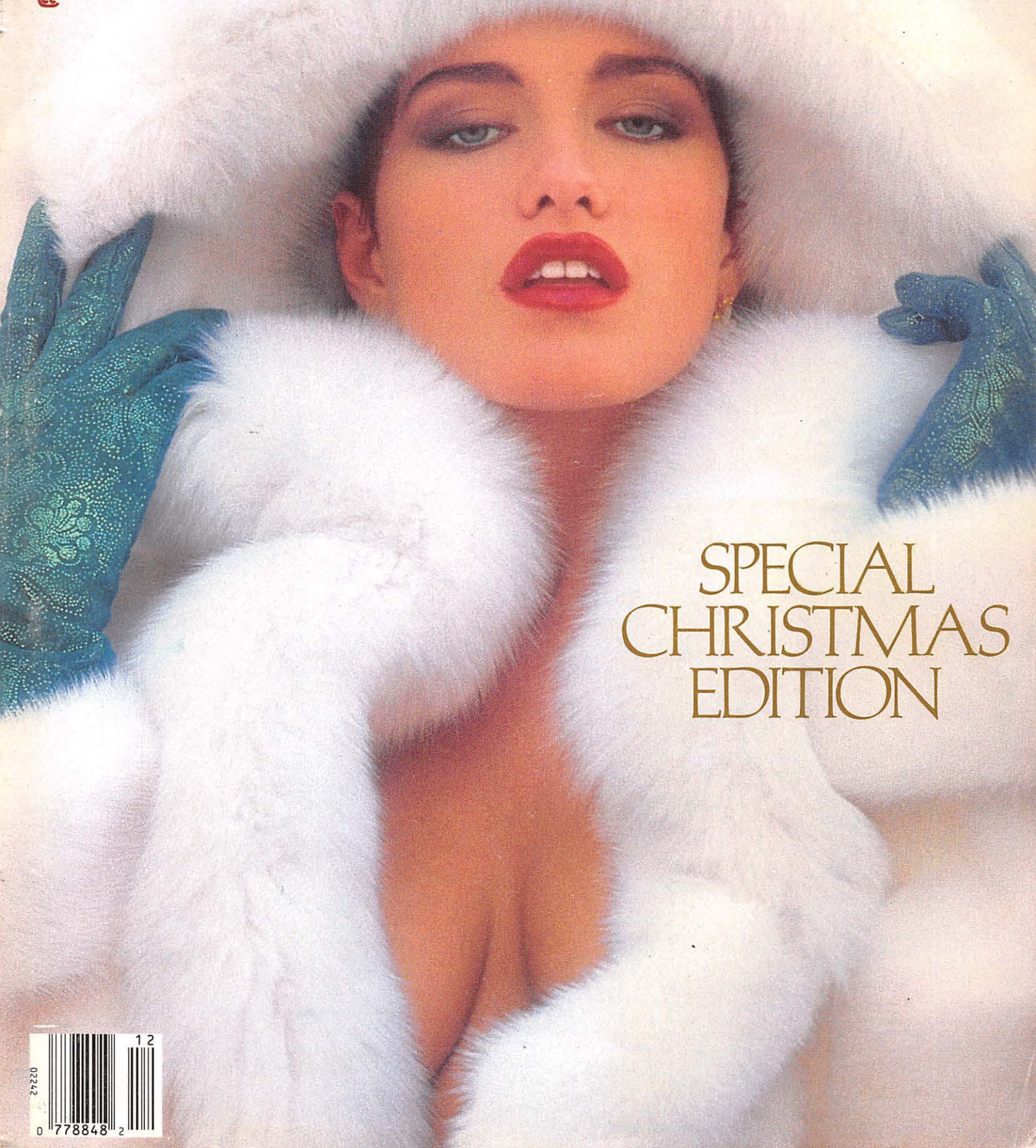


PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1987 \$4.50



SPECIAL
CHRISTMAS
EDITION



A man wearing a white cowboy hat, a tan long-sleeved shirt, and a brown leather vest is leaning against a brown leather saddle. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting an indoor setting with wooden beams.

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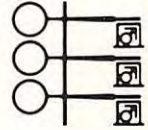
16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85

PENTHOUSE®

The International Magazine for Men/December 1987 Worldwide sales: 5,000,000*

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Our cover features actress/model Janice Martin, set to star in the upcoming Penthouse feature film "Moll Flanders." She was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Canon T70 camera and Tiffen filters. Janice's fur coat was provided by Flemington Furs. For information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 170.

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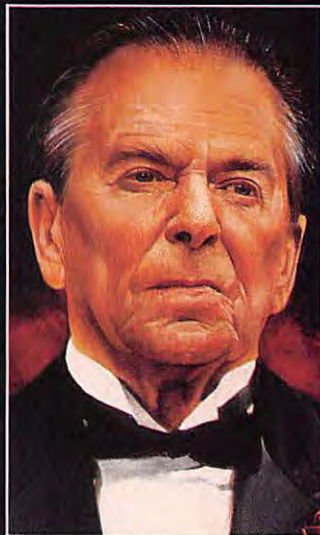
So if you're a disc jockey, a radio station owner or a music
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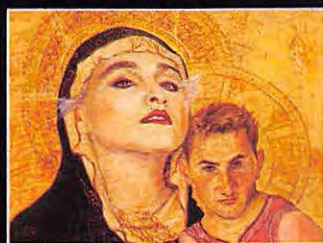
*SL-P720 recommended for higher vibration applications.

HOUSECALL



REAGAN'S HALL OF SHAME

Seven years ago **Ronald Reagan** declared, "It's morning in America!" and was swept into the presidency by a populace eager to restore our nation to its roots and to return to a long-lost pride in our heritage. Today we see the ruin of that promise in Reagan's destroyed and discredited administration, in which being under indictment or under investigation seems to be a job qualification. **Jonathan Kwitny**, who, as one of our leading investigative reporters, has exposed much of the corruption that has befouled this decade, traces the domestic and foreign scandals of Reagan's government back to Reagan's own chameleon personality in an insightful exposé of a "management style" guaranteed to self-destruct.

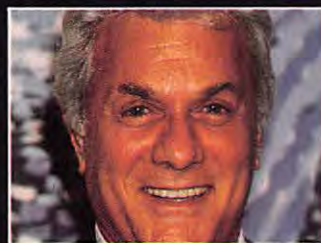


CONTRA DRUGS

Brian Barger reports hidden connections between the Colombian cocaine cartel and many of the contras, the right-wing Nicaraguan resistance that Reagan has compared to the American Revolution. The tragedy is that while Reagan and **Oliver North** were blindly bending and possibly breaking laws to support them, many of these renegades were feeding the drug epidemic that is destroying our youth.

IDOL TALK

Unlike Ronald Reagan, **Tony Curtis** was a real Hollywood legend, a film star for over 40 years—a movie idol who has deepened his craft over time, even though he was never under any illusions about the industry and the men for whom he worked. This month, in a no-holds-



barred interview with Senior Editor **Allan Sonnenschein**, Curtis tells it like it is—and was—revealing the steamy and seamy side of creating the films that fed the fantasies of millions around the world.

COMPUTER SEX

These days, however, as thousands of people are discovering, you don't need Hollywood to feed your fantasies—you can do it all by yourself, just by swinging behind the green screen of your computer. **Gerard Van der Leun** (a.k.a. "Big Mac," his computer "handle") is our host and guide to this brave new world of sexual wonders where, with just a push of a button, you can fulfill your most secret dreams—and you don't have to worry about what you'll wake up next to in the morning!... Going from fantasy to reality, **Joe Mancuso**, who runs the Center for Entrepreneurial Management, Inc., tells us what it's *really* like to be rich and successful these days. Based on surveys sent to thousands of top American businessmen and followed up with personal interviews, Mancuso shows definitively

whether novelist **F. Scott Fitzgerald** was right when he observed that "the very rich are different from you and me."

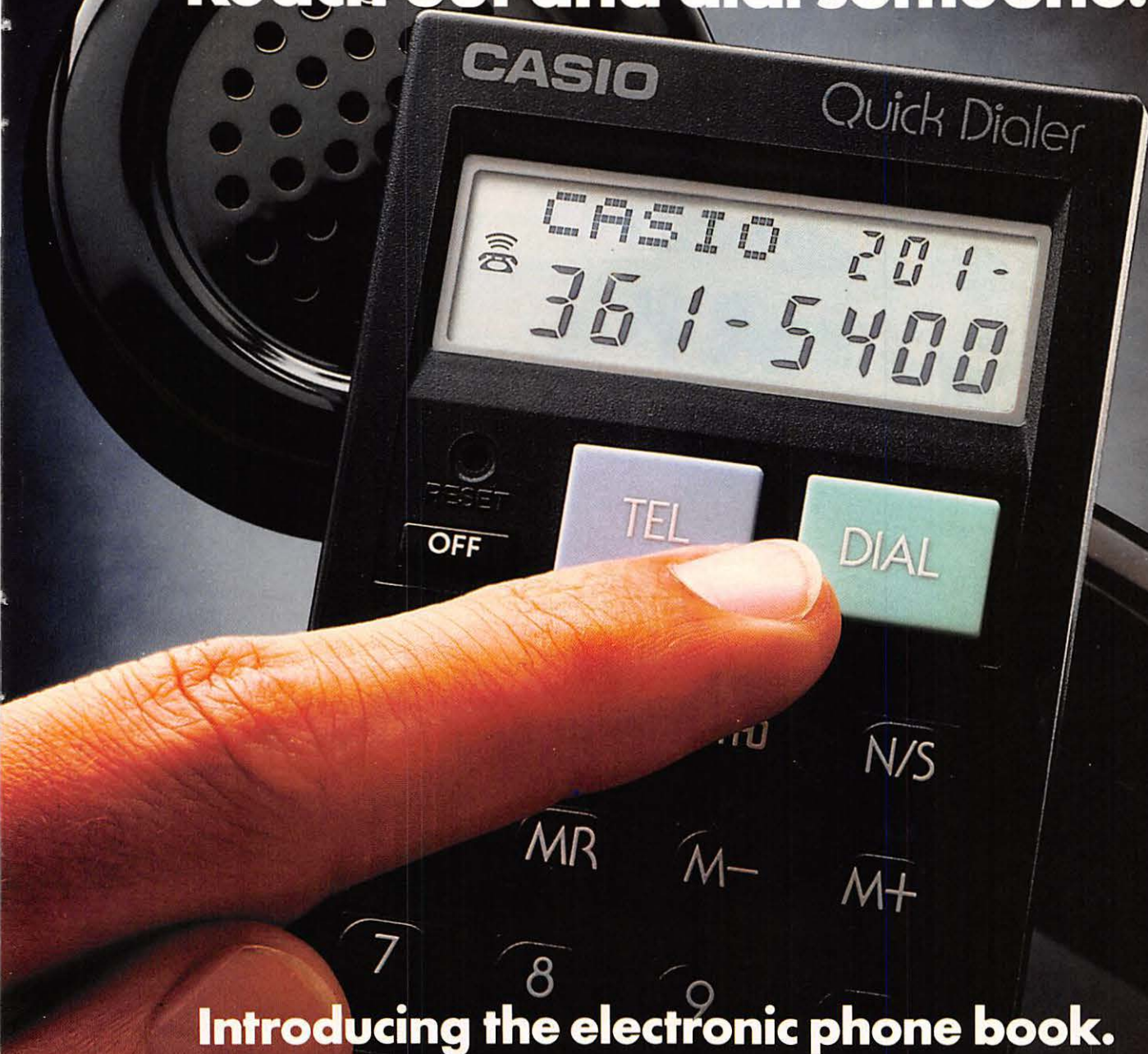
NIGHTMARES

In a dramatic photo essay, we travel halfway around the world to go on patrol with the Jerusalem bomb squad, whose terrifying job is to discover and defuse the hundreds of bombs terrorists plant each year in that ancient and holy city. . . . Closer to home, **Gary Null** reveals the no-less-deadly dangers that lurk in the mass-vaccination programs that all too many American doctors endorse. In this latest chapter in his "Medical Genocide" series, Null warns that the potential for disaster abounds with the current race to discover an AIDS vaccine.

... AND, UNDER THE TREE ...

This being the Christmas season, we have many, many more goodies stored up in this extra-special issue. . . . **Ori Hofmekler** updates the wondrous tale of the first Christmas with a splendid invocation of a rather unique Madonna and Child. . . . Cartoonist **Jack O'Brien** proves that there's nothing sacred these days with his compilation of holiday horrors. . . . Best-selling author **Joseph Di Mona** profiles five-star hoaxer **Joey Skaggs**, whose schemes have bedeviled the best and brightest reporters and editors (remember the "Cathouse for Dogs"?). . . . And you'll *know* it's no hoax when we wish you the Merriest Christmas ever by saving the best gifts for the last—our lovely Penthouse Pets, whose shimmering beauty ensures that *all* your Christmases will be bright! 

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•Resting his hand on my thigh, he massaged the bare flesh, his eager fingers inching closer to my crotch. Blowing the bartender and the guys at the bar a kiss, I uncrossed my legs. •

PENTHOUSE FORUM

STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT

I teach clerical classes at a vocational school, where I have a reputation to maintain; but one weekend a month I like to let my hair down, so to speak. On those nights, I go cock hunting at small out-of-the-way bars in different parts of the city where I'm not likely to be recognized—and I'm not talking about picking up just one guy, but several. For disguise, I have several different shades of wigs, contacts that change the color of my eyes, and sexy revealing outfits that completely alter my appearance from my normal businesslike demeanor. You'd never guess it from seeing me in the classroom, but I love cock! I love giving head, having my cunt eaten, and feeling a hard cock pounding into me, and I like to do it in the backseat of a car. There's just something about fucking in a car that turns me on, something I can't get enough of. Perhaps I miss the carefree days of college, when most of my making out was done in cars. I don't date any of the single male instructors in school, though, nor do I fool around with the male students. The majority of the students are 18 to 20 years old, and they do look tempting with the big bulges their cocks make in their pants, but I have my job to think of. Otherwise, I wouldn't mind being alone with a few and having them take turns between my legs!

At the doorway of a dimly lighted bar one evening, I paused to see who was there, and much to my surprise, most of the people were black. About 30 men and ten



women turned to stare at me, and I felt like a bug under a microscope. Despite the hostility from the black women, I loved seeing the men's hungry eyes darting from one part of my body to another. In my 25 years, I never had a black man before, and I asked myself as I walked to a table if I dared sample some black dick. My thin knit top scooped low in front, exposing the creamy-white slope of my tits, while my skimpy red bikini panties were visible through the thin fabric of my tight miniskirt. The short hemline drew attention to quick flashes of my panties with every step, and you can imagine the amount of exposure when I sat down. Every

man had his eyes on my thighs as I crossed my legs lazily. *As long as I'm here, I might as well enjoy some black meat*, I thought. I ordered a drink and smiled brightly at a group of four black studs at the end of the bar. One of them paid for my drink, brought it to my table, and asked if he could keep me company. "Thanks," I grinned. "By all means, join me!" His eyes lowered to my tits, and I leaned forward a bit so he could see my nipples, which were beginning to harden. Bringing my knee alongside his, I gave him my naughtiest smile. "I usually don't drink this early. If I keep it up, I'll probably get too tipsy in an hour or so," I giggled. As I took a lazy deep

breath, my knit top did nothing to hide the succulent meat of my full tits. "Don't worry about a thing," he replied. "I'll take good care of you. I promise." Sliding his chair closer beside me, his thigh touched mine.

"Good! I need to be taken care of," I smiled, resting my hand on his thigh, my tit pressing into his arm. He took a long pull on his drink and held my eyes with his. Resting his hand on my thigh, he massaged the bare flesh, his eager fingers inching closer to my crotch. Blowing the bartender and the guys at the bar a kiss, I uncrossed my legs. I shivered as his fingers reached my moist pussy. "I wish I could strip right here and fuck you in front of everybody," I whispered hotly, imagining that everyone in the place would be watching us screw. Rubbing his crotch with my hand, I breathed, "You're really hard! Let's go to my car . . . we can fuck there!"

Quivering in anticipation of my first black dick, I parted my legs, exposing my panties for the other men as I stood up. He took my arm and led me out of the bar. At my car, I rubbed my body against his, crushing my tits into his chest, rocking my stomach against his hard cock. As he devoured my mouth with his, his hands roamed my body, kneading, caressing, touching. I felt light-headed. His hands were really arousing me. I clung to him, quivering as his finger speared

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

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editor & publisher

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(U.S. edition)

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DECEMBER

my moist cunt. "Let me suck you," I panted. My eyes caught movement from the opposite end of the parking lot as a couple walked toward the bar. "Right here?" he asked incredulously.

"Afraid of being caught?" I teased, enjoying myself. I didn't care anymore if we were discovered. Kneeling in front of him, I pulled his zipper down, fished inside, and lugged out his fat dick. This was like a dream, a fantastic dream! I tilted my head and looked at him, my eyes dancing, glowing with horny lust. "Have you ever been sucked off in a parking lot?" I giggled.

"I've been sucked off, yeah, but never between two cars in a parking lot!" he said thickly. The whites of his eyes were sharply visible before his lids lowered in ecstasy. My hands drifting up and down his hard cock was driving him wild! Without another word, I gulped his dick into my hungry mouth. I enjoyed doing what I was doing out in the open, where anyone could catch us. There's always that chance, and it's that one spark that makes me like to fuck in cars. Call it my way of living dangerously, the small fear of being discovered.

"Damn," he groaned. Jamming forward, he crammed his cock down my throat to the root, his hands holding the back of my head against his groin. I gagged, but never relinquished my hold on his hard dick. Taking his cock as deep as it would go, I adjusted my throat. Spit dribbled from my mouth as I sucked on the thick rod stretching my mouth, making me reel. I got carried away and sucked with a growing hunger until he groaned, "In the car, baby! I want your white cunt! I'm not going to waste this load in your mouth!"

He held the car door open. "In the back! Hurry!" he rasped. I nodded, my head spinning. "You first. I'll get on top," I panted. He climbed into the car, and I watched him quickly pull his pants and shorts down. "Come in, baby. I'm ready," he groaned. "I can see that," I sighed. I skimmed my panties and miniskirt off and crawled inside. As I mounted his half-naked body, he squirmed in the seat, getting comfortable, his cock pressing against my wet slit. Grabbing my hips, he ordered, "Get on it, baby. Let's get some fucking started in here!" I grabbed his prick and eased down on it all the way. His hands held my hips, keeping me steady as his meat squished into me. "Man, your cunt is sure tight!" he exclaimed. I threw my head back, biting my lower lip in passion. It felt wonderful! I didn't care if someone came along and watched. "Ummm . . . It feels so good!" I moaned.

I panted heavily as I rotated my hips, my cunt pulsing around his thick black tool. Leaning forward, I brought my tits in contact with his mouth, my back stiffening. "Nibble on my tits, honey," I pleaded. I took a deep breath and sighed as he complied. He licked my swollen nipples,

then burrowed his face between the creamy-white globes, his tongue swishing gently. "Nice . . . very nice! Oh, yes!" I groaned. I rocked on his stiff dick and closed my eyes dreamily. His prick, wedged inside me, drove me out of my mind. Clenching my hips, he lunged, settling into a frantic rhythm. His cock pistoned hard and fast into my tender cunt. "Oh, yesss! Fuck . . . me!" I howled. "Fuck . . . me . . . hard!"

I caught and matched his relentless pace, his cock squishing smoothly inside my wet tunnel. My tits bounced in his face each time I plunged down to receive the exquisite pleasure of his deep-probing cock. I rode him, my legs clamped on either side of his hips like a vise. My mouth was open, panting and drooling the harder and faster we fucked. "Harder! Harder!" I gasped. "You're going to make me come!" He grunted in acknowledgment and increased his speed, his thrusts becoming more demanding and powerful. His black meat plowed deep, squishing noisily as he pounded away. I groaned and clung to him as my orgasm seized me. His tool erupted seconds later, blasting deep into my pussy, saturating it with steady spurts of precious come. Babbling incoherently, I thrashed and screwed my overheated cunt on his thick cock. His throbbing meat propelled me into joyful bliss as we climaxed together with passionate grunts and mournful cries. After what seemed like an eternity, I shuddered and took the long ride back to normalcy a step at a time. "Man, your cunt is something else!" he growled in approval. "That's the best piece of ass I've had in a long time!"

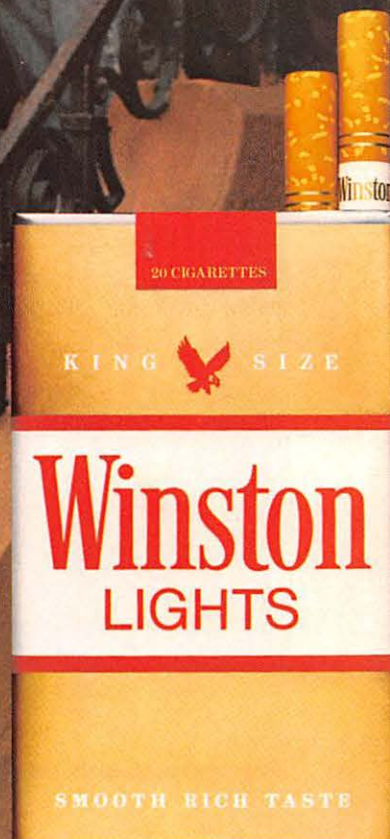
Pulling his pants and shorts up, he opened the car door and stepped out. Leaning in close to me once more, he slipped a finger inside my cunt and winked. "If you want more black meat, I'll send another guy out, okay?" I smiled and looked at him shyly. "Sure . . . and tell him to bring me a cold beer. I'm thirsty!" I cleaned myself with a washcloth dipped in a bottle of water I always carry in my car. It wasn't long before another black face appeared at the window. Grinning broadly, he opened the door, handed me a cold can of beer, and climbed into the backseat. "I hear you want some black meat, pretty baby," he said eagerly. His bulge betrayed his horny mood as he eyed my naked creamy-white body. "Let me drink first, honey. I'm really thirsty," I said softly. "You can get ready, though, if you want."

He fumbled with his clothing and took every stitch off. His stiff rod gleamed in the moonlight as it stood straight up. It looked magnificent and menacing at the same time, but I wanted it! Setting the empty can on the back-window ledge, I swooped down and mouthed his cockhead. Bobbing up and down, I bathed his dick with saliva, my tongue swirling around. He lifted my head from his dick and, without any preliminaries, got me on

A photograph of three young adults in a doorway. A man in a plaid shirt and jeans leans over the top of a large wooden crate. A woman in a yellow shirt and jeans sits on the crate, holding a wooden box. A man in a dark jacket, white shirt, and baseball cap sits on the steps in front of the crate, looking up at the others. The scene is set in a doorway with brick walls and a wooden door.

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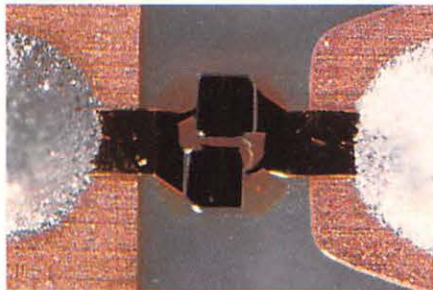


Patented circuitry plus beam lead GaAs diode technology ensure high performance and superior sensitivity (range).

The ideal gift! The VECTOR incorporates performance, features and style in a radar detector perfect for giving. And outstanding for receiving and processing traffic radar.

Only from BEL

The VECTOR's outstanding reception of police radar results from innovative BEL technologies. Real firsts in the industry. Such as our patented half horn microstrip design. This integration of horn antenna and microstrip circuitry



Beam lead GaAs diode magnified 95x.

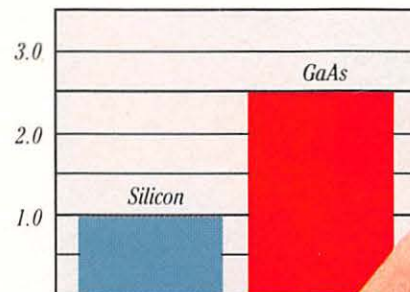
provides superior detection in all situations. Including those with less warning time than typical line-of-site occurrences. Like radar dispersed or deflected from around a corner. Or pulsed K Band signals.

We've also combined the power of a microcomputer with superheterodyne technology for another BEL exclusive. Patented COMPUHETERODYNE[®] circuitry. Compuheterodyne seeks out police radar with greater accuracy than today's conventional superheterodyne units. Incoming signals are subjected to a computer analysis, screening out non-police signals. So you're never bothered by constant "falsing".

And for greater overall sensitivity, the VECTOR contains exclusive beam lead GaAs diode technology. Crucial for long range reception. Once reserved for space and military applications, the VECTOR's inclusion of GaAs technology

was an industry first. GaAs provides up to *two and a half times more power* in the intermediate frequency stage

RELATIVE (I.F.) POWER
OUTPUT FOR K BAND SIGNAL.



Beam lead GaAs diode has an intermediate frequency (I.F.) output level up to 2.5 times greater than silicon diodes. That adds up for superior detection distance.

standing for receiving.



ability to simultaneously screen out annoying electronic interference on X Band. This feat lies in the VECTOR's two selectivity modes: RSM and FSR. RSM adjusts sensitivity to an optimal level ideal for city conditions, where electronic interference is heavy. So the only alerts you receive are those that require your immediate attention.

But a sensitivity mode is not the answer in areas with a lesser concentration of these sources. A fact not recognized in other radar detectors. FSR provides maximum warning range with *NO* reduction in sensitivity. No radar detector today with a City/Highway mode can make this claim. FSR is perfect for suburban and interstate travel. Whatever your choice, full sensitivity to K Band radar is always maintained.

Easy to use

Power is activated when the supplied cord is inserted into the cigarette lighter socket. Flip the switch to the ON position and the VECTOR is ready for travel. If you encounter police radar, you'll know it. A five LED signal meter indicates the strength of police radar. There's even an initial/weak signal indicator to keep you on top of the situation. Plus two distinctive audio alerts to clearly distinguish between X and K Band warnings. So there's never any confusion.

Installation is a snap too. Whether you mount the unit on your dash or visor. At just 5.5 oz., the VECTOR travels lightly wherever you go.

From car to briefcase. Or car to car. It's scarcely larger than an audio cassette tape!

Solid value

Long range reception. Proven technology. And twice the effectiveness in "noise" reduction. All this is backed with a full one year warranty on parts and service. Now that we've told you why the MICRO EYE VECTOR is the obvious choice to give and receive. Call us toll-free to order. Or to ask any questions. It's as easy as that.



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my back beneath him, positioning my ankles on his shoulders. Probing softly, he quickly found my cunt hole, and pushed forward until the massive head was inside. "Get ready, pretty baby, here it comes," he muttered. Rearing back and bucking forward, he squished over nine inches of hard meat inside me. I squealed as I felt the width of his oversized prick stretching me. It felt like a hot telephone pole was lodged in my cunt and belly! "It can't be that big!" I cried. My pussy opened wetly as the hard thrust of his hips drilled his meat home again and again. Each stroke sent thrills and chills throughout my body as he fucked me relentlessly. "Fuck me!" I moaned. "Fuck me! Uhhh! It's so big! Give it to me!" My hot ass moved in frantic little circles, rotating round and round his prick as it plunged into my hungry cunt. This was what I needed! What a fuck! His tool drove me out of my mind with spine-tingling pleasure.

"Do you like my black dick, baby?" he grunted. "White cunts usually do!" I licked my lips and gasped, "Yes . . . I love it! I never had a real large cock before! Ohhh . . . I need this . . . so . . . much! Fuck me!" Inflamed by my words, he screwed me like an animal. My senses reeled as another overwhelming orgasm gripped me. "I'm . . . coming . . . again!" I panted weakly. "When are you going to shoot off?" His staying power was incredible,

and I could barely believe it! Ignoring my whimpers, he continued to fuck the day-lights out of me. I couldn't catch my breath, he pronged me so hard and fast!

About five minutes later, his dick throbbed and flooded me inside. I felt every gush, every spurt, every jerk of his fantastic cock ejaculating. I came again, intensifying the pleasure for both of us. I could hardly breathe, even though my mouth was wide open. I was still quivering and panting when he lowered my legs, his spent cock plopping wetly out of my soaked cunt hole. Grinning with satisfaction, he dressed quickly and left.

A dozen black guys, one at a time, came to my car and fucked me that night. I enjoyed every minute of it! I never dreamed a woman could experience so much pleasure in one evening. By the time the 12th guy finished screwing me, though, I'd had enough. Before another stud showed up, I slipped my top on and climbed bare-assed over the front seat. Throwing a towel over my thighs and cunt, I drove out of the parking lot in my bare feet. Once at my apartment building, still in the car, I skimmed into my miniskirt and put my boots on. Later, rubbing my overworked pussy tenderly as I soaked in a hot bath, I closed my eyes and sighed. It had been an exciting evening that left me fully sated. My groin ached from all the fucking and different acrobatic positions I'd been in, but I felt invig-

orated the next day. I exuded a sort of physical contentment. I was happy, satisfied, and Monday morning I was back in the classroom teaching as usual!—
Name and address withheld

THE BULLS AND THE BEES

The week before I moved to the United States, I had an experience I used to think would never happen to me. It was a hot Sunday afternoon in Mexico City, and I was enjoying what I knew would be my last bullfight for a long time. I was sitting in the *barrera* with an amigo, trying to concentrate on the action in the ring. However, I happened to notice that there was a young Mexican woman, dark and quite beautiful, sitting behind me. I tried to watch the *corrida*, but I admit I found her much more interesting. I hadn't fucked in days, and my cock was throbbing imperatives to my brain.

The girl noticed me staring at her. She returned my glance when I looked around, but she didn't bother to smile. By the third bull, she was breathing heavily, heaving those big, dark tits against her white summer dress. She was rubbing her hands on the insides of her legs, then holding them tightly against her bush. She was hot and ready for it. I didn't know for sure what was making her wet, the matadors or the bulls' huge cocks, but I knew I had the wrench to fix her leaky faucet. By now, her face was dripping with sweat, which she licked off her full red upper lip with a long tongue. She looked at me as she did this, and her large, dark eyes told me she was hungry for my cock. I could tell she was a woman who liked to fuck.

Well, my swollen meat was aching in my tight jeans, and I wasn't getting much out of the bullfight anyway, so I decided to take a walk and try to cool off. I strolled past the vendors and ended up around the back of the ring, where the bulls were kept in pens until needed. There was no one else around—or so I thought. I was watching the bulls and their enormous rods, when she came up and said, "They are huge beasts, no?" She must have followed me. Her dress was now wet with sweat, and she was breathing even harder. She slipped her dress off her shoulders and it slid into the dirt. She wore no underwear and was totally nude. Her large, beautiful breasts quivered, and their large nipples were pointed and hard. Her pussy was thickly covered with black hair. "I am Rosita," she said. "Fuck me, damn you. Fuck me! Fuck me like a bull!"

I tore my rippling love rod out of my jeans with both hands, and Rosita gasped and stepped back against the fence. When I'm hard, my cock is a good nine inches, very thick and riddled with throbbing veins. "Like the bull," she whispered, and tried to touch it, but I grabbed her first and pressed her into the fence so she was facing the bulls in their cages. "I'm going to fuck you from behind, like an animal!" I shouted at her. "Si!" Rosita answered. "Si! Fuck me with that thing!"



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statement of eligibility, which must be returned within 21 days of receipt or alternate winners will be selected at random. All federal, state and local laws apply. Sales taxes, licenses and any options are the responsibility of winners. No substitutions except as required due to availability. All prizes will be awarded.
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Her love box was very tight around my wide python. I grabbed the cheeks of her firm young ass, and jammed the head of my dick into her dripping cunt. Rosita screamed and clung to the fence with both hands. "All of it! Give me all of it!" she pleaded. I quickly obliged, forcefully plunging into her to the hilt. She screamed again, louder, and pressed her face into the wire mesh. I pumped her quickly four or five times, drawing out the whole length of my meat, then ramming it into her again all the way. Each time, she jerked. Parts of her huge titties crushed through the gaps in the fence. We could hear the crowd shouting "Toro! Toro!" and Rosita echoed the chant. "Toro!" she cried. "Más! Más!" She was looking at the bulls, and I was pounding her harder and harder. "Fuck me, you stud!" she screamed. When I came inside her, it was an explosion that rocked my head back. I shot at least a quart of steaming bull cream into her tiny hole.

We were both exhausted and dripping, and I pulled out of her and fell back against the fence. We stood there for a moment, resting. Then Rosita got down on her knees in the dirt and looked up at me. "I'm going to suck you dry," she said quietly. Rosita sucked on my balls, then slipped that fine long tongue up around the shaft and head. In moments, my love machine was growing again. "My God," she whispered, still in awe. "You really are

like a bull." Her English was getting better. I watched that pretty face suck and suck, working me up to a good lather. She rubbed my meat between her gorgeous tits. I was ready to explode again. "I want you to come in my mouth," Rosita said. "I want to drink it." I took her head in my hands and crammed my entire shaft between her luscious lips. I screamed as the pressure built in my rod. I spewed my love milk down her throat, and when she could swallow no more, I shot onto her young face and those magnificent tits until it dripped off her rock-hard nipples. My legs trembled, and I was only able to remain standing by holding on to the fence behind me.

When I had partially recovered, I put on my jeans and limped back to my seat. I noticed that Rosita didn't come back to the fight, and when I went back to look for her afterward, I found she had gone. She had worked me good, and I wanted some more of her. Even so, my cock was sore for days. My friends won't believe me, and I guess you'll have trouble believing me, too. But it happened, and I look forward to returning to Mexico.—
Name and address withheld

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

I just had the most incredible experience, and I'm sure it will change my sex life forever. I am a young man that has always had a fascination for women's

clothes, especially lingerie. I'm not gay, but I always thought about how sexy I'd feel if I could wear some sexy feminine undergarments.

I shared this secret with my longtime girlfriend Stephanie, and much to my surprise, she thought it had the makings of a great game for us to try. We planned a vacation to a town where no one would know us, and Stephanie got all the necessary preparations for my transformation into her "girlfriend." My beard and body hair are very light, so some depilatory and a new razor took care of that on the first night of our trip.

Once in our hotel room, Stephanie proceeded to unpack a huge amount of clothes and makeup. She made a special G-string that held my cock up under my legs in case I got a hard-on. When she was done, I looked good enough to fuck. Stephanie had found these great falsies with hard nipples that begged to be squeezed. She was dressed almost the same way, except that she has double-D tits that are the real thing!

We went to a bar and milled around. Stephanie whispered in my ear that her freshly shaved cunt was dripping with excitement, and I couldn't wait to go back to our room and fuck the hell out of her. Soon she was talking with a guy, and when I noticed him stroking her knee, I took her into the ladies' room and told her I wanted to leave. Stephanie agreed, as long as her new friend Milton could come along. This was okay with me, and I figured that I'd just have to find myself a different room while they fucked each other. But when we got to the hotel, Stephanie told me to stay with her. She said she would need help with Milton, and there was no way for me to get out of it.

Once in the room, Stephanie went into the dressing room to change, and Milton turned on some soft music. As he gave me the once-over, he asked if I'd like to dance. By now, I was totally caught up in my new role and said yes. Milton pressed me tightly against his hard body, putting his hands on my ass and pushing my hips against his. I could feel the rock-hard bulge of his cock through his pants as he caressed my rear end. His hands wandered up my waist to my "tits" and felt me under my top. He bent over me and started to kiss my neck, then lick my ear with his hot tongue. Just as he started to slip his hand beneath the waistband of my skirt, just above my ass, I shot a heavy load of come between my cheeks. He must have felt this, as he remarked, "Shit, you sure are wet! Do you always get this way?" Before I could reply, Stephanie appeared, wearing some of the sexiest lingerie I'd ever seen. Her double-D breasts were almost fully exposed, their large, dark nipples hard and erect. Her cunt was displayed in all its shaven splendor for all to see, moist and swollen, ready for tongue or cock.

It was then I decided to slip away for a little more fun. I hopped in the car and



"Was Tiny Tim upset when you told him that you had to work on Christmas Eve?"



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went to a nearby gas station. It was a huge place with six islands, very busy. I noticed that I was drawing a lot of attention, so I thought, what the hell. As I leaned over to put the gas-pump nozzle in the car, I saw that the guy in the car next to mine was playing with his cock and looking at me. I tried to show him as much as I could, but before too long, both our cars were full and we got in line to pay. I noticed his face was flushed and he couldn't hide his hard-on; so I turned around, unzipped him, pulled out his cock, and gave him a handjob right there in the gas station. I then jumped back in my car and left. Nobody seemed to care that I never paid for the gas. I can't wait for our next vacation.—*Name and address withheld*

WORLD AFFAIRS: PART II

If you missed my letter in last month's "Forum," let me explain where I left off. I'm a 70-year-old black man who was given a round-the-world trip as a birthday gift from my six children. After a wild bout of sex—the first I'd had in six years—on an Israeli kibbutz, I found myself in an intensive-care unit, having almost suffered a heart attack.

On the fifth day, I asked one of the English-speaking doctors for some reading material to help me pass away the long hours in bed. He told me I was in luck, as he had just returned from America, where he had taken his boards in car-

diology, and handed me a *Penthouse*. That evening I read it, and during the night I had terrible pains in my balls—they kept me awake part of the night. The next day, a 60-year-old female cardiologist from the big city hospital in Haifa told me I'd be leaving the hospital if there were no changes in the next few days; I'd go to America, where they'd put me on an exercise schedule to help my heart. When I told her about my pains the night before, she laughed, then told me in English that her husband had experienced the same pains when he'd suffered a heart attack some time ago. She said what I needed was for someone to play with me a little, suck me off a bit, and I'd be relieved. This is what she'd done for her husband. The young doctor translated this for the other doctors and nurses, and they all laughed. I then told the cardiologist that I'd like a shower, and she told the young doctor to have the night nurse give me a sponging. Meanwhile, she took me off intravenous feeding (though I was still on intravenous medicine), giving me more freedom to move about.

That night the nurse, who didn't speak any English, asked me in sign language if I wanted a sponging, and if so, she'd be back after the lights were out and the other patients had gone to sleep. She later awoke me at 9:30 and asked if I still wanted the sponging. I said yes, and she fetched a basin of water, some wash-

cloths and towels, and a large rubber sheet, which she put under me before removing my pajama bottoms. First she washed my feet, then had me spread my legs so she could work on my thighs. She held my cock in one hand so she could wash around it with the other. Suddenly she started to rub my shaft up and down, and sure enough, it started to get hard. She continued to grip it as she washed my backside and balls. I felt myself growing larger and larger as she fondled my nuts individually. I stretched out my free arm and touched her behind—I could feel she had nothing on underneath. Then I let my hand slide under her gown to feel her naked bottom. I put my fingers between her legs and started to play with her clit and pussy, and I could hear her breathing heavily. She slowly turned toward me and undid her gown, revealing her nude body. She put her firm breast and nipple in my mouth; then she took my hard dick in hers, bathing it with her tongue, sucking it between her cheeks.

It was then I recalled the time I was 18, working in the town's largest supermarket, when I learned how to make a woman happy. It was 1935. On Sundays, after church, I'd come to the store to help the owner fill in the stock and take inventory. His wife Carrie would help out by telling us what to bring up to the store from the basement. One winter Sunday, I arrived at the store to be greeted only by Carrie. She told me that because of the heavy snow, there had been no deliveries that Friday and Saturday, and that this had forced her husband to go to the city to get some things; he wouldn't be back until Monday morning. Downstairs in the basement storeroom, work went on as usual, until I had to hand something up to her as she stood on a ladder. As I looked up, I could see that she had nothing on underneath her dress. I felt embarrassed, and must have blushed. She asked me to hand her another of the same item, this time moving her feet apart. Then she said to me, "Have you ever seen a woman before?" I said no.

She came down off the ladder and asked me if I went with girls. I said sometimes. She asked me what I did with them, and I replied that the most I had done was to kiss them and "accidentally" rub against their breasts. She started to laugh. "Don't you think the girls would like you to touch their body when you kiss them and that they would like to touch yours?" I said that I didn't know, and wouldn't know what to do.

"Come over here," she said. She opened her dress and I must have gotten as red as a beet. I was so scared. She said this was a breast, and girls like to have boys hold them, rub them, and kiss their nipples. She took my hand and placed it on her huge tit, then rubbed it around and told me to kiss her nipple. I was afraid, but she pulled me over and put it in my mouth. "Now suck it slowly," she directed. "Don't bite it. Girls don't



"It's no use, Rudolf. I just can't come down another chimney."

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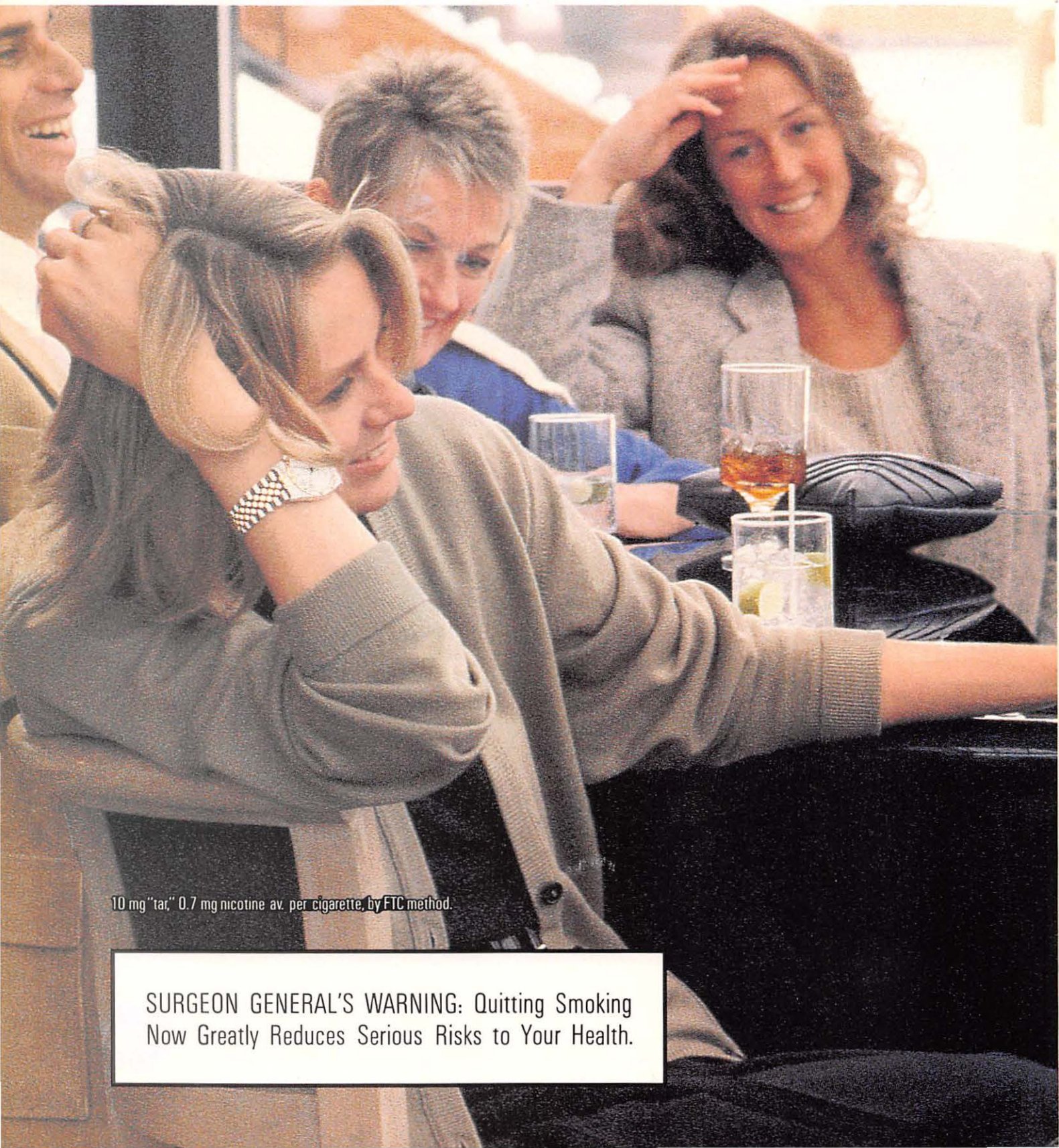
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want you to bite it. . . . Do it slowly and in even rhythm as you kiss her and put her hand on your upper body. Don't ever rush a girl." She put her hand on my chest, slowly took my hand and put it over hers, and slowly had me push it down to my crotch. I was so excited I thought I would come right then. I couldn't go home if my pants were stained, I said. She laughed.

"Now," she said, "after one or two times you have been with a girl, and she lets you kiss her and play with her breasts, and you have pushed her hand near your crotch . . . then as you are kissing her, open up your pants, the buttons, and place her hand on the button opening. . . . Don't push it into the pants, as she will go away. But keep kissing her while her nipples are getting larger and larger. Then bend down and kiss her nipples and suck them, as I showed you. . . . Then put her hand inside of your pants and over your underwear and have her feel your penis. At first she will try to take her hand away, but keep kissing her and sucking her nipples."

All this time she was showing me and doing these things. She told me to take her hand away and to start kissing her again, to put her hands around my shoulders, to slowly let my hand drop between her legs. "Don't rush it," she instructed me. "Leave it there for about 15 minutes . . . just moving your fingers all around. You will hear her breathing getting shorter

and shorter. . . . Then slowly start lifting her dress up with your hand as you are kissing her, keeping her hands around your neck. You will suddenly feel her twitching her legs together and moving about, as if trying to stop you. . . . If she does, don't go any further until next time. But if she doesn't, then slowly put your hand around and above her panties on her pubic hairs, and between her legs. Don't put your fingers into her vagina. That will scare her. Keep your fingers moving about, and you will note that her panties are getting wetter all the time."

With this talk, she had taken my hand and placed it between her legs, and I could see the drops of water shining on her pubic hairs. She told me to take out my cock, and before I could, she had done it for me. It was fully erect. She stared at it and said it was the biggest one she had ever seen, and that she wanted to take my virginity. I didn't know what she was talking about. She continued to tell me and show me how and what to do—how to get a girl to hold my naked dick and let me put my fingers in her cunt. . . . She saw I couldn't control myself anymore. She bent down, put my cock in her mouth, and I had an orgasm—the first in my life with a woman. She then continued to show me how to act with a girl—how to make love, how to let her have the first orgasm (explaining that if I did, she'd always come back to me), how

I was to play with her clitoris and keep kissing her when she had an orgasm . . . and when I was ready to have an orgasm with a girl, I should use a condom ("protection," she called it) and carry one with me at all times.

Carrie got one from upstairs and showed me how to put it on. Then she lay down on the floor, upon a mat that was there, and spread her legs. . . . She told me to lie down next to her and slowly fondle her tits, then to gently play with her pubes and around her cunt lips. She then told me to slowly kiss and lick her breasts, then to mount her slowly and to rest myself on my elbows and knees. She spread her legs and turned her knees outward. She took hold of my cock and showed me how to direct myself into her slit, to do it slowly, to always say to the girl "Am I hurting you?" She said that as I'd continue to push myself in, I'd find that the girl's cunt would give off a greasy fluid, making it easier to enter her. After a while, I shouldn't have an orgasm too quickly, but to do everything she was teaching me and to see that the girl is building up to one herself. I'd be able to feel when her legs would start to twitch and there would be spasms within her pussy. Her muscles inside would start contracting, she told me, and she would raise herself to take all of me.

With that, Carrie started to gyrate and begged me to put all of it into her. She started to moan and cry. "More, more, more. It's so good, the best I ever had. Give me more!" And I could feel her muscles gripping my cock within her, and I was going in and out with what I thought was a Vaseline substance. Suddenly she grabbed me, wrapped her legs around my body, and cried, "I'm coming. I'm coming . . . more, more, please more!" I couldn't hold back anymore. I pushed as hard as I could, and soon felt spurts coming out of me.

That afternoon I rushed through the rest of my work, and went home very tired. It was our secret. After that, every time I was alone in the storeroom, Carrie would come down for something and ask me how I was doing with the girls. She would purposely brush past me and rub her rear end against me, sometimes grabbing hold of my dick. . . .

I opened my eyes to find the nurse had turned toward me and was rubbing her dripping wet slit against my fingers. She had placed her small, firm tits against my body, which was still covered with electrodes, and was kissing me. Suddenly, she pushed forward, lurched, and cried out, "Tov, tov, tov meod" (which I later found out means, "Good, good, very good"). She continued to suck my bulging cock. As my hot jizz flooded her mouth, I felt tired and closed my eyes. I could feel her taking the rubber sheet away, bending over me, and giving me a kiss. The Haifa cardiologist had been right—the "balls therapy" seemed to have worked. But Israel had a lot more in store



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for me, as you'll see in next month's "Forum."—*Name and address withheld*

FROM SOUP TO NUTS

For the past year I have noticed her whenever she worked in her garden, yet she wouldn't so much as give me her name. Each day for a week, as she pruned her flowers, I would play seductive music loud enough to ensure she would hear it. I had to try something, because I was getting desperate—my bat and balls were throbbing to get onto her base. On the eighth day, I gave up. She was not picking up my signals. I tried to ignore her as she worked.

To my great delight, later that afternoon my cock's desire knocked on my door, bearing a bowl of chicken soup. She had noticed my music, she said, and when I didn't play it she was sure I must be ill. At the sight of her standing before me in tight shorts and a revealing T-shirt, the hungry lust of 12 months panted in my loins as my soldier of love strained to come to attention.

"Sit down," she demanded, her eyes drifting down to my tool. "I'm going to nurse you back to health." She pushed me onto the sofa and placed the bowl of soup on the coffee table. Kneeling in front of me, she spoon-fed me the broth, her free hand resting lightly on my knee. Her hard nipples grazed the side of my thigh. It wasn't long before her hand busied it-

self at the folds of my shorts. She adjusted the fabric until the round, purplish tip of my erection stuck out past the edge of the cuff.

Lowering her soft cheek to the inside of my knee, she slid her face toward the knoblike head of my cock. She opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue, wagging it back and forth eagerly. I gasped as her mouth closed in on the tip of my penis. My cock flexed savagely at the contact, jerking hard against the folds of my shorts. She watched my face as she licked the salty head of my love tool, gauging my reaction as her tongue slid wetly up its central cleft, over its top, for a French kiss. She teased me by licking all around the rim, her saliva smearing over the inside of my thigh. I found myself holding the cushion with both hands, fighting the urge to buck my groin into her face. I went rigid on my seat. The sight of such a lovely woman nursing my shaft was more than I could bear. Her cheeks hollowed as she began to suck at my erection. She rolled my huge bulb over the smooth insides of her mouth. With every thrust things were getting juicier and juicier.

She was going after my meat with such a frenzy that it sent chills rocketing up my spine. Each time she jammed her mouth down over the throbbing head, she pushed a little bit harder as if she were going to swallow me, balls and all. She

bobbed her head, lips brushing against my thigh. Suddenly, she let me pop out of her mouth. I gasped as the cool air hit my wet cock. With quick strokes she finished me off with her hands, catching each drop of my love juice in the bowl of soup. With eager eyes locked together, we shared the newly seasoned broth. I'm actually looking forward to this winter's cold-and-flu season. With loving care like this, I may just be sick until spring.—*Name and address withheld*

STRIP POKER PLUS

I am stationed at an Air Force base in Eastern Washington. My wife went back East to visit her parents for a few months. Since we just got back from a two-year tour overseas, we both agreed that she should have an extended visit with them—but without me, since I couldn't get the time off.

Around 11:30 one extremely hot night, I was sitting on my front porch, hoping to catch a cool breeze. While outside I noticed that Paul and Maria, who live across the street, were also outside. For a short time they kept looking my way and whispering to each other. I thought that was a little strange, but after a while they went inside and I forgot about their behavior.

Paul and Maria have a large picture window in their living room, and I could see inside their house quite clearly. I watched Paul go into the hallway while Maria remained in the living room, right in front of the window. I was shocked when she faced out toward the street and began to strip. She pulled off her bra, and out popped two of the biggest, firmest tits I had ever seen. She started rubbing her pussy, pushing her panties deeply in and out of her hole faster and faster until she shook in orgasm. Removing her drenched underwear, she revealed a perfectly shaven pussy to me—and the whole block, for all I knew.

My hard eight-inch cock strained against my shorts, trying to burst out. I retreated back inside, into our living room, which faces Paul and Maria's. I sat directly in front of the window with all the lights off and removed my clothes, stopping to grab a pair of binoculars on my way. Stroking my throbbing dick with one hand while holding the binoculars with the other, I looked into my neighbors' window. By now, Paul had joined Maria. They were both naked and were locked in a steamy embrace, French-kissing while rubbing their hands up each other's body. Paul had also shaved his pubic hair, and the sight of his hard tool and Maria's bald, dripping pussy made me want to come right then and there.

Maria started to run her tongue down Paul's body until she reached his quivering shaft. Inch by inch she took it into her mouth until her face was buried against his bald crotch. She pulled back, nearly exposing all of his glistening hard-on, then dove back down. Maria repeated this performance until Paul arched



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his back, grabbed her head, and launched his rocket of jism into her throat.

I began pounding my cock furiously until, from deep inside my balls, I started to come. My hot sperm splattered the window in front of me, and I nearly collapsed with the force of my orgasm. When I caught my breath and looked up again, Maria was facing my way and smiling as Paul turned off the lights in their house. I cleaned up my juice and went to bed, remembering every detail of what I had seen. I had to relieve my aching cock three more times that night.

The next day I set up the room so that I could get the best possible view. Around eight o'clock I waited, nude, hoping the show would go on soon. About quarter to nine, there was still no action, but I was so intent on waiting that I nearly jumped out of my skin when I heard a knock at my front door. I grabbed my robe, bitching to myself because I didn't want any company to spoil the fun. I almost fainted when I realized that it was Maria herself on my doorstep.

Maria asked me if I would like to join her and Paul in a game of cards. I quickly got dressed and followed her across the street. When we arrived, Paul was setting up a card table in the kitchen. After a few hands of gin, Maria asked if I would like to play a game she called "strip poker plus." I could feel my dick coming to life as I answered in the affirmative. She ex-

plained that it was a lot like regular strip poker, but the first one to lose all of his or her clothes had to bet "plus" on the next hand. If that person lost, they had to do whatever the winner of the hand told them to do.

It wasn't long before we were down to the last hand. Paul was completely naked, I had my shorts left, and Maria was still in her bra and panties. I couldn't help but steal a few glimpses at Paul's pulsating cock, and as I watched I saw a long, glistening drop of semen seep out and slowly fall to the floor. Seeing his pole and Maria's erect, brown nipples made every vein in my prick bulge.

Paul had to bet "plus," I bet my underwear, and Maria anted up her panties. Maria won. She looked from me to him, then said, "Paul, I want you to watch while I suck his cock." I almost blew my wad right there and then. He replied "okay" as Maria led me into the bedroom.

She laid me down on the bed, spread my legs, and nibbled at my shaft, stopping every once in a while as if to savor every firm inch of it. Paul sat down in a chair facing us, fondling his own dick as he observed his wife devour me. I soon started to come and shot what seemed like a gallon of hot jism down Maria's awaiting throat. As I caught my breath, Paul pushed Maria on the bed and shoved his dick deep into her pussy. He gasped and trembled, riding her wildly,

until he too began to come. Maria was moaning and writhing on the bed, and was obviously not yet satisfied. I dove for her pussy, sucking out all of Paul's cream while driving Maria into hysterics. As I tickled her with my tongue, Paul fondled her huge tits, and we didn't stop until we were sure she was totally sated.

I have spent every night possible with Paul and Maria. Maria has even shaved my public hair so that we would all "match." My wife is coming back next week, and we're trying to figure out a way to get her to join us. I hope she will. That will make for another interesting story. —
Name and address withheld

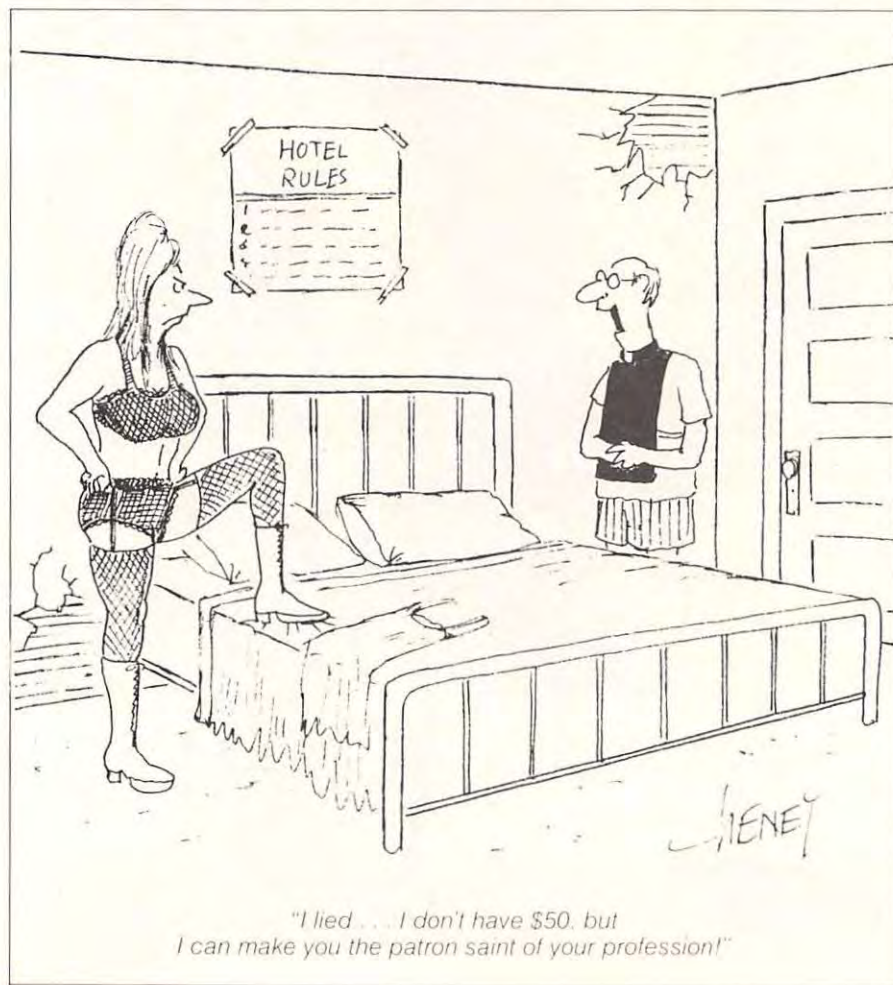
PICTURE THIS

I returned home from work one evening and was in a hurry to get to the store before it closed. I heard the shower running and knew that my wife Diane was also home. Her purse was on the table, and as I looked through it for the checkbook, I noticed an envelope that contained a bunch of photographs. I pulled one out and couldn't believe what I saw. The picture was of my wife with a huge cock in her mouth, which I knew wasn't mine. As I looked at the rest of the pictures, I dropped them on the table.


I was very angry at first, but then I realized that my cock was rock-hard as I continued to look at all of the photos in the envelope. They were in a continuing sequence that had my wife sucking and licking this guy's big cock until it finally squirted come all over her face. In the last one, Diane sported a big smile as she licked jism off her lips.

When Diane came out of the shower, she was horrified to see the pictures on the table. I acted very angry and demanded to know who it was. She confessed that it was a coworker of hers, Wayne. I picked up all the pictures and went into the living room and sat on the couch. Diane followed and sat beside me. "I'll make it up to you," she said as she unzipped my pants and took out my stiff dick. I couldn't cover up the fact that I was very excited. As I felt her warm mouth cover my aching cock, I looked through the pictures again. She watched me as she worked my rod over with her mouth and tongue. "How often do you suck him off?" I asked. She stopped long enough to say, "At first only once or twice a week, but now almost every day after every one else in the office has left." My cock felt like it was going to explode as her tongue licked my head rapidly. I looked at the photo of him coming in her mouth and asked, "Do you like it when he fills your mouth like that?" "Oh yes," she moaned, "his cock spurts so much I can't ever swallow it all."

I couldn't take any more and quickly undressed as she pulled off her clothes and spread her legs wide for me. As we wildly fucked, she told me she would go into Wayne's office each afternoon and undress and suck his cock while he took



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pictures of her. "Has his big cock been in your sweet cunt, too?" I groaned. "Yes, he likes to fuck me on his desk," she said. "Sometimes I pull off my panties and stand in front of the windows in his office that overlook the street," she continued. "Then he takes out his cock and rubs it all over my pussy lips until it gets real hard. He pushes it in my cunt from behind and fucks me as we watch cars and people go by below us." I couldn't take any more as I felt myself explode deep in her wet slit.

The next day, as Diane left for work, she said, "Since you liked those pictures so much, I'll get some more for you today." I took the envelope with me to work and looked at them every chance I got. My cock was hard the whole day. I rushed home from work, needing relief. Diane came in soon after me. She gave me a wet French kiss and said, "Wayne was so excited that you knew about us that he called me into his office at noon, and we fucked for over an hour. At five o'clock, I went in his office and locked the door. I stripped and knelt before him, sucking him until he was hard. He sat in his desk chair and I straddled him, riding him all the way to orgasm as he sucked my tits. I came three times before we finished, and I'm still hot. I want you to fuck me now, baby."

We quickly undressed each other and jumped into bed. We got into a sixty-nine

position, and I could taste and smell Wayne's come all over her cunt. "Go ahead and eat it, baby," she purred. "I kept it juicy just for you." I couldn't believe that I was eating another man's jism out of my gorgeous wife's cunt as I plunged my tongue into her. The sweet smell of sex filled my nostrils as I lapped at her clit. She sat on my face, and I licked up their combined love juices that ran down her thighs. We were both more excited than we had been the whole time we'd been together.

Diane rolled off of me and onto her back as I plunged my stiff cock into her. She reached into her purse on the night table and took out another envelope of photographs. As I slowly fucked her, she showed me one picture at a time. These were full-figure photos, not just of Diane with Wayne's dick in her mouth. The first one showed Diane entering his office with a book in her hand. In the second one, Wayne had pushed himself away from his desk and had his big cock and hairy balls in his hand as he jerked himself off. The photo story continued, with Diane going down on him again. After numerous close-ups of her cocksucking technique, she had removed all her clothes and gotten on top of the desk. Next, there was a shot of her with her legs wrapped around Wayne's waist. After a few more photos, I could see that he was inside her right up to his balls. In one steamy shot, he

grabbed her tits with both hands as he fucked her.

"You must really like his big dick," I groaned as I pounded her pussy. "Not as much as yours," Diane answered. "I saved this picture for last, because I knew you'd like it best." As soon as I saw it, my cock started erupting. Wayne was still fucking her as he held her by the hips, her head hanging over the desk. Another naked man stood at her head, and she was sucking him off while he played with her tits. "That's the photographer Wayne hired. After he took the pictures he had such a hard-on that I had to let him join in. I even let him fuck me after Wayne had finished," she explained. Her last words ended in a scream, as she had a huge orgasm.

Our sex life has been amazing ever since. Diane keeps on bringing home the photos of her and Wayne, and each night erupts into another steamy sex session. I know one thing for sure: I will never be jealous of my wife again—not ever. She's even gotten a raise!—*Name and address withheld*

EGO BOOSTER

I am a senior at a midwestern college studying speech communications and just thought I'd share an experience that totally changed my life. I am six foot one, with dark eyes and hair and a mustache. Although I never considered myself too attractive, I knew I had a good personality. Thanks to Cybil, I have regained my self-confidence.

I met her in one of my classes the first part of the fall semester. I always noticed her, but I never said anything to her because I was sure that she was either engaged or married. We were having a test, and I hadn't studied as much as I should have. Since Cybil seemed to know her stuff, I decided to sit next to her. It was then that I noticed how incredibly attractive she really was. She was about five foot six and about 110 pounds. She had dark hair, inviting brown eyes, and a body that would turn on any normal man.

The next time I saw Cybil was in class the next day. I tried to get her attention by making a few witty comments about the lecture, but got little, if any, response from her. She seemed to feel I was acting immature and that I should pay more attention to the lecture, but I just could not help myself from undressing this beauty with my eyes. Later on that night, I couldn't believe it when Cybil walked into the local college dive where I work as a part-time bartender. She changed my boring Wednesday night into a night that I will never forget the rest of my life.

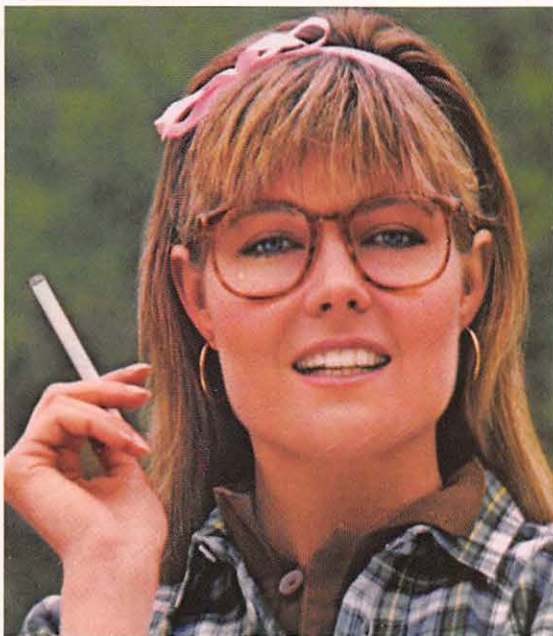
Cybil ordered a vodka and 7-Up, and we made small talk about ourselves. I found out that she was 25 years old, she had been married, and had a seven-year-old daughter. She asked what time I got off of work, and since it was a slow night I told her that I'd probably get off at about midnight. Cybil told me that if I would like



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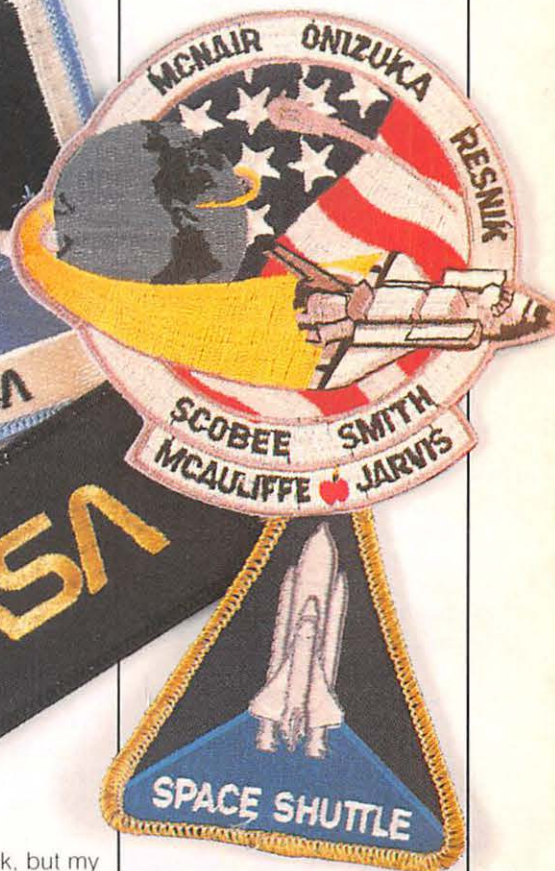
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BY SHARON CHURCHER



CASHING IN ON THE CHALLENGER

Lest you forget, the explosion of the space shuttle *Challenger* has generated a thriving new enterprise—shuttle “commemorative” souvenirs. At Space Country, a store in Lompoc, California, you can stock up on *Challenger* tie clasps, coins, and decals. Another supplier markets *Challenger* T-shirts and the *Teacher in Space*

Cookbook, but has informed us that “a portion” of the proceeds are donated to a space education program.

