed decades ago when residents said it sounded Communist.

## DOES NANCY KNOW ABOUT THIS?

White House officials announced that President Reagan underwent a blood test

to determine if he had the AIDS virus. The officials said the test was negative.

## GOOD KARMA

Chinese surgeons announced that they have perfected a penis-lengthen-

ing operation, and they are now accepting appointments from foreign patients.

A medical researcher has determined that vigorous sex is the best cure for a hangover.

## WRETCHED EXCESS

A St. Louis man shot and killed his brother because, he said, the man had used six rolls of toilet paper in two days.



## THE FRIENDLY SKIES

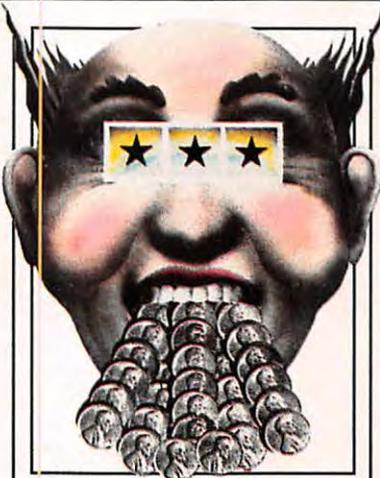
A Nevada man, piloting his own plane, and his female companion were killed when the plane smashed into the side of a hill while the woman was performing oral sex on the pilot.

## SIC TRANSIT

To raise money for charity, officials in Memphis are selling sections of the wood fence that once surrounded the home of Elvis Presley. A six-inch piece sells for \$30, while a foot-long section costs \$50.

## YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK

Secretary of State George Shultz flew to Boston for a baseball game on a military jet at a cost to the taxpayers of \$11,000.



## MIAMI VICE

Actor Philip Michael Thomas of the "Miami Vice" television series was ordered by a court to pay child support to two of six out-of-wedlock children. Says Thomas, "Women just adore me."

## BUSINESS AS USUAL

Drug Enforcement Administration officials in Dallas used seized goods from convicted drug dealers to outfit their offices with television sets, videocassette recorders, state-of-the-art stereo systems, and other luxuries.

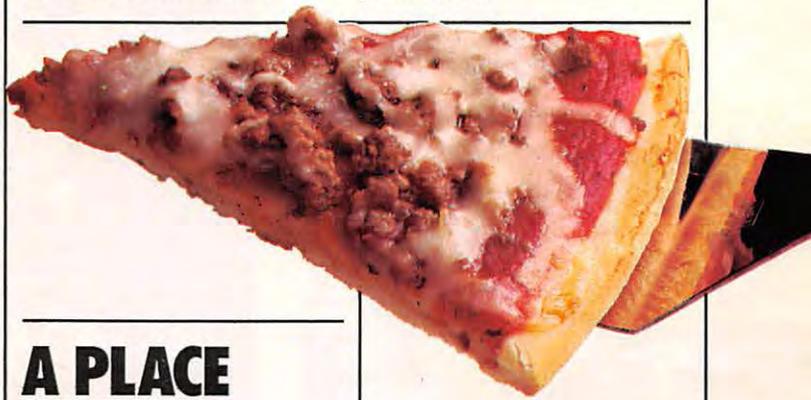
## CLASS ACT

Actress Jane Seymour, author of *Jane Seymour's Guide to Romantic Living*, held a publication party for the new book in a California pizza parlor.

## BORN AGAIN

Christian fundamentalists in

New Jersey have begun what they call a "heavenly pizza" restaurant, featuring religious messages on delivery boxes and pizza that won't cause heartburn.

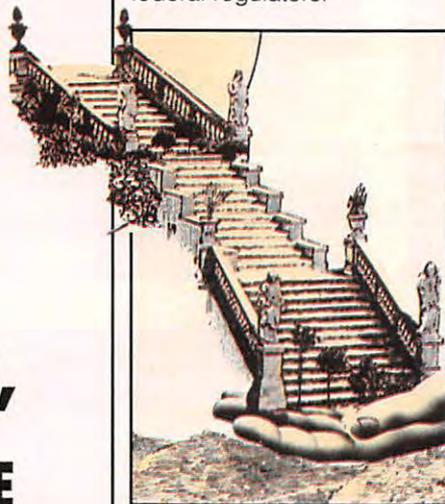


## A PLACE IN THE SUN

The Perpetual Savings Bank of Santa Ana, California, was declared insolvent by federal regulators.

## OUR NATION'S COURTS AT WORK

Lawyers planning the defense of accused cocaine kingpin Carlos Lehder—alleged to have earned nearly \$2 billion while controlling nearly 60 percent of the cocaine reaching this country—raised the possibility they may use an insanity defense on the grounds that Lehder does not know the difference between right and wrong. Meanwhile, Lehder asked a federal court for a public defender because, he claimed, he does not have enough money to afford a lawyer.

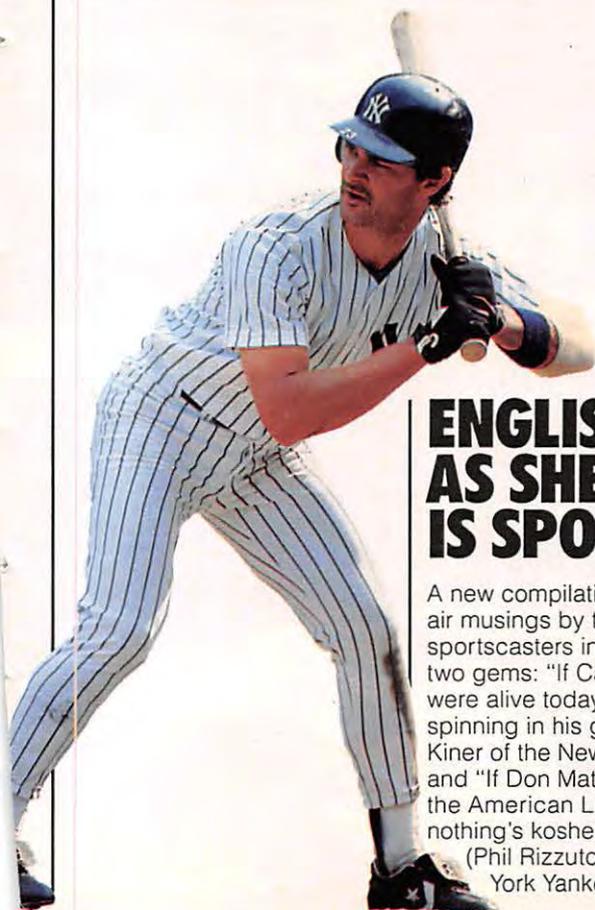


## ENGLISH, AS SHE IS SPOKE

A new compilation of on-the-air musings by television sportscasters includes these two gems: "If Casey Stengel were alive today, he'd be spinning in his grave" (Ralph Kiner of the New York Mets), and "If Don Mattingly isn't the American League MVP, nothing's kosher in China" (Phil Rizzuto of the New York Yankees).

## 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.

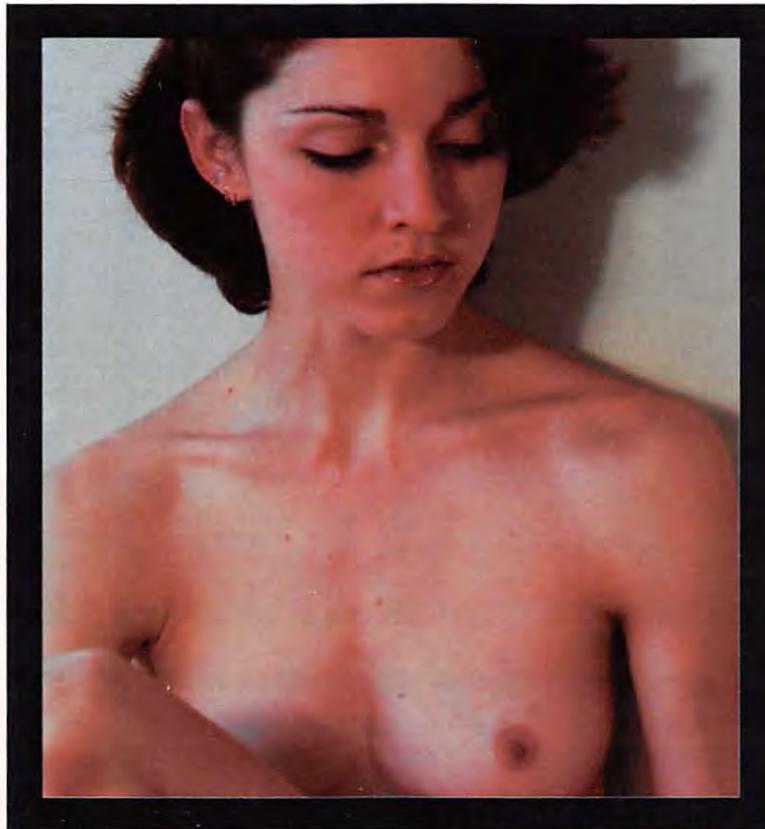


*Below: Madonna and her husband, Sean Penn, last summer in New York City, where Madonna was performing in David Rabe's play Goose and Tomtom. Right: Madonna in concert, the summer before, when she was still single and asking the world to marry her. The world said yes, but the sheets stayed un mussed.*



*Fame and fortune,  
she said, are all she wanted from  
the world. She got what  
she wanted, and the world, too.*

# MADONNA

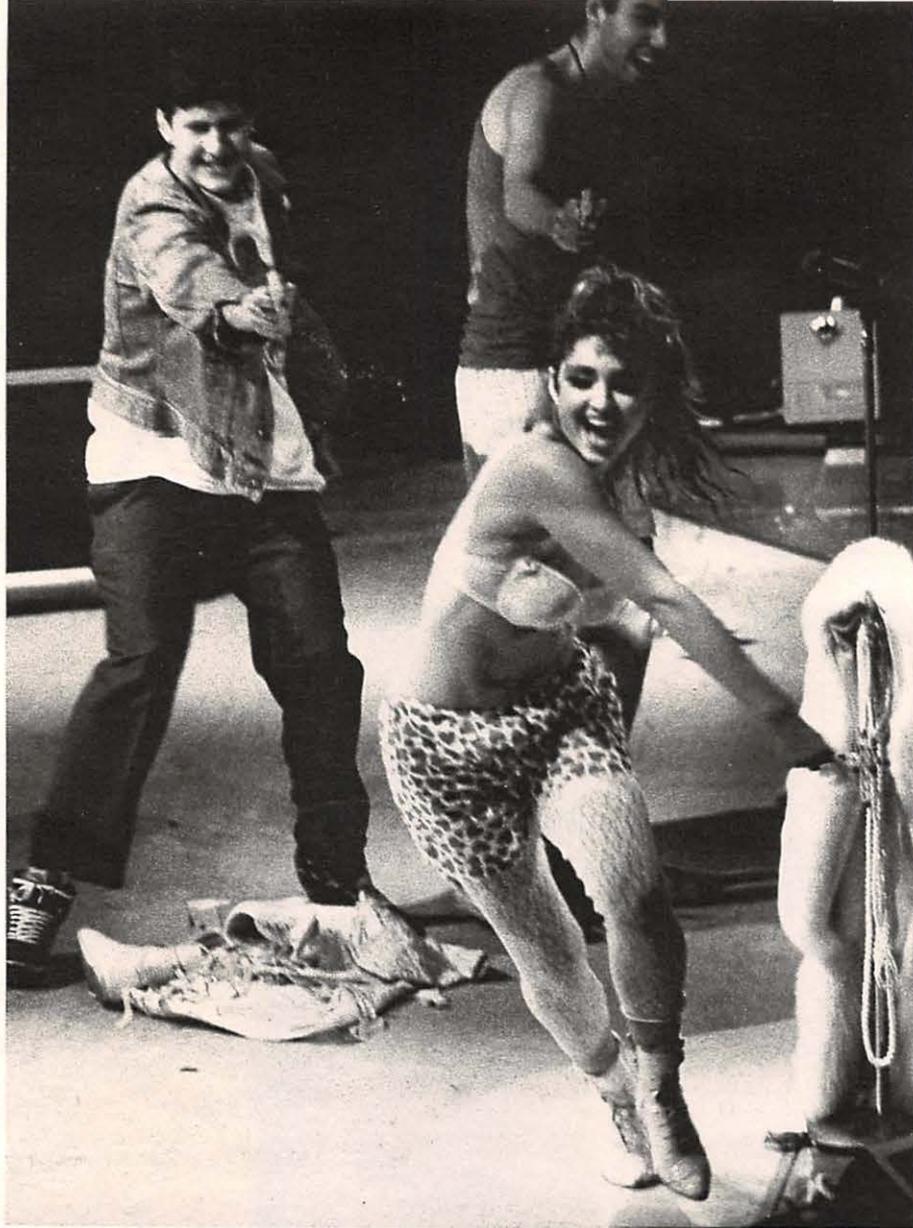


**I**t was exactly two years ago this month that *Penthouse* published its first sensational portfolio of Madonna photographs. At the time, her fame, immense as it was, still bore the blush of its bloom. In little more than the span of four seasons, she had gone from being Madonna Louise Veronica Ciccone, formerly of Bay City, Michigan—cute, unknown, scuffling—to being simply and spectacularly and sublimely Madonna, the sweetheart and sex goddess of the Western, and the Eastern, world.

It was her fate, her destiny, her luck, her fortune cookie from the Big Chinese Waiter whose name and the wind over Weehawken are one. The world was ready for it. More than that, the world was ravenous for it: the return of the blond goddess, the renewed snap of the great magical garter more powerful

than a thousand E.R.A.'s barreling headlong down the vast sexless water slide of Judeo-Christianity. The world was ready for it, the appetite was there; and she was there, bless her, to give it what it wanted. But she proved herself to be much more than just a phosphorescent flash of platinum-blond body heat. She and the world—it was not merely a matter of a quick fuck between them. It was a ring through the nose and a blown kiss, the beginnings of a liaison that has just gotten hotter and hotter with the passing of time.

"There are about a million opposites living inside of me," Madonna once said. In the two years since *Penthouse* showed her as the world had never seen her, more than a few of those opposites have come to light. Divine Monroe reborn, peep-show floozy, suffering grisette in gingham, virgin and whore,





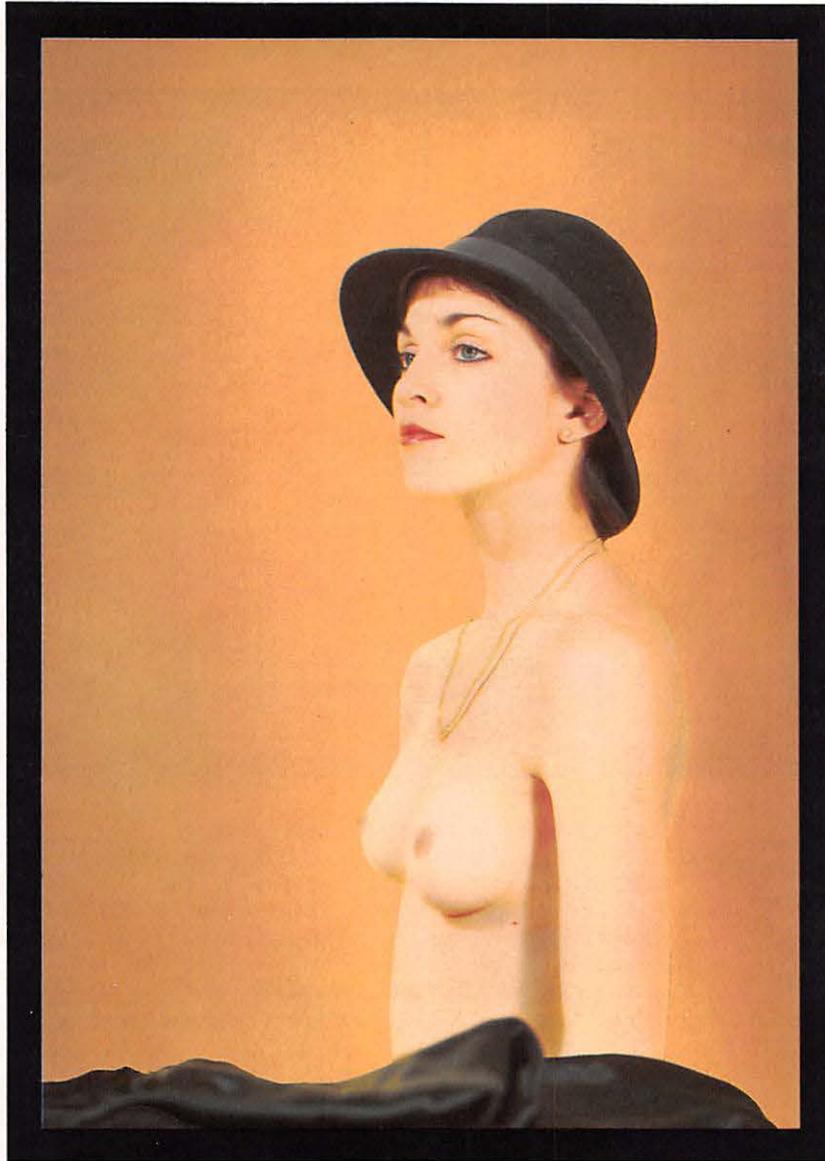
*Left: Baring her bra at Madison Square Garden in celebration of her triumphant return to New York on her summer tour of 1985; and, a month later, performing at the Live Aid show in Philadelphia. Below left: Modeling a black-leather mini and a Martin Burgoyne jacket at Barney's, New York, last November; and, a few weeks later, on the set of Who's That Girl with costar Griffin Dunne, in California. Above: Now and then. Only her hairdresser, and several million others, know for sure.*

little girl and bride, saint and man-eater, angel and sinner—she has swept through all these guises and more. At times, it has seemed that she is nothing more than a series of masks illuminated from behind; and it has been the mercurial mystery of that elusive radiance behind the masks that has captivated. Unknowable—if, indeed, there is anything to know—she enralls, in a way that flesh in the hand never could. The true heart of her talent, the true heart of her gift, may be just that: She illuminates masks well. She gives good light.

Her last album, *True Blue*, released in July 1986, surpassed its predecessor, *Like a Virgin*, in international sales. This was no meager feat, as *Like a Virgin* had yielded three immense single hits ("Material Girl," "Into the Groove," and the title cut) and risen to No. 1 in nine countries, earning Madonna more

than \$8 million in royalties. *True Blue* was dedicated "to my husband, the coolest guy in the universe."

That husband, of course, is Sean Penn, whom she had married on August 16, 1985, her 26th birthday. This petulant and pugnacious young method actor, two years her junior and a minor player in the breadwinning scenario, distinguished himself by consummately playing an asshole on-screen, and even more consummately offscreen. Perhaps as disliked by the lowly public as Madonna has been adored, her marriage to him tested that adoration. Marriage, it appears, tends to deflate the stock of a sex symbol. It is an infidelity to the adorer—an adultery to the males, an abandonment to the females, an irrevocable symbolic rending of a maidenhead and bond that lived in illusion if not in fact. Of



course, if an icon must marry, it is better, imagewise, that it marry another icon—a Joltin' Joe for Marilyn, or, in the bargain basement, a Brigitte Nielsen for Sylvester Stallone. Madonna's choice was thus not only baffling, it was dangerous. That she survived this test, stock unhurt and adoration unflagged, is a tribute to her sovereignty. That she remained unscathed after calling him "the coolest guy in the universe" was more than a tribute; it was perhaps a tiny miracle—or, at the very least, testimony to the fact that, as far as sex symbols are concerned, a little stupidity worn on the sleeve can be just as attractive as a little beauty spot worn on the face.

In any event, the public drew the line at the cinematic pairing of the two. With *The Falcon and the Snowman* to his credit, Penn is perhaps the most famous graduate of that group of

youthful emoters called the Brat Pack. Madonna had been in a few pictures herself. In 1980, while still unknown, she had been in an hour-long skin drama by Stephen Lewicki. Called *A Certain Sacrifice*, it had been distributed only sub rosa. There was a small role in *Vision Quest* a few years later; then, in 1985, her big part in Susan Seidelman's *Desperately Seeking Susan*. (Coproducer Sarah Pillsbury—right on the dough-boy money—said she saw in Madonna a "punk Mae West" who was a "total fantasy for both men and women.") Though she won wide praise for her work in *Desperately Seeking Susan*, praise was a credential Madonna no longer needed. By now, she was a goddess. Publicists, envisioning the possibilities of her and Penn together on-screen, gushingly invoked Lombard and Montgomery, Bacall and Bogart. In fact,



"this film doesn't need publicity," Penn himself said upon firing unit-publicist Chris Nixon during production. "The people will go to see it because we're in it."

The film was *Shanghai Surprise*, produced by ex-Beatle George Harrison and directed by Jim Goddard, best known for his British television series "Reilly: Ace of Spies." In *Shanghai Surprise*, Madonna played a prim missionary named Miss Tatlock, who spreads her legs for Penn and the cause of righteousness in pre-World War II China. Penn was right. The picture did not need publicity. It needed an act of God. And he was wrong, too. The people did not go to see it. The publicists' dreams of Lombard and Montgomery, Bacall and Bogart, gave way to the realities of Tedium and Blunder. United Press International described *Shanghai Surprise* most suc-

cinctly—a "complete critical and commercial failure."

Madonna emerged from the fiasco unruffled, proving yet again that she was beyond destruction. "The director," she said, "just had no idea of what he was doing." The memory of the fiasco was washed away by the waves of her next hit, "Papa Don't Preach." It was a song about an unwed mother-to-be that even Tipper Gore, founder of the crypto-chaste Parents Music Resource Center, praised for its "sense of urgency and sensitivity."

Her next movie role was to have been in the Tri-Star production of *Blind Date*. She withdrew from that deal in the summer of 1986, when she found that the studio had hired Bruce Willis to play opposite her despite the fact that she had been promised approval of the male lead and director. The role



went to Kim Basinger. Similarly, a talked-about production of *Evita* was abandoned. Instead, Madonna took a part that summer in the limited-run Lincoln Center production of David Rabe's play *Goose and Tomtom*. Meanwhile, her new album, *True Blue*, blossomed predictably.

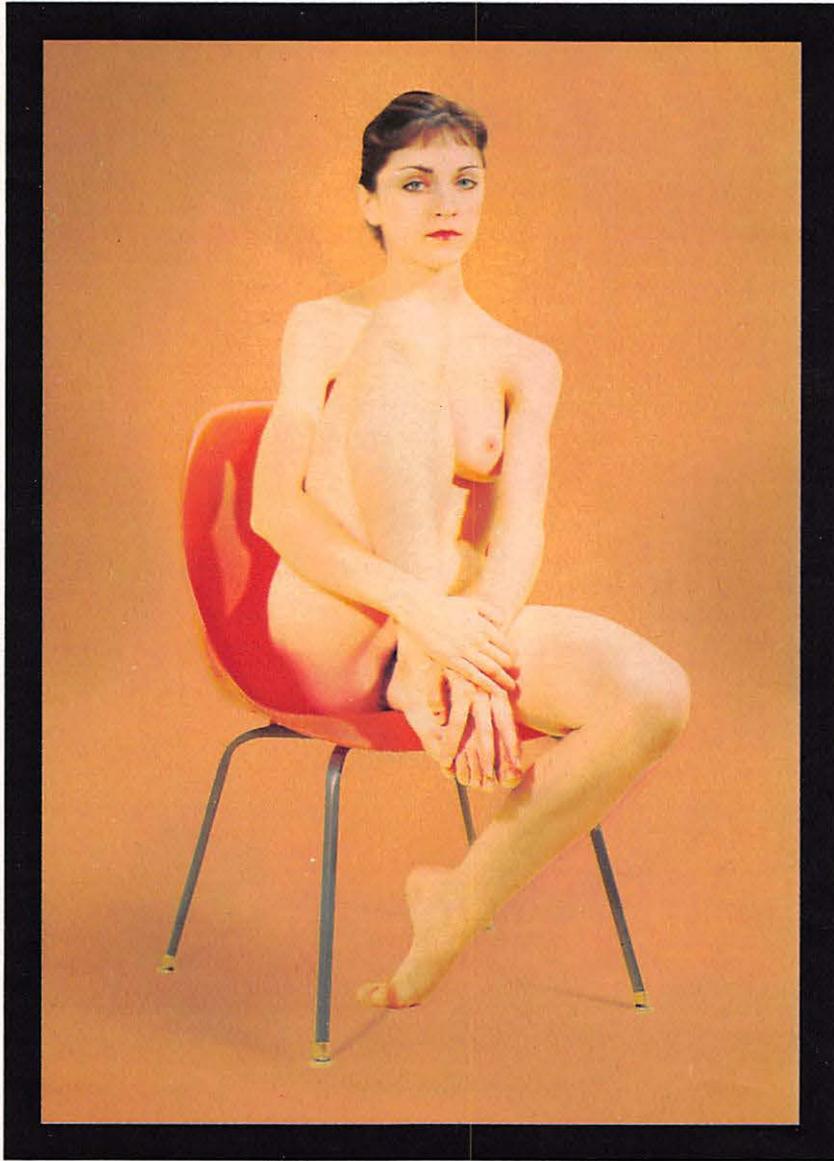
She accepted the role of Nikki Finn, a darling parolee searching to discover who framed her for murder, in the Warner production of James Foley's *Who's That Girl* (called *Slammer* originally). Foley, who directed two of her videos—"Papa Don't Preach" and the European version of "True Blue"—as well as *At Close Range*, in which her husband starred, is described by her as "a genius."

Now, once again, the day is hers. Her sold-out world tour, begun this past June in Japan, *Who's That Girl*, and her fourth

album have claimed it for her. Fame and fortune, she has said, are what she wanted from life. If there was ever any doubt in the last few years, there is none today. Madonna, barely 28 this August and at her zenith, has exactly what she wanted.

The pictures these words accompany—the last of the Madonna nudes, pictures the world has never seen before—are from a time not so long ago, but yet a time difficult to imagine: a time before having a last name was unimportant, before there was a Madonna who had the whole world and all she wanted from it.

There really seem to be no masks in these pictures. That is their simple charm. They seem to capture the look, young and hungry and enamored and almost guileless, that served as the mold for the mask of charm, one of many, that the world



would come to know. But, of course, these are more than just portraits of a girl on the verge of something bigger than she dared to dream. They show that their subject's credentials as a budding sex goddess consisted of much more than a well-placed beauty mark and a well-practiced lowering of the eyelids. Her hair still dark rather than blond, her expression one of purity rather than of *beauté du diable*, her dancer's body still angular and bony rather than voluptuous.

In these amateur photos, she was something that she could never be again. Seeing her posed in oversized cowboy boots, Lash LaRue neckerchief, and hat is like glimpsing the awkward little girl inside the bigger-than-life star that became the world's virgin whore.

It is unlikely that the world will ever see Madonna like this

again. "I'm at a stage in my career where any kind of nudity would be an incredible distraction within a given movie," she recently explained to *American Film* magazine, adding, "I was disturbed by the nudity in *Blue Velvet*." Furthermore, "I had a traditional Catholic upbringing."

At this point in time, Madonna has become a vast multimillion-dollar industry unto herself. She has her own development company, Siren Films, which, among other projects, is presently involved in an adaptation for her of the French writer-director Agnès Varda's 1962 melodrama, *Cléo de 5 à 7*. At the same time, Diane Keaton and producer Joe Kelly at Fox are revamping the 1930 Josef von Sternberg-Marlene Dietrich classic, *The Blue Angel*, for her. In Great Britain, Feldon Productions has built an entire publishing business around

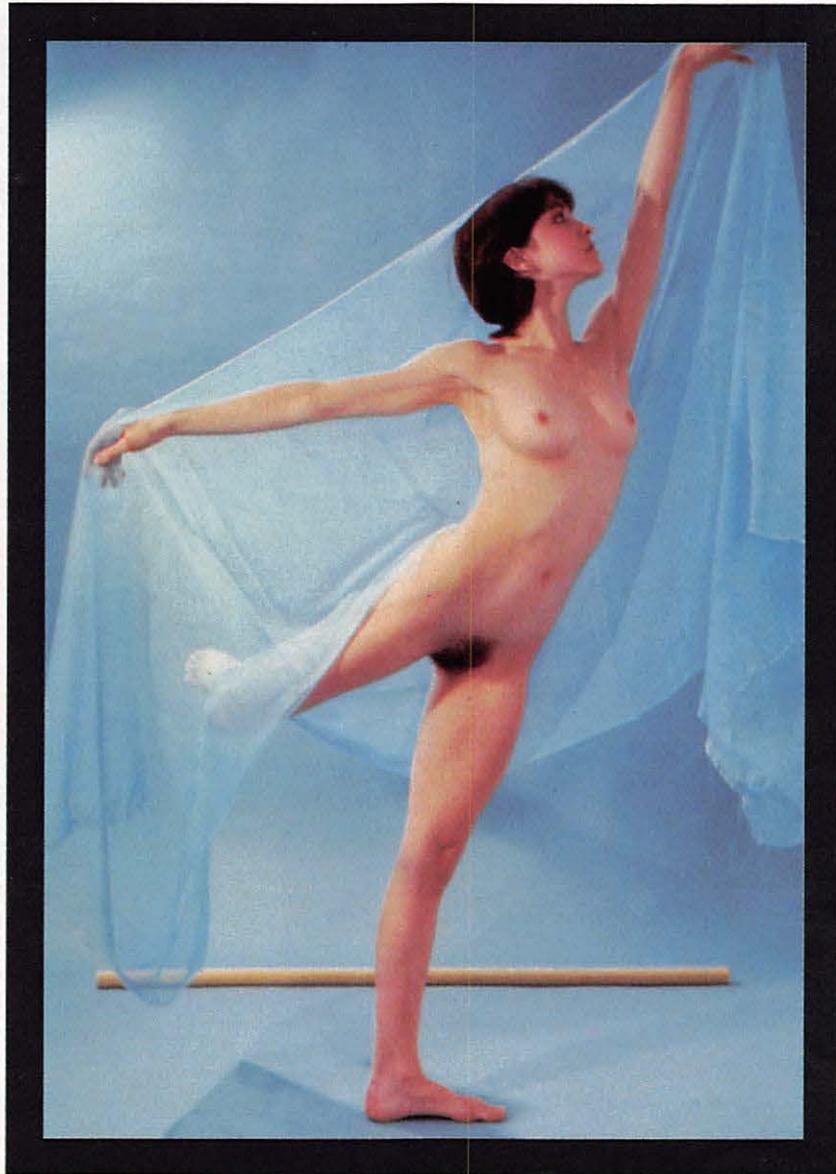


her with incredible success churning out not only books and magazines with titles such as *101 Things You Never Knew About Madonna* ("She Lives to Tell: Of Loves and Romance, Winning Hearts and Stealing Men!"), *Madonna—Style and Fashion*, and *Madonna in Quotes*, but also the Official Madonna Jigsaw Puzzle and the Fantastic Madonna Treasure Kit ("Where else could you get a silky Madonna scarf, three bright button badges, a see-thru keyring, two eight-inch stickers, and three postcards?" Where else, indeed?).

Madonna is comfortable with her own stardom and, more significantly, with all of the attendant mythology that goes with it. She even has her favorite stories: "that I have a shrine to Marilyn in my bedroom, that I believe the spirit of Elvis is inside my soul, and that I lost 14 pounds on a popcorn diet."

Has her ever-increasing success changed her? No, her nine brothers and sisters say; for, as Madonna herself explains, "I always thought that I should be treated like a star." Has it affected her family? Sort of. "They ask to borrow more money," she says.

There is no telling, of course, in this moment of her greatest fame, what the next few seasons and years will bring. Twelve months from now, she will be entering her 30th year. That is a dangerous time for sex goddesses. Already, there are rumors—started, it seems, by her hairstylist at the Bumble and Bumble salon on East 56th Street in Manhattan—that her hair has begun to fall out alarmingly, due to the heavy bleachings of recent years. Others speak of the ugly sagging holes, three in each earlobe, that have started to gape from the weight of



too much gaudy jewelry worn for too long; and they speak, too, of little wrinkles at the corners of the eyes and the lips. And it is no big secret that her two-year-old marriage-made-in-heaven has withered back to earth.

But those who contemplate such matters would be far better off counting the hair clumps in their own combs. By now, Madonna has enough money to buy all the happiness and all the little-boy actors her heart could ever desire. No material girl could ask for more.

In any event, the 1980s, it will be said, belonged in part to her, and she wore them well. She gave a whole generation of boys the world over something they really needed, something they'd gone too long without—a dream girl radiating the perfect mixture of sinfulness and chastity, an illusion that boys in

their formative years need more than milk or Wonder Bread. She offered her flesh to them in a dream—the price was worth it—and promised them, every TV-suckled one of them, the earthly blessing, the holy, rosary-rattling deliverance from youth they sought.

"Will you marry me?" she asked, sucking her finger and proffering her tits and ass to the camera. "Will you marry me?" And they answered "Yes," millions of them, "Yes"; and they're answering still.

"Heart and soul," she said, describing her essence not long ago. And then she laughed. "With a little dick thrown in every once in a while." With an attitude like that, she deserves to be around for a long, long time to come, bolstering the GNP and polishing the grand illusion.—*Nick Tosches* 





## MEDICAL GENOCIDE

PART FIFTEEN

# HUMAN GUINEA PIGS

BY GARY NULL

**Y**

ou are an inmate in a state penitentiary. One of the staff doctors approaches you and asks you to help make "an important contribution to medical knowledge." The experiment in which he'd like you to participate involves radiating your testicles and performing a vasectomy—all, you are assured, for the good of science and the future of the human race. Later, you learn that your vasectomy, which rendered you sterile for life, was not part of the experiment: It served no

PAINTING BY GOTTFRIED HELNWEIN

benefit to medical science. It was done solely to prevent you from ever fathering children, in order to "avoid any possibility of contaminating the general population with irradiation-induced mutants."

Does this sound like a bizarre plot for a Grade B horror movie? If only it were.

Until recently, few of us would have believed that our own government would pay respected scientists at leading academic institutions to conduct harmful medical experiments on human subjects, or that the military uses American soldiers as human guinea pigs. Few would have believed government officials would prey on subjects who have few resources to refuse such testing: poor people, prisoners, servicemen, the terminally ill. It would have been even more difficult to imagine the government deliberately exposing the public to open-air contaminants designed for chemical and biological warfare.

However, with growing public awareness of governmental corruption, profiteering, and cover-ups, many Americans would not be surprised to learn that experiments such as these were conducted throughout the forties, fifties, sixties, and seventies. Those who cynically shrug their shoulders with a "what else is new" attitude may not be aware that experiments such as these are not isolated events of the past—but rather, they continue to provide the modus operandi for most of science and medicine in this country today.

This is the first in a series of articles on human experimentation; it will focus on testing by the government and the military establishment. The second article will explore the use of experimentation by the medical establishment via such things as chemotherapy, radiation, unproven surgical techniques, and programs of mass vaccination. The series will document how we are routinely exposed to human experimentation by this nation's scientific and medical communities, the government and the military. In my opinion, the results of these experiments, and the minds that conceived them, are comparable to the human experiments conducted in Nazi concentration camps during World War II.

Dozens of physicians and scientists involved in these experiments have been interviewed for this report. Some of them reveal that weaknesses in their character and judgment were involved. Others, to this day, still deny that there was anything ethically, legally, or morally wrong with these experiments, because in the end, they added to the body of scientific knowledge.

We will explore experimentation conducted by government agencies—in particular, the Atomic Energy Commission (A.E.C.), which is now part of the Department of Energy—as well as the more subtle forms of experimentation that pervade the practice of medicine today.

The massive scale on which these ex-

periments were undertaken necessitated the participation of vast numbers of people in medical and scientific institutions and government agencies. Administrators, scientists, planners, and academic institutions had to be willing participants. In fact, many of this nation's most prestigious universities were and continue to be involved in one way or another. The basic judgment that in the interest of science human beings are dispensable had to be accepted unconditionally by all participants in the experiments. From the biologist examining the slides to the doctors administering the radiation to the peer reviewers who read and publish the results of each experiment, all had to be in absolute accord, because an objection to ethical considerations at any point of such a study could mean its demise. Accordingly, when one looks merely at the experiments conducted from the 1940s to the 1970s, literally thousands of people had to have

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These experiments,  
and the minds that conceived  
them, are comparable  
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conducted in  
Nazi concentration camps.

9

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been involved. Not a single one of these people has come forward to take responsibility for their actions. Information about these experiments became available to the general public only after it was considered too dated to arouse any serious public outcry.

A great number of these experiments were meaningless, a colossal waste of taxpayers' money. We would not be willing to pardon overzealous researchers for unethical conduct, but we could, at least, understand their motives if the results of their work truly contributed to improving the quality of life and health of people today. But this was not the case. The results of most of these studies were published in scientific journals and couched in technical jargon.

A trend that continues today is the prevalence of scientific studies that serve no definable purpose except to keep research grants alive, promote connections with government agencies that allot the funds, and secure the tenure of the individuals supervising the studies. Scientific literature is replete with useless studies. Even the government's own Office of Technology Assessment reveals

that about 90 percent of the studies supported by the government are seriously flawed.

Because science is guided by not one but all three of this country's most powerful entities—government, defense, and medicine—parts of these articles may overlap. For instance, the radiation experiments may be justified as medical therapy when, in fact, these experiments are funded by government agencies and the military to further warfare technology. The same holds true with studies in chemotherapy, since these substances were originally derived from chemical weapons during World War II.

In October 1986, the U.S. government released a special congressional Subcommittee on Energy and Commerce report describing 31 human-guinea-pig experiments involving almost 700 people over a 30-year period. Subcommittee chairman Edward J. Markey (D-Mass.) wrote in a letter to the secretary of energy, John Herrington, that Department of Energy documents had "revealed the frequent and systematic use of [unwitting] human subjects as guinea pigs."

These experiments, Congressman Markey said, "shock the conscience and represent a black mark on the history of medical research."

The following are some of the more repugnant and bizarre experiments documented in the Markey Report:

- From 1945 to 1947, as part of the Manhattan Project, 18 patients believed to have limited life spans were injected with plutonium.

- From 1961 to 1965, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 20 elderly subjects were injected or fed radium or thorium.

- During 1946 and 1947, at the University of Rochester, six patients with good kidney function were injected with uranium salts to determine the concentration that would produce kidney injury.

- From 1953 to 1957, at Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, approximately 12 terminal-brain-tumor patients were injected with uranium to determine the dose at which kidney damage began to occur.

- From 1963 to 1971, 67 inmates at Oregon State Prison and 64 inmates at Washington State Prison received X rays to their testes to examine the effects of radiation on human fertility and testicular function.

- From 1963 to 1965, at the A.E.C.'s National Reactor Testing Station in Idaho, radioactive iodine was purposely released on seven separate occasions. In one experiment, seven human subjects purposely drank milk from cows that had grazed on iodine-contaminated land.

- From 1961 to 1963, at the University of Chicago and the Argonne National Laboratory, in Argonne, Illinois, 102 human subjects were fed real fallout from the Nevada test site, radioactive simulated fallout particles, or solutions of radioactive cesium and strontium.

The first of a three-part serialization  
of a long-lost novel by America's greatest mystery writer,  
first published in the legendary Liberty magazine.

Beginning—

# Woman in the Dark

*A New Novel  
of Dangerous Romance*

By

DASHIELL  
HAMMETT

Illustrations by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

(Reading time: 29 minutes 55 seconds.)

#### PART ONE—THE FLIGHT

**H**ER right ankle turned under her and she fell. The wind blowing downhill from the south, whipping the trees beside the road, made a whisper of her exclamation and snatched her scarf away into the darkness. She sat up slowly, palms on the gravel pushing her up, and twisted her body sidewise to release the leg bent beneath her.

Her right slipper lay in the road close to her feet. When she put it on she found its heel was missing. She peered around, then began to hunt for the heel, hunting on hands and knees uphill into the wind, wincing a little when her right knee touched the road. Presently she gave it up and tried to break the heel off her left slipper, but could not. She replaced the slipper and rose with her back to the wind, leaning back against the wind's violence and the road's steep sloping. Her gown clung to her back, flew fluttering out before her. Hair lashed her cheeks. Walking high on the ball of her right foot to make up for the missing heel, she hobbled on down the hill.

*Her gown clung  
to her back, flew  
fluttering out be-  
fore her. Hair  
lashed her cheeks.*



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

At the bottom of the hill there was a wooden bridge, and, a hundred yards beyond, a sign that could not be read in the darkness marked a fork in the road. She halted there, not looking at the sign but around her, shivering now, though the wind had less force than it had had on the hill. Foliage to her left moved to show and hide yellow light. She took the left-hand fork.

In a little while she came to a gap in the bushes beside the road and sufficient light to show a path running off the road through the gap. The light came from the thinly curtained window of a house at the other end of the path.

She went up the path to the door and knocked. When there was no answer she knocked again.

A hoarse unemotional masculine voice said: "Come in."

She put her hand on the latch; hesitated. No sound came from within the house. Outside the wind was noisy everywhere. She knocked once more, gently.

The voice said exactly as before: "Come in."

SHE opened the door. The wind blew it in sharply, her hold on the latch dragging her with it so that she had to cling to the door with both hands to keep from falling. The wind went past her into the room, to balloon curtains and scatter the sheets of a newspaper that had been on a table. She forced the door shut and, still leaning against it, said: "I am sorry." She took pains with her words to make them clear notwithstanding her accent.

The man cleaning a pipe at the hearth said: "It's all right." His copperish eyes were as impersonal as his hoarse voice. "I'll be through in a minute." He did not rise from his chair. The edge of the knife in his hand rasped inside the brier bowl of his pipe.

She left the door and came forward, limping, examining him with perplexed eyes under brows drawn a little together. She was a tall woman and carried herself proudly, for all she was lame and the wind had tousled her hair and the gravel of the road had cut and dirtied her hands and bare arms and the red crêpe of her gown.

She said, still taking pains with her words: "I must go to the railroad. I have hurt my ankle on the road. Eh?"

He looked up from his work then. His sallow, heavily featured face, under coarse hair nearly the color of his eyes, was definitely neither hostile nor friendly. He looked at the woman's face, at her torn skirt. He did not turn his head to call: "Hey, Evelyn."

A girl—slim maturing body in tan sport clothes, slender sunburned face with dark bright eyes and dark short hair—came into the room through a doorway behind him.

The man did not look around at her. He nodded at the woman in red and said: "This—"

The woman interrupted him: "My name is Luise Fischer."

The man said: "She's got a bum leg."

Evelyn's dark prying eyes shifted their focus from the woman to the man—she could not see his face—and to the woman again. She smiled, speaking hurriedly: "I'm just leaving. I can drop you at Mile Valley on my way home."

The woman seemed about to smile. Under her curious gaze Evelyn suddenly blushed and her face became defiant while it reddened. The girl was pretty. Facing her the woman had become beautiful; her eyes were long, heavily lashed, set well apart under a smooth broad brow, her mouth was not small but sensitively carved and mobile, and in the light from the open fire the surfaces of her face were as clearly defined as sculptured planes.

The man blew through his pipe, forcing out a small cloud of black powder. "No use hurrying," he said. "There's no train till six." He looked up at the clock on the mantelpiece. It said ten thirty-three. "Why don't you help her with her leg?"

The woman said: "No, it is not necessary. I—" She put her weight on her injured leg and flinched, steadying herself with a hand on the back of a chair.

The girl hurried to her, stammering contritely: "I—I didn't think. Forgive me." She put an arm around the woman and helped her into the chair.

The man stood up to put his pipe on the mantelpiece beside the clock. He was of medium height, but his



sturdiness made him look shorter. His neck, rising from the V of a gray sweater, was short, powerfully muscled. Below the sweater he wore loose gray trousers and heavy brown shoes. He clicked his knife shut and put it in his pocket before turning to look at Luise Fischer.

Evelyn was on her knees in front of the woman, pulling off her right stocking, making sympathetic clucking noises, chattering nervously: "You've cut your knee too. Tch-tch-tch! And look how your ankle's swelling. You shouldn't've tried to walk all that distance in these slippers." Her body hid the woman's bare leg from the man. "Now sit still and I'll fix it up in a minute." She pulled the torn red skirt down over the bare leg.

THE woman's smile was polite. She said carefully: "You are very kind."

The girl ran out of the room.

The man had a paper package of cigarettes in his hand. He shook it until three cigarettes protruded half an inch and held them out to her. "Smoke?"

"Thank you." She took a cigarette, put it between her lips, and looked at his hand when he held a match to it. His hand was thick-boned, muscular, but not a laborer's. She looked through her lashes at his face while he was lighting his cigarette. He was younger than he had seemed at first glance—perhaps no older than thirty-two or -three—and his features, in the flare of his match, seemed less stolid than disciplined.

"Bang it up much?" His tone was merely conversational.

"I hope I have not." She drew up her skirt to look first at her ankle, then at her knee. The ankle was perceptibly though not greatly swollen; the knee was cut once deeply, twice less seriously. She touched the edges of the cuts gently with a forefinger. "I do not like pain," she said very earnestly.

*Evelyn came in with a basin of steaming water, cloths, a roll of bandage, salve.*



Evelyn came in with a basin of steaming water, cloths, a roll of bandage, salve. Her dark eyes widened at the man and woman, but were hidden by lowered lids by the time their faces had turned toward her. "I'll fix it now. I'll have it all fixed in a minute." She knelt in front of the woman again, nervous hand sloshing water on the floor, body between Luise Fischer's leg and the man.

He went to the door and looked out, holding the door half a foot open against the wind.

The woman asked the girl bathing her ankle: "There is not a train before it is morning?" She pursed her lips thoughtfully.

"No."

The man shut the door and said: "It'll be raining in

an hour." He put more wood on the fire, then stood—legs apart, hands in pockets, cigarette dangling from one side of his mouth—watching Evelyn attend to the woman's leg. His face was placid.

The girl dried the ankle and began to wind a bandage around it, working with increasing speed, breathing more rapidly now. Once more the woman seemed about to smile at the girl, but instead she said, "You are very kind."

The girl murmured, "It's nothing."

Three sharp knocks sounded on the door.

Luise Fischer started, dropped her cigarette, looked swiftly around the room with frightened eyes. The girl did not raise her head from her work. The man, with nothing in his face or manner to show he had noticed the woman's fright, turned his face toward the door and called in his hoarse matter-of-fact voice: "All right. Come in."

The door opened and a spotted great Dane came in, followed by two tall men in dinner clothes. The dog walked straight to Luise Fischer and nuzzled her hand. She was looking at the two men who had just entered. There was no timidity, no warmth in her gaze.

ONE of the men pulled off his cap—it was a gray tweed matching his topcoat—and came to her smiling. "So this is where you landed?" His smile vanished as he saw her leg and the bandages. "What happened?" He was perhaps forty years old, well groomed,

graceful of carriage, with smooth dark hair, intelligent dark eyes—solicitous at the moment—and a close-clipped dark mustache. He pushed the dog aside and took the woman's hand.

"It is not serious, I think." She did not smile. Her voice was cool. "I stumbled in the road and twisted my ankle. These people have been very—"

He turned to the man in the gray sweater, holding out his hand, saying briskly: "Thanks ever so much for taking care of *Fräulein* Fischer. You're Brazil, aren't you?"

The man in the sweater nodded. "And you'd be Kane Robson."

"Right." Robson jerked his head at the man who still stood just inside the door. "Mr. Conroy."

Brazil nodded. Conroy said, "How do you do," and advanced toward Luise Fischer. He was an inch or two taller than Robson—who was nearly six feet himself—and some ten years younger, blond, broad-shouldered, and lean, with a beautifully shaped small head and remarkably symmetrical features. A dark overcoat hung over one of his arms and he carried a black hat in his hand. He smiled down at the woman and said: "Your idea of a lark's immense."

She addressed Robson: "Why have you come here?" He smiled amiably, raised his shoulders a little. "You said you weren't feeling well and were going to lie down. When Helen went up to your room to see how you were, you weren't there. We were afraid you had gone out and something had happened to you." He looked at her leg, moved his shoulders again. "Well, we were right."

Nothing in her face responded to his smile. "I am going to the city," she told him. "Now you know."

"All right, if you want to"—he was good-natured—

"but you can't go like that." He nodded at her torn evening dress. "We'll take you back home, where you can change your clothes and pack a bag and—" He turned to Brazil. "When's the next train?"

Brazil said: "Six." The dog was sniffing at his legs.

"You see," Robson said blandly, speaking to the woman again. "There's plenty of time."

She looked down at her clothes and seemed to find them satisfactory. "I go like this," she replied.

"Now look here, Luise," Robson began again, quite reasonably. "You've got hours before train time—time enough to get some rest and a nap and to—"

She said simply: "I have gone."

Robson grimaced impatiently, half humorously, and turned his palms out in a gesture of helplessness. "But what are you going to do?" he asked in a tone that matched the gesture. "You're not going to expect Brazil to put you up till train time and then drive you to the station?"

She looked at Brazil with level eyes and asked calmly: "Is it too much?"

Brazil shook his head carelessly. "Uh-uh."

Robson and Conroy turned together to look at Brazil. There was considerable interest in their eyes, but no visible hostility. He bore the inspection placidly.

Luise Fischer said coolly, with an air of finality: "So."

Conroy looked questioningly at Robson, who sighed wearily and asked: "Your mind's made up on this, Luise?"

"Yes."

Robson shrugged again, said: "You always know what you want." Face and voice were grave. He started to turn away toward the door, then stopped to ask: "Have you got enough money?" One of his hands went to the inner breast pocket of his dinner jacket.

"I want nothing," she told him.

"Right. If you want anything later let me know. Come on, Dick."

He went to the door, opened it, twisted his head around to direct a brisk "Thanks, good night" at Brazil, and went out.

Conroy touched Luise Fischer's forearm lightly with three fingers, said "Good luck" to her, bowed to Evelyn and Brazil, and followed Robson out.

The dog raised his head to watch the two men go out. The girl Evelyn stared at the door with despairing eyes and worked her hands together. Luise Fischer told Brazil: "You will be wise to lock your door."

HE stared at her for a long moment, brooding, and while no actual change seemed to take place in his expression all his facial muscles stiffened. "No," he said finally, "I won't lock it."

The woman's eyebrows went up a little, but she said nothing. The girl spoke, addressing Brazil for the first time since Luise Fischer's arrival. Her voice was peculiarly emphatic. "They were drunk."

"They've been drinking," he conceded. He looked thoughtfully at her, apparently only then noticing her perturbation. "You look like a drink would do you some good."

She became confused. Her eyes evaded his. "Do—do you want one?"

"I think so." He looked inquiringly at Luise Fischer, who nodded and said: "Thank you."

The girl went out of the room. The woman leaned forward a little to look intently up at Brazil. Her voice was calm enough, but the deliberate slowness with which she spoke made her words impressive: "Do not make the mistake of thinking Mr. Robson is not dangerous."

He seemed to weigh this speech almost sleepily; then, regarding her with a slight curiosity, he asked: "I've made an enemy?"

Her nod was sure.

He accepted that with a faint grin, offering her his cigarettes again, asking: "Have you?"

She stared through him as if studying some distant thing and replied slowly: "Yes, but I have lost a worse friend."

Evelyn came in carrying a tray that held glasses, min-

eral water, and a bottle of whisky. Her dark eyes, glancing from man to woman, were inquisitive, somewhat furtive. She went to the table and began to mix drinks.

Brazil finished lighting his cigarette and asked: "Leaving him for good?"

For the moment during which she stared haughtily at him it seemed that the woman did not intend to answer his question; but suddenly her face was distorted by an expression of utter hatred and she spit out a venomous "Ja!"

He set his glass on the mantelpiece and went to the door. He went through the motions of looking out into the night; yet he opened the door a bare couple of inches and shut it immediately, and his manner was so far from nervous that he seemed preoccupied with something else.

He turned to the mantelpiece, picked up his glass, and drank. Then, his eyes focused contemplatively on the lowered glass, he was about to speak when a telephone bell rang behind a door facing the fireplace. He opened the door, and as soon as he had passed out of sight his hoarse unemotional voice could be heard. "Hello? . . . Yes. . . . Yes, Nora. . . . Just a moment." He reentered the room saying to the girl: "Nora wants to talk to you." He shut the bedroom door behind her.

LUISE said: "You cannot have lived here long if you did not know Kane Robson before tonight."

"A month or so; but of course he was in Europe till he came back last week"—he paused—"with you." He picked up his glass. "Matter of fact, he is my landlord."

"Then you—" She broke off as the bedroom door opened. Evelyn stood in the doorway, hands to breast, and cried: "Father's coming—somebody phoned him I was here." She hurried across the room to pick up hat and coat from a chair.

Brazil said: "Wait. You'll meet him on the road if you go now. You'll have to wait till he gets here, then duck out back and beat him home while he's jawing at me. I'll stick your car down at the foot of the back road." He drained his glass and started for the bedroom door.

"But you won't"—her lip quivered—"won't fight with him? Promise me you won't."

"I won't." He went into the bedroom, returning almost immediately with a soft brown hat on his head and one of his arms in a raincoat. "It'll only take me five minutes." He went out the front door.

Luise Fischer said: "Your father does not approve?"

The girl shook her head miserably. Then suddenly she turned to the woman, holding her hands out in an appealing gesture, lips—almost colorless—moving jerkily as her words tumbled out: "You'll be here. Don't let them fight. They mustn't."

The woman took the girl's hands and put them together between her own, saying: "I will do what I can, I promise you."

"He mustn't get in trouble again," the girl moaned. "He mustn't!"

The door opened and Brazil came in.

"That's done," he said cheerfully, and took off his raincoat, dropping it on a chair, putting his damp hat on it. "I left it at the end of the fence." He picked up the woman's empty glass and his own and went to the table. "Better slide out to the kitchen in case he pops in suddenly." He began to pour whisky into the glasses.

The girl wet her lips with her tongue, said, "Yes, I guess so," indistinctly, smiled timidly, pleadingly, at Luise Fischer, hesitated, and touched his sleeve with her fingers. "You—you'll behave?"

"Sure." He did not stop preparing their drinks.

