

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN



02242

AUGUST 1988

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MUST LOSE
THE OLYMPICS**

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BIG
WHOREHOUSE
IN PUERTO RICO**

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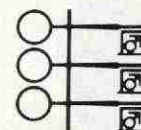
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The International Magazine for Men/August 1988

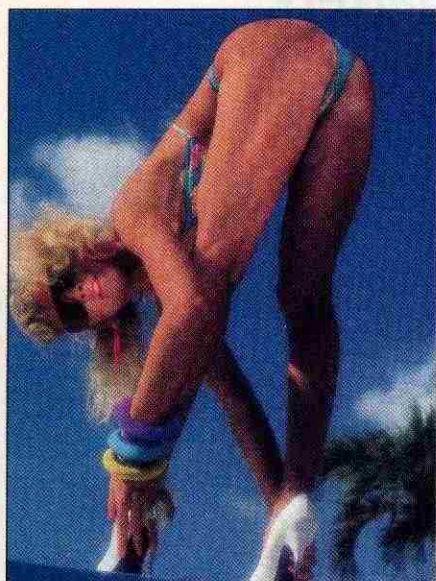
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Our cover features Pet of the Month Lisa Aiton, who was photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera; Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses; Harrison filters; and Norman strobes. Her pictorial begins on page 75. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 140.

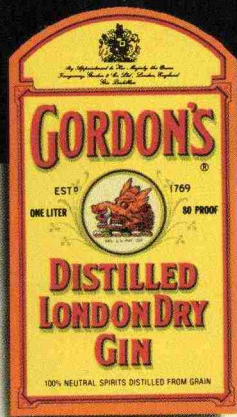
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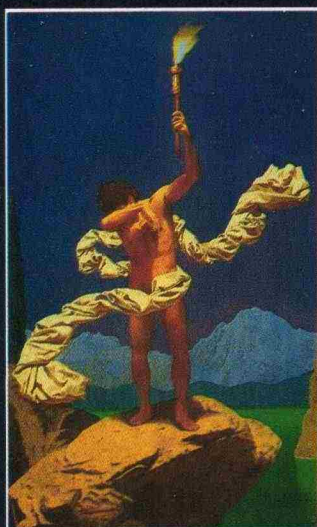


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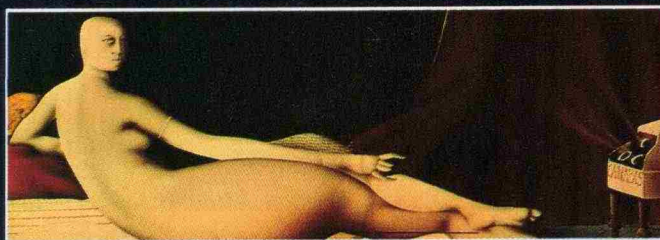
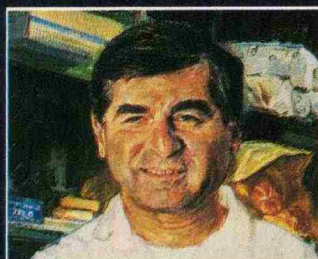
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HOUSECALL



AMERICAN SHAME

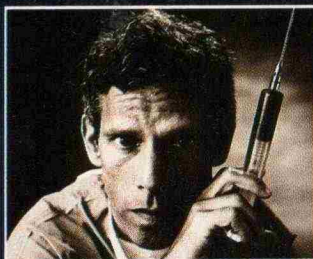
As you read these words, the world awaits September's Summer Olympic Games in Seoul, South Korea, with breathless anticipation. It will be the first time in years that American athletes have been able to face competitors from behind the iron curtain; and more is at stake than just gold medals—these Games have been touted as a test of the virtues of free-enterprise democracy versus Communist dictatorship. But science reporter **Mark Teich** and *Omni* Senior Editor **Pamela Weintraub** say we'd better lower our expectations. This month, they have bad news for all of us, especially for those heroic youngsters who will carry our nation's banner: "America will be tried in the balance and found wanting. Our athletes will give their all, but they have been deprived of the chance to be truly competitive. We have become a second-class sports power." Through their exhaustive research, Teich and Weintraub trace the history of this disgrace and,



more important, interview top athletes and sports experts to show how we can mobilize ourselves *right now* to change the system that undermines our best and brightest.

AMERICAN PRIDE

Whatever happens at the Olympics, the United States is often still seen as an international symbol of goodwill and heroism. This beacon never burned brighter than when **Dr. Robert Peter Gale** flew to the ruined Soviet town of Chernobyl to help the victims of the worst nuclear accident in history. Within a week after the devastating explosion that spewed more radioactive material than was released at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Gale was



mobilizing a team of medical experts to begin surgery. Acclaimed a hero in the Soviet Union, Gale has used his celebrity to speak out and educate the world about the dangers—and the promises—of nuclear power. This month, in an exclusive interview with **Thomas Hauser**, he shares these vital warnings and his extraordinary story with us.

THE FASTEST GAME

They obviously are not heroes like Dr. Gale, but in their own occasionally feverish way, thousands of American foreign-exchange traders affect our global affairs on a daily basis—moving *billions* of dollars around the world with phone calls and computer inputs. Reporter **Lisa Collier Cool** recently journeyed through the international foreign-exchange empire to show us how these pioneers of what has been called "the last frontier of free enterprise" make their fortunes in a modern Gold Rush that is as exciting and dangerous as the original.

WORKING GIRLS

Dolores French is another pioneer in a career that could be described as "the oldest frontier of free enterprise." In "My Life as a Prostitute" (an excerpt from her forthcoming Dutton book, written with **Linda Lee**), she shares some of her exploits working at the biggest whorehouse in Puerto Rico. Although Dolores was already proficient in her job skills, she became even more expert in the tricks of her trade under the tutelage of some of the 40 other women who worked alongside her (so to speak) every night. It was, she assures us, "like minting money." Just another aspect of international foreign-exchange trading, we'd say.

GREEKS BEARING GIFTS

We've many, many more offerings this month for your summer reading—and viewing—pleasure. But we wouldn't want you to imagine that we've forgotten our responsibilities to cover the presidential race. For example, it's been said that presidential hopeful **Michael Dukakis** is too vague about what he plans to do in the White House. **Ori Hofmekler** has been studying the situation, and the fruits of his investigation can be found on page 136. . . . Games Editor **Gerard Van der Leun** devises a novel way to thank our televised men and women of the cloth for one of the most entertaining years in American religious history. . . . And best of all, our Pets this month share with all of us their gifts of radiance and summer splendor, which threaten to eclipse the August sunshine. ☺

Danny Sullivan on the Winner's Circle.

I like taking the inside track. In a race. Anytime. Anywhere. I like getting there first. Where I go. What I do. What I wear. Like wearing "The Winner's Circle." It's spiral stainless steel. Polished black onyx. Solid sterling silver. And 14 karat gold. It's the inside track. Just \$195. Only from The Franklin Mint.



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Danny Sullivan. Winner of the Indy 500.

PUT YOURSELF IN THE PICTURE **THE GREAT PENTHOUSE TREASURE HUNT**

It's summertime, and the winning is easy! With a sharp eye and a little bit of luck, you might just snap up one of these terrific prizes in next month's Great Penthouse Treasure Hunt. Imagine walking away with a luxurious full-length white-and-sapphire mink coat from the Flemington Fur Company—retail value \$9,000. Or perhaps you'd prefer to stimulate your senses with state-of-the-art home-entertainment equipment from Kenwood, featuring digital stereo amplifier, dual equalizer system, FM tuner, compact disc player, three-head cassette deck, 180-watt speaker system, videocassette recorder, television receiver/video monitor, and audio system cabinet—total retail value \$6,500. You could ride off on a 1988 Kawasaki NINJA ZX-10 superbike, featuring a 130-horsepower, 997-cc liquid-cooled four-cylinder engine, aluminum frame, and dramatically styled full fairing—valued at \$5,999. You might even find yourself on an unforgettable seven-day Caribbean cruise for two, courtesy of JOB cigarette papers, including a champagne welcome, outside cabin, round-trip airfare from gateway cities, and more—total value \$4,000. And that's just the beginning! To find out about *all* of our spectacular Treasure Hunt prizes, see the September *Penthouse*—on sale August 2.

No purchase necessary. For complete rules, see the September *Penthouse*; or send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Penthouse Treasure Hunt, P.O. Box 883, Boston, Mass. 02117.





“Gail took the shaving cream and spread it on me. It wasn't long before I was as bald as a well-used tire—smooth and tread-bare.”

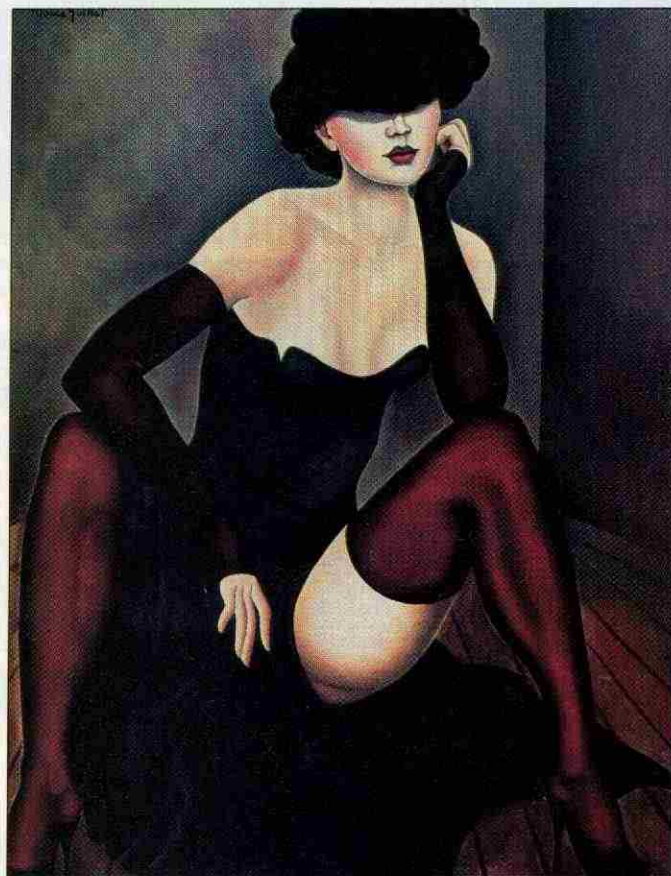
PENTHOUSE FORUM

60 MINUTES

My fiancé Leonard and I have been good friends for the past eight months with two other couples—Jim and Gail, and Theodore and Rosie. We're all 30 to 32 years old, have the same basic income, and are into looking fit. I stand five foot six, with full 36Cs and, as I've been told, a nice ass. Leonard is six foot one and very healthy. We plan to marry sometime next year.

We all enjoy playing games together—poker, Trivial Pursuit, etc.—and get together regularly. One Wednesday evening, Rosie called and asked Leonard and me to come over Saturday night. The reason? She said she'd discovered a new game. We got there around seven. Jim and Gail had arrived a few minutes earlier. We all kissed each other hello and then settled down to some serious business—wine, munchies, and a few joints. After everyone got comfortable, Rosie brought out some pillows and an adult board game. Theodore started setting it up on the floor.

“Okay now,” said Rosie, “if we're going to play this, we all must be in agreement. Theodore and I played this the other night and it was . . . well”—she smirked—“stimulating.” Jim picked up the deck of cards and started flipping through it until Theodore reached over and took it out of his hands. “No fair cheating,” he admonished. “We either all agree to play—no matter what—or none of us play.” I looked at Leonard, and he shrugged with indifference. I saw Gail nod positively at Jim, who mumbled, “Sure, why not?” Since



no one said no outright, Theodore passed the bag containing the playing pieces to Gail. Each of us in turn reached in. I had a strange feeling about this, but I was feeling good and chose to ignore it.

We stocked up on more food, drink, and smoke, then settled down to play. Rosie volunteered to go first, and rolled a five. She moved her plastic-cock playing piece and landed on a square that instructed her to draw a card from the pile. She removed the top one and read it out loud: “Expose your right breast for 30 seconds.” She looked around at us.

“Um, this is how the game goes. I must admit that it is a bit embarrassing at first, but believe me, it gets easier.”

“Let's see a tit, honey,” Theodore slurred in his best John Wayne imitation. That got us tittering as Rosie unbuttoned her shirt, undid the front hook on her bra, and pulled the right cup away, exposing her breast. Theodore bent down to give her a quick suck, but Rosie caught his head before it hit home and pushed him away. “Uh-uh, no-no,” she teased. “That's another card.”

“This is what the whole game's like,” Theodore stated. I could see Leonard trying

not to look at Rosie. I was turned on, but I was also a tad jealous.

For the next hour, a bottle of wine and several jays later, we had a hysterical time. There was a lot of hesitation about obeying the cards; but after we got through that, it was a piece of cake. Theodore sucked my left tit for 45 seconds; Leonard licked Rosie's pussy for five seconds; Gail sucked Jim's dick for 15 seconds; I lay on my stomach, exposing my bare ass, for a minute; Rosie had to sit with her jeans and panties off, her legs spread, for ten seconds; Leonard had to sit with his dick in his hand for 20 seconds; etc. However, what made it strange was that we were all at least partially clothed. A tit was exposed and then covered up; a dick was sucked and then tucked back into the pants. Somehow it was more erotic this way.

Each card had an assigned point value, and we finally reached a point where it was anybody's game. It was my turn. I rolled a four, picked a card, read it, and just stared at it. I couldn't bring myself to read it out loud.

“Come on, Anne,” Jim teased, “it can't be that bad.”

“I'm gonna read it,” I stated to no one in particular, “but that doesn't mean I'll do it.” *Oh boy*, I thought to myself, *here goes*. I took a deep breath and read, “You must obey all players for a period of 60 minutes. The players must act as a group, giving

FORUM letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Editorial Dept., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.



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1 ST Escort Bearfinder Fuzzbuster Double Nickel Hawk Eye Snooper Radar Sentry Super Eliminator Whistler Fox Super Buster X-Kaliber	1 ST Escort Whistler Fox Radar Intercept Fuzzbuster Fox Sidewinder Fuzzbuster Bearfinder Snooper	1 ST Escort Fox Whistler Radar Intercept	1 ST Escort Gul Whistler Fuzzbuster Fox Radar Intercept Snooper	1 ST Escort Gul Bel K40 Radar Intercept Whistler Radio Shack Fuzzbuster Fox Phantom	1 ST Escort Whistler Fox Radio Shack	1 ST Escort Whistler Bel Fuzzbuster Gul Cobra Fox K40 Gul Radar Intercept Radio Shack	1 ST Passport 2 ND Escort Whistler Cobra K40 Fuzzbuster Uniden Cobra Bel Snooper Whistler Bel Fox Fox Bel	1 ST Passport (Escort not tested) Cobra Uniden Radio Shack Bel Whistler Sparkomatic Fox Gul	1 ST Passport 2 ND Escort Bel Whistler Maxon Radio Shack Uniden Fox Cobra Bel Snooper Fuzzbuster Sparkomatic Sunkyang	1 ST Escort 2 ND Passport Bel Snooper Uniden Whistler Cobra Gul Radio Shack Sparkomatic Maxon

Be a winner...

PLAY

MILLIONAIRE

CASH QUIZ

Win up to \$1,000,000

Monthly Contests Through September 1988 • 3 Ways to Win

Win a \$2.00 Bonus Prize every month

Win \$2.00 cash for sure when you submit an entry of 10 or more correctly answered game tickets. Limit one \$2.00 Bonus Prize per month per household.

Win monthly prizes up to \$50,000

Send in the most correctly answered game tickets any month and win \$50,000. Also, ten \$5,000 prizes and one hundred \$1,000 prizes will be awarded each month. Names of major monthly prizewinners will be listed in metropolitan area newspaper advertisements.

Win \$1,000,000 Grand Prize

Winners of six monthly \$50,000 prizes will compete in the \$1,000,000 Grand Prize Playoff.

Here's how to play

- Get game tickets in special packs of WINSTON, SALEM and CAMEL cigarettes, or see Official Rules for alternate bonus game ticket offer.
- Each game ticket has four multiple choice trivia questions about TV, music, sports, movies and other fun subjects.
- Answer questions by circling the letter in front of your answer.
- Use the four circled letters to spell the "Payoff Word" answer. A "payoff clue" is provided to help you (see Sample Game Ticket).
- Every correctly answered game ticket is worth one "point."
- The goal is to submit an entry with as many points as possible to win prizes (minimum 10 points needed to enter).
- Monthly contests will continue through September 1988. You can enter every month. Or, you can save game tickets for several months to submit a higher point score entry. It's up to you.

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

SAMPLE GAME TICKET

• Circle letter to answer question.

1. WHICH CITY IS THE CAPITAL OF MASSACHUSETTS?

- H. Lowell
- D. Hanover
- R. Rye
- K** Boston

2. WHAT IS THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE TRANSLATION FOR THE ITALIAN WORD PIZZA?

- N** Pie
- T. Dough
- S. Delicious
- E. Cake

3. HOW MANY SIDES DOES AN OCTAGON HAVE?

- A. 5
- H. 6
- R** 7
- O. 8

4. WHICH OF THE FOLLOWING IS NOT A PERCUSSION INSTRUMENT?

- Cymbals
- W** Trumpet
- E. Drums
- R. Triangle

• Use circled letters to spell Payoff Word similar to Payoff Clue.

PAYOFF CLUE: UNDERSTAND

PAYOFF WORD: **K N O W**

• 10 or more tickets needed to enter.

Signature *Gorn Smith*

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MILLIONAIRE CASH QUIZ... OFFICIAL RULES

TO PLAY: Every Millionaire Cash Quiz game ticket contains four multiple choice questions and a Payoff Word question. Participants who correctly answer all questions on a game ticket can earn one "point". Answer the four multiple choice questions by circling the letter in front of your answer. Then use the four circled letters to spell the Payoff Word answer in the spaces provided. The "payoff clue" will help you determine the Payoff Word answer. NOTE: There can be more than one choice for the Payoff Word answer. However, there is only one correct Payoff Word answer. The more correct game tickets you submit, the better your opportunity to win monthly cash prizes.

TO ENTER: Game tickets must be answered and signed in ink to be valid. An entry consists of an envelope or package containing 10 or more correctly answered and signed game tickets and a 3 x 5 card with your printed name, address and telephone number. Mail entry to: Millionaire Cash Quiz Entries, P.O. Box 1234, Loretto, MN 55492-1234. YOU MUST add up the number of points (tickets) you have accumulated and print that total point score in the front lower left corner of your entry envelope or package and print your name and complete return address in upper left corner. Entries not valid until received and verified by judges. Total number of correctly completed game tickets sent with entry must equal point score shown on outside of entry or entry is subject to disqualification. Send as many game tickets with your entry as you like (but not less than 10 game tickets), including duplicate (but not reproduced) game tickets.

EVERYONE CAN WIN BONUS PRIZES: Every participant who submits an entry of 10 or more points will receive a bonus prize of \$2.00. Limit one bonus prize per household per month.

MONTHLY CASH PRIZES PLUS \$1,000,000 GRAND PRIZE: \$200,000 in cash prizes will be awarded in each of six monthly contests as described below. The independent judging agency, Promotional Marketing Corporation, Westport, CT 06880, will record the point score of each entry submitted for each monthly contest. A \$50,000 top prize will be awarded to the highest scoring entry each month, the next 10 highest scoring entries will each receive \$5,000, and the next 100 highest scoring entries will each receive \$1,000. Limit one monthly prize of \$1,000 or more per household during the six month contest period. The \$50,000 top prize winners in the six monthly contests will automatically qualify for the \$1,000,000 "Grand Prize Playoff" competition to be held at a site and date to be announced following determination of all \$50,000 monthly winners. The Grand Prize Playoff winner will receive \$50,000 per year for twenty consecutive years without interest commencing 1989. In the event of a tie for any prize, a tie-breaker competition will be used to determine winners.

MONTHLY CONTESTS AND ENTRY DATES: There are 6 separate monthly contests as follows: April,

May, June, July, August and September 1988. To qualify for any monthly contest your entry must be postmarked by the last day of that month and received by the 10th of the month following. The last monthly contest ends 9/30/88. Enter each month or accumulate game tickets and enter any monthly contest you wish. You may submit only one entry to any monthly contest. Monthly winners will be notified by mail within 15 days after the determination of monthly winners.

ELIGIBILITY: Contests open to U.S. residents, AT LEAST 21 YEARS OF AGE. The following persons are ineligible: employees of R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, its affiliates and subsidiaries, and of its advertising agencies, suppliers and independent contractors engaged in the development or production of materials for this contest, or immediate families of the foregoing. All entries must be submitted in the name of an individual person and prizes can only be awarded to the person whose name is listed on the entry. Winners will be required to sign Eligibility Affidavit and Release, and must agree to use of their name, address and likeness for advertising purposes without further compensation.

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AUGUST

no more than one request at a time."

Rosie grinned. "Great! I had a feeling this one would come up soon," she said excitedly.

"Guys, I'm really not comfortable with this," I stated flatly. For the next ten minutes, I was barraged with "Aw, come on," "You can't quit now," and "Pussy!"—that last one from Leonard, and he said it because he knows I hate being called that. Finally I couldn't stand it anymore. "Okay, okay, I'll do it!" I shouted at them and collapsed against Leonard. "Now what?" I asked, not really wanting to know.

"Let's see," responded Theodore. "Do you have to use the john or something?" Suddenly I did, so I went upstairs to the guest bathroom. *Sixty minutes*, I thought to myself. *What can they do in 60 minutes?* Plenty, I found myself replying. As nervous as I was, I did feel excited. I'd always had fantasies along these lines, and now was my chance to see them come true. Figuring that enough time had elapsed, I went back downstairs.

The group was huddled around the bar, and everyone stopped talking when they saw me. "Let's get this going, people. I'm real nervous," I said. They turned to face me, and without ceremony, Theodore said, "Take your clothes off."

My mouth fell open. "What! Just like that?" I shrieked at him.

"You've agreed to go along. I promise no one's going to hurt you," he said softly. "The 60 minutes don't start till you're naked," he added.

I decided what the hell, and did as I was told. I'd gotten down to my bra and panties when Jim started catcalling, "Take it off! Take it off!" Everyone joined in, so I decided to turn my utter embarrassment into a striptease. There I stood, naked in front of my friends and fiancé. I didn't know what to do with myself, other than give in to the overwhelming desire to put my clothes back on. I covered my crotch with my hand.

Leonard walked over to me and gave me a strong shotgun of a joint. He held me to his chest for a few seconds, his hand resting on my ass. Theodore came up behind me and shotgunned another hit. I leaned back to accept, and felt Leonard step away from me. While Theodore's mouth was on mine, I felt a tongue on my left nipple and then a mouth on my right one. My knees felt weak and I sagged against Theodore. I opened my eyes and saw Jim and Gail playing with my tits. It was a wonderful feeling. I looked around and noticed that everyone was in a state of semiundress. Jim and Gail moved aside for Leonard and Rosie. I stood there moaning while my friends touched me.

Suddenly, as if on cue, they all stepped away from me. No one looked at me as they finished undressing. They formed a circle around me and started checking me out. I stood proud and thrust my tits out. "First thing you have to do," Rosie said, "is help Leonard." I dropped to the

floor. Leonard stepped in front of me and pressed his cock against my mouth. "Open," he said. I did, and before I knew it, I was sucking him. This had only lasted a few minutes when Jim said, "Enough. We're wasting time." Then he looked at Leonard and said, "Oops, sorry, Len, but you know what I mean." Leonard nodded in agreement.

"Okay, girls, go to it," Theodore said. "Remember, we've got 45 minutes left, so don't take too long." Gail gently took my elbow and said, "Phase two's about to begin."

"What's phase two?" I asked her.

"You'll see," she replied. By this time, we had arrived at the doorway to the master bathroom. Rosie pushed open the door and led us in. The tub was Jacuzzi-like, big enough for two or three people. "Climb down into the tub," Rosie instructed. I was still feeling extremely self-conscious about my nakedness, so I asked, "Could I wrap a towel around me, please?"

"No, we need you naked," Gail told me as she climbed down into the tub with me. Rosie handed her a can of shaving cream and a razor. "Sit here on the edge and spread your legs," she ordered.

"Come on, you guys are my friends. How can I do that? I feel weird as it is now," I said to them, trying not to sound like I was pleading.

"Anne, we understand how you feel, but none of this is embarrassing to us. We're enjoying this game—we're turned on, as a matter of fact," said Rosie. "So you've nothing to be embarrassed about, okay?" I nodded yes and felt slightly better.

I perched on the tub's edge and spread my legs. Gail took the shaving cream and spread it all over my pussy; then they took turns shaving me. When they were through I was as bald as a well-used tire—smooth and tread-bare. To remove the excess cream, Gail washed me quickly with a soapy cloth.

Rosie bent forward to kiss my bare pussy, and I fought the reaction to close my legs on her face, closing my eyes instead. She licked me up and down the center, her tongue touching both sides of my lips. Gail had climbed out of the tub and was sucking my tits. I couldn't help but moan. Rosie reached up, placed her hand between my breasts, and gave me a gentle shove back until I rested on my elbows. This caused my hips to thrust upward at a greater angle, and my bare pussy felt so exposed.

Gail and Rosie exchanged places. Rosie alternately pulled one nipple and sucked the other. Gail spread my lips and began nibbling between them. I was getting extremely turned on. I guess Rosie sensed this, because she said, "We'd better stop this before we use up all the time." She pushed at Gail's head. "Come on, let's go join the guys." I'd completely forgotten about them! I felt a chill.

As we headed downstairs, I stayed behind Gail and Rosie; they wanted me hid-

den from view. When we reached the bottom, the girls suddenly stepped aside, and I was left facing the guys. One look at Leonard's face, and I knew he was turned on by my bald pussy. So were the other guys. While they were staring at me, Rosie and Gail leaned forward and softly bit at a nipple until it began to harden. I arched my back and closed my eyes. I was tingling all over. Theodore sank to his knees in front of me and immediately started caressing my pussy lips. The girls were still at my breasts, sucking and squeezing. I was going to come any minute! Theodore moved away from me, and I opened my eyes to see Jim pushing Gail and Rosie away from my breasts. Rosie went to Leonard, and Gail to Theodore. By now we were on the living-room floor, everyone going every which way. Finally, Leonard disengaged himself from Rosie and came over to me.

"How come you never did this before?" he asked.

"Did what?" I wasn't quite sure what he was referring to.

"Shave yourself like that," he answered, rubbing his dick between my bare lips. "I like this," he said, and then entered me. Before I knew it, we were fucking with four other people in the room. For a split second I felt bothered by it, but once Leonard started moving, it no longer mattered how many people were around. . . .

Needless to say, this is one game we play whenever we can.—*Name and address withheld*

OUTDOOR EXPOSURE

After two and a half years of a terrible marriage, my wife and I separated. Muriel, who was 15 years younger than myself, went back to her parents, and after about three weeks, I grabbed a plane back home. Although there had once been some fairly good sex with her, things in that department disintegrated. I looked forward to being home again, free and ready to meet some new people.

After I arrived I had gone out with a few different women, but had not gotten into anything you'd call exciting. That is, not until about a week ago. Cara and I had been old friends and lovers a few years ago, and we had one pretty steamy night at her place when I first got back. Last Friday night, Cara called to see if I had any plans. She asked me out to her place, which is within a short walking distance of a state park and lake. We decided to grab a blanket, a few beers, and her camera. Off we went just as the sun was beginning its descent upon the water.

She caught me off balance and off guard, clicking away with the shutter. Then it was my turn. Since it was a nice evening, Cara had worn a pair of short, loose cutoffs and a cut-up T-shirt, so I was already aroused. I was photographing her casually, taking advantage of the zoom lens. She was partially turned toward me with one knee cocked out, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

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CONFIDENTIAL

BY SHARON CHURCHER

TYSON'S WOMEN AIM FOR KNOCKOUT

The moment Mike Tyson is through with his June 27 bout with Michael Spinks, he intends dealing a courtroom knockout to his comanagers, Bill Cayton and Loraine Jacobs. At least, that's the plan if the heavyweight champ's mother-in-law—he calls her "Mom"—has her druthers, a boxing-industry source tells us. Ruth Givens is peeved, explains the source, that young Mike didn't have independent legal representation when he signed his current management contract.

The contract, inked when Tyson's then comanager with Cayton, the legendary Jim Jacobs, was dying of leukemia, entitles Cayton and Jacobs's widow Loraine to one-third of the boxer's earnings until 1992.

"Tyson didn't know any better. You're talking a kid who never graduated high school. But why would the heavyweight champion give away a third of himself? Anybody would be happy to manage him for five to ten percent," our source contends.

The puncher has already made more than \$20 million. If successful in his title defenses against Spinks and



his next five opponents, he'll surpass even Muhammad Ali's earnings.

It's no secret that "Mom" and Tyson's new wife, actress Robin Givens, have been prodding the boxer to take greater control of his finances. Cayton's allies have accused Tyson's promoter, Don King, of having a hand in this; and though King denies any attempt to muscle Cayton out, the comanager furiously says, "King's M.O. has always been to move in on

fighters' wives."

Cayton warns that should this wife and mother-in-law mount a legal challenge to Tyson's contract, they'll find that the toughest fights aren't in the ring. "They will regret starting this," he fumes. "This will go to state court, federal court . . . they won't succeed."

Tyson's contract is identical to the deal with the Jacobs-Cayton team that the boxer cosigned with his guardian and trainer, the late Cus

D'Amato, when he was 18, according to a Cayton deputy.

"The new contract was done with lawyers from the New York State Athletic Commission and the commissioners themselves there to protect Tyson," Cayton says. The commission is headed by former light heavyweight champ José Torres, a pal of Cayton's and the late Jacobs's, as well as of Tyson's.

Couldn't that be seen as a conflict of interest? "José stayed out of the negotiations because of his friendship," Cayton says. "One-third is what the state sets as the top for managers, and it's usually also the bottom. Fighters very rarely hire their own lawyers."

Cayton adds this about his relationship with the new womenfolk in Tyson's life: "I try not to talk to the mother-in-law and I don't talk to the wife. She's a brilliant actress, a beautiful woman, and I wish she'd deal with her career and leave me to mine. This world heavyweight champion was made what he is by my marketing, promotion, and PR, and by his management's choice of opponents. He has the greatest managers in history, and I am irate at what's going on."

SUCKING UP TO TERRORISTS

NBC's highly publicized May docudrama about the vicious 1985 hijacking of a TWA plane by Lebanese radical Muhammad Ali Hamadi infuriated federal law-enforcement authorities in this country and Germany. They complain that its characterization of Hamadi—whose Muslim mob killed one passenger, a young U.S.

serviceman—was "pure glorification."

Played by the middle-aged Eli Danker, Hamadi was depicted as a grieving widower who seized the aircraft out of revenge because his wife and daughter were killed in the U.S. battleship *New Jersey's* 1983 shelling of Beirut.

The real Hamadi, held in Germany, has been trying to avoid being tried as an adult by blubbering that he was

only 16 at the time of the outrage. "We believe he had just turned 21; but so far as having family killed by the *New Jersey*, our feeling is that that is something he told the passengers to get sympathy," said one German investigator scornfully. "He wasn't even married at the time. He did subsequently marry a woman in Lebanon and he also fathered a girl by a German woman. They live in Germany, so they hardly

could have been victims in Beirut."

Jim Calio, the journalist who coproduced the television movie with former White House photographer David Hume Kennerly, is unperturbed by such dramatically cumbersome factoids. Though the show was touted as based on a *People* magazine story he wrote about the saga, "This was a docudrama, not the news," Calio breezed.



CONFIDENTIAL

NORIEGA'S SECRETS

Burdened with an unfortunate nickname—"Pineapple Face"—General Manuel Antonio Noriega strove to keep up appearances during Washington's attempt to oust him from power. Often seen with pretty young women, the married Panamanian has a kisser pockmarked from acne; but, in line with his claim to be only 50 (records indicate he's 54), his hair is as dusky as our own President's. Indeed, a friend who was invited to use the general's private bathroom in a Panama barracks reports that Noriega apparently shares a grooming secret with Ron.

"His bathroom is cluttered with male cosmetics," the friend says. "They include Grecian Formula hair coloring, pimple medication, and a dozen or more bottles of cheap colognes."

Of course the general got U.S. respect for more than his looks. After his indictment

on federal drug charges, his aides began circulating laudatory letters that he's received from the Carter and Reagan administrations. "It has been an honor and privilege to associate and work with you," oozed one Carter drug-enforcement official.

This was before all the facts were in on the general's alleged cocaine conspiracy. But Carter officials were aware of intelligence reports that said Noriega had supervised as soldiers murdered a priest.

By mid-1986, the Reagan administration was convinced that the general was a drug kingpin. Yet that September U.S. Army Lieutenant General John Ballantyne dashed off a note complimenting him for participating "in our common struggle against . . . dangerous drugs." Of course, the administration says such expressions of admiration were as real as Noriega's hair color.



ANOTHER REAL ESTATE MEESE-TAKE?

Though Ed Meese has been in the spotlight for alleged "improper favoritism" to New York's Wedtech Corporation, an anonymous mailing to reporters charges that the embattled attorney general also meddled in a dispute between San Francisco and Meese's hometown of Oakland.

The mailing concerns an 18-story federal office tower that the General Services Administration (G.S.A.) plans to build in Oakland, where Meese was born into a prominent Republican family and worked as a prosecutor. San Francisco hotly fought the project, which would

drain thousands of its federal jobs. But the scheme—supported by the Oakland Chamber of Commerce in the hopes that it would revitalize the downtown district—was voted by Congress and quietly signed into law by President Reagan after gaining the support of the G.S.A.'s San Francisco regional boss, controversial Meese crony Edwin Thomas.

Thomas got his G.S.A. plum sometime after extending a \$15,000 interest-free loan to Meese's wife Ursula; Thomas's wife and son also landed federal jobs. Claims the unsigned mailing, Meese had been persuaded by Oakland pals to support the \$150-million monolith, and "with Thomas at the helm of the G.S.A., he could keep his

finger on the pulse of the project." He paid Thomas "an unannounced visit [around Christmas] . . . for a briefing on [it]" after he joined the Justice Department, the mailing continues.

Meese declined comment. But, "The Department of Justice doesn't have anything to do with this project," says a spokeswoman for Thomas. She confirmed that Meese met with Thomas around Christmas. "Occasionally when Mr. Meese is in San Francisco, he drops by to see Mr. Thomas," she says. "I would imagine the project has been discussed, because of Mr. Meese's ties with Oakland."

Oakland Chamber of Commerce President Bill Downing insists, however, that

it is purely coincidental that the project took off after Thomas's accession to G.S.A. "I only ever met Ed Meese once, four or five years ago. Neither I nor, as far as I know, anyone in the chamber has talked to him about this project," Downing adds. As for better uses being found for \$150 million—"that figure sounds very high," says a veteran New York developer—Downing argues that the new building will save the federal government as much as \$18 million a year that is currently spent on leasing offices in San Francisco. The project's boosters assure us that there is nothing on the market in the entire Bay area that would be "seismologically" sound and reasonably priced.

DARTH VADER'S REVENGE

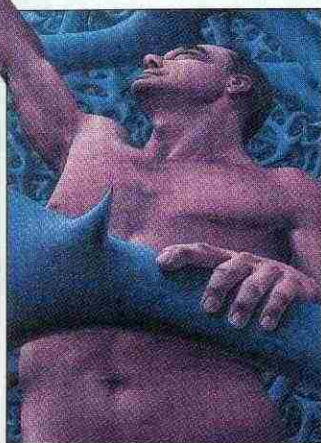
Research into President Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative, popularly known as "Star Wars," is being rocked by a chain of bizarre deaths in Europe, including the assassination of three military and government officials. "We're not saying this is the K.G.B. or C.I.A. bumping people off, but there should be an official investigation," says Josh Arnold-Forster, an aide to Douglas Hoyle, a British Labour party politician who is copresident of the union that represents his country's research scientists.

According to the National Forum Foundation, a conservative Washington, D.C., think tank, the suspicious deaths began on July 9, 1986, when the research director of a West German electronics behemoth, the Siemens Company, was blown up by a bomb. A leftist terrorist group took credit for the killing, blaming rumored Siemens negotiations for Star Wars work. The group also said it was behind the gunning down of a German bureaucrat who masterminded Star Wars cooperation talks with the U.S. In Rome, another leftist faction claimed responsibility for assassinating an Italian Star Wars adviser.

The Forum Foundation also suspects a link between a string of apparent suicides among British scientists—

some of which were reported in the April issue of *Omni*—and the terrorist atrocities. For instance, in August 1986, a computer programmer at the British Marconi company, a Star Wars contractor, plunged inexplicably from a bridge. Another Marconi computer expert apparently killed himself by tying a rope round his neck with one end attached to a tree, then driving off in his car. A radar expert working on a secret contract at a Marconi subsidiary died after his car, loaded with gasoline cans, crashed into an abandoned building. Another Marconi scientist succumbed to a drug overdose; and the body of an engineer at the firm's guided-weapons division was found dead recently in a fume-filled automobile.

There also have been at least six unexplained deaths since 1986 among scientists at other British defense companies and research establishments. Because of official secrecy policies, it isn't known what projects they were working on. "It could be they just died because of stress," admits the aide to Britain's Hoyle. Still, "It is tempting to speculate that the Soviets are exceeding the diplomatic norms in their attempt to stop Star Wars," says a Forum Foundation executive.



THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHRINK BUSINESS

A psychologist whose license was revoked last year by California after he was found guilty of patient abuse, fraud, and incompetence, has set up shop as a "coach" in New York City and Aspen, Colorado. Richard Corriere, who was once revered by disciples as a "new Freud" and appeared on "The Tonight Show," didn't respond to our requests for an interview. But a lawyer who used to represent him told my associate Gwen Gowen that he believes the ex-doc's new mission is to "show people how to be more effective communicators in business."

"So long as he doesn't say he's a physician, psychologist, or psychiatrist, he is free to practice here," said a New York State official. With Corriere describing his offices as "personal coaching and corporate coaching institutes," he isn't using a "protected title," says a Colorado official.

Corriere ran into trouble as a founder of a commune, the now-defunct Hollywood Center for Feeling Therapy. While the center boasted that its theatrical behavioral-conditioning techniques helped clients "develop life

skills," California prosecutors denounced these methods as "brainwashing." Citing complaints from more than 100 ex-patients, they accused Corriere of brutal verbal and physical abuse, and of taking unprofessional sexual liberties with patients.

After an emotional trial, an administrative-law judge ruled that Corriere had bound, blindfolded, and gagged one patient, identified as Douglas H., and left him in a dark room with a tape recorder playing his own voice until he "realized how much help he needed." The judge said that the psychologist instructed Melody G. to go to her father's grave "and tell him he had made her crazy." Corriere regularly ridiculed Robert W. for being Jewish and a "wimp," and struck and kidney-punched him. He also beat another patient, who'd complained of boredom, and when 39-year-old Joy C. got pregnant—after attempting to conceive for 17 years—he "coerced her to have an abortion," the judge wrote in his opinion. Joy C. objected strenuously; but Corriere "personally guaranteed" that she would be able to become pregnant again, "even in her fifties."

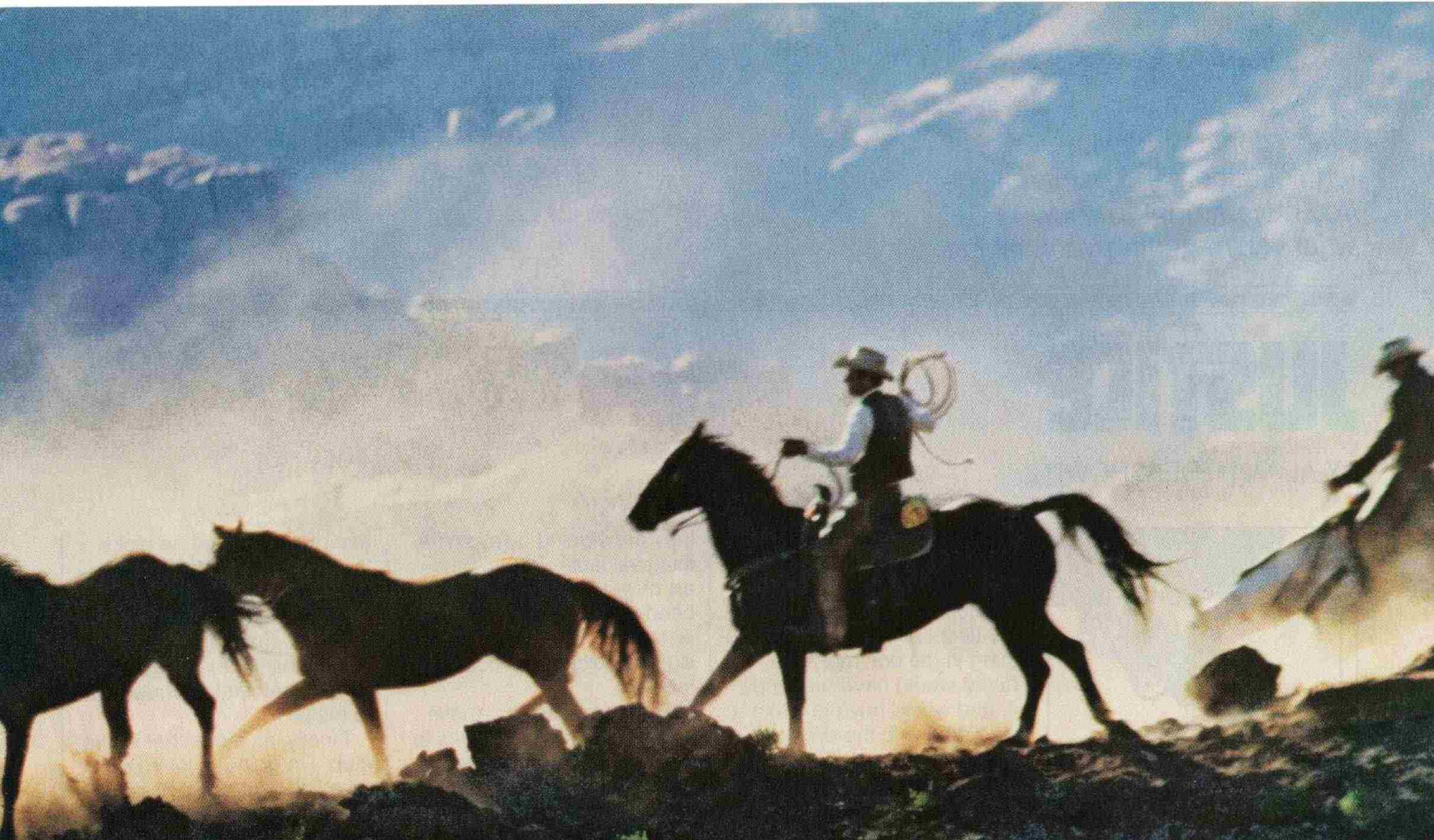
While the judge dubbed the center a "cult" and California won't allow Corriere to conduct any form of psychotherapy without a license, most states follow the New York and Colorado line—doing nothing to regulate unorthodox medical practices, just so long as they don't masquerade as medical. "People all over the country are being humiliated and abused by unlicensed therapists. It's a national disgrace," says Shirley Siegal, president of Stop Abuse by Counselors, a group that is lobbying for stricter laws.





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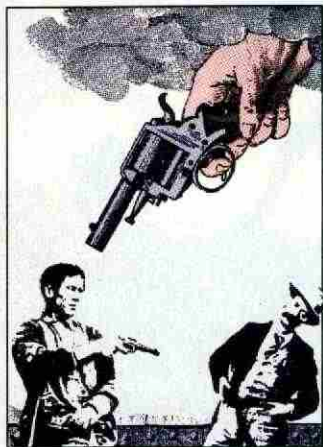
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When confronted with legalese, demand explanations. You have a right to know what you're getting yourself into.

JUSTICE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ



I recently signed a book contract with a publishing house. Although I'm an experienced lawyer, I must admit that I didn't understand half of what I signed. I probably "consented to," "warranted," and "waived" away everything but the "residual" rights to my soul. I agreed, for example, that "a breach of this agreement would cause irreparable harm which could not be compensated with money damages." Maybe this means that they *do* get my soul!

I acknowledged that the agreement "shall be deemed to have been made in Boston, Massachusetts," even though I signed it in Cambridge and sent it to my editor at a publishing house in New York. And I agreed to the following incomprehensible formula: "The Author's liability under this indemnity to the Publisher shall be reduced by one-half of the Publisher's said uninsured losses, expenses, or damages in excess of \$3,000," in certain specified cases of which I cannot make heads or tails. I read and reread this particu-

lar clause until my eye jumped to another provision, this one obliging me to finish my book by year's end. By the time I understood everything in the contract, I no doubt would have breached it, and would have to make a side deal with the devil to retrieve my soul. (I'd hate to see his standard contract!)

Why do lawyers insist on writing contracts and other documents in such convoluted language? It is not, you can be sure, for *your* benefit. Steven Stark, who teaches a legal-writing course at Harvard Law School, once noted that "lawyers write badly because doing so promotes *their* economic interests." When attorneys "confound their clients" with "heretofores," "whereases," and other "junk antiques" of the legal vocabulary, "they are letting everyone know that they possess something the nonlegal world does not." They are asserting their role as a part of a secular priesthood that speaks and writes in a secret language known only to initiates.

The problem of lawyers being able to communicate only with each other has gotten so bad that one Chicago law firm is doing a thriving business in teaching lawyers how to work in plain English. The secret language does sometimes serve the interests of a select group of institutional clients, such as insurance companies, banks, and department stores, who deliberately use legalese to gain tactical advantages over unknowing consumers. When consumers do not understand what they are signing, you can bet

they are signing away something valuable. The lawyers' art of writing oblique prose is often calculated to intimidate or bore the nonlawyer into signing quickly and hoping for the best.

Form documents—those preprinted with the blanks to be filled in—are especially dangerous. They are generally written by lawyers for big institutions and humongous corporations, and are designed to give the client every advantage. And because the forms are already printed, they have a look of finality that sends the message: Do not dare to change a word.


Don't be intimidated by form documents written in legalese. If the amount of money at stake is great enough, hire your own lawyer to review the document, suggest changes, and if necessary, start from scratch with a new document. (A typed contract—or even a handwritten one—is just as valid as a printed one.) When dealing with your own lawyer, there is no excuse for accepting anything less than complete clarity. The lawyer is working for you, and has no right to be anything but completely candid about everything being done on your behalf.

Even if the money involved in the deal does not justify hiring a lawyer, read the document carefully and insist on having every ambiguity explained to you. Take notes as it is being explained—a little counterintimidation never hurts! Don't hesitate to demand a change in wording; but don't be surprised if the person explaining the docu-

ment tells you that he lacks the authority to make changes. In that case, you have to decide whether it's worth making a fuss and risking loss of the deal. It's your money and your decision to make.

Finally, as a member of the club, I'm going to let you in on a little secret. Anything said in legalese can be said in plain, ordinary English (or whatever language the client understands). As one law professor put it, "Good legal writing should not differ (without good reason) from ordinary, well-written English." Lawyers should avoid what he calls "throat clearing" words, such as "heretofore," "hereinafter," "forthwith," and my particular favorite, "aforesaid."

The plain-English movement is catching on among good lawyers. And even those who would prefer to stick to legalese are running into government regulations mandating that documents be written in plain English—with no fine print—for the protection of consumers. Check your local laws, which we hope are themselves written clearly and understandably, and demand compliance. You have a right to know what you are getting and granting.

The old story goes that if lawyers have the facts on their side, they hammer home the facts. If they have the law on their side, they hammer home the law. If they have emotion on their side, they hammer on the table. I'd like to tack on to this that if they have nothing on their side, they talk in legalese. 

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THE RAJ CHESS SET. ONLY FROM THE FRANKLIN MINT.

A 600-pound computer serves as the palette for artist Joni Carter, who continues her gold-medal-style approach to art at the Summer Olympics.

women

BY TERI WINGENDER



The Olympic Games in Seoul, Korea, this summer will draw scores of photographers, artists, writers, and all manner of the athlete's aesthetes. Of all those out to capture the spirit of the World Games, the daring, the determination, the brilliance of the great moments, there is one woman who brings her own color—16 million brilliantines, in fact—to the art of the sport. Her name is Joni Carter, and some call her the queen of sports art.

Joni is as modern an artist as they come. She paints bits of colors and bytes of brush strokes with a computer to create a high-tech pointillism that catches a pixel-perfect impression of the moment, whether it is a record-breaking victory, the magnificence of a midair split, or the heartbreak of a split-second slip for which there is no second chance.

"You're there when the very best are there," Joni says. "As an artist, no matter what medium, you look for the story of how people can rise to glory. And you want to give them back the pleasure

that they gave you." With 600 pounds of computer video equipment, and minimal crew, Joni sets up at track-side, inspired by the cheers of the crowd and by seeing the life's longing of the athletes fulfilled. By 1984, she'd been painting the major events in sports—the Super Bowl, Kentucky Derby, Indy 500, P.G.A. Championship, and U.S. Tennis Open—for three years, when the Games came to her hometown of Los Angeles. Joni piqued the interest of ABC, who commissioned her paintings for the '84 Olympics. At the same time, she lined up the sponsorship of the California Museum of Science and Industry, which made a working studio available to her and sent her on a ten-city publicity-tour blitz on its behalf. During the '84 Olympics, Joni painted as the athletes competed; and 48 hours later, she sold huge limited editions of the work—a collection of "Winning Moments"—and donated the majority of the profits to the museum to establish a creative computer school. "My kind of art affords me the luxury of creating things as they happen, with a finished painting in a short turnaround time. I get the immediate gratification of people seeing what I do, loving what I do, and being able, through my corporate clients who distribute copies of my work to their guests, to give it to them almost immediately."

Joni never planned to be an artist. Instead of an art background, she has a political-science degree from U.C.L.A. "I'd always been theatrical, producing my own

one-woman shows in college, even stand-up comedy. And I was always trying out some craft or other—jewelry making, knitting the world's largest hat—things like that! But I think I was so self-conscious of being a Catholic-girls'-school reject that I never focused on any artistic talent." One day, bored at a California ski area, Joni painted some skiers as they swished down the slopes. Later, in the ski lodge, someone saw and promptly bought the paintings she'd done. Her bold, compassionate vision of the athlete soon captured the imagination of a wide audience. In a jump shot, Joni was known as a professional artist, publishing and marketing her paintings and serigraphs internationally.