At least one ex-astronaut is keeping the disaster business aloft. Colonel Robert Overmyer, a former *Challenger* commander, has signed hundreds of prints entitled “*Challenger's Glory*” that are being sold at \$65 a throw by the British magazine *Spacelight News*.

Overmyer wasn't paid

for his John Hancock, but my associate Trudi Miller learned that he and his family did get a free British trip, courtesy of the magazine, out of the venture. Said the colonel of the artwork, “It is not commemorating the tragedy—there's no mention of [that] at all. That's why it's in such good taste.” *Spacelight* Editor Nigel Macknight, who

has signed up Overmyer as a columnist, put it slightly differently: “We didn't want people to think it was crass and commercial, but it was done to make money,” he conceded, adding that Overmyer was a perfect choice for the project, since “he knew the crew killed in the disaster very well.”

K.G.B. HEAD-HUNTING

A good time was had by all at this year's talkfest on Soviet-American relations at the Chautauqua Institution in upstate New York—but an especially good time, we have to think, by the seven

top Russian intelligence officers detected in the crowd by a Washington observer. One of the spooks, fumed our source, “was just made a K.G.B. lieutenant general.” Since the fete was also teeming with congressmen and federal and state officials, the seven presumably were

head-hunting what Lenin lovingly dubbed “useful idiots.” Stanislav Levchenko, a major in the K.G.B.'s active measures—agency lingo for subversion—section before he defected to the U.S., said, “There are covert and overt active measures. This conference was overt.”

While none of the 240 Russians there admitted to being a spy, 16 did list themselves as government officials. Their hotel tab was picked up by a group of American well-wishers, which included, we're informed, an anonymous member of the Rockefeller family.

UNDERMINING THE PENTAGON

Two months before the fiasco in which a Kuwaiti tanker under U.S. protection struck a mine, congressional defense experts repeatedly warned the Pentagon that there was evidence that the Persian Gulf was booby-trapped.

The experts, who work for House Armed Services Committee chairman Congressman Les Aspin (D-Wis.), began their pitch after the *Marshal Chuikov*, a Soviet tanker, hit a mine as it was entering the port of Kuwait on May 17. That was the same day an Iraqi missile inadvertently blasted the U.S.S. *Stark* and, while that incident was what captured press attention, Aspin's staff urged the Defense Department that the *Chuikov* episode was much more ominous.

"Though some reports suggested it was an old mine that had floated into the area and hit the *Chuikov* by a fluke, a Tass story came across our desk saying



seamen aboard the tanker had seen an unlighted speedboat approach after the explosion, watch them, then speed off without offering assistance," an Aspin aide says. "We alerted the Pentagon to what we thought might have been Iranians pushing mines off from a small boat." The Pentagon's response, the aide adds, was to "laugh."

In the ensuing weeks, Liberian and Greek tankers collided with mines in the same shipping channel. "That was when people started to pay some attention at the Pentagon," says the aide. "They told us clearing the mines was their No. 1 priority, and they were sending a

team to do it with equipment [and divers] supplied by the Saudis and Kuwaitis." Since there are only three major "choke points" in the gulf where it is practical to lay mines, "we assumed they were taking care of all of them," says the Aspin aide. As became apparent, however, when the U.S.-escorted *Bridgeton* was whammed July 24 in one of the danger zones, 120 miles from Kuwait, the team had only cleared the channel around the port where the earlier traps were set.

"There was no reason for us to think in May and June that there were mines in the other areas," a Pentagon spokesman contends.

THE FRIENDLIEST SKIES

A posse of private marshals was recently hired to enforce order on the world's wildest air route, between New York and Club Med's famous singles mecca on Martinique.

Shudders a source at KeyAir, which ferries thousands of *gentils membres*—as the club terms its vacationers—to the resort each year, the G.M.'s were waging sexual terrorism. Not only had a female passenger performed an impromptu striptease, but the plane's back row was being called "the bed."

Just what was occurring in this amphitheater the KeyAir source can't say, since, so dense was the crush of voyeurs, "the flight attendants couldn't get back there." Such antics were mostly on return flights to New York, among G.M.'s who'd *gentil*-ed up to each other at the resort. But one young woman boarded for the outward-bound flight and, according to another of those unconfirmed reports, "did it all the way to St. Lucia with a guy." At St. Lucia, the plane made a stop at another Club Med resort—and "the guy got off," mused the KeyAir source. "The woman continued on, so these must have been two complete strangers."

The marshals now sit in the "bed" row and, though unarmed and supplied by a private firm, Executive Security and Investigations, they wear suits and ties that mislead would-be initiates into the mile-high club into believing they're from the F.B.I. "We've had no more problems," smiled our source.



NOT-SO-CURIOUS GEORGE

George Shultz's maneuvering to reduce National Security Council influence over foreign policy does not impress

even the secretary of state's own top staff. One of them recalls that, if George was cut out of the N.S.C. scheming to arm the Nicaraguan rebels, that's because "he's never been remotely interested in Latin America. He has no frame of reference and has always deferred to his assistant secretaries." During Contragate, George delegated such concern as he had to Assistant Secretary Elliott Abrams, who "misled" Congress about the arms running, only to be stoutly defended against any retribution by Shultz.

Administration critic Larry Birns, who heads the private Council on Hemispheric Affairs, deduces that one

reason the secretary of state stood by his man was that it was too much trouble to train anybody else to do chores that still don't really grab George. The other reason may be that Shultz didn't want to look out of control twice: In 1983, White House hard-liners like U.N. envoy Jeane Kirkpatrick forced out an Abrams predecessor, Thomas Enders, who urged negotiating with leftist guerrillas. Birns was told by an Enders aide a few days earlier, after Kirkpatrick launched a withering attack on Enders at a closed-door meeting, that Shultz gave Enders a ride back to the office in his limo—and guaranteed that he'd keep his job.

REAGAN TO DIPLOMATS: "MAKE MY DAY!"

Fear and loathing is sweeping the caviar circuit in Washington, where foreign diplomats, long accustomed to indulging their every whim with impunity, are now under the thumb of a bureaucrat. And not just any bureaucrat. James Nolan, director of the State Department's Office of Foreign Missions, was the F.B.I.'s counterintelligence chief until President Reagan drafted him to run the newly created agency in February 1983.

"Here are people who gave the best years of their lives for their countries, and a G-man is grinding them into the ground," grouched a lawyer who has taken up cudgels

for the diplomatic corps.

Retorted a Reagan administration insider, Nolan's mandate, under legislation nicknamed the "Tit for Tat" act, is to deal with foreign envoys the way they deal with Americans posted to their nations: "The White House wanted to be sure this office wasn't neutered by State Department wimps." Pre-Nolan, the department's protocol office was in charge of foreign missions. It was in those gentlemanly years that the East Germans purchased an apartment building on a ridge overlooking the Pentagon, noted the administration source. Close enough to erect a listening antenna? "They don't need an antenna. With a high-powered telescope, they can look through the windows," snorted

the source.

Much of the current griping at the chanceries has to do with a quarrel between Nolan's agency and the Washington, D.C., municipal government over what the feds say is their right under the new act to have a hand in all regulation of embassy property. Until the dispute is resolved, the Chinese can't go through with plans to install an embassy swimming pool and the Austrians can't enlarge their office space. Ironically, the feds support both plans; what they're opposing is a city attempt to hold a hearing on them over which Nolan's office would have no control—which would be a most unfortunate precedent for the office's intention of "regulating virtually every act of the Soviet mission, aside from

the air they breathe," explained our source.

The Chinese are patiently waiting the tiff out. Not so the Austrians. "We may be a small country, but we bite," Austrian Consul General Eva Moss-Mottl is said to have stormed, pounding the table, at a powwow with Nolan and his deputies. "We must expand."

The Austrians are also chafing at the special driver's licenses diplomats are now required to obtain from Nolan's agency, which is threatening to yank the permits of envoys who stack up traffic violations. "One of our employees was stopped by the Virginia police, and when he showed them his license, they said they had never seen such a thing," complained Moss-Mottl.



HAIG'S UNLIKELY DESTINY

Alexander Haig, Jr., underdog in the Republican presidential sweeps with a piddling \$471,701 raised, was refusing to bow out as we went to press. For one thing, murmured a campaign deep throat, Haig was convinced that the White House was his "destiny. He wants it so bad." For another, well, there was this admittedly remote hope that Clint Eastwood might agree to make the

general's day. Mutual buddy Merv Griffin, already on board as a campaign adviser, "is trying to get Clint to do a fund-raiser," the deep throat told us. "Richard Nixon is a Haig fan, too, but he won't do any fund-raisers." If not Clint? "There's also a lot of discussion about trying to get Frank Sinatra," the source said stoically. Frank, you'll recall (see "U.S.A. Confidential," July 1987), is the Haig pal whose press agent helped with Haig's presidential announcement.

DEADLY ADDICTS

Prescription heroin and speed? Though some doctors and health-care workers find the notion outrageous, others are quietly arguing that legalizing junk for junkies may be the only answer to the latest deadly upkick in the AIDS epidemic—a surge caused by addicts who, infected in rapidly increasing numbers with the disease, leave their hospital beds daily to buy fixes on the street.

"They share needles and spread the disease even further," points out a staffer at New York University's medical school. Its physicians frequently encounter such temporarily AWOL patients at the school's affiliated Bellevue Hospital. "You can't chain people to their beds, so what to do?" he asks.

At San Francisco General Hospital, what administrators did when one addict briefly skipped was refuse him readmission. The man,

suffering from AIDS-related spinal meningitis and pneumonia, was encountered slumped in a car by health worker Geoffrey Froner. "He was emaciated, had trouble breathing, and was in pain," Froner recalls. To attempt to dissuade junkies from wandering, hospitals may prescribe them methadone, but many dislike this drug because it does not give them a high and is even harder to kick than heroin. Then there are those AIDS victims who are hooked on amphetamines, some of which, besides giving pleasure, they say, suppress pain. "What the hell is wrong with giving that or heroin to someone with a terminal disease?" demands Froner. He confides that a group of physicians who treat AIDS patients went so far as advocating that San Francisco authorities support legalization, "but Mayor Feinstein didn't even want to hear of giving out free needles."

It is said that hard cases make bad law. These days, "hard-core" cases make the worst law of all.

JUSTICE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ



Oliver Wendell Holmes once cautioned that "hard cases make bad law." It seems that cases involving sexually explicit material make even worse law. Two recent litigations—one involving "sexually oriented" books and magazines, the other involving "human-animal" sexual films—have made some of the worst law seen in recent years. And the law they have made goes well beyond the area of sex and affects the rights of all Americans in other contexts as well.

The first case grew out of the unjustified closing of an adult bookstore in Indianapolis, Indiana. The state of Indiana had enacted a copycat version of the federal RICO (Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations) statute. RICO is an accordionlike law designed, in the words of one court, "to provide new weapons of unprecedented scope for an assault upon organized crime and its economic roots." The Indiana statute makes it a crime, punishable by long prison terms, for anyone to become "associ-

ated with an enterprise" that has engaged in "a pattern of racketeering activities." A pattern consists of two or more acts of "similar intent, result . . . or method of commission."

But the federal RICO law, and its numerous state analogues, have been interpreted—perhaps expanded—is a better word—to apply to activities that have absolutely no connection to organized crime or racketeering. Leading investment-banking firms, entertainers, welfare recipients, and ma-and-pa store owners have all been accused of engaging in racketeering activities. And now the RICO laws in Indiana are being aimed at adult bookstores.

The district attorney's office in Indianapolis learned that the owner of an adult bookstore was planning to open a second shop. Since the two bookstores would be part of "a single enterprise," the prosecutor invoked the RICO law and had the police seal the unopened one. Without any kind of adversary hearing, it was shut down before a single book was sold. In addition, the stock of both stores was confiscated. It was censorship with a vengeance.

The rationale for this indiscriminate seizure was the RICO statute's forfeiture provision, which empowers the government to seize the assets of any racketeering enterprise.

The bookstore owner immediately challenged the seizure of his books and the sealing of his property on freedom-of-speech grounds. The lower court agreed

with the owner, and struck down the seizure provisions of the RICO statute on the grounds that it allowed "prior restraint" of constitutionally protected material and denied the store owner "the procedural safeguards required even for the protection of obscene materials."


But the Indiana Supreme Court reversed the lower court's decision and upheld the D.A.'s application of the RICO statute. In doing so, it relied on a reconstruction of events so remarkable that it would have made Admiral Poindexter proud. The court concluded that the Indianapolis authorities had no intention "to restrain the future distribution" of the sexual material they seized. They seized the books not because of their offensive content, but rather because they were "assets" of the enterprise. According to this, there is no difference between books protected by the First Amendment, on the one hand, and illegal drugs, dirty money, adulterated food, or stolen goods on the other hand. The court ignored the obvious objective of the Indianapolis seizure: to prevent the dissemination of sexually oriented material.

The second case is even more frightening. The F.B.I. conducted a pornography sting operation out of North Carolina, taking advantage of the fact that a Jesse Helms-nominated judge sits on all federal criminal cases. Posing as adult-bookstore owners, the agents called a Maryland distributor of adult material and requested that he ship them kiddy-porn videos. The distributor

refused, insisting that his was an "adults only" business. The F.B.I. agents then asked for "animal" films, and the distributor sent a handful of such films that had been made in Denmark.

In order to increase the distributor's criminal exposure, the agents requested that the films be sent individually. The distributor was charged with five separate counts, one for each six-minute film. The judge sentenced the distributor—who had no prior record and no connection to organized crime—to five years' imprisonment for each of the shipments. This was unusual enough, since the typical punishment for such a crime is a fine or a few months in jail. But then, instead of having them served concurrently as is usually done, he ordered them to run consecutively for a total of 25 years—the longest ever imposed for the distribution of adult pornography, more than twice the average sentence for rape or murder. And for what? For sending a few short films made abroad to an adult who had requested them. It was a victimless crime if there ever was one—except for the distributor himself, who had become a tragic victim of our government's hysteria over porn.

I am trying to get a reduction of the distributor's sentence. If it is allowed to stand, the constitutional principle of proportionality, that the punishment fit the crime, will be destroyed.

Hard cases do make bad law. These days, "hard-core" cases make the worst law of all. 

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I wish Gary Hart had
had the guts
to say, "Yes, I did it,
and so what?"

KORDA ZONE

BY MICHAEL KORDA



It is a curious comment on feminism, 30 years after the birth of the movement, that all it still takes to bring down a public career is a pretty young woman with good legs. For different reasons, Donna Rice and Jessica Hahn have both become instant celebrities; and if nothing else, their fame should remind us that we may not have made as much progress in this area as we thought. In the last century, for example (which we are taught to think of as strait-laced and Victorian), Grover Cleveland was elected to the presidency despite proof that he had fathered an illegitimate child. ("Ma, Ma, where's my pa?" the crowds chanted, but Cleveland went to the White House, anyway.)

Our own supposedly enlightened century, by contrast, includes poor President Harding, who was obliged to make love to his mistress Nan Britton in the downstairs coat closet at the White House, standing amid the galoshes; FDR, whose secret relationship with his wife's

social secretary went on for decades (she was with him when he died); Eisenhower, whose affair with his WAAC driver, Kay Summersby, was kept secret until after his death; LBJ, whose covert womanizing was on a monumental scale; and JFK, who if every account of his sex life were accurate, would have to have been afflicted with a case of satyriasis sufficient to qualify him for the *Guinness Book of World Records*.

It's interesting to note that the Victorians, with their strict moral code, could accept the normal human frailties in public figures, even in presidents, while we can't. It's hard to imagine the American public today electing an authenticated drunk to the White House, like Grant, or nominating a dyspeptic bachelor of somewhat ambiguous sexuality (if any), like Samuel Tilden or James Buchanan (see "U.S.A. Confidential," November 1987). It's as if at just the point when we first took the lid off sex, in the Roaring Twenties, we put it down firmly on politicians, expecting them to incarnate a code of morality we no longer believed in ourselves—a role for which no normal human being, let alone a politician, is suited, and which the Founding Fathers certainly never had in mind, or else they would have created a pope.

Oscar Wilde once remarked that there is no sight more fearsome than that of the British public in one of its periodic fits of morality (he was to experience it himself), and the same is true of the United States. On the other hand, to anybody

who takes the long view, there is a certain pleasure in realizing that, despite our lofty view of ourselves, we have finally managed to descend to the level of France's Third Republic in politics, that happy time illuminated in the novels of Zola and the posters of Toulouse-Lautrec, when scandal and government were more or less synonymous and whose perfect expression was President Faure, who died in the arms of his mistress in the Élysée Palace in flagrante delicto.

The Puritans would have been astonished to see their descendants living in a political atmosphere that strongly resembles the easy-going corruption and sexual license of the royal courts from whose rule they were fleeing; but I'm not sure it isn't a sign of America's coming-of-age as a sophisticated society that sexual scandal is beginning to outweigh the more usual crimes of politics, like bribe taking and influence peddling.

I mean, when you come right down to it, sex scandals are not only more *fun* than scandals about money or the improper use of government power, but also intrinsically more harmless. If the republic is going to collapse, God forbid, it is more likely to come from such examples of hubris as the late C.I.A. chief William Casey's idea of setting up a secret fund to run an intelligence agency free from congressional supervision than from a little bit of hanky-panky in the corridors of power.

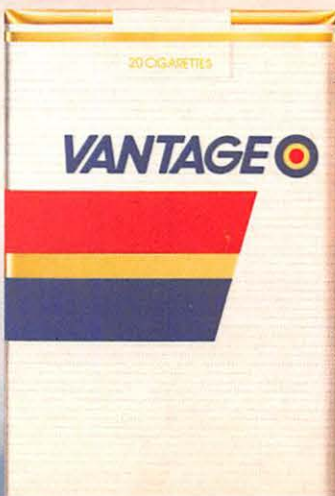
Besides, it's a useful lesson, in a way, this kind of sex

scandal, for it establishes without a shadow of a doubt the sound principle that it should be none of government's business to legislate morality—something that legislators are all too prone to do. The simple fact that a major political figure—or even a major church figure, however risible, as in the case of Jim Bakker—is just as frail as the rest of us when it comes to a shapely young woman, is on the whole good news. Nothing is more objectionable than the obligatory false piety of politicians, or more healthy than watching one slip on that age-old banana peel of life, "thy neighbor's wife." If nothing else, recent events should teach us never to trust people who preach to us about personal morality. After all, does a candidate's sex life really matter, except to him or her? I don't think so. I wish Gary Hart had had the guts to say, "Yes, I did it, and so what? If my wife doesn't mind, what business is it of yours?" But of course he lied instead, thus passing up an opportunity to put sexual frankness to the test in a presidential election, which is a great pity, since he had at that point nothing to lose by being honest, and maybe—who knows?—something to gain.

His beneficiaries, the relatively faceless Democrats who are now somewhat listlessly competing for the position of front-runner, have fallen all over themselves to swear to the public that they are, as Oliver North put it, "*semper li*," true-blue to their wives, not a thought of adultery between them, now or ever; but I don't find

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Some of the most forceful arguments in favor of private clubs have come from women.

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER



Militant feminists are currently busying themselves breaking down yet another "sexual barrier," the door to the all-male private club. Typically, their instruments of demolition are single-edged swords—there is no corresponding activity on their part to open the doors of all-women clubs to men. Indeed, if anything, the feminists are quietly *resisting* any attempts to make the all-women clubs accessible to males.

Already, some of the private-club barriers have toppled. In New York City, the prestigious University Club voted to allow women to join for the first time in its 122-year history. The vote was, of course, voluntary—in the same sense one voluntarily surrenders one's wallet to a potential mugger on a New York City subway. Had the club not voted to admit women, it would have continued to be the target of snide attacks in the media and of legal harassment by the city of New York.

In 1984, after years of unrelenting radical-feminist pressure, New York City

passed a patently arbitrary law declaring that private clubs are not "distinctly private" if they have more than 400 members, serve regular meals, and accept payments from nonmembers "for the furtherance of trade or business." Such clubs have been deemed quasi-public and lose the right-of-association guarantees that the Constitution accords to private organizations—meaning they can no longer bar anyone on, say, the basis of sex. Other localities around the nation, such as Los Angeles, Boston, and Philadelphia, have picked up on this concept, which many thoughtful individuals think smacks of Big Brotherism.

It is one thing to declare, as the Supreme Court did last spring, that states may outlaw sexual discrimination by organizations as large and public as Rotary clubs. While I disagree with the Court's ruling, I might be a bit hard-pressed to argue with its finding that the relationships that existed between Rotarians, given that organization's large (900,000) and "inclusive" membership, were not overly personal. But it is quite another matter to intrude on a men's club with, say, only 410 members, most of whom have at least a nodding acquaintance with every other member, and tell those fellows that their male-camaraderie days are over.

Lewis H. Lapham, editor of *Harper's* and a member of New York's prestigious Century Club, perhaps best captured the *raison d'être* for all-male (and all-female) clubs when he wrote, "Except under duress, and then only

with a good deal of shouting, the two genders seldom come close to living the same lives; nor do they look like one another, speak in the same tones of voice, write the same prose, value the same passions, or plot the courses of their destinies against the same coordinates of space and time. . . . The admission of women to the Century Association (or to any club, school, gymnasium, caucus, or men's room) would change the character of the place. A women's choir has a different sound than a men's chorus. Join them together, and the harmony of voices makes still a third music."

Some of the most forceful arguments in favor of single-sex clubs have come from women—women who think of themselves as feminists. Eleanor Clark French, who describes herself as "an ardent advocate of the E.R.A.," wrote to *The New York Times* to ask if women are "still so insecure that we feel we must be part of that happy group of men [in the Century Club] in order to have 'doors opened' and 'contacts established.' . . . Do we think that male companionship is our only road to success?"


Feminist writers Susan Ferraro and Anna Quindlen, writing in different contexts, demonstrated how valuable is the concept of companionship with one's own sex. Quindlen, who does a weekly column for *The New York Times*, wrote last spring of the unique "female bonding" that took place between a friend and herself when they flew south to a beach resort for a few days. "During the

week we spent together I took off my shoes, let down my hair, took apart my psyche, cleaned the pieces, and put them together again in much-improved condition. I feel like a car that's just had a tune-up. Only another woman could have acted as the mechanic."

In the "Hers" column of that same paper, Ferraro wrote of the female bonding that takes place in the women's locker room. "It's a matter of trust, of believing in the good will of our own kind. It's getting free, for an hour a day, from male definition. It's like nothing else."

Clearly, many men and women favor the idea of being free to spend time exclusively in the company of one's own sex. It is unfortunate that this basic constitutional right is being curtailed through pressures brought on by a handful of militants who have nothing but contempt for the rights and desires of both men and women.

For, as a prominent female designer noted, "It is only a matter of time until prestigious and influential women's organizations—both professional and social—will find themselves under the same pressures as the all-male clubs. . . . They, too, have power bases, and men will raid them."

The National Organization for Men supports the right of women to have their own "power bases." It is time for both men and women to join forces in opposing those who would deprive us of a very basic liberty: the right to fraternize in our leisure hours with whomever we darn well please. 



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conductor breathes new life into
the once-beleaguered
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women

BY NICK TOSCHES



To say that the Roanoke Symphony Orchestra was in trouble would be to risk tumbling from the farthest bluff of understatement into the ravine of untruth. During the intermission of one 1983 concert, hoping in desperation to raise much-needed funds for the orchestra, the none-too-youthful ladies of the Symphony Auxiliary danced in leotards to the theme from "Dallas." And from there, things went downward. The number of die-hard concertgoers who showed up at the Roanoke Civic Center was dwindling frightfully, vanishing silently beneath a dead sea of empty seats.

Then, as the echo of hope's last chord seemed about to fade, something happened. A local heiress, worth more than a quarter of a billion dollars, donated a ten-year salary for a new conductor, someone who might breathe life into the orchestra and deliver it from its torpor. Heeding the call of the muse whose name is Moola, some 400 maestros from around the country and abroad applied. One of them was a

petite blonde in her mid-thirties by the name of Victoria Bond.

Victoria, growing up in Los Angeles and New York, had not foreseen herself as a conductor. Her interest lay away from the podium, in composing and in singing. Then, in 1968, while still in school at U.C.L.A., she set out to study singing at Aspen, Colorado. Leonard Slatkin, today the musical director of the St. Louis Symphony, was then the assistant conductor at the Aspen Music Festival. Victoria was a friend of Leonard's younger brother Freddy, and the three of them drove to Aspen together. "If you're going to be a singer," Leonard told her "you should learn something about conducting because you'll be doing opera." She took Slatkin's conducting class, and fell in love with what she learned. Returning to Los Angeles, she conducted her first orchestra—the city's senior-citizen symphony.

"I was actually terrified," she remembers. "It was the first big orchestra I had ever stood in front of, in a room where everyone was old enough to be my grandparent. But when I got up to conduct, it was as if somebody inside me already knew what to do, and the moment we started, I became very relaxed."

In 1972, Victoria entered the conducting program at The Juilliard School in New York. Studying under Herbert von Karajan and others, she became, in 1977, the first woman in the history of Juilliard to graduate from that program. The following year, hired by the Pittsburgh Sym-

phony under André Previn, she became the first female assistant conductor of a major American orchestra.

Still, as time passed, she saw that the odds were against her. The number of women who conducted big-city orchestras in America could be counted on one hand. When she auditioned at Roanoke last year, she figured she didn't have much of a chance, so she spoke freely and she conducted freely. And she got the job.

It soon became clear that she was the right choice. The dead sea of empty seats became a sold-out house as she began sneaking less familiar, fresher works into the tired Beethoven-and-Bach fare on which most local orchestras rely. She also managed to involve Roanoke's considerable black population in her crusade for music. After she rehearsed and performed with students at a packed Baptist church, the black community responded by forming a group called Friends of the Roanoke Symphony. Eschewing the air of haughtiness with which classical music has long stifled itself, Victoria even rode atop a float wearing "Furs by Don" in a local parade for Christmas Seals.


With her budget now increased threefold, Victoria's vision has also widened. Her new season at Roanoke includes a concert performance of Wagner's *Die Walküre* with guest tenor Jon Vickers, and several future programs also attest to her current fascination with Austro-German romanticism. But in addition to Wagner, Brahms, and Strauss, there'll

also be, for instance, Ray Charles.

"Quincy Jones studied with my composition teacher in Los Angeles. That's where I met him," Victoria told *Penthouse*. "I was fortunate to be invited some years ago to the premiere in Houston of the *Black Requiem*, which he wrote for Ray to perform with the Houston Symphony and an 80-voice black choir. I loved it. Then, last fall, I was guest-conducting the Richmond Symphony, and Ray Charles was the soloist. I asked him if he'd ever done Quincy's *Requiem* again. He said he had not, so I asked him if he'd like to, and he said yes. It'll come to pass this February 22."

Meanwhile, Victoria is composing an opera based on *Gulliver's Travels* and a jazz concerto for piano and orchestra. Traveling back and forth between Roanoke and New York, she is also the artistic director of the Bel Canto Opera Company in Manhattan. Her dance card, as they say, is full.

"Years ago," she said, "one of my first conducting teachers said, 'It's all very fine and good that you want to study conducting, but you realize that when you get married, your husband won't let you go to rehearsals.' I think I got the last laugh on that one." (That future husband, by the way, turned out to be Steve Preskin, a New York trial lawyer.)

"Still, to this day, there are not a lot of women in this profession. It's kind of a lonely road in certain respects. But I enjoy it." And one more thing: "The next parade, I'll ride a horse." 

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FITNESS

BY JUDITH ZIMMER



Between 1981 and 1986, the number of health clubs in this country more than doubled. Industry trade organizations estimate that the number is anywhere between 4,000 and 15,000. "No one has any hard facts on the number of health clubs because no one can decide on the definition [of a health club]," says Peter Brown, publisher of *Athletic Business*, a magazine for health-club managers.

Health clubs range in size and services offered—from specialty gyms for weight training, tanning salons with exercise bikes, one-on-one training facilities, studios with exercise classes, and cardiovascular-fitness centers to full-service clubs with swimming pool, track, weight room, classes, racquetball and tennis, nutrition and diet counseling, stress testing, massage therapy, and injury rehabilitation. Health clubs range in price too—from a bargain \$16 a month to \$1,400 a year.

Lately, health clubs have come under fire from physical-education instructors,

exercise physiologists, and physicians specializing in sports medicine. They claim that the health-club industry is unregulated, that exercise instructors are unqualified, and that many clubs are improperly designed, fail to warn members of potential dangers, and are, in essence, unsafe.

How healthy are health clubs? Are they a cure-all or just a boom business? Are people being fooled, compromising their safety for their athletic aspirations? Are Americans putting their lives in the hands of a profit-hungry industry more intent on making money than making muscle?

The kind of floor used in aerobic classrooms is a design feature that directly affects a health-club patron's workout and has become a controversial issue in the industry. An extensive 1985 study in *The Physician and Sportsmedicine* magazine found that 76 percent of instructors and 43 percent of students suffered injuries to the shin, feet, calf, lower back, and knee, due in part to jumping on hard surfaces such as concrete. In the past few years, many clubs have attempted to reduce the injury rate in aerobics by installing new floors with "give." Suspended wood floors or multilayered foam surfaces are the least hazardous, but they cost more than, for example, a thin rubber padding placed over concrete.

At one Jack La Lanne Health Spa in midtown Manhattan, the aerobic area is distinguished from the weight-training equipment by a thin

rubber padding that lies a few inches above the concrete floor. At the New York Health & Racquet Club, an employee told me that, at some branch locations, there is only one room with a padded aerobic floor and that occasionally, because of scheduling, an aerobic class is held in a room with a concrete floor. A former employee of Manhattan's Vertical Club says that three years ago the floors were concrete, "but they had a podium for teachers made of plywood, purposefully for instructors." Because some instructors have to teach more than one aerobic class a day, they are particularly sensitive about the floors they use—for their own safety. A former instructor at New York Health & Racquet who worked there four years ago said of a concrete floor covered with carpet, "I wouldn't dance on that floor."

The Apple Health & Sports Club has four Manhattan locations and caters to about 8,000 members. When asked about flooring, President Gary Glanz said, "They're aerobic flooring. They have special padding, special carpet, and special bumpers underneath to give spring. We didn't just buy a floor, we made a floor." A few hours later, however, during a visit to one of the downtown clubs, a floor manager told me that the floor in the carpeted exercise room was concrete, but that it was going to be renovated in two weeks.

Because of shoddy health-club facilities and unqualified instructors, doctors around the country are seeing an increase in health club-

related injuries. One report estimates that 50 to 60 percent of all health-club members sustain minor injuries and another 15 percent incur debilitating injuries that require serious medical attention and prevent them from working out.

Dr. Robert Nirschl, M.D., director of the Virginia Sports-medicine and Rehabilitation Institute in Arlington and assistant clinical professor of orthopedic surgery at Georgetown University, says that ten percent of his weekly patients have injured themselves at health clubs. The number is high, he says, considering clubs are supposedly controlled, supervised environments; members should be at less of a risk in these facilities than when working out on their own.

Despite an increase in injuries, the concerns of many fitness establishments revolve around fancy chrome and mirror decor, and signing up new members. Because health clubs are part of an unregulated industry, there are no federal or state requirements restricting who can and cannot teach exercise classes. Marc Rabinoff, Ph.D., a professor of physical education at Metropolitan State College in Denver, is founder of a nonprofit organization called Professionals Against Fitness Fraud, a group of teachers, doctors, and physical-education professionals who are trying to pressure the fitness industry into self-regulation. He estimates that about 90 percent of exercise instructors are incompetent and as many as eight out of ten have been injured while teaching.



Don Marino

**THE OFFICIAL SHOE OF
THE OTHER GUY IN MIAMI WHO KEEPS EVERYONE
GLUED TO THEIR T.V. SETS.**

◉Let your skirt ride
up your thighs, bend down in
front of him so he gets
sight of your tits, and wait
till he grabs you!◉

XAVIERA HOLLANDER CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am 22 years old and am happily married in all aspects except for one—orgasm. I have never experienced the pleasure of having one. It's not that I'm inexperienced when it comes to sex, but just how long must one wait for this to happen?

This is the basis of my dilemma. Although I love my husband very much, I've met another man who just blew me away. Call it woman's intuition, but I feel that this is the guy who can do it for me! Joe is from the country. He's incredibly sexy and has the rugged look of a cowboy. Maybe that's what turned me on so much. I just know that this guy can really make me come.

My question is this: How can I approach Joe without turning him off with my request? He seems to be quite aggressive, so maybe he won't mind me being direct and honest with him. What should I do? I'm missing out on something that every woman should experience.—B. T.

Women who have never had an orgasm from any form of sexual stimulation are comparatively rare, and most psychiatrists feel that these women usually have a history of inhibition in their background. Your reluctance to use any word that is sexually explicit suggests that you may have been brought up to believe that sex is something you don't talk about, and if you don't talk about it, you are



going to find it pretty damned difficult to learn how to do it. So what does your husband do? Does he kiss your nipples, fondle your breasts, squeeze your ass, stroke your thighs, finger your clitoris, suck your pussy? Or does he just put his cock in you and pump away until he comes?

When I was once interviewed on Canadian radio, the subject of women's orgasms came up. My interviewer told me that although she had four children, she had never had an orgasm. I asked her if she had tried to achieve the Big O by masturbating, but she said that she was scared that it might just happen once and never again. Right now, she said, she didn't know what she was missing, so she was perfectly happy to do without it. I wonder what she was like to live with. If I don't come regularly,

I tend to get very irritable, and when I am feeling thoroughly grouchy, my boyfriend invariably tells me, "What you need is an orgasm!"

Many women find it hard to come with straight fucking. The normal in-out thrusting of a stiff penis does not necessarily stimulate the clitoris, and in many cases it is all over for the man before the woman is halfway there. A woman's sexual response occurs in stages in just the same way as a man's, but it may take longer. At first, although she feels horny, her inner pussy lips and clitoris are usually supersensitive, and until she is fully aroused, they can be almost painful to touch. Men are usually in too much of a hurry, and you have to teach them to do what stimulates you most. Most women have found out what they need by playing with themselves, and it is ob-

viously difficult to get someone to give you what you want if you don't know what it is, especially if you find it hard to talk about it. It is possible that your parents, or even your husband, have given you the idea that masturbating is something you should not do.

In the seventies, Betty Dodson, a famous erotic artist who lives in New York, had a program on New York cable television where she gave instructions to women on how to masturbate. She even gave her 72-year-old mother a vibrator and taught her how to use it. When you are alone, you should explore your own body.

It is extraordinary how many women there are who have no idea how their organs work; they only touch their pussy to wipe off the pee, or to insert a tampon or remove it. But I wonder how many women out there have actually taken the time to sit or lie down, take a mirror in one hand, and have a good look at their own female parts. Spread the lips apart and see how you can move that little clitoris—like a man can move his cock, but in miniature. Play with it, caress it, appreciate it, then put down the mirror and give yourself over to the pleasure of wetting your fingers and then inserting them in your own cunt, but only after you have stroked your clit for a while.

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

Newport



Alive with pleasure!



Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine;
100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.

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

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

Many women discover their own sexuality while on a bicycle seat, or the saddle of a horse, and often have their first orgasm this way. A woman can in fact experience an orgasm without being totally aware of what it is. You do not always hear violins playing and fireworks going off in the background. It's just a very intense sensation that rushes through one's whole body, cannot be interrupted, and feels tremendous.

Seducing this man should be the easiest thing in the world, but to avoid complications, it requires a certain amount of planning. You must first make sure that you are not going to be disturbed by your husband walking in on you in the middle; then all you need to do is to make it obvious that you are available. Wear a dash of perfume and a revealing blouse or dress, let your skirt ride up your thighs, bend down in front of him so that he gets a sight of your tits, and wait till he grabs you. Then all you have to do is breathe deeply and whisper, "Yes . . ." The only problem that might arise is that if this rugged hunk succeeds in making you come, the commitment angle may change, and you will end up in a social triangle that will be difficult to sort out.

VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCE

I am totally confused by something that happened to me recently. Until the incident I am about to relate to you, I never

had a homosexual encounter in my life, not even when I was younger.

I am 50 years old, short, overweight, and balding. I was married for 25 years and have been divorced for two. I would still be married if my ex-wife hadn't announced one day that she was through with sex. Nothing could dissuade her from doing what she had made up her mind to do, so I left her.

Several months ago I was in Toronto on business. It was a weekend stay, with lots of business meetings during the day and nothing to do at night. The hotel that I was staying at had a very nice lounge, so I decided to go to the bar and have a drink. There was another man already at the bar having a drink and watching a football game on television. It was obvious that he was into the sport because he kept commenting on the action of the game. It was during a commercial break that he turned to me to strike up a conversation.

After a few hours of some good talk and good football, Mike and I decided to watch the rest of the game in my room because the bar was closing. Once we were in the room I asked Mike if he would mind me taking a shower. He told me no, just as long as he could take one right after me.

After my shower Mike pulled himself from the game and disappeared into the bathroom. Ten minutes later my new

friend emerged from the bathroom, naked and still drying himself. I momentarily glanced from the TV screen and then back. I was embarrassed to be in the room with a naked man, but Mike didn't seem to mind.

While still drying himself with the towel, Mike kept walking into my line of vision, so I couldn't help noticing that he had a beautiful physique and the largest penis I have ever seen on another man. It was then that our eyes met, and I knew something definitely passed between us.

Mike moved steadily toward me, and before long his massive cock was rubbing against my cheek. I didn't move a muscle as he pressed it against my face, rubbing his swollen member on my lips. Finally I just couldn't take it anymore and I tongued his cock and greedily put it between my lips. Instantaneously, I became very excited, and as Mike started to moan, I felt my own prick twitching with excitement.

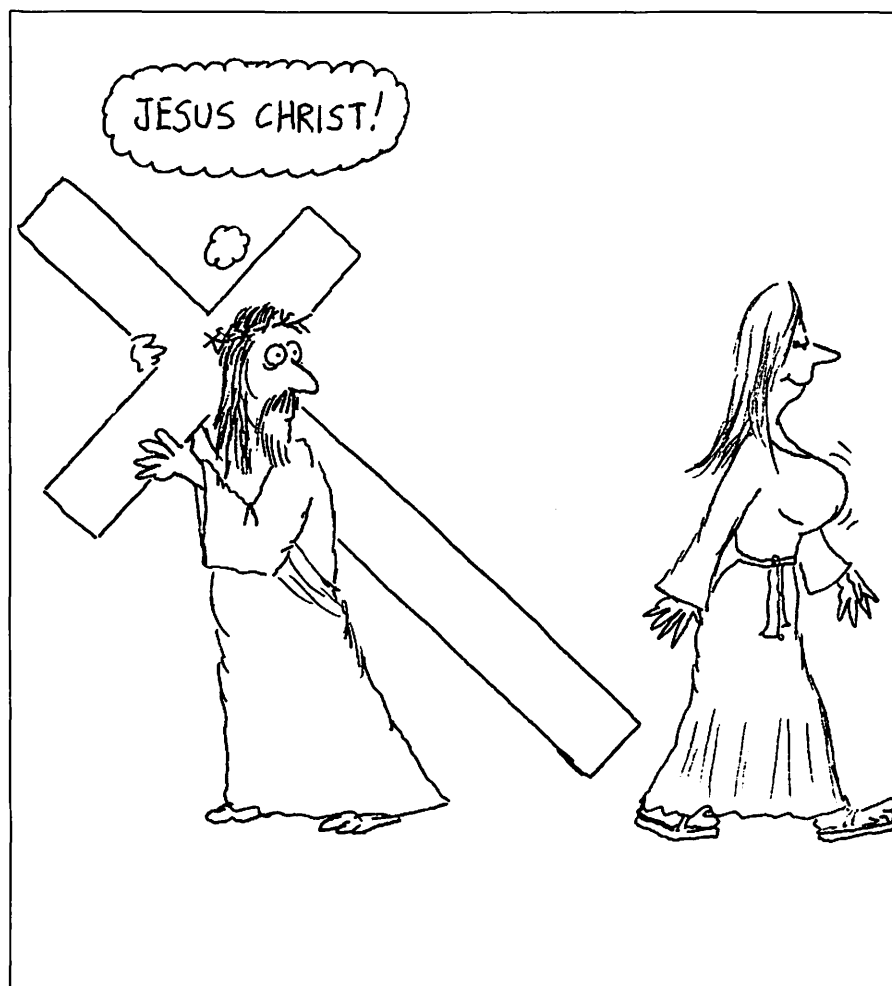
We stayed in that position for quite a while, with Mike's hands on the sides of my head gently pushing his groin into my mouth. I could tell that he was on the brink of a huge orgasm, and just as I was thinking that, he shot a load into my mouth. I swallowed some of it and the rest dripped down my chin.

Mike suggested that we both lie down on the bed (I was quite tired) so that he could tend to my own raging hard-on. He reciprocated my ministrations with equal finesse, and before long it was me who was coming with ferocity. Mike became excited again and I jerked him off, playing with his cock and balls, and when he ejaculated, it was the whitest come I had ever seen.

As we lay on the bed recuperating from the events that had just taken place, Mike confided that he had never had sex with a man before—but what happened with me was the best experience that he had had. Although I was in the same predicament, the weekend turned out to be a blast. I must have gone down on Mike at least a dozen times.

Xaviera, I have no desire to engage in sex with another man. In fact, since that episode with Mike I've had successful casual relationships with a few very attractive women. Mike has called me twice since our weekend, and to my surprise I became excited at the prospect of seeing him again. Here is my question: Am I queer? Is Mike queer? I would love for you to reply because this question has been nagging at me for quite some time now.—T. P.

Despite a favorable swing in public thinking toward the acceptance of male homosexuality, in many people's opinion there is still a stigma attached to it, which the AIDS scare has done nothing to minimize. The fact that female homosexuality does not evoke the same censure is probably because women are less critical than men; after all, it is men who are



Citadel Pass. A rugged place for the Christmas spirit to start.



ALBERTA, CANADA

When my dad first brought me up here for Christmas, I didn't know what to make of it. No crowds. No shopping.

Just the snow, and the dogs, and a sense of peace so profound I could feel it months afterward.

When I was older, my dad introduced me to Windsor Canadian. They make it nearby.

I don't think they could make it anywhere else. They'd never match the glacier water, Alberta rye, or the mountain air—the things that make Windsor Canada's smoothest whisky.

It's the smoothness that always brings back memories of this place. When he's older, I want my son to have memories like that.

Give Windsor this holiday. Call toll free to arrange delivery of gift box anywhere in the U.S.: 1-800-621-5150 (Illinois residents call 312-334-0077). Void where prohibited by law.



WINDSOR 
CANADA'S SMOOTHEST WHISKY.

Is Escort Scared or Smart?

Cincinnati Microwave, the maker of Escort and Passport radar detectors, has ignored DAK's third, one-on-one Maxon versus Escort radar challenge. I think they're hiding behind 'independent' magazine reviews and refusing to meet us on the true field of battle. And now, I think I've finally figured out why. I believe they're in a NO WIN SITUATION! Read On.

By Drew Kaplan

It's time to attack. No more Mr. Nice Guy for me. I've done everything I can to get them out for a conflict.

I've offered \$10,000, then \$20,000, if they could beat Maxon's lowest price \$99⁹⁰ detector (now on sale for just \$79⁹⁰) by more than 10 feet. I've even offered to print the results in my next catalog, win, lose or draw.

In a minute, I'm going to introduce Maxon's revolutionary new Micro-Detector that is CORDLESS and built to trounce Escort and Passport, but first let's see what we can do to compare detectors.

IS THIS FAIR? YOU DECIDE

In their recent ads, Cincinnati Microwave quotes what Car and Driver Magazine's April '87 issue says about Passport, "At \$295 direct from the factory, it's the most expensive piece of electronic protection in the group, but it's worth every nickel in roadgoing peace of mind."

Well, wouldn't you think that Passport obliterated every other detector by a country mile? And, don't you think everyone is going to go out and find the magazine and read the **WHOLE** review???

Well, look what else Car and Driver said in the same article (and not quoted in Passport ad), "As it turned out, the top five brands are so close in their 'Overall Sensitivity' scores that a minor juggling of the X/K-band weighting formula would upset the apple cart." Wow, imagine that!

So, Passport didn't beat everyone by a mile. In fact, on the X Band tests, it appears that it came in 3rd in a Dead-Ahead Trap, 3rd in an Over-the-Hill Trap, and 3rd in an Around-the-Corner Trap.

But in choosing Passport as best, Car and Driver says, "... an 'excellent' appraisal of support systems (cords, lights, alarms etc.) is well worth several hundred feet of warning distance..."

Which brings me back to the point I've been trying to make since I first challenged Escort. Today, a good detector can often sniff out police radar as much as 60 seconds ahead.

Traveling at 55 mph, you only cover about 80 feet a second. So, whether there's a 10' or even 100' difference in sensitivity, with today's detectors it just doesn't make much difference.

READ THIS

So, if Passport or Escort lose to the

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 Dual Superheterodyne RD-1 \$99⁹⁰ detector (right) (Now just \$79⁹⁰), Maxon's new Mini RD25 \$99⁹⁰ detector (middle) or Maxon's Cordless Micro-Trouncer \$149⁹⁰ radar detector (left) on the road of their choice in a one-on-one conflict.

The real question today is: 1) How many feet of sensing difference, if any, is there between Maxon's Detectors and Escort's or Passport's? And 2) Which is

\$79⁹⁰ Maxon, it would be catastrophic for their advertising. And, even if they beat Maxon by a second or two, are they worth double or even triple the price?

So, that's why I think they're in a no win situation. Without the magazine's loving editorial comments, we'd be down to who won and by how many feet?

And while they may or may not be scared of losing to Maxon, so far, they sure seem to be smart enough to stay out of a footage contest.

MAGAZINE ROUND UP

Popular Mechanics Magazine in November '86, in their Around A Corner Test said, "The low ranked... and Passport had to be rounding the bend and pointing at the radar gun before they'd detect it. Too late then!" (Not quoted by Passport.)

Although in July, after Cincinnati Microwave complained, Popular Mechanics said in an Around A Corner Test, "Consistent with the results of our previous test, Passport was easily the best of the minis." (Quoted in Passport Ads.)

Speaking of 'consistent', the magazines aren't consistent even from issue to issue.

By the way, in July's test they hated Maxon, but at least they said, "No detector in this group had to round the corner before sniffing out Smokey."

Road and Track Magazine (September '86) top rated Passport even though Maxon (a recommended buy) appears to have beaten Passport in Uninterrupted Alert, and Passport beat Maxon in initial alert.

So, when you get right down to which detector protects you, an on-the-road test without all the loving editorial 'quotable remarks' seems to be the only way to go.

We need to win or at least tie, to prove to the world that our challenge is for real, and not, as Cincinnati Microwave said, "an advertising gambit". But, speaking of advertising gambits, read this!

PROTECTION FROM RASHID \$5?

WHOOPEE

Last year, Cincinnati Microwave announced to the world, in virtually every magazine I picked up, that all radar detectors but theirs would be obsolete.

It seemed that a K band collision avoidance system called Rashid VRSS would knock out everyone's detectors.

Well, I said then that the \$558 system that recommends cutting a 6 1/2" hole in your grill for installation, wasn't going to

take over the highways.

But Cincinnati Microwave kept advertising about Rashid. (My opinion of an advertising gambit). It's been a year and nobody I've talked with has run into a Rashid. I challenged Cincinnati Microwave to prove that there were even 500 on the road in the whole U.S., but they've been silent. (I wonder why???)

Anyway, just to prove that we had the technical expertise, Maxon has developed and implemented an Anti-Rashid circuit in the new Micro-Detector.

It's added about \$5 to your cost which we all think is a waste, but at least we won't get any more letters saying that the only reason we think it's worthless is because Maxon doesn't have it.

TRUE BREAKTHROUGH NO. FIVE

Unlike the questionable value Anti-Rashid circuit from Cincinnati Microwave, Maxon has now leapt ahead. Now you can have a micro detector that operates from 6 AA rechargeable batteries (included).

Now you can forget plugging your radar detector into your cigarette lighter. A revolutionary circuit design gives you cordless freedom and improved protection.

Maxon is using a circuit used in jet fighters and other military applications which replaces the traditional Gunn diode oscillator with a DRO (Di-electrically Resonated Oscillator).

The efficient DRO circuit is much more stable when subjected to temperature extremes and vibration (hence its use in the military, especially aircraft). Its only disadvantage is that it costs more.

The new detector also has incredible "support systems". Its bright LEDs, dim themselves at night. And speaking of dimming, they can be switched off so you can't be spotted from the rear.

And, as for the separate X and K warning tones, not only is the volume adjustable, "Mute" lets you silence the alarms without adjusting volume. They will automatically reset after the alert passes.

You can plug the Micro into your cigarette lighter, you can run it for about 8 hours on its rechargeable batteries, and it automatically recharges from your cigarette lighter overnight or while you use it plugged in during the day.

OK, now it's time to prove that Maxon is Number One. Cincinnati Microwave, eat our dust!

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. And finally, you pick the radar gun.

Maxon and DAK will come to your highway with engineers and equipment to verify the results.

And, we'll have the \$20,000 check (pictured) to hand over if you win!

BOB SAYS MAXON IS BETTER

Here's how it started. Maxon is a mam-

moth 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 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 designs can beat theirs".

...Next Page Please

...Challenge Continued

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 only ask 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 all tests. 4) We'd like an answer from Escort no later than December 31, 1987, and 60 days

1/4 second gives you 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.



Maxon detectors are backed by Maxon's standard limited warranty.

There are many cheap imports that aren't very good. My quarrel with them is that except for themselves, I don't know who they think is any good!

CHECK OUT RADAR YOURSELF RISK FREE

Put a detector on your visor, dash or windshield. When it sounds, look around for the police. There's a good chance you'll be saving money in fines and higher insurance rates.

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

(RD-1 Pictured to Right.) To get your Maxon, Dual Superheterodyne, Anti-Falsing Radar Detector risk free with your credit card, call toll free or send your



notice of the time and place of the conflict to alert the public. And, 5) If Escort can prove that there are even 500 Rashid units in operation, we will present them with a check for \$5,000 at the conflict.

HOW'S THIS FOR FAIR?

Cincinnati Microwave will be deemed the winner and given the check if either Escort beats Maxon's RD-1 or RD-25 by 10 feet in both uninterrupted and initial alerts or equals the Micro-Trouncer, OR if Passport beats Maxon's RD-1 or RD-25 by 2 seconds at 55mph in both uninterrupted and initial alerts or equals the Micro-Trouncer. So, DAK wins only if we beat both the \$295 Passport and \$245 Escort Radar Detectors.

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. (1/10th second for the Micro-Trouncer.)

Just imagine the sophistication of devices that can test a signal 4 times in less than a 1/4 of one second. Wow!

But, using Maxon is easy. These long range detectors have all the bells and whistles with separate audible sounds for X and K radar signals.

LED Bar Graph Meters accurately show the radar signal's strength. And, you won't have to look at a needle in a meter.

Keep your eyes on the road, you'll see these meters with your peripheral vision.

You'll have a very high level of protection. Maxon's Dual Conversion Scanning Superheterodyne circuitry combined with die-cast aluminum ridge guide wide-band horn internal antennas, really ferret out radar signals.

And the key word is 'radar', not trash. The 4 test check system that operates in

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

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

DON'T WASTE MONEY

As I've said, good radar detectors today are very similar. The RD-1 is great. It is much smaller than Escort at just 3 1/2" wide, 4 3/4" deep and 1 1/2" tall.



If you want an even smaller detector, the RD-25 at just 2 3/4" wide, 4 1/2" deep and 1" tall, with its included windshield mount and identical specs is for you.



If you want the very best, or if you want to forget cords and be able to slip a



4 1/2" wide, 3 3/4" deep, 3/4" tall (It mounts sideways to the rest) detector into your shirt pocket, choose the Micro-Trouncer.

I'd love to tell you that the Micro-Trouncer is light years ahead in detection, because its circuitry certainly is.

But, I'd be into advertising gambit-land if I claimed that 1 or 2 seconds of improvement over Maxon's other detectors or even over Escort and Passport really make a significant difference.

Caution: Cincinnati Microwave is right.

check for DAK's \$79⁹⁰ sale price (\$4 P&H). Order No. 6113.

Note: An optional suction cup windshield mount and extra coiled power cord (we can't afford to throw them in for free) is just \$5⁹⁰ (\$2 P&H) Or. No. 4800.

(RD-25 Pictured in Middle.) To get your Maxon, Dual Superheterodyne, Anti-Falsing Mini Radar Detector complete with 2 Power Cords, Window Suction Cup, Dash and Visor Mounts risk free with your credit card, call toll free or send your check for just \$99⁹⁰ (\$4 P&H) Order No. 6114. CA res add tax.

(Micro-Trouncer Pictured to Left.) To order Maxon's Top-Of-The-Line, DRO Circuit Radar Detector with Mute, 4 Second LED Meter Hold, Dark Switch, Cordless Battery Operation (6 AA Ni-Cad Batteries Included) with Windshield, Dash, and Visor mounts and 2 power/charging Cords risk free with your credit card, call toll free or send your check for this revolutionary \$249 suggested retail detector at DAK's market breaking price of just \$149⁹⁰ (\$6 P&H) Order No. 6115.

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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Technical Information... 1-800-272-3200

Any Other Inquiries... 1-800-423-2866

8200 Remmet Ave., Canoga Park, CA 91304

Listenin' in the rain.

With the new Panasonic splash-proof headphone radio, RF-HD5, you can surround yourself in FM stereo sound, whatever the weather. Or wherever you use it, at the beach, hiking, sailing—practically anywhere. It weighs only 3.2 ounces (without battery). And it folds up to fit in your pocket.

So don't let the rain drown out the music. Get the new Panasonic RF-HD5.

Battery not included.



Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time®

the most vehement in their disapproval. I suspect that it also has something to do with America's English roots. In addition to our language, we have inherited or acquired a surprising number of social customs from England, where, in the mid-nineteenth century, laws were passed making male homosexuality a criminal offense. There was a move to apply the same legislation to women, but Queen Victoria opposed it on the grounds that she did not believe ladies would do such "nasty" things.

Everyone has, to a greater or lesser degree, a bit of bisexuality in them. Although I know it will cause a great cry of rage from diehard macho heterosexuals, I am convinced that all great friendships between men, even those wonderful old-buddy relationships, have a sexual basis, however rigidly repressed and denied by the fear of being thought "queer."

What I think has happened to you is that you discovered another human being whose mental and physical chemistry was so tuned-in to your own that you fell in love. The fact that this person is the same sex as you is a strange quirk of fate that makes you, for the first and probably only time in your life, a circumstantial homosexual. But obviously you are otherwise a happily extroverted heterosexual male, as is borne out by your recent girlfriends. In this sense, you are in almost the same position as the married man

who loves his wife but can never resist the opportunity to be unfaithful.

Is it wrong? Your problem is not that you might be "queer"; it is that you are worried about being labeled as such, or something else of which you may subconsciously disapprove.

DRIP DRY

I have been open to my own body and the pleasure it can give for a long time now. Since I became sexually active at the age of 18, I always managed to become very wet at my peak of arousal.

I am now 25 years old, and over the past few years I have noticed a gradual decline of my love juices. During the past few months, whenever I have sex, I can rarely make it without K-Y Jelly.

I have run a million thoughts through my mind trying to figure out what is actually wrong with me. My husband, a gorgeous man, treats me splendidly and has much sympathy for my problem. We have a very active and fulfilling sex life, and make love at least 20 times a week. So that eliminates him as the cause.

I have also seen several doctors about this. One in particular was a real quack. He gave me a lecture on the use of foreplay and asked me if my husband was overly endowed. He then charged me \$60 for his consultation and basically told me it was all in my head.

Another ran a few tests, and although

he was professional and sympathetic, he offered no solutions. Let's face it—when your clit is throbbing and you're so hot and no juices flow, there definitely has to be something wrong.

I do notice that during ovulation there is more wetness. Xaviera—I am not on the Pill, nor do I drink or use any illegal drugs. Please give me the benefit of your expert advice.—L. S.

As people get older, their sexual secretions decrease or dry up. The cause of this is a diminished production of sex hormones in the body. For this to happen at the age of 25 is unusual, but not abnormal, as our bodies come in all shapes and sizes, and everyone is different.

You must shop around for a good gynecologist, and it would help if he or she was a sexologist as well. Remember that doctors, like plumbers, TV repairmen, or car mechanics, are still human beings and have all the usual human weaknesses and fallibilities. If you visit a G.P. who has a hangover because he went to a medical-school reunion the day before, he is certain to tell you to swear off alcohol, whatever is wrong with you. If you visit a medic who has an inferiority complex about his own two-inch penis, he is quite likely to hit you for \$60 for telling you that your husband has a whopper, if only out of envy.

It sounds as if your problem is physical, but our thought processes definitely affect the functions of our bodies, so worrying about it will not help. You and your husband are well matched in that you both have an unusually high sex drive, so count your blessings. Not many couples make love more than twice a day, and the usual problem is that one of the marriage partners wants more than the other; so if you can't manage to remedy nature's lack of lubrication, thank your lucky stars for K-Y Jelly, and maybe use a bit more. Vaseline is not a good substitute because it is not soluble in water, but there are other water-soluble surgical lubricating jellies and creams on the market. So hunt around till you find the best one for you; but while you do it be thankful that you are not only getting pretty good sex, but lots of it.

MR. HAPPY

I have dated a lovely girl for most of my high school career. My problem is this: Mr. Happy (as I refer to my male anatomy) stands a moderate seven inches. Although that is not my problem, after about five or six thrusts, Mr. Happy smiles radiantly, and my girl is left frowning.

This terrible lack of endurance has become a major problem for some time now. I couldn't care less if I never came again, but I love my girlfriend very much and feel bad that I am leaving her unfulfilled. I know that there are other ways to please a woman, but this will not help correct Mr. Happy's problem.

Before I go off to college, I was won-

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dering if you could share some of your knowledge and advice. Should I see a doctor or psychiatrist? Do you know of any books that I could read on this subject? Anything short of castration would help, Xaviera!—B. R.

Following a magnificent male tradition that goes back as far as the Middle Ages, if not earlier, you have not only endowed your penis with a mind of its own, but you have given it a pet name. It seems to me that when Happy has got what he wants by briefly becoming Sneezzy, he hangs his head like Bashful, and then reverts to his normal state as Sleepy. I'm afraid that all this jolly fun and laughter is really a cop-out. You may be Mr. Happy's old buddy, but you are also his boss, and it is therefore your responsibility to teach him to do his job efficiently.

Don't let it worry you, because premature ejaculation is very common in young men, and has been extensively dealt with by Masters and Johnson. They describe it as a stage in sexual development rather than a problem.

The first point to console yourself with is that preemies have, almost invariably, a very high sex drive and respond rapidly to sexual stimulation. Every time you make love, excitement builds up quickly and suddenly, and whammo, it's all over. You don't need a doctor or a shrink, but some help from your girlfriend is defi-

nately called for. Although you are reluctant to expose your weakness in front of her, you can simply pretend that you are experimenting with a new form of love-making.

Stage one is to lie with her in the nude. Kiss, stroke, and caress each other, but persuade her not to touch your cock. You can try to bring her to orgasm with your tongue, but it is worthwhile to see how long you can last without penetrating her at all.

The next step is to let her play with your penis, and just before you feel you are going to come, get her to stop all movement and firmly squeeze Mr. Happy with her thumb under his head where it joins the shaft.

This should delay your ejaculation for a while and you can start again. You can also practice this while masturbating on your own. Sooner or later you will find that you are learning to consciously control your orgasm. When you reach this point, you can finally let your excitable friend have his way and insert him into your girl's wet pussy. Once inside, *do not move!* Keep absolutely still and try and get used to being there without coming. After this you can try a few cautious thrusts, but the moment you feel orgasm approaching, stop. You will find that the longer you can postpone it, the better it is.

The training period may take a while, but is all fun. Maybe it is a good idea to

exercise Happy, with your firm right hand, when your lover is not around. Remember what Confucius said: "Man who lie down to sleep with problem on mind, wake up with solution in hand."

HORNIEST TIME OF THE MONTH

I'm an attractive six-foot-two-inch male with brown hair, brown eyes, and an eight-inch cock. My beautiful girlfriend, Michelle, is five foot nine with blond hair, blue eyes, and firm 36D tits. We enjoy a variety of sexual activities. Foreplay is our favorite part of sex before the inevitable grand finale.

We're always changing our foreplay acts. Sometimes we watch each other masturbate and come on each other's face. At other times we're in a sixty-nine position, sucking each other's genitalia to our hearts' content before we fuck. My favorite foreplay act is to put my cock between Michelle's breasts and tit-fuck her. I love the feel of her breasts next to my cock, and pumping and coming between those gorgeous tits.

Now here comes the interesting situation: I find that Michelle becomes sexually aroused before and during her period. She is easily aroused if I kiss or touch her during her time of the month. Michelle and I never had sex during menstruation before, but I find the idea of having sex at that time to be a turn-on.

Tell me, Xaviera, do all women become easily aroused before and during their periods? I would like to suck and fuck Michelle during her period, but would it be safe to engage in this kind of sexual activity? Can Michelle become pregnant if I fuck her during her period? Maybe it's a turn-on for me because of the taboo about this type of sexual activity and the fact that menstruation has been kept secret from men. Do you know how women feel about having sex with men during their periods? I would appreciate your comments about this subject before I approach Michelle about my desire to have sex with her during her period.—T. N.

There is no medical reason for not enjoying sexual relations during menstruation, but superstitions and religious taboos still persist.

In Indonesia, a woman is not allowed to enter a temple during her period. But the Javanese female witch doctors sell a love potion concocted of a mixture of coffee, spices, and menstrual blood that supposedly hooks a white man to the charms of an Indonesian girl. In Spain, I met an educated girl from a good Spanish family who believed that if she picked a flower while she was menstruating, the flower would die, and if she were to pour out a glass of wine at this time, it would go sour immediately. Orthodox Jews regard their women as unclean during their period, and have no sex with them for 14 days (which takes them up to just before ovulation and must definitely be a fecundity factor), and then only after a cer-





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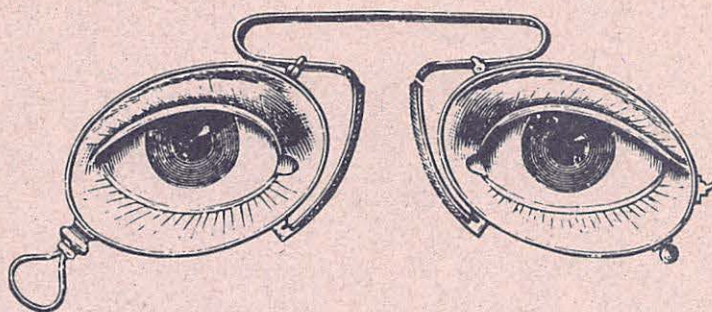
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

TENTH-ANNIVERSARY COLUMN

BY EMILY PRAGER

Congratulations, everybody, it's my tenth year of writing for *Penthouse*. Can you imagine? Ten years of being sandwiched between lusty fantasies and seductive spreads—why, it's an American male's wet dream. When I started writing this column, I was in my twenties, there was no AIDS, no co-oping, no homeless population, and "Saturday Night Live" had just gone on the air. Ten years—it's amazing how time flies when you've got a monthly deadline.

Ten years ago, people did not have VCRs and there were no video stores, and the masses did not have access to soft-and-hard-core videos. *Penthouse* and its counterpart publications were the mass route to visual and written sexual fantasy, and writing for the magazine was thought a highly racy thing to do. No one admitted that they bought *Penthouse*, ever. They saw it at a friend's, the barber's, in Zululand. Nowadays, thanks to video stores, we know the truth: The number of Americans who rent X-rated videos is huge. Greater than the number who watched Oliver North. Oliver North on X-rated video would be a million-seller.

Ten years ago, if I mentioned I wrote for *Penthouse* at a dinner party, the women would attack me and the men would leer. Now if I mention it, the men attack me and the women leer. Interesting how times change. Ten years ago, they wouldn't mention *Penthouse* on television. This year I was invited on "Donahue" and described as a "feminist." Of course, I'm not. I'm a female supremacist, as anyone who reads me knows. But I appreciated the thought.

Ten years ago, the war in Vietnam had been over for just two years, Jimmy Carter was president, and the Iran-hostage drama was yet to come. "Nightline," therefore, did not exist. Airline hijackings only went as far as Cuba.

And no celebrities had former cocaine habits. I mean, think of it—when I wrote my first column for this magazine, there was no crack, no Arab terrorism, no Ronald Reagan, the MIAs were

still alive, and everybody just said, "Yes! Lay out another line. Now. Do it. Yes!"

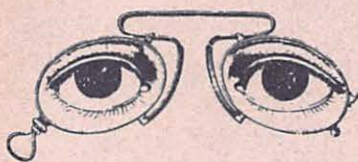
Ten years, a mere drop of grit in the eye of time, and yet in that decade, the space program took a nosedive, Chernobyl irradiated Europe, we bombed Libya, and Vietnam opened to tourism. Elvis had just died, John Lennon hadn't been murdered, and Michael Jackson looked black. There were no surrogate mothers, no baboon-heart transplants, no test-tube babies, and aborted fetal tissue was not worth money.