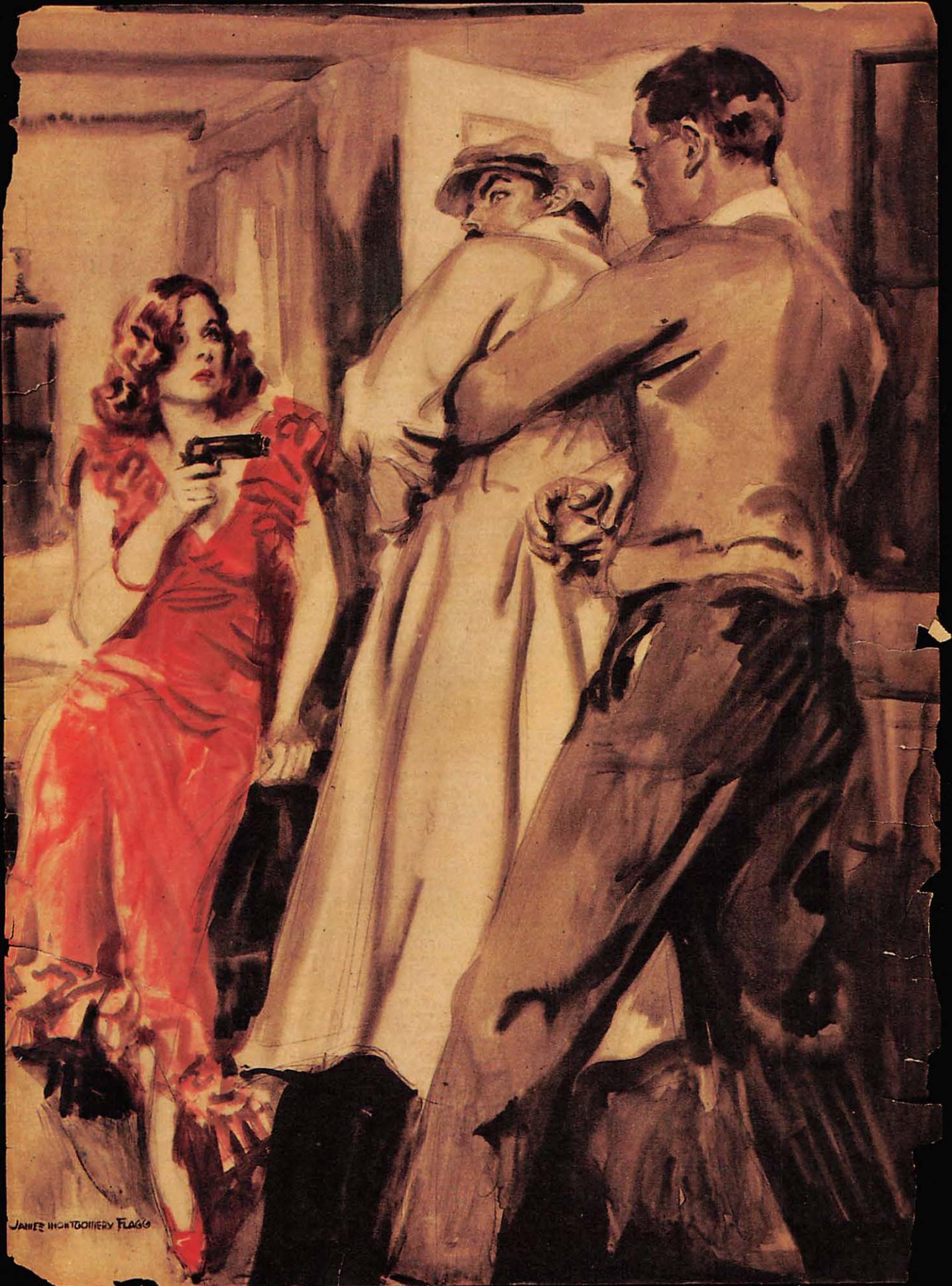
"I'll call you up tomorrow." She smiled at Luise Fischer and moved reluctantly toward the door.

Brazil gave the woman her glass, pulled a chair around to face her more directly, and sat down.

"Your little friend," the woman said, "she loves you very much."

He seemed doubtful. "Oh, she's just a kid," he said. "But her father," she suggested, "he is not nice—eh?"

*She sat on a corner of the table holding the pistol in her hand.*



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"He's cracked," he replied carelessly, then became thoughtful. "Suppose Robson phoned him?"

"Would he know?"

He smiled a little. "In a place like this everybody knows all about everybody."

"Then about me," she began, "you—"

She was interrupted by a pounding on the door that shook it on its hinges and filled the room with thunder. The dog came up stiff-legged on its feet.

Brazil gave the woman a brief grim smile and called: "All right. Come in." His hoarse voice was unemotional.

The door was violently opened by a medium-sized man in a glistening black rubber coat that hung to his ankles. Dark eyes set too close together burned under the down-turned brim of a gray hat. A pale bony nose jutted out above ragged short-cut grizzled mustache and beard. One fist gripped a heavy applewood walking stick.

"Where is my daughter?" this man demanded. His voice was deep, powerful, resounding.

Brazil's face was a phlegmatic mask. "Hello, Grant," he said.

The man in the doorway took another step forward. "Where is my daughter?"

The dog growled and showed its teeth. Luise Fischer said: "Franz!" The dog looked at her and moved its tail sidewise an inch or two and back.

Brazil said: "Evelyn's not here."

Grant glared at him. "Where is she?"

Brazil was placid. "I don't know."

"That's a lie!" Grant's eyes darted their burning gaze around the room. The knuckles of his hand holding the stick were white. "Evelyn!" he called.

Luise Fischer, smiling as if entertained by the bearded man's rage, said: "It is so, Mr. Grant. There is nobody else here."

He glanced briefly at her, with loathing in his mad eyes. "Bah! The strumpet's word confirms the convict's!" He strode to the bedroom door and disappeared inside.

Brazil grinned. "See? He's cracked. He always talks like that—like a guy in a bum book."

She smiled at him and said: "Be patient."

"I'm being," he said dryly.

Grant came out of the bedroom and stamped across to the rear door, opening it and disappearing through it.

Brazil emptied his glass and put it on the floor beside his chair. "There'll be more fireworks when he comes back."

WHEN the bearded man returned to the room he stalked in silence to the front door, pulled it open, and holding the latch with one hand, banging the ferrule of his walking stick on the floor with the other, roared at Brazil: "For the last time, I'm telling you not to have anything to do with my daughter! I shan't tell you again." He went out, slamming the door.

Brazil exhaled heavily and shook his head. "Cracked," he sighed. "Absolutely cracked."

Luise Fischer said: "He called me a strumpet. Do people here—"

He was not listening to her. He had left his chair and was picking up his hat and coat. "I want to slip down and see if she got away all right. If she gets home first she'll be O. K. Nora—that's her stepmother—will take care of her. But if she doesn't—I won't be long." He went out the back way.

Luise Fischer kicked off her remaining slipper and stood up, experimenting with her weight on her injured leg. Three tentative steps proved her leg stiff but serviceable. She saw then that her hands and arms were still dirty from the road and, exploring, presently found a bathroom opening off the bedroom. She hummed a tune to herself while she washed and, in the bedroom again, while she combed her hair and brushed her clothes—but broke off impatiently when she failed to find powder or lipstick. She was studying her reflection in a tall looking-glass when she heard the outer door opening.

Her face brightened. "I am here," she called, and went into the other room.

Robson and Conroy were standing inside the door.

"So you are, my dear," Robson said, smiling at her start of surprise. He was paler than before and his eyes were glassier, but he seemed otherwise unchanged. Conroy, however, was somewhat disheveled; his face was flushed and he was obviously rather drunk.

The woman had recovered composure. "What do you want?" she demanded bluntly.

Robson looked around. "Where's Brazil?"

"What do you want?" she repeated.

HE looked past her at the open bedroom door, grinned, and crossed to it. When he turned from the empty room she sneered at him. Conroy had gone to the fireplace, where the great Dane was lying, and was standing with his back to the fire watching them.

Robson said: "Well, it's like this, Luise: you're going back home with me."

She said: "No."

He wagged his head up and down, grinning. "I haven't got my money's worth out of you yet." He took a step toward her.

She retreated to the table, caught up the whisky bottle by its neck. "Do not touch me!" Her voice, like her face, was cold with fury.

The dog rose growling.

Robson's dark eyes jerked sidewise to focus on the dog, then on Conroy—and one eyelid twitched—then on the woman again.

Conroy—with neither tenseness nor furtiveness to alarm woman or dog—put his right hand into his overcoat pocket, brought out a black pistol, put its muzzle close behind one of the dog's ears, and shot the dog through the head. The dog tried to leap, fell on its side, and its legs stirred feebly. Conroy, smiling foolishly, returned the pistol to his pocket.

Luise Fischer spun around at the sound of the shot. Screaming at Conroy, she raised the

bottle to hurl it. But Robson caught her wrist with one hand, wrenched the bottle away with the other. He was grinning, saying, "No, no, my sweet," in a bantering voice.

He put the bottle on the table again, but kept his grip on her wrist.

The dog's legs stopped moving.

Robson said: "All right. Now are you ready to go?"

She made no attempt to free her wrist. She drew herself up straight and said very seriously: "My friend, you do not know me yet if you think I am going with you."

Robson chuckled. "You don't know me if you think you're not," he told her.

The front door opened and Brazil came in. His sallow face was phlegmatic, though there was a shade of annoyance in his eyes. He shut the door carefully behind him, then addressed his guests. His voice was that of one who complains without anger. "What the hell is this?" he asked. "Visitors' day? Am I supposed to be running a road house?"

Robson said: "We are going now. *Fräulein* Fischer's going with us."

Brazil was looking at the dead dog, annoyance deepening in his copperish eyes. "That's all right if she wants to," he said indifferently.

The woman said: "I am not going."

Brazil was still looking at the dog. "That's all right too," he muttered, and with more interest: "But who did this?" He walked over to the dog and prodded its head with his foot. "Blood all over the floor," he grumbled.

Then, without raising his head, without the slightest shifting of balance or stiffening of his body, he drove his right fist up into Conroy's handsome drunken face.

Conroy fell away from the fist rigidly, with unbent knees, turning a little as he fell. His head and one shoulder struck the stone fireplace, and he tumbled forward, rolling completely over, face upward, on the floor.

Brazil whirled to face Robson.

Robson had dropped the woman's wrist and was trying to get a pistol out of his overcoat pocket. But she had



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flung herself on his arm, hugging it to her body, hanging with her full weight on it, and he could not free it, though he tore her hair with his other hand.

Brazil went around behind Robson, struck his chin up with a fist so he could slide his forearm under it across the taller man's throat. When he had tightened the forearm there and had his other hand wrapped around Robson's wrist, he said: "All right. I've got him."

Luise Fischer released the man's arm and fell back on her haunches. Except for the triumph in it, her face was as businesslike as Brazil's.

Brazil pulled Robson's arm up sharply behind his back. The pistol came up with it, and when the pistol was horizontal Robson pulled the trigger. The bullet went between his back and Brazil's chest, to splinter the corner of a bookcase in the far end of the room.

Brazil said: "Try that again, baby, and I'll break your arm. Drop it!"

Robson hesitated, let the pistol clatter down on the floor. Luise Fischer scrambled forward on hands and knees to pick it up. She sat on a corner of the table holding the pistol in her hand.

Brazil pushed Robson away from him and crossed the room, to kneel beside the man on the floor, feeling his pulse, running hands over his body, rising with Conroy's pistol, which he thrust into a hip pocket.

Conroy moved one leg, his eyelids fluttered sleepily, and he groaned.

Brazil jerked a thumb at him and addressed Robson curtly: "Take him and get out."

Robson went over to Conroy, stooped to lift his head and shoulders a little, shaking him and saying irritably: "Come on, Dick, wake up. We're going."

Conroy mumbled, "I'm a' ri'," and tried to lie down again.

"Get up, get up," Robson snarled, and slapped his cheeks.

Conroy shook his head and mumbled: "Do' wan'a."

Robson slapped the blond face again. "Come on, get up, you louse."

Conroy groaned and mumbled something unintelligible.

Brazil said impatiently: "Get him out anyway. The rain'll bring him around."

Robson started to speak, changed his mind, picked up his hat from the floor, put it on, and bent over the blond man again. He pulled him up into something approaching a sitting position, drew one limp arm over his shoulder, got a hand around Conroy's back and under his armpit, and rose, slowly lifting the other on unsteady legs beside him.

**B**RAZIL held the front door open. Half dragging, half carrying Conroy, Robson went out.

Brazil shut the door, leaned his back against it, and shook his head in mock resignation.

Luise Fischer put Robson's pistol down on the table and stood up. "I am sorry," she said gravely. "I did not mean to bring to you all this—"

He interrupted her carelessly: "That's all right." There was some bitterness in his grin, though his tone remained careless. "I go on like this all the time. God! I need a drink."

She turned swiftly to the table and began to fill glasses. He looked her up and down reflectively, sipped, and asked: "You walked out just like that?"

She looked down at her clothes and nodded yes. He seemed amused. "What are you going to do?"

"When I go to the city? I shall sell these things"—she moved her hands to indicate her rings—"and then—I do not know."

"You mean you haven't any money at all?" he demanded.

"That is it," she replied coolly.

"Not even enough for your ticket?"

She shook her head no, raised her eyebrows a little, and her calmness was almost insolence. "Surely that is a small amount you can afford to lend me."

"Sure," he said, and laughed. "But you're a pip." She did not seem to understand him.

He drank again, then leaned forward. "Listen, you're going to look funny riding the train like that." He flicked

two fingers at her gown. "Suppose I drive you in and I've got some friends that'll put you up till you get hold of some clothes you can go out in?"

She studied his face carefully before replying: "If it is not too much trouble for you."

"That's settled, then," he said. "Want to catch a nap first?"

He emptied his glass and went to the front door, where he made a pretense of looking out at the night.

As he turned from the door he caught her expression, though she hastily put the frown off her face. His smile, voice were mockingly apologetic: "I can't help it. They had me away for a while—in prison, I mean—and it did that to me. I've got to keep making sure I'm not locked in." His smile became more twisted. "There's a name for it—claustrophobia—but that doesn't make it any better."

"I am sorry," she said. "Was it—very long ago?"

"Plenty long ago when I went in," he said dryly, "but only a few weeks ago that I got out. That's what I came up here for—to try to get myself straightened out, see how I stood, what I wanted to do."

"And?" she asked softly.

"And what? Have I found out where I stand, what I want to do? I don't know." He was standing in front of her, hands in pockets, lowering down at her. "I suppose I've just been waiting for something to turn up, something I could take as a sign which way I was to go. Well, what turned up was you. That's good enough. I'll go along with you."

**H**E took his hands from his pockets, leaned down, lifted her to her feet, and kissed her savagely.

For a moment she was motionless. Then she squirmed out of his arms and struck at his face with curved fingers. She was white with anger.

He caught her hand, pushed it down carelessly, and growled: "Stop it. If you don't want to play you don't want to play, that's all."

"That is exactly all," she said furiously.

"Fair enough." There was no change in his face, none in his voice.

Presently she said: "That man—your little friend's father—called me a strumpet. Do people here talk very much about me?"

He made a deprecatory mouth. "You know how it is. The Robsons have been the big landowners, the local gentry, for generations, and anything they do is big news. Everybody knows everything they do and so—"

"And what do they say about me?"

He grinned. "The worst, of course. What do you expect? They know him."

"And what do you think?"

"About you?"

She nodded. Her eyes were intent on his.

"I can't very well go round panning people," he said, "only I wonder why you ever took up with him. You must've seen him for the rat he is."

"I did not altogether," she said simply. "And I was stranded in a little Swiss village."

"Actress?"

She nodded. "A singer."

The telephone bell rang.

He went unhurriedly into the bedroom. His unemotional voice came out: "Hello? . . . Yes, Evelyn."

. . . Yes. There was a long pause. "Yes; all right, and thanks."

He returned to the other room as unhurriedly as he had left, but at the sight of him Luise Fischer half rose from the table. His face was pasty, yellow, glistening with sweat on forehead and temples, and the cigarette between fingers of his right hand was mashed and broken.

"That was Evelyn. Her father's justice of the peace. Conroy's got a fractured skull—dying. Robson just phoned he's going down to swear out a warrant. That damned fireplace. I can't live in a cell again!"

*In next week's installment you will learn what happened to Luise Fischer after Evelyn's telephone call told Brazil that he might be charged with manslaughter.*

•Rock told me he couldn't wait for the love scene with Linda Evans.

He said afterwards, "I gave her a great big wet one!" Later I found out that he had sores in his mouth at the time. •

# MARC CHRISTIAN

**H**e never said he was an angel, but life may have dealt Marc Christian a cruel blow the way he chose to live it. His former lover, superstar Rock Hudson, has been dead nearly two years, but Marc has to live with a fearful legacy, the possible exposure to AIDS.

Since Rock's death in October 1985, Marc's lifestyle has switched dramatically from that of a social VIP to one of ostracism, loneliness, and, of course, many regrets. Slowly, he is trying to pick up the pieces, but it's not easy. Although so far doctors have declared him "clean," AIDS is

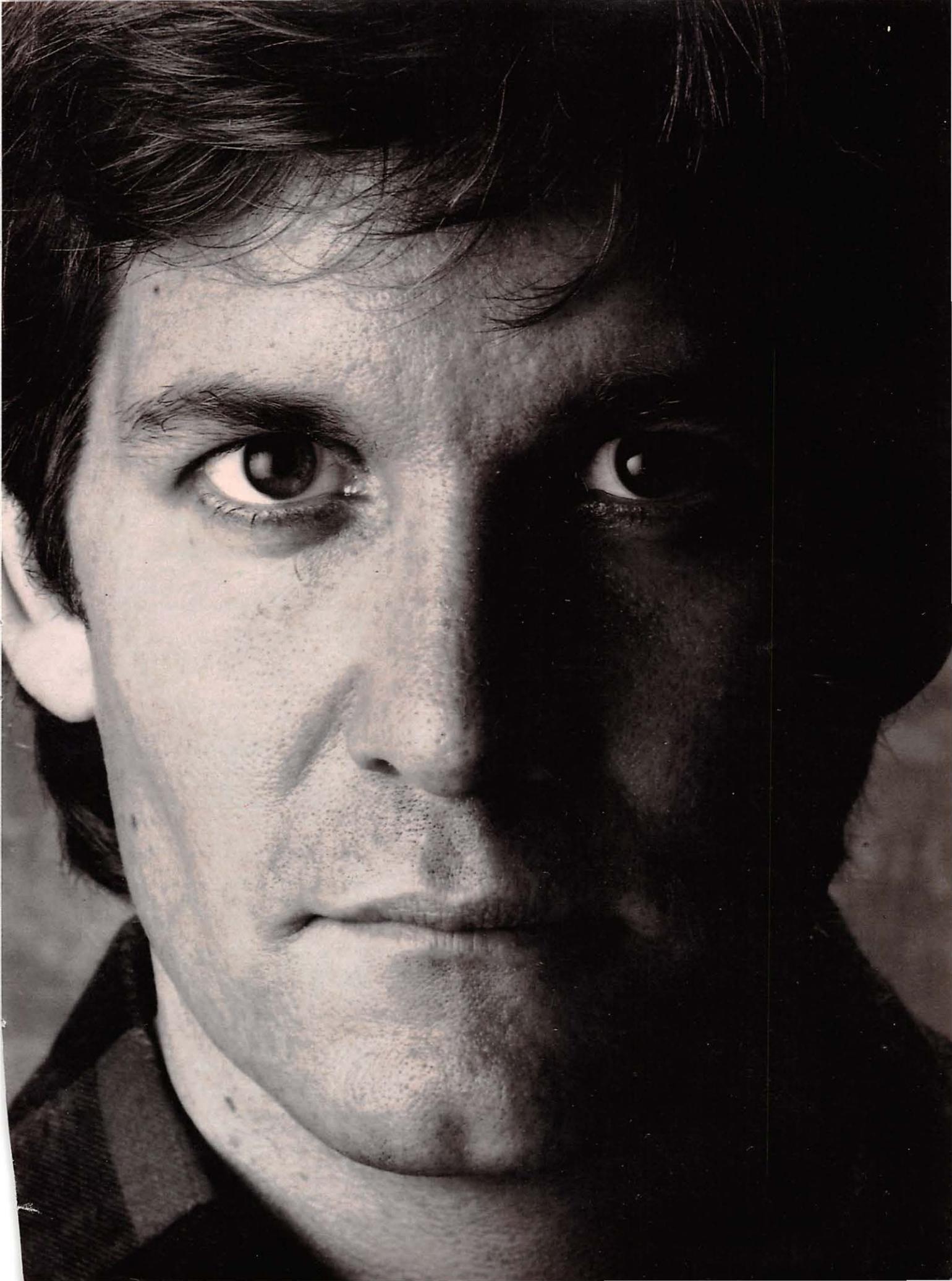
part of his daily vocabulary, and he lives in constant fear. His nagging worry: "Am I carrying it or not? Nobody knows enough to put my mind really at ease."

The 33-year-old is currently suing the Rock Hudson estate for a massive \$10 million, for what he sometimes construes as "attempted murder"—he claims Rock was sleeping with him long after the actor knew he had the virus—and as a result, his private life has become nonexistent. He has become too well-known to hide his identity—even if he wanted someone, would they have him?

Born in 1953, Marc was

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM ZIMBEROFF







“All the gays knew that Rock was gay. He was the George Washington of the gay scene. Not everybody knew about me. I was guilty by association.”

a typical California beach kid, schooled in San Fernando Valley and Orange County. His heroes included the Los Angeles Dodgers; he even thought of trying out as a pitcher. And, of course, he surfed a little. Nothing too unusual about that, except finding out as a teenager that he was bisexual. He never felt any guilt about his sexual preference, and he even admitted it to his parents back in 1976 when they'd wondered about it.

“Not many kids would have the guts to do that,” he says. “But my father was very understanding. I didn't feel the need to hide anything.”

“Being bisexual was like eating an apple one day and a pear the next,” he adds, smiling. “It was never that big of a deal. Steak one day and fish the next! Today, with AIDS rampant, it has become frightening. The very idea that making love can kill you is amazing to me.”

At 21, Marc moved to Hollywood. He later worked as an advance man for Gore Vidal's abortive Senate campaign. He soon found himself mixing in inner circles, meeting Los Angeles's elite at parties and dinners. And it was at such a fund-raiser, in 1982, that Marc met Rock Hudson. It was by no means one of those “let's get straight into bed” meetings, but the start of a slow-burning relationship that would blossom over the ensuing months.

Marc, who was helping friends out that night, was surprised to see Rock there, believing him to be totally apolitical and noncontroversial—in public, at least. The conversation developed, even though Rock complained bitterly that there was only punch to drink—that it gave him a hangover before he got drunk. After some friendly chitchat, the talk turned to music. Rock spoke of his jazz collection, and how he was a great fan of Bix Beiderbecke and Benny Goodman. Marc told him he was (and still is) working on an anthology of pop music from the early 1900s. Rock was suitably impressed, so much so that he suggested that Marc might like to transfer his vast collection of old 78s to tape. Rock was secretive about his home number, but took Marc's. Sure enough, about two weeks later, he called.

Marc had almost forgotten about the meeting at the time. “I have met many movie stars and they always say, ‘Let's have lunch,’” says Marc. “And it never happens. So when he rang, I was surprised.”

The romance began slowly—lunches, talks, walks. At first, straight places, later gay places. Rock would often pick Marc up from the Institute of the American Musical, where he still works. Sometimes he would go to the Hollywood apartment where Marc lived with Liberty Martine, a lady in her fifties who has been his lover, friend, and confidante for more than 12 years. It was Marc's first experience with a man since he was a teenager. He thought it strange that Rock never invited

him to his house, until he later learned that there was someone else on the scene—Rock's manager, Tom Clark. The relationship was, by all accounts, a stormy one.

“Despite Rock's shyness, and beyond the physical, there was a definite attraction between us. It wasn't your typical full-blown queen trying to pounce on a young guy, which I had expected. I've seen a lot of that at parties.”

“Rock was extremely cautious. But he found that he could be himself with me and not have to put on any of that star shit, which at the time was becoming a big pain in the ass to him.”

“One day, out of the blue, he asked me straight out if I found him attractive. To me, that was astonishing, coming from a man whom millions of women all over the world would have given anything to be with. Things slowly evolved from that moment.”

Before long, Rock was confiding more in Marc. He told of his career frustrations, how he had been cheated out of big opportunities. At one time, he had owned the rights to *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*, but it was Gig Young who won the Oscar for the part Rock would have played.

“Many actors have stories about the ones that got away, but [Rock] seems to have had more than his fair share,” says Marc. “And sometimes he got bitter about that.”

Around April 1983, Rock decided the two of them should become more serious. Marc agreed—but laid down some ground rules.

“I definitely did not want to be a movie star's groupie,” he recalls. “And, at 29, I was hardly star-struck. [Rock] liked that, because he had been used by a lot of people. I wanted to go out and do a normal day's work like anyone else. I kept telling myself I would not get sucked into that whole Hollywood thing. It's very easy to become someone else's shadow, especially someone as famous as Rock Hudson.”

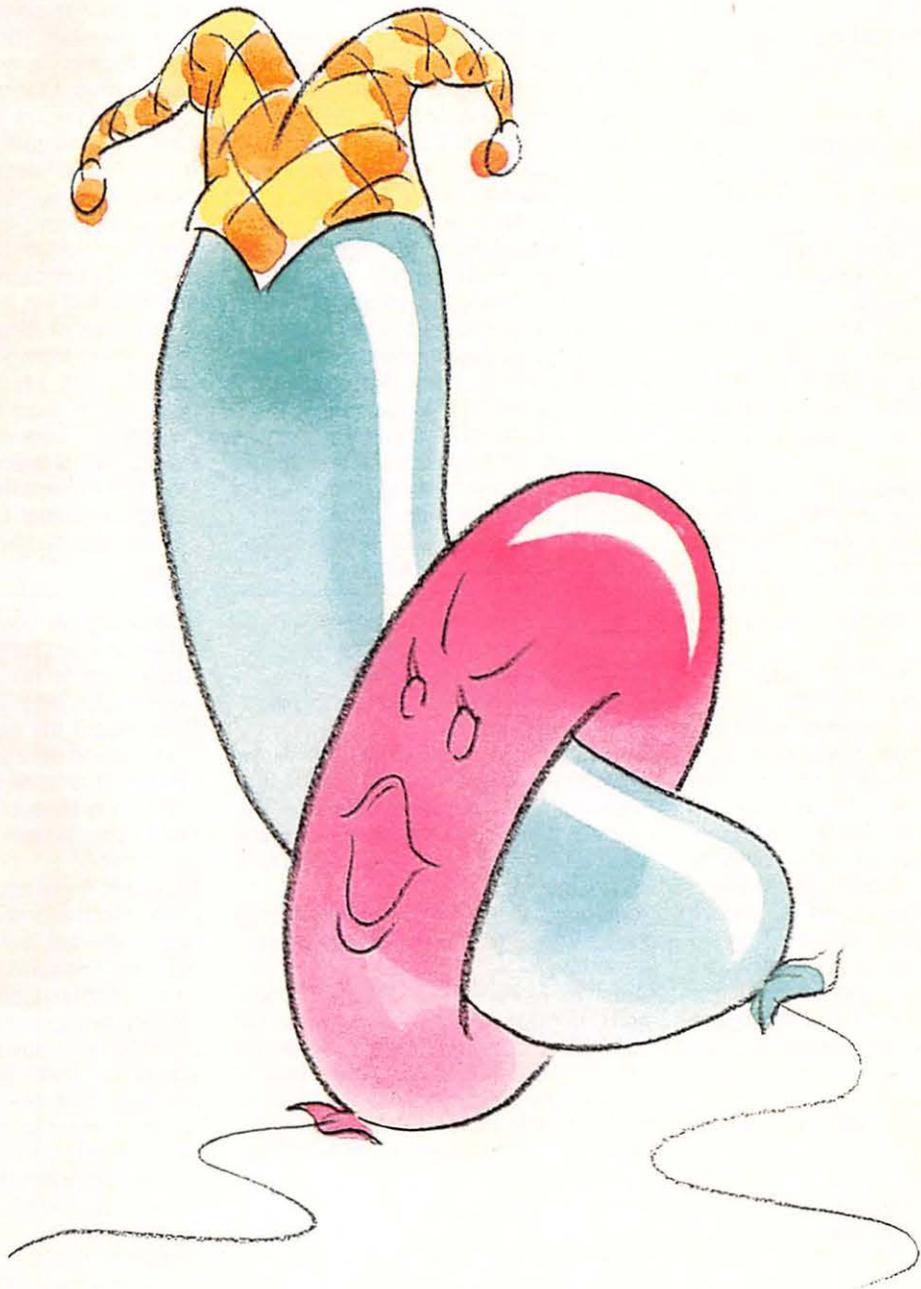
“I didn't begrudge his success, but I was still young and had my own life to live. I had seen other people make that mistake.”

The relationship began in earnest in January 1984, when Rock returned from shooting *The Ambassador* in Israel with Robert Mitchum and Ellen Burstyn. Rock never tried to hide his connection with Marc, usually introducing him to people as his friend. There were times, however, when Rock would be concerned about his public image, fully aware there had been rumors about him buzzing around Hollywood for years.

“He never told me to play things cool or stay undercover,” Marc recalls. “I didn't want to be known as his lover—I didn't want that label. And it would not have been fair to him, because he was not out of the closet. To the day he died, he never came out and said ‘I'm gay’ any more

# Ballbustheads<sup>®</sup>

BY ART CUMINGS



*"Will you relax! He thinks I'm in the parlor drinking milk and honey."*

than he admitted he had AIDS."

Rock was away for nearly two months after Marc moved into his Beverly Hills mansion, but he called daily from Israel to tell him how much he missed him, and he wrote passionate love letters. In fact, Marc has turned down huge offers to part with these. "They are too special and private for that," he says. Some of the contents will be revealed, however, if and when his case goes to court. "I have to establish there was a definite relationship, and these letters prove that."

"We were much like any other couple, gay or straight," Marc recalls. "Of course, like anyone else, we had arguments, but nothing that would lead to endless days of not speaking."

On one funny occasion, Marc's sister was mistaken for Rock's girlfriend when he was shooting *The Las Vegas Strip Wars* in Nevada. She was there for a convention and had decided to visit the actor on the set. At the time, Rock's friends thought he was suffering from anorexia, as he was becoming painfully thin. One of the script girls said to her, "You know, Rock is very lucky to have a girl like you, but you really should make him eat better." Quips Marc, "Obviously, there were people still out there who didn't know the truth about Rock!"

Rock was quite ignorant about day-to-day things. "He didn't even know how to pay a phone bill," Marc says. "He could be so down-to-earth on one hand, but I

never saw him sign a check or take responsibility for anything that went wrong at the house. Everything was always delegated to someone else. He was living in a make-believe world."

In Sara Davidson's book, *Rock Hudson: His Story*, Marc is accused of living off the actor. Marc denies that vehemently—and points out that since Rock's death, Davidson and the others have profited handsomely on Rock's name.

"I was still working and I had pretty good savings," he says. "But then Mark Miller, Rock's secretary, told me to 'get with the program.'"

"You shouldn't be spending your own money; it's ridiculous," he says Miller told him. "You are living with a millionaire."

"Basically," says Marc, "I lived off receipts and expenses which I put through Rock's production company, but I never had any great amounts of money. I did buy a few clothes, and it was a very comfortable way of life in that I didn't really have a want for anything."

As Rock's sickly appearance became obvious, the public had to be told something. At first, his spokesman tried to stick with the anorexia story, then switched it to "liver cancer." If Marc was devastated when the awful truth came out, he was even more horrified when he discovered the star had known he had the virus for about a year. Rock was told in 1984; he chose to go to France for what was then hailed as the new wonder drug, HPA-23,

which is still not available in the States. Still, Rock and Marc continued to be intimate long after he returned.

When Rock had to travel abroad again, Marc was told he'd be going to Switzerland for treatment for anorexia—but this proved to be false. In fact, Rock was on his way back to Paris. According to Marc, Air France nearly didn't permit Rock to board the plane because he looked so awful. "They only did so because of who he was," he adds.

Soon after he arrived in Paris, Rock collapsed at the Ritz Hotel. Within a few hours, he was almost comatose. "For the next few days, there was utter chaos," Marc recalls. "It was just like what happened when Liberace died."

Sick with worry about his own health, Marc began reading all he could about AIDS. "At first I used to imagine I had the symptoms—weight loss, night sweats, headaches, fevers, and so on," he says. "I'm over that now. But my mother still calls, very concerned, even if I have just ordinary flu."

Because of the mystery and controversy surrounding Rock Hudson's relationship with Marc Christian, and the movie star's death from AIDS, *Penthouse* thought its readers would want to hear Marc Christian's account of what actually took place. Reporter Mike Housego was asked to contact Christian in California, and he conducted the following interview.

**Penthouse:** When and how did you meet Rock?

**Christian:** It was in October 1982. I was going to a fund-raiser before the general election, and that's when I met him. It was in an office in Sherman Oaks when suddenly I heard this voice in my right ear saying, "Where the fuck is the booze?" I turned around and it was Rock Hudson. My first reaction was, what the hell is he doing here? I never thought of him being political. He was down-to-earth, and we talked about his jazz collection and a project I was working on about a history of pop music. He didn't give me his phone number, but asked for mine, which I gave him. Two weeks later, he phoned and said we should get together for lunch and to listen to my tapes.

**Penthouse:** Did you know that Rock was gay before you met him?

**Christian:** I had heard rumors that he was gay since I was a teenager.

**Penthouse:** Were you self-conscious going places with a man who had this reputation?

**Christian:** Slightly. But I was more self-conscious that I was with somebody who was so famous, rather than a person who was gay.

**Penthouse:** Do you think he was a bisexual like yourself?

**Christian:** Yes. He told me of several affairs he had with women. I know that he was once very much in love with actress Marilyn Maxwell, who passed away in

1972. In fact, my only homosexual relationship was with Rock. All my other relationships were with women.

**Penthouse:** Did he ever talk about his ex-wife Phyllis Gates?

**Christian:** Not in sexual terms. I think that he was very bitter about that relationship. Apparently, it was great until they got married. It fizzled out. It seems that she became very obsessed about being Mrs. Rock Hudson.

**Penthouse:** Didn't Rock's agent arrange that marriage to protect Rock's masculine image?

**Christian:** Mark Miller [Rock's secretary] said that it wasn't, and that they really did love each other. I don't think that it was a case of ever being in love, but it was as close as one could get. It didn't last long, and Rock didn't talk about her that much.

**Penthouse:** Did Rock ever want to have children?

**Christian:** Yes. I don't know if it's true or not, but he once told me that he had an illegitimate child somewhere, born at the end of World War II. The mother apparently sent him pictures of the child, but never tried to get money out of him. He said the kid looked a lot like him.

**Penthouse:** Do you recall your first night with Rock?

**Christian:** It was in a motel room down at the beach somewhere. We had been out for drinks, and he became very despondent and didn't want to go home. Tom Clark [Hudson's manager and one-

time lover] was back at the house and he asked if I would stay with him somewhere. We found a motel, but nothing really happened that night. We just talked. Rock wasn't the type to open up all the time. He was very secretive. When he did talk about himself to someone, it meant a lot to him. He felt that he could trust me.

**Penthouse:** When did you first have sex with him?

**Christian:** It was later, before I moved into his house. It was at another motel on Ventura Boulevard in North Hollywood. I remember that it was raining and that it was very romantic. I did feel rather strange, though, because everything seemed too clandestine. I was not averse to it, but it wasn't my style. But I also understood how Rock felt like a prisoner in his own home. It was his castle, but the strings were pulled by Tom Clark and others. He felt like a marionette.

**Penthouse:** Did he tell you that he was in love with you?

**Christian:** Yes, but we had already told each other that before.

**Penthouse:** How long after that did you move into his home?

**Christian:** About two months, around November 1983. But even then, things were not clear-cut. The final row with Tom Clark had to happen first. I wasn't there but, needless to say, my name came up. Eventually, Rock gave Tom a royal punch in the face and that was that. Tom fled to New York.

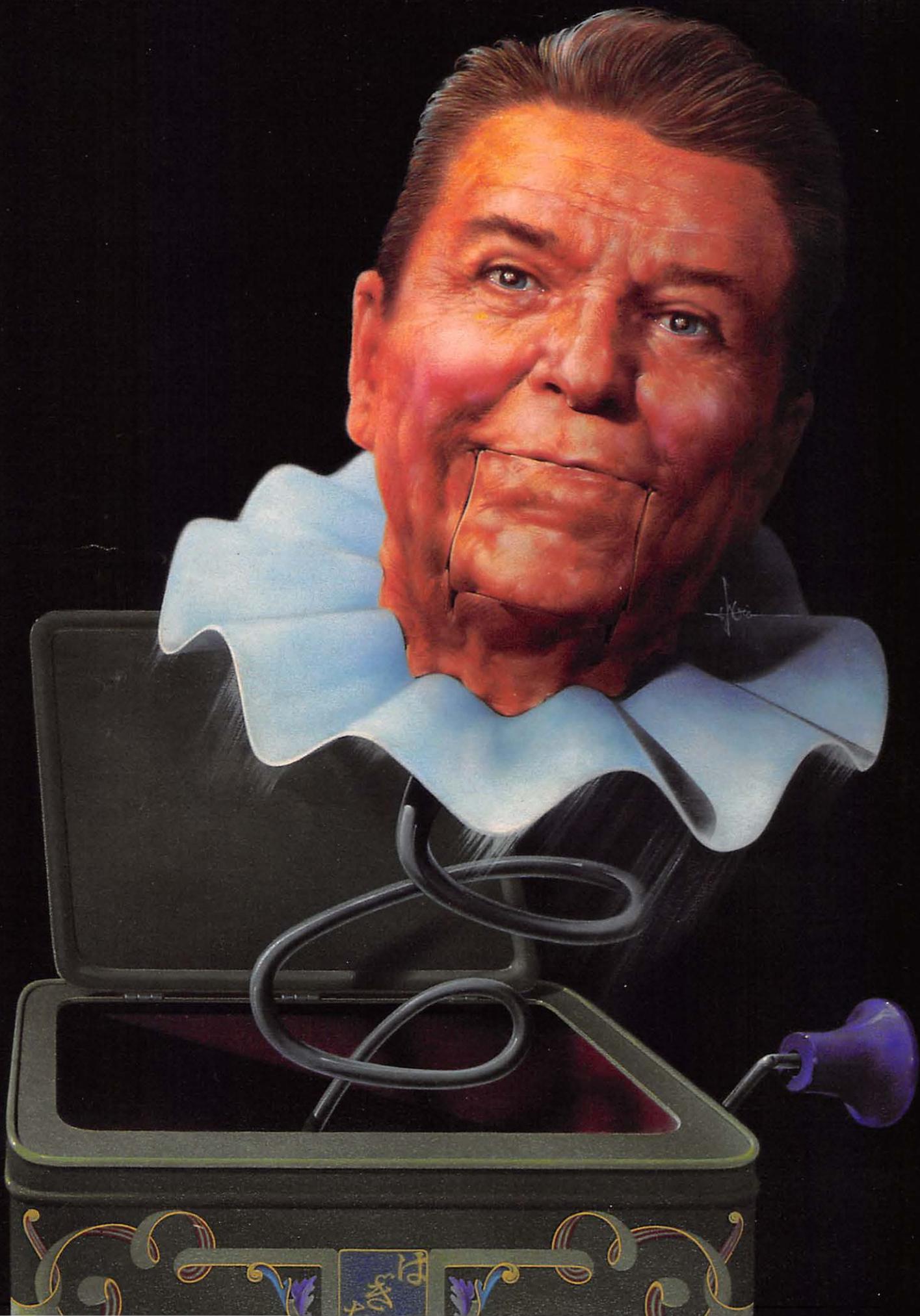
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ARTICLE

You'll laugh till you cry.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF  
**RONALD  
REAGAN**

BY ROY BLOUNT, JR.

**E**ven in the wake of the Tower Commission report on the so-called Iran-contra scandal, there can be no doubt that President Ronald Reagan is a true wit. "I don't believe the President wittingly misled the American people," said Senator John Tower. Nor can anyone prove that he is not a wise man. Even former senator Edmund Muskie of the Tower Commission noted, "I wouldn't say that we've . . . considered him a mental patient."

The press and his congressional foes complain that blame will not stick to him, calling him a Teflon president. Well, the press and the Congress have been stuck with quite a lot of blame—often by the President himself. So who's smarter? Certainly no one can wipe off the Reagan grin. Only a sage or a nincompoop could look as cheerful about himself as the President does, and if he were a nincompoop, that would mean that the great majority of American voters have been nincompoops. It is

PAINTING BY KUNIO HAGIO

clear that the President has the wit and the wisdom to know how laughable an idea that is.

But we should not take that wit and wisdom for granted. Since they have become so much a part of us, we owe it to ourselves to examine what they are made of. Let us consider some of their common hallmarks.

#### SIMPLICITY

At a rally in Cincinnati in August of 1984, one Reagan supporter held up a sign—amid thousands of waving flags—that had a picture of a bomb and the words OUTLAW RUSSIA written on it. Another held up a sign that said, simply, I LIKE YOUR JOKES.

Earlier that same day, according to *The New York Times*, "The President poked fun at himself at a cattle show at the Missouri state fair in Sedalia. Governor Christopher S. Bond presented Mr. Reagan a large prize-winning ham. Holding the ham, Mr. Reagan said he was 'delighted that in view of my former profession you didn't say "sweets to the sweet . . . ham to a ham . . ."' Here the President and his audience laughed." That was a snappy one, wasn't it? Who else would have made that connection, ham . . . ham?

Sorry. Once I get to quoting the wit of Ronald Reagan, I find it hard to stop. I was going to say something about that sign with the bomb and OUTLAW RUSSIA on it. I was going to say that not many witticisms can be captured in two words and a bomb picture. I'm surprised there hasn't been a T-shirt silk-screened for the President with those very words and that very image. Mr. Reagan has often summarized complex issues by holding up to the cameras T-shirts that have been presented to him. One major-policy T-shirt said, STOP COMMUNISM CENTRAL AMERICA. The President did not himself write this T-shirt, but note the sparseness of the prose. Actually, you'd think it would have said, STOP COMMUNISM IN CENTRAL AMERICA. I'm not sure what the President was trying to tell us by holding up that T-shirt without the "IN" that you would expect to be there. But he must have known. The key to appreciating Reagan, or any other guru, is to feel that the more confusing he is, the more comforting it is just to believe that he's making sense. That's not so hard, is it? It certainly seemed simple enough to an unnamed young woman in the 1984 Reagan campaign film, who stated in all sincerity:

"I think he's just doggone honest. It's remarkable. He's been on television, what have I heard, 26 times? Talking to us about what he's doing. He's not doing that for any other reason than to make it real clear. And if anybody has any question about where he's headed, it's their fault. Maybe they don't have a television."

You remember the Russian bombing joke, don't you? It was in August 1984 during a microphone check for his weekly

radio broadcast. "My fellow Americans," the President quipped, "I'm pleased to tell you today that I've signed legislation that will outlaw Russia forever. We begin bombing in five minutes."

There is that simplicity: If only we *could*. Just outlaw Russia. Forever. It would be a death blow not only to Communism in Central America, but also to the drug problem in this country. Dr. Cory SerVaas illuminated Reagan's fear in an article in *The Saturday Evening Post*. Cory wrote, after chatting with the President at a White House dinner, "He said that the Russians could wipe out our country if they could get a single generation of young people addicted to drugs and marijuana." (The Russians have a few simple ideas of their own. Deadly simple.)

The President realizes, of course, that it is not within his discretion to outlaw Russia, at least not until he gets a couple more appointments to the Supreme Court, but that's where the wit comes in. Not

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"If anybody has any question about where President Reagan is headed," said a woman in a campaign film, "it's their fault. Maybe they don't have a TV set."

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everyone can take a joke, of course. Sobersides in the media huffed about the "irresponsibility" of the sound-check joke—when in fact it was the reporters themselves, not the President, who reported it. "Isn't it funny?" the President pointed out. "If the press had kept their mouth shut, no one would have known I said it." Don't try to get the President confused about what's funny. He knows. You can tell by the look on his face.

And as for joking about nuclear war, hey, come on—it's not the end of the world. The President was joking about bombing *other people*. He wasn't talking about war. On the subject of war, the President has minced no words. He told students at Bowling Green State University that we need better relations with Russia "because peace in America is such an attractive way to live that war is a terrible interruption." Long before this Mikhail-come-lately Gorbachev was coming up with his "disarmament" tricks, President Reagan was working to pacify Russia. As he wrote to a South Dakota man, in a letter reprinted in *Reader's Digest*, ". . . we and the Russian people could be the best of friends if it weren't

for the godless tyranny and imperialistic ambitions of their leaders. I said as much in a handwritten note to Brezhnev. His reply was most disappointing."

See, if other people would only face up to their godlessness, we could all live in harmony. But we'll get to the other-people problem in more detail later. First let's look at three presidential observations and see how, through simplicity, Ronald Reagan has redefined the whole meaning of the word *one-liner*.

The budget might be balanced, the President has suggested, "by all of us simply trying to live up to the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule." How many times have you tried to listen to some commentator make a federal case out of the budget, with all these complicated things about money out and money in? Here the President has cut through all that—in a way that no godless Russian could hope to.

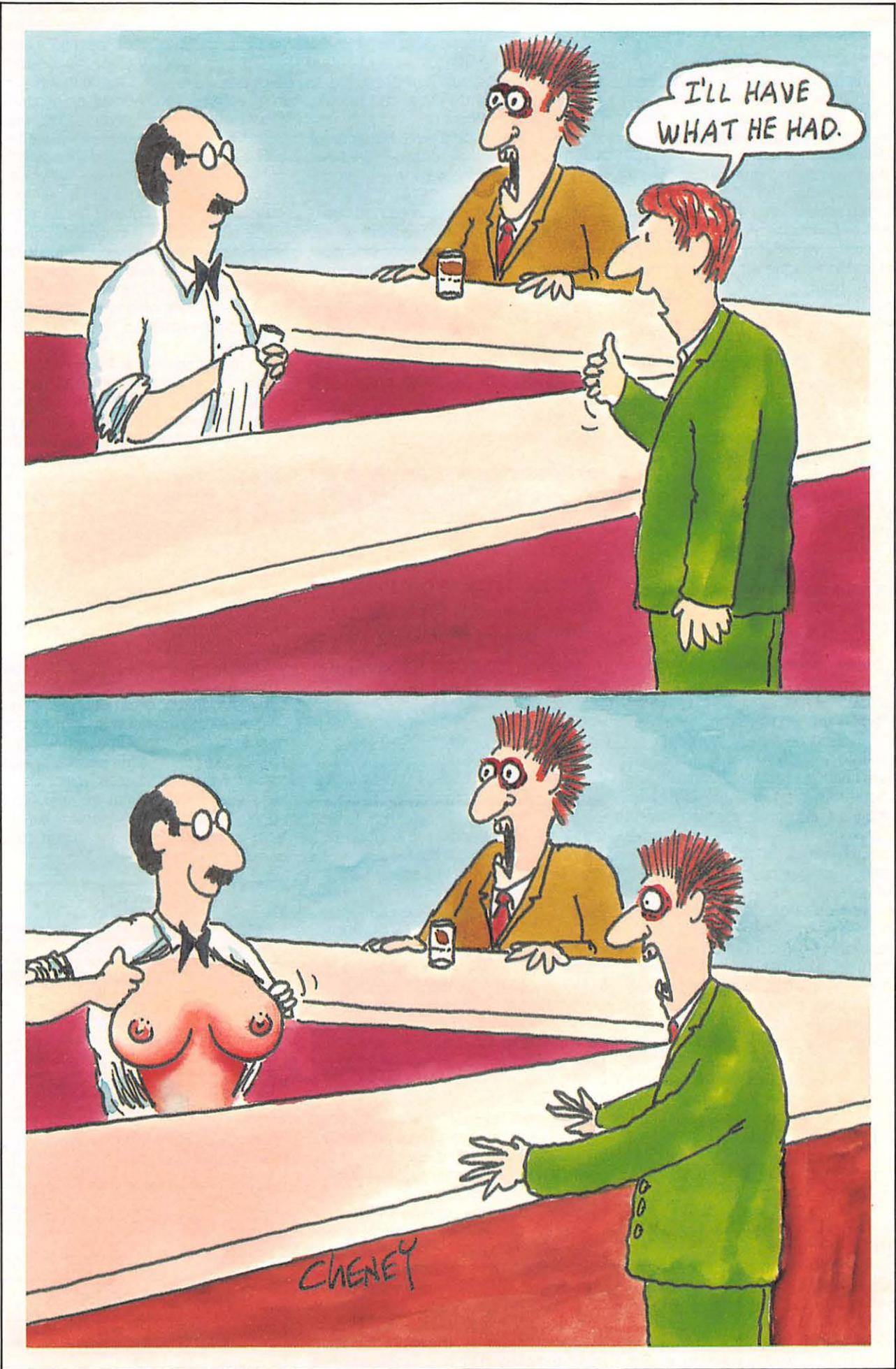
Since there are more businesses in America than there are unemployed people, the unemployment problem would be solved "if a lot of businesses would take a look and see if they could hire just one person." That's so *obvious*. And yet nobody else thought of it.

The homeless could be dealt with if people would just read the newspapers more thoughtfully. At the end of his first news conference on the so-called Iran-contra scandal, the President pointed out that he had read that the city of New York paid \$37,000 to support a family in a welfare hotel for a year. "And I wonder why somebody doesn't build them a house for \$37,000," the President said. (But did somebody do it? No. You know how people are in New York.)

If you can believe it, people in the media have laughed at these suggestions, when they are the *wisdom*. These are the same people who *don't* laugh at the wit. I rest my case. These people, who might have a little godlessness problem themselves, ask things like, "What if every business in America wants to hire the *same* unemployed person, Donald Reagan or somebody?" And "Where and how exactly would you build a house in New York City for \$37,000?" Well, people laughed at Marie Antoinette, too. But she is the one who's remembered.

Because she had the right line for the right occasion. As does, invariably, the President. On March 3 of this year, he entered the White House pressroom for the first time since more than three months before, when the stuff about the Iran money going to the contras came out. Instead of just being glad to see him, the reporters shouted out, in the snide way that reporters shout out things, "Welcome back." I don't know what I would have said in the President's place. I'd have probably hit one of them. But here's what the President said: "I've never been away."

Pretty hard to think of a comeback to that. And you know why? Because it's



simple; but, well, he was away—it's complicated too.

## COMPLEXITY

Those things that win the hearts and minds of great masses of Americans—wrestling, television evangelists, chain letters—are all things that *seem* simple, but we know we should not be too quick to understand them. For instance, take a teenage holy man who, because he is God, can speak any language, yet chooses to communicate in broken English. Try to fathom that by mere intellect alone! So too with the wit and wisdom of Ronald Reagan.

"Yes, there has been an increase in poverty, but it is a lower rate of increase than it was in the preceding years before we got here. It has begun to decline, but it is still going up."

I can see it—bobbing, hovering, almost like a UFO . . . but wait! You don't know how it soars above statistics. If you believe in statistics, the rate of increase of the number of Americans living in poverty has been twice as high during the Reagan years than during the Carter years. So what the President is saying is *more complex* than statistics. And yet its message is so clear: If you were thinking of joining the disadvantaged, think twice.

"Over something less than 100 documents have some part in what's going on now," the President said, dodging a question about the so-called scandal in the Environmental Protection Administration in 1983. He cleared up that "scandal," didn't he? In over something less than 14 words, he beautifully captured what a drag it is to keep up with things.

This is how the President dealt with accusations that his administration had knowingly disseminated "disinformation" about plans to take even firmer measures against Col. Qaddafi than blowing up his daughter, which we had already done:

"Our position—this was wrong and false—our position has been one of which, after we took the action we felt we had to take, and I still believe was the correct thing to do, our position has been one in which we would just as soon have Mr. Qaddafi go to bed every night wondering what we might do."

There is the genius of Ronald Reagan. He lets them all wonder—the press, the Congress, the daughters of those who would foster violence, the Russians, the Democrats. All of whom come under one heading:

## OTHER PEOPLE

In 1968, Ronald Reagan spoke to Texas conservatives who were thinking of backing him instead of Richard Nixon for the Republican presidential nomination. "I'd be the most enthusiastic, energetic, and active campaigner you've ever seen," Reagan promised. "Because *they* have got to go."

Yes! They! Ronald Reagan has put his finger on exactly who is causing all our

problems: *them out there.*

He doesn't always name them, but we know he didn't mean himself, and we knew he didn't mean us, when he said on TV early this year, "I'm not going to tell falsehoods to the American people. I'll leave that to others."

"When other people were burning our flag," he told a picnic crowd in Decatur, Alabama, "you were waving it." (Probably not the best way to put it out.) He finished his speech by saying, "And I don't know if a president has ever thanked you for that." Well, no! What other president would take time out from his glamorous schedule to thank people in Alabama for getting down to the hard work of waving the flag?

He is *interested* in other people. When he returned from his first trip to South America, he told us, "Well, I learned a lot. . . . You'd be surprised. They're all individual countries."

But he knows they aren't him or us. "This

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look on his face.”

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whole thing boils down to a great irresponsibility on the part of the press," he said with regard to the so-called Iran-contra scandal. The press is always other people. And, of course, the Democrats, whose great society is to blame for everything wrong domestically. The Republican party, he points out, is becoming America's party. Who needs a party of the others? In this country, that is. There is one in Russia, of course. In Russia, they have no word for "freedom," the President tells us; and even though in Russia they do have a word for "freedom," we know what he means.

Americans, even if they aren't Democrats or reporters, can become others if they don't watch out. One of the President's biggest laughs came when he proposed that protesting farmers—instead of grain—be exported to Russia. Congress, as a whole, is already others. After addressing the staff of NASA, the President took time out from his busy day to appear at a photo opportunity and said, "I just got back from outer space, too—Capitol Hill."

Which brings up probably the most mind-blowing idea the President has

come up with, I mean cosmic. Chatting with Gorbachev, he mentioned (he confided to us later) that the two leaders would find their negotiations easier "if suddenly there was a threat to this world from some other species from another planet outside the universe. We would forget all the little differences that we have between our countries, and we would find out once and for all that we really are all human beings on this earth together."

Wouldn't that be great? Invasion by a whole new species. If that didn't bring the Russians back to God, and stimulate both of our economies, and incidentally—well, maybe not so incidentally, when we're talking about the wit and wisdom of Ronald Reagan—make a heck of a movie, then well . . .

I'm reminded of what the President said when people accused his wife Nancy of being too powerful. (She can't possibly be *too* powerful, of course, because she is not one of the others. The President himself is not too powerful by his own account: "They tell me I'm the most powerful man in the world. I don't believe that. Over there in the White House some place, there's a fellow that puts a piece of paper on my desk every day that tells me what I'm going to be doing every 15 minutes. He's the most powerful man in the world." What if *he* became one of the others? Never happen, not with Ronald Reagan in charge.)

What the President said when people accused Nancy of being too powerful is something that applies not only to people who doubt the President's vision of world peace through outer-space invasion. It applies to *all* those other people, of whom there have been so many over the last six years. Here is what he said. And I hope all those other people take it to heart: "A lot of people ought to be ashamed of themselves." 