Joni began to experiment with computer graphics, working on rock videos and special effects for television and movies. "Fantasy Island," "Faerie Tale Theatre," *Star Trek III*, and *48 Hours* are among her credits. She found that the possibilities of the computer as an artistic medium suited her style and personality as an artist and a sports fan. "I discovered I could do something really exciting at a live broadcast. I could get a feed from the broadcast, bring it to the computer, reduce it to black and white, solarize it and overpaint it and add to it, and complete a painting in three minutes."

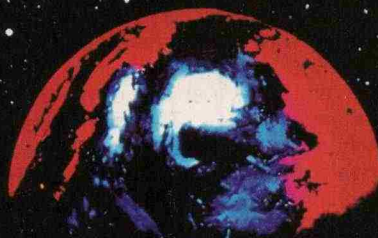
Live sports, live art. But not as easy as it was exciting. Painting live also meant two-weeks preparation to set up the computer color palettes. Plagued with network union problems (they wanted

her on staff as an engineer), Joni turned in a new direction, and started producing her own sport videos. Set to music and dialogue, the videos are a very special and beautiful homage to athletic courage. "I talk to the athletes, to the coaches; listen to what they're out there for," explains Joni. "I go to where people watch the games and listen to them and find out what really thrilled them."

Before the events begin in Seoul, Joni has thought about who the stars will be, stored images of the stages they will perform on, and mused on the moments that could be theirs. "I go on-site absorbing visual material, and I come back to the studio and paint my thoughts, all the background impressions. I store bits and pieces, and during the games I interpose everything I've collected with the moments as they happen."

For the Olympics in Seoul, Joni has gathered remote videotape footage of the athletes, the stadium, and the host country. With her manager and sister, Kate Richardson, and their staff editor, Joni works with local production facilities and services, doing on-site hiring of engineers and other technicians from local TV stations. In Seoul, Joni will produce short sport videos, with introductions in Korean for the local broadcast. "I'm excited to know what the Korean lifestyle is like, what the Games will be like there. In '84, you couldn't find better charisma, attitude, personality, and especially, loyalty to country. It's just fabulous to be part of it." 

TO SOME PEOPLE
LIFE IS A
FABULOUS JOURNEY...



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OMNI
YOUR PASSPORT TO INFINITY

There is no doubt that blood doping improves performance, but it offers no permanent gains. It is a costly and risky procedure.

FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.



I have read that certain Hollywood stars maintain their youthful looks through regular skin peels. Is it true that these are not the "horror story" peels familiar from the past, but some new development that doesn't require hospitalization?

There are still a lot of horror-story skin peels being performed. These procedures are done with phenol or other strong acids, and require up to two weeks in the hospital. The result is generally smooth but waxy-looking skin, several shades lighter than the rest of the body. I have not seen a single one of these peels that looks natural. Stay away from them.

There are much milder peels using salicylic acid or resorcinol that can be done by dermatologists and cosmetologists. These simply exfoliate the layers of dead skin. The benefits are only temporary and do not include the removal of lines or wrinkles. These peels are little better than your own efforts with face-scrub grains.

Another type of peel uses

trichloroacetic acid. This is best suited for small areas: when used over the whole face, it produces uneven skin color, unless the person is very fair-skinned.

The new system you have read about is quite different from these old peels and is gaining great popularity with Hollywood personalities and anyone else in pursuit of that youthful look. The skin is prepared weeks in advance with applications of special creams. The actual peel does not require anesthesia. Patients can drive home immediately afterward. Over the next week there is some discomfort as the old skin tightens, cracks, and gradually falls off, exposing young, pink "baby skin" underneath.

The results of these new peels are excellent. Blemishes, spots, acne scars, enlarged pores, fine lines, and even small wrinkles are completely removed. Skin tone looks perfectly natural and tans normally. These peels are important news for anyone who wants to do something lasting for their looks. But make sure you get an expert, licensed dermatologist to perform them.

The herbs Echinacea and Pau D'arco are getting a lot of publicity in health-food magazines as new cure-alls. Are they any good?

In Europe, there are 40 or more registered pharmaceutical preparations containing Echinacea extracts. With our crazy patent system in the U.S. (which makes patentable drugs the only highly profitable drugs), Echinacea is yet another useful and

natural medicinal that is overlooked here.

In the late 1970s, Echinacea extracts were shown to significantly improve immunity in human patients. Further studies have shown that an Echinacea extract has interferonlike properties and is effective in vitro against influenza and herpes viruses.

Note that this plant is not approved for medical treatment by the F.D.A. Use it at your own risk.

The main problem with Pau D'arco is its unavailability. Since it became popular to use this herbal tea for a wide range of ailments in the U.S., dozens of different plants have been marketed as Pau D'arco. Most of the products now sold in America are derived from Brazilian "ipe" trees and have very weak bioactivity.

The real Pau D'arco is made from the inner bark of the purple lapacho, a tall hardwood tree that grows almost exclusively in northeastern Argentina.

The National Cancer Institute has proved extracts of purple lapacho to be effective against certain cancers, but it was rejected as a treatment because of its toxic properties. The U.S.D.A. lists it as having wide-ranging antibacterial, antifungal, and antiviral activity; yet it is not approved by the F.D.A. If you do obtain true purple lapacho, use extreme caution. It is very potent compared with most Pau D'arco products. Make only a weak brew and use it at your own risk.

I am a competitive runner looking for that extra edge,

and am wondering about blood doping. It must work or it wouldn't be banned by the Olympics committee. What are the dangers?

There is no doubt that blood doping improves endurance performance for a single event. The correct procedure involves withdrawing a unit of the athlete's blood, storing it for two weeks or more while the athlete's body makes up the difference, then reinfusing the stored red-blood cells. This procedure artificially raises the oxygen-carrying capacity of the blood and hence boosts performance.

In the most recent study on blood doping, subjects were reinfused with 400 milliliters of their own red-blood cells withdrawn nine days earlier. The proportion of red-blood cells in their blood rose by five percent. They improved their times in a ten-kilometer race by an average of 69 seconds.

Blood doping would not aid your running. It is yet another modern misapplication of science that offers you no permanent gains. You are better off spending your money on good nutrition, coaching, and training, which together have lasting benefits.

Unfortunately, there were cases of blood doping at the Winter Olympics, and no doubt there will be more this summer. Since the practice is undetectable biochemically, the worst problem is that the very existence of blood doping leads us to suspect an artificial origin for any athlete's unusually good performance. **OT**

FAT VS. FICTION

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

PRESERVATIVES MAY PROLONG LIFE

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

SUNGLASSES MAY BE DAMAGING YOUR EYES

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

SELENIUM DEFICIENCIES IN THE U.S.

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

LONGEVITY!

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

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PANACEA OR PLACEBO

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

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

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

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

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Eliminating death doesn't seem likely. At least not in the very near future. But each and every month, LONGEVITY brings you closer to a bold new world in which people do in fact live longer, more vibrant lives. So take the first step toward a healthier, happier future and subscribe to LONGEVITY today. Because "the art of living consists of dying young—but as late as possible."

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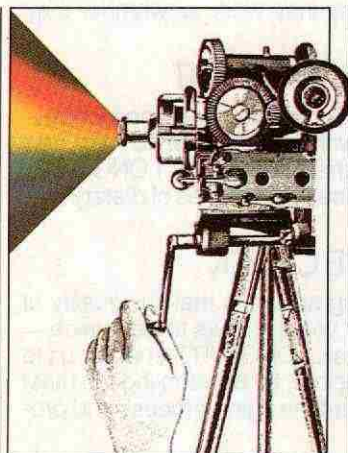
HPPH

LONGEVITY

The director of "Brideshead Revisited" brings us Brit upper crust, and Dennis Hopper zaps the Right with razzmatazz and cheeky satire.

FILM

BY MARCIA PALLY



• **Charles Sturridge** ("Brideshead Revisited") adapts another Evelyn Waugh novel, *A Handful of Dust* (****). With Alec Guinness, James Wilby and Rupert Graves (both fresh from *Maurice*), and Kristin Scott Thomas, Sturridge re-creates life among England's upper crust just as the pie began to crumble, mastering the blend of naïveté and grand delusions that made the Brit rich so profoundly out of touch—the folly before the fall. The cast performs with majestic understatement. Watching Wilby's character emerge is like watching a planet form.

• **Big** (**½) is the fifth adult-kid-swap flick this season where grown-up viewers fantasize about having nothing to do but play and kids imagine having cash to burn—a marketing sweep. With Tom Hanks, the great goofy charmer last seen as Dan Aykroyd's sidekick in *Dragnet*. Penny Marshall (*Jumpin' Jack Flash*) also directs Elizabeth Perkins, dolled up from her appearance in *About Last Night* . . .

and performing yuppily as the love interest who prefers Hanks to her grown-up beau, John Heard, who looks like he's auditioning to be the next William Hurt.

• **The Blue Iguana** (***), tops a spaghetti western with a gumshoe plot and tosses them till saucy—imagine a Sergio Leone script with Bogey, Rita Hayworth as the skirt, and Monty Python's Terry Gilliam as director. John Lafia actually wrote the irreverent script and directed Dylan McDermott, Pamela Gidley, Jessica Harper, James Russo, and Tovah Feldshuh in straight-faced, camp performances.

• In 1978, an East German waiter used a toy gun to reroute a Polish plane to West Berlin, causing a cold-war chill and forcing the U.S. to try the man for hijacking. Leo Penn's *Judgment in Berlin* (**½) raises all the issues that the trial evoked—not only self-righteous ones about freedom in the West and suppression in the Soviet Bloc (which the script shamelessly milks), but nasty ones about the U.S. government peddling the Constitution for political points. With the ever-enthusiastic Martin Sheen and Sean Penn, but Sam Wanamaker steals the show.

• **Frank LaLoggia's Lady in White** (***), begins as a classic ghost story: On All Hallows' Eve, a childish prank reveals a dark mystery that will take nine-year-old Frankie (Lukas Haas, from *Witness*) through the foggy moors to a haunted cottage, following the ghost of a little girl and the mysterious lady in white. Frightening in that wonderfully

old-fashioned way before techno-gore, when turns of plot spooked the day, *Lady in White* goes beyond tall tales to some very real evils. Steering between fantasy and reality, LaLoggia's touch shimmers.

• In **Permanent Record** (**), director Marisa Silver broaches teen suicide shyly, examining its impact on friends and classmates. At times sentimental and not well thought out, the film also has a relievedly unglamorized view of kids. These are not the zoned-out zombies of *River's Edge* or sitcom saucy sprites. Silver's feel for them is more substantial than her take on suicide or kids' reactions to it.

• In **Maurice Phillips's Riders of the Storm** (***), a crew of wacko Vietnam vets (including Dennis Hopper and Michael J. Pollard) flies over the U.S. in a bomber they haven't landed since Nam. They use the best in satellite technology, music video, computers, and holograms to broadcast their word on fundamentalism, the Pentagon, and most important, presidential candidates. Imagine *Dr. Strangelove* directed by Repo Man.

• **Shakedown** (**) blends the nouvelle lady-lawyer film and the martyred-public-defender pic with standard cops and druggies. The action acrobatics—mostly by Sam Elliott as the undercover cop on the sleaze beat—are tours de force, as in all James Glickenhaus movies (*The Exterminator*, *The Soldier*, *The Protector*). Best line: A prison guard comes up to the only guy in the cell block wearing a suit and says, "Hey,

Boesky, want a condom with your lunch?" With Peter Weller.

• **Sticky Fingers** (**)—girl-movie slapstick about America's favorite sport: shopping. With some stunning ingenuity and an eye for fashionable junk, but more shrieks than in all of Lucille Ball's oeuvre. Catlin Adams wrote and directed; Melanie Mayron wrote and starred along with Helen Slater.

• **Willow** (***), a George Lucas film directed by Ron Howard, parades good fairies and bad queens, Tinker-belle types, dwarfs, trolls, castles, meadows, and magic effects—in short, this year's genre, a "Raiders of the Lost Princess Bride." What's not to like? With Val Kilmer, Jean Marsh, and Warwick Davis.

• Art-house fare not to miss: **A World Apart** (**½)—about antiapartheid activist Ruth First, a *Cry Freedom* for girls. With Barbara Hershey; **Bagdad Cafe** (**½)—a two-beer-can Arizona town finds itself host to a German hausfrau. An affectionate satire of honkie and lederhosen. With Marianne Sägebrecht, a slow-burning Mae West; **Da** (**½)—an "I Remember Papa" about a successful playwright's memories of his pesky Irish dad. With Barnard Hughes and Martin Sheen; **L'Ami de Mon Amie** (**½)—this year's bubbly Eric Rohmer film where everyone starts out mismatched and ends happily ever after; **38: Vienna Before the Fall** (**½)—how Austrians, Christians and Jews alike, couldn't believe Nazism could happen here. A 1986 nominee for Best Foreign Film. **OT**



Source: 687 ABC, Pub Estimate, Lee Ellen Film Study

DEEP

Theirs is a world of impossible straits. So they dive to survive. They go down. And some stay down. They're urchins in search of the Siren's reward. Innocents lost in the South China Sea. Reckless. Breathless. Inspired by need. And captured in the pages of Penthouse Magazine.

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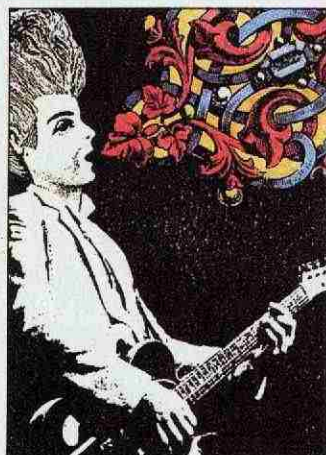
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PENTHOUSE

I was lucky enough to be in
on the early days of the Springsteen
phenomenon. Here's why
I no longer go to his concerts.

SOUNDS

BY VIN SCELISA



I had to explain to an incredulous friend recently why I no longer go to Bruce Springsteen concerts. She was calling to offer me tickets. When I politely declined her invitation, the phone line went dead for a full minute; the only sound I heard was the dropping of her jaw. "You'll what?" she gasped at last. "I'll pass," I repeated. Then I added insult to her dismay by admitting I didn't even know the show was that night. I hadn't been to a Springsteen concert in years.

Let me give you some background. I was one of those New Jersey people lucky enough to be in on the early days of the Springsteen phenomenon. Okay, not the *really* early days—I never saw the Castiles or Steel Mill, or hung out at the Upstage (if everyone who claims they did actually had, the guy who ran that place could have retired a millionaire!). I'm talking the pre-*Time* and *Newsweek* elevation-to-national-stardom period, back when you could still catch the E Street Band at a college gym or a medium-sized hall;

back when a tip-off phone call would alert a network of fellow travelers to the possibility of a surprise after-hours set at the Stone Pony in Asbury Park where, if he showed (it was kinda like waiting for Godot), he'd rock the joint until dawn.

I was at the first show of the historic Bottom Line gig in the *Born to Run* summer of '75. When I witnessed that transcendental opening moment—Bruce performing "Thunder Road" solo at the piano—I fell completely under his spell. Not since Dylan had a rock artist touched me so deeply. Bruce Springsteen's songs were my songs; his dreams and fears and joys were mine. We were a couple of guys from the swamps of Jersey—kindred spirits in the night—cruising the never-ending back streets of life. We were fast approaching age 30. Bruce, with his belief in the regenerative, redeeming power of rock 'n' roll, kept that milestone at bay.

I would go anywhere, do anything, to be close to the magic. I had every song, every move, every pose memorized. I gave myself an appropriate Jersey nickname (Bayonne Butch) and wore floppy newsboy caps. I visited song sites with the religious fervor of a pilgrim approaching Mecca (or a Beatlephile entering Abbey Road). I thought nothing of driving or flying hundreds of miles to catch a show. I wrangled tickets to every night of a run at the Garden or Meadowlands Arena. I lost sleep, missed meals, ignored work.

In other words, I was

addicted to Bruce Springsteen. Like all addicts, I was blind to the fact. Like all addictions, my insatiable need was debilitating and self-destructive. Springsteen had become my drug of choice. The high was incomparable. But the drug parallel extends beyond the pleasure. After a while the time lapse between concert-night euphoria and post-performance depression shortened. Where once I would be high for a week after a show, I soon found myself "coming down" even while the last chord of "Twist and Shout" still echoed in the hall. It felt so good being inside a Springsteen show; but it hurt desperately once the show was over and the band had moved on without me.


If your drug experience is limited, compare it to the sense of emptiness after turning the final page of a wonderful novel, or closing up the beach house at the end of a glorious vacation, or the letdown a kid feels on Christmas night—we all suffer some version of the post-*whatever* blues. We learn to bounce back from such lows with relative ease. But I was not recovering from my Springsteen jones. The pain of withdrawal went too deep. Facing normal everyday life (ironically, the very life documented and celebrated in his songs!) became almost impossible. I lost my sense of proportion, my self-esteem. I wanted to be Bruce Springsteen (after all, wasn't *he* being *me* in all those songs he sang about *my* life?), and if I couldn't be him then I wanted to be as close to him as possible. Do you know

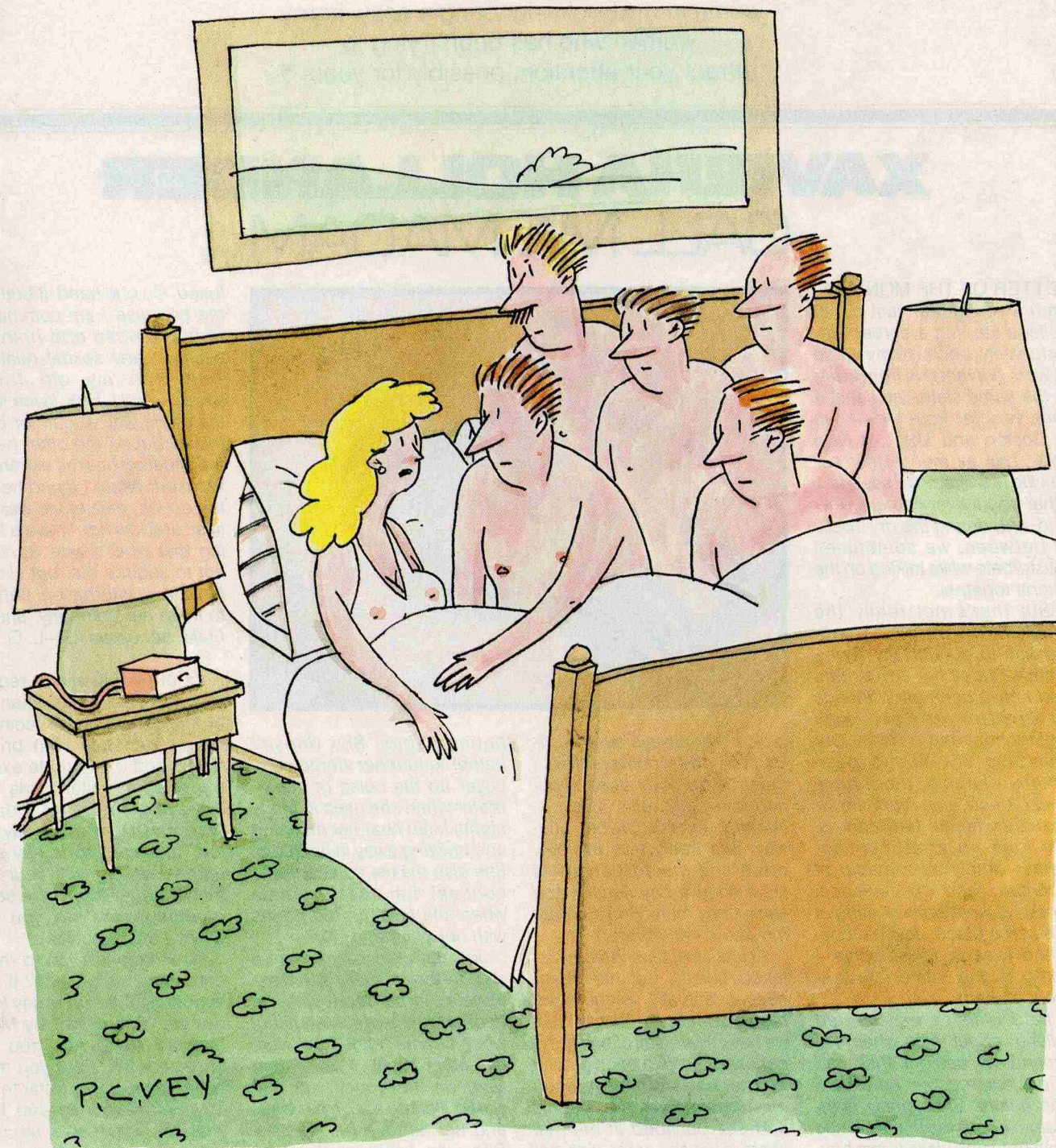
what the next step is?

Remember Mark David Chapman? It's a seductively easy leap from fan to fanatic. I finally came to understand that I had to cold-turkey the situation or lose everything. I made my choice.

The decision to give up Bruce was a difficult one. The first time I "passed" on a concert I sat home under a cloud of anxiety and nostalgic regret. I felt as if an era of my life had ended, a close friend had died. But I lived through it... I survived. And in the process I rediscovered myself.

I know what this sounds like. It sounds like *growing up*, right? And isn't that what the new post-*Born in the USA* Springsteen, the *Tunnel of Love*, very married Bruce has done—grown up? You'd think the concert he's doing now, the one I turned down those tickets to, would be perfect for me, that I'd be a fool to miss it. That's what my friend said: "This is rock 'n' roll for grown-ups, Vin!" Yeah, right. That's why I'm scared and running in the opposite direction. You see, *Tunnel of Love*'s got me under its spell. I play the tape constantly when I'm alone in the car... I know every word by heart. Damn that Bruce—he's still singing *my* song! I'm still addicted! I'm like a recovering alcoholic being offered just one little harmless drink. *There's no such thing.*

You can get the monkey off your back, but the monkey never really leaves. Put it this way: I can look, but I damn sure better not touch. And I have a feeling I'm not alone. Anyone out there want to join a support group? 



"It's not that I don't like your friends. It's just that I don't really know them well."

•You are guilty of the worst crime in my book—ignoring a sexy, horny woman who has been trying to attract your attention, possibly for years. •

XAVIERA HOLLANDER CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am a young man just out of college starting a career. Unfortunately, because my place of work prevents us from living in the same state, my fiancée lives very far from me—I live in Boston and she's in New York. This all means that our sex life is limited. We see each other about every other weekend, and during the dry spells in between, we sometimes masturbate while talking on the phone together.

But that's not really the problem. The reason I'm writing has to do with my roommate—I'll call her Joyce. She and I have been good friends for almost ten years, all through high school and college. Our friendship has always been strictly platonic; there have never been any romantic or sexual incidents between us. We took an apartment together simply as a matter of economy and convenience, since we were both working at the same place. Joyce's boyfriend lives in Philadelphia—she's in the same predicament as I am.

Lately, Joyce has started talking about sex when I'm around—a subject that had rarely entered our conversation before. She openly complains about how horny she gets between visits to her boyfriend. That doesn't bother me so much. What really got me embarrassed, and a little turned on, was when she started to talk about masturbation. When you think about it, masturbation is one of those



topics that always seems off-limits to polite conversation. I mean, everybody does it, but nobody really talks about it. Nobody except Joyce, anyway. She freely tells me how often she masturbates—at least once a day usually and sometimes more. She also told me about her vibrator.

At first I just blushed and listened quietly, but her openness eventually encouraged me to speak up. Since then, we have shared all of our deep, dark secrets with each other. I told her how my fiancée and I masturbate over the phone, and she confided in me that she'd done the same with her boyfriend.

The problem is that Joyce's sexual candor has progressed beyond the talking stage, and I'm not sure what to do about it. She has become less discreet in her mastur-

bation habits. She doesn't bother to turn her stereo on to cover up the noise of her vibrator when she uses it. Many nights I can hear her moaning and buzzing away in her room. She also makes no attempt to conceal her masturbation when she talks on the phone with her boyfriend.

Just the other day it went a step further. Usually she masturbates in her room with the door at least partially shut; but when I came home from work the other night, I found her lying on the couch with her skirt pulled up above her waist and her hand in her panties. She was rubbing away furiously and moaning blissfully. She stopped when she saw me, but she wasn't too quick about it. She just pulled her skirt down and smiled, then walked past me to her room.

All of this has me very con-

fused. On one hand, it bothers me because I am committed to my fiancée and uninterested in any sexual relationship with my old friend Joyce—and I think Joyce feels the same way about her boyfriend. But on the other hand, the situation has me extremely aroused. When I found her on the couch, part of me wanted to sit and join her. I have a feeling that what Joyce wants is not to seduce me, but simply have a masturbation partner to keep her company. Should I take her up on it?—L. G.

A lot of people would regard your problem as an example of the kind of pitfall facing a young man with high principles. I find it a horrible example of double standards that are symptomatic of today's American thinking. You say you are "uninterested in any sexual relationship" with your "old friend Joyce," but in the same paragraph you say you feel exactly the opposite.

What induces you to make conflicting statements? It is a hypocritical desire to say (and do) the "right thing" by Moral Majority standards. You are engaged; therefore you must not admit to being attracted to anyone but your fiancée. I will limit my comments on marriage to stating that in the United States at the moment, it is socially desirable to be

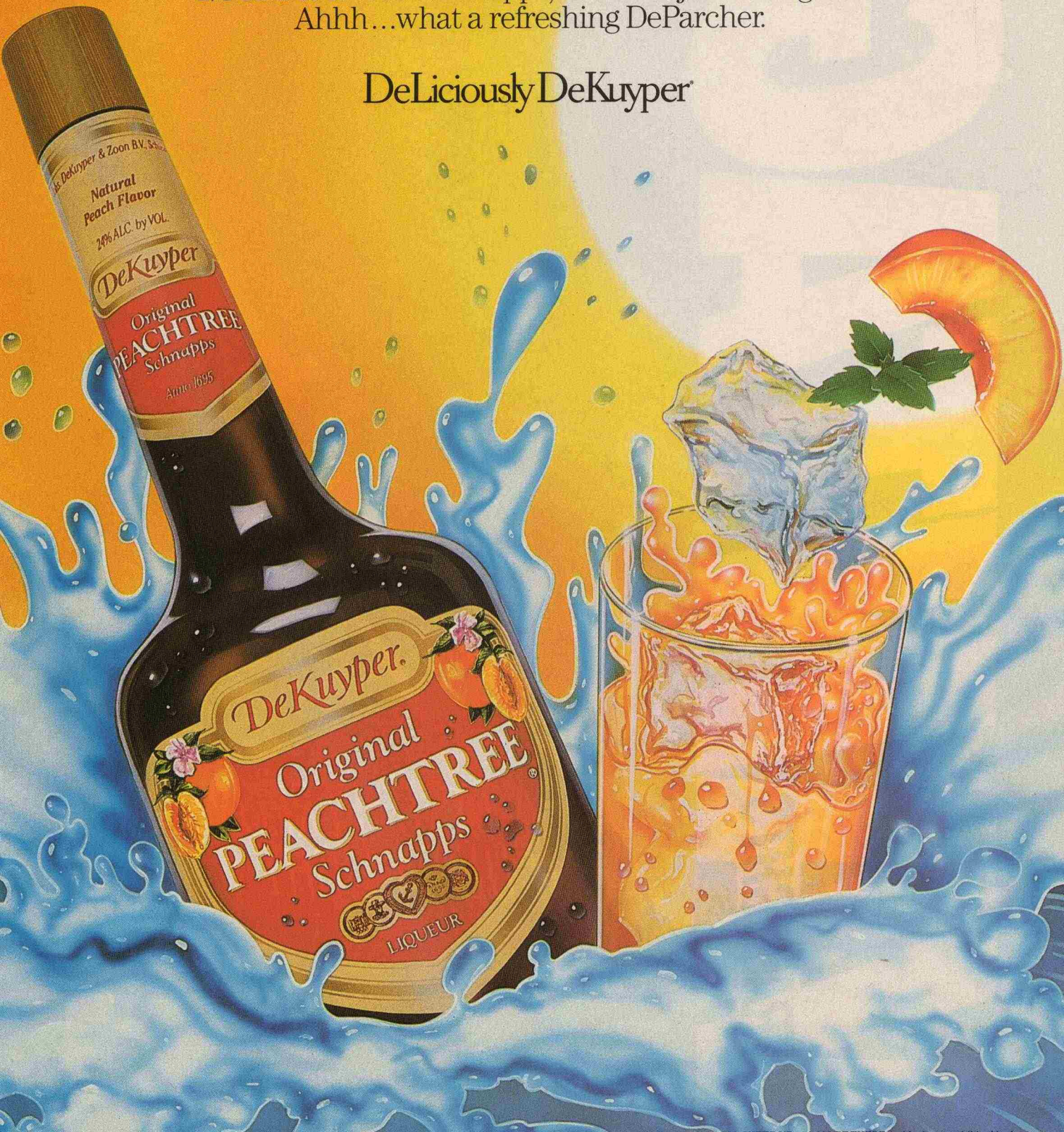
CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

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

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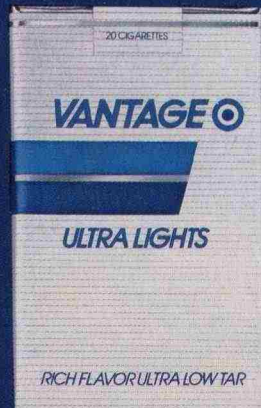
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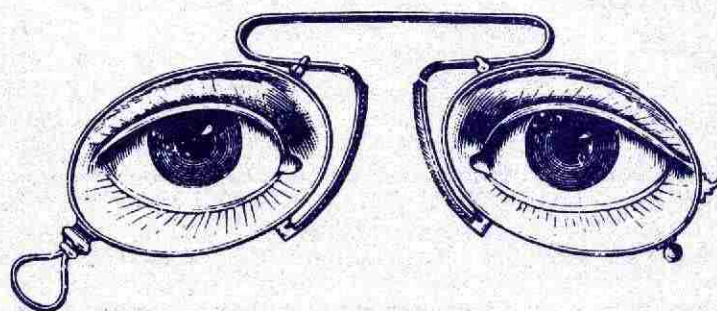
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

REAGAN'S ASTROLOGER

BY EMILY PRAGER

The best thing I've heard about the Reagans in years is that they consult astrologers. There's nothing weird about a government planning its moves by the stars. The Chinese and Japanese did it for 4,000 years. The Romans did it. The Greeks did it. The Indians still do it. And God knows who else. Half the U.N. Security Council has probably had their charts done. It's only in America that people believe in the mundane (like Jim and Tammy Bakker) instead of the arcane.

The problem is that their astrologer is a fraud. I could have done a much better job. I'm into Chinese astrology, as you know, and if they'd consulted me, I could have had Reagan on page 1 of the history books instead of indexed under Senile Dementia in Office. I know, for example, that both Ron and Nancy were born in the Year of the Pig. They're both Pigs. Gorbachev and Oliver North were born 12 years apart, both in the Year of the Sheep. They're both Sheep. Sheep and Pigs get along great. But you don't send a Sheep to sell arms to a Rat (Ayatollah Khomeini) in the Year of the Tiger ('86). I mean, think about it: If you put a Sheep and a Tiger together in a pasture, what do you think will happen?

An entire government's future be planned out, based on the animal zodiac. America was born in 1776 under the sign of the Monkey. The Soviet Union was formed under the sign of the Snake. The Monkey and the Snake are terminally suspicious of each other. It is no accident that the summit took place in the Year of the Cat ('87), an animal friendly to both Monkey and Snake. It is also interesting to note that Israel—40 this year and therefore a Rat—signed the treaty with Egypt in '76, the last Year of the Dragon, an auspicious year for Rats. The problem with Israel at the moment has nothing to do with astrology. It's turning 40, period. Mid-life crisis. If I were Israel and I were turning 40, I'd fuck every Arab in sight, too. And I mean that in the biblical sense. When America turned 40, in 1816, it fucked

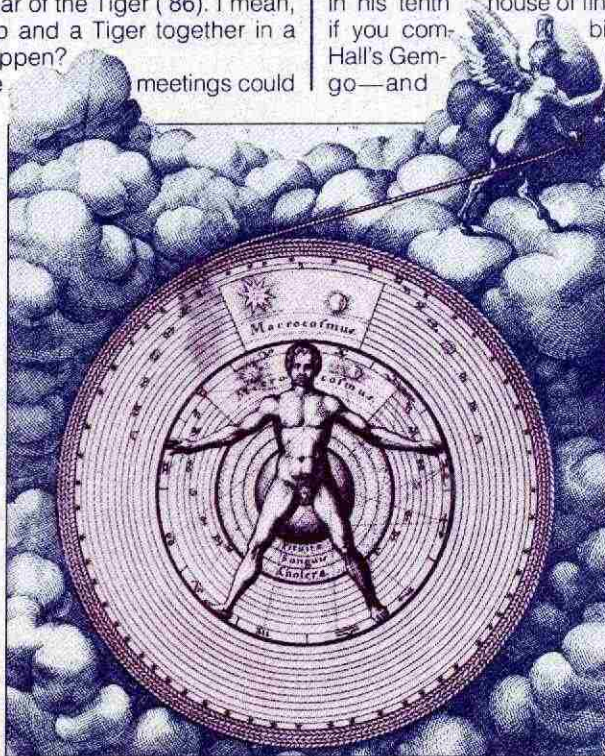
every Indian in sight. Suicidal behavior. I'm not endorsing it. But you don't have to be a seer to see what's going on.

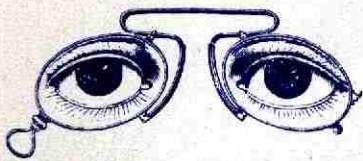
Supposedly, Reagan's astrologer advised him on when to make statements to the press. Was this person a charlatan or what? Now I understand what's been going on. Reagan isn't losing it. He was advised to give news conferences when Mercury was retrograde. No wonder he couldn't remember national policy and bumbled all the facts. When Mercury's retro, communications get all screwed up. I thought we had an illiterate fool in the White House. But it was all just the planets.

And how about the Iran-contra affair? More proof that the Reagans' astrologer doesn't know her trines from her decanates. Reagan is an Aquarius. He is ruled by Uranus. The decision to divert funds to the contras was made, to quote Oliver North, in a urinal somewhere in Europe. Mars in Uranus in a urinal in Europe means a pain in the butt, no matter how you chart it. And what about Ed Meese? Pluto, Mickey, and Goofy in his tenth house of finances indicates lies and deceit. And if you combine Oliver North's Venus with Fawn Hall's Gemini, someone's bound to lose their Virgo—and I'm not talking about Jessica Hahn.

Actually, despite the ineptitude of his astrologer, I'm delighted and amazed to find out that Reagan is so new-age. He's also into aliens and unidentified flying objects, which explains his Star Wars fetish. And I understand that when he was at the Reykjavik summit, he channeled E.T. . . . We all knew his Cancer was in his colon, but this really explains why his Saturn is on a rubber cushion in his chair in the Oval Office.

Listen, I couldn't be more contrite. If I'd known these last eight years that Reagan was a hippie, I would have been a lot more receptive. I would have realized that when he invaded Grenada, it wasn't right-wing militarism at all. His moon was on the wane, his rising sign was squared, and his biorhythm was in the dumper.





VIEW FROM THE TOP

BREWS

BY BABS LEFRAK

The summer's half over, and it's prime beer-consumption season, but the old standbys just aren't making it anymore. What better time to expand your horizons past the hum-drum hops you've been drinking for years and venture into the world of tastier, more exotic six-packs? To gain a competitive edge, the newest brands stress the differences in their brewing processes.

On the imported front, a very new addition to the market comes from Australia's Thomas Cooper & Sons. Originally concocted as a tonic for Cooper's pregnant wife (he went on to have 19 children!) from a traditional English recipe, **Cooper's Real Ale** is billed as "naturally brewed" with live yeast cultures in each bottle. The ale is fermented in wooden casks and conditioned in the bottle, making it cloudier than standard mass-produced brews, which translates into a richer taste.

Domestic beer makers, too, have been taking giant steps, combining modern technology with traditional brewing methods. Miller Breweries came out with **Miller Genuine Draft** about a year ago to capture the taste that people usually associate with tap beer. Their process, called "ceramic cold filtering," eliminates the heat-pasteurization step that takes away some of the smoothness and freshness from bottled beer. As a result of this method, Genuine Draft retains that just-drawn taste, yet can be distributed like

conventional bottled brands and need not be under constant refrigeration.

While the giant Miller is manufacturing its product by the millions of barrelfuls, independent "microbreweries" have sprung up all over the country, producing specialized boutique brands. On the East Coast, Boston Beer's **Samuel Adams Boston Lager** has used word of mouth to "broaden" its market "from invisible to infinitesimal," according to Jim Koch, the brewery's founder and president. Based on his family's original German recipe, Samuel Adams achieves a different character to the bitterness that beer drinkers

Awesome Aussie Ale gives twice the head, richer taste, is "alive" as you drink it. Nineteen kids?



have come to expect from a rich brew. This lager comes out on the propasteurization side of the debate; Koch defies anyone to discern the difference between a fresh bottle of Sam Adams (pasteurized for eight minutes) and a tap beer.

Tradition is also the key to the process used by the Anchor Brewing Company for their **Anchor Steam Beer**. This San Francisco-based brewery uses the natural climate of the Bay area to ferment its combination of water, hops, yeast, and malted barley. By mixing a previously finished brew with a new batch, the beer becomes wildly carbonated. The finished product, a distinctly malty brew, is protected by "flash pasteurization" for a scant 15 seconds, and then sent out in amber bottles.

These are only a few suggestions for new brews. Next Saturday, when you're shopping for some six-packs, be adventurous: Bypass the Bud and throw a different brand in the cooler to break out of the summer doldrums.

HIGH TECH

BY JOHN BENSINK

Quiz: What used to cost ten times what they do now—and you still couldn't carry them around? Dedicated word processors—in other words, electronic typewriters with unlimited storage and the capability to do all the modern "word crunching" functions that advanced computer word-processing programs can do. Until fairly recently, you could only find them in law offices or at newspapers. Their cost (\$4,000 to \$10,000), as well as their size and weight (75 pounds and, sometimes, much more), kept these wondrous machines out of the reach of most of those who could use them to streamline their lives.

Then, two years ago, Magnavox introduced its Videowriter. It was portable, but still looked like a machine that meant business. It didn't need a "peripheral" printer; its near-letter-quality printer was built into the back of the compactly designed machine. Its suggested retail price didn't have much meaning: Discounters sold the machine at around \$600.

Was there a market for this "fancy typewriter"? There was, and manufacturers have responded to it. Magnavox has since introduced two modified versions of its original Videowriter, and both Smith-Corona and Brother have entered the market in the last six months with the PWP System 6 and the WP500, respectively.

Many computer-shy individuals have missed out on the advantages of word



processing for several reasons. There are too many programs available—how do you choose the right one? Computers have complicated operating instructions that some of us just never seem able to get comfortable with. And then there's the question of actual need and use: Some of us don't want to run a flight-simulator program on our screens or do a thorough analysis of the Dow Jones averages—we merely want to create a good-looking business letter, for example, then have the capability of revising it for subsequent applications.

The new "baby word processors" have no programs to insert and access. Their word-processing functions are "integrated," or internal: built into the machine. (These machines *do* use 3.5-inch floppy disks, however, for text storage.) All three machines are truly "user friendly" in that on-screen prompts guide you through all the processes you may need in writing a document. For simple functions (paragraph indents)

as well as more sophisticated ones (copy-block moves), the user simply presses a button, then waits for the instructions telling him how to accomplish the function.

Smith-Corona's PWP System 6 is arguably the sleekest-looking of the lot and, at 19 pounds, unarguably the most portable. However, the PWP gains its new-age look at the expense of a traditional viewing screen. It uses an LCD (liquid-crystal display) screen that flips up from the machine. This system offers, as does the Brother model, letter-quality printing with changeable type styles; and it has been discounted as low as \$500.

Around \$600 will take home either the Brother WP500 or Magnavox's Video-writer. The WP500 does something neither of the other two machines are capable of: It can copy disks, a function many users find vital for duplicating "backup" disks. Also, both the Smith-Corona and Brother have typewriter modes; with the touch of a button, they be-

come electronic typewriters with lift-off correction capabilities. Magnavox wins hands down in the printing-speed department: Its new 350 model churns out copy more than twice as fast as either the PWP or the WP500. One of the best features of automated word processing is available on all three machines: built-in spell checking, useful not only for finding the correct spelling of words, but also for rooting out typographical errors.

Disadvantages? None, really. Just a fair warning: Once you get hooked on one of the new word processors, there's just no going back to plain old typewriters.

whatever games are on that night. And with all that remote-control pushing, how can you even relax and enjoy a game? There's the old reliable Sports Phone with its ten-minute updates, but in some places a call costs 50 cents. Trying to find out all the American and National League baseball scores on a Saturday afternoon can sometimes involve as many as three costly and time-consuming calls. If you're a real sports fan—or especially if you have some money riding on a game—you want that score *now*.

That's where the Sports Page comes in. The Sports Page is a four-ounce handheld device that looks like a standard beeper. It receives satellite updates of scores for

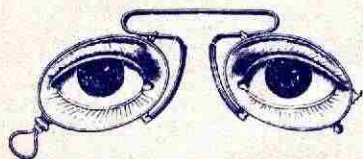


SPORTS

BY BRETT SONNENSCHIN

It used to seem that the morning paper was all a sports fan needed to keep up with the scores. As times changed, so did the needs of sports fans. If you have cable, you probably thought that was the answer; but it can get downright confusing switching between ESPN, CNN Headline News, and

college and pro basketball, football, baseball, boxing, and hockey. For horse-racing fans, there are scratches, odds, track results, and payouts. During baseball season, the Sports Page lists starting pitchers and gives inning-by-inning scores. These updates are transmitted every five minutes, giving the Sports Page owner twice the update advantage of the Sports Phone user. The Sports Page also provides



VIEW FROM THE TOP

schedules and weather conditions, the Las Vegas betting line, and injury reports. Unlike with Sports Phone or television updates, the Sports Page user can jump past the unwanted scores with the touch of a button; and you don't have to worry about missing a score, because they're all right there on a black-and-silver LCD display. However, prospective Sports Page purchasers should be warned that inclement weather or a poorly placed mountain can occasionally block a satellite transmission.

You can store the Sports Page on its recharger stand, or clip it to your belt or pocket. It costs \$286, with a first-time hookup charge of \$25 and a monthly subscription fee of \$45 to link up with the sports data base. For an extra \$10, you can actually use the Sports Page as a message beeper, which might give you a tax break or at least an excuse for spending all that money. The Sports Page is available from Sports Page/Beeper Plus, 50 Broad Street, New York, N.Y. 10004 ([212] 425-8888).

FASHION

BY LYNN KEARCHER

It's not often that actor Robert De Niro shows his face in public. In fact, he has a somewhat contemptuous view of the press, refusing to be interviewed and aggressively thwarting photographers. So when De Niro treks New York's mean streets to attend a paparazzi-packed fashion show, one has to wonder just what spurred his spirit. De

Niro's motivation may remain a mystery; but for us mere mortals, the opening of Willi Smith's flagship WilliWear SHOP this past April was cause for excitement, even for those who do not possess a great interest in couture.

In the world of fashion, gimmicks and fast-track trends are to be expected. Yet somehow, WilliWear is as inventive and provocative as it was 13 years ago, when designer Willi Smith launched his first line. Although the tragic death of Smith last year was a great loss to the fashion industry, his artistic vision is being carried on by WilliWear's vital, creative team.

WilliWear, long known for manufacturing well-made, unconventional sportswear at reasonable prices, has taken a bold step in the risky world of retail. The new WilliWear SHOP is located in New York's flatiron district—an area known for its artistic inhabitants, not its boutiques. The interior of the shop is as unusual as the locale.

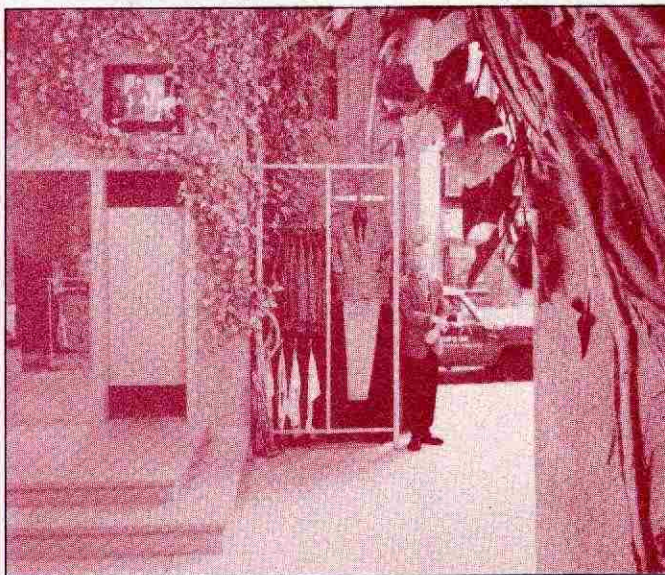
The avant-garde interior-design company SITE took a 22-foot-ceiling space and filled it with iridescent gray grapevines that dramatically scale the shop's walls and Corinthian columns, creating a parklike environment. One corner of the room, known as "The Friends Corner," is devoted to artists' works (including hand-designed T-shirts) and books on architecture, records, and videos—all representing WilliWear's "long association with contemporary artists," according to WilliWear's high-energy communications director, Mark Bozek. "In fact," Bozek tells *Penthouse*, "when the artist Christo wrapped the Pont Neuf in Paris, Willi designed the uniform which Christo's 600 workers wore."

WilliWear's line for fall '88 is called "Off, Off Wall Street." The collection offers an eclectic array of separates, ranging from a black-and-white glen-plaid suit worn with either a red-and-white polka-

dot shirt or a bright floral one, to houndstooth trousers worn with a glen-plaid jacket. For the more sedate, a mid-night-blue double-breasted suit paired with a white jacquard shirt works well even on Wall Street. And in the traditional WilliWear spirit, there are knit pants and shorts, revamped T-shirts, wildly patterned pullovers—sportswear, as Bozek tells it, for "the young in spirit, but not necessarily in age." Prices for WilliWear's fall line run from around \$45 for a cotton shirt to \$175 for a double-breasted jacket.

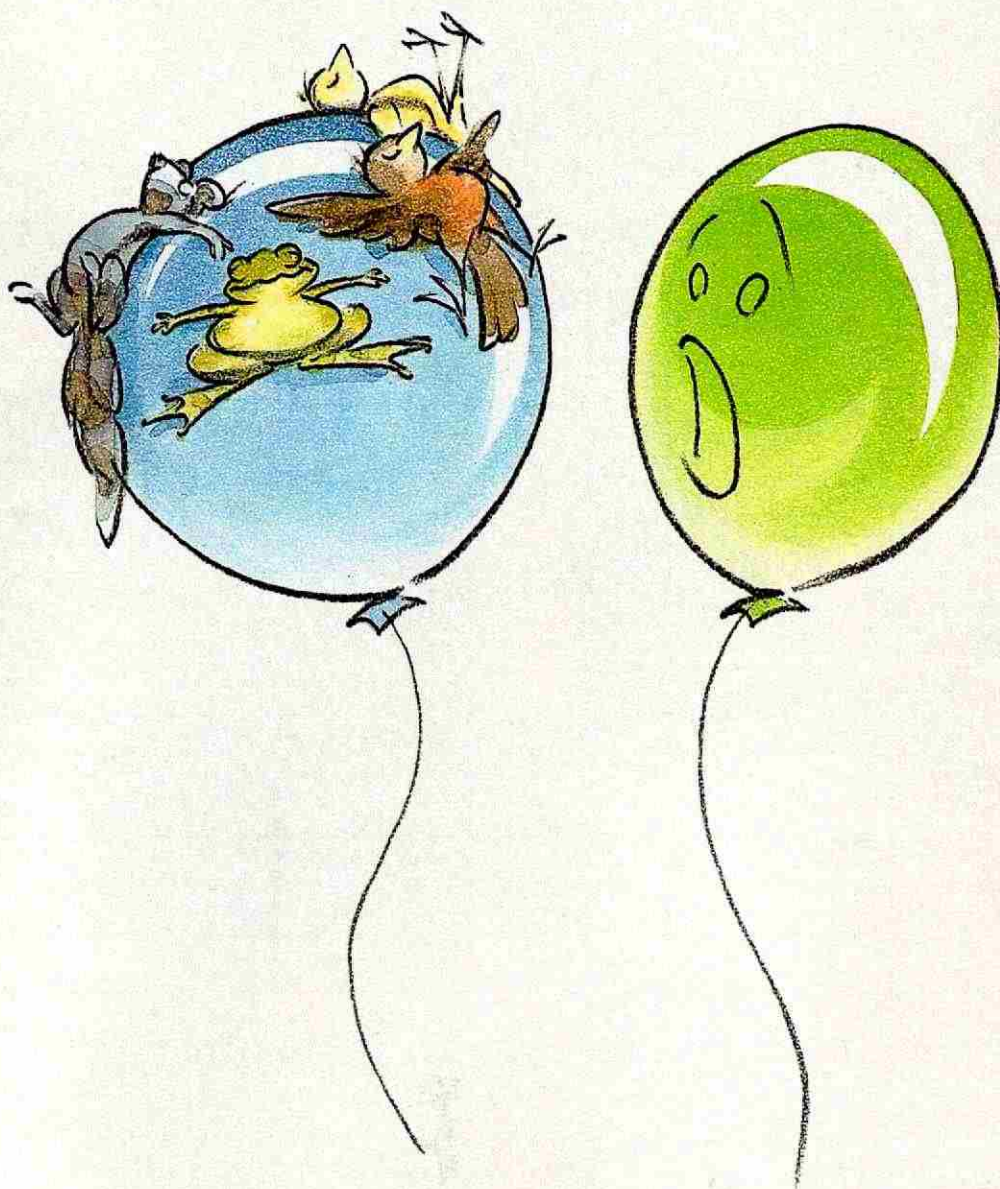
While WilliWear has often been called "street couture," Bozek says, "We call it off-beat sportswear." Whatever the moniker, the designs appeal to a most diversified audience. From the streets of Harlem to the campuses of the Midwest, to the ad agencies of Madison Avenue, WilliWear is worn in a variety of combinations, suiting a multitude of styles. Maybe the common denominator linking WilliWear's customers is the belief that fashion should be a bit more than function.