In the last decade, hundreds of joke names and references have come and gone that once were guaranteed to get a giggle: Bert Lance, Love Canal, Pac-Man, the greenhouse effect, Sakhalin Island, the North American Man-Boy Love Association, stun guns, Depo-Provera, Baby Fae, angel dust, Tylenol, Charlene Tilton, the Village People, starch blockers, spray-and-kill, Red Dye No. 2, Alexander Haig, "The \$1.98 Beauty Show," Chrysler's K-car, Rely tampons, Anita Bryant, palimony, Ghotzbadeh. There was the Falklands war, the MacDonald's massacre, and two presidential elections—remember Bob Crane? And through it all, yours truly, typing away, trying to make nonsense of it all.

Ten years ago, I did not have crow's-feet, and a cold sore was a cold sore. Our parents' youth was spasmed forever by World War II and the changes it wrought. For us it has been the festering wound of the Vietnam War and the corruption that it spurred. I see this now, ten years later.

What will I look back on ten years from now? Well, my joke-name-and-reference list will be something like this: HTLV-III, Mr. Ghorbanifar, garbage barge, Peter Holm, Jim and Tammy Faye. . . . There is probably only one thing that will not change, the same thing that hasn't changed in the ten years I've been writing for *Penthouse*: Nuclear war may come and go, but there will still be ads in the magazine for the send-away book *How to Pick Up Girls*.





VIEW FROM THE TOP

TRAVEL

BY LYNN KEARCHER

What did Ian Fleming, Bob Marley, and Bruce (the shark, not the Boss) have in common? They all found their particular passions fully aroused by the aura of the Caribbean. The balmy climate, gentle winds, and endless sea were a tonic for Fleming's imagination, unleashing many of James Bond's hair-raising adventures. Jamaica fueled Marley's politically inspired reggae lyrics and spawned the 1973 cult film *The Harder They Come*. And Bruce, Spielberg's famed mechanical shark, left Amity to rear his ugly head, yet again, in the crystal Caribbean seas.

The rich and the famous, filmmakers and writers alike, continue to seek out exotic hamlets in the Caribbean, but the islands are by no means an exclusive playground for the elite. As the worst months of winter approach us, the mind starts to search for relief in the form of 80-degree sun-drenched days, tropical rum-spiked fruit drinks, and sultry sunbathers. Ah... your senses are immediately indulged upon landing on any one of the numerous Caribbean islands. Walking toward a typical thatched-roof air terminal, the sound of steel drums, a burst of steamy heat, and a welcoming piña colada make the endless wait for your luggage amiable.

The quirky charm of the islanders, a laid-back atmosphere, and an idyllic climate soon cast their spell on even the most jaded soul. Accommodations, depending



on which island you visit, can run from luxurious to funky—the latter best typified by the film *Club Paradise*, starring Robin Williams. As proprietor of a ramshackle Club Med-ish resort, Williams saves pennies by giving the guests towels stolen from other hotels, hiring neophyte pilots, and employing Rastafarian cooks. Although lodgings along these lines get laughs in the cinema, in reality you should seek something a bit more comfortable. The Caribbean Tourism Office ([212] 682-0435) represents 26 islands, and will gladly answer any questions, assist with lodging, and send you free brochures. Although Williams and gang portrayed a group of desperadoes in search of nooky and ganja, sleeping in less than top-notch quarters, while on location in Jamaica, the cast stayed at the Trident Hotel in Port Antonio.

The Jamaican government has been luring filmmakers

to the island for years, offering inexpensive lodging, assistance with location scouting, and the expediting of equipment through customs. *Papillon*, starring the late Steve McQueen, and the James Bond film *Live and Let Die* are just two of the memorable movies filmed there. Jamaica, though, is not the only island that attracts the movers-and-shakers. The Dominican Republic has its share of celebs, among them designer Oscar de la Renta. A favored vacation spot, and one of the loveliest resorts in the Caribbean, is Casa de Campo in Santo Domingo, the Dominican Republic's hottest hot spot.

But if you're looking for complete isolation without the Hollywood patina, you might seek out the smaller, lesser-known islands like Petite-St. Vincent or Palm Island. With no roads or cars, and with plenty of empty beaches, these two islands offer ultimate paradise. A balance

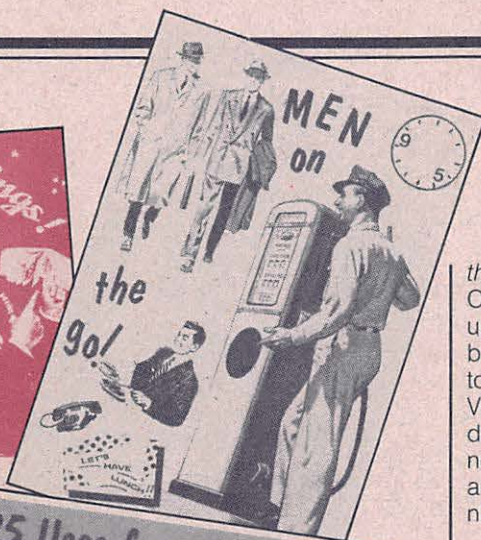
between the quiet of Palm Island and the electricity of Jamaica are islands such as Tortola and St. Lucia, the latter depicted in the film *Water*, starring Michael Caine. For potential vacationers, *Water* is worth seeing for its honest portrayal of the sassy, jovial natives, seductive equatorial climate, and naive style of governing a Caribbean island.

Whether your reasons for traveling to the Caribbean are to rub elbows with the celebrated, acquire a tropical tan, or chill out on a diet of icy piña coladas, its spirit will get under your skin. And when the passion strikes, drawing you to return, there is only one cure... Go native.

SEX NEWS

BY PATRICE BALDWIN

• Christmas Condom Roundup—Wondering what to get the person who has everything, including a clean bill of health? Enterprising entrepreneurs have been creating cleverly packaged condoms that will make perfect stocking stuffers. For starters, Arista Novelty, Inc., has come up with the Condokeyer, a key chain that features a concealed compartment for your contraceptives. Condokeyer is available at your local convenience store or through Arista Novelty, Inc., P.O. Box 56372, Houston, Tex. 77256-6372. ... Pet Rocks may be passé, but not Pet Rubbers. Billed as "the first condom that's user-friendly," the Pet Rubber comes with a clever instructional booklet that includes information on teaching your newfound



pet tricks. . . . Try Safety Shorts for your favorite trendy. Similar in style to surfer jams, Safety Shorts have a discreet inside pocket that sports a condom. They can

be purchased by contacting Petracca Productions, 473 Columbus Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10024. . . . And for those people who rate high on your Christmas-card list, Roody V., a New York-based greeting-card company, has a line of holiday greetings that comes with a color-coordinated condom, available at many card and novelty stores.

SOUNDS

BY JACKIE D'AMICO

It is 1 A.M. in one of New York's hottest dance clubs. The crowd is going crazy, dancing to an old Who song. As you turn to check out the band, you gasp. It can't be! Four men and one woman, wearing Brooks Brothers suits and Wayfarer shades, have taken over the stage. They don't look like typical rock musicians and yet you think, *Hey,*

these guys are pretty good! Onstage are five young up-and-coming professionals belting out what they refer to as "biz-rock." They're the VPs (short for "vice presidents"), Madison Avenue's hot new rock product, and they are taking New York City's night scene by storm.

With their first single, "Gimme Money," Jim Clash, Morris Rabinko, Jennifer Hoadly, Philip Shaw, and Dave Amlen are taking a poke at "yuppiedom" by doing corporate parodies of sixties favorites by the Who, the Beatles, the Animals, and other seasoned bands.

Jim Clash, a former account executive who left the corporate business world to pursue his musical career, says, "The band is a creative outlet. It lets us break loose at night, and gives us a chance to say what we really believe in." What the VPs believe in is fun. They are taking a look at typical yuppie life and satirizing the business world with lyrics such as (sung to the tune of the Animals' "It's My Life"): "Despite the money we're all makin' / Need a little insider

tradin' / It pays for the Club Med and the big water bed / The Vertical Club and Lutèce every day."

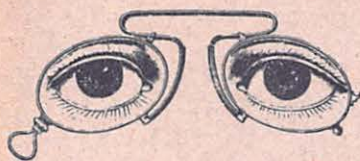
It's a uniquely marketable idea that has caught on fast. Besides an EP called *Insider Trading*, the VPs have cut their first album, entitled *Annual Report*. It should go on sale by early December, and Clash says it's the novelty Christmas gift.

Although the band is actually making fun of their peers, they are well received by friends, business associates, and most important, the after-work "corporate types" who flock to see them perform. States Clash, "We're acting out the fantasies of almost every corporate businessperson, and don't let it kid you, they want to be up here, too."

Clash had the idea for a parody band about four years ago, but it wasn't until the beginning of 1985 that he was satisfied with the finished product. The VPs cut their first single in July 1986, and have been going strong ever since.

The VPs have gotten many





VIEW FROM THE TOP

positive receptions, not only from live audiences, but from radio and television stations across the country. They recently made a video, were interviewed by Ronald Reagan, Jr., for "Good Morning America," and are currently working on a sitcom.

Will potential fame and fortune make the members give up their day jobs and enter the night world of rock 'n' roll? "When we get to that bridge," Clash says with a smile, "I'm sure we'll cross it. For now it's just a good time."

FILM

BY MARCIA PALLY

• In Nicolas Roeg's latest film, *Castaway*, Oliver Reed (*Women in Love*, *The Devils*) fends for himself on a tropical island with a beautiful young woman. Based on the autobiography by Lucy Irvine, the script reads like a beached *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* The pair bleed, starve, and the lady won't fuck. Offscreen, Reed treats his press interviews as one-acts. In this one he plays a burly, bellicose SOB who quashes lady journalists between beer cans. About costar Amanda Donohoe he says, "She has to learn to crawl before she stumbles in the walking posture. Just because her boyfriend likes climbing on her head every now and then doesn't mean everyone will." About Lucy Irvine: "Her sexual behavior on the island was a little . . . avant-garde." About feminists: "They're hairy, Germanic, don't shave their legs or under their arms, and smell a bit." About rock music: "I don't want to



listen to a bunch of drug addicts sing." About the press: "Investors want to make money on films; publishers want to sell papers. I comply with the press, who want their man-bites-dog stories." About acting: "Orson Welles taught me, when in doubt, do nothing. Camera-man Joe Unsworth taught me to find out what lens they're using. My uncle [director] Carol Reed taught me to let people change their minds."

• In the grisly, garish world of bums on their perpetual binges, Mickey Rourke plays the *Barfly* (**½) with a philosopher's heart and a poet's pen. The story of a writer's rescue from boozed-out bliss by a prissy literary editor (Alice Krige) feels improbable, no matter how much it's modeled after the life of author-poet-screenwriter Charles Bukowski. Directed by Barbet Schroeder (*Maîtresse*), Rourke gives a broad, blubbery tour-de-force performance, and Faye Dunaway, as the middle-aged alky whom Rourke loves, is cocky, wry, and still makes men crazy after all these years. The clever Schroeder takes time out to adore her legs, but the real stars are

the bars and boozers, who are true to grit.

• After years of standing by her man in films like *The Right Stuff* and *Hoosiers*, Barbara Hershey finally has a role worth her time in *Shy People* (**). With stunning integrity, she plays the earth mother of a backwater bayou opposite Jill Clayburgh's New York ninny. Clayburgh deserves better from Russian émigré director Andrei Konchalovsky (*Runaway Train*), who gave such grandeur to the mists and willows of his river setting. And the film's ethics are puzzling. Life in the bayou means crushing poverty, violence, and mental illness, but according to the film, it's the sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll imported from the city that unleash chaos and tragedy.

• Best foreign film of the year is Nikita Mikhalkov's breathtaking *Dark Eyes* (****), a tall tale of turn-of-the-century love-and-loss told with Italian lullabies and Russian gypsy music, lawns, lace, and Mikhalkov's humble touch. Two aging men meet on a ship and tell the story of their lives. From Italian palazzi to the Russian steppes, wives are won and lovers

lost, and in a quiet moment the men must decide what's important in life. *Dark Eyes* has the scope of *Lawrence of Arabia*, the delicacy of *A Room With a View*, and the playfulness of *Amarcord*. Marcello Mastroianni is a treasure. I will never forget him, both impish and majestic, wading into a mud pool to rescue his lady's hat.

• In Mary Lambert's new film, *Ellen Barkin* takes a *Siesta* (**½) and wakes up dead in Spain—maybe. Filigreed with Catholic imagery and cutting backward and forward in time, *Siesta* parades a hallmark cast in bizarrely funny roles while Barkin, a stunner in every frame, pursues passion and courts death. Grace Jones, for instance, plays a peacock. Others include Jodie Foster, Isabella Rossellini, Martin Sheen, Gabriel Byrne, and Julian Sands. *Siesta* looks like a cross between Buñuel, Roeg, and a Madonna music video, one of which, incidentally, Lambert has also directed.

• *The Wannsee Conference* (***½) is a terse, tight recreation of the meeting that decided the Final Solution. No histrionics, just breathtaking efficiency. Chilling. **OT**





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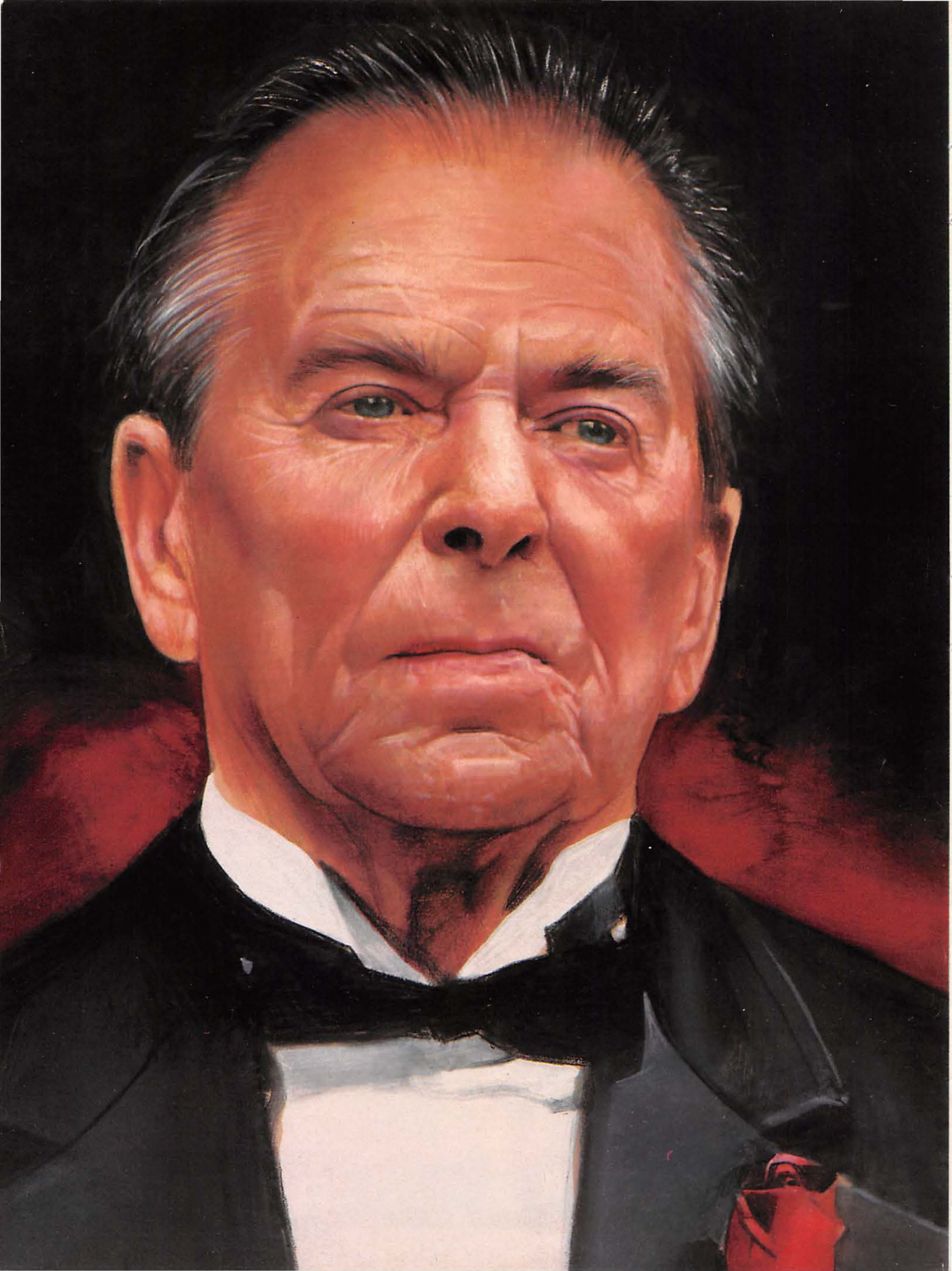
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exists on
lies and fantasies.

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO Reagan

BY JONATHAN
KWITNY

The foreign-policy
scandal, or affair—or
whatever you want
to call it—that has crippled
the last two years of
the Reagan presidency
came as a surprise
to most people. It came as

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ALAN REINGOLD

a surprise for the very reason that it happened at all.

That is the public, thanks to years of very effective propaganda, totally misunderstood the scandal's two critical ingredients: the Cold War and Ronald Reagan. Each of these alone was capable of producing disaster. Putting Reagan in charge of the Cold War made an embarrassing defeat inevitable. We're quite lucky it wasn't worse, considering that more than 20,000 nuclear weapons are scattered around the globe. In fact, it could still get worse, with more than a year of Reagan to go and some doubt as to whether the public and the Congress have learned the appropriate lessons about the Cold War.

What has happened ought to persuade anyone of two things: First, our 40-year effort to micromanage the world by threat or use of force, based on the faulty premise that the only alternative is Soviet control, has been a mistake. Without fending off any real threats, our global-warfare posture has weakened us as a country by draining the resources we need to be competitive where it matters, in the world economy. And second, Reagan is himself so insensitive to the concept of honesty that you can't, in fairness, even call him a liar. He looks at events like an author writing a screenplay loosely based on history, changing facts around to make a better story.

The most troubling part of last summer's congressional hearings was that Reagan's judges in Congress seemed afraid to admit how much was really wrong. Even his Democratic opposition politely distorted the situation by suggesting that the President was merely ill-served by those around him. And they continue to talk of a world where Russians cunningly and relentlessly grind away at us in every Third World sink-hole—where in order to defend Topeka we must sacrifice trillions of needed investment dollars for weapons that make our own lives more dangerous; send thugs with machine guns to attack rag-poor families trying to farm the fields of places like Nicaragua and Angola; dare lunatics like Khomeini and Qaddafi to fight us in their own backyards; and make deals with drug traffickers to help keep our wars secret. (Something I document in my new book, *The Crimes of Patriots: A True Tale of Dope, Dirty Money, and the C.I.A.*, published by W.W. Norton).

Reagan himself put it as well as anyone could have, in an interview with *Wall Street Journal* Foreign Editor Karen Elliott House during his 1980 campaign. "The Soviet Union underlies all the unrest that is going on," he said. "If they weren't engaged in this game of dominoes, there wouldn't be any hot spots in the world."

Still, there is cause for optimism. Even before the Iranian arms sales were revealed last November, you could feel a growing challenge to this myth, which has long been the basis for the Cold War. Per-

haps the lesson has begun to sink in that all the blood and treasure spent on Indochina was needless. It really was a local conflict after all. Even after our armies were routed and sent home, the supposed dominoes (Thailand, Burma, Indonesia, the Philippines, Taiwan, Malaysia, Singapore, South Korea, Australia, Japan, etc.) didn't fall but instead prospered and generally became more free. Relations with the country we considered our primary enemy, China, improved.

If only such a fate befell the alleged dominoes in Central America and our relations with Cuba ("the source," said Alexander Haig). That hasn't quite happened yet. But aid to the contras fighting the Nicaraguan government has been defeated in Congress, and is likely to be defeated again. Even at the contras' high-water mark, in 1986, when \$100 million in aid was approved, 47 senators voted against it.

Yes, 47 is less than half. But in 1964

Reagan and his
men were very consciously
deceiving the
public—at times saying that
black was white.

only two senators stood up to challenge President Johnson when he asked for the Gulf of Tonkin resolution, which formally brought U.S. troops into battle against North Vietnam. It took about a decade for the truth to come out about the incident that led to that congressional stampede—an allegedly unprovoked attack by North Vietnamese on two U.S. Navy ships in international waters. What really happened was that the Pentagon, doubtless on White House orders, sent the two ships into North Vietnamese waters against the advice of the captains, and had them open fire on North Vietnamese ships. Apparently this was done with the full intention of provoking an incident to justify our entry into the war. It turned out that the resolution Johnson submitted to Congress, supposedly in pique over the North Vietnamese attack, had been drawn up a month before the staged incident took place. But the lie worked, and the only two senators to object were ridiculed.

The Reagan presidency began with a rush to fabricate a launching point for its own would-be war, in Central America. Barely a month had passed when the

administration issued a "white paper," which claimed to prove through "captured guerrilla documents" that the rebellion in the tiny country of El Salvador was the product of Soviet intrigue, and the precursor for a Soviet strike at the U.S. through Central America and Mexico. But the "captured documents" were soon exposed as not even remotely supporting the administration's case.

Despite numerous other attempts to manipulate public opinion with falsehoods (including "evidence" that the Nicaraguan leadership was smuggling cocaine), substantial opposition remained in Congress and among the public to the President's program of intervening in El Salvador, Nicaragua, and elsewhere.

But a strange thing was happening: Reagan's own popularity obscured the opposition to his programs. When opinion polls asked whether the United States should support the contras in their effort to violently overthrow the government of Nicaragua, the public was about two-to-one against. But when the polls simply asked whether people approved of President Reagan's policy in Central America, the results were about two-to-one in favor—even though contra support was the cornerstone of his policy.

Such was Reagan's dangerous magic. At least with Johnson and Nixon you had some sense that they knew they were lying and might, with human survival at stake, act responsibly. Reagan really succumbs to his own fictions. There was abundant evidence that Reagan tended to blend fantasy with truth even before he took office. The six years that the public, the press, and the Congress sat unquestioning at Reagan's feet is the shame that needs explaining.

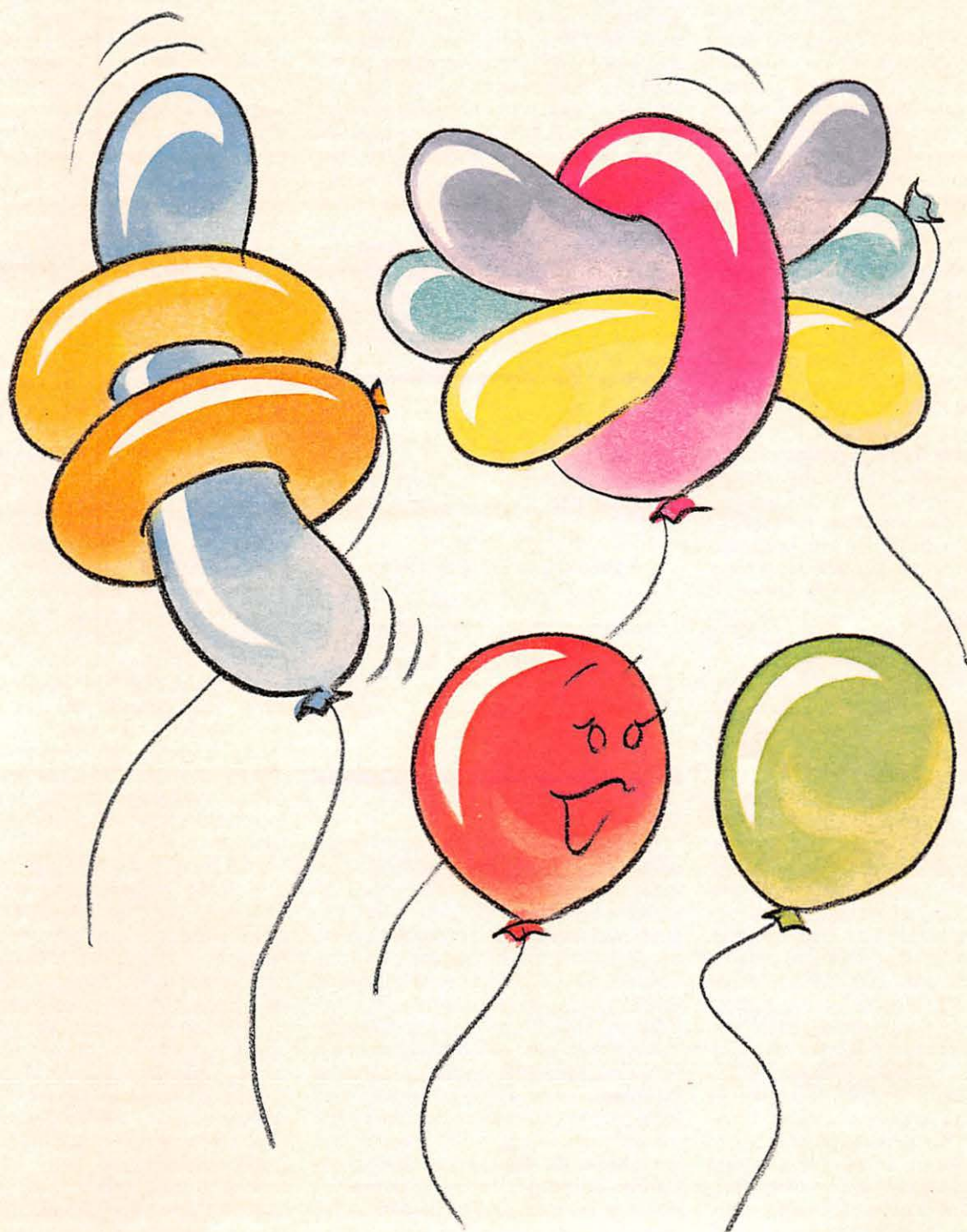
But now, we the people may be wising up. In the debacle of the Iranian arms sales and the diversion of a small part of the profits to the contras (most of the profits stayed in private hands, thank you very much), polls show that most Americans think Reagan lied when he said he didn't know about the diversion.

Let me cite one Reagan interview right after the 1980 election, before he had taken office. The occasion was halftime at the national telecast of a Detroit Lions-Chicago Bears Thanksgiving Day football game. The subject was his early career as a radio sports announcer. Sportscaster Vin Scully (who is one of the better play-by-play men around and ought to stick to that) opened wide holes for Reagan throughout the interview, and smiled sycophantically as the president-elect jogged through them. But Reagan still revealed an astonishing cynicism about honesty (let alone what he was saying about his own competence).

For example, he described his work at a big track meet at Drake University. "All day long I had been telling the audience that this quarter-mile was going to be the greatest event, and just between events a public-relations man brought the pres-

Balloonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS



"I can remember when the only things we stuffed at Christmas were stockings!"

of Drake University into the broadcasting booth to say a few words to the audience, and I sat there and listened to him speak into our microphone while I watched the quarter-mile event I'd been talking about all day go by. . . . I just couldn't tell the audience it was all over. So I just said, 'We're just in time for that event I've been telling you about.' And, of course, I got my watch and I knew that it had to take about 48 seconds, and I took them off and around the track and brought them in 1, 2, 3, with no problem at all, in about the required time. But there was no roar from the crowd, so I explained that that was because they were stunned by the sheer drama."

Reagan then proceeded to give what history shows was a greatly exaggerated version of a Chicago Cubs comeback he said he had announced, and told how he invented plays in a Michigan-Iowa football game ("I figured that maybe I could liven up the game a little bit"). Scully then admitted that he had done much the same thing when he was on radio (kind of makes you thankful for television).

Reagan replied that after the Michigan-Iowa game, a coach for another well-known school, Notre Dame, had talked publicly about one of the made-up plays, and Reagan was afraid that his fabrication might be exposed. "It kind of curbed my appetite for making things up for a while," Reagan said. Then he added, "I think I liked doing it, radio, better than television, because the audience had to depend on you for the picture."

It was only a short jump from making up football plays to quoting Lenin saying things (about conquering the United States through Mexico) the Library of Congress says it can't find Lenin ever saying; to telling Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir (and other Jewish visitors) that he had photographed Nazi extermination camps for the Army right after the fall of Germany in 1945 (Reagan's biographer Lou Cannon of *The Washington Post* says he did all his Army film work in Hollywood, living at home); to defending the death penalty by giving a made-up history of British law on the subject that the Law Society there called "absolutely wrong"; to telling a national television audience that volunteerism had allowed a Tucson, Arizona, food-for-the-elderly agency to prosper despite funding cutbacks (the director of the program roundly denied it); to publicly accusing the Nicaraguan government he was trying to overthrow of dealing with Iran, a terror state, when he secretly knew that we were the ones not only dealing with Iran, but arming it; and on and on.

It is the same attitude that caused a stunningly high number of senior officials in the Reagan administration to have to resign or go to court because of violations of ethics or the law. I take some pride in having helped expose two of these officials in *The Wall Street Journal*: Richard Allen, Reagan's first national security ad-

viser, and J. Lynn Helms, his first Federal Aviation administrator.

Allen, going back to his days in the Nixon administration's international-trade bureaucracy, had made a living at selling foreigners his knowledge of the internal workings of the U.S. government. Among his more distasteful clients over the years have been Portuguese colonialists who wanted to prevent the independence of some territories, and Robert Vesco, the megathief who looted hundreds of millions of dollars in small investors' funds, and who has long been a fugitive from U.S. justice. But Allen's most important clients, and the ones who finally did him in, were the Japanese, particularly car-makers who were looking for a further edge on the already bleeding American automotive industry. Allen, of course, resigned—the straw that broke the camel's back being the discovery that he took money and watches from these same Japanese for arranging an interview with

Reagan looks at events
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make a better story.

Nancy Reagan.

Helms, while running the nation's air-safety system, was privately involved in a two-man partnership that ripped off something approaching \$100 million from small businessmen and banks around the country. The scam succeeded by buying up small businesses on credit and selling or mortgaging their assets, using a bewildering trail of paper to capitalize the same assets over and over again at different locations. Bills weren't paid and the businesses went bankrupt, leaving their local creditors out millions of dollars. After the scandal was exposed, Helms himself went bankrupt. He testified against his partner, claiming he had no idea what the man had been up to. The partner is now serving a lengthy prison sentence; Helms was never charged.

C.I.A. Director William Casey, who was fingered posthumously for the apparently illegal activities of Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North, had a long history of fast-buck stock deals behind him when he was appointed to the post. Nothing illegal was ever pinned on him, but he left a lot of bitter losers in his wake, and had openly expressed a nonchalant at-

titude about the use of bribery to win sales for American companies.

Michael Deaver, one of Reagan's closest friends as well as advisers, had spent the year of Reagan's 1980 campaign selling his "public relations" services to right-wing Guatemalan death-squad organizers. He had also sold similar services to corporations such as Rockwell International, a major government contractor, despite frequent findings that it had knowingly defrauded the taxpayers. After Reagan's reelection Deaver left the White House to further exploit his connections, and soon wound up under indictment for perjury in connection with his representation of another defense contractor, Wedtech Corp., a scandal that has led to the indictment of former White House aide Lyn Nofziger on conflict of interest charges, and an investigation of Attorney General Edwin Meese, also for possible conflict of interest for his dealings with Wedtech.

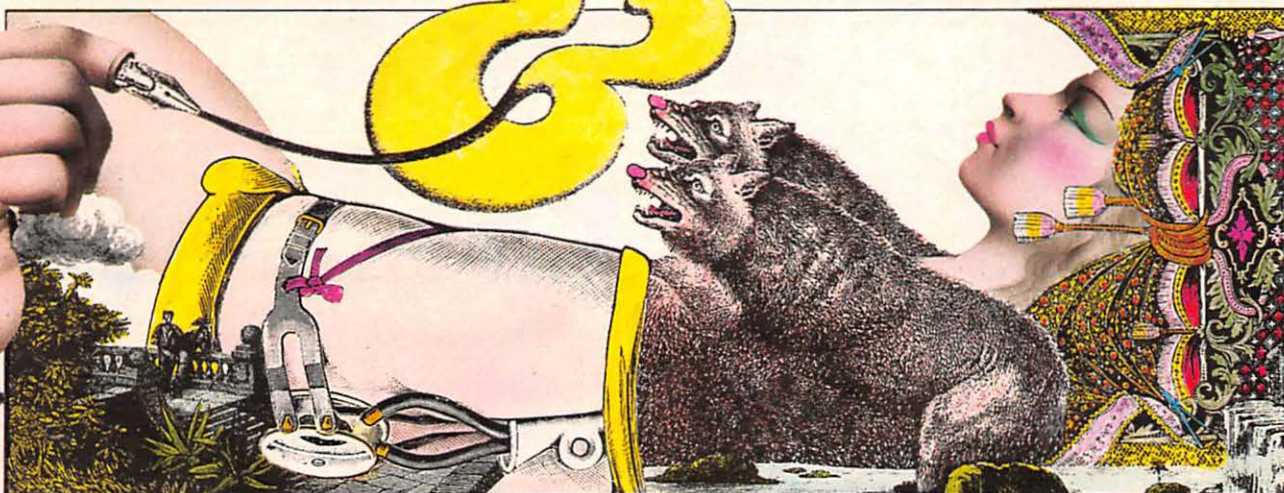
Another close friend of Reagan's is Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt. A former casino owner, Laxalt's ties to organized-crime figures have been written about at length. Reagan's eager acceptance of political support from Teamster leaders, whom the honest bureaucrats in his Justice Department would later throw out for corruption, speaks for itself.

As a result of his closeness to Laxalt and his support by the corrupt Teamsters, Reagan appointed their candidate, Nevada lawyer Reese H. Taylor, Jr., to be chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission. While in private practice, Taylor had frequently represented trucking companies in regulatory disputes. At the I.C.C., while presiding over the resolution of similar disputes, he created such divisiveness that at times other members of the commission wouldn't even talk to him.

In charge of the Occupational Health and Safety Administration, he installed Thorne G. Auchter, a Florida construction contractor who opposed federal health-and-safety rules for the workplace established by law. One of Auchter's first acts was to virtually exempt construction contractors from federal safety standards. Enforcement of the standards in other fields was curtailed. Massive Reagan dental work similarly removed many of the teeth from the Federal Trade Commission and the Securities and Exchange Commission.

To head juvenile-justice programs at the Justice Department, Reagan appointed former Laxalt aide Alfred Regnery, who supported harsh criminal sanctions for juvenile offenders and sported a bumper sticker on his car that read "Have you slugged your kid today?" Regnery's family had severe domestic problems, which included his wife's drug dependency. In charge of nuclear-proliferation issues at the State Department, he appointed James Malone, a man who had been a lawyer for the Taiwanese government and

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



WRETCHED EXCESS

A London man strangled his wife to death after she had the temerity to place a pot of mustard and a newspaper on the wrong sides of his plate at dinner.



THE JERRY FALWELL MEMORIAL FILE

A Virginia man was ordered by state officials to return his personalized license plate that read ATH-EST after receiving complaints from religious fundamentalists that the plate was "offensive."

A leader of the Southern Baptist Convention claimed that he was "not against the Jewish people," but added, "unless they repent and get born again, they don't have a prayer."

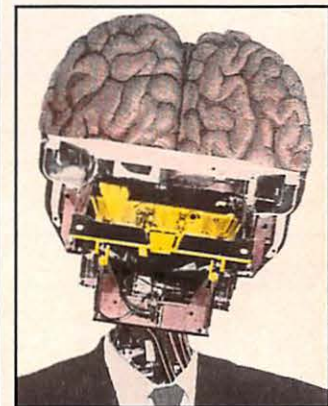
WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Les Crane, the acerbic late-night-talk-show host who briefly rocketed to fame during the early 1960s, now heads a Los Angeles computer-software company.

LAST LAUGH

Souvenir postcards of the two Jima memorial sold in the U.S. Senate gift shop are printed in Japan.

A Louisiana man stood in his boat on a lake during an impending storm and defied God to strike him dead. He was immediately struck and killed by a lightning bolt.



MAN'S MAN

The estranged husband of actress Joan Collins said he would be willing to settle for only \$80,000 a month in alimony because he is "pro-women's equal rights."

A U.S. Army private who defected to the Soviet Union last year is now working as a snake catcher at a Russian reptile laboratory.

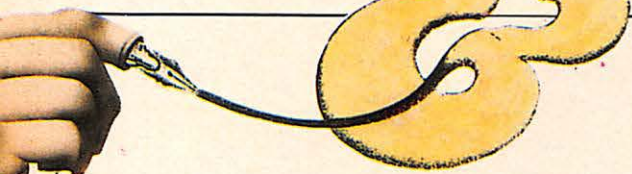
HEALTH NUT OF THE MONTH

Comedian Sid Caesar submitted the following order for breakfast at a New York resort where he was appearing: half a grapefruit, four

slices of natural stone-ground whole-wheat bread, one can of low-salt tuna, one hard-boiled egg (no yolk), half a head of shredded red cabbage, one cup of chopped white onion, two shredded carrots, one dish of cooked oatmeal, two pints of non-fat yogurt, one ripe banana, and two glasses of bottled water.



DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



LIFE AT THE TOP

Thanks to the increased value of the Japanese yen, a hot dog at a snack bar in the Tokyo airport now costs \$5.81. A local phone call costs \$3.63, while a cup of coffee costs \$2.18.

Before arriving at a New York recording studio to

record some music for an upcoming workout video, Raquel Welch demanded that the studio provide her with apple juice served at room temperature in long-stemmed glasses, a vaporizer, a lounge area, and a banana—warmed, of all things, in a microwave.



MEXICAN STANDOFF

Disturbed over the presence of a couple and their six children living in a trailer near the entrance to an exclusive country club in Hutchinson, Kansas, club officials tried to get them to move somewhere else. The couple refused, noting that they had bought a county-owned strip of land at the club entrance for \$600, and were not about to move from their property—not, that is, unless the club paid them \$8,000 for their land.

ADVANCE NOTICE

Defending herself against allegations of financial irregularities, the wife of the head of a prominent medical institute said, "I'm a very noble, first-class woman, and anybody who says different is going to burn in hell."

NEW WORLD RECORDS

A Seattle man won an international clam-eating contest by devouring 320 clams in one sitting.

A group of 19 Spanish cooks, using a 36-foot-wide frying pan, prepared the world's largest paella, which included 104 gallons of olive oil, 1,760 pounds of squid, and 5,500 pounds of rice. The resulting dish fed some 30,000 people.

YOUR INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE AT WORK

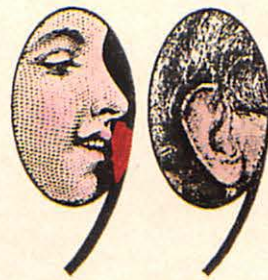
Internal Revenue Service officials in San Jose, California, seized \$694 in savings belonging to a ten-year-old girl whose unemployed father owed the agency \$1,000. Meanwhile, the I.R.S. office in Arkansas placed a lien on three savings accounts belonging to three children of a farmer who had sold his farm equipment to pay debts. The accounts contained a total of \$173.



QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"We don't care about the political or ideological allegiance of a prospective judge."

—Attorney General Edwin Meese



SPORTING AMERICA

Of the first six college players picked in the N.B.A. draft last year, one died of cocaine overdose, one entered a drug-rehabilitation program, and a third confessed to a grand jury that he was a drug user.

KNOCK ON WOOD

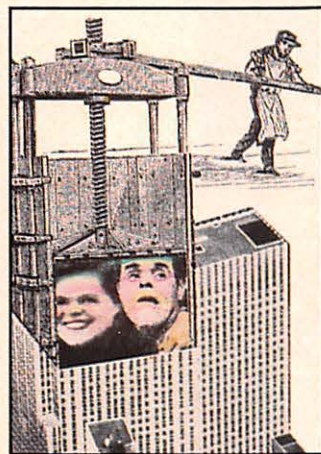
A former Pentagon official who is considered a top expert on terrorism recommended that the leader of the pro-Iranian group believed to be holding American hostages in Lebanon be kidnapped, then slowly dis-

membered piece by piece until the hostages were released.

Following a series of indictments in which 14 top New York City officials were charged with corruption, Mayor Edward Koch called his administration "probably the most honest we have ever had in the history of government."

MODERN LIFE

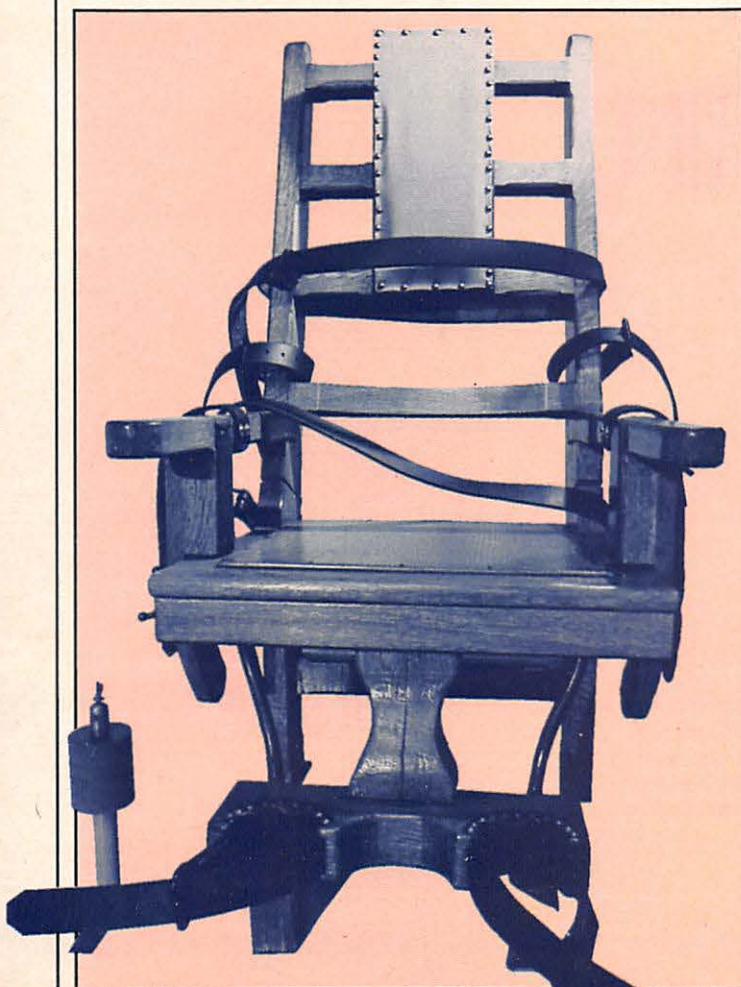
U.S. Army researchers are studying ways of using "blood doping"—sometimes employed by athletes to increase performance—on commandos to give them "greater ability to perform in hostile environments." The process involves thickening the blood with its own oxygen-carrying red blood cells previously removed and frozen.



DOG DAY AFTERNOON

Connecticut state officials, preparing to carry out the state's first execution by

electric chair in 27 years, discovered that no one knew how to make the chair work.



THE CALIGULA FILE

Former Philippine president Ferdinand Marcos said that he and his wife have become gods destined to return to

power, and that President Reagan would have greater success if he emulated Marcos's style of governing.

SIC TRANSIT

Several publishers rejected a proposal by former presidential candidate Gary Hart for an autobiography titled *Stepping Stones Across an Era*, after discovering that the proposed work would not mention Donna Rice or any other relationship in his life.

OUR NATION'S COURTS AT WORK

A California court upheld the firing of a state trooper who was dismissed on charges of "prolonged staring" at women.

REEFER MADNESS

A St. Louis hospital announced one of the nation's strictest antismoking pro-

grams for its employees, including, in addition to a ban on smoking anywhere inside the building, a requirement that they sign an agreement that they will not smoke anywhere else, even in their own homes.

FRAILTIES AND FOIBLES

According to an unpublished book by Mamie Van Doren, the 1950s "sex bomb" claims to have had intimate relationships with Johnny Carson, Burt Reynolds, Spiro Agnew, Howard Hughes, Henry Kissinger, and Joe DiMaggio, to name a few.



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.

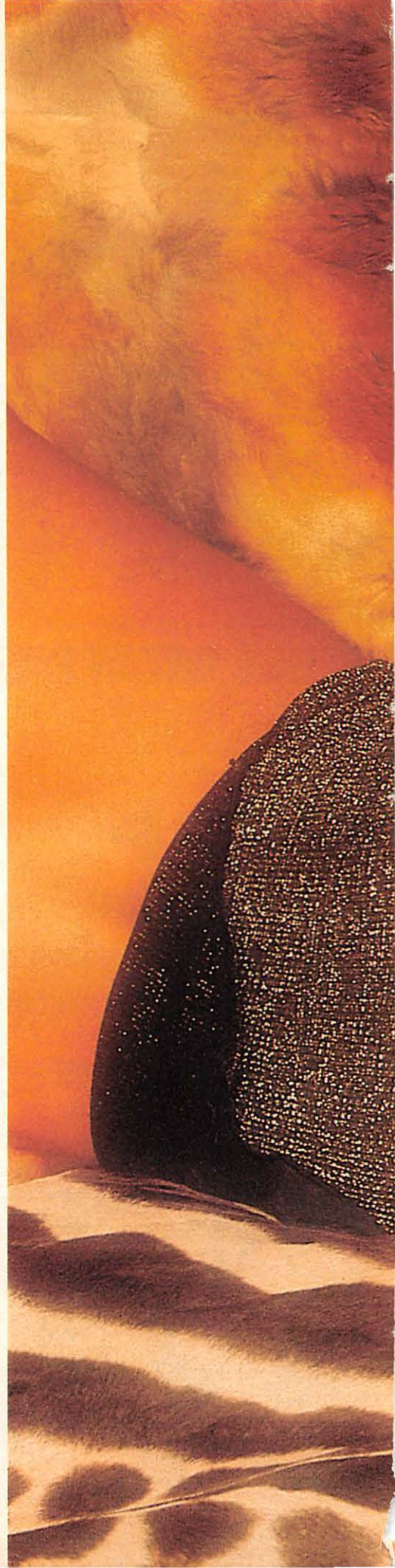


ROBIN AND ERRIN

Robin's sharp gasps
punctuated the languid air.
Never in her wildest
dreams did she imagine that
the soft touch of a
woman could burn so hotly.

Errin saw her first in the neighborhood bookshop. Robin's back was turned as she perused the latest romance novels, but Errin was quick to peruse her taut haunches and tousled blond hair. Errin's own literary tastes ran more to nonfiction, but keen on the scent, she made sure to linger in Robin's vicinity. Suddenly a book fell from the shelves and, as they both bent to retrieve it, their eyes locked.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER









Hair by Jacquie Mastoran and Darlene Defreitas, makeup by Robert Bolger and John Maldonado

Seizing the opportunity to lure this gorgeous creature back to her lair, Errin suggested they explore their mutual interests over a bottle of fine wine.



In a den
created
especially for
just such
close
encounters,
the shades
were drawn,
shielding
the pair from
prying eyes
and the
heat of the
afternoon sun.







Robin's sharp gasps punctuated
the languid air. Never in her wildest dreams
did she imagine that the soft
touch of a woman could burn so hotly.



It was too late to turn back . . .
not that either wished to. Proving that a
nimble tongue can be mightier
than the strongest sword, Errin drove her
succulent charge to surrender
to her sweetly urgent ministrations.

✶







ARTICLE

The war against drugs in America is a casualty of the war against the Sandinistas, according to the reporter who broke the story that nobody in Washington wanted to believe.

THE CONTRAS AND COCAINE

BY BRIAN BARGER

Since the end of World War II, the government of the United States has committed many neat ideas in the dark, always in the interest of national security. From laundering German war criminals to mastermind the space program in 1945, to the more recent example of selling missiles to the Ayatollah Khomeini, successive administrations have refused to be handcuffed by ordinary moral considerations when the going got tough.

On most of these shameful occasions, the Central Intelligence Agency was somewhere in the shadows—just as it was in 1984 when I broke the story about a C.I.A. training manual that instructed contra guerrillas in assassination techniques.

At that time, I was freelancing for the Pacific News Service. As a reporter, I had decided to concentrate on Latin America. Having lived in the region and being fluent in Spanish, I developed a wide range of Latin sources. After joining the Associated Press in mid-1985 and teaming up with Bob Parry, we began following up leads that the contras, whom President Reagan calls "free-

PAINTING BY MARSHALL ARISMAN

dom fighters," were smuggling cocaine, partly to help finance the resistance against the Sandinista government of Nicaragua. Over the next few months we built a trail of evidence—based on interviews with contras, some of their American supporters, American and Costa Rican law-enforcement officials, court records, and internal C.I.A. documents—indicating that some contras and contra leaders were trafficking in U.S.-bound cocaine. Apparently, the war against drugs in America was a casualty of our war against the Sandinistas. In December 1985 we broke the story over the AP wire.

Just how deeply the agency involved itself in the cocaine trade is still undetermined. It is now clear, however, that contract operatives on the C.I.A. payroll have been principals in cocaine smuggling. There is also no doubt that some contras went into business with Colombia's cocaine cartel in order to buy arms and beef up their pension plans.

But it is not yet known the extent to which the managers of the covert war—including the late C.I.A. director William Casey, fired White House aide Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North, and other C.I.A. officials—were also connected.

Some facts, however, are indisputable:

- The C.I.A. and Oliver North knew about the smuggling into and out of contra country and looked the other way.

- National Security Council officials attempted to block two federal probes into North's contra-supply network, one involving the air-cargo company Southern Air Transport, and the other a Miami grand-jury investigation of alleged gun-running and drug smuggling.

- The C.I.A. wrote reports as early as the fall of 1985 about the contras and cocaine.

- In 1985 Ollie North received at least two memos on the subject from his devoted aide, Robert Owen, as well as verbal warnings from contra supporters in 1985 and 1986.

- A member of the N.S.C. staff tipped off the target of a federal probe into drug smuggling—someone who happened to be receiving \$10,000 a month from the North network for contra operations in Costa Rica.

To date, no direct evidence has emerged indicating that C.I.A. operatives and contras were smuggling cocaine on orders from Washington. Nevertheless, mounting circumstantial evidence has compelled journalists, Special Prosecutor Lawrence Walsh, a Miami grand jury, and two congressional subcommittees to investigate. It is a story of many parts and puzzles, some of which I report here for the first time.

THE ANATOMY OF A CONNECTION

George Morales is one of the best witnesses linking the contras with cocaine. I spent more than 100 hours over a ten-month period interviewing this garrulous

Miami speedboat racer, who made millions smuggling coke before getting involved with the contras in 1984. Morales is currently serving 16 years in Miami's Metropolitan Correctional Center on narcotics charges. This is how Morales recalls his dealings with the "freedom fighters" of Nicaragua:

A warm, muggy breeze swept across the Opa-Locka Airport just north of Miami, as three Latin men drove up to a long row of hangars in a late-model black Camaro. Behind the wheel was Adolfo Chamorro, a balding 50-year-old senior military *comandante* for Nicaragua's contra rebels. The man he was about to meet in Hangar 408 was a two-time world champion in offshore boating and, more significantly, the enterprising founder of Aviation Activities Corp. He was also a very wealthy cocaine smuggler. It was about ten o'clock one March 1984 morning, and the day's stifling heat would soon grip the city.

Morales's mind was running full throttle. He needed friends in high places to beat the felony rap. He was amazed that a C.I.A. agent was approaching a drug dealer like himself.

Chamorro was flanked on either side by Octaviano Cesar, a Nicaraguan exile recently placed into the contra's political leadership by the C.I.A., and Marcos Aguado, a Costa Rican pilot working for the contras and the C.I.A.

They walked into the World War II-vintage wood-frame hangar packed with single- and two-engine aircraft. They inspected the assortment of planes before maneuvering through the maze of wings and propellers to the office of George Morales.

Chamorro introduced his contra colleagues to his new friend. Morales was born in Colombia and had become a naturalized citizen in the early 1970s. Sporting a tailor-made silk shirt opened at the top to reveal thick gold medallions dangling from his neck, he warmly welcomed the trio into his plush office and offered them seats around his huge mahogany desk.

That morning, Cesar, the political officer in the group, made the direct pitch. He appealed to Morales's anti-Communist sentiments. The C.I.A.-backed contra rebels were faltering in their war against the Marxist-led Sandinistas.

Cesar complained that C.I.A. officials in charge of aerial resupply for the troops were unreliable. Despite significant advances in the field, Cesar said, the insurgents had yet to seize any territory inside Nicaragua.

To make things worse, Congress was on the verge of cutting off their financial and military aid over revelations that the C.I.A. had secretly directed the mining of Nicaragua's harbors.

Morales, stroking his neatly trimmed beard, listened attentively to Cesar's appeal. Cesar told Morales that he was secretly working for the C.I.A. He mentioned supposed contacts and friends in Washington. Names were dropped—Vice President George Bush, C.I.A. Director William Casey, and Attorney General Edwin Meese, among others.

This was sweet music to Morales's ears. Only two weeks earlier, he had been indicted by a U.S. federal grand jury on four counts of conspiracy to traffic cocaine. He had been released on a \$150,000 bond, but still faced up to 80 years behind bars. Morales had used his fleets of planes and boats to build a drug empire worth an estimated \$100 million. But the indictment hung over his head, jeopardizing the flamboyant lifestyle to which he had become accustomed.

Morales's mind was running full throttle. He needed friends in high places to beat the felony rap. He was amazed that a C.I.A. agent was approaching a drug dealer like himself to pay for covert paramilitary operations. He realized that he had made a big catch.

"I would be happy to help," Morales began, launching into an oration on the evils of Communism and his hatred for Cuba's Fidel Castro.

The charismatic smuggler declared that he had many things to offer the contra cause, including cash tucked away in bank accounts in the Bahamas and the Cayman Islands and an assortment of planes. He said that he could also train contra pilots in the art of clandestine flights. After all, the skills required for flying dope into the United States and ferrying weapons to faraway bush wars are virtually identical—swooping under radar nets, flying blind at night with no radio communications, and landing on rough, barely discernible airstrips carved out of the jungle.

Morales also had his heart set on employing contra base camps and airstrips in northern Costa Rica as a transshipment point for U.S.-bound cocaine. According to Morales, he would loan some planes to the rebel effort, eventually donating them outright, in exchange for using contra pilots for dope runs from Colombia and Costa Rica.

"There is only one problem," Morales told the contra leaders, noting his recent federal indictment. He said that it threatened not only his business but, more important, his resolve to assist the Nicaraguan freedom fighters.

"That would be no problem," Cesar responded. He claimed that he would raise the matter with Attorney General Edwin Meese, and if necessary, the vice president himself. "We will take care of your indictment," the C.I.A. man reassured him.

Perhaps Cesar was not boasting. Over time, Morales found that the judge had not set a trial date on the cocaine charges. Maybe the courts were clogged, but his lawyers had heard nothing from the U.S. attorney's office and Morales figured that his new C.I.A. contact had indeed "solved [his] problem."

"I don't know for sure what happened," Morales told me later from the confines of his Miami jail. "But Cesar told me a number of times that 'everything has been taken care of' in Washington with my indictment."

Over the next few months, Morales re-registered a number of his planes in the names of contra leaders, providing his cocaine-transport operation with an ideal cover, protected even from U.S. authorities who would think the planes were part of covert C.I.A. operations. Chamorro himself was given a white twin-engine Titan 404.

George Morales was not the sultan of Brunei, but his value to the contras was in seven figures. Until his arrest on separate dope charges in 1986, Morales claims to have provided over \$3 million in cash and a half-dozen planes to the contras. He also made numerous weapon purchases, shuttling them down with contra and other dope pilots.

In an April 6 interview with the CBS News magazine show "West 57th," Cesar acknowledged that he had solicited donations from Morales. But as for cocaine smuggling or the Morales indictment, he said that he knew nothing. When correspondent Jane Wallace asked whether he worked for the C.I.A., Cesar cut a wide grin and replied, "No." Asked whether he would say so if he did, he grinned and said again, "No." "We will take money from anyone," Cesar said. "As long as there are no strings attached."

Chamorro likewise admitted in an unaired conversation with "West 57th" that he had met Morales, but he flatly stated that the subject of drugs never arose.

Morales's version of his contra connection is supported, in part, by circumstances surrounding a private flight to the Bahamas in September 1984. On board were Chamorro, Cesar, and himself with pilot Aguado at the controls. Morales told me that he gave \$400,000 to Cesar during the trip. This much is true—the four some flew to the Bahamas together that day and Cesar declared his \$400,000 bounty to Customs. I saw the passenger list and Cesar's signed declaration.

Morales's account of his journey into contra country is substantiated in part by a contra pilot named Gerardo Duran, who now sits in a Costa Rican jail on cocaine charges stemming from the same Drug Enforcement Administration (D.E.A.) un-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

THE OLLIE NORTH SEX HOAX

Eric Nadler reports: As Oliver North was preparing to worm his way into the hearts of Americans last spring, his foreign and domestic enemies were laying a mine in the media. The sleazy rumor of a purportedly gay pornographic videotape started a futile chase involving contra officials, an ABC News correspondent, a renegade C.I.A. agent-turned-reporter, an unstable North groupie, and me. The search for the phantom video ended in a South Carolina motel room with the exhibition of a blank cassette.

There was no North video and there never had been; the whole thing was a hoax from the beginning. There was a better chance that E. Howard Hunt was a second gunman at Sarajevo. The buffoon who was once suspected of keeping his long-legged secretary in hosiery was not to be seen in the fellowship of the hung and hungry.

But before the inevitable bust, gossip about muscular erotica was going around the Contragate press corps, according to a Pulitzer-prize covering Central America. Only a few of us were inclined to get our hands dirty.

The first offer came to me at a Miami Beach art-deco hotel in mid-July from a former Somocista official now serving the contras in the States. "My friends—people I know—tell me that it is not clear whether North actually participates or merely sits there in his underwear watching what goes on," he said, fiddling with a round religious medallion hanging from his neck. "Yet it is certain that the person is North, and not someone who looks just like him. The tape is quite valuable." He meant worth many cordobas.

"It could go for more than \$20,000—U.S. Perhaps as high as \$100,000. But we must proceed very carefully. Things have gotten *muy peligroso*, you understand. Very dangerous—I can make some phone calls if you want."

The middle-aged envoy seemed sincere—like all con men—but he was a tainted source. As a member of a contra faction that was feuding with North over money and strategy, he had a motive to smear. And the means was typical. Central American disinformation: Calling a man a *maricón* in Managua is like screaming "faggot" in the Los Angeles Raiders' shower room. Reporters in the Capitol believed that he was generally reliable on other matters despite the fact that he had been peddling the homosexual the-

ory of Contragate around Washington for weeks. "Go ahead," I told him, "the money should not be a problem."

After several days, he put me in touch with three Nicaraguan exiles who were supposed to be on familiar terms with the video. Yes, they knew people who had seen the tape. Yes, they heard there was sex among men in the news. But no, there was no way to acquire the property. Some months earlier, perhaps. But now North was very popular. The video was safe in Guatemala. Maybe when the situation cooled down...

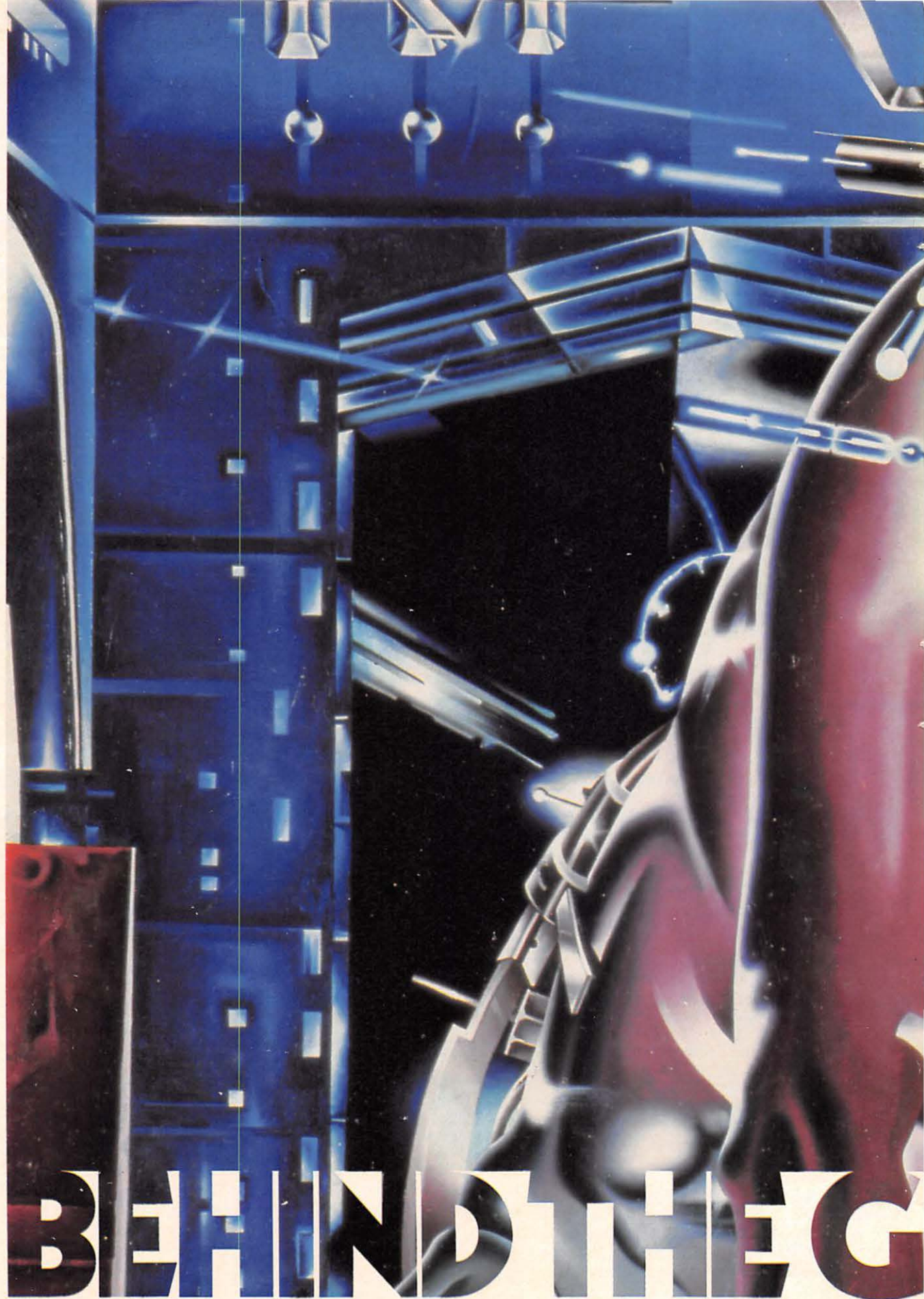
Another huckster entered the game in August—a private security consultant from Texas named Philip Mabry, who said he had a "stolen copy" of a tape of Oliver North at a gay orgy. He wanted \$5,000 up front for expenses before letting me have a look.

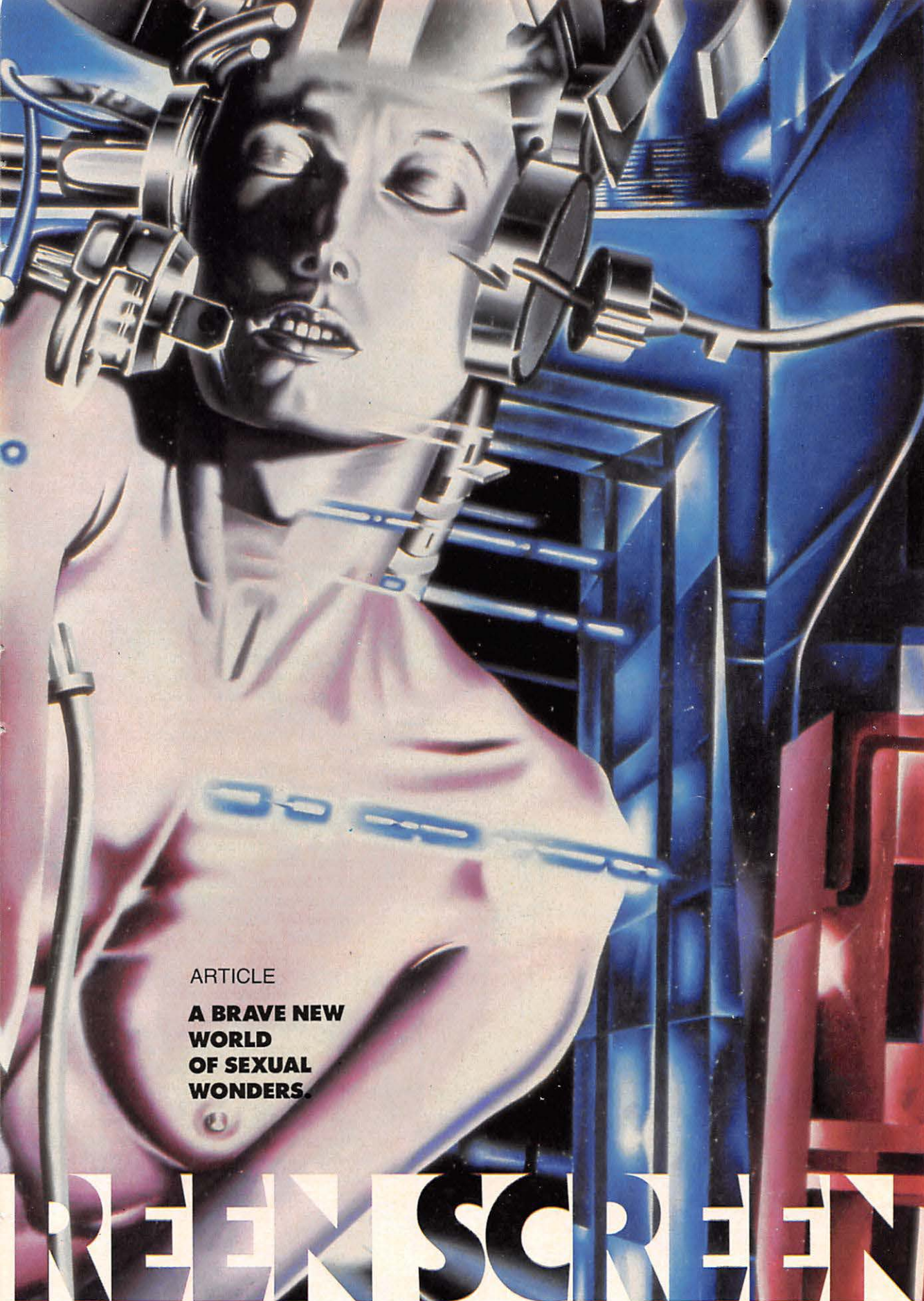
Mabry, in fact, had a legitimate paper connection to North. Fawn Hall had written him a note, published in the Tower Commission report, thanking him for his "dedication and ambition" on behalf of the Nicaraguan "freedom fighters."