## CREDITS

Page 8 clockwise from top left, Werb Gamma-Liaison, Kunio Hagio. Focus on Sports, James Montgomery Flagg, Tom Zimberoff, page 33, Fred Ward Black Star, page 34 bottom left, Chris Vail Black Star, page 34 top right, Pete Turner, page 35 top, Movie Still Archives, page 35 bottom, Bettmann Newsphotos, page 52, cartoon Eric Jay Decetis, page 55, Hank Londoner, page 56, Larry Busacca Retna Ltd., page 57 top right, Ray Plotner Peter Arnold, Inc., page 58, Geoffrey Nilsen, page 65 top right, The Bettmann Archive, page 65 bottom left, J. P. Laffont Sygma, page 66 top left, Hank Morgan Photo Researchers, Inc., page 66 bottom right, Arthur Grace Sygma, page 66 bottom left, Eunice Harris Photo Researchers, Inc., page 67 top right, Gordon Smith Photo Researchers, Inc., page 67 bottom left, Focus on Sports, page 68 clockwise from top left, Anthony Savignano Galella, Ltd., Neal Preston Camera 5, Anthony Savignano Galella, Ltd., Ron Galella, page 70 clockwise from top left, Ron Galella, Anthony Savignano Galella, Ltd., Ron Galella, Gamma-Liaison, page 71 left, Helmut Werb, page 171, David Barritt, page 172 top left, Neal Davis, page 172 bottom right, AP Wide World Photos, page 173, Compix Miami, page 176 bottom left, Mike Powell Allsport, pages 176-177 center, Focus on Sports, page 177 bottom right, Mike Powell Allsport, pages 186-187, Model Julia Goodman, Hair Makeup Bobbie Miller, Stylist Robert Molnar, page 202, Don Hinkle, page 226 top to bottom, P. Robert Sygma, Etienne Sandorff, Focus on Sports, J. P. Laffont Sygma, Stephan Beck.

## CAMERA CREDITS

Pet of the Month Stephanie Page, whose layout begins on page 99, and our love set on page 153 were photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses, and Harrison Filters.



# STEPHANIE

◌What's nice about being sexy is that it's easy to meet the opposite sex. What's not so nice is that it's sometimes just my looks that men are interested in.◌

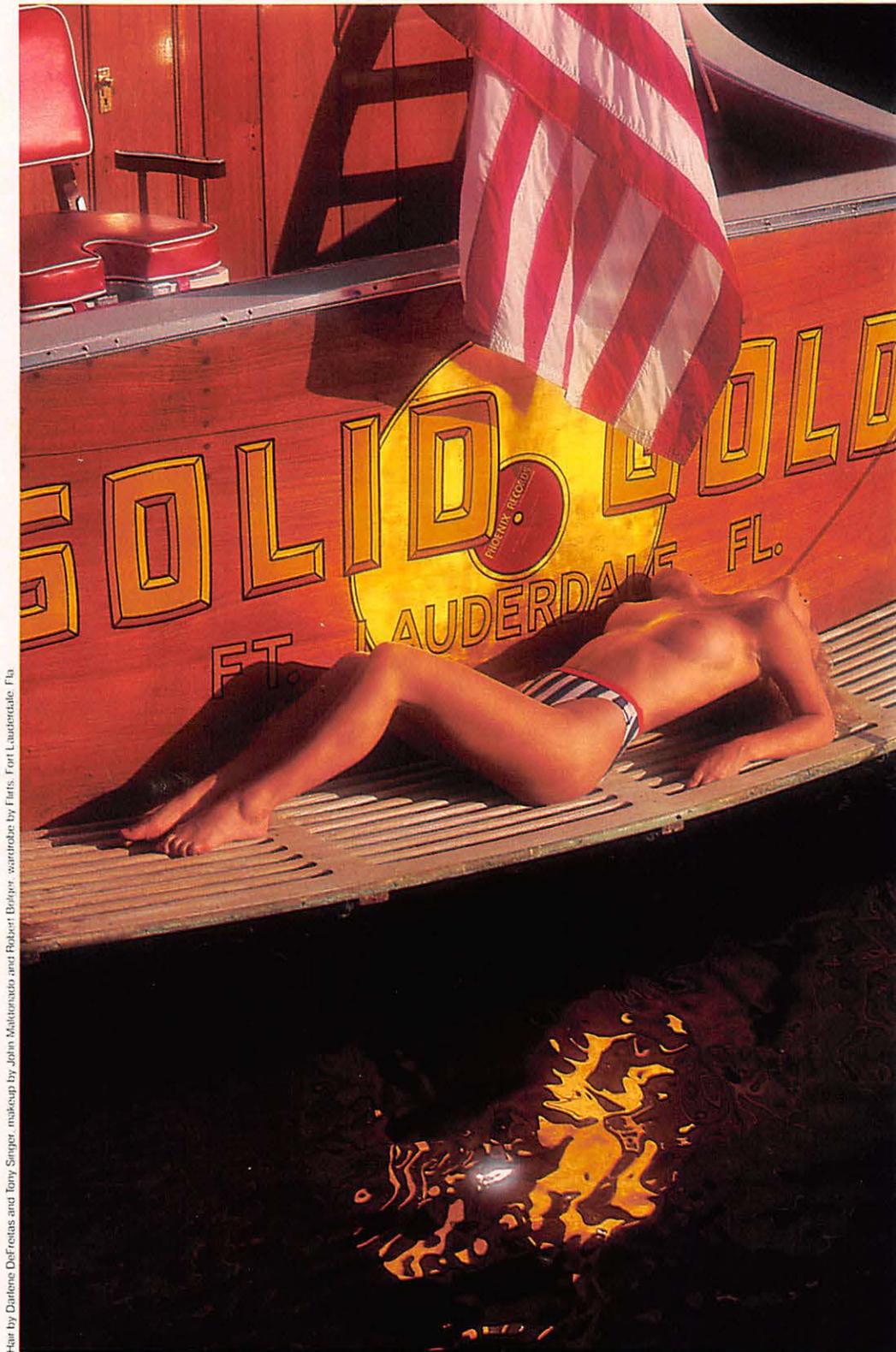




# KEEPING THE FAITH

**N**ineteen-year-old Stephanie Page is a young lady who sees herself in no uncertain terms. "Sensitive, sensual, romantic, outgoing, affectionate," are the adjectives she summons to describe herself. "Others," she suggests, "describe me as innocent."





Hair by Darlene DeFreitas and Tony Singer, makeup by John Malinconico and Robert Brayer, wardrobe by Flirts, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Born and bred in Texas, of Swedish, Irish, and Cherokee stock, blond-haired, blue-eyed Stephanie likes being treated like a lady and detests rude men. "I love feeling womanly—having doors opened for me, receiving flowers and romantic notes," she says. "Being chosen as a Penthouse Pet has been quite an experience—and quite an ego boost," she reflects. "I still have to pinch myself to be sure it's real. Never," she exclaims, "did I ever expect or imagine that something like this would happen to me!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER





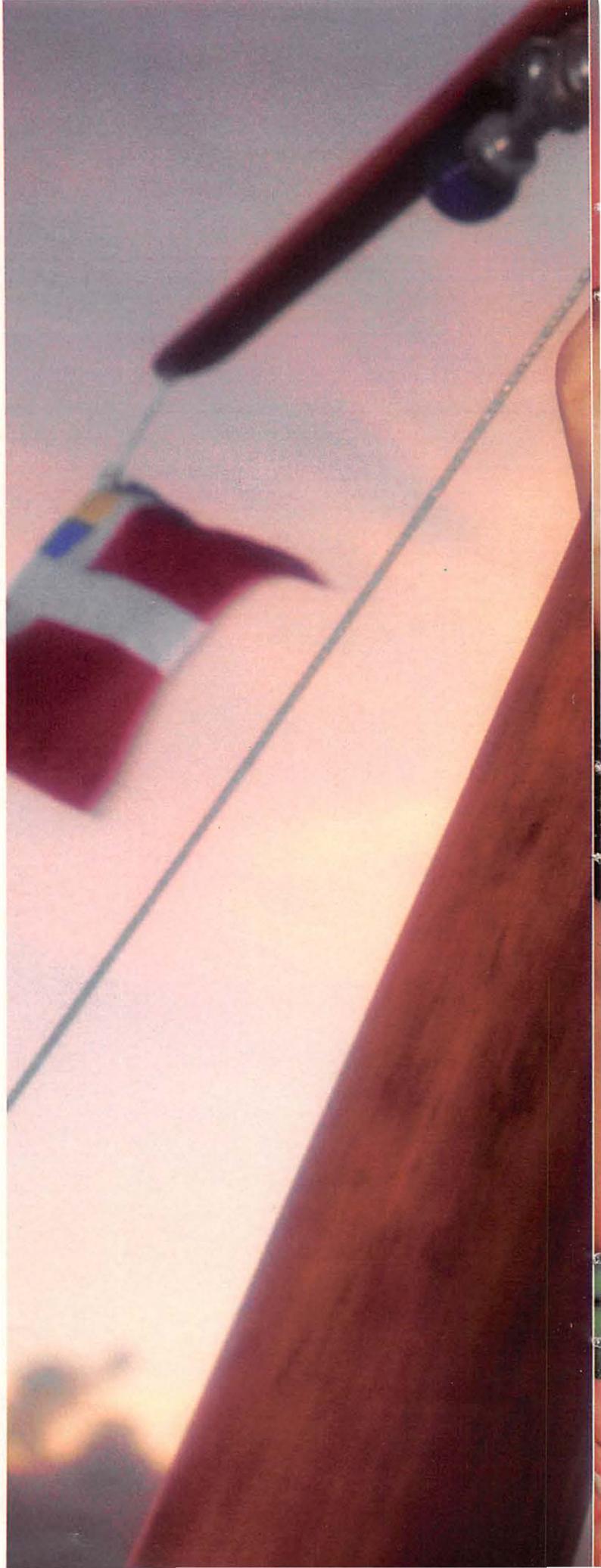


"I could definitely be faithful to one man. But at this point, I want to experience life, and what it has to offer, to the fullest," Stephanie says, without apology. "If my career continues along the lines I want, that is, in both acting and modeling, a one-man relationship would be difficult—if not outright unfair to the man."





Being in *Penthouse*, she hopes, will lead to bigger and better acting jobs. Already Stephanie, whose perfect 36-23-35 measurements are as eloquent as her words, has been in the videos *Girls of Spring Break* and *The Great American Centerfold Search*.









"What's nice about being sexy," she says, "is that it's easy to meet the opposite sex. What's not so nice is that it's sometimes just my looks, not the person within, that men are interested in. There's more to a person than just a pretty face, right? Also, establishing friendships with girlfriends is difficult. Jealousy seems to follow automatically when a woman is sexy."



Stephanie likes "The Young and the Restless," seafood and dancing and beer. Her favorite erotic fantasy is "making love on a deserted island with Rob Lowe."





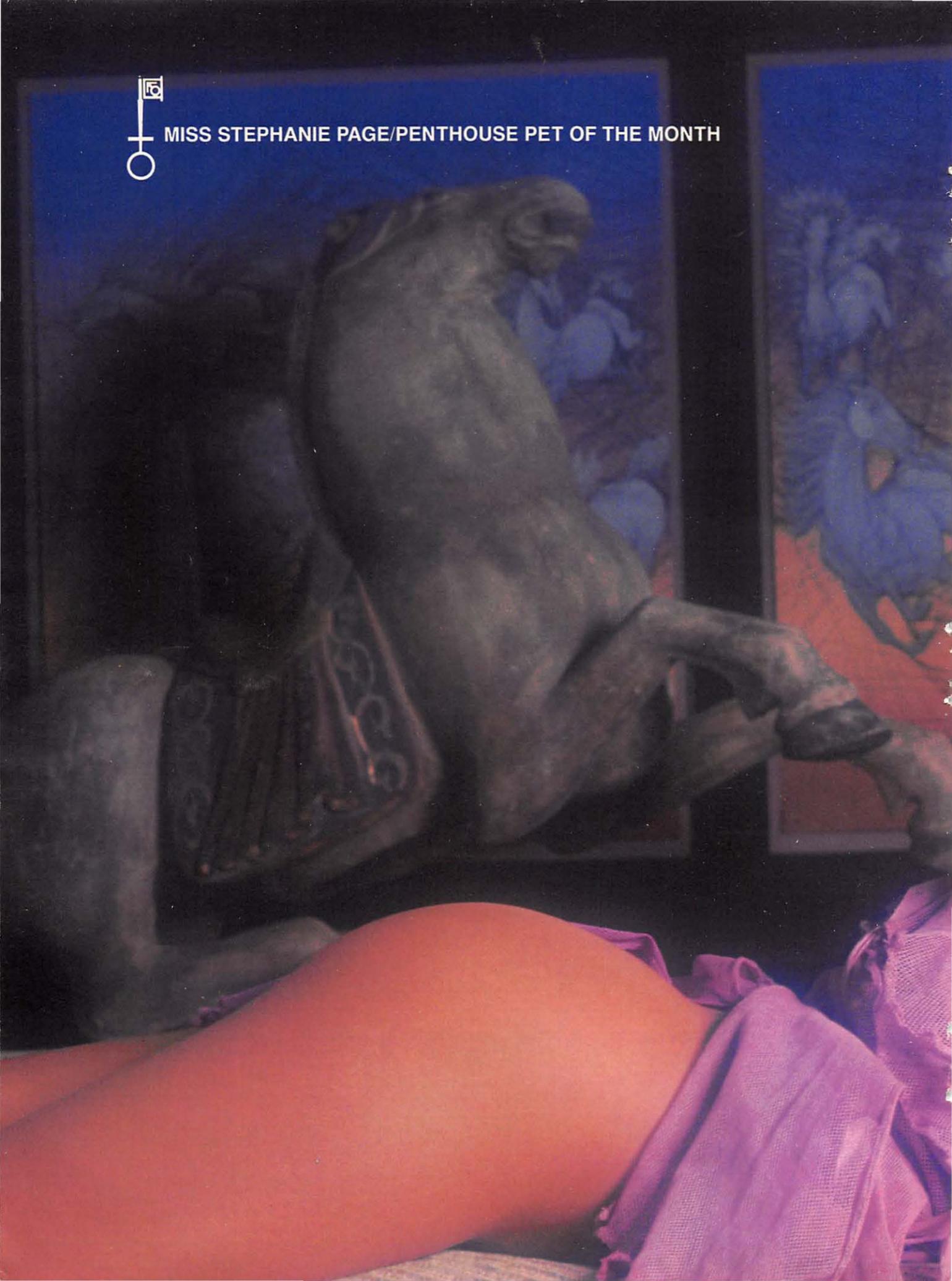


She admires Marilyn Monroe and James Dean—"because they're remembered." After looking at these pictures, we can say Stephanie herself won't likely be easily forgotten, either.





MISS STEPHANIE PAGE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





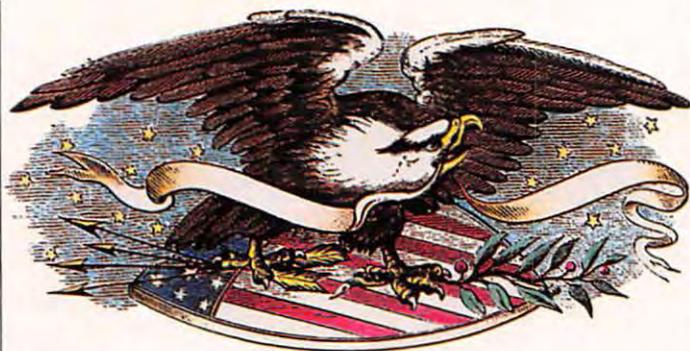
“Because veterans’ issues are on the back burner, there is no incentive for presidential candidates to come up with any “new ideas” on how to deal with their problems.”

# THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

In discussions with individual veterans and veterans’ groups during the past several months, we have encountered a feeling of despair derived from the publicized revelations of conflagration and the most recent military debacle of the Reagan administration—the Iraqi attack on the U.S.S. *Stark*, which resulted in the deaths of 37 sailors. Combat veterans of America’s hot and cold wars feel most acutely the loss of military servicemen’s lives in the pursuit of diplomatic “mission impossible,” or for symbolic causes that bear little or no relationship to America’s national security. These feelings are not shared by that segment of the American public which remains indifferent to the human costs associated with the pursuit of what presently passes for our foreign policy.

These costs are neither paid for or assuaged by visually compelling memorial services. Rather, they continue to plague the widows and children of the dead servicemen, and the survivors and their families, who bear silent witness to the failed policies of successive presidential administrations. This pain is real, and it is unrelenting. On one level, it can never be eradicated; nor can it be shared fully with persons who have not experienced it. However, it can be lessened by a genuine improvement in the government’s performance in meeting the needs of those who have borne the brunt of battle.

We are not talking about a massive increase in existing veterans’ programs. We’re simply saying that the time is at hand for the American public to demand from elected officials at all levels of government that these programs be carried out with compassion



and efficiency. Because veterans and veterans’ issues are on the back burner in the current political climate, there is no incentive for those who seek to succeed President Reagan in 1989 to come up with any “new ideas”—or, for that matter, any ideas at all—on how to deal with these problems.

A particularly distressing example involves the cases of some 700 Puerto Rican Vietnam veterans who have lost all or part of their disability compensation payments in the wake of an arbitrary and capricious “review” of their psychiatric-disability ratings. This review was initiated by the Veterans Administration at the urging of Congress, after a survey indicated a statistically high number of total disabilities among the mentally disabled in Puerto Rico. There was nothing wrong in undertaking this review. However, in its misguided zeal, the V.A. jumped headlong to the conclusion that the problem was an unqualified V.A. rating board in San Juan, thereby triggering wholesale reductions of psychiatric-disability claims at the V.A. Regional Office (VARO) there.

According to the Vietnam Veterans of America (V.V.A.), which has filed a class-action suit against the V.A. to halt and overturn this shameful procedure, the V.A. undertook ex-

traordinary steps with undue haste to ensure that the disability ratings would be reduced. The suit contends that the V.A. transferred or fired the entire psychiatric staff at the San Juan VARO and referred all cases to the VARO in Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Because many Puerto Rican veterans could not afford to travel to North Carolina, a number of them had their benefits reduced or taken away altogether at hearings they could not even attend. The effect of this chilling bureaucratic assault on the constitutional rights of Puerto Rican Vietnam veterans suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder—a neuropsychiatric illness common among Vietnam veterans—can be seen in recent V.A. statistics, which show that the Puerto Rican VARO has fallen from No. 1 to No. 56 out of the 57 regional offices in granting disability claims for this illness.

The V.A. has “totally ignored alternative explanations and simplistically decided there must be something wrong with the Puerto Rican VARO,” charges V.V.A. President Robert O. Muller. “In fact, there are a number of plausible reasons for the statistical variations. The V.A.’s arbitrary actions in Puerto Rico is another instance of wholesale due-process denials by the V.A.”

Muller’s contentions have been subsequently confirmed by demographic data, which clearly establish a rational explanation for the apparently excessive number of Puerto Rican veterans who had been judged to be afflicted with P.T.S.D. On a per-capita basis, a draft-age Puerto Rican was, in comparison with his peers in the 50 states, twice as likely to be drafted. Once inducted, the Puerto Rican draftee was four times as likely to go to Vietnam as his state side peer. Finally, because the typical Puerto Rican draftee lacked skills that might have qualified him for a rear-echelon job, a disproportionate number of them were placed in combat assignments.

These facts should have given the V.A. pause to consider why there had been a large number of psychiatric problems among Vietnam veterans from Puerto Rico. The V.A. should also have considered the fact that many of these vets had received their 100 percent disability ratings at regional offices other than Puerto Rico’s. All this calls into question, to say the least, the action of gutting the staff of the Puerto Rican VARO.

Further evidence amassed by the V.V.A. makes a strong case for criminal fraud on the part of V.A. officials in coercing Vietnam veterans into accepting a lower disability rating without extending the legal opportunity to oppose such actions.

If the taxpayers’ money can be spent on a special prosecutor to investigate the shenanigans of former White House officials, it can certainly be spent on one to expose the malefactors in the V.A. responsible for this travesty of justice.—William R. Corson

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Bye-bye, Betty Friedan.  
The shining hope of American  
women is not a flaming  
feminist, but a shy bureaucrat. ♣

## ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY LUCETTE MATALON LAGNADO

The author is a reporter with the *New York Post* who, until recently, worked as an investigative reporter for nationally syndicated columnist Jack Anderson. She is also coauthoring a biography of Nazi war criminal Dr. Josef Mengele.

# THE FEMININE MISTAKE

A huge media hoopla greeted a Yale University study last year on the plight of educated women who were supposedly doomed to a life of spinsterhood. The press took a keen delight in reporting that American women who had chosen to forsake their traditional role for a place in a man's world would end up without a man.

Rather than dismissing the "news" as yet another instance of media tripe, the stories caused a panic among single female yuppies. Many scurried to psychiatrists and social workers to allay their fears that they might never find suitable mates. Those who had boyfriends pressured them to set a wedding date, and pronto. The media had effectively persuaded a new generation of women that they were personal failures.

Significantly, the media payed scant attention a few months later when a Census Bureau demographer cried foul and provided figures challenging those of the Yale study.

Why did the press blow up a story that was blatantly anti-women as well as factually questionable? And why did so many women believe them?

Certainly, sheer unadulterated sexism was a major factor propelling the press; the media remains a male-dominated profession whose members are more chauvinist than most. But an even more central factor is the media's tendency to "hype" a given set of facts beyond recognition.

The spinster story got started when Yale sociologist Neil G. Bennett shared the findings of a study he and some colleagues had completed on women's marriage rates with a local Connecticut reporter. Bennett's report, which was done in collaboration with Harvard economist David E. Bloom and Yale graduate student Patricia H. Craig, claimed that the vast majority of single women over 30 would never get married. Women over 40, for instance, were given only a 1.3 percent shot of making it to the altar.

The story originally appeared in a Stamford, Connecticut, paper on Valentine's Day, and was promptly disseminated by the wire services under the catchy headline "Women Who Tarry May Never Marry." In the face of a big story, our fiercely independent, doggedly cynical press corps failed to do what they are supposed to do: confirm it. They never even consulted a second source.

Jeanne Moorman, the Census Bureau demographer who has since refuted the findings of the Yale-Harvard study, says its flaws were readily apparent. According to Moorman, Bennett and his colleagues had mistakenly assumed that women

who were high school graduates and those who had finished college got married at the same rate. In fact, women college graduates tend to marry much later, and over a spread of many more years. By making that assumption, the Yale-Harvard team had skewed their model and came up with deceptive results.

Throughout 1986, the media kept repeating the findings of a study that was both irresponsible and untrue. The press also failed to explain that, even if technically correct, the statistics were projections, not predictions. The best demographers admit that theirs is far from an exact science. "It is not what will happen; it is what *might* happen," says Moorman.

When the press carelessly assigned great authority to it, a banal demographic study took on apocalyptic overtones; it became a symbol of the failure of the modern woman. It was held up as proof that the generation of women who seemed to have it all—good jobs, impressive salaries, unlimited potential—would end up with only one title worth mentioning, that of "old maid."

Twenty-five years ago, it was the plight of the *married* woman that captured the media's attention. In 1960, *Newsweek* reported that the American housewife was "dissatisfied with a lot that women in other lands can only dream of. Her discontent is deep, pervasive, and impervious to the superficial remedies which are offered at every hand. . . . A young mother with a beautiful family, charm, talent, and brains is apt to dismiss her role apologetically. 'What do I do?' you hear her say. 'Why, nothing. I am only a housewife.'"

She was a victim of the "Feminine Mystique," an expression coined by Betty Friedan—herself a journalist—to describe the false ideals for female happiness.

A quarter of a century later, the media has shifted from the story of the Feminine Mystique to that of the Feminine *Mistake*. Having prodded women out of their suburban homes and into their corporate cubbyholes, the press now decrees they must return.

That great arbiter of the American woman's destiny, *Newsweek*, once again gave us the scoop in a June '86 cover story. Using language eerily reminiscent of its 1960 exposé of the unhappy housewife, the magazine now reported a "profound crisis among America's growing ranks of single women." The "traumatic news . . . buried in an arid demographic study" was that "many women who seem to have it all—good looks and good jobs, advanced degrees and high

salaries—will never have mates." By putting their careers ahead of their personal lives, women had made a tragic error, *Newsweek* and others pointed out.

By turning the Bennett-Bloom study into front-page news, the media persuaded many single American women that their lives were effectively ruined. Television news shows did special segments on problems facing women alone. One magazine after another heralded the supposedly "scientific" results on their covers. "Are these old maids?" sniped *People* magazine, showing photographs of the glamorous Diane Sawyer, Linda Ronstadt, and Sharon Gless. The inside story featured pictures of other female celebrities with their ages and their probability of getting married.

Alas, the hype did not end with the story on marriage rates. A basic assumption of the Bennett-Bloom study was the fact that over-30 single women outnumbered single men. The supposed man shortage became the subject of endless analyses. Women's magazines such as *Cosmopolitan* saw it as their civic duty to provide their female readers with articles on how to get around this supposed scarcity of men. *Mother Jones* took a refreshingly cynical approach, and suggested that we draw on the prison population to fill the gap.

A check with the Census Bureau—or the local library—would have shown any enterprising reporter that there was no such shortage. In every age group, statistics show, there are more single men than there are single women.

If the media is to be accused of behaving like an irresponsible bunch of chauvinists, then women must also accept responsibility for buying the notion of the Feminine Mistake. It is ironic that the Bennett-Bloom study caused "angst" where one might have expected it least—among the bright, educated, achieving females, the products of the women's movement. But in the wake of the Yale-Harvard study, a defeatist strain surfaced seemingly out of nowhere. Beneath the man-tailored suits, we caught a glimpse of a strictly female female—weak, terrified, intimidated. The media even found ways to exploit the anguish. *Newsweek* ran a photograph showing two aging, unattractive women peering intently at the classifieds. The caption read, "Modern Ms. Lonelyhearts perusing the personal ad." The article also showed a cartoon of a pensive, sad young woman lying on a bed. Next to her was a teddy bear—presumably, her only steady male companion.

The psychological damage done to women as a result of the media rampage is impossible to measure. A recent

CONTINUED ON PAGE 216

*no vote in its building, because New York could never provide a quorum of its delegates! Rhode Island had refused from the first to participate in any way, and poor New Hampshire never collected enough money to send us its two delegates till the summer was waning and our work nearly done.*

*So, in what might be called the most important vote in the history of our nation, only nine states took part, and in the counting I felt sick when the first three votes were negative. Then it was tied, then it was four against and one more negative would doom us, but the last two votes were yeas. The nation was saved by a vote of five of the little states out of 13, and that night I got drunk.*

After he sobered up, Simon reflected first on the great moral victory of that day, when delegates submerged their regional prejudices to form a union, and then on to the moral cowardice of those same delegates, including himself:

*We have refused like cravens to even mention the word that haunts our nation. We delay and avoid and postpone, and if we continue to ignore our responsibilities, this problem will stay with us and worsen until it destroys this nation.*

He was speaking, of course, of slavery, that dark and brooding presence which haunted all discussion and lurked in each meeting corner. Cudjoe the slave emerged everywhere, and the sullen problems he represented were discussed, solved, rejected, and discussed again, the second or third solution being little better than the first in technical terms and usually worse where the moral posture of a great nation was concerned.

Of the original 55 delegates, some 18 owned slaves, and of the signers, a dozen did. Some had only a few; others like George Mason, who abhorred slavery and favored manumission, had many. Washington was a slave owner, as were the two Pinckneys, Charles and Charles Cotesworth, and John Rutledge of South Carolina. Starr, whose family had always owned slaves and who had inherited 17 prime hands, had inherited also a strong Virginia prejudice in favor of the institution, but his experiences at Princeton as a student and now in Philadelphia as a delegate had begun to make him insecure as to the future. Also, he found it both fascinating and perplexing that Washington had freed some of his slaves and that Mason looked upon slavery as a curse, despite his many slaves.

"I'd be ready to free my slaves," he told his southern friends at the Indian Queen, "if only some way could be worked out to have them keep tending the cotton,"

but as soon as he said this, his friends started to argue. One said, in sharp comment: "There are really three Americas; our problem is to keep them all happy. The North, without slaves; the Deep South, which needs them for cotton and sugar; and lucky states like North Carolina, Virginia and Maryland, which have them but whose climates are so kind they could manage without them."

A clever man from Georgia astutely pointed out something Simon had not considered previously: "In Georgia and the hot lands west we must continue to import slaves. We'd be strangled if their importation was ended, as you suggested last night. But in Virginia? You'd make money if the importation was halted, because then you could ship the slaves you no longer need down to Georgia and sell them at great profit. As far as we're concerned, you Virginians are as bad as the New Englanders."

As the debate, formal and informal,

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“

Enemies of the  
proposed Constitution  
condemned it: "It  
was written by rich men for  
the protection of their  
wealth. . . . The poor farmer  
gets no relief."

”

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continued, Simon learned that the Convention could not escape dealing with four difficult slavery problems: Should it be outlawed altogether? If it was allowed to continue, should further importation from Africa be permitted? If a slave ran away from a plantation in the South to freedom in the North, would the federal government be obligated to return him to his rightful owner? And, most perplexing of all, should the slave be counted as the equal of the white man in allocating taxes and awarding seats in Congress? Debate on these inflammable questions produced some appalling statements.

John Rutledge argued that religion and humanity had nothing to do with the importation of slaves. Financial interest alone was the governing principle with nations. And if the northern states considered this carefully, they would not oppose the bringing in of more slaves, because the more slaves in the South, the more goods northern traders would sell.

Pierce Butler of South Carolina wanted the Constitution to state that fugitive slaves who sought freedom in the North were to be delivered like criminals to their owners in the South.

And speaker after speaker hammered home the point that slaves were property, just like other material found on a plantation, and the South required assurance that their owners would be protected in their ownership and use of said property.

When Starr met with his cabal at the Indian Queen, he found both the southerners and the northerners ready to break apart if their prejudices were not honored. Realizing that the Convention was in peril, he sought out Madison, and found, to his surprise, that this Virginia stalwart was in favor of naming a time limit after which the importation of slaves would be outlawed, suggesting 1800 as an acceptable date. Starr hurried back to his friends: "I think a compromise is possible," and a negative one was worked out; Congress could not ban importation prior to 1808 for those states existing in 1787, but it would be under no obligation to do so then.

On the question of capturing runaway slaves who had gained their freedom and returning them to their bondage, the South won. The Constitution required this shameful act to be done.

And then came the crucial question, the one involving morality, political power, tax money and the sanctity of private property. Division of opinion was clear-cut and regional. In allocating seats in the lower house of Congress, the South wanted each slave to be counted as one citizen, but the North argued: "If the slave has no political rights, he can't be a citizen." Before this extremely emotional issue was solved, the South argued: "Since slaves are not citizens, they should not be counted when assessing federal taxes" but the North reasoned: "We allocate taxes according to the count of the population, and whether a man is a citizen or not is beside the point."

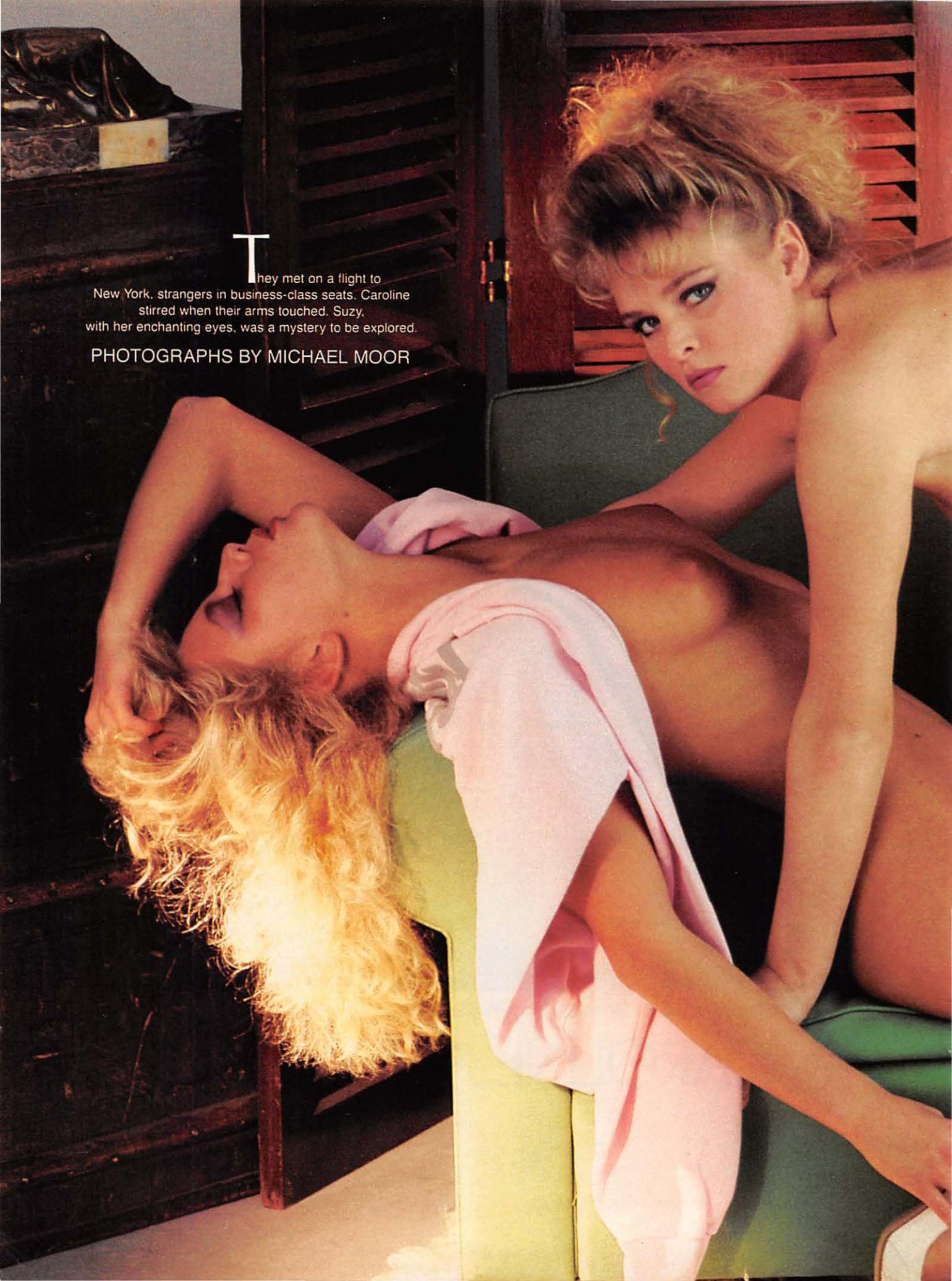
As Simon explained one night to the other silent members of the Convention: "The South wants votes but no taxes. The North wants us to pay taxes but have no votes. We may break up on this one." The debate was prolonged and brilliant, with men of deep conviction wrestling with this most complex of problems. In the end, a subtle compromise was reached, one with the gravest moral flaws but one which allowed the two halves of the nation to remain together for the time being.

When up-to-date census figures were provided for the giving of seats and the collection of taxes, five black slaves would count as three white persons. There was no sensible justification for such a deal, but it was the best that could be worked out in 1787, and it would preserve the nation until 1861, when a civil war would rectify the matter—in blood.

And now a most curious thing happened. Throughout a long summer, these 55 delegates had debated the slavery issue, using the word *slave* thousands of times, but when they were required to put their conclusions in writing, all of them, North and South alike, shied away from



CAROLINE AND SUZY



**T**hey met on a flight to  
New York, strangers in business-class seats. Caroline  
stirred when their arms touched. Suzy,  
with her enchanting eyes, was a mystery to be explored.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL MOOR





There was casual talk—both, they smiled to learn, worked in the financial district. But under the talk, intrigue flickered.





Later, beneath Suzy's undone suit, Caroline found soft silk and softer skin. Their blond curls and their lips and tongues and bellies and breasts came together.





Caroline's passion worked its sweet spell. Suzy, so cool at first, succumbed as the forbidden heat swept her away.







Whispered secrets passed from lips to ear, till there were no more secrets, but only the sweet spell between them. 

## PROFILE

Why Pat Buchanan  
will never run for president.

# THE UGLIEST REPUBLICAN

BY PHILIP NOBILE AND ERIC NADLER

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For a brief, shining moment he was a presidential contender, a dream ticket of incandescent ideology and heartland values in the vein of Ronald Reagan. For 20 years he had labored to keep his country strong and his party pure. 1988 was his time, but his campaign theme needed work. Last January, a gathering of right-wing rhapsodists convened at the candidate's home in McLean, Virginia, and came up with the phrase "Let the bloodbath begin."

Although this slogan strained the canons of negative campaigning, it seemed to grab the chain-saw politics of Patrick J. Buchanan, the Elephant Man of the G.O.P. As an adviser to three presidents, the 49-year-old Buchanan has played his nasty and reckless game in high places at hefty stakes. With plenty of power and thunder on the shadowy right as well as access to the major media, he had a wealthy kamikaze constituency and huge name recognition. But his preposterous proto-candidacy died in the crib. He was too much of a character when character counts in the race for the White House.

The bleeding began 25 years ago.

It was a primal punch thrown from way downtown in the reptilian brain stem of the young and resentful Pat Buchanan. The site was the World Room of the Columbia journalism school; the occasion was a Christmas party for the professors and the class of 1962.

Wildly drunk and mysteriously enraged, Buchanan walked over to Kim Willenson, now international managing editor of UPI, and without telegraphing his grievance, socked him hard in the right eyeball. Willenson hit the canvas. They briefly wrestled and shouted obscenities until the dean, Richard Baker, broke them up. Flooring the smartest guy at the school, an arrogant pinko from Madison, Wisconsin, meant Christmas *in excelsis* to the kooky Georgetown bruiser whose boyhood idols were Joe McCarthy and Generalissimo Francisco Franco. Not the least embarrassed by his thick mick manners, Buchanan exulted through the night, hydrating his hangover with a case of Pepsi back at the International House.

Although the fight is the most legend-

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PAINTING BY ED SOREL



any event in the annals of the journalism school, the story behind the story has never been told. What really made Pat Buchanan go berserk? Was it sex or politics? Even Willenson does not know for sure.

"I was talking to a date, and suddenly he came over to me and knocked me down with a blind-side punch," Willenson said on the telephone from Montevideo. "I took the girl out a few times. Her name was Phyllis. She was an Italian from Brooklyn and she dropped out second semester. We may have done a little smooching, but that's all. It did not occur to me that Pat was interested, because Phyllis wasn't his type. He goes for blondes."

Willenson prefers the political angle. His lefty parents actually picketed Buchanan's favorite senator in Wisconsin. As the most liberal member of the class, which, incidentally, included the future Sandinista foreign minister, Miguel Descoto, Willenson frequently crossed antlers with Buchanan, who dared to outrage JFK lovers around campus with expressions of admiration for the outré John Birch Society and American Nazi party founder George Lincoln Rockwell. His graduate thesis on Canadian-Cuban trade zinged our northern ally for doing traitorous business with Castro. "Canada is in effect selling an oxygen tent to the suffocating Cuban economy while Sino-Soviet surgeons proceed with their economic face-lifting," he observed in vivid imitation of William Buckley, his rhetorical hero.

Don Oliver, NBC News West Coast correspondent, was Buchanan's reactionary sidekick at Columbia. He recalls that he may have triggered the TKO that shook the Ivy League. When the kegs ran dry, he and Willenson left the party to buy reinforcements down on Broadway. During the trip, they had words. Oliver cannot retrieve the details, but he remembers informing Buchanan upon return that he (Oliver) ought to take a pop at the SOB. Within moments, Willenson had a contusion in the cornea.

Oliver eagerly accompanied Buchanan on liberal-baiting expeditions. "We felt great delight in sitting around having coffee in John Jay dormitory discussing the advantages of fallout shelters," he attests. "We did it to stir up trouble and have people say, 'Who are those conservative assholes?'"

When the size of Buchanan's collegiate credentials was questioned, he reached for his wallet and uncorked a cum laude Georgetown transcript. His sensitivity extended as far as his footwear—he decked a wise guy at the West End Cafe for derisively referring to his saddle shoes as spats.

Despite his extremism, Buchanan seemed to be more popular than Willenson. After the victim of the yuletide rumble sported an eye patch in class, several fellows started wearing patches of their own. Dean Baker was not amused

by the joke, but he was accustomed to Buchanan's kidding around. In the beginning of the semester, the dean led an exercise on obituaries and wedding announcements in Reporting and Writing I. The students had to work up a standard dispatch based on the barest facts. For example, a handout from a Manhattan gallery concerned the recent nuptial of Mr. Jones, a 57-year-old art dealer, who had eloped to Elkton, Maryland, with a 21-year-old miss from the Art Students League. When the dean passed back the assignment, he singled out one for its philistinism. "Every year," he said, "somebody writes the following lead: 'Mr. Jones went to Elkton, Maryland, yesterday to add a new piece to his collection.'" The dean did not expose the offender, but Buchanan eventually owned up to Oliver.

Buchanan was not a smoothie with the ladies of '62, yet he charmed the argyles off Rosary Hill College's Karen Brady. "I've

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Buchanan became  
the most influential supporter  
of a campaign by  
Eastern European émigré  
groups to close  
down the O.S.I.—the only  
government arm that  
hunts the Nazis among us.  
”

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never met anyone like Pat," she says nostalgically from her desk at the *Buffalo Evening News*. "I was crazy about him. Our identical Irish Catholic heritage drew us together." Although the romance failed to flower, Brady remains fascinated by the fantasy. "It's remarkable. Pat still has the same face and the same opinions. Nothing he's ever done has surprised me. He was always caught up in cosmic things. He didn't care what he wore or what he ate. There was no such thing as going too far for Pat."

As for the fisticuffs, Brady rejects the sexual analysis. She vaguely recalls that Buchanan called Willenson a "dirty commie" or some facsimile while they flailed at each other.

The imbroglio that will not die resurfaced at the 25th reunion last May, when the pair sat at the same banquet table along with Don Oliver. Penn T. Kimball, the only professor from the old days in attendance, brought up the violent encounter and asked the two parties to come clean. Willenson rose from his chair and graciously commented, "We're all too drunk to remember why it happened." Everybody laughed, even the aggressor,

who has never apologized for his unbecoming sucker punch.

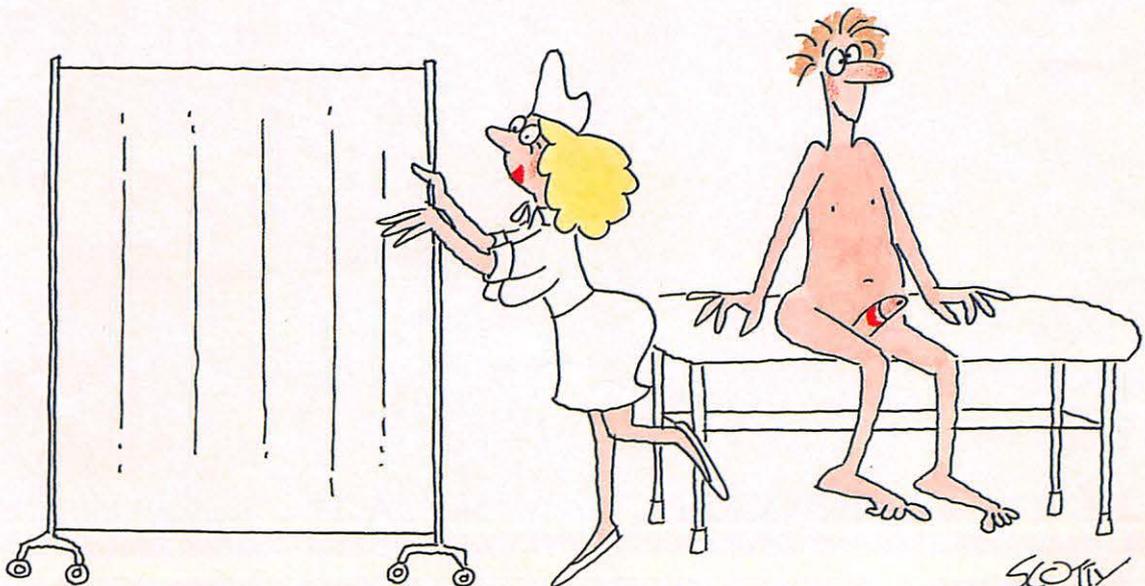
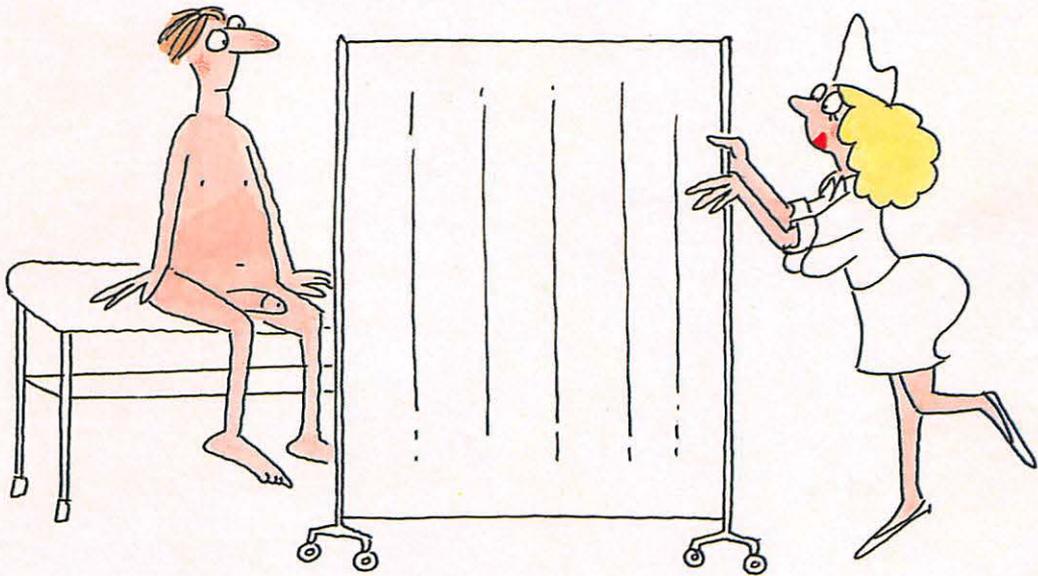
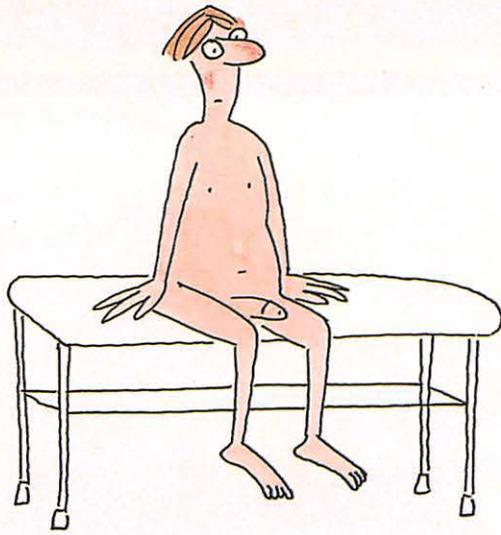
The boozing, brawling, and Birchism progressed in St. Louis, the first stop in Buchanan's sensational postgraduate career. Rejected by *The Washington Post* and the *National Review*, he landed a reporter's job with the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* and quickly shifted to more congenial duties on the editorial page. Denny Walsh, another Hibernian newsman on the *Globe-Democrat*, was Buchanan's roomie and best friend. Walsh admired his colleague's unusual sense of security. "Pat had total faith in himself, which led him to conclude that whatever he did was ultimately for the good," Walsh says. "He read to learn, but he felt very few thinkers could teach him anything."

The new master of journalism continued to educate with his mitts, especially when he was out hoisting with Walsh. "Pat held his liquor well, but I doubt we missed many days drinking. There were times at Café Louis when he deliberately provoked somebody into taking a swing, and then he'd knock him down." Even priests got no respect. A Jesuit from St. Louis University tried to needle Buchanan's reactionary reflexes by sarcastically supposing in debate that Buchanan wanted to impeach Earl Warren, according to the Birchite slogan of the era. The rookie editorialist replied, "I think he should be hanged."

Clearly, the early Buchanan resembled the late Buchanan in his priapic politics. The same twists of intellect and personality that entangled him in Washington scandals and kept a hot poker up the establishment during his maturity were also active in his wonder years.

The conventional explanation for Buchanan's teratoid world view lies in family history. He grew up in the fifties with eight brothers and sisters in an ideologically wired household in Chevy Chase, Maryland. His father was a successful CPA who vigilantly tallied up the atrocities of satanic Communism and the leftist press while talking up Fatima, Flag, and Falangism. Under his dad's programming, little Pat eroticized Korean War maps published in the daily papers and grooved on the cold-war columns of Westbrook Pegler and George Sokolsky. Just as some boys who wear their sisters' dresses eventually turn up transsexual, the impressionable young Buchanan was similarly bent forever toward unnatural tastes in geopolitics.

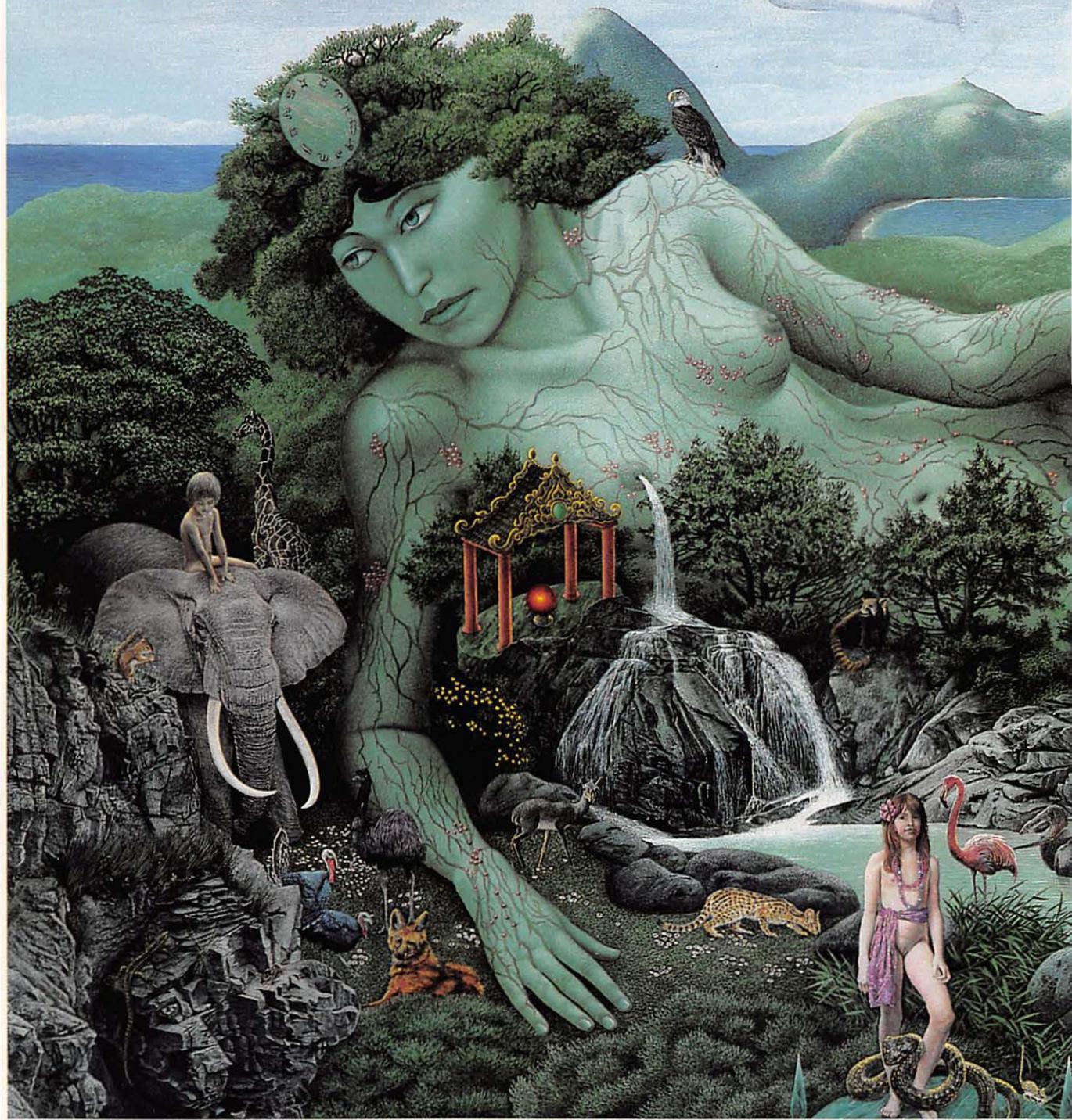
A New Age interpretation of Buchanan's *ninja* style of life rests on channeling. Could it be, if Shirley MacLaine can be trusted on this psychic phenomenon, the mean spirit of Joe McCarthy speaks directly through his apparent heir? The parallels are eerie. McCarthy was a big drinker and a big bully who once wheeled around in a Washington cloakroom and sneak-attacked commentator Drew Pearson with two knee lifts to the groin. McCarthy's enemies also became Bu-



SCOTT

# PIERRE LACOMBE

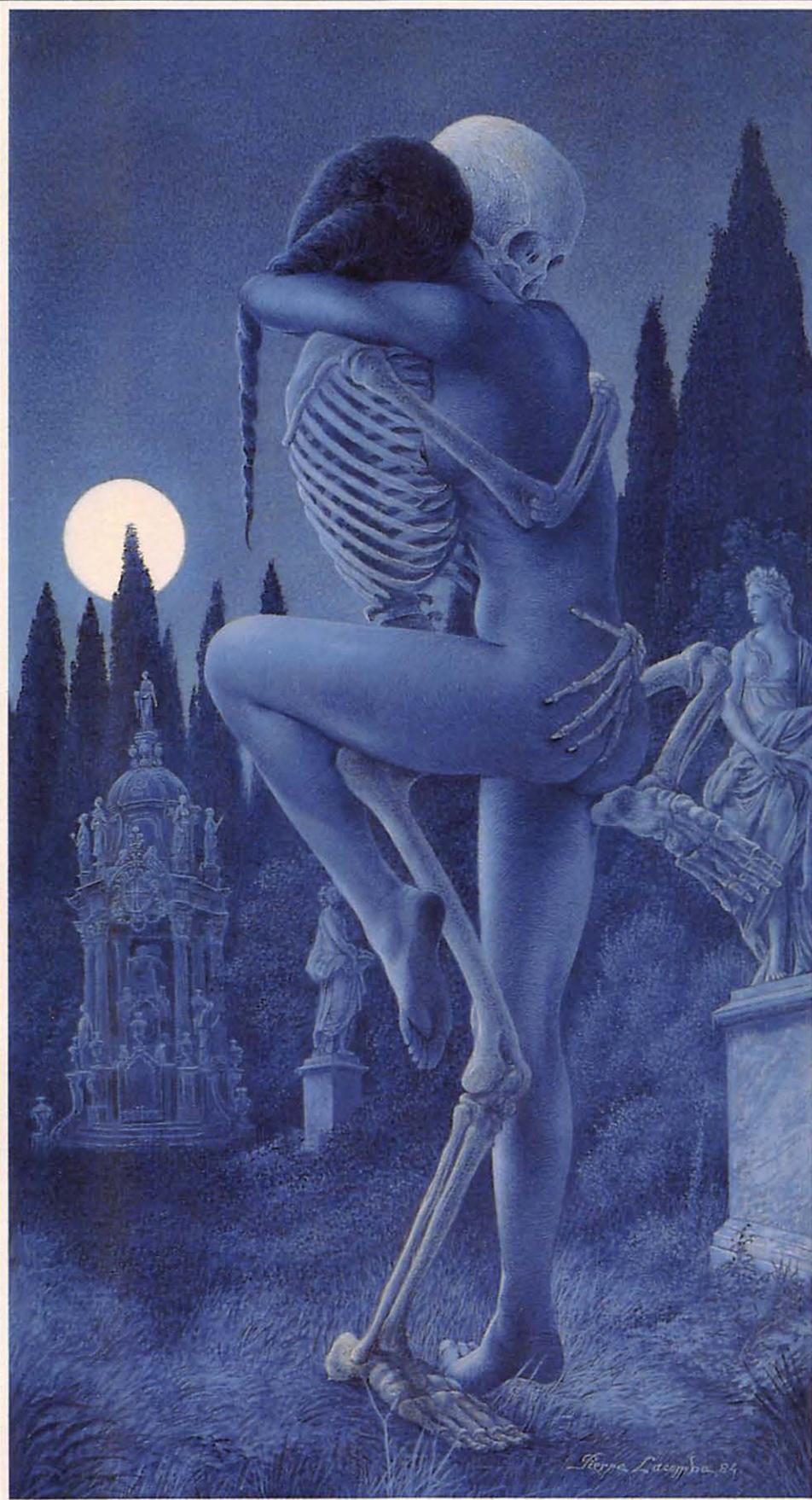
Armed with his imagination and a variety of crayons, pens, paints, and airbrush, French artist Pierre Lacombe has been creating provocative images since 1969. Inspired by such romantics as Caspar David Friedrich, Lacombe understands the primal power in pictures of women surrounded by nature. "I often paint two women together," he says.