For the spring of '89, WilliWear will offer a unisex collection comprised of cotton separates—"Lots of wild patterns and wild colors at reasonable prices," says Bozek. So far, the new WilliWear SHOP has done amazingly well, "beyond our expectations," he adds. It just goes to show that despite the United States' rumored return to conservatism, America's men are still innovative and slightly irreverent when it comes to what they put on their backs. In other words, the attitude of today's man is still wild and Willi!



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BY ART CUMINGS



"Sorry, kid! It takes more than animal magnetism to make it in Vegas!"



FLORCZAK

ARTICLE

OLYMPIC SHAME

BY MARK TEICH
AND PAMELA WEINTRAUB

As you read this, hundreds of American athletes are feverishly preparing for the 1988 Summer Games in Seoul, South Korea. Come September, they will try for the Holy Grail of athletic competition—an Olympic medal. For most, it has been a long and single-minded quest. From childhood, they have combined arduous daily workouts with full school course loads. To survive, many took on night jobs during high school and college, then went into full-time professions unrelated to their sport as soon as they graduated. Through it all, their training rarely slackened, leaving little time or energy for family and friends. And when they approached Olympic caliber, their outcast status only became more extreme. They now spent longer and longer periods training and competing away from home, putting everything in their lives besides their sport on hold.

PAINTING BY ROBERT FLORCZAK

Why did they sacrifice their youth in this way? Not for money; except for elite athletes in one or two sports, most Olympic hopefuls suffer financial deprivation. Perhaps it was partly patriotism, and partly a narcissistic hunger for acclaim. Mostly it was their inborn need to explore their limits—to test themselves at white heat against the best athletes in the world.

At Seoul, they will have the chance to do just that. For the first time in the contemporary Olympic era, the world's best summer athletes will finally be competing. It has been a dozen years coming. Not since 1976 have the major world powers gathered for the Summer Games. In 1980, after the United States Olympic Committee (U.S.O.C.) had supposedly revolutionized our program with its new high-tech training camp at Colorado Springs, we never got the chance to prove it. Instead, Jimmy Carter's vain political boycott of the Moscow Olympics left the Russians and East Germans to wade through their opposition largely uncontested. When the iron curtain countries returned the favor by boycotting the Los Angeles Games in 1984, the Americans went on a medal spree unparalleled in Olympic history. We trumpeted our glory, though it was just as tainted as the results at Moscow.

But this time all the big boys will be there at the opening ceremonies. Once the torch has been lighted to loud fanfare, once the doves and colored balloons have been sent aloft, the tension of imminent combat will thicken the air. As the athletes from the Great Red Bear and its satellites march purposefully along, as the American athletes swagger out in their native garb, the clash of our opposing systems will be palpable. Everyone will know that the next fortnight will transcend spectacle—it will measure the successes and failures of our different ways of life.

And, sad to say, America will be tried in the balance and found wanting. Our athletes will give their all, but they will be helpless against the onslaught. Every time they look up, a Russian or East German will be winning another medal, in track and field, in cycling, in fencing—in just about everything. By the time the final curtain slams down on the Games, our grand anticipation will have given way to excuses and bitter finger pointing. This smoke screen will not hide the essential fact that we have become a second-class sports power.

But don't we have wonderful talent? The most sophisticated sport science in the world? Financial resources to build an awesome long-range program? The answer on all counts is probably yes. Raw talent, however, can't win medals if it isn't properly nurtured and coached, or even discovered in the first place. Sophisticated science doesn't mean squat if it doesn't get beyond the laboratory. And resources can't accomplish anything if the money doesn't reach the athletes.

At Seoul, our Olympians will be blown away because the people charged with their success have been too conservative or just plain incompetent. This includes a national government that generally hasn't wanted to be bothered; power-jockeying U.S.O.C. officials who have often been more concerned with pomp and circumstance than actual athletic performance; unfocused national governing bodies (N.G.B.'s) that rule each sport and allocate funds to a whole range of programs at the expense of Olympic competitors; and inadequately trained coaches who lack enough scientific knowledge to prepare their athletes for high-level competition. It includes wealthy corporations that pay millions of dollars for TV advertising during the Games, but pump little of their ample profits back into our program. And it includes us, the American public, who completely forget our athletes for three years running, then expect them to appear magically in the

When the ax falls
at Seoul, don't blame the
athletes. Our system
has let them down and
deprived them of
the chance to be truly
competitive.

fourth year and sweep the medals.

So when the ax falls at Seoul, don't blame the athletes. Our system has let them down. Their Eastern Bloc competitors have been monitored, funded, and provided for by ingeniously organized programs, while the Americans have been left mainly on their own. Rewarded for their commitment with weak leadership, disorganization, and neglect, they have been deprived of the chance to be truly competitive.

The seed for the coming debacle was planted almost a century ago, when European aristocrats revived the Olympic Games. To recapture the purity of the first Olympics in ancient Greece, they declared that all competitors had to be amateurs who made no money from a sport and pursued it in their leisure time. These gentlemanly Olympians were necessarily part of the idle rich—the only ones with time and money to train and compete in the Games.

In the modern era, virtually every country except America came to understand that this elitism no longer worked. Excellence in sports required hundreds of hours of training every year, and there

weren't enough idle rich around who could afford to do this on their own. So if a nation wanted to compete successfully, it had to make the opportunity available to others. The Soviets led the way following World War II. Seeing the chance to publicize the success of its revolution, Russia primed for its first Olympics in 1952, and built an Olympic program that was anything but "amateur."

First, the Soviets created a Ministry of Sport to oversee every move their athletes made. They left no stone unturned to find young talent, establishing compulsory exercises in preschool and elaborate sports leagues in elementary school. Scouts attended national competitions called *Spartakiads*; and by age 12, kids with star mettle entered year-round children's sport schools. No one had to coerce them; they ate better than other adolescents and earned cash bonuses and better living arrangements for their parents.

Simultaneously, the government had top scientists and medical experts devote themselves exclusively to sport science. They experimented with steroids and other drugs that could add to size and strength, and used the laws of physics to make competitors swifter and more efficient. Whenever there were holes in their knowledge, they invited experts over from the U.S. and other countries, then wined and dined them and plumbed their brains.

By the end of the 1950s, the U.S.S.R. began winning the Olympics convincingly. By 1976, even its tiny copycat satellite, East Germany, humbled the U.S. at the Montreal Olympics. Though the U.S. had 12 times their population, the East Germans captured an astonishing 40 gold medals to our 34. (The Russians took 49.) It was the first time in decades we had finished lower than second place. This cold-war embarrassment sent America staggering into the "high tech" sports era. Shortly after the '76 Games, President Carter signed the Amateur Sports Act, which empowered the U.S.O.C. with responsibility for all amateur sports in America. Its urgent mission: to take our Olympic program out of the Stone Age.

The U.S.O.C. concluded that its only hope was a sport-science program of its own. It established the Olympic Training Center in an old Army camp at Colorado Springs, and chose New Jersey cardiovascular surgeon Irving Dardik, team physician for the previous Winter and Summer Olympics, to head the effort. "There was no organized approach in the U.S.," Dardik recalls. "Medical care and scientific research were totally random. Not even competitors at the highest levels were getting state-of-the-art training or treatment. *Something* had to be done."

Working as a volunteer, Dardik began by recruiting scientists such as David Costill, the widely respected exercise physiologist, and Gideon Ariel, who had

These words are worth a thousand pictures.

Rather than a lot of interesting photos, we offer you one very interesting fact: Merit delivers the taste of cigarettes that have up to 38% more tar. The secret is Enriched Flavor.[™] It gives Merit real, satisfying cigarette taste, but with even less tar than other leading lights. But don't take our word for it. Try one yourself. You'll get the picture.

Enriched Flavor,[™] low tar. A solution with Merit.



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

© Philip Morris Inc. 1988

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

pioneered computerized biomechanical analysis—a method that allowed him to hone athletes' technique by manipulating stick-figure images of their performances on a computer screen. Ariel donated his own software, then cajoled several corporations into contributing millions of dollars' worth of computer and graphics equipment, establishing one of the best biomechanics labs in the world. He also persuaded various fitness manufacturers to outfit a spectacular weight-training facility.

The Colorado center was soon heralded as the future rival of East Germany's all-encompassing Sports Institute at Leipzig. According to the plan, the finest coaches, doctors, and researchers would always be on hand, enticing premier competitors from all over the country. The athletes would live at the camp year-round, working in unity with the team of experts. And for those who wouldn't live on-site, Dardik conceived the Elite Athlete Project, which when instituted would have dispatched squadrons of mobile vans full of high-tech testing equipment to 20 designated centers around the country. This would allow Olympic hopefuls to receive personalized scientific training at home.

The 1980 boycott had come and gone, and the new emphasis on science seemed to pay off at the 1984 Summer Games. American athletes won an unprecedented 83 gold medals, showing more speed, endurance, strength, and precision than ever. Ignoring the absence of the Russians and East Germans—who might have cut our gold-medal total at least in half—the progress appeared phenomenal. And thanks to Peter Ueberroth's business management, the Games garnered a \$215 million surplus that could be poured back into the program. When the innovative Jack Kelly became U.S.O.C. president soon after the Games, the future seemed boundless.

But things soon unraveled. Gideon Ariel, branded an egotist and self-promoter by many at the camp, had already been forced off the premises after fights with officials about his corporate connections, aggressive fund-raising techniques, and the rights to his software. The lab that he had put together almost single-handedly was left to others to manage. Then, in 1985, Jack Kelly died of a heart attack while running on a street in Philadelphia.

As Dardik explains it, with his allies Kelly and Ariel gone, he was powerless to push his programs. More conservative elements regained control, and he watched them dismantle his mobile-van program, as well as many of his other plans for long-range research. Furious, he returned home to lick his wounds and pursue his own projects. Robert Helmick, president of the U.S.O.C., explains it in a different way. "I finally let Dardik go because of disputes he had had with General George

Miller [the executive director] about finances and other matters. Dardik wanted to make financial commitments on his own, without the approval of Miller." Dardik denies these charges and says that the parting of ways occurred because of arguments over the investigation into the blood doping of U.S. athletes. Whatever the truth is, officials who considered Dardik as abrasive and self-interested as Ariel were happy to be left in peace and quiet.

Today, four years later, that's where the American Olympic movement finds itself—in quiet, peaceful stagnation. The soaring progress suggested by the '84 Games has slowed to a two-step. "It's not that we've gone backward," explains Edwin Moses, two-time gold medalist in the intermediate hurdles. "It's just that the rest of the world has moved forward and we've stood still."

The results were there for all to see this year at the Winter Games in Calgary, a

“It's not that we've gone backward,” explains gold medalist Edwin Moses. “It's just that the rest of the world has gone forward and we've stood still.”

fiasco so complete that it compelled Juan Antonio Samaranch, president of the International Olympic Committee (I.O.C.), to chastise our program publicly in the middle of the Games. As each day another competitor collapsed physically or emotionally, we became the laughing-stock of Canada. Even in the painfully few winter events where we won medals, there was evidence of far-reaching problems and chaos.

For example, after speed skater Bonnie Blair won a gold medal in the women's 500-meter race, we learned that she'd trained by sneaking into a rink each day before dawn. "The rink was too crowded during its regular public sessions," her mother explains. "Furthermore, there were no funds available during that period to pay the high cost of ice time." She had an insufficient support system. Perhaps her teammate Dan Jansen did, too. Picked to win a gold medal in the men's 500, he lost his sister to cancer on the day of his race. The Soviets probably would have rushed in a sport psychologist to decide if he could compete. If so, they would have drilled him intensively to block out the trauma. Jansen, however,

got a helping hand from family, friends, and even the team physician—but no psychologist. When he tumbled to his knees on the first turn of the 500 and slid off the track, then did the same in the 1,000-meter event four days later, some observers commented on the lack of psychological counseling. "Every athlete has the choice of using a sport psychologist or not, and to my knowledge, Dan Jansen did not work with one at the Olympic Games at Calgary," says Mike Moran, the U.S.O.C.'s director of public information and media relations. "Frankly, I don't see what the relevance would have been in that situation."

Figure skater Brian Boitano, who won a gold, fared better than Jansen. But after his stunning performance, he noted that his family had covered his huge expenses over the years. That's in contrast to most potential American champions who suffer because their families don't have that kind of money.

Still, speed and figure skating were our best events. We didn't win medals in any others. Here's the litany of failures:

Ice Hockey. This team's inability to reach the medal round triggered President Samaranch's diatribe about America's lack of preparation. Though defense is the heart and soul of hockey, the U.S. team focused excessively on offense.

Skiing. In the Nordic events, our one predicted medal winner, Josh Thompson, came in 25th. In the Alpine events, which we dominated in 1984, we never came close to a medal, since a significant number of the best Americans had been put out of commission by injury in the past half-year.

Luge. Bonny Warner took sixth place, our best finish in history. Meanwhile, the East German women in Warner's event took first, second, and third. East Germany, a country as populous as California, reportedly has three world-class training runs. The United States has one.

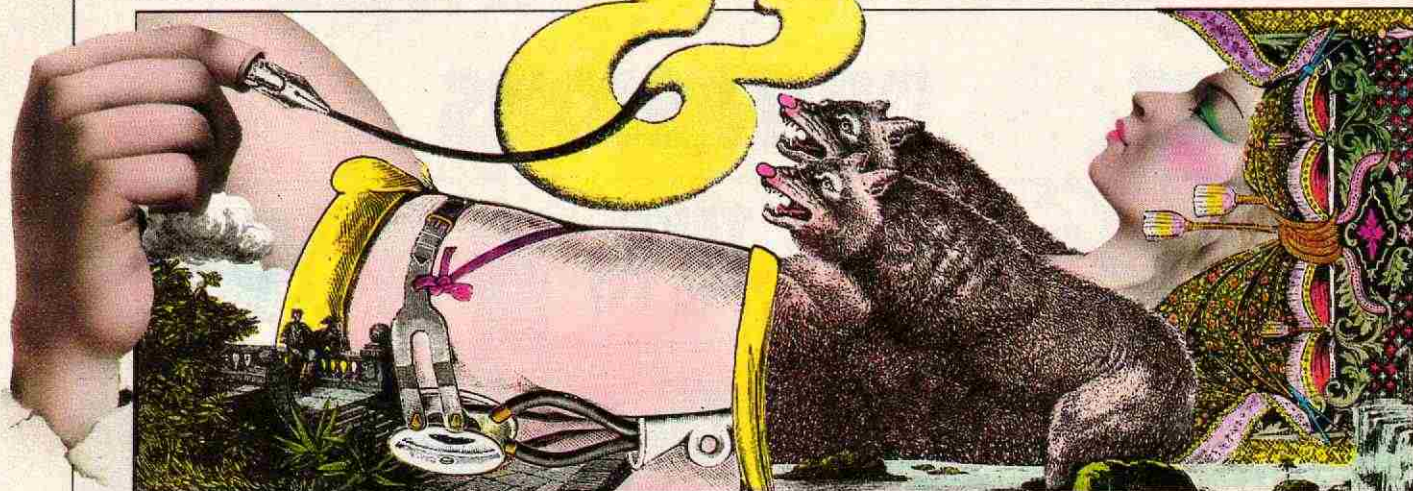
Bobsled. After we spent a significant amount of money designing five different bobsleds, America's best driver, Brent Rushlaw, ended up using an Italian model, which, according to the bobsled N.G.B., was simply faster than those we had designed. Using the Italian model, Rushlaw's team lost to the Russians by two-hundredths of a second.

When the Games were over, Russia led with 11 golds and 29 medals total, followed by East Germany with 25 medals, nine of them gold. America harvested two golds and six medals—finishing in ninth place. Apologists claim the carnage means little: America, they say, is summer-oriented and never did well in the Winter Games.

But the cry of "We'll get 'em in summer!" won't hold up anymore, either. Our summer athletes were outperformed at various world competitions in '87 and '88 not just by Russians and East Germans, but also by Western Europeans, South Americans, and Africans. In boxing,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



OUR MAJOR CORPORATIONS AT WORK

A two-year legal battle between the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. and the Fuji Photo Film Co. over their respective blimps was settled out of court. The suit, originally filed by Goodyear, alleged that Fuji's small green promotional blimp in-

fringed on Goodyear's trademark, which includes a blimp logo. Under terms of the settlement, Fuji agrees not to use its blimp to promote a range of products, including tires and rubber linings for tanks. Fuji makes none of those products.

WE HAFF VAYS OF MAKING YOU VEAR A CONDOM!

Bavarian officials approved a new law requiring prostitutes to have sex only with customers who wear condoms. The law will be enforced by a squad of "condom cops" who will visit bordellos, posing as customers.

OUR MARTIN LUTHER KING AWARD TO...



... the mayor of Kenosha, Wisconsin, who, in introducing the Reverend Jesse Jackson at a political rally, said, "This country needs a spear chucker, and I think we've got him up on this podium."

SPOILSPORT OF THE MONTH

Comedienne Martha Raye filed a \$10-million defamation suit against David Letterman, alleging that the talk-show host implied she was a con-

dom user. During an opening monologue on one of his nightly shows, Letterman said, "I saw the most terrifying commercial on television last

night featuring Martha Raye, actress, condom user." Raye claimed, "This implies I am sexually promiscuous and I have loose morals."

STOP ME BEFORE I KILL AGAIN!

A Seattle café charges 25 cents a touch to customers

who want to feel a magenta dress once worn by Vanna

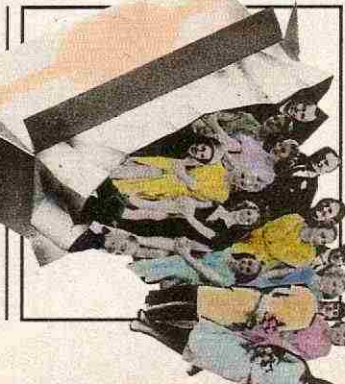
White on the "Wheel of Fortune" television game show.

THE CALIGULA FILE

Deposed Philippines president Ferdinand Marcos, luxuriously exiled in Hawaii, has made a home exercise video.

WORST NEW PRODUCTS

Japanese firms now offer scented, bottled oxygen, which comes in peppermint, mushroom, coffee, and lemon flavors.

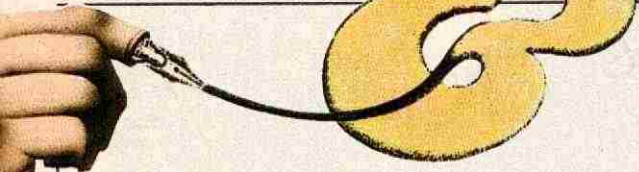


GREAT QUOTES OF OUR TIME

"I've been married five times. . . . They were a mixed bag. There was a schoolgirl, a gentlewoman, a motion-picture actress, a ballerina, and a crocodile."

—John Huston

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



ONE FOR THE ROAD

Following a weekend of heavy drinking at the student eating clubs of Princeton University, 39 undergraduates wound up in the infirmary, and another seven in the hospital.



A PLACE IN THE SUN

In a gesture that should please Surgeon General Koop, seniors in Kansas voted to give their high school a condom-dispensing machine as a class gift.

MODERN TIMES

A police department survey of public schools in Fullerton, California, during the 1940s showed that the most serious disciplinary problems ranged from talking in class to failing to put paper in wastebaskets. Four decades later, a similar survey of the school system revealed that the most serious problems now range from drug abuse to bombings.

SUSPICIONS CONFIRMED

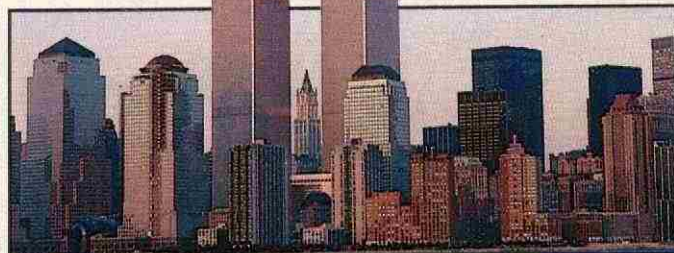
A National Football League game, replayed on British television without commercials, lasted only one hour and 45 minutes.

SPORTING AMERICA

A Pittsburgh radio talk-show host suggested that cats be sent to feed the hungry in Africa.

TAKE ME TO

YOUR LEADER

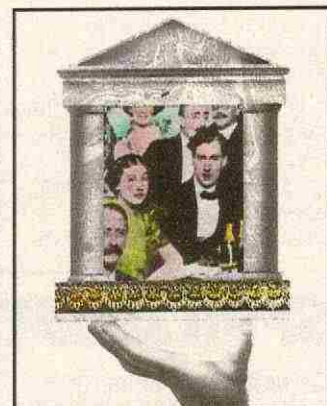


Teachers at a New York training course for jobs in the tourist industry discovered that most of their students did not know how to find their

way to such common Manhattan tourist landmarks as the Empire State Building, Radio City Music Hall, and Wall Street.

YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, BABY

A recent compilation of archaic state laws involving women notes that Oxford, Ohio, once forbade women from undressing in front of a man's photograph; Owensboro, Kentucky, barred women from buying a hat unless their husband tried it on first; and a Kentucky law once decreed that a woman could not walk along the road in a bathing suit unless she was accompanied by two police officers or armed with a club.

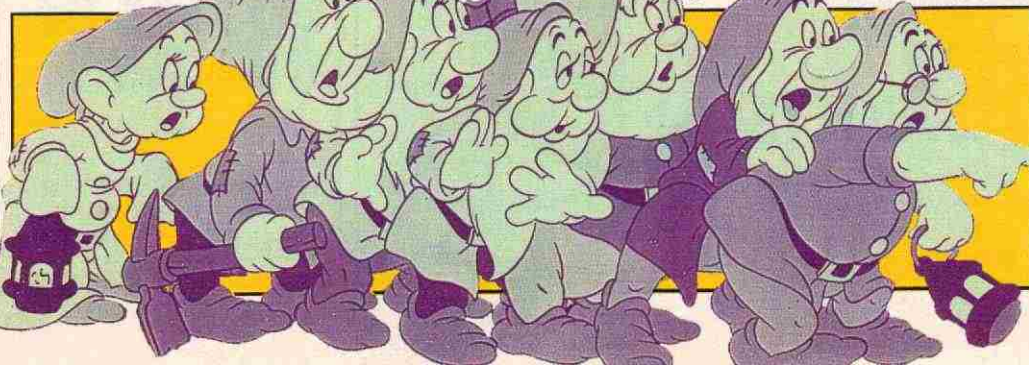


LIFE AT THE TOP

The British-American Chamber of Commerce has asked that Rolls Royce automobiles be exempted from the special U.S. "gas guzzler" tax.

BAD KARMA

According to a public-opinion survey, more Americans could identify the Seven Dwarfs than the original candidates for the Democratic presidential nomination.



THE JERRY FALWELL MEMORIAL FILE

The owner of a Pensacola, Florida, gas station hung a sign on his wall reading, NOTICE. FOR CHRISTIANS ONLY. TEN PERCENT DISCOUNT ON ALL LABOR. The owner answered protests about the sign by saying that Jesus Christ came to him in a dream, which he interpreted as divine approval to put up his sign.

THE DOOMSDAY FILE

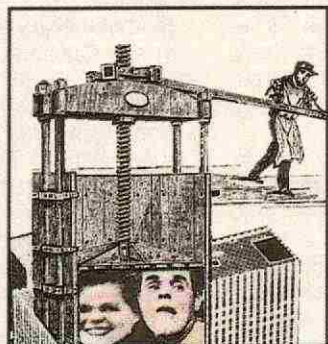
Religious fundamentalists in Gary, Indiana, have been waiting in their church for the past several months for a tornado their preacher's wife said would strike the area last January. The fundamentalists are convinced that the December prophecy, which claimed that the tornado would smash everything except their church, will arrive at any moment, although several new dates for the arrival have come and gone with no tornado.

WITH ONE, YOU GET EGG ROLL

Thousands of people in the Chinese province of Kiangsi are watching low-quality pornographic and violent films imported from abroad because domestic films are too dull.

MODERN LIFE

According to a study by an Alaska psychologist based on surveys of men and women, the best opening conversational gambit is "Hi!" The worst include "Isn't it cold?" Let's make some body heat," and "I'm easy. Are you?"



ISN'T THAT SPECIAL

The Michigan Court of Appeals ruled that a man being sued for cutting off a woman's head with a hacksaw is not entitled to have his father's insurance company defend him under the company's liability policy.

PEEKABOO!

Soviet authorities reported that a woman who suffered a 380-volt electric shock in 1978 has now developed the ability to see through clothing and walls.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH

Asked if he had any interest in obtaining White Sox catcher Carlton Fisk,

Toronto Blue Jays General Manager

Pat Gillick replied, "We have no interest. Fisk is selfish, he's going for records. All he wants to do is catch, and he'd want to play more than we could use him. . . . Overall, we don't like the tempo, he catches way too slow. . . . Besides, his manager doesn't like him."

SIC TRANSIT

World-famous heart surgeon Dr. Denton Cooley filed for bankruptcy, declaring \$99.4 million in debts.

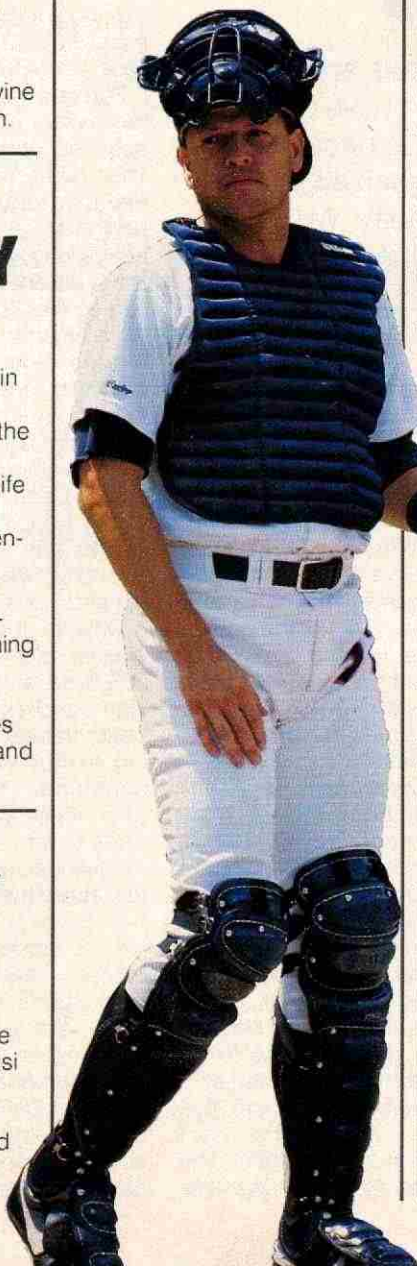


OUR SAFE SEX AWARD TO . . .

. . . Jimmy Swaggart.

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.



OLYMPICS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

which netted us nine gold medals in Los Angeles, we recently lost a dual meet to Cuba, ten matches to two. In basketball—a “purely American” game—we were upset at the Pan-American Games by the *Brazilians*, no less. In track and field, traditionally our next-strongest summer sport, we took a paltry nine gold medals at the 1987 World Championships in Rome, compared to the 16 we won in 1984 at Los Angeles. “And that’s all we’ll do at Seoul,” laments Edwin Moses. “We used to dominate; now we’re praying for a few medals.”

Apologists have an explanation for this, too: “We just have a gap in the cycle this year,” says Charles Dillman, former head of the sport-science program and currently assistant executive director for programs at the U.S.O.C. “Because of the boycott, we had a lot of good athletes held over from the 1980 Olympics who stayed on to compete in 1984. It was our most powerful team ever. But now these people have retired, and we have to build up our reserves. We’re making significant progress and should have very respectable performances in 1988. However, we should be really strong in 1992.”

But the ones who count—the athletes—won’t buy it. “I don’t believe there’s a cycle like that,” says Moses. “Our young people are about the worst physically prepared in the world. We don’t have a system for identifying kids at an early age and developing them through the years. We still depend completely on raw talent. If we don’t improve our Olympic program, we’re going to be winning fewer medals by 1992.”

“The Russians and East Germans don’t have gaps,” says Mac Wilkins, who won a gold medal in the discus throw at the 1976 Montreal Games. “We have gaps because we lack organization and continuity. We leave everything to chance.”

The problem begins at the top. In this crucial Olympic year, for example, the U.S.O.C. has been unable to preserve even its own continuity. “It’s the executive-director-of-the-month club,” says one U.S.O.C. insider.

“The movement has suffered because of several changes in executive directors,” says Colonel F. Don Miller, the executive director who hired Dardik in 1978. “I left in 1985, and General George Miller [another military man] replaced me. But he and [U.S.O.C.] President Robert Helmick didn’t see eye to eye. Miller was replaced by Harvey Schiller, who left soon after for personal reasons. Now Baaron Pittenger has taken over. I hope he stays in. There’s a lot of polarization in the organization; everyone is protecting his own turf. The whole organization is not working together to accomplish common goals. We need leadership.”

Unfortunately, the most vigorous lead-

ers always risk being cast aside by the Olympic establishment. According to Keith Henshen, a sport-psychology consultant who has worked for years with our women gymnasts, “The U.S.O.C. has a long arm: if you become a thorn in its side it can eliminate you. Those of us in the trenches are interested in the athletes; but at the U.S.O.C., it appears they like the travel and recognition, and are more interested in protecting their positions than dealing with the programs and the athletes.”

In the military-style hierarchy of the Olympic Committee, he notes, rewards tend to be based on long service and obedience rather than insight and innovation. Pushy idea men such as Ariel and Dardik, with all their edgy energy, rock the boat too hard to stay welcome—even if they’re the ones who set the boat sailing. “It goes slower without them,” says the U.S.O.C.’s Charles Dillman. “They’re people who move things—entrepre-

6

The Russians and East Germans don't have gaps. We have gaps because we lack organization and continuity. We leave everything to chance.

9

neurs. You need that personality as well as rock-solid scientific guys.”

But that entrepreneurial spirit offends the traditional notion of amateur sport. According to Mac Wilkins, many Olympic administrators “live in a dreamworld,” and don’t want their dreams to die. “They fear that athletes will lose sight of the gentlemanly goals of sport,” he says. “But they’ve lost sight of the true sports credo: higher, faster, stronger. We can’t be good enough anymore, practicing a couple of hours a day after work.”

Olympic bureaucrats can’t figure this out, Wilkins insists, because they know precious little about sports. “They’re self-righteous, condescending, and paternalistic toward competitors. They think they know what’s best, but they’ve never been notable athletes themselves and can’t understand athletes’ needs.”

Wilkins cites his own run-ins at the Montreal Olympics. To preserve his psychological balance, he decided not to live in the overcrowded Olympic Village. “I felt I’d become overstimulated and lose energy and focus,” he explains. “So I made plans to stay in an apartment. The U.S.O.C., which had done nothing for me

but pay for my plane ticket and give me a uniform, hassled me for weeks. They found it so difficult to handle a request made by an athlete for his own benefit. An official who didn’t even know my sport came and said, ‘Just do what we ask, son, and everything will be okay.’ Meanwhile, the East Germans and Russians had *arranged* for their athletes to be outside all the Olympic Village ruckus.”

Kris Korzeniowski, a Polish-born coach who has helped to revitalize the U.S. rowing team, has other complaints about the U.S.O.C. After taking charge of the team, he scheduled two days of meetings with officials at Colorado Springs. “Out of the people I spoke to,” Korzeniowski says, “not one asked me how I intended to prepare my team for Seoul, yet it seemed as if half of them had already been to Seoul to prepare the celebration. There was no one I could talk to about getting my athletes ready to compete.”

But the U.S.O.C.’s Mike Moran doesn’t understand the reason for the meetings at all. “There was no reason for him to schedule meetings with any division heads,” he says, “since the athletes’ training is supervised by the N.G.B.’s, not the U.S.O.C. The rowers don’t even train here. I’m baffled by what he said.”

Foreign coaches who move to the U.S., however, frequently express concern about our attitude toward Olympic sport. They come over here thrilled with their freedom, rubbing their hands at the prospect of so much talent to work with. But before long, they’re hopelessly frustrated at the American approach to athletics as well as the lack of support and control.

“In America,” Korzeniowski states, “we are oriented toward short-term goals. We exploit the athlete. The philosophy is rah-rah-rah, let’s be No. 1! But the real goal should be drawing up a plan of systematic development for the young athlete over a period of years. We expect our young people to be No. 1 consistently. By the time they reach an international level of competition, they are often burned out and leave athletics altogether.”

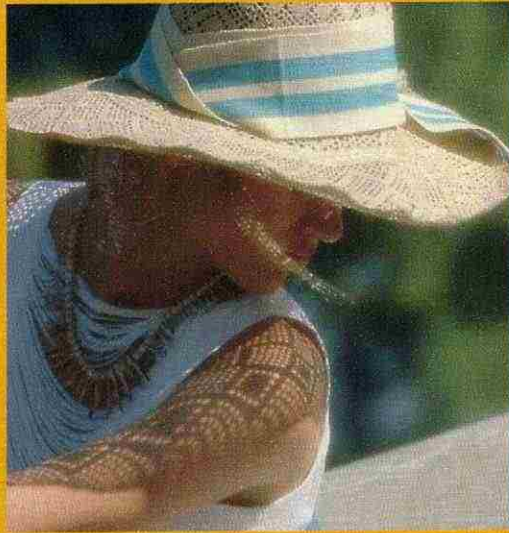
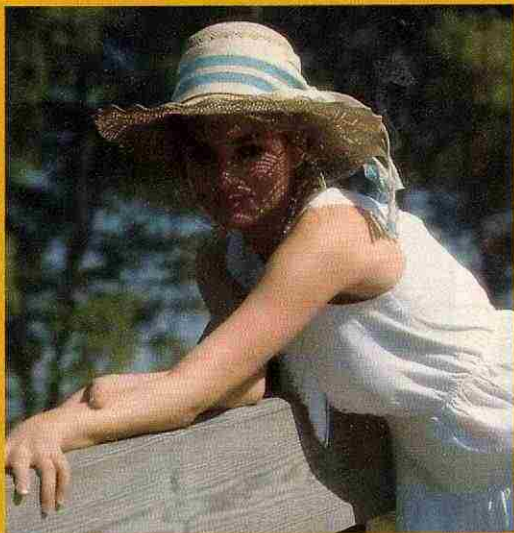
Despite the conflict in Eastern and Western training philosophy, American N.G.B.’s are quick to snatch up the foreign coaches because they’re so much better trained than our own, often boasting exclusive, advanced degrees in coaching. The honeymoon wears off when these coaches start doing what it takes to win. Take the case of the Israeli Ari Selinger, who almost single-handedly revitalized the American women’s volleyball program, bringing them from a No. 12 ranking in the world to a silver medal in 1984. He started by scouting other sports and selecting by computer those who were best-suited for volleyball. He then spirited his selections away to Gideon Ariel’s biomechanics center in Southern California. He kept the women together as a unit for four years, using strict discipline and all the available tools of sport science in their training. After they

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74



“He'd watch
with a
telescope while
I stripped
in our bedroom
window.”

MICHELLE

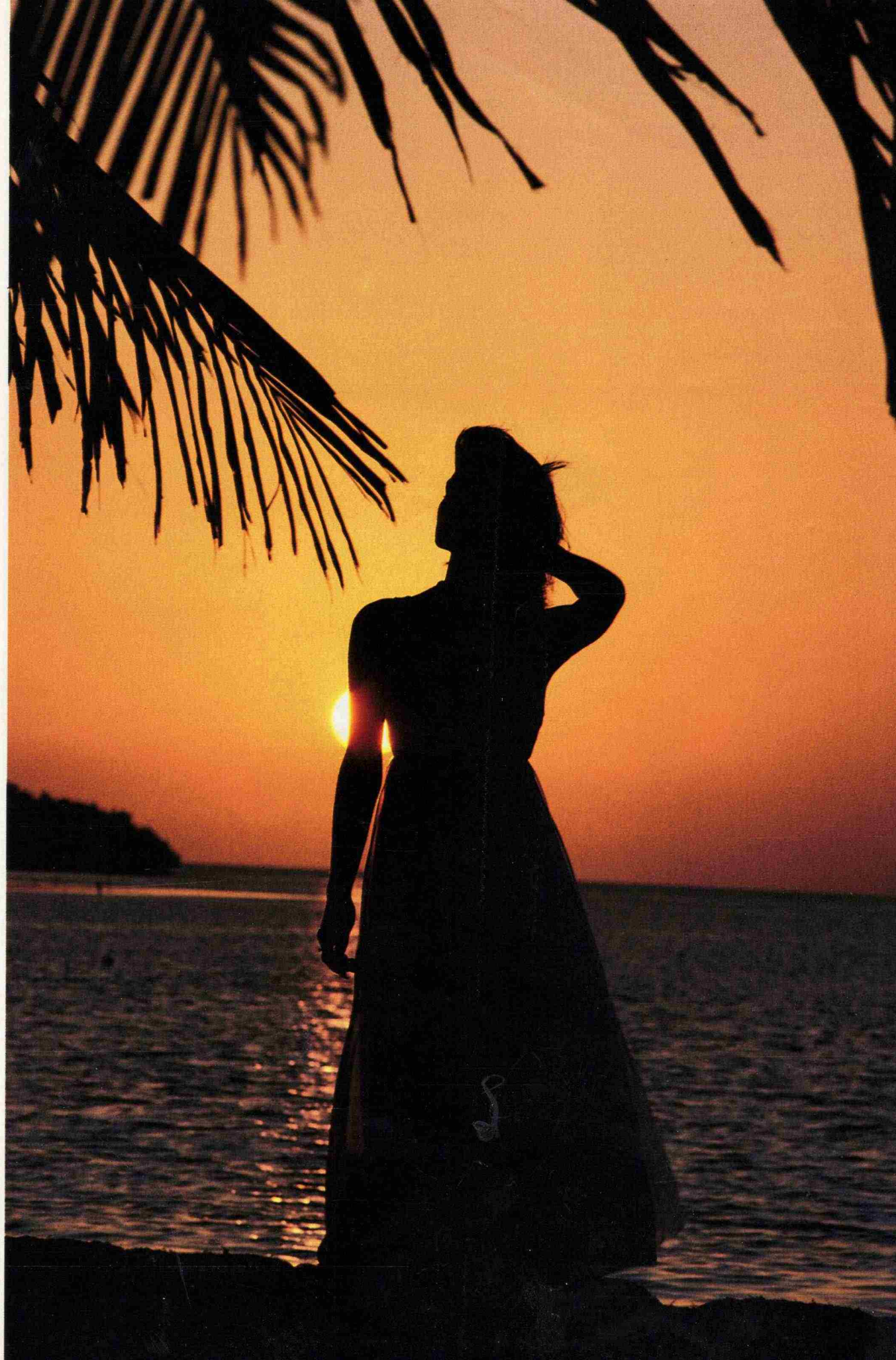


STALKING THE ENDLESS SUMMER

Niagara Falls, New York: Home to one of the Seven Wonders of the World, and birthplace of 25-year-old Michelle Wishon. Somehow it comes as no surprise that for as long as she can remember, 38-24-38 Michelle has harbored a special affinity for all places wet and wild. A receptionist for a Houston travel agency, her blue eyes sparkle as she recounts her most recent jaunts to

Florida, Hawaii, Jamaica, and the Virgin Islands. "As you can see," she laughs, "the words *vacation* and *beach* are synonymous in my vocabulary!" Determined to take full advantage of the industry's generous perks, Michelle plans to become a travel agent herself one day. Meanwhile, she's content to soak up the sun in the cozy backyard of her suburban Texas home.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. E. BARNES







Life in the suburbs never grows dull. "A former boyfriend and I used to play 'voyeur.' He'd watch me with a telescope from across the street while I stripped in our bedroom window!"



Makeup by Anita Merritt and Marion Galante. Hair by Anthony Dangle, director and business manager, Florida portion. John J. Stokes. Florida beach location courtesy of Little Palm Island Beach Club on Little Torch Key

"Then there was the time I made love
in a busy nightclub. The crowd was pressed
four deep at the bar, and my date
simply lifted my skirt and took me from behind."

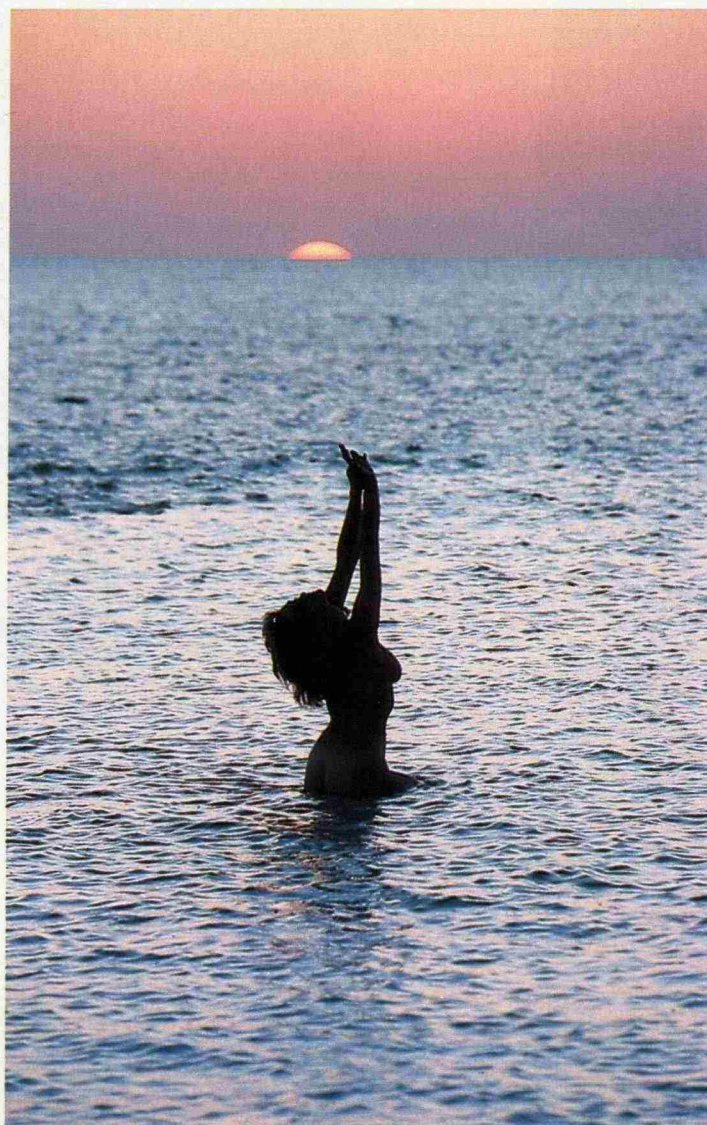






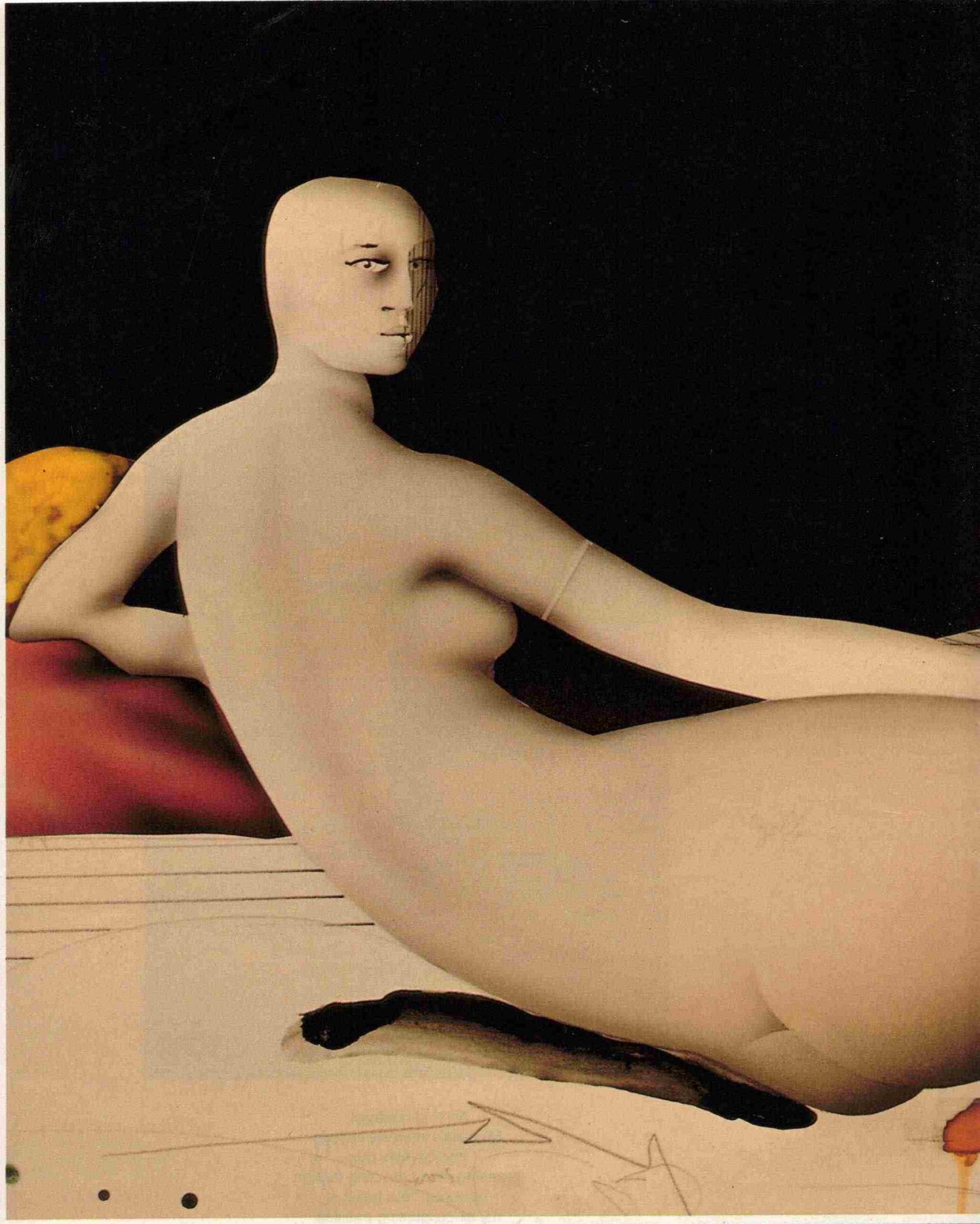
Michelle's turned on by "erotic dining"
and "men who talk about what they want to do
with me." Turn-offs include "lackluster
kissing and men who wear shoes without socks . . .
Don Johnson notwithstanding."





An avid hobbyist,
Michelle's interests include
tropical fish, dog
breeding, and collecting foreign
currency. "But travel is
my all-consuming passion.
Sometimes I think I'm
destined to spend my entire life
following the sun."





ARTICLE

On-the-job training in Puerto Rico's biggest brothel.

MY LIFE AS A PROSTITUTE

BY DOLORES FRENCH WITH LINDA LEE



It was Patty who told me about the Black Angus back in San Juan. I had told her that I hated living on Saint Croix. It was too small, too sunny, had no telephones, or at least too few. There was no TV or radio worth listening to. We didn't get the *Sunday New York Times* until Wednesday. There was never a movie playing that hadn't played in the United States three years before. And Yolanda cut the water off on a regular basis. "If you want something more exciting and closer to home," Patty said, "you ought to try the Black Angus in

PAINTING BY PAUL WUNDERLICH

San Juan. It's a huge place. The biggest whorehouse on the island. You ought to at least stop by and visit. It's quite an experience, like a Fellini movie."

Since Patty had once told me that the thing she liked about being a hooker was the freedom—"I can have no money at all, arrive in any strange town, and start earning a living"—I decided to do an experiment. Even though I had some money saved up, I went to San Juan with only my plane ticket and enough money for a hotel room for two nights.

When I saw the bar at the Black Angus, I said, "This is the place for me." John Waters had obviously been here. The Black Angus Bar-Hotel had been set up in World War II, supposedly by the U.S. government, when there were a lot of troopships stopping in Puerto Rico. The furnishings in the hotel rooms appeared to be old Army surplus: functional, sturdy, made of heavy wood. All the Army-issue furniture was appropriate to the place. The Black Angus was like a boot camp for prostitution. It prepared you for battle, it made you physically fit, and it was a darned good place to meet other foot soldiers.

Forty women from all over the world worked there every night. The bar looked like a world tour of what people thought looked sexy: grass skirts; leis; sarongs; saris; native costumes from Iceland, Poland, Sweden; and one local woman who dressed like she was at a church social. This woman was fat in a housewife-who's-had-too-many-children sort of way. She wore a white eyelet short-sleeved house-dress with a full skirt and buttons right up to her chin. She carried a white hand-bag and wore low-heeled white pumps. The only jewelry she wore was a gold cross, a watch—which no whore would be without—and a wedding ring. I saw her go upstairs as often as anyone else. One woman had been working there for 30 years, wearing the same outfit—a black wig and a sarong—year after year.

One employee's wife worked there as a hooker, and I'm sure Divine was modeled after this woman. I wanted to find out where she had her hair done—it was styled like something from a 1950s outer-space movie, bleached white and swept up into a kind of double pompadour. Every hair was in place, and she said it cost \$50 to get it done that way. She wore makeup as heavy as that of a circus aerialist: thick white makeup under dark, heavily painted eyebrows; bright red blush; seven shades of eyeshadow, some of them metallic; thick false eyelashes; and meticulously applied lipstick. All of this was on a very dark complexion. Her clothes were very expensive and ran to beaded cocktail dresses. Many nights she just sat there, motionless as a statue. This woman charged \$50, when she got a client. Most of the women charged \$20 or \$30.

Since what I was selling was Anglo-American good looks, I decided to

charge \$30 for the "short time." (Okay, I know Puerto Rico is part of the United States, and I know that all the Americas are considered American, but even in Puerto Rico people asked me, "Are you American?" That's the way they referred to it, and that's the way I'm referring to it here.) I was one of the few hookers at the Angus who didn't wear a wig. My hair was short and curly, and it looked cute in an all-American way. I wore mostly tube tops and wraparound skirts, high-heeled sandals, and L'Oréal Sea Pearl nail polish, the ladylike polish I had learned to favor at Elaine's. You could put on lots of layers of it without it looking like a mess, and if you missed and painted your finger, too, no one could tell. I thought I was the only hooker on earth, besides Elaine, who wore Sea Pearl until I got to the Black Angus. When I discovered that nearly all hookers wore it, I switched to red. One of the things I learned at the Angus is that all women are selling basically the same thing. All

At the Black Angus,
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of our bodies looked more or less the same underneath our clothes. In order to make money, you had to find some way to stand out.