Mabry informed me that he functioned as a spy for North, taking surveillance photos of protests against contra aid in Texas. "I used to send the pictures to Ollie," Mabry recalled. "What he did with them, I can't say." The conservative Texan said that he was peeved at the slow rate of reimbursement. "Ollie was always promising more, but he never gave us the money we deserved."

According to Mabry's account, the tape popped up in the summer of 1986. He was attending a presentation of new pro-contra TV ads. (He would not say where.) As he sat watching the 30- and 60-second spots, Mabry sneaked a few loose cassettes into his briefcase. (He would not say why.) One of them happened to be gay-oriented, with a scenario similar to that described by the Nicaraguans: male bodies writhing in sexual congress on a carpeted floor in a sunken living room. He claimed that Ollie North was in the middle of it all, drinking a beer and wearing only a towel. Mabry speculated that some rogue C.I.A. types were behind a mirror. The camera was supposedly stationary and in a concealed location. "This video was made by somebody who wanted to keep Oliver North under control," he theorized.

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ARTICLE

**A BRAVE NEW
WORLD
OF SEXUAL
WONDERS.**

GREEN SCREEN

**BY GERARD
VAN DER LEUN**

Every night at nine all over America, it's party time at the Compusex Electronic Hotel and Singles Bar. Tonight I'm feeling frisky. I'm going to the party as "Big Mac" so that all the women will know I'm not there to just pile up the connect-time charges.

How do I get to the party? I push a button. A minute later the compusex computer beams me into the main room, where things are already in party mode. Two hundred people I know are in the room—people like Long Horn, Lolita, Big Tits, and Phone Sex. Fast Eddie and Sweet Gwendolyn are already off in the orgy pit having a scramble party. Fast Eddie's my pal and has e-mailed me the secret password to the orgy pit. After scanning the people in the ballroom at 1200 baud, I decide to check out the scramble party. My fingers do a little tap dance on my keyboard and . . . presto! I'm down in one of Compuserve's private rooms. As usual, Fast Eddie's there directing the action. Since I'm into "research," I decide to lurk a little and listen to what's going on. The scene plays out as follows:

Sweet Gwendolyn: So why do the ladies all call you Fast Eddie?

Fast Eddie: Because I give good modern, that's why. What are you wearing tonight?

Sweet Gwendolyn: I'm wearing skin-tight spandex pants and a very sheer blouse.

Fast Eddie: Undo the buttons of that blouse and come over here by the bed.

Sweet Gwendolyn: There, how do you like my breasts? Are they big enough for you? I've always thought they're a bit on the small side.

Fast Eddie: Anything more than a mouthful is wasted. Bring them here to me, Gwen. That's right. Now kneel here, Gwen, and let me peel off your slacks. Hmmm, that's a wonderfully firm ass you've got.

Sweet Gwendolyn: It's for you tonight, Eddie. Just you.

Fast Eddie: Promise you won't go back into public and pick up some other guy?

Sweet Gwendolyn: Yes, yes. Just screw me here. Now. I won't. Not at least for an hour. Feel how my thighs are closing around your hand. Bring your cock closer to breasts. Run it over my nipples. That's it. Slowly . . . now stroke the insides of my thighs.

Fast Eddie: Hold it. Let me check here . . . yep, we've got a lurker. Who's there? Don't you know it's rude to come to an orgy and not join in?

Sweet Gwendolyn: Hey, who is it? If you're a guy, take off your clothes and jump in bed with us. I'd love to go down on you while Eddie's making love to me.

Big Mac: Ahh . . . it's just me.

Fast Eddie: Christ, it's Big Mac. Mac, are you still taking notes for that *Penthouse* article? When you going to get with it and swing?

Big Mac: Well, yes. Hey, I'm married

and my wife wouldn't understand.

Sweet Gwendolyn: Everyone here's married . . . just not married to each other. Who's to know? Bring your bod over here and give me some action. If you're not here to screw, you're wasting money.

Big Mac: Just think of me as a voyeur.

Sweet Gwendolyn: I'd rather think of you as a hunky guy who's going to fuck my brains out right now.

Fast Eddie: C'mon, Big Mac, Gwen's hot enough for both of us.

Big Mac: Not right now. Maybe later. I've got an interview scheduled with Sex God.

Sweet Gwendolyn: Sex God! He's a pervert. At least he was with me.

Fast Eddie: See ya later, Big Mac. C'mon Gwen. Open those thighs. Did I ever tell you that bright red pubic hair punches my buttons?

Oh well, I can see that Fast Eddie and Sweet Gwendolyn are settling in for a long winter's romp. It's really not my scene tonight, and so, with no further ado, I tapdance on the keys and am back in the ballroom checking out all the sweet young things that have beamed in from all over the United States, Europe, and Japan. It's an average night here in the Compuserve Hotel, Singles Bar and Swingers Club, but that doesn't mean it's boring.

Back in the ballroom, all around me people are hustling each other for all they are worth. And you would, too, because it costs at least seven dollars an hour to attend this party. Bring your own booze, but don't worry, because you'll be drinking alone.

Or will you?

For years now, every night has been electronic singles night on Compuserve's Adult CB channel, and in this age of AIDS, antiporn, and other strange afflictions of the body and mind, swinging behind the green screen of the computer is the way many people—sometimes as many as 200 a night—choose to expand their social and sexual conquests. Until someone finds a cure for lethal social diseases, compusex is probably the hottest and certainly the safest sexual alternative.

In order to have compusex, all you need is a computer, a modem, a credit card, and a fairly active sexual imagination. With a little practice you too can join in on what has to be the largest and longest "real time" group grope and *Penthouse* chain letter in existence. If you get tired of all the heavy sex, you can just press a button and—*poof*—you're history. But the orgy goes on and on . . . every night of the year, just as soon as the rates go down.

The way compusex—or computer dating, as it is coyly called—works is quite easy if you can operate a typewriter. Assuming you have a computer, what you need is a modem. A modem is an electronic device that enables your computer to talk to any other computer that is sim-



"Parental discretion is advised for the following segment of '60 Minutes.' Andy Rooney is going to discuss sanitary napkins."

ilarly equipped over the telephone lines. In the past, only the Defense Department and large corporations were able to do this; but with the advent of personal computers and cheap modems, large networks that enable private individuals to telecommunicate with one another have grown up over the past five years.

The largest of these networks, with over a quarter of a million subscribers, is CompuServe. It offers a host of electronic services—everything from business advice to computer programs to a mail-order electronic shopping mall—and also boasts the largest collection of people actively trying to get electronically laid in its electronic hotel. You become a member of CompuServe by buying a CompuServe Kit, which costs anywhere from \$30 to \$50. For this you get a guidebook that tells you how to make your way around the electronic land of CompuServe, or C.I.S. (CompuServe Information Services), plus a few free hours of connect time. Connect time is the key to the substantial revenues CompuServe reaps. While it may be easy to come up with the \$50 to join C.I.S., that is only the tip of the iceberg. By the time one is reasonably proficient at navigating through the system, one can have incurred charges of up to \$500 through connect time. It is really just like a telephone call, but much more expensive: the longer on, the higher the bill—all automatically charged to your credit card. Oh, you can see a bill at any time, and you know at the end of every session how much you've spent, but with the hot time you're having over in the CB hotel, who's counting? The CompuServe computer, that's who.

At any rate, it doesn't take long before you tire of all the endless forums and special-interest groups that CompuServe has to offer and you find out where the action is: It's over on CB (just like citizens-band radio of the seventies) and it's called "chat" or, in its sexier mode, "hot chat."

To hot-chat, you log onto the system, tell the computer to take you to the Adult CB channel, and you are there in less time than it takes to tell it. You can then choose a "handle," a fictitious name that can express something about your personality or sexual desires. I use the handle Big Mac a lot, but when I'm in the mood for some quick action (strictly for journalistic research purposes, you understand), I can appear as Big Bulge or Hot to Trot or some equally subtle moniker. A hot handle makes for more action, since many people are only into finding a meaningful 30-minute relationship. If I wanted to, I could appear as Lolita, but that would be cheating and would probably lead to more of a stimulating and unusual encounter than I had planned for the evening. Besides, for people of gay persuasion, CompuServe has thoughtfully provided another banquet room in their computer called Alternative Lifestyles. This is also usually inhabited by

The Velvet Touch



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Black Velvet.[®]
The Premium Whisky
Imported from Canada.

transvestites, bikers, transsexuals, and other people of an experimental sexual nature.

What happens when one picks someone up at the nightly Compuserve singles frolic? Thanks to the capabilities of the computer, people can and do collect records of their sexual conquests. Here's a transcript from one such encounter, given to me by a woman who's been using the service to collect men for well over a year now. The handles have been changed to protect the guilty.

Tawni: Is anyone here hot to trot?

Rod: Let's go private, Tawni. Hot's my middle name. [Here the computer takes both people out of the public area, and gives them a nice quiet room of their own to which only they have the key.]

Rod: Just how far do you want to go tonight?

Tawni: I'm waiting with my legs and arms stretched out.

Rod: How'd you like me to screw you in front of that mirror on the far wall?

Tawni: Sounds great.

Rod: First, I'm going to lick every inch of your body, starting with your feet and working upward slowly . . . slowly. Can you feel my lips on your pussy?

Tawni: Oooohhh, u excite me so! [Here Tawni is getting a little too hot to hit the shift key, or perhaps it is hard to do so with only one free hand.]

Rod: How do I excite you? Where do you feel it? [Remember that when having compusex, people can't see, hear, or touch each other. Hence, little details like this are important.]

Tawni: I feel it seeping in my cunt. [Details like this are crucial.]

Rod: That's good. That's very good. Let it flow, Tawni. Yield to that feeling. [It pays to encourage things once they are headed in the right direction.]

Tawni: I'm naked and kneeling in front of you. [Things are looking up for Rod.]

Rod: [Getting down to business] Take the tip of my hard cock into your mouth.

Tawni: . . . wrapping my tongue to your tongue my hand caress my tit . . . [It's obviously getting harder for Tawni to type straight by the second. For Rod, it's getting harder by the second, period.]

Tawni: my other hand flicks my clit

Rod: Slowly, now, slowly . . .

Tawni: I pump you up and down

Rod: That's good, Tawni, very good.

Tawni: . . . until you are stiff. [Rod passed that stage a while back, Tawni, but it's nice that you are checking.]

Rod: YASSSSS YESSS THAT'S IT. NOW . . .

Tawni: . . . then, still caress my tits I begin to take . . .

Rod: NOW NOW . . .!

Tawni: . . . you inch by inch into my mouth . . . pumping my middle digit inside myself. [Digit? Ah, an educated woman!]

Rod: Now turn around and take the tip of my . . .

Well, you can imagine what happens from there. And it happens hundreds of times a night on Compuserve and a number of the other electronic data services. It's sex. Straightforward, uncomplicated, anonymous, and utterly safe. What's more, there's no one to see in the morning. In fact, there's no one to see at all. It's all done with computers and shared fantasies. And it is by far the most successful element of every data base that has this feature. Why? Because it is very easy to become addicted to this pastime. Being addicted means hours of connect time, which translates into revenue for the electronic service involved. In the several months that I spent researching this article, my connect-time charges exceeded \$1,000. And this is not unusual, even though there are organizations on Compuserve that let you share the time and substantially reduce the bill.

It is so profitable that there are now services that specialize in compusex, a

6

If you are married
and have an affair that takes
place over the
computer, are you committing
adultery or just
having harmless fun?

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couple of which are national. Chief among these is PeopleLink, an aptly named service whose promotional material stresses the interpersonal nature of the exchanges that go on rather than the sexual interludes, sort of a lonely-hearts club crossed with Plato's Retreat. The management of PeopleLink is very aware of the needs and nature of its users, and has built up what is probably the best compusex and computer-dating service in the world. They also send greetings to all their members from time to time and do all they can to make theirs a real service to their users.

Compuserve, on the other hand, has a management style that reminds one of H. Ross Perot on a bad day: haughty, aloof, bureaucratic, money-driven, and unresponsive. Compusex on that service is a creation of the users, and you get the feeling that the company let's it go on only because it is so profitable. On PeopleLink, it's possible to go beyond straight sex. People meet on the computer, fall in love, talk on the telephone, eventually arrange to meet in the flesh, and at times, actually get married.

Of course, the flip side of that is that

many people on the services already are married. Which raises an interesting question. If you are married and have an affair that only takes place over the computer, are you committing adultery, or are you only just having a bit of harmless fun? Most lawyers I spoke to about this (all on the computer, by the way) seem to think, at the present time, the latter. But most of them also felt that, sooner or later, the divorce courts are going to hear something like this in the summation: "Your Honor, my client caught his wife in a hot chat with a guy named Big Black Schlong on Compuserve. She isn't due a penny in alimony! And he should get custody since all she wants to do is go on-line with her friends at the Compuserve Computer Nudist Colony. I submit it is detrimental to children to see their mother sitting buck-naked in front of a computer night after night. . . ."

Still, not all people run afoul of their spouses on the service—some run afoul of the law itself. Either in the form of Big Brother or in the form of a nice tidy lawsuit for defamation of computer character. The computer services are sensitive to legal questions and spend a good deal of time policing the channels or setting policies aimed at preventing the uninformed from stumbling into a hot chat, becoming offended, and complaining to some government agency about "computer porn." In general, the policy is that users can't be too bold or obscene when they are in the public part of the network. In private, they can do what they like, but no public smut, please. It's likely to wake the sleeping Ed Meese and his Federal Communications cops.

For some insight into the nature of how Compuserve oversees this part of its service and the effects of on-line addiction, I shed my usual handle of Big Mac one evening and logged onto the Compuserve Singles Party as a mild-mannered reporter for a great national magazine.

Compuserve: Good evening, *Penthouse*. Sex God is now in contact.

Penthouse: Hi there, Sex God. Got anything to say to our readers?

Sex God: Hey, *Penthouse*, what's the deal?

Penthouse: I'm researching hot chat and compusex for an article.

Sex God: You missed a great orgy a few hours ago. It was real hot!

Penthouse: Rats. I need some firsthand, so to speak, encounters.

Sex God: Oh well . . . better luck next time. Are you really from *Penthouse*?

Penthouse: I really am.

Sex God: No kidding! I read it all the time! Anything you want to know, I'm your man.

Penthouse: How long have you been coming to the Compuserve nightly hot-chat party?

Sex God: Oh, about six months or so.

Penthouse: What sort of sexual action goes on here over that period of time?



SCOTTY

"There are only two mistakes a person can make in this business. The first is when you get into it. The second is when you're out of it for good."

REPORTAGE

THE WORLD'S WORST JOB

**PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF ROTMAN
TEXT BY ROBERT ROSENBERG**

Twenty years ago, Jerusalem's reunification in the 1967 Six-Day War made it the top target for Arab terrorism against Israel. Since then, some 75 people have died and ten times that many have been wounded by bombs exploding in the Holy City. But hundreds or thousands more would have been killed or wounded if not for the work of the Jerusalem bomb squad, a special police unit on patrol 24 hours a day, keeping the city safe.

Over the years bomb-squad experts, called sappers, have defused, neutralized, dismantled, and destroyed hundreds of bombs reported to the police by alert citizens who saw something strange about an object. Two sappers have been killed and half a dozen wounded by bombs they were trying to defuse.

In the terror-conscious Israeli capital, it's the potential victims of terrorism—the residents—who keep the bomb squad busy. On quiet days the squad answers upward of 25 calls to examine, and if necessary neutralize, what Israelis call "suspicious objects." And when the media reports an explosion or the discovery of a bomb, the natural state of alert in the city goes up, causing sappers to receive as many as 70 calls in a 24-hour cycle. Each run is called an "incident," and it begins with somebody—a civilian, a policeman, a sapper—noticing something wrong.

For a Jerusalemite, the phrase "*Shel mi zeh?*"—"Whose is this?"—is a warning that maybe that closed cardboard box in front of a kiosk, or that abandoned briefcase beneath a table in a sidewalk café, is a bomb. A loaf of bread, apparently dropped by accident, can hide a grenade set to go off when somebody picks it up. A crate of eggs forgotten in the open market could be booby-trapped. A suitcase innocently left behind in the central bus station could contain enough explosives to kill hundreds of people on a Friday afternoon,

A sapper holds an example of booby-trapped knitting (right). With Jerusalem in the background, sappers display four camouflaged bombs found in the city (far right): a camouflaged egg crate, a winter jacket found hanging in a café, a book bomb, and a fire extinguisher.





**"If you don't sweat
when you're doing it, you're
doing something wrong."
—squad commander Uri**



when thousands of travelers move through the main terminal.

An old refrigerator on a street corner always draws attention. In the mid-seventies, 13 people were killed when a refrigerator full of explosives blew up in downtown Jerusalem. Bicycles left too long in a crowded place are also likely to be checked by the sappers, ever since the fall of 1979. It was just before the Jewish New Year, when Jerusalem is crowded with Jewish pilgrims. A bicycle, its tubular frame packed with plastic explosives, blew up in the middle of a popular sidewalk café on the outdoor Ben Yehuda pedestrian mall, the downtown shopping center. One person was killed and 36 were wounded.

Car bombs are one of the greatest dangers. The trunk, backseat, or undercarriage of a vehicle can be loaded with enough explosives to destroy buildings and kill hundreds. A car stolen in the morning can be rigged at night and the next morning turn into a flaming explosion in the middle of a downtown parking lot.

A car with the blue license plates of the Arab West Bank or Gaza and parked on a residential street is enough to raise the hue and cry—a telephone call to the emergency police number 100—especially if the car is illegally parked. A small truck, packed with a ton of explosives and driven by a suicidal Shiite Muslim, completely destroyed the Beirut headquarters of the U.S. Marines, killing more than 200 U.S. soldiers and spelling a death knell for the Reagan administration's Lebanon policy.

Since 1967 there have been half a dozen car bombs in



Jerusalem. But so far, only the first one, parked in the Mahane Yehuda open fruit and vegetable *shuk* in the spring of 1968, ever exploded. Twenty-two people were killed, and more than 100 were wounded. All the other car bombs in Jerusalem have been discovered in time.

Car bombs are put together in such a way that the only tools the sapper can use to neutralize the device are his bare hands. Remote-controlled robots can remove a cooking-gas balloon or a suitcase full of nails, placed in the car for added shrapnel and a larger explosive effect. But, eventually, one of the sappers has to get into the car by himself, find the detonator, and with bare—and steady—hands, solve what

The British-made robot handles a suspicious object (top left). The bomb-squad van (left). A sapper carefully examines a car bomb that can carry up to several hundred pounds of explosives (above). A travel-alarm-clock time bomb (right).

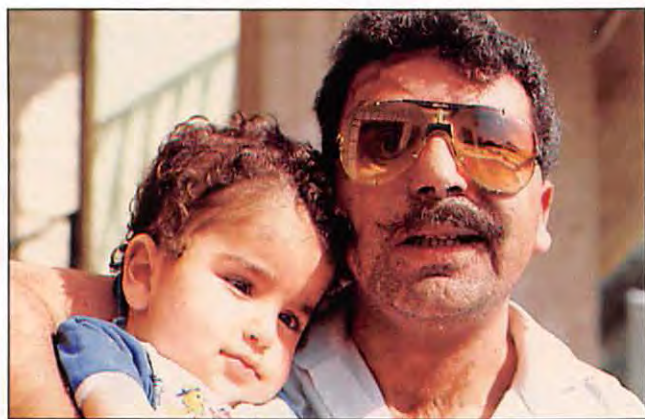


"We're only as good as the people of the city. If we can get to the bomb, we can prevent an explosion. But it's up to the people to let us know about the bombs."

they call "the problem." Says Amos, a seven-year veteran of the squad, "We're only as good as the people of the city. If we can get to the bomb, we can prevent an explosion. But it's up to the people of the city to let us know about the bombs." For a Jerusalemite, Arab or Jew, suspicious objects are a part of life. A sapper will plunge into the crowded Mahane Yehuda open market, which has often been targeted by Arab terrorists. Israel's entire antiterrorism policy is based on not allowing terrorism to disrupt normal life.

An abandoned shopping basket never lasts long on the pavement. "Shel mi zeh?" somebody cries out, and a patrol of civil guardsmen or soldiers quickly arrives to clear the market until the sappers show up. For two or three blocks, shoppers and vendors are pushed behind police lines to a safe distance. Not until Uri has raised his hand to give the all-clear sign does the bustle of the market resume.

The sappers handle about 10,000 calls a year. On every



one of them, Uri, Amos, Sammy, or another on duty must assume that it's for real, that the plastic bag or broken TV set could turn out to be a bomb. Usually the alarms are false; but since 1967, an average of about 75 a year are real.

The combination of their vast experience, their tactics, and the cooperation of the citizenry has earned the squad's reputation as the best in the profession. The Holy City's peace and quiet depends on them, and so far, says Jerusalem Mayor Teddy Kollek, "they haven't let us down." Kollek points out that Jerusalem Arabs "were responsible for only some five percent" of the terrorist incidents that have taken place in the city since 1967. "Jerusalem is safer than almost any American city," says the mayor. "Terrorist incidents do take place, but rather infrequently. It is those incidents that interest the international press, not the stories of peaceful coexistence that is truly the guiding spirit of our city."

Says Police Minister Haim Bar-Lev, "Israel averages 16 murders, whether because of crime or terrorism, per million residents. In France the average is 45 murders per million, and in New York, some 200 per million. Israel is by far the safer country." Nonetheless, that safety is in large part due

Blinded by a bomb in 1980, Sulemeir Hirbawe is a living reminder to all sappers of the danger of their work (above). The grave of sapper Albert Levy (top right). Sappers treating a device (middle right). Not a bomb! A suitcase full of clothes (bottom right). The aftermath of a bus bombing (far right).





"It doesn't matter who sets the devices. All that matters is that the devices are neutralized in time."

to the citizenry's alertness and the sappers' skills.

Seeing the white-and-blue bomb-squad van jogs a Jerusalemite's memory. It is a constant reminder to pay attention, to report suspicious objects. Public-service advertisements on television, visits by schoolchildren to the sappers' offices or by the sappers to a school, teach youngsters in the city to be careful and to report anything questionable. Newspapers carry advertisements reminding readers to "watch out for suspicious objects."

It all keeps the squad busy. "But that's okay," says Uri, "the busier we are, the safer the city." Like most of the squad, Uri, 32, was trained in demolitions in the Israel Defense Forces. When he finished his three years of national service, he wanted to continue using the skills he learned in the Army.

Two sappers work at night on a suspected car bomb (below). A hand grenade was hidden in a loaf of bread found on a supermarket shelf (bottom row). Former sapper David "Dudu" Ivgy holds a reconstruction of the booby-trapped saccharin bottle that blew up in his hand (right).

He's worked as a sapper in Tel Aviv, Haifa, and the West Bank; but for every Israeli sapper, Jerusalem is the big time, the front line of the war against terrorism. A year ago Uri was posted in Jerusalem, and six months ago he got the command. Being commander of the squad adds some \$60 a month to his \$600-a-month salary for the life-and-death job. Soft-spoken, his long-fingered violinist's hands busy with a bent paper clip on his desk, he explains that "nobody does this for the money."

Amos, a father of two, was a successful jewelry manufacturer working in Bet Shemesh, a small town about 12 miles from Jerusalem. On a visit to Haifa, he saw a sapper at work on a suspicious object. "I saw him doing the job, and I realized that's what I want to do." That same day, seven years ago, he told his wife about his ambition. "There was something about being involved in protecting the public from this crazy business of bombs that attracted me," says Amos. He seems embarrassed to talk about what he calls his "belief that people should contribute to society, do what they can to make life better. There was a challenge, and the job prom-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154







•Nobody makes it in Hollywood. The ones that achieve success in Hollywood don't even know how they got there. I don't know how I made it. It just happened. •

TONY CURTIS

His career began and blossomed during the waning days of an era when Hollywood meant glamour—before what Rock Hudson, bitterly and perhaps not a bit enviously, once called the “age of the uglies.” Hollywood was also the town that housed America’s aristocracy, and in the years following the Second World War, studio king and queen makers were desperately seeking new blue bloods to replace an aging nobility. To be a leading man, only those who could match the handsome and virile good looks of a Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, and Clark Ga-

ble needed apply. But by the late forties and early fifties, the latter were all past their prime, and a new generation of younger and ambitious men were ready to replace them and send female moviegoers swooning and panting in their seats. The new group included names like Rock Hudson, Tab Hunter, Jeff Chandler, and a handsome, dark-haired teenager from the Bronx, Tony Curtis.

In a town where survival of the fittest is more an understatement than a cliché, the enthusiastic and naive youngster named Bernie Schwartz achieved success beyond his wildest

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF ROTMAN

dreams. But unlike the title of one of his most notable films, the sweet smell of success could also turn rancid. The son of a hardworking tailor, Curtis had studied acting in New York after being injured in Guam during World War II Navy service. He learned quickly upon his arrival in Hollywood that he was just another commodity, owned and controlled by an all-powerful studio that could make or break him. Nor was he alone in seeking movie stardom—competition was fierce and there were more than a few back stabbers among other aspiring young actors.

It was also a time when acting ability was secondary on the road to movie success, with good looks, studio publicity, and the good will of movie fan magazines counting a great deal more in Hollywood's final "golden years." Whatever the obstacles, the tough, brash kid from New York City overcame them, and quickly. Yet while it was "instant stardom" for Curtis, it did not mean instant riches. Under contract to Universal Studios, Tony found himself seeking a variety of second jobs to augment a not-so-lofty star's salary of \$75 a week. He did not realize it yet, but Tony Curtis was only beginning to pay his dues for becoming one of the country's greatest movie idols.

Throughout a career that has spanned four decades, more than 100 major films, and more money than most of his former neighbors in the Bronx could ever imagine, Tony Curtis has also had his fair share of demons with which to battle. There were the film critics who decided early in his career, remaining firm in their conviction to the present, that Curtis owed all of his great success to being "another pretty face," choosing to mock and dwell on his pronounced New York City accent and his starring roles in such clinkers as *Son of Ali Baba* and *The Chastity Belt* while ignoring his stunning performances in films such as *The Defiant Ones* and *Kings Go Forth*.

While Tony was fighting demons in his professional life, not only battling film critics but also refusing to put up with what he considered to be the childlike shenanigans of spoiled movie stars like

Marilyn Monroe, or "kissing the asses" of martinet directors, his personal life was often a battleground. Never wanting for beautiful women, Curtis found little happiness in his marriages to three of the most gorgeous females in the world. His longest marriage, with actress Janet Leigh, lasted 11 years, "nine of which I was miserable," Tony recalls. The couple had two children, Kelly and actress Jamie Lee Curtis. Curtis was also married to German actress Christine Kaufmann and fathered two daughters, Alexandra and Allegra. His last marriage to model Leslie Allen produced two sons, Nicholas and Benjamin.

Curtis is very blunt when discussing his pessimistic feelings about marriage in general and his own failed attempts at it. To maintain the lifestyle expected of a movie star, Curtis found himself taking on movie roles he hated simply to ease the enormous financial burden that he felt. He admits becoming resentful, and recalls, "My marriages were going bad because I didn't like the idea that I had to do these pictures. I didn't want to, but I didn't have the courage enough to speak up and tell my wife to fuck off, get out of my life."

By the mid-1960s, it appeared that Curtis had it made—movie idol, handsome, and always a beautiful woman in his life. But the truth was, he was in trouble. The boy was now a man, and the glitter and glamour had begun to wear thin. On the one hand Tony wanted to explore new areas of life, most especially his love of painting, but on the other hand he felt trapped in his role of the movie star. "I was miserable, unhappy, frustrated," he recalls, "and that's when it all happened." What happened was Curtis turning to drinking and drugs.

During the difficult seventies, one thing Hollywood could not change in Tony Curtis was his New York City toughness, which helped him successfully fight an uphill battle against his addictions and disappointments. It also marked the start of a period in Tony's life that he has described as "coming out of the closet," making his movie career secondary to his deeper passion, painting. Where in

the past it was more of a hobby, in the eighties it became the focus of his life. Curtis acknowledges the help and encouragement he received from such artists as John Stussy, professor emeritus of art at U.C.L.A.; English painter Peter Blake; and Andy Warhol, who saw Tony's sketchbook and urged him to "keep painting, just keep painting." No longer hung up on the movie-star image, he began to develop other avenues of interest in addition to a successful full-time career as an artist. He began to write, completing two novels, *King Andrew Cody* & *Julie Sparrow* and the as yet to be published *Star Struck*. Another passion Curtis pursued was his love of sports, once owning five percent of the Phoenix Suns basketball team, which he sold in 1985.

A great deal of Tony's Hollywood experience has found its way into his art. He has been working on a series of lithographs dedicated to the "ladies of his life," which includes a stunning portrait of Marilyn Monroe, among others. He has taken the glamour that was once Hollywood and reflected it in his paintings and sculpture. Many critics have noted a spontaneity and a feeling of effortlessness in his work. Not only have art critics accepted Tony Curtis the artist, art lovers have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars adding his works to their collections. Last May at the Sands Hotel in Atlantic City, New Jersey, an exhibition of his works brought hundreds of art lovers from around the world to admire and purchase his paintings.

At 62, Tony Curtis the artist has departed from the Hollywood scene. Although he continues to selectively accept movie and television offers, his permanent home is in Hawaii, where he paints and sculptures. It is also where many of his works may be viewed, at the Center Art Galleries in Honolulu.

To gain an intimate glimpse into the life of Tony Curtis and his outspoken opinions of Hollywood, art, and his recollections of 40 years in the public spotlight, *Penthouse* asked Senior Editor Allan Sonnenschein to contact Curtis for a freewheeling interview. It started with a question about the actor's new career.

Penthouse: Are people buying your paintings because you are a Hollywood star?

Curtis: My name is Tony Curtis. That's a celebrity concept. But let me tell you, I'd give an autograph to anybody, but would somebody want to spend 40 grand for my autograph with 12½ ounces of paint above it and half a gram of lead from a sketch pencil? Obviously it provokes some emotion in people. I've sold over 80 paintings.

Penthouse: Are you surprised that people were willing to spend that amount of money for your work?

Curtis: I was at the beginning. I wasn't quite sure what to expect. It was an extraordinary experience when I started

about a year ago, when I began to expose my paintings to others than my friends. I used to take my paintings, hide them away, or give them to friends. There are a lot of girls all over the country who've got drawings of us when we were in bed making love, sketches of them in the nude.

Penthouse: I assume you mean after making love?

Curtis: No. I would sleep with a woman, and while we were in bed fondling and caressing each other, I'd have a pad and pencil under the bed and while one hand was embracing, the other was doing sketches of what I thought our bodies looked like on paper. I would do these quick-lightning sketches. [Laughing] I used to ejaculate prematurely, maybe

that's why I did it.

Penthouse: You started your career as a painter relatively late in life. Didn't your wives ever encourage you to paint?

Curtis: Without exception, not one of my ex-wives ever really encouraged me in painting. To them it was just a nice way to keep Tony quiet and docile and out of trouble for the afternoon. I never felt encouraged by these women, let alone any of my friends.

Penthouse: Many of your paintings are personal perceptions of the women in your life. One of them is Marilyn Monroe. What were your impressions of her?

Curtis: Marilyn was a very difficult woman. A very frustrating woman, unhappy. These are not criticisms, they're just my

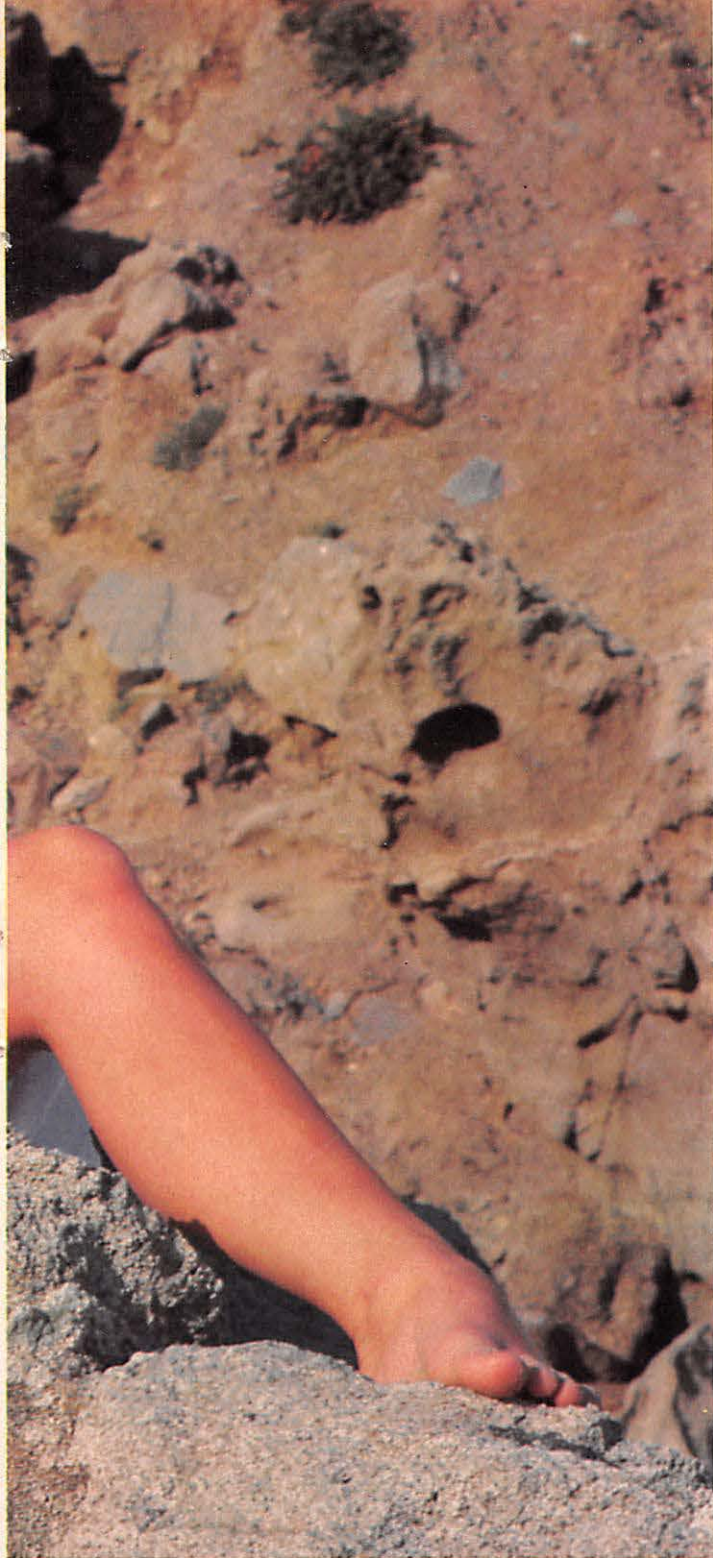


JANINE

“Ever since I was a little girl, I’ve been fascinated by the women in Penthouse. They are so beautiful and perfect.”



JANUARY



PERFECTLY NATURAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SCHOEN

"To be in *Penthouse* is an honor," says Janine Lindemulder. "It makes me feel very special. Posing was very natural and easy. It was wonderful to be nude in the outdoors with the sun and the wind. I don't think I'm a tease, but I like thinking about all the people admiring my naked body."



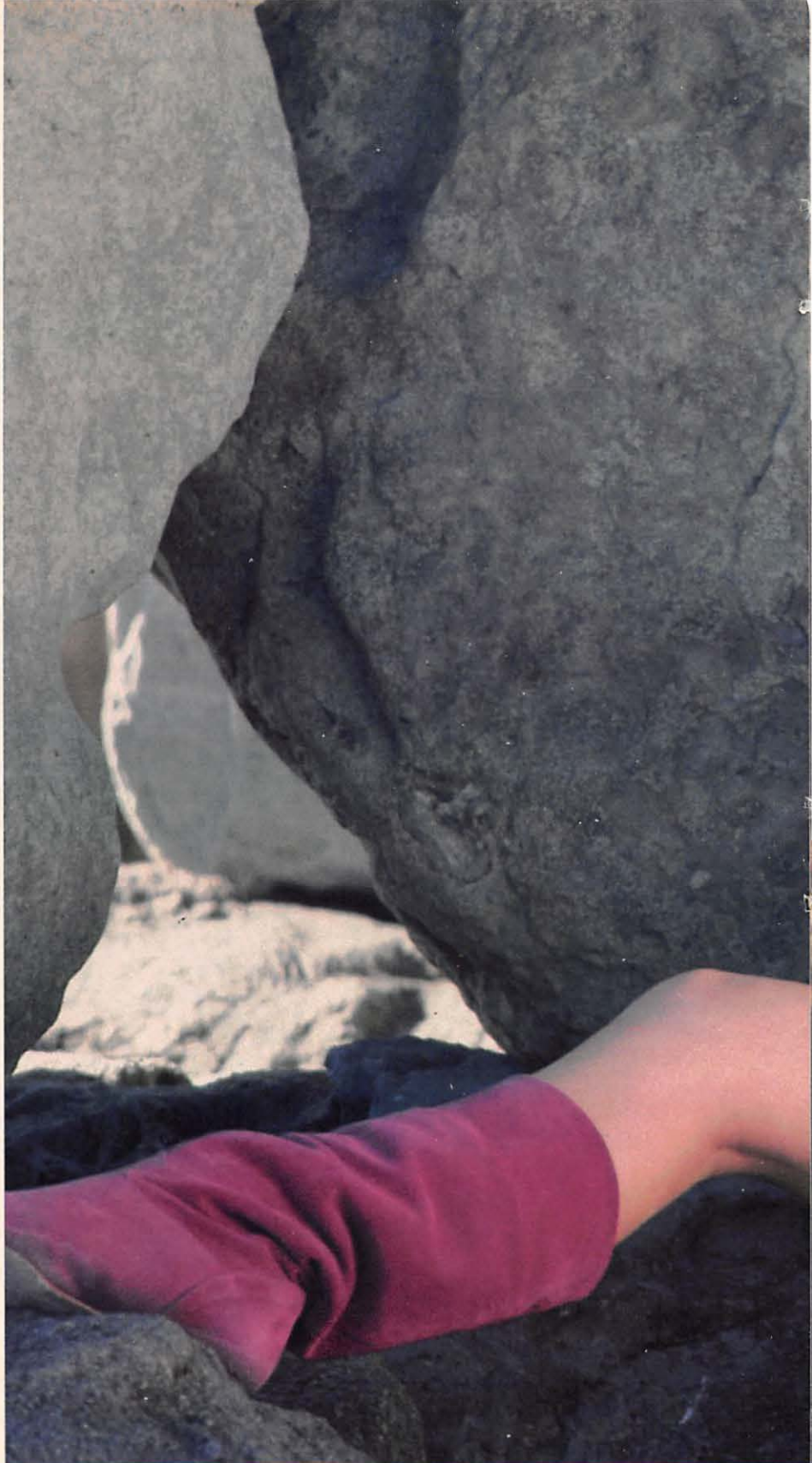


"Being sexy-looking is great,"
Janine says. Secure in her own beauty, she
would not change places with anyone.
There is only one drawback, she admits: "I
attract too many people.
Sometimes I could do without them."

Lovely, 34-22-34, 19-year-old Janine
says she hasn't had time for all the adventures
she wants, "but I'm working on it."
Janine likes her sex rugged, and can tell by the
first look if a man's the right one.







Janine thinks rock 'n' roll is the biggest turn-on of all. It's no wonder that her boyfriend is a singer in an L.A. band. "The first night we met we made love, and the feeling inside me was incredible."









Busy these days with her acting lessons, brown-eyed Janine wishes she had more free time to sunbathe. "I love my body and wish I could be nude more often." She sees herself as a sunny California type—"the look that says I'm not taking things too seriously."







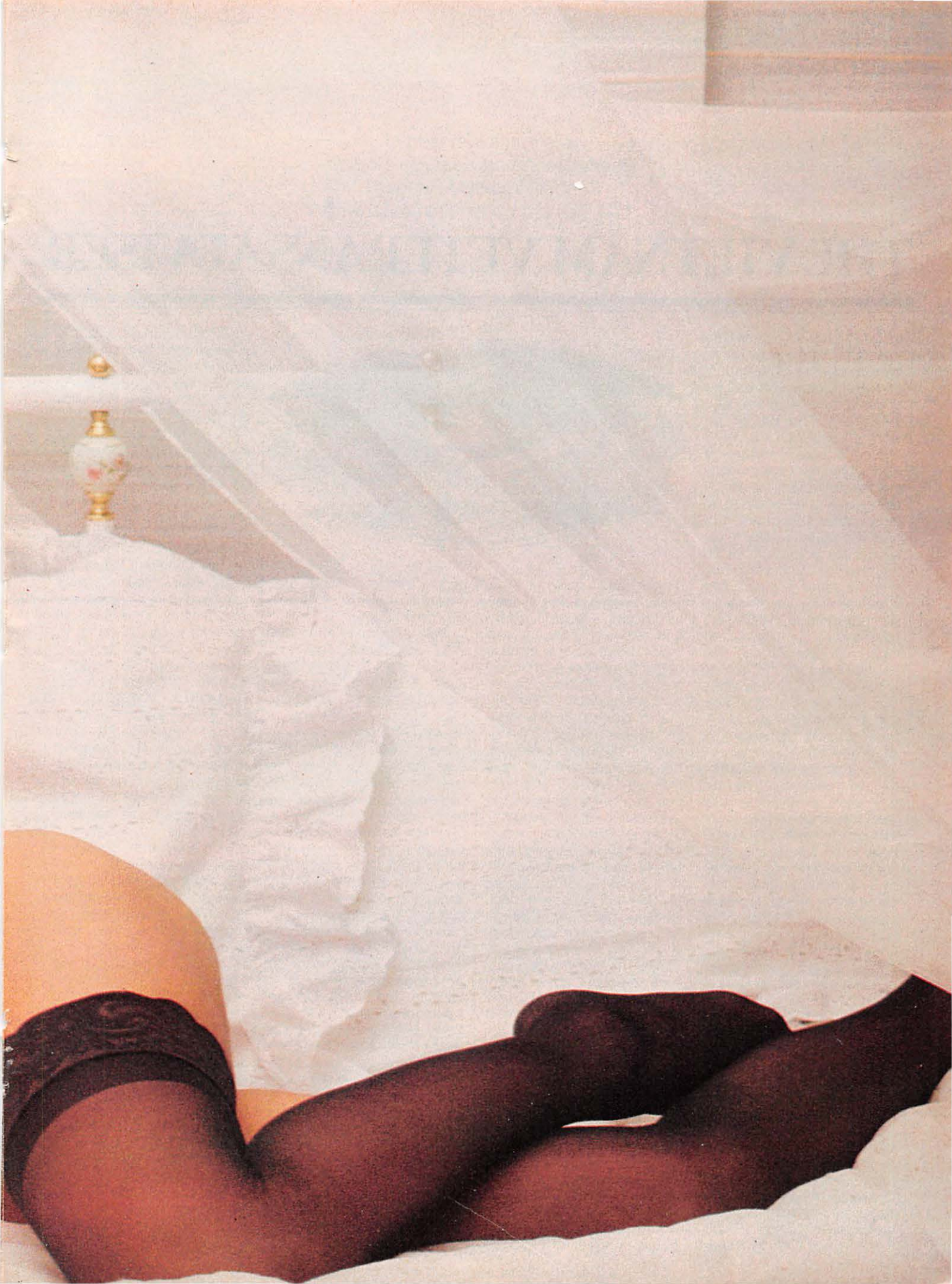
Janine's ideal man has long hair, a beautiful smile, and will play hard-to-get. In her future she sees travel, adventure, and eventually, a man with a sense of humor who will appreciate her easy-going nature. Settling down and raising a big family would make everything nearly perfect.





MISS JANINE LINDEMULDER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





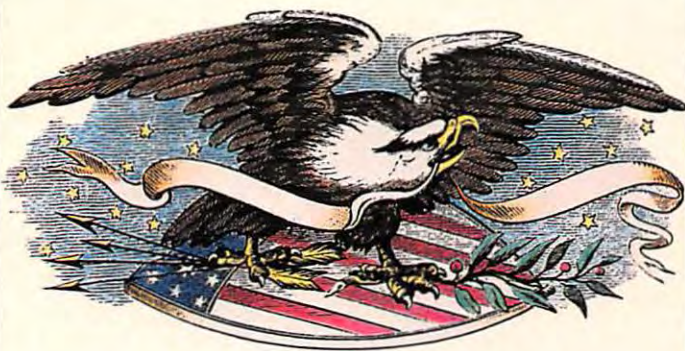
●Veterans exposed to Agent Orange have fared no better under President Reagan than they did under Jimmy Carter.●

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

In 1979 Congress ordered the Veterans Administration to carry out a study of the impact of Agent Orange on ground troops who served in Vietnam, in an effort to determine whether the illnesses suffered by veterans were caused by Agent Orange or were simply the normal illnesses that would occur in any large group of people over a long period of time. Because veterans' organizations protested that the V.A. couldn't be counted upon to carry out an accurate and impartial study, responsibility was assigned to the Centers for Disease Control. At the time, we supported this change because the degree of the V.A.'s politicization was such that it appeared unlikely that a scientifically sound approach would be sought, let alone adopted.

This opinion was based on the fact that although the then V.A. administrator, Max Cleland, was sincere in his desire to deal with the Agent Orange issue in an honest and forthright manner, he was thwarted by President Carter's advisers. That Agent Orange was an awkward political issue in the last gasps of the Carter administration or is now at a similar time in the Reagan administration seems to us to be beside the point; the fact is that, after their return home from Vietnam, many veterans have suffered a wide range of illnesses, including cancer, birth defects in their offspring, and other serious ailments well beyond the incidence of these infirmities among their non-Vietnam veteran service peers.

Unfortunately, this fact has been overlooked in the chicken-and-egg-like controversy among scientists over the cause and effect of exposure to Agent Orange. Honest



differences of opinion on scientific questions that by their nature lack adequate theory and relevant data are one thing—however, the political haggling that has surrounded the Agent Orange controversy is much different. It has produced bureaucratically justified delays in treating the illnesses mentioned above, because to do so might imply that they are "service-connected," or somehow due to exposure to Agent Orange.

The psychological impact on Vietnam veterans and their families due to the unknown, or assumed unknown, cause of their infirmities has been devastating. Agent Orange has been a major factor in inducing this sense of fear and dread. The fact that the South Vietnamese government asked the United States to stop Agent Orange defoliation in 1970-71, after its effects on citizens who were inadvertently "sprayed" became known, is further evidence for veterans' suspicions. In addition, studies of the high rate of Hodgkin's lymphomas in agricultural and forestry workers who used herbicides similar to Agent Orange raise doubts about the C.D.C.'s validation study—which concluded that it is not possible to get a sufficient number of exposed

people through military records to do a meaningful study of ground troops.

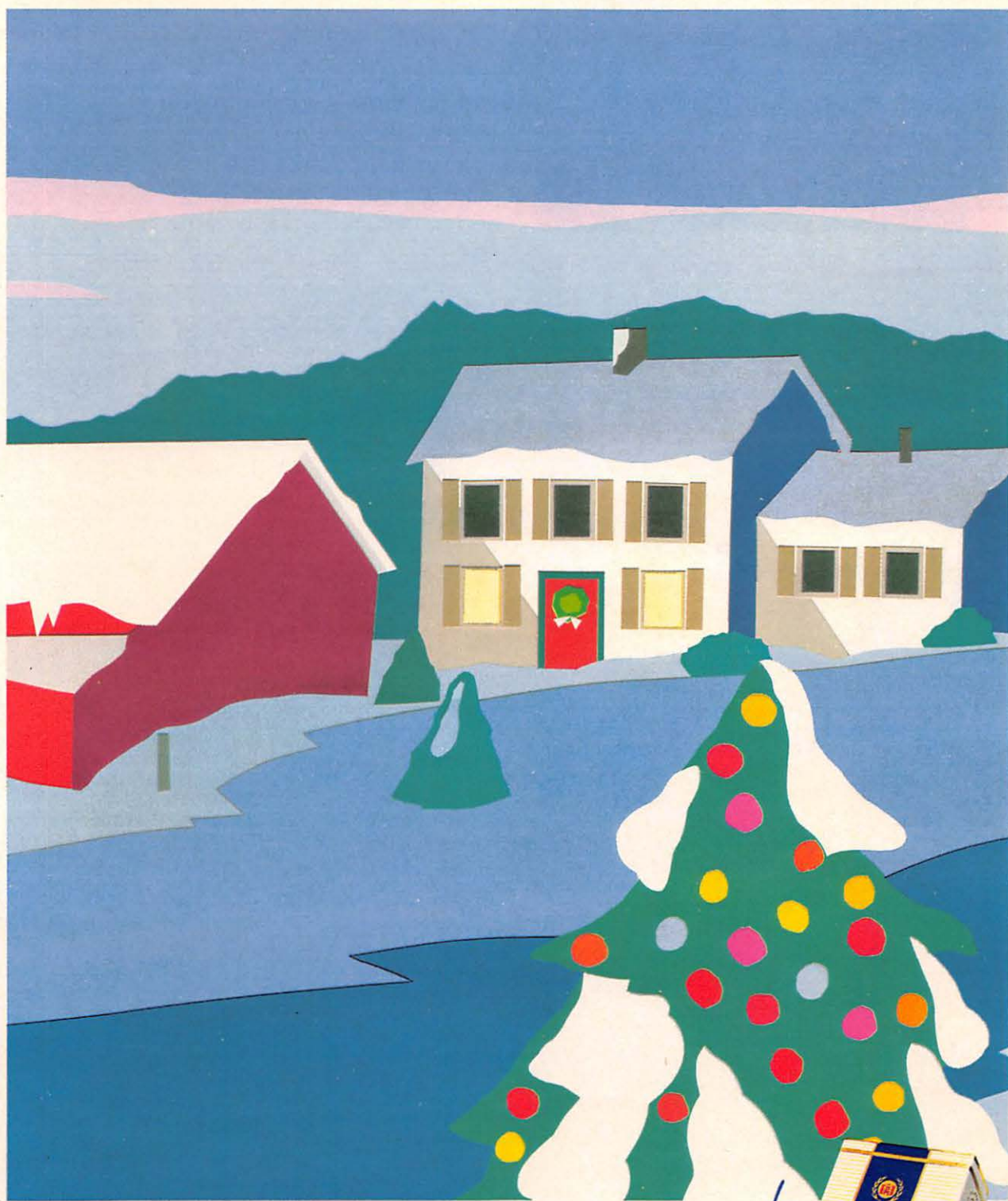
The anomalies in the C.D.C.'s study and others have been airily dismissed by Lawrence B. Hobson, director of the V.A.'s Agent Orange Office, with his statement: "I wouldn't say it's terribly worrisome. If I were a Vietnam veteran, I don't think I'd be the least bit disturbed about it." Perhaps Mr. Hobson's opinion might be different if he were a Vietnam veteran. Notwithstanding that circumstance, there are veterans who are disturbed about Agent Orange, and they are not reassured by such statements.

In connection with the congressional mandate to study the effects of Agent Orange on American ground troops in Vietnam, the Agent Orange Advisory Panel of the Congressional Office of Technology Assessment has been monitoring the C.D.C. study on behalf of Congress. As might be expected, the panel is not unanimous in its evaluation of the study. Much of this derives from the difficulty in classifying the exposure of ground troops to Agent Orange. How much is too much exposure to Agent Orange is more than an academic question because, as acknowledged by the sci-

entific community, dioxin, a chemical contaminant in Agent Orange, has been found to be highly toxic to some animal species and is known to cause skin disorders in humans. Many experts suspect that dioxin may cause other diseases, yet the risks for differing exposure levels have not been rigorously determined. This is the essential dilemma posed by the exposure of American ground troops in Vietnam to Agent Orange.

The C.D.C. seems, in our opinion, unwilling or unable to resolve the dilemma. It has offered, for example, the rather lame excuse that it cannot proceed with the congressionally mandated study because it is unable to find enough soldiers who were exposed to "significant" levels of Agent Orange. This is a monumental cop-out. It says, in effect, that if veterans' organizations and private or public service groups, as opposed to U.S. government agencies and organizations, locate veterans who were exposed by one means or another to Agent Orange while in Vietnam, the C.D.C. could reject them as subjects because their exposure was not "significant."

The numbers game being played by the C.D.C. is not appropriate. Various members of the panel stated that a *limited* number of troops, perhaps 20,000 to 60,000 from among the 2.9 million who served in Vietnam, might have received significant exposure to Agent Orange. Contrary to the C.D.C.'s assertion, practical means do exist to find those with higher exposure. What is lacking is the will and the guts to demand that the Reagan administration provide funds to carry out the task.—William R. CorsonO+



The experience you seek

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





“I fought three wars for the privilege of reading any damned thing I want to. A thought-control officer is the last thing we need at this stage of the game.”

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY LT. COL. LEO A. HATTEN, U.S.A.R., RET.

The author served 21 years in the United States Army as a combat soldier during World War II, the Korean War, and the Vietnam War. He received the Purple Heart and the Army Commendation Medal. He currently serves on the administrative staff at a New Mexico state university.

SOLDIERS AND CENSORSHIP

Will the hundreds of thousands of military retirees around the world, and the three million-plus active-duty military personnel who are resoundingly in favor of strict military censorship of reading material available in the exchanges, stand up and cheer? Yeah, like hell there is a heavy favorable vote for it! Most thinking, everyday kinds of individuals want to live and let live. Whatever turns you on, they say. You read yours, and I'll read mine.

But military censorship in the exchanges is heading down the pike, and it is going to become a fait accompli by design or by default as sure as the Ayatollah is Iranian. That is, unless good people stand up and let it be known that enough is enough of this Far Right "dictatorship" and demand that some common sense return to our fair land.

How do we know there is even a move afoot concerning such tomfoolery? Because certain military-service-oriented newspapers have printed articles in the past few months about a suspect military regulation the Pentagon is proposing to issue, limiting the distribution and sale of "pornographic" magazines in the military-base exchanges around the world. Early in June, according to Rick Maze, staff writer for *Army Times*, David J. Armor, the deputy assistant secretary of defense for force management and personnel, and his staff were drafting a regulation specifically with a view toward prohibiting the sale of *Penthouse* and *Playboy* in military exchanges. Armor was out of the country at that time and could not be reached for comment. Based on the reported undertones of his staff, who requested not to be quoted, they do not appear to wholeheartedly support the efforts of the honorable Mr. Armor.

Initial reports by staffers, according to *Army Times*, stated that Armor did not take unkindly to his task of ridding the exchanges of the above-referenced magazines, because of his successes with the same kind of activities while serving on school boards in Southern California.

When Armor was interviewed by staff writer Maze a few weeks later, Armor branded as "crazy" the idea that he was trying to rid the service exchanges of *Penthouse* and *Playboy*, and he also denied that he was personally interested in the project because of his past school-board experience.

Reportedly the original intent of the Defense Department was to issue a regulation banning outright the sale of any kind of sexually explicit or sexually oriented material. The new course the Pentagon seems to be taking, under Armor's guidance, is to write a directive giving installation commanders the responsibility of deciding which sexually oriented magazines may be sold at their posts, camps, or stations. The change in direction could have come about because of resistance by the staff preparing the draft directive, but more probably because of the threat of almost certain court action by organizations watchful of civil liberties, and possibly by legal counsel for the magazines named.

Why this issue should have come up at all is testimony to the incredible influence a small group can exert on public officials. In the opinion of this writer and others interviewed, the vast majority of people couldn't care less whether these kinds of magazines are sold in exchanges or at the local 7-Eleven store. However, "good" people ordinarily will not stand up and oppose such nonsense, for fear someone might say, "Oh, you're for pornography, are you?" To which the quick, resounding answer should be, "Hell, no. I'm against a small group of people telling me what I can read and think!"

Members of the military do not need "protection" from exposure to a picture in the centerfold of *Penthouse* or *Playboy*, particularly when no one is forcing them to look at any such material. For any narrow-minded bigot to state, presumably authoritatively, that the existence and display of these magazines is going to lead a flock of the faithful into perdition is as asinine as saying that the liberal display of Bibles and other religious material, much lower on the shelves and completely uncovered, is going to start a new Billy Graham-type evangelical movement.

The issue is not whether *Penthouse* and *Playboy* are "pornographic," and thus presumably subvert the "clean" minds of young men; it is whether some government agency, pushed along by a bunch of wild-eyed zealots, should impose a standard of reading on several hundred thousand military retirees, and on the younger generation of active-duty people, by taking the magazines out of the exchanges. As one syndicated columnist recently wrote, "I do not want a government that takes two weeks to deliver my mail telling me what I should read."

Another misconception by some of the Far Right is that if they can just get "sin" out of sight, it won't exist. "Keep the magazine racks clean, and teach the kids and young adults to abstain from sex," they say. The result of this theory is best summed up by a recent letter to the editor of a newspaper in a large northwest Texas town. "Yes, teach the youth to abstain from sex, and it is like teaching them to abstain from food. They will until they get hungry."

In the opinion of Pentagon public-affairs officials, according to the June 22 issue of *Army Times*, the proposed Armor directive—i.e., that local community standards should prevail—will create havoc in the military establishment. But they also know that pulling the rug out from under local commanders would open a Pandora's box of letter-writing campaigns and renew the pressure from Far Right groups who have to appear to be against something to prove how religious they are. According to a recent telephone conversation I had with Rick Maze of *Army Times*, the new Pentagon directive will accomplish the desired censorship without overtly directing it. The sexually oriented magazines will disappear from the exchange racks because most local commanders are not going to take the trouble to stand up to


the public pressure. It is easier just to remove them.

There has never been a study released, that I have ever seen or heard about, that proves any direct link between sexually explicit magazines and the social problems that plague us today. The military establishment is nothing but an extension of a civil society. There are innumerable problems faced by young military couples, with marriages ending in divorce and separation. The obvious causes of such problems may be immaturity and selfishness on the part of either or both in the partnership; money problems due to many service-ordered moves and changes of station; compulsive gambling; excessive consumption of alcohol or drugs; long absences because of temporary-duty assignments; and more. To ask a member of one of these troubled couples during counseling if he or she thought the trouble stemmed from their spouse's reading *Penthouse* would most assuredly get the counselor horselaughed out of the room.


So an 18-year-old man—old enough to be sworn into the military service and taught to throw hand grenades, spew poison gases, fire automatic weapons, and load atomic weapons—goes to the PX and looks at a nude picture. So what? He sees that some women have T's and A's, and he probably has a fairly good idea that all of them do. Except some more so than others.

Why pick on the military? we can ask the zealots. They will give as an answer some righteous-sounding gobbledygook. In reality, it is only because the military is there. It is big and vulnerable, and very much subject to civil and social pressures. For the Far Right to be able to say "We cleaned up the military exchanges" would be a good platform for cleaning up the libraries in the universities, taking the models out of commercial-art classes, and so on, ad nauseam. It could start a fury of book burning and picture burning that might lead to the revival of dunking boards, stocks, and other visible attempts to legislate morality.

All good people far and wide had better, as one good columnist says, "wake up and smell the coffee." There should be recognition of this dreaded cloud of darkness and oppression enveloping the land. Good folks do not have to be for pornography and deviant sexual behavior to fight censorship. They need only follow the recent example set by one Christian college official who, when confronted by reformers wishing to remove magazines from the school bookstore, said, "No, I'm not going to remove them. I do not care to read them, but that's my decision. I sure don't want you people telling me I can't."

And as for me, I fought three wars for the privilege of reading any damned thing I want to. A thought-control officer is the last thing I or anyone else needs at this stage of the game. *Penthouse* isn't going to drag us out of bed at midnight to burn us at the stake, but the zealots sure will if they get the upper hand. 



A man and a woman are standing in a shallow, swampy area with tall reeds and trees in the background. The man is wearing a white shirt and a grey jacket, and the woman is wearing a white dress. They are both looking towards the camera. The scene is lit with warm, golden light, suggesting sunset or sunrise. The water in the foreground is still, reflecting the couple and the surrounding vegetation.

LINDA AND JONATHAN

◉There's something
about making love in nature
that brings out the
primitive feelings in me.◉



Makeup and hair by Tammy Grenaldo

Linda and Jonathan went for an outdoor hike. Jonathan left behind his three-piece banker's suit to daydream of being a mountain man.

The couple left the main trail.
Heated by the climb, they rested.
Soon their excited cries
were being carried by a breeze
blowing deep in the forest.







A deserted cabin
becomes a make-believe
home. Two weekend
pioneers, Linda and Jonathan
are grateful for its
weathered protection.





Unhurried, the two see each other
anew in the clear mountain air. Responding to
Jonathan's sensitive touch,
Linda feels close to a more natural world.



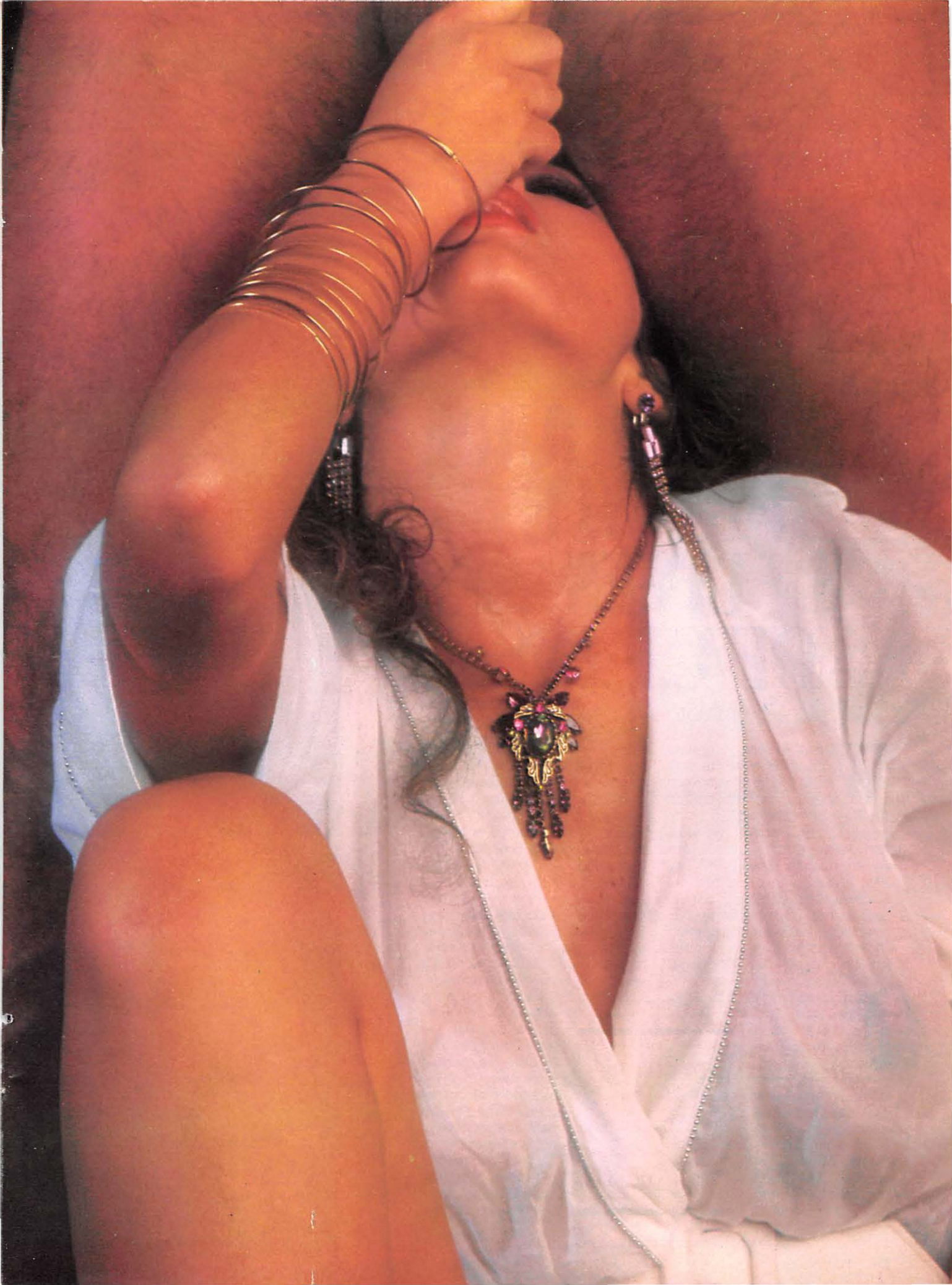




A day of exploring leads to further exploration. "Making love in nature brings out the primitive feelings in me," says Linda. The city life seems far away.



Jonathan's
fantasy
of being a
New World
Tarzan
has come
true. He has
found the
perfect mate
for all
his games.
O+



ARTICLE

AFTER HOURS: PRIVATE LIVES OF C.E.O.'S

BY JOE MANCUSO

When F. Scott Fitzgerald observed that "the very rich are different from you and me," he little realized that he was setting himself up on the short end of one of the twentieth century's more famous literary exchanges. Ernest Hemingway, a man who preferred the company of fishermen and bartenders to that of contessas and industrialists, regarded Fitzgerald's comment as fey and abject fawning, and responded witheringly, "Yes, they have more money."

So who was right—Fitzgerald, who believed that megabucks and social standing brought a special mystique and grace, or Hemingway, who insisted that we're all born naked, and we all muddle through as best we can?