Greek mythology provides Lacombe with many images. "In ancient Greek culture, things are seen from the point of view of sexuality and spirituality. There, sex is normal and simple, and even homosexuality is accepted and a part of life."







Myths in which women become  
immortal through the love of metamorphosed  
gods fascinate Lacombe.  
"I'm not interested in human men. Women paired  
with them is simply too banal."



Lacombe's version of  
*Gulliver's Travels* has a comic twist.  
This is cockfighting in the  
truest sense of the word. "I'm not trying  
to shock people with my  
subjects," he says. "I do this for myself."



"I spend a lot of time drawing young women," the artist tells us. "It's a natural beauty that I try to capture. Not that older women aren't pure. but with young girls it's so innocent."



Anticipating the future and searching for new subject matter, Lacombe's work at times borders on "fantastic art." "I'm leaning toward science fiction of a vegetal, poetic nature," he says, "not an art mired in modern technology."





placing the word *slave* in what they were beginning to consider a sacred document. Men spoke urgently against using the word, but none gave the honest reason: that it would be totally improper to defile a document dedicated to freedom with a word which demonstrated that a large portion of the persons covered were not free.

On the night it was decided, Simon Starr wrote in his notes:

*How shameful the circumlocutions we resorted to. Imported blacks from Africa are not slaves. They are "such Persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit." We were afraid to say simply "Fugitive slaves shall be returned to bondage," for the words were too ugly to hear. Instead, we devised this beautiful evasion: "No Person held to Service or Labour in one State, under the Laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in Consequence of any Law or Regulation therein, be discharged from such Service or Labour, but shall be delivered up on Claim of the Party to whom such Service or Labour may be due." What in the world do such words mean? What crimes do they mask?*

Simon was not proud of himself or his colleagues that night.

On Monday, 17 September 1787, 41 tired but happy delegates met for the last time in the hall that housed their debate. Armed guards still kept away inquisitive strangers, for the pledge of secrecy taken so long ago had been preserved right up to these final moments, and there was an air of excitement and anticipation as men told one another: "I think we'll finish today."

When the session began General Washington astonished everyone by making his first and only speech of the Convention. On all previous days he had sat in silent grandeur as the storms of argument swirled about him, but now he rose to support a motion that membership in the lower house be made more widely democratic, one representative to every 30,000 population instead of to every 40,000.

Wrote Madison later: "No opposition was made to the proposition, and it was agreed to unanimously." Washington had a way of enforcing unanimity.

But now came a most painful moment, for as the delegates prepared to cast the momentous vote which would determine the future of their nation, it became apparent that three of the finest, ablest and most intelligent members of the Convention would refuse to sign.

In an impassioned cry from the heart, Alexander Hamilton pleaded with the three not to abstain: "No man's ideas are more

remote from the plan than mine are known to be. But is it possible to deliberate between anarchy and convulsion on the one side and the chance of good to be expected from the plan on the other?" He begged the delegates to join with him and sign the document unanimously.

His plea was futile. Edmund Randolph of Virginia, Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts and, to the amazement of all, George Mason of Virginia refused to sign, and not even an ardent plea from Dr. Franklin, read by James Wilson, caused them to change their minds.

Forty-one men were in the chamber that morning, three refused to sign, but 39 did. How was that possible? John Dickinson of Delaware had had to leave Philadelphia early, but was so desirous of launching a new government that his fellow delegate from Delaware, George Read, was allowed to execute his proxy.

That night James Madison, still scratching away on his personal journal,

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On the question of returning runaway slaves to their bondage, the South won. The Constitution required this shameful act to be done.

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penned one of the loveliest paragraphs in American history:

*Whilst the last members were signing, Doctor Franklin, looking toward the President's chair, at the back of which a rising sun happened to be painted, observed to a few members near him that painters had found it difficult to distinguish in their art, a rising, from a setting, sun. I have, said he, often and often, in the course of the session, and the vicissitudes of hopes and fears as to its issue, looked at that image behind the President, without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting; but now at length I have the happiness to know, that it is a radiantly rising, and not a setting, sun.*

Those were the last words that Madison would write in his journal, and as he worked, the rest of the delegates traipsed over to the City Tavern for a night of feasting, drinking and good-fellowship.

The nation did not rush to embrace the Constitution painstakingly designed by my ancestor Simon Starr and his 38 associates. It had been agreed that for it to

go into effect, nine states would have to ratify it, but since cantankerous Rhode Island still steadfastly refused to have anything to do with it, that meant nine out of 12. If only four rejected it, the vast labor would go for naught.

The chronology was frighteningly slow. The finished document was presented to the nation in September 1787. The ninth state to ratify, New Hampshire, did not do so until June 1788. The new government was finally put into place with the inauguration of General Washington as president on 30 April 1789.

Simon Starr made a significant contribution to ratification during the extremely close contest in Massachusetts, where veterans of Shays' Rebellion harangued the voters with grave condemnations of the proposed Constitution:

*It was written by rich men for the protection of their wealth. They keep their slaves. The western lands on which so many of them gambled jump in value, making them all richer still. Their manufactures are protected, and every article in the document favors them and oppresses us. The poor farmer gets no relief, so the Constitution by rich men for the rich should be rejected.*

Friends of the Constitution, grasping for every vote, invited Simon Starr to participate in its defense as the son of the patriot Jared Starr, who had died in Massachusetts defending strong government.

Like his father before him, he jumped at the chance to help in the North, and at a gathering in Boston he boldly rebutted the opponents:

*I own slaves, and I must confess that the proposed Constitution protects me in that ownership. I possess a few shares in a gamble on western lands, and if you ratify, those lands will grow in value. And I have other small interests of the nation at large. This is what we strove to accomplish in Philadelphia, the improvement of all for the benefit of all, and I think we achieved it.*

*Of course, I'm aware that everything we did strengthened my personal holdings, but at the time of voting, that personal interest was never foremost in my mind. Nor was it in the minds of others. We were 39 ordinary men, no more honest nor dishonest than any like 39 that you could find. We labored only to build a strong, new nation able to guide and protect itself, and I think we did just that. Please accept our work. Ratify it and we shall all prosper.*

In a close vote, 187 to 168, Massachusetts became the sixth state to ratify the Constitution. The logjam was broken, and when three more states followed—Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire—the new nation was put upon the right track. 

# GROSS PROPHETS

SATIRE BY BILL LEE



*Prayer and orgasm* are the last two things you do before going to sleep. So it stands to reason that these (all-too-human) acts could combine to bring about the downfall of those who *net* big bucks on the former and secretly *gross* out on the latter. Media ministers are going down the tube these days for their sexual transgressions; they appear to have forgotten that, in the God racket, the Second Coming relates to Him, not us.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT ABOUT COMING OUT OF THE PULPIT ???



P.T.O.

Praise The Orgasm...

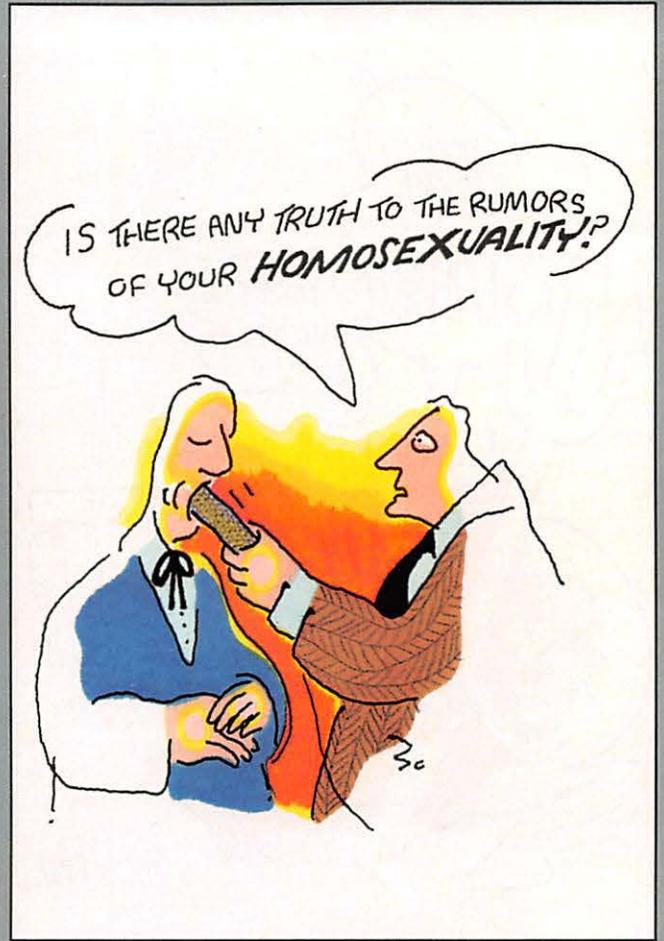


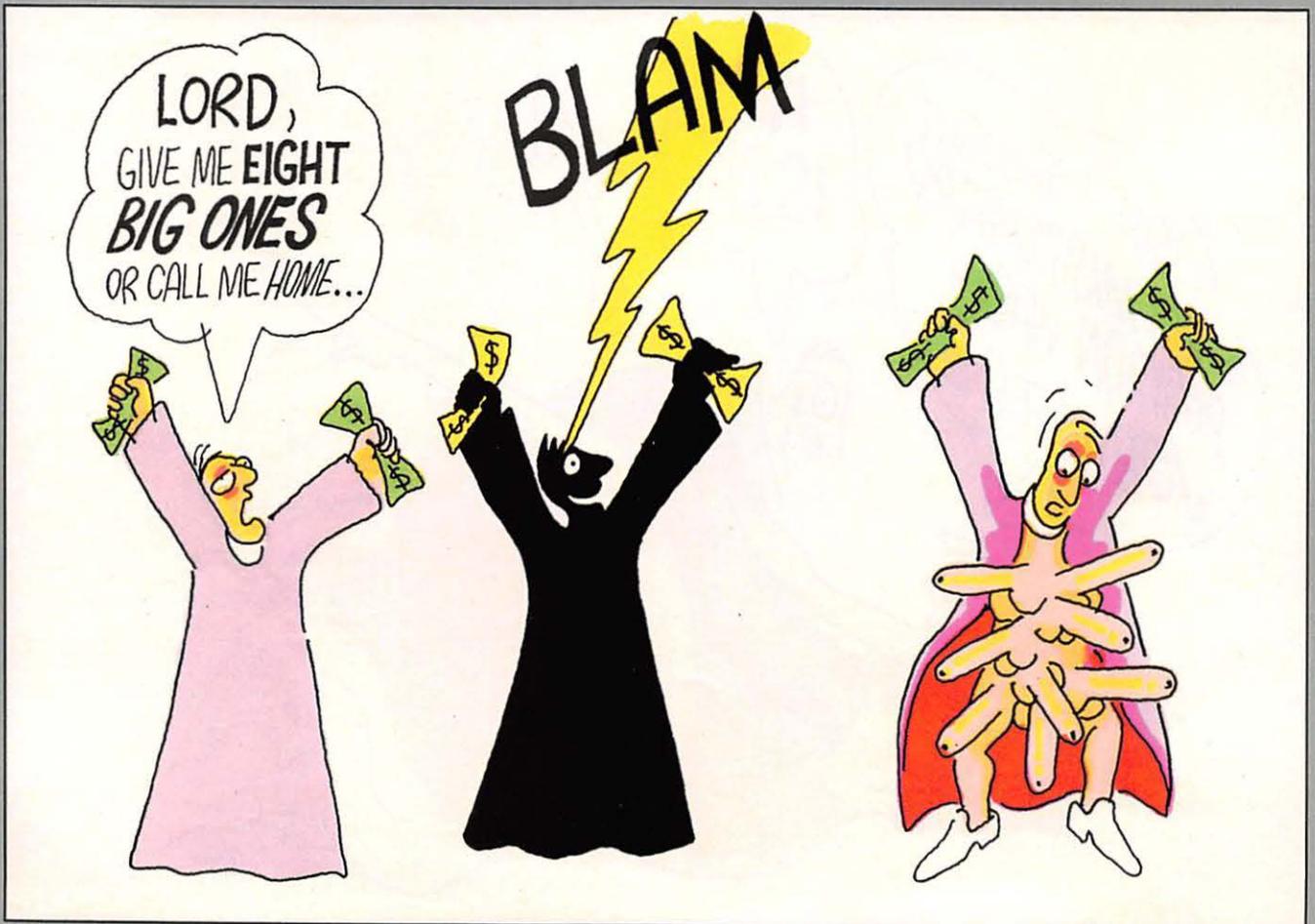
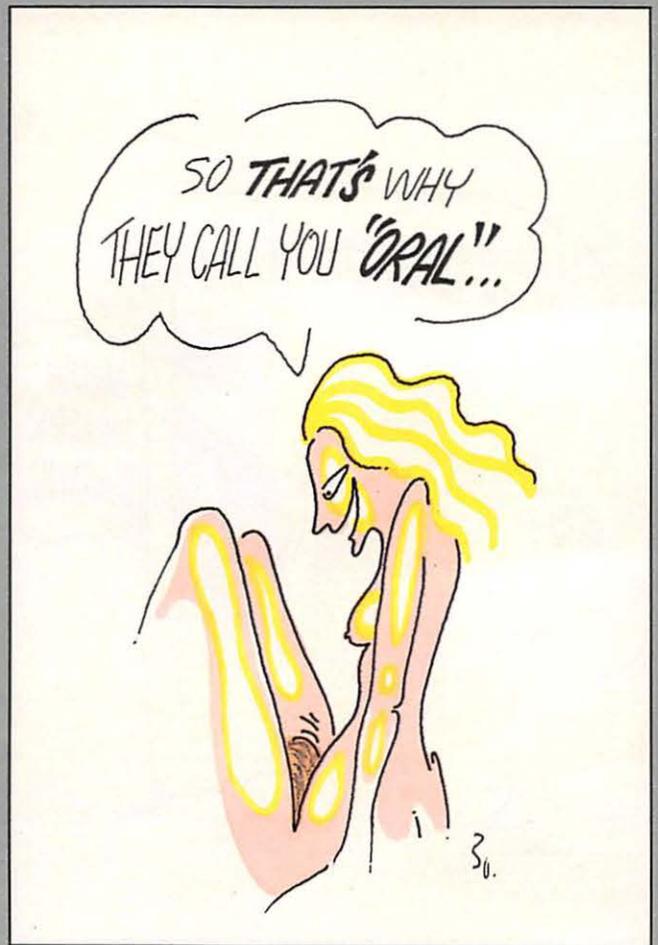
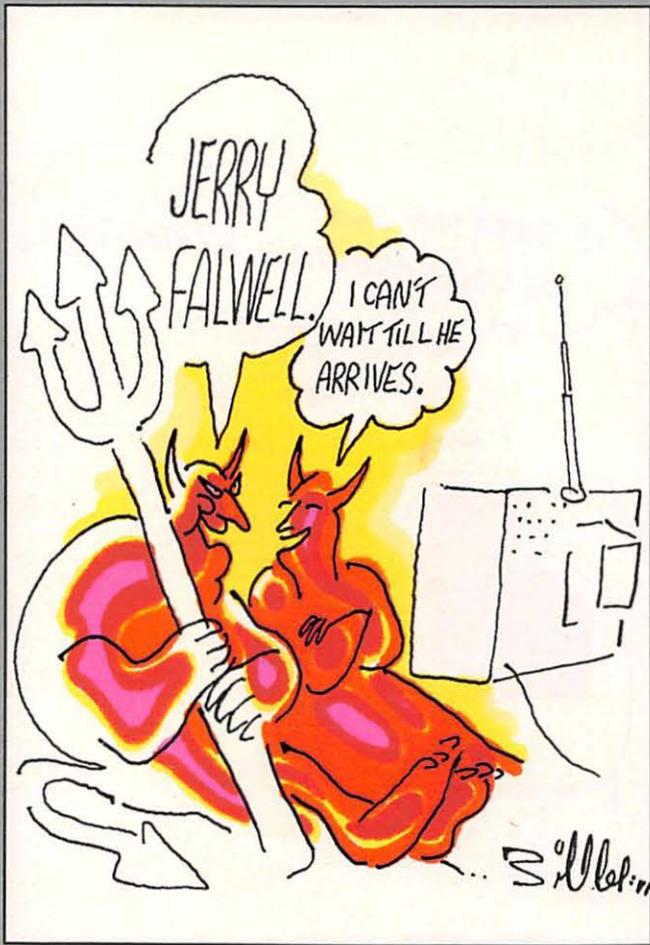
HEAL, OH LORD,  
HEAL...

BUT THAT'S NOT MY ARM...

BUT HE'S SUPPOSED TO HEAL YOUR ARM...









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S. O'Leary

# GUINEA PIGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

• During the late 1950s, at Columbia Presbyterian and Montefiore hospitals in New York, 12 terminal-cancer patients were injected with radioactive calcium and strontium.

These experiments, and others recently uncovered, raise, in Markey's words, "horrifying questions." "Did government agencies fund or sponsor programs which crossed the line that no scientific research can ever be permitted to traverse? Did American scientists mimic the kind of demented human experiments conducted by the Nazis?" Unfortunately, the answer to Markey's questions seems to be yes.

The nuclear medical experiments fell into two general categories. In the first group, human subjects were injected or fed radioactive material, in order that its passage through the body could be monitored. The major objective of these experiments was to compare the physiological reactions with computer-generated mathematical models that estimate the effect of various doses of radiation on the body.

As the Markey Report comments, "Although these experiments did provide information on the retention and absorption of radioactive material by the human body, the experiments are nonetheless repugnant, because human subjects were essentially used as guinea pigs and calibration devices."

In the second group of experiments, radioactive material was actually intended to cause damage to the human body, and the "experimenters sought to correlate the amount of damage done with the dose received." In many of the experiments, the human subjects were captive populations or groups of individuals that "experimenters might frighten by having considered expendable: the elderly, prisoners, and hospital patients. . . . In other experiments the subjects were volunteers, but they were willing guinea pigs nonetheless."

For many of the subjects, informed consent was not obtained. And in a number of cases, as the Markey Report makes clear, "the government covered up the nature of the experiments and deceived the families of deceased victims as to what had transpired."

There is a chilling lack of humanity in the Department of Energy documents reporting these experiments. For example:

• "Category 1.001, No. 1. Subjects were diagnosed as terminal within ten years; one subject was a child; no evidence of informed consent; potential doses of radiation much greater than occupational limits."

• "Category 1.003, No. 119. Subjects were hospital patients; some doses of radiation produced kidney damage."

• "Category 11.001, No. 173. Radioac-

tive iodine was intentionally released into the environment."

The details beyond the category and number classifications are even less reassuring. Just what does "Category 1.001, No. 1" mean? In the body of the text, we read under the heading "Plutonium Injections Into Humans" that between 1945 and 1947, 18 patients were injected with plutonium. These projects were carried out by the Manhattan Project, a consortium of American scientists and military and government officials that gave us the atomic bomb. A number of well-known hospitals were involved, including Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester, New York; Billings Hospital, University of Chicago; and University Hospital, University of California, San Francisco.

The rationale for this experiment was that accurate information was needed on the retention and excretion of "internally deposited plutonium" so the researchers could set safety standards. The infor-

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The Atomic Energy Commission intentionally released radioactive iodine on seven separate occasions. Human subjects were purposely exposed during three of them.

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mation was supposedly needed because workers at the Manhattan Project handled plutonium, and safety criteria had to be established. Animal experiments had produced conflicting data that could not be extrapolated for humans.

All right, if you are going to conduct experiments on humans, then *who* do you choose to inject with the deadly radioactive plutonium? The original criteria, according to the Markey Report, specified that subjects "should be older, with relatively short life expectancies." Yet all subjects chosen were diagnosed as having diseases that gave them an expected survival rate of up to ten years. Most of the subjects were over 45, but one was only five years old. Another was 18. The oldest subject was only 68.

The quantities of plutonium injected ranged up to "98 times the body burden value recognized" as lethal. In a 1974 A.E.C. investigation, it was determined that informed consent had not been obtained from the subjects.

The government was not unaware of the consequences of their actions. Verbal games, misrepresentations, and outright lies were employed in an effort to

avoid unfavorable publicity. One of the first steps was to forbid the use of certain words, such as "plutonium."

In a memo circulated at the Argonne National Laboratory, the following instructions were spelled out: "Please note that outside of the 'Center for Human Radiobiology' we will *never* use the word *plutonium* in regard to these cases. 'These individuals are of interest to us because they may have received a radioactive material at some time' is the kind of statement to be made, if we need to say anything at all."

Obviously, if any patients were still alive when this memo was written, they were not informed that they had been injected with plutonium by their government. At best, they might have been told that "they may have received a radioactive material at some time" in their past. Relatives of deceased patients were told that exhumation of the patients' bodies was necessary to determine "the composition of an 'unknown' mixture of injected radioactive isotopes." The families were informed that these injections were part of an "experimental treatment for the patient's disease." A statement, according to the Markey Report, that was not true.

In another experiment with radioactive substances that took place from 1946 to 1947, six patients with good kidney function were "injected in increasing doses with uranium nitrate, enriched in U-234 and U-235." The objective of this experiment was to determine the dose of uranium salt that would produce kidney injury and to measure the rate of excretion of uranium salts. The experiment, an A.E.C. project, was carried out at the University of Rochester, New York.

A later study by the A.E.C. stated that "human subjects received no medical benefits from these experiments, and in fact the treatment seemed designed to induce kidney injury in at least one patient." It was recognized at the time that uranium salts could damage the kidney; the experimenters "planned to identify the concentration that would produce 'just detectable renal injury.'"

The subjects were chosen from a body of hospital patients. Those selected had normal kidney function. One was in the hospital because of rheumatoid arthritis and urethral strictures. One had pneumonia. Another was a young woman in "fairly good physical condition except for mild chronic undernutrition."

Uranium doses were successively increased with each new patient. The pneumonia patient showed trace amounts of protein in his urine, a sign of kidney dysfunction, on the last day before leaving the hospital. Like the young woman with undernutrition, and the patient with arthritis, this man received no follow-up attention. No one knows exactly how much damage was done to his kidneys. No one knows how the other patients fared with veins full of radioactive plutonium. The summary fact sheet that

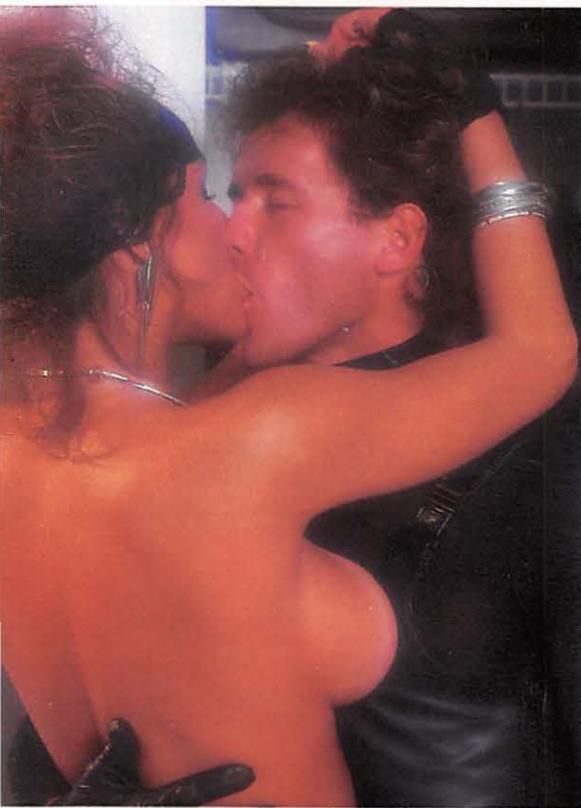
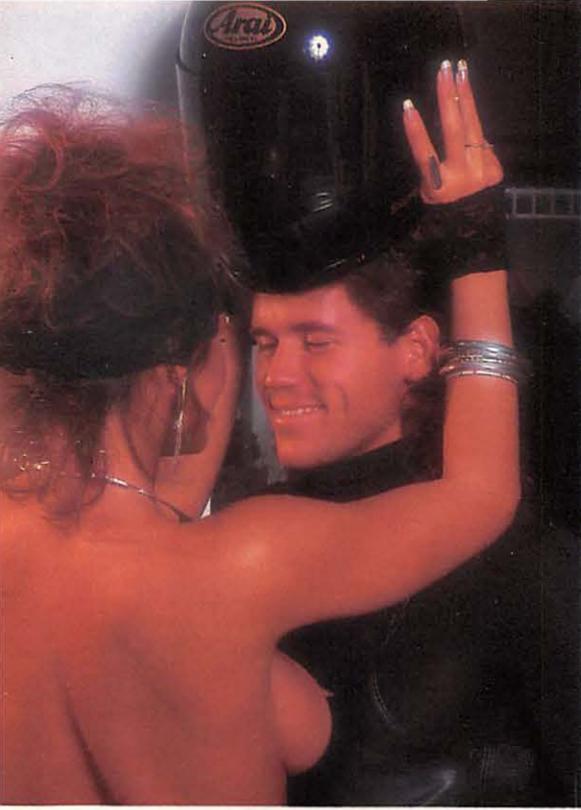
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◌She could feel the  
hunger of his mouth. Her eyes  
closed, and she began  
to hear thunder of a different sort.◉

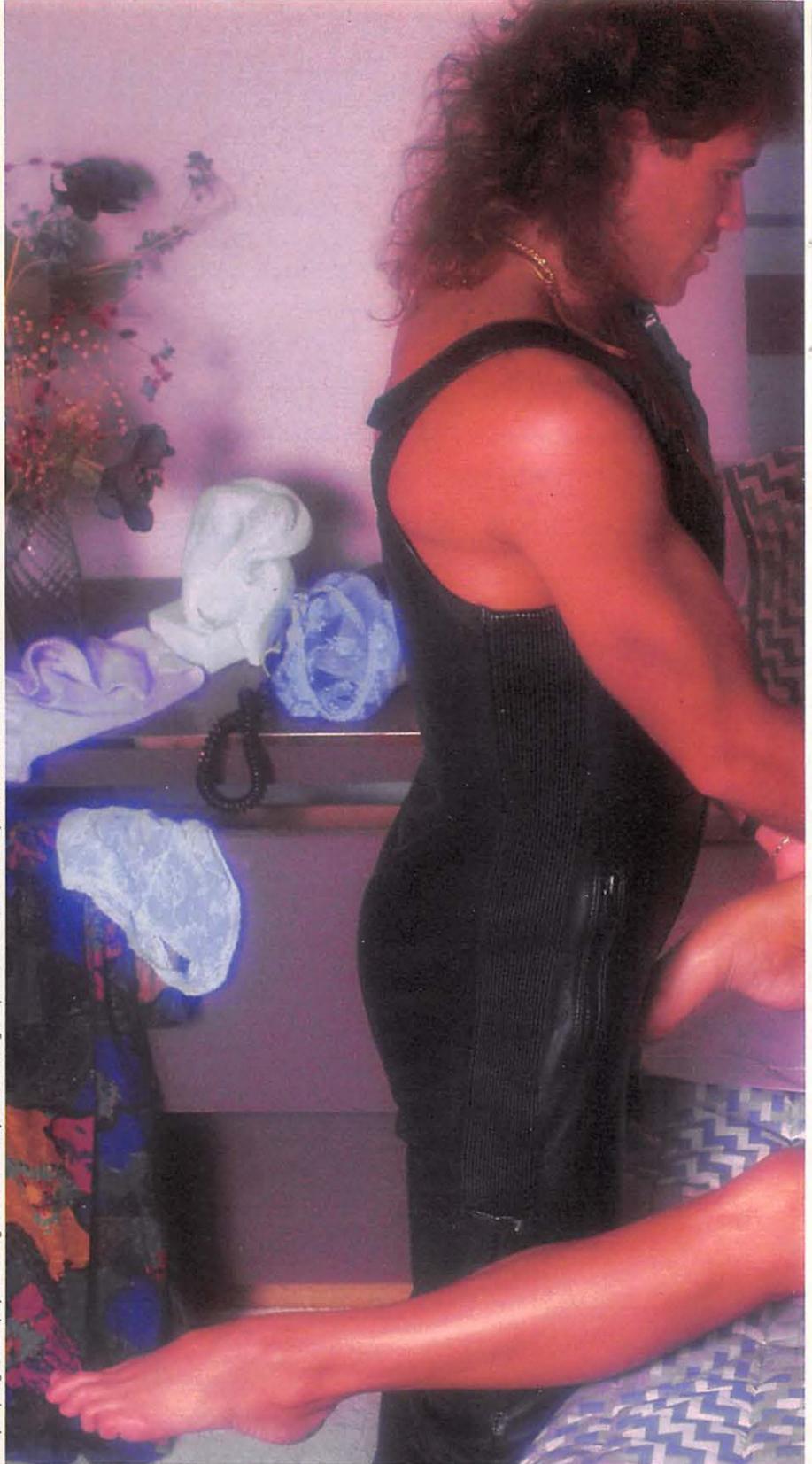


# MELISSA AND MATT

PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY EARL MILLER



Hair by Tony Singer, makeup by Robert Bolger, location courtesy of Woodvale Mgt. Corp., Tamarac, Fla.; helmet courtesy of Yamaha South, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.





Matt liked to sneak up and surprise her, but Melissa heard the Harley nearing like thunder from miles away. She loved it when Matt came to her hot from the road. The heat of the leather, the scent of night, did something to her.





Matt knew exactly what she wanted. He wanted it, too. Melissa, already naked, stripped the warm leather from his body. Revealing flesh that was just as warm, she eased him downward.



She could feel the hunger in his mouth. Her eyes closed, and she began to hear thunder of a different sort. This was the sweet sound of the storm they made together.





Hours  
passed  
without them  
saying a  
word. Too  
soon, he  
would be  
gone again.  
There was  
no time  
for words.

○—■







A preview of the new thriller  
by the author of  
*The Hunt for Red October.*

# PATRIOT GAMES

BY TOM CLANCY

**R**yan was nearly killed twice in half an hour. He left the taxi a few blocks short of his destination. It was a fine, clear day, the sun already low in the blue sky. Ryan had been sitting for hours in a series of straight-back wooden chairs, and he wanted to walk a bit to work the kinks out. Traffic was relatively light on the streets and sidewalks. That surprised him, but he looked forward to the evening rush hour. Clearly these streets had not been laid out with automobiles in mind, and he was sure that the afternoon chaos would be something to behold. Jack Ryan's first impression of London was that it would be a fine town to walk in, and he moved at his usual brisk pace, unchanged since his stint in the Marine Corps, marking time unconsciously by tapping the edge of his clipboard against his leg.

Just short of the corner the traffic disappeared, and he moved to cross the street early. He automatically looked left, right, then left again as he had since childhood, and stepped off the curb—

And was nearly crushed by a two-story red bus that screeched past him with a bare two feet to spare.

"Excuse me, sir," Ryan turned to

see a police officer—they call them constables over here, he reminded himself—in uniform complete to the Mack Sennett hat. "Please do be careful and cross at the corners. You might also mind the painted signs on the pavement to look right or left. We try not to lose too many tourists to the traffic."

"How do you know I'm a tourist?" He would now, from Ryan's accent.

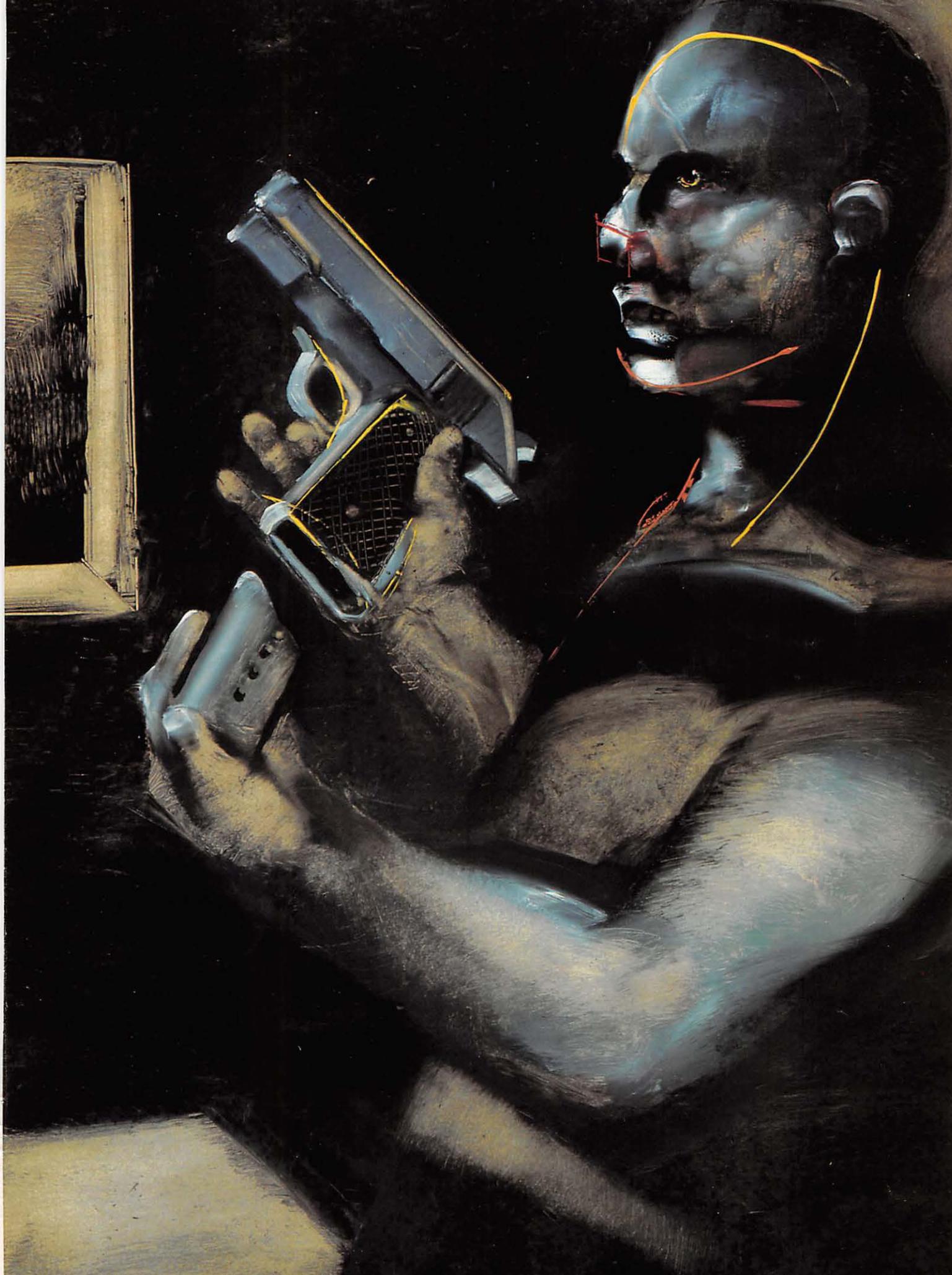
The cop smiled patiently. "Because you looked the wrong way, sir, and you dress like an American. Please be careful, sir. Good day." The bobby moved off with a friendly nod, leaving Ryan to wonder what there was about his brand-new three-piece suit that marked him as an American.

Chastened, he walked to the corner. Painted lettering on the blacktop warned him to LOOK RIGHT, along with an arrow for the dyslexic. He waited for the light to change, and was careful to stay within the painted lines. Jack remembered that he'd have to pay close attention to the traffic, especially when he rented the car Friday. England was one of the last places in the world where the people drove on the wrong side of the road. He was sure it would take some getting used to.

But they did everything else well enough, he thought comfortably, al-

PAINTING BY MARSHAL ARISMAN





ready drawing universal observations one day into his first trip to Britain. Ryan was a practiced observer, and one can draw many conclusions from a few glances. He was walking in a business and professional district. The other people on the sidewalk were better dressed than their American counterparts would be—aside from the punkers with their spiked orange and purple hair, he thought. The architecture here was a hodgepodge ranging from Octavian Augustus to Mies van der Rohe, but most of the buildings had an old, comfortable look that in Washington or Baltimore would long since have been replaced with an unbroken row of new and soulless glass boxes. Both aspects of the town dovetailed nicely with the good manners he'd encountered so far. It was a working vacation for Ryan, but first impressions told him that it would be a very pleasant one nonetheless.

There were a few jarring notes. Many people seemed to be carrying umbrellas. Ryan had been careful to check the day's weather forecast before setting out on his research trip. A fair day had been accurately predicted—in fact it had been called a hot day, though temperatures were only in the upper sixties. A warm day for this time of year, to be sure, but "hot"? Jack wondered if they called it Indian summer here. Probably not. Why the umbrellas, though? Didn't people trust the local weather service? Was that how the cop knew I was an American?

Another thing he ought to have antici-

pated was the plethora of Rolls-Royces on the streets. He hadn't seen more than a handful in his entire life, and while the streets were not exactly crowded with them, there were quite a few. He himself usually drove around in a five-year-old VW Rabbit. Ryan stopped at a newsstand to purchase a copy of *The Economist*, and had to fumble with the change from his cab fare for several seconds in order to pay the patient dealer, who doubtless also had him pegged for a Yank. He paged through the magazine instead of watching where he was going as he went down the street, and presently found himself halfway down the wrong block. Ryan stopped dead and thought back to the city map he'd inspected before leaving the hotel. One thing Jack could not do was remember street names, but he had a photographic memory for maps. He walked to the end of the block, turned left, proceeded two blocks, then right, and sure enough there was St. James's Park. Ryan checked his watch; he was 15 minutes early. It was downhill past the monument to a Duke of York, and he crossed the street near a longish building of white marble.

Yet another pleasant thing about London was the profusion of green spaces. The park looked big enough, and he could see that the grass was tended with care. The whole autumn must have been unseasonably warm. The trees still bore plenty of leaves. Not many people around, though. Well, he shrugged, it's Wednes-

day. Middle of the week, the kids were all in school, and it was a normal business day. So much the better, he thought. He'd deliberately come over after the tourist season. Ryan did not like crowds. The Marine Corps had taught him that, too.

"Daddee!" Ryan's head snapped around to see his little daughter running toward him from behind a tree, heedless as usual of her safety. Sally arrived with her customary thump against her tall father. Also as usual, Cathy Ryan trailed behind, never quite able to keep up with their little white tornado. Jack's wife did look like a tourist. Her Canon 35mm camera was draped over one shoulder, along with the camera case that doubled as an oversized purse when they were on vacation.

"How'd it go, Jack?"

Ryan kissed his wife. Maybe the Brits don't do that in public either, he thought. "Great, babe. They treated me like I owned the place. Got all my notes tucked away." He tapped his clipboard. "Didn't you get anything?" Cathy laughed.

"The shops here deliver." She smiled in a way that told him she'd parted with a fairish bit of the money they had allocated for shopping. "And we got something really nice for Sally."

"Oh?" Jack bent over to look his daughter in the eye.

"It's a surprise, Daddy." The little girl twisted and giggled like a true four-year-old. She pointed to the park. "Daddy, they got a lake with swans and peccalins!"

"Uh-huh," Ryan observed. He looked up to his wife. "Get any good pictures?"

Cathy patted her camera. "Oh, sure. London is already Canonized—or would you prefer that we spent the whole day shopping?"

"Ha!" Ryan looked down the street. The pavement here was reddish, not black, and the road was lined with what looked like beech trees. The Mall, wasn't it? He couldn't remember, and would not ask his wife, who'd been to London many times. The palace was larger than he'd expected, but it seemed a dour building, 300 yards away, hidden behind a marble monument of some sort. Traffic was a little thicker here, but moved briskly. "What do we do for dinner?"

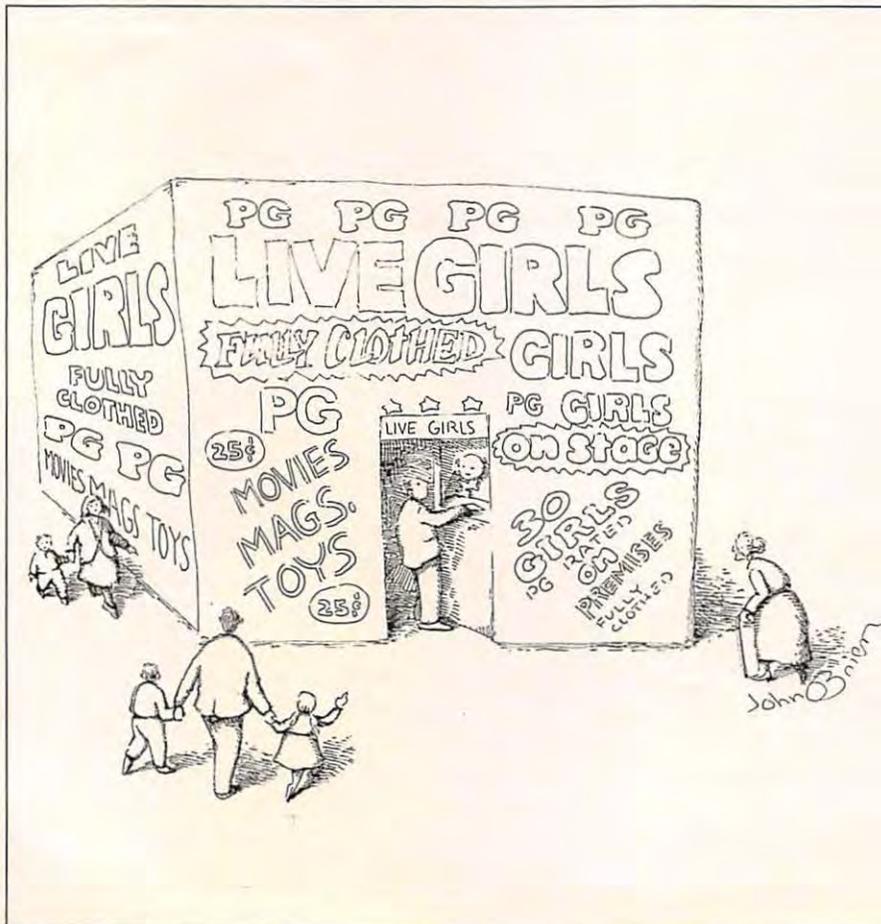
"Catch a cab back to the hotel?" She looked at her watch. "Or we can walk."

"They're supposed to have a good dining room. Still early, though. These civilized places make you wait until eight or nine." He saw another Rolls go by in the direction of the palace.

He was looking forward to dinner, though not really to having Sally there. Four-year-olds and four-star restaurants didn't go well together. Brakes squealed off to his left. He wondered if the hotel had a baby-sitting—

Boom!

Ryan jumped at the sound of an explosion not 30 yards away. *Grenade*, something in his mind reported. He sensed the whispering sound of fragments in the air



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette  
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Also Available in  
Lights & Menthol Kings,  
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# Richland, USA

Suggested retail price of Richland 25's is the same as that of regular price 20's.

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and a moment later heard the chatter of automatic weapons fire. He spun around to see the Rolls turned crooked in the street. The front end seemed lower than it should be, and its path was blocked by a black sedan. There was a man standing at its right front fender, firing an AK-47 rifle into the front end, and another man was racing around to the car's left rear.

"Get down!" Ryan grabbed his daughter's shoulder and forced her to the ground behind a tree, yanking his wife roughly down beside her. A dozen cars were stopped raggedly behind the Rolls, none closer than 50 feet, and these shielded his family from the line of fire. Traffic on the far side was blocked by the sedan. The man with the Kalashnikov was spraying the Rolls for all he was worth.

"Sonuvabitch!" Ryan kept his head up, scarcely able to believe what he saw. "It's the goddamned I.R.A.—they're killing somebody right—" Ryan moved slightly to his left. His peripheral vision took in the faces of people up and down the street, turning and staring, in each face the black circle of a shock-opened mouth. *This is really happening!* he thought, *right in front of me, just like that, just like some Chicago gangster movie. Two bastards are committing murder. Right here. Right now. Just like that.* "Son of a bitch!"

Ryan moved farther left, screened by a stopped car. Covered by its front fender,

he could see one man standing at the left rear of the Rolls, just standing there, his pistol hand extended as though expecting someone to bolt from the passenger door. The bulk of the Rolls screened Ryan from the AK gunner, who was crouched down to control his weapon. The near gunman had his back to Ryan. He was no more than 50 feet away. He didn't move, concentrating on the passenger door. His back was still turned. Ryan would never remember making any conscious decision.

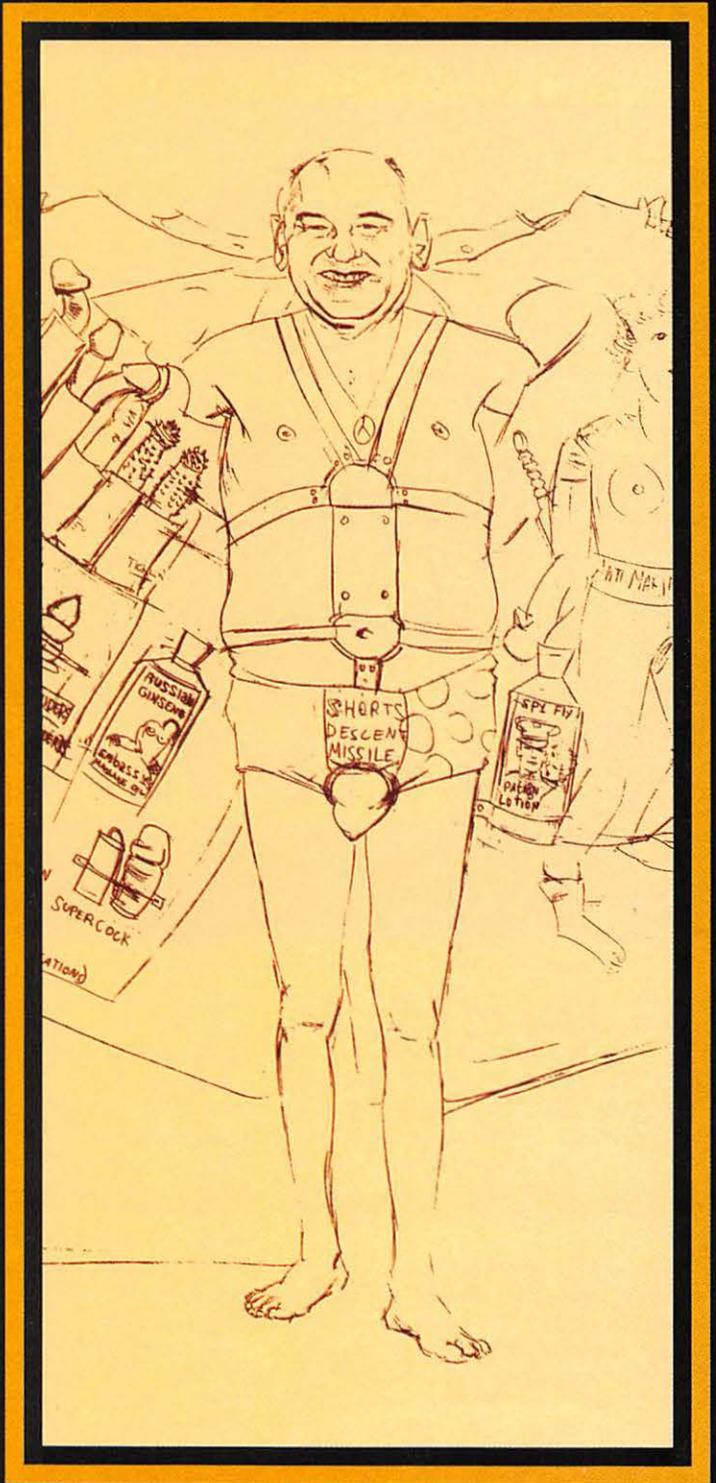
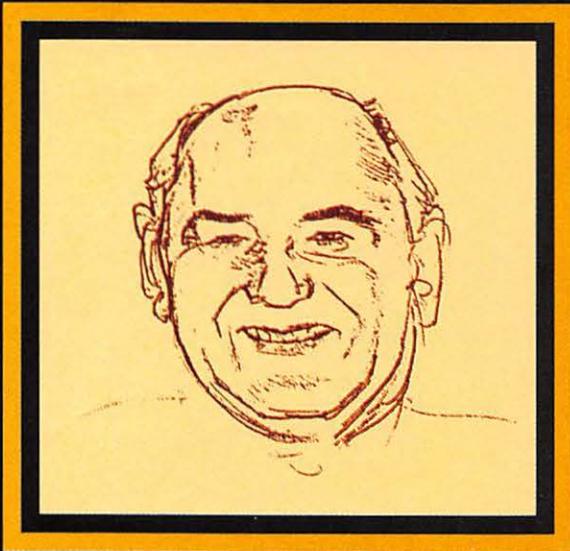
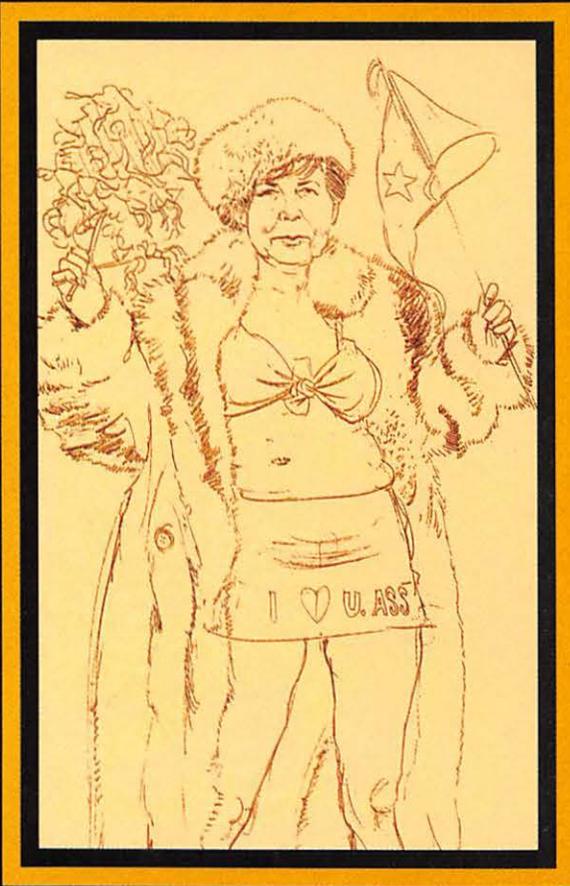
He moved quickly around the stopped car, head down, keeping low and accelerating rapidly, his eyes locked on his target—the small of the man's back—just as he'd been taught in high school football. It took only a few seconds to cover the distance, with Ryan's mind reaching out, willing the man to stay dumb just a moment longer. At five feet Ryan lowered his shoulder and drove off both legs. His coach would have been proud.

The blind-side tackle caught the gunman perfectly. His back bent like a bow and Ryan heard bones snap as his victim pitched forward and down. A satisfying *klonk* told him that the man's head had bounced off the bumper on the way to the pavement. Ryan got up instantly—winded but full of adrenaline—and crouched beside the body. The man's pistol had dropped from his hand and lay beside the body. Ryan grabbed it. It was

an automatic of some sort he had never handled. It looked like a 9mm Makarov or some other East Bloc military issue. The hammer was back and the safety off. He fitted the gun carefully in his right hand—his left hand didn't seem to be working right, but Ryan ignored that. He looked down at the man he'd just tackled and shot him once in the hip. Then he brought the gun up to eye level and moved to the right rear corner of the Rolls. He crouched lower still and peeked around the edge of the bodywork.

The other gunman's AK was lying on the street and he was firing into the car with his own pistol, something else in his other hand. Ryan took a deep breath and stepped from behind the Rolls, leveling his automatic at the man's chest. The other gunman turned his head first, then swiveled off-balance to bring his own gun around. Both men fired at the same instant. Ryan felt a fiery thump in his left shoulder and saw his own round take the man in the chest. The 9mm slug knocked the man backward as though from a hard punch. Ryan brought his own pistol from recoil and squeezed off another round. The second bullet caught the man under the chin and exploded out the back of his head in a wet, pink cloud. Like a puppet with severed strings, the gunman fell to the pavement without a twitch. Ryan kept his pistol centered on the man's chest until he saw what had happened to his head.