No matter how much you earned at the Black Angus, you earned every cent of it. If someone gave you \$100, he was so rough or so demanding, you'd wish he'd paid only \$30 for a quickie.

For \$30 they got seven minutes with a woman—they were told it was 20 minutes—plus they had to pay \$6 upstairs for the use of the room. The sheets at the Black Angus were simply thrown over the bed for each encounter. They had a big HOTEL 627 inside a circle stamped on them, like a brand, and they were so clean you could get detergent burns from lying on them. Young Puerto Rican men ran into the room and replaced the sheets the minute you were done. The gray-marbled linoleum floors were never mopped, so I quickly learned not to take my shoes off.

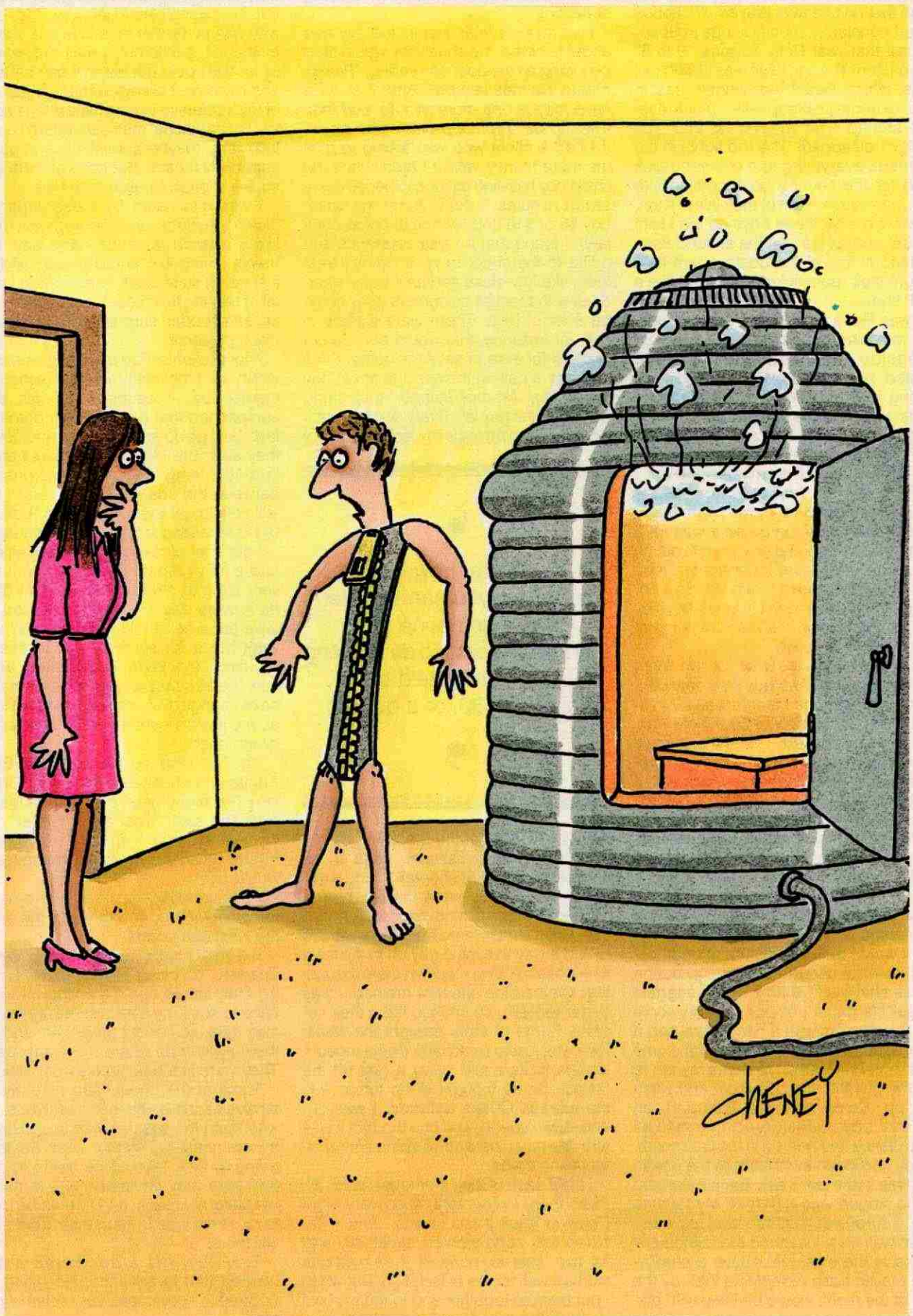
Like most women who worked there, I used only breakaway clothes. Usually I didn't wear any underwear, and I never wore stockings. I could undress in ten seconds and dress in 15. I would hang up my Danskin in such a way that all I

had to do was stand up, fling it on, and pull the strings, and I was dressed. If a guy was a big spender, I would say, in the 15 seconds it took me to get dressed, "That was wonderful" ("*Tú eres muy superbo, muy grande*"), and hope I'd see him again. With regular seven-minute clients, I could do up to nine jobs a night. If things were going well, and I found clients who wanted to pay for something extra, I'd do two or three a night. I never tried to shave a minute off here or there, the way some women did. I was always polite and gave the guys their full seven minutes' worth. As a result, I often had regular clients who were waiting for me when I got back downstairs, and I could go straight back up. I earned a pretty steady \$100 to \$500 a night, working from 8:30 to 4:00 in the morning.

Most places you can get used to in a few days, but no middle-class American girl could have gotten used to working at the Black Angus, ever. I had time every day to really think about what went on. If I had any doubts or questions about what I was doing, I could do a reality test the very next day. What was the best approach? Where was the best place to stand? What were the best clothes to wear? The Black Angus was a little laboratory for prostitution. Most experiences are unique; but at the Angus, I could repeat things again and again to find out what worked best for me. If something didn't work out, it didn't mean my career was over. It just meant that I earned \$100 less that night. I could always make it back later: the next night or the next week. It was all process. I could try wearing a wig, put on a new shade of lipstick, a new nail color. Sometimes I wore an outfit all the other women said was great, and I didn't make a cent. I even had the luxury of wearing it again, to see if it was the outfit or if it was just one bad night. I kept notes on how much money I made under what circumstances—what were the realities and what was the mythology.

One of my most successful outfits looked a lot like the dress that glamorous guest star wore on "I Love Lucy"—a very tight-fitting dress with draped gathers and spaghetti straps. I had it in two fabrics, one black and the other leopard print. I liked the leopard print, but the solid black one made me more money. People said they loved the leopard print, but the men spent their money on solid black. I learned that if I wore two outfits exactly the same, one red and one black, the red didn't make as much money as the black. And I don't think it was because the black made me look thinner. I think it was because men find black sexier and more formal. Maybe there is something cheap and trashy about red.

At the Black Angus, the most aggressive prostitutes stationed themselves near the door. Some of them would have their hands in a man's pants before he reached the bar. The more expensive women were



"I'm scared. . . . I think a fly got into the machine with me."

farther in and toward the left, near a grand piano that no one ever played. A jukebox blared constantly, mostly songs in Spanish, but that year Dolly Parton's "9 to 5" was on, too. The bar itself was lit with red lights, which meant that women had to wear extreme makeup—like black eyeliner around their mouths so their lips wouldn't disappear. The red lights in the bar made everything and everyone look good for the country boys coming into San Juan for the night of their lives. Then, when we'd walk these boys up the stairs into the normal light on the second floor, to stand in line at the booth where they bought their room tickets, it looked like a freak show.

It was like a scene from some county fair, with simple country boys lined up alongside sequined, feathered, and painted women from the sideshow, all waiting to buy tickets for a ride on the Ferris wheel. Some of the country boys would get a good look at these women for the first time under the white lights and suddenly change their minds.

The women in line taught me all the Spanish I needed to know. "*Yo mamó y chuchó buena.*" If there was a wait for a room, I didn't want the guy to walk out on me, since I had already spent ten minutes in the bar picking him up. So I entertained myself and the country boys by having them teach me the rudiments of Puerto Rican Spanish.

But sometimes the wait for the room just got too long. The guy was only contracting for what he thought was 20 minutes of sex. After a 20- or 30-minute wait, he sometimes bolted. Then I would have to go down to the bar and start all over again. Most guys, however, stuck with it because they were so eager to get into those rooms.

We would march down the long hallways to, say, room number 19. We would dash inside, he would hand me \$30—usually in fives and tens—then close the door, and ten seconds later I would be undressed and at the sink, washing myself. I would make a gesture at undressing him—like unbuttoning the top button on his shirt—and then I would suggest he get his pants unzipped. Every room had a bathroom with a hand towel and a complimentary bar of soap with some other hotel's name on it; it was my job to get the guy into the bathroom and wash him up. Some of those Puerto Rican country boys considered themselves clean if they had bathed in the last month, if they had been swimming in the ocean any time in the last week. Each bathroom at the Angus was different. My favorite had a turquoise bathtub and pink ceramic wall tiles. I washed the customers' cocks at the sink, just above a shallow little plastic trash receptacle that, by the end of the night, would be filled with discarded tampons and rubbers, cigarette butts, soap wrappers, and little slivers of used soap. Then I would lead my client back to the bed and slip a rubber on him.

Two minutes into it, I was either sucking or fucking.

Five minutes later, just as the guy was about to come, the sheet boy would start pounding on the door and yelling, "*Pronto, pronto. No más tiempo!*" After that, we'd have maybe one more minute, and then it would be "*Pronto, pronto*" time again. If I had a client who was willing to give me more money, and if I didn't want the sheet boy hassling us for another \$6 every seven minutes, I could hand the sheet boy \$5 or \$10 and tell him to come back later. I found that if I was courteous and polite to the sheet boys, if I didn't treat them like low-class servants but instead dealt with them as coworkers, they could be a lot of help. There were signals to use, for instance, that would get you out of there for sure in seven minutes. If the guy was a pain in the ass, the sheet boy would say, "*No más tiempo,*" then stand there until the guy left. Every day I thought, *This day is going to be my last.* And every

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night I was back at the Black Angus.

Some of the prostitutes used to sit around and make shoptalk: Fingernail polish and fellatio were the big two. A hooker wanted to find fingernail polish that would never wear off, and she wanted to find a way to suck a guy off in the least time possible. Every woman there thought that she had the superior method. I was eager to learn, so I asked them their secrets. Some of them thought the whole idea was just to suck hard. Some thought tongue flicks could bring a guy off the fastest. Some thought deep throat was the answer. Others believed it was up-and-down speed, and one thought it was all in the moaning-and-slurping sound effects she made.

I tried each of their methods—after all, I was there every night, and every night I saw at least three clients—and I decided that none worked especially well for me. That is, none of their methods worked well for me in isolation. But when I put them all together and found my own rhythm, the men found it pretty darned exciting.

I think I learned the idea of patterns from Japanese clients. When a Japanese

man fucked, he didn't just go in, out, in, out. That wasn't the Asian way. The Asian way was in, farther in, a little out, way in, a little out, a little out, a little out, way in, in, in. You could get lost in those patterns and rhythms. I always wanted to ask one of my Japanese clients if there was some kind of traditional musical pattern he was following, maybe something composed especially for sex. But none of them ever spoke enough English to tell me.

I was fascinated by these Japanese fucking rhythms, and I figured men might like a blowjob done the same way. That meant giving it in an artful way, and not just going suck, suck, suck. There was a lot of teasing involved, teasing and stroking and sudden surprise and tickling and deep pleasure.

A lot of clients tried to get their money's worth of time with me by restraining themselves. A couple of clients even complained that I made them come too fast. "Just go up and down, up and down," they said. But I found that I could sneak in a little fancy rhythm and surprise, in between the ups and downs, and I was still able to get them off quickly. It usually didn't take longer than seven minutes.

I got a lot of rave reviews from clients, and a lot of repeat business, but it was very tiring to perform this way. If I didn't do it every day, my tongue got tired, my jaws got tired, my lips got tired. When I went home for some R & R in Atlanta, however, everyone commented about how the structure of my face seemed to have changed. My cheeks seemed leaner, my jawline tighter. I knew it was from giving head.

Another thing the hookers at the Black Angus told me about was biters. On my very first night there, one woman leaned over and said, "That one's a biter." The women told me I shouldn't ever let a Puerto Rican eat my pussy, because he would bite.

And Puerto Ricans did. They would bite me everywhere: on the neck, the ankle, the wrist, the breast.

I learned right away how to say in Spanish, "No biting. No biting, and I mean it." They would bite me anyhow. I would have to keep my hands somewhere near their ears, so I could grab them and pull them away from where they were biting. They were like big, strong wood ticks.

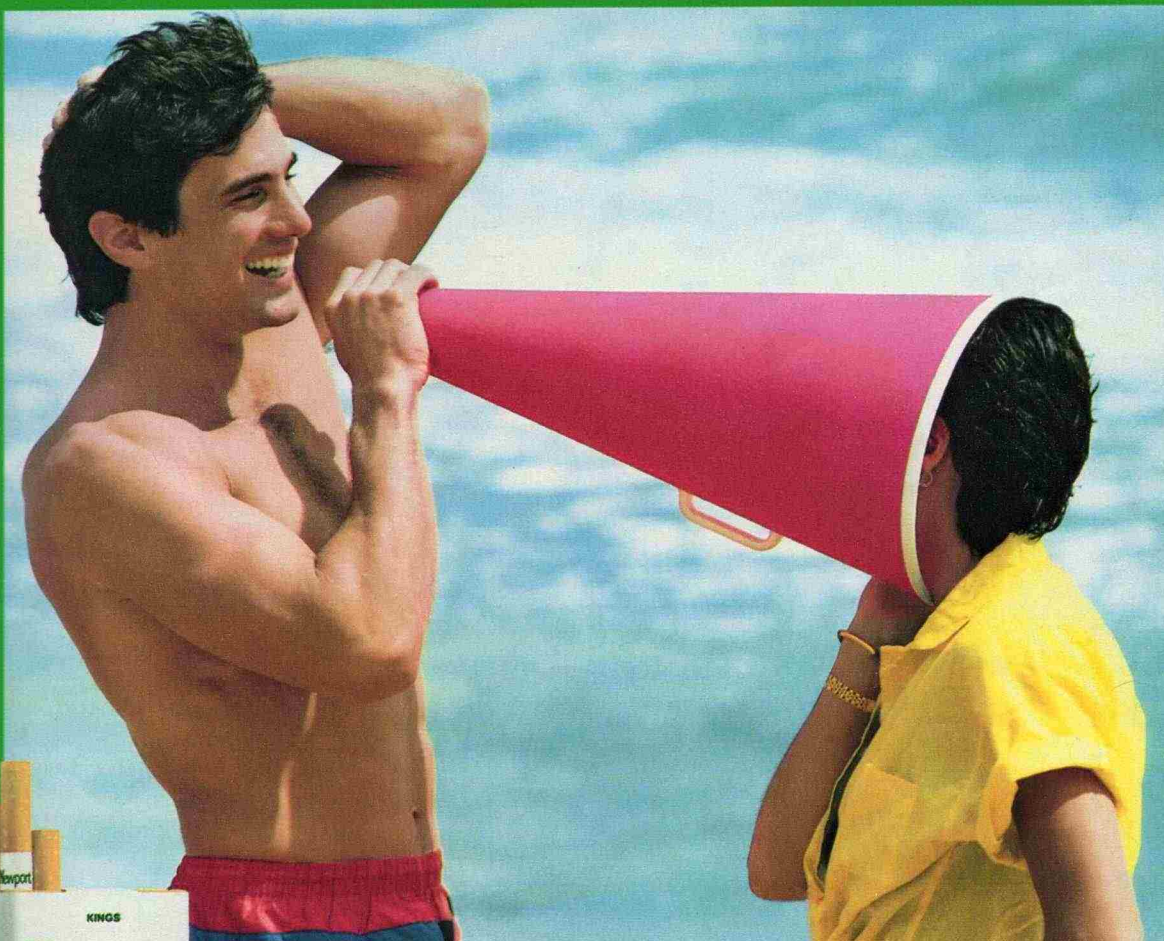
Some of the biters were onto my defensive hands-on-his-ears technique, and with them the session was like a seven-minute wrestling match. They would be trying to bite, I would be trying to grab their ears, they would be trying to maneuver out of my reach, and I would be trying to close my legs to keep them from biting me there.

One guy was a dedicated biter. I warned him in advance: No biting. He nodded in agreement, very solemnly: No biting.

When he bit me, I said, "Didn't I tell you no biting? Didn't you say you weren't going to bite me? Why did you bite me?"

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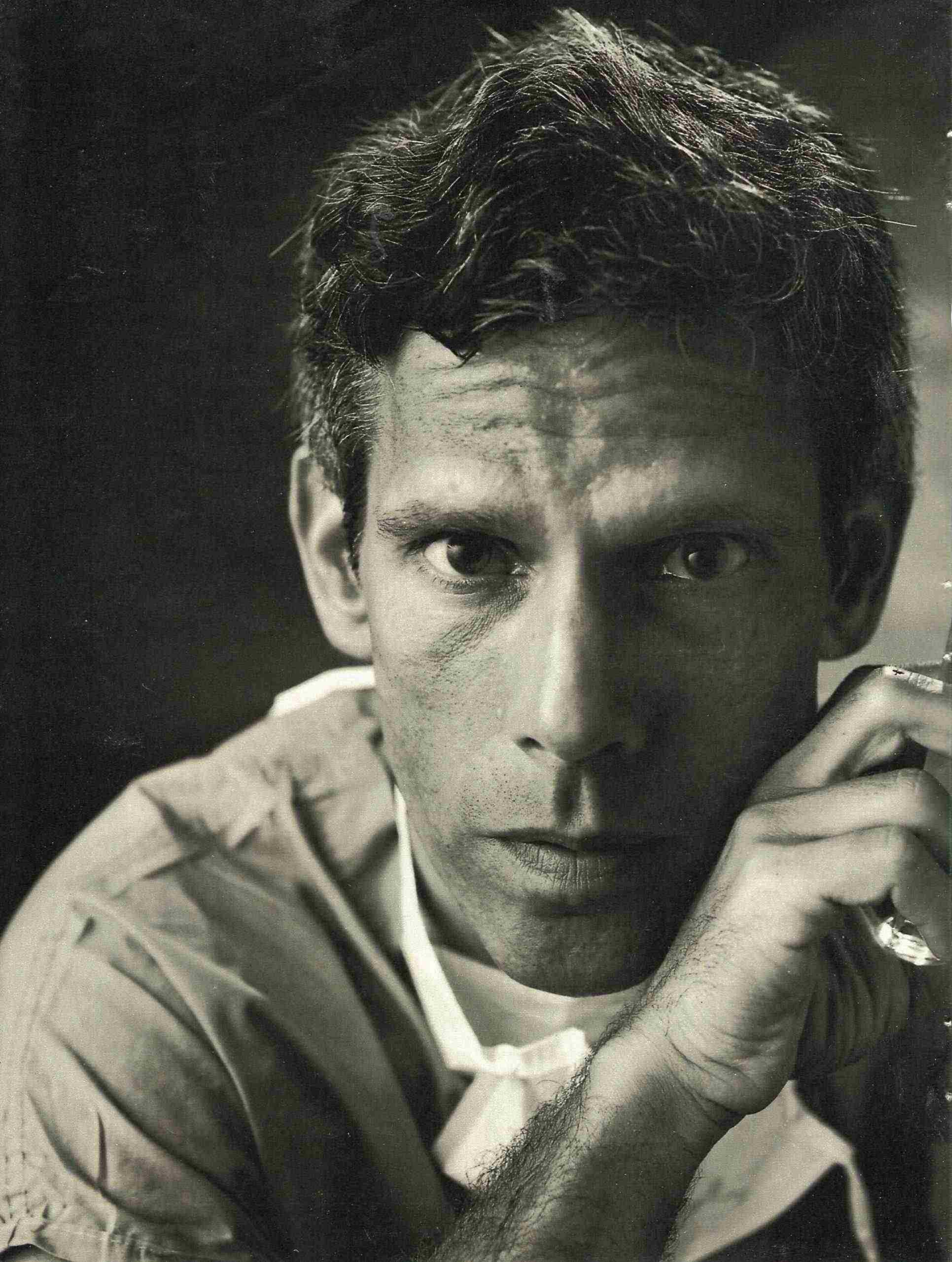
Alive with pleasure! **Newport**



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

Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.

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





PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

“Some solution to the nuclear waste problem must be found. There is a global responsibility for nuclear safety and sharing of data. A nuclear accident anywhere is a nuclear accident everywhere.”

DR. ROBERT PETER GALE

On April 26, 1986, an explosion at the Chernobyl nuclear power station in the Soviet Union sent 100 million curies of radioactive material (more than was released at Hiroshima and Nagasaki) spewing into the air. Within hours, 100,000 men, women, and children were dangerously exposed. Inexorably, the radioactive gases and particles worked their way west: to Scandinavia, where reindeer that fed on radioactive grass were systematically slaughtered; to Poland, where iodine tablets were distributed to the population in an effort to guard

against thyroid cancer; to Italy, where fresh vegetables and milk were destroyed by frightened wholesalers and farmers; and finally to the United States, where the physical effects of Chernobyl will be felt well into the next millennium. By every measure, it was the worst nuclear accident in history. As many as 50,000 people worldwide may die of cancer over the next 50 years as a direct result of Chernobyl.

Six days after the accident, Dr. Robert Peter Gale received an urgent telephone call from Soviet authorities asking for help. Within hours, he was en

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM ZIMBEROFF

route to Moscow. In the months that followed, Gale journeyed to Russia six times. He mobilized a team of international medical experts to perform surgery on Soviet patients, supervised the airlift of \$1 million worth of medical equipment to Moscow, and battled the political bureaucracies of two governments. Gale was acclaimed a national hero by the Soviet media. In May 1986, he concluded an agreement with Soviet authorities that will enable him and a team of international experts to evaluate the long-term effects of Chernobyl, and treat its victims well into the next century.

Robert Gale was born in New York on October 11, 1945, and grew up in Flatbush, a then predominantly Jewish section of Brooklyn. He attended Hobart College (a small liberal-arts school in upstate New York), then went on to medical school at the State University of New York at Buffalo.

"The decision to go to medical school," he recalls, "evolved during college. In high school, I'd wanted to be a nuclear physicist. A cousin, ten years older than me and very bright, was a nuclear physicist and used to tell me wonderful stories about his work. It seemed that this was where the action was; that nuclear physics would have an enormous impact on global issues, philosophy, even mathematics. Then, in college, I turned toward the biological sciences. Physics, and particularly theoretical physics, seemed too remote. I could see the tangible impact of what I was doing in biology, and

medical school became the logical direction for me."

In 1970, Gale began an internship at the U.C.L.A. Medical Center in Los Angeles, where, with the exception of several sabbaticals, he continues to conduct most of his work. He's married with two daughters (Tal and Shir, ages 11 and nine, respectively) and a son (Elan, age four). His wife Tamar is Israeli by birth, but now has dual citizenship.

As a hematologist, oncologist, and immunologist, Robert Gale has devoted most of his professional life to seeking a cure for leukemia. In 1984, he became an unpaid adviser to Dr. Armand Hammer, chairman of President Reagan's Cancer Advisory Panel, and the two men established a friendship that exists to this day. It was Gale's relationship with Hammer, and Hammer's ties to the Soviet Union, that led to Gale's remarkable Chernobyl odyssey. Gale's Chernobyl memoir—written with acclaimed author Thomas Hauser—was recently published by Warner Books. *Final Warning: The Legacy of Chernobyl* takes readers from the inner sanctums of Soviet hospitals to the devastated reactor at Chernobyl, and into the limelight of international diplomacy. It's a book that ranks in importance with Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* and Jonathan Schell's *The Fate of the Earth*, yet it is even more moving because its drama is portrayed on a personal scale. Witness, for example, Gale's account of his helicopter ride over Pripyat—the city next door to Chernobyl:

"Then something happened: I got a little scared, not for myself, but for us all. We passed over Pripyat, and at first glance it was a normal city with white high-rise apartment buildings, parks, schools, and geometrically designed streets. But there were no signs of life. The city was deserted, devoid of people. Nothing was moving except for trees swaying in the breeze.

"I assume that observers flying over Hiroshima and Nagasaki readily understood the devastation below. Death and destruction were visible everywhere. But looking down at Pripyat and the Chernobyl power station, the damage seemed relatively small; one part of one building had been destroyed. Yet from that damage had come radiation, a danger that couldn't be heard, seen, or smelled, and that radiation had rendered an area over a thousand square miles in size uninhabitable.

"This is it, I realized. This is what we've been afraid of for all these years. Splitting the atom could be the end of us all."

Recently, *Penthouse* asked Thomas Hauser to sit with Dr. Gale again. The result was a wide-ranging exchange of views on topics as diverse as nuclear weapons, nuclear power, U.S.-Soviet relations, leukemia, and Gale's recent journey to Brazil, where he came to the aid of the victims of South America's worst radiation disaster.

Listening to Gale, it is painfully clear to *Penthouse* that, in his own words, "We all live near Chernobyl."

Penthouse: How has your involvement with Chernobyl changed your perceptions regarding nuclear power?

Gale: Many people probably assumed that I would become a strong opponent of nuclear power, but the Chernobyl accident can be used to make an argument either for or against nuclear energy. This accident in the Soviet Union will have global effects, and may cause thousands of cancer deaths, half of them occurring outside of the Soviet Union. You can imagine what might happen in a nuclear power plant in a less sophisticated or less stable country. On the other hand, one pays a price for all forms of energy. If we consider the current situation in the Persian Gulf with the American military presence there, one could argue that the nuclear threat inherent in defense of oil is greater than the threat from the use of nuclear energy.

Penthouse: Do you feel that the Nuclear Regulatory Commission is doing as much as it should to ensure the safe operation of nuclear power plants?

Gale: The public's perception of the N.R.C. is that it is not operating in the public interest; but this might not be entirely fair. We have to strike a reasonable balance between enforcing safety standards and encouraging new and creative approaches to achieving safety. We, as a country, have lost our sense of bal-

ance in this regard. Scientists and engineers in the nuclear power industry are so focused on complying with safety regulations that there is relatively little time to develop novel approaches to harnessing atomic energy, approaches that would represent quantum changes in how we get energy from the atom. The N.R.C.'s role is primarily limited to trying to regulate safety. Regulating safety is important, but it is unlikely to succeed as a long-term strategy if reactors depend on human beings to provide the margin of safety. No number of regulations can reduce the risk of human failure to zero. We are making very slow if any progress in using thermonuclear fusion, developing inherently safe reactors, and improving reactor design, because most of our energies are spent complying with regulations that can never really address the fundamental issue of a zero accident risk. Clearly, this objective can only be reached by technological advances, not by compliance with current regulations.

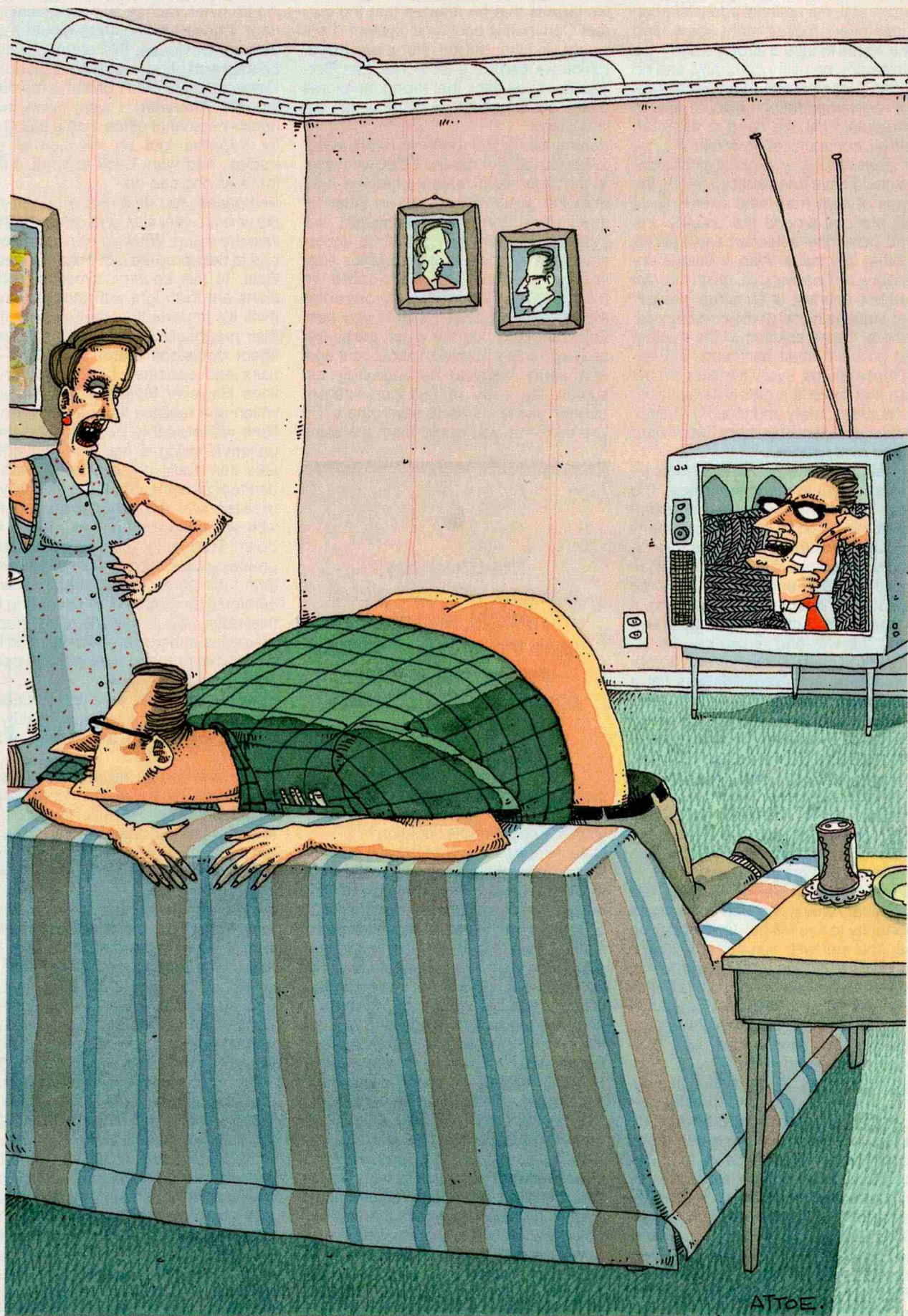
Penthouse: Would you favor the nationalization of nuclear power?

Gale: The system we have now is compatible with American society. To have it otherwise would represent a major rethinking of our philosophy of the private sector. The advantages of a national strategy for nuclear power are that one might have a uniform reactor design and

a better sharing of information. But there are also disadvantages. For example, if a mistake is made, it may have colossal consequences. Also, it's unlikely that a single reactor design or a single type of reactor siting can satisfy this country's diverse energy requirements, just like a single health-care plan is unlikely to satisfy the needs of a heterogeneous society of 240 million people. We often actually lose ground when we nationalize things. Competition tends to produce a higher level of safety and service. What our country really needs is a careful blending of the national interest and competitive spirit.

Penthouse: *Final Warning* makes the point that every last person on earth is involved in the nuclear dilemma. Yet in this, an election year, none of the major candidates has addressed the issue of nuclear power in any coherent fashion. If one of these candidates came to you and asked your advice on this matter, what would you tell him?

Gale: In some ways nuclear energy has become a nonissue. It would be an unusual candidate, regardless of his personal beliefs, who would risk advocating nuclear energy. Politicians are concerned with being elected; anyone who supports nuclear energy is going to face a difficult time. This country generates 16 percent of its electricity from nuclear



"That's just great, George. Now we'll never be saved."

sources. The world energy supply is unstable. Still, our national administration changes every four or eight years, and no one wants to take a strong stand—no administrator, no utility company, and no politician. Nonetheless, there are a number of recommendations I would give to a candidate. First, we need to establish far better communication within the nuclear power industry. Several prior accidents could have been anticipated by the analysis of data from near accidents at power stations around the country. Improved personnel selection and training is another key issue. Also, it seems unnecessary and inadvisable, given the vast size of this country, to construct nuclear power stations close to major metropolitan areas. Some solution to the nuclear waste problem must be found. But beyond these issues, every candidate must realize that there is a global responsibility for nuclear safety and sharing of data. A nuclear accident anywhere is a nuclear accident everywhere.

I believe that Chernobyl represents an important event in the nuclear age. The nuclear age started with the detonation of the atomic bomb in Japan. But for many Americans back then, the fact that these were *atomic* bombs was not that critical. It's hard for us to understand this more than 40 years later, but it's true. Also, if you speak to Americans who lived through the war and remember the attack on Pearl Harbor, they felt that bombing Hiroshima and Nagasaki was not a wrong thing to do. It was judged to have ended the war quickly, and actually saved lives. The postwar atomic-bomb testings in the atmosphere are not well remembered, and had very little impact on the public. In my opinion, what Chernobyl represents is the realization that these nuclear events are real; that we live in a nuclear age. Responsible candidates would bring that message home.

Penthouse: You're one of the very few nonpolitical Americans who has had an opportunity to see Mikhail Gorbachev up close. You met with him at some length in his office in Moscow, and you saw him briefly when he was in the United States for the summit with President Reagan. If you could give our next president suggestions about how to deal with Gorbachev, what would you say?

Gale: Gorbachev is an intelligent, dynamic, well educated, and forceful person. Many regard him as the most impressive Soviet leader since Lenin and have welcomed his ascendancy to power, since his style of politics is so different from that of his predecessors. Still, we shouldn't underestimate his commitment to Communism.

And we have to remember that most Soviet citizens are happy to live in the Soviet Union. Their economic system has been productive, if we consider where they were in 1917 and where they are in 1988. We shouldn't be deluded into thinking that Gorbachev is a closet anti-Com-

munist or a closet capitalist. His great advantage is that he realizes that the current Communist economic system is not viable, and that drastic reform is needed. I think we can do a lot worse than Gorbachev, and I think that taking measures designed to guarantee his downfall are ill-advised.

Penthouse: In your book you write about a Russian doctor named Orlov who went to the Chernobyl reactor complex right after the accident and stayed there for three hours, trying to help injured firefighters, despite the fact that he understood the dangers involved. Orlov subsequently died from exposure to radiation. You have said numerous times that of all the Soviet patients you had, Orlov affected you the most, partly because he was a physician about your age, and partly because he knowingly assumed the risks of radiation—consequently giving his life to save others. Do you think that you would react the same

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The Chernobyl
accident will have global
effects, and may
cause thousands of cancer
deaths, half of them
outside the Soviet Union.

”

way in a comparable situation?

Gale: I hope that I would behave in a similar fashion, but I wouldn't be at all unique in this. For example, physicians and nurses who care for patients with AIDS or hepatitis undertake substantial risks in fulfilling their responsibilities, and I doubt if many of them would hesitate to act as Dr. Orlov did. We tend to underestimate what human beings are willing to do to help one another in times of crisis. Let me give you an example from my own experience. A number of years ago at U.C.L.A., I treated a young woman who developed aplastic anemia—a disease that destroys bone marrow as a consequence of hepatitis. The average survival of a patient with this disease is about three months. Because of this, we decided to treat her with an experimental form of immunosuppressive therapy. One complication of this therapy can be paralysis, and as the paralysis spreads the person can cease breathing. In this particular instance, a nurse and I were in the room when this young woman developed this complication. Soon she stopped breathing, and since she had aplastic anemia and lacked platelets needed for

clotting of her blood, she began bleeding from her trachea and gastrointestinal tract. I gave her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Obviously, this put me in direct contact with her contaminated blood, but I have to say, I didn't give it a moment's thought. Afterward, I went down to the health-personnel office, had a blood test for hepatitis, got an injection of antibodies, and went back to work. I think that's all one can do.

Penthouse: You deal regularly with people who are very sick, and often with those who are dying. What do you say to someone to help prepare him or her for death?

Gale: In this country, almost all physicians are forthright with their patients. I think it's important to discuss with them their prognosis, so they can make intelligent decisions about treatment—the risks and benefits of various interventions. However, there is a certain point at which one realizes that further interventions will probably be futile and that a patient is going to die. Very few individuals can really come to grips with the concept of dying. Yet I'm continually impressed with the integrity and courage with which the youngest of patients face death. Frequently young children have a greater appreciation of what death means than their parents, and actually have to comfort their mother or father during their final days. I would say one of the greatest privileges of being a physician is to be a part of that process, to help these people in their remaining time.

Penthouse: Is there anything that can be said to people who are now healthy but might someday have to face an incurable illness?

Gale: In a certain regard, all of us are incurably ill. We are all going to die. About 20 percent of us, one out of five, are going to die of cancer unless major advances are made. The important thing is to come to peace with yourself when you're *not* dying. When you're dying, it's perhaps too late. When you face a three-year-old child dying from an incurable form of leukemia, you realize that missing a bus, missing a plane, or having your car scratched are relatively trivial events. You gain an important perspective on life.

Penthouse: In *Final Warning* you say, "I look at leukemia and I say to myself, this illness shouldn't be. No one should die from this disease. The technology is now available to cure leukemia. . . . We have the tools. We are going to cure leukemia. What I'd like most is for someone to give me a large chunk of space and money and tell me to do the job. I'd set up my own unit, take ten very good people. I know who the best players are. In ten years we'd have a cure. That would be the most satisfying thing that I could do with my life." What would it take to set up this unit, and do you really think that in ten years we'd definitely have a cure for leukemia?

Gale: What we would have in ten years is a focused attempt to cure leukemia be-

yond what has already been achieved. I believe the time is right to utilize two recent developments. One is a critical reassessment of the role the immune system plays in eradicating leukemia in patients who receive bone-marrow transplants. The second is the availability of molecularly cloned growth factors that stimulate normal and leukemic cells. I'd like to see a group of investigators who are so committed to trying to cure leukemia that they would be willing to temporarily give up tenured positions at major universities; willing to, or perhaps happy to, give up competing for research dollars; and willing to put their egos aside and to share, as a group, the risks and potential rewards. I don't mean monetary rewards. I mean the intellectual rewards of having a major impact on an important human cancer.

Penthouse: If one of America's multimillionaires came to you and said, "I want to make a difference," realistically, how much money would you need to fund this over a ten-year period?

Gale: If we assume that the actual health-care cost, such as hospital bills, would be paid through conventional channels and address ourselves to this superstructure, I estimate the cost of such an activity might be between \$3 and \$5 million a year. The total cost over ten years would then be \$30 to \$50 million. I am willing to take the risk of failing to achieve this goal. I'm not afraid of failure. I'd rather try and fail than not have tried at all.

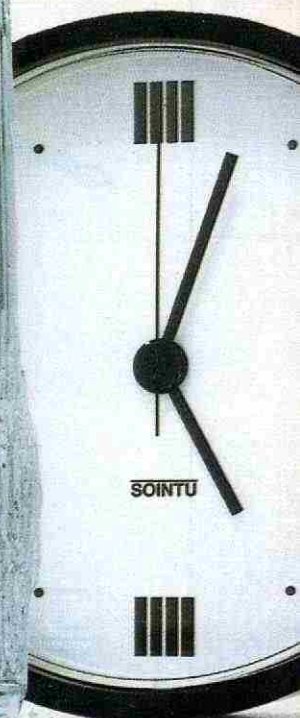
Penthouse: What do you see as the outer boundaries of bone-marrow transplantation in the future?

Gale: I would like to divide my response into two phases—immediate and distinct prospects.

In the near future, it seems likely that transplantation will be extended to a greater number of persons and to a wider range of diseases. For example, many individuals with leukemia who might benefit from transplants lack suitable donors. Recently, thousands of normal volunteers have had tissue or genetic typing of their blood performed. The results are stored in computer bases in the United States and Europe. It is now possible to search these computer bases in order to locate an unrelated but genetically matched individual who can then serve as a bone-marrow transplant donor. Over 200 transplants of this type have already been performed—and with surprisingly encouraging results.

Also, transplantation is likely to be used in other diseases. For example, an increasing number of transplants are being performed in children with genetic and metabolic diseases. One example is thalassemia, which affects over one million persons worldwide. Autotransplants—that is, transplantation of a person's own bone marrow—is now being used to treat some individuals with lymphomas and Hodgkin's disease, breast cancer, neuroblastomas, and some other tumors.

TIME TO FINNISH



THE FINAL WORD IN VODKA

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Other immediate prospects for progress include the use of monoclonal antibodies to prevent graft rejection and graft-versus-host disease, and removing cancer cells contaminating the bone marrow in autotransplant candidates. Infections with bacteria and viruses may be preventable using molecularly cloned growth factors, which stimulate bone-marrow cells to divide, and new antiviral drugs. Long-term prospects are even more exciting. Some diseases such as lupus erythematosus or rheumatoid arthritis might be correctable by transplanting a new immune system into the patient.

Perhaps the two most innovative areas relate to genetic engineering, and to transplants of other organs and tissues. It is possible that the initial attempts at inserting new genes into cells will be via bone-marrow transplants. Two diseases are currently under consideration: thalassemia, in which a gene for hemoglobin is mutated or absent, and a rare severe form of immune deficiency associated with the absence of the gene for adenosine deaminase. Animals with diseases similar to these have been partially or completely cured with genetically engineered bone-marrow transplants. This should be achievable in humans before the end of the century, if not sooner. Another variation on this theme might be to

introduce drug-resistant genes into bone-marrow cells. This would allow cancer victims to receive much higher doses of anticancer drugs, which are currently prevented because they damage bone-marrow cells.

A final area I would like to mention is the use of bone-marrow transplants as a prelude to transplanting other organs and tissues. When one transplants the bone marrow, one also changes the recipient's immune system to that of the donor. Consequently, after a successful bone-marrow transplant, it should be possible to transplant a heart, kidney, or liver from the same donor without the risk of rejection. Such experiments have already been successful in animals. This strategy would also enable society to face the unfortunate problem that there will never be sufficient human hearts available for transplantation. If animal bone marrow, such as from swine or primates, could be successfully transplanted, then heart transplants from the same donors might be possible.

Needless to say, these issues of genetic engineering and animal-donor organ grafts raise serious and important philosophical, ethical, and moral issues. The tempo of research must proceed cautiously, and the perceived risk, societal as well as medical, must be carefully

balanced against the perceived benefit. Nevertheless, I believe research in these areas is likely to continue and, ultimately, be successful.

Penthouse: You worked very closely with regard to Chernobyl and other matters with Dr. Armand Hammer, who has met with every Soviet leader since Lenin. He seems to play a unique role in relations between the United States and the Soviet Union. What can you tell us about that? **Gale:** Communications between nations utilize diverse pathways. When relations are good, diplomatic channels suffice. On the other hand, the situation deteriorates when you have something like the Cuban missile crisis or the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Under these circumstances, unofficial channels such as the relationship between Hammer and Gorbachev are critical, and decrease the chances for a serious mistake.

I saw this illustrated best when Hammer and I met with Gorbachev in May of 1986, just after the American bombing of Libya. Most Americans felt this action was justified; but not unexpectedly, it was not well received by the Soviets. There had been speculation that Gorbachev and Ronald Reagan would meet in November of that year in Washington for their second summit meeting. As soon as the American attack was announced, the



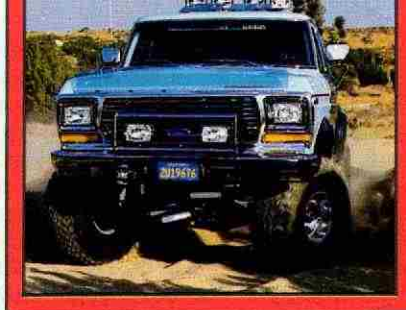
SCHWABRON

READ ALL ABOUT THEM IN

FOUR WHEELER

The '53 CJ-3A Willys Jeep above (lower left) is no ordinary hand-me-down. Besides being beautifully preserved, it's fitted with new roll bars, seat covers, dash gauges, sound system and custom bumper with built-in toolbox and ice chest. The brakes and steering system have been updated, and it's powered by a Chevy 327 V-8 with TRW flat-top pistons that delivers 250 horses.

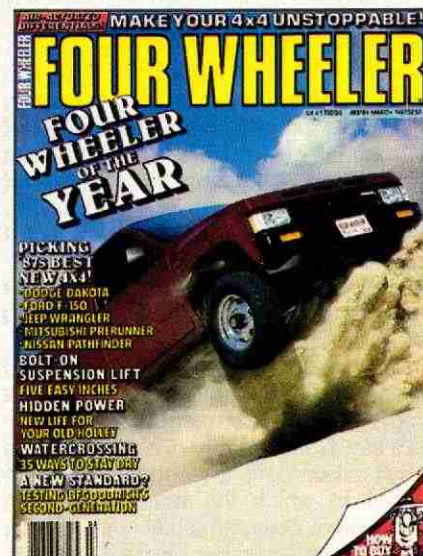
Five years ago, a 17-year-old reader of FOUR WHEELER turned a dream into reality when he bought a '76 Ford F-100—stock. As you can see above (top left) a lot has changed. The original grille is out—replaced by a chromed



tubular unit with square headlights. The finish is a five-tone Deepnight Blue Centari enamel. Inside, the stock bench seat has been modified with velour-covered bucket inserts, and a LeVan sunroof adds to the creature comforts of the cab. The engine, tranny, exhaust and suspension systems have all been modified, too.

Talk about transformations! The '77 AMC Pacer above (top right) has completely altered from a plain-Jane car into a custom 4x4 pickup. A Jeep SR-5 five-speed gearbox replaced the stock tranny. The transfer case—a New Power 219—features its own limited-slip differential, a durable viscous coupling and a 2.62:1 low-range gear. Combined with the low axle ratio (4.09:1), the gearing of the Pacer makes it a real climber!

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Soviets indicated that they were not going to proceed with Gorbachev's planned visit in November. In our meeting with Gorbachev, Hammer amazed me by spending much of our time discussing why Gorbachev ought to come to Washington, why he was likely to get a favorable reception from the American people, and why he should not assume that because Chernobyl had been widely, and to some extent inaccurately, reported in the American press, Americans took any pleasure in this common tragedy.

Penthouse: The same day you and Dr. Hammer met with Gorbachev, you held a press conference at the Soviet Foreign Ministry to discuss Chernobyl for the first time with the world press. In response to a question regarding the lessons of Chernobyl, you stated, "People who believe meaningful assistance is possible for the victims of nuclear war are mistaken." What would the medical effects of nuclear war, or even a single isolated bomb detonation, be?

Gale: If we briefly consider what would happen if there were a detonation of a single small nuclear weapon over a city—let's say, Detroit, a city of about four and a half million people—depending on the height at which the bomb exploded, somewhere between a half-million and a million people would die instantaneously. An equal number would be injured, and most of them would die later. What would be the medical response to this kind of accident? First, about half the physicians would be killed and 80 percent of the hospitals would be destroyed, severely reducing the personnel and facilities able to respond.

Let's look at two interventions needed in Chernobyl and see how they would stack up. Our estimation is that a single megaton weapon detonation over Detroit would require about 40,000 intensive-care-unit beds for burn victims. In the state of Michigan, there are only about 50 such beds, and in the United States only about 1,500. We would also require about 15 or 16 million units of platelets for blood transfusions to treat radiation victims. We have on hand in the entire United States on any given day about 12,000 units. Now, that's just looking at a single nuclear weapon. Even if we had all the physicians and hospital space needed, the entire medical resources of the United States could not begin to cope. We only have about one-thousandth of the needed resources. If you magnify this by an all-out war between the United States and the Soviet Union, such an exchange would result in the death of more than half of our combined populations.

Penthouse: You're best known throughout the world for your involvement in the medical aftermath of Chernobyl; but more recently you've been very involved with a radiation accident in Brazil. What happened? How did you become involved?

Gale: The accident in Brazil, which was the largest radiation accident in the West,

began last September in the city of Goiânia in central Brazil. Two men came upon an abandoned radiotherapy unit that had been used to treat cancer patients. This unit contained a very substantial amount of cesium, which is a highly radioactive isotope, similar to what was released from the Chernobyl accident. The unit was in a large, heavy lead encasement, and the men thought they could sell it as scrap metal. They put this unit in a child's wagon and brought it home. The following day, they took it to a junk dealer who broke it open and discovered a platinum capsule inside. Uneducated as they were, they didn't recognize the radiation danger symbol of three triangles. When they broke open the capsule at night, it emitted a bluish glow. They mistook it for some magical device and began to break it apart and distribute it to their friends and families. Some painted their bodies with it, others ingested it. The accident would not have

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In a certain regard,
all of us are incurably ill. The
important thing is to
come to peace with yourself
when you're not dying.

,

been discovered except that the wife of the junk dealer noticed that many members of her family were losing their hair, and developing skin rashes and diarrhea. She was clever enough to realize that these symptoms were probably related to this ball of cesium. She put it in a plastic bag, got on a bus, went across this town of about a million people, and brought it to a health inspector's office.

Penthouse: How long after it was opened did she notice these symptoms?

Gale: About two weeks. It was fortunate that she didn't just throw it into the trash. As it was, about 200 people had been exposed to this radioactive source. The clerk from the health department called down a representative from the nuclear energy agency of Brazil. They placed a Geiger counter over the cesium and it went off the scale. Not believing it, they got a second Geiger counter, which confirmed the first. The exposed individuals were rounded up and quarantined on a football field. Then the houses where these people lived were quarantined, and over the next two weeks, about 20 individuals were flown to Rio to receive specialized medical care.

Penthouse: What about the people on the bus who sat by this woman when she was carrying the cesium? How much were they at risk?