The debate, of course, has never yet been laid to rest and presumably never will

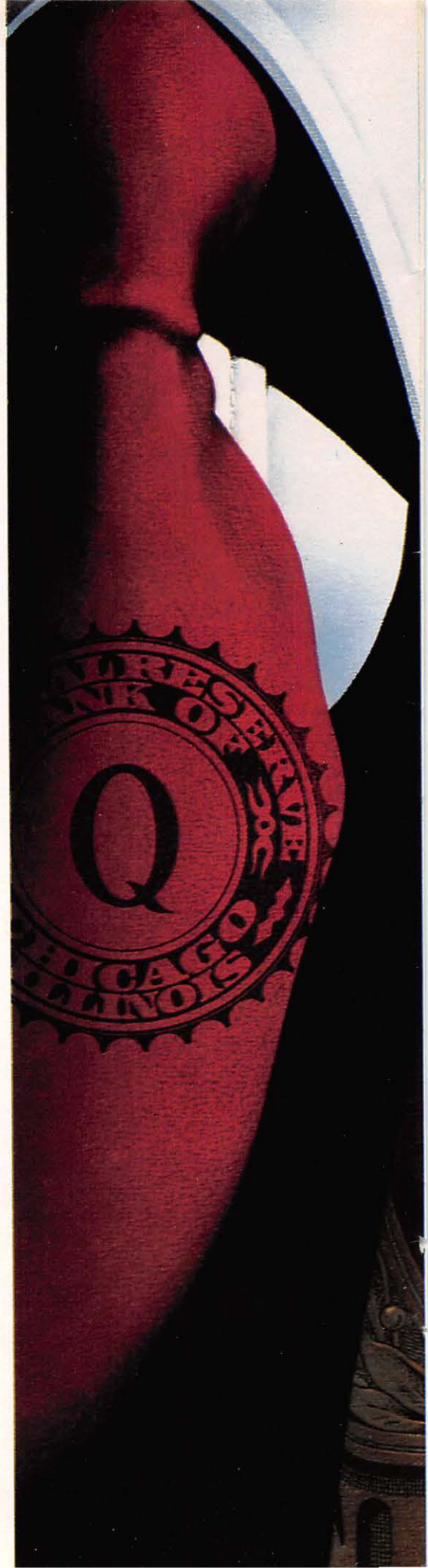
be. But in recent years, the general fascination with money and power has focused on that peculiarly American subset of the wealthy: successful entrepreneurs.

The men and women who have been starting up America's new businesses—one of the few bright sectors in a generally dreary economic picture—have been bathed in media awe as of late. They have been hailed as heroes and saviors, as possessors of deep and mysterious vision and drive. No less a figure than Ronald Reagan has informed us that we are living in the "age of the entrepreneur."

Management maven Peter Drucker has turned his august gaze away from the channels of corporate power, toward individual initiative, in his latest book *Innovation and Entrepreneurship*. And the cheerleaders of the business press have

**Shattering
myths
of America's
corporate
high rollers.**

PAINTING BY KUNIO HAGIO





RESERVE NOTE

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WASHINGTON

ONE DOLLAR

been presenting entrepreneurs as the rock stars of the real world: charismatic, defiant of the norm, slightly and appealingly dangerous, and redolent of the sexiness of risk and power.

But are successful entrepreneurs really different from you and me—in their private lives, that is? Does their fabled energy carry over from the boardroom into the bedroom? Does their much-vaunted ability to find new solutions to old problems translate into solving the ancient dilemma of being a libidinous individual in a world where not quite anything goes? And does their flouting of business norms have an analogue in the flouting of societal norms on such matters as business ethics, marital fidelity, and the use of recreational drugs?

Until now, it has been impossible to answer those questions with any sort of confidence, for the simple reason that those questions have never been systematically asked. To be sure, entrepreneurs have been placed under the microscopes of academics and pollsters many times. But those studies—some of which I did myself, starting way back in the sixties—tended to focus on such matters as whether entrepreneurs have M.B.A.'s (most don't) and where they fall in their family's birth order (there is a preponderance of firstborns, who seem to

develop the greatest independence and the greatest need to make their mark). No one ventured into the delicate question of what entrepreneurs do once their ten- or 12- or 16-hour workday has ended.

Well, those questions have now been asked (we believe for the first time ever) in a survey jointly sponsored by *Penthouse* and the Center for Entrepreneurial Management, Inc., the world's largest nonprofit association of entrepreneurs. C.E.M. membership boasts more than 3,000 self-described entrepreneurs nationwide, the great majority of whom are currently running businesses started by themselves. The entire membership was sent a detailed questionnaire probing their feelings and practices regarding sex, drugs, religion, and power. This questionnaire, answered anonymously, formed the statistical backbone of our study.

But we're not talking economics here; we're talking life. And when it comes to life, the bare skeleton of statistics doesn't quite satisfy. So we followed up the written questionnaire with personal interviews, both over the phone and face-to-face, and tried to get at the guts of what entrepreneurs feel and do in their off-hours.

Whether you believe that the rich and successful are different, or whether you believe we're all just folks trying to make

it through the night, I believe that what we discovered will intrigue you.

Let's start with what might be thought of as the media-inspired romantic stereotype of the Entrepreneur Who Never Really Was.

First of all, this mythical creature is male; that much is supported by historical fact. At C.E.M., 85 percent of the members are men; significantly, however, 40 percent of the new members are women, so the gap is unquestionably closing.

But for now, our mythical entrepreneur is a guy. And what a guy! He works a 16-hour day, makes oodles of money, but still has time to be an A-ladder racquetball player, to give inspiring speeches to Rotary clubs, and to keep a string of mistresses. To maintain this highly revved lifestyle, he has a stash of cocaine in the console of his limo to lift him out of the energy troughs—though of course he's far too strong-willed and self-preserving to become dependent on the drug. He'll share some with an investment banker or a venture capitalist now and then, but other than that he'll leave it alone, except when trying to make a three-day vacation seem like a week. To wind down from the frazzles of the day and night, he puffs an oversized roll of Thai stick, which

FREQUENCY WITH WHICH ENTREPRENEURS ENGAGE IN THE FOLLOWING:

	SEX WITH SPOUSE	SEX WITH PARTNER OTHER THAN SPOUSE	MASTURBATION
NEVER	5%	65%	25%
SELDOM	10%	15%	50%
ONCE A WEEK	25%	5%	10%
TWICE A WEEK	25%	5%	10%
THREE TIMES A WEEK	25%	5%	3%
DAILY	8%	5%	2%
MORE THAN ONCE A DAY	2%	0%	0%

DO ENTREPRENEURS USE ANY OF THE FOLLOWING TO ENHANCE SEXUAL PLEASURE?

	YES	NO
MAGAZINES	37%	63%
VIDEOTAPES	37%	63%
PHONE SERVICES	5%	95%
MOVIES	20%	80%
EROTIC TOYS	20%	80%

doesn't affect him as it does mere mortals, but merely mellows him out while leaving his razor-sharp mind as keen as ever. And speaking of remaining keen, he has a libido remarkably undaunted by fatigue or business pressures.

In matters of beliefs and values, he is a person of passions and extremes. If he is religious, chances are he's ferociously religious, enamored of the idea that Providence has sketched out a glorious destiny just for him. If he is irreligious, chances are he takes that to the limit, too, imagining that he has made some Faustian pact with the devil: success and excitement now, in exchange for a future damnation too remote to worry about much. Insofar as there is *present* suffering to be dealt with, chances are it has to do with neglected wives, resentful kids, alimony payments—the fallout of a self-centered life in which work must always come first. The motto of the specimen entrepreneur might well be "He travels fastest who travels alone."

Anyway, that's the romantic stereotype. It makes a nice story, a good TV show, a mythology that keeps people psyched to go for it. But in fact, as our findings show, it could hardly be further from the truth.

First of all, the loner image notwithstanding, entrepreneurs tend to be the marrying kind. Seventy-five percent of our respondents are currently married, and 70 percent have married only once. Entrepreneurs *do* get tired, after all, and the fully loaded bachelor pad can be a lonely place when you've barely got the energy left to pop a gourmet frozen entree into the microwave and turn on the \$5,000 stereo. As a breed, entrepreneurs tend to have a strong need of someone to come home to.

That need would seem to be proportionate to the time and effort that entrepreneurs put into their businesses, and the sometimes draconian pressures under which they work. Half of our respondents told us that their typical workweek was at least 50 hours long; a quarter claimed it was over 60. And those long labors tend to be for high stakes: Three-quarters of the people in our survey are the founders of their businesses, and a whopping 83 percent are in charge of the day-to-day operation of their enterprises. Forty-five percent of our respondents head businesses doing over \$1 million in annual sales, and ten percent head companies doing over \$10 million.

That means there's more than just money on the line—there's ego. Lots of ego. And one of the things that entrepreneurs tend to look for in marriage is applause. "I need an audience," admitted one of our more candid respondents. "And there's no audience quite so good as a wife. She already knows the last installment of the saga. You can trust that she'll be around for the *next* installment. Telling the adventures of the day is part of what makes them real."



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If the above is not the most romantic definition of marriage you've ever heard, it must be said that entrepreneurs generally don't seem to regard marriage as primarily romantic. These are pragmatic people, problem solvers, and many of them regard matrimony as one more problem to be solved. Consider the case of the M.I.T. graduate, an electrical engineer and a real slide-rule-in-the-belt-loop type, who cofounded a high-tech company straight out of school. Basically, he did nothing but work all through his twenties. Then one day he found himself with \$15 million and an enterprise that no longer required his constant attention. He decided it was the appropriate time to marry, and set off looking for Ms. Right. But entrepreneurs tend to value speed and efficiency, and sometimes they confuse Ms. Right with Ms. Right Away. In any case, this fellow signed on for a monthlong bicycle trip, with the express intention of finding a wife. And find one he did, for better or worse.

This nuts-and-bolts approach to marriage, it should be said, is not the sole domain of male entrepreneurs. Witness the case of the Texas woman, a former nun, who established a business that employed a hundred people, and then at age 40 decided to wed. She put an article—not a personal ad, mind you, an *article*—to the effect in a local newspaper. She developed a list of qualifications for a husband, and turned down dates with men who missed items on the checklist. Eventually she found a mate, and made him a vice president in her firm!

Romantic or otherwise, however, the evidence strongly indicates that entrepreneurs tend to be faithful to their spouses. Seventy percent of our respondents claimed that they had had no affairs during the past three years. Fifty percent claimed that even if they had the golden out-of-town opportunity for a no-strings encounter, they would pass it up; only 15 percent said they would take it, with the other 35 percent admitting they weren't quite sure what they'd do.

Further, it would seem that the entrepreneur's reputation as a risk taker doesn't apply to the sexual arena. One respondent told us flatly there was no such thing as a no-strings encounter, and several commented that their disinclination to extramarital sex had less to do with scruples than with fear of disease. Fear of on-the-job complications also seems to rein in the entrepreneurial libido; this is a group that takes seriously the maxim "Don't shit where you eat." Only 16 percent acknowledged ever having had an affair with an employee; only ten percent had ever been in the sack with a supplier, customer, or shareholder. (This is in contrast to large corporations, where management is *constantly* screwing the stockholders!)

So then, if the entrepreneur is largely abstinent with regard to women not his wife, you might expect that his outsized

energy would make him a tiger in the conjugal bed. But "tiger" would probably be stretching the point. Only eight percent of our respondents said they have sex daily, with an endocrinally impressive two percent claiming they do it more than once a day. One-quarter of our entrepreneurs enjoy biological union three times a week; one-quarter do it twice; 40 percent seem to get by with one whoopee session a week or less. A playful 20 percent say they use erotic toys to enhance their pleasure; 37 percent get extra arousal from magazines or videotapes. (A fairly good portion of our respondents feel that the use of such media should be left up to the individual, with 32 percent labeling government regulation of books, magazines, and movies in this country as excessive.) Twenty-five percent acknowledge that they masturbate at least once a week; another 50 percent claim they seldom take matters in hand.

All in all, then, it seems that while en-

Don't imagine that
successful entrepreneurs
get more sex than the
rest of us. Envy them, if at
all, because they
seem to need it less.

trepreneurs are sexually active in an average kind of way, the stereotype of boundless erotic drive is seriously out of touch with reality. The same would seem to be true of other aspects of our Fitzgeraldian myths about entrepreneurs. For example, those who are convinced that the rungs on the corporate ladder are faithfully passed on among the tightly knit fraternal members of the Ivy League should take note that our survey presented contrary findings. Ninety-nine percent gave a firm no to the question of whether an Ivy League diploma constituted an important hiring qualification. Rather, characteristics such as good grooming, a strong handshake, and intelligent questions were effective in impressing our respondents.

Further evidence that the stodgy old-boy network is gradually breaking down is reflected in the fact that 51 percent of our entrepreneurs expressed no preference in terms of gender when hiring for top-level executive positions. Seventy-five percent of the respondents actually criticized the new generation of business-school graduates as overly interested in making a buck. Despite the Ivan


Boeskys of the world, our C.E.O.'s hold ethical considerations in high regard. Sixty percent claim that they would place ethical concerns above making money.

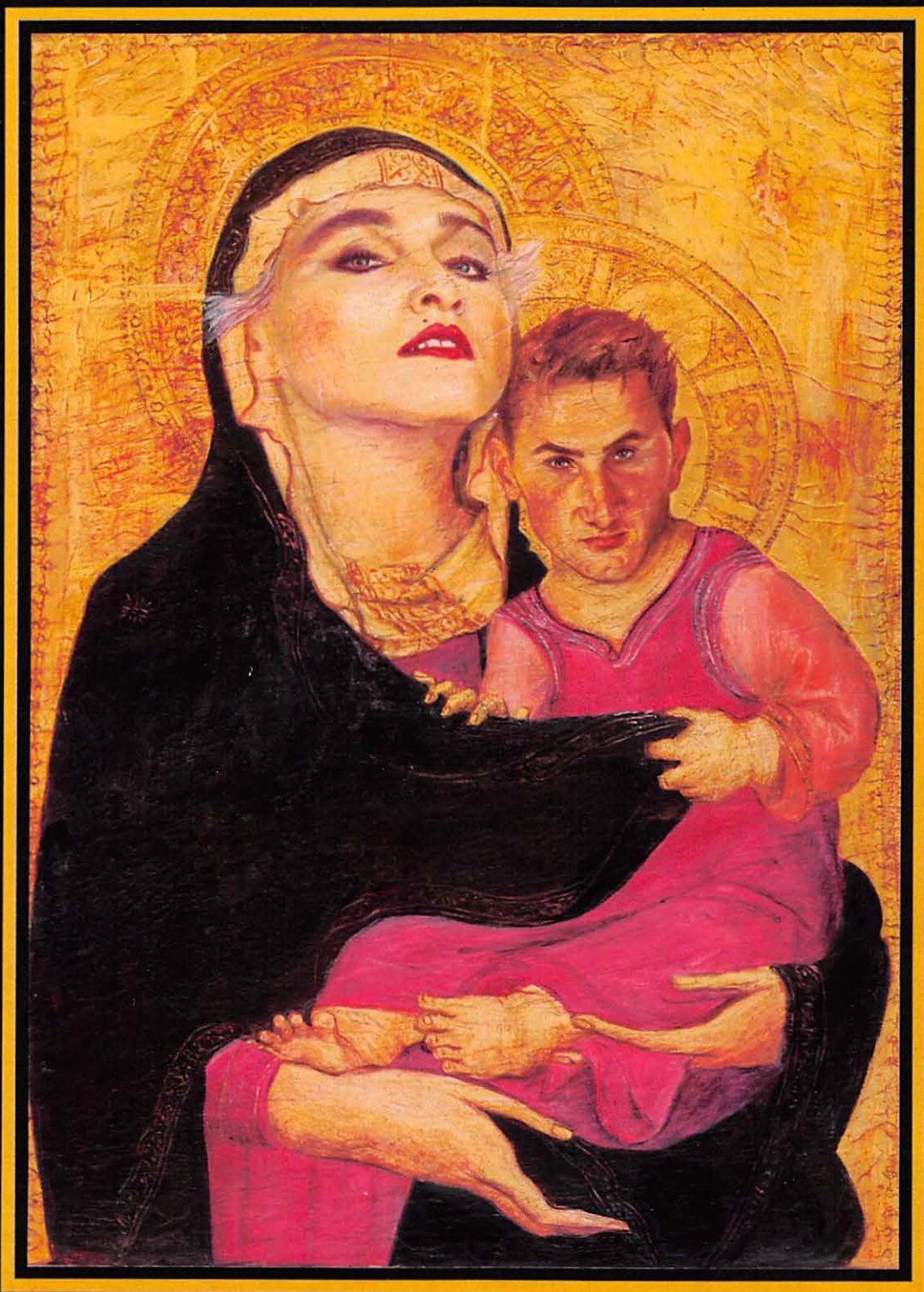
There is also a tendency to believe, for example, that if a person has had one good idea for starting up a business, he must be a veritable fount of ideas, a Renaissance man with far-ranging visions and a steel-trap mind. It seems, however, that entrepreneurs tend to be very specific and even unitary in their interests: There simply aren't enough hours in the day to be well-rounded. Although it is commonly held that a fit body is the reflection of a fit mind, again it would seem that our entrepreneur has little time or inclination to devote to the pursuit of physical fitness: Sixty-seven percent never jog, 78 percent never play golf, and over 80 percent confessed that they never touch a tennis, racquetball, or squash racket. Forty percent of our respondents said they don't even have a hobby. When they have time to read, 28 percent favor business success stories and another 25 percent go for self-help books: In other words, they lean toward things that will confirm or aid them in what they're already doing, not take them down broader avenues of thought.

This tendency to zero in on the nuts and bolts of the here and now also makes entrepreneurs an abstemious group when it comes to drugs. Notwithstanding the patter about "bimbos, limos, and lines," 95 percent of our respondents said they do not take cocaine; 90 percent said they never smoke marijuana.

We therefore have a paradox on our hands, so far as the private lives of entrepreneurs are concerned. On one side, we have the popular mythology telling us that successful entrepreneurs have days full of challenges met and nights replete with power triumphantly exercised; on the other side, we've got the entrepreneurs' own testimony indicating that they're a rather staid and sober crew. Is there a way to reconcile this paradox?

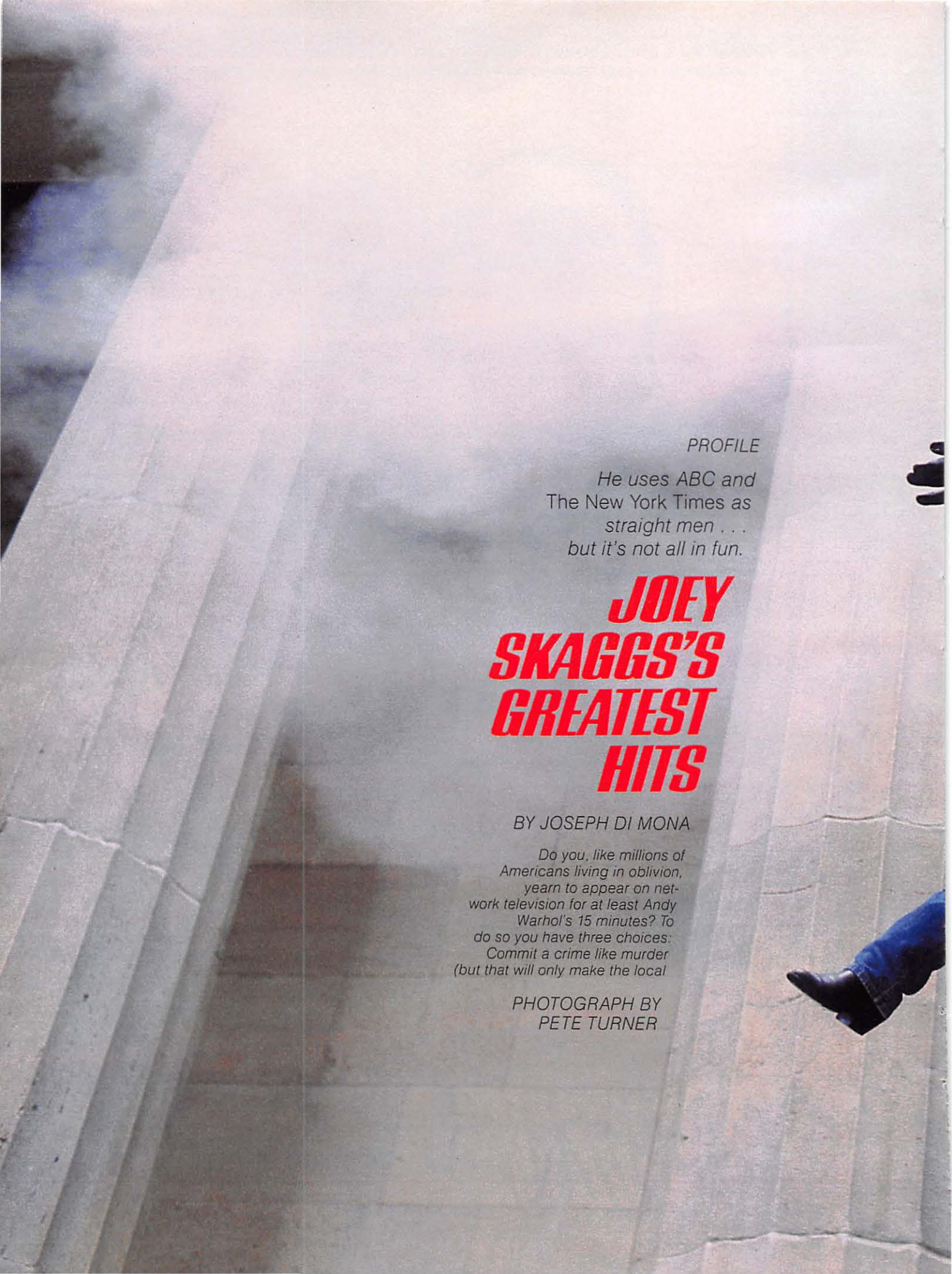
I believe there is. Entrepreneurs *do* live lives of enhanced excitement and gratification, but the excitement is not where most of us would think to look. We tend to regard as *means* what the typical entrepreneur thinks of as the end in itself; in other words, the entrepreneur gets off not on what success in business can buy, but on success in business itself. As Arthur Lipper, publisher of *Venture* magazine, once said, "These guys all have mistresses, but the mistress is the business." Power is the drug, money is the aphrodisiac, and growth of the enterprise is the passion.

So if you're going to envy the successful entrepreneur, don't do it imagining that he gets more sex, glitz, and romance than the rest of us; envy him, if at all, because he seems to have less need of those things. He is a man for whom the adventures of the workplace is adventure enough. 



HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 55

That first Christmas, when they journeyed star-searching,
The Three Wise Men didn't need much urging,
But imagine the brawl
If Sean Penn decked them all
For saying his wife was like a virgin!



PROFILE

*He uses ABC and
The New York Times as
straight men . . .
but it's not all in fun.*

JOEY SKAGGS'S GREATEST HITS

BY JOSEPH DI MONA

*Do you, like millions of
Americans living in oblivion,
yearn to appear on net-
work television for at least Andy
Warhol's 15 minutes? To
do so you have three choices:
Commit a crime like murder
(but that will only make the local*

PHOTOGRAPH BY
PETE TURNER



six o'clock news); costume yourself like an idiot and appear on a game show (but that will only be seen by housewives); or option three, emulate Joey Skaggs and produce a series of five-star media hoaxes with actors, props, and stagecraft that will be seen by all Americans on network television and savored in print across the nation as well.

Of course it will help if, like Skaggs, you have a sense of humor. Consider some of the hoaxes that have made him the *bête noire* of both unsuspecting television-news producers and print editors who, believe it or not, reported these stories as straight news: the "Cathouse for Dogs" (a brothel for your pet); the "Fat Squad" (musclemen you hire to stand guard over your refrigerator and tackle you if you approach it); the "Rock Star-Celebrity Sperm Auction" (self-explanatory); the "Sidewalk Commandos" (etiquette teachers for rude pedestrians); the "Bad Guys Talent Agency" (a theatrical agency representing only mean and ugly actors). And there were many, many more media events during a lifetime odyssey that began in the sixties with creative protests against the Vietnam War and continues today as Skaggs plans his newest caper, centering around, of all things, a giant clam.

Who is this man, and why has he devoted so many years to the simple goal of driving the media crazy? Is he on some sort of high-level mission? Or is he simply an exhibitionist, like the chap who dropped out of the sky (option four) on a hang glider into the middle of the World Series? It's a question that brings color to Skaggs's face, and a fist pounding the table. "That's not what I'm about at all. I'm not a party crasher or an exhibitionist either. I produce and stage media events for a purpose." But then he smiles. "I'll admit that they're fun."

In short, Skaggs, a lean, youngish-looking man of 42, casually clad in tweed coat, jeans, and boots, insists he is a social commentator, albeit unique. Humorous stunts are his life, and he is quick to describe enthusiastically the comic elements of his future "happenings." But beneath the humor is an anger that sometimes boils into the open, born of a great frustration. No one takes him seriously.

I challenge: "How can you treat someone seriously who invents a 'Cathouse for Dogs'?" I am admittedly topped by his response.

"ABC-TV took it seriously. They used it as the major segment of an ultraserious ['Eyewitness News'] documentary on cruelty to animals, not knowing it was a hoax. It was nominated for an Emmy award as the best news show of the year."

Skaggs says that, from the beginning, each of his media happenings had a *raison d'être*. In the sixties it was to make a social statement against one hypocrisy or another, including the Vietnam War. But almost immediately he became a media sensation, and in later years his motiva-

tion encompassed a second goal: to show how the all-powerful media manipulates the news, often without even investigating the facts.

Victimized newsmen have their own word for Skaggs's mission: nonsense. They say that the only difference between him and other exhibitionists is that he has invented a new gimmick that would foil any reporter. He provides the sources for the newsmen to check his stories—and the sources are all friends playing fake roles—so the sacrosanct *Washington Post* Watergate rule of "at least two sources for every fact" goes out the window. In Skaggs's hoaxes, you could end up calling 20 people, even interviewing them on television, and they would all happily confirm Skaggs's "facts" to the puzzled newsmen.

It's an argument that could go back and forth, with Skaggs saying, "If they really investigated the facts, they'd find out it was a hoax in a minute." Implying that

●

The show was a big success, but all hell broke loose. The idea of a "Cathouse for Dogs" enraged animal lovers, who called it abusive.

●

they're just too lazy or sometimes blind.

Strangely, *Newsweek*, among other media institutions, agrees with Skaggs on that point and, in doing so, seems to confirm that his hoaxes really do make serious statements—in this case, on the integrity of the press. In the aftermath of the "Fat Squad" story, a lead *Newsweek* article entitled "Skipping Through the News" put it this way: "A lie gets halfway around the world," Winston Churchill liked to say, "before the truth puts on its boots." Churchill never had the privilege of meeting Joey Skaggs, a Greenwich Village media-hoax artist: But the two would have seen eye to eye. Skaggs's shtick is to plant phony stories—bordellos for dogs, sperm banks for rock stars—and see how far they spread. He is never disappointed. In last month's "Fat Squad" caper—a new diet in which strongmen would physically restrain people from food—Skaggs, using the name Joe Bones, appeared on ABC's "Good Morning America." Host David Hartman evidently forgot that a year earlier he had interviewed Skaggs, then using his real name, about his aquatic sculptures, "condominiums for fish." Last week, long after the "Fat Squad" was ex-

posed, Skaggs was still receiving credulous inquiries from reporters worldwide."

Newsweek went on to say that news is often treated with "gullibility and lack of follow-through," and pointed to the exaggerated accounts of death tolls at Chernobyl (the American press said 2,000 had died when only 31 had) and Libya's responsibility for a terrorist attack in Berlin (it turned out to be Syria). Skaggs, it said, had demonstrated the same important point in his prank.

So maybe all of Skaggs's skeptics and critics are wrong. He is on to something. Or is he really? A look at his career should be instructive. Skaggs is more than happy to talk about his background.

"I was born in Brooklyn on October 4, 1945, the son of an Italian mother and a Kentucky hillbilly. As a child, I always wanted to become an artist. I went to various art schools, including the High School of Art and Design on 57th Street and Second Avenue, and the Art Students' League, plus a third school which booted me out, and finally the School of Visual Arts, where I got a degree.

"I've always been, and always will be, an artist, first and foremost. I paint imaginary landscapes from large triptychs to miniatures. But early on I found that painting wasn't enough for me. I had other things I wanted to say that couldn't be done through a painting. As a struggling young artist in the sixties, I found a new media: performance pieces. In those days they were called 'happenings' and usually were staged in lofts. I saw hypocrisy and injustice all around me—and I decided to strike out at them."

And so, emerging from art school, he started right in on his secondary career. The time was the sixties. Protest was in the air and on the streets, when Skaggs, an unknown young artist in Greenwich Village, began his stories against "hypocrisy." His very first move shocked and enraged New Yorkers, and brought the police on his head. He created a life-size sculpture of Jesus Christ on a cross, but it was not one that pious Christians preferred to see. Skaggs's Christ was a tortured human, with exposed genitalia. He says the idea was to dramatize the hypocrisy of the Church. But when he is asked to explain how exposing Christ's genitalia accomplished that purpose, he merely looks at you as if you were a religious nut who needed to be pitied.

In any event, his attempt to plant the crucifix on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral met with platoons of blue-coated policemen, which only made Skaggs happy. He then turned his attention to the Vietnam War. He constructed Statue of Liberties out of "dismembered baby bodies" and set them up all around Manhattan, where they were quickly pulled down by patriotic policemen.

So far Skaggs had been operating as an individual artist making individual statements, but his next protest was a



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turning point in his life. For the first time he produced and staged an event, with actor friends, props, and scenery. Skaggs says, "I built a life-size Vietnamese village. It took months in construction. But on Christmas, accompanied by friends dressed as American soldiers, I hauled it up to Central Park. The village quickly drew a crowd of onlookers. They were a bit stunned when I led an attack on the Vietnamese village with my American 'soldiers,' destroying everything, just as was being done in the real war over there."

It was an inventive and creative protest that would seem to be ideally suited for television news, but went uncovered because of Skaggs's ignorance of media manipulation. In fact, at that time, Skaggs says, "I thought P.R. meant Puerto Rican."

Up until this point in his career his events had gone unreported, seen only by angry policemen and random passersby. And perhaps his future protests would have continued in that fashion, had he had not come up with an idea that put him on the front pages of newspapers across the nation and literally changed his life.

In the sixties, "hippies" were gawked at by tourists who came to Greenwich Village on Sunday afternoons, elbowing each other and snickering loudly when they saw them. Skaggs decided to obtain revenge. Once again he called on his friends, and this time they appeared not as soldiers, but as hippies. Skaggs chartered a Greyhound bus, filled it with

those hippies, and drove off on a sight-seeing mission to point out and snicker at the "squares" of suburban Queens. "I called it my 'Cultural-Exchange Program,'" Skaggs says. "But you should have seen the reaction in Queens. The citizens screamed, 'We're being invaded!' They thought it was fine and normal for them to come to the Village with cameras and point them at long-haired people while they laughed, but when I took hippies to Queens and we all snickered at the squares, they didn't like that. We went all through Queens, with its McDonald's fast-food shops and Bowl-o-Ramas, and we saw the people jogging with paunches, and we laughed at them."

"Well, the next day the Associated Press carried it around the country. The *Daily News* front page ran a huge picture of the bus and the headline 'Hippies Trip to Queens.' And I made my first network television show, when I was interviewed on NBC's 'Today Show.'"

From that point on, there was no turning back. Skaggs realized that his technique of staging hoaxes with actor friends was the only way to break through the seemingly impenetrable barrier between media producers and the common man with a grievance.

But he still had time to raise hell by himself, when he deemed it appropriate. One such moment took place on Wall Street in 1969. Nowadays, with the deluge of news about coke-snorting, insider-trading stockbrokers, Wall Street has

quite a different image than it did in the sixties, when the men of the street were considered stuffy and conservative. Skaggs helped to shock America out of this misconception with the following escapade:

Whenever Francine Gottfried, a humble but comely secretary at a Wall Street firm, would emerge from the subway every morning on her way to work, traffic would come to a stop. With her magnificent breasts and tight blouses, stockbrokers and clerks began to hang around the subway exit just to watch her arrive. Eventually hundreds of Wall Streeters assembled every morning, some standing on automobiles for the simple pleasure of glimpsing—and applauding—Ms. Gottfried on her way to work.

Television cameras filmed the huge crowds, and New Yorkers had a laugh. Skaggs says, "I thought it was funny, too, because it showed the real character of these so-called geniuses who handled hundreds of millions of dollars of our money. They were just horny little guys like you and I. So I decided to give them a real thrill and build the biggest bra in the world, a 50-foot black brassiere with a red heart on each cup for nipples. I first attempted to tie it around the Statue of Liberty, but when I failed at that, I stretched it across the U.S. Treasury Building on St. Valentine's Day. It made quite a sight. And what do you know? The Wall Street workers, now aware of the impression they had made ogling Ms. Gottfried, got incensed, and ripped the brassiere to shreds."

But such individual artistic statements became less and less frequent for Skaggs. By the seventies, his active imagination and his repertory company of unpaid actor friends were ready to propel him into a series of staged hoaxes that have become media classics.

Perhaps no media event symbolized the utilization of all of Skaggs's techniques better than the "Cathouse for Dogs." It began with this legitimate looking advertisement in *The Village Voice*:

CATHOUSE FOR DOGS—Featuring a savory selection of hot bitches. From pedigree (Fifi, the French poodle) to mutts (Lady the Tramp). Handler and vet on duty. Stud and photo service available. No weirdos, please. Dogs only. By appointment. Call [phone number].

Skaggs says he also sent out a press release for his new establishment that stated that if you were embarrassed to come home and find your pooch humping a pillow, or afraid to have guests over because your dog would mount their legs, the "Cathouse for Dogs" was your salvation. "Since there are clothing stores, restaurants, specialty shops, and even cemeteries for dogs," Skaggs said, "[your dog] has all the amenities of life except the one he longs for the most." Now for the first time, for just \$50, you could get



"Of course, there are two sides to every question. There is my original position, and the position I take when I change my mind."

your pooch sexually gratified.

"We told clients we had a wonderful bevy of bitches, and that we used a drug to artificially induce a state of heat into them. Your dog could select any one of the provocative bitches, and she'd be ready for love. Meanwhile, the pet owner could relax, have a drink, and watch the action," Skaggs says, adding that the response was overwhelming. "People were calling from all over to have their pets sexually serviced."

The problem was that there was no "Cathouse for Dogs." It existed only in the ad and the press release. So, Skaggs says, "I decided to stage a 'Night in a Cathouse for Dogs' just for the media. I had to round up not only 30 actor friends, but 15 dogs. And the media was there when we started the show with a beautiful actress holding a saluki hound. The hound and the actress were both dressed in red sweaters and red bow ties. As she paraded in front of male dogs being restrained on leashes by their owners—who were also actors, posing as customers—I, as the emcee, would announce each actress and bitch with nonsense like this: 'This is Debbie and Kara. Kara is a two-year-old saluki hound, with a preference for dobermans. She is not quite a virgin.'"

Skaggs introduced all the bitches that way, then gave a learned lecture on dog-copulation techniques. He recalls, "The show was a big success—but to my amazement all hell broke loose afterward. It seems that the idea of a 'Cathouse for Dogs' enraged animal lovers, who called it abusive. The A.S.P.C.A., the New York City Bureau of Animal Affairs, the N.Y.P.D. vice squad, and all kinds of private organizations came after me, and one of them called me the whoremaster of New York."

WABC-TV heard about the brouhaha and telephoned Skaggs, telling him they wanted to produce a documentary on him and his cathouse in action. But there was no real cathouse, and Skaggs says he certainly wasn't going to try to round up 30 actors and 15 dogs all over again. So he offered them the videotape of the original performance.

To his glee, they used it. In addition, they interviewed Skaggs in Washington Square Park, and then interviewed angry A.S.P.C.A. officials and a famous veterinarian who deplored Skaggs's use of drugs to induce a state of heat in the bitches. (Skaggs, of course, had never used drugs on the animals.) And through it all, WABC-TV producers never realized that the cathouse was a hoax. Instead, they played the story straight on their documentary, making it a key segment in their show, as an example of cruelty to animals. "Not only that," Skaggs recalls, "but the documentary built around my hoax was nominated for an Emmy award as the best news broadcast of the year! And what was my reward? A subpoena from the attorney general for illegally



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Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352



maintaining a warehouse for animals. When I brought my actor friends to the attorney general's office and revealed the whole thing was a hoax, they didn't believe us. It was just impossible for them to imagine that the ABC-TV network had been dumb enough to fall for a hoax from a little guy like me." ABC had trouble believing it also, but finally, and reluctantly, withdrew the documentary as an Emmy-award nominee.

But ABC-TV was only one of the media institutions to fall victim to Skaggs. Even the sacrosanct *New York Times*, the newspaper of record, went down the chute when it received a tastefully written press release from a long-suffering ethnic group that had never protested before: the Gypsies. It was signed "Jo-Jo, the King of the New York Gypsies." Skaggs says, "I demanded that the gypsy moth be renamed. I staged a protest in front of the governor of New York's office shouting, 'Rename the gypsy moth!' I had a huge gypsy moth illustrated on my back and an absurd sign which said **RENAME THE GYPSY MOTH! ON ONE SIDE, AND ON THE OTHER, GYPSIES AGAINST STEREOTYPICAL PROPAGANDA (GASP).** I said, 'Call it the Ayatollah Moth, call it the Idi Amin moth, call it the Hitler moth: We Gypsies have taken enough abuse.'"

The *New York Times*, according to Skaggs, swallowed the story whole, and the *New York Post* gleefully headlined its own story: "*Times Falls for the Old Switcheroo.*" What possessed the *Times* to do so is a little difficult to understand because Skaggs's press release seemed so tongue-in-cheek: "Gypsies Against Stereotypical Propaganda (GASP) are calling for an immediate city-wide work stoppage, asking all New York-based gypsies to halt all palm readings, tarot-card readings, horoscopes, and ESP readings from July 1 through July 7, to protest yet another defaming slur against our character."

"Is it not enough that historically we have suffered ostracism and distrust among the peoples of the world? Have we not suffered at the Hands of the Media, which has labeled us charlatans, hustlers, and thieves? Will there ever be mention of our finer qualities?" This cry for help apparently found a receptive ear at the humane, liberal *Times*, to their subsequent regret.

Meanwhile, on a similar front, Skaggs was enraging another media institution, *Ms. magazine*. What enraged feminists was Skaggs's "Rock Star-Celebrity Sperm Auction." Skaggs conceived the idea when he saw Sperm Banks listed in the Yellow Pages, and went over to take a look at one.

Skaggs says, "I went to the sublooby of a skyscraper. There was a large waiting room with circular seats and cutouts, like those in a bus depot, so you don't have to see the other guy who was there to masturbate and donate his sperm. Through a glass wall I could see the tech-

nicians and scientific apparatus. On the other side of the reception office were the masturbation rooms. A matronly woman dressed all in white who appeared to be a nurse came over and introduced herself to me. I told her my story. I was writing a movie and wanted to have a scene in a sperm bank, but had never been to one.

"She was nice enough to give me a tour of the facility. I was shown the first masturbation room, an eight-by-ten cubicle with a black leather chair, a nightstand with a box of Kleenex tissues, a wastepaper basket, and, get this, pictures of beautiful girls taken from pornographic magazines. I didn't say a word to the nurse because I was trying not to laugh. She took me around to similar rooms, then I asked a question in my most sincere voice. 'Pardon me, but are you allowed to receive assistance?' She hesitated, and then she said, 'No. On rare occasions we have allowed the wife to

I was shown the first masturbation room, a cubicle with a black leather chair, a box of Kleenex, a wastepaper basket, and pictures of beautiful girls.

enter the room, but we only accept manual ejaculation."

"I was intrigued by the sociopolitical implications of a sperm bank. Surrogate mothers; test-tube babies; gene-splicing; cloning; new life forms; all the religious, legal, and even political issues that would come from technology which challenges and could even threaten morality. So I came up with an idea: Giuseppe Scaggoli's Celebrity Sperm Bank, with 50 actors playing the roles of various people, from teenage groupies to militant lesbians who supported the auction idea because they could become mothers without ever touching a man. And I staged an elaborate auction which eventually made national news. My group of actors was soon enlarged by hundreds of passersby, all excited to be a part of a rock-star sperm auction. And the teenage girls among them were ready to spend every penny their fathers owned, until I announced that all the sperm had been stolen. It almost created a riot."

Once again the media played it straight. Various rock 'n' roll industry publications carried the story as news, including the fact that the sperm had been stolen. But

then the famous Gloria Steinem spoke out on another front: feminism. "On NBC network television she awarded my sperm bank the Earl Butz award for bad taste," Skaggs recalls. "And *Ms. magazine* carried a story on it entitled 'A Star Is (Not) Born,' beginning with this straight news report: 'Celebrity Sperm, a sperm bank specializing in donations from rock superstars, has yet to reschedule its July 24 auction of its product.'"

In 1983 local TV news programs showed a phenomenon that amused New Yorkers. "Sidewalk Commandos" in black uniforms bearing the words **WALK RIGHT** were patrolling the crowded pavements of New York. The TV news shows played it straight, having received a press release headed by these words: "Walk Right: Pedestrians Demand Proper Behavior on New York City Sidewalks."

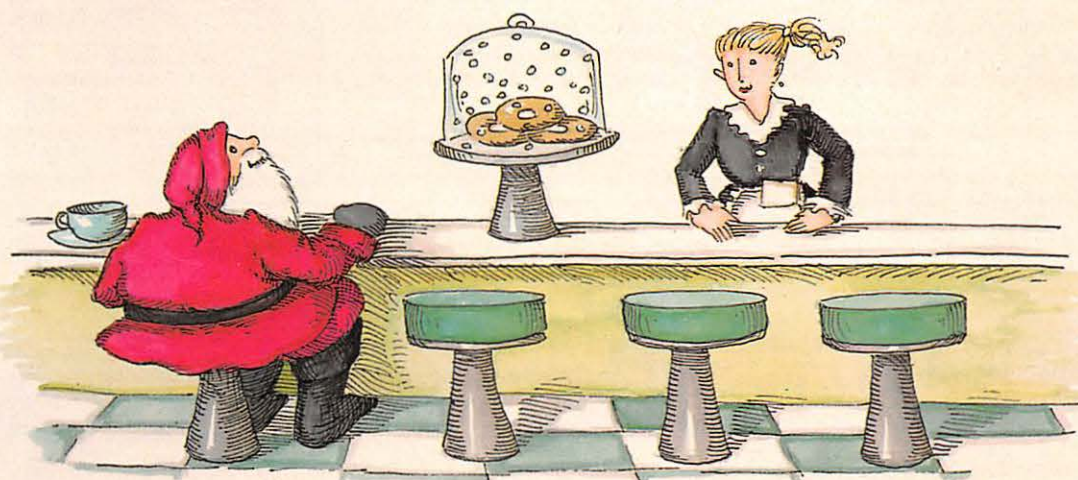
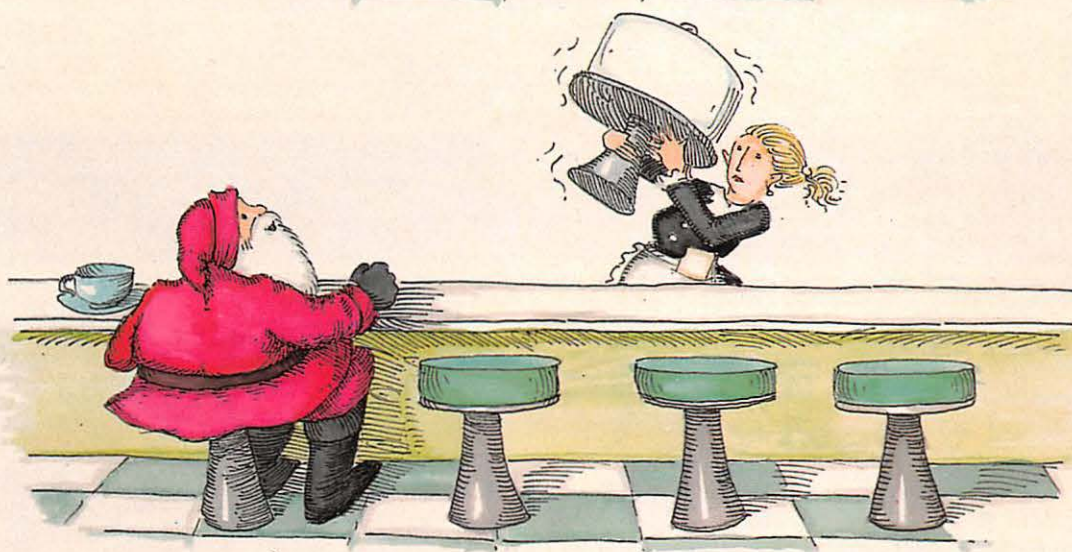
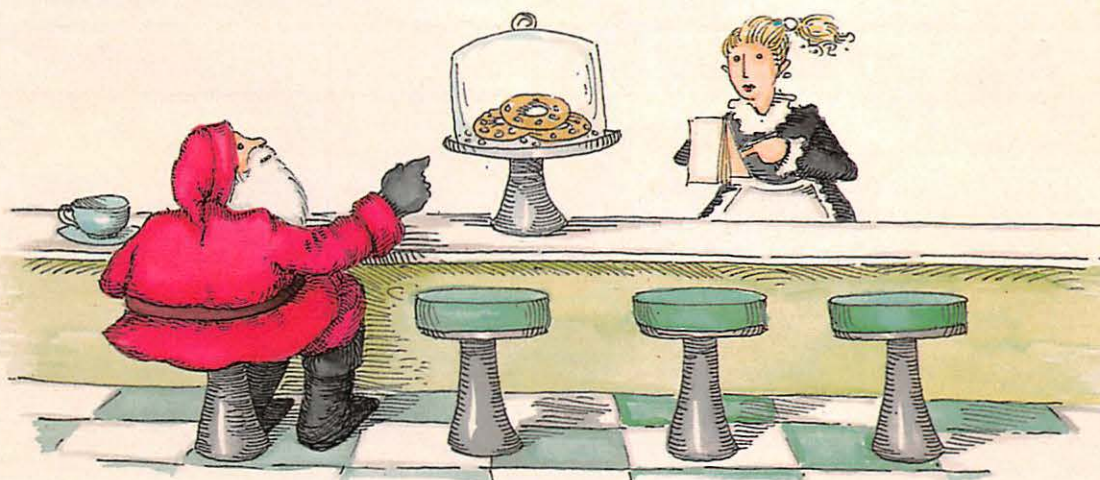
Of all Skaggs's inventions, this was no doubt the most popular with the public at large. Says Skaggs, "My vigilante group was an ad hoc committee of concerned citizens who were determined to improve sidewalk etiquette. There were 66 rules. No risqué clothing on fat people. No short persons with umbrellas unless they hold the umbrella a minimum height of five feet ten inches. All joggers must wear underwear. No wearing of sunglasses at night. We sent our commandos on the streets in New York collecting signatures from pedestrians, and all of them loved the idea."

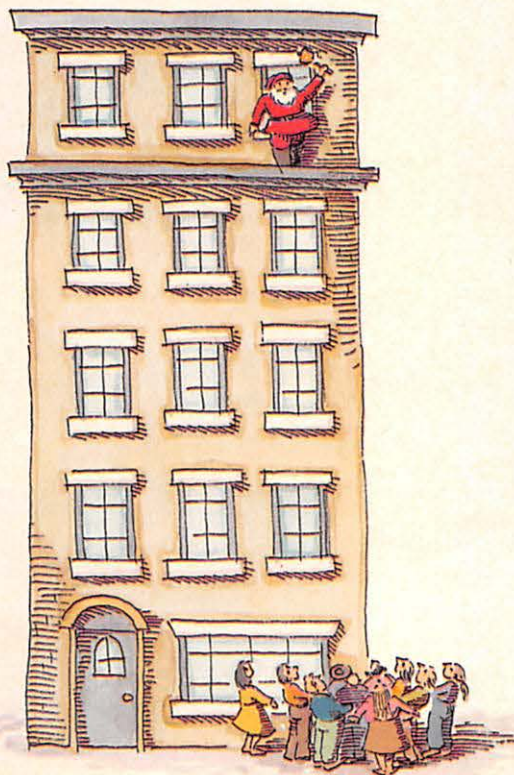
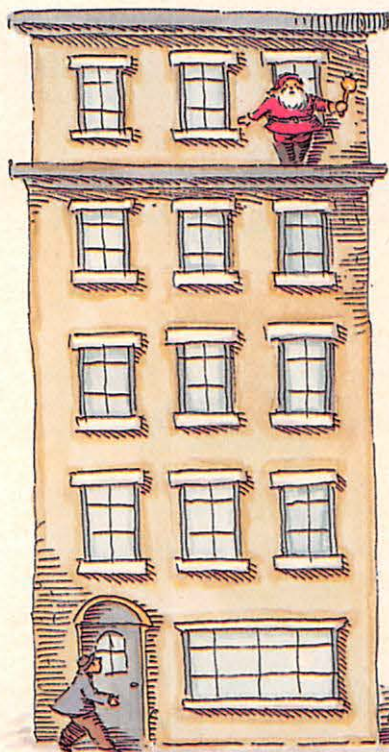
The "Sidewalk Commandos" represented a social statement people liked so much they were sorry when it was revealed to be a hoax. And still another idea was so popular, Skaggs found himself momentarily contemplating becoming rich on it, and forgetting his destiny as a hoaxter. That was the "Bad Guys Talent Agency," the first Skaggs hoax that became a reality. Skaggs had a friend named Verne who, for all of his life, had dreamed of becoming an actor. But, poignant to note, he was ugly and mean-looking. In Skaggs's own words, "He looks like the kind of guy you'd fire from a cannon. Shaven head, fierce mustache, barrel chest. His nickname tells it all: Bull-dog." An even more fatal drawback was that he had no acting experience whatsoever. Yet Skaggs was undaunted. He told Verne to go down to the post office and steal a "wanted" poster. Then he recreated one with Verne's photo, placed the name Bad Guys Talent Agency on it, and mailed copies out to all casting agencies.

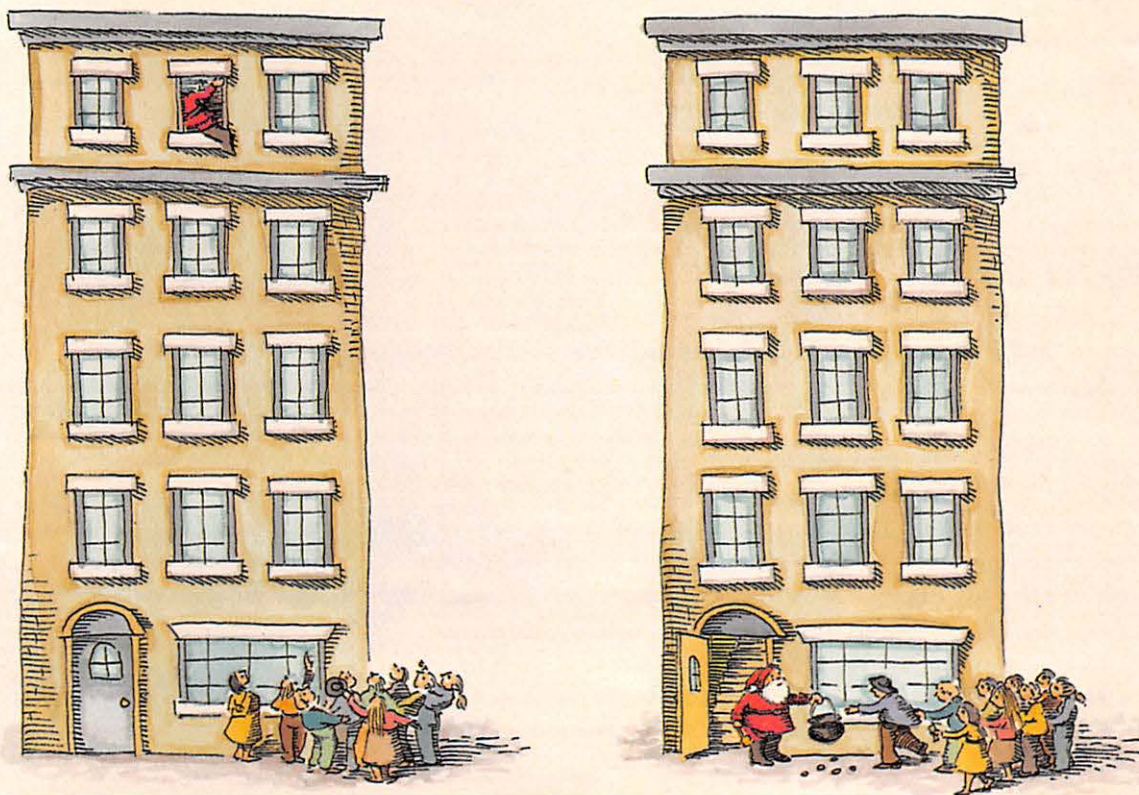
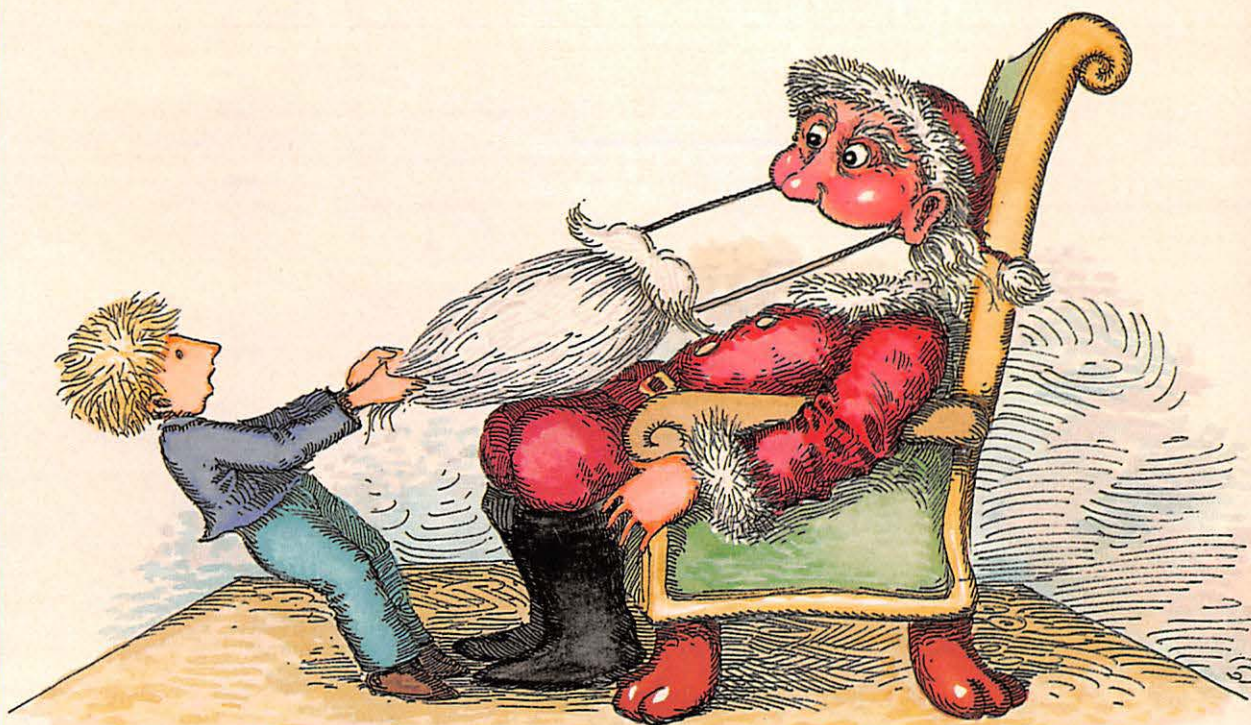
Within three days, Skaggs had a call from a major casting agency. He accompanied the actor to the office of a bemused agent, who kept saying "fabulous" when he saw Verne. In the middle of the meeting, Skaggs, by prearrangement, socked Verne in the mouth. Verne then leaped across the desk into the agent's lap, growling like a mad dog. Skaggs says, "The agent leapt back six feet, landed on the carpet, clutched his

CHRISTMAS

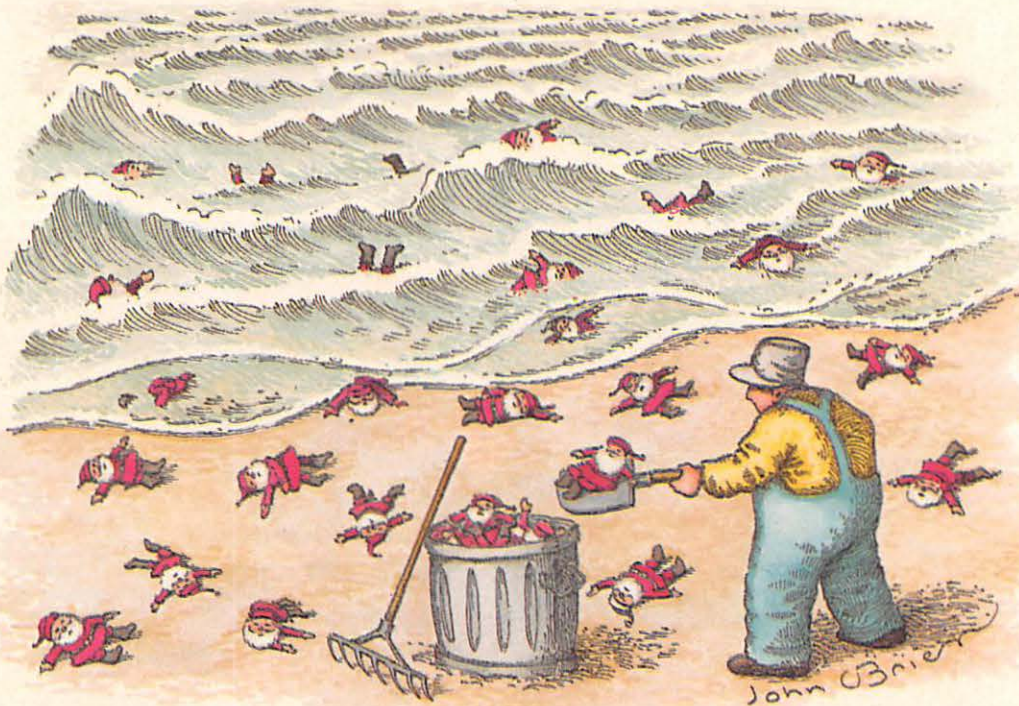
SATIRE BY JOHN O'BRIEN

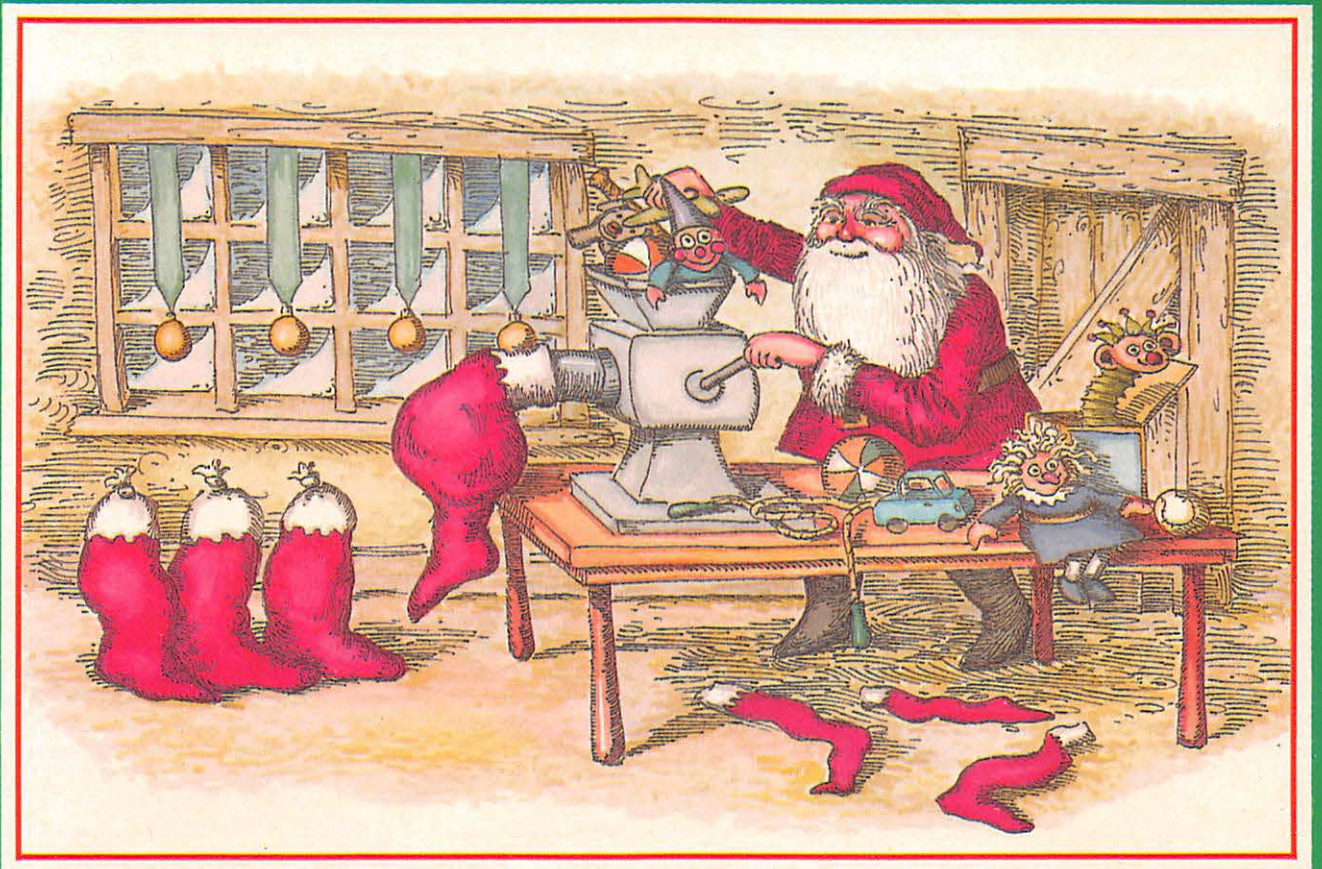
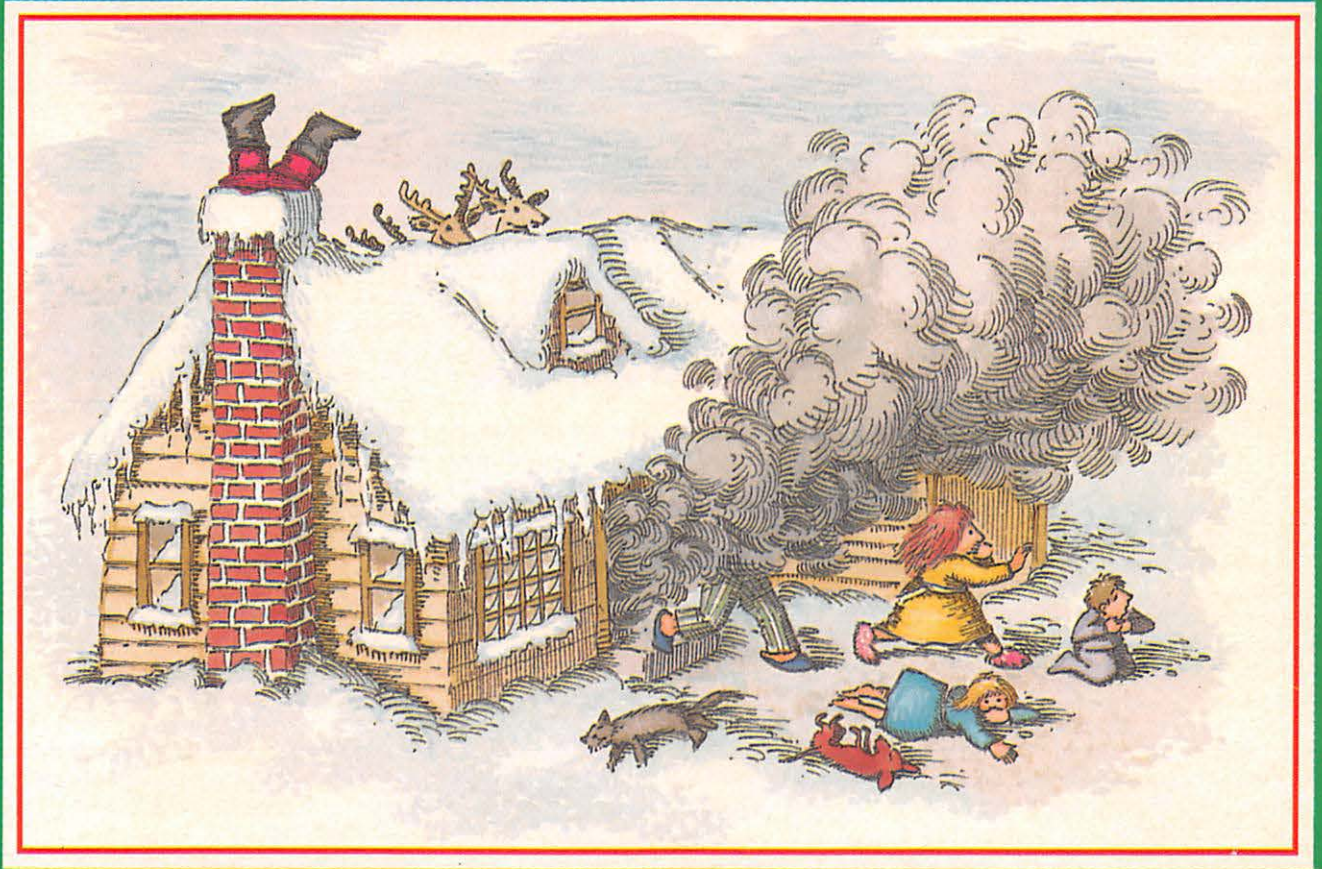






YULE TIDE





WORST JOB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

ised an excitement that was missing from my life before."

Not that any of the sappers are foolhardy daredevils. They are psychologically tested when they first apply for the four-month training course—"the police psychologist is looking for even-tempered people, not cowboys," according to a national police source. Only half of the average 200 annual applicants for the training course are accepted.

Photographs are one of the sappers' superstitions. Two of them allowed their photographs to be taken and were killed within a few weeks of the photo session. In any case, the military censor forbids publication of their names or photographs, which might make them identifiable to terrorists. Superstition means never making a casual comment about how things have been quiet lately. They always refer to the object as a device, sounding technical and professional. To call it a bomb would be an admission that the thing could explode.

Luck, of course, is part of the sappers' lives. The luckiest of them all is Noah, a pudgy soft-spoken sapper, who once had "50 grams of TNT get past his ugly face," as Sammy describes it. He had been working on a small device in which a matchbox had been packed with plastic explosives and connected to a small ladies' watch. The bomb exploded in his face, but somehow he emerged from the cloud of smoke with not even a scratch.

Most leave within five years. Some go to the sappers' training base halfway between Jerusalem and Tel Aviv to teach their skills to the next generation. Others move to the police labs, where found devices and the remnants of bombs are analyzed, to learn about the latest level of ingenuity reached by terrorists.