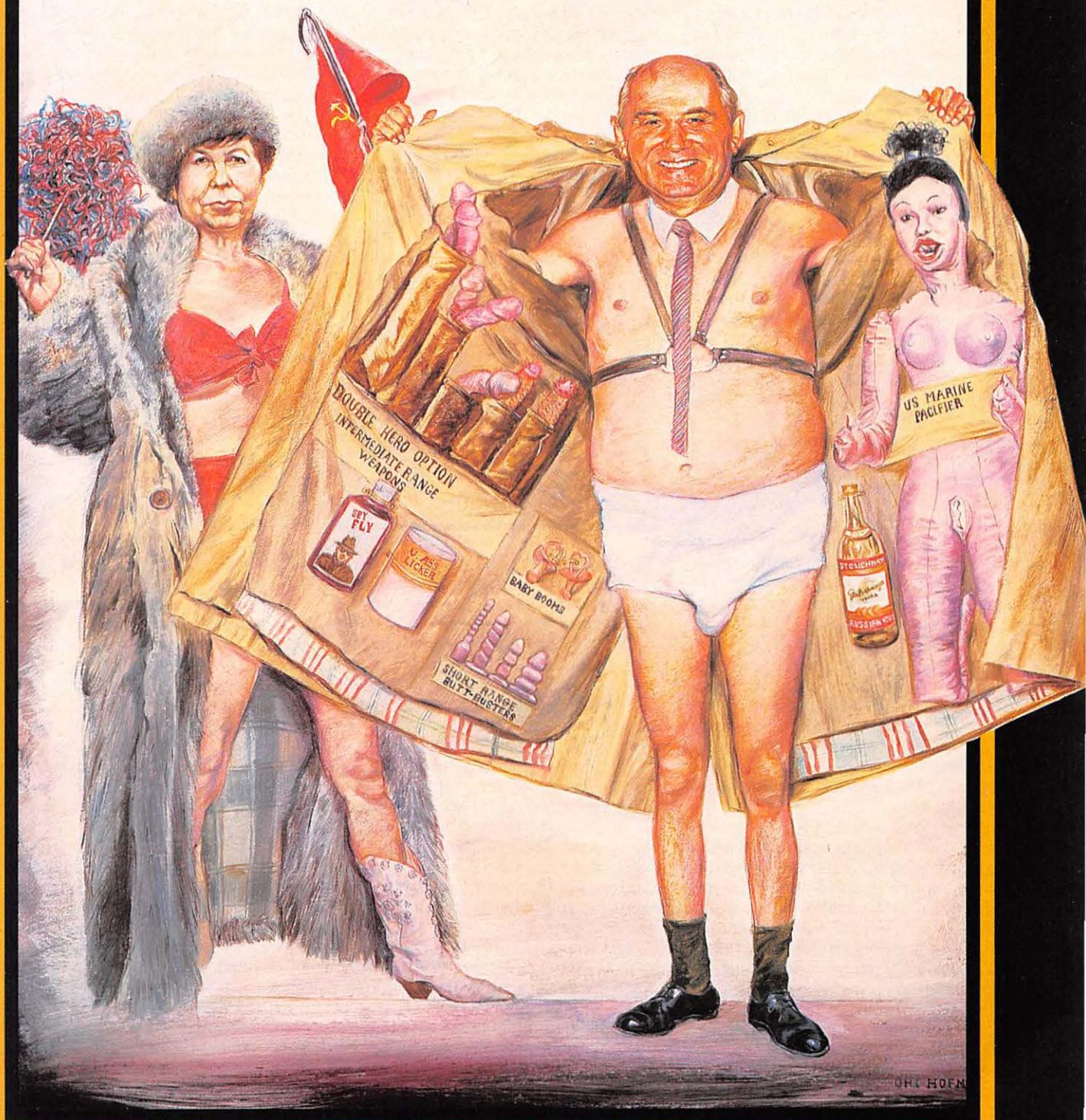
CONTINUED ON PAGE 210



## HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 53

The Gorbachevs have subtle charms  
But beware when they want to disarm  
'Cause they'll use their sex toys  
To seduce all our boys  
Knowing blowjobs are more powerful than bombs.

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE



# GUINEA PIGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 152

the Department of Energy submitted to the Markey committee reported there had been "no follow-up on the experimental subjects."

Between 1963 and 1971, at Oregon State Prison, 67 volunteers were subjected to irradiation of their testicles by X ray. Radiation doses ranged up to 600 roentgen in single exposures. (The present recognized safe limit for exposure to reproductive organs is five roentgen per year.) A number of prisoners were irradiated a second time.

The purpose of this experiment was to "obtain data on the effects of ionizing radiation on human fertility and the function of testicular cells." It included examination of testicular tissue, sperm counts, and evaluation of urinary or blood steroids and hormones. Consent forms were obtained from the prisoners. However, according to the Energy Research and Development Administration (E.R.D.A.), the successor agency of the A.E.C., "records suggest that the prime incentive to participate may have been the feeling that they were making important contributions to the state of medical knowledge."

Prisoners ranged in age from 25 to 52. All the prisoners in the Oregon group (64 inmates at Washington State Prison went through the same experiments) had vasectomies. In a peculiar deference to religious sensibilities, there were no Catholic subjects, because the radiation would no doubt affect the man's fertility.

That the scientists considered potential participant's religious faith and performed vasectomies on all subjects is a clear indication that they knew substantial damage would result from the administration of such massive dosages of radiation. Hence, little credence can be given to apologists who say that these experiments could only have been conducted in an atmosphere of ignorance of the effects of radiation. In fact, when these experiments were conducted, almost 20 years had passed since the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, events which had shown that exposure to even low-level radiation could result in cancer and other diseases.

John Gofman, M.D., Ph.D., professor emeritus of medical physics at the University of California at Berkeley, says, "We have very well-documented studies on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. . . . There is no question as to what's going on there. In fact, there is evidence that low levels of radiation, under ten rads, have caused a major increase in cancer in those places."

One of the most shocking things about these experiments is that there was no medical follow-up to check the long-term effects of irradiation on the test subjects. This failure to follow up is prevalent in experiments of this nature and is often used to deny that any long-term effects

exist at all. According to Dr. Gofman, "The issue is, how did the scientists look for effects? Have they followed them for 20 years when they say they didn't see any effects? No. What happens is that they look at them for six months and say 'Nothing happened.'"

Military personnel have long been used as human guinea pigs without adequate follow-up. We see this today in the rash of cancers attributable to exposure to atom-bomb explosions during the Los Alamos radiation experiments, for example. The same holds true of Vietnam vets who were exposed to the defoliant Agent Orange. Paul Rutershan, a Vietnam veteran, was the first to bring to the public's attention the role of these highly toxic chemicals in causing cancer. Rutershan, himself dying of cancer, began what was to be a snowballing effort to force the American government to take responsibility for their reckless disregard for the health of military personnel.

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Murder is not restricted  
to the Mafia. Murder, Inc., is  
alive and well in the  
medical profession, where they  
are killing people for a fee.

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Today, we see tens of thousands of Vietnam veterans suffering from a wide range of disorders at an incidence far surpassing that of any other group in this society. The only common denominator is their exposure to Agent Orange in Vietnam. Although the government did settle a class-action suit with veterans, the government has still never acknowledged any complicity in the Agent Orange or Los Alamos fiascoes. Its position has always been to deny any responsibility for its actions, to cover up whenever possible, and to go so far as to initiate harassment and surveillance by the F.B.I. and the C.I.A. of any individual or group that chooses to bring claims against it or to expose its role in using the public as human guinea pigs.

The importance of follow-up is evident by a statement made by the E.R.D.A., in which it was noted that "there is a need for continued medical surveillance of prisoners involved in both sets of experiments (Oregon and Washington). Among the health effects that should be monitored is the possibility of testicular tumors, occurring after a long latency period (25–30 years)."

But this follow-up never happened.

Another method used to determine the effects of radiation was the release of radioactive gas into the environment. This type of experiment had been funded by the A.E.C., which intentionally released radioactive iodine over an area designated as the "hot pasture" on seven separate occasions. Human subjects were purposely exposed during three of them. The experiments were designed to trace radioactive iodine as it moved through the air–vegetation–cow–milk sequence in the human food chain. Researchers felt that they needed this information so they could develop better "siting criteria" (guidelines for locating nuclear power plants) when building nuclear reactors. Monitors in the pasture determined when and how much of the radioactivity was deposited. A herd of cows was then led into the pasture to graze for several days. The cows were then milked and the milk monitored for radioiodine. Perfectly healthy humans were purposely exposed by drinking the milk and, at one point, three people were placed in the pasture during the iodine release. Later, they were examined for exposure.

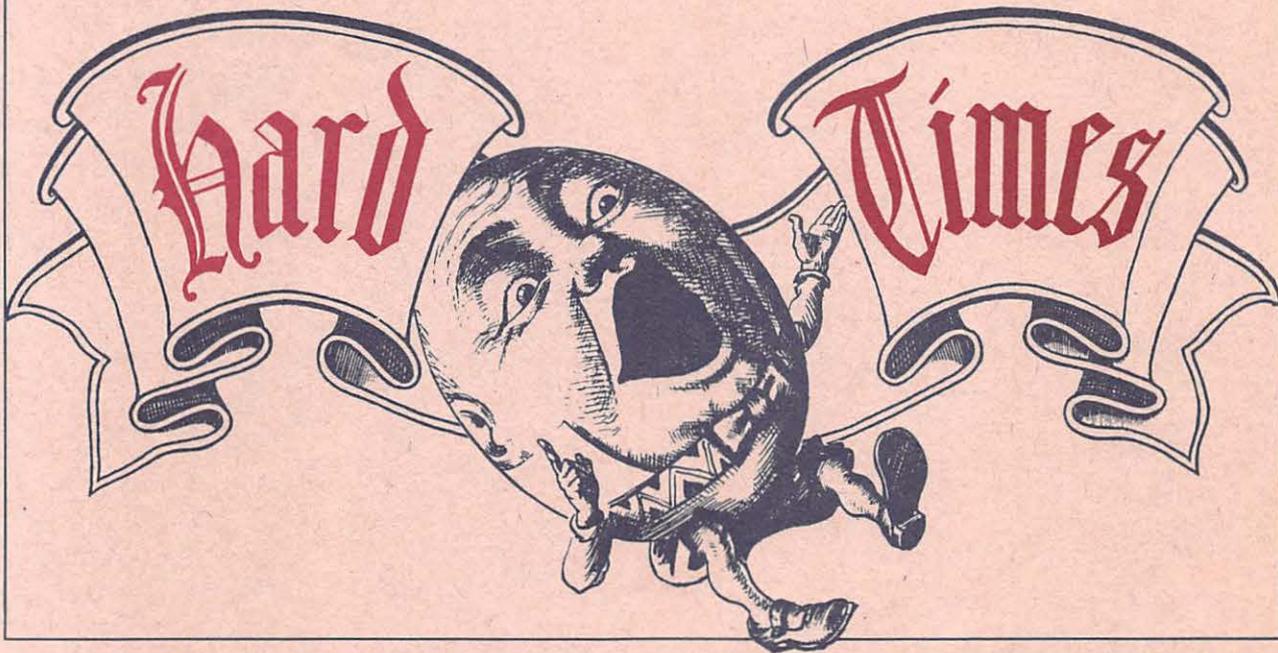
Even though radioactive iodine is known to be toxic, there was no medical follow-up of the experimental subjects, which again indicates that the purported objective of the experiment had little or nothing to do with its real purpose, about which we can only conjecture. This conclusion is borne out by the disregard for human safety and health apparent in the locating of nuclear reactors in densely populated areas. When reactors are sited in less populated areas, it is usually because of strong, organized community opposition and not because of the government's concern for public safety or because of experiments used to determine proper siting criteria.

While we were able to track down the names of persons involved in almost all of the experiments documented in this report, there was only one man who admitted any responsibility. The remainder either denied that they had anything to do with the experiments, refused to comment, or could not be located.

Dr. Jerry Berlin, a professor of biological sciences at Texas Tech University in Lubbock, Texas, was a young research biologist working for an organization funded by the A.E.C. Dr. Berlin affirms that serious ethical considerations were raised continuously about the nature of the experiments. "I attended several meetings where informed consent was a big issue. Supposedly, if you informed these prisoners what was happening to them, that made everything okay. I don't want anyone to think that ethics was not considered. But it happened that there were some people in the A.E.C. who thought that this was an important piece of work to do. And they thought they had developed an avenue to do it and they did it." Dr. Berlin says that he was told to

**EXTRA**

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

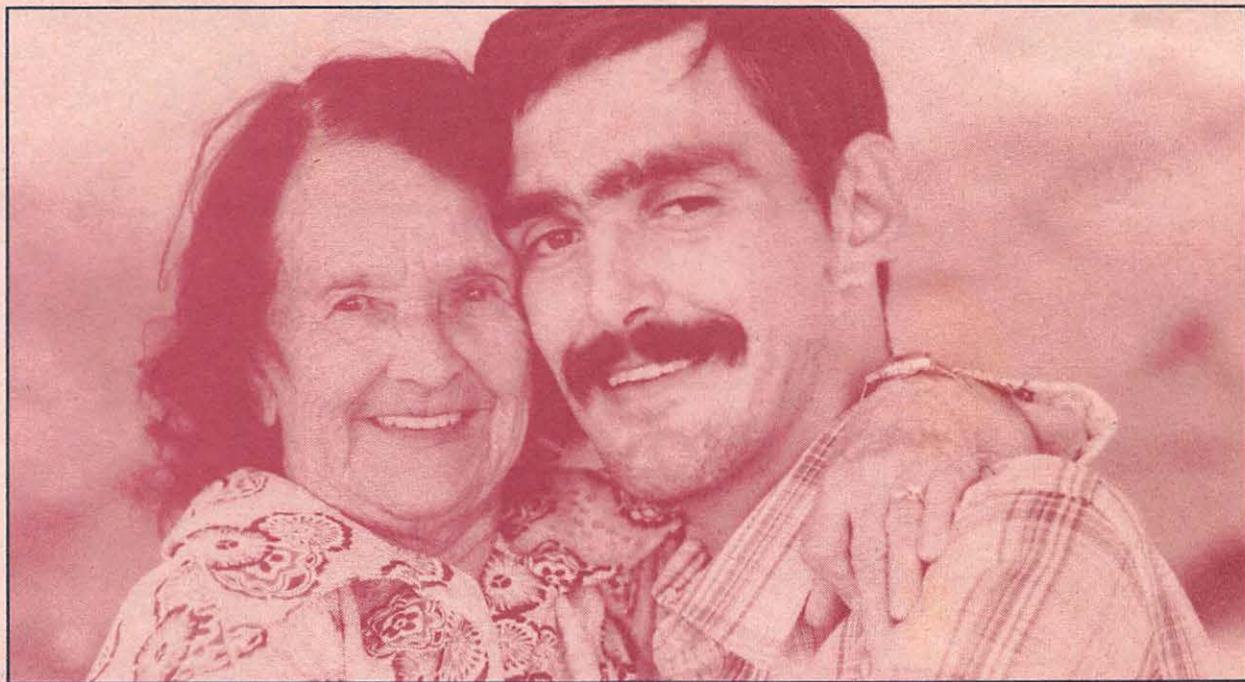
**EXTRA**

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**ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT**

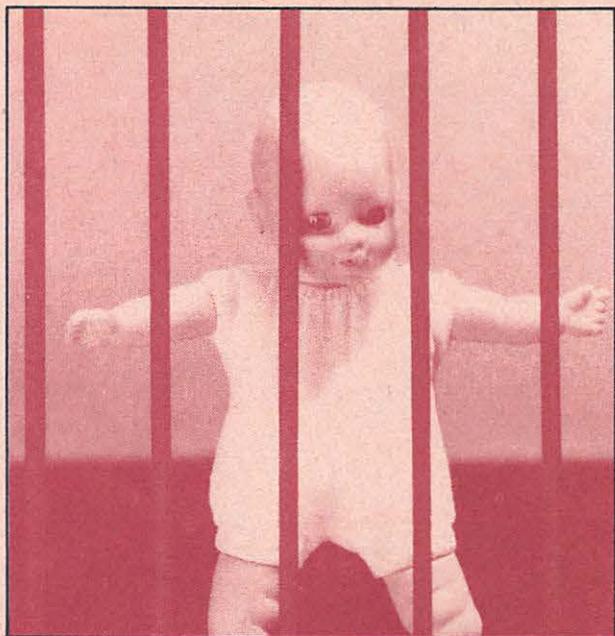
VOL. 6, NO. 8

## MODERN MARRIAGE



Twenty-four-year-old Lucas Botha of Durban, South Africa, thought that he had found the woman of his dreams and took her for his wife. The object of Lucas's desire was Annie Best, 81 years old and married four times before becoming Mrs. Botha. Lucas was not concerned that the blushing bride was 57 years older than himself, and declared that "you're only as old as you feel." Unfortunately, the marriage was doomed. After 22 days of wedded unbliss, Lucas had enough of his bride:

"She's insanely jealous," he said. "She just wouldn't leave me alone, and it was too much for me." The six-foot-four groom also accused his four-foot-nine octogenarian bride of violence: "Annie may be tiny, but she'd hit me if she thought I was remotely unfaithful. The last straw came when she accused me of playing around with the maid." Annie commented, "He wasn't man enough for me." (*National Enquirer*)  
*Annie should pick on somebody her own age.—Editor*



# Dolls in the Slammer

Shirley McCoy is a hard-liner when it comes to criminals, especially when the criminals are dolls. McCoy is director of the Hard Rock Penitentiary, where dolls who run afoul of the law are sent. At the "Hard Rock," cross-eyed and pointy-headed dolls do time for drug-related offenses. However, McCoy is not without liberal impulses. All dolls incarcerated, except those arrested for child abuse, are eligible for parole; but to get your doll back there is a \$125 fee. To date, McCoy has paroled more than 600 dolls. The enterprising McCoy also has a doll cemetery where your doll can be buried for \$25. Coffins are optional. McCoy claims to send a portion of the money she earns to support stricter legislation regarding child abuse. (Sun) *That's a real doll of a scheme!—Editor*

## The Chicken That Ate Chernobyl

The Colonel would be in Kentucky-fried heaven if he saw this one. Just recently, a report came from a freelance journalist, working in Russia, about a "giant" chicken, measuring over six foot tall and weighing in at about 250 pounds. The bird was sighted roaming around the grounds of the nuclear power plant at Chernobyl. A horrified construction worker laboring on the grounds sighted a monstrous chicken head poking through trees nearby. He im-

mediately notified the authorities, who had to fill a ten-foot-deep hole with chicken feed to apprehend the beast. The chicken is not only a frightening sight because of its size, but also because it has lost most of its feathers due to the accident at Chernobyl. Meanwhile, sources say that the chicken, who constantly makes booming clucking sounds, is still growing. (Sun) *It looks like Big Bird will have some Communist competition.—Editor*

## A Dog's Life

Move over, Lassie, Fritz the dog has gotten the last bark. The lucky Australian pooch inherited \$4 million from his late owner, Milton Turnberry. Milton's wife, who understandably was reported as being "quite furious" at the whole matter, devised a scheme to obtain what she felt was rightfully hers. She married Fritz! In a ceremony allegedly performed by an alleged justice of the peace, Mrs. Turnberry married the pooch in order to partake of his marital assets (under Australian law, a husband must share his property equally with his wife). Although Mrs. Turnberry was reported to have complained, "I can't stand the flea-bitten beast," she adamantly refuses to back down in the legal battle and claims to have documentation that the marriage is totally legitimate. (Sun)

*She's not the first woman to marry a son of a bitch.—Editor*

## Weekend Warriors



Party animals in the middle of the African plains? The Dowayo, as they are called in Africa, are a tribe of pleasure-seeking hedonists that stop at nothing, including buying and selling their wives on payment plans, to seek instant gratification. A noted anthropologist, Dr. Nigel Barley, has studied these people and has written a new book about their culture and tribal practices. He says that their chief is a real riot act who stands only a few

feet tall and wears a garish red robe, looking like one of Santa's elves. Barley also states that adultery is a common occurrence within the tribe, and is readily accepted; it is only frowned upon three days before a big hunt. They also love beer, and the chief wears a bottle opener around his neck. (National Examiner—submitted by John Frazier, Olive Hill, Ky.)

*These guys would be fun at a hockey game!—Editor*

# MOM TRADES TWIN FOR LOTTERY TICKETS

The Most Compulsive Gambler in the World award has been won, hands down, by Silvia Doppeler of Brazil. After a rather long losing streak in the stock market, in casinos, and at the racetracks, the 26-year-old Mrs. Doppeler decided to recoup the hundreds of thousands of dollars she had lost by taking a chance with the lottery, only she had no money. The ever-resourceful housewife did not let that stop her, and traded her infant twins to a vendor for a pair of lottery tickets. Fortunately, Mr. Doppeler, with the aid of police, was able to track down the lottery vendor and retrieve his children. Said Mr. Doppeler, "I nearly killed her when she told me she had just traded away the boys for a couple of lottery tickets."

*(National Examiner)  
These kids learned early that life is a crapshoot.—Editor*



# TWO-TOED E.T. CHILDREN

British scientists are baffled by a strange tribe residing in the desert regions of Africa. Dr. Truman Merryweather has reported that every member of the tribe has two-toed feet that resemble the claws of a large bird. Although they are obviously human, they have

the same gait as a modern-day ostrich. The tribe believes, says Dr. Merryweather, that "golden men visited their ancestors on shiny discs from the sky." The legend is that these gods had talons for feet and, after mating with the tribe's women, had children

with clawed feet and webbed hands. The whole tribe believes that someday these beings will return to them and bring them back to their rightful homes somewhere in outer space. *(Sun)  
Their phone bills must be outrageous!—Editor*

# THE SAVAGE THRONE

Can it be the Ty-D-Bol Man's revenge, or some other strange phenomenon? While sitting on the toilet, a 70-year-old Phoenix woman had her intestines sucked out when she flushed it. The unlucky incident happened aboard a cruise ship that was docked in New Westminster. The poor woman was found lying down in her cabin, in excruciating pain, with a few feet of small intestine trailing behind her. What might have caused this strange occurrence? Doctors say that she suffered from "rectal prolapse," and that "there must have been a weakness there" in the first place. A hospital spokesman said of the patient, who was overweight, "Her bottom may have formed a seal on the seat." *(Province—submitted by Paul Clarke, Vancouver, British Columbia)*

*Next time she shouldn't get so comfortable.—Editor*

# It's a Jungle Out There!

Politics in Liberia became boiling hot when General Thomas Quiwonkpa tried to take control of the small African nation. When the general's coup failed, he was promptly arrested and later shot for his act of treason. Punishment did not end there, as his body was turned over to Liberian president Samuel Doe's Palace Guard, who chopped it up into small pieces and placed it in a pot of boiling water. When he was cooked, the general was eaten by the guards for dinner. *(Weekly World News)  
That certainly gives any Liberian dissidents some food for thought.—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



chanan's: the press, the clergy, the State Department, Democrats, pacifists, and perverts (excepting the late Roy Cohn). And McCarthy's accent can be heard distinctly in his channel's promiscuous syndicated smears, whereby antinuke bishops are "moral freeloaders"; Washington public-interest lobbies are "a shade darker than parlor pink"; the Democratic party is an "indispensable collaborator of the Soviets, the Cubans, and the Sandinistas"; black leaders are "the savviest shakedown artists in American politics"; women are "not endowed by nature . . . with the will to succeed in the fiercely competitive world of Western capitalism"; and "nature is exacting an awful retribution" on gays through AIDS.

## THE UNINDICTED ASSISTANT

During Camelot, a fringe Republican player with ambition had only one choice—Barry Goldwater, whose premature Reaganism appealed to the far side of American culture circa 1960. Buchanan levitated when Goldwater said, "Extremism in the pursuit of liberty is no vice." "Pat would have killed for Goldwater," says Karen Brady. "But he met him when he was in St. Louis and he told me, 'I've met the man and the man had nothing upstairs.'"

After Goldwater's landslide loss in 1964, Buchanan regarded Nixon as his best ticket out of Missouri. In a near mythic reception at the house of *Globe-Democrat* cartoonist Don Hesse, the new Nixon took a shining to the conservative prodigy and soon hired him as an apprentice. During the 1968 campaign, Buchanan advanced to speech writing and provided the candidate's law-and-order statements. *The New York Times* described him at the time as "robust and well-fed in appearance." In victory, Nixon pushed him out beyond the palace guard of Haldeman and Ehrlichman, a humiliation that probably kept him out of minimum security later on.

The first term, apart from the Christmas bombing of Hanoi, was no triumph of conservative will. Détente with the Soviets and the sinking of Taiwan were practically war crimes on the right. A personal crisis almost caused Buchanan's resignation in 1970. After Bogarting revolutionary mayhem on the left through the mouth of Spiro Agnew, Buchanan raised his profile too high and set himself up for a low blow. Jack Anderson, Drew Pearson's surviving partner, uncovered Buchanan's forgotten criminal past. "The young man who writes most of Vice President Agnew's scathing speeches on law and order and student violence has had personal experience with both," Anderson revealed. "He was kicked out of college for a year after a street brawl with two policemen."

According to court records, Buchanan, then a Georgetown senior, was involved in a traffic accident while passing a car at an intersection in D.C. in 1960. When the cops arrived, the driver "did . . . use profane language, indecent and obscene words, [and] began to fight and kicked the arresting officer about the body. Private Booth was treated for trauma to the abdomen . . . Private Nedrow treated for possible fracture of the left shoulder." A local criminal lawyer who defended movie star George Raft and mafioso Sam Giancana bargained two counts of assaulting a police officer far down to a guilty plea for disorderly conduct. Georgetown decreed a year's suspension.

Anderson's column hurt the perpetrator deeply. Buchanan lamented to his pal Victor Lasky, author of exposés like *JFK: The Man and the Myth* and *It Didn't Start With Watergate*, that he had Nixon telephone wounded cops in the hospital. The

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Buchanan even  
out-Reaganned Reagan by  
asserting that  
"American wounded and  
American dead"  
were needed for the ultimate  
overthrow of  
the Marxists in Managua.

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pigs were friends of the administration. Maybe he should quit. But the President told Buchanan to forget it. Lasky likewise brushes off the incident. "Pat's a tough Irishman," he says. "He comes into my house and the first thing he does is open the refrigerator and look for the St. Pauli."

Despite many disappointments on the job, the 33-year-old bachelor regularized his domestic policy in 1971 by marrying Rose Mary Woods's assistant, a "high gloss" blonde by the name of Shelley Scarney. The President, who attended Joe McCarthy's wedding 18 years earlier, sat through the ceremony. Destined by nature to be a gal Friday, Mrs. Buchanan gave up her career after Nixon's fall to serve her husband's interests. Since 1975, she has performed in the noncompetitive positions of vice-president and secretary of P.J.B. Enterprises, Inc., which oversees P.J.B.'s media dealings and real estate investments.

Richard Nixon's contempt for the press metastasized in the middle of the first term as bad news at home (Kent State) and abroad (Cambodia) bombarded the White House. "It is time for an all-out, slam-bang attack on the fact that the news

people are overwhelmingly for Muskie, Kennedy, any liberal position. . . . Now I want this done. I want a game plan on my desk," Nixon memoed Bob Halde- man on March 2, 1970. Throughout the executive branch, compliant Grooms of the Stool followed orders.

In a vendetta unprecedented in American politics, networks were intimidated (Charles Colson lectured the president of CBS about biased coverage while the White House threatened to lift the licenses of affiliates unless "ideological plugola" and "elitist gossip" were eliminated from network newscasts); individual correspondents were targeted (the F.B.I. investigated CBS's Daniel Schorr); and newspapers were shunned (after *The New York Times* printed the Pentagon Papers, a furious Nixon forbade his staff to talk to reporters at the paper without his personal okay).

Intoxicated by the aroma of revenge, Buchanan walked the point on this patrol scripting Spiro Agnew's uncouth diatribes against the "unelected elite" in the newsrooms. He also made ominous threats on public TV about antitrust actions if the networks did not play ball.

Actually, Buchanan relished muscling the fourth estate. He learned to hate the establishment press at his father's knee. "When Joe McCarthy was in the news, they'd show all his bad moments on TV at night, but they'd ignore the good ones," the senior Buchanan told an interviewer in 1971. "When the Communists killed a bishop in Spain, *The New York Times* played it on page 57 or so. Now if a bishop were killed in Washington, would they play it that far back?"

Buchanan stuck pins in individual reporters, too. A June 1972 memo fingered Sander Vanocur, then with public television, noting that the correspondent "may have to be fired or discredited" because of his coverage of the ongoing presidential race. Buchanan called the newsman George McGovern's "most effective campaigner."

Of all the President's men, Buchanan escaped from Watergate the most unscathed. Too proud to waste time on ruining the reputation of Daniel Ellsberg, Buchanan refused John Ehrlichman's offer to head up the plumbers' unit. Instead, he limited his dirty tricks to the typewriter, dishing out forged letters-to-the-editor and cranky memos targeted against liberal think tanks, Martin Luther King, and other manifestations of democracy in action.

The unindicted assistant defended the unindicted coconspirator with aggressive, rapid-fire testimony before the Ervin panel. In an unexpectedly hot TV performance, Buchanan chastised the committee staff for leaks accurately naming him as an architect of Nixon's political espionage for the '72 race.

Majority chief counsel Sam Dash wondered how far Buchanan would go to ensure victory. "What tactics would I be will-

ARTICLE

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# NFL PREDICTIONS 1987

BY DANNY SHERIDAN

Win some, lose some. Last year I picked the Chicago Bears to repeat as Super Bowl champions, but after quarterback Jim McMahon went out with injuries, the New York Giants romped to the top of the heap. Before the Super Bowl game, I predicted that the Giants would whip Denver, 37-16. The actual final score: 39-20.

As you may or may not know, various polltakers estimate that anywhere from 35 to 40 million Americans bet between \$125 and \$150 billion a year on pro football.

In last fall's National Football League preview, I offered readers tips on how to win money on Monday Night

Football games, and those of you who followed my advice prospered. As a result, a great number of readers wrote in asking me for betting pointers on individual teams, and this year I'm happy to oblige. Following the write-ups of every N.F.L. team,





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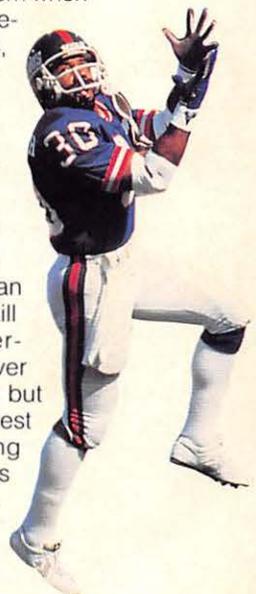
you'll find some specific directions on when to wager on each of them.

Although the Bears could dethrone New York, I think that, barring a rash of injuries, the Giants will again win the Super Bowl. Having said that, let's get down to business.

#### A.F.C. EASTERN DIVISION

Watch out for Miami. Last year, the Dolphins' tissue-thin defense—called by some the "Kleenex Curtain"—was the primary reason for the team's 8–8 finish. All-Pro linebacker Hugh Green, injured after the third game of last season, is healthy again, and that's bad news for Dolphin opponents. Linebacker John Offerdahl, who led the team in tackles and made the Pro Bowl as a rookie, is an emerging star. Coach Don Shula bolstered the Dolphin defense with two blue-chip draft picks, so Miami won't again wind up 27th in the league against the run. Given a more miserly defense and Miami's unstoppable aerial attack of quarterback Dan Marino throwing to Mark Clayton and Mark Duper (the best brace of wide receivers in the league), the Dolphins figure to regain their usual place as division champs. **Betting outlook:** The Dolphins fare indifferently as favorites, but the smart money loves them when they're underdogs, especially at home. Since 1976, Miami has compiled an 11–2–1 record as a home dog. Run with it.

Coach Ray Berry has a knack for getting the most out of what he has to work with, which is why the Patriots won the division title last year with an 11–5 record. The jury's still out on whether quarterback Tony Eason will ever achieve superstar status, but in '85, Eason had his best season ever, completing 276 passes for 3,228 yards and 19 touchdowns. New England's long suit is its defense, led by linebackers Andre Tippett



and Don Blackmon, and secondary ball hawks Raymond Clayborn and Ronnie Lippett. **Betting outlook:** Bettors got fat wagering on the Pats in '85, but last season New England wound up 6-10 against the spread. The Patriots' home-game point-spread record was 2-6, but I suspect Berry's boys will reverse that during the coming campaign.

How's this for a disastrous finish? After racking up a 10-1 record, the New York Jets lost their final five games of '86 and barely made it to the play-offs. The Jets' tailspin was partly due to the inconsistency of quarterback Ken O'Brien, who completed 66.4 percent of his passes during those first 11 games, but then went into a personal nosedive. Al Toon and Wesley Walker are marvelous wide receivers, but if O'Brien can't get them the ball, the Jets will again flame out.

New York's biggest worry is its ailing defense. Nose guard Joe Klecko had reconstructive knee surgery and isn't due back until mid-October; tackle Marty Lyons is recuperating from operations on both shoulders; sack specialist Mark Gastineau is also coming off knee surgery, as is the team's finest linebacker, Lance Mehl, who won't return until mid-November.

**Betting outlook:** Since 1976, the Jets have compiled a woeful 14-33-2 point-spread record as home favorites (they were 0-6 last season). Don't bet on them to appreciably improve in that particular category.

Last year, after their team lost its first 13 games, Indianapolis fans showed up at the Hoosier Dome holding up signs that read COUNT ON LOSING THIS SUNDAY [COLTS]. Bob Irsay, the Colts' eccentric owner, obviously got the fans' message. At that point, he fired Coach Rod Dowhower and brought in former Patriot coach Ron Meyer. Miracle of miracles: Indianapolis won its last three games. In the college draft, the Colts sagely selected Alabama's Cornelius Bennett, an all-American linebacker regarded in coaching circles as the second coming of Lawrence Taylor. On paper, the Colts are a resurgent team. Quarterback Gary Hogeboom, injured for almost the entire '86 schedule, started Indianapolis's final two games and played well, and wide receiver Billy Brooks had a super second half of the season. This year, Indianapolis has the softest schedule of any club in the N.F.L., but don't forget that owner Irsay has a knack for botching up whatever he touches. **Betting outlook:** On those rare occasions when they're favored, the Colts usually cover the spread. If you have only two bets to make all year, however, go against Indianapolis when it takes on Miami.

How bad are the Bills? This bad: Buffalo finished 4-12 in '86, and new coach Marv Levy—who replaced Hank Bullough last November—claimed the team was much improved over the '85 edition. And he was right. In his first season in

the N.F.L., Jim Kelly, the ex-U.S.F.L. quarterback with the platinum arm, completed 285 passes for 3,593 yards and 22 touchdowns—the best performance by a Buffalo quarterback in many, many years. Unfortunately, the Bills had one of the N.F.L.'s worst ground games, and still don't have a single quality running back. Buffalo's major weakness is its pass defense, which last year ranked 27th in the N.F.L. **Betting outlook:** Wagering on the Bills is a very iffy proposition—with two notable exceptions. The Bills usually hang tough against the Jets, but they're worthless when not playing on artificial turf. From 1976 to 1986, Buffalo has been a woeful 15-29-2 against the spread in games played on grass fields.

#### A.F.C. CENTRAL DIVISION

Last year, the Cleveland Browns lost the A.F.C. Championship game to Denver in overtime, 23-20. This season, they could conceivably make it to the Super Bowl.



Down in the Bayou, the Saints are still referred to as the "Ain'ts," and for good reason: In their 20-year history, they've never had a winning season.



The team's biggest asset is quarterback Bernie Kosar. In '86, his first full year with the Browns, Kosar completed 310 passes for 3,854 yards while leading Cleveland to a 12-4 record, the first 12-win season in the team's history. Kosar will continue to improve, but if Cleveland is to win the A.F.C. title, running backs Kevin Mack and Ernest Byner—both of whom played hurt last year—must regain their form of '85, when each rushed for more than 1,000 yards. (Last year they produced less than 1,000 yards between them.) **Betting outlook:** Last year the Browns were only 3-5 against the spread at home, but they were a sensational 6-1-1 in away games. Count on Cleveland to again put on a great road show.

The Cincinnati Bengals are the Rodney Dangerfields of pro football: They get no respect, at least not from the TV networks. This season, the Bengals won't appear on a single national TV broadcast. Says Bengal quarterback Boomer Esiason, "I really can't understand that. I guess we'll just have to go out and show them how good we really are." The Bengals are good. Cincinnati was 10-6 last season and, led by Esiason, had the

No. 1 offense in pro football. The Bengals missed the play-offs only because of their inability to stop opposing ballcarriers from running wild. Head Coach Sam Wyche wisely used his first four draft picks on defensive players, and if a couple of them pan out, come play-off time, Cincinnati will indeed appear on national TV. **Betting outlook:** Go against the Bengals when they're favored in away games. Since 1976, Cincinnati's record as a road favorite has been 10-19-1 (including 0-4 last season).

Ever since Terry Bradshaw retired, Pittsburgh Head Coach Chuck Noll has searched in vain for an outstanding quarterback. Mark Malone, now in his third year as Bradshaw's successor, just doesn't seem able to get the job done. In '86, Malone was the A.F.C.'s third-lowest-rated quarterback, and championships aren't won on a wing that's a prayer. It's a shame, because the Steelers have terrific receivers in John Stallworth and Louis

#### DANNY SHERIDAN'S 1987 N.F.L. PREDICTED FINISHES

##### AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

###### A.F.C. EAST:

1. Miami Dolphins
2. New England Patriots
3. New York Jets
4. Indianapolis Colts
5. Buffalo Bills

###### A.F.C. CENTRAL:

1. Cleveland Browns
2. Cincinnati Bengals
3. Pittsburgh Steelers
4. Houston Oilers

###### A.F.C. WEST:

1. Seattle Seahawks
2. Denver Broncos
3. Kansas City Chiefs
4. Los Angeles Raiders
5. San Diego Chargers

##### NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

###### N.F.C. EAST:

1. New York Giants
2. Washington Redskins
3. Dallas Cowboys
4. St. Louis Cardinals
5. Philadelphia Eagles

###### N.F.C. CENTRAL:

1. Chicago Bears
2. Minnesota Vikings
3. Detroit Lions
4. Green Bay Packers
5. Tampa Bay Buccaneers

###### N.F.C. WEST:

1. San Francisco 49ers
2. Los Angeles Rams
3. Atlanta Falcons
4. New Orleans Saints

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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...

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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

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## PANACEA OR PLACEBO

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## 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

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**LONGEVITY**

Lipps, and there isn't a better running tandem around than the Steelers' Earnest Jackson and Walter Abercrombie, who last year were the A.F.C.'s third- and fourth-leading rushers, respectively. Without a capable quarterback, the Steelers, despite a stout defense, don't figure to wind up better than their 6-10 mark of last season. **Betting outlook:** When Pittsburgh is favored in an away game, the odds are with you if you bet against them. Over the last ten years, Pittsburgh has been 18-32-1 against the spread as a road favorite.

Since 1982, the Houston Oilers have rolled up the worst record in pro football—they've won just 16 games during that span. Last season's 5-11 mark was one of their better finishes, but don't look for any further gains this fall. Houston's strength is its exciting but erratic passing game: In '86, quarterback Warren Moon threw for 3,489 yards, but also had an N.F.L.-high 26 interceptions. The Oilers' running game was the pits last year, but first-round draft choice Alonzo Highsmith of Miami, a 235-pound fullback who can fly, could give Houston a decent running attack. On defense, the only bright spot is the secondary, which last year ranked second in the A.F.C. **Betting outlook:** Over the last six seasons, the Oilers have compiled an awful 34-52-3 record against the spread. If you must bet on an Oiler game, go the other way.

#### A.F.C. WESTERN DIVISION

Coach Chuck Knox spent much of the off-season studying film in an effort to discover what makes the Seahawks the league's most mercurial team. His 1986 club won four of its first five games, lost five of its next six, and then closed out the season with five straight wins. The key to Seattle's boom-or-bust performances finally comes down to the play of quarterback Dave Krieg. Hot at the start of the season, Krieg cooled off so completely that he was benched at mid-season, but then came back to finish as the A.F.C.'s second-ranked passer. (If Krieg shows he's terminally streaky, he could be beaten out by Jeff Kemp, stolen from San Francisco for a fifth-round choice.) Seattle's grind-it-out ground attack revolves around Curt Warner, a unanimous All-Pro who led the A.F.C. in rushing with 1,481 yards. Seattle's defensive unit suffered numerous injuries last year, but the law of averages—along with three blue-chip defenders Knox picked up in the college draft—would seem to indicate that the Seahawks will be tougher to score on this season. **Betting outlook:** Wise guys who wind up driving new Jaguars each year all seem to know that since 1983, the Seahawks have covered the point spread in 60 percent of their home games. (Last year Seattle was 6-2 against the spread at the Kingdome.) When the Seahawks are at home, don't

analyze—just back them.

Denver may have made it to the '87 Super Bowl, but I'll be genuinely surprised if they do nearly as well this season. The Broncos broke out fast by winning eight of their first nine games, but then dropped four of their last seven to finish 11-5. An intriguing statistic lost in the general excitement of the play-offs: In their last seven games, the Broncos' ballyhooed Orange Crush defense yielded an average of 30 points a game. Denver's offense was nothing to write home about, either. John Elway had a good season, but not a great one. Elway passed for 3,485 yards, but threw only 19 touchdown passes and wound up ranking ninth among A.F.C. quarterbacks. The Broncos' running game, meanwhile, is still pretty much a case of Sammy Winder lugging the pigskin for a puny 3.3 yards a pop. **Betting outlook:** The Broncos are at their best when cast as underdogs: Since '84, Denver has been 11-2-1 against the spread when characterized as such.

Kansas City's management loves to play musical chairs with its coaching staff. After Coach John Mackovic led the 10-6 Chiefs to their first play-off appearance in 15 years, he was unceremoniously handed his walking papers. Frank Gansz, his successor, inherits the second-best defense in the A.F.C. and the worst offense in pro football. Neither Bill Kenney nor Todd Blackledge is a championship-caliber quarterback, and to make matters worse, K.C.'s rushing attack averaged an anemic 91.8 yards per game last year. That could change: The Chiefs' first two draft choices were running backs Paul Palmer of Temple and highly regarded Christian Okoye of Azusa Pacific. The Chiefs' schedule features an especially difficult lineup of away games, but Gansz isn't worried. "Genghis Khan fought on the road all the time, and he did pretty well," Gansz says. True enough, Frank, but you're forgetting one thing: Genghis had an offense. **Betting outlook:** In the last four years, the Chiefs have been 12-3 versus the spread when they've been home underdogs. They're also solid picks when meeting San Diego—they've beaten the spread in eight of their last ten games against the Chargers.

I find this almost inexplicable: How come Al Davis, whose L.A. Raiders rely on a big-play offense, doesn't have a star quarterback? If the Raiders are unable to trade for a proven passer like Neil Lomax of St. Louis, they'll again have to make do with Jim Plunkett, who'll soon be 40 and who's coming off rotator-cuff surgery; Marc Wilson, a high-priced but low-grade passer; and Rusty Hilger, an unproven commodity. In '86, the Raiders wound up 8-8, their worst showing in five years. Marcus Allen, hampered by a severely sprained ankle for much of last season, doesn't figure to break away too often this year. The team's biggest problem, after the quarterback situation, is its



aging offensive line, which last season yielded an A.F.C.-high 64 sacks. **Betting outlook:** Sophisticated bettors are in love with the Raiders, and I can't blame them. Over the last 11 years, the Raiders have the N.F.L.'s best point-spread record in games when they've been underdogs—32–11. And as a home team on Monday Night Football, Los Angeles is 10–2 against the spread.

Last October, San Diego Coach Don Coryell was replaced by Al Saunders, and the difference in their coaching philosophies was immediately apparent. Instead of "Air Coryell," the Chargers' high-octane passing game, San Diego deployed a much more conventional offense. The team ended up with a 4–12 record (down from 8–8 in '85), so letting Coryell go may not have been a brilliant move. Quarterback Dan Fouts can still throw strikes coming out of the backfield to receivers like Kellen Winslow, Wes Chandler, Trumaine Johnson, and Gary Anderson. Last year's Chargers gave up only 396 points, the team's best defensive showing since 1981, and will probably improve even more this season. Still, if Saunders doesn't turn loose his dogs of war, Chargers fans may just start hollering for Coryell's return. **Betting outlook:** As favorites, the Chargers have racked up a horrendous 37–57–3 point-spread record over the last 11 years. They're a much better play as a home

underdog, having gone 18–7 during the same period.

**N.F.C. EASTERN DIVISION**

The New York Giants, 14–2 last season, appear to be the first team capable of winning back-to-back Super Bowls since the Pittsburgh Steelers did so eight years ago. Unlike the Chicago Bears—who were finally weighted down with too many characters and too many distractions—the Giants are a group of no-nonsense, low-key professionals who each Sunday routinely destroy their opponents. The heart of Coach Bill Parcells' team is All-Pro linebacker Lawrence Taylor, the N.F.L.'s Most Valuable Player last season. Taylor and Harry Carson, Carl Banks, and Gary Reasons give the Giants the N.F.L.'s fiercest foursome of linebackers. New York's got plenty of offensive standouts, including Phil Simms (the N.F.C.'s second-rated quarterback last season), Joe Morris (the N.F.C.'s second-leading rusher in '86), and All-Pro tight end Mark "Rambo" Bavaro. The Giants figure to remain the class of the N.F.L. **Betting outlook:** Counting the play-offs, last season New York was 12–5–2 against the point spread, including a 7–1–2 record at home. Before you put serious money on the Giants, however, be forewarned that Super Bowl champions become instant public teams, which in nonbetting parlance means that every sucker in Amer-

ica will wager on them no matter how high the odds go—and there's the rub. The Chicago Bears, the '86 Super Bowl champs, won 14 of 17 games last season, but compiled a dismal 6–11 point-spread record. Think about it.

The Washington Redskins rebounded from the loss of Joe Theismann and John Riggins last year with a 12–4 record and an appearance in the N.F.C. Championship game, where they were shut out by the Giants, 17–0. Coach Joe Gibbs did a masterful job, especially in view of Washington's sorry stats: Washington's defense was 21st in the league, and its offense was rated 17th best. A healthy Kelvin Bryant, teamed with George Rogers, should add up to a much more productive running attack this season. Quarterback Jay Schroeder led the N.F.C. in passing yards (4,109), and will again be throwing to whippet wide receivers Gary Clark and Art Monk. If Gibbs can shore up his defense and if he can also figure out a way to beat the Giants (New York drubbed the Redskins three times last year), there's no telling how far Washington can go.

**Betting outlook:** Washington owns an impressive 12–2 point-spread record at home on Monday Night Football, and since 1976, has finished 27–8 as an underdog on grass fields. Going with the 'Skins in these two situations is less a bet than it is an investment.

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Gee whiz, J. R. and Sue Ellen, what seems to have gone wrong in Dallas? Have the Cowboys, who continue to proclaim themselves "America's Team," fallen as flat as Texas oil prices? Darned right they have. Last year, Dallas lost its final five games en route to a 7-9 record, the Cowboys' first losing season in 23 years. Don't be surprised if Dallas gets stomped on again this fall. Coach Tom Landry is faced with a huge rebuilding job, for Dallas is now an aging, impotent team. Quarterback Danny White is 35, Tony Dorsett is 33, tight end Doug Cosbie's years as an All-Pro are well behind him, and with the release of Rafael Septien, Dallas is in dire need of an accurate place kicker. Herschel Walker can only do so much. On defense, Ed "Too Tall" Jones, Randy White, and John Dutton have all grown long in the tooth, which is why Dallas's rushing defense ended up 23rd in the N.F.L. last year. For the first time in the history of the franchise, not a single Cowboy made it to the Pro Bowl, and that alone speaks volumes about the Cowboys' decline and fall.

**Betting outlook:** America's Team is a bookmaker's delight: In eight of the last ten seasons, the Cowboys have had losing point-spread records in road games (they were 2-5-1 in '86 away games). Act accordingly.

St. Louis owner Billy Bidwill is rapidly becoming the N.F.C.'s counterpart to Indianapolis's Robert Irsay. Before the college draft, second-year coach Gene Stallings stated that in order for his 4-11-1 Cardinals to improve, he needed a massive infusion of defensive talent. So what did the Cards deal themselves? They used the first-round draft choice—the overall sixth pick—to select Colorado State quarterback Kelly Stouffer, who was diagnosed by at least four N.F.L. teams as a high medical risk (hip problems). One has to wonder about Bidwill, whose team already possessed a proficient passer in the person of Neil Lomax. Last year Lomax completed 57 percent of his throws, despite a depleted receiving corps—oft-injured Roy Green led the team with 42 catches. The Cardinals had the league's best pass defense, but ranked 25th against the rush. And they drafted a *quarterback*? **Betting outlook:** Don't expect the Cardinals to be favored in too many away games this season, which should be of more than passing interest to bettors: In the last two years, St. Louis has finished 3-9 against the spread as a road underdog.

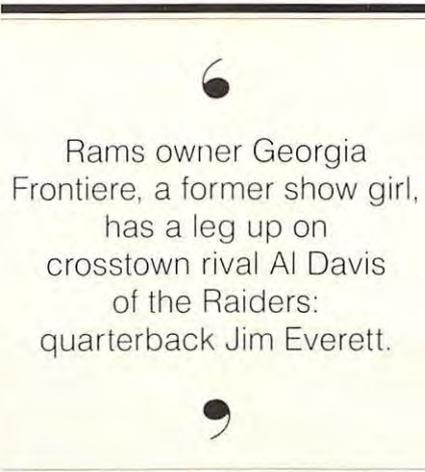
"Last year I picked the Giants to go all the way, and they did," says Philadelphia Head Coach Buddy Ryan. "This year I'm going to pick the Eagles—*maybe* we'll go all the way." Fat chance. Now that Ron Jaworski, the rusty Polish Rifle, has been given his release, the Eagles will have to rely on third-year signal caller Randall Cunningham, whose main claim to fame is that last year he led N.F.L. quarterbacks in rushing with 540 yards and five

touchdowns. Cunningham ran so often only because, like any of us, he wanted to stay alive: In '86, Philadelphia's pitty-pat offensive line gave up an all-time N.F.L. record of 104 sacks. Trust me: The only way Ryan's going to the Super Bowl is as a spectator.

**Betting outlook:** Since 1976, the Eagles have been a sizzling 21-8 versus the spread when they've either been 7½-10 point favorites or underdogs. During the same span, Philadelphia has been 18-7 as a 1-3 point dog. The Eagles' hard-nosed defense figures to keep them in most games this season, so one of the wisest plays you can make is to take Philly with the points.

#### N.F.C. CENTRAL DIVISION

Chicago is a great team, which may help explain why the Bears' biggest battles seem to be occurring among themselves. Starting from the top: In January Mike McCaskey, the club's president,



Rams owner Georgia Frontiere, a former show girl, has a leg up on crosstown rival Al Davis of the Raiders: quarterback Jim Everett.

fired General Manager Jerry Vanisi over the vehement objections of Vanisi's close friend, Coach Mike Ditka. Because of that, Ditka and McCaskey are at each other's throats. Says McCaskey, "Mike Ditka must show that he really wants to be the coach of the Chicago Bears." And here I thought Ditka's job was to kick ass, not kiss it. McCaskey might be the only man in America dumb enough to question Ditka's commitment to his job. In two years as the Bears' guiding light, Ditka has compiled a 32-4 record, tops of any coach in the N.F.L. His team won the '86 Super Bowl and might have won this year's as well if quarterback Jim McMahon—a winner whether you like him or not—didn't go down early with a season-ending injury. Even though McMahon and Ditka are also on the outs (McMahon ridiculed Ditka's acquisition of quarterback Doug Flutie), the Bears can win it all if their flashy passer stays healthy. Faced with the league's third-easiest schedule, the Bears will cake-walk into the play-offs.

**Betting outlook:** As already noted, despite Chicago's 14-2 win-loss record in '86, the Bears were 6-10 against the point

spread—no matter how many points they have to lay, their fans will bet on Chicago. Don't you. When the Bears are favored by ten points or more, you're advised to go against them.

Last fall, Minnesota Vikings' quarterback Tommy Kramer turned in the best performance of his ten-year N.F.L. career: He completed 208 passes for 3,000 yards and 24 touchdowns. Kramer credits much of his improvement to eating a plateful of oysters before each game. (Whatever turns you on, Tommy.) With the addition of Penn State's D. J. Dozier, a powerful, punishing ballcarrier, the Vikings will have a more balanced attack this year. The Vikes were 9-7 last season and should do about as well this time around.

**Betting outlook:** Back the Vikes when they play Tampa Bay (Minnesota has covered the spread the last five times out against the Bucs). Make sure you go the other way when Minnesota plays Chicago. The Bears *least* on the Vikings, having covered the spread in eight of their last 11 games.

Last year's Detroit Lions finished 5-11. One reason for that was Head Coach Darryl Rogers's indecision about who to start at quarterback: Rogers flip-flopped between Eric Hipple and Joe Ferguson for all but the last two games of the season, when he finally turned to rookie Chuck Long. "We have a quarterback of the future," he says. For Rogers's sake, let's hope the future is now, or else Detroit will again take it on the chin. Long has first-rate receivers in Jimmie Giles, a four-time All-Pro acquired in a mid-season trade with Tampa Bay, and Jeff Chadwick. The Lions' biggest problem—a weak offensive line—will continue to plague them: Detroit spent its first six draft picks on defensive players. **Betting outlook:** Even though Detroit's '86 home-game point-spread record was 2-6, the Lions traditionally play above their heads inside the Silverdome. I expect them to do so again this season, especially when they're underdogs.

Somewhere, Vince Lombardi is not smiling. Last year the Green Bay Packers wound up 4-12, and although they play in an icy clime, Head Coach Forrest Gregg will be on a hot seat all season long. Gregg's job may well hinge on how well he can perk up the Pack's putrid offense. In '86, Green Bay featured the N.F.C.'s least productive rushing attack (1,614 yards and just eight touchdowns). The Packers' passing game wasn't much better: Randy Wright, who led N.F.C. passers with 23 interceptions, was the conference's third-lowest-rated quarterback. Green Bay drafted Auburn's Brent Fullwood, the Southeast Conference's best running back, so the team's ground game should improve. Still, given Wright's inconsistency and the team's mediocre offensive and defensive lines, it's more than likely gonna be a while before anyone can say the Pack is back.

**Betting outlook:** Nobody gets rich betting the Packers. Over the last 11 seasons, Green Bay is 45-58 versus the spread as an underdog, and 30-25 as a favorite. The Packers' most inspired play comes against Chicago: In the last seven years, Green Bay has been 9-4-1 versus the spread against the Bears.

Tampa Bay has a new head coach in Ray Perkins, who left the University of Alabama (where he'd outworn his welcome) to take over pro football's most feeble franchise. Says Perkins, "I'm looking forward to the challenge of taking over a 2-14 team." Right. Tampa Bay also has a new quarterback in Vinny Testaverde, the University of Miami's Heisman Trophy winner. He's about to turn into a loser, but when you're earning a million dollars a season, winning isn't everything. Tampa Bay needs more offense, more defense—more *everything*. **Betting outlook:** Anyone who risks serious money on Tampa Bay is in desperate need of counseling. Despite being frequent double-digit underdogs, the Buccaneers were 6-10 against the spread last season. Tampa Bay hasn't covered against Chicago in 13 of its last 14 games (nine in a row and still counting).