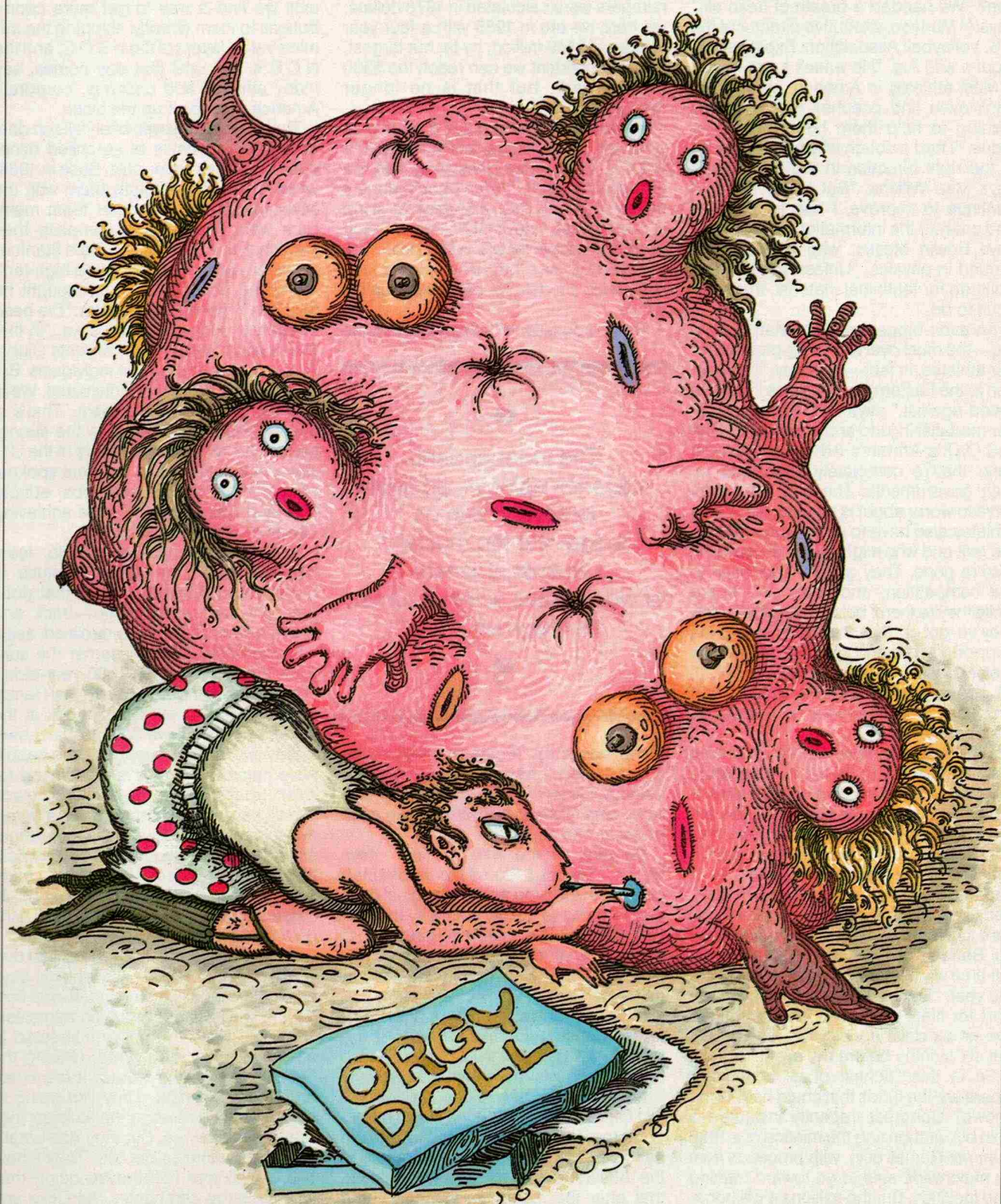
Gale: They obviously received radiation from the cesium source, but we can assume that they were getting on and off the bus, and that no one was exposed for a substantial period. However, the clerk who had it on his desk for several minutes received a very substantial dose of radiation. I was contacted shortly after the accident was detected by Dr. Daniel Tebak of the National Cancer Institute of Brazil. I offered him my services and the resources of the Armand Hammer Center for Advanced Studies in Nuclear Energy and Health, but didn't hear from him for another two weeks. Then he contacted me in mid-October, saying that his colleagues had encountered substantial problems in taking care of these people, and asked me to come immediately to Brazil.

These individuals were extremely ill by the time I arrived, including one six-year-old girl who had ingested large amounts of cesium and had become radioactive. The situation posed a very serious health threat, not only to the patients, but to the physicians and nurses caring for them. It was a situation much more complex than the one we faced at Chernobyl, where the patients, although exposed to high doses of radiation, were not themselves radioactive. The immediate outcome of the accident in Brazil was that four individuals died, including the young girl. These people had to be buried in concrete tombs to prevent them from being a risk to people visiting the cemetery. The others have now all recovered and are either back home or under quarantine until the radioactivity leaves their bodies. We anticipate that most of the radioactivity should be released from their bodies over the course of a year. At the end of that time, they will be able to return to living normal lives.

Penthouse: In the Soviet Union, you were given everything you needed to do your job properly. They even allowed you to bring an Israeli biochemist, Yair Reisner, to help deal with the patients. In Brazil, were you allowed to function as freely?

Gale: One important aspect of all these nuclear radiation accidents is that they quickly leave the medical or scientific sphere and become political issues. Proponents and opponents of nuclear energy and nuclear weapons see them as an opportunity to espouse their causes. In Brazil, the patients were moved to a Navy hospital, and the military kept very tight control over the release of any information about these patients, their treatment, or their whereabouts. While I was in Brazil, I agreed to operate there without disclosing to the press any of my activities. I felt that the health care of the patients was more important than keeping the public informed, but otherwise I was generally allowed to function freely.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148



OLYMPICS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

won the silver medal—and even though the team members revered him—Selinger's contract was not renewed. The reason? "We needed a breath of fresh air," says Al Monaco, executive director of the U.S. Volleyball Association. Explains Selinger's wife Aia, "He wasn't a yes-man."

Most athletes in America, meanwhile, can't even find coaches with scientific training to help them hone their technique. "I had a coach who started me off in the right direction in the beginning," says Mac Wilkins. "But in my effort to continue to improve, I had to research and analyze the information myself." And says Edwin Moses, who has a background in physics, "Unless you have an aptitude for technical material, that's difficult to do."

An even bigger problem than coaching—the most overwhelming problem for our athletes, in fact—is money. "I've spoken to the Eastern Bloc athletes I've competed against," says Bob Berland, a silver medalist in judo and a member of the U.S.O.C.'s Athletes Advisory Council, "and they're completely supported by their governments. The only thing they have to worry about is training. American athletes also have to worry about paying the rent and who might take their job while they're gone. They get transportation to the competition, and room and board while they're there; but for everything else, they've got to find their own corporate support or depend on their parents or their spouse." As Edwin Moses puts it, "It all adds up to impossible stress. Most American athletes are carrying rocks on their backs."

Like most American athletes who've finished college, Berland has a separate full-time profession. He works as a commodities trader at the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, which fortunately has sponsored him. "There's no real judo in Chicago, so if I have to leave and train in Japan, say, for six weeks, the Merc compensates me for lost wages," he says. He's luckier than most of his peers. Even so, Berland has only been able to train full-time since the beginning of this Olympic year. "Soviet Bloc athletes have support for life," he says. "They've trained five or six days a week for years. I just get six months before my event."

So in this "richest of all countries," where are the funds that could help? Who knows? Congress recently instituted a coin bill, authorizing the minting of a 1988 Summer Games coin, with proceeds from its nationwide sale to go toward training and facilities. But the millions it will hopefully bring in will only be a tiny tip of the iceberg. And aside from corralling these public donations, the government contributes nothing, unlike most of the other 167 countries that compete. For its part, the U.S.O.C. simply doesn't raise enough

to finance a maximum Olympic effort. "We feel we're very much short of the goal," says the U.S.O.C.'s Mike Moran. "In 1978, the President's Commission on Olympic Sports determined we needed a one-time infusion of \$300 million plus four-year budgets of well over \$300 million. Those numbers were calculated in 1978 dollars; yet here we are in 1988 with a four-year budget of \$149 million, by far our largest. We are confident we can reach the \$300 million mark, but that is no longer enough."

According to members of the Athletes Advisory Council, much of the money the U.S.O.C. does raise goes back into the organization itself. "When people donate money to the U.S.O.C., they think it's going to the athletes," says Christopher Dorst, head fund-raiser for U.S. water polo. "But the U.S.O.C. is a big, slow-moving animal. Once it's paid for itself, not much is left."

That's a question of semantics, as Mike

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The independent,
maverick spirit we so firmly
believe in can no
longer cut the mustard
against arsenals
of world-class science turned
on magnum force.

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Moran points out. "Putting money into the organization means supporting three training centers, sport-science laboratories, and Olympic festivals, among other projects," he says.

"In fact, of the \$149 million," says Moran, "almost \$100 million is directed toward athlete programs, with actual cash grants going to the 38 N.G.B.'s. In addition, the N.G.B.'s received hundreds of thousands of dollars from the money raised by Peter Ueberroth at the Los Angeles Games."

But according to members of the Athletes Advisory Council, much of the money going to the N.G.B.'s is filtered through administrative layers as well.

Moreover, some N.G.B.'s support not just Olympic sports, but the whole gamut from recreational and youth sports to handicapped sports. Some members of the Athletes Advisory Council estimate that after the money has been filtered through the administrative layers of the U.S.O.C. and the N.G.B.'s, then passed around to various nonelite athletes, the Olympians are lucky to get about five percent, for direct stipends on which they can live while they train.

"The U.S.O.C. says its mandate is taking care of *all* amateur sport," Korzeniowski complains. "But an Olympic committee should support *Olympic* sport. At least if you want to win."

According to Edwin Moses, individual athletes will never get the funds they need until we find a way to get more contributions to them *directly*, skipping the administrative layers of the U.S.O.C. and the N.G.B.'s. But until that day comes, say many athletes and coaches, corporate America must pick up the slack.

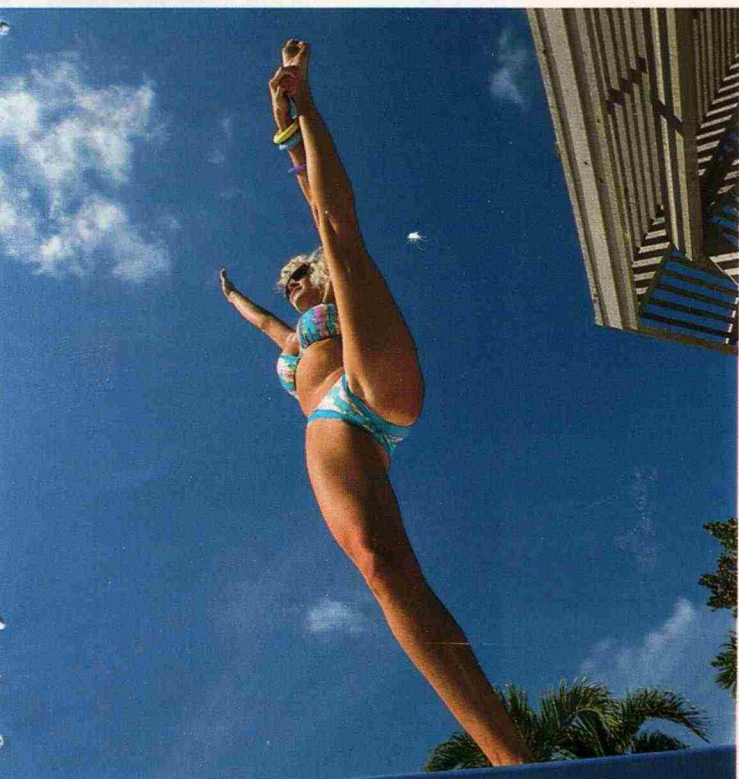
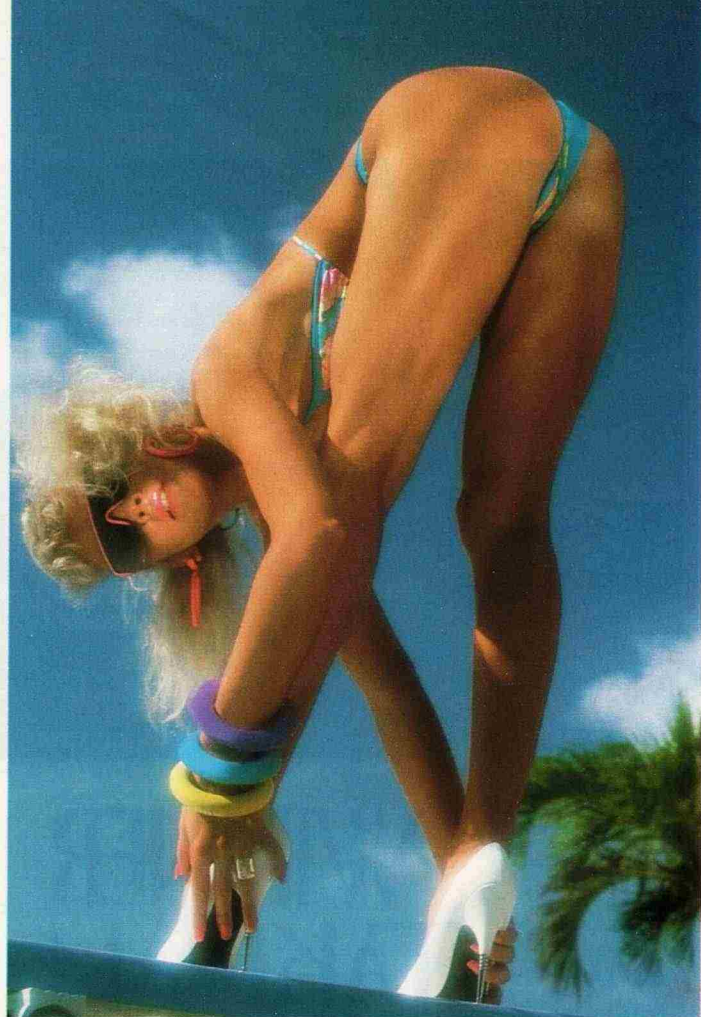
That advice, however, often falls on deaf ears when it comes to so-called minor sports, such as water polo. Back in 1984, when Christopher Dorst's team won the silver medal, he and other team members went into debt to complete their training. But with an M.B.A. from Stanford University and experience as a high-tech marketing consultant, Dorst thought he could do better for the '88 team. "I've been marginally successful," he says, "in that I've raised \$75,000 from Kiwanis Clubs, Rotary Clubs, and private individuals. But corporations don't seem interested. We're just too low-profile for them. That's a shame," he adds, "because the strong, handsome, articulate members of the U.S. water polo team would be great spokespeople. They've balanced jobs, education, and marriages, all while achieving Olympic-caliber success."

If sports such as water polo, team handball, and judo suffer because of corporate disinterest, a sport that does get corporate sponsorship—track and field—seems also to have declined, since only big-name athletes garner the support. "I coach a bunch of 30-year-olds," says Tom Jennings, coach of New Hampshire's Pacific Coast Club. "Look at the field now. From Steve Scott to Carl Lewis to Billy Olson, no one quits. These people have names, and they're in demand for every major track meet. Since track events have limited entries, there's hardly any room for newcomers. These younger athletes simply can't get into competition. And to get good, you have to compete against the best in the world." In other words, the next generation isn't getting the chance to develop.

American companies have backed only a select number of our Olympians, says one gold-medal-winning track-and-field athlete who asked to remain nameless, "because they are mostly interested in advancing their own good. Getting the Olympic logo on the product is the extent of their involvement. They like going to the parties and meeting the athletes; they like taking pictures. But they don't really care if the athletes get aid. They'll help one or two and feel they're doing their job. But large companies like Coke and 7-Up have to be much more involved."

Even when programs are well funded, however, they may lose much of their value because not enough athletes have access to them. Consider the thriving research labs at Colorado Springs. While

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124



“Working for yourself is truly liberating. . . .
LISA I have never been
 able to submit to the
 restrictions of a
 nine-to-five way of life.”

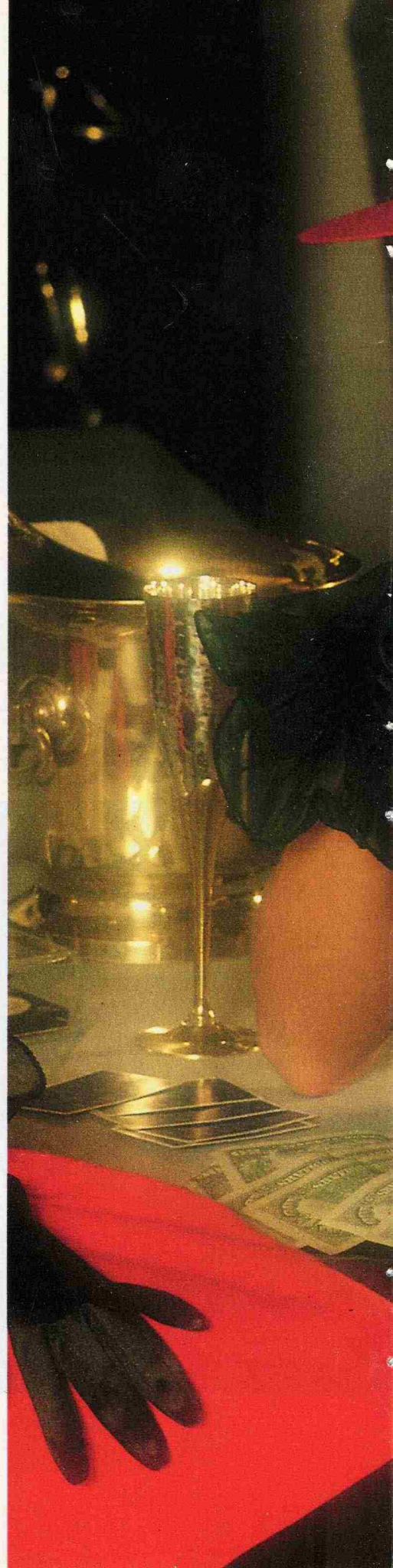


WINNER TAKE ALL

*“I’ll know I’ve really made it
when the tourists start asking to pose
for pictures with me!”*

Never let it be said that August Pet of the Month Lisa Aiton isn't a real "stand-up" gal. Especially when you consider the very successful, albeit unusual business that she and her husband have built together in Atlanta. "We go to all the tourist spots with those life-size cardboard cutouts of celebrities. You'd be amazed how many people enjoy posing with them for souvenir photographs. . . . We make a fortune!" A blond-haired, green-eyed, impossibly voluptuous size 3, we can see why 21-year-old Lisa would have no trouble drawing a crowd.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER







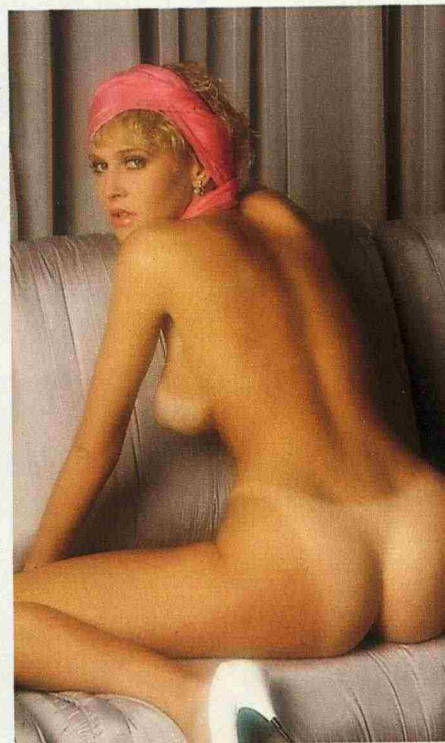
"Working for
yourself is a truly
exhilarating
and liberating
experience," Lisa
remarks. "I've
never been able
to submit to
the restrictions
of a nine-to-five life."





Lisa once enjoyed a brief stint as a "foxy boxer": "It was all in fun, though I did take a few hard knocks

in the ring!" Winners were selected by audience applause, and the 37-22-36 contender emerged undefeated.

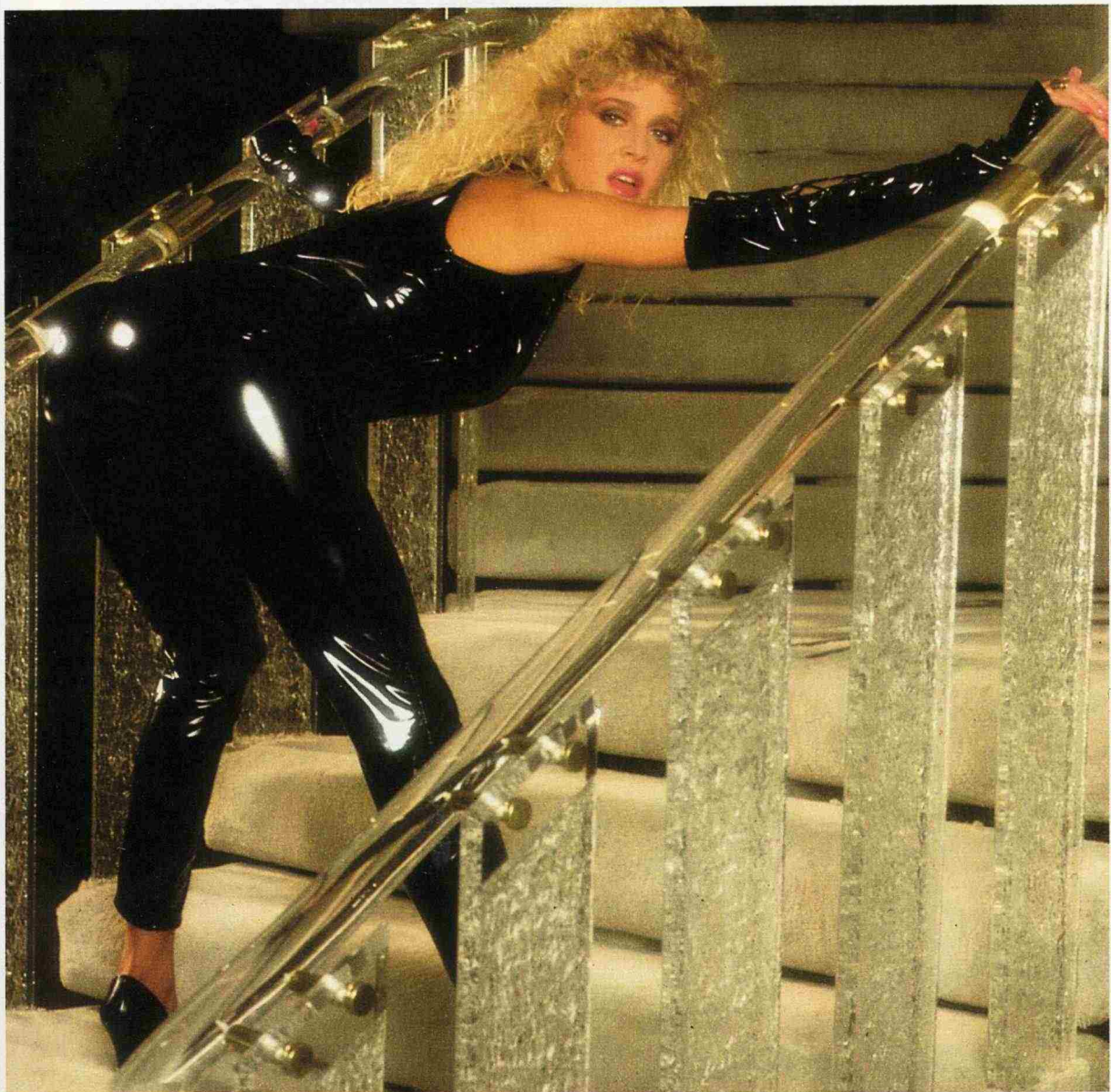


A self-confessed romantic with a "slightly wild streak," Lisa's devoted to seafood, junk food, sandy beaches, hot Jacuzzis, and Muddy Waters.

CHECK DEPTH OF WATER
BEFORE "YOU" DIVE ✓

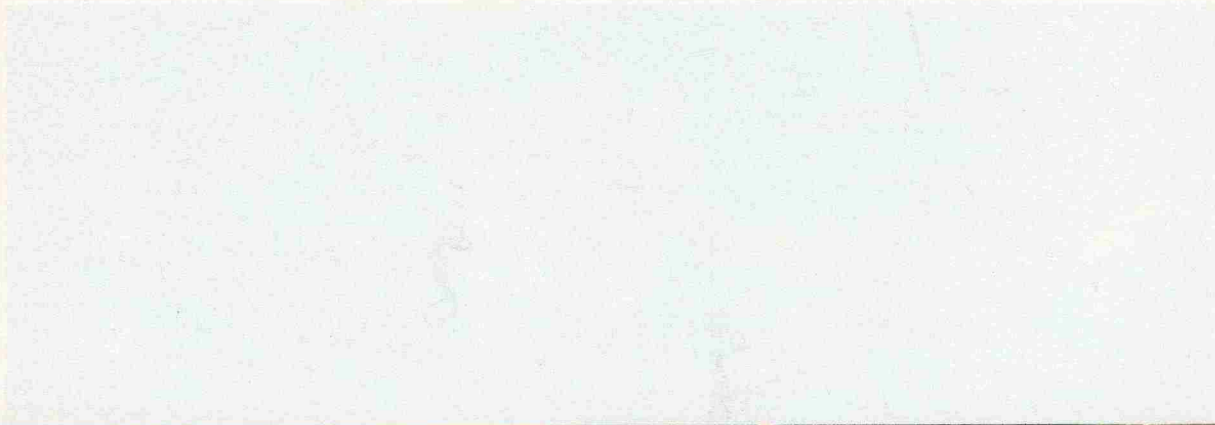






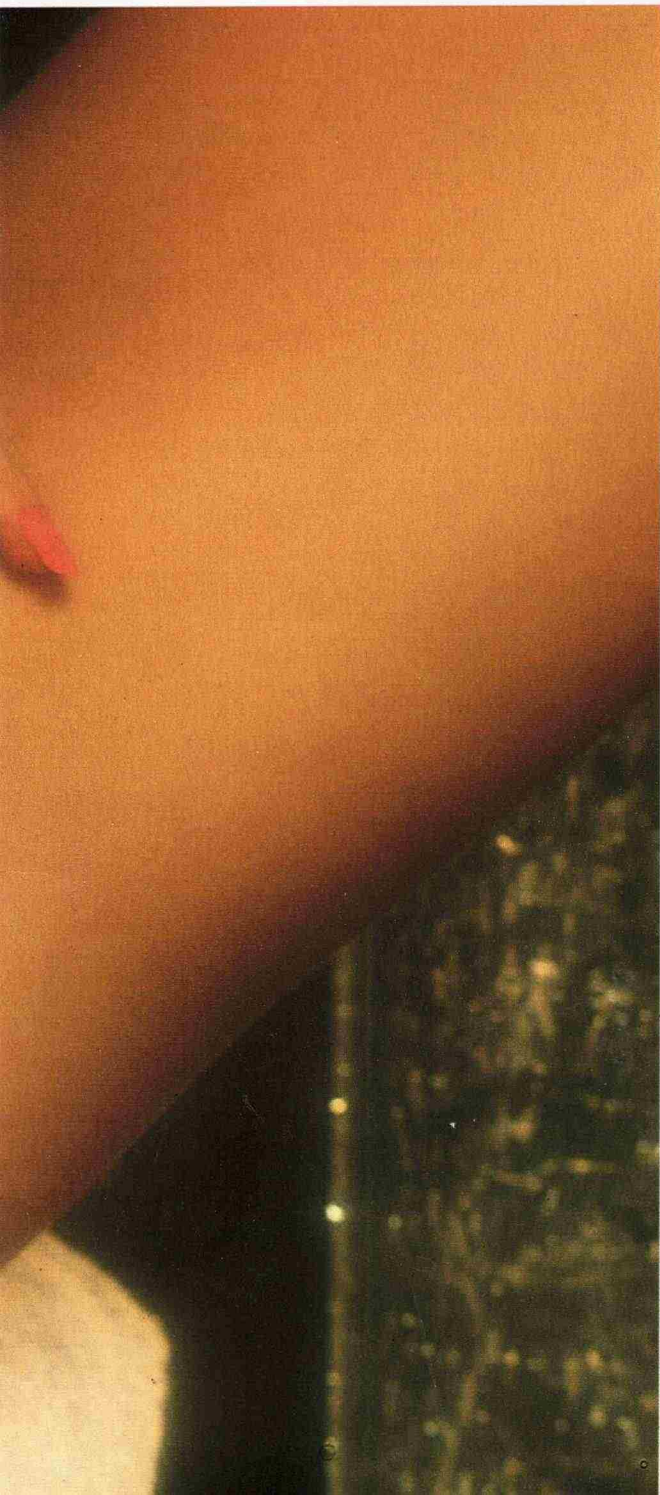
Hair by Grisel Quintana; makeup by Robert Bolger; wardrobe courtesy of Flirts, Fort Lauderdale, Florida, and Lace to Lust, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Unveiling her charms against the palatial backdrop of master designer Sam Caliendo's Florida estate, Lisa became convinced that hard work does indeed reap rich rewards.



Lisa hopes that acting and modeling will help her reach her lofty goals—she's recently completed a substantial role in a

major motion picture comedy. "But I'll know I've *really* made it when the tourists start asking to pose with *my* photo!"





MISS LISA AITON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





It is important to remember
that unlike injured civilians, servicemen
or women cannot sue their
employer on grounds of negligence.

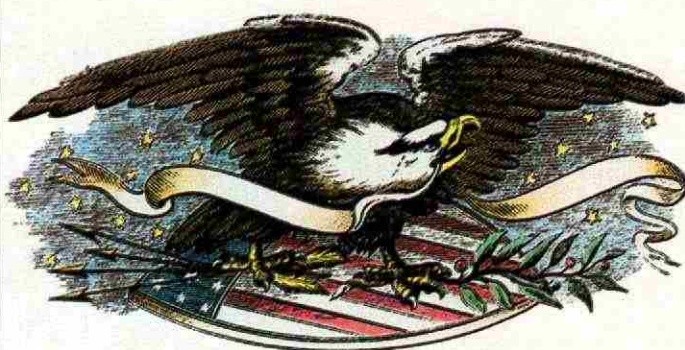
THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Prior to their national conventions, both the Republicans and the Democrats held extensive hearings to hammer out a party platform on which their candidate could be elected. Such platforms are often forgotten once a candidate is in office, and are easily abandoned in the face of a changed reality or perception. More often than not, presidential candidates, once elected, flip-flop on the planks of the platform they so solemnly embraced at the convention.

That said, the respective party platforms are important documents because they reflect the willingness of party activists to support their nominee's policies and administration. A comparison between the two party platforms indicates how one candidate might differ from the other in solving national problems. Yet in the matter of issues pertaining to veterans, George Wallace's observation in 1968 that "there isn't a dime's worth of difference between the Republicans and the Democrats" still stands.

The language in the respective veterans planks obscures more than it reveals. Both parties, it would seem, are "for" veterans, are counting on veterans' support to "keep America strong," and are committed to making good on past promises to veterans and their families. Such rhetoric is designed to be inoffensive, but in so doing it leaves unanswered the real questions about the future of veterans issues.

The worst possible outcome for veterans in the next presidential administration would be for a veterans policy to come



about by default. As the next president attempts to do something about such issues as the federal budget deficit, the so-called welfare mess, and health care, there is a strong likelihood that veterans programs will be abandoned in a futile search for a "national solution" to America's social problems. It seems that veterans programs are particularly vulnerable to demands for a reduction in entitlement benefits. Those making such demands have been heard from in periodic assaults on the social-security system over the past eight years. Although social security remains intact, the intergenerational hostility arising from the overall aging of America has not diminished, and the projected increases in social-security taxes can be counted on to exacerbate those feelings.

It is not clear from the party platforms whether the problems faced by the Vietnam veterans will merit any more consideration than those faced by other minority groups. In recent years, it has seemed that the special needs of Vietnam veterans have been evaded by including them as

part of a larger problem to be dealt with at some unspecified future time. In spite of considerable political lip service, the training, employment, and psychological needs of handicapped veterans have been largely unmet by the government. Instead, a "lowest common denominator" of compassion is used to justify the equal sharing of resources to meet the needs of all handicapped citizens. Without trying to unravel the equity of the compassion involved, the current practice (which is grossly underfunded) overlooks the salient fact that the condition of handicapped veterans is the responsibility of the U.S. government. In addition, it is important to remember that unlike injured civilians, servicemen or women cannot sue their employer on grounds of negligence.

The respective party platforms are flawed documents insofar as they address the problems of past, present, and future veterans. The lack of clear policy statements and intentions indicates an ad hoc mentality: Wait until chaos is rampant and then react in a muddle-through fashion. Al-

though this may have worked in the past, one of the unlearned lessons of the Vietnam War is that a flawed personnel and veteran policy creates problems that live on long after hostilities end. As we have seen in recent months, the United States has an almost fatal proclivity for wandering into potential war situations without a clear statement of our national purpose. Today's politicians must be made aware that there is not an unlimited supply of sailors, soldiers, airmen, and Marines willing to play games in the Persian Gulf, Panama, or elsewhere on a reenlistment. The plain fact is that the veteran population is increasing by some 500,000 each year as the military's turnover rate flourishes and the bloom fades on the all-volunteer forces.

In our discussions with the party pols who put the platforms together, we found little or no recognition of the relationship between foreign-policy initiatives, military strategies, the defense budget, and veterans issues. It's almost as if they believe there will always be a group of young men and women ready to rally round the flag while ignoring the treatment of the last group of ralliers. If the sentiments one hears at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial are any indication of popular sentiment, the politicians who take veterans for granted are in for a big surprise as they contemplate future military operations and the adoption of "veterans reforms" without understanding the personal costs as well as the tax dollars involved.—William R. Corson

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“F.B.I. agents are watching companies like mine and not criminals. I picture federal agents with earphones listening to me argue over box-office receipts while boatloads of illegal American missiles are sailing to Iran.”

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY SEYMOUR WISHMAN

The author has been a criminal lawyer for 18 years, working both as a prosecutor and a defense lawyer. His most recent books include *Confessions of a Criminal Lawyer* and *Anatomy of a Jury*.

THE F.B.I.'S CANDID CAMERA

I was outraged to learn that the Federal Bureau of Investigation used wiretaps, physical surveillance, undercover agents, and informers to spy on hundreds of American citizens and groups opposed to the Reagan administration's policies in Central America. Beginning in 1981 and continuing for at least five years, 52 of the bureau's 59 field offices were digging around in what they now claim was a search for terrorists. One of the organizations they were spying on was First Run Features, the film distribution company of which I am president.

According to *The New York Times*, a government official claimed that the investigation was begun after allegations that members of CISPES (Committee in Solidarity With the People of El Salvador), a liberal group opposed to Reagan's foreign policy, had provided military assistance to leftist guerrillas in El Salvador. These allegations were never proved. The investigation quickly expanded to include the Council of Churches in New York City; the Southern Christian Leadership Conference in Atlanta; the Roman Catholic Maryknoll Sisters in Chicago and Oklahoma City; the Sisters of Mercy Generalate in Baltimore; the Women's Rape Crisis Center in Norfolk, Virginia; and my company, First Run Features.

I would have thought F.B.I. agents were smart enough to know that when a reviewer called one of our films "explosive," he was speaking metaphorically, not offering grounds to open a file on us. When people in the film business refer to bombs, they are talking about financial failures. The lawyers and accountants who become F.B.I. agents should be taught this early on in their training. Certainly President Reagan, who had several bombs in his own film career, should understand the specialized vocabulary. *Variety* periodically publishes a glossary of "show biz" terms: "Boffo" is not a terrorist's word of art to become alarmed about—it merely means that things have gone well at the box office. "Dynamite" means good.

My company is one of the largest in the country in the business of selling and renting films that tackle sociopolitical issues. We have a wide range of customers: thousands of universities and libraries, as well as religious, labor, women's, veterans', and community organizations. One of our customers was CISPES, and I assume that was how we got drawn into the net of suspicious organizations. Our films have won hundreds of awards from educators, librarians, film festivals, even the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Some of our films deal with Central America: *Roses in December* tells the story of lay missionary Jean Donovan and the three nuns who were murdered in El Salvador; *Witness to War*, which won an Academy Award, describes the journey of Dr. Charlie Clements from pilot in Vietnam to doctor behind rebel lines in El Salvador; and *Fire From the Mountain* follows the life of Nicaraguan writer Omar Cabezas, who went from stu-

dent activist to guerrilla fighter to his position today as a central figure in the Nicaraguan government.

These documentaries and many others in our collection were made by serious filmmakers, patriotic Americans who wanted to share the ideas and images in their films with as many citizens as possible, so that informed opinions and decisions could be made. The filmmakers often worked under hardship, at times under real personal risk, and always under terrible financial sacrifice. I am proud to be associated with their work. One may disagree with the content or the inferences to be drawn from the films, and distributing them may be a difficult business, but it is hardly subversive.

My outrage over being spied on is not diminished by the fact that we were not the initial target of the investigation. The potential chilling effect to the uninhibited dissemination of ideas is just as real. The electorate has a right to learn about Central America from as many sources as possible, not just from the official government versions, and not just from the three television networks.

As the McCarthy period so amply demonstrated, an investigation by an official government agency can be devastating to careers, businesses, and personal lives. A number of schools and libraries, particularly in the South, are run by reactionary or frightened people who have been reluctant to show our films out of a fear that the content is too "radical" for their audiences. Knowledge that my company or our films are suspected by the F.B.I. of being subversive would confirm their reservations. I'm not so much worried about the loss of money—many of my best customers think the F.B.I. is run by fools anyway, and the notoriety probably helped solidify our credentials—but I am eager for many people, particularly from conservative areas, to see these films.

It is hard to imagine what the F.B.I. thought it was doing. The Center for Constitutional Rights, a New York-based lawyers' group, obtained about 1,200 pages from the F.B.I. under the Freedom of Information Act. One of the documents quotes an agent in the bureau's Chicago office describing demonstrators as "made up, to a large extent, of the sixties activist type who is often described as 'a rebel looking for a cause.'" That may explain the behavior of some of the people the F.B.I. was watching, but it doesn't explain why the F.B.I. was watching them.

F.B.I. officials have admitted that the bureau recruited an informer, Frank Varelli, a native of El Salvador, to join CISPES. Varelli later told congressional investigators about his involvement and charged that F.B.I. agents were involved in break-ins at a CISPES office in May 1983, and at the homes of CISPES members.


The documents did not reveal evidence of burglaries, incitement to violence, extortion, forgery, anonymous letters to

employers, blackmail, and illegal wiretaps—all activities that the F.B.I. engaged in during the days of J. Edgar Hoover, when civil rights organizations and Vietnam War protesters were the targets. But then again, many of the documents made public had portions of them blacked out by the F.B.I., and many documents were not turned over. Given the information that was revealed, it is not paranoid to think the worst about what was withheld.

As far as my film company is concerned, we deal in films, not bombs. Over the years, federal law-enforcement authorities have demonstrated an unnatural, not to mention unconstitutional, interest in ideas that they consider alien. This may explain why the F.B.I. is so distrustful of us. God only knows how many man-hours professional law-enforcement officers have spent looking at pictures of naked women, to determine if the virile fist of the state should be brought down on publishers of what they regard as obscene.

The fact that F.B.I. agents are watching companies like mine, and not criminals, might explain our high crime rate. The Senate Select Committee on Intelligence found that not one prosecution resulted from the 500,000 covert F.B.I. investigations of "subversives" between 1960 and 1974. The massive nationwide five-year investigation begun in 1981, which included my company, has also not resulted in a single prosecution. I picture federal agents with earphones, hidden away in some basement, listening to me argue with exhibitors over misstated box-office receipts, while boatloads of illegal American missiles are sailing to Iran and millions of dollars in illegal payments are being made to the contras.

The fundamental problem is an old one: Nobody is watching the watchman. Unless some outrageous scandal is discovered by groups like the Center for Constitutional Rights, the public never learns what kind of mischief the boys in law enforcement are up to. Congress must exercise its responsibility to oversee their activities and report to the public what it finds.

We have a right to know who the incompetents in the F.B.I. are that authorized these stupid, out-of-control investigations. Who was supposed to be supervising these eavesdropping, picture-taking, wiretapping spooks? And why did it take five years to realize that these highly trained crime-fighting professionals were wasting their time? But it was more than just time: They were wasting our tax dollars. Before getting into the film business, I spent 18 years as a criminal lawyer, several of them as a prosecutor. I know how expensive even a limited investigation is. I would assume this investigation cost millions. I want an accounting. If the F.B.I. can't fight crime, it should give the millions of dollars that I am sure were involved in the investigation to cancer research or some other worthwhile endeavor. 



PIT STOP

As the lead singer of a hot rock band, Donna usually had to fend off fans and groupies. But that came to a screeching halt the day Marina came backstage and offered her a private ride to the next gig.



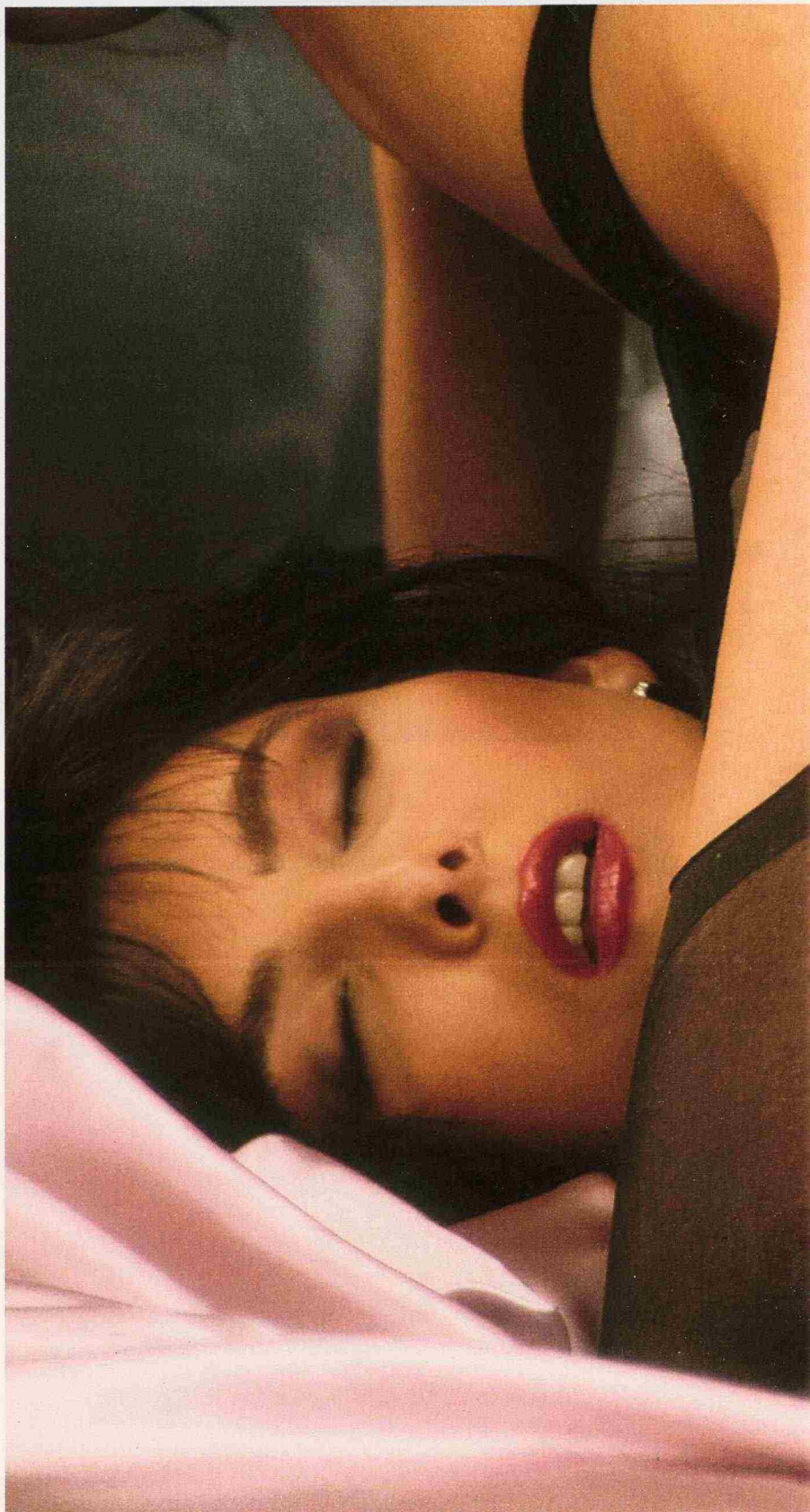
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DIDIER PÉDRON





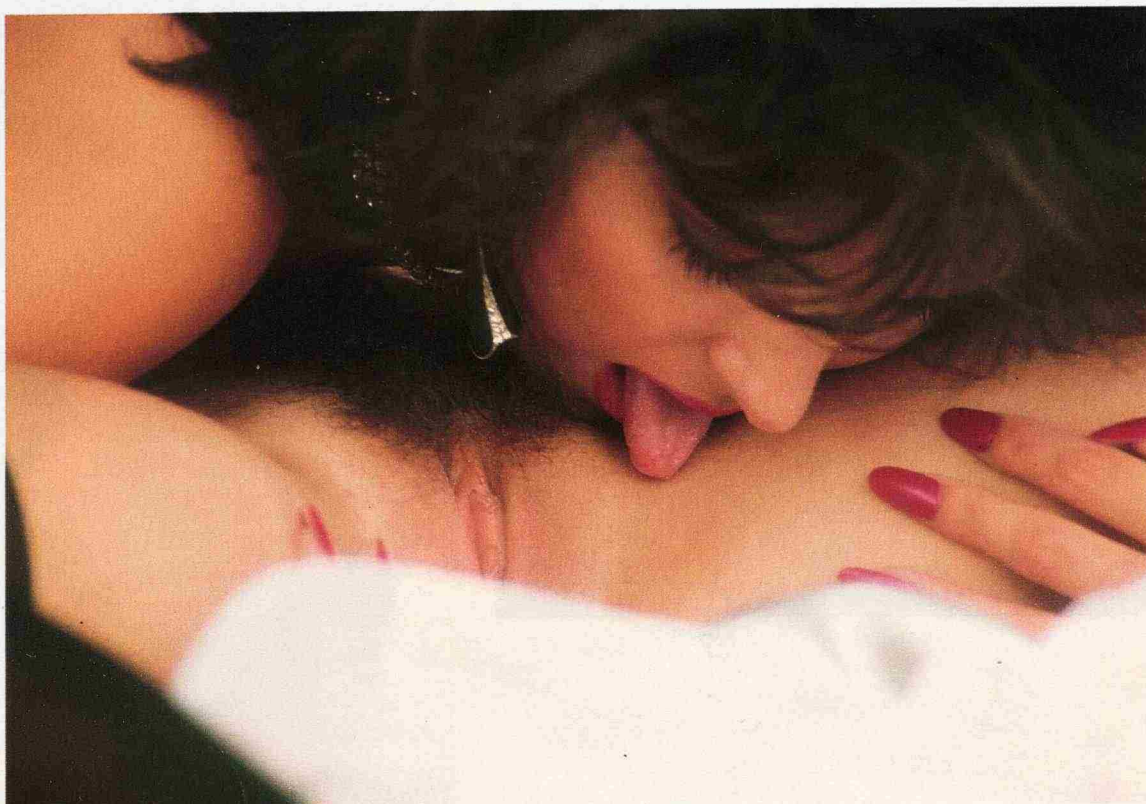
She eagerly accepted the generous offer.
Pulling over on the highway for their opening act,
it was obvious that the two would
be playing together in perfect harmony.

In the privacy of their room,
Donna treated Marina to a chart-
topping performance,
and the fan reciprocated with
equal artistry.





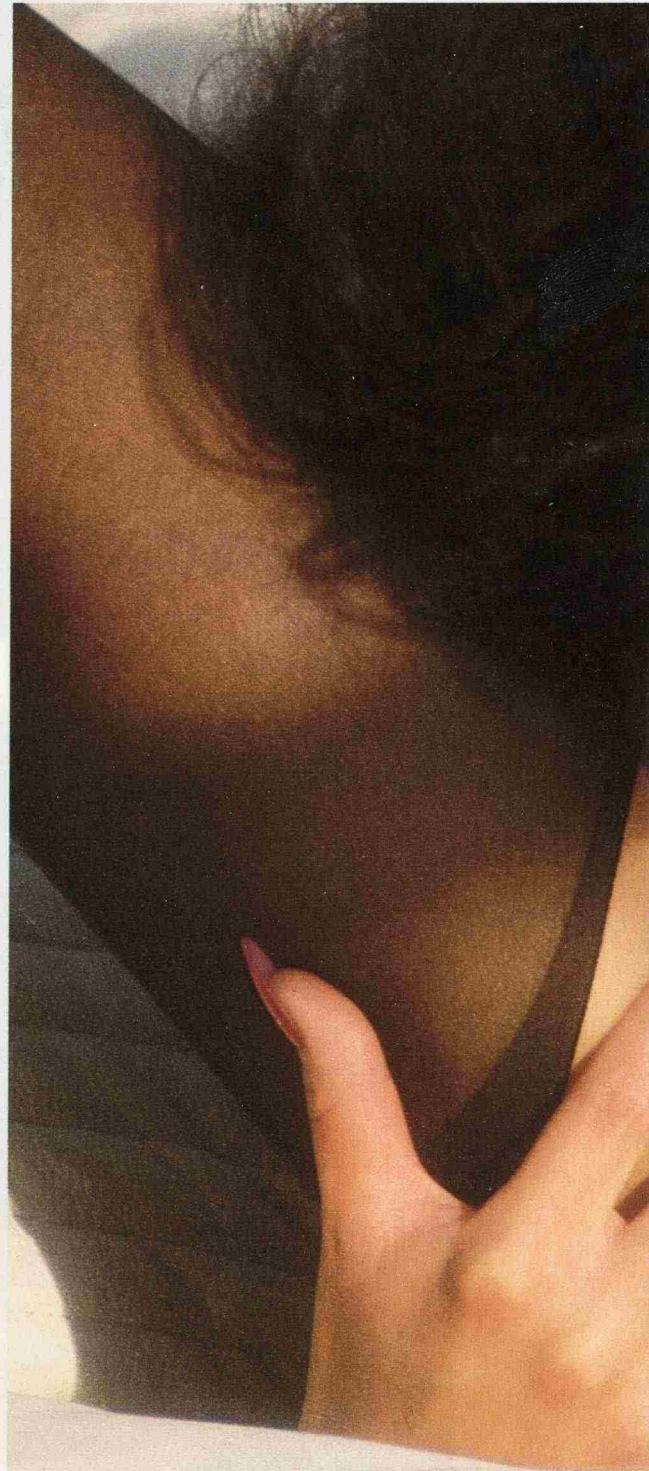
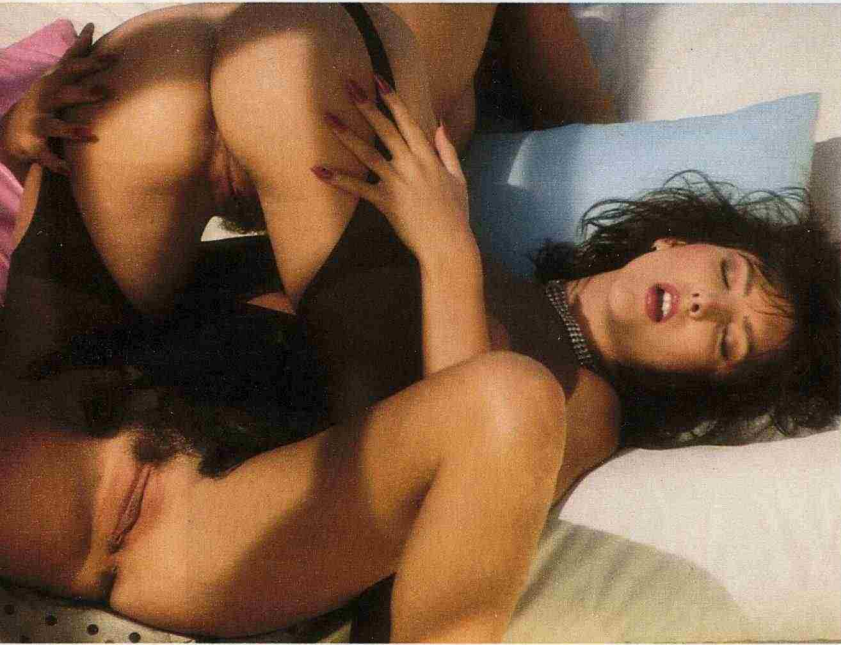




As Donna played Marina's body like a finely tuned instrument, Marina cried out for an encore.