Many retired sappers get offers from the criminal underworld, but none are known to have taken up the opportunity, despite the obvious material benefits to be gained. And some, like David "Dudu" Ivgy, leave after what Uri calls "the second mistake." After Ivgy lost half his hand, he was reassigned as a patrol-car dispatcher. Suleiman Hirbawi, blinded by a bomb, now works as a police-switchboard operator.

Sappers' equipment ranges from high-tech to jury-rigged. The most important item is protective clothing—flak jackets and leggings. But after only a few minutes of wearing 33 pounds of unwieldy leggings and vests, the hot Judean mountain sun takes its toll. While the helmet, with its shrapnelproof visor, may also be safe, it's also heavy and hot.

On their first approach to a "suspicious object," sappers may not put on the gear. But if they have any doubts, the driver is ready with the protective clothing, and the sweating begins. "I knew what it was

before we got here. Look at this!" Sammy will shout, after finishing a job on a device, showing off a darkened T-shirt as he removes his flak vest. "If you don't sweat when you're doing it, you're doing something wrong," says squad commander Uri.

The second-most-important piece of equipment is the robot. All bomb-disposal robots work on the same principle: They're topped by a video camera connected to a monitor in the van. Since 1979, the squad has been using a British-made robot called the "Hobo," but during the last two years, a local firm has been producing a robot called "Bambi," which is lightweight and has the advantage of being radio-controlled.

The robots travel on six or eight wheels, and are able to climb stairs, turn corners, and, with the help of powerful lamps, work at night. They have long arms that can maneuver explosive packages into more convenient locations for what the sap-

“I only care about
how the device is put together,
not about who put it
there or why,” says Uri. “You
have to think like a
terrorist in order to beat
the terrorist.”

pers call "treatment." Fixed just below the video camera is a shotgun. Aimed via the TV monitor, it fires a cartridge of tiny pellets into the explosive material and detonator. Dispersing the explosive material faster than it can ignite, the gun destroys the bomb before it can explode. The "chisel," a small hand-carried device that looks like a small cannon, works on the same principle. Thus, an Israeli sapper never blows up a device, he destroys it.

Recently, the Israeli police acquired a small, portable X-ray machine, by which packages suspected of booby trappings can be examined without risk.

There are dozens of the objects on the gray metal shelves. A carton of eggs, a doll, a loaf of bread, a high school yearbook, an old black-and-white television, an attaché case, a flower pot—they've all been bombs.

A crate of eggs turns out to be hollow, booby-trapped so that if somebody lifts the crate, it will explode. A traveler's alarm clock, packed with plastic explosives, was found in a hotel closet. And there are the grenades. Dozens of different kinds of hand grenades, from small 100-year-

old Turkish grenades found deep in the dirt of construction sites, to new Czech-made grenades found in terrorist arms caches in caves in the barren wadis outside Jerusalem.


On a wall, above the exhibit of past bombs, are the photographs of the two dead sappers. One photo shows a young, sharp-featured blond man with a wry smile, staring calmly at the camera. That's Steve Hilmes, an American who survived four years in Vietnam, only to be killed in 1979 when an Arab bomb tore apart his chest. The other picture shows dark-skinned Albert Levy, his mournful eyes seemingly staring over the shoulder of the photographer. He was killed in 1976 by a device that also claimed a patrolman's life. The two men are now buried on Mount Herzl in a special plot set aside for policemen who died while in service. On both graves the inscription reads, "He fell in the line of duty."

They don't talk much about the politics of terrorism, for as Uri says, "I only care about how the device is put together, not about who put it there, or why." He says that "you have to think like a terrorist in order to beat the terrorist," adding that he can't understand the reason for putting a bomb where innocent people can be hurt. "If they attacked soldiers—well, that's war. But kids?"

How a sapper would set a bomb is a question that went unanswered until June 1980, when a Jewish terrorist organization, arrested four years later, began operating as a vigilante group against Arabs. A former Israel Defense Forces demolitions officer was one of the leaders of the group, which focused their attacks on Arabs they suspected of fomenting anti-Israeli terrorism. It took four years for the Israeli secret service to finally arrest the conspiracy, a group of 25 Jewish settlers from the West Bank.

The vigilantes confessed to bombings that crippled two West Bank mayors and blinded Suleiman Hirbawi, a sapper who was trying to dismantle a bomb at a third mayor's house. They were caught when they hid time bombs on the undercarriages of five Arab-owned buses.

Amos, Sammy, and Noah were called to dismantle those devices. They encountered what Noah called "the finest handiwork" they had ever seen, handiwork that was sickeningly familiar to some of them. For, as Uri sometimes says, "the truth of the matter is that the Arabs just aren't very good at making bombs."

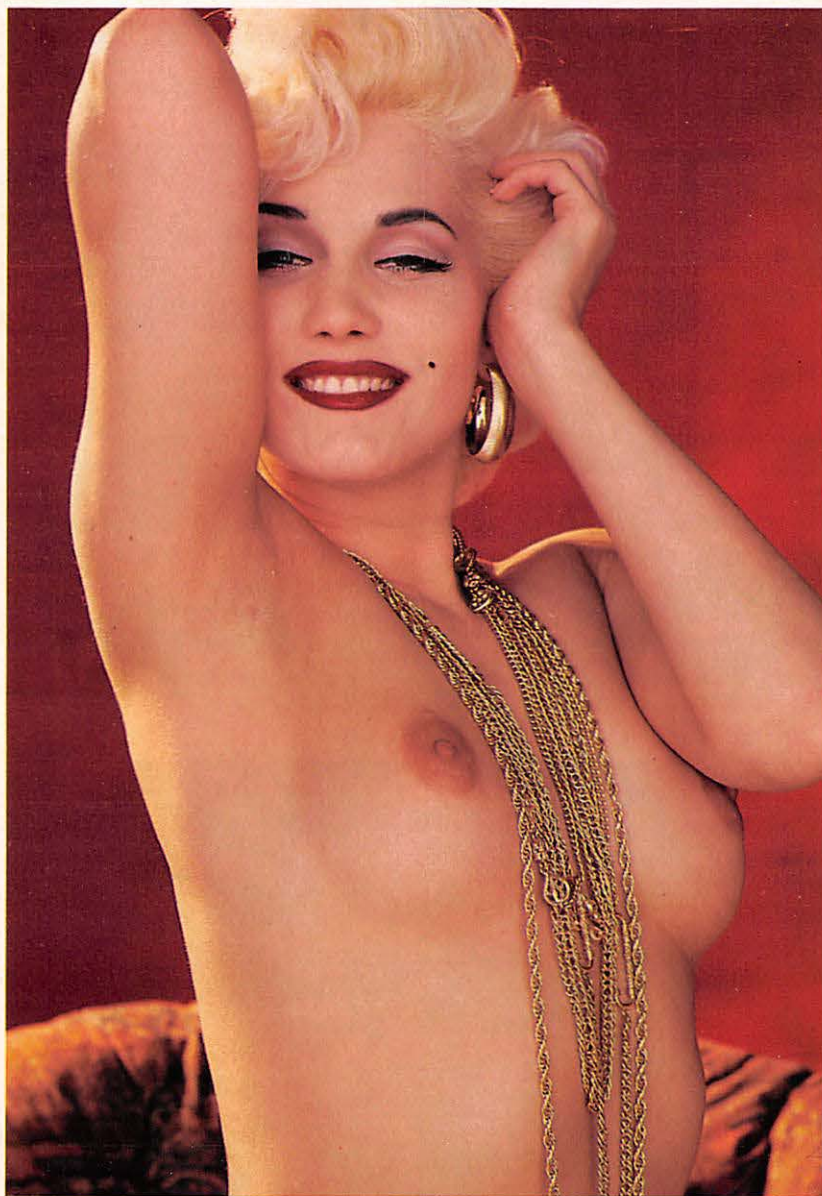
When Noah said he had never seen such quality handiwork, Sammy said *he* had—in the Army and in police courses he had taken to learn how to become a sapper. Amos listened to the argument. "It doesn't matter where you've seen that kind of handiwork," he said, "and it doesn't matter *who* set the devices. All that matters is that the devices were neutralized in time. All that matters is that we get the job done." 



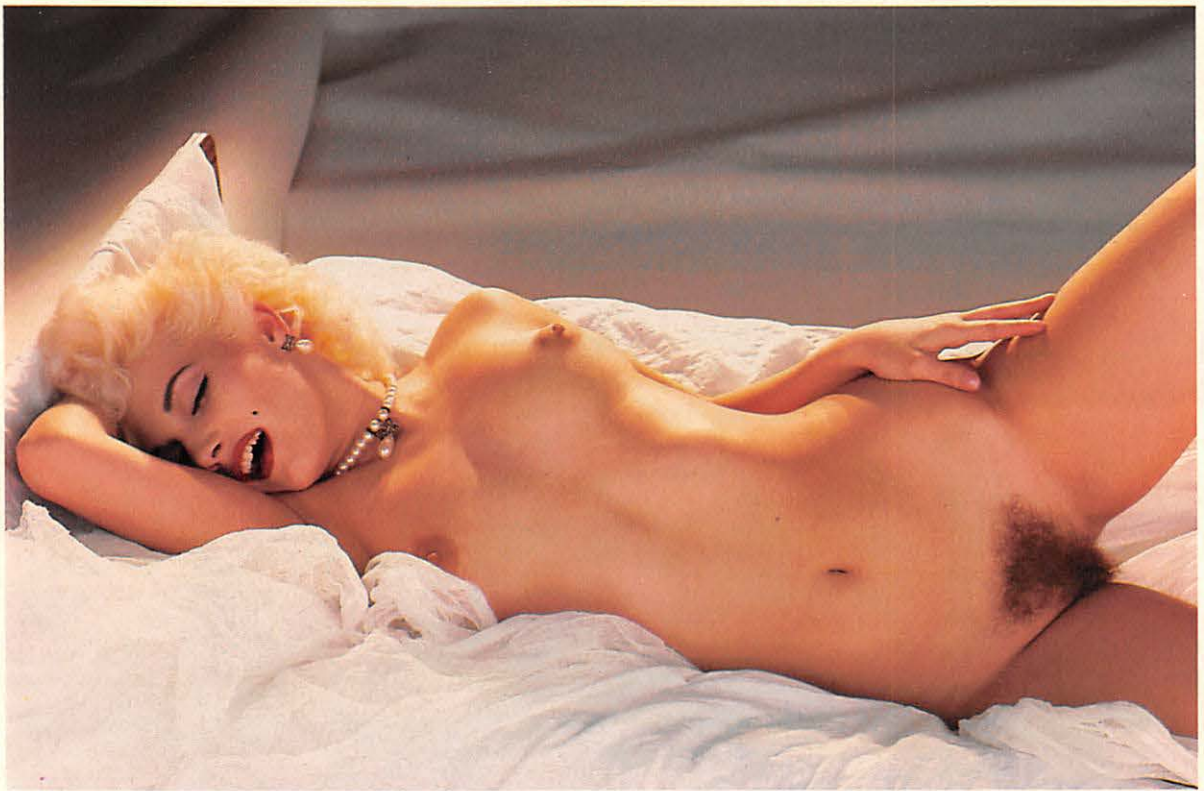
MARILYN LIVES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY O





"I love to do the things the
censors won't pass. After all, what
are we here for, just to
stand around and let it pass us by?"



"People have a habit of looking at me as if I were some kind of a mirror. . . . They don't see me, they see their own lewd thoughts."

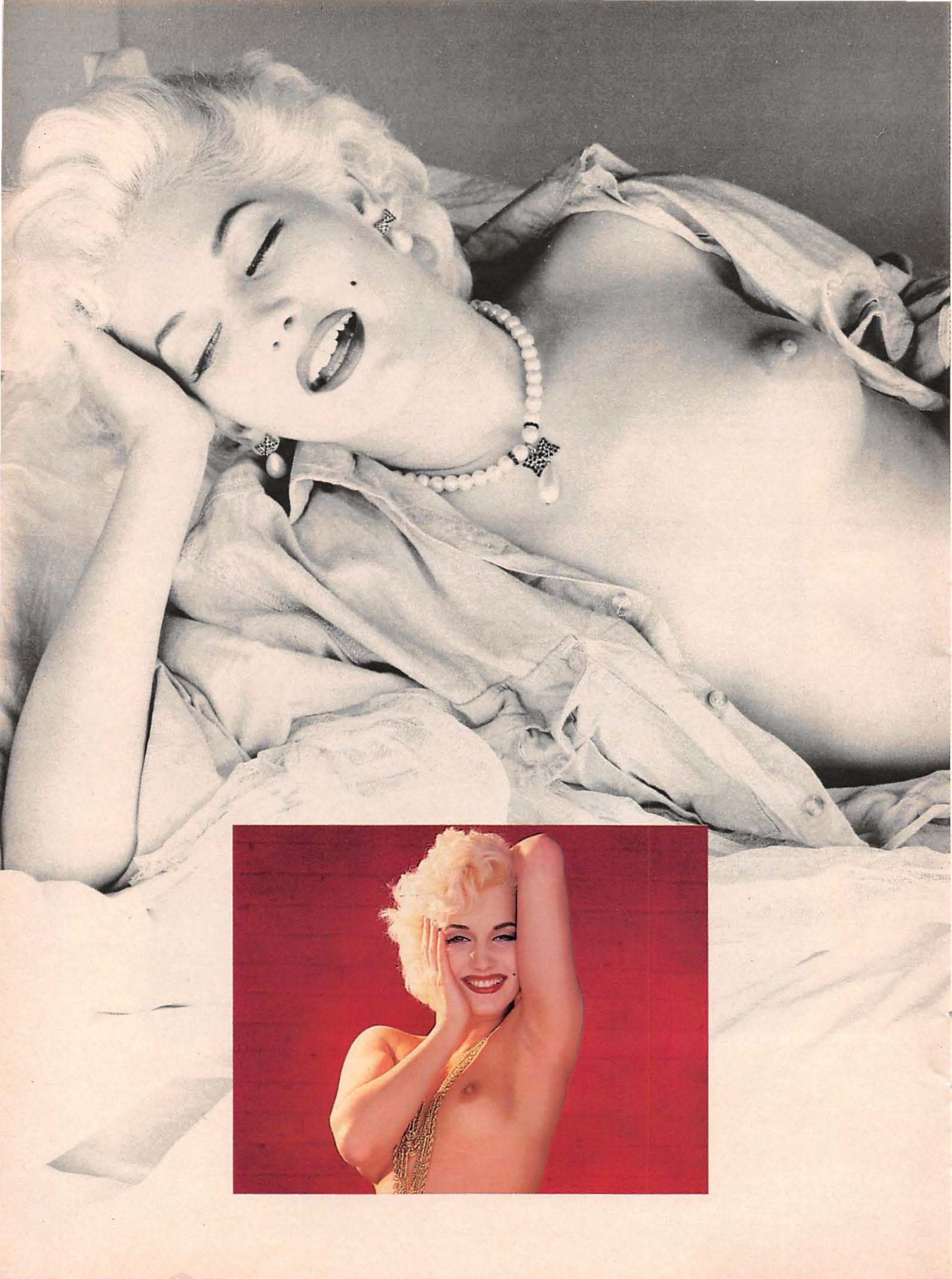


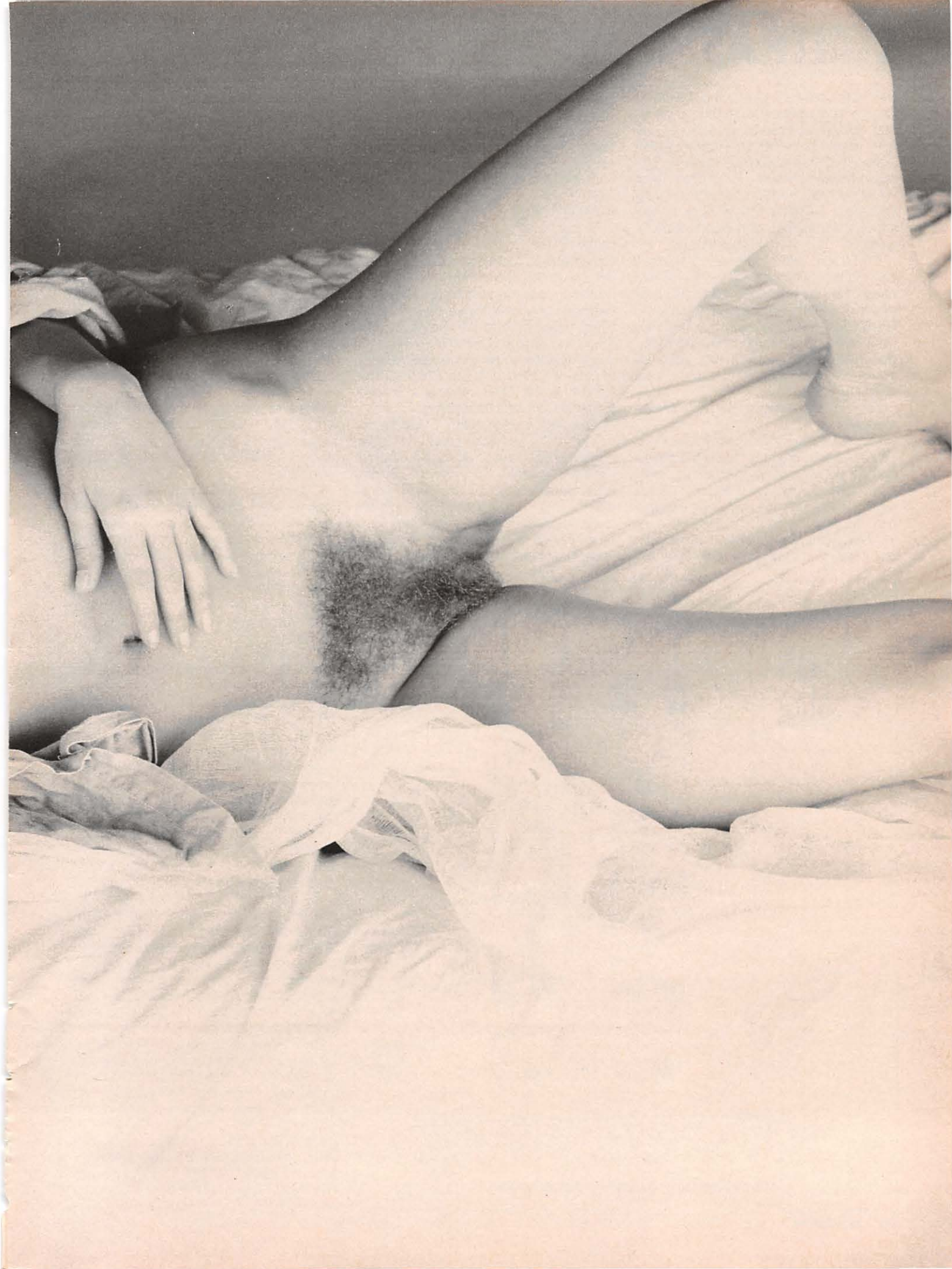




"Well, gentlemen, whatever
I am, the name of this picture is
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.
And, whatever I am, I am the blonde!"







CONTRAS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

dercover operation that brought Morales down. I interviewed Duran before his arrest earlier this year, in his San José office, where he works as a topographer. Although Duran confirmed flying for Morales, he denied ever doing dope runs, insisting that his flights crisscrossing Colombia, Panama, Costa Rica, El Salvador, the Bahamas, and Florida were legitimate, often carrying passengers.

Duran said that he was recruited by a contra military commander to fly for Morales. "He [the contra commander] took me over to the American embassy [in Costa Rica] one evening after everybody went home," Duran said. "He introduced me to an embassy official who gave me a visa in five minutes. I have never seen anything like it."

Two days later, they flew to Miami to meet Morales.

At the Aviation Activities office at Opa-Locka Airport, Morales urged the contra pilot to make a series of flights to northern Colombia. "You can make some good money, if you have the balls," Morales told him. He told Duran there were no risks involved, "because everybody was paid off—the Colombian Army in Guajira and

the police and immigration officials in the Bahamas who would help unload the cargo."

After some hesitation, Duran claims, the same commander pulled him aside. "I'm going to tell you something supersecret," he said. "Morales asked us for good pilots for these flights [in exchange] for his support. We have to do it."

Duran flew for Morales over the following months but would not admit to hauling nose candy.

GUNS FOR DRUGS

Gary Betzner, Morales's most trusted pilot, advanced the contra-cocaine connection from his inside perspective. Betzner spoke expansively to me about flying weapons to contra camps in northern Costa Rica and returning with loads of cocaine, as we sat in the visitors' room of Miami's Metropolitan Correctional Center, where he is serving a 27-year sentence for dope smuggling.

One night in early August 1984 he departed from Opa-Locka Airport on his first contra shuttle. After filling the supplemental gas tanks built into the plane's nose, Betzner lifted the twin-engine craft into the sky, heading south, out into the starlit Caribbean night. Betzner was about eight hours outside of U.S. territorial waters as the first crimson streaks of sun-

light broke over the horizon. He lit a joint of his "best Hawaiian" as he spotted his marker and banked hard to the west over northern Costa Rica. Ten minutes later, he picked up the handset on his VHF radio and whistled a short code into the microphone. A similar whistle then came back over the radio. He was ten minutes away from a stoned landing.

He brought the plane in low through the clouds, hugging the rugged mountain peaks to the south, and touched down on the rolling grass airstrip of a citrus ranch the contras used as a staging area for cross-border attacks into Nicaragua. Betzner taxied his craft to the far end of the runway, where a jeep and a pickup truck were waiting, and climbed out of the cockpit.

"Welcome to Costa Rica," a Latin man said, greeting the American pilot.

Gary Betzner shook his hand, then walked around to the side of the white plane and opened the cargo hatch. Several young Nicaraguan men in camouflage fatigues stepped forward to help unload crates filled with an assortment of weaponry.

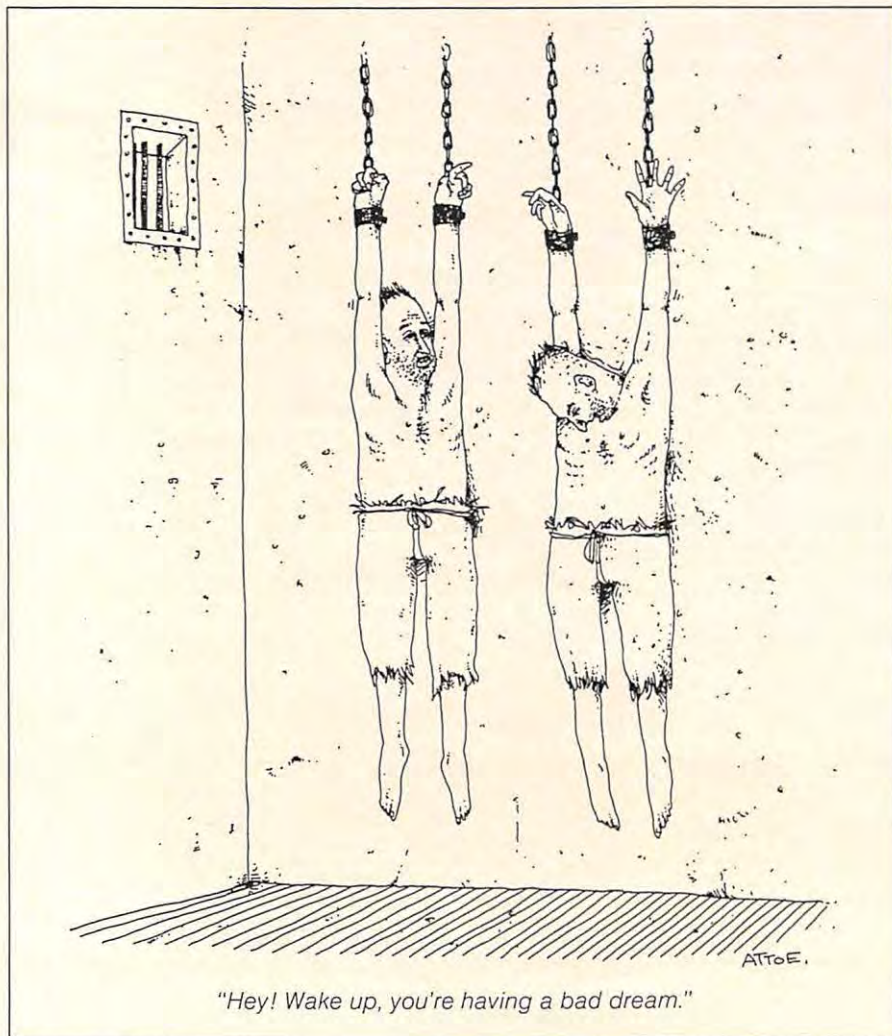
There were M-16 assault rifles, fancy-looking M-79 grenade launchers, a .50-caliber machine gun, a few boxes of C-4 plastic explosives, and claymore land mines to maim and kill countrymen.

On hand for the arrival, Betzner claims, was an older American named John Hull, 66, a ranch owner. Betzner would later learn that Hull was a U.S. intelligence operative, toiling first for the C.I.A., and later for Oliver North. Hull's string of ranches and airstrips, nestled along Costa Rica's northern border with Nicaragua, served as the contras' principal staging grounds for raids into Nicaragua.

Hull, under investigation by Special Prosecutor Lawrence Walsh, a separate grand jury in Miami, and the Costa Rican police, has since acknowledged his association with the C.I.A. and the contras, but strenuously disavows any links to the narcotics trade. Charges to that effect, he told "West 57th," "are part of a Soviet K.G.B. disinformation campaign" to discredit Nicaragua's freedom fighters.

Before his trip back to southern Florida, the men drove Betzner to a farmhouse down the road for a cup of coffee. A short time later the group returned to the plane and reloaded the cargo compartment with boxes of cocaine—just under 500 kilos. After refueling, Betzner took off and headed toward a Ft. Lauderdale touchdown.

Two weeks later, Betzner said he returned with another load of weapons, landing at another airstrip about 15 miles to the east. The contras rolled out a fuel truck and removed from a hidden compartment what he said was 500 kilos of cocaine and loaded it on the plane. Asked about the details of this second flight, Morales said, "No. No. That's an exaggeration. There were only 421 kilos aboard the second flight."



"Hey! Wake up, you're having a bad dream."

At the same prison, just down the road from the Miami Zoo, I met a wiry, curly haired Cuban-American who helped shed light on the role of cocaine in Central American power politics.

Carlos (I was asked not to use his full name) said he and his friends were trained by C.I.A. officials in the 1960s, first to infiltrate their native Cuba for C.I.A. sabotage missions, and later for bombing campaigns against Cuban government targets throughout Latin America in the 1970s. For Carlos, "moving from terrorism to drugs" was a natural step for an upwardly mobile Cuban-American in Miami. "Going into drugs was a natural for us," Carlos confided in a thick accent.

"The C.I.A. taught us everything we know, man. They teach us bombs and, you know—infiltration, speed-boats, communications, everything. Everything you gotta know. What you don't understand, man, is that smuggling and terrorism, they go hand in hand."

Gazing out of the large picture window that overlooked a neatly cut lawn and small lake, with tennis courts beyond, Carlos grew concerned that his visitor might not understand, that he might get the wrong impression. "Why did we get involved in drugs?" he began. "Very simple. We wanted to get rich—we did it for the money. It wasn't a question of right or wrong, it's just the way it

is around here. The C.I.A. taught us in terrorism. What's the difference? Bombs, drugs, coke, pot—it's all the same."

When I asked Carlos if he knew about the contras' interest in cocaine, he turned to another convict, Jesus Garcia, who was sitting alongside him, and laughed at my naïveté. "Where did you find this gringo?" Carlos asked his fellow inmate in rapid-fire Spanish.

"Lemme tell you something, man," Jesus Garcia interrupted. "The C.I.A., man, they're into drugs in a big way. They got a lot of the market around here wrapped up, man."

Carlos brought the conversation back to my question about the contras. "But

don't think they did it for any cause or nothing like that—they did it to line their pockets! Those leaders in the contra, it's all a business for them." Actually, Carlos had turned state's evidence and was preparing to testify in the trial of a Miami cop accused of shaking down drug dealers. "They're all into it—the Miami cops, the D.E.A., the C.I.A., everybody—it's good money," Carlos said.

Carlos's political road map of Miami was reinforced that evening during a dinner interview with a young, energetic lawyer from the Federal Public Defender's office named John Mattes. "Oh, yeah," Mattes said. "Let's see, a day in the life of a typical Cuban terrorist in

United States embassy in San José and blame it on the Sandinista government in a bid to provoke U.S. intervention in Nicaragua. He mentioned weapons shipments, arranged by the C.I.A., that left from Ft. Lauderdale Executive Airport.

Mattes did not believe his client until months later, when reporters, including myself, began digging up evidence to substantiate major portions of his story. In the past two years, Mattes has become instrumental in assisting congressional investigators looking into allegations that Nicaraguan rebels have been smuggling guns out of Florida and dealing cocaine to buy matériel. He also helped probers through a maze of judicial irregularities committed by the F.B.I. and the U.S. attorney's office in Miami, during a federal inquiry into weapons and drug smuggling within the White House-managed contra-support network.

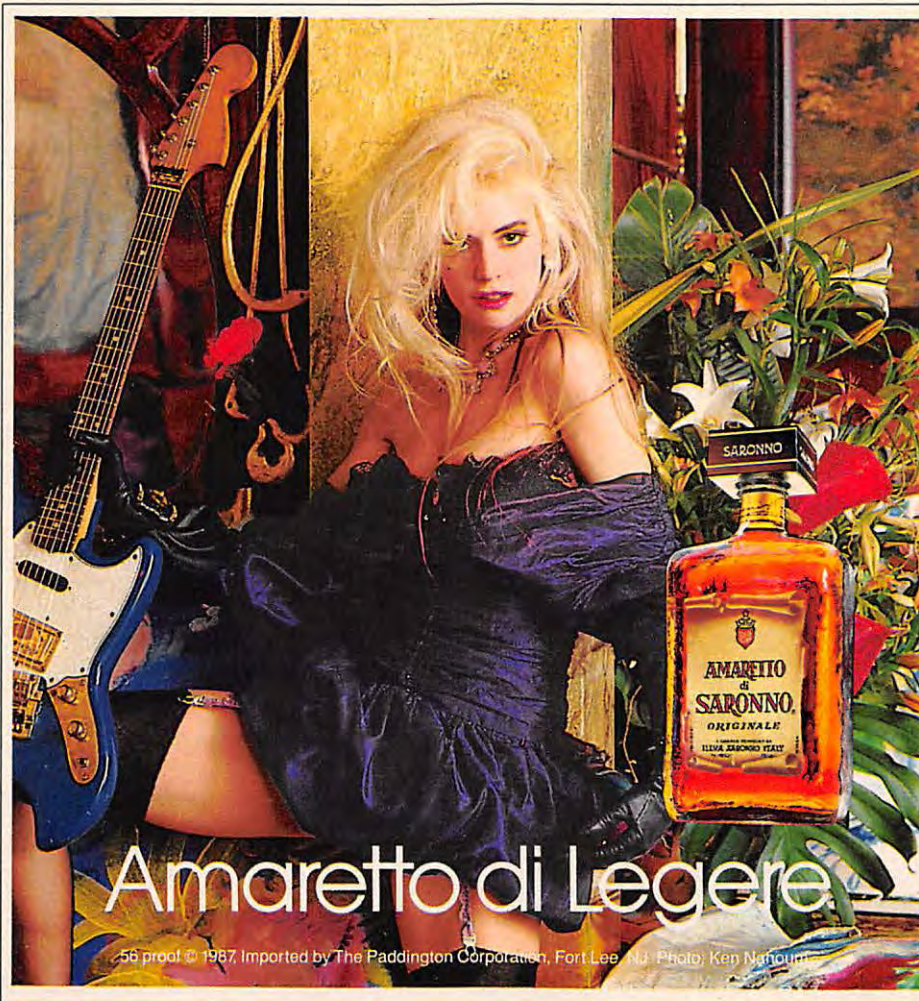
Garcia introduced Mattes to a number of inmates involved in the contra effort, including a host of major cocaine smugglers and pilots serving time in Miami.

I asked Mattes how deeply the C.I.A. was involved in cocaine trafficking. "Any way you look at it, they are up to their necks in it," he said. "If this wasn't approved by Bill Casey and his off-the-shelf, self-sustaining covert operators, they certainly knew about it. And if they didn't know

about it, it was only because they turned a blind eye to it. But they did know about it. The F.B.I. knew about it. The U.S. attorney's office knew about it. They wrote it up in reports. Ollie North was given copies of the investigative files. I think what's odd is how they could get away with not calling a grand jury until a year and a half after they learned about all this. It wasn't until that [Hasenfus] plane was shot down that they were forced to take the investigation seriously."

THE CARTEL CONNECTION

As the contra war was getting under way in Central America, Colombia's cocaine oligarchy was having a savage battle of



Miami: wake up in the morning, plant a bomb under someone's car before lunch, snitch on a few friends to the F.B.I. by early afternoon, and turn a couple of kilos before dinnertime."

In July 1985 the lawyer from Madison, Wisconsin, was assigned a client who would change his life. Jesus Garcia, arrested on a weapons-possession charge, told Mattes that he was working with an Alabama-based mercenary group called Civilian Military Assistance (C.M.A.), which was allegedly helping to send guns to the contras. Garcia amazed his lawyer with wild tales of mercenary plans to blow up the Russian and Cuban embassies in Managua, and even a plot to blow up the

its own, punctuated by machine-gun slayings from the streets of Bogotá to the grungy bars of Miami's Little Havana. Dozens of entrepreneurs fought for control over an industry that was already outstripping Colombia's legitimate GNP. Between 1979 and 1982 the cocaine war had gotten so hot in Miami that the Dade County coroner's office had to install two refrigerated trucks to handle the flow of bullet-ridden corpses. In southern Florida, the slaughter snuffed out more than 250 lives. In Colombia, the count was about ten times higher. By late 1982 the intramural struggle was hurting business. A pact emerged that consolidated control over the multibillion-dollar industry among four tough men: Pablo Emilio Escobar-Gaviria, 37, who began his career as a hired assassin on the streets of Medellín; Jorge Luis Ochoa-Vasquez, 37, who along with his father Fabio and two brothers forms Medellín's First Family of cocaine; Carlos Enrique Lehder-Rivas, 37, a neo-Nazi who began his career as a car thief; and José Gonzalo Rodríguez-Gacha, 39, known as "the Mexican."

Although Reagan mobilized the country against the white menace, cocaine imports nonetheless quadrupled during his administration. The drug became so plentiful prices fell from about \$50,000 per kilo in 1981 to its current level of about

\$12,500. No longer "the rich man's drug," cocaine is now available in school yards in the form of smokable crack.

At first, the money fit neatly into briefcases, about a million dollars at a time. But as business boomed, smugglers and money launderers no longer bothered counting. Instead, tall stacks of \$100 bills were simply weighed by rounding them off to the nearest thousand dollars or so. "It's easier that way," Morales recalls. "Each \$100 bill weighs about a gram. After a while, you can guess. A stack about this high is \$30,000," he said, gesturing with his hand. "This high would be \$50,000, and this high is \$100,000."

Gone were the days of "mules" flying in a few pounds at a time on commercial airliners. The vertically integrated cocaine industry soon developed its own air wing, run in part by Morales, hauling about 500 kilos per flight.

The hidden hand of the Medellín cartel, usually holding out cash, extended its grip throughout the hemisphere, corrupting heads of state, C.I.A. operatives, and policemen from New York to Buenos Aires. They penetrated Oliver North's contra-resupply operation, shuttling drug loads on cargo planes deadheading back from weapons-supply missions.

The cartel-tainted criminal trials infiltrated the Miami police department and

the D.E.A. and contributed to political campaigns of candidates throughout southern Florida. Ramon Milian-Rodriguez, the cartel's main accountant in Florida from 1979 to 1983, divulged to congressional investigators in closed testimony last June that he funneled \$161,000 in cartel cocaine profits through his employees to "Democrats for Reagan," during the 1980 presidential campaign.

Since 1980 the cartel bosses have made comfortable bedfellows across the political spectrum, from the fascist death squads in Argentina and Guatemala to Maoist guerrillas in Peru.

On the far left, the drug lords hired Colombian guerrillas to protect cocaine labs and airstrips in exchange for money and weapons, according to senior D.E.A. officials. In recent years the cartel also used Peru's *Sendero Luminoso* guerrillas to protect the movement of coca paste to coke labs carved out of the Colombian jungles. But the cartel's political alliances leaned mostly to the right. Since the mid-1970s, right-wing Cuban-Americans served as the principal distribution agents for cocaine imports into Miami.

Then in 1983, the cartel started working closely with the contras, using their airstrips in northern Costa Rica as transit points for the U.S.-bound cocaine shuttles. At the same time, C.I.A. advisers directing the contra war in Nicaragua were frustrated. The contra program represented the largest covert paramilitary operation mounted by the C.I.A. in nearly a decade, and despite major investments, they had yet to convert the contras from a ragtag band waging a border war into the national liberation army they once envisioned marching triumphantly into Managua. The contras had failed to seize any territory inside Nicaragua, and journalists were documenting a string of atrocities against civilians, further eroding congressional support for the war.

Ramon Milian-Rodriguez was the cartel's main money launderer in Florida between 1979 and 1983. In addition to his cartel job, Milian-Rodriguez happened to be a longtime money launderer for the C.I.A. since 1974. He was arrested by the Customs Service in 1983 as he tried to sneak \$5.5 million out of Miami aboard a private Lear jet to Panama. Testifying under oath before a closed session of the Senate subcommittee on narcotics and terrorism, Milian-Rodriguez said that he was moving three to four billion dollars in cartel money a year. He was also handling millions of C.I.A. dollars destined for overseas covert operations.

After his indictment, Milian-Rodriguez was approached by a veteran C.I.A. operative named Felix Rodriguez who, he told the senators, asked for donations from cartel cocaine sales to the contras. Milian-Rodriguez recalled Felix Rodriguez saying at their first meeting, "I'm not like those other assholes; I'll do anything to fight Communism. If you make your assets available to the contras, I'll talk to



George Bush for you."

Milian-Rodriguez said that he carried the request to cartel bosses, believing that Rodriguez represented the C.I.A. Milian-Rodriguez testified that the cartel decided to make a \$10 million gift to the contra rebels as a gesture of goodwill to the C.I.A. As far as he knew, however, there was no specific quid pro quo arrangement with the U.S. government. Milian-Rodriguez said that he sent a courier with the \$10 million to a rendezvous with Rodriguez's C.I.A. courier in Central America. Rodriguez later acknowledged meeting with Milian-Rodriguez, but denied soliciting drug money for the C.I.A.-directed war.

In 1985, Rodriguez showed up again on the contra scene. White House memos released during the Iran-contra hearings revealed that Oliver North recruited him to head the secret air-resupply mission on the ground at the Ilopango Air Force Base in El Salvador.

Rodriguez was an old hand in covert C.I.A. operations, including the Bay of Pigs, Indochina, and Africa. He sports a wristwatch that he claims to have removed from Che Guevara during his torture-interrogation in the Bolivian mountains in 1967. On full C.I.A. disability pay, Rodriguez was already in El Salvador when North recruited him. He had been placed there by his old friend and C.I.A. boss, Donald Gregg, now George Bush's national security adviser. Rodriguez was instructing the Salvadoran Army on the finer points of helicopter sweeps on guerrillas.

After joining Oliver North's "shadow C.I.A.," Rodriguez pulled together a support team to manage the contra air force, relying on friends from the Cuba days. At about this time, his old friend, Luis Posada-Carriles, managed to escape from a maximum-security Venezuelan prison. Posada-Carriles had been jailed for his part in the 1976 midair bombing of a Cuban commercial airliner over Barbados, killing all 73 passengers and crew. Through bribes to a senior official in the

Venezuelan secret police, DISIP, where he was once chief of operations, Posada-Carriles was mysteriously whisked off to a waiting plane to fly him to a safe haven at the Ilopango Air Force Base. This was also the spot where the White House-directed contra-resupply operation was based. Posada-Carriles then underwent extensive plastic surgery, and assumed the pseudonym Ramon Medina before going to work as Rodriguez's lieutenant in Ollie's air force.

CARTEL CONCESSIONS

In Colombia, the cartel was scared by the 1981 Colombia-U.S. extradition treaty, which threatened criminal trials in the U.S.

the United States, was greatly feared.

After the April 30, 1984, cartel assassination of Colombian Justice Minister Rodrigo Lara Bonilla, the Colombian government, with U.S. help, launched a major offensive on cartel activities, sending some cartel leaders into hiding in the Colombian jungle. Others found sanctuary in Panamanian safe houses.

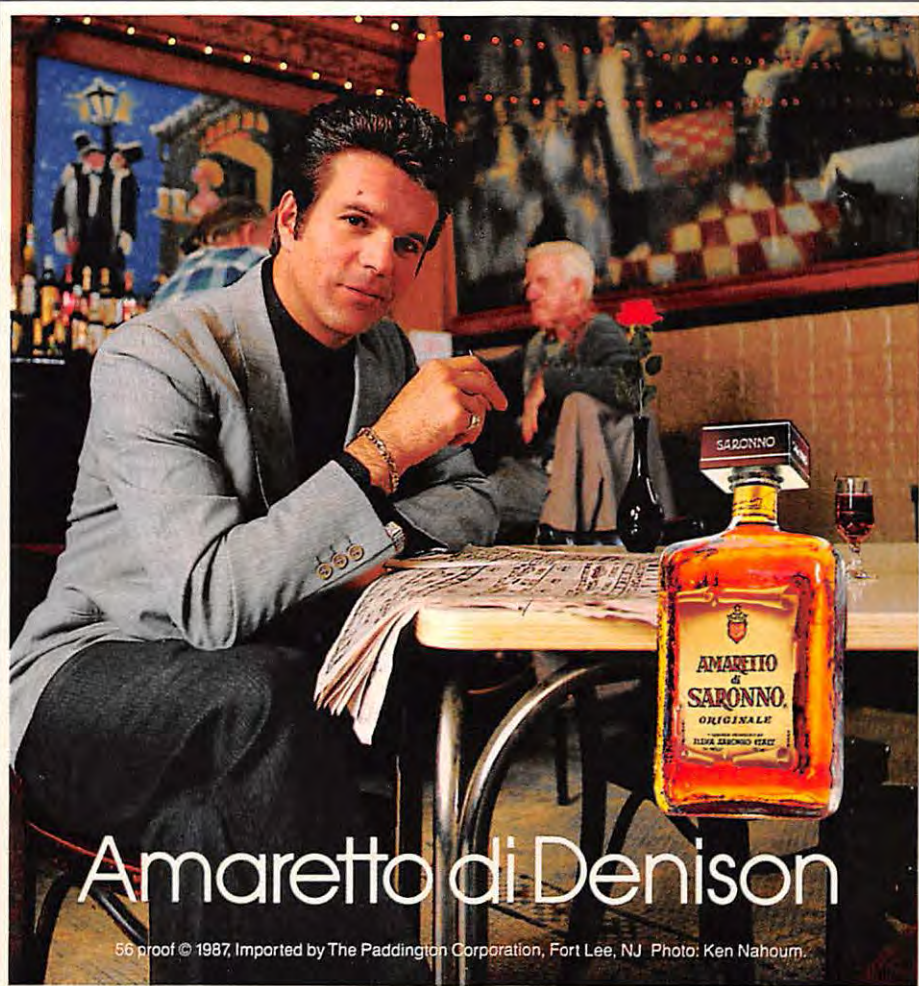
With each new outbreak of cartel-inspired violence, authorities responded with stepped-up efforts against the cocaine industry, forcing radical reorganizations. Cocaine-processing labs were moved to the neighboring countries of Ecuador, Venezuela, and Brazil, while new transshipment points had to be established en route to the north.

Since the Medellin syndicate was swimming in cash, they opted for negotiating with the authorities. In secret meetings with senior Colombian government officials, and then with the C.I.A., the cartel insisted that they were not overly greedy and were willing to retire. As godfathers of an empire that had already dwarfed the American Mafia in gross revenues, they even held out an offer to dismantle the multinational web they had built, beginning with peasants in the Bolivian and Peruvian highlands, all the way through the cocaine labs scattered through Colombia, Ecuador, Panama, and Brazil, to the dis-

tribution and money-laundering facilities in Miami.

In short, they would inform on all the people they had corrupted over the years, if only they could live out their lives in peaceful retirement in their native Colombia. But apparently each offer, beginning in meetings in Panama with senior Colombian officials in May 1984, and through C.I.A. channels to the U.S. government, was rejected.

Another opening to the United States was the deliverance of eccentric cartel leader Carlos Lehder-Rivas, who spoke admiringly of Adolf Hitler and had founded a neo-Nazi party in Colombia. He was seized last February in a raid on

A photograph of a man with dark hair, wearing a light-colored suit jacket over a dark shirt, sitting at a table in what appears to be a bar or restaurant. He is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. On the table in front of him is a bottle of Amaretto di Saronno, a glass of the liqueur, and a newspaper. The background is slightly blurred, showing other patrons and interior lights.

Amaretto di Denison

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for cartel principals. In addition, a high-tech U.S. surveillance net thrown over the Caribbean jeopardized traditional smuggling routes. Larger and larger loads were interdicted, and extravagant cocaine labs carved out of the jungle were raided and dismantled on the ground. Even so, law enforcement was impotent in Colombia. Medellín hit men, usually riding motorcycles, enforced the cartel code of silence—with machine guns—on policemen, judges, lawyers, and journalists who could not be bought. In time, no policeman would make an arrest, no judge would hold coke criminals in jail. But the extradition treaty, which called for trying cartel principals in the secure haven of

a jungle hideout. U.S. military personnel were on hand, and they quickly extradited Leher-Rivas to the United States. In the eyes of Leon Kellner, the U.S. attorney for the Southern District of Florida, the Leher-Rivas capture represents the first real strategic blow to the Medellín cartel.

But for others more familiar with the inside game of cocaine politics, the Leher-Rivas case simply represented a housecleaning: U.S. personnel who assisted in the bust deep in the Colombian jungle acknowledged privately that information leading to the capture most likely originated with cartel leaders Ochoa-Vasquez and Escobar-Gaviria.

"Leher was too unreliable," a drug-enforcement agent told me. "He was too flamboyant—and too violent for the other cartel leaders. They were growing tired of his antics, and decided to turn him over." George Morales, who developed close ties with the cartel until his arrest last year, put it another way: "It was a peace offering from the cartel" to the U.S. government.

The cartel made other grand gestures to gain Uncle Sam's favor. Milian-Rodriguez told a representative of the C.I.A. that a 2,000-man army funded by the cartel could be placed at the disposal of the contras. When that failed, Milian-Rodriguez alleged that cartel agents infiltrated the Sandinista government in early 1984 and arranged for talks between government officials and cartel emissaries. Milian-Rodriguez told investigators that cartel negotiators secretly taped meetings in which Sandinista officials allegedly agreed to provide security for smuggling operations through Nicaragua, and to allow the relocation of cocaine-processing labs to remote parts of the country. Acting as a double agent on Uncle Sam's behalf, the cartel then turned the tapes over to the C.I.A. in Miami in April 1984. Apparently, this intelligence was ignored.

At about the same time, the C.I.A. launched their own sting operation against the Sandinista government. C.I.A. technicians outfitted a C-123 cargo plane nicknamed "The Fat Lady" with secret cameras at Rickenbacker Air Force Base in Ohio. The same cargo plane would be shot down two years later with Eugene Hasenfus aboard, bringing the White House-directed contra-resupply operation crashing down with it.

The mission was a scam to trap the Sandinistas in a dope deal. The middleman was a coke pilot named Barry Seal who was looking for a way out of a long prison sentence. Seal flew the camera-rigged C-123 into a crop-dusting airstrip near Managua called Los Brasiles. Seal loaded up 1,452 pounds of cocaine that he brought into Nicaragua only weeks before and returned to Homestead Air Force Base with fuzzy pictures of men loading duffel bags aboard the plane.

President Reagan later showed the

pictures during a televised address to the nation to muster support for military aid to the contras. "I know every American parent concerned about the drug problem will be outraged to learn that top Nicaraguan government officials are deeply involved in drug trafficking," Reagan said.

Senior D.E.A. officials were outraged for a different reason. They harshly criticized the White House for leaking details of the operation and thereby burning "one of our most productive confidential informants." Seal's skillful undercover work had already led to the arrest of Caribbean government officials. The D.E.A. had hoped to bring into their web higher-level Nicaraguan officials. But all they had now was Frederico Vaughan, a low-level Interior Ministry employee.

Seal eventually pleaded guilty to smuggling charges in Louisiana, and was ordered to spend six months in a halfway house. On February 19, 1986, four Colombians armed with silenced-equipped

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The Colombian cartel
offered to dismantle their
multinational web,
beginning with peasants in the
Bolivian highlands
all the way through the
cocaine labs.

9

submachine guns sprayed more than 50 bullets into Seal's body as he pulled his white Cadillac into his halfway-house parking lot.

THE ARGENTINE CONNECTION

When Ronald Reagan signed a formal presidential finding authorizing the C.I.A. to undertake "covert activities" against the leftist government in Nicaragua, the agency was already on the job. The first task was to shape up the ragtag remnants of Somoza's U.S.-trained national guard, who fled Nicaragua for Honduras, Guatemala, El Salvador, and Miami following the Sandinista takeover in July 1979. By this time, several armed contra bands had formed in Guatemala, Honduras, and Costa Rica with weapons bought in Miami gun shops.

In a bid to hide our hand in the affair, President Reagan dispatched then ambassador-at-large Vernon Walters on a secret mission to Argentina to seek that military regime's assistance. Although the specifics of their talks are still unknown, it seems that the fascist generals in Buenos Aires had little esteem for the Sandinista government.

After five years of their own "dirty war," in which over 10,000 civilians were systematically abducted, tortured, and killed, the Argentine military had come to believe that democracy was an inherent threat to its national-security interests.

The Argentines were useful in three ways: distributing C.I.A. cash to the resisters; immediately training 60 to 80 contras in intelligence, counterintelligence, and interrogation techniques; and furloughing three dozen advisers from their army's infamous 601 Battalion to Honduras, for advanced infantry training as well as specialized classes in sabotage, explosives, and assassination.

The 601 Battalion was a special-operation unit designed to carry out the junta's heinous deeds, such as the disappearances of thousands of Argentines.

The 601 had just conducted its first "internationalist" operation, assisting in the July 17, 1980, military coup in Bolivia, in which the month-old democracy of President Hernán Siles Suazo was replaced by a military junta led by Bolivian General Luis García Meza Tejada. Members of the 601 stayed on in Bolivia for about six months, helping the junta strong-arm a few unremitting businessmen. A few senior Bolivian officers remained in absolute control over the multibillion-dollar coca industry.

Congressional investigators have dug up evidence that the Argentines engineered the 1980 Bolivian coup specifically to benefit from the lucrative cocaine enterprise. As one of them told me, "After the coup, all the 601 Battalion activities were financed with Bolivian cocaine money."

When the contras received word in early 1982 that a group of 60 guerrillas would be sent to Argentina for three-month training courses, they were holed up on a farm in Guatemala owned by José Luis Acosta, a local marijuana grower now serving time in a Florida jail. Acosta said that he provided about \$150,000 in drug proceeds, safe houses, and an assortment of cars to the rebels over an 18-month period. During this time Acosta said he got to know a number of deposed guardsmen who would rise in the contra army, including Enrique Bermudez, now military commander of the largest contra group, the F.D.N., and his closest adviser, Ricardo "El Chino" Lau. The latter gained notoriety by hiring out his contra "counterintelligence" unit as a contract death squad for the Salvadoran, Guatemalan, and Honduran military high commands. But as the war in Nicaragua escalated, Lau turned his attention largely to the Nicaraguans, leaving it to the Argentine 601 Battalion to train death squads outside Nicaragua.

EMBARRASSING CONFIRMATIONS

When Bob Parry and I first broke the contra-cocaine smuggling story for the Associated Press in December 1985, the articles were met with strong denials from

Washington. White House and State Department spokesmen said they "had nothing" on the allegations. The C.I.A. and the aides on the National Security Council staff quickly labeled the reports "Sandinista disinformation."

But the administration already knew too much. The denials, though initially strongly worded, rang hollow. The AP story quoted from a C.I.A. document. In the fall of 1985, C.I.A. senior analyst Charlie Allen prepared a classified National Intelligence Estimate on narcotics trafficking, alleging that a Costa Rican-based contra commander had used cocaine profits to buy a \$250,000 arms shipment and a helicopter, according to a White House official, acknowledging that some contras were indeed knee-deep in powder.

In the course of reporting the story, we learned some disturbing news about the role Oliver North played in the enterprise. Three sources close to North told us that between January and April 1985, North was interviewed at least four times by the Justice Department concerning possible illegal activities by his contra-support operation. He was "grilled at length" during at least one interrogation about the dope smuggling.

A British mercenary, Peter Glibbery, who worked on Hull's ranch for two months in early 1985, told me of a conversation he had with Hull. Glibbery said that Hull told him his "friend on the National Security Council" called to warn him that the Justice Department was investigating Hull in connection with contra drug trafficking. If true, his friend could be charged with tampering with a federal investigation. Parry and I interviewed Glibbery in December 1985, before writing the first drug story. He was sitting in jail in Costa Rica, sentenced to five years for violating Costa Rican neutrality laws and possession of explosives.

Glibbery said that Hull told him about the conversation soon after the phone call in April 1985, but said Hull only referred to the caller as "my friend on the National

Security Council." At the time of the call, however, Hull was receiving \$10,000 a month from the North network for contra activities, Hull has since acknowledged.

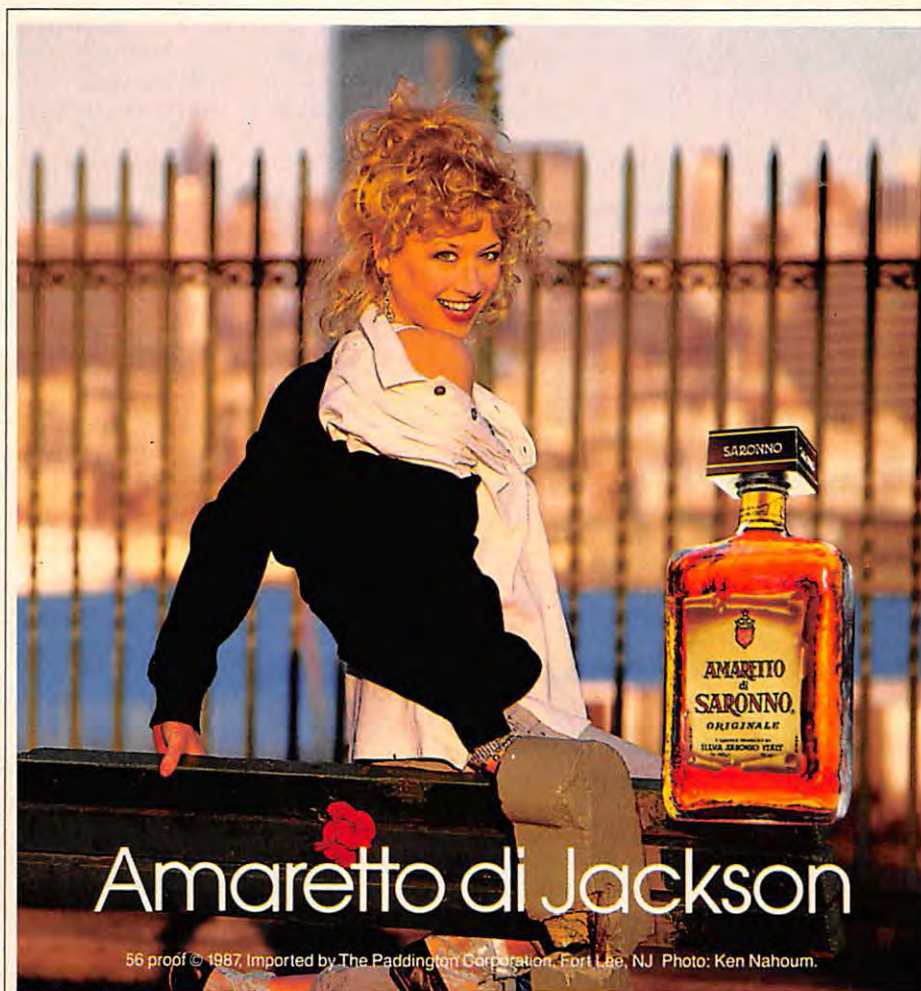
In addition, Parry discovered that North was receiving regular criminal investigative files from the Justice Department about the various federal criminal probes into North's own contra-support network. Long before the network came crashing down with the October 6, 1986, crash of the C-123 cargo plane over Nicaragua, the Justice Department was probing violations of the Neutrality Act, Arms Export Control Act, and an assortment of conspiracy and drug-smuggling laws.

But each investigation stalled in mid-

"torture and execution." Robelo denied involvement in drug trafficking during an interview with me in Costa Rica earlier this year. "I never met George Morales," he told me in San José. Morales, however, said Robelo was a frequent flier on the contra-cocaine railroad.

Another contra leader cited by Owen was Sebastian Gonzalez, who was "now involved in drug running out of Panama." In fact, Gonzalez was indicted in November 1984 in the northern Costa Rican town of Liberia on cocaine-distribution charges. Local police said that he fled to Panama, where he received protection from military strongman General Manuel Antonio Noriega.

Congressional investigators have found numerous, apparently separate, smuggling operations through contra facilities in Costa Rica and Honduras. In addition, investigators are focusing on evidence that at least three air-cargo companies and some pilots were under federal scrutiny for cocaine and marijuana smuggling when they were hired by the State Department's Nicaraguan Humanitarian Assistance Office. C.I.A. officials in Langley, Virginia, working for the Central American task force were responsible for selecting the air-cargo companies, according to an administration official who is knowledgeable about the airlift operation.



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course, never bringing charges against any of the principals. It now appears very possible that somebody at the N.S.C. was tipping off his "agents" each time the feds were getting too close.

In an April 1, 1985, memo to North included in the record of the congressional hearings on the Iran-contra affair, trusted aide Robert Owen reported that some contra leaders in Costa Rica were smuggling drugs: "José Robelo [Chepon]; potential involvement with drug running and the sale of goods provided by U.S.G."

An August 1985 memo to North, also part of the record, cites Robelo, the former head of the contra air force in Costa Rica, as having ordered undisclosed

Despite the massive web of links between cocaine smugglers and the contra war, congressional probers have no solid accounting of the amount of coke money that actually went into the resistance. Two major smugglers who allied themselves with the contras estimated in separate interviews that between 70 and 80 percent of the operations in Costa Rica were subsidized with drug profits.

Over the next few months, Special Prosecutor Lawrence Walsh, a Miami grand jury, and two congressional subcommittees will try to track down the contra-cocaine connection as well as what authorization the contras may have received from Washington. O—

emotional holy bath, known as a *mikvah*. In certain parts of the good old United States of America, there are still mothers who forbid their daughters to wash their hair during their period, which is another old wives' tale.

I have had several lovers (curiously enough, all of mixed race) who had a passion for performing oral sex during my period, although one of them objected strongly to my describing it as a "Dracula complex."

Many women feel extra horny just before and during their period, and if the woman is on the Pill, there is normally no extra risk of pregnancy. It is unlikely but not impossible for conception to occur during menstruation, as sperm can live for several days inside a woman's body. Wearing a diaphragm is not a bad idea, especially for oral sex, as it effectively cuts off the menstrual flow and keeps the blood off the sheets. It is not, however, a reliable form of contraception, as the vaginal passage alters shape considerably with menstruation and the diaphragm may not fit properly. A spermicide jelly may be advisable, but a condom is the best form of birth control under these circumstances.

Some people find the idea of sex during a period distasteful, but then some people find sex distasteful at any time.

THE MAGIC TOUCH

When I was three years old I lost my sight. I was blind until I was 22, when an operation gave me my sight back. It was at that age that I started to date girls. I was so happy that I could see again! All women looked beautiful, and I would find myself just looking at them in awe. (I also want to say that I think you are very good-looking.)

When I was blind I became very accustomed to using my hands for everything, and I still read by running my fingers over the words. It is a habit that I have not been able to break. I even look at the pictures in Penthouse the same way. It seems more real to me to touch something than to just look at it. I have had a few girlfriends, and they all thought this odd, but I really get a lot of feeling about a girl just by touching her. Also, I can smell better than most people, and I can tell their moods even if they try to hide them.

This caused a few problems with my last girlfriend. I couldn't understand it, but I thought that she would enjoy me softly running my hands over her body and squeezing her breasts. I would spend a long time doing this. Unfortunately she did not like my efforts. She is the only one, because I have been told by other girls that I give good massages and that I am really in tune with the female body. I know that I should believe them, but my

old girlfriend's aversion to being touched still nags me. I never touched a girl when I was blind, and I wonder if you have ever loved a blind man. Please tell me what you think.—S. O.

Racism is such a heavy issue today that many people are scared to admit the existence of different ethnic groups within the human race. The fact remains that there are undeniable physical differences among us, and one of the most notable racial characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon (usually abbreviated to WASP, with added religious and ethnic undertones) is a remarkable aversion to touching and being touched. Whether this stems from cultural or religious background nobody knows, as the Gallic and Latin peoples go to the opposite extreme. Two normal Frenchmen saying "hello" go through a performance of groping and kissing that looks like two gay lovers after a long separation.

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I wanted to try something with Vinnie, maybe a little more exploration with food and sex—but he drew the line and said that was enough for him.

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Some of this fear of physical contact is social. The upper classes hated to be touched by peasants, who were unwashed and thought to be diseased. On the other hand, the Emperor Hirohito of Japan, considered by his people to be a god until 1945, could not be touched by anyone. His divine person was therefore unable to get a suit of clothes that fit him, because his tailor had to measure him from a distance, using a theodolite and guesswork.

In addition to the distaste for physical contact, another trauma has imposed itself on our society: fear and embarrassment caused by nakedness. Nudity is labeled obscene, disgusting and—yes—criminal. I have had many lovers (and not all of them young and inexperienced) who were reluctant to expose their naked bodies to my touch or sight until the lights were out. Then, however, the darkness gives a new thrill to the feel of flesh and helps the shyest person let loose his or her inhibitions.

Of course, to a sightless person the concept of nudity is meaningless, except in terms of temperature. Clothes are for keeping warm, and a blind man who has

to struggle with underclothes, shoe-laces, suspenders, a tie, and a vest must find the whole idea of such complicated coverings pretty silly, apart from the difficulty of getting them on the right way around. We women, who dress for adornment, have much more sensible garments, although the sexiest of them are usually the most expensive and cover the least amount of flesh; but at least they come off and on easily.

I have never had a blind lover, but recently had an operation for myopia, after which I was blind for 48 hours. The concept of blindness is scary, but I don't think anyone can really appreciate how the loss of one of our senses can cut us off from the world, except by personally experiencing it. My boyfriend collected me from the clinic after the operation and, with my eyes bandaged, we had to walk about two blocks back to the car. The traffic seemed twice as strident as usual and the noise made by other people on the sidewalk, the footsteps and snatches of shouted conversation, were terrifyingly loud. I had an unreasoning fear of being attacked, even though I was leaning on the strong arm of my man. When we got home, the house was not quite as I remembered it; some distances seemed shorter and others longer, and there were far more projections and steps up and down in dangerous and unexpected places than I had ever realized. My lover prepared a wonderful meal, and although he told me afterward that his thinking was to design food that could be shoveled in with a spoon, it was the flavor that I remember. Later, still bandaged and lightly drugged with painkillers, we made love, and the texture of his skin, the feel of his hard but invisible cock under my hand, between my lips, and in my pussy, took on a new dimension.

People who are scared of sensuality usually end up as campaigners against all forms of eroticism, so you are well rid of your untouchable girlfriend, who I am glad to hear is a has-been. She sounds a likely candidate for WAS (Women Against Sex). O—

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CAMERA CREDITS

Pet of the Month Janine Lindemulder was photographed by David Schoen with a Nikon 35mm camera and Nikkor lenses, a Gitzo tripod, and Kodachrome 64 film. She appears on page 99. Earl Miller shot our love set on page 68 with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses, and Harrison filters. Our love set on page 120 was photographed by Carl Wachter with a Nikon F2 camera, a 43-86 Nikkor zoom lens, and Kodachrome 64 film.