#### N.F.C. WESTERN DIVISION

In his team's last two play-off games against New York, Bill Walsh's 49ers have been slaughtered by an aggregate score

of 66-6 (49-3 last January). Walsh has already guided San Francisco to two Super Bowl championships, and wants one more before kicking himself upstairs. The 49ers have a shot at it. Joe Montana, the N.F.C.'s second-highest-rated quarterback, played well after missing seven games with a serious back injury, but that was enough to send Walsh scurrying around for Montana's eventual successor. Walsh got former Heisman Trophy winner Steve Young from Tampa Bay for two draft picks, neither of which was a first-rounder. The 49ers plugged up their only glaring weakness by bagging two blue-chip offensive linemen in the college draft. Last year's Niners led the N.F.C. in passing yardage, and with receivers like All-Pro Jerry Rice, Dwight Clark, Russ Francis, and Roger Craig coming out of the backfield, they'll probably repeat in that category this season. San Francisco could surprise the Giants in next year's play-offs. **Betting outlook:** Since 1976, the 49ers have been 28-14-3 when they've been 1-3 point favorites or underdogs. Let me put it this way: The 49ers don't choke in clutch situations.

Rams' owner Georgia Frontiere, a former show girl, has a leg up on crosstown rival Al Davis of the Raiders: Last year Georgia beat Davis to highly coveted Purdue quarterback Jim Everett. After being brought along slowly, Everett turned in stellar performances during the

final few games of the season. Says Head Coach John Robinson, "We have our starting quarterback for the next 100 years." The Rams had the worst passing offense in the N.F.L. last year, but that will soon seem like ancient history. Everett's presence also spells relief for the seemingly indestructible Eric Dickerson, who in '86 led the N.F.L. in rushing for the third time in his four-year pro career. Everett and Dickerson operate behind three All-Pro linemen, and L.A.'s defensive front wall is almost as impenetrable. If any team in the West can catch the 49ers, it'll be the Rams. **Betting outlook:** In the last four years, the Rams have beaten the spread in their four home games against New Orleans, and they're absolutely murder when they play the 49ers at Candlestick Park. In their last 20 road games against San Francisco, the Rams have logged a 16-3-1 win-loss record.

After Atlanta Head Coach Dan Henning turned in a 7-8-1 record last year—not too bad, considering that starting quarterback David Archer was sidelined for the season after the team's 5-1-1 start—Henning was canned. New headman Marion Campbell was Atlanta's defensive coordinator in '86, and even though the Falcons ranked 16th in the league against the rush, Campbell's first-round draft pick was Oregon quarterback Chris Miller.

"I didn't think we needed to draft a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 215

#### HAWAII VS THE PHOTOTRON II

Hello, my name is Jeffery DeMarco, President and Founder of PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES.

My masters thesis is on the cannabinoid profile of marijuana. I tell you this for historical footnote only.

In pursuit of my own masters thesis, I generated the most extensive popular literature library in the world. Then, I generated the most extensive scientific bibliography in the world. I then went into a laboratory under Federal license at a major university in which I designed a laboratory grade growth chamber called the PHOTOTRON.

If you read all of the popular literature, I did. All of the scientific literature, I did. And look at every apparatus that is in High Times, you will find one common denominator. Every system, UP TILL NOW, has attempted to re-create Hawaii. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do NO BETTER than Hawaii's results. AND WHAT ARE HAWAII'S RESULTS?

In fact, you will grow the plant 6 to 9 months, 6 to 12 feet tall. In fact you will average a 6-inch internodal length (distance between budding sites). In fact, have a 10% budding ratio at the tops of the plant. In fact, throw away 90% of the plant material (leaves/shake). And in fact, YOU MUST START ALL OVER AGAIN.

Look. The only thing I'm writing nine months for is a baby, number one. Number two, I do not want a tree in my house. And number three, I am not going to pay the ELECTRIC BILL TO PRODUCE THE SUN somewhere in my closet. Do not let its pretty looks fool you. Do not let its size (3 1/2 feet tall x 18 inches wide) fool you. Do not let its weight at 17 lbs. fool you.

The PHOTOTRON will draw \$4.00 per month in electricity (average). My system is totally different.



# PHOTOTRON

## ROLL YOUR OWN • GROW YOUR OWN

In fact, you will grow 6 plants, 3/2 feet tall in 45 days, guaranteed. You will maintain a one inch internodal length, guaranteed. That each plant will produce 1,000 budding sites, FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, guaranteed. And there will be 6 plants per individual PHOTOTRON, guaranteed.

And this is the only system in the world where you can re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants every 45 days, up to nine times per year without killing them off, EVER. Then, you may re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants every 45 days up to nine times per year, while you remove from the system every single solitary day. Every day (average 6-8 oz. every 45 days). You remove from the PHOTOTRON every single solitary day, beginning on day 20 from seed germination.

I personally, guarantee and service back the PHOTOTRON, so do not let

its technical nature throw you. You will require THREE PAGES OF INSTRUCTIONS ONLY. Because the system is TOTALLY COMPLETE. You will do three things: 1. Select your seed. 2. Plug the system in. 3. Water it.

Then, if you have any questions at all, you may call me direct. Ask your question. Get your answer. And carry on about your business. You cannot fail with my PHOTOTRON. I do not allow any of my PHOTOTRONS to fall below SHOWCASE. I have personally guaranteed every PHOTOTRON that has ever been sold. And I have never had one returned. I am not starting now.

So call me. Right now. I accept all of my phone calls, personally.

"If you do not learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, I will pay you for the call."

Jeffery Julian DeMarco

PHOTOTRON II		Compared to a Halide System	
NONE	LIGHT: LEAF SELF SHADING		50%
24	LINEAR FEET OF LIGHT		1
YES	SPECTRUM ADJUSTABILITY		NO
YES	NUTRIENTS: COMPUTER DESIGNED FOR EACH SYSTEM		NO
YES	GUARANTEE FEMALE SEX		NO
YES	NEVER KILLS THE PLANTS		NO
YES	ONE-INCH INTERNODAL LENGTHS = 1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT		NO
YES	RE-FLOWER AND RE-BUD SAME PLANTS EVERY 45 DAYS UP TO 9 TIMES PER YEAR		NO
YES	CO <sub>2</sub> : TOTALLY SELF-SUFFICIENT TO LEAF SATURATION		NO
YES	SERVICE: SERVICE HOT LINE FOR QUESTIONS		NO

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In *Love Probe*, the extraterrestrial researchers conclude that sex on earth is too "confusing" to serve as a study subject.

## X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN



Grafenberg Girls: a rollicking shipboard bacchanal.

### PENTHOUSE PICK

*The Grafenberg Girls Go Fishing*

(Mitchell Bros.)**■■■**

Whatever is in the water out in San Francisco, Jim and Artie Mitchell have been drinking it too long. It has made them into weird human beings—but great video directors. In *Behind the Green Door: The Sequel*, the Mitchells invoked "safe sex" practices—condoms; rubber gloves; and the latest fetish fad, latex dental dams—in a strange twilight world of their own bent imagining. Now they've blown loose with the much more down-to-earth *Grafenberg Girls Go Fishing*. It's still a very bizarre tape. For one thing, the sound and editing are terrible, so bad that you wonder if they were done that way for effect. The sound is actually dubbed over the action, which gives the whole tape a disjointed, alienated air.

It's also safe-sex time once again, but now with an allegedly AIDS-killing spermicide instead of condoms. The whole tape can be seen as a

paean to nonoxynol-9, a contraceptive liquid that some folks believe kills the AIDS virus. So here we have the "Grafenberg Girls"—Tracy Adams, Elle Rio, Tanya Fox, and the Melendez Sisters—dousing everything in sight with the stuff. Nonoxynol-9 may not work, but it's a lot sexier than scumbags and it allows this tape to turn into one unending orgy-style fuckfest. Well, the action does break up—once.

The first orgy happens with the Western Union boy, who has just delivered a telegram to the GGs as they are waking up. The gals literally fuck themselves awake, and the telegram's message gradually becomes real for them: They are being asked to come aboard a "sex tour cruise" to teach the principles of safe sex to all on board. Cut to orgy two: a rollicking shipboard bacchanal, during which the girls fuck the boat's decks slick. It is as if the discovery of nonoxynol-9 has unleashed a torrent of passion. Like I said, the Mitchells know how to get weird. This

is a fever dream of a film, and one not to venture into unless you are prepared for something unconventional.

### MAID IN THE SHADE

*Little American Maid* (VCX)**■■■**

A woman produced, directed, and wrote the screenplay for *Little American Maid*, but it is definitely not a women's or even a couples' tape. Adele Robbins dishes up a plotless festival of fornication, replete with voice-over musings by her star on whether this or that male "has a stiff, hard cock he wants to jam up me." Generally, the actions of the maid, delightfully played by Diedra Hopkins, do little more than move her from bed to bed, sexual situation to sexual situation.

The technical quality is extremely fine, and while the acting is rudimentary even by porn standards, the sex more than makes up for it. There is an orgy in the "Experience Room," watched over by a benign voyeur in a wheelchair. There is a torrid foursome in a gym; a public fuck; and, perhaps kinkiest of all, a session with Ron Jeremy. Robbins didn't lose any brain cells putting out this one, but it's steamy enough not to make you mind.

### TITS AND JIVE ASS

*Sweet Chocolate* (Vidco)**■**

Why are black-themed videos ghettoized in the adult market in exactly the same way black mainstream pics are? You would think the adult market would be a little more liberal, more enlightened, and provide black actors with good roles. All that seems to be open to them is turkeys

like *Sweet Chocolate*, a tape that solidly aims itself at the black market—as opposed to that biracial market interested in seeing hugely hung Negroes *shtup* innocent white girls. There is none of that here, but still the clichés come winging hot and heavy.

Jack Baker reproduces the only role he seems to be capable of: a jive-ass-talking update of Steppin' Fetchit. He is Colonel Famous Anus, the king of the chocolate-watermelon phenomenon. Obviously modeled on Famous Amos, Baker's character is being interviewed on a talk show, where he reveals the secrets of his success. His chocolate-filled watermelons are aphrodisiacs—or "Afro-disiacs," as Baker says.

The talk-show segments are actually crude framing devices for Colonel Anus's reminiscences, which are all sexual, naturally. We get the requisite hugely hung black men, but here they are mostly matched with black



Chocolate: a tad offensive.



Probe: suitably earthy sex.

women. The sex is fine and funky, but the low comic tone renders it a tad offensive.

#### FLYING SAUCE

*Love Probe*

(Video Team) **IIII**

*Love Probe* covers fairly familiar ground—an exploratory team from a planet that has banned sex comes to earth to sample erotic delights—but it does so in a competent, unusually slick way. Normally, low-budget sets are what sink porn sci-fi epics, but here there is an attention to design.

A team of three scientists stare at video screens and mind-probe readouts from their spaceship orbiting high over earth. They have separated off a random sampling of the earthling populace to observation rooms, where they are put through their sexual paces. What the plot comes down to, then, is what almost all porn plots are made up of: a way to land people in bed.

The sex is suitably earthy, with an Elle Rio—Scott Irish wedding-night scene stand-

ing out. (It shares the same problem with all adult-video wedding scenes, however, in that the supposedly inexperienced first-timers turn out to be all too masterful when it comes down to doing the deed.) Tom Byron sizzles with Angel Kelly, perhaps the most beautiful and accomplished black woman in smut. And Amber Lynn has never looked better.

In the end, the extraterrestrial researchers conclude that sex on earth is too “confusing” to serve as a study subject. All in all, if you want good, sturdy smut, lots of sex scenes, and aren’t put off by a certain corniness of plot and set, *Love Probe* is as good as you’ll get.

#### BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY

*Platinum Paradise*

(Command) **IIIIII**

No, this isn’t a tape about Seka in heaven. Director Howard Winters (a.k.a. Cecil Howard) hit an erotic high note with this lush, lovingly photographed 1980 comedy. It stars Kandi Barbour, the woman with the strangest nipples in the world, and a host of late-seventies adult superstars. Kandi is a telephone operator who just can’t seem to get her connections right. She hooks up a call girl with a male hooker, and the scene where they each ask for their fee after sex is hilarious. Samantha Fox and Bobby Astyr reprise their hubby-and-wife routine, and Sam also takes on Merle Michaels in a lesbian match-up that is one of the world’s all-time best.

Hottest scenes: a toss-up between a wonderfully innocent Hillary Summers losing

her virginity and Eric Edwards studding it out with Christie Ford. If there’s a fault in this film, it’s that the tone is a little too jokey; but everything else is just so superb to render this quibble meaningless. A must-own for the great performances from the golden age of porn.

#### GROPE THERAPY

*Erotic Therapy*

(CDI) **III**

Here’s a laugh: *Erotic Therapy* is set in a “special institution” for “wayward women with sexual problems.” If such a place exists on this planet, I want its address, pronto. Beyond the absurd premise, the tape isn’t too bad. Amy has bad dreams—that’s why she is sentenced here. Some mildly effective dream footage kicks off the tape,

wherein her oneiric tormentor, “Scott,” turns her erotic dreams into nightmares.

Cut to the institution, where Amy is introduced to the other girls with “problems”: a junk-food maniac, the obligatory lesbian, the obligatory nymphomaniac. These last two get together under the dubious auspices of “Dr.” Arnold, played with a certain panache by Scott Irish. He also figures into Amy’s “cure,” by replacing the menacing Scott in her erotic dreams. Count up the number of quotation marks placed around words in this review, and you’ll have some idea of the tone of this tape. The people who made this tape aren’t all that serious, except about sex. If that description fits you, you may need some *Erotic Therapy*. **O**

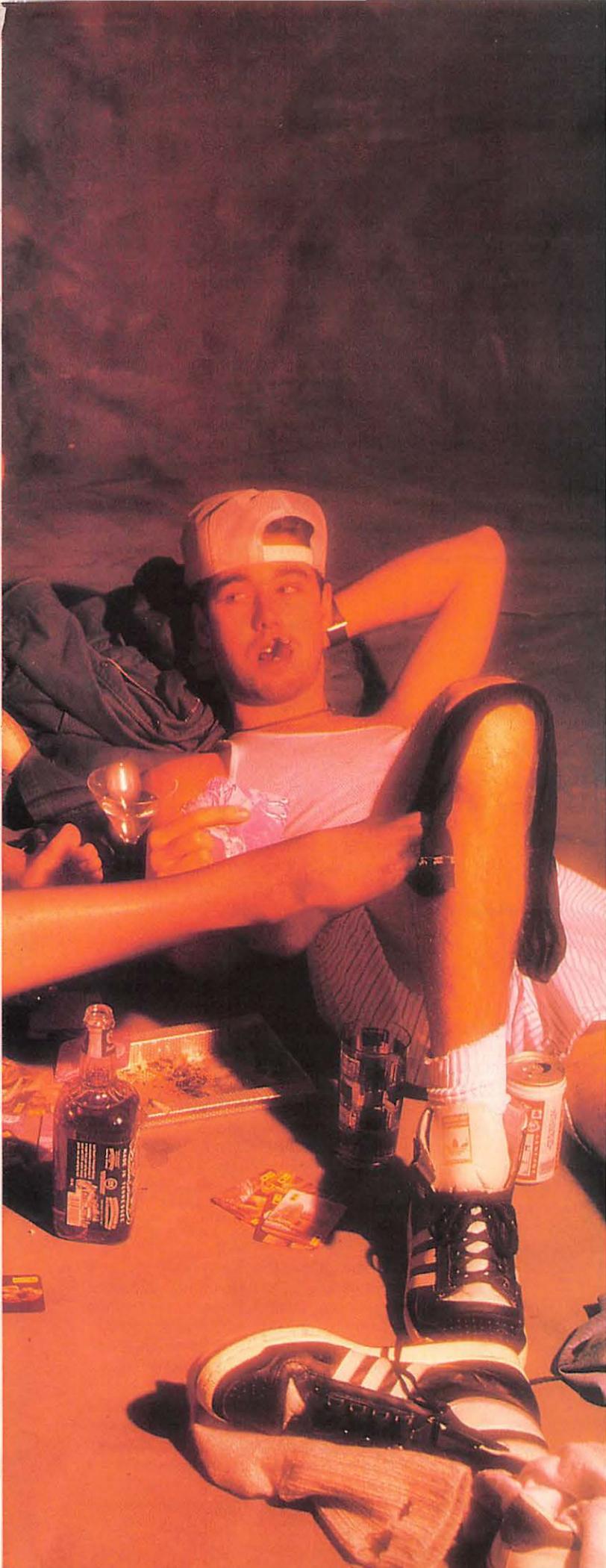


Therapy: erotic dreams and a dubious “doctor.”

#### RATING KEY

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





## PROFILE

Just how bad, in truth, can three pimply juveniles be?

# BOYS JUST WANNA HAVE FUN!

BY TIMOTHY WHITE

**T**he suspicion nags:

There is a latent message in the Beastie Boys' dense rap-rock. But how to discover it?

Well, hold the front of the Beastie Boys' *Licensed to Ill* album jacket up to a mirror, and the refracted image reveals a hidden affront—the tail-section serial number of the crashed plane on the cover reads: EAT ME.

Is this the covert communication in question? Nah, just a smidgen of frat-house smut.

To get to the bottom of this lingering minor mystery, one must plumb the psychic, acoustic, and personal bramble of the Beastie Boys' roots, the thicket of ambition that lifted this white, solidly middle-class burlesque of the ghetto's pariah rap and hip-hop culture to the top of the nation's record charts.

But first a word to the blissfully uninitiated. Late in 1986, the brattishly nick-

PHOTOGRAPH BY  
LYNN GOLDSMITH

named trio known as the Beastie Boys (Adam "MCA" Yauch, Michael "Mike D" Diamond, Adam "King Ad-Rock" Horowitz) issued *Licensed to Ill*, an unprecedented album-length amalgam of hard-rock *Tilt*, tree-house poetry, and the appropriated defiance of underclass street rappers. It appeared on Def Jam, the aggressively peculiar new rap-speed metal-soul-and-vinegar subsidiary of Columbia Records, fabled stable of Bruce Springsteen, Billy Joel, and Barbra Streisand. Reactions ranged widely and wildly. For some, *Licensed to Ill* greeted the oracles like the braying din of indefatigably lousy neighbors. Others complained that the record rang out like a Little Rascals' Disco Night debate at the He-Man Woman-Haters Club. But a solid three million purchasers were impressed with what they heard as an inspired mixing-board bouillabaisse of hip-hop's torrid beatbox ticktock and the tumultuous adrenalizations of early heavy metal. Moreover, the whole shrill lockstep was paced by back talk from baby-faced suburban nihilists weaned on *Star Wars*, the Iran-contra scam, and Gary Hart's stained underwear.

*Licensed to Ill*'s first sublimely loutish single, "(You've Gotta) Fight for Your Right (to Party)," went Top 10 in a big hurry, and the LP itself not only swiftly notched the No. 1 slot in the U.S.A.'s sales surveys, but became the fastest-moving product in its record label's illustrious history. Two more hits, "Brass Monkey" and "She's Crafty," ensued.

Now the growing fear among detractors is that the Beasties' expanding following is as puerile, brash, and mutinous as its heroes' music.

A new generation of rock and funk fans, faced with parents who often buy the same Prince albums they do, may well have rushed to embrace the Beastie Boys as something only *they* can love. The Beasties' comically cacophonous cant is a splenetic homage to beer shooters, suckerpunching, all-night fornication, angel-dust hors d'oeuvres, and horseplay with firearms. Interspersed with all the obnoxious raillery are lifted snippets of vintage Led Zeppelin, Steve Miller, and Aerosmith guitar riffs; muddy excerpts from the theme of the bygone "Mr. Ed" television sitcom; guttural antigay rhetoric—plus other sonic snapshots of the scrap heap of civilization. Depending on the attitude of its devotees, *Licensed to Ill* is either a turntable parody of eighties teen rebellion, or a tape-deck checklist for a curbside Gomorrah.

In the larger world, the less def, i.e., hip, homemakers and town fathers of America shrug heavily and turn a deaf, i.e., disinterested, ear to the clamor—until they catch their kids repeating snatches of the doggerel soliloquies (of, in this case, "The New Style") that pass for lyrics: "Father to the many / Married to a nun / And in case you're unaware, I carry a gun! . . .

I got money in the bank / I can still get high / That's why your girlfriend thinks that I'm so fly! . . . I got money and juice / Twin sisters in my bed / Their father had AIDS so I shot him in the head!"

Dismay has escalated as the Terrible Trio has begun to make stage appearances across the heartland, spraying Budweiser on spectators, scratching their crotches distractedly as a dumpy go-go dancer wriggles in an elevated cage beside them, and mumbling between-numbers repartee that gets quoted in "The Cribdeath, Iowa, Gazette": "How many songs have we done? . . . Only two? . . . Sorry, I smoked all this opium before. . . . If anybody wants to buy some, talk to the girl up there behind bars."

Once again, as P.T.A. groups howl and the music press winks, rock 'n' roll has a lot of explaining to do. But how bad, in truth, can three pimply juveniles be if they could appear on "American Bandstand" and Joan Rivers's "Tonight Show" rip-off

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6

A clothing company  
offered us a half-million  
dollars to stand  
there in their clothes  
for one minute.  
We told them to fuck off!

9

---

without shattering either program's scripted decorum? Hell, even Vanna White recently went backstage to meet them and lived to speak about it.

Every generation has its varieties of junk rock, purple pop, and raunch roll. In the fifties, there were the Hot Nuts, dark lords of the college-fraternity circuit. In the sixties, the Fugs and the Mothers of Invention took the wonderfully filthy Pigmeat Markham—pre-TV Redd Foxx approach to topical burlesque and ran it through an electronic biker-hippie encoder. Meanwhile, jive-speak monologist Melvin Van Peebles kept the lunatic fringe of soul and R & B grandiloquently honest with the do-rag declamations of his brilliant *Brer Soul* LP.

Come the seventies, George Clinton's Parliament-Funkadelic crew had everybody babbling to a daffy downbeat. As the eighties arrived, Jamaican reggae toasters and dance-hall deejays helped trigger the inner-city Cool Herc-Kurtis Blow rapping that the Beasties are now bending to their own silly will.

Thing is, all of the aforementioned seminal influences were in it for the real deal, their brazen lives inseparable from

the aberrant art. There wasn't a poseur, dilettante, or slumming moonlighter in the bunch.

The present mission, then, is to discover if the Beastie Boys are strictly joke, or simply an increasingly *Blade Runner*-styled society's answer to the Banana Splits (four live-action animal characters named Snorky, Bingo, Fleegle, and Drooper whose surreal-cute rock 'n' roll band was a staple of Saturday-morning TV from 1968 to 1970—and they made albums, too).

This summer, the Beastie Boys barnstormed the States in two flamboyant phases (before dropping from sight to film their first star vehicle, tentatively titled *Scared Stupid*). The first leg of their road show included new Def Jam artists Public Enemy, the sinister two-man voice of the sub-slums' ominously emerging denizens. The second strike, which was entitled the Together Forever Tour, was shared by veteran colleagues Run-D.M.C., macho rappers of the black middle-class variety.

The European sprint of the Together Forever Tour was marred by heated backstage fighting (Beasties' management depicted it as a "tiff") between the Boys and Run-D.M.C. at Switzerland's Montreaux Festival. Arriving in England, the Beasties were banned by the British Holiday Inns, and Adam "King Ad-Rock" Horowitz was arrested May 30 at a West London hotel for his alleged role in a bottle-and-beer-can-throwing incident before 3,000 fans at their concert earlier that evening. Four kids were reportedly injured and five collared by police in the show-canceling melee at the Royal Court Theater, at which the waggish audience chanted "We tamed the Beasties!" King Ad-Rock was ordered to return to London in midsummer for a court appearance. All in all, the two joint international concert treks made for a disquieting spectacle.

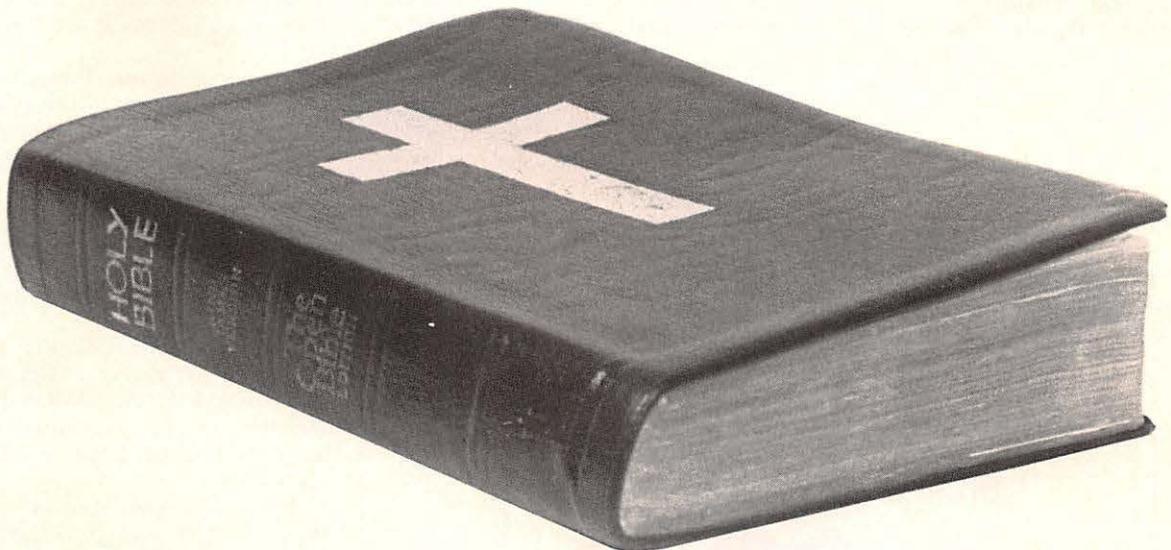
Catching up with the Beasties cavalcade at its halfway mark, the Boys themselves appeared to be distinctly isolated from the mechanisms that ballyhooed their remarkable commercial beachhead. As such, the meeting proved an ideal opportunity to scrutinize the three supposed malcontents at close range, in order to determine precisely what they had to offer by way of content, offense, and pretense.

It's perfect weather for a hanging, or a hip-hop siege. An unrelenting assault of rain, flooding, and funereal gloom has moved New England officials to ask President Reagan to declare assorted states of emergency in the region, which would qualify afflicted areas for federal disaster relief. As a consequence, citizens of the traditional cradle of revolutionary democracy are in a tangibly edgy mood as the bad boys of rap invade their terrain.

Looming before a two-thirds-capacity

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THE HOLY WORD OF  
ALMIGHTY GOD!'**

JIMMY SWAGGART



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crowd at the Providence Civic Center in Rhode Island, a supporting member of Public Enemy's act keeps a machine gun trained on the largely white teenage throng, while featured rappers Flavor-Flav and Chuck D spew boastful bile about gang violence ("My Uzi weighs a ton!") and the pleasure of misogyny (snidely admonishing the "Sophisticated Bitch" of the song title that she deserved to be beaten "till she almost died"). This is black rap at its grimmest, an invitation to dance on tombstones and tenement corpses. A punk-thrash combo called Murphy's Law does a short set to clear the air, but they grate on already frayed nerves. By the time the headlining Beastie Boys are introduced, the faithful in the front rows look even paler than the acutely pasty-faced Boys themselves. It's Saturday night, but everybody's too bummed to boogie.

Several days onward, the Beasties troupe rolls into the Worcester, Massachusetts, Marriott at three in the afternoon for a 9 PM stand at the local arena. The three young stars, looking peaked from knit-together nights of postconcert partying, are roaming around the corridors of the bland motor hotel, desperate to elude a German rock writer, his wife, and the CBS International press agent who is squiring them around.

"She's such a bitch!" yowls MCA, 22,

an unshaven pug with broad shoulders and a hard stare, as he ducks into his room, slamming the door in the faces of the CBS flack and her party.

A booming, female "Fuck you!" is heard to resonate in the hallway. MCA collapses on his half-dismantled bed in laughter, as cohorts Mike D and King Ad-Rock take seats at either end of the suite, which looks like it was redecorated with a hand grenade.

"Fuck her," says Mike D, 20, the lanky, ache-caked Huntz Hall look-alike, who is best known for the sizable Volkswagen-bus ornament suspended on a gold chain around his bumpy neck. "We should get the keys to her room later and bust in."

"Yeah, it's room 504, isn't it?" rejoins MCA, who is clearly the ringleader and de facto theorist of the group.

"That room might be the German guy's and his wife's," warns 19-year-old King Ad-Rock, baby-faced wisecracker and ritual dissenter. "We'll kick the door down, and she'll have him tied up inside!"

The three grouse a bit more about what a "fucking snot" the CBS lady is, dish on various interviewers they've reduced to frustrated sobs, and then discuss luminaries they've encountered since their rise to notoriety.

"We get along all right with Johnny 'Rotten' Lydon," MCA offers. "He's a

fucking nut job. We played on a bill with him once in Washington, D.C. Johnny is not like anybody you can actually carry on a conversation with. He just yells and screams and dances in the hallway—"

MCA's attention is suddenly drawn to the room's flickering TV, which displays the Nike running-shoe ad utilizing the Beatles "Revolution." Since the commercial licensing of "Revolution" and 250 other Beatles songs is controlled by Michael Jackson's publishing company, the talk turns to another marginally adjusted superstar. The Beastie Boys are openly annoyed at Jackson, who recently filed a cease and desist order against Los Angeles radio station KROQ for playing the Beasties' outré, unreleased rendition of the Fab Four's "I'm Down." Jackson had earlier refused to allow the Beasties to include that version on *Licensed to Ill*.

"Michael said something to [his producer] Quincy Jones to the effect of, 'I hate the record, and I hate them,'" explains Mike D with a smirk, "so it doesn't look too hopeful."

"I wonder," says MCA, picking a scrap of watermelon rind off a teetering pillar of room-service trays, "if Michael Jackson knows how to lick the pussy?"

"I dunno," says King Ad-Rock, his smooth brow abruptly furrowed, "but if Michael can bend down, he can do it, right?"

"It's bogus to use 'Revolution' to sell sneakers," MCA adds, "but TV is so fucking boring anyhow, I figure I can turn the picture to black and just listen to the Beatles on network television, which is pretty def."

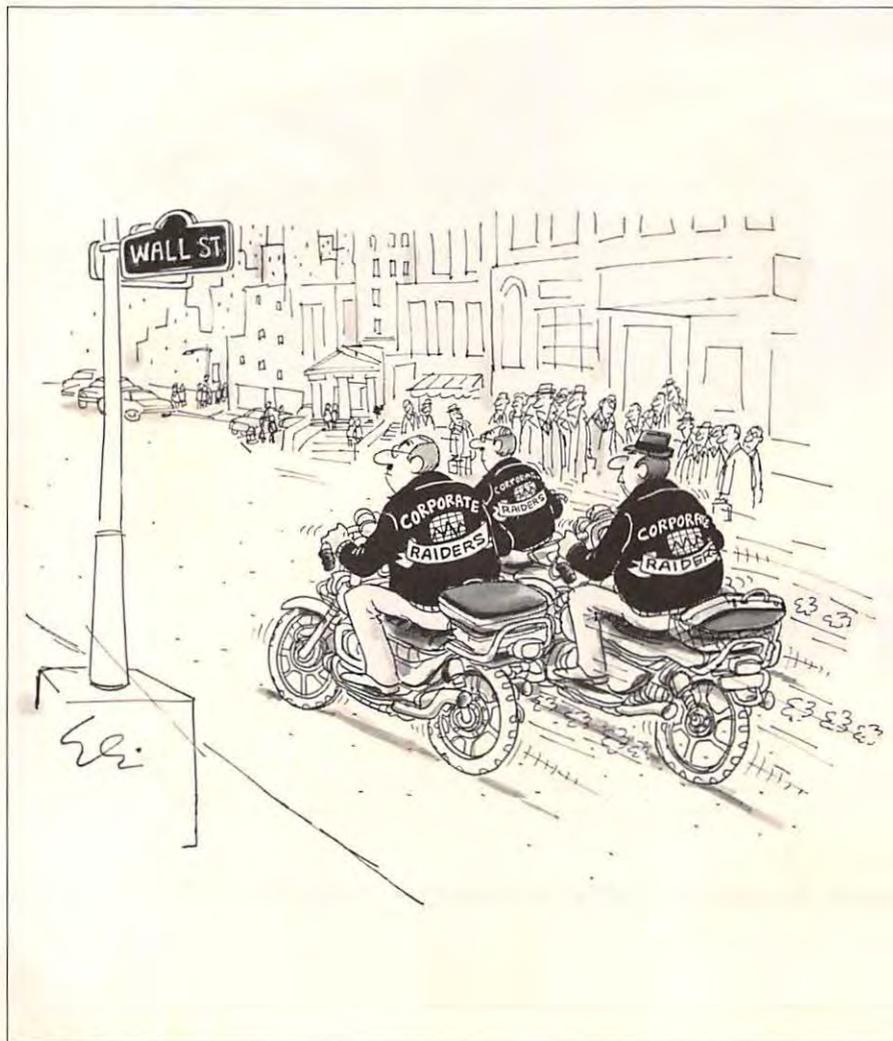
Run-D.M.C. signed a deal with Adidas to pitch a line of basketball shoes. Has anybody approached the Beasties about product endorsements?

"All the time," MCA assures, nipping at the mangy melon rind and then putting it under his pillow. "We tell them to fuck off. A clothing company offered us a half-million dollars to stand there in their clothes for one minute."

"It seems," says Mike D, musing reflectively, "that every car commercial is just stealing a Motown song." And it also seems that every Mike D fan is stealing a VW hood ornament, or other brand, to wear, a national Mercedes-Benz spokesman reporting that dealers ordered 12,600 replacement ornaments this spring, nearly triple the amount sold last year.

"But on the other hand," says King Ad-Rock, "I'd rather watch a stupid car commercial rip off Motown than watch Bruce Willis do it. And I'd rather watch anything than Bruce Hornsby and the fucking Range. Actually, I used to work in a recording studio that did television commercials."

"Yo! We recorded 'Cookie Puss' at a studio that was a jingle house," MCA recalls. "A place called Celebration. Nobody in the music industry knows about the place because it's such a tight-ass,



bullshit studio full of losers."

MCA is referring to the creation of the Beasties' most renowned underground effort, a 12-inch independent single released in 1983. The A-side of the record documented an actual taped phone call to an unaware counter girl at a Manhattan Carvel outlet, the caller inquiring about the ice-cream company's nationally advertised children's "Cookie Puss" cake novelty. The B-side was "Beastie Revolution," a snide send-up of Rasta reggae and Jamaican deejay toasts, complete with jaundiced patois mimicry. *Creem* magazine recently described the single, with curious understatement, as "seemingly sexist and racist."

It's a toss-up as to which track is more contemptuous in tone, but the "Cookie Puss" tête-à-tête, a gleefully offensive aping of an insolent black youth, probably wins out:

These pussy crumbs make me itch.  
Maybe I should scratch. . . . [Sound of an outdoor pay phone being entered and used, the dialed number ringing.]

*Hello, Carvel.*

Yo, man! Is Cookie Puss dere?

*Who?*

Cookie Puss! I want ta speak ta Cookie Puss, man!

*No. Nobody here by that name.*

Cookie O. Puss, den! Cookie Chick!

Anybody, man. I want ta speak ta dem!

*They're not here.*

I say, yo! I asked ya where's Cookie Puss at? I'm serious. I wanna talk—yo, man—Cookie Puss! Awright, lemme order one, den. Lemme get one.

*When do you want it for?*

Anytime, man! Jus', like, now, an' shit! The shit—now! I'm talkin' now, mate! [There is a sharp *click*, then a dial tone.] Damn bitch hang up! I'll kick yo' ass, bitch!

"Tom Carvel was gonna sue us," says MCA, "until his nephew Kevin talked him out of it. We're friends now with Tom Carvel's nephew."

"He put a good word in for us with his uncle," says Mike D. "'Cookie Puss' is a big collector's item. I heard it now sells for between \$75 and \$100 in stores, but it never really sold all that much when we first put it out."

"I got like eight copies of that shit!" King Ad-Rock exclaims. "I could make a fortune!"

That's what obscure rocker Rick Rubin may have assumed when he first listened to "Cookie Puss." Regardless, he saw a perverse promise in the platter. Rubin, a graduate of Lido Beach High School, an integrated Long Island institution, had long been enamored of the G-string soul

of Rick James and the Ohio Players, as well as the post-Led Zeppelin stridulations of such heavy-metal acts as AC/DC. His band, The Hose, combined these tastes into a rude blare that could have been termed "peep-show metal."

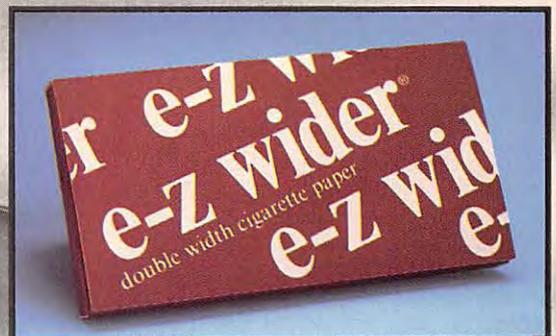
Rubin entered New York University in 1981, and began frequenting the downtown rap night spots. He ran around with rapper T LaRock and deejay Jazzy Jay, who made a rap record, "It's Yours," that featured an unconventionally conventional chorus break, just like a mainstream pop record would have.

It was a glimmer of a crossover ploy, and Rubin shrewdly sensed the winds of rap were shifting—in the direction of commerciality. When "Cookie Puss," a hip-hop salvo from a white outfit, permeated the downtown scene, Rubin sprang into action. He started the Def Jam label in Autumn 1984, headquartering it in his N.Y.U. dorm room.

At the time, Adam "MCA" Yauch was enrolled at the Elizabeth Seeger School on Franklin Street in Greenwich Village, and Michael "Mike D" Diamond was attending St. Ann's School in Brooklyn Heights. Fledgling bassist Yauch and guitarist-percussionist Diamond co-founded the original Beastie Boys in 1979 with guitarist John Berry (who named them) and drummer Kate Schellenbach. They were a marginally functional punk band when they encountered Adam "King

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Ad-Rock" Horowitz, a Brooklyn Tech dropout enrolled in New York's City As School (CAS) work-study program for problem pupils. Horowitz was also head of a punk group called The Young and the Useless. While hanging out together at Stimulators and Slits concerts at such clubs as Hurrah, Tier 3, and Rock Lounge, the chums elected to turn their two bands into a semipermanent double bill. Eventually, the three lads merged their ambitions under the Beasties banner, releasing *Polly Wog Stew*, a seven-inch EP, on the tiny Rat Cage label in 1982. When Rick Rubin appreciated "Cookie Puss," the sole track salvaged from an abortive studio session, the Beasties discarded their instruments in October 1983 and became rappers with Rubin (alias DJ Double R) as their stage deejay and studio Svengali.

Def Jam Records' inaugural release was LL Cool J's "I Need a Beat." The Beasties' "Rock Hard" came next. Rubin took a tape of "Rock Hard" to another collegiate New York entrepreneur, Russell Simmons. The son of a Queens school superintendent, Simmons was producing younger brother Run's rap group, Run-D.M.C., while at City College. Rubin worked out a distribution deal with Simmons's Rush Productions, and the Beasties' 1985 "Rock Hard"/"Party's Gettin' Rough"/"Beastie Groove" EP became a sensation among the club cognoscenti, its invocation of "I'm a man who needs no introduction / Got a big tool of reproduction" a standard dance-floor chant.

When their single, "She's on It," was included in the shoddy Warner Bros. rap movie *Krush Groove*, the Beasties landed a six-week slot as the opening act on Madonna's Virgin Tour—during which they were continually booted. They fared better on Run-D.M.C.'s *Raising Hell* concert sweep, but that hitch was denounced nationally for the violence that plagued its venues. The excursion to promote *Licensed to Ill* is therefore a crucial test of the Beastie Boys' viability as a draw.

As expected, the ticket-buyers seem to be predominantly white middle-class kids, with a healthy black representation on the fringes of the halls. However, judging from the New England dates, the black faces virtually vanish after Public Enemy's sets.

Canvassing the blacks as they leave, I am offered comments that dismiss the Beasties as "soft shit," "white clowns," or "corny." Yet all bestow lavish praise on Public Enemy, whose Def Jam debut LP, *Yo! Bum Rush the Show* (a reference to gate-crashing), is a stark replication of underclass rage, set to a tumultuous, bleakly nonmelodic power groove. Public Enemy's "Chuck D" Ridenhour and William "Flavor-Flav" Drayton began at Adelphi University's radio station on Long Island, but are self-appointed spokesmen for an ultra-disenfranchised ghetto generation whose parents and grandparents have known only welfare. Theirs

is less a form of entertainment than a street-theater dress rehearsal for "The Fire This Time."

Which is why the Beastie Boys' performances are steeped in unnerving, wholly unintended ironies. As they bound before the footlights to deliver their raucous takeoffs and cartoon recastings of authentic inner-city rappers, the audience is dealt a plethora of current catchphrases, crime colloquialisms, and drug nicknames—but no inkling of the painful realities they describe. Like the "Amos and Andy" radio show of a bygone era, the Beasties embody and parade fresh stereotypes of black-ghetto culture while flooding the country with a hip lexicon that whites can exploit to mocking or bigoted effect.

The Beasties themselves, although enmeshed in the colorful, bohemian side of eighties urban culture, are not exactly products of its mean streets. King Ad-Rock is the son of the late Doris Keefe



“  
I'd rather watch  
a stupid car commercial  
rip off Motown than  
watch Bruce Willis do it.  
And I'd rather watch  
anything than Bruce Hornsby  
and the fucking Range.  
”



Horowitz (to whom *Licensed to Ill* is dedicated) and distinguished 48-year-old playwright-screenwriter Israel Horowitz, a Fulbright and Guggenheim fellow known for such stage and screen works as *The Indian Wants the Bronx*, *Author! Author!*, and the acclaimed new off-Broadway comedy-drama *North Shore Fish*. MCA's parents are accomplished architect Noel Yauch and New York City school-system administrator Frances Yauch. Mike D's mom is noted interior designer Hester Diamond. The Boys' credentials are plainly those of parental headaches from privileged households, and their decision to embrace rap was as casual as it was fashionable.

What became of the instruments the Beastie Boys once played?

"Some of it's in my parents' attic," says MCA, looking uncomfortable with the question. "We used to have stacks and stacks of amplifiers, because we bought these Univox amps that sounded like shit but looked really cool onstage. It was all bogus."

"But now it's really cool," Mike D ventures warily, "because we get a lot of free shit from guitar manufacturers. Adam

[Horowitz] likes to say he was a guitar virtuoso, but when he joined the Beastie Boys, he only knew one chord!"

"Give me a guitar," King Ad-Rock protests, scanning the instrumentless room. "I'll show you!"

"I'd just like to say," Mike D continues, "that when we first met Adam Horowitz, hippy Adam was like, 'Look guys, there's nothing gay about talking to plants . . .'"

"Look, I had gerbils as pets," says King Ad-Rock, flushed. "That doesn't mean I walked around looking for butt hugs. I used to go to the same places, the same clubs, as these two guys, but I hung out with people who were a lot cooler and more intelligent than these guys. I went to better schools and had more advantages than these two. The friends I had back then, we're *all* friends with now. The friends *they* had back then, we don't even talk to."

"I stay in touch with *nobody*," MCA retorts, King Ad-Rock's jibe having found its mark. "'cause I don't need any of them. I knew they were bastards from the beginning."

"Anyhow," MCA continues, changing the subject, "we were getting good as a band around the time we played a show in Boston at the Rat."

"We sucked," says King Ad-Rock, testy. "We always sucked."

"We played a good show!" MCA insists, pressing the point, his dark eyes aflame. "There were times when I walked out feeling happy with the show we'd played. We never sounded like fucking Aerosmith, but we were fucking good. This was in 1984."

"It was the summer of '62," Mike D quips, "with the Strawberry Alarm Clock! You know—'Incense and Peppermints.'"

It's pointed out to Mike D that the Strawberry Alarm scored that hit in the psychedelic heydaze of 1967, not the Shirelles-Four Seasons pop equinox of 1962.

"I guess," Mike apologizes softly, "we don't know our rock history. It's true. We don't."

Such bantam bursts of vulnerability and vague embarrassment are in simmering conflict with the Beasties' impudent public pose, an image they lack the experience and stamina to sustain.

Collected within the blank walls of this shoebox-sized room, they are tangibly lonesome in each other's presence, starved for individual attention. Thanks to their fragile fury and its occupational focus, for perhaps the first time in their separate lives, they are not being ignored. It excites like restitution, and it tastes like revenge.

"Musically," King Ad-Rock cracks, deftly discrediting Mike D's confession, "we're pre-Al Green and post-Al Lewis, the actor who played Grandpa on 'The Munsters.'"

"It's just important right now, when we're going to Lincoln, Nebraska, and wherever, that we show our rap roots," Mike



“... and if my visions hold true, before the autumn turns to winter, you will have an erection and play defensive linebacker for the Seattle Seahawks.”

D mutters coldly, "because otherwise they stand a very good chance out there of never actually seeing a rap group."

How, by the way, did the Beastie Boys come to compose "(You've Gotta) Fight for Your Right (to Party)"?

"It was toward the end of the album," says MCA, growing surly. "That was one of the last things we recorded."

"It was summer 1986," says Mike D. "We wrote it in about five minutes. We were in the Palladium with Rick Rubin, drinking vodka and grapefruit juice, and 'Fight for Your Right' was written in the Michael Todd Room on napkins on top of those shitty lacy tables. I remember we made a point there of like, 'Look, we gotta get shit done,' and we sat at one table, really determined to accomplish something. It was just like it is now, trying to fit everything in. We have to fit our movie into this touring."

What's the plot of *Scared Stupid*?

"The plot," says King Ad-Rock, "is Yauch gets laid, loses his virginity."

"Yeah," MCA deadpans, "I get a hundred blowjobs a day, but I haven't gotten any girl to give up the pussy yet."

There is an oddly pregnant pause, and then MCA offers a personal vignette.

"I lost my virginity in a tent in Holland, and that's true. I was on the first day of a bike trip. It was one of those American youth-hostels trips where you're not allowed to have sex or do drugs. I was a little dude and she was 19, big, and real def. The leader of the trip found out that we were fucking after a while, and threw her off the trip because she was older and was supposed to know better than to fuck."

"I lost my virginity," King Ad-Rock volunteers, "when I was at camp."

"I lost mine," Mike D chimes in, "in my friend's basement. It was just one more thing I was trying to fit in."

His cohorts groan at what MCA decries as a "Doc-and-Johnny-type gag," and then they excuse themselves to prepare for the evening gig.

The assembled mob, nearly a sellout, are rowdier than previous recent houses, perhaps because it's a school night out. Public Enemy and Murphy's Law make no impression on the three-quarters Caucasian sea of restive adolescents, but when the lights go down for the main attraction, a forbidding spark is struck.

Actually, it's a can of hair spray, which a girl in the upper balcony has turned into a torch with her cigarette lighter. She hurls the can toward the deejay's booth (which sits atop three towering cans of Jolt Cola), easily missing Hurricane, the six-foot-five dreadlocked blood who also doubles as the Boys' bodyguard. Still, the effort has enough spontaneous verve to almost eclipse the onrush of the Beasties, who launch into a burping recitation of "Time to Get III."

The Boys are greeted with a mighty whoop, a sizable number of onlookers

brandishing their heretofore hidden Budweiser in solidarity. The Beasties respond with shaken-and-sprayed suds of their own, their hand-held mikes becoming secondary props in the sodden melee. Deejay Hurricane moves from one music track of *Licensed to Ill* to the next, jumping his turntable needle and supplying scratchin' counter-rhythms with a tad too much haste.

Thirty minutes into the contrived bacchanal, the crowd roar grows dull, the collective alcohol and sugar rush spent. Their jaws slack, their eyes glazed, they appear to be reeling with the last feeling they had anticipated—boredom.

The aisles suddenly clog with kids, but the traffic is flowing in the wrong direction—toward the exits. Ten minutes more, and the subtle trickle has turned into a torrent, spectators departing in packs of ten and 20. Long before the obligatory encore, the hall is half-emptied.

Outside, the surprisingly subdued

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to give up the pussy yet.”

---

throng ambles or stumbles off into the darkness, some retrieving stashes of beer, others pointed in the direction of neighboring gin mills. Many are cold sober but clearly bemused. What's the problem?

"Aw, we saw enough," says one husky teenager from Charlestown, speaking for his huddled friends. "They weren't really playing the songs."

"There was no band," bitches a dungeared guy from Framingham, his arm around his disappointed date. "We expected live rock 'n' roll, not some recorded stuff."

"Right. Check it out," says a skinny young man from Somerville, who's leading three blond ladies in leather and spandex. "We were up for some serious guitar and drums. Some good jamming on the raps. We couldn't believe it was just them and the damned sound system."

Didn't they realize that most rap music is merely syncopated monologues over prerecorded tracks?

"They had *one* real band there," the slim young man challenges, his narrow face stiffening with annoyance. "The

Beastie Boys could've had their own musicians, too."

"Yeah," seconds one of his blondes, "we wanted to hear the music they played on the record. Not just some cheap tape recording of it."

Despite their miscomprehension, the disgruntled patrons have a point. Straight rap performances lack the musical dynamics to fully gratify an arena's worth of people, and there's certainly little in the essential, rote presentation to scrutinize, admire, or celebrate. Especially on this scale, the notion of live instrumental backing for hip-hop—the players primed to parry and thrust against the raps, building them into ballsy new configurations—is infinitely superior to what actually takes place. Besides, the Beasties were only going through the motions tonight, forgetting or disregarding the words to much of their material.

When confronted about the lack of genuine musical interest in their shows, the boys begin to get skittish in the extreme.

"Well, we play instruments in the studio," says Mike D apologetically. "We really do. We're not the Phony Boys."

But there are no such musical credits to be found on *Licensed to Ill*'s album sleeve.

"Listen," says MCA coolly, "most people don't know it, but we coproduce and write the songs for the records."

"We thought this whole Beastie thing up for ourselves about eight years ago," says King Ad-Rock, "and if we make albums that everybody *hates*, we'll still be happy."

Which raises a final question. Youth culture has been bluffed and gulled before by comfortable middle-class kids who were indulging a self-important passion or a convenient nihilism. Retracing the 1960s, the bulk of a privileged generation's political zealots disappeared into Wall Street boardrooms and "country chic" lifestyles, leaving the working class to clean up the mess.

Are the Beastie Boys indeed in rock 'n' roll for the long haul, or will they wind up as fat corporate executives or real estate magnates, their musical career a dimly recalled dalliance?

"As far as I'm concerned," says MCA, his voice exploding into a rattled bellow, "I'm just gonna fuck everybody! I wanna be an executive and a lawyer *and* a real estate magnate. Whattaya think, I'm naive and stupid?"

"Hey! Hey! Don't say that!" shouts Mike D, as he shoots King Ad-Rock a cautioning glance. "Be cool, man. Are you crazy or something? Don't tell 'em that!"

"Why the fuck not!" says MCA, on his feet, indignant. "Because it is—" He instantly reads the genuine alarm on his companions' faces, but his pompous ire has its own momentum. And though his voice drops to a skidding whisper, it's simply too late to stop those awful words:

"—the truth." 

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# GUINEA PIGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 170

work primarily on the tissue samples that he received from the experiments, and admits that that may have been one of the reasons he left his job there. "I wasn't too happy doing that," he says, "obviously for ethical reasons.

"I raised ethical questions. In fact, I really didn't care to do the work myself. But, you understand, somebody tells you to go do something, if you want to get a paycheck, you go ahead and do it. I still feel uncomfortable that I did it. At the time, I got wrapped up. I was a young Ph.D. and I had my first job and I didn't want to lose it."

Dr. Berlin and other scientists who dare to question the ethics of their superiors are the exception to the general rule of unconditional compliance that allows studies such as these to take place. "Today, experiments like that would ethically create major problems, and they simply would not be done at all," says Dr. Berlin. "This is a case where somebody at the A.E.C. wanted these experiments done and they were done."

Has science suddenly become ethical? Are researchers any more concerned with the welfare of the public than they were ten or 20 years ago?

A recent PBS broadcast entitled "The Pentagon and the Professor" revealed that Pentagon spending for university research has increased by more than 50 percent in the past five years. Today, the Defense Department provides more than three-quarters of all research funding available to universities. This "militarization of science" raises serious questions as to the independence of research and the recipient universities.

This association between academia and the Pentagon is not new. It started with the Manhattan Project, and by the 1950s it was an established fact. Many professors voice concern that the ever-increasing presence of the government on American campuses is resulting in a form of Faustian bargaining. Not only do the universities need the money, but aspiring Ph.D.'s need to conduct research in order to become full professors, and for their research they need grants.

While the Pentagon insists that it is merely funding basic research, one professor asks, "Why is the Department of Defense funding these projects? Out of the goodness of its heart? It has a purpose in mind." Critics of the military's increased presence on campus believe that science will naturally gravitate toward where the money is, and that the role of the university as an objective gatherer of knowledge is threatened when university administrators are forced to woo money from the Pentagon.

In an environment such as this, it is unlikely that scientific ethics will be any more evolved than they were 20 years ago. In

fact, the relative decrease in funding from sources other than the Pentagon strongly suggests that today's scientists may be forced to make even more difficult decisions between ethics and science than they were in the past.

Some of the experiments detailed in the Markey Report were conducted solely to enable scientists to "calibrate" instruments that measure radioactive substances in the body. Over almost a decade, ending in 1972, subjects either inhaled Argon-41 or swallowed capsules of other radioactive material so scientists could set their instruments.

One of the most startling things about these series of radiation experiments is the relative apathy with which they have been covered by the American press. In fact, there is very little in the news about death or harm from radiation at all. This seems unusual in a medium that is characterized by its aggressive investigation into almost anything that is newsworthy.



The Defense Department provides more than three-quarters of all research funding available to universities, which raises serious questions as to their independence.



It finds out how many pairs of shoes Imelda Marcos has, reveals all the smut on Rev. Jim Bakker's secret love affair, tells us of scandals on Wall Street or the White House, and even carries stories on \$125 hammers purchased by the Pentagon. Why then don't we hear about radiation and its risks to human health? Maybe it's just not newsworthy enough?

Dr. Gofman estimates that approximately 50,000 develop cancer annually as a result of radiation exposure from X rays in excess of what is needed for good diagnostic pictures. Why isn't this reported? According to Dr. Gofman, "There are very, very powerful interests that do not want that information to get out. One is the radiology profession. Another is the nuclear-medicine profession. These people make their livelihood by conducting these types of experiments. And still other, even more powerful interests are the government and the nuclear industry. To all of these groups, the amount of harm done by radiation is anathema. The media can count on this.

"I've seen them descend on the radio commentator who was covering a story after the Chernobyl disaster. What hap-

pened was that he mentioned that there had been an explosion at the Three Mile Island plant. The next day, four officials from the Public Utility Commission descended on his station manager and claimed that he had falsely reported an explosion at Three Mile Island. Of course, it was documented; you just have to look at the Presidential Commission Report, which says that there were two explosions at Three Mile Island. But the four utility officials harassed the station manager anyway, thinking they could con him into suppressing the information.