Far from the tour bus and the boys in the band, Donna and Marina gave full expression to their passion. They reveled in

each other's satiny skin and the lure of lacy lingerie against cool sheets. Marina's moans were music to Donna's ears.









They'd have to hit the road again soon.
But right now, Donna was gaining inspiration
for a very special new love song.





ARTICLE

The sun never sets on the foreign-exchange market—the last frontier of free enterprise.

THE FASTEST GAME IN TOWN

BY LISA COLLIER COOL

The money's on the move. In 30 seconds, the latest gross national product figures will be released, and the 30 phone lines on Patrick O'Brien's desk at State Bank of Victoria in Manhattan are already starting to flash. Over one of the eight tele-

phone speakers a voice is intoning, "50/60 . . . 60 paid . . . 60/90," while five computer screens are scrolling lists of numbers that mean money in the bank for some foreign-currency traders, blood on the floor for others. O'Brien hears something that

interests him on a speakerphone five desks away, and snatches up his phone to buy \$5 million worth of Australian dollars.

After the G.N.P. announcement—up 1.1 percent—the smart money gets bullish on the dollar. An hour later,

PHOTOGRAPH BY DOUGLAS BRADSHAW



the buck starts sliding rapidly south, and O'Brien moves on to arbing spot versus futures, simultaneously buying and selling the currency in different markets to capitalize on a momentary misalignment in exchange rates. A half hour before the market closes, O'Brien's working the phones frantically, scrambling out of risky positions, squeezing out a few last-minute profits. Suddenly it's over, and there's nothing to do but add up the scorecard: \$35 million traded, \$12,000 earned.

Spend a few minutes talking to currency traders and you realize that O'Brien's \$5 million maneuvers class him as a near rookie in the money game, where heavy hitters move \$25 million or even \$100 million with a single phone call. O'Brien's a 24-year-old college graduate with a bachelor's in economics, who made his first trade in 1986, while an assistant trader with Shearson Lehman Brothers. "I took a small position in Canadian dollars," he says. "One million dollars."

Women, while still a distinct minority in this industry, are becoming increasingly visible: Christine Patton was recently named head of Manufacturer's Hanover worldwide forex operation.

Unlike the rest of the financial world, where the job market collapsed along with the stock market in October 1987, foreign-exchange trading, or forex, as it's called by insiders, is currently a career hot spot for aggressive young men looking for a faster fast track, observes Howard Freedman, vice president of financial services at Korn/Ferry International, an executive recruitment firm. "While stock-brokers thrive on rising markets, forex traders thrive on fast-moving markets, whether the direction is up or down," he says. "The greater the volatility, the greater the opportunities for profit."

With the glitz gone from the stock market, currency trading has become an increasingly important profit center for major banks and corporations here and abroad. Bankers Trust, which trades heavily in the most volatile currencies, saw its forex income explode from \$57.4 million in 1986 to \$592.8 million in 1987, making it the top U.S. forex dealer. Citicorp, ranked No. 2 with forex earnings of over \$400 million for 1987, is now opening an overnight trading desk in London for 24-hour trading.

The banks aren't the only ones earning megabucks in the field. "This is an industry where street smarts can be worth more than a Harvard M.B.A. to an employer," states Freedman. "Where else do you see guys in their late twenties or early thirties who never graduated college pulling in \$200,000 or \$300,000 a year?"

A top forex player can make as much as \$1 million a year in total salary, which includes performance bonuses that can amount to as much as ten times the trader's base salary. "It's not uncommon for a trader to outearn managers far above

him on the corporate ladder," Freedman says. Even an average Midas touch will make for some golden paydays: Though a beginner would be lucky to make over \$50,000 the first year, a trader with five years' experience averages \$175,000 to \$225,000 at an investment bank, \$80,000 to \$120,000 at a commercial bank, and \$75,000 to \$120,000 in a large corporation. At the ten-year mark, the same investment-bank trader has probably risen to the position of chief dealer or vice president, and collects \$300,000 to \$500,000—if he's managed to survive that long.

The jackpot can be a lot bigger for a trader on a hot streak. Take Andrew Krieger, for example. After studying Sanskrit and tutoring autistic children, he began trading currency options in 1983, making \$32,000 plus a \$500 bonus. By working until midnight, trading on Asian markets from home, in 1984 he collected \$50,000 in salary and a \$170,000 bonus. Not bad

“
It's the perfect
TV-generation job, all hot
action and instant
gratification. By the end of
the day, you either
make money or get your
face ripped off.”
”

for a 27-year-old, some might say, but the energetic Krieger quickly found tactics to exponentially increase his income. By trading almost around the clock, teaching himself to manually make phone calls faster than other traders could place them with an autodialer, and making multimillion-dollar trades over his car phone during his commute, he was soon able to average 200 trades a day, sometimes moving as much as \$1 billion worth of currency. The unprecedented result: In 1987, he made \$300 million in forex profits for Bankers Trust—half of its entire forex income for the year—and collected a salary and bonus totaling \$3 million, according to *The Wall Street Journal*.

Trading is a career where you live fast, die young, and collect a good-looking paycheck in between. Careers peak early—few of today's bank and corporate traders can expect to last in the business past age 35. In February of this year, at the very peak of his success, 31-year-old Andrew Krieger abruptly quit forex, tiring of the manic pace and grueling hours. "It's a young man's game," says Tokyo-based trader Chad Dickson, a 32-year-old vice president of Salomon

Brothers. "You've got to be hungry and sharp—and most of all, fast. It's the perfect TV-generation job, all hot action and instant gratification. By the end of the day, you've either made money or gotten your face ripped off."

Traders tend to be violently passionate about their work. A Chicago trader is said to have wet his pants rather than leave the trading floor during a winning streak, and stories abound of traders who've punched out video screens or ripped out telephones when a trade goes sour. One hot-blooded New York trader chased another around the trading floor, swinging a chair. The second trader's offense? He bought some futures contracts the other had offered for sale—and made money on them.

An overzealous Chicago trader became momentarily unhinged when he dropped his order book during a market flurry, and was unable to retrieve it as other eager traders shoved past him to get their bids in. Faced with the prospect of losing thousands of dollars in potential profits, he sunk his teeth into the arm of the trader standing on the book, drawing blood. Later he told reporters, "A lot of things happen in the pit. But we don't talk about them."

Mixed in with the lust for lucre is a lot of ego, according to one veteran trader. "Most traders love to show off. If a small trader calls a big one to get a price quote and then says he'd like to deal a couple of million, if the other guy is a little nasty, he'll laugh and say, 'Hey, let me rethink that quote—I thought you were talking size,' and make the small trader beg for the deal. Or some big traders will pile all their clients' money into a big position, just to impress the other players with their market clout—even if it's a stupid, risky move. There's a real 'mine is bigger than yours' mentality here."

A trader who's too vain to admit he's wrong, however, will soon find himself out of a job if he's trading someone else's account, as the majority of traders are—or out of money if he's trading his own. Sooner or later, every trader finds himself on the wrong end of the market. Only experience will tell him if it's time to get out at a loss, or to double up, because he was just a little too early and can still come out ahead. A good trader, say insiders, is one who's right 51 percent of the time.

Gradually, however, the flamboyant seat-of-the-pants trader is being nudged out by the B-school boys armed with charts and technical models. "When I got into trading ten years ago, the field was wide open," says Chad Dickson. "On my first job interview with a bank, I was asked what I knew about foreign exchange. After a minute or two, I replied, 'I can spell both words,' and was hired. That would never happen now; the mentality of the marketplace has risen too much—there are more markets, more kinds of deals, more sophistication on the street."

Employment in forex has been boom-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128







Part Hawaiian, part
Scandinavian,
34-24-34 Kascha
Papillon is a deeply
bronzed blue-eyed
blonde who may just be
the world's first
Swedish beach baby.

KASCHA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
SUZE RANDALL





Makeup by Alexis Vogel, clothes by Jenny Jazz



According to Kascha, "exotic types" are favored in Japan, where she's appeared in several TV commercials. Between assignments she makes her home in Los Angeles, "where my boyfriend and I can make love on the beach all year long."



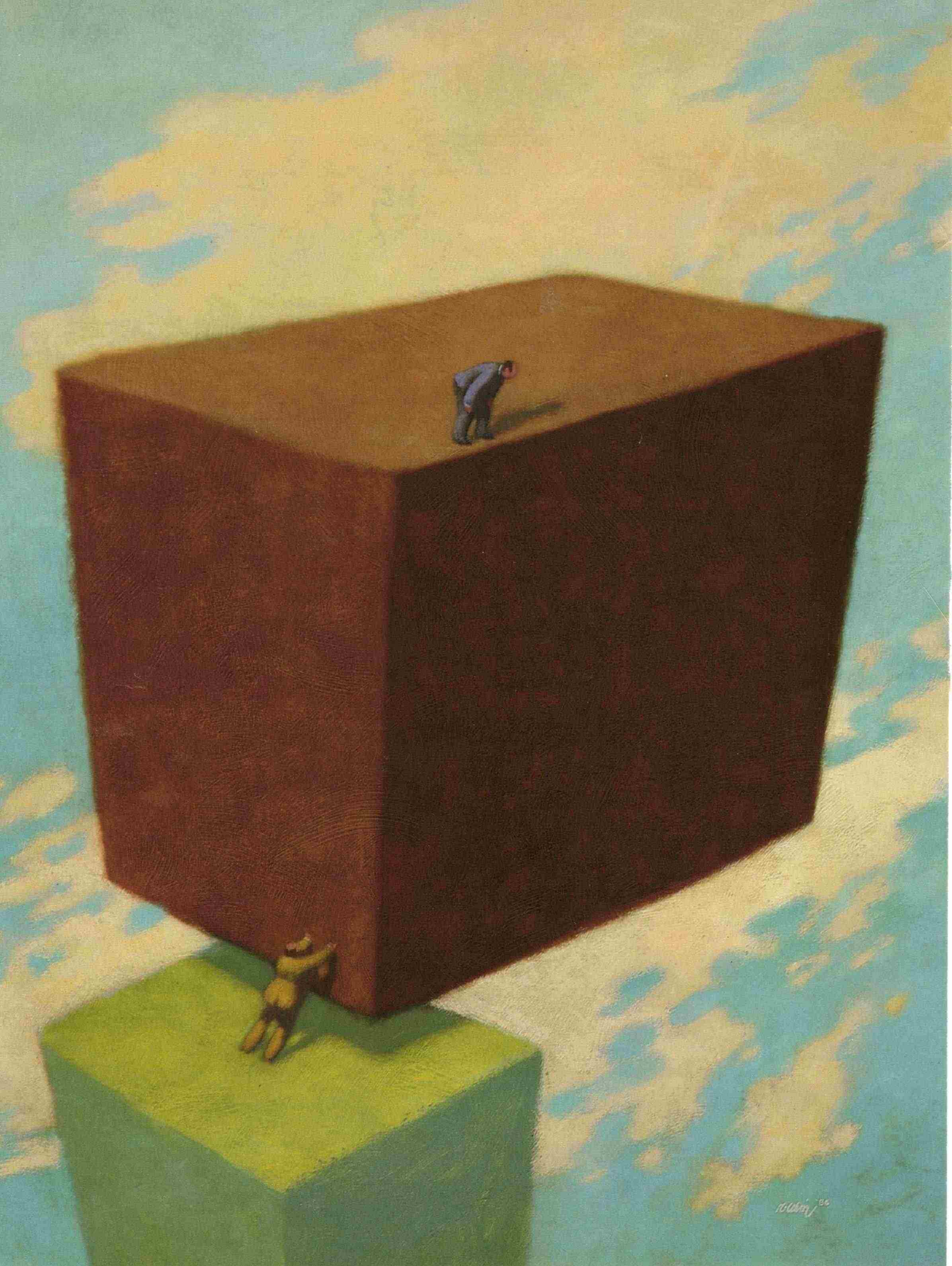
"I've worked hard to cultivate the perfect California 'hardbody,'" confesses Kascha in her delicate, softly accented voice. "But beneath the surface beats a heart of pure gold."

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W. W. 86

MEDICAL GENOCIDE

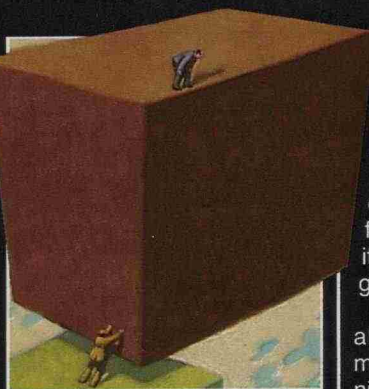
PART TWENTY

A BALANCED LIFE

BY GARY NULL

The power of psychiatry to control and dictate the treatment of mental disorders in this country is undeniably very strong, but it is by no means unchallenged. About 20 years ago, a number of physicians specializing in mental health, discouraged by the meager results of mainstream invasive and toxic treatments, began to look for safer and more effective alternatives. These physicians, many of whom were practicing psychiatrists, began to study the effects of nutrition—including food allergies, vitamins, minerals, and amino acids—in the treatment of such conditions as schizophrenia, depression, anxiety, and childhood hyperactivity and autism. The results of these studies have been slow to reach the public's attention, and have often been deliberately obscured by the psychiatric establishment. An informed public debate on the merits and achievements of these therapies is long overdue.

One of the alternative approaches to mental health is



orthomolecular psychiatry. The term "orthomolecular" was first used by Nobel Prize laureate Linus C. Pauling in an article written for *Science* magazine in 1968. Stemming from the Greek word *ortho*, meaning "to correct," the term is used by Dr. Pauling to refer to the treatment of biochemical imbalances through the use of vitamins, minerals, amino acids, and other naturally occurring nutrients, in order to restore health and correct any existing imbalances that may be causing disease.

This approach, however, goes far beyond the mere sub-

stitution of vitamins for medicines. Orthomolecular physicians believe that by using substances that are normally present within the human body, there is less chance of harmful side effects and a greater probability that the substances will be genuinely therapeutic.

Orthomolecular medicine also differs from traditional medicine in its diagnostic techniques. Conventional psychiatry approaches diagnosis from a purely symptomatic point of view. While it does recognize that certain biochemical imbalances or "organic" factors may cause certain mental conditions, mainstream psychiatry will ordinarily not demand specific physiological tests to confirm that the patient actually has the imbalance believed to be causing the problem. Traditional psychiatry just assumes that the imbalance is present if a patient is diagnosed as having the corresponding disease. Orthomolecular psychiatry, on the other hand, not only requires such

PAINTING BY ROB COLVIN

tests, but also insists on looking at diet, glandular functions, glucose metabolism, and a whole host of other factors that may ultimately be responsible for the detected imbalances.

Another difference between traditional and orthomolecular psychiatry is the attitude each has regarding the use of drugs. While traditional medicine considers drugs to be the treatment of preference, the orthomolecular approach, in most cases, is to use drugs only as a last resort, or in an emergency situation. This approach, most orthomolecular psychiatrists agree, is more consistent with the directives of the Hippocratic oath, which states, "First do no harm."

Dr. Bernard Rimland, a research psychologist and director of the Institute for Child Behavior Research in San Diego, explains orthomolecular medicine by contrasting it to what he calls "toximolecular" medicine. He points out that if all the contraindications, side effects, and adverse reactions due to drugs were deleted from the *Physician's Desk Reference*, the comprehensive drug index would be about a quarter inch rather than three inches thick. Drugs used in the treatment of mental disorders are particularly good examples of this. The adverse reactions and contraindications alone for Smith Kline & French's major

tranquilizer Thorazine (chlorpromazine) take up a full two pages of fine print in the P.D.R. This is one of the primary reasons that orthomolecular practitioners began to question the propriety of using these drugs before safer and less toxic avenues of treatment had been exhausted. Vitamins, in contrast, have very few side effects; these usually occur only when massive doses are taken, and disappear as soon as the dosage is diminished or discontinued. So in the end, even if the patient has not been helped by the therapy, he is at least no worse off.

According to Dr. Michael Lesser, a preventive-medicine expert in California, another drawback to traditional psychiatry is the emphasis it continues to place on psychotherapy, or "talk therapy." While he does not deny the value of psychotherapy in some situations, Lesser believes that it is absolutely necessary to first conduct the appropriate tests to certify that the psychiatrist is dealing with a purely mental problem, rather than a biochemical upset.

Orthomolecular psychiatry is now being used by a number of doctors to treat a wide variety of "mental" disorders. Does it really work? Are its results better than those of traditional psychiatry? Schizophrenia is among the most difficult psychiatric conditions to treat. It is char-

acterized by such symptoms as delusions, hallucinations, incoherent thought patterns and speech, and catatonic behavior. Orthomolecular psychiatrists have found that some severely ill patients suffering from what is traditionally diagnosed as schizophrenia, have marked deficiencies in certain nutrients. The pioneers in this field were doctors Abram Hoffer and Humphrey Osmond, who, as early as 1952, conducted a double-blind study (the first ever performed in the field of psychiatry) on the effects of megadoses of vitamin B₃ (in the form of niacin) on schizophrenic patients.

Hoffer and Osmond's study involved 30 randomly selected patients, some of whom were given a placebo and some of whom were given vitamin B₃ in the form of niacin. During the course of the experiment, the researcher found that the placebo patients were well only 48 percent of the time, while the patients receiving the vitamin were well 92 percent of the time. After monitoring the patients for five years, Hoffer and Osmond found that the number of niacin patients still well was almost double that of the others.

Hoffer recalls a striking case history of a patient on vitamin B₃ therapy. "Now, this was a woman," he begins, "who had spent 13 continuous years in a mental hospital from 1939 to 1952, without a response, despite every treatment then known to psychiatry. Eventually they had to give her a series of shock treatments every six months. In 1952, as part of our research program, I took her into my home, where she began to work for us. I started her at that time on niacin, which is vitamin B₃.

"She improved dramatically over the next two years, although she had to be completely resocialized. Having been in the hospital for so long, she had forgotten how to use the telephone, how to get into her car, how to shake hands. In 1955, she was well enough to leave, and got a job at the university hospital on their cleaning staff. She stayed there until retirement just a short time ago at age 65.

"With the niacin therapy, she was converted from a chronic, perpetually sick schizophrenic to a working, contributing member of society. Had she remained in the hospital, her medical care would have cost the government almost \$1 million. Instead, over the past 30 years, she has been working and paying taxes, and has accumulated enough pension so that she may retire and live comfortably now."

Hoffer is not the only psychiatrist to report impressive results in treating schizophrenic patients with niacin therapy. Michael Lesser cites the example of a patient he calls Ted: "He had fantasies that he was a very important man. He drove around in rented Cadillacs, which he charged on his credit cards, and took all his friends to Las Vegas; and [he] heard voices and did a lot of bizarre things. So bizarre, in fact, that one of his car-leasing schemes got him in trouble

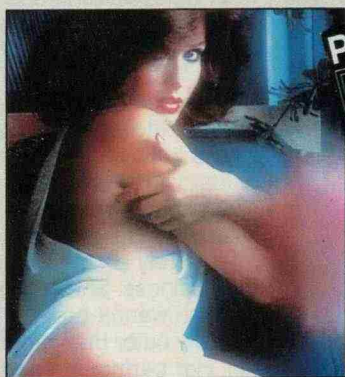


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The actresses in *Girl World 2* do need training—but not in the basics of muff diving.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH

Portrait of an Affair
(Vidco 2000) **111**

Sam Weston (a.k.a. Anthony Spinelli) is an example of what happens when smut takes itself seriously: It succeeds. Weston has been directing artful, searing sex films for years, and he's mastered the form. His works are "adult" in the best sense of the word.

Portrait is a hot and horny tape, but it's also a well-constructed drama. The actors become real people under Weston's direction—then they take their clothes off and fuck and suck with abandon. The combination of reality and erotic fantasy is heady stuff indeed. An actress who calls herself Ona Zee heads up the cast as Sheila, a wife caught up in a relationship with a boorish brute (Robert Bullock). Weston leads off with a ten-minute, achingly slow lesbian scene with Zee and Nina



Affair: sophisticated smut.

Hartley, a coupling that proves that real love takes its time. Then the harsh love-hate reality of Sheila's home life breaks in, complete with flashbacks to happier times. Mike Horner horns his way in as the "affair" of the title, and the pairing gives off some real heat. *Portrait of an Affair* is actually the story of a marriage, and even though the ending is a bit too neat, it has an emotional content that is much more sophisticated than we're used to seeing in smut. It's also one of the few tapes shot on film, which gives some indication of the amount of care that went into its making. It shows.

BLACKS AND BLONDES

Black Moon Rising
(Zane) **11**

Three ditsy sorority sisters get together in later life to reminisce about their kinky college days. The hostess sends her black hubby out to a bar so she won't be embarrassed when all her southern-belle friends come to call. When they do, they get down to the nitty-gritty by playing a game of true confessions, wherein it comes out that they *all* have black husbands. This tape is strictly an exercise in biracial fantasy, with the studs hugely hung and all the women bubbleheaded blondes. The flimsy plot simply moves the actors from one bedroom to another, with the common thread tying them all together being the interracial couplings involved. The only time a black man-white woman matchup isn't in play is when all the sorority sisters get together for a lesbian romp. If this is your kink, go for it.



Moon: biracial fantasy.

THIGH SCHOOL

Jamie Loves Jeff
(Vivid) **11**

Adult entertainment's favorite bait-and-switch technique is packing a mediocre videotape in a scintillating box. This latest installment of "The Brat" series by Vivid partakes of this gimmick a little bit, as do its predecessors. Jamie Summers, the best-looking woman in porn right now, gives her best come-hither look from the box cover, and she's in the arms of a brooding stud who defines the word *hunk*.

It's all done up in lavish graphic perfection, equal to any cover of *Cosmo* for vampy sex appeal. Once inside, though, that quality quickly comes apart. The first clue is that although the box identifies the tape as *Jamie Loves Jeff*, the title credit on the tape reads *Jeff Loves Jamie*. Well, they love each other, I guess. The shoddiness extends to camera work, sound, acting, and reproduction. All that

said, and if you're ready for a bout with porn's idea of quality, I'd still recommend this tape. The two reasons are Jamie Summers and Jeff Stryker. Jamie, of course, is an absolutely perfect body who is knocking the whole industry for a loop. As Jamie Dickinson, "The Brat," she is already the center of a cult after barely six months in the business. She is a Daryl Hannah wanna-be who is actually cuter than the original. Her partner in slime here is Jeff Stryker, a fat-cocked James Dean hustler, surly where Jamie is sultry. The two of them burn up the screen, despite the fact that they have the most putrid production values backing them up. With the right directing, both Summers and Stryker could be erotic icons for a whole age—an updated Seka and John Holmes with some saucy cuteness thrown in. The alleged plot involves a high school reunion, where Jamie meets up with her teenage sweetheart, Jeff "Rebel" Cochran. Tom Byron does an okay turn as Jamie's pathetic wimp husband, and there's a nice lesbo scene with Erica Boyer also. Mostly, though, it's all Jeff and Jamie. Buy this one for the stars, for the box cover, but don't expect a seal of approval on the production as a whole.

PENTHOUSE PICK

Amanda by Night II
(Caballero) **111**

The first *Amanda* was made way back in 1980, and it combined a tough private-eye plot with a smooth-surfaced sensuality that sent it to the top of the heap. Director Harold Lime is back

with a second *Amanda*, and he's hit the same notes just right. He's even managed to coax the original Amanda Heather, the svelte and sexy Veronica Hart, out of retirement for a nonsex role. Again, the meat is murder, and again, it is a call girl who is bumped off. Amanda now runs Center for a New Life, a counseling center for hookers who want to get off the streets and into other work. She's torn between cooperating with the police and preserving her independence; but when one

whose prick is entering whose pussy. A good, sturdy adult action flick, full of professional quality, just like they used to make 'em.

LEZ BE FRIENDS

Girl World 2

(Now Showing) **I**

The "Lipstick" series features all-girl casts, either for fetishists who love lesbian action or for men who can't stand the sight of an erect prick challenging their own manhood. Either way, it is a sort of ghetto of porn, with cheapies

about them, the actresses here do need training, but not in the basics of muff diving. The one redeeming quality is excess: The inevitable tape-ending orgy scene is a marvel of moans, shrieks, and imprecation. But it's not enough to haul this tape up from the bottom of the barrel where it should stay.

AQUA VULVA

Skin Dive

(AVC) **II**

Generic porn plot No. 2 (or is it No. 7?) requires the discovery of a superaphrodisiac, a potion so powerful it could make Tammy Faye seem sexy to her husband again. *Skin Dive* follows this plot religiously, with the only added novelty being the setting. The producers saved a bundle on soundstages and motel rooms by renting a houseboat, set afloat on one of those desert reservoirs like Lake Powell.

This aquatic redoubt serves as headquarters for one Dr. Pussymore (Sharon Mitchell), who has discovered a love potion that "works great on lab rats." Her sponsor, the mysterious Sheikh Abdul Jamal Fezstein (played very unmysteriously by Ron Jeremy), has come to try out the potion on several unsuspecting guinea pigs. The "pigs" are, of course, all pretty and young, and Jeremy proceeds

to have his way with them. Sharon Mitchell is regal and imperious as the mad scientist. The novelty of the houseboat soon wears thin, but the lighthearted tone of the action makes *Skin Dive* passable and, at times, refreshing.

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY

Bordello

(Arrow) **IIII**

Here's a real blast from the past: a film from Denmark made at a time when Scandinavia was still "Scandinavia" and exporting its particular brand of explicit sexuality stateside. Seeing it now, a full decade and a half after it was made, *Bordello* maintains its charm simply by seeming so quaint and continental. Sex here is a romp, an exercise in play and fantasy, a cause for laughter.

The action centers on Aunt Anna's Charm School for Young Girls, a luxurious nineteenth-century institution that is really a whorehouse. But a top-quality whorehouse—no Handi-Wipes here. The succession of young Scandinavian lovelies that prance past our view is spectacular even today, and the sexual invention is still amazing. Watching this tape, it's hard to understand why Hamlet was melancholy. **OT**



Amanda II coaxed sexy Veronica Hart out of retirement.

of her potential successes gets dumped in a ditch, dead from strangling, she goes all out to help find the killer. There are a lot of low-lives around, some of them scum like nightclub operator Billy the Kid (Billy Dee), some fine, upstanding citizens like Timothy Dunn (Eric Edwards)—guess which one turns out to be the murderer? The sex is plentiful, playful, and sometimes a tad perverse, as the psychodrama intrudes on the fucking. That's all to the good, since the characters make us care

and quickies the rule. *Girl World 2* is no different. The plot and acting are marginal efforts, existing solely to make way for the next sex scene. Shanna McCullough and Nina Hartley have great bodies, and they show them off here to good effect, but the weak concept and direction render the whole production an embarrassment. *Girl World* is supposed to be some sort of training camp for lesbians, and several young innocents are fed into its gaping maw. Stumbling for their lines, looking dazedly

RATING KEY

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

OLYMPICS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

exciting work takes place in them, most American Olympians don't get to see a lot of it. They lack the constant flow of information and supervision given to all Eastern Bloc athletes throughout their careers. As Gideon Ariel says, "We have the best potential technology in the world, but it's not being utilized by athletes." It's in the laboratory, but not on the field.

To be sure, the Colorado Springs center *does* boast some highly accomplished researchers—people capable of doing athletes a lot of good. Charles Dillman is one of the most competent biomechanists in the country. Psychologist Shane Murphy, head of the sport-psychology department, has been lauded for his ability to help athletes achieve the appropriate mind-set right before a competition or game. Jay Kearny and Peter Van Handel of the physiology lab have instituted some excellent applied-research projects, measuring subtle biochemical factors so athletes at the center can improve their times and speeds as they train.

Yet with all this expertise, the science only sporadically gets out of the lab. Part of the problem certainly is resistance and

a lack of scientific training on the part of American coaches. And part of the problem is the inaccessibility of the training center itself. It's hard to travel there by plane. And the high-altitude location is inappropriate for summer athletes, whose events are only infrequently performed at high altitudes. Even with recent improvements and innovations, it's ugly and forbidding, with inadequate facilities. Due to insufficient gym space, some teams must leave the premises to train. Most elite athletes simply don't use the center. "Colorado Springs does me no good," Mac Wilkins declares. "There is no discuss-throwing field."

Indeed, though some 20,000 athletes pass through the U.S. Olympic Committee's training centers each year, Mike Moran himself notes that these facilities attract few of the best Olympians. "Edwin Moses is not going to come to a training center when he can train in Southern California," Moran explains.

Since most elite athletes don't make it to Colorado Springs, Colorado Springs has to find a way to bring the fruits of its research to the athletes. Unfortunately, there is not an organized communications system for everyone to tap into. "In Russia and East Germany," says Ann Grandjean, chief nutrition consultant for the U.S.O.C., "diet and exercise pro-

grams are dictated to the athletes. In America, that's not so. Whether an athlete uses any particular diet is up to the athlete. This is paired with the fact that we lack a system to rapidly convey information to the athlete. An Eastern European coach once told me that if someone in his country came up with a brilliant new high-performance diet, all the athletes would be on it within four days. In this country, on the other hand, the opposite often happens: Because of the press, our athletes are barraged with *misinformation*. They may get their nutritional information from pseudoexperts, whose advice is totally wrong."

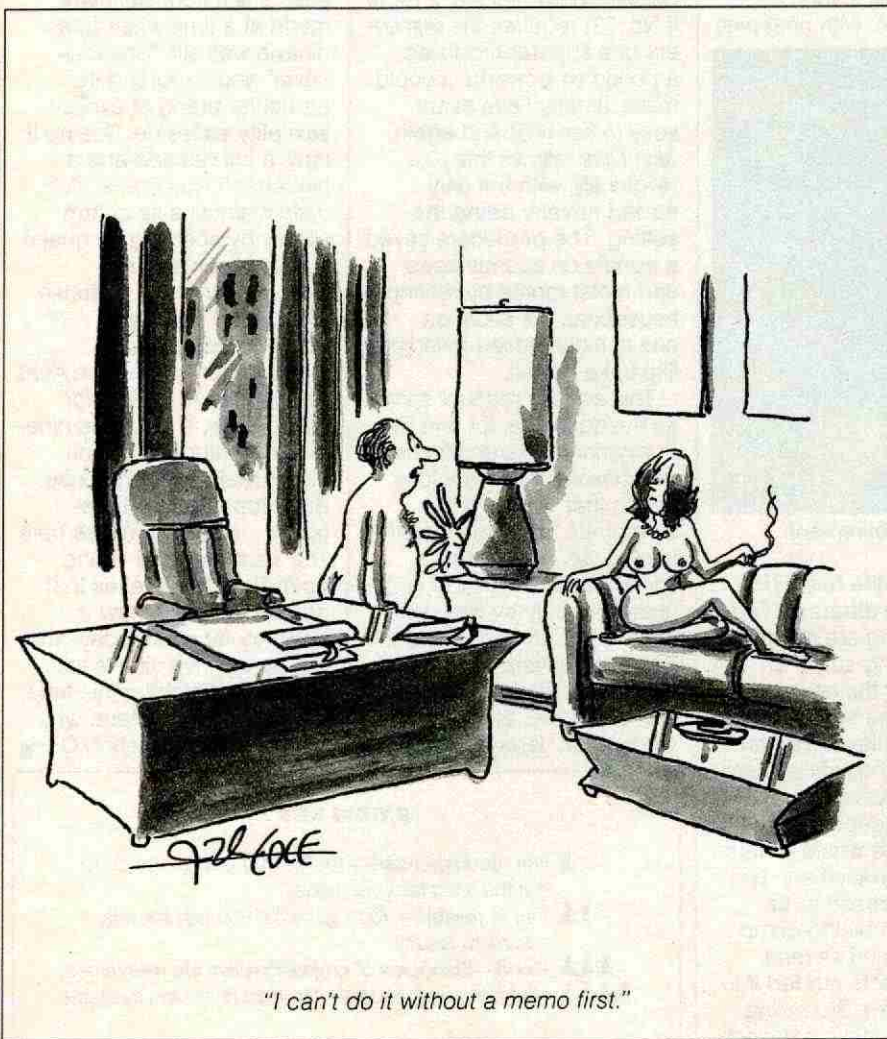
Given all the problems, many American athletes suggest we revitalize the Olympic movement from the ground up. "Up until now," Mac Wilkins explains, "we've relied on that rare individual genius to come to the fore." But the independent, maverick spirit we so firmly believe in—the underdog pulling himself up by the bootstraps—can no longer cut the mustard against arsenals of world-class science turned on magnum force.

Instead, suggest Wilkins, Edwin Moses, and many others, we have to start early, creating an organized nationwide system to identify talented athletes in their youth. Tiff Wood, a member of the rowing team and the Athletes Advisory Council, recommends "placing a far greater emphasis on physical education in the schools, much like science and math," he says. "There are a lot of positive things one can learn from sports."

Once everyone was engaged in systematic physical activity, it would be possible to observe the talent pool early on, and select possible future Olympians while they're young. Once we have found the talented few and used sport science to determine in what sport they might perform best, we can nurture them through the years.

And when we have found Olympic talent worth nurturing, the experts say, we must set up places for them to work and train. There's almost no outlet, for instance, for junior high school students interested in the throwing sports such as the javelin or the hammer throw, even though those who get special training earlier will have a huge advantage. To deal with that problem, Mac Wilkins, working with Ed Burke, an Olympic hammer thrower, has set up a throwing academy through the Explorer Scouts of America. The academy attracts young people for workshops virtually every weekend of the year. Wilkins and Burke are seeking assistance to establish six more facilities.

To nurture our future Olympians, we must also make sure our coaches are better trained in sciences that now remain mostly in the lab. Instead of being forced to double as football coaches and history teachers, our track-and-field coaches should be learning the essentials of biomechanics, nutrition, and physiology required to groom runners



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PROSTITUTE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

He smiled broadly and said, "Me gusta." I like it.

It was a pretty stressful way to work, expecting to be bitten all the time. But other than the biters, I loved the Black Angus. The people who ran the place simply would not tolerate anyone bothering the "girls." That meant that the sheet boys took care of problems upstairs and the bouncers kept watch over us downstairs. I didn't know what that meant until one night, when a young drunken French guy started annoying me. It was a few minutes before closing. He came up to me saying that I was beautiful, that he wanted to go upstairs with me. But when I told him how much it would cost, he looked disappointed and said he only had \$11. At 3:30 in the morning, after having seen five clients, I wasn't interested in another trip upstairs, especially for \$11, and I politely told him so. But he was persistent. Some men just don't believe that when a woman says no, she means no.

Meanwhile, there was a nice man from the mainland who came in and sat down beside me, a man I had seen the night before and wouldn't have minded seeing again. But the drunken French guy kept cutting in on our conversation. I again told him politely but firmly to go away.

He took that as an invitation to move in closer. He started pleading with me and rubbing his cock against my knee, thus committing what I considered petty theft. I pushed him away gently and told him in my most civilized angry voice that if he rubbed his cock against my knee again, I was going to smack the shit out of him and take his \$11 besides to cover the cheap thrill he was stealing. He retreated a bit behind a structural post but was soon back again, this time pointing a finger at me and slurring, "You're a bad woman, a dirty woman."

That was as far as he got, because now I was really pissed. I shot up off the barstool, screaming, "Get away from me, you asshole. Don't you touch me and don't you come near me." That's when I caught sight of the bouncer in the background, who I realized had been watching the whole thing. He grabbed the guy cartoon-style, by the collar and the back of the pants, and threw him as far as you can throw a person. The guy hit every support post and piece of furniture between the bar and the front door. I hadn't seen so much violence since the civil-rights march on Auburn Avenue in Atlanta, in 1972. I sat on my stool dumbfounded. I had imagined that what bouncers would do was come over to a guy, kind of lean on him, and say something like, "Hey, buddy, ease off." Now the bouncer was outside the bar with this guy and a crowd was gathering. I was too shocked to want to know what was happening, and I never asked.

Most of the women at the Black Angus were "migrant workers," either poor women from third-world countries—women who would charge \$10 to \$15 a session, they were so desperate for money—or fairly well-educated black or white Americans or Europeans, who would charge \$30 to \$50 a trick. Needless to say, the two groups often divided along class lines, both inside the bar and when socializing.

One member of the fairly well-educated group was a hooker named Linda, who looked like a young Katharine Hepburn. Linda was really sharp, graceful, and she had a wholesome beauty that looked a little out of place in the Angus. She made a lot of money there, and she seemed to spend it all, which surprised me. Because of the way I was brought up, I thought nice middle-class girls should save their money. I once asked her what she spent her money on, and she said, "I don't know. Clothes, shoes,

Like most of the women, I used only breakaway clothes. Usually I didn't wear any underwear. I could undress in ten seconds and dress in 15.

hotels, plane fares, food, jewelry, stuff like that. I spend about two hundred dollars a day and I just buy whatever I want." It was Linda who taught me how to get a rubber on a man without his knowing it. (A lot of the clients were reluctant to wear rubbers, and the management didn't insist.) At first I spent more time arguing with clients about wearing rubbers than I did actually performing sex acts. So a way to get a rubber on a client without his knowing was a valuable thing to learn. She used her thumb to demonstrate:

First, she explained, you put the rubber in your mouth. "Hide it in your cheek like this," Linda said. She opened her mouth to show me she had kept it hidden the whole time we were talking. "Use the unlubricated kind," she said.

"Why?"

"Have you ever tasted a lubricated rubber?" she asked, making a face. "Then, when you're ready, flick it to the front of your mouth with your tongue." She showed me that the rubber was now right behind her lips. "It's important to put it in so that it's ready to roll right down."

"How do you get it on him?"

"You just put your head down like you're

going to do a blowjob; but just before your lips touch the head of his cock, push the rubber out of your mouth so it lays on the tip of his dick. Then purse your lips against it and just suck. Then all you have to do is inch it down with your tongue."

"That's all?" I was skeptical about it being that easy.

"Well, it helps to touch him somewhere else while you're working it down. That'll distract him." I still looked doubtful.


"It really works," she said. "They never know it's on until you take it off them."

I found it hard to believe, but she sent me upstairs with one of her condoms to try for myself. My first try was a disaster—I tried to put the thing on inside out. But I was lucky in that I had four or five more chances to practice that night. Pretty soon, I was able to put one on without a man having the slightest idea what was going on. Blowing on a rubber became a standard part of my routine. I never even asked a man if he wanted to wear one.

Weird experiences, the strange clients, the endless supply of innocent country boys and tourists and sailors, new hookers working at the Black Angus, the red lights in the bar—these became like an addictive drug to me. I felt wide-eyed, innocent, intrigued, titillated, and amused all at the same time. I flew home to Atlanta for Christmas—full of bizarre tales about sex and guns and strange clients—to find that Herman, the irascible old coot who had given me so much trouble over money and who had spent his spare time picking up girls at the bus depot, had been murdered.

Apparently it was one of the girls from the bus depot. He had probably finally pushed someone too far, though of course that didn't necessarily mean she was completely justified in sticking a knife into him. After the stabbing, Herman staggered down the hall, trailing blood all the way. The girl had been arrested, and it was the talk of Atlanta: a nice old man who was stabbed by a runaway girl he had befriended.

All the hookers I knew in Atlanta—and by now there were quite a few—laughed when they heard about what had happened to old Herman. He had been so mean to so many women, they felt there was some justice in his violent end. Somehow the papers figured out that Herman had a long history with prostitutes, and later editions tried to paint the homeless girl who murdered him as a working girl. But we all knew she was one of Herman's victims.

It was good to be home, and I might have stayed, had I not had the feeling that there was still more for me to learn in the Caribbean. I had already spent a year there, and I thought if I went back for a few more months over the coming winter, I would have my fill. I didn't know when I headed back that there was so much more to learn, it would be another year before I left the Caribbean for good. 

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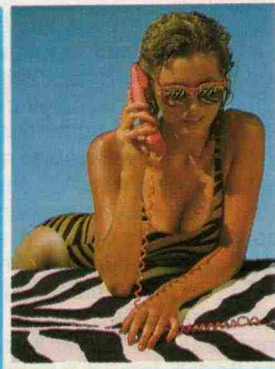
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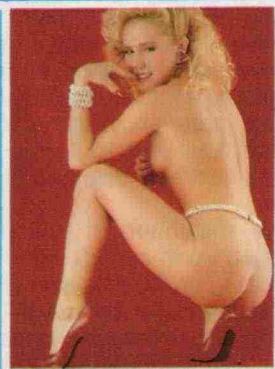


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FASTEST GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

ing. At Noonan, Astley & Pearce, one of the largest currency brokers in New York, executive vice president Algernon M. Elien started in 1961 as one of three brokers employed by the firm. At that time, only 13 of these specialized matchmakers, who connect currency buyers and sellers for a fee, were working in all of New York. Today there are more than 1,000 New York currency brokers—250 of them employed by Noonan—averaging \$25.9 billion a day in trades. "The stock crash has had absolutely no impact on employment in our industry," says Elien, who reports that trading income for his firm was up ten percent in 1987.

Traders, who actively buy and sell in the marketplace, have also surged in numbers. Right now, estimates Howard Freedman of Korn/Ferry, there are about 8,000 bank and corporate traders in the U.S.—with strong demand for more. However, as the pay is getting richer, the competition is tougher. "A few years ago, you could get in without a college diploma; but now it's almost impossible, except in overseas jobs. The best pedigree to have is an undergraduate business degree or an M.B.A."

For the nongraduate, a rapidly shrinking back door to the profession is the operations desk in a trading room, where clerks record trades and tally positions. Operations is also a good summer job for college students looking to improve employment prospects upon graduation, says Freedman.

The newly hired junior trader can expect five months or more of mastering the ins and outs of trading before he can touch his employer's millions. Mistakes can be very expensive, says a broker for Dean Witter Reynolds, who executes customer currency orders: "Misread an order to buy francs for an order to sell, and you're going to get an unforgettable lesson in finance when you see your next paycheck, since the cost of your mistake will be deducted from it." Many other investment banks don't charge employees for the cost of errors; instead the policy is, in effect, "Too many strikes, and you're out of a job."

To a trader, that first deal has all the excitement of first-time sex, except that the key emotions are fear and greed. Chad Dickson of Salomon Brothers vividly recalls his first trade ten years ago. "I invested more anxiety into \$300,000 worth of Belgian francs then, than I would into a \$25 million position today. And when they went up—when I was *right*—the rush was incredible, like windsurfing in a hurricane. The euphoria of being right is what hooks you on trading."

Forex is getting bigger and faster. The volume of trading has exploded from \$5 billion a day in 1977, to more than \$50

billion in 1986, according to the Federal Reserve Bank's most recent statistics—and that's just the New York marketplace. Worldwide, some \$200 billion to \$300 billion changes hands daily in the currency bazaar.

The furious pace began in the early 1970s, when the major industrial countries abandoned fixed exchange rates, creating a volatile marketplace where rates roller-coastered from hour to hour. The risks forced new players to move into the market for reasons of sheer survival—at the drop of an exchange rate, a corporation could watch a season's profits disappear into red ink. And as the more aggressive corporations quickly discovered, there was money in risk—for giant corporations like Volkswagen or Eastman Kodak, forex is a profit center.

The scent of blood in the churning megabucks quickly drew speculators out for a quick killing. The marketplace responded by upping the ante. Longer

6

To a trader, that first deal has all the excitement of first-time sex, except that the key emotions are fear and greed.

9

trading hours and new trading instruments were established. Innovations were adopted, including currency futures markets, such as the giant International Monetary Market (I.M.M.) in Chicago, and Star Wars technology linking the world's money markets. Now the wheel of fortune never stops: At 5:00 A.M., a New York trader can be in the thick of the London action from his desk; his Chicago counterpart can make 2:00 A.M. deals in Singapore via an electronic link between the two markets.

There are no slow days in trading, even weekends. The merest hint of hot economic news in the making could have traders dialing to unload dollars, marks, or yen in the Arab island of Bahrain, the only financial market in the world open Saturday afternoons. Even the most routine day can turn unexpectedly perilous: On January 6, the dollar reversed a long slump and rose four percent against the yen, then fell nearly as much a few hours later, only to rally at the end of the day. At some banks, anywhere from \$100 million to \$500 million could be riding on such swings—meaning that any trader foolhardy enough to leave the office for lunch

could return to discover that the meal had cost the company \$4 million.

To keep on top of the global free-for-all, traders are turning to state-of-the-art telecommunications and computer equipment, such as the new Telerate and Reuters hand-held computers, which give up-to-the-minute price quotes on all major currencies at the touch of a button. On his desk a trader may have \$100,000 worth of electronic hardware to give him instantaneous access to the world's markets. At Chemical Bank's New York forex office, the 37 traders have among them almost 300 pieces of equipment: 20 computers, 101 video screens, 37 keyboards, 74 telephones, and 37 intercoms. E. F. Hutton (now known as Shearson Lehman Hutton) has spent \$60 million on a satellite and computer network that flashes stock and currency prices to receiving dishes at its 400 branch offices.

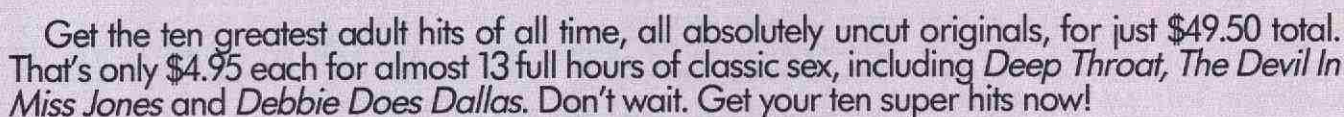
The action is getting wilder as new trading instruments are offered. When currency futures were introduced in 1972 on Chicago's I.M.M., skeptics doubted that the idea of trading money for future delivery would ever have the appeal of trading pork bellies or cotton futures—and they were right for a time. Over the past ten years, however, trading volume in agriculture futures rose 60 percent, and volume in currency futures rose 10,000 percent. Last year, 20.2 million currency-futures contracts changed hands at the I.M.M.

The seduction of futures can be summed up in a single word: leverage. By putting up \$2,000 as an initial margin payment, a trader can buy a futures contract for 125,000 deutsche marks. If he'd done this on January 27, 1988, his contract would have been worth \$74,712.50. On January 28, however, the value would have risen to \$75,362.50. In one day, that trader would have made \$650 on his \$2,000, or a 32.5 percent return. Conversely, the dark side of futures contracts is unlimited risk—if the deutsche mark had taken a sudden nosedive, the trader could have lost far more than the original \$2,000.

Options on currency futures are a new wrinkle in the money game. They're highly leveraged and relatively cheap—one type of option on 125,000 DM was traded recently for \$650—giving traders esoteric new strategies for betting on whether futures prices are going up or down. Currency options have zoomed in popularity since they were first introduced on the Philadelphia Stock Exchange in 1982. At Chicago's I.M.M., seven million currency-option contracts were traded in 1987, an 82 percent jump over 1986.

An even newer innovation in forex trading is foreign-currency warrants, introduced on the American Stock Exchange in June of last year by several major corporations—with less than stellar results, since most buyers so far have lost money. Warrants are structured to offer traders a profit if the dollar rises significantly

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against the mark or yen during the next five years, a bet that strikes most forex players as a long shot at best.

For traders who prefer to make money the old-fashioned way, the simplest possible deal is a trade such as "spot dollar/marks," where the German deutsche mark is bought or sold for delivery two days later. Even in this easy transaction the odds are against the trader, since he automatically loses money the moment he enters the market. The reason is the "bid/ask spread," where you buy at retail and sell at wholesale, getting back only 99-and-a-fraction cents for each dollar spent. So how do you make money when you start from behind? "Simple—buy low, sell high," says State Bank of Victoria's rookie O'Brien. "How do you do it? That's where traders earn every cent of their salary—figuring out how."

Ready for something a little trickier? Let's say you're a trader with \$2 million burning a hole in your account. Watching your screens, you notice that Swiss francs just went down on the spot market but are still high on the futures market. Here's a chance to do a bit of arbitrage, or arbiting. Take your \$2 million and sell it for francs on the spot market. You now have 3,286,000 Swiss francs. Next, call the I.M.M. and sell 26 September contracts of 125,000 Swiss francs, each for \$.6093. (Don't worry about the 36,000 leftover Swiss francs; you'll figure out what to do with them later in the day.) Since you bought at \$.6086, or seven I.M.M. points lower than your selling price, you've just made a paper profit of \$2,275.