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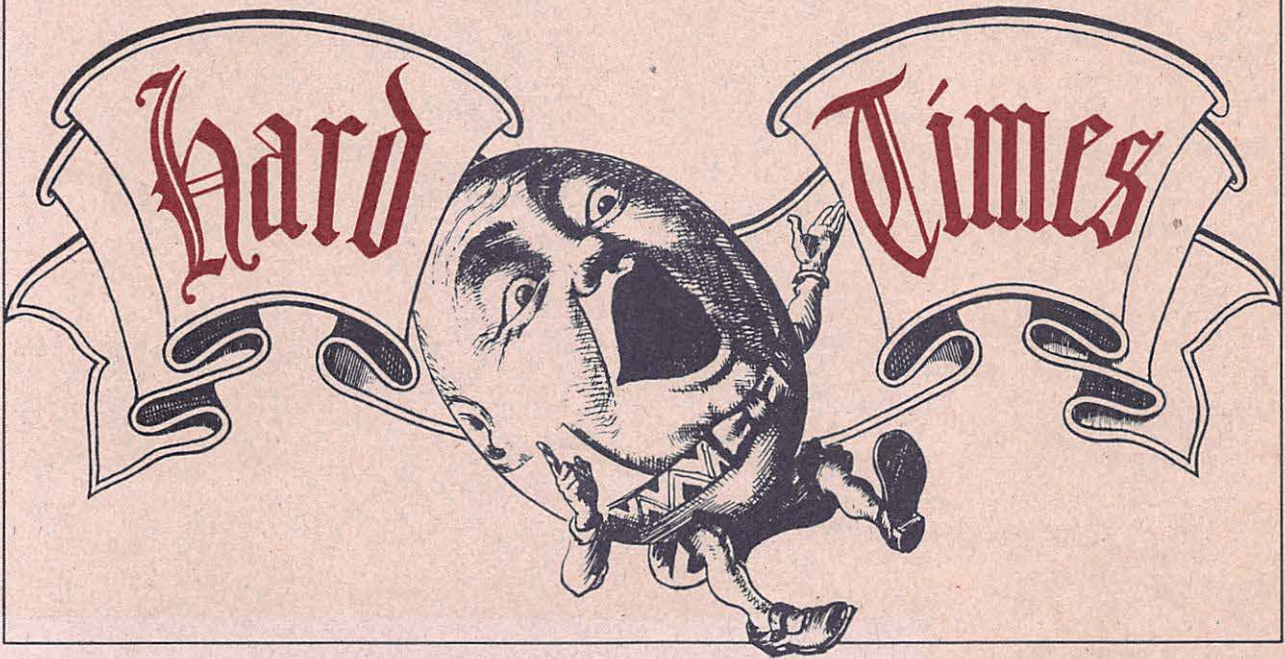
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lurid, and oftentimes witless dribblets of information
culled from the nation's press

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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 6, NO. 11

Rock Hudson's Ghost Cures Boy of AIDS



According to Sharon Gillespie of Bristol, England, the ghost of movie actor Rock Hudson materialized at the bedside of her dying son Richard while he slept, laid his hands on him, and said a prayer. The next morning, she claims, the 18-year-old was free of AIDS. "Rock looked marvelous, tanned and handsome, just as he did 20 years or so ago, long before he was ravaged by AIDS," recalls Sharon, who calls herself "the Rock's biggest fan." She says she will continue to pray for her son,

who was "using cocaine and heroin regularly" and had "engaged in several homosexual experiences." Although tests have since revealed the absence of the virus in his system, Richard is unimpressed. "Mum's been through some hard times lately; she may be cracking just a bit," he says, adding that "I'm not convinced I ever had AIDS in the first place. You can't trust doctors or their stupid tests." (*Sun*)

We'd like to know exactly where Rock laid his hands.—Editor



CHILD PRODIGY IS A DOG

One-year-old Octavius is a true wonder dog who can eat with a fork, play the piano, and paint. "When we wake up in the morning, he's already in front of the drawing board or the piano, just panting to go," says one of his owners, Elena Kosinski of Gdansk, Poland. Octavius's musical repertory includes Polish, Russian, and English melodies, and most of his paintings are of camels, cows, and ducks with hats, all signed by him. He inherited his talents from his father Sixtus, who

could draw, sing, and fire a pistol. But Sixtus was placed in a dog shelter by an animal society that, after seeing him on television, thought the dog had to have been tortured. "Just wait until we get Sixtus back," says Elena's husband Jerzy. "Maybe we'll teach them four-pawed piano. Won't that be something?" Until then, the couple are teaching Octavius everything they know. (*News Extra*)

They picked up doggie-style from him.—Editor

Alien Baby in Crashed U.F.O.

An injured alien baby is secretly being held at an army base in China, near the Mongolian border, according to Colonel Gennadi Volkov, a Russian military-intelligence officer. Soviet researchers believe the child may be the result of alien-human crossbreeding. "We have offered the Chinese any technical assistance they may need," says Volkov, "but they keep denying any knowledge of either a crash or a surviving infant." Geologist Dalan Namnandorj witnessed the U.F.O. explosion and later discovered a Chinese search party had found a pod that had been



ejected from the larger ship before impact. "I kept hearing them talking about the creature they could see frantically squirming through the clear panel on the egg-shaped craft," Namnandorj remembers, adding that the unopened pod was taken to an armored vehicle and driven to an undisclosed spot. According to Volkov, Chinese government officials will soon be seeking help from medical specialists in the U.S. "They know, and we know, the U.S. has had experience with such things before." (*Examiner*)

Mars may be red in more ways than one.—Editor

He Lives in a Cage

For the last 13 years, 71-year-old Ho Hing has lived in a three-foot-wide by six-foot-long cage, paying \$13 a month for rent. He is only one of 4,000 people in Hong Kong living in such an arrangement. Hing resides in an "apartment complex" for the elderly, consisting of 74 cubicles stacked in four rows, two tiers high. (*Houston Post*—submitted by William Purington, Houston, Tex.) *Wallpapering must be a bitch.—Editor*

Man Hides Under Women's Outhouse

Donald H. Baker was arrested after rangers in Montana de Oro State Park in Santa Barbara, California, found him hiding under a women's outhouse. Wearing protective plastic clothing and surgical gloves, he was sitting on crates piled in waste when a man waiting for his wife outside the Spooner's Cove outhouse spotted him through a crack in the wall and notified the authorities. The rangers hosed Baker off and took him to the county jail, where he was booked on a charge of loitering around public rest rooms. Said one disgusted state Parks and Recreation Department dispatcher, "This guy was, like, waist-deep." (*San Luis Obispo County Telegram/Tribune*—submitted by Ivan Marruffo, San Luis Obispo, Calif.)

Now he's ear-deep in it.—Editor

Cat Woman Ate Pet Food for 20 Years

Eighty-year-old Nina Walczac lived in seclusion and ate cat food for the last 20 years before she was taken from her Poland home by police. Investigators report finding her on a window ledge, scratching and hissing. "There were empty tins piled in all rooms of her house," says Police Chief Bohdan Tarnowski. "Her fingernails had grown to over five inches in length, and the furniture was torn to ribbons." According to grocery-store owner Leopold Washchynsky, the widow paid him a large sum to have cases of cat food regularly delivered. "I haven't seen her in years," he says. "I just thought she had a house filled with cats. If I thought for a second she was eating the food herself, I would have notified the authorities." The police were finally summoned to the scene when neighbors complained of loud, constant meowing. After she scratched one of the officers across the cheek, Tarnowski and his men threw a net over her and she was injected with a sedative. Says Dr. Jaroslav Mysciewicz, "She won't eat or drink anything unless it's brought to her in a bowl, then she sticks her face into the food and laps away at it with her tongue." (*National Examiner*)

We pity the one who has to clean her litter box.—Editor

Husband Sells Wife at Yard Sale

A drunken husband sold his wife, along with the couch on which she slept, at his yard sale in Glasgow, Scotland. Forty-six-year-old Peter Harner had spent most of the day drinking at a local pub with his friend Daniel Fielding. The two later returned to the sale, learning that the only furniture left was two chairs and a couch, upon which Peter's wife Helen lay in a deep sleep. Peter tried to sell the furniture to Daniel, saying that he'd

"throw in Helen as a bonus." His pal took him up on the deal. "Next thing I remember was being in this strange house and looking over at this drunk asleep on a chair next to me with a beer between his legs," Helen recalls. "I had to give Daniel back \$50 because my wife wasn't included," says Peter. "That really made her mad. She's worth a lot more than that." (*Sun*)

Now she's taking bids on his barstool.—Editor



Woman Pregnant by 1,000-Year-Old Warrior

Scientists are anxiously awaiting the birth of a child whose father died 1,000 years ago. Its mother, a scientist from Kiev in the Soviet Union, volunteered to have herself artificially inseminated with sperm from a Viking warrior who was wounded in battle and then froze to death in northern Siberia around 900 A.D. "The child will be raised like a normal child and should be in most respects just like the baby of a man living in our time," explains geneticist Dr. Arkady Georgadze. "We are anticipating that the genetic characteristics of the child will closely resemble those of his father, thus making it possible for us to study firsthand certain abnormalities of gene structure common among the Vikings." (*Weekly World News*)

A Died-in-the-Wool Corpse

The co-owner of a Thompson, Connecticut, woolen mill suffocated to death after falling onto a machine and being wrapped in a few thousand feet of yarn. Forty-seven-year-old Paul G. Thomas was working a machine that wound yarn from a large spool to a smaller one, when he fell onto the small spool. He'd already been rolled in about 800 yards of yarn by the time his body was discovered by employees. (*New York Times*—submitted by William Hildum, New York, N.Y.)

Talk about a guy being wrapped up in his work.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

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PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE

IT WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS
AND ALL THROUGH THE ROTUNDA
NOT A COMMIE WAS STIRRING
NOT EVEN A CONTRA



THE MISSILES WERE AIMED AT
KHOMENI WITH CARE
IN HOPES THE MAD MULLAH
WOULD START THE AFFAIR



WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN
THERE ROSE SUCH A CLATTER
RON SPRANG FROM HIS BED
TO CHECK OUT THE MATTER



AND THERE ON THE WHITE HOUSE
LAWN SHOULD APPEAR
A MINIATURE TRAY WITH A
SMALL GLASS OF BEER



AND A VOICE FROM ABOVE
SAID: "DRINK UP AND BE HEARTY
AND OFFER A TOAST TO
YOURSELF AND YOUR PARTY..."



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YOU AND YOUR CRONIES
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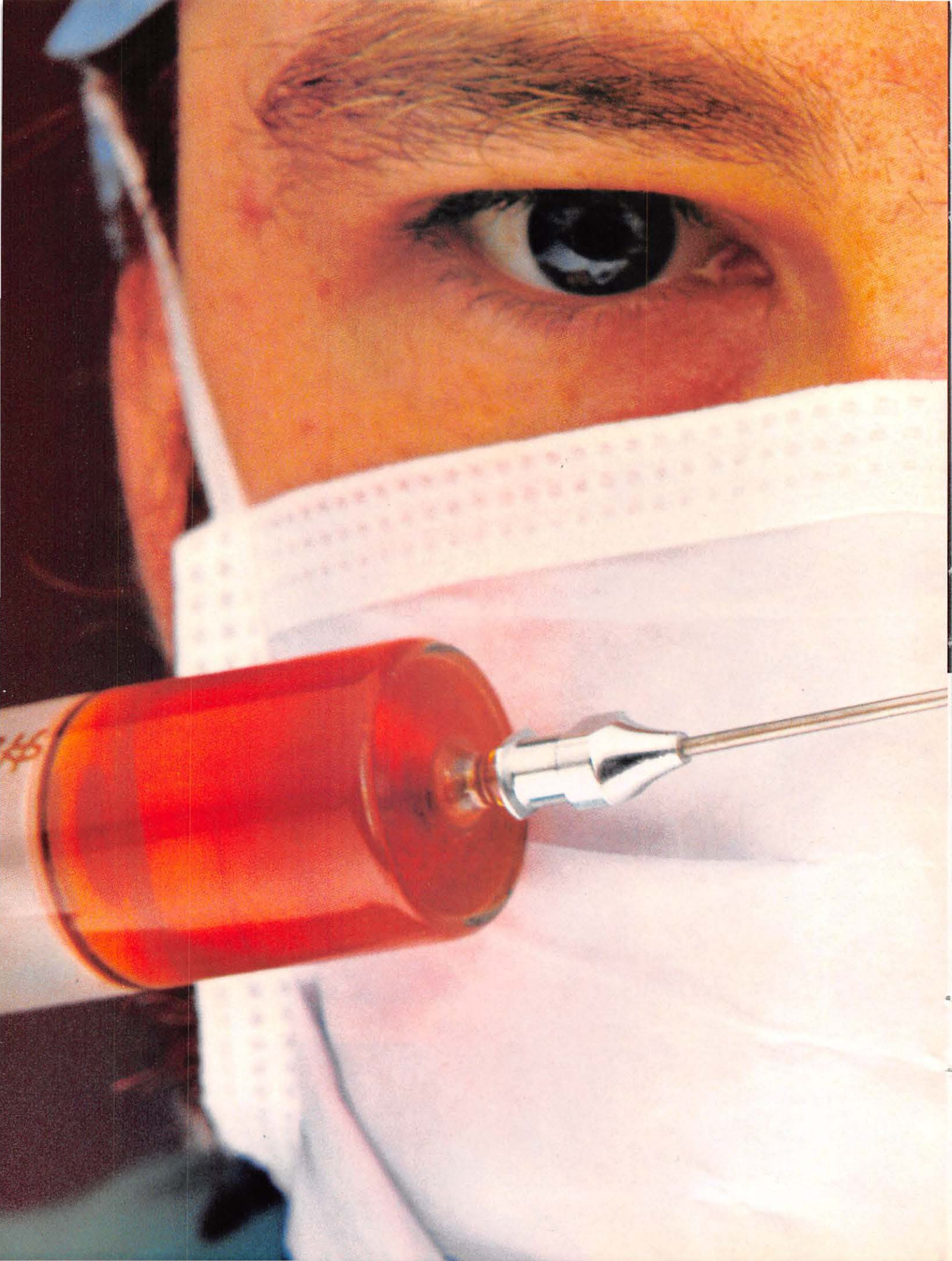


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and all through the house
not a creature was stirring,



well, maybe just a little stirring.

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MEDICAL GENOCIDE

PART SEVENTEEN

If history repeats
itself, mass immunization
against AIDS could
lead to a deadly epidemic.

VACCINE VICTIMS

BY GARY NULL

A glaring example of modern
medicine's questionable status as a
humane science is the
profession's predilection toward mass
vaccination programs. At one

PHOTOGRAPH BY
ANDREW UNANGST

time, few doctors were opposed to these programs. The medical community considered vaccines harmless, therefore the fact that many had never been proven effective didn't bother anyone. Over the years, however, evidence has been accumulating that suggests that some vaccines are not only of questionable efficacy, but that they can be extremely toxic as well, especially when administered to infants and young children, as they often are. This has led a growing number of physicians and medical researchers to speak out against mass immunization, particularly when the medical establishment insists that such programs are mandatory.

In his recent book, *DPT: A Shot in the Dark* (1985), researcher Harris L. Coulter does an in-depth analysis of the controversial DPT (diphtheria, pertussis [or whooping cough], and tetanus) vaccination. The controversy surrounding this vaccine stems from the pertussis component, which has been linked to illnesses that can result in mental retardation, convulsive seizures, and paralysis. While these severe reactions may affect only a small minority, others may be more subtle and far more pervasive. Children may develop chronic infections, or behavioral problems such as hyperactivity or retarded development, which often manifest themselves as learning disabilities in school.

Ironically, there was a dramatic decrease in the death rate from whooping cough before any program of mass vaccination was ever introduced. Vincent A. Fulginiti, M.D., a noted pediatrician and spokesman for the American Academy of Pediatrics, writes, "Prior to the widespread use of pertussis vaccine, both the incidence of pertussis and the case-fatality ratio declined. A 50-fold reduction in incidence and an 84 percent reduction in case fatality were recorded in Great Britain in the years between 1947 and 1972. . . . These data suggest that pertussis virulence was declining before the pertussis vaccine and that the incidence of the disease continued to fall, both before and after the introduction of the vaccine. To further complicate the analysis [of the efficacy of the vaccine], serial studies . . . have shown results varying from no effect through 20 percent protection to 80 percent protection."

Coulter points out that the decline in fatalities from pertussis parallels similar declines in other infectious diseases, such as scarlet fever, measles, influenza, tuberculosis, and typhoid. He suggests that this decline was attributable not to mass vaccination programs, but rather to better sanitation, nutrition, and housing, which resulted in an improvement in the general health of the population.

In addition, antibiotics—which were successful in controlling secondary infections such as pneumonia and bronchitis—improved a child's chances of surviving whooping cough and various

other serious childhood diseases.

In the late 1940s, doctors and government health officials were campaigning intensively for mass immunization against pertussis. Already at that time, the incidence and fatality rate from whooping cough was on the decline. Furthermore, there had been no studies, double-blind or not, on either the safety or efficacy of the vaccine. Consequently, it was by any definition an experimental remedy—and the test subjects were the children of America.

In the 1930s, there had been reports of the vaccine's toxicity. In 1933 a Swedish doctor reported two infants had died immediately after vaccination. A few years later American researchers reported that some children reacted with high fevers, convulsions, and collapse. Then, in 1948, two researchers at Harvard Medical School, Randolph Byers and Frederick Moll, conducted a study in which they followed 15 children who had reacted se-

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verely within 72 hours of receiving the vaccinations. One case they described was of an eight-month-old infant who had reacted with irritability and drowsiness to his first shot. The second shot, given three weeks later, caused a more severe reaction. Within 72 hours, he went into convulsions; eight months later, "he was blind, deaf, spastic, and helpless."

Of the 15 children studied, all of whom had been normal prior to vaccination, "one child recovered completely; three had had too short a period of observation to allow for final conclusions; two pursued a long downhill course, ending in death; and the remaining nine suffered from damage to their nervous system, which in most instances promised to interfere with competitive living."

This was the first of a long series of studies that pointed to the highly dangerous nature of the pertussis vaccine. Other studies have introduced the following findings:

- In 1953, a list of 82 cases of pertussis-vaccine damage was compiled. In 1958, the medical literature documented 107 such cases, 31 of which showed signs of permanent damage.

- Between 1946 and 1957, large-scale studies conducted in Britain showed that a significant number of children suffered from convulsions after receiving the vaccination. But doctors denied any connection. From this study, British and American medical communities both concluded that the vaccine was safe.

- In 1960, a Swedish researcher stated "the incidence of neurological complications after pertussis does not appear to be as high as that after vaccination." Noting the decrease in the severity of the disease itself, he concluded, "It is questionable whether universal vaccination against it is justified."

- In 1961, an American physician recognized a reluctance on the part of parents to bring their children in for further DPT vaccination because of violent reactions to previous shots. He collected data from 52 cases, and found six had collapsed, 14 had persistent vomiting, and 13, uncontrollable screaming.

These reports went unheeded by the American medical establishment and government health authorities. By the mid-1950s, the vaccination program was in full swing. By the 1970s, however, the debate over the pertussis component of the DPT vaccine was renewed by new reports of its toxicity. In 1974 British physicians released a report on their study of 36 cases of neurological illness thought to be attributable to the vaccine. Of these cases, two died, four recovered completely, one was permanently paralyzed on one side, four were mentally retarded, three had epilepsy, and 22 were retarded and had epilepsy. The report was the basis of a television program and is believed to have triggered the dramatic decline in vaccination from 80 percent to 30 percent of British schoolchildren over the succeeding four years. That same year another British researcher estimated that an average of 80 cases of severe neurological damage resulted from the pertussis vaccine annually.

It was not until 1978 that the Food and Drug Administration, the agency responsible for monitoring the safety of drugs in this country, commissioned its first study of the effects of the DPT shot—some 30 years after it had been in wide use here and a good ten years after most states had passed legislation requiring pertussis vaccination for entry into school. The two-year study, conducted at U.C.L.A., was, according to Coulter, like so many other medical investigations in that it was riddled with statistical manipulations, misleading statements, and unwarranted conclusions.

The U.C.L.A.-F.D.A. study showed a significant number of adverse reactions to the DPT vaccine, but through the magic of statistical manipulation, downplayed the importance of these often severe reactions and concluded that "this study supports the conclusion of others that the benefits of pertussis immunization far outweigh the risks."



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The flaws in this study were easily detectable. According to Coulter, the data was compiled in terms of numbers of vaccinations, not numbers of children who received them (DPT is a multiple injection). This resulted in a much larger denominator against which adverse reactions were measured. Children in the study were prescreened for any conditions that might predispose them to such responses. In doing so, the study failed to replicate normal distribution of the vaccine in the general population. The study did not recognize high-pitched screaming as an adverse reaction, even though many physicians consider it a symptom of central-nervous-system irritation. Follow-up on children who showed severe reaction was limited to just a few weeks, and the F.D.A. did not recognize reactions that occurred more than 48 hours after the actual injection.

In attempting to estimate the total number of children who have been damaged by the vaccine, Coulter says, "We concluded that a number of children die from the vaccine. There are about 8,000 or 9,000 cases of sudden infant death [S.I.D.] per year in the United States. The vaccine authorities admit that they can't tell the difference between the case of a child dying from vaccination and the case of a child dying from some other cause. So they are both classified as sudden infant death from unknown causes. So the question is how many of these cases of S.I.D.'s might be due to the vaccine. We estimated, and it is really difficult to tell how accurate the estimate is, that probably a quarter to a half were caused by a vaccine."

The same may be true for children with epilepsy. There are 25,000 children born every year in the United States who are diagnosed as being epileptic from birth. But those children are first diagnosed after each has had four DPT shots already. Since it has been reported that the DPT vaccine can cause seizures or epilepsy, how many cases of infant epilepsy are congenital, and how many really are caused by the vaccine? Nobody really knows.

Coulter believes that the DPT vaccine is just another example of the American public being used as guinea pigs for medical experimentation for the profit of vaccine manufacturers and the medical profession, both of which campaign diligently for mass vaccination programs. Their solution to the troublesome problem of adverse reactions has not been to proceed with caution in vaccinating American children, but rather to launch a full-scale lobbying effort to convince Congress to fund the National Childhood Vaccine Injury Act of 1986, which would assign the financial responsibility for injuries caused by the vaccine.

J. Anthony Morris, Ph.D., a research virologist who has spent more than 30 years studying vaccines at the National Institutes of Health (N.I.H.) and the F.D.A.,

is opposed to any such scheme. Testifying before a House subcommittee last March, Morris stated, "My urgent plea to the members of this subcommittee is, do not fund the compensation program of the National Childhood Vaccine Injury Act of 1986. This program, in my judgment, will be found to be a black hole for taxpayers' dollars, to be an escape from just responsibility by manufacturers and medical practitioners for their product and their practices, and to be an injustice to children who will be irreparably harmed by mandated vaccine injections."

"Rather, money and efforts should be directed towards reduction or elimination of the need for funding of a seriously flawed compensation system. Money and efforts should be directed toward improving vaccines . . . not towards funding a seriously flawed compensation system to pay for damage that should and can be prevented."

Could the government be hoodwinked into footing the bill for such a preposterous program? It did precisely that in the swine-flu fiasco back in 1976. The Justice Department reported that six years after the end of the swine-flu program, 1,571 lawsuits had been filed against the federal government for compensation that it agreed to provide when the insurance industry considered it too bad a risk. At that time, 290 suits were settled for \$57 million and an additional 693 were still

pending with total compensation of over \$1 billion being sought by plaintiffs.

Even with the limited compensation of \$250,000 per victim provided in the proposed National Childhood Vaccine Injury Act, in a letter to the editor of *The Washington Post*, the executive vice president of Dissatisfied Parents Together (a group organized by the parents of DPT victims), writes, "Five more years of American children dying and becoming brain damaged by the current 45-year-old [DPT] vaccine is not only an unnecessary human tragedy, it could well bankrupt the federal vaccine-injury compensation system recently approved by Congress." (The vaccine compensation system referred to will not become effective until Congress approves a funding system as contained in the 1986 Injury Act.)

Even before a funding mechanism is set up for a compensation program, its bankruptcy can be foreseen. One vaccination scheme after another has been proven to be either largely ineffective or highly toxic or both. Nevertheless, the proponents of these schemes are constantly proposing new vaccinations for what often turn out to be manufactured epidemics. At best, the target of an immunization program is usually a disease that is showing a natural decline in incidence and morbidity before the vaccine is even introduced.

Morris has long been a critic of influ-

enza vaccines, for instance. He says that with the current state of medical knowledge and technology, we do not have the means to develop a vaccine against the flu, because influenza viruses can and do in fact spontaneously mutate by changing their surface molecules. Each change represents a new strain of the virus that may or may not be resistant to the vaccine, depending upon the degree of mutation. Consequently, as soon as one vaccine is prepared, it may be necessary to prepare another and still another, ad infinitum.

Most flu shots are merely ineffectual—that is, while they may be a waste of money, at least they do not cause harm. This, however, was not the case of the swine-flu vaccine, which represented perhaps the most dramatic example of "political immunization." There is little doubt that swine flu was at one time responsible for one of the largest pandemics that the world has ever seen. In 1918 the swine-flu virus was responsible for 15 to 25 million fatalities.

The swine-influenza virus went into hiding until 1976, when Private David Lewis collapsed and died in a matter of hours at Fort Dix, New Jersey. His death was traced to a virus that was related to the swine flu. Some medical authorities feared that this was just the first case of what could turn out to be a new epidemic of the disease. Fortunately, this proved to

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be a false alarm. In the years after Lewis's death, no other similar fatalities were reported. A nationwide search turned up a few isolated cases, but researchers ruled out the possibility of human-to-human transmission and attributed the cases to contact with pigs. But the alarm was sounded nevertheless. Under the direction of the Centers for Disease Control (C.D.C.), the nation began to arm for battle against a deadly epidemic.

There were, of course, a handful of doctors, scientists, and government officials who were urging a more conservative approach. For example, consumer advocate Ralph Nader's Health Research Group stated that everyone was being overly alarmist and that the push for nationwide vaccination was just a waste of taxpayers' money. Congressman Henry A. Waxman (D-Calif.) and former congressman Andrew McGuire (D-N.J.) suggested that the whole scheme was a "rip-off" by the vaccine manufacturers. But these voices were ignored in favor of far more influential pro-vaccine advocates. One of these was Dr. David Sencer of the C.D.C., who drafted the initial memorandum that described the swine flu and recommended a course of action.

This report started with a statement of "facts": "(1) In February 1976 a new strain of virus ... was isolated from an out-

break of disease among recruits in training at Fort Dix, New Jersey. (2) The virus is antigenically related to the influenza virus, which has been implicated in the cause of the 1918-1919 pandemic which killed 450,000 people—more than 400 of every 100,000 Americans. (3) The entire U.S. population under the age of 50 is probably susceptible to this strain. (4) Since 1930, the virus has been limited to transmission among swine ... with no secondary person-to-person transmission. (5) In an average year, influenza causes about 17,000 deaths (nine per 100,000 population) and costs the nation approximately \$500 million. (6) Severe epidemics, or pandemics, of influenza occur at approximately ten-year intervals. In 1968-69, influenza struck 20 percent of our population, causing 33,000 deaths (14 per 100,000), and cost an estimated \$3.2 billion. (7) A vaccine to protect against swine flu can be developed before next flu season."

Most of Sencer's "facts" are biased or distorted. Fact No. 3, for instance, is not even a fact, but a statement of a "probability," which in turn is more a possibility than a probability. Fact No. 5 fails to mention what proportion of the 17,000 annual deaths "caused" by influenza were of people suffering from debilitating primary diseases or who were in a weakened condition to begin with, such as following

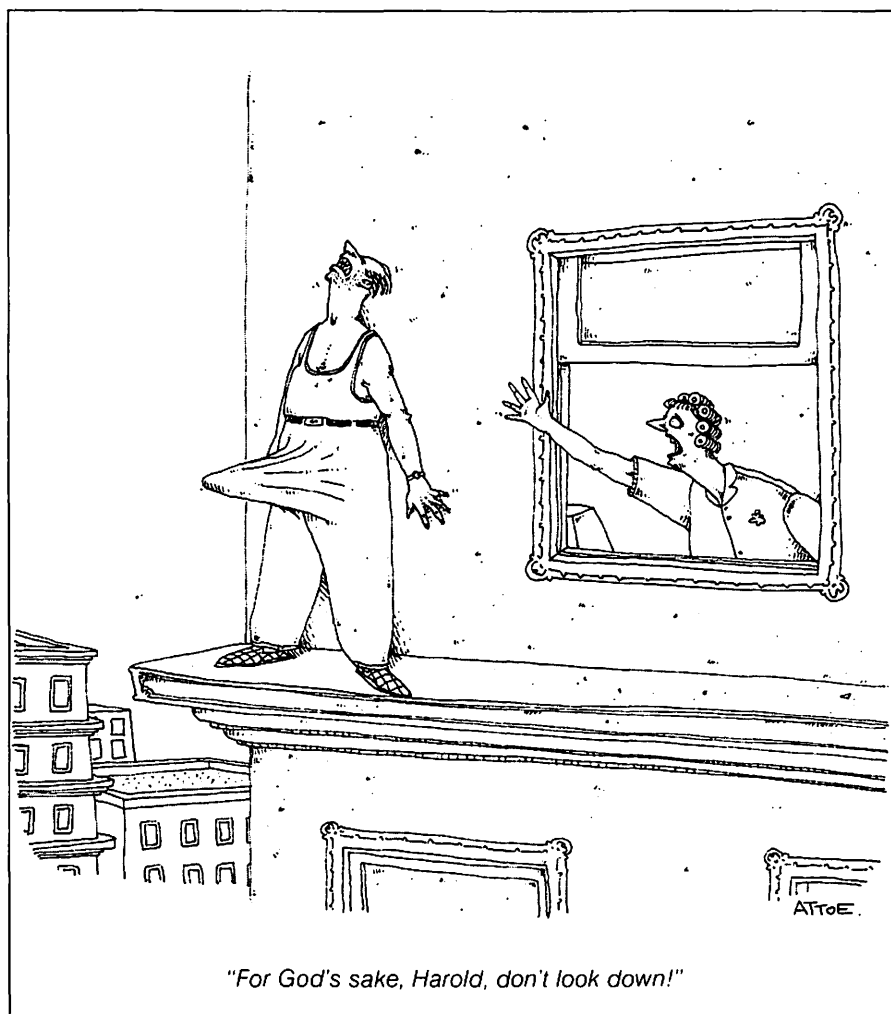
surgery. And while it was true, as stated in Sencer's memorandum, that a vaccine could probably be developed before the next flu season, Sencer fails to note that such a rapid development of the vaccine would necessarily preclude adequate testing for its safety and efficacy.

With "facts" and recommendations put in these terms, it should come as no surprise that very few politicians would adopt any other stand on the issue than that recommended by Sencer. Says David Mathews, former secretary of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare (now the Department of Health and Human Services), "As soon as I heard about the swine flu and its implications for a pandemic, I realized that the political system would have to respond. There was no way out, as long as the scientists supported it. ... You can't face the electorate later, if the pandemic arrives, and say that the probability was so low that the costs outweighed the benefits. The people would never forgive us." Little over a week after Sencer first circulated his memorandum, Mathews wrote a note to the head of the Office of Management and Budget warning that a request for funding the swine-flu program was on its way. In this note Mathews substantially upped the political stakes by stating that "there is evidence that there *will* be a major flu epidemic coming this fall. The indication is that we will see a return of the 1918 flu virus that is the most virulent form of flu ..."

The ball was off and rolling. By March 1976, President Ford, who had long been criticized for being indecisive, came out firmly in support of a national immunization program. The Senate passed the swine-flu appropriations bill in April 19, 1976, by a vote of 61 to seven; it was approved by the House on April 12 and signed into law by President Ford on April 15. Rarely in the history of this country has our federal government moved with such speed and with this degree of cooperation, especially in an election year. (It should come as no surprise that attached to this bill were amendments for additional funding for the C.D.C. and the F.D.A., the government agencies most intimately involved in the immunization program.)

By April 1976, the program was under way, but it was soon announced that Parke-Davis, one of the vaccine manufacturers, had prepared several million doses using the wrong virus, thus delaying the delivery schedule by four to six weeks. The manufacturers also discovered that they could produce the vaccine at only half the rate they had initially estimated. This rendered the plan of massive immunization prior to the next flu season highly unlikely.

While tests of the vaccine indicated that it was about 85 percent effective in adults over the age of 24 and appeared relatively safe in children from ages three to ten, it also caused excessive adverse re-



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actions. In addition, the recommended dosage for young adults between the ages of 18 and 24 was only 50 percent effective, while larger doses also caused adverse reactions.

Perhaps the most formidable obstacle to the swine-flu immunization program was presented by the insurance companies, which by April 1976 were sending out relatively clear messages that they did not intend to cover indemnity and defense costs for damages resulting from this program. Just two years earlier, the Supreme Court had upheld a decision awarding \$200,000 in damages to the family of an eight-month-old child who had developed polio after inoculation with the Sabin live-virus polio vaccine. Understandably, the insurance company was not enthusiastic at the prospect of being left holding the bag for an immunization program as vast and as hastily coordinated as that of the swine flu.

With the insurance companies out of the picture, the only alternative, other than letting the program die, was for the federal government itself to insure the program. This course was adopted because the prestige of the presidency had been put on the line in Ford's initial announcement of the program. Had the program originally been announced at some lower level instead of going to the "heroic" effort of trying to save the program by legislating the government into the insurance business, the administration would have let the program die in those last days of July.

Like the rest of the swine-flu program, the federal government's assumption of liability was not without controversy. Congressman John Dingell (D-Mich.) said that the bill was "an absolute unbridled, total, unlimited assumption of responsibility and liability," rather than simple insurance. The late congressman Walter Flowers (D-Ala.) warned that the bill would open the floodgates to a myriad of lawsuits against the federal government, while former congressman John Moss (D-Calif.) pointed out that Congress was reacting to a national emergency that no longer existed. In fact, it had by that time been four months since the swine flu had appeared anywhere in the world.

Congressman Waxman stated that the drug manufacturers and the insurance industry were being let off the hook by the bill. "We are being used," he said. "I think we are making a big mistake." But in the end, the Senate also capitulated. On August 12, 1976, the National Swine Flu Program of 1976 was signed into law by the President, amid the fanfare of the press and the medical establishment.

The program started on October 1, 1976. On October 11, it was reported that three elderly people had dropped dead shortly after receiving the swine-flu vaccine at a clinic in Pittsburgh. The C.D.C. later investigated claims of over 2,000 serious reactions to the vaccine, 181 of which resulted in death. Of these, 142

deaths occurred within 48 hours of immunization. When the statisticians made appropriate adjustments for age, sex, and other medical factors and compared these numbers with what would be expected in the general population, they concluded that the number of supposed vaccine-related deaths was actually *below* the number of deaths that would have been expected to occur by chance during any given 48-hour period, had vaccination not been given. Thus, by the magic of statistics, the C.D.C. was able to "prove" that the swine-flu vaccine really was safe and represented no threat to the health of Americans.

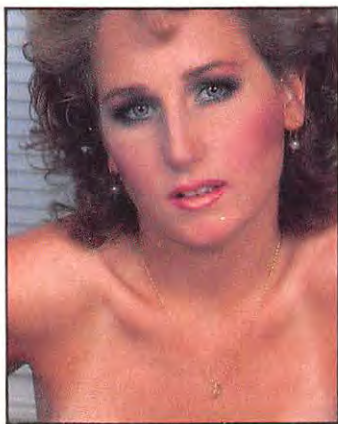
But all the magic in the world could not have saved the reputation of the swine-flu vaccine when the development of a rare and serious disease called Guillain-Barré Syndrome (GBS), which produces polioliike symptoms, was connected with the vaccine.

In the third week in November, the first case of GBS was reported to have developed in a patient shortly following his swine-flu vaccination. During the following week, three more cases were reported, one of which was fatal. By March 1977, there were 843 cases, over half of which occurred in persons who had recently received the vaccine. When these cases were analyzed, researchers estimated that the "relative risk" of developing GBS was 12 times greater in vaccinees than in nonvaccinees.

By February 1978, when Congress submitted its final report on the program, 1,241 claims (including 103 for wrongful death) had been filed.

It appears that our government, prodded by the medical establishment, health officials, and pharmaceutical manufacturers, is only too ready to disregard the lessons of the not-so-distant past. Testifying in March 1987 before a House subcommittee in connection with the National Childhood Vaccine Injury Act of 1986, Dr. Morris stated, "In 1977, in testimony before the House Subcommittee on Health and Environment, at a hearing on review and evaluation of the swine-flu program, I testified that when I left the Food and Drug Administration in 1976, there was no available technique to measure reliably and consistently neurotoxicity or potency of most of the vaccines then in use, including DPT vaccine. Today, 11 years later, the situation remains essentially the same. And today this subcommittee is considering a funding mechanism for a vaccine-injury compensation program."

Will Morris's warnings against the pitfalls of the currently proposed indemnification program receive any more attention than they did ten years ago when he spoke out against the swine-flu program? If history repeats itself, probably not. In the early 1970s, Morris was advising the government on the questionable safety and efficacy of the Hong Kong flu vaccine. He was ignored then, as he and



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many others were ignored when they counseled caution with the swine-flu vaccine later in that decade.

The swine-flu affair is not an isolated event in this country's medical history; nor is it by any means an exception to the rule of how medicine operates, especially when the government gets involved. We are seeing the very same scenario, with the same actors, using the same script in the push for a federal indemnification program for DPT vaccines.

This scenario is also being played out on the AIDS front. The state of the public panic around AIDS is not unlike that promoted around swine flu in 1976. And it is precisely this kind of panic that leads the American public to believe that their only salvation lies in a miracle drug or a vaccination. Again, Morris warns us to proceed with caution. "I see the same thing developing with AIDS. There are political pressures to do something about AIDS. There are congressmen who are tremendously interested in being in the forefront of the AIDS program. There are scientists who want to be the first to develop an AIDS vaccine. It's written up already in the newspapers. There have been headlines: 'AIDS Vaccine Ready for Human Trials.' This is sheer and utter nonsense. If the scientist *believes* there is a vaccine ready for human trial, then he hasn't thought about it thoroughly. But it makes a nice headline.

"With the techniques now available, it is not possible to make a vaccine that will work against AIDS. There are a number of reasons why. First of all, AIDS differs from most viral diseases in that, with measles, for instance, the objective of the vaccine is to induce in the recipient antibodies that will be protective against measles. The same applies with mumps and with polio; the purpose of the vaccine is the formation of antibodies that will protect the recipient against the infecting agent. That's not true with AIDS. The antibody in this disease is not a protective antibody.

"One of the reasons that there is no effective vaccine against influenza is that the influenza virus mutates rapidly. It has the capability of creating many flu strains against which the vaccine will not be effective. The same applies to AIDS—the AIDS virus mutates. So even if it was possible to create a vaccine against one strain, that vaccine would not be effective against another strain. To create an effective vaccine, it would have to protect against a multiplicity of strains.

"Furthermore, even if it was possible to develop a vaccine against AIDS, how would you test whether it worked or not? If the incubation period for the disease ranges from many months to many years, it is impossible to determine the efficacy of a vaccine."

Even a cursory examination of the direction in which AIDS is being pushed indicates that it will not be long before a vaccine is announced and a mass inoc-

ulation program initiated. When this occurs, there is a strong likelihood that in the current state of AIDS hysteria, the mass vaccination program will commence prior to any adequate testing. This is, in fact, precisely what has occurred with the experimental drug AZT, the testing of which was stopped almost as soon as it began, because the medical establishment considered it "unethical" to withhold this drug from anyone suffering from AIDS. Now, not only is AZT out of its experimental stages, but the pharmaceutical company manufacturing it and the medical profession allied with federal agencies like the N.I.H. and the F.D.A. are pushing Congress to pass a bill to fund the use of this drug, which has never been proven to be an effective cure.

Morris discusses the current politics surrounding AZT: "There was a hearing held before one of the congressional committees on the tenth of March [1987]. The subject under discussion was the

“
Our government,
prodded by the medical
establishment, is
only too ready to disregard
lessons of the
not-so-distant past.
”

funding for the use of the new drug AZT and who will pay for this drug. Supposedly, it will cost anywhere from \$7,000 to \$10,000 per year per patient to supply this drug. I read from the opening remarks of the chairman of that committee: 'We cannot permit the health-care system to keep this drug away from people any more ethically than we could permit the health-research system to do so. Giving patients nothing because they have no money and no insurance can be rationalized only if [it's] part of a system that provides health miracles to the wealthy and health neglect to the poor.'


"Now, he's talking about 'a miracle,' a 'health miracle,' AZT. He wants to get money appropriated so that the poor can get this drug costing \$7,000 to \$10,000 per year. Nowhere in his statement does he talk about the shortcomings of this drug. First of all, the manufacturer says it's not a cure, but a treatment, and that is certainly the case. This drug came about because when it was tested by the pharmaceutical companies and cooperating doctors, it was found that AIDS patients on AZT at the end of 24 weeks had a significantly lower death rate than

the control group. So they broke the code and said we cannot deny people the use of this drug. . . . And indeed there were striking results. There was, I believe, only a single death in the AZT-treated group. The number of deaths in the control group was much greater. They went to Congress and to the F.D.A. and asked permission to test this drug in larger numbers. What they didn't say was that at the end of 48 weeks, that difference was no longer detectable—that is, the number of deaths were comparable. That means that at best this drug prolongs the life of an AIDS patient for several months, possibly a year. But there is no evidence that a long-term benefit will be derived from the use of this drug. It's like taking an aspirin tablet for a tumor. Instead of using this fantastic amount of money for the purchase of this drug, we should be looking for a better drug."

AZT is also not without its side effects, which can be serious. If a patient survives on the drug for any period of time, there is a good chance that serious anemia will develop, necessitating blood transfusions. The drug is also responsible for kidney damage. Additionally, AZT, according to Morris, has no effect on secondary diseases such as pneumocystis pneumonia or Kaposi's sarcoma, which are the most common causes of death in AIDS patients.

So what about the safety of an AIDS vaccine? Given the little we know about the virus and the rush to get a vaccine on the market as soon as possible, based on past history, one thing is clear: The potential for disaster abounds. If history repeats itself with an AIDS vaccine, the results could be a real epidemic, especially if the vaccine is rushed into a massive nationwide program. We saw with the polio vaccine that the rush to get the vaccine on the market resulted in batches that contained live polio virus. The polio vaccine was also subsequently shown to contain a substance, SD40, that caused cancer in animals. Every indication points to the conclusion that we are moving in the same direction with an AIDS vaccine, unless the American public finally decides that it has had enough of medical experimentation and profiteering at the expense of human health.

Medicine is now the No. 2 industry in this nation, second only to defense. The question is, how much larger does it have to get and how many more people have to die at its hands before we finally get fed up?

Editor's note: The author wishes to acknowledge the valuable assistance of Trudy Golobic in compiling this article. Reprints are available to readers. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with a check or money order for \$1.00, payable to Penthouse Int'l, to: Editorial Department, Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Allow two months for delivery. 

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FOUR WHEELER
PUBLICATIONS



Reflections has the kind of overheated 18-year-old sexuality that gives one a lump in the throat as well as in the jeans.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN



Brothers Grimm features a planet with erotic properties.

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Reflections
(VCX) **1.1.1.1**

This one is from the golden age of porn—luscious luminaries like Annette Haven lighting up the screen, a freshness and directness to plot, and acting that proves the bloom hasn't come off the rose as of yet. It's about young love and the kind of overheated 18-year-old sexuality that gives one a lump in the throat as well as in the jeans.

Haven is superb as Joannie, the city slicker who comes to spend the summer in the country. All the participants have trouble keeping their fantasies in check, with the exception of the ice-queen Joannie, who doesn't give in until the end. There are sweet scenes and steamy scenes, a nice twist at the end, and plenty of heat up until then. They don't make

'em like this anymore, which is all the more reason to make *Reflections* a part of your permanent library.

SCIENCE FRICTION

Brothers Grimm X-Rated Cartoons, Vol. 2
(Excalibur) **1.1.1.1**

In these two new episodes of the *Brothers Grimm* series, we are back with princesses Orgasma and Layme as they tour the universe and "boldly go where no woman has gone before." As with volume one, the level of animation is rudimentary at best, and is actually one notch below that of Saturday-morning kiddie cartoons. But the writing, action, and concept in both episodes, "Star Trap" and "Offenders of the Universe," are top-notch. And since the dewy-eyed princesses come off as cosmic innocents, the tape can be surprisingly sexy.

To see these keen-eyed

young virgins take a monstrous alien sex tool, a dozen tongues, and a throbbing black shaft, turns out to be a stirring experience. After all, we can blame the low-budget porn economy for the lousy animation, but the story and sexiness of the tape has to rise and fall on its own merits. And rise it does: In "Star Trap," our two heroines are beamed off to Fallopian 2, a planet with some very erotic properties. There is a lot of dyke action between the two, wherein the correct way to approach cunnilingus is graphically portrayed.

Part two of the tape, "Offenders of the Universe," is actually a continuation of a *Star Wars* parody from the first *Brothers Grimm* tape. For novelty effect alone, the *Brothers Grimm* warrants a look, but my bet is that you'll be sucked in by the sex and the story. Kudos to animator Arthur King for filling a void in the X-rated world.

POCKET POOL

The Color of Honey
(Superstar) **1.1.1**

For obvious metaphorical reasons, billiards has been the sexual game of choice since the cue was invented. Adult entertainment hasn't been shy about trumping up the value of ramming a shot home into the corner pocket, and this tape is the second spin-off from the mainstream smash *The Color of Money* to be reviewed here.

The plot is a loose excuse to jumble a lot of bodies in bed together, and the action qualifies it for the genre of "all-sex video"—meaning the producers didn't have to go too far beyond the dynamics of ball and cue to

make this one. Cara Lott is good as the omnisexual Barbie, a woman who knows her way around a pool table, even if the game is pocket pool. Ron Jeremy is as ubiquitous as ever, and newcomer Lacey Logan stands out also. A pretty standard exercise in nonstop sexual action, *The Color of Honey* manages to sink a few balls anyway.

PENTHOUSE PICK

Playpen
(VCA) **1.1.1.1**

With *Playpen*, producer Chuck Vincent and director-cinematographer Larry Revene continue their long and fruitful collaboration. *Playpen* is a broad parody of *Chained Heat*-type women-in-prison films, and it can be pretty ludicrous at times. But the production values are so high, and the sex is so sultry, that the viewer winds



Playpen: sultry sex.

up mesmerized anyway.

The tape begins with a bang, with a hilarious and sexy scene of a female warden, seated in the electric chair, playing sex games with a well-hung guard. We find out that the "Playpen" is one prison where the women fear parole more than anything else, and will do anything to stay on the inside, to remain in on the fun and games. But then the hedonistic female warden is replaced by Warden "Genghis" Kahn, a slave-driving male bureaucrat who wants to eke every penny he can out of the female prisoners. A writer, a fashion designer, and a mad-scientist inmate are all put to work, prompting a stirring rebellion within the ranks. The female talent is almost uniformly good, but Sheri St. Clair and Siobhan Hunter stand out.

If it's campy, good-time sexiness you're after, *Playpen* will turn the trick.

VICE ADVICE

Dear Fanny
(Cal Vista) **1.1.1.**

It's the perfect plot for a vignette-style porn tape: Do a raunchy parody of "Ann Landers" or "Dear Abby" with an explicit, hard-core twist. *Dear Fanny* does okay by its premise, but it bogs down in silliness and a dull, plodding pace. Since the technical values are excellent, you will at least be able to see and hear well enough to judge for yourself whether the stupid jokes sink this one.

Janey Robins stars as the advice giver, a sort of hard-core Dr. Ruth. Ron Jeremy is a member of her office staff, and his member gets a good, solid workout—



Fanny has Janey Robins playing a hard-core Dr. Ruth.

even while his Screw T-shirt remains on throughout. Beyond the front-office fucky-sucky, we get a half-dozen or so vignettes, supposedly based on the "problems" of Fanny's forlorn readers. Amber Lynn is once again headed for the fellatio hall of fame for a segment in which she plays a new bride. Lynn goes at it with a gusto and panache that would have me wondering, were I her new groom, just where a young virgin went to school. Perhaps the School of Hard Cocks?

Some of the other vignettes run to the kinky side, with a banana-split sequence featuring Jeremy. There is also a fuck-a-fatty episode weighing in with a roly-poly named Rachel. Both scenes stand out as something of a walk on the vile side. The penultimate sequence, set in a gynecologist's office, lets us know what really goes on when she's riding high in the stir-

rup—something we may not want to know.

All in all, *Dear Fanny* caters to the lonely hards and not the lonely hearts, and while there are flashes of heat, the level on the whole remains lukewarm.

FROM BAD TO NURSE

Genital Hospital
(Essex) **1.1.1.**

Genital Hospital is a quirky sort of tape, modeled on a broad parody of daytime soaps, featuring some great new talent, but finally tripping over its own ambitions. It's joke time, folks, and we

are presented with a series of skits, send-ups, parody commercials, and satirical news reports. Some are on the mark, but others are as flat as two-day-old beer. This is "EBC"—Erotic Broadcasting Corporation—and on the whole the sex is sexier than the humor is funny.

Tammy White could be a great new star in porn's firmament, and she's especially torrid when tricked out in a blond wig, à la Kathleen Turner in *Crimes of Passion*.

The lines she is forced to mouth, however, and the part (actually, parts) she is forced to play do her a disservice. The confusing plot is one of those you aren't necessarily supposed to figure out. It consists of a convoluted thicket of mob hits, with sexy female police chiefs and scatterbrained doctors. It's all supposed to add up to a breezy, light-handed approach, but so much of it fails to click, your only recourse is the fast-forward button.

Essex has announced plans for a continuing series of *Genital Hospital* tapes: how many more we don't know, but let's hope they get better with practice. It's great to see all the luscious new talent and new bodies, but for now, the doctor is definitely out to lunch. **O+**

RATING KEY

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

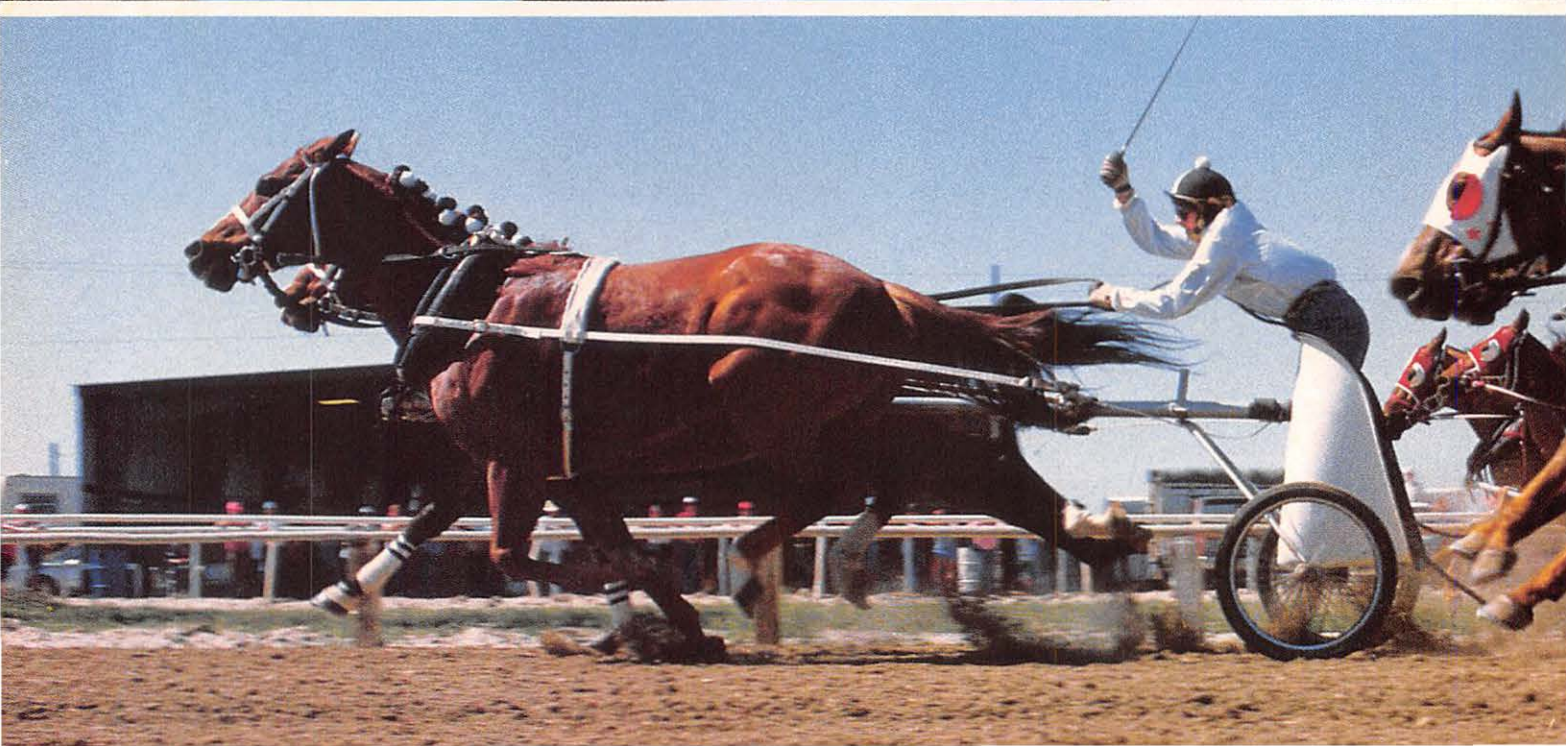
A CHANGE OF PACE

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS
BY RICK BROWNE

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At the World Championship Chariot Races, 130 teams from around the country compete in an event unique in the world of sports. Teams of horses (also called pacers), pulling 150-pound chariots (no, there are no blades on the wheels), and a driver charge at high speeds down a 440-yard racetrack trying to outrace three other teams.

In a sport where horses worth up to \$100,000 can be injured and destroyed in a single race, where the participants spend thousands of dollars in the seasonal races, and where up to six months of the year revolve around chariot racing, one would expect a huge payoff. No way. The prize for the World Championship is a blanket, a trophy, a belt buckle, and a new harness.

Pride of victory is the goal for these hardworking and hard-playing folks. Everyone from the host town of Pocatello, Idaho, lays out the welcome mat for the several thousand drivers, owners, and families.

Covering the 440-yard track in just over 22 seconds, the chariots hurtle toward the finish line with dust, hats, and sometimes drivers flying. Accidents and major injuries are rare, but last year's races had one driver thrown from his chariot, and one horse in the championship round suffered a gruesome break in its ankle and had to be destroyed.

Last year's final race was as exciting as the legendary duel in the movie *Ben-Hur*, with less blood and destruction, but more blood-boiling excitement. Jim Hansen, a jockey driving teams named Talk to Pappa and Cruise to Win from the Portneuf Valley Association in Pocatello, fell behind at the start of the race as opponent Bill Baker's teams of Savannah Grannie and Maker's Choice jumped to a length-and-a-half lead. With 150 yards to go, Hansen had edged his teams to within half a length of the leader and surged ahead by a nose at the wire to grab the title with a time of 22.66 seconds.

Pride and the enjoyment of excellent horsemanship are the driving forces behind these races. It's a very refreshing change of atmosphere in today's world of TV coverage and high-priced athletes. 



its nuclear utility; Taiwan was identified by the C.I.A. as a potentially serious proliferation problem. (Deaver also helped Taiwan with its "public relations.") At the Interior Department, Secretary James Watt was bounced for an outburst of bigotry that caught almost every conceivable disadvantaged minority group in its sweep. But his real offense was putting himself in opposition to the department's historical role of conserving natural resources.

The Environmental Protection Agency, meanwhile, was protecting toxic-waste polluters instead of the land, which was rapidly dying from poisonous dumpings. Anne Burford, E.P.A. administrator, resigned and Rita Lavelle, her assistant administrator for toxic waste, was convicted of perjury for congressional testimony regarding E.P.A. dealings with one of her former employers.

With Allen at the National Security Council and Edwin Meese as attorney general, Reagan probably had (and still has) men of the weakest intellect and most minimal achievement to occupy those positions in recent memory. John Poindexter, Reagan's third national security adviser, left the post with less than distinction after the diversion of funds to the contras was exposed.

Somehow, prior to the Iran-contra affair, none of this seemed to matter to the public. Representative Patricia Schroeder of Colorado dubbed Reagan the Teflon president, because nothing stuck to him. But it was no joke: There really was a carefully applied coating designed to keep the press and public from getting through to the real Reagan. It was the work of the best media-control team ever to hit the White House, under the supervision at first of David Gergen, followed by Deaver. Coupled with the President's skill as an actor, it made him invincible (until the Iran-contra scandal).

The media-control apparatus even worked on itself. Although it was described in detail in the press, particularly in devastating pieces during the 1984 campaign by Mark Hertsgaard in *The Village Voice* and one by Steven R. Weisman in *The New York Times*, these exposés seemed to have no effect.

Every morning the White House team met and devised a "line of the day," a point of view on a particular subject they wanted to put forward. Various presidential spokesmen or relevant cabinet secretaries were told how news would be made, including announcements of legislative proposals, new projects, whatever. White House reporters were given this news in dribs and drabs—little hints at first, then more meat, then a press briefing that was apt to be delayed while the assembled reporters waited—all to keep them busy. These were the stories

REAGAN'S HALL OF SHAME

Washington has always had its share of scandal, but the administration of Ronald Reagan has seen an absurdly large number of government officials misuse the public trust. The following is only a partial listing of these high-placed embarrassments, compiled by the editors of *Penthouse*.

RESIGNED

Richard Allen, national security adviser
Daniel K. Benjamin, chief of staff at Department of Labor
Anne Burford, administrator, Environmental Protection Agency
Michael Cardenas, head of Small Business Administration
John Fedders, head of enforcement, Securities and Exchange Commission
Guy Fiske, second-in-command at Department of Commerce
Mary Ann Gilleece, deputy undersecretary for procurement, Defense Department
Louis Giuffrida, director of Federal Emergency Management Agency
Arthur Hayes, commissioner, Food and Drug Administration
J. Lynn Helms, head of Federal Aviation Administration
John W. Hernandez, acting administrator, E.P.A.
Max Hugel, head of C.I.A. covert operations
Jonathan Miller, deputy assistant to the President
Robert Nimmo, Veterans Administration chief
Robert Perry, general counsel, E.P.A.
Wesley A. Plummer, head of Civil Rights Division at Department of Transportation
John Poindexter, national security adviser
Norman H. Raiden, chief counsel, Federal Home Loan Bank Board
Thomas C. Reed, White House counselor on national security
Armand Reiser, assistant to energy secretary
Victor Schroeder, president of Synthetic Fuels Corporation
Victor M. Thompson, Jr., president of Synthetic Fuels Corporation
John Todhunter, assistant administrator, E.P.A.
James Watt, secretary of the interior

INDICTED

Michael Deaver, deputy White House chief of staff
Lyn Nofziger, White House aide

Raymond Donovan, secretary of labor (acquitted after trial)

UNDER INVESTIGATION

Edwin Meese, attorney general
Robert McFarlane, national security adviser
Theodore Olsen, assistant attorney general
Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North, National Security Council aide
John Poindexter, national security adviser

ESCAPED INVESTIGATION, THANKS TO THE GRIM REAPER

William Casey, C.I.A. chief
Vice Admiral Arthur Moreau, assistant to chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff

CONVICTED

Robert Hill, regional director, Economic Development Administration
Rita Lavelle, head of toxic-cleanup programs, E.P.A.

FIRED

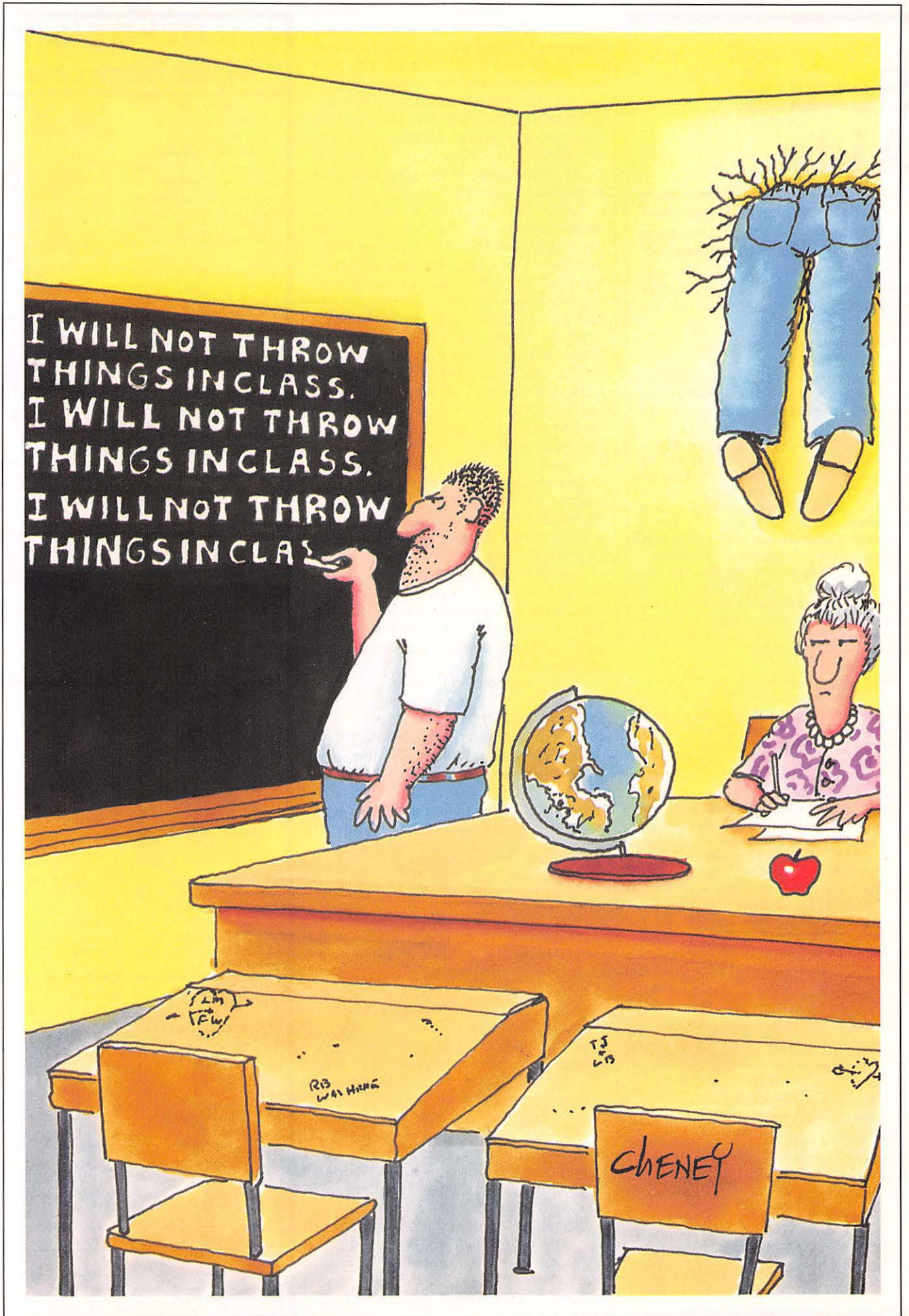
John Horton, E.P.A. assistant administrator
Oliver North, N.S.C. aide
Matthew Novick, inspector general, E.P.A.
J. William Petro, U.S. attorney

CONDUCT UNBECOMING

Edwin Gray, chairman, Federal Home Loan Bank Board—used \$26,000 of taxpayers' money for private travel (later repaid the amount)
Charles Z. Wick, director, U.S. Information Agency—secretly taped numerous phone conversations
Air Force Major General Richard Secord (ret.)—Key figure in Iran-contra diversion

EXPENSE-ACCOUNT CHEATS

Donald I. Hovde, undersecretary, Department of Housing and Urban Development (paid it back)
Marjory Mecklenburg, deputy's deputy, Department of Health and Human Services
Robert Nimmo, Veterans Administration chief (paid it back)
William French Smith, former attorney general (paid it back)
Nancy Harvey Steorts, head of Consumer Products Safety Commission (paid it back)
Peter Voss, Postal Service governor
Caspar Weinberger, secretary of defense (paid it back)



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every news editor would want covered, because the competition would have them. Individual reporters were to have no free time left to stir up trouble by asking questions about other things. Everyone in government who might be approached on the matter involved in "the line of the day" was clued in via computer on exactly what to say about it, down to exact expressions or phrases that were designed to sound off-the-cuff.


Rather than respond to events, the White House tried to create the day's chief news items. Acting White House Press Secretary Larry Speakes kept a sign on his desk: "You don't tell us how to stage the news and we don't tell you how to cover it." He wasn't joking.

When events occurred beyond the White House's control that did need a response, there was a conscious effort to have "point men" who would remove pressure from the President. Reagan himself would only comment after a line had been tried out by his aides.

"I think it is terribly important that the President not be out on the line every day, particularly on bad news," Gergen told Hertsgaard. "If the going is getting hot, it is far better to have your lieutenants take the wounds than your general. One of the most destructive aspects of the Carter administration was that they continually let him go out there and be the point man on everything." In the Reagan administration, Gergen explained, "on environmental issues . . . Watt became the lightning rod, and he knew that when he came in. It was a conscious policy in terms of shaping the news."

Steven Weisman's *Times* article left no doubt that the President and the men around him were using this tactic to deceive the public about what was happening—at times, to say that black was white. Reagan could continue to state that "no administration has done more than we have done" to combat racial and sex discrimination, and never have to answer to the fact that this wasn't so.

"Mr. Reagan's aides say they came into office mindful that the last four presidents had been politically defeated or driven from office. . . . [They were] convinced that the press's reporting had contributed to their downfall," Weisman said. "Their intention from the start was to keep the press from calling the shots. No longer would reporters be the arbiters of what constitutes a crisis, nor be the judges of a president's responsibility." For example, Weisman wrote in 1984, "After the recent bombing of the United States embassy in Beirut, which provoked an uproar in the press, the President initially avoided public statements about the incident and sought to minimize its significance."

That attitude, applied to foreign policy at a time when much of the public and Congress incorrectly viewed all the world as a bipolar conflict with the Soviet Union, foretold disaster. Which is just what happened. 

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GREEN SCREEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

Sex God: Oh, a hell of a lot. Everything imaginable goes on . . .

Penthouse: What's happened tonight?

Sex God: We had an orgy with three girls and about six or seven guys earlier. . . . Scrambled.

Penthouse: Interesting. How do you agree to do that between yourselves?

Sex God: You have to get a group together and give them all a code word. Then only your group can see what you are typing in. That's important, because the open channel is monitored so that nothing really obscene is right out in public view. You can get kicked off Compuserve for being obscene on the public channel. What you do in private is your own business.

Penthouse: So how do you get a woman to agree to join a man she's never met in the flesh on a private channel to work on some strange sexual fantasies?

Sex God: Basically, you just sort of ask, and if you're lucky . . . bingo!

Penthouse: Ask how? What's the protocol?

Sex God: It's varied. You might just say, "Hey, wanna talk?" or you might just butt in with a system request unannounced and ask them to join you. Sometimes they just walk into your parlor. Women are

much more direct about sex here than they are in the flesh. Much lustier. And I can't say I miss the romantic element, either.

Penthouse: What's the hottest time you've had with compuser? The weirdest?

Sex God: I've had submissive girls who'll obey anything you say, or dominant ones who give *strange orders* . . .

Penthouse: How do you tell?

Sex God: Sometimes they'll say in their handle, like "Paula-sub," or it just happens that they are that way once you're alone with them. Sometimes they'll tell you to put on certain clothes, or to masturbate yourself without letting yourself come. They've asked for everything under the sun, from (yeah!) leather to silk pj's. Then there are couples who use hot chatting with others to get hot with each other.

Penthouse: Do you find that compuser is addicting?

Sex God: The sexfests can be really addictive, particularly if you're hard up and don't have a very active sex life in person.

Penthouse: Have you ever been lured into a situation where you think you're with a woman and then find out you're not?

Sex God: No, but of course it's possible. You try not to consider that. It has a bit of a dampening effect on the mutual fantasy you're both trying to get off on.


Penthouse: Have you ever met a person you've played with on the wires in the flesh?

Sex God: No, but it does happen. There are CB parties all the time in the bigger cities.


Penthouse: So after six months of compuser, what do you think of it?

Sex God: It's great! You can be with a different person every night, sometimes three times a night. Hell, you can be a different person three times a night. You can be anyone you want to be.