"If you think you are dealing with objectivity and honesty, let me tell you, you are dealing outside the real world when you say 'Gosh, this ought to be news.' Remember, there are big vested interests on the part of the United States government, the nuclear utility industry, and the medical profession's radiological branches to keep this news from surfacing. So don't be surprised when you go to a nuclear-medicine specialist and he says 'Oh, this is all nonsense about low-dosage radiation causing cancer. We've been using these dosages for years. I've been taking X rays for a long time, and I've never seen them causing cancer.' These people are then put on the air, written about in the newspapers with articles that say 'Radiologist finds that radiation effects have been overblown.' But you never see the press doing an analysis of the real evidence."

Dr. Gofman says that he is so fed up with the manner in which the press reports—or rather, fails to report—on the devastating effects of radiation, which kill thousands of Americans each year, that he "would not bother with the media if I didn't feel it to be part of my human duty as a physician.

"There are people out there," says Dr. Gofman, "who will kill other people for a price. Murder is not restricted to the Mafia. Murder, Inc., is alive and well in the medical profession, where they are killing people for a fee."

The government and the medical profession have not confined their crimes against the American people to radiation exposure. The articles to follow in this series on human experimentation will demonstrate that experiments such as the ones set forth in this article are not strange aberrations from standard medical procedure. These experiments are illustrative of the blatant disregard for human health and dignity by a government and scientific community that is more concerned with their own self-interests than with the health and safety of the public they purport to serve.

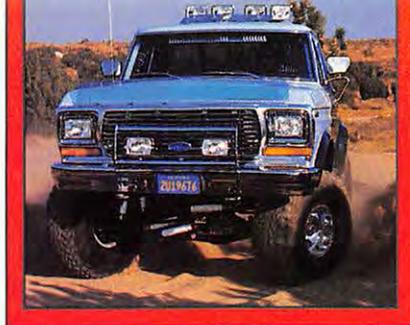
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# READ ALL ABOUT THEM IN

## FOUR WHEELER

The '53 CJ-3A Willys Jeep above (lower left) is no ordinary hand-me-down. Besides being beautifully preserved, it's fitted with new roll bars, seat covers, dash gauges, sound system and custom bumper with built-in toolbox and ice chest. The brakes and steering system have been updated, and it's powered by a Chevy 327 V-8 with TRW flat-top pistons that delivers 250 horses.

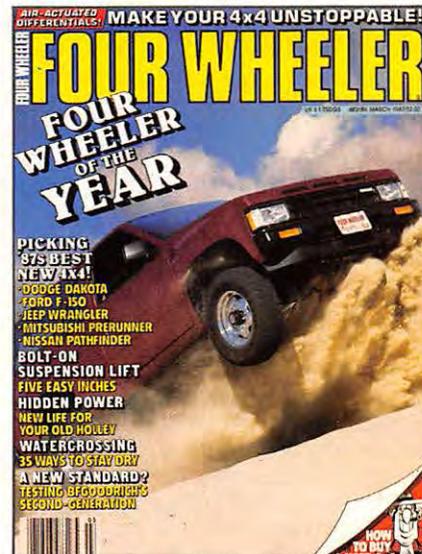
Five years ago, a 17-year-old reader of FOUR WHEELER turned a dream into reality when he bought a '76 Ford F-100—stock. As you can see above (top left) a lot has changed. The original grille is out—replaced by a chromed



tubular unit with square headlights. The finish is a five-tone Deepnight Blue Centari enamel. Inside, the stock bench seat has been modified with velour-covered bucket inserts, and a LeVan sunroof adds to the creature comforts of the cab. The engine, tranny, exhaust and suspension systems have all been modified, too.

Talk about transformations! The '77 AMC Pacer above (top right) has completely altered from a plain-Jane car into a custom 4x4 pickup. A Jeep SR-5 five-speed gearbox replaced the stock tranny. The transfer case—a New Power 219—features its own limited-slip differential, a durable viscous coupling and a 2.62:1 low-range gear. Combined with the low axle ratio (4.09:1), the gearing of the Pacer makes it a real climber!

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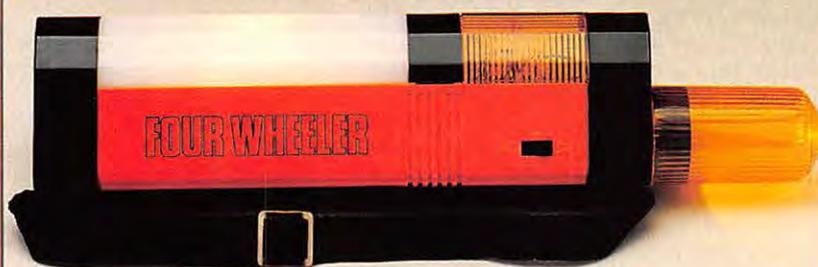
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**Penthouse:** Weren't Rock and you worried about the media seeing you going places together?

**Christian:** Sometimes I would hang back, but Rock never asked me to do so. I remember one night we went to Spago with two of the Go-Go's, Belinda Carlisle and Cathy Valentine. When we left, the photographers were visibly shaken. They didn't expect to see Rock and Belinda together. Rock saw the funny side of it and smiled. In a way he loved all that.

**Penthouse:** Were there any problems in public?

**Christian:** We were leaving the Cafe D'Etoile on Santa Monica Boulevard one night when two guys, obviously gay, were mincing about in the parking lot and laughed and sneered, "Well, if it isn't Rock Hudson. What ever happened to Jim Nabors?" That was a weird rumor that had started a long time ago because of some crazy wedding invitations someone had printed. I wanted to punch the guys out because I knew that it would upset Rock, but he wouldn't let me. Another time, at a restaurant, some drunk said to me, "Well, look who you're with, the old has-been from Universal." I picked up his beer and threw it in his face. I was very protective of Rock, who was kind of an institution.

**Penthouse:** Did you ever go with Rock to blatantly gay places?

**Christian:** Yes, the Rose Tattoo in Los Angeles.

**Penthouse:** Wasn't that dangerous to Rock's reputation?

**Christian:** Actually, it was more dangerous to my reputation than Rock's, because all the gays knew that he was gay. He was the George Washington of the gay scene. Not everybody knew about me. I was guilty by association. The only other similar places we went to were on Castro Street in San Francisco. I thought it would be too sleazy, that he would be hurt by it, but he wanted to go. Hardly anyone recognized him. It's different there. San Francisco is ghettoized. In Los Angeles straight people go to gay places, even though there is a fair amount of fag bashing.

**Penthouse:** In her book, Sara Davidson said you took advantage of Rock.

**Christian:** Yes. She claimed that I was using Rock's house for affairs with others. This is another way some are trying to smear Rock's name. He would never put up with anything like that.

**Penthouse:** But didn't Rock cooperate with Davidson on her book?

**Christian:** The Davidson book makes Rock look like a degenerate. He never would have approved of the book if he had been in his right mind at the time. Once I asked him, "How does it feel to be an author?" at the time he was supposed to be collaborating with Davidson. He said that he didn't know what I meant,

and asked, "Sara who?" He had absolutely no idea who she was. I think he thought she was one of his nurses, and he had no long-term memory whatsoever. The whole thing is a huge farce. It [Davidson's book] is not his story at all. He would never have let some of that stuff come out, especially about his private life. I tried to clear up some points with Davidson, but it was all conveniently left out.

**Penthouse:** What about another book, where it is suggested that Rock had an affair with Liberace?

**Christian:** I don't know if it was a genuine interview with Rock. It was so unlikely for him to be so frank about his sexuality. That was uncharacteristic of him. Rock never mentioned such an affair to me. I can't imagine it.

**Penthouse:** What about Rock's friends?

**Christian:** For the most part, his friends were gay. Once he told me that I wasn't good enough to meet his straight friends. I got angry and asked him, "Who do you

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Liz Taylor visited Rock in the hospital, much to the delight of some of the doctors, who spent more time ogling over her rather than attending to their patients.



think you are—Laurence Olivier?" He apologized and said that he was afraid that if they met me, they would like me and I would leave him. He did have a lot of straight friends, but they didn't come to the house. People tried to make him more social and go out with, say, the Robert Stacks, and become a bit more open. But basically, Rock stayed with Hollywood and the people he had worked with for a long time. While I was there, he once turned down an invitation from Melina Mercouri, minister of culture in Greece. He also turned down Prince Andrew on the British Olympics Committee. They would have been good things for him, but he said no.

**Penthouse:** How did he relate to his friends?

**Christian:** He would go to their homes, like producer Ross Hunter's, but it still would be that old big-movie-star shit, because he knew how to do that very well. When Rock had to play the movie star, he could do it better than anybody else. He was very good at playing secrets. During the AIDS thing, he was a master.

**Penthouse:** What about his relationships with some of the big stars?

**Christian:** [Toward the end] he had fallen away from a lot of friends. He was in contact with Doris Day, but she lived in Carmel and didn't come into town much. He had a kind of love-hate thing with Elizabeth Taylor. He could get exasperated with her, but he really did love her. But he also said that he didn't respect her. He didn't respect Doris either, but he absolutely loved her.

**Penthouse:** Can you tell me more about his relationship with Elizabeth Taylor?

**Christian:** When Rock was in Israel, Elizabeth was at the Betty Ford Center. He didn't know about it until I told him. I said that maybe he should give her a call. He said that he would, but never did until he got home. I also suggested that it would be nice to send her flowers, but he was always afraid to show emotion. Other times, though, he would show up with a basket of fruit when visiting someone. He really was a contradiction of himself.

**Penthouse:** When did you meet Elizabeth Taylor?

**Christian:** The first time I met Elizabeth was the day before Rock died and she had come to his house. The *National Enquirer* reported that she was with him all the time, mopping his brow and keeping him company, but that's not true. She did go to U.C.L.A.'s Medical Center, much to the delight of some of the doctors, who spent more time ogling over her rather than attending to their patients, from what I've heard.

**Penthouse:** Concerning Elizabeth Taylor, how did Rock feel about Richard Burton?

**Christian:** When I broke the news to Rock that Burton had died, his reaction was "Fuck him!" I asked him didn't he rate Burton highly as an actor, and he replied, "He wasted his talent." He had always had a kind of professional jealousy of Burton. When I mentioned that Elizabeth would be upset, he just kept saying "Fuck him!"

**Penthouse:** How did he regard the new generation of movie stars?

**Christian:** He deeply resented that period when Dustin Hoffman and Al Pacino and the people he called "super uglies" came on the scene. He decided you had to look like a beast to make it. There was a lot of bitterness there, because he really wanted to stretch himself [as an actor] but didn't know how to do it.

**Penthouse:** Were there actors he did admire?

**Christian:** He admired Robert Stack, Robert Redford. Also, he greatly admired Burt Lancaster and his career switch from handsome leading man to character actor. I tried to turn him on to Ingmar Bergman, but he had too much trouble reading subtitles.

**Penthouse:** Tell about the time Rock knew he had AIDS, and his appearance on "Dynasty" with Linda Evans.

**Christian:** There was a love scene with her, and unlike the way it was described in the Davidson book, where Rock was agonizing over the scene, about whether

1



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or not he should tell her the truth, he told me that he couldn't wait [for the love scene]. He said that she was a great looker and had the best ass in Hollywood and thought that she was a wonderful girl. When he got home that night, I asked him how the scene with Linda went. He said, "Great! I gave her a great big wet one. Let's see Forsythe pull that off." A year later, I found out that when he gave her that "great big wet one," he had sores in his mouth which were being treated by a nurse on the set.

**Penthouse:** Didn't you know about that, since you were still sleeping with him?

**Christian:** I didn't know about the nurse, but he had told me that he had a gum disease, gingivitis, and was being treated by his dentist, that his teeth were a bit loose and he was being fixed up, but it would be better in a matter of weeks.

**Penthouse:** But he did boast about kissing Linda?

**Christian:** Oh, yes. He felt that he was the great looker and was a superstud.

**Penthouse:** Didn't you question him?

**Christian:** I asked him once if it was herpes, and he said no. When I found out later that he had done that scene intentionally with Linda, I was furious. There was a nurse on the set all the time, but I also heard that someone from the health department came there, too, but I don't know for sure if that's true.

**Penthouse:** He must have kissed Linda more than once just to get the scene right.

**Christian:** Oh, yes, and I'm sure that they cut out the scenes that were too racy for television. He kept bragging about the French kiss he had given her. I don't know if it's true, but I heard that the whole cast was told to shut up about it. I don't think from what we hear that she was in any great danger, but psychologically it was bad enough for her to have to go through that when the man knew he had it [AIDS] and put her in that position.

**Penthouse:** Did you fear that Rock had AIDS?

**Christian:** It was during "Dynasty" that all the rumors about his health started, but most of the guys getting AIDS then were all younger. My fear for Rock was cancer.

**Penthouse:** When did Rock know that he had AIDS?

**Christian:** In June 1984. We continued to be intimate until February 1985. He never hinted that anything was wrong, not once. He also never acted any differently, other than the fact that his energy was down and he was snoring and sweating. He would also go through mood changes. He would lash out at people for no reason at all and then later be his old self again.

**Penthouse:** Rock was in Paris when you finally learned the truth about his having AIDS. How did you react?

**Christian:** I was alone in the house for a good 24 hours, stunned, receiving not one phone call from Hudson's people asking, "Well, how do you feel? After all, you've been sleeping with the man, you may be exposed. Let's get you to a doc-

tor." I went through 24 hours of pure hell. My mother called, and my father had just died two months earlier. Also, my non-Hollywood friends were concerned and calling.

**Penthouse:** When were you contacted by any of the Hudson people?

**Christian:** Finally, late the next day, one of them called and asked, "How are you taking it, kid?" I said not well. He said that he couldn't tell me earlier. I questioned him about how long he knew Rock had AIDS, and he told me over a year. I said, "Cute!"

**Penthouse:** Is that all you said and did?

**Christian:** I wanted to know why he didn't tell me. He said, "You know the movie star. You can't get him to do anything he doesn't want to do." He kept throwing it off, blaming Rock for it. I said that Rock was a man and that he was responsible. I said to him that he should have warned me: "After all, I was sleeping with the man." He wanted me to go to Paris to be

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I was waiting for an  
apology, explanation, anything,  
but it never came.  
Rock just said, "When you have  
something like  
this, you are all done."  
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tested, because it was too risky in L.A. because of the media and that the best doctors were in France.

**Penthouse:** After it was learned that Rock had AIDS, did people treat you differently?

**Christian:** Suddenly there was something like an iron curtain dropped around the house and I was a nonperson. I didn't exist. People I thought were my friends at the house turned against me. They were embarrassed and didn't want to deal with me. There was a polite coldness going on as well. I agreed to go to Paris, but every phone call I put through to Rock was thwarted and I couldn't get through to him. I flew to Paris the next day.

**Penthouse:** Was it all done at the Hudson's people's expense?

**Christian:** Ha, ha. They paid for the plane one way. The rest of the stuff was put on my American Express bill. They said that I would be reimbursed when I got home. Needless to say, I was never repaid and was put \$3,000 into debt. They paid for the tests, which were minimal. It was all another way of getting back at me.

**Penthouse:** Didn't the French doctors give you a clean bill of health?

**Christian:** I was told that I was clean, but because of the turn of events at home, I didn't know who I could trust. I was also told that I could be incubating the disease. I didn't know if the doctor in France was paid off. So on my own, I went to several doctors in Los Angeles and found the same results, that at this time I was clean.

**Penthouse:** As you frantically searched for the truth, did your emotions turn from love to hate toward Rock?

**Christian:** Not then, it was too early. I was still too much in shock. I had just lost my father and now Rock was dying. Everything was crashing. I was afraid for myself and in agony over him.

**Penthouse:** Did you visit Rock at U.C.L.A. Medical?

**Christian:** Without my knowledge, I was put on a list of people not to see Rock, and I was denied access. On my way out of the hospital, five security guards tried to arrest me—two pulled guns on me. It was like trying to get into the presidential compound at Camp David.

**Penthouse:** Didn't Rock want to see you?

**Christian:** A doctor friend of mine took a message to Rock saying that I had been trying to reach him for three weeks. Rock told him to let me see him. He didn't know what was going on, either. They were keeping him in the dark and preventing us from seeing one another. I don't think that he knew it had broken publicly that he had AIDS.

**Penthouse:** After much turmoil with Hudson's people, you did finally see Rock at the hospital. What happened at that meeting?

**Christian:** It was the first time in a month that we had seen each other. I went in there very angry. I was angry about everything that had happened and I was going to let him have it. But I took one look at him and I couldn't do it. He was so pitiful and pathetic that I couldn't stay angry.

**Penthouse:** Did you confront him about his not telling you he had AIDS for all that time?

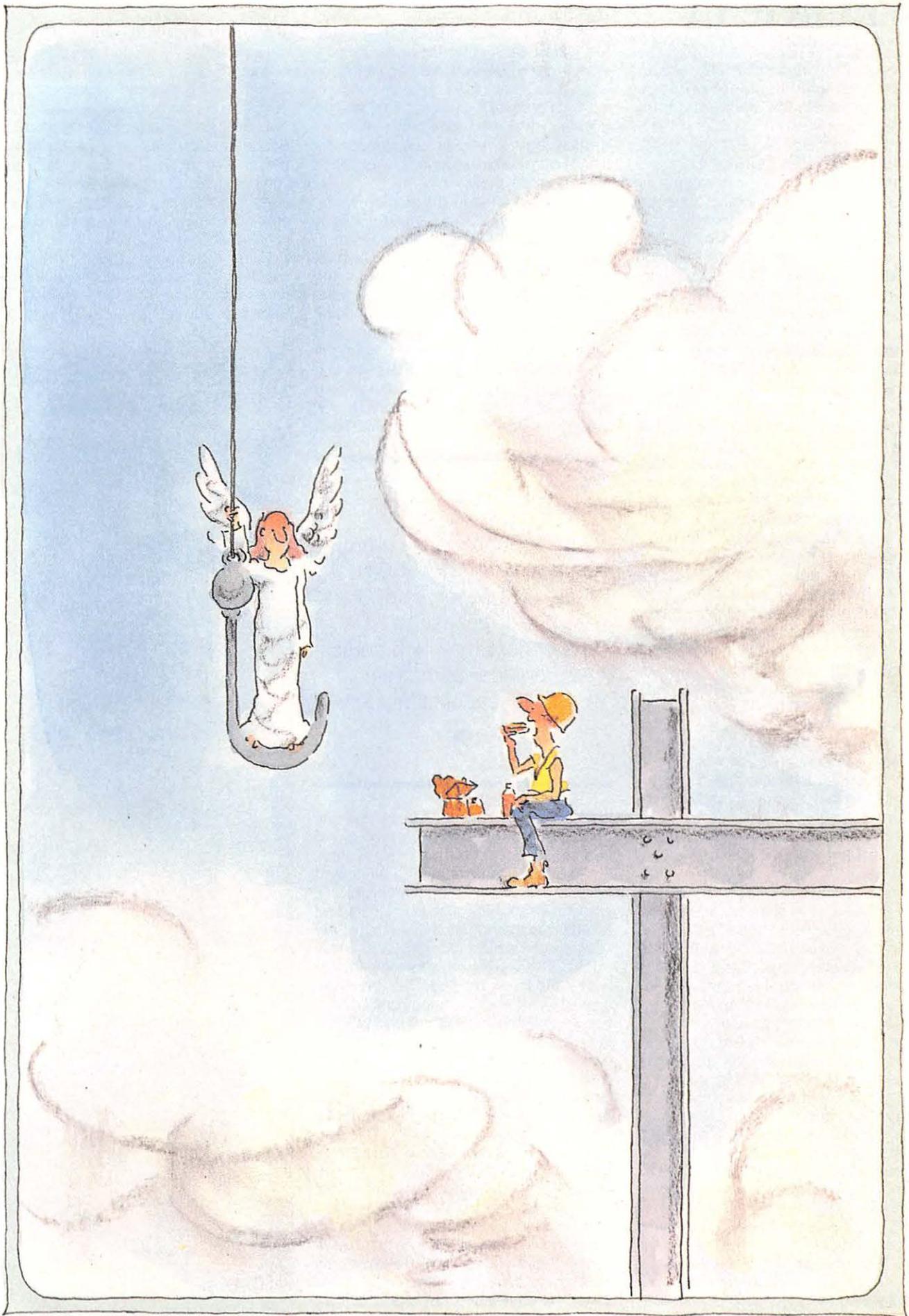
**Christian:** Yes. He said, "When you have something like this, you are all done." I was waiting for an apology, explanation, anything, but it never came.

**Penthouse:** Although you are now in a bitter legal battle over what you believe is your due, how do you feel when you see Rock's face on television or in the movies?

**Christian:** I have nice memories. There is always a good feeling when I see his face.

**Penthouse:** Do you draw any parallels between the deaths of Rock Hudson and Liberace?

**Christian:** It would have been nice if they had both admitted they had AIDS and would have helped raise money for research to fight the disease. Rather, they gave us the opera of the eighties. Rock gave us the anorexic two-step and Liberace graced us with the watermelon-diet concerts. OT—



*Cummings*

ing to use? Anything that was not immoral, unethical, illegal, or unprecedented in previous Democratic campaigns," he cracked.

Buchanan's Revenge of the Nerds memos to the Oval Office were undraped at the hearings. For example, he urged linking the Democratic opponent to "bell-bottomed ecologists," "snot-nosed demonstrators," and "elitist left-wing professors." Wound Ted Kennedy, he argued, by wedding him at every opportunity to the "swinger, see-through-blouse-cum-hot-pants crowd."

He wanted to hurt philanthropist Stewart Mott. "This fellow Mott, who bankrolls McGovern, is, I understand, a screaming fairy who makes \$800,000 and pays no taxes—we are trying to interest *Monday* [the magazine of the Republican National Committee] in doing a takeout on him in the near future," the aide wrote.

Mott had never heard of Buchanan's memo, but laughs it off 15 years later. Yes, he avoided taxes—as J. D. Rockefeller and Bangladesh nuns did under now-defunct regulations—but he denied the sodomy smear. "I am not now, nor have I ever been, homosexual."

Buchanan's advice to "burn the tapes" and fire the special prosecutor did not disqualify him from remaining in the White House when Gerald Ford moved in (though the new president did refuse Buchanan's wish to be named South African ambassador).

One journalism-school classmate suspects that Buchanan was Deep Throat. "I've always felt that when Pat found out they had, in fact, done what they did, he felt he had to get back at them in some way," says Paul Hathaway, now with the public-affairs department of Howard University.

Is this notion totally absurd? Apparently, Buchanan did allow Woodward and Bernstein some inside dope for *The Final Days*—e.g., Nixon's inability to handle alcohol when fatigued and the details of the "limited modified hang-out." "I've always suspected Pat of being a journalist deep down," notes Hathaway.

The media's post-Watergate jitters about hounding a president from office opened the doors for a rookie crop of right-wing commentators. Buchanan boarded the bus despite his conviction that the press was comprised of an "adversary class" of intellectuals who despised traditional American values. Both he and fellow Nixon speech writer William Safire signed on with *The New York Times*: Buchanan was syndicated—the blue-collar polemicist got the out-of-town gigs. The more erudite Safire landed a spot on the paper's op-ed page. Buchanan went electric as the seventies came to a close. He haunted Jimmy Carter on land, sea, and airwaves.

## IN THE CROSS FIRE

Tom Braden and Patrick Buchanan had a particularly splendid act. They counterpointed each other for years on local Washington radio and television and then leaped to Cable News Network (CNN) in 1981. "Crossfire," sticking one or two guests in the killing zone between liberal Braden and conservative Buchanan for a half hour, five nights a week, was CNN's highest-rated show.

It is fashionable in the Boston-Washington corridor to think that Buchanan regularly picked Braden off. More ideologically poised and prepared, Buchanan argued from consistent positions and seemed sharper on many nights. Braden spoke plainly about his ex-partner and himself during a long conversation in the living room of his large white house in Chevy Chase. At 69, he appears trim and craggy, dressed in a red corduroy shirt and jeans. A former C.I.A. executive, JFK crony, and syndicated columnist, he is

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“I think Buchanan is narrow and bigoted,” ABC’s Sam Donaldson said. “He expresses this type of hostility which comes from fear of the real world and fear of other ideas.”

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the kind of burnt-out liberal case that the right loves to hate. With a photo of Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Douglas on a nearby table and a golden retriever named Whitcomb Riley at his feet, Braden analyzes his complex relationship with Buchanan. "Pat is farther to the right than I am to the left. I consider myself a moderate liberal man. I don't have a left-wing ideology. I try to look at the facts. Whereas, Pat can make a case for himself from the right without hemming or hawing." What Braden really means is that Buchanan is a fascist with an Irish face.

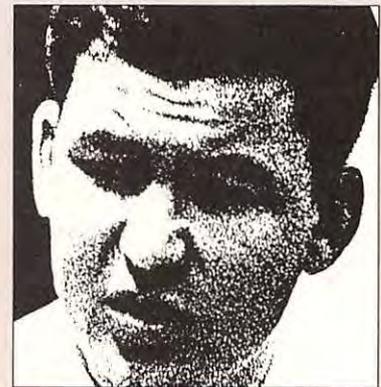
Off camera, the human factor kept the team friendly, unlike the situation that now obtains with Bob Novak, Buchanan's principal replacement on "Crossfire." "Maybe Novak has a heart of gold," says Braden, "but I can't find it. What I admire about Pat is his family, his upbringing. He's polite, kindly, nice to my children; he'll go out of his way in a snowstorm to drive you to your car. He has a sense of humor that's not scornful like mine. He was a terrifically good drinker, used to match me one for one, but now he's down to a beer or two a day. Pat's a good guy. . . . But which of the Federalist Pa-

pers represent his views? He doesn't have a democratic instinct in him."

John McLaughlin, the former Jesuit exorcist and White House assistant who blessed Richard Nixon as a great moral leader during the final days, ordained Buchanan to the original cast of the racy "McLaughlin Group." His judgment of Buchanan's peculiar spot on the dial is softer. "I've always felt that if Pat would immerse himself in reality, then he would change his purist views," he says. "He's only two-dimensional; he lacks an emotional affect."

More than any other Buchanan-watcher, Braden has paid his dues and earned his opinions. For instance, on Buchanan's polemical style: "I wouldn't

## THE FAR SIDE OF PAT BUCHANAN



**Best Party Trick:** Eddie Murphy imitation

**Movie Idol:** Clint Eastwood in anything

**Favorite Religious Rite:** Latin Mass

**Biggest Regret:** Working as an accountant during college suspension

**Worst Enemy:** Neighbor who shot his Persian cat

**Why He's No Kemo Sabe:** "Folks who run around saying, 'Custer had it coming,' are not with us anyway. Our constituency cheers the Seventh Cavalry." (*Conservative Votes, Liberal Victories*)

**Physical Ache:** Arthritis

**Skeleton in Closet:** Wrote article on prison reform for leftie *Nation* in 1964

**Most Eccentric Column Opener:** "Following his miraculous victory over the Alemanni in 496 A.D., Clovis, king of the Franks, who had invoked the god of the Christians during the battle, converted, accepted the Nicene creed, and had his army marched to the river in battalions and baptized by platoons. Three thousand pagans came across in one afternoon."

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be surprised that he plays with the facts. I can't expect him to be scrupulous. It doesn't matter to Pat whether the facts are exactly right, as long as they sound good. I put him in the same category as Westbrook Pegler and Joe McCarthy, although they were taken more seriously."

• On his homophobia: "I've always had a funny feeling about Pat's oddly visceral loathing for homosexuals. I remember that he got a kick out of a newspaper story on some Marines beating up gays outside the base. His lips assume a tracing of utter disgust whenever he talks about them."

• On his racial philosophy: "Blacks are a burden to American society, asking for handouts they don't deserve. Mayor Marion Barry and Congressman Walter Fauntroy of Washington, D.C., are laughable to him. He has no respect for Andrew Young, but he praises blacks who have achieved outside the movement. The Vernon Jordan incident pleased him." (In 1980, Jordan, former president of the Urban League, was shot in the parking lot of a Fort Wayne, Indiana, motel while in the company of a white woman.)

• On his political resentment: "I can't overstress Pat's stab-in-the-back mentality. He and his people on the right are always being cheated of their triumphs by the left. What's the title of his little book? *Conservative Votes, Liberal Victories?* Nixon was stabbed in the back at Watergate. And now Reagan has contragated."

During his latest White House stint (March '85 to February '87), Buchanan deliberately stayed off "Crossfire." Even after his resignation, he kept his distance until deciding to publicize a parting memo to the President printed in *Newsweek* (March 30). Reportedly, he was wary of Braden. Starved so long of his natural prey, the moderate gentleman on the left quickly led up to the F-word that is seldom heard on political news shows. After citing several "nasty, mean, feline" passages, Braden popped the question.

"Do you think that the piece you wrote [in *Newsweek*] is not shot through with what—pardon me, Pat—with what I would call fascism?" he asked.

"No," Buchanan replied with swift LaRouchite logic, "it's reminiscent of what the French ought to do [sic] when Hitler went into the Rhineland. If they'd acted then, they would not have had the problem of World War II."

Apparently, the guest was offended. After the program, Buchanan showed his discontent by grunting to Braden, "Fascist, huh?"

"That's the strongest word I've ever used on television," says Braden. "And I used it purposely. The *Newsweek* stuff struck me as a fascist argument. Fascism gets its energy from declaring a single enemy and a scapegoat. Hitler needed Communism. The Jews stabbed Germany in the back. Pat has Communism, too, but his scapegoat is the left. But there is no real left in America, even

though he calls the Democratic party a bunch of jackals."

Buchanan's unhewn M.O. seems unwelcome among the yachtsmen on the right, too. "Pat's a little déclassé in Bill Buckley's eyes," an editor of the *National Review* avers synecdochically. But Buckley denies snobbery as well as any role in deep-sixing Buchanan's employment application a quarter of a century ago. "Whoever is feeding you that line knows nothing about *National Review*, and incidentally nothing about me," Buckley says in correspondence. "I will not trouble myself, or you, to give the backgrounds of forty-plus young men and women who have gone through here as editorial assistants, though if you wish to know whether we practice affirmative action, the answer is no, we do not. In re Pat Buchanan, I never met him during the period when he sought a place here (we turned him down at about the same time we turned down an aspiring cartoonist

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Buchanan resents  
the Holocaust's status as the  
Genocide of Choice,  
because it diverts attention  
from Communist crimes  
and embarrasses our anti-  
Red allies in West Germany.

”

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named Jeff MacNelly). I met him first when he was working for Nixon, formed an admiration and a fondness for him that has not deviated."

In the middle of the spectrum there is merely confusion and pity. "I have trouble understanding why a man of Buchanan's intelligence and education needs to keep himself at such a high level of intensity," comments John Chancellor of NBC News. "It's sad sometimes to see him take such extreme positions when other conservatives are making more reasoned arguments."

From the left of the White House press corps, ABC's Sam Donaldson eagerly rips into the man he believes is the most rabid ideologue ever to advise U.S. presidents. "I think Buchanan is narrow and bigoted. He expresses this type of hostility which comes from the fear of the real world and fear of other ideas," Donaldson said in the White House pressroom. "Nothing happens because people make mistakes or that you have an honest difference of opinions. Everything happens because backs are stabbed, conspiracies are framed, and right-thinking people are undermined by the leeches and

scum of the world."

Does Buchanan's alleged bigotry make him a racist in Donaldson's eyes? "Black reporters here consider him so," the correspondent answered.

#### THE ROAD TO BITBURG

When Ronald Reagan asked Buchanan to become White House communications director in early 1985, he hired the nation's most prominent defender of accused Nazi war criminals. Buchanan, who believes Stalin was a greater evil than Hitler, has even hinted that he favored a German victory in the battle of Stalingrad: "What is often forgotten is that the greatest enemy of the Russian people was never in Berlin, but in Moscow, as it is today," Buchanan wrote back in September 1984.

Buchanan resents the Holocaust's status as the Genocide of Choice among the smart set, because it diverts attention from Communist crimes and embarrasses our anti-Red allies in West Germany.

"Perhaps this endless search for Nazi war criminals, these endless reenactments on stage and screen of Hitler's concentration camps, are good for the soul," he wrote in 1983. "To what end, however, is all this wallowing in the atrocities of a dead regime when there is scarcely a peep of protest over the prison camps, the labor camps, the concentration camps operating now in China and Siberia, in Cuba and Vietnam?"

One Washington confidant suggests that Buchanan's Holocaust problem is more than tactical: "Pat doesn't believe that the Holocaust took place exactly as the Jews represent. He disputes the figures. I figure he thinks the concentration camps were built for the Jews' protection." Thanks to Buchanan, this warped view of the death camps infected the mind of Ronald Reagan. The adviser lobbied for the presidential trip to Bitburg cemetery, where Reagan read Buchanan's script that morally equated SS guards with those they murdered. It was the most insensitive presidential remark about the Holocaust ever uttered.

Jewish organizations were livid when Buchanan opened the cellar door of the Reagan White House to lobbies demanding an end to U.S. efforts to ferret out and deport suspected Nazi war criminals living in this country. He had a private session in his office with a family member of an accused Nazi. And he became the most influential supporter of a campaign by Eastern European émigré groups to close down the Office of Special Investigations (O.S.I.) in the Justice Department—the only government arm that hunts the Nazis among us. (The O.S.I. is currently conducting approximately 500 investigations of suspected Nazi war criminals living within our borders.) Buchanan introduced Attorney General Edwin Meese to officials of these O.S.I.-bashing organizations.

The tireless Buchanan also hosted a

1985 White House meeting with a supporter of German rocket scientist Arthur Rudolph. Rudolph was brought to the United States in 1945 to help launch the American space program. He renounced his citizenship in 1984 following an O.S.I. probe into his use of slave labor for Hitler's V-2 rocket development. O.S.I. attorneys were prepared to institute deportation proceedings against Rudolph as a suspected war criminal when the 78-year-old retiree returned to West Germany. O.S.I. charges Rudolph participated directly in the use and persecution of concentration-camp inmates when he was chief operations officer of the rocket complex under the Hartz Mountains in Central Germany in 1943 and 1944. Justice Department attorneys estimate that one-third to one-half of the 60,000 prisoners at the Dora-Nordhausen camps attached to Rudolph's factory died after being whipped, beaten, underfed, and overworked. Rudolph's friends wanted O.S.I. to drop the charges.

"He [Buchanan] said he would help," Dr. Eberhard Rees, one of Rudolph's pals, told reporters after his White House visit. (Evidently, Buchanan could not do much. Rudolph still remains in West Germany, where that government does not want him, either.)

Buchanan's amnesiac approach to the Final Solution fills the Jewish intelligentsia with contempt. "Pat Buchanan [is] one

of the most evil men in the history of government . . . a man who has finally in his long lifetime found one minority he can support: Nazi war criminals, and has made a career of it. . . . He is their man in the White House," Harvard law professor Alan M. Dershowitz said at a Boston legal seminar last year.

A private 26-page dossier on Buchanan circulates among Jewish activists. Seasoned Buchanan-watchers say they cannot divine the true motives behind his special pleading for concentration-camp guards.

At the start of his lonesome campaign, Buchanan appeared to have a bureaucratic objection to the U.S. hunt for Nazis. "If you've got 50 investigators who run this shark force on American soil, why not devote these resources to going after organized crime, where they are dumping people in the bay, instead of running down 70-year-old camp guards?" he said on a 1982 television program. (This critique is particularly lame, since O.S.I.'s \$2.3 million annual budget is seven times smaller than that of the Justice Department's mob-busters.)

Eli Rosenbaum, Buchanan's nemesis at the World Jewish Congress, says that he has spent many hours pondering why Buchanan does what he does on the Nazi issue, but he won't come out and call him an anti-Semite. "I don't know," he sighed, "you've got to put him on the couch to

find out why storm troopers move him."

Would Joe McCarthy—Buchanan's trance spirit—have defended Nazis?

Indeed. He took up the cause of 43 SS men sentenced to death for machine-gunning several hundred captured U.S. soldiers at Malmédy during the Battle of the Bulge. During congressional hearings into charges that overzealous military investigators forced false confessions from the Germans, McCarthy mocked the motives and professional conduct of the Army prosecutors—many of them Jewish refugees from Europe. The senator asked a witness, "If you were a German, would you feel that you would be willing to have a matter of life and death decided by this man Rosenfield?"

McCarthy's odious tactics notwithstanding, Congress exonerated the Army lawyers, and eventually the military commuted most of the death sentences.

Why did Joe McCarthy risk standing up for the Nazis? Apparently, he was playing to the numerous German-Americans back home—some of whom had sympathy for the Reich.

Pat Buchanan is likewise hailed in the dark corners of a few American beer halls. *Draugas*, a Chicago Latvian daily known for its occasional anti-Semitic jottings, has called Buchanan a "real godsend to us." In late 1986, Buchanan was named "Man of the Year" by the Illinois branch of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of Amer-

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ica, which lobbied Congress for a statute of limitations on Nazi war crimes and said that the O.S.I. was "manipulated" by the K.G.B.

**THE UNINDICTED ASSISTANT: PART II**  
During the week of November 18, 1986, Robert McFarlane was a busy man. The former national security adviser, a central figure in the contragate scandal then dominating the headlines, was immersed in an elaborate cover-up. He falsified a soon-to-be released official chronology of events, talked with Ollie North about shredding documents, and conferred in person with key participants, including his successor at the National Security Agency, a terrorism expert, a publicist for the contras.

According to McFarlane's personal calendar, he also met with Pat Buchanan. A guy with friends who did time for earlier White House high crimes and misdemeanors, Buchanan was used to the atmosphere.

"Isn't that what a communications director is supposed to do—write cover stories?" a veteran D.C. journalist speculated.

Buchanan's role in the political tempest was critical. Apparently, he was the devil in Oliver North. "Pat talked to Ollie a lot in his office and really pumped him up," said a major Washington insider who is often seen on TV. "Although North had a mischievous twinkle on his own . . . Pat

transmitted a positive attitude. He electrified Ollie." The aide who moved Nixon to get dirty with political enemies 15 years earlier charged the anti-Red batteries of the ex-Green Beret.

Buchanan's jingo lyrics were well-suited for Blood and Guts. The Sandinistas "have to be driven out the same way they came in . . . at the point of a gun," he crooned in 1983. He even out-Reaganned Reagan by asserting that "American wounded and American dead" were needed for the ultimate overthrow of the Marxists in Managua.

Yet Buchanan's appetite for patriotic gore has never been tested under fire. He fought the Vietnam war on the editorial page and from the jungles of the White House mess. Why would a youthful militant of anti-Communist ardor skip the war of his generation? An unreliable knee joint reportedly deferred him in the sixties. (But the luck of the Irish or the application of Lourdes water brought sufficient recovery for regular four-mile runs around the Ellipse.)

Congressman Andrew Jacobs (D-Ind.), a Korean War vet, coined the term "war wimp" for such paper panthers of the right. He stood up in Congress after Buchanan wrote a 1986 *Washington Post* op-ed piece arguing that Democrats would ally themselves with "Daniel Ortega and the Communists" if they voted against contra aid. Jacobs ridiculed the 4-F firebrand with some light verse: "It

talks a good fight / This bird from the right / But won't raise a feather to help / When they go o'er the sea / He has a bad knee / And can only stay home and yelp."

*Chicago Tribune* columnist Mike Royko did not resist bugling Buchanan's non-combat record. In an imaginary Oval Office conversation, Royko lampooned Buchanan's blarney: "Mr. President, as eager as I am to take to the jungle and overthrow those tools of the Kremlin, those appeasers of the Marxist plague, those liberal-loving lackeys of Lenin, I really feel I can be of greater use in the struggle with the Sandinistas if I remain here and fight in the White House."

Inside his office, adorned with a single poster of tanks rumbling through Red Square, Buchanan held hands with patriots who would soon be pleading guilty or the Fifth Amendment. With North, Buchanan arranged at least one presidential photo opportunity for the wealthy conservative patrons of Carl "Spitz" Channell, the hot, young gay reactionary fund-raiser. The unfortunate Channell was the first figure to plead guilty to a crime in the scandal. His fund drive for the terrorist bombings of schools, hospitals, and power plants in Nicaragua provided illegal tax shelter.

Buchanan's backstage work on Nixon's political-assault team came in handy when he plotted an extraordinary media campaign targeting congressional opponents of contra aid in 1985. The \$5 million propaganda effort was beamed through 37 states against 103 members of Congress thought to be politically vulnerable on Central America.

"I was in charge of . . . the communications strategy for the 1985 campaign to win contra aid," Buchanan admitted on "Face the Nation" in one of the rare public comments on his contragate role. "I sort of cochaired a committee on that. Ollie North sat on the committee."

So did Spitz Channell.

That Buchanan sat still should be surprising, given his documented homophobia. But Buchanan has toweled off in tight quarters with other members of the Lavender Mob of the right such as the late Terry Dolan, AIDS victim/conservative strategist, and a well-known homosexual bachelor in the Nixon White House who had his lover and his dog picked up from Union Station in a presidential limo every Friday.

*The Lowell Sun*, a Massachusetts newspaper, reported that some money from the Iranian arms sale controlled by Ollie North was funneled into these domestic campaigns. Buchanan denied any knowledge of such diversion. "How can you know where the proceeds from the Iranian arms deal were going when you didn't know there was an Iranian arms deal?" he exclaimed on "Crossfire" last April.

Buchanan formed key alliances with major contragate figures even before he entered the Reagan administration. He



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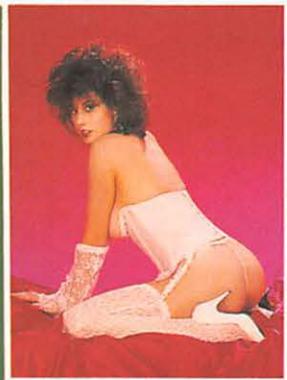


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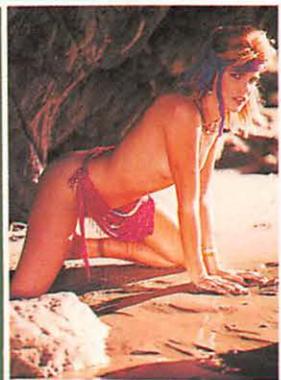
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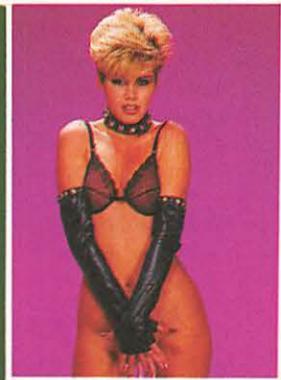


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was a board member of the little-known Council for National Policy (C.N.P.), a capitol outfit that hosts quarterly soirees for dynamo conservatives with a need to network. Fellow officers from the bowels of contragate presumably played doubles with Buchanan at C.N.P. powwows—Oliver North; Lewis Tambs, the former Costa Rican ambassador who helped build a secret rebel airstrip on the southern front; contra funder and beer baron Joseph Coors; and retired major general John Singlaub, Ollie North's principal military planner.

"Buchanan had a great deal of knowledge about the contra war—troop movements, weapons in the field, all kinds of details," says one contra official who met him in the White House in the spring of 1985.

Yet just like Watergate, Buchanan appears to have made a clean getaway. He has remained tight-lipped about his role in the covert Nicaraguan war since he quit the administration last February. Buchanan refused to be interviewed for this article. Tom Braden butted his old sparring partner when he asked him on "Crossfire" last April if the special prosecutor had paid a visit yet. Buchanan huffed that he fully expected to get a call "about Ollie North," but he offered no details on what he would tell Lawrence Walsh.

#### THE WET SPOT

Sexual politics has not spared Buchanan shame, either. Whenever he tries to exchange dialectical fluids in the erogenous zone, he always rolls over the wet spot. Take Dr. Judith Reisman, the songwriter—sex researcher from "Captain Kangaroo," who was lifted from obscurity to a \$734,371 Justice Department grant after accusing the deceased sexologist Alfred Kinsey of complicity in the genital torture of children. Although Reisman had never written a book, published a scientific paper, or taught a college course in her strange career, Buchanan promoted her colossal distortion of Kinsey's data in both his column and on "Crossfire" in 1983.

"If Dr. Reisman's charges stand up in the storm that is coming," Buchanan puffed, "Kinsey will wind up on the same ethical and scientific shelf now reserved for the German doctors who conducted live experiments on Jewish children." But the storm did not arrive and, four years later, neither has the promised volume on Kinsey's supposed sex crimes.

Buchanan's reverse Midas touch worked a second time on Reisman. Her costly study of cartoons in *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, and *Hustler* was rejected thrice last year: by the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography; by American University, where it was compiled; and by the Justice Department itself, which decided to eat the three-quarters of a million dollars rather than publish her shoddy attack on mainstream men's

magazines.

Buchanan stumbled over Kinsey once more during his public-health-officer phase in 1984, when he mounted a campaign against deviant microbe carriers. "According to Dr. Kinsey, the average homosexual has 1,000 sexual partners in a lifetime," he remarked in an *American Spectator* article titled "Gay Times and Diseases." This statistic indicated that such men were exponentially dangerous in the age of AIDS. How could Buchanan rely on a scientist whom he had previously compared to Josef Mengele? But a more pertinent question is whether Kinsey ever made the 1,000-lover reference in the first place.

In fact, he did not. So where did the bogus figure originate? Dr. Gordon Muir, the coauthor of the piece, points the finger at Buchanan: "This statement appears nowhere in my original draft, which contains principally medical data fully referenced to journals or books. I am of

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Buchanan limited  
his dirty tricks to dishing  
out forged letters-  
to-the-editor and cranky  
memos targeted  
against liberal think tanks  
and Martin Luther King.

●

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the opinion that Pat put it in . . ."

If Buchanan ever experienced the moral equivalent of the Army-McCarthy hearings, it was his "Crossfire" confrontation with Judy Blume, a cultural legend for her realistic and popular children's novels. Buchanan did not lose his decency as McCarthy had when he gratuitously smeared a young Boston lawyer at the hearings that finally ruined his vocation. Son of Joe does not have the kidneys for McCarthyism in the absolute raw. Nonetheless, he treated Blume awfully, disdainfully, as if she were Jackie Collins, or as if she truly exploited kids.

Whatever else he is, Buchanan is a *l'homme du monde* who has hung out with party mammals like Roy Cohn and Hunter Thompson. Yet he snootily pretended offense at the notice of erections, menstruation, burping, whizzing on lawns, and, worst of all, masturbation in Blume's sensitive fiction.

The subject of the program was book-banning. Blume, sometimes a victim of school-library raids, came on to support every kid's right to read. But Buchanan was fixated on reciting juicy parts from marked-up copies of Blume's novels that

made bold mention of the physical explorations of preteenagers. "Why is it narrow-minded and bigoted not to want your kid to read about masturbation at ten years?" he complained.

"Are you hung up on masturbation?" Blume found herself retorting. ". . . no child would ever go through those books and underline the way you have, because they read the books for feeling and they write me 2,000 letters a month and say, 'You know how I feel.'"

But Buchanan was not listening. He just kept on reading from *Deenie*:

"I touch my special place every night." Next passage: "Do normal people touch their bodies?" Next: "What is the name for stimulating our genitals? They call it masturbation."

Tom Braden cringed as Blume grew visibly desperate.

"*Deenie* is a book about scoliosis," she pleaded. "You prefer to think it's a book about masturbation."

"Why couldn't you write a book about scoliosis without the other stuff in it? . . . Judy Blume, look, I'm sure when I was a kid I used to go to a park about a mile and a half away, and we'd walk home and of course you'd go to the bathroom in the woods if you couldn't make it home, but why put that sort of thing in a book?" remarked Buchanan in the dumbest and most intellectually indecent moment of his public career.

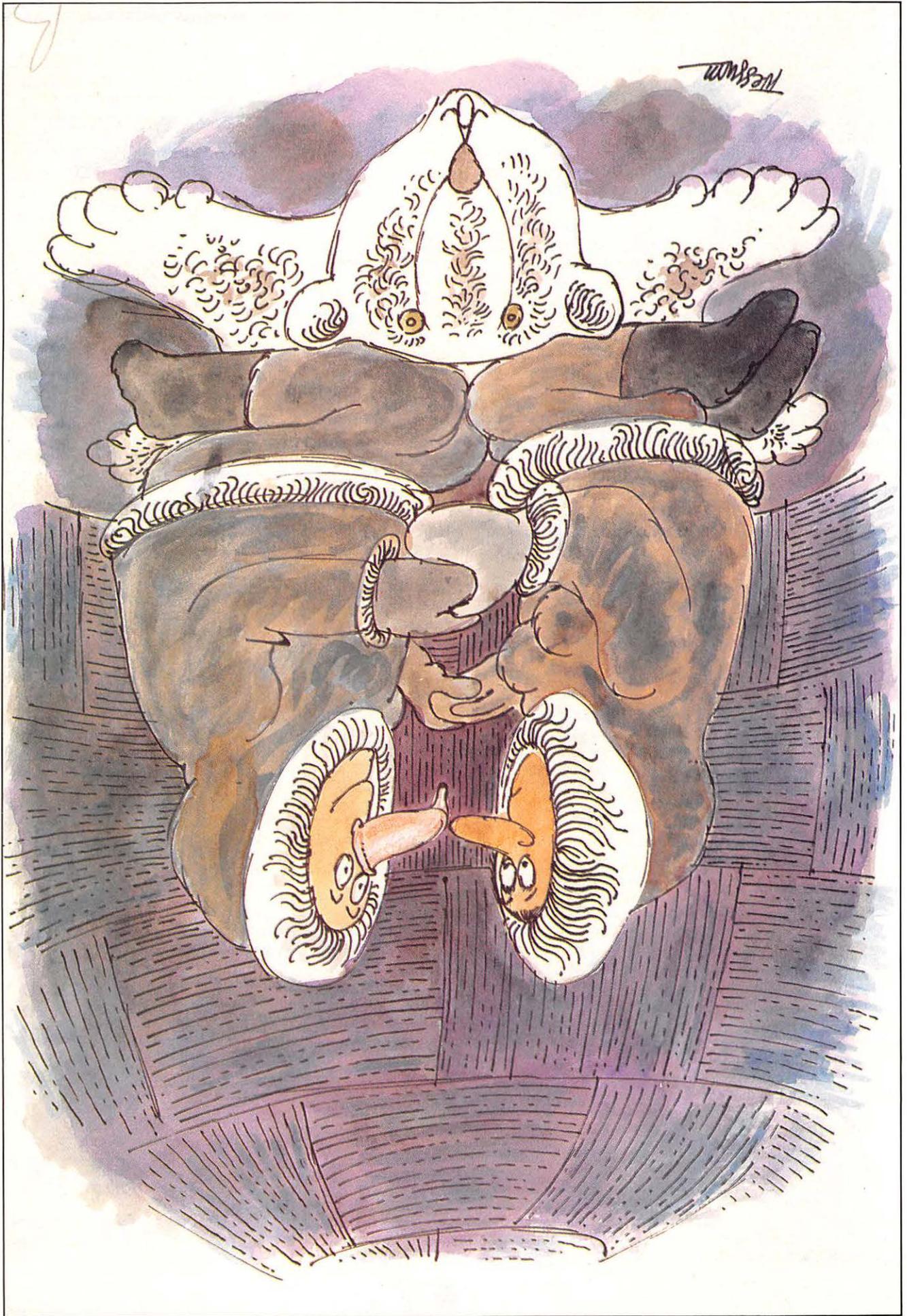
Incredibly, Buchanan has privately uttered hopes of being secretary of state in a future Republican administration. If it were not for George Shultz, he might be America's ambassador to NATO today. But Shultz's men, taking revenge on Buchanan's strong-arm criticism of the State Department's South African policy, refused to recommend the coveted appointment.

Although "Crossfire" attempted a recall, Buchanan will not go back again to the disequilibrium of daily television. He would rather write a fifties boyhood memoir in temporary exile from political clamor.

Despite the accumulated taints of Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan, and all the antisocial types around them, as well as his Nazi and South African sympathies and hypocritical sexual intolerance, Pat Buchanan threatens to walk among us again.

In the mondo bizarro of the right he will always be a headliner. But the civilized tend to disregard his entertainment value, just as they tired of Joe McCarthy's monotonous dance. As Whittaker Chambers said of the cosmic anti-commie in 1954, he "is a bore for the same reason that Rocky Marciano . . . is a bore to people who are not exclusively interested in fist throwing . . . a heavy-handed slugger who telegraphs his fouls in advance."

And sometimes, Kim Willenson will tell you, Buchanan does not even bother with that. **OT**



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"Oh, God!" The surge of adrenaline left him as quickly as it had come. Time slowed back down to normal, and Ryan found himself suddenly dizzy and breathless. His mouth was open and gasping for air. Whatever force had been holding his body erect seemed to disappear, leaving his frame weak, on the verge of collapse. The black sedan backed up a few yards and accelerated past him, racing down the street, then turning left up a side street. Ryan didn't think to take the number. He was stunned by the flashing sequence of events with which his mind had still not caught up.

The one he'd shot twice was clearly dead, his eyes open and surprised at fate, a foot-wide pool of blood spreading back from his head. Ryan was chilled to see a grenade in his gloved left hand. He bent down to ensure that the cotter pin was still in place on the wooden-stick handle, and it was a slow, painful process to straighten up. Next he looked to the Rolls.

The first grenade had torn the front end to shreds. The front wheels were askew, and the tires flat on the blacktop. The driver was dead. Another body was slumped over in the front seat. The thick windshield had been blasted to fragments. The driver's face was—gone, a red spongy mass. There was a red smear on the glass partition separating the driver's seat from the passenger compartment. Jack moved around the car and looked in the back. He saw a man lying prone on the floor, and under him the corner of a woman's dress. He tapped the pistol butt against the glass. The man stirred for a moment, then froze. At least he was alive.

Ryan looked at his pistol. It was empty, the slide locked back on a dry clip. His breath was coming in shudders now. His legs were wobbling under him and his hands were beginning to shake convulsively, which gave his wounded shoulder brief, sharp waves of intense pain. He looked around and saw something to make him forget that—

A soldier was running toward him, with a police officer a few yards behind. One of the palace guards, Jack thought. The man had lost his bearskin shako but still had an automatic rifle with a half-foot of steel bayonet perched on the muzzle. Ryan quickly wondered if the rifle might be loaded and decided it might be expensive to find out. This was a guardsman, he told himself, a professional soldier from a crack regiment who'd had to prove he had real balls before they sent him to the finishing school that made windup toys for tourists to gawk at. Maybe as good as a Sea Marine. *How did you get here so fast?*

Slowly and carefully, Ryan held the pistol out at arm's length. He thumbed the clip-release button, and the magazine

clattered down to the street. Next he twisted the gun so that the soldier could see it was empty. Then he set it down on the pavement and stepped away from it. He tried to raise his hands, but the left one wouldn't move. The guardsman all the time ran smart, head up, eyes tracing left and right but never leaving Ryan entirely. He stopped ten feet away with his rifle at low guard, its bayonet pointed right at Jack's throat, just like it said in the manual. His chest was heaving, but the soldier's face was a blank mask. The policeman hadn't caught up, his face bloody as he shouted into a small radio.