Trouble is, you've just sold a lot of francs you don't actually own, since your spot holdings won't be delivered for two days. To square your accounts, your next move would be in a third market, the forward market, where money is bought or sold for delivery on some specified date in the future at a fixed price. Here you'd make a "swap," selling spot francs and buying a forward contract for 3,250,000 francs for September delivery. Essentially you've just reversed your previous moves to lock in your prices—but you lose \$1,625 of paper profits due to premiums on your new contracts. Now you can pass Go and collect \$650 in actual profits—just for making three phone calls—and still have your original \$2 million left to play with.

Complicated as this transaction sounds, to a trader like Chad Dickson, this is "plain vanilla trading," as compared to the "17-flavor marble-swirl" trades that are popular now, such as cross-currency interest-rate swaps. "On a deal like that, the players will be mapping out the trade sequences on diagram sheets before the deal goes through. But those are the deals that make a trader's life interesting, not just stealing a few points from the spot market."

Trading styles range from the flamboyant to the fantastically secretive, says L. Hunt Taylor II, a floor trader on the New York exchange. "I used to know a couple

of big traders, partners in a brokerage, who were complete opposites in style. One partner was never happier than when he was taking the entire marketplace on. He'd buy against the trend and be screaming to the other traders, 'Hit me again,' while his partner was selling through six different brokers, so no one would know what he was up to. He had an elaborate system of codes and secret signs to conceal his moves. But the funny thing was, both guys were equally successful."

Traders often favor certain kinds of deals. Chad Dickson says he starts by looking for a strong rationale behind each trade. "I also have a somewhat dangerous vice: I like to trade the turn—to predict the exact point where a falling or rising market will reverse itself."

Another trader tends to be bearish; he says, "Stockbrokers like to buy, commodities brokers to sell. There's a saying in the business, 'The tree doesn't grow to

There are no
slow days in trading, even
weekends. The merest
hint of hot economic news
could have traders
dialing to unload dollars.

the sky.' When prices are going up, it's probably time to get out." Traders may also be nationalistic or antinationalistic about certain currencies. "The British are probably their own currency's worst enemy," says a third trader, "since they'll usually short sterling."

Each currency has its own personality, say traders. The German deutsche mark, currently the most frequently traded currency, is considered the key to activity in Common Market currencies, while the British pound is particularly sensitive to OPEC developments. Some currencies move in neat steps; others bounce all over the board.

Currency players trade on a combination of economic news and rumors of news, intuitions and guesses, observations of patterns, and predictions drawn from charts and technical analysis. Most traders place their bets according to one of three commonly used trading systems. The psychological player relies on an inner sense of "market feel" to guide him through the shoals of buying and selling. The fundamentalist studies up on every possible factor that could affect a country's currency, and can reel off

chapter and verse of G.N.P., national debt, unemployment figures, and other economic indicators. The third type of trader divines his next move from computer-generated charts and the interpretations of economists.

Charts are currently the hottest prognosticator. What these computer models typically do is project anticipated price movements based on historical patterns—with "historical" sometimes meaning what happened a few hours earlier. To many traders, there is something powerfully alluring about the idea that configurations such as "head and shoulders," "neckline," "inverted bowl," and "dormant bottom" reveal exactly where currency prices are going next. And since charts are based on price and volume figures, there's no need to bone up on boring macroeconomic fundamentals, since the theory is that the market already reflects these factors, which have been "discounted in advance," as chartists put it.

After the word's come down from their personal Mount Olympus, most professional traders use "scalping" as their primary trading weapon. They're constantly making lightning moves in and out of the marketplace to capitalize on price movements of a fraction of a cent up or down. At the end of day, these day traders may own nothing, and therefore can sleep through the night without constant calls from the Far East or Australia.

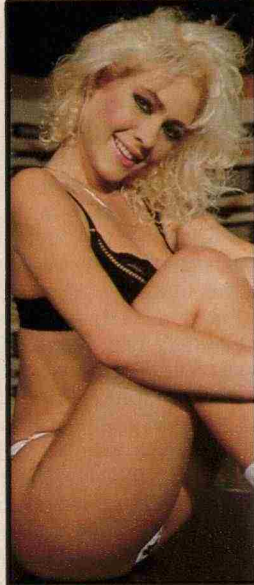
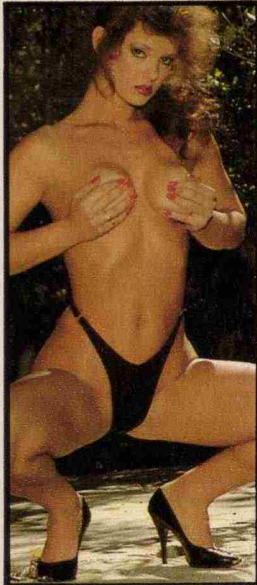
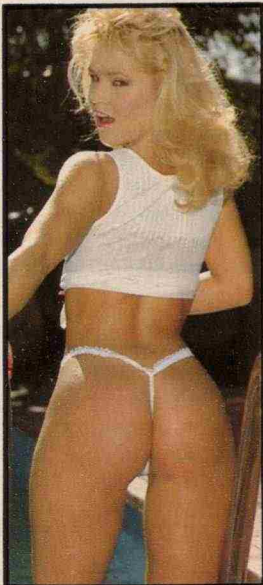
Position traders, on the other hand, look for bigger killings, by buying or selling large holdings and waiting for a big market move a week or month later. Babysitting a position is a 24-hour-a-day job, says Dickson. "When you're doing trend trading, you're not bothered by little blips in the market; but when you have a \$100-million position out there, you do have to be alert. Even when you're sleeping, your money is not—which is why I have a Teletext screen next to my bed."

Former Bankers Trust trader Andrew Krieger also considers sleep an expensive habit for a trader, and often allowed himself just two or three hours of rest a night. "If you have a three-billion-mark position and the dollar moves one pfennig, you either make or lose \$18 million," he told *The Wall Street Journal*.

If desk trading seems like a blood sport, then pit trading is a financial combat zone. The sound and fury on the floors of Chicago's I.M.M. and its Mercantile Exchange is reminiscent of the final circle of Dante's *Inferno*, except that these apparently tormented souls are just trying to get out of Sept (September) at 60, or pick up Dece (traderese for December) for 42.

There's organization in the apparent chaos. On the Chicago exchange there are separate "pits," or circular depressions, in the floor for trading in futures on six currencies—as well as options on each of these and E.C.U. (European cur-

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rency units) futures, a bushel-basket currency composed of specified percentages of various major currencies. Each pit has its own character, described by traders in such terms as "basically vermin," "the barracudas," or "the real man-eaters."

Traders who are selling stand on steps near the bottom of the pit. The step a trader is standing on indicates whether he's selling contracts for delivery in September, December, March, or June—each of which will be selling for a different price. Buyers form a ring on the upper steps. At any given moment, most of these traders are shrieking prices at the top of their lungs, as they leap up and down waving their fingers to indicate how many contracts they want to buy or sell. Through eye contact, the sellers match themselves with buyers and do a split-second deal.

At the close of the market, the action reaches a feverish pace, as gold-jacketed runners transmit last-minute phone orders to the traders, who are slamming together last-second deals. The frenzy to get in before the close can create a surge of superhuman strength—with only 20 seconds to the close, one of the few female traders actually tossed two men out of the ring to get her orders in.

Although exchange trading is technically known as "selling by open outcry," what it comes down to is standing on your feet seven hours a day, shoulder to shoulder

with dozens of other traders, screaming your lungs out to claw a few bucks out of a constantly moving market. It's a brutal sport. Not only can you get beaten up by a bad market, but you're likely to collect scrapes and bruises from the elbowing and kicking of your fellow traders. Or worse—last year trading in one of the pits got so rough that a trader suffered a broken arm after being knocked out of the ring. The ideal trader, the joke goes, is a seven-foot-tall kung fu expert with a voice that would shatter glass.'

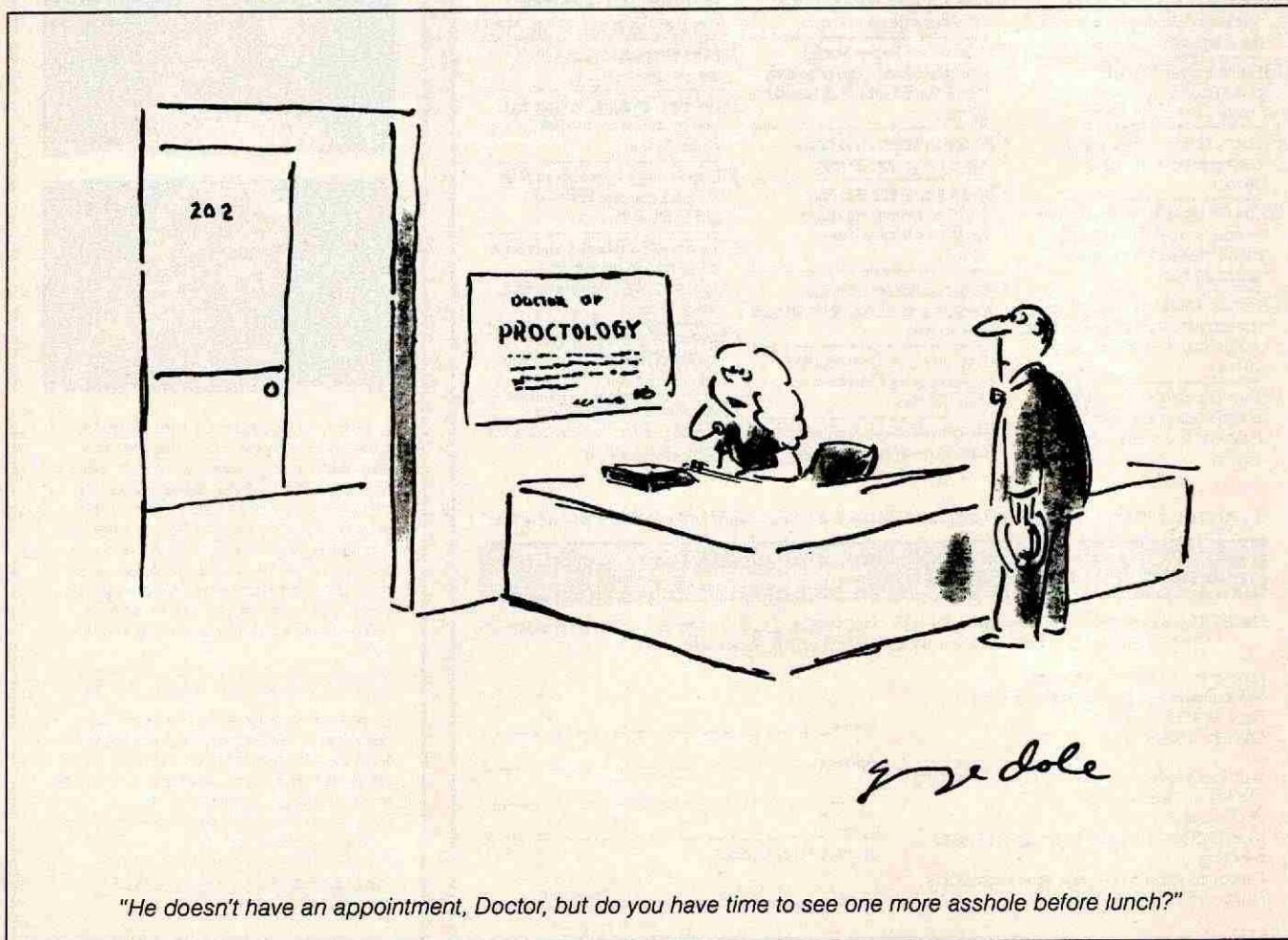
Although currency trading hasn't been affected, there are signs that the century-old outcry system is breaking down in some futures pits. The world's two busiest pits—the Treasury bond futures ring and the Standard & Poor's 500 index futures pit, both in Chicago—now have up to 700 traders simultaneously shouting and signaling their orders or prices in the same ring. On occasion, this frenzy of noise and motion has resulted in the same contract being traded at different prices in different sides of the pit. While traders with exceptional hearing, vision, and lung power have capitalized on these arbitrage opportunities, complaints have poured in about the wild and bizarre deals other traders have inadvertently made under these chaotic conditions.

Computerized trading, the most frequently discussed solution, strikes most insiders as threatening both the liquidity

and the romance of pit trading. In 1986, the London Stock Exchange automated its trading floor—eliminating the community of floor traders whose entrepreneurial heritage stretched back almost three centuries. An approach that has worked effectively for the Standard & Poor's 100-index option pit since 1985, when it was overwhelmed by record-breaking 750,000-contract days, is to handle small trades—ten contracts or less—by computer, while leaving the large traders in the pit. The \$30 million automation now lets that pit easily handle million-contract days.

Pit traders, who may be individual investors, partners in small brokerage firms, or employees of major banks, are the ultimate high rollers. Shoptalk revolves around million-dollar days—up or down—and seesawing net worths, up a million in January, down two million in February. The mortality rate on the job is such that two out of three commodities traders, who trade anything from soybean futures to D-marks, don't last ten years in the field, according to a Chicago Board of Trade survey.

The field is easy to get into for anyone who can pay the admission price (\$165,000 for a seat in New York's Mercantile Exchange; \$330,000 at the much larger I.M.M.) and who can round up two current members to sponsor him. There's also a fairly untaxing exam on the me-



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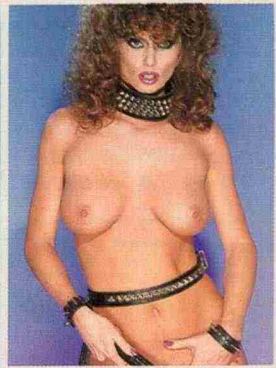
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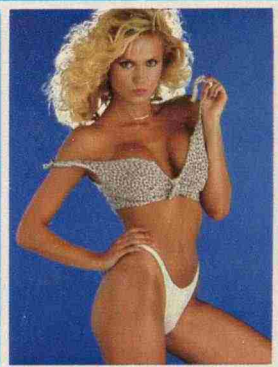
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chanics of trading, such as the hand signals that indicate whether a trader is buying (palm facing the body) or selling (palm facing out).

Another requirement is a background check, which mainly measures the depth of the trader's pockets—since no one wants to deal with a trader who can't pay his bills: "If you've got dough, and haven't raped or killed anybody, you could get in," says one recently admitted trader, tongue just slightly in cheek. "And even if you did, they might still take you if you had a good excuse."

Staying in is the real challenge, says New York trader L. Hunt Taylor II, who's been trading dollar index (a weighted index of dollar movements relative to other currencies), E.C.U.'s, and cotton for 13 years—and has the husky, booming voice to prove it. "I can watch a new trader for two days and tell you whether or not he's going to make it here," he says. "Most don't. There's a saying here that the best way to make a small fortune in commodities is to start with a large one."

Among the fatal flaws a trader can bring to the pits are stubbornness ("the kiss of death," says Taylor), tunnel vision, the inability to keep track of what the other 50 or 100 traders in the ring are up to, and excessive amounts of emotion. "Too much fear and you're going to miss the market," he explains. "Too much greed and you're going to chase the market right down to

the bottom." One problem floor traders don't have to worry about is any lack of aggression. "Money's a great motivator," says Taylor. "Take the world's most retiring guy, tell him he can make \$5,000 or \$10,000 a shout, and I guarantee you he'll be screaming like a banshee by the end of day one."


By the end of day one, a novice is also likely to find that his hand signals have gotten his fingers scorched at least once; and if he's gotten burned badly, he may also discover why pit traders have a reputation as uninhibited hotheads. "In a law firm, you might have to wait a year to stab a guy in the back who's offended you," says Taylor. "Here, you just throw a screaming temper tantrum, he throws his tantrum, and you kiss and make up—and get back to making money."

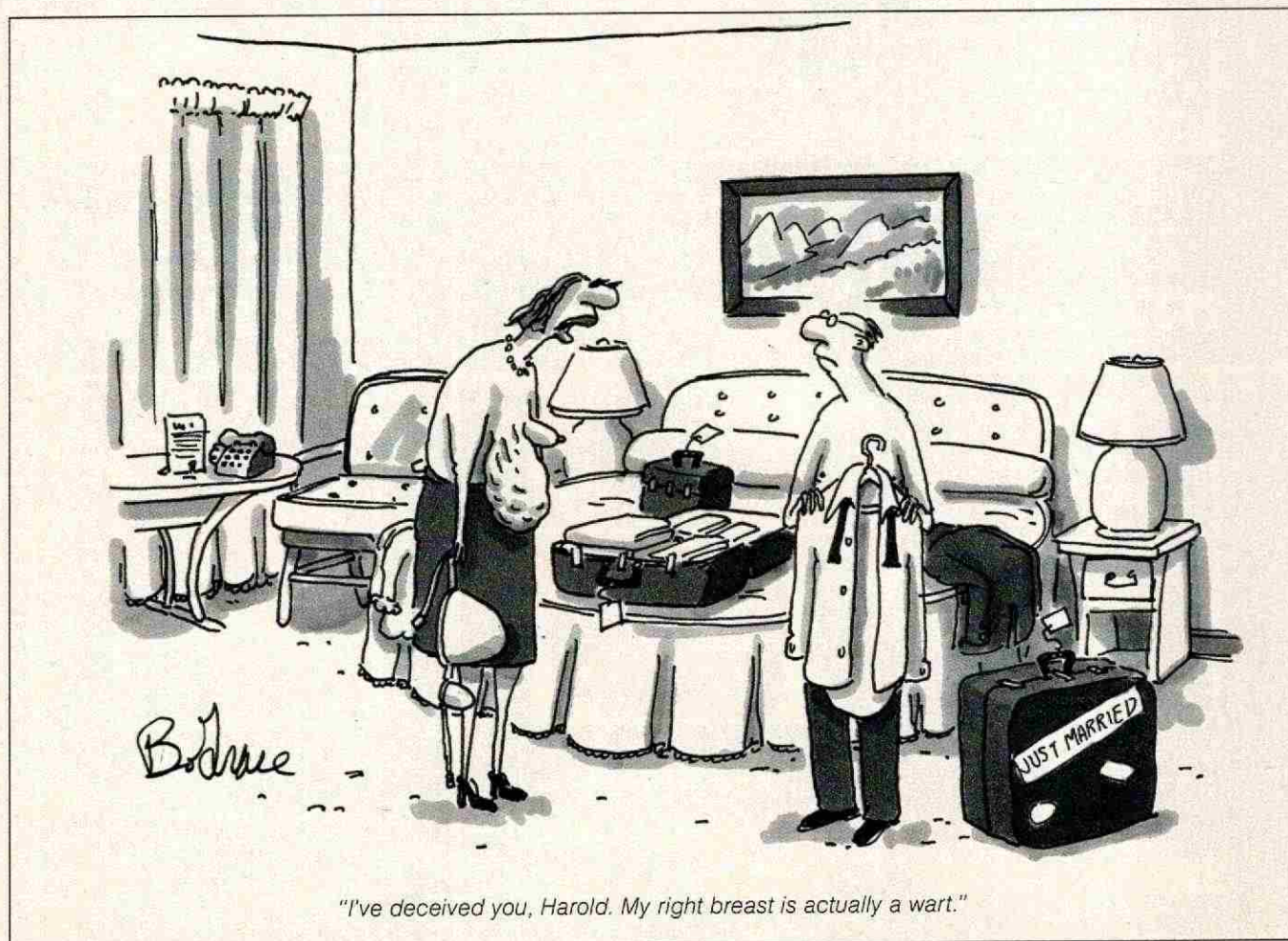
There's nothing more painful to a trader than waiting out a bad market, since patience is a virtue few pit traders have. Here's a recently overheard conversation between two traders. Trader No. 1: "Hey, why aren't you trading today?" Trader No. 2: "I've been getting killed all week, so I decided to sit this one out." Trader No. 1: "Come on, what's the worst that could happen?" Trader No. 2: "I could blow a lot more dough." Trader No. 1: "But isn't that better than missing all the action?"

Being in the action—and being seen in the action—is a floor trader's lifeblood. Some months ago, a TV station sent a

camera crew down to the New York exchange. As they started to film one of the pits, the traders suddenly went crazy. Traders who hadn't bought for days were grabbing up huge contracts, while others were selling everything they had. Suddenly the cameraman looked up and said, "Wait a minute, this isn't the gold pit." After the crew left, a lot of would-be hams spent the day desperately trying to get out of the ludicrous deals they'd made to impress the misplaced film crew.

Both pit traders and desk traders share the belief that their field is the last genuine frontier of free enterprise, where a young man or woman can still turn hard work into hard cash, fast. Critics say that these financial daredevils are just being paid to gamble, but those inside the industry believe that their sometimes colorful antics are actually all part of a valuable social service they're performing. "We'll buy risk from people who don't want—or need—it," says L. Hunt Taylor II. "A tractor manufacturer who makes some German sales doesn't want to become a D-mark speculator, but we do, so we'll sell him safety for a price."

Playing with financial fire is dangerous but exhilarating, says Chad Dickson. "If I was killed leaving the office tonight, I'd die happy, knowing that I've lived hard, played hard, made money, and had a lot of fun doing it. What more could a man want?" 



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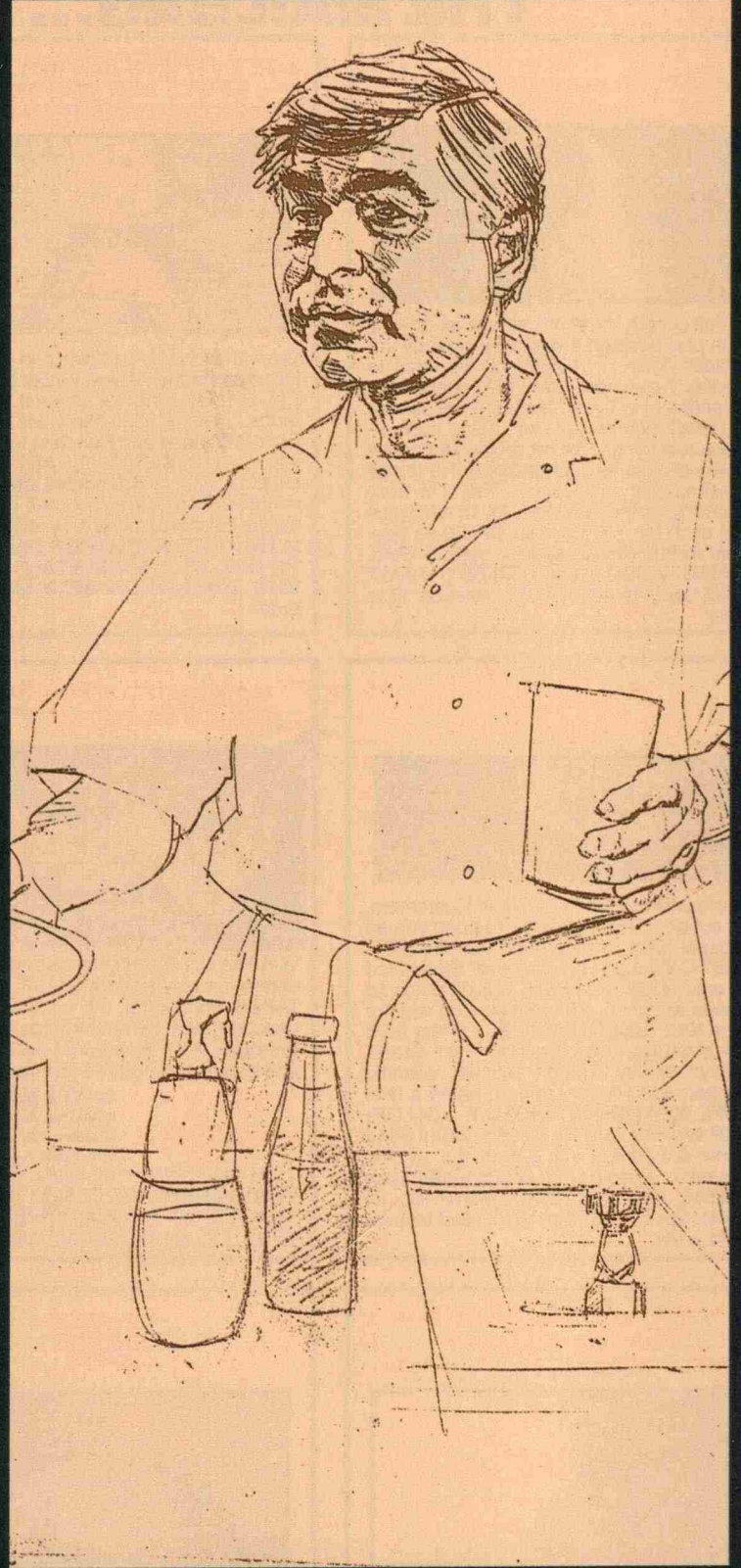
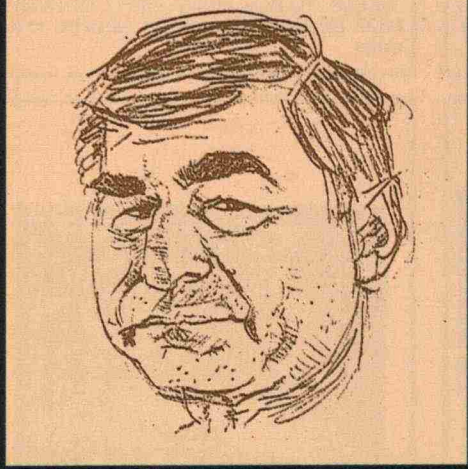
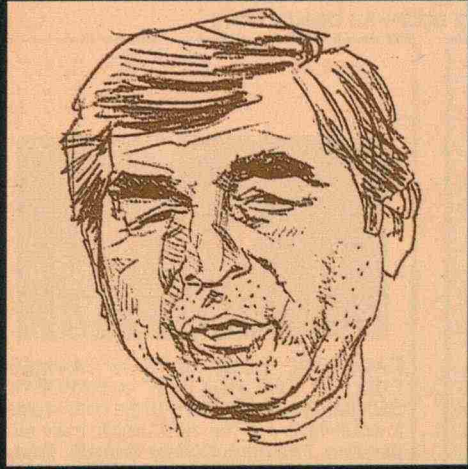


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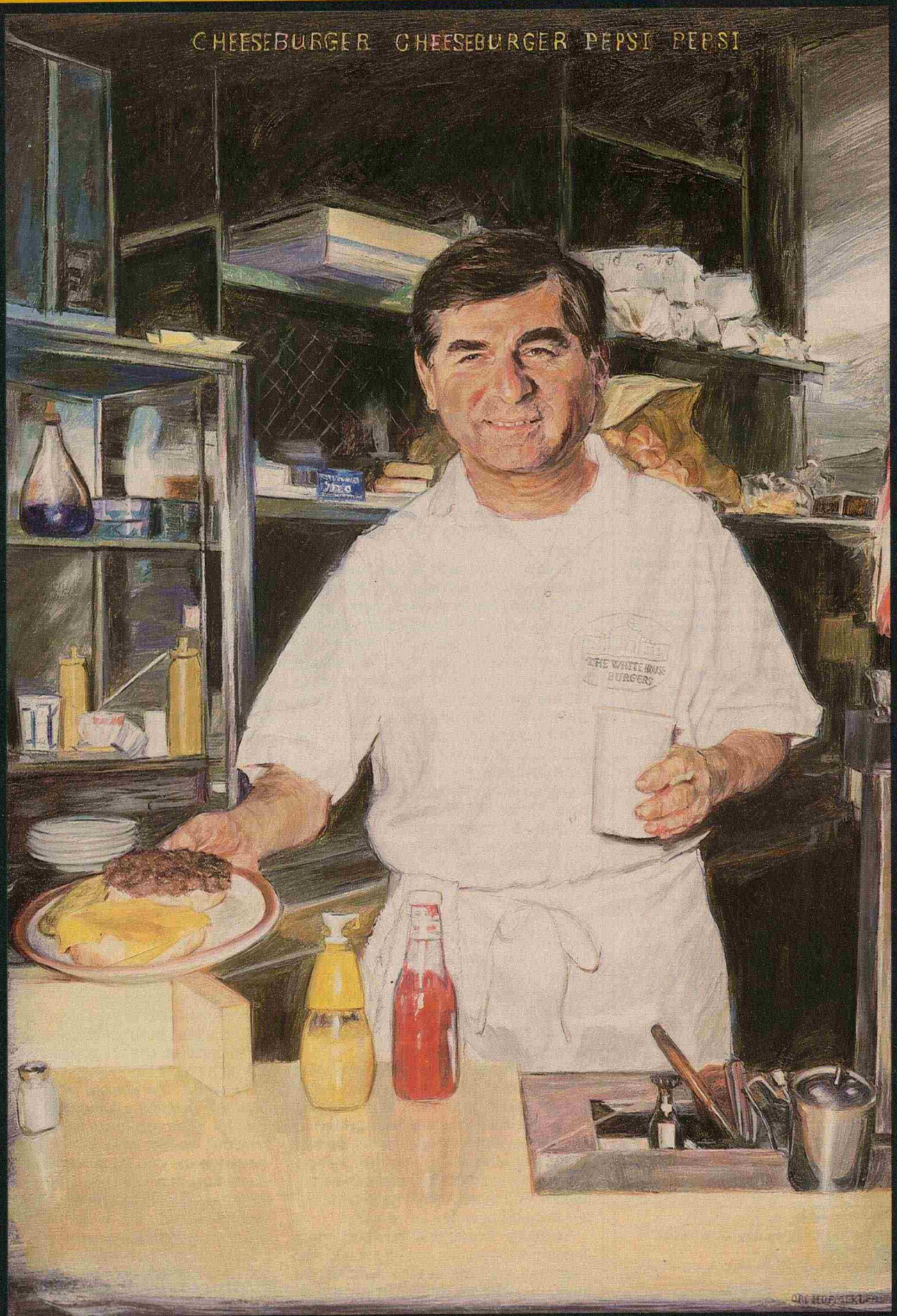
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HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 63

Governor Michael Dukakis

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OLYMPICS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

and jumpers. That means setting up a long-term nationwide system of instruction that reaches coaches and athletes across the land.

"America will never be like Leipzig, with all the athletes gathered in a central place," says Irving Dardik. "Since we can't bring the athlete to the sport science, we must bring the sport science to them." In the short term, Dardik hopes to see fully equipped mobile vans, manned by scientists, reach elite athletes around the country. In the long run, he'd like to see all athletes train at home, armed with myriad portable sensors to detect heartbeats, muscle patterns, and brain waves. "These sensors send information directly into the athlete's home computer, which would then communicate the information to a central clearinghouse," he says. "Once every aspect of the athlete's current performance has been analyzed, experts could prescribe future training programs. The athlete would thus get specialized instruction even if he is not entrenched at the Olympic Training Center."

To accomplish such far-reaching goals, obviously funds are needed. Christopher Dorst would like to see the people at the U.S.O.C. use more aggressive marketing techniques. "I guess I think they're just too conservative," he says. "If they did things like make exercise videotapes or sell the Olympic rings to put on T-shirts, the money might start rolling in."

But no matter how aggressive the U.S.O.C. is, it cannot force the corporate hand. "A company will not sponsor the Olympics just to be nice," rower Tiff Wood says. "There has to be a profit for them. To make Olympic sponsorship pay off, we have to change the public's perception of the Games. In Italy, the athlete of the year was a sculler—that would never happen here."

For that reason, among others, Mac Wilkins believes we must go the way of almost all the other 167 nations participating in the Olympics and give our athletes government subsidies to train. "There is no other way," he insists, "that we can raise the money to provide our athletes with total support."

Edwin Moses agrees. "Athletes who have qualified and distinguished themselves need to be subsidized. It's as simple as that. Everyone has been bouncing around the subject for years; but the fact is that our athletes go into the Olympic Games under stress financially and emotionally, and most of them have been under that sort of stress for years."

As far as Moses is concerned, mere financial support may not be enough. We might not ever win in the Olympics, he says, "unless we establish programs similar to those of East Germany and the U.S.S.R. I don't see an alternative. It's got


to be done. People are always saying, 'Oh, the East Germans, they take their kids and force them to do it, turn them into robots.' We think that we're the happy ones, but it's just not true. They're probably happier to compete for their country than we are for ours. You see, without the structure, our resources aren't really doing much good. Moreover, what you'd ultimately like to do in athletics in any country is identify the people who have the right talent and the right attitude, people who want to do it and who can be helped, and put them with someone who can help them. That's a completely legitimate thing to do."

Legitimate, maybe. But the ultimate question is whether such radical changes are worth it. What do we lose by losing? Why have the East Germans and Russians devoted so much money and national energy to winning? If we can keep up with them at the Olympics, how much would we gain? Would we just be sacrificing our freedom and millions of dollars for mere fun and games?

Rowing team member Tiff Wood believes the freedom afforded the American athlete may be worth the price of losing. "We may never win doing things our way," he concedes. "But winning isn't important enough to put sports under a government-enforced, authoritarian sort of control."

Ann Grandjean agrees. "I would not want to be in a country where I, or someone else, could dictate every bite that every athlete took and what hour they got up and how many hours they practiced, and where they traveled and even where they lived. I happen to like freedom."

But like painters who want the freedom to paint and novelists who want the freedom to write, many world-class athletes would consider it freeing not to be shackled by all the financial pressures they now face. And the fallout from Olympic fever would be positive, to say the least: Our youth would learn perseverance and teamwork; and our population would benefit from a renewed emphasis on physical fitness, sport medicine, and sport psychology, a discipline that teaches us how to focus our energies, set goals, and succeed.

Finally, winning at the Olympics would restore some of America's trampled-on world prestige. The Olympics, after all, is one of the most highly publicized events in the world. The Soviets are convinced that their victories are the best possible P.R. for their political system. Why shouldn't we feel that way, too? With the Japanese burying us at trade and manufacturing, and with our space shuttle exploding, it feels as if America has been second-rate for the longest time. The Olympics would be a wonderful place to snap out of it. This country can obviously compete with any country in the world at anything it wants to compete in. As Edwin Moses says, "It's embarrassing to go in there and get beat up all the time." 

PHOTOTRON

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married in order to raise a family; and for the sake of the kids' well-being, it is important that the marriage last as long as it takes the children to grow up. It is therefore vital that you should choose the right partner before taking the irrevocable step into parenthood.

If you and your prospective bride are forced to live apart for financial reasons, I would say that you are far from ready to settle down to a relationship where a shortage of money is one of the known hazards. A young man just out of college has barely embarked on his sexual education. Having graduated and then been thrust out into the world to earn your own living, you must have noticed the various differences between the real world and your conception of it as seen from the campus. The same thing applies to sex.

I am afraid you are a victim of the Victorian thinking that says it is wicked to have sex until you are wed, which is probably why you are getting married. That's bad enough. But to refrain from sex with anyone but your chosen wife is ludicrous. You need that extra experience before your wedding, otherwise you will always have the feeling of having maybe missed out on something. Your letter reads like the script for an English theater play—*No Sex Please, We're British* (it ran in London for years!).

I would prefer to take it as a simple problem in mathematics: A is engaged to B, but lives with C. C loves D, but is attracted to A. B lives in New York, while D lives in Philadelphia; but A and C live in Boston. Neither B nor D has had any sex for a fortnight. How can all increase their sexual enjoyment? It's obvious. New York is much nearer to Philadelphia than Boston, so Joyce's boyfriend could easily drop in on your fiancée—take her out to dinner and home to bed—as he passes through New York on his way to Boston. You are guilty of the worst sexual crime in my book: ignoring a sexy, horny woman who has been trying to attract your attention, possibly for years.

Ten years of friendship is a much better foundation on which to build a relationship than piling up bread in the Big Apple. If you don't make love to Joyce at least once, I will never forgive you. Remember: "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

CHERRY BOMB

Let me get right to the point. My boyfriend wants to get me into a threesome. To tell you the truth, I am scared. We have known each other three years and have been living together for two years. Our sex life is great—not fantastic, but great. I am afraid that if I go along with his idea I will hate myself and then hate him for making me do it. I am afraid it will destroy our relationship.

He does have a girl in mind, an ex-roomie of mine. We have all discussed it openly, twice, when we were out partying. This other girl is still a virgin at 23. I am afraid she will fall in love with him. In my mind and body I do not know if I want to do it. The only thing I am sure of is that I am afraid, and I know I am not jumping at the opportunity. I do not know what to tell him.

Every once in a while he brings this subject up and asks if I want to do it. I realize it is every guy's fantasy to have two girls suck his cock, etc. Sometimes I think he wants to fuck her and needs me to be there so he won't feel like he's cheating on me.

Am I normal? Are my fears unfounded? Should I see a sex shrink? Should I say yes, even though I have some doubts? Should I say no, on the grounds that I am scared? Any advice would be greatly appreciated. I will carefully consider what you say, because from your advice to

Sooner or later he is going to poke his curiosity into someone else; so when he finally gets his rocks off with another woman, you should be there to supervise it.

others, you seem to be an intelligent and experienced person. Thank you for your time.—T. G.


If everyone were capable of expressing their sexual fears and doubts with the clarity and frankness you show in your letter, there would be a lot less problems in the world. Everything you say makes sense and is probably true, and I am tempted to advise you to be as open and honest with your boyfriend as you have been with me. It may be the answer. On the other hand (unless you are playing poker), it is better to keep the odd card up your sleeve when dealing with men; so total honesty is probably not the best policy. There is one aspect of the situation that you have not touched on, and that is the other girl's psychological profile. A 23-year-old virgin is in bad trouble. She is a likely candidate for all kinds of sexual hang-ups, and popping that hardened, almost crystallized cherry is going to require a lot of tact and understanding. It may be that your boyfriend is aware of this aspect of the problem and has a philanthropic angle as well as simple horniness. He probably realizes that the only

way he is going to relieve your ex-roomie of that undesirable appendage, a 23-year-old hymen, is with your loving and able assistance.

The problem you have is that once your man has raised the question of a threesome, he is not going to just forget about it. The subject will always be in his mind, however well hidden. If you decide against it, sooner or later he is going to sneak off and poke his curious schlong into someone else; so it is a much more sensible arrangement that when he finally gets his rocks off with another woman, you are there to supervise it.

If you go ahead with it—and I suspect that sooner or later you probably will, because I detect a curiosity in your inquiry that will eventually have to be satisfied—you shouldn't have too much to worry about, as you sound like a very together person. By comparison, let's face it: A virgin of 23 is some kind of sexual cripple. Your kindness to her, as you instruct her to spread her legs or how to suck your boyfriend's cock, must never appear condescending. Yet you should make it absolutely clear to her and your boyfriend what the pecking order is—you come first, second, and third.

I once persuaded a boyfriend into a miniorgy that ended as a foursome. When I watched him make love to another woman and actually shoot his load inside her pussy, I couldn't handle it. I fell to pieces. I wept uncontrollably and in fact behaved like the ultimate party pooper, which is why I see your point of view in this situation so well.

With my present lover, if he wants extramural nookie, I make sure I arrange it for him, and blow the whistle when I think he has had enough. He grumbles some, but basically he accepts it, because he would rather have his extra pussy controlled than have none at all. 

CREDITS

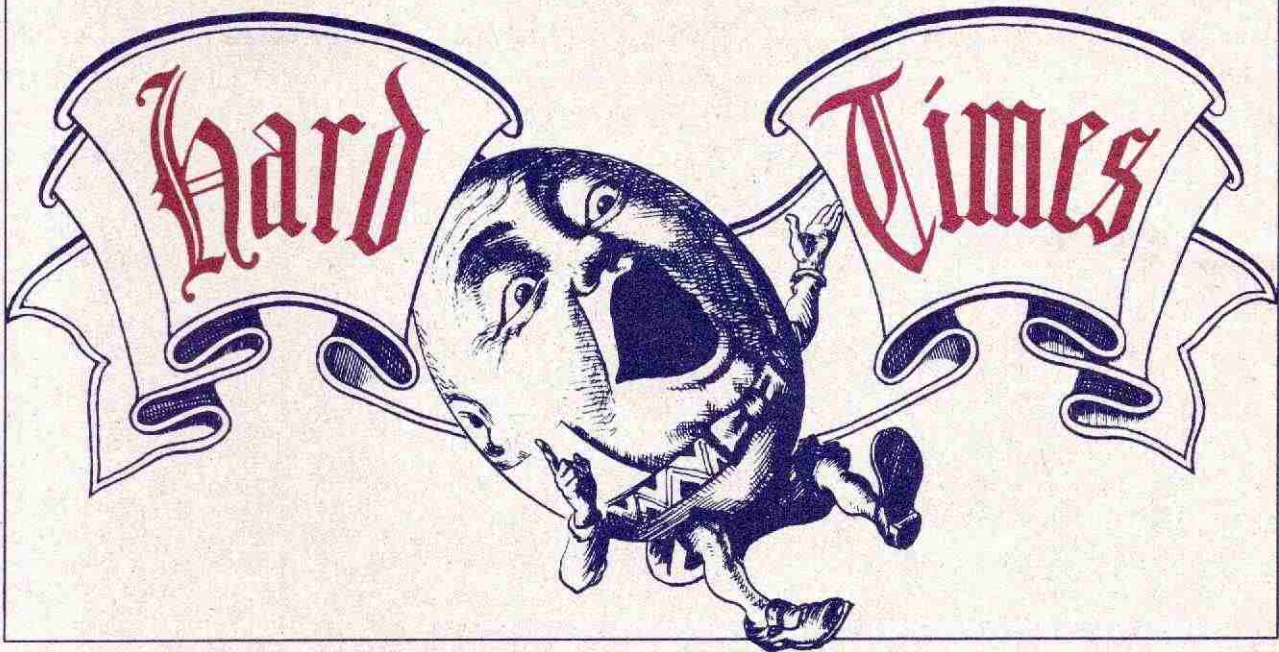
Page 4 clockwise from left, Robert Florkczak, Ori Holmekier, Tom Zimmeroff, Paul Wunderlich, Douglas Bradshaw, page 8, Richard Flaata/Parallel Editions, page 15, Lori Grinker/Duomo Photography, Inc., page 16, Greg Smith/Gamma-Liaison, page 17 top, John Martin, page 17 bottom, Bettmann Newsphotos, page 33, The Bettmann Archive, page 35 top, c 86 Chisholm Rich/The Stockmarket, page 35 bottom, Rita Maas/Beeper Plus, Inc., page 36, Andreas Sterzing, page 43 top left, Ted Mahlen/The Stockmarket, page 43 top right, Michael Tamborino/The Stockmarket, page 43 right center, Brent Nic Astro/Gamma-Liaison, page 44 top right, Ken Stratton/The Stockmarket, page 44 bottom left, c Walt Disney Productions/Movie Still Archives, page 45 bottom left, Ron Vesely/Focus On Sports, page 141, Movie Still Archives, page 142 top, Michael Dick/Animals, page 142 bottom, Movie Still Archives, page 143 top, Paula Wright/Animals, page 143 bottom, Frank Fisher/Gamma-Liaison, page 155 clockwise from top left, UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos, Alan D. Levenson/Gamma-Liaison, UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos, UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos, page 158, UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos, page 160 top to bottom, Movie Still Archives, Focus On Sports, Steven Backlund, c 1987 Thomas Victor, AP/Wide World.

CAMERA CREDITS

Pet of the Month Lisa Aiton, who appears on page 75, was photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera: Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses; Harrison Illiers; and Norman Strobes. W. E. Barnes photographed Michelle Wishon, who appears on page 47, with a Canon T90 camera. Our love set on page 94 was shot by Didier Pedron with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 180 lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. Suze Randall photographed Kascha Papillon with a Nikon 35mm camera, a Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens, and a Tiffen 81A filter. Her pictorial begins on page 110.

EXTRA

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

EXTRA

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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 7, NO. 7

GOD PREFERS BLONDES



Supporters of Mexico's "Saint Marilyn Crusade" want to canonize the legendary sex symbol. "She was the child of an illegitimate birth, and suffered a life of neglect, humiliation, and even rape in foster homes because her mother was confined to mental institutions," explains artist Ernesto del Garro, a founder of the crusade. "Like Mary Magdalene, the harlot taken under the wing of Christ, Marilyn Monroe was beginning to realize the evils of the world; but after the death of the Christlike Kennedy, she continued to suffer." The crusade's

emblem, a painting of Marilyn with wings, halo, and puckered lips, is being exhibited in art museums all over Mexico. Says one priest, "It is a sacrilege to place this woman in the same category with figures . . . who sacrificed themselves to God. Marilyn Monroe may have suffered, but she was no saint." He feels the crusade to canonize Monroe stems from people's confusion over religion. (*Sun*)

That also gives a whole new meaning to the passion play.—Editor

DEAD SAINT SCRIPTS FLICK

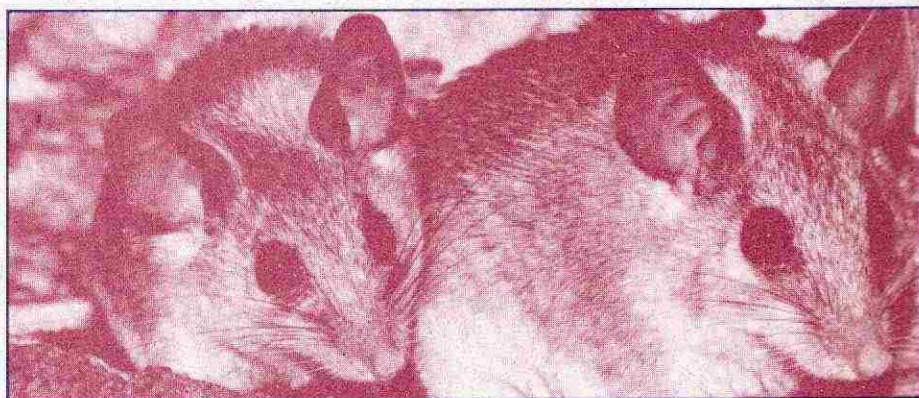
Saint Giovanni Bosco, dead for over 100 years, has come back to life to write a movie script about his life. "I couldn't really call myself a strong believer, and the film was giving me a lot of problems," says the scriptwriter of the proposed film about the Italian friar. "Then one night Don Bosco appeared to me in an incredible dream. He suggested how I should approach the work and dictated to me. The next day I remembered the dream vividly, and everything came easily to me. . . . It all fitted together as if by magic—a real miracle." Bosco was declared a saint in 1934 after many claimed he performed miracles from the grave. (*National Examiner*)
If he can work with the Italian cinema industry, that'll be the real miracle!—Editor

EIGHTY-POUND MICE WILL OVERRUN EARTH

Geneticists are breeding dog-size mice that have the ability to take over the world, warns Fernand Didier, president of the Swiss watchdog organization Citizens for Sane Science. Didier says that Bulgarian and Soviet scientists have bred hundreds of these rodents for study. "Nature has no provision for controlling creatures like this," he claims. "If they ever got loose,

they wouldn't compete for food, they'd get it all. You could argue that giant mice are needed for medical experiments and will never get out of the laboratory. But mark my words, they will escape—and when they do, heaven help us all!" Rodents of such size and strength are created, he explains, by combining the growth gene from a dog with the genes of a mouse. He adds

that although the Soviets have dealt with animals in the 15- to 20-pound range, the Bulgarians have bred mice weighing as much as 80 pounds. "It's up to concerned people everywhere to condemn experiments such as these," he warns. "Our future may well depend on it." (*Weekly World News*)
He just thinks he's the big cheese.—Editor



Aliens Communicate Through Classifieds

Extraterrestrials are getting in touch with each other through the classified pages of local newspapers, says Hideki Oshi, director of the All-Japan Spacewatch Association. "It is my theory that the aliens use this means of sending messages to prevent human beings from eavesdropping on

their electronic communications," he explains. The electronic engineer became interested in UFO research when, checking the furniture section of the want ads for a couch, he was drawn to the personals, which he continued to read on a daily basis. He noticed that the day before a UFO

sighting, there would be an ad begging for the return of a family member or pet; and the day after a sighting, an ad thanking "one god or another" for their return. "With the help of a journalist friend, I succeeded in discovering where the bills for the ads were sent. I succeeded in cross-ref-

erencing the ads and the bills for a seven-month period. More than three-fourths were billed to companies with names like Star, Sun, Moon, or Galaxy. Then I knew I was on to something." (*National Examiner*)
He got an out-of-this-world deal on his couch.—Editor



TV EATS GIRL

A 29-year-old mother in Naples, Italy, claims she witnessed her TV-addicted daughter being eaten alive by the family's television set. "I had ordered Tina to turn off the TV and go to bed," she recalls. "Suddenly Tina's body began to glow. She broke apart into tiny particles that turned into a cloud of vapor, then she vanished. She was sucked right into the television set." Tina's father, a TV repairman, was working in the basement when he heard his daughter screaming. He rushed upstairs to see the set shaking on its stand and to hear Tina's voice fading away. Since then, both parents say, she has communicated to them from inside the TV, telling them she's where she wants to be. Although police officials are skeptical of the story, an Italian psychic explains that Tina is a "being of ultrahigh vibrational frequency who was able to dissolve her earthly shell into particles of energy which are now mingling among the field of broadcast waves in the set's picture tube. She's happy because she loves TV so much." (*Sun*)
They'll find her through the proper channels.—Editor

TWO-HEADED WOMAN PREGNANT

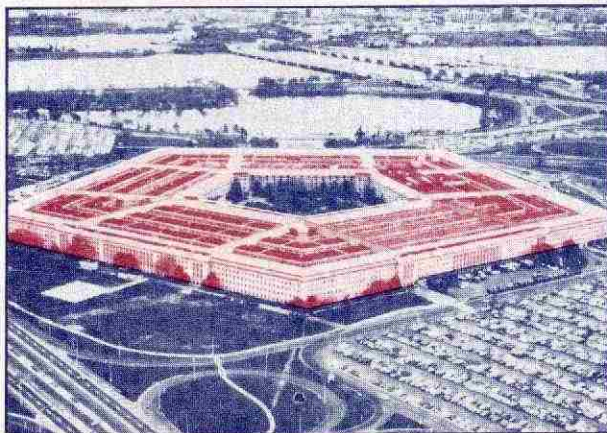
A two-headed pregnant woman in Benin City, Nigeria, is taking herself to court because her heads disagree about whether or not to have the baby. "One way or another we are going to set precedents in this case," says the attorney for one half of the 26-year-old woman. "We'll have to take a long, hard look at the ability of a physically challenged person to care for an infant. We also have to determine whether a woman has the right to do as she pleases with a body that belongs both to her and somebody else." Claims the attorney for the half of the woman that seeks an abortion, his client pleaded with her "sister head" not to have sex with the man, but lost out in the struggle. "She should not be forced to suffer from an act of indecency—premarital sex—she argued against," he asserts. Meanwhile, the baby's father seems to have "vanished off the face of the earth." (*Weekly World News*—submitted by Brad Greenspan, Island Park, N.Y.)