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OLLIE NORTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

Mabry declared that even threats of death would not keep him from spreading his *cinéma faux*. "I don't give a shit," Mabry yelled over the phone. "I told those guys to go get fucked."

I checked Mabry out. He was a fringe right-wing flake who boasted of ties to Jesse Helms and Ed Meese. And he loved

the limelight. In 1980 he announced to the press that he was flying off to Tehran to pick up documents implicating American officials and journalists in payoffs from the shah. This transaction would purportedly lead to the freeing of the hostages. He told UPI that his wife had left him and that he lost his job at a metal-recycling plant after he contacted the Iranians. Unfortunately, his mission aborted.

Last March, he got word of his prop-

erty to ABC News correspondent Karen Burnes, considered the best network reporter on Contragate. Although just 32 years old, Burnes has been with ABC for a dozen years and has won two Emmys.

She was teaming with freelancer Frank Snepp on the Iran-contra story. Snepp, an ex-C.I.A. agent, may be the most censored man in America today. After he exposed the Company's ungallant retreat from Saigon in *Decent Interval* in 1977, he was muzzled. His former employers took him all the way to the Supreme Court for violating his secrecy agreement and fleeced him of \$200,000 in profits from the best-selling book. Ever since, obtaining literary clearance from the agency has been nearly impossible. Court battles have left him \$100,000 in debt, and the constant shadow of the C.I.A. has spooked his job prospects. Yet Snepp is respected in Tahiti. Marlon Brando hired him last year to research international drug trafficking for a proposed film. When Contragate broke, Snepp and Brando prowled for screen rights to the Eugene Hasenfus story.

Despite the odds, the ABC team thought Mabry was uniquely qualified to bring them the dirty news. Burnes and Snepp already knew him—he was a trustworthy informant on corrupt contras. Snepp felt that Mabry's tip was sensational but important. "The administration had been taking a hard line against homosexuals getting security clearances. If this activity was going on in such high places, it was a legitimate story."

ABC paid for Mabry's trip to Washington. He promised to bring the tape with him. Instead, he came empty-handed, insisting that the package was in the mail. Three days later, Federal Express delivered a cassette. The moment of truth was blank. There was nothing on the tape. No good, bad, or ugly sex.

"Mabry seemed to flit in and out of reality and even broke down at one point," Snepp said. "... I asked him if he was a homosexual. We speculated that maybe he was on this tape." Mabry then asked the former spy to come with him to South Carolina to pick up the real tape.

He hooked Burnes and Snepp.

"We were dragged all over the place," Burnes remembered. "Phil said he was afraid of tails." Finally, at the end of a long day, Mabry appeared at a motel with a tape. Again, the cassette was blank.

"We felt that he had betrayed us," she said. "We were let down and disappointed. Phil was visibly shaken and could only reply that his source had let him down."

Burnes regrets the episode: "We weren't anxious to pursue the story, but felt we had to."

This pathetic denouement ended ABC's search for the stag film. As for me, I called Mabry and left a message saying that he would not get a cent until he produced the tape. I never heard from him again. **OT**

CONTRA HEARINGS: THE BEST AND THE WORST



MORLEY SAFER, "60 Minutes" correspondent: "The worst of it was the display of gutlessness by the assembled congressmen during the entire length of the North testimony. Intimidated apparently by his alleged and self-proclaimed popularity, not a one of them suggested that, far from being a hero, North was a crybaby. Not a one said plainly that in tarding himself up in his uniform, he was disgracing it (Admiral Poindexter at least had the decency, even the class, to wear civilian clothes, the official costume of the 'banality of evil') ... and not a one of them asked: 'Have you no honor, sir?'"

"The best of the hearings was the committee believing George Shultz's cover story that he was secretary of state."

STEVEN WRIGHT, stand-up comic: "The best thing about the hearings was the lighting. The worst thing was too much dialogue and not enough action. The most unusual was the fact that they canceled the show despite the high ratings."

P. J. O'ROURKE, author of *Republican Party Reptile*: "Robert Owen, the courier kid, gave us the best moment with his poetic tribute to Oliver North, which revealed an incredibly romantic view of a world cleaved into good and evil. Although Owen is wrong to view Communism as a vast monolithic horror, liberals who think the Sandinistas are a bowlful of warm puppies are worse."

"His poem was clearly the most unusual moment, since congressional hearings don't inspire much verse."

"The worst moment was also Owen's poem, because it was such a bad piece of poetry. For example: 'We have a burning desire / to strike back at those / whose intent is to enslave us / To try and stem the red tide / that threatens to overwhelm us ...'"

"To which I reply: 'Advice to the administration: / When defending flag and nation, / Indulge yourself in lies and crimes; / That's okay in trying times / Such as Sandinista open season. / But when you need to beggar reason, / At least make sure it rhymes.'"

MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE, screenwriter-actor-songwriter: "Best moment: Fawn's testimony. She can shred my log any time she likes."

"Worst moment: Ollie's testimony. America is a C.I.A. front."

"Most unusual moment: President Reagan's operation. He's lied so much his nose is falling off."

ARNAUD DE BORCHGRAVE, editor-in-chief of *The Washington Times*: "The worst of the hearings was the regurgitation of the country's most sensitive secrets. I don't know a single Western European intelligence chief—and I've talked to them all—who would agree to a joint covert operation with the United States, even in a dire emergency. I heard one of them tell that to the President himself. Nobody wants to coordinate with us in the Persian Gulf, and that's an overt activity."

"Ollie North was the best, but he was no hero, he was just doing his job. When I was getting my ass shot at on Hill 400, I wasn't a hero, either. I was just doing my job."



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TONY CURTIS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

observations. Marilyn was driven by a devil, driven by some fantasies or illusions. She was getting even, spiteful. I don't ever remember Marilyn being charming or appealing.

Penthouse: But you were sexually excited by her?

Curtis: Yes, she knew that. She encouraged it.

Penthouse: Did you know anything about Marilyn and the Kennedys?

Curtis: I don't believe any of the conspiracy stories! Look, who we fuck on the weekends is our own business. I don't consider those affairs, don't consider them anything but a long weekend. Marilyn wasn't murdered. She wasn't involved in any conspiracy. All of it is conjecture and nobody's business but Marilyn's.

Penthouse: You will agree that she was an unhappy woman?

Curtis: Yes, but where does it say in the textbook that unhappiness is so disagreeable? Unhappiness is also a way of life. It is a feeling of life. Actually, it would be unhealthy not to feel anything. You know, we make too much about Marilyn and not enough of other women.

Penthouse: But isn't it difficult for the average woman when she watches her husband drooling over a perfect movie queen?

Curtis: Maybe and maybe not. Let's look at it this way. There are all these beautiful people making love to each other and having orgasms. Then some guy maybe 40 pounds overweight comes out of the coal mine, dirty and gritty, goes home, and makes love to his wife, who is equally big. Do you think their orgasm is less thrilling to them than the orgasms of movie-star kings and queens? Do you think their love and feelings are less meaningful than [those of] someone who is more attractive? Not at all.

Penthouse: Do you agree with Rock Hudson, who said that there is less glamour on the screen today?

Curtis: He was full of shit. That's all bullshit. Not only are there beautiful women on the screen—forget about the screen, that's the least of our dilemmas—just walk down Fifth Avenue, go to Hawaii. There are beautiful women all over the world, and much better-looking than they used to be.

Penthouse: We haven't talked about the great actors you worked with, like Cary Grant, Jack Lemmon, Laurence Olivier, Gregory Peck. Is there anything unique about them?

Curtis: I found that they all have one thing in common. They all have a high level of intelligence, an ability to know what is happening on the floor. Acting is not a big deal. To know that is to know everything. Everybody acts. Some of us do it a little more intricately, and it comes out

looking more interesting. What you see is the person, not the actor. You don't see technique. The camera examines the person.

Penthouse: I take it that you're not a fan of the Method school of acting?

Curtis: Marlon Brando is a man you examine on the screen. He's intelligent and has an ability to pick and choose and give what will interest you as a viewer in what that person is about. But it ain't no big deal. It ain't the Lee Strasberg school of bullshit. The Method—method to madness! It's self-indulgent, like masturbating in a mirror.

Penthouse: Does the rapport you seem to have with your coactors carry over into real life?

Curtis: They're no better or worse than any other friends you got. They're great guys, nice to be around, but I didn't want to hang out with them, as they may not necessarily want to hang out with me. What I mean is that if you're thrown to

Look, who we fuck
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business. I don't
consider those affairs, don't
consider them
anything but a long weekend.

gether for six weeks in a movie, you're going to make the best of it.

Penthouse: Have there ever been times and actors when you didn't make the best of it?

Curtis: Oh yes, when I did *Spartacus* with Kirk Douglas, it was a brute. We were all right, but it was a difficult environment. He was producing it, he was the star, and he owned the company, so his tensions were more intense. It's when people made it difficult for you personally that I didn't think much of them. Marilyn made it very difficult by being late, rude, not caring about other actors, not caring whether you liked her or not. That makes it tough.

Penthouse: Why couldn't you walk up to her and just tell her off?

Curtis: You couldn't do that. It would affect the shooting schedule. I once called Joan Collins a cunt while we were doing a TV series, *The Persuaders*. She came rolling up in a car and screamed, "He called me a cunt." I sent her flowers and apologized. I said that we're in a very busy schedule and Roger Moore and I are trying to get the picture done. "Forgive me," I said, "if I lost my temper." So she ungraciously accepted my apology. But

there was a difference between Marilyn and somebody like Joan. With Marilyn it was an unconscious attitude. She was an addict, drinking a lot and using drugs.

Penthouse: It sounds like it was more fun working with Jack Lemmon than Marilyn Monroe?

Curtis: [Laughing] I love Jack Lemmon. I want to have his baby.

Penthouse: You were also married to three beautiful women, but your marriage to Janet Leigh seemed special.

Curtis: She was a beautiful woman and we had a very pleasant and appealing relationship. It was also very stressful because her family and friends didn't want her to get married. Also, my family and friends didn't want me to get married, and that's what probably drove us together. We tried to make the best of it, but we were always caught up in a lot of pressures. There were a lot of pressures that were a hindrance to the marriage and not a help. I don't think any marriage can last.

Penthouse: Why not?

Curtis: I think that marriages can last a period of time when everything is right, but as soon as one or the other partner begins to change, begins to be exposed to the vicissitudes of life, the marriage is ready to go on the rocks. People are very naive when they get married, and it is during the marriage they start to wise up. These marriages are destined to fail because the partners want more out of life than they started out with.

Penthouse: Would you agree that when both partners are movie stars, competition is a factor in killing a marriage?

Curtis: It's very important. There's a competitiveness neither one can deny. The marriage can work if both aren't successful, or if only one partner is successful, but if both are extremely successful it doesn't work.

Penthouse: How exactly did you make it in Hollywood?

Curtis: Excuse me, nobody makes it in Hollywood. The ones that make it don't make it. The ones that achieve success in Hollywood don't even know how they got there. I don't know how I made it in Hollywood. It just happened. It's a combination of peculiar, intricate little behavior patterns where all of a sudden you go from one picture to another picture to another picture, and the next thing you know you're working in the movies. Lew Wasserman was very key to me. He was a major supporter of mine. That's what this business is predicated on. I needed a rabbi. Everybody needs one.

Penthouse: And if you make an enemy of a powerful person in Hollywood?

Curtis: You end up selling ice cream, not even ice cream, ices in Tijuana without a green card.

Penthouse: Were the big-studio heads the bastards you read about?

Curtis: Harry Cohn and Jack Warner were personal friends of mine. They loved me. I was a wiseass Jewish kid out of New York, and that is what they were. They

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were greatly responsible for my success. They were supposedly the scourge of Hollywood, but from my observations they were great. Why? Because they kept the hordes at bay. All the nongifted people who were trying to break into the movies always used Harry Cohn, Jack Warner, or L. B. Mayer as scapegoats when they weren't successful.

Penthouse: But would anyone have been successful in Hollywood without their support?

Curtis: This business is predominantly controlled by the executives that make the movies. So if you're in favor with them and friends of theirs, you work in movies. You won't work in the movies because you're good-looking, gifted, talented, whatever. What's going to give you a movie career is having a relationship, a personal relationship with somebody of importance who will be able to maneuver you from situation to situation. Lew Wasserman was my mentor, but went from being my agent to my boss [when MCA and he bought Universal Studios].

Penthouse: Was he different when he became your boss?

Curtis: I was different. It wasn't good, but that's the way it was. Lew Wasserman is a very fine, extremely intelligent, very moral person. A man that I admire. Much to my unhappiness I've not been able to maintain that relationship, but we went our own ways and that changed things.

That's a great loss to me, not having him as a friend anymore.

Penthouse: Wasserman is one example of the Hollywood boss, but there is the other type, as in the case of Cliff Robertson being screwed . . .

Curtis: . . . by David Begelman.

Penthouse: How do you explain the fact that many people in Hollywood embraced Begelman even after he admitted he ripped off a client?

Curtis: And the actor that had been ripped off couldn't get a job. How do you explain that? You don't. You don't dare say boo about the production end of our profession, because they are in a position where they can wreak havoc blackmailing you without you even knowing it.

Penthouse: So you can get fucked over?

Curtis: Without you even knowing it. You don't see the man working anymore. That is part and parcel to the profession. I'm not saying that it's the profession that attracts these people capable of chicanery, but I think it's the nature of the profession that creates them. It's [that] so much money can be generated, and why should they designate you a portion of it when they don't have to?

Penthouse: You seem to enjoy being removed from the scene.

Curtis: I love it, because I can see it for what it is. One day I'm going to make a movie about a Hollywood detective who chases not dead bodies but dead rec-

ords to find out whatever happened to the percentage of this movie that should go back to this kid.

Penthouse: When it comes to movie directors, it seems that every other day there's a new genius. How do you feel about it?

Curtis: What does genius mean? A guy like Spielberg makes a movie he wanted to make as a kid, a cartoon. What is the big fucking deal about that? Why is that genius? The word is bandied about.

Penthouse: Are there directors that you think make special films?

Curtis: Stanley Kubrick's films are unique. Billy Wilder's films are unique. So are Elia Kazan's, John Huston's, and Orson Welles's. Whether they're geniuses or not, I'm not quite sure what the word means, but they have a uniqueness. I don't know of any other filmmakers besides those five names I would include in that group. The rest are pedestrian.

Penthouse: So you don't seem impressed by any of the young directors these days?

Curtis: There can be a dilettante, arrogant, or martinet attitude on a set that is very destructive. A director out of his own need, lack of ego, and self-esteem will be overwhelmed by the power. He will become a tyrant, a difficult, clumsy, vicious man. Directors like that lose all control of their abilities to make movies. The industry seems to feel that these kind of directors are necessary to make a movie, but they're not.

Penthouse: Can you give me a personal example of such a director?

Curtis: There was an English director named Peter Collinson. A vicious man on the set, making people do stunts they weren't prepared to do. For example, firing guns two inches away from people's ears, making them deaf on a soundstage. He ruptured my eardrum with a gun on a film. He had a cavalier approach to other people's lives.

Penthouse: I know that you never made a film with John Landis, but what do you feel about the actors who were killed on the set of *Twilight Zone*?

Curtis: That concept of picture making I think is unfortunate. When you sign up to do a movie, you're not signing up with the French foreign legion. You're liable to get your ass blown up with a land mine. That's not what you signed up to do a movie for.

Penthouse: You did your own stunts when you played Houdini. Would you have done the stunts in *Twilight Zone*?

Curtis: I wouldn't have done that shot that cost those lives, working underneath a helicopter like that. But that's only one experience. I know of many others. I've seen an actor fall off a building and miss the inflated balloon because the director wanted to put the camera four inches over to accommodate the shot and not the stuntman. Oh, he got splattered!

Penthouse: Who is looking out for these people?

Vision Break-through

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

By Joseph Sugarman

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

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

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

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

COULDN'T BELIEVE EYES

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

The sunglasses (called BluBlockers) filter out the ultraviolet and blue spectrum light waves from the sun. Blue rays have one of the shortest wavelengths in the visible spectrum (red is the longest). As a result, the color blue will focus slightly in front of the retina which is the "focusing screen" in your eye. By blocking the blue from the sunlight through a special filtration process, and only letting those rays through that indeed focus clearly on the retina, objects appear to be sharper and clearer.

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They look like sunglasses.

violet rays fall on our eyes. Recognized as bad for skin, UV light is worse for eyes and is believed to play a role in many of today's eye diseases.

SUNGLASS DANGER

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

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aluminum model but without the tension hinge and finally there is a clip-on pair that weighs less than one ounce and fits over prescription lenses. All models include a padded carrying case and a one-year limited warranty.

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

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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 waiting 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 (34 inches tall x 18 inches wide) fool you. Do not let its weight at 17 lbs. fool you.

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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 directly. Ask your question. Get the answer. And carry on about your business. You cannot fail with my PHOTOTRON II. 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.

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Curtis: No one. The Screen Actors Guild doesn't have any power on the set. They'll send somebody to the set, but they're always too late.

Penthouse: What happens to an actor if he tells a director that he won't do a dangerous stunt?

Curtis: If you don't cooperate with the director, you're out to lunch. They'll fuck you left and right. They'll make you look so bad in the movie you won't even believe that you're in the movie. I don't care who your agent is and who's producing the movie—a director can do that.

Penthouse: Hollywood agents are often depicted as flesh peddlers or worse. How accurate is that picture?

Curtis: That's labeling. All agents aren't four foot nine, mean, and vicious, looking to bang five-foot-ten girls. That's not the case. A lot of agents aren't homosexuals looking to bang their boy clients. You've got to avoid those labels. There are agents that are put in a position where they have bigger eyes than just handling clients. They want to package movies, run studios, want a bigger game in town. It's a handful of guys. A lot of agents are responsible and reliable people.

Penthouse: So why don't you have an agent?

Curtis: You're better off if you don't have one. Listen, an agent is a collective-bargaining tool. Sometimes an agent may have eight clients, three of which could

play in a movie. He wants to get the three in the movie, because each would pay him a commission. Also he could be the agent of the producer, and before you know it the agent is controlling the movie, not giving a fuck about you as an actor. I don't want to find myself caught up in the politics of agent, producer, and parts. I may not be up for a lot of parts, but the parts I am up for are a lot more appealing. They seek me out; I don't seek them out.

Penthouse: What are some of the movies you wish that you never made?

Curtis: *The Chastity Belt* is one. *You Can't Win 'Em All*, *It Rained All Night [the Day I Left]*, *No Room for the Groom*, *Son of Ali Baba*, and *The Black Shield of Falworth* are others I wish I never had made. [Laughing] I'm only giving you the titles. I don't want to go into the people, because you'll know more about them than you should.

Penthouse: Seriously, why did you make such bummers?

Curtis: I was so caught up in my marriages, girlfriends, and raising my family that my nut was so high that I had to make a lot more pictures than I normally would have in order to maintain my lifestyle. That's what fucked me up, creating stress and anxiety in me. I started to drink a lot. My marriages were going bad because I didn't have the courage to speak up and tell my wife to fuck off, get out of my life.

I wasn't prepared to make a decision between my career and personal life. I wanted both, so I compromised both. I was miserable, unhappy, frustrated, and that's when it all happened, that addiction of mine.

Penthouse: All because you needed a buck?

Curtis: I needed a lot of them!


Penthouse: Do you look back at that period in your life with bitterness?

Curtis: I am disappointed, but I'm not depressed over it. It is a fact of growing up when you learn that your friend is not really your friend. It makes you happy in the long run because then you know that you can't rely on anyone but yourself.

Penthouse: You've had your battles with some movie columnists. Are you still angry with them?

Curtis: I have no respect for them. Why do the sob sisters like Rona Barrett and Rex Reed tell us what is right? What they write is based on nothing more than hype and their own avarice. I think gossip columnists are more destructive, not only to actors, but to themselves. What can you imagine when Rona Barrett asks Burt Reynolds on national television if he has AIDS? Did he ask her if she had bad gums or a face job? What has that to do with movies?

Penthouse: What should they write about you 100 years from now?

Curtis: He's not available. 

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I lathered her up and began to caress her lovely body. I bent her over and entered her from the back, pumping like there was no tomorrow. We made love for about 30 minutes in the shower, then dried each other and got dressed. I couldn't believe it when she lit up a cigarette—I thought that only happened in the movies. She kissed me good-bye, and I left with the biggest smile on my face and a feeling of total satisfaction.

Cybil later told me that she was engaged to be married in the spring and that we would never be able to see each other again. I was hurt for a while, but then I looked at it with a positive attitude, and I knew it would be best for both of us. I will always have deep feelings for her, and I will always love her and cherish the time we had together. She made me feel needed and gave back the confidence that I had lost in myself. I owe her a lot, and who knows, someday we may meet again under different circumstances, and it will be time for the games again.—Name and address withheld

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

I want to tell you about my experiences with foreign-exchange students. We have had several live with us, and they have been a delight for me, particularly the Latins. Fortunately for me, my husband travels and has lots of meetings when he's home.

First, let me tell you about José from Mexico. He was just 18 when he came to us, seemingly shy and quiet. He would sit beside me and lay his head on my breast. I'd tell my husband that he was just homesick and needed a mother's care, although I'd notice a small bulge in José's pants. Sometimes we'd playfully wrestle. He said his family did this back home. His hand would always seem to touch my boobs and behind, but of course, I considered it accidental. Then he started pinning me on the bed by sitting on my pelvis. Those times, his bulge was much bigger. I could feel the hard knot pressing into me, and was getting anxious to see what he had down there.

I found out soon when, while my husband was gone, we decided to wrestle nude. When José pinned me, we seemed to end up with his nice, dark, hard prick sliding right up into me. I'll have to admit that I was in no hurry to remove it. In fact, we usually would both come before it would fall out. He loved titty sucking, and I got a lot of that too. His young mouth felt very good tugging on my nipples. From this play, José graduated to coming into my bed in the morning, after my husband had left for work. He would bring that beautiful body under the covers, next to me. It got to where as soon as my husband walked out the door, I'd strip nude and wait for him. José never disappointed me. He would squeeze and suck my boobs, then he'd sink that beautiful tool deep into my cunt and we'd fuck until he filled me with come.

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

to continue our conversation I should stop by her place after work. The rest of the evening seemed to fly by, as I was so excited at the prospect of seeing her.

When I got to her apartment, I felt like a teenager going to pick up his first date. Cybil greeted me and asked me to come in. We sat down and began to have one of the most open conversations I'd ever had with someone I'd only known for a few hours.

We talked for what seemed like hours when something inside me told me to make a move on her. We kissed long and hard and began to rub each other's body. Cybil told me how turned on she was and how much she wanted me. Believe me, the feeling was mutual!

We began to remove each other's clothes until we both stood in front of each other totally nude. I picked her up and took her to the bedroom, slowly caressing her body with my hands. I laid her down on the bed and began to kiss her, starting from her neck and working down to her perfect 34-inch breasts. I had never eaten a girl out because of the smell—it always turned me off—but with Cybil there was no smell except for her cologne. I began to explore her, darting my tongue in and out of her until she began

bucking. She grabbed my head and pushed it deeper into her steaming hole. After a few intense moments of this, her whole body relaxed and she came like a burst dam. All her beautiful juices flowed out of her, and I lapped up all of it. I came up and gave her a very soft kiss, and she told me that it was now my turn. She started to kiss my way down my body and then found my hard eight-inch tool. Beginning with the tip, she kissed and licked my shaft with great expertise. Next she swallowed me and used her teeth so very gently that it was more than I could stand. With one big surge I pumped my juices down her throat. She swallowed every drop and cleaned the excess off my shaft and head.

Now it was time for the games to begin. I rolled on top of her and placed her legs on my shoulders in order to get deeper penetration. I slid my prick into her warm, moist hole and began to pump. I started slowly but began to quicken my pace the more we got into it. After about 20 minutes, I pulled out and squirted my come all over her tanned body.

The next thing I knew we were in the sixty-nine position, sucking and licking every part of each other's love tool. After we both came for the third time, I asked her if she would like to try it in the shower. We entered the bathroom and I turned on the pulsating shower head, and with warm water splashing all over each of us,

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If they are doing this to themselves, "what are they doing to the exercising public?" asks Rabinoff. "You need a college degree to teach phys ed in schools, but no training at all is required to teach adults in health clubs, and they fall into higher-risk categories than children."

Health-club instructors are the backbone of the aerobics industry, which currently boasts about 27 million participants and an injury rate higher than any other physical activity. To increase and promote instructor competence, organizations have begun instructor certification, in which a crash course and/or written and practical exams are required. Because there are no national or state-level standards, anything goes—and companies are having a heyday. "Certification is big bucks," says Rabinoff. Instructors pay between \$75 and \$150 for workshops, tests, and textbooks. "Two years ago I counted at least 50 different groups certifying instructors. This year at least ten are calling themselves the national certification agency," says Rabinoff. Some of the companies advertise in fitness magazines, offering certification via videocassette, by mail, or during two-day to week-long workshops. Some health clubs train their own instructors and then call them "certified."

Complaints are reaching the courts. In September 1980, 31-year-old William Heher sued his health club in Stratford, Connecticut, after having a heart attack during a Nautilus workout. The case was settled out of court with Heher and his lawyers agreeing not to release information or discuss their case.

Heher was a relatively lean, healthy guy, but he had a congenital disease known as hypercholesterolemia. He did not tell the health club that he had that condition, and they didn't ask him any medical questions. He got on a Nautilus machine, started working, and said his shoulder hurt. The trainer he was working with said it was supposed to. He had a coronary. In many cases there is shared liability or culpability, if you know you have a disease. But fitness centers have the responsibility to ask those questions and not expect clients to bring it up.

In another case, New Yorker Aaron Korngold, in his mid-thirties, permanently injured his back while working out at the New York Health & Racquet Club's East 13th Street location from December 1979 to March 1980. Korngold, who suffered a herniated disk, had been given an individually tailored exercise regimen by one of the trainers. He sued the club, which in turn sued Nautilus, which in turn sued Maclevy Products Corporation, a New York equipment manufacturer. Issues in the case included equipment and exercise-regimen safety, proper equipment instruction given by the manufac-

turers to the health club, and whether the customer had been informed of possible risks of exercising improperly.

"We claimed that the instruction at New York Health & Racquet was lacking, and we claimed that the Roman chair [a piece of exercise equipment for the back] was dangerous and that the manufacturers of the chair did not provide sufficient information to people like the instructors at New York Health & Racquet," says Joel Bernstein, Korngold's lawyer.

The case was settled in Korngold's favor, with New York Health & Racquet and Maclevy contributing to the settlement.

"If they had posted a picture," explains Bernstein, "or had a diagram next to the machine showing the correct method, or had a warning—'Incorrect method can lead to back injury'—the client would have walked away with no money."

"Many clubs are losing court cases because they're failing to warn consumers about imminent dangers," says

Because there are no national or state-level certification standards for health clubs, anything goes—and companies are having a heyday.

Marc Rabinoff. "Courts are saying that health clubs are not honest with consumers. By legal definition, the public can't be held responsible for what they don't know." Many clubs will have members sign agreements or contracts stating, for example, that the "club shall not be liable . . . for any injury sustained or received by a member as the result of the use of the equipment, facilities, and services, or the exercise prescribed." According to Rabinoff, these contracts "don't hold water. The contract does not protect against negligence and clubs cannot waive liability."

The International Racquet Sports Association (I.R.S.A.) was founded in 1981 "to make a measurable contribution to both the quality and profitability of the investor-owned or for-profit club," says association president John McCarthy. I.R.S.A. maintains that clubs have a responsibility to provide instructional signs and safe equipment, and recommends that its member clubs guarantee that equipment is used properly and that clubs have members sign a medical release saying they're healthy and can engage in exercise.


The other large industry trade organization, the Association of Physical Fitness Centers (A.P.F.C.), has a history of preserving its economic interests and remaining immune to the ruckus around them. The A.P.F.C. views its role as "aimed at defending the industry against unwise economics and educating legislators who are attempting to regulate the industry," says association president Jimmy Johnson. To protect its interests, the A.P.F.C. drew up a model bill and code of ethical practices, which included consumer-rights clauses such as a three-day grace period for cancellation after purchase (to guard against a health club's overly aggressive sales tactics) and cancellation for death, disability, or relocation.

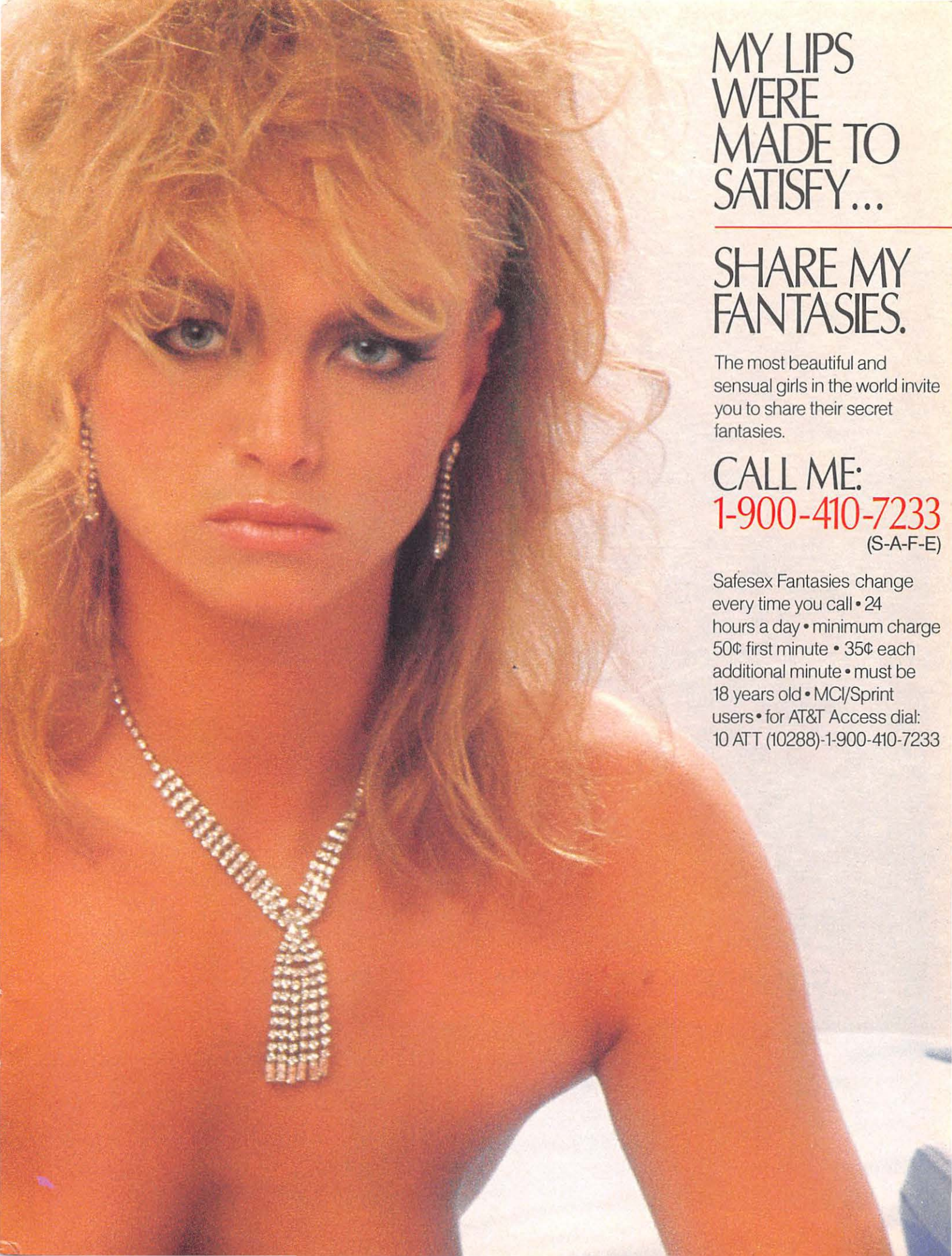
The A.P.F.C. has over 600 member clubs, including some of the largest health-club chains, such as most Holiday Health Clubs, Jack La Lanne Health Spas, and Vic Tanny, International. Although Holiday has been named in lawsuits, the A.P.F.C. seems more concerned with shooting down legislation than in tackling single liability cases. In the spring 1986 issue of its publication, *APFC Quarterly*, an article by Johnson points out that the association is monitoring and lobbying against 44 pieces of legislation in 18 states. One of the bills it is lobbying against is a California bill that would "license" aerobic instructors. In the article, Johnson explains that the high number of bills in so many states has been "generated by failing facilities, followed by disproportionate press and the extraordinary amount of complaints that usually result from failing facilities." The A.P.F.C.'s logic is that when it comes to legislation, many states are "not aware of the way health clubs operate and the kinds of services they offer. As a result, they were on the brink of proposing some fairly drastic regulations which would have ultimately, in our opinion, injured both the business and the consumers."

Johnson agreed that there was a need for trained personnel. "It's not that the people in the clubs aren't trained. We need more managerial training programs to have an equal balance between business and fitness. This industry has unique problems—for example, clubs use an enormous amount of energy. Energy conservation needs to be practiced."

"Trade groups are concerned with promulgating the success of the industry," says Rabinoff. "They don't want controversy. They know—and if they deny it they're lying through their teeth—that the [health club] situation is worse than the American public thinks it is."

"America has not yet come to the realization that you don't have to be injured when you exercise," says Michael Wolf. "Americans also don't know that when they get injured at a fitness center, it's the staff's or owner's fault."

The American public will learn that they can sue and that getting injured is not a prerequisite to getting fit. 



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JOEY SKAGGS

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
heart as if he was having a heart attack, then sat up and said, 'Fabulous, fabulous. You're hired.' "

Verne, who had never taken an acting lesson, got a lead role in a feature movie, *The Last Dragon*, and has gone on to fame and fortune as Mr. Clean for Procter & Gamble, and through roles in other major movies. "The trouble was," Skaggs recalls, "that word spread. *People* magazine did a huge picture story on my 'agency,' not knowing there was no agency. And what happened? Hundreds of lunatics called me day and night, all wanting to be Bad Guys. I had creeps lined up around the block, *real* bad guys, wanting to be actors."

And casting agents kept calling. Skaggs found other people jobs. For a while he considered doing it full-time, but then rejected the idea. He still gets jobs for friends, if they're lucky enough to look mean, or at least ugly. Skaggs publicizes them as "Venomous Vixens, Burly Bouncers, and Slimy Sleazes."

Through all of his media events, including his television appearances, Skaggs had somehow avoided real fame (sometimes he wore disguises on TV, as in his appearance as Josef Gregor, the inventor of a cancer cure made of distilled cockroach. NBC's "Live at Five" carried a serious scientific interview with the "doctor"). But the "Fat Squad" caper changed everything, because it was such a phenomenal success. The idea of strongmen in your very own kitchen who grappled with you if you wanted a late-night snack obviously thrilled all women—and TV and print editors as well. The coverage was phenomenal, and in its wake, when the hoax was revealed, articles with pictures of Skaggs were published around the world. Which may cause a problem for him in his career as an anonymous social critic.

To complicate matters, Skaggs is even finding financial success, at long last, as an artist. All of his life he has eked out a living on money he made selling his paintings, which he calls "imaginary landscapes." Now his art has been shown at several galleries, and his sales are more frequent. He is also selling his invention "condominiums for fish," which are aquariums with apartments for "upwardly mobile guppies." And his income is further swelled by earnings as a lecturer on the media.

So will he go straight? Will he stop worrying Dan Rather, Tom Brokaw, Peter Jennings, and other television luminaries who feel they might fall prey to his next hoax? Don't bet on it. In fact, his next media hoax is aimed at them—and this is fair warning. It involves a giant clam with an enormous penis. There's no way such a hoax can work, and yet. . . . Look out, Dan. 

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

this at all reassuring or even impressive. They, too, should say it's nobody's business but their own.


Personally, I would prefer to see us return to the realism of the nineteenth century, or even the eighteenth, when a man's sexual morality, however deplorable, was not thought to have any effect on his ability to govern, or represent his constituents. In France nobody begrudged Louis XIV his many mistresses, and Louis XV's unpopularity was because of his tax policies, not because of his relationship with Madame de Pompadour. Poor Louis XVI was viewed with suspicion by his subjects because he was faithful to Marie Antoinette, and it was widely felt that a mistress might have talked some sense into him, in which case his countrymen might not have chopped off his head.

Even in England, the most popular of kings remain Henry VIII, with his six wives, and Charles II, who filled the royal palaces with whores and mistresses. The least popular was George III, who remained faithful to his ugly wife and lost the American colonies.

The great English prime ministers, for that matter, have seldom been models of moral behavior. The great Duke of Wellington was widely assumed to have a very young mistress, who actually tried to use his love letters to blackmail the victor of Waterloo, causing him to utter the immortal phrase "Publish and be damned!"; Winston Churchill fought a libel suit to prove that he was not a homosexual, and it was widely believed that he had an illegitimate son whom he made a cabinet minister. Even William E. Gladstone, the archetypal Victorian, used to cruise London late at night and bring home prostitutes to pray with him—a crusade that caused many of his contemporaries to raise an eyebrow.

It would be nice to see the United States develop a similar level of sophistication before we reach the twenty-first century, or get destroyed by nuclear war. I'm not suggesting that the White House should ring to the sound of giggles and kisses, or that the President should be seen playing blindman's bluff with comely young women in the Rose Garden as Louis XIV did at Versailles; but it would be healthy to recognize that politicians are normal human beings, not icons, and that we have not elected them to office to preach personal morality to us.

I can think of at least one politician, by the way, who *did* believe absolutely that he must never be seen with a woman, that the public should think of him as "married to his people," that he should appear always to be above all human weaknesses and normal passions.

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 208

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
Later, Raul came to stay with us. He was also 18, though taller and more mature. Nothing happened until one night we were smoking and my husband was upstairs. Raul reached over and cupped a breast. I told him that he shouldn't do that, but that didn't stop him—or me. He proceeded to give my titties a good squeezing, and then reached inside my bra, fingering my nipples until they were big and hard. He started unbuttoning my blouse, but we heard my husband coming and we stopped. However, after that he knew I wouldn't object, and he felt me up every chance he got. Usually we ended up with him inside my clothes or me out of them. I would unzip his pants and pull out that big cock. He loved to have it sucked, and I accommodated him every chance I got. I had many mouthfuls of his sweet-tasting come. I also got my pussy filled by cock and tongue from this "boy." He kept me quite satisfied during his stay.

One day Raul brought home a friend from Turkey. Hadji, Raul started playing with me like Hadji wasn't there. He squeezed my tits, took my clothes off, and spread my legs to expose my pussy. It was wet already. He apparently was showing off, and I didn't mind a bit. I was excited at the thought of having two young men. Raul asked me if I'd mind if Hadji would fuck me. I said no, telling Hadji to go right ahead. He was delighted. He dropped his pants and showed me a hard, long, slender cock. I wanted it as soon as I saw it. I got on my hands and knees, and Hadji mounted me doggie-style, pushing that flesh stick in my cunt as far as it could go. It felt great. Raul was in front of me, nibbling and sucking on my nipples. Then he gave me his cock to suck as Hadji continued to fuck me. From that I got both my pussy and mouth filled with come about the same time. It was fantastic, and we were all pleased. This happened several times.

Bernardo, a 19-year-old from Mexico who'd visited us last year, came back to visit, and brought his professor, Pedro, who couldn't speak any English. But this was okay, because instead of talking, he kissed. Soon he was kissing me a lot, and on many later occasions he'd kiss me quite passionately, and his tongue was delicious. While he'd continue to kiss and probe my mouth, his hands would touch and squeeze me everywhere. He'd fondle my breasts and touch my pussy lips. This would really turn me on. Soon he'd be between my legs, licking and sucking me. His tongue would touch my clit, driving me crazy. Then he'd strip, finger-fuck and tit-fuck me, and ram that large cock deep inside me for a frantic fucking. Sometimes he'd offer Bernardo my mouth as I lay on top of him, and Bernardo would

wedge his thick cock between my lips. Boy, would I feel full, having two pricks inside me, but it was wonderful.

They'd take turns with me. I could feel them squirting inside. I'd be really full of the warm, gooey stuff. I never imagined a fuck could feel so good. Between the two of them, I got screwed three to four times a day for just about every day of their two-week visit. These fellows had stamina, and I loved their attention and their beautiful pricks.

José is coming to visit again this summer. I wonder if he will still want to wrestle, or whatever he's into now. He's now 24, and I'm sure he's learned some new tricks. As you can tell, I got quite a few benefits from hosting exchange students. They left here as men, and left me well fucked. I like enthusiastic young men who are nicely hung and who want to try their prowess out on an older woman. We also had a beautiful, full-breasted, blond young lady from Australia. I wonder if my husband has any stories to tell.—Name and address withheld 

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WHEN ARE YOU CONTACTING FRANKENSTEIN AGAIN?

SOON! SOON! KIDNAPPING IS AN ART FORM — YOU'VE GOT TO USE PSYCHOLOGY — MAKE HIM SWEAT A BIT!

**ByRON EMBLETON
and BOB GUCCIONE**

IF YOU THINK VINCENT'S GOING TO SWEAT OVER LOSING ME — YOU'VE LOST YOUR MARBLES!

FULL HOUSE!

THAT MEANS YOU BOTH OWE ME YOUR SHARE OF THE RANSOM MONEY!



MEANWHILE, VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN ISN'T ALLOWING ANYTHING AS TRIVIAL AS THE KIDNAPPING OF HIS WIFE TO INTERFERE WITH HIS TREASURE HUNT.....

RIGHT! LET'S GET THIS STUFF ASHORE AND SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT HERE.



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I CAN'T HELP IT, UNCLE VINCENT THERE'S BEEN NO NEWS FOR AGES!

ARE YOU STILL WORRYING ABOUT ELEKTRA?

THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! DON UMBERTO HAS EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL - THE WHOLE ISLAND IS SEARCHING FOR HER!



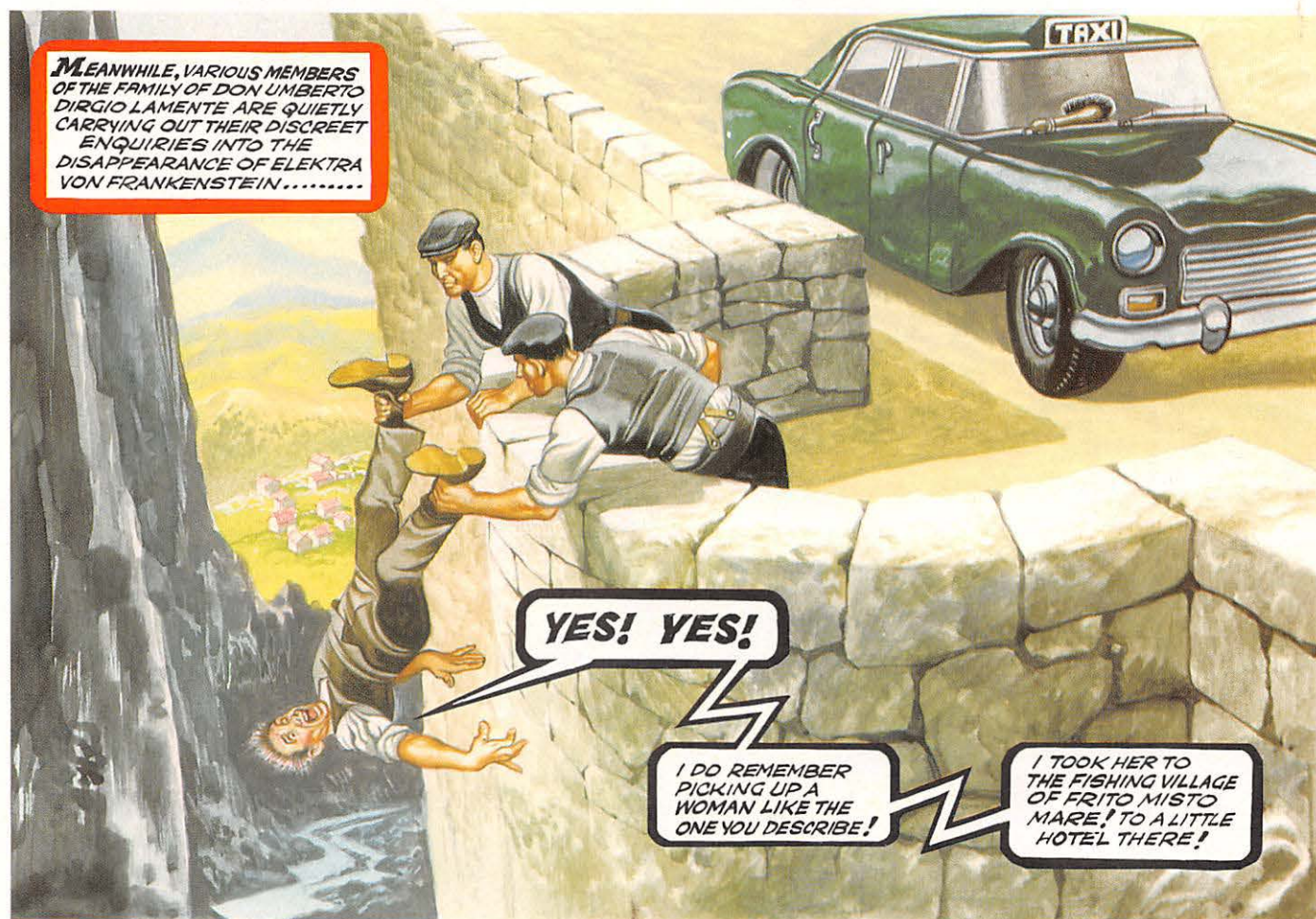
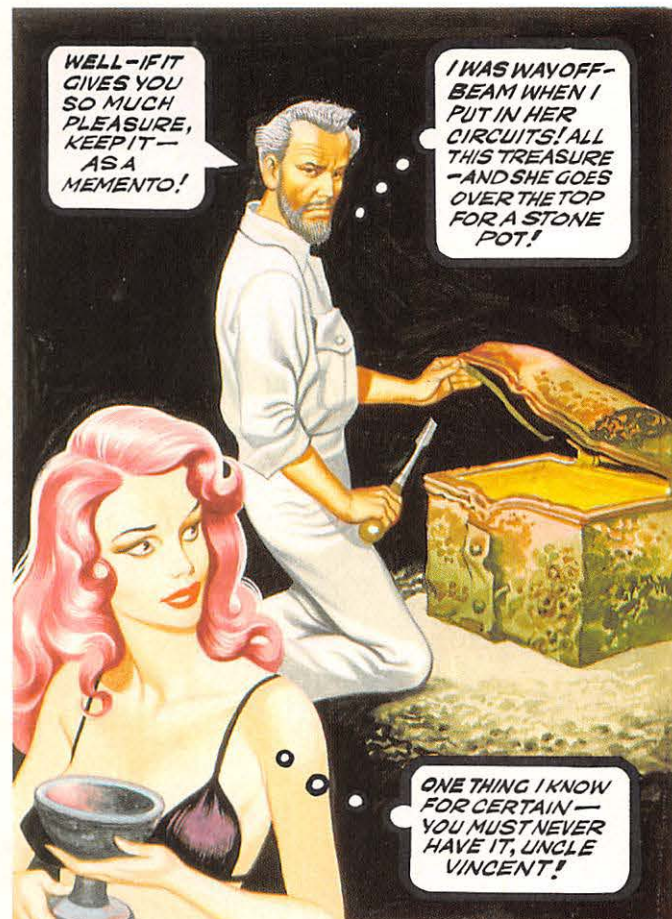
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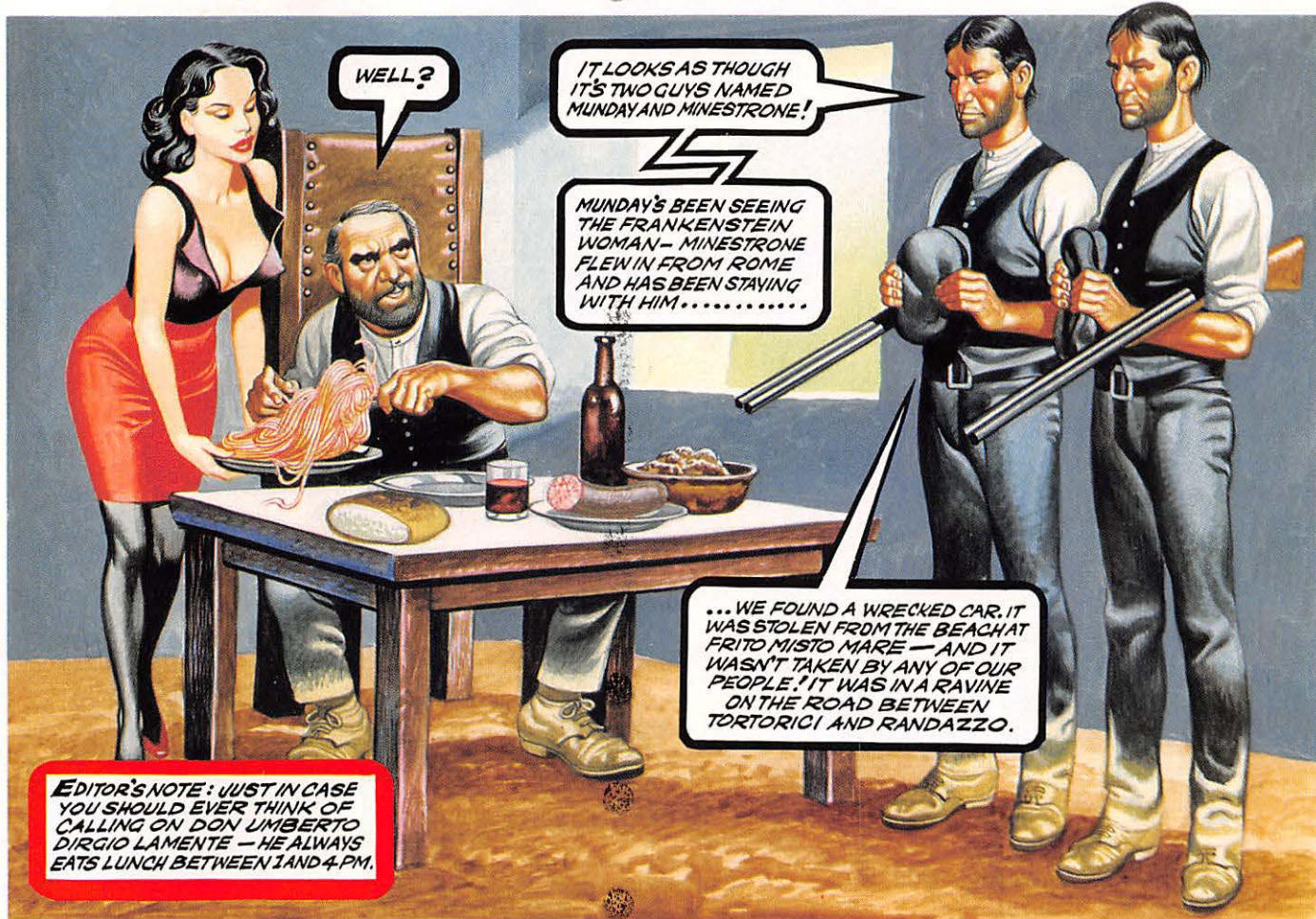
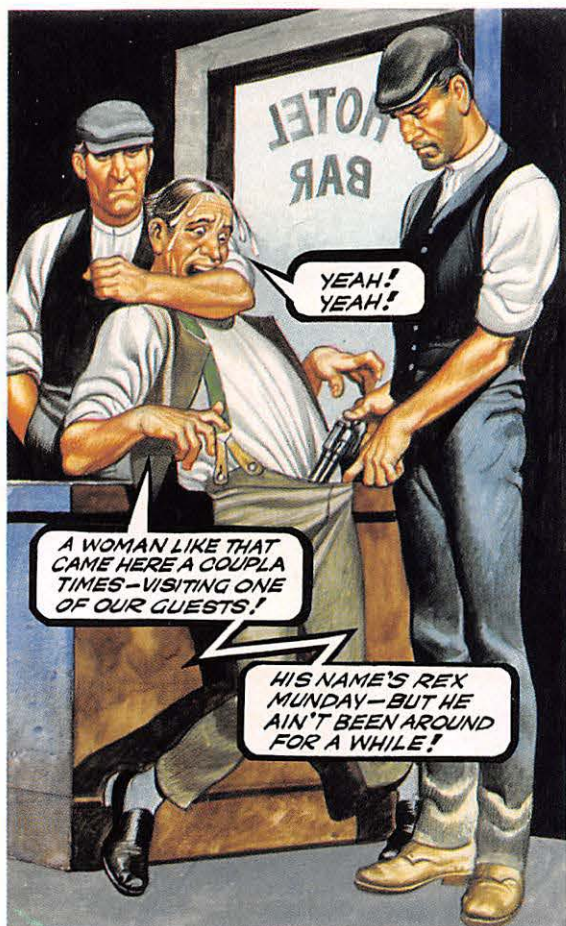
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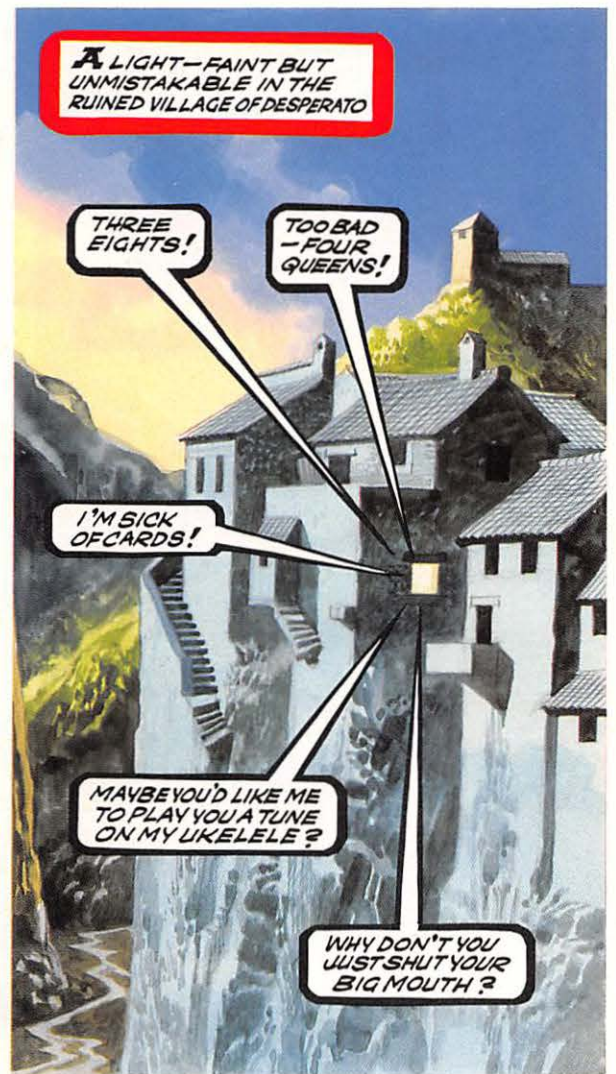
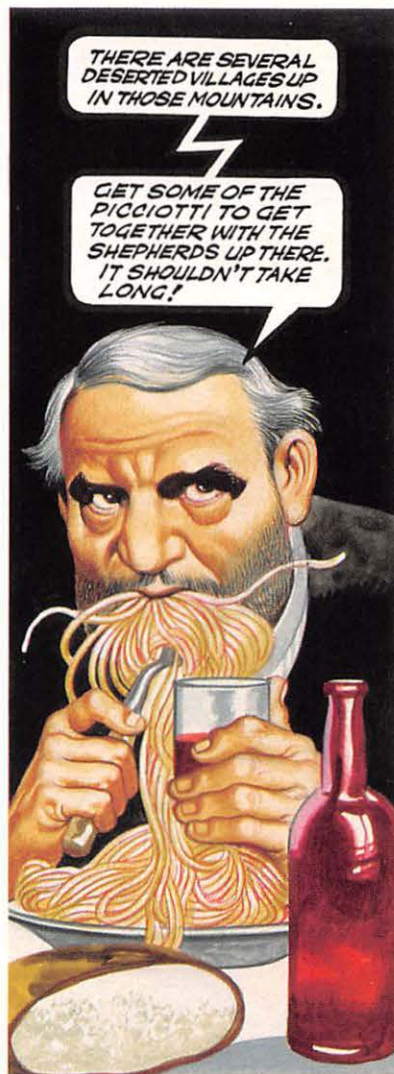
IT'S SOME SORT OF STONE... NO PRECIOUS STONES NO GOLD IT'S WORTHLESS!

MY GOD! I KNOW WHAT THAT IS!

LAPIS ELIXIR!









What's wrong with these helmets?

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

It's football season again, time to crack a few beers, open a bag of chips, turn on the tube, and settle back with some friends to watch the game. Let's see, who is that playing—the Falcons against the Vikes? Wait a minute. Something's wrong here—those helmets don't look quite right.

They sure don't, and that's the point of this month's quiz. We've altered the logos on 12 N.F.L. helmets, sometimes subtly and sometimes quite obviously, and your job is to identify what's wrong with each helmet and say how the real helmet should look. Be specific.

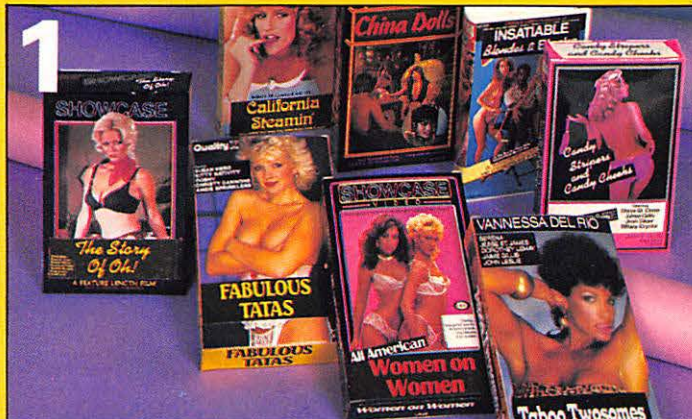
URBAN LEGENDS, PART TWO

In February we published some of the best "new rumors" sent in by readers, those stories that are sworn to be true on the authority of a "foaf"—a folklorist's term for "friend of a friend." Our guest judge was Jan Harold Brunvand, professor of folklore at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City, the author of *The Mexican Pet*, *The Vanishing Hitchhiker*, and other books (and recently, a syndicated newspaper column for United Features), all on the subject of "urban legends."

Since that column appeared, Brunvand was able to cross-check personally one of our "Best New Legends," sent in by C. Lauder of Winnipeg, Manitoba, called "Dave's Secret Clause." It seems that David Letterman doesn't want to have his rear end shown on TV, and his contract stipulates that after his monologue the camera must shift to band-leader Paul Shaffer as Dave walks over to his desk.

In April Brunvand was on *Late Night*, and when Letterman asked him about new rumors, Brunvand said, "There's one going around about you." Letterman insisted there was no such clause, and that the opening sequence was chosen as a way to introduce Paul and to let the cameras change position smoothly. The audience wouldn't let him get away with that, and to prove that he really didn't mind being shot from the back he stood, turned around, and mooned the camera.





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XSF804 **China Dolls** stars Ginnee Wong, Mai Lind and Kyoko.

XSF805 **The Story Of Oh!** stars Constance Many, Annette Heaven, John Leslie.
XSF806 **All American Women On Women** stars Georgette Spelvine, more.
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So much for *that* story. Here are the best new ones sent in by readers—each of whom will receive a one-year subscription. The ends of the stories can be found in the answers section.

1. **THE PET.** A Hamburg couple, upon returning from their trip to Malaysia, brought with them a small gray dog. During their stay in one village the animal kept following them around, and the couple, finding that it was pleasant, even housebroken, and that it never barked, decided to adopt it. After returning late one night from a Hamburg disco, they found their new pet sound asleep next to the gnawed skeleton of the family cat. They took the dog to a veterinarian, and what did he say?

—Alexander Schaumburg, Göttingen, West Germany

2. **MESSAGE ON THE MIRROR.** This is the most widespread "new legend." The first of several variations on this tale came from Shaun Stephany of North Fort Myers, Florida. A young man went to a Miami disco and met a beautiful girl who simply seduced him. He couldn't believe his luck—she was almost too easy. He took her home and made passionate love to her.

When he woke up the next morning, she was gone. He wondered if she had taken anything valuable, but he checked his wallet and everything was there. His relief was short-lived, however, because he discovered a message scrawled in lipstick on the bathroom mirror. What was it?

3. **SLY STUDENT.** A college biology class was taking the final exam. The professor warned them to stop writing as soon as the bell rang, but one young man just kept on writing. When he dropped his exam booklet on top of all the others, the prof took it and handed it back. "You were told to stop writing when the bell rang, but you didn't listen," he said. "Sorry, but you fail the course."

"Do you know who I am?" the student said indignantly.

"I haven't the faintest idea, and I don't care," the teacher retorted. How did the student respond?

—Richard Roeper, Crestwood, Ill.

Answers:

HELMET QUIZ

Kansas City Chiefs: Extra fins turned the arrowhead into a fish.

Minnesota Vikings: The Viking horn has been turned around.

Houston Oilers: A gusher was added to the oil derrick.

Dallas Cowboys: That should be a five-pointed star, of course, not a Star of David or a sheriff's badge.

New York Giants: The *a* and the *i* have been transposed.

New York Jets: The letter *j* in the logo has been shortened.

Cincinnati Bengals: The direction of the stripes has been altered.

Seattle Seahawks: Our seahawk now sports a black eye.

St. Louis Cardinals: The bird's eye has been changed.

Baltimore Colts: The horseshoe is upside-down. The arms should point up, so the luck won't run out.


New Orleans Saints: That fleur-de-lis has grown some suspicious-looking leaves—marijuana, to be exact.

San Diego Chargers: The lightning bolt has changed direction and been shortened.

LEGENDS

1. **PET.** "What you have there isn't a dog. It's a Malaysian rat!" (This modern legend has international standing. It is widely known in the United States, usually told about a pet that had been brought home from Mexico. Brunvand's latest book is titled *The Mexican Pet*, in reference to this story.)

2. **MIRROR.** "Welcome to the world of AIDS." It seems the girl was infected by a man who picked her up at a disco, and now she's out to spread it to as many men as she can before she dies. The police are still looking for her.

3. **SLY.** "Good," the student said. He jammed his test booklet into the middle of the stack and dashed out. 

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XGA-607 TENNIS WITHOUT BALLS Linnea Stevens, Christine Delmar (All Girl), 90 min.	XMS-603 LES, BI, & BLACK Gina Davis, R. Bolla, Vera Quick, 60 min.	XGA-603 WELL HUNG Dean Chasson, Mike Savage, Chuck Reddy (All Male), 60 min.
XGR-105 GIRLFRIENDS The affairs of Rachael (All Girl), 60 min.	XMS-604 SEXUAL SURROGATE, LES LOVER Gloria Hardy, V. Corrae, Dave Shabert, 60 min.	XGA-605 HORSE Hard-riding action in the corral (All Male), 90 min.
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XMS-902 MENAGE A TROIS Mai Lin, John Holmes, Seka, 90 min.	XAT-118 HEAVENLY DESIRE Seka, Serena, and big, black Johnny Keyes, 90 min.	XEX-106 WILD ORGIES Heather Wayne, John Leslie, Constance Money, 90 min.
XMS-903 ORAL DELIGHTS Seka, John Holmes, Annette Haven, 90 min.	XAT-119 TAXI GIRLS Nancy Suiter, John Holmes, Serena, 90 min.	XEX-107 FAMOUS TATA'S Christy Canyon, Kitten Natividad, Rachel Ashley, 90 min.
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COMING IN THE JANUARY PENTHOUSE



PET OF THE YEAR SPECIAL

"I must say," Mindy Farrar said earlier this year, "being in this spotlight is certainly a turn-on! I think now I'll be able to live my dreams." Mindy was exalting in her coronation as the 16th annual Penthouse Pet of the Year, and next month you'll discover who will inherit the throne—and a queen's ransom of treasure!—when Mindy steps down. Will the lucky winner be comely Sarah Remington-Greaves, auburn-haired Susan Napoli, romantic Krista Pflanzner, or luscious Patty Mullen? Your votes are in and have been tabulated, and our new Pet of the Year awaits your pleasure in this very special holiday issue, featuring a free pullout poster for your year-round enjoyment.



SOUTH AFRICA—AFTER THE FALL

The African National Congress has been banned in South Africa for decades. Its leader, Nelson Mandela, has been imprisoned since the early sixties, and the organization is being run from exile. Nonetheless, most observers expect that when the apartheid regime in Pretoria finally falls, it will be the A.N.C. that will control the fate of one of the richest, most beautiful, and most strategic countries in the world. Amazingly, for such a fateful organization, little is really known about the A.N.C.—either within South Africa itself or in the world capitals, where events there are followed breathlessly. Reporter Louis du Buisson next month cuts through the lies spread both by the A.N.C. and by its enemies to finally paint an accurate picture of these revolutionaries—in their own words.



MÖTLEY CRÜE VS. TIPPER GORE!

Everyone knows that rock 'n' roll is under the gun these days from a handful of self-appointed music vigilantes who see a generation of children destroyed by rock lyrics very few adults or even kids understand. Next month, in a face-off worthy of the hilarious satire *Spinal Tap*, the two leading protagonists in the battle express their heartfelt views in interviews with *Penthouse*. Tipper Gore, wife of a presidential candidate and the leader of the Parents' Music Resource Center, explains why she's not a censor; Nikki Sixx of Mötley Crüe (Tipper's worst nightmare) answers her charges. And, to put things in perspective, the interviews are accompanied by shots of Mötley Crüe's "Girls Girls Girls" video, which was banned from MTV.



ASSIGNMENT: KILL CASTRO

In addition to being today's leading conservative spokesman and hosting one of television's most influential talk shows, the prolific William F. Buckley, Jr., has also created a new genre of American spy fiction, examples of which we've excerpted in *Penthouse* over the years. Next month, we're proud to preview his best novel yet, *Operation Mongoose, R.I.P.* (which will be published by Random House). It details the plotting by the Mafia, the C.I.A., Cuban exiles, and John F. Kennedy to kill Fidel Castro—as well as Castro's attempts to strike back at these enemies. Our story flows from a sleazy Miami bar to C.I.A. headquarters, the Oval Office, Mexico City, and finally to Fidel Castro's secret love nest. We're sure you'll find it one of the most exciting stories you've read in a long time.

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