"At ease, trooper," Ryan said as firmly as he could. It was not impressive. "We got two bad guys down. I'm one of the good guys."

The guardsman's face didn't change a whit. The boy was a pro, all right. Ryan could hear his thinking—how easy to stick the bayonet right out his target's back. Jack was in no shape to avoid that first thrust.

"*DaddeeDaddeeDaddee!*" Ryan turned his head and saw his little girl racing past the stalled cars toward him. The four-year-old stopped a few feet away from him, her eyes wide with horror. She ran forward to wrap both arms around her father's leg and screamed up at the guardsman: "*Don't you hurt my daddy!*"

The soldier looked from father to daughter in amazement as Cathy approached more carefully.

"Soldier," she announced in her voice of professional command. "I'm a doctor, and I'm going to treat that wound. So you can put that gun down, right now!"

The police constable grabbed the guardsman's shoulder and said something Jack couldn't make out. The rifle's angle changed fractionally as the soldier relaxed ever so slightly. Ryan saw more cops running to the scene, and a white car with its siren screaming. The situation, whatever it was, was coming under control.

"You lunatic." Cathy surveyed the wound dispassionately. There was a dark stain on the shoulder of Ryan's new suit jacket that turned the gray wool to purple-crimson. His whole body was shaking now. He could barely stand and the weight of Sally hanging on his leg was forcing him to weave. Cathy grabbed his right arm and eased him down to the pavement, sitting him back against the side of the car. She moved his coat away from the wound and probed gently at his shoulder. It didn't feel gentle at all. She reached around to his back pocket for a handkerchief and pressed it against the center of the wound.

"That doesn't feel right," she remarked to no one.

"Daddy, you're all bloody!" Sally stood an arm's length away, her hands fluttering like the wings of a baby bird. Jack wanted to reach out to her, to tell her everything was all right, but the three feet of distance might as well have been a

thousand miles—and his shoulder was telling him that things were definitely not all right.

There were now about ten police officers around the car, many of them panting for breath. Three had handguns out, and were scanning the gathering crowd. Two more red-coated soldiers appeared from the west. A police sergeant approached. Before he could say anything Cathy looked up to bark an order.

"Call an ambulance *right now!*"

"On the way, mum," the sergeant replied with surprising good manners. "Why don't you let us look after that?"

"I'm a doctor," she answered curtly. "You have a knife?"

The sergeant turned to remove the bayonet from the first guardsman's rifle and stooped down to assist. Cathy held the coat and vest clear for him to cut away, then both cut the shirt free from his shoulder. She tossed the handkerchief clear. It was already blood-sodden. Jack started to protest.

"Shut up, Jack." She looked over to the sergeant and jerked her chin toward Sally. "Get her away from here."

The sergeant gestured for a guardsman to come over. The private scooped Sally up in his arms. He took her a few feet away, cradling her gently to his chest. Jack saw his little girl crying pitifully, but somehow it all seemed to be very far away. He felt his skin go cold and moist—shock?

"Damn," Cathy said gruffly. The sergeant handed her a thick bandage. She pressed it against the wound and it immediately went red as she tried to tie it in place. Ryan groaned. It felt as though someone had taken an ax to his shoulder.

"Jack, what the hell were you trying to do?" she demanded through clenched teeth as she fumbled with the cloth ties.

Ryan snarled back, the sudden anger helping to block out the pain. "I didn't try—I fucking did it!" The effort required to say that took half his strength away with it.

"Uh-huh," Cathy grunted. "Well, you're bleeding like a pig, Jack."

More men ran in from the other direction. It seemed that a hundred sirens were converging on the scene with men—some in uniform, some not—leaping out to join the party. A uniformed policeman with more ornate shoulder boards began to shout orders at the others. The scene was impressive. A separate, detached part of Ryan's brain cataloged it. There he was, sitting against the Rolls, his shirt soaked red as though blood had been poured from a pitcher. Cathy, her hands covered with her husband's blood, was still trying to arrange the bandage. His daughter was gasping out tears in the arms of a burly young soldier who seemed to be singing to her in a language that Jack couldn't make out. Sally's eyes were locked on him, full of desperate anguish. The detached part of his mind found all this very amusing until an-

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other wave of pain yanked him back to reality.

The policeman who'd evidently taken charge came up to them after first checking the perimeter. "Sergeant, move him aside."

Cathy looked up and snapped angrily: "Open the other side, dammit, I got a bleeder here!"

"The other door's jammed, ma'am. Let me help." Ryan heard a different kind of siren as they bent down. The three of them moved him aside a foot or so, and the senior officer made to open the car door. They hadn't moved him far enough. When the door swung open, its edge caught Ryan's shoulder. The last thing he heard before passing out was his own scream.

Ryan's eyes focused slowly, his consciousness a hazy, variable thing that reported items out of place and out of time. For a moment he was inside a vehicle of some sort. The lateral movements of its passage rippled agony through his chest, and there was an awful atonal sound in the distance, though not all that far away. He thought he saw two faces he vaguely recognized. Cathy was there, too, wasn't she—no, there were some people in green. Everything was soft and vague except the burning pain in his shoulder and chest, but when he blinked his eyes all were gone. He was someplace else again.

The ceiling was white and nearly featureless at first. Ryan knew somehow that he was under the influence of drugs. He recognized the feelings, but could not remember why. It required several minutes of lazy concentration for him to determine that the ceiling was made of white acoustical tiles on a white metal framework. Some of the tiles were water-stained and served to give him a reference. Others were translucent plastic for the soft fluorescent lighting. There was something tied under his nose, and after a moment he began to feel a cool gas tracing into his nostrils—oxygen? His other senses began to report in one at a time. Expanding radially down from his head, they began to explore his body and reported reluctantly to his brain. Some unseen things were taped to his chest. He could feel them pulling at the hairs that Cathy liked to play with when she was drunk. His left shoulder felt . . . didn't really feel at all. His whole body was far too heavy to move even an inch.

A hospital, he decided after several minutes. *Why am I in a hospital. . . ?* It took an indeterminate period of concentration for Jack to remember why he was here. When it came to him, it was just as well that he could contemplate the taking of a human life from within the protective fog of drugs.

*I was shot, too, wasn't I?* Ryan turned his head slowly to the right. A bottle of IV

fluids was hanging on a metal stand next to the bed, its rubber hose trailing down under the sheet where his arm was tied down. He tried to feel the prick of the catheter that had to be inside the right elbow, but couldn't. His mouth was cottony dry. *Well, I wasn't shot on the right side. . . .* Next he tried to turn his head to the left. Something soft but very firm prevented it. Ryan wasn't able to care very much about it. Even his curiosity for his condition was a tenuous thing. For some reason his surroundings seemed much more interesting than his own body. Looking directly up, he saw a TV-like instrument, along with some other electronic stuff, none of which he could make out at the acute angle. *EKG readout? Something like that, he decided.* It all figured. He was in a surgical recovery room, wired up like an astronaut while the staff decided if he'd live or not. The drugs helped him to consider the question with marvelous objectivity.

"Ah, we're awake." A voice other than the distant, muffled tone of the PA system. Ryan dropped his chin to see a nurse of about 50. She had a Bette Davis face crinkled by years of frowns. He tried to speak to her, but his mouth seemed glued shut. What came out was a cross between a rasp and a croak. The nurse disappeared while he tried to decide what exactly the sound was.

A man appeared a minute or so later.

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He was also in his fifties, tall and spare, dressed in surgical greens. There was a stethoscope hanging from his neck, and he seemed to be carrying something that Ryan couldn't quite see. He seemed rather tired, but wore a satisfied smile.

"So," he said, "we're awake. How are we feeling?" Ryan managed a full-fledged croak this time. The doctor—?—gestured to the nurse. She came forward to give Ryan water through a straw.

"Thanks." He sloshed the water around his mouth. It was not enough to swallow. His mouth tissues seemed to absorb it all at once. "Where am I?"

"You are in the surgical recovery unit of St. Thomas's Hospital. You are recovering from surgery on your upper left arm and shoulder. I am your surgeon. My team and I have been working on you for, oh, about six hours now, and it would appear that you will probably live," he added judiciously. He seemed to regard Ryan as a successful piece of work.

Rather slowly and sluggishly Ryan thought to himself that the English sense of humor, admirable as it might otherwise be, was a little too dry for this sort of situation. He was composing a reply when Cathy came into view. The Bette Davis nurse moved to head her off.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Ryan, but only medical person—"

"I'm a doctor." She held up her plastic ID card. The man took it.

"Wilmer Eye Institute, Johns Hopkins Hospital." The surgeon extended his hand and gave Cathy a friendly, colleague-to-colleague smile. "How do you do, Doctor? My name is Charles Scott."

"That's right," Ryan confirmed groggily. "She's the surgeon doctor. I'm the historian doctor."

No one seemed to notice.

"Sir Charles Scott? Professor Scott?"

"The same." A benign smile. *Everyone likes to be recognized*, Ryan thought as he watched from his back.

"One of my instructors knows you—Professor Knowles."

"Ah, and how is Dennis?"

"Fine, Doctor. He's associate professor of orthopedics now." Cathy shifted gears smoothly, back to medical professional. "Do you have the X rays?"

"Here." Scott held up a manila envelope and extracted a large film. He held it up in front of a lighting panel. "We took this prior to going in."

"Damn." Cathy's nose wrinkled. She put on the half-glasses she used for close work, the ones Jack hated. He watched her head move slowly from side to side. "I didn't know it was *that* bad."

Professor Scott nodded. "Indeed. We reckon the collarbone was broke before he was shot, then the bullet came crashing through here—just missed the brachial plexus, so we expect no serious nerve damage—and did all this damage." He traced a pencil across the film. Ryan couldn't see any of it from the bed. "Then it did this to the top of the humerus

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before stopping here, just inside the skin. Bloody powerful thing, the nine millimeter. As you can see, the damage was quite extensive. We had a jolly time finding all these fragments and jigsawing them back into proper place, but—we were able to accomplish this." Scott held a second film up next to the first. Cathy was quiet for several seconds, her head swiveling back and forth.

"That is nice work, Doctor!"

Sir Charles's smile broadened a notch. "From a Johns Hopkins surgeon, yes, I think I'll accept that. Both these pins are permanent, this screw also, I'm afraid, but the rest should heal rather nicely. As you can see, all the large fragments are back where they belong, and we have every reason to expect a full recovery."

"How much impairment?" A detached question. Cathy could be maddeningly unemotional about her work.

"We're not sure yet," Scott said slowly. "Probably a little, but it should not be overly severe. We can't guarantee a complete restoration of function—the damage was far too extensive for that."

"You mind telling me something?" Ryan tried to sound angry, but it hadn't come out right.

"What I mean, Mr. Ryan, is that you'll probably have some permanent loss of use of your arm—precisely how much we cannot determine as yet—and from now on you'll have a permanent barometer. Henceforth, whenever the weather is about to change for the worse, you'll know it before anyone else."

"How long in this cast?" Cathy asked.

"At least a month." The surgeon seemed apologetic. "It is awkward, I know, but the shoulder must be totally immobilized for at least that long. After that we'll have to reevaluate the injury and we can probably revert to a normal cast for another . . . oh, another month or so, I expect. I presume he heals well, no allergies. Looks to be in good health, decent physical shape."

"Jack's in good physical shape, except for a few loose marbles in his head," Cathy nodded, an edge on her weary voice. "He jogs. No allergies except ragweed, and he heals rapidly."

"Yeah," Ryan confirmed. "Her teeth marks go away in under a week, usually." He thought this uproariously funny, but no one laughed.

"Good," Sir Charles said. "So, Doctor, you can see that your husband is in good hands. I will leave the two of you together for five minutes. After that, I wish that he should get some rest, and you look as though you could use some also." The surgeon moved off with Bette Davis in his wake.

Cathy moved closer to him, changing yet again from cool professional to concerned wife. Ryan told himself for perhaps the millionth time how lucky he was to have this girl. Caroline Ryan had a small, round face, short butter-blond hair, and the world's prettiest blue eyes. Be-

hind those eyes was a person with intelligence at least the equal of his own, someone he loved as much as a man could. He would never understand how he'd won her. Ryan was painfully aware that on his best day his own undistinguished features, a heavy beard and a lantern jaw, made him look like a dark-haired Dudley Do-Right of the Mounties. She played pussycat to his crow. Jack tried to reach out for her hand, but was foiled by straps. Cathy took his.

"Love ya, babe," he said softly.

"Oh, Jack." Cathy tried to hug him. She was foiled by the cast that he couldn't even see. "Jack, why the hell did you do that?"

He had already decided how to answer that. "It's over and I'm still alive, okay? How's Sally?"

"I think she's finally asleep. She's downstairs with a policeman." Cathy did look tired. "How do you think she is, Jack? Dear God, she saw you killed almost. You scared us both to death." Her china-blue eyes were rimmed in red, and her hair looked terrible, Jack saw. Well, she never was able to do much of anything with her hair. The surgical caps always ruined it.

"Yeah, I know. Anyway, it doesn't look like I'll be doing much more of that for a while," he grunted. "Matter of fact, it doesn't look like I'll be doing much of anything for a while," he grunted. "Matter of fact, it doesn't look like I'll be doing much of anything for a while." That drew a smile. It was good to see her smile.

"Fine. You're supposed to conserve your energy. Maybe this'll teach you a lesson—and don't tell me about all those strange hotel beds going to waste." She squeezed his hand. Her smile turned impish. "We'll probably work something out in a few weeks. How do I look?"

"Like hell," Jack laughed quietly. "I take it the doc was a somebody?"

He saw his wife relax a little. "You might say that. Sir Charles Scott is one of the best orthopods in the world. He trained Professor Knowles—he did a super job on you. You're lucky to have an arm at all, you know—my God!"

"Easy, babe. I'm going to live, remember?"

"I know, I know."

"It's going to hurt, isn't it?"

Another smile. "Just a bit. Well. I've got to put Sally down. I'll be back tomorrow." She bent down to kiss him. Skin full of drugs, oxygen tube, dry mouth, and all, it felt good. *God*, he thought, *God, how I love this girl*. Cathy squeezed his hand one more time and left.

The Bette Davis nurse came back. It was not a satisfactory trade.

"I'm 'Doctor' Ryan, too, you know," Jack said warily.

"Very good, Doctor. It is time for you to get some rest. I'll be here to look after you all night. Now sleep, Doctor Ryan."

On this happy note Jack closed his eyes. Tomorrow would be a real bitch, he was sure. It would keep. **O**

# NFL PREDICTIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 183

quarterback," says a perplexed David Archer. Maybe Campbell knows what he's doing, and maybe he doesn't. Atlanta's lone undeniable asset is its ground game. Led by Gerald Riggs, who ran for 1,327 yards last year, the Falcons' rushing attack was the second best in the N.F.C. Figure the Falcons to finish the way they always do: as scrappy losers. **Betting outlook:** Since 1968, the Falcons have covered 30 of 50 games as home underdogs, but are just 12-24 as road favorites. Look for these trends to continue.

Down in the Bayou, the Saints are still referred to as the "Ain'ts," and for good reason: In the team's 20-year history, New Orleans has never had a winning season. The Saints were 7-9 in '86, and they'll be fortunate to do as well this year. For one thing, New Orleans faces a much rougher schedule—eight Saints' opponents were play-off teams in '86. For another, Coach Jim Mora does not have a reliable quarterback: Neither Bobby Hebert nor Dave Wilson appears to be a world-beater. Faced with far more questions than answers, the Saints are about to become Ain'ts for the 21st consecutive season. **Betting outlook:** Because the Saints are such perennial losers, the public will go to almost any length to wager against them, which is why New Orleans wound up with a glittering 10-6 point-spread record last year. Take the Saints as a home underdog. 

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Washington Post story on the "man shortage" reported "an epidemic of sorts. . . . A growing number of single women are taking their turmoil to psychologists and psychiatrists." Some women were even reported to have rushed into marriage for fear of fulfilling *Newsweek* and *People's* dire prophecy. There were also reports of men using the study to taunt and bully their girlfriends.

Sadly, if the voices of the male-dominated press were loud and clear in their damnation of women, then the voices defending them were inaudible. Feminist leaders did nothing to help their constituency cope. I remember searching vainly through the pages of *Ms.* and other feminist publications last year for a serious challenge to the Yale-Harvard study, a rebuttal that would put the minds of these tormented women at ease. But I found only the same tired old indictments of men as chauvinists—responses that were both ineffectual and beside the point.

Hell, I thought, let Gloria Steinem hire her own sociologist to check the result. But Ms. Steinem was too busy on her own lofty projects—including, ironically, a biography of Marilyn Monroe—to worry much about the plight of ordinary women.

Step aside, Gloria Steinem. Bye-bye, Betty Friedan. The shining hope of American women is not a flaming feminist, but a shy bureaucrat. The results of Moorman's Census Bureau study were officially released last January. Her report presented figures that were considerably more optimistic on women's chances of getting married than those contained in the Yale-Harvard report. Her findings showed that more than half the women who were 30 and up would eventually marry. Yet, Moorman's results have gotten considerably less press attention than those of Bennett and Bloom.

*Newsweek*, which had devoted a cover story to the issue of the "marriage crunch," acknowledged Moorman's conflicting data with a few paragraphs last fall. *Time* magazine also gave the results passing coverage. *The Wall Street Journal* went as far as to question the reliability of the new study. The piece, which quoted experts denouncing her study as "overly simplistic," also included quotes from Bennett decrying the rival report as being "extremely susceptible to errors."

Moorman sighs in exasperation: "This is the way the media works. Women not getting married is news. Women getting married simply isn't."

I am still waiting for the media to set the record straight. I fantasize about a new cover of *People* featuring Diane Sawyer, Linda Ronstadt, and Sharon Gless with the headline "The Most Desirable Single Women." I envision *Newsweek* saying, "Oops, we goofed." But my reporter's instincts tell me, however, that I should not hold my breath. **OTB**

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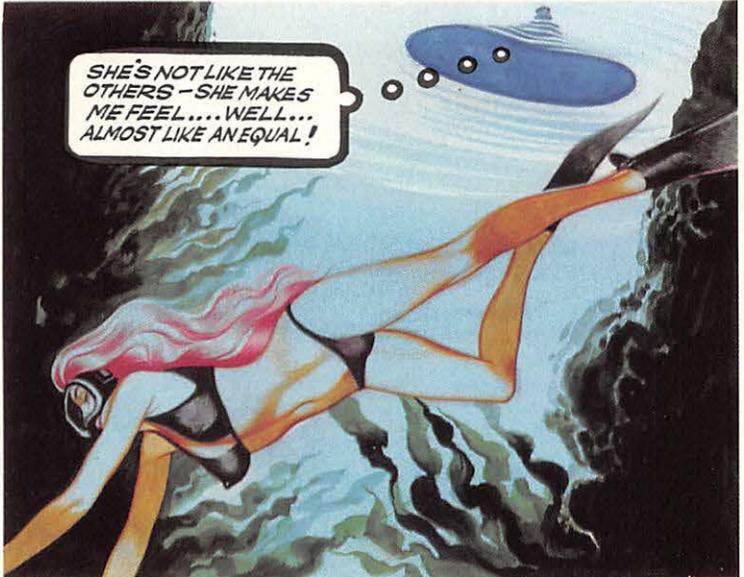
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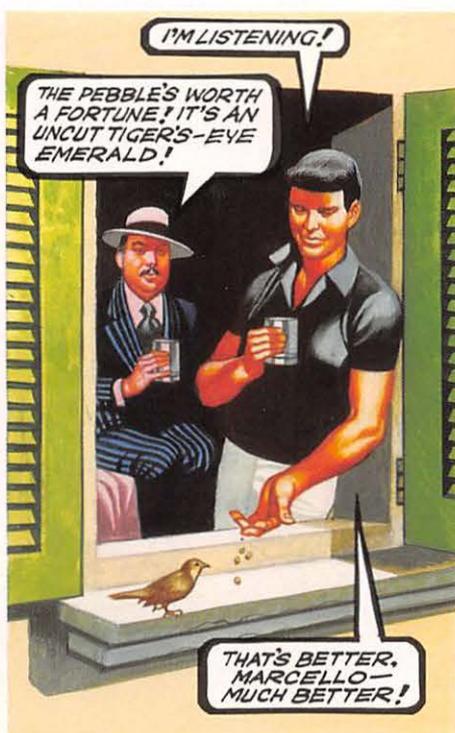
**WHAT DID HE DO?**

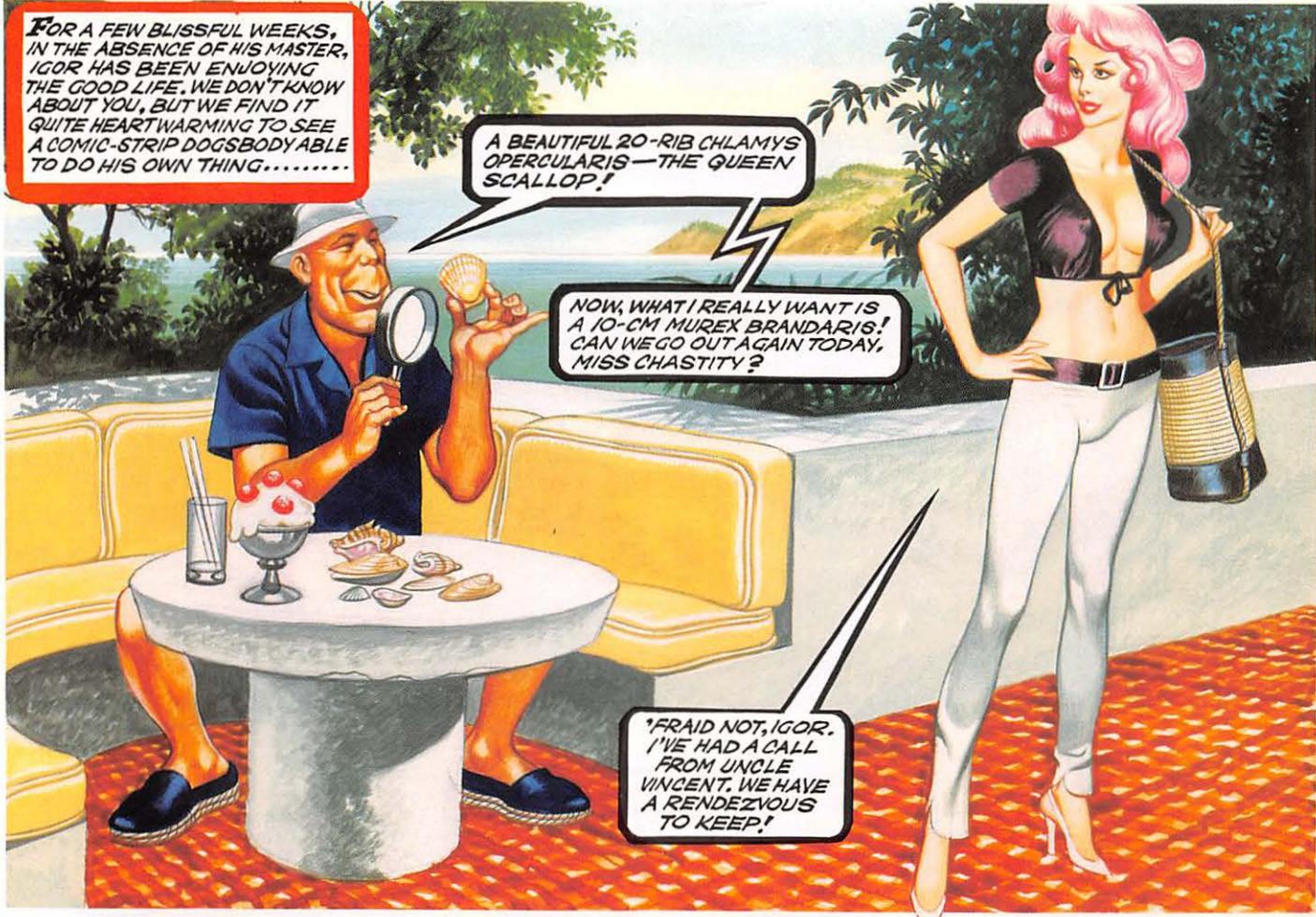
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**I DON'T KNOW — BUT WHATEVER IT WAS, HE SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT!**





FOR A FEW BLISSFUL WEEKS, IN THE ABSENCE OF HIS MASTER, IGOR HAS BEEN ENJOYING THE GOOD LIFE. WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT WE FIND IT QUITE HEARTWARMING TO SEE A COMIC-STRIP DOGSBODY ABLE TO DO HIS OWN THING.....

A BEAUTIFUL 20-RIB CHLAMYS OPERCULARIS — THE QUEEN SCALLOP!

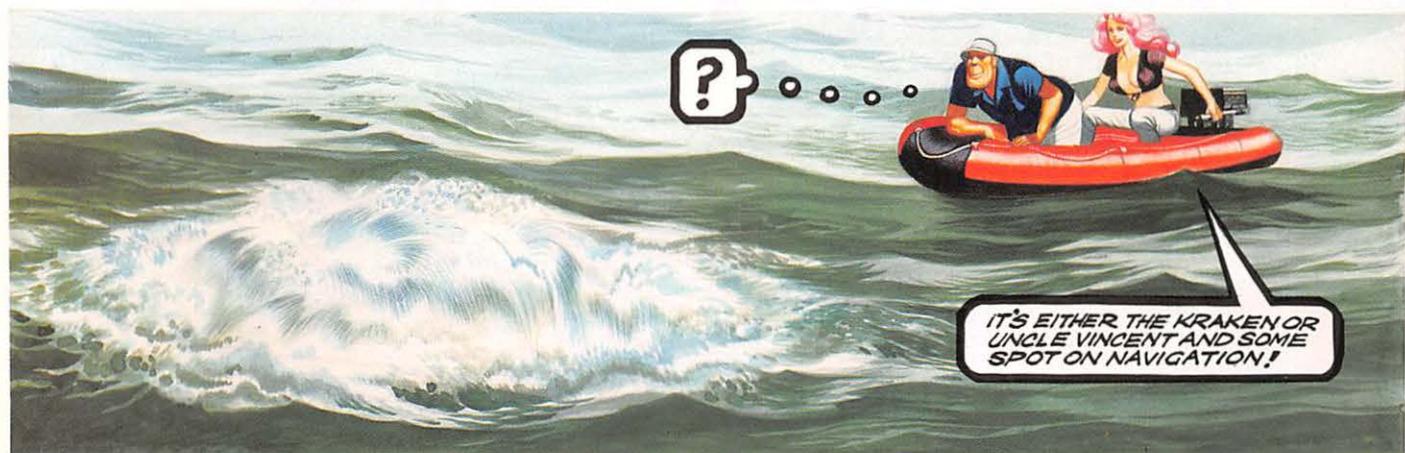
NOW, WHAT I REALLY WANT IS A 10-CM MUREX BRANDARIS! CAN WE GO OUT AGAIN TODAY, MISS CHASTITY?

\*FRAID NOT, IGOR. I'VE HAD A CALL FROM UNCLE VINCENT. WE HAVE A RENDEZVOUS TO KEEP!

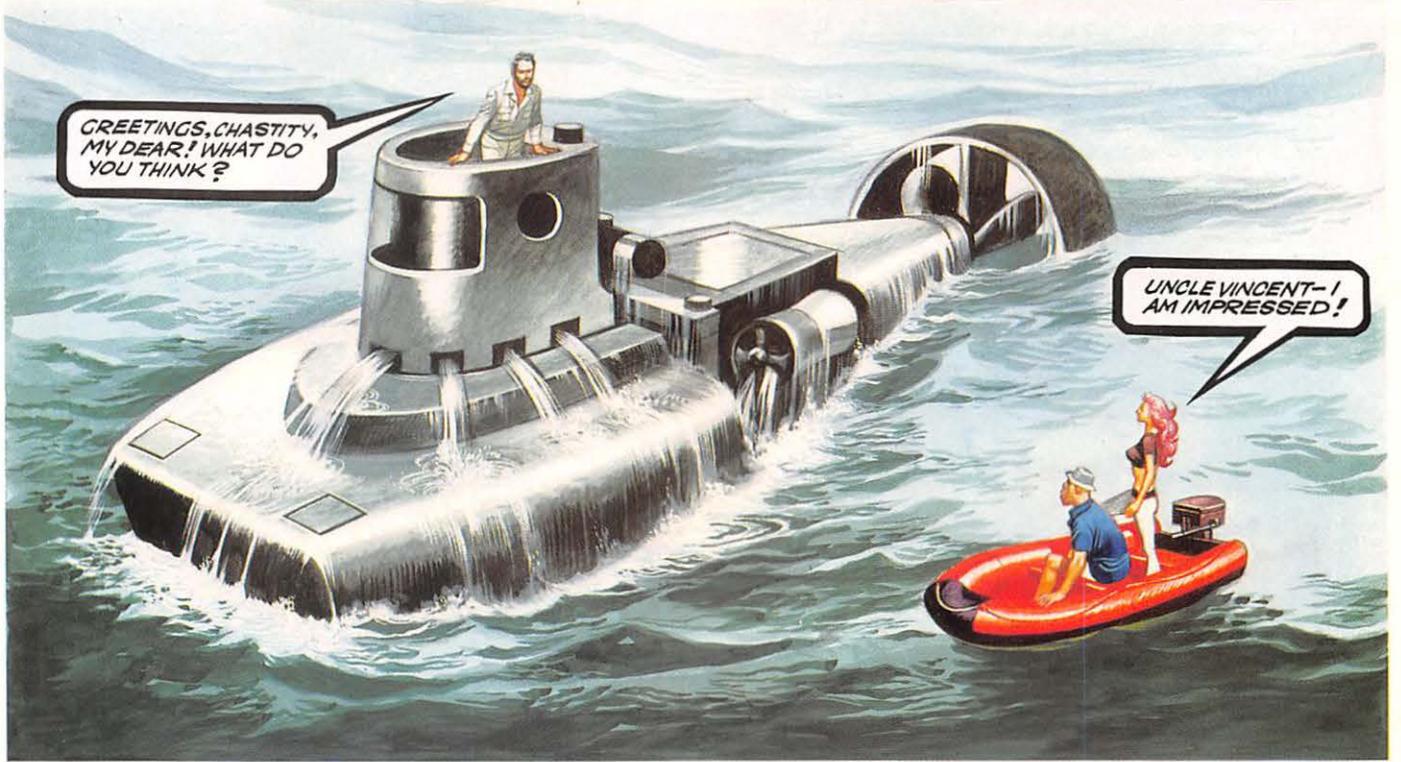


ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS — THIS IS IT! BUT NAVIGATION WAS NEVER ONE OF MY STRONG POINTS!

WELL, IF SHE FINDS IT DIFFICULT, THE BARON WILL NEVER MAKE IT!



IT'S EITHER THE KRAKEN OR UNCLE VINCENT AND SOME SPOT ON NAVIGATION!



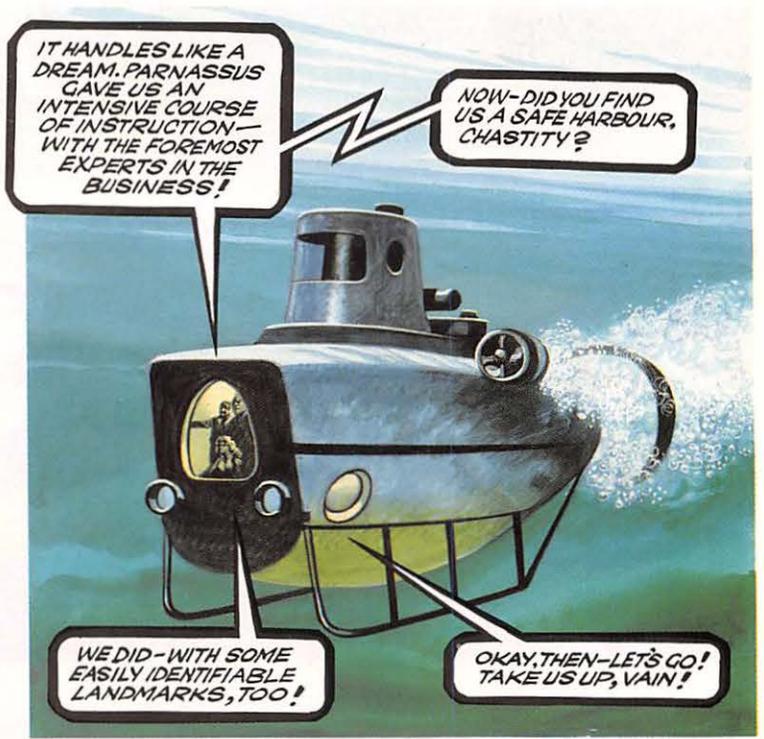
CREETINGS, CHASTITY,  
MY DEAR! WHAT DO  
YOU THINK?

UNCLE VINCENT- I  
AM IMPRESSED!



I TELL YOU- THIS  
TUB HAS GOT  
EVERYTHING...

... COMPUTERIZED  
RADAR NAVIGATION-  
SEABED TELEVISION  
SCANNER- YOU NAME  
IT, WE'VE GOT IT! LET'S  
GIVE 'EM A DEMONSTRATION,  
VAIN!



IT HANDLES LIKE A  
DREAM. PARNASSIUS  
GAVE US AN  
INTENSIVE COURSE  
OF INSTRUCTION-  
WITH THE FOREMOST  
EXPERTS IN THE  
BUSINESS!

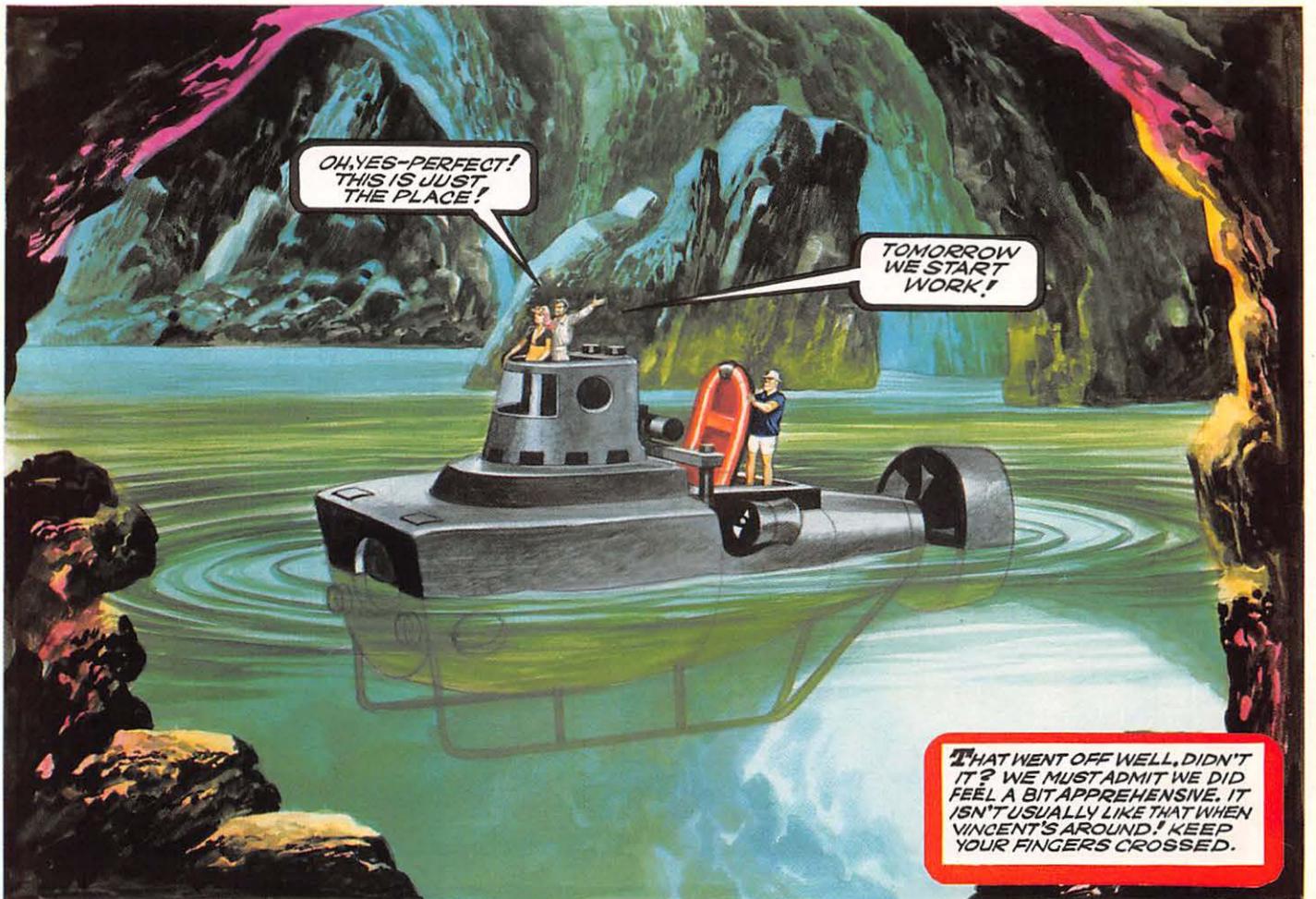
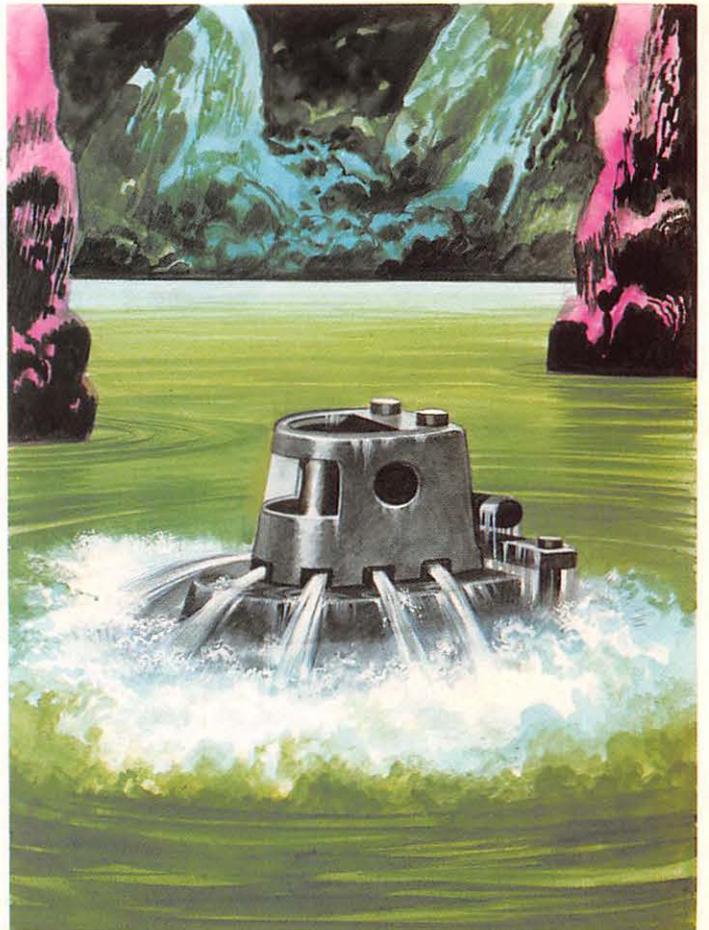
NOW- DID YOU FIND  
US A SAFE HARBOUR,  
CHASTITY?

WE DID- WITH SOME  
EASILY IDENTIFIABLE  
LANDMARKS, TOO!

OKAY, THEN- LET'S GO!  
TAKE US UP, VAIN!



THIS IS AS FAR AS WE NEED  
TO GO ON THE SURFACE. THE  
ENTRANCE IS BETWEEN THOSE  
TWO ROCKS!



# GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

The day Jerry Falwell fired Jim Bakker, he described how difficult it was to appoint a new host for the "PTL Club" TV show. "When you're up to your hips in alligators," he said, "it is difficult to remind yourself that your initial objective was to drain the swamp."

Falwell had cleaned up one of the most popular folk notices found in offices in the United States. It was even found in the accounting office of the highbrow University of California, Berkeley, in 1971, by anthropologist Alan Dundes. From this bit of bulletin-board humor, Dundes takes the title of his new book, coauthored with attorney Carl R. Pagter, *When You're Up to Your Ass in Alligators . . . More Urban Folklore From the Paperwork Empire* (Wayne State University Press).

The book is a sequel, 12 years later, to the authors' first collection of so-called Xerox humor, published in 1975 by the American Folklore Society. They treat the subject very seriously, complete with scholarly attention to the exact date and place where each example was collected, discussion of the variations found, and comment on what it all means about what's important in the American psyche. The cover shows a sad character, looking like most of us have felt at one time or another, impaled on a giant screw. The classic caption was "Work hard, with diligence, integrity & honesty, and you shall be rewarded." More recently, the caption has been "Be kind and good-natured, and you'll always get your reward."

These are examples of the gag slogans that get tacked to the bulletin board or taped to the door. They are the joke memos and letters, satirical tests, and application forms that are being passed down to future generations by the glow of a copying machine light, instead of around a campfire. Now, instead of having a tribal shaman, we have key operators.

Folklorists study these sheets of paper because they have no known author. These creations have been copied and recopied in so many variations that they now belong to the public. It has become the lore of the folk.

The guy who thought of writing PLAN AHEAD with the letters all scrunched up on the right side has achieved a sort of anonymous immortality.

In an office the slogans usually express attitudes about the impossibility of meeting demands, such as the cartoon YOU WANT IT WHEN?!! Or there may be some commiseration about the overwhelming work load: TAKE HEART! THE ONLY PERSON WHO EVER GOT ALL HIS WORK DONE BY FRIDAY WAS ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Sometimes the dig is at the inferiority of other workers: IT IS DIFFICULT TO SOAR WITH EAGLES WHEN YOU WORK WITH TURKEYS, or at their laziness: IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE THE DEAD COME BACK TO LIFE . . . YOU SHOULD BE AROUND THIS PLACE AT QUITTING TIME!

One analogy expresses feelings of powerlessness within the corporation: DOING A GOOD JOB HERE IS LIKE WETTING YOUR PANTS IN A DARK SUIT. IT GIVES YOU A

WARM FEELING, BUT NOBODY NOTICES! Another takes a frustrated swipe at the way things are done there: GETTING THINGS DONE AROUND HERE IS LIKE MATING ELEPHANTS: (1) IT'S DONE AT A HIGH LEVEL. (2) IT'S ACCOMPLISHED WITH A GREAT DEAL OF ROARING AND SCREAMING. (3) IT TAKES TWO YEARS TO PRODUCE RESULTS.

Sometimes the anonymous authors have been poets, as in the example below, an engineer's complaint about the lack of freedom to make decisions or exercise initiative, which has been around for decades.

Sometimes the gag looks like a memo from the boss:

BEFORE YOU ASK ME FOR THE DAY OFF, CONSIDER THE FOLLOWING STATISTICS.

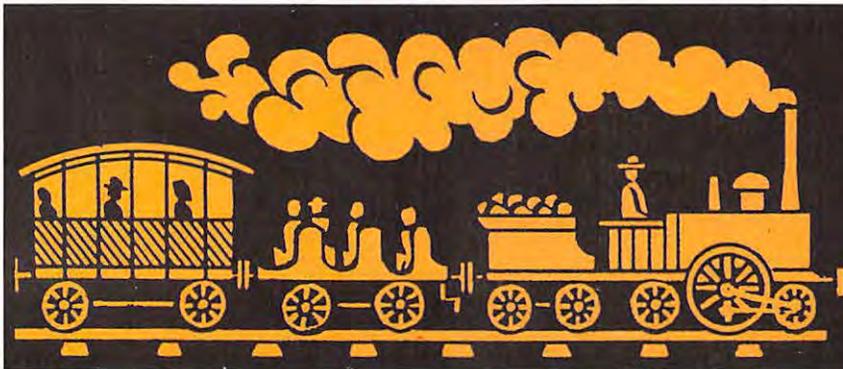
THERE ARE 365 DAYS IN THE YEAR, YOU SLEEP 8 HOURS A DAY, MAKING 122 DAYS, WHICH SUBTRACTED FROM 365 DAYS, MAKES 243 DAYS.

YOU ALSO HAVE 8 HOURS RECREATION EVERY DAY, MAKING ANOTHER 122 DAYS, WHICH LEAVES A BALANCE OF 121 DAYS.

THERE ARE 52 SUNDAYS THAT YOU DO NOT WORK AT ALL, WHICH LEAVES 69 DAYS. YOU GET SATURDAY AFTERNOON OFF, THIS GIVES 52 HALF DAYS, OR 26 MORE DAYS THAT YOU DO NOT WORK. THIS LEAVES A BALANCE OF 43 DAYS.

YOU GET AN HOUR OFF FOR LUNCH, WHICH WHEN TOTALED MAKES 16 DAYS, LEAVING 27 DAYS OF THE YEAR. YOU GET AT LEAST 21 DAYS LEAVE EVERY YEAR, SO THAT LEAVES 6 DAYS. YOU GET 5 LEGAL HOLIDAYS DURING THE YEAR, WHICH LEAVES ONLY ONE DAY.

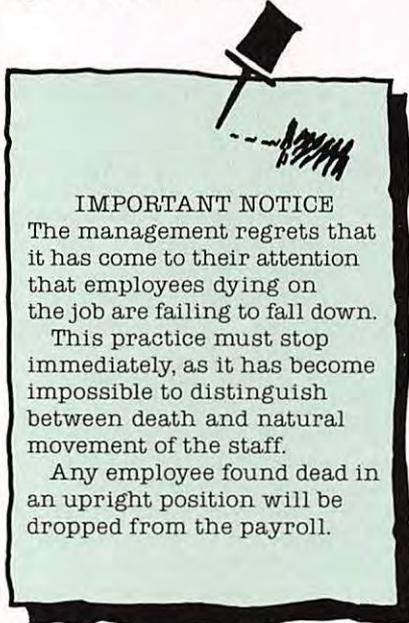
AND I'LL BE DAMNED IF I'LL GIVE YOU THAT ONE DAY OFF!



## THE ENGINEER

I'M NOT ALLOWED TO RUN THE TRAIN;  
THE WHISTLE I CAN'T BLOW.  
I'M NOT ALLOWED TO SAY WHICH WAY  
THE RAILROAD CARS WILL GO.  
I'M NOT ALLOWED TO TOOT THE HORN,  
OR EVEN CLANG THE BELL; BUT  
LET THE TRAIN JUST JUMP THE TRACK  
AND SEE WHO CATCHES HELL!

Other times it comes disguised as an urgent interoffice memo:



Good copier folklore isn't limited to griping about conditions at the office. The "Pecker Tax" memo, which dates back to at least 1969, takes aim at governmental meddling and high taxes:

**PECKER TAX**

TO: ALL MALE TAXPAYERS  
FROM: INTERNAL REVENUE  
SUBJECT: INCREASED TAX PAYMENTS

DEAR TAXPAYER:

THE ONLY THING THE INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE HAS NOT TAXED TO DATE IS YOUR PECKER. THIS IS DUE TO THE FACT THAT 40% OF THE TIME IT IS HANGING AROUND UNEMPLOYED, 30% OF THE TIME IT IS PISSED OFF, 20% OF THE TIME IT IS HARD UP, AND 10% OF THE TIME IT IS EMPLOYED BUT OPERATES IN THE HOLE. FURTHERMORE, IT HAS TWO DEPENDENTS WHO ARE NUTS.

ACCORDINGLY, AFTER JANUARY 1, 1988, YOUR PECKER WILL BE TAXED. BASED ON ITS SIZE. USING THE "PECKER-CHECKER SCALE" BELOW, DETERMINE YOUR CATEGORY AND INSERT THE ADDITIONAL TAX UNDER "OTHER TAXES" ON PAGE 2, PART V, LINE 61 OF YOUR STANDARD TAX RETURN (FORM 1040).

**PECKER-CHECKER SCALE**

9 TO 12 INCHES	LUXURY TAX	\$100.00
7 TO 9 INCHES	POLE TAX	\$ 75.00
5 TO 7 INCHES	PRIVILEGE TAX	\$ 50.00
4 TO 5 INCHES	NUISANCE TAX	\$ 25.00

NOTE: ANYONE UNDER FOUR (4) INCHES WILL BE ELIGIBLE FOR A REFUND. *DO NOT APPLY FOR AN EXTENSION.*

ANYONE IN EXCESS OF TWELVE (12) INCHES SHOULD FILE A RETURN USING SCHEDULE D, "CAPITAL GAINS."

One of the oldest examples of a joke letter is the request for funds to finish building a statue. It dates back to the FDR administration, but it has been rewritten and circulated during the administration of virtually every president since, Democrat and Republican. If you received a version of this letter today, it would probably read like this:

DEAR FRIEND:

WE HAVE THE DISTINCT HONOR OF BEING ON A COMMITTEE FOR ERECTING A STATUE OF RONALD REAGAN IN THE HALL OF FAME IN WASHINGTON, D.C. TO BE ABLE TO DO THIS, WE WILL HAVE TO RAISE \$5 MILLION.

THIS ERECTION COMMITTEE WAS IN A QUANDARY ABOUT WHERE TO PLACE THE STATUE. IT WAS THOUGHT UNWISE TO PLACE IT BESIDE THE STATUE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, WHO NEVER TOLD A LIE, OR BESIDE THAT OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, WHO NEVER TOLD THE TRUTH, SINCE RONALD REAGAN COULD NEVER TELL THE DIFFERENCE.

WE FINALLY DECIDED TO PLACE IT BESIDE THE STATUE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, THE GREATEST "NEW DEALER" OF THEM ALL. AFTER ALL, HE LEFT NOT KNOWING WHERE HE WAS GOING, AND UPON ARRIVING, DID NOT KNOW WHERE HE WAS; HE RETURNED NOT KNOWING WHERE HE HAD BEEN, AND DID IT ALL ON BORROWED MONEY.

OVER 5,000 YEARS AGO, MOSES SAID TO THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL, "PICK UP YOUR SHOVELS, MOUNT YOUR ASSES AND CAMELS, AND I WILL LEAD YOU TO THE PROMISED LAND." NEARLY 5,000 YEARS LATER, ROOSEVELT SAID, "LAY DOWN YOUR SHOVELS, SIT ON YOUR ASSES, AND LIGHT UP A CAMEL: THIS IS THE PROMISED LAND!"

NOW, REAGAN IS STEALING YOUR SHOVELS, KICKING YOUR ASSES, RAISING THE PRICE OF

YOUR CAMELS, AND MORTGAGING THE PROMISED LAND. IF YOU ARE ONE OF THE FEW FORTUNATE PEOPLE WHO HAVE ANY MONEY LEFT AFTER PAYING TAXES, WE WILL EXPECT A GENEROUS DONATION AS A CONTRIBUTION TO THIS WORTHWHILE PROJECT.

RESPECTFULLY YOURS,  
NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR THE  
REAGAN BUST

PS. IT IS SAID THAT PRESIDENT REAGAN IS CONSIDERING CHANGING THE REPUBLICAN PARTY EMBLEM FROM AN ELEPHANT TO A CONDOM, BECAUSE IT STANDS FOR INFLATION, PROTECTS A BUNCH OF PRICKS, HALTS PRODUCTION, AND GIVES A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY WHILE ONE IS BEING SCREWED.

Finally, here is one of the best of all time, a thank-you letter supposedly sent from a woman at an old-folks home. It is handwritten, with a very shaky pen:

*Dear Mr. Walters:*

*I wish to thank you from the bottom of my heart for the little portable radio. I listen to it constantly when I am awake.*

*It has been so much company for me. I have wanted a radio of my own ever since I came to the home to live. We have nice accommodations here and they take very good care of us. There are two of us in each room. My roommate is Blanche Gimby. She is 87 and I am 83.*

*Blanche has had a radio of her own ever since she came here ten years ago. She kept it so low I could never hear the programs. When I would ask her to turn it up so I could hear the programs too, she wouldn't do it. Bless her, she is a sweet old soul and I suppose she just can't help being that way.*

*Last week, she dropped her radio and it broke into many pieces and cannot be repaired. Last night I was listening to the early evening services of the First Methodist Church and those beautiful old hymns. Blanche asked me to turn the radio up higher so she could hear it too, so naturally I told her to go fuck herself.*

*Again, thank you,  
Marjorie Winters*

# COMING IN THE OCTOBER PENTHOUSE



## KIDS VS. KIDS

This year, the state of Israel celebrates its great victory over its Arab neighbors in the so-called Six-Day War. But along with the tremendous military gain, the Israelis also dramatically increased the numbers of Arabs living under what most of them consider to be an army of occupation. The result has been an increasing war between the young people drafted to serve in the Israeli Army and the young Arabs who have dedicated their very lives to what they believe to be a war of liberation to free their country. Reporter Michele Mayron visited Israel recently and came back with this tragic, moving story of an ongoing war in which there can only be losers.



## HUMAN EXPERIMENTATION

Gary Null continues his investigation into the medical establishment's unethical use of human guinea pigs with a shocking report on how doctors and drug companies experiment on all of us without our knowledge or permission. "In order to protect their profits," one doctor told Null, "drug companies promote the prescription of often dangerous and ineffective medications as first and last resorts in such illnesses as hypertension, arthritis, cancer, and allergies." Null goes on to show how most of today's medicine is nothing more than a crude guessing game, where highly toxic drugs and invasive surgical techniques are used to treat patients before they have even been proven effective.



## THE 20 WORST COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAMS

Now that everybody's back in school, it's time for our foolhardy forecaster, Larry Linderman, to present his annual predictions of those teams who will disgrace themselves this year on the gridiron. Many are called, but few can be chosen for the final honors, since Larry's exhaustive research excludes all but the most ignoble contenders for our yearly Hall of Shame. *Penthouse* makes its mark by publishing hard-hitting, controversial articles . . . but there's no doubt that this compendium of ineptitude makes more waves than all the rest.



## ARE COLLEGES RIPPING US OFF?

"Yes!" says Richard Gambino, and as a professor at New York City's CUNY, he's certainly in a position to know. "Twenty-five years of teaching in colleges and studying higher education convinces me that, in vital ways, college students are being shortchanged." Gambino shows how higher education in America has come to be a multibillion-dollar big business with an annual operating outlay greater than the communications or automotive industries. But as in so many other things these days, big definitely does not mean better. For the sake of our students and our future, it's time that we all take a close look at what passes for education in our colleges.



## CRIME VICTIMS CONTROVERSY

"We are the forgotten people," complained an anguished crime victim several years ago. Next month, in his "Justice" column, Alan M. Dershowitz reports on the growing movement by state legislatures to champion these victims—a group with which every citizen can identify. But this concept, he warns, "is clearly a knife that cuts both ways." Too many of these new laws contain no real protections for victims . . . they simply take rights away from defendants. "The concept of individual rights in relation to governmental powers," he concludes, "is too important a part of our national identity to be obscured by such faddish rhetoric."



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1½ oz. Peachtree™ from  
DeKuyper®. Fill glass  
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**4 mg**  
tar, 0.4 mg. nic.



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# None of these brands is as low as Carlton Box 100's.



Less than  
**1 mg**  
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100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '85.

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