Just like a man.—Editor

PENTAGON PSYCHICS BUILDING PEACE SHIELD

According to *The Washington Post*, members of the Pentagon Meditation Club are attempting to build an invisible peace shield around the United States by means of their Spiritual Defense Initiative, a takeoff on Reagan's Star Wars program. Says the club's president, Ed Winchester, "It may be the secret weapon that we will need in order to replace the nuclear threat." Active since 1976, the club, composed of Defense Department employees, meets every Friday at a "spiritual command post" within the Pentagon to transmit messages of love and peace. High-ranking officers too embarrassed to attend can purchase \$70 home-meditation kits, including a 90-page manual and three cassette tapes. Everyone has their own personal "peace shield," explains Winchester, but some people's need to be expanded through concentrated meditation. Meditation Club members sit around a table, close their eyes, and try to clear their minds of their workdays. (*Washington Post*—submitted by Joseph Rosenfeld, Seaford, N.Y.)

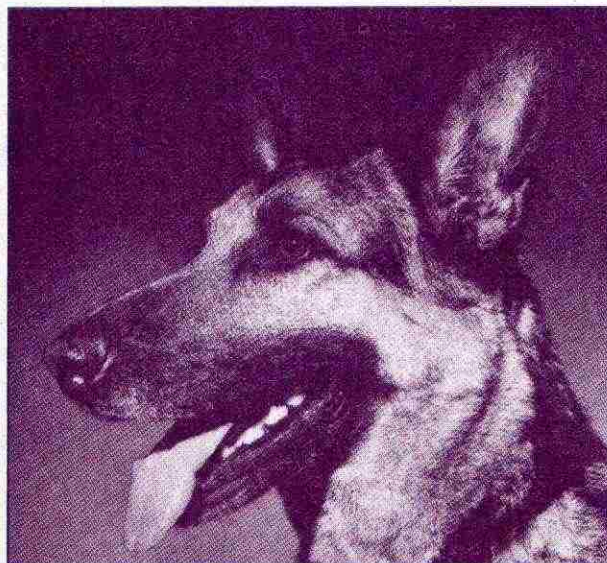
Their usual method of operation.—Editor



BOY RAISED BY DOG

A four-year-old boy neglected by his parents in Düsseldorf, West Germany, began to act like a dog after being raised by the family's female German shepherd. Contacted by the child's grandfather, police brought him to a hospital for treatment, where it was discovered that he "barks and sniffs like a puppy, and sleeps on his belly, his arms stretched out in front of him and his head resting on one." Police claim the boy was clean, since the dog groomed him regularly. "It is she who raised and protected the little boy," says one official. Now in a children's clinic, he continues to sleep on his stomach, and occasionally mentions the dog's name, Asta. (*Straits Times*—submitted by Nicholas Mak, Singapore)

That's one lucky little son of a bitch.—Editor



WOMAN WITH 130-POUND TUMOR

A Fort Worth, Texas, woman, afraid to seek medical treatment for a tumor in her abdomen, let it swell to 130 pounds before finally having it removed. Barbara Louise Jones, 55, said that in the three years preceding the operation, she began to gain weight and realized something was wrong. Fearing cancer, the five-foot-one-and-a-half-inch woman delayed seeing a doctor about her condition. Her surgeon, J. E. Way, removed the malignant tumor last No-

vember, first cutting a four-and-a-half-foot incision in Jones's abdomen. "As it turned out, everything went like Johnny clockwork," recalls Way, and the surgery team rolled the tumor onto a nearby table. Since then, "I went to the doctor Monday and my blood pressure is up a little, but other than that, I'm doing fine," says Jones. (*Houston Post*—submitted by Terry Sander, Houston, Tex.) *But now she ain't half what she used to be.—Editor*

EDITOR'S NOTE:

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

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE

IF YOU DON'T RELEASE OUR FRIENDS IN **KUWAIT** AND REMOVE **WARSHIPS** FROM THE **PERSIAN GULF**, WE WILL **BLOWUP** OURSELVES, THE **PASSENGERS**, AND THE ENTIRE CREW!!!



WOULD YOU BELIEVE THAT IF YOU DON'T RELEASE OUR FRIENDS IN **KUWAIT**, WE WILL **BLOWUP** OURSELVES, THE **PASSENGERS**, AND THE ENTIRE CREW ???



WOULD YOU BELIEVE THAT IF YOU DON'T RELEASE OUR FRIENDS IN **KUWAIT** WE'D **KILL** OURSELVES AND THE CREW AND **ONE** PASSENGER??



WOULD YOU BELIEVE WE'D **KILL** OURSELVES AND THE CREW?



WOULD YOU BELIEVE I'D PUNCH MYSELF IN THE **NOSE** AND GIVE THE **STEWARDESS** A **HICKEY**?



I'LL **SMOKE** IN THE **NO SMOKING** SECTION...



BALANCED LIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

with the law, and he was in legal trouble when I first saw him.

"We put him on niacin, along with other nutrients and a high-protein diet, since the niacin seems to work better with a high-protein diet. He cleared up almost immediately and stopped hallucinating. He went off to prison to do his time, but he became an honor prisoner, and the last I heard, he was completely recovered."

According to Lesser, orthomolecular therapy is most successful when the psychiatrist is able to intervene during the illness's early stages. Of another case, Lesser says, "It was very fortunate that this premed student came to see me when he did. He broke up with his girlfriend and sort of fell apart—started eating a lot of junk food and soon started hearing voices and behaving bizarrely and couldn't concentrate. He was a straight-A premed student, but his grades fell off very severely in his last quarter because he was getting ill.

"He came to see me in desperation. I put him on a high-protein diet and on large amounts of niacin, and within a week, he cleared up and stopped hallucinating. He went on to medical school, and he called me recently to let me know that he had graduated successfully."

One of the most significant points made by these examples is that when orthomolecular psychiatry is effective, it is capable of actually getting to the root cause of a disease, rather than simply masking its symptoms. While the orthomolecular physicians are hesitant to say that the patient is "cured," nevertheless, by correcting any causative imbalances in the body, the results of orthomolecular therapy can be long lasting. Moreover, side effects of megavitamin therapy are very minor when compared to those of traditional treatment.

Orthomolecular therapy is, of course, not a cure-all. Some of the more severe cases of schizophrenia—those in which the patient manifests paranoid delusions—are very difficult to treat by any method. While some may respond to the administration of certain vitamins or amino acids, or a correction of certain biochemical imbalances, others may not. Even in cases where orthomolecular therapy has not yielded promising results, it can still work as an important adjunct to traditional treatments. For instance, recent studies indicate that patients who are given Haldol, an antipsychotic drug, appear to have better results when it is administered in conjunction with vitamin C, which is an important coenzyme in some of the sophisticated functions of the brain. So while the mysteries of schizophrenia are far from solved, we may be closer to unraveling them through the advances of orthomolecular medicine.

Practically any nutritional deficiency that affects the mind—and almost all do in one way or another—can cause anxiety. The most common type of anxiety reaction today is called neurosis, neurotic anxiety, or anxiety neurosis. In the treatment of this disorder, Lesser does something that most traditional psychiatrists would never consider doing.

"When I see a patient suffering from anxiety neurosis, which is generally some anxiety fatigue, some phobias, and some depression," says Lesser, "I order a glucose-tolerance test. In a recent review of my anxiety cases, I found that 92 percent had abnormalities in their glucose tolerance. So I have come to see anxiety as a message from the body that the blood-sugar metabolism is in disrepair. Rather than getting involved immediately in looking for the oedipal or pre-oedipal fantasies that have created this problem, I go immediately to my nutritional orthomolecular approach. I have found that

Practically any
nutritional deficiency
that affects the
mind—and almost all do—
can cause anxiety.

this is a very helpful way of speeding up the whole therapeutic process.

"If the patient is hypoglycemic, they need to be put on a hypoglycemic diet, which is one that is adequate in protein, with frequent small meals throughout the day because you have anxiety attacks when the blood sugar gets low. Eating frequently keeps the blood sugar from dropping too quickly."

However, adds Lesser, "It may take months to clear up the condition, because the body has been often run-down for a number of months or years, and you have to gradually repair all the cells in the body. The old cells have to die off and be replaced by new ones that are better nourished."

In addition to using vitamins and other nutrients to treat anxiety disorders, orthomolecular psychiatrists may, where appropriate, incorporate different methods of relaxation, exercise, and stress management.

For the past 30 years, psychiatry has been aware that certain biochemical changes that take place in the brain can both influence and reflect fluctuations in our moods. Although these mood swings

can originate in either the mind or the body, the end result is the same: a change in the delicate biochemistry of the brain, which governs how we feel at any given moment. It is only in the last ten to 15 years, however, that some of the specific brain chemicals involved have actually been isolated. Figuring prominently among these chemicals are substances called neurotransmitters, which are responsible for relaying messages between the brain and the rest of the body.

Regarding the regulation of moods, scientists have found that a large number of depressed people have significant brain deficiencies of norepinephrine and serotonin. These neurotransmitters belong to a chemical group called the amines, which are responsible for the control of emotions, sleep, pain, and many of the body's involuntary functions such as digestion. Almost 90 percent of these amines are found deep in the brain, and the normally functioning body has a recycling system called "reuptake," by which each nerve cell takes back some 85 percent of the expended neurotransmitter for future use once the chemical reaction has been completed.

The antidepressants prescribed today are designed to somehow affect the amount of neurotransmitters available in the brain. When a traditional psychiatrist arrives at a diagnosis of depression, more likely than not, the next step will be to put the patient on antidepressant medication. Most of these drugs are not without serious side effects. Under its listing for Elavil, for instance, the P.D.R. mentions the following contraindications:

- It should be used with caution in patients with impaired liver function.
- Users may experience cardiovascular adverse reactions, including both hypo- and hypertension, myocardial infarction, arrhythmias, and stroke.
- It may cause central nervous system and neuromuscular reactions, including disturbed concentration, disorientation, delusions, hallucinations, excitement, anxiety, insomnia, nightmares, numbness, tremors, and seizures.
- Other adverse reactions include blurred vision, bone-marrow depression, nausea, testicular swelling and gynecomastia (breast development and possible lactation) in men, breast enlargement in women, dizziness, fatigue, headaches, baldness, and the elevation or lowering of blood sugar levels.

Because suicidal tendencies are a frequent characteristic of depression, one of the most serious problems associated with antidepressants is the potential for drug overdose. The P.D.R. warns that until significant remission occurs, "potentially suicidal patients should not have access to large quantities of this drug. Prescriptions should be written for the smallest amount feasible." The P.D.R. states unequivocally that "deaths by deliberate or accidental overdosage have occurred with this class of drugs."

Because both the neurotransmitters norepinephrine and serotonin are formed from amino acids that are normally present in our bodies and in the foods we eat, orthomolecular psychiatrists believe that it makes more sense to try to treat depression with amino-acid supplements than to rush to prescribe psychotropic drugs that often have side effects worse than the depression for which they were prescribed.

In her recent book, *The Way Up From Down* (Random House, 1987), Dr. Priscilla Slagle outlines a safe and easily implemented program of treatment for depression using amino acids and the other necessary precursors for the production of norepinephrine and serotonin. She is careful to emphasize that people who are severely depressed should follow the program under the supervision of a physician. It is not advisable for those who are already on antidepressant medication to stop abruptly, for withdrawal symptoms may occur.

Slagle explains the biochemical basis of the program and how it addresses depression: "It consists of taking an amino acid called tyrosine, which in the presence of certain B-complex vitamins, minerals, and vitamin C will convert into norepinephrine in the brain. This neurotransmitter not only sustains positive moods,

but it also helps our concentration, learning, memory, drive, ambition, motivation, and other equally important qualities. Additionally, it helps to regulate food- and sexual-appetite functions.

"The other amino acid used in the program is tryptophan, which forms serotonin in the brain, provided that the requisite cofactors—the B vitamins, minerals, and vitamin C—are present. In addition to sustaining mood, tryptophan also has other functions, such as controlling sleep and levels of aggression. People who are quite aggressive, irritable, or angry are often suffering from a marked deficiency in serotonin. Indeed, very low levels of serotonin have been found in the brain of suicide victims at autopsy.

"With these two amino acids, a good multivitamin-mineral preparation is taken to provide all the nutrients necessary to catalyze or promote the conversion of the amino acids into the neurotransmitters."

According to Slagle, there are many factors in our lives that may deplete the nutrients required by the body to form norepinephrine and serotonin. "Excess caffeine," says Slagle, "and by this I mean any more than one and a half cups of fairly strong brewed coffee, can deplete the B vitamins, particularly B₁₂, as well as the minerals magnesium and iron, which are critical in the formation of the neuro-

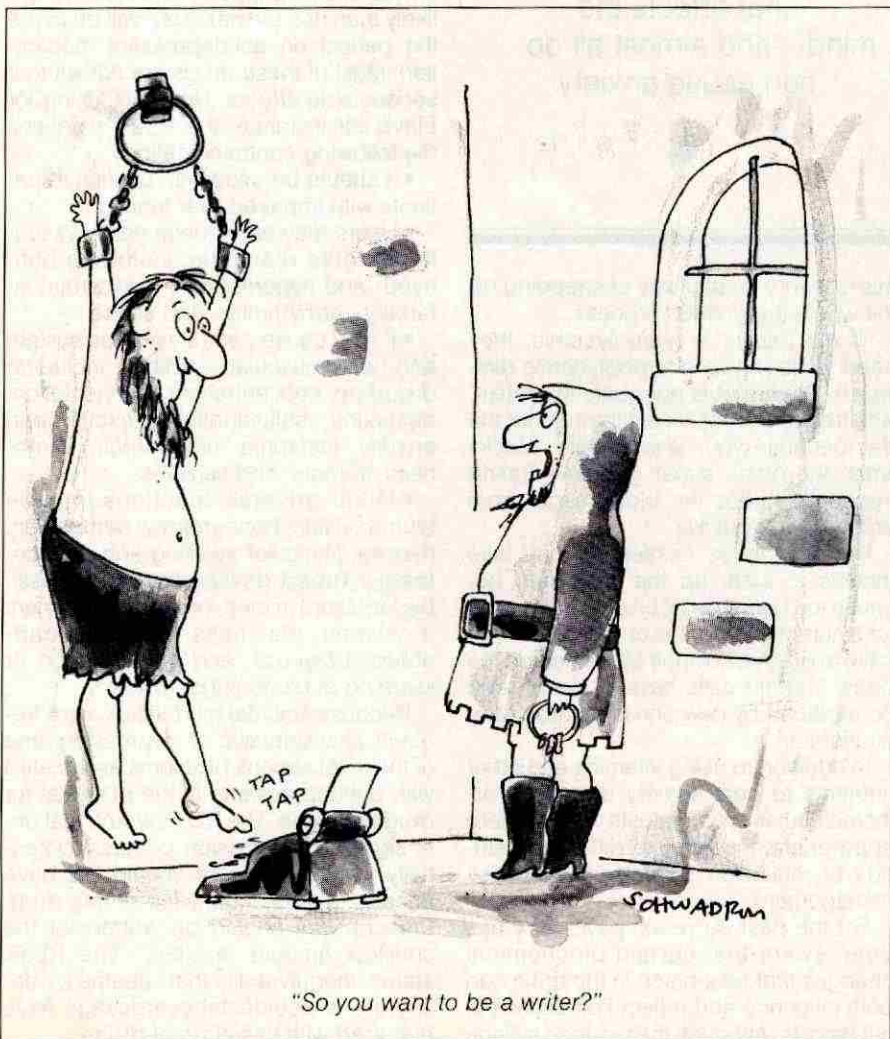
transmitters. Sugar depletes vitamins B₁, B₂, and B₆, as well as magnesium and iron. . . . It is very important for people to know that perhaps the four cups of coffee or the Hostess Twinkie or the candy bars they had this morning are related to the low mood they are having this afternoon."

Slagle and other orthomolecular psychiatrists also recognize stress as a factor in depression; but they take this insight a good deal further than most conventional psychiatrists. Most people, as Slagle points out, tend to associate depression with what are called "major stressors," such as the loss of a loved one, being fired from a job, or any other circumstance that can upset our lives in a very significant way. But even the stresses associated with everyday living can deplete the vitamins, minerals, and amino acids essential to our emotional equilibrium. If enough of these are used up, the production of neurotransmitters will be adversely affected, rendering us slightly depressed and more vulnerable to the next round of stress, which may deepen our depression. If the cycle is not broken, we may slide into full-blown depression or even gravitate toward suicidal impulses.

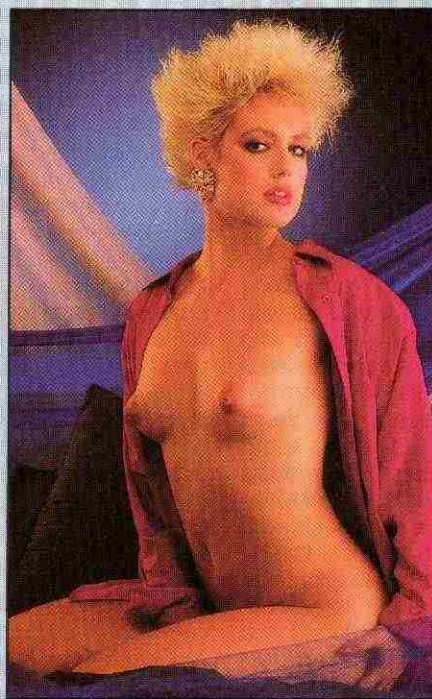
Last but not least, orthomolecular psychiatrists point out that depression can often occur as a side effect of many prescription medications, including antibiotics, antiarthritic pills, blood-pressure medication, birth-control pills, tranquilizers, and even aspirin. Often when people are given these medications, they are not warned of the possibility that they may experience depression as a side effect. Slagle, together with most other orthomolecular psychiatrists, believes that rather than ignoring these side effects or waiting for them to appear, whenever a prescription drug is given that has an adverse reaction such as depression listed in the P.D.R., a nutritional program should accompany the prescription in order to replenish the particular vitamins and amino acids that may be depleted by taking the medication.

In short, for orthomolecular psychiatrists, the first line of defense against depression is a nutritionally adequate diet. If mental illness should strike, the first plan of attack is not psychotropic drugs, but a carefully planned program designed to supply the body with the nutrients it needs to restore its own internal balance.

Editor's note: The author wishes to acknowledge the valuable assistance of Trudy Golobic in compiling this article. Reprints of the articles in this series are available to readers. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with a check or money order for \$1.00, payable to Penthouse Int'l, to: Editorial Department, Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Expect up to two months for delivery. OT



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HPPH

DR. GALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

Penthouse: Do you see yourself becoming a nuclear radiation specialist? Is there a growing need for people with this kind of expertise?

Gale: There's an interesting evolution in this field. In the early days of the development of atomic bombs and nuclear energy, many of the same people who dealt with the medical aspects also dealt with the physics. There were physicians who took care of patients while they also lived and worked with physicists who were developing atomic weapons. Now these disciplines have grown rather far apart. The people who take care of individuals with bone-marrow failure are generally cancer specialists. The individuals who deal with radiation in a medical setting are radiation therapists or radiation biologists. Finally, you have the field of nuclear energy, which has expanded and is now to a great extent divorced from the medical disciplines. Still, in a society where nuclear energy—peaceful and nonpeaceful—plays such a critical role, we need physicians who can take care of patients and also know about the use of molecularly cloned growth factors, the latest antibiotics, and supportive care,

and have good training in radiation biology and nuclear physics. Presently there are few such people; but since it's an area of rapid advancement and of theoretical interest, I think it's an area into which it should be possible to recruit talented individuals.

Penthouse: One of the ironies to come out of the Chernobyl adventure is that you have become something of a folk hero in the Soviet Union. The Soviet government has featured you extensively on national television; there have been favorable articles written about you in the Soviet press. Probably outside of American political leaders and Dr. Hammer, there might not be an American who has achieved that same stature in the Soviet Union. Why do you think the Soviets have done this?


Gale: Although one frequently reads complex schemes and K.G.B. plans into almost everything the Soviets do, my belief is that it more likely represents a genuine appreciation by the Soviet people of American assistance in a crisis. Soviets have long and strong memories—for the good as well as the bad. If they like you, they really like you; and if they don't like you, they really don't like you. They are much less forgiving and forgetting than we are. I think they appreciate the fact that Americans were willing to come in

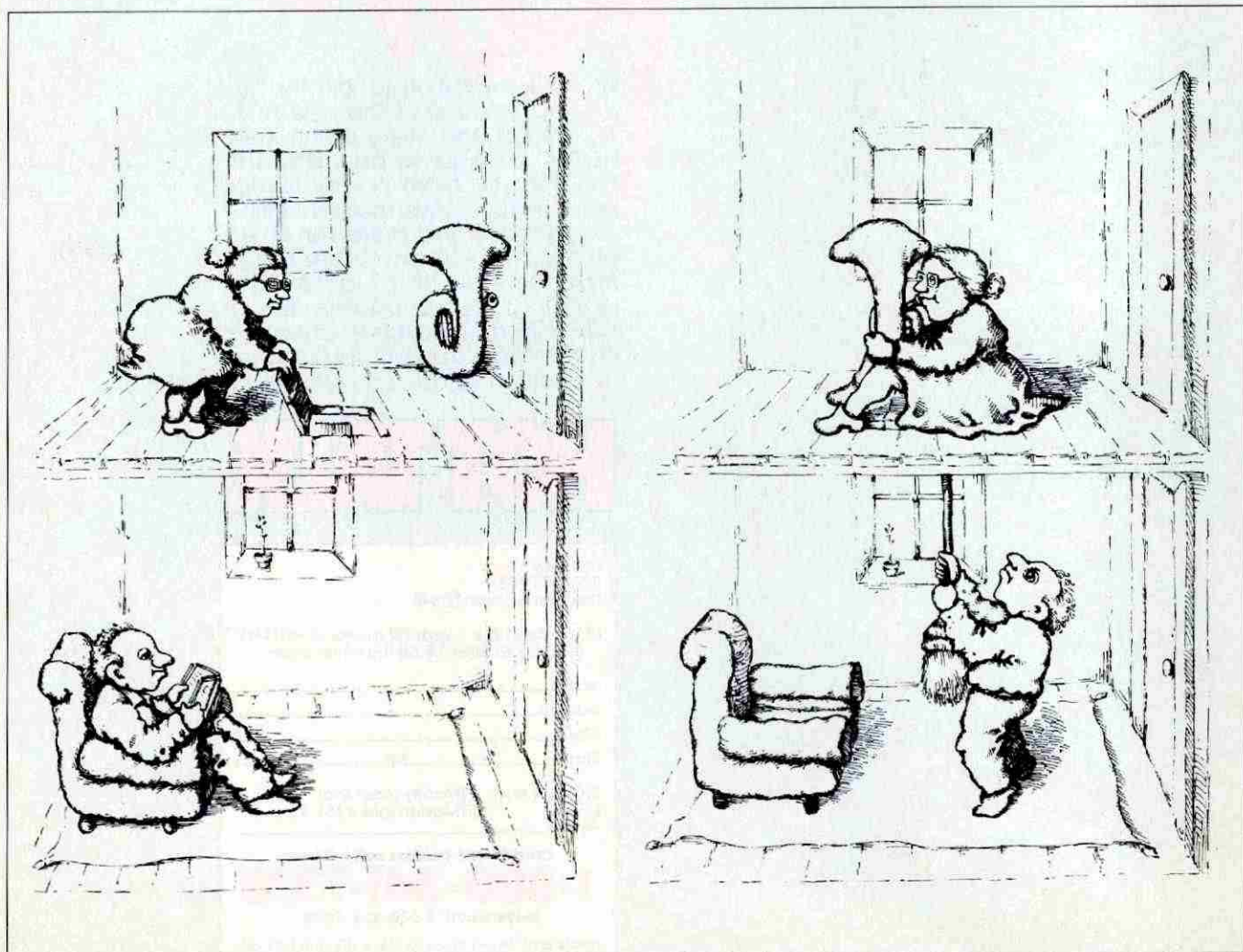
and help them, and that we have continued to help them, in dealing with the Chernobyl accident.


Penthouse: What does it mean to you to be accepted in the Soviet Union to the degree that you are? Do you think the Soviets see you as a symbol of the American medical establishment?

Gale: I don't think it's the American medical establishment. I think it's the American people, and I think that the Soviet people by and large are genuinely fond of Americans. Most of the world is fond of Americans. They like things American, our defense of liberty, our relative unconcern for historical precedent, and our attempts to try anything and everything. I think the Chernobyl relief effort just gave the Soviet people a chance to express some admiration and some warmth to Americans, which is usually difficult for them to do.

Penthouse: In the past two years, and largely as a consequence of Chernobyl, you've become a medical celebrity. But how would you like to be perceived by the world?

Gale: First and foremost as a physician. The greatest compliment that I can receive is for a physician to refer a patient to me for a medical opinion, and for that physician to entrust me with his or her patient's care. 





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PENTHOUSE

it was apparent that she had no panties on. That did it—I was on fire and the film was used up.

Cara sat down on the blanket facing me with her legs crossed, and cracked another beer. As she lifted the can to drink, her breasts strained against her thin shirt until I thought they'd pop out. Cara doesn't really have large breasts—I guess they're about 35 or 36B or so—but they are perfectly formed, very firm, without a hint of sag. Her nipples are a rich coral color and probably the most sensitive I've ever seen. Even the lightest touch makes them fully erect.

Anyway, there she was, only inches from me, with the wind tossing her long reddish hair (my favorite kind), and all I could do was look. Surprising me, she tossed her can and fell across me, knocking me backward. After a deep, exploring kiss, Cara looked at me and said, "I'm horny and I want to fuck!" Not exactly tactful, but she was saying what I wanted to hear. I pulled my gray tank top off as Cara unbuttoned my jeans. I was then at her brief shirt, pulling it free of her arms. As she lay back, my hand busily toyed with her soft red mound, parting the labia until my fingertips contacted her sweet wetness. God, was she soaking! I unsnapped and unzipped her cutoffs and pulled them off as she raised her hips.

As I moved my mouth from her breasts to her smooth, flat tummy, her scent was driving me crazy. Talk about sweet pussy—now, here was an actual feast. At first I lightly kissed her labia and licked gently up and down the length of her red slit, intentionally avoiding her clitoris. But later I moved my lips up and over it, forming a very slight suction. After only a few minutes of this attention, Cara began to flex and stiffen as she neared an orgasm. But I felt like teasing a bit, and I eased off a little to just kiss and taunt her hard little button. I pulled her up on her knees, keeping her legs wide apart. She took the initiative, grasping her labia and pulling them apart as I eased my face back to her pussy and exposed clit. In what seemed like only seconds, she was rocking it on home, moaning and babbling something that was totally unintelligible—but who cared?

She pushed me back again and quickly straddled me so that my cock was pressed hard against her tight opening. I guess she felt like teasing me a little, because she refused to let me deep within her. Gradually she eased her cunt down around my shaft, and with one final lunge, I felt her ass cheeks slap against my aching nuts. Cara was in control and she knew it. She firmly gripped my cock, raising up only an inch or two before plunging back down. She kept this up until she knew I could take no more. With one final lurch, she ground herself against

me as hard as she could, and I cut loose with probably one of the most mind-wrenching orgasms that I have had in at least three or four years. I didn't think I was ever going to stop!

Afterward, we just lay on the blanket, talking and kissing. She turned over on her stomach, and I continued to kiss and nuzzle the small of her back. That girl has to have the prettiest ass I've ever seen—not a blemish, mark, or flaw anywhere. We must have stayed like that for another hour, before the coolness of the evening began to set in. We dressed and went back to the trailer, jumped in the shower, and settled back for a few more beers and some MTV.

It's probably too good to last, but what the hell—I'm having such an outrageous time and it's sex like I haven't had for all too long, so I'm not about to let it go down the tubes. Cara loves it as well—she always wants more—so there's no problem there.—*Name and address withheld*

She partially turned toward me with one knee cocked out, and it was apparent that she had no panties on. That did it—I was on fire and the film was used up.

LADY OF THE EVENING

I am 23 years old, and one of my favorite fantasies has long been to spend the night as a wanton woman—although I've always prided myself on being a good girl. Last week, my dream came true. My lover's R.O.T.C. group was having a reunion, and he thought I might be able to fulfill my fantasy if I met them. Excited about this opportunity, I quickly accepted the invitation. I went to work on my wardrobe and came up with the perfect outfit. Dressed in a short strapless gown, black nylons, and high-heeled pumps, I knew that I would be a big hit.


Once at the restaurant, I was introduced, and we sat down in the booth with the other gents. When we were settled, Nicky slid his hand slowly up my thigh and caressed my vulva and clit. He worked a hole through my nylons and continued to massage my cunt until my juices began to flow. I started breathing faster and shifted my hips to allow him better access to my hidden treasure. I also made sure to allow his three friends frequent glimpses of my thighs and Nicky's active fingers.

Eventually I rose to go to the bathroom,

knowing that Nicky would use this opportunity to tell his buddies that I was up for "grabs" if they so desired. While I was in the ladies' room, I stepped one of Nicky's friends and kissed me. His tongue dipped all the way down my throat. He lifted the hem of my skirt, peeled down my nylons, and drove his erect pole into my waiting cunt. After he came inside me, we both rearranged our clothes and reentered the restaurant, grinning.

There was a live band playing, and a few people got up to dance. Another one of Nicky's friends asked me to join him on the dance floor. We swayed together closely, and I felt the bulk of his erect dick pressing against my thighs. I could feel my juice spilling out, dampening my nylons. He slipped his hand underneath my skirt and pulled me closer. Dizzy from our body heat, we returned to our table. I sat on my dance partner's lap, undid his zipper, and released his pole. I bunched my skirt up above my waist and tore a bigger hole in my nylons. I closed my eyes and leaned back against him as I felt his pole slide up into my wet snatch. Working my thighs back and forth, I gave and got as much pleasure as I could. The excitement slowly built as we tried to conceal our passion from the other restaurant patrons. A slow tremor went through my body, resulting in an overflowing orgasm.

I got up once more to freshen up, as my dance man's come had dripped all over my thighs. In the bathroom, I toyed with my own nipples and masturbated until I reached orgasm again. I was insatiable and horny beyond any point imaginable. When we decided to leave, we made our way through the parking lot. Nicky lifted me onto the hood of his car, lifted my skirt once more, and asked the last of our party to avail himself of my treats. The cool air against my wet nylons drove me to an even greater level of excitement as yet another hard cock pushed itself through the hole in my wet hose and deep into my cunt. I reached into the top of my dress and pulled out my tits as Nicky leaned me against the car.

While I ground my hips against bachelor No. 3, Nicky joined me on top of the car, freed his dick from his pants, and lowered himself into my waiting mouth. Right before he released his load, he pulled out and spurted his load over my prominent tits. Six hands stroked my full jugs and rubbed his come into my flesh. I groaned as the last cock of the evening unloaded its come into my dripping cunt. I'll never forget that night. It was a dream, and I'm sure these fellows now have an unforgettable memory, too!—*Name and address withheld* 

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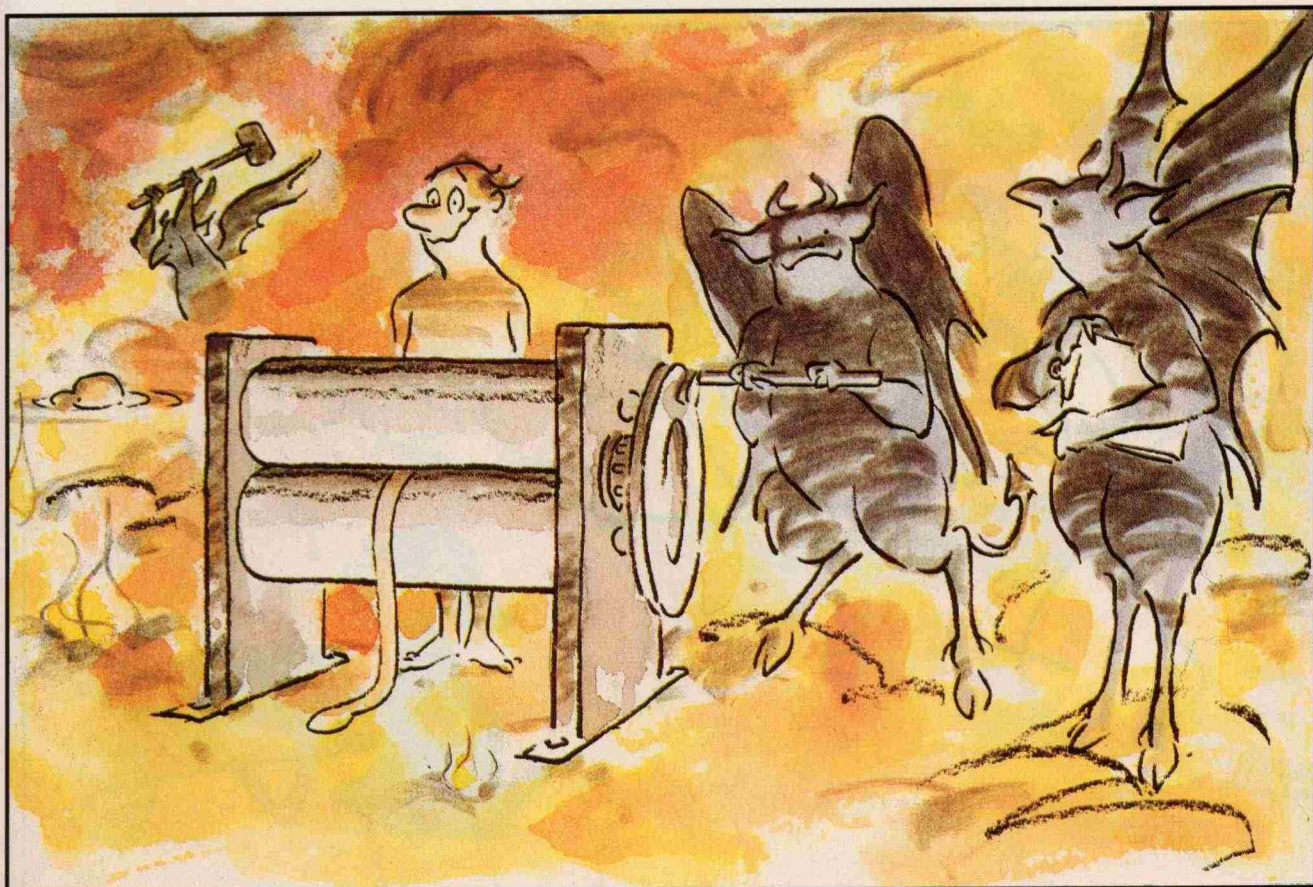
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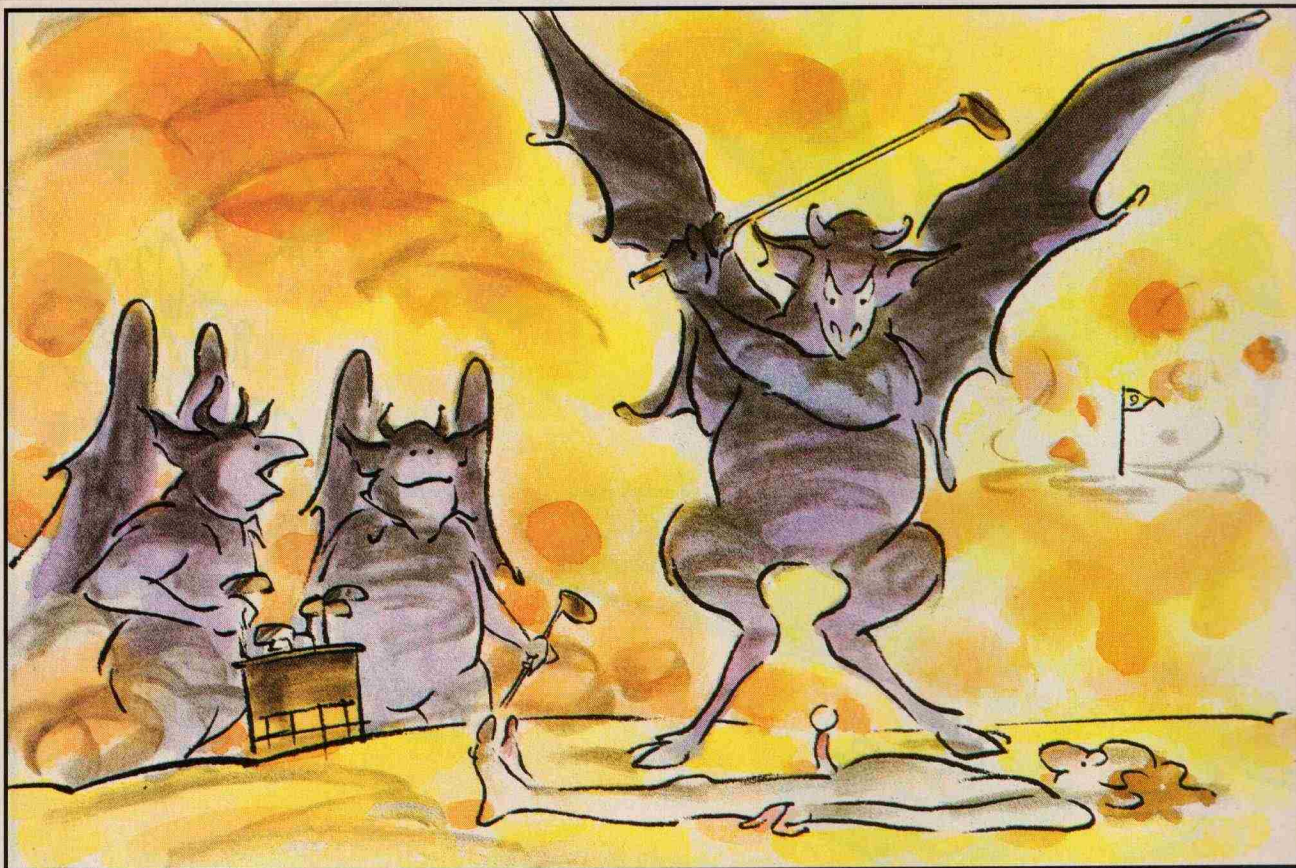
"They seem friendly enough so far!"



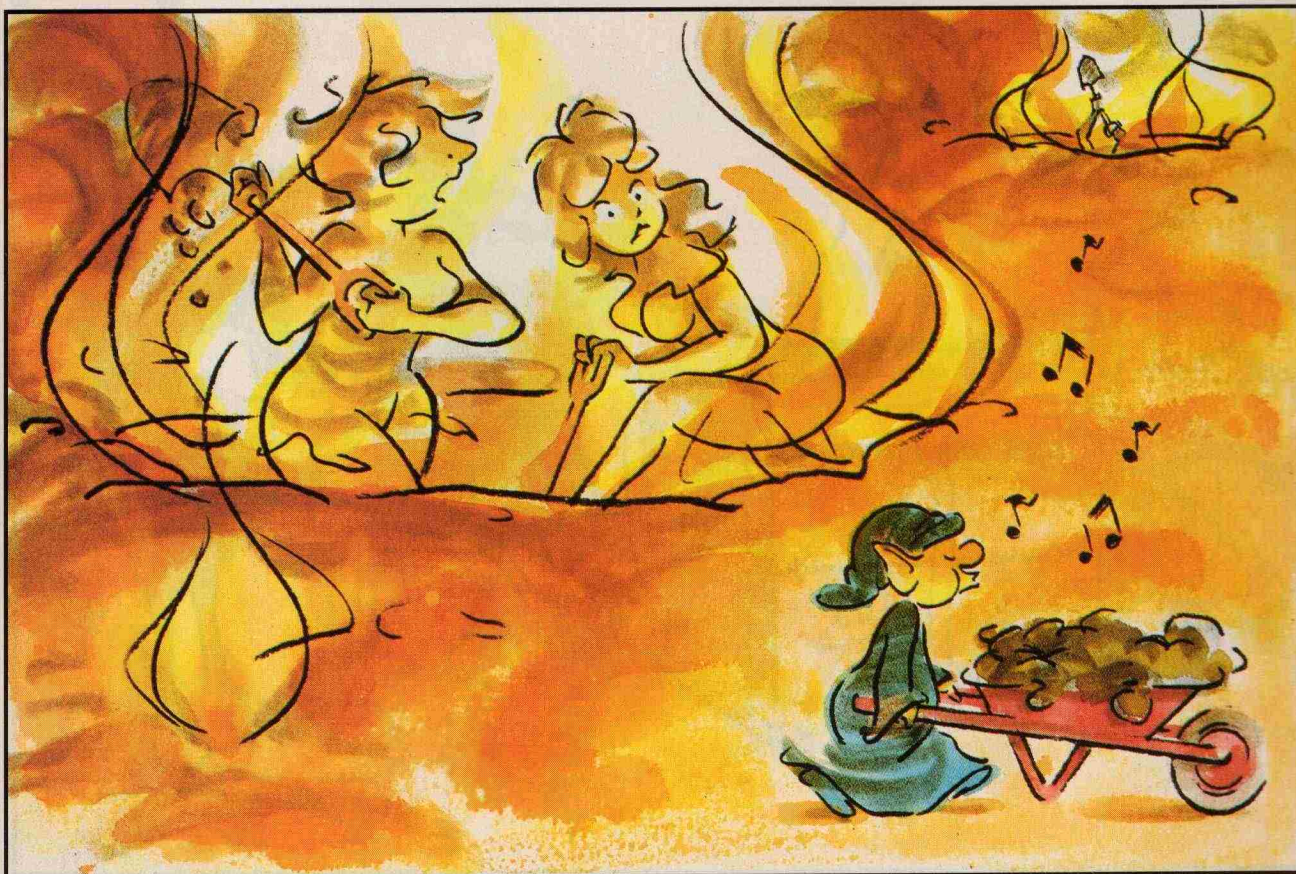
"Hello, this is Lucifer. I'd like to speak to someone in admissions—and hurry!"



"Knock it off—he's beginning to enjoy it."



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GAMES

BY GERARD VAN DER LEUN

Times are tough for the television evangelists these days. Their anointed one is out of the running for the White House; another of their brethren was recently seen flooding the airwaves with crocodile tears as he admitted to committing unspecified "sins." And still others continue to plunge the nation's faithful deeper into personal bankruptcy with endless appeals for funds. Funds. Funds to support their television time, in which they can appeal for funds, funds, and more funds.

Still, we do have these men and women of the cloth to thank for one of the most entertaining years in American religious history since the Salem witch-hunts. And, of course, it didn't start this year. It has been going on for a long time. The spectacle of a minister's fall from grace, of the holy hypocrite being exposed as the moral wretch that he is, has always been a major theme in the literature and history of this country. Let's see how much we know about the present and past state of the souls of some of America's leading and wealthiest Christians.

Credit: Many of the amazing facts revealed in this column came to us with the help of the good people at *The Freedom Writer*.

THE VOICE OF GOD

Everyone knows God told Oral Roberts to put his buns in gear and haul in a few needed millions or . . . "Say good night, Gracie . . . er, Oral." But how many of you have been keeping up with His other recent messages? After all, when God speaks, people should give Him at least as much attention as they give E. F. Hutton. Who was God giving the word to when he said:

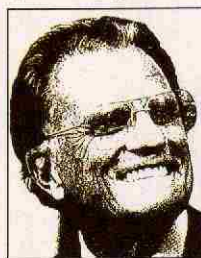
1. "Congress is going to pass a bill requiring all television stations to be equipped with UHF." (And He should know, since He invented the electromagnetic spectrum. Rumors that God invented Congress are unfounded.)
2. "Don't fire Jim Bakker." (God may be omniscient, but that doesn't mean He's always paying attention.)
3. "Don't go over two and a half mil-

lion dollars." (Hey, even God has a budget.)

4. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." (And he meant money and power as well as Baal and Zeus.)

5. "I have something else for you to do. I want you to run for president." (Christ! It's just one damned thing after another!)

6. "Although you have no money and your wife is at home with a toddler and eight months pregnant, you shall hie thee to the Canadian forests to meditate." (As long as I can meet a sweet little Eskimo and don't have to buy a round-trip ticket, I'm your boy!)



7. "You will be the man to usher in the Second Coming of Jesus." (Sounds okay to me. Can I also have the popcorn concession?)

8. "I have called you to my ministry. You cannot tie my eternal purposes to any political candidate." (Rats, just as I was about to endorse Jesse Jackson.)

DIALING FOR DOLLARS

1. Which TV evangelist spends the highest proportion of his time on the air trying to wheedle money out of his flock? Which preacher spends the least and why?

2. Which TV evangelists commute through heaven on private jets?

3. Which evangelist has a weakness for oriental carpets and thoroughbred horses?

4. Which born-again Christian was the first to admit to a national audience that he was hot for girls?

5. Which evangelist indirectly made \$1.3 million in 1987 from dog racing?

6. Which evangelist claims to have raised over \$1 billion during his career?

7. Who was the first evangelist to hang out with hookers?

8. What do Sean Penn and Oral Roberts have in common, besides an ability to attract large sums of money for very little talent?

9. Who began his career preaching at a drive-in movie?

10. Which evangelists use the title "Doctor"?

11. Name the evangelist who has seen Christ and noticed that He was 900 feet high (Jesus, not the evangelist).

12. Who claims to have gotten a \$1 million-plus advance from Simon & Schuster for his autobiography?

13. Who wrote the cryptic best-seller entitled *Is the Schoolhouse the Proper Place to Teach Raw Sex?* and was later accused of having sex with members of his All-American Kids Chorus?

14. Which preacher has initiated the most lawsuits against *Penthouse*, *Hustler*, et al.?

15. Which preacher has lost the most lawsuits against *Penthouse*, *Hustler*, et al.?

16. Name the famous colonial evangelist who, after confessing to committing adultery, promptly dropped dead instead of blubbing away in front of his congregation for weeks on end.

17. Which evangelist claimed to have been kidnapped, but was later proved to have been in a little love nest in Carmel-by-the-Sea, California?

18. Which preacher made a point of entering church and roaring down the aisle to the pulpit on a motorcycle?

19. Name the first, but probably not the last, evangelist to die of a drug overdose.

20. During his youth, this preacher "planned rapes and plotted crimes. I

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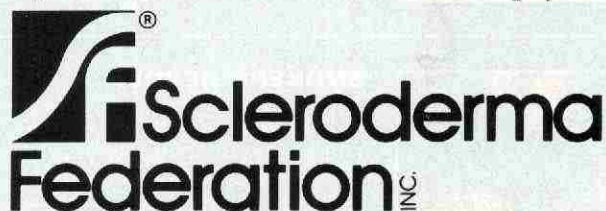
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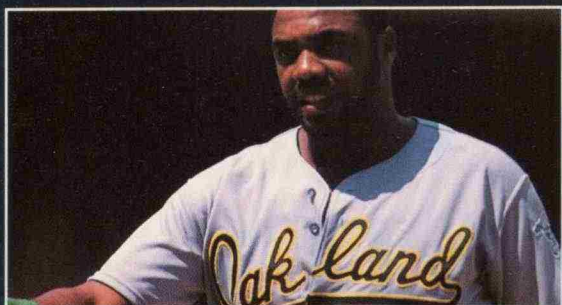
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HUMANITY'S HORRORS

Forty years after the United Nations approved its Universal Declaration of Human Rights, the almost universal disregard of such rights remains appalling. This is the sober judgment of Tad Szulc, one of the world's most honored reporters, who has been covering the international scene—for *The New York Times* and other leading newspapers and magazines—for those 40 years. In one of the most important and horrifying articles we've ever published, Szulc documents the mind-boggling extent of man's endless cruelty to his fellow men, women, and children. "Reviewing this list of horrors," he concludes sadly, "one cannot but wonder if there is something all too *human* about the destruction of human rights."



DAVE PARKER INTERVIEW

He was baseball's first \$1 million player. Among many other things, he's played in seven All-Star games, won a World Series, and was named National League Most Valuable Player in 1978. According to sports writer Lou Sahadi, Dave Parker is "a big, marvelous physical specimen who moves with grace and fluidity and owns a lifetime batting average of .297." But then there's Parker off the field. Because of his involvement in baseball's sensational cocaine scandal, Parker was fined \$120,000 and has become the leading player in a precedent-setting lawsuit. Next month, Parker finally speaks out, in an interview with Sahadi that is likely to be as controversial as anything in his career.



LYING ABOUT AIDS

"AIDS," writes science reporter Linda Murray, "has become a multimillion-dollar business. . . . And the real money in AIDS has always been in marketing the scare message to upwardly mobile heterosexuals. But, ironically, these people are the least at risk." Murray shows how AIDS has also become a "political" disease—with every special-interest group, from feminists to fundamentalists, using it for their own ends. "The hysteria," she concludes, "is not warranted. We have been deceived . . . and I think heterosexuals have a right to be angry."



STEPHEN KING'S "NIGHTMARE"

"My intellect (what little I have)," says Stephen King, "told me that writing something like this would be like swimming close to a beach that has been posted because of shark sightings. . . . It wasn't even my gut that told me to go ahead. It was my nerve endings." What inspired the master horror writer of our time were the fascinating pictures of gargoyles taken by photographer f-stop Fitzgerald. Next month we're honored to excerpt their forthcoming Viking collaboration, *Nightmares in the Sky*—and you'll see why King felt, when he first saw them, that "looking at those pictures was like having a nightmare awake."



SMOKERS' REVOLT

In the movie *Network*, a TV anchorman became a national hero by encouraging outraged viewers to lean out their windows and shout, "I'm mad as hell and I'm not taking it anymore!" These days, millions of Americans are getting to feel like that in real life. Reporter Peter Manso shows how people who smoke have become, all too often, second-class citizens. He traces the historical background behind much of today's tobacco scare, and interviews angry smokers who have lost their privacy—sometimes even their liberty—and who are just beginning to fight back.